



Improving the housing would certainly be more useful than carving picture frames to sell to gullible tourists. We saw the work of one of these pseudo-carvers, much of it punched with a chisel and daubed with a red varnish. We compared it with the panels in the Tamatekupua meeting-house depicting the history of the people. Each panel is a hundred years old and carved with a stone adze inches deep with intricate and delicate patterns.

meantime, the little boys still call hopefully for pennies below the bridge at Whaka and, between times perhaps, dream of more affluent days to come.

The tribes round Rotorua are hapus of the Te Arawa Tribe. In this war the percentage of Arawa boys in the Maori Battalion is high, and many of them come from Whaka and Ohinemutu. There have been many casualties, too. Some of the returned men are now convalescing at the hospital down by the lake; others are learning the carpentry trade at the training school at Ohinemutu. It's a completely Maori class under a Maori foreman, and the students are enthusiastic.

There will be plenty for them to do around Rotorua. The pa at Whaka may be quaint, but it is neither a beauty spot nor a health resort. Ohinemutu, at the other end of the town, is little better. The need is for improved housing, but the old problems of confused titles and inadequate means of repaying advances are stumbling blocks. However, with these men trained to a useful trade and working if they want to under the control of the Native Department, much may be done to replace the present unhealthy and overcrowded houses.

Prerequisites are steady jobs, so that housing loans can be repaid, and secure titles. The fluctuations of the tourist trade hardly provide the former. Work on the land and in the forest and in the mill and factory, work at which the Maori excels, will do so.

Tamatekupua, after whom this house is named, was navigator of the Arawa Canoe which brought the forebears of the Rotorua people to the Bay of Plenty hundreds of years ago. The meeting-house, one of the best in New Zealand was rebuilt at the time of the Centenary. Originally all meeting-houses were tapu. Te Kooti's house at Ruatahuna still is. It seemed strange, then, to see the brightly polished dance floor of this house and all the paraphernalia of a dance band in one corner. A bob hop is held there every Saturday night. One old Maori shook his head sadly—"Such is progress."

Tamatekupua was a bit of a lad. In fact, his mischief was mainly the cause of the migration of some of the Arawas from the Bay of Plenty to Rotorua. One of the panels shows him on stilts—he used these to cover up his tracks when up to his little jokes. The old people can tell you the story of each of these wonderful pictures in wood and of the woven tukutuku panels that separate them. The favourite is that of Tutanekai and Hinemoa—rangatiras and lovers—of the Ngatiwhakaue hapu.

The story is well known. The couple fell in love, but Hinemoa's father would not let her marry the young chief. One evening, while sitting on the foreshore, she heard the music of Tutanekai's flute carried on the wind from Mokoia Island, in the centre of the lake. All the canoes were under guard, so Hinemoa swam the three miles to join her lover.

It was interesting to hear the story from two men who claimed direct descent from the couple and to hear, too, the less wel