

Last issue we printed two of the winning Ngarimu V.C. essays. Here are extracts from some of those essays which didn't quite make it.

- Two basic factors which can destroy a Maori's personal tapu and mana are women and food. Someone has said they are the only things worth living for.
- Until the Europeans came the Maoris were free from diseases apart from their own.
- In Captain Cook's time two warriors would fight to the death. Such challenges were dead serious.
- There were the small houses in which normal people lives – then there were the larger ones.
- The Maori of today often has his tatoos painted on with vegetable dye. There are a great amount of Maoris who are pakhearised.
- In olden times the Maoris used to sleep in the mating house.
- Looking back I realised that a great sea lay before us.
- The men were busy day and night calving.
- Today Maoris wear anything from jeans to long johns.

## What our students are doing – and what they're being taught

### THE FUNERAL

#### A Test of Love

The death of their mother came as a real shock.

She was so young, vital and full of life.

She was taken away one day. We were very sad and could not find any words that would heal the family sorrow. The mother of nine children. They wept at her side, and searched each other for comfort. Their father was all that they had left for security and love. They clung to him like dry lips to water. They dreaded the day when she was to be buried.

When the time came their weeping was painful to our ears. I couldn't bear to hear it any more. Everyone was weeping. Slowly tears came to my eyes. They were crying, and through their tears I heard them say, Mummy! Mummy! Wake up! Wake up! The youngest child was confused, but still he sensed his mum was not going to wake up. The older children were lucky. They understood the meaning of death. People from far and wide came to pay their respects to the dead woman. Some made speeches about the good she did while she was alive. But Why?, I asked in the back of my mind. Why her? She was such a beautiful person. Why, God?

Slowly I answered my question. He's putting us through a test. A test of what is meant to bring a family close together. Unity! I wanted to yell, that's what it is; to show our love for one another here on earth. And now in my mind these words linger:

*In Memory of Malaahi Davis and Lest we forget.*

**GEORGINA NGAPERERA**

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### A POEM

In the cold night air  
A breeze stirred the trees  
I fell:

Into the wayside  
Into the gutter  
They expected this from my blood  
From my mixed peoples  
Yet I arose:

Into a new life  
Into an education  
They gave credit to my European blood only  
As I became agile in the mind and the spirit  
Now I stand tall:

Mocking those who once mocked me  
Mocking those who did not believe a  
Maori had the power to better herself.  
HA!

**MARIA DUFFY**

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### HOW TO TRAIN STEREOTYPISTS

Here is an extract from a typing manual called *Students Typing Training*, published in Australia by Pitman but used extensively in New Zealand too.

#### Beautiful Maoriland

Maoris still sit in the park along the riverbank, drinking their soft drink from the bottle and enjoying their fish and chips, relaxed and happy in the sunshine . . . the merry dark eyes, the lustrous hair, the flashing teeth, the handsome faces and soft singing voices of the East Coast Maoris enliven the town. This is the home of the Ngati Kahungunu tribe, whose ancestors landed at Mahia more than 600 years ago in the canoe Takitimu.

This kind of stuff may be excellent for young New Zealanders anxious to learn all about typing, but it won't teach them anything useful about people . . .