

ville. On the way we met Nurse Ngaporī Naera, for some years a Maori Health nurse, who has given up nursing in the meantime, but hopes to begin again later on.

On Saturday our work claimed us in Rawene. The District Nurses here are less fortunate in their quarters, the old cottage is very tumbled-down and damp, but houses are not easily available in Rawene. Nurse Leslie has an assistant District Nurse, and a domestic assistant. This district, recently greatly improved by better roads, holds much the largest Maori population in New Zealand, and involves strenuous work.

On Sunday morning we set out for Kaitara, through the Mangamuku Gorge, luncheon to be partaken of at the crossroads by the Mangamuku Bridge. Just at that point live three ex-nurses, one (who is married) having been the Maori Health Nurse for Hokianga. She had been invited to luncheon, and when Miss Jewiss arrived from Kaitara in her own Rugby car, a merry party sat down under the big bridge, sheltered from the passing showers.

Nurse Mangakahia had come with us too, and the drive, after crossing the "Narrows" on the Hokianga River, by the punt, through Kohukohu and along the riverside for about 29 miles, was very beautiful. We farewelled the Hokianga nurses, who were returning by the other side of the river (a long way round), but they had visits to their sick Maoris to pay,—and turned northwards through the glorious Mangamuku Gorge where the forest is scarcely second to Waipoua, and the scenery superb, through the fertile Victoria Valley, with its smiling farms—coming out on the main road—Mangonui, Kaitara, and reaching Kaitaia about 4 p.m. After some tea we went on another few miles in another direction to see Miss Polden, whom some of our readers will remember as Matron of Thames Hospital, now retired from nursing, but working among the Maoris as a mission sister.

Next day (Monday), after our work at Kaitaia, we went to Mangonui, seeing another ex-nurse, now Mrs. N. Hattaway, at Peria. Thence, next morning, to Whangaroa, and on to Kawakawa, where we found Miss Hall, the Bay of Islands Maori Health nurse, away at Kaikohe; however, she was on the train next morning at Otiria. Miss Hall is fortunate in having her father's home to live at, in Kawa Kawa, but she badly needs a car, her district being most extensive; there is some hope now that one may be forthcoming.

The country coming down the eastern side is showing truly wonderful progress. Where once were barren gumfields with stunted manuka scrub, now good pasture, carrying stock and sheep, with farm houses springing up instead of the old bag whares and tents which had sheltered families trying to eke out an existence in sordid surroundings, which were often the scenes of strenuous work on the part of our district nurses while coping with the all-too-frequent typhoid epidemics.

District nurses are playing a worthy part in these developing districts, much more than they themselves realise. Although the work of a district nurse, especially among the Maoris, is strenuous, often disappointing, and calls for much tact, judgment, and, most of all, human kindness, there are admittedly many compensations, among these, the true heart-warming that comes with a convalescent patient who has been very ill, and an epidemic "nipped in the bud" by prompt action; and so the work goes on. By and bye, like all Public Health work, it will come to be recognised as the finer thing to help to cultivate a disease-resisting race than to "put on the patch" of curative treatment.

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**Correction.**—By error, the address by Mr. Begg, of the Health Department, to Wellington Hospital nurses on Superannuation, was attributed to Dr. Begg.