



tainty about one of his orders during parade-ground exercises. He started the order in English, broke into Maori, and ended it in English. The companies ended up in similar confusion. Appealing to his C.O., the culprit asked, "What I do now, sir?" "Don't ask me, Sergeant-Major. This is your show," was the unhelpful reply. Saluting, the S.M. turned away to "C" Company which was in the worst fix. "C Company" he roared, "About turn." His next order was new to any parade-ground. It was: "C Company. Engage your partners for a waltz."

On another occasion the C.O., who thought he knew all the hat badges worn by his men, and they were many and varied, struck one that had him puzzled. When he questioned the owner as to its origin he was proudly informed that it was the parole badge of the Borstal Institute.

Beyond the *marae* you can turn off and cross the bridge that leads to the farms on the other side of the valley or carry straight on to where a neat cream-house shows up against the green of the paddocks and the red iron of large sheds in the background. This is the supervisor's home. Beside it is a small two-roomed office surmounted by a weathercock. Set in the well-trimmed lawn in front is a rain-gauge. Accurate weather records are kept at Ruatoki.

To-day the supervisor is a man of Maori blood, a returned soldier of the last war, a competent farmer and adviser on all matters connected with farming and on many not remotely connected with it. His is not an easy job. It needs patience, tact, and considerable ingenuity to solve the many difficulties with which he is confronted daily. A sense of humour

is one of his most valuable assets, for strange tales are recounted to him in all seriousness, and his consultants pose many problems on a wide variety of topics. A half-hour's yarn with him on the lighter side of life at Ruatoki is a grand tonic. But his understanding of the Tuhoes, his respect for their customs, his ability, and

unbounded enthusiasm have done much to raise his own mana and that of the Department with the people.

An old Maori lady strolls up the path. She wants to see the supervisor. Her brother, who was working as a unit on a farm, has died. The supervisor wants to put another man on in his place or perhaps amalgamate the property with another in the meantime. The old lady has no interest in the place, but she has moved in to look after the dead man's children. Now she refuses to budge or let any one else on to the place. Logic makes no impression, threats are useless, cajolery fails. Her mind is made up. She says she has an interest; the succession orders say she hasn't. "All right" says the supervisor, "Next time the Native Land Court sits at Whakatane we'll let the Judge decide." "*Kapai*," says the old lady, and goes happily on her way. Now some one must be found to milk the cows and look after the property. A situation unlikely to occur in any European settlement, but commonplace at Ruatoki.

The little office, the core of the development scheme, is a model of neatness and efficiency. Its staff are all Maoris. A foreman, long trained in handling men and contracts; a storeman who sees that all the goods that leave the store are signed for; an attractive young typist who also acts as records clerk and able receptionist.

Beside the office there are three large sheds where stores are kept and concrete posts and troughs made. There are stock-yards at the end of the paddock and reserve stacks of posts and battens behind the store.

Walk a hundred yards down the road and you'll hear sounds of song—children singing in pleasant four-part harmony.