

The halt, the lame and the blind, would all come up to vote.

We were both teaching at this school when there was the great earthquake which destroyed the town of Napier, and day and night there were severe tremors. It was unsafe to keep the children in school so we took books, etc., out to the playground and worked as best we could under such conditions. Large cracks would open up, and shut, and we just hoped that there wouldn't be any where we all happened to be sitting at the time. All our furniture—wardrobes, dressing tables and so on had to be laid on the floor so that they would not topple over, during the quakes, and for many nights Mrs. Foster and I dozed fully dressed, in armchairs on our front verandah. As soon as the house began to wobble, we would go out until the shakes had ceased.

The Maoris are kind-hearted folk, and each year the Maori Chief would have two extra rows of potatoes planted specially for us in his garden. When our woodheap began to get low, someone without saying anything, would bring along a sledge load of wood.



Often we were invited by the Maori Chief and his wife, to have dinner with them. It would be a delicious meal, cooked Maori fashion—roast pork, roast kumeras, boiled watercress, etc.

There was no colour bar. Indeed I don't think any of us ever thought of such a foolish thing. We were all friends travelling along the road of Life and lending one another a helping hand.

Any excuse was good enough to get together for a sing-song in the Maori Meeting House, and have a wonderful Maori meal.

We rejoiced in each other's joys and were sad when misfortune overtook one of our little band.

We were sad at parting from such happy, sincere friends, but we felt that the time had come to get back for a while to civilisation, so I applied for and was appointed to a primary school where I remained for some years. As we drove away from the little native school on the hill, overlooking the Waiapu river, children and parents waved and sang the Maori song of farewell.

They were happy days and we could not see the dark war clouds looming that, some years, later were to cause many of the boys whom we had taught and sent to college, to fight in the Second World War. There were some who did not return to their beloved land—The Land of the Long White Cloud,—but though it is all so long ago now, we remember them as the happy little lads who used to pile into the Baby Austin—"the little baby car just new borned".

Somehow, once you have worked among the dark people, there comes a time when you feel you would like to be among them again, and so it was, that thirteen years ago, we commenced work with the Aborigines' Welfare Board, during which time we have taught many other boys and girls, and some of them now have young families.

We hope there will never be another war to take toll of their young lives, and that, as in Maoriland, white and dark people will work side by side in friendship and understanding, forgetting such a thing as colour, and remembering only, that all men are brothers in our great human family.



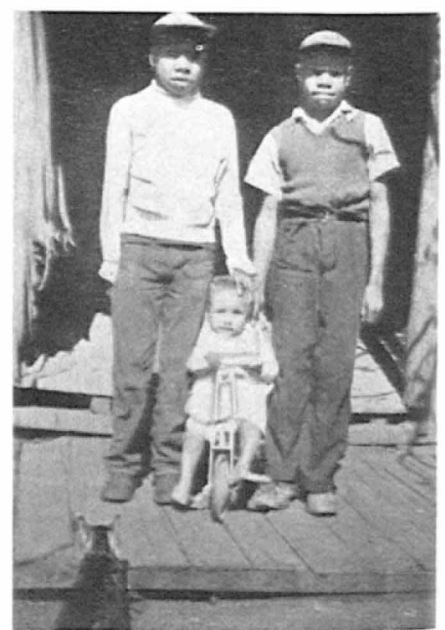
HERE ARE SOME PEOPLE FROM GUYRA



Sitting on the old tank stand is Phyllis Dunn.



Charlotte Irving, a very lovely lass.



These two young fellows, so much alike are twins, Victor and Herbert Dunn, and little Charlotte Irving.