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While we were in N.Z. we always had a meeting one Sun. evening per month with all the labor missionaries from America (adults only) to discuss anything of concern or interest to us.

We had a bus on the project, and all our school-age kids were bussed to Hamilton to school. Rod and Cherry and others attended Hamilton Tech. One Sunday night at our meeting Elder B. read a letter to us, which he had received from Mr. Day, Headmaster of Hamilton Tech. Some of our American kids were not behaving as required, and one boy in particular was about to be expelled. After our meeting I went to Elder B. and asked "That boy couldn't be our boy, could he?" Elder B. said, "He couldn't be anyone else."

That week they had a parent-teacher meeting at the school, so Daisy and I attended. Of course we met Mr. Day and of course he was embarrassed because his complaint was so trivial he could hardly explain what the matter was. It seemed he did not like the idea of Rod kidding with and paying a little attention to a certain girl. That should not be done at school in N.Z. So Rod stopped that, but he and Cherry would walk down the hall arm in arm. Mr. Day didn't like that but could hardly complain about a boy with his sister.

We had a good time at the get together. We danced with them and they with us. They served tea and cookies. When we would not drink the tea they rustled around and got some orange-ade. Others of the Americans started in increasing numbers to attend these events, until we were drinking more orange-ade than tea, and everyone had a lot of fun and the teachers learned to like us. Mr. Day in particular had an almost ownership interest in our "college." He would often bring influential friends over and be delighted in Cherry showing them around the project.

Rod was an all-around good boy. He studied hard and worked hard and played hard. He was on the first fifteen (fifteen players on a football team) both years he was there, was a good 440 runner on the track team, and graduated with his "school certificate" with honors. He loved to be involved.

One evening as school let out and all the boys from our project were headed for the bus, they saw an accident. I will quote from two letters to the editor of the Hamilton paper.

"A Hamilton citizen who wishes to remain anonymous desires to commend highly the actions of boys of a rugby football team from the Hamilton Technical College. Yesterday a young girl was knocked from her bicycle in the vicinity and she suffered a severe gash on the leg. Boys were immediately on the scene. Two applied tourniquets, as blood was flowing freely, one directed traffic, another ran to the nearest telephone for an ambulance and doctor. They would not allow her to be moved and altogether showed commendable common sense. Don't talk about decadent youths to me."

Another: "Sir, I would like personally to thank the Technical College scholars who so promptly and kindly helped me when I had an accident on my way home from school last Wednesday. I am now in ward 19 in the hospital and I am having the best of

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