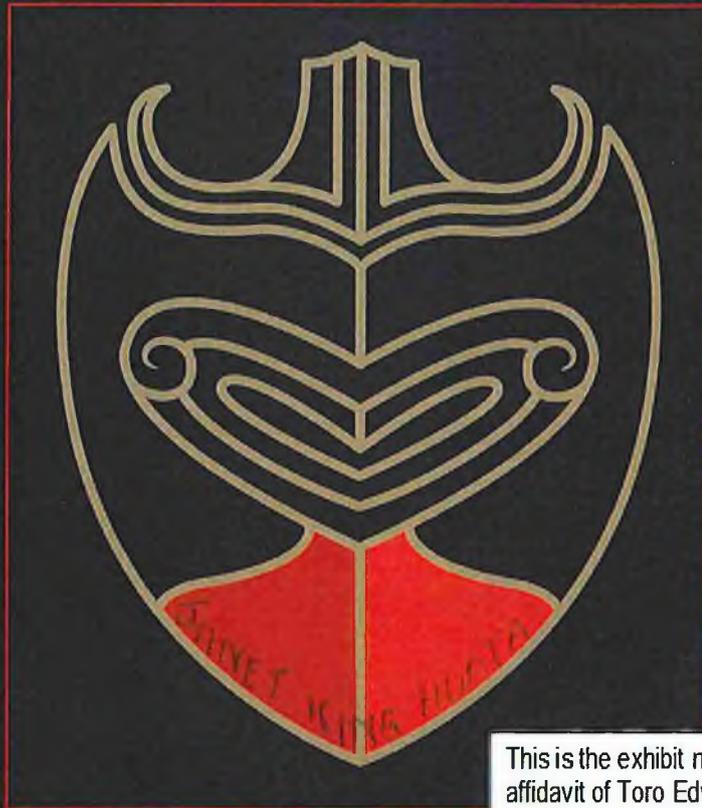


“1”



This is the exhibit marked "1" referred to in the affidavit of Toro Edward Reginald Waaka on behalf of the Trustees of the Ngāti Pāhauwera Development and Tiaki Trusts affirmed at

Napier this 31 day of

December 2014 before me

Signature:

Cara Bennett
Cara Bennett
Solicitor
Napier

A Solicitor of the High Court of New Zealand /Justice of the Peace

A BIT OF

PAHAUWERA

WHANAU MARAE ARTS

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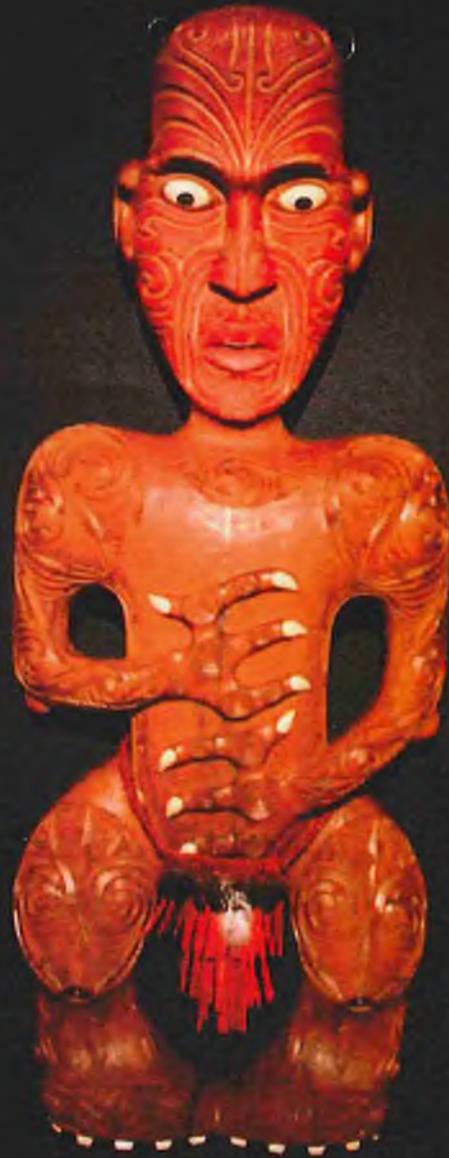
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KUPU WHAKATAKI



Kahungunu
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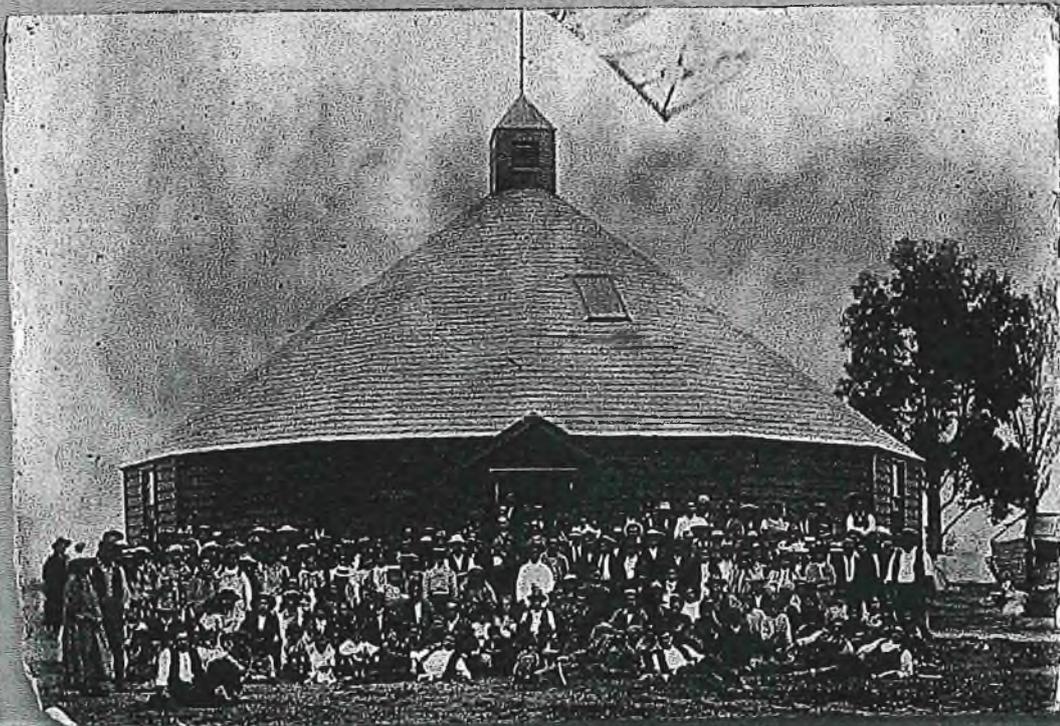
Te Huki

Artist Carver: Tiopira Rauna

THE BEGINNING



Our People of the 1800's



Mohaka Round Hall



Paora Rerepu Te Urupu



Mohaka Marae

OUR WHANAU OUR ARTS JOURNEY



Kia ora Tātou
Greetings to everyone.

This publication relates a Marae arts journey that our people around Raupunga, a small settlement on the banks of the Mohaka River, have been on for many years. Our hapū, Ngāti Pahauwera is a sub-tribe of Kahungunu and we are situated on the Eastern coast of the North Island of Aotearoa.

Our Mountain is ***“Maungaharuru”***
The River is ***“Mohaka”***
Our tribe ***“Ngāti Pahauwera”***

This journey is one of our people working together and just enjoying being who we are. We have shared family stories, made art which is meant to enhance and warm our Marae and to also leave a visual history for the mokopuna. We have painted and woven panels with patterns that have come from whānau and our tīpuna, to remind us that we are Ngāti Pahauwera, the tribe of the burnt beard.

We have endeavoured to tell our stories with relish and pride, with laughter through the many special memories, often with conflicting arguments, but always knowing we have a tradition to nurture, maintain and appreciate in our everyday lives.

OUR STORIES

As we joked with each other during the gathering and telling of these stories of growing up in our small isolated community, what emerged were our similar traits of expression, obviously shaped by the close whanaungatanga of our hapū. We share the same tīpuna; many had large families and whānau celebrations we all went to. With only four marae, we belonged to them all.

Hopefully from this publication may emerge a Pahauwera character that we can identify with and be proud of, that has been shaped by this place of our people.



Building of the Mohaka Viaduct 1930's

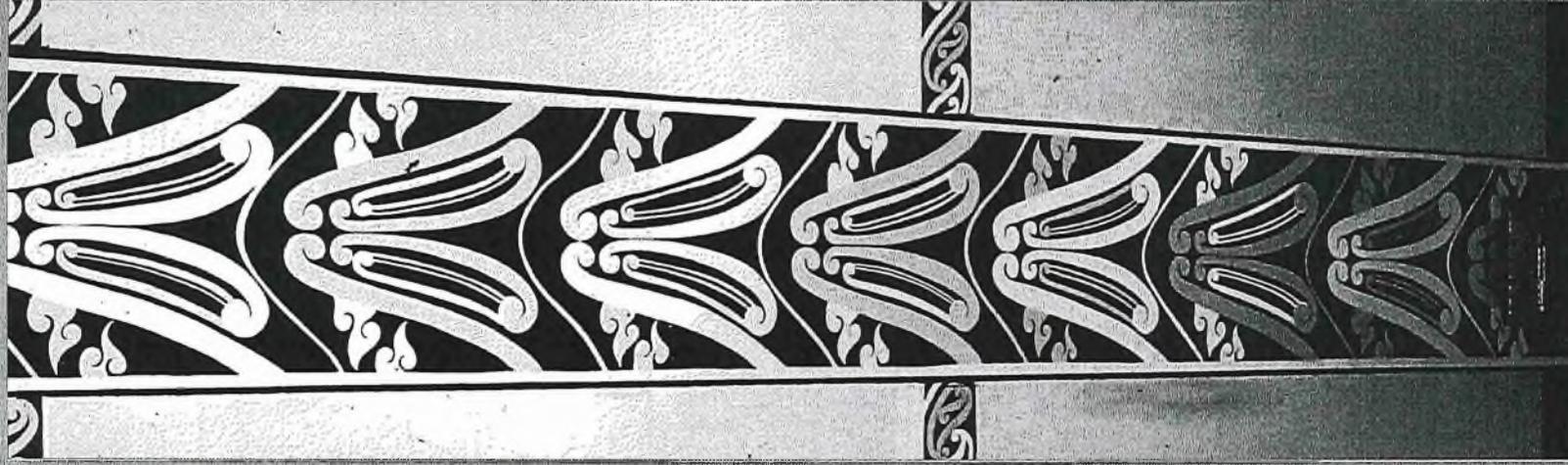
TELLING OUR STORIES OUR WAY

As a young kid attending the Raupunga Native School I enjoyed reading the few dog eared books stacked on the bookshelf just inside our classroom door. Because there were only a few, I tended to read them over and over. At home we only had a few story books. My favourite was the Dr Fu Manchu a who-dunnit series, which I used to read well into the night. Until Mum would call out for me to blow out the candle.

When the new batch of school journals arrived, I'd check them out, hoping to find the folk tales of wizards and goblins, and folk heroes which I enjoyed the most. Later I was sucked into the world of Science Fiction, especially from the pen of Ray Bradbury (*I'm still a sucker for "Star Wars" movies*).

Then, as an adult I attended the Ngāpuna Waihanga / National Māori Artist and Writers hui, in the 1970s. I saw the performance of invited Guyuan Story Teller, Mona Williams. She was electrifying in her portrayal of the stories and folk tales of her people.

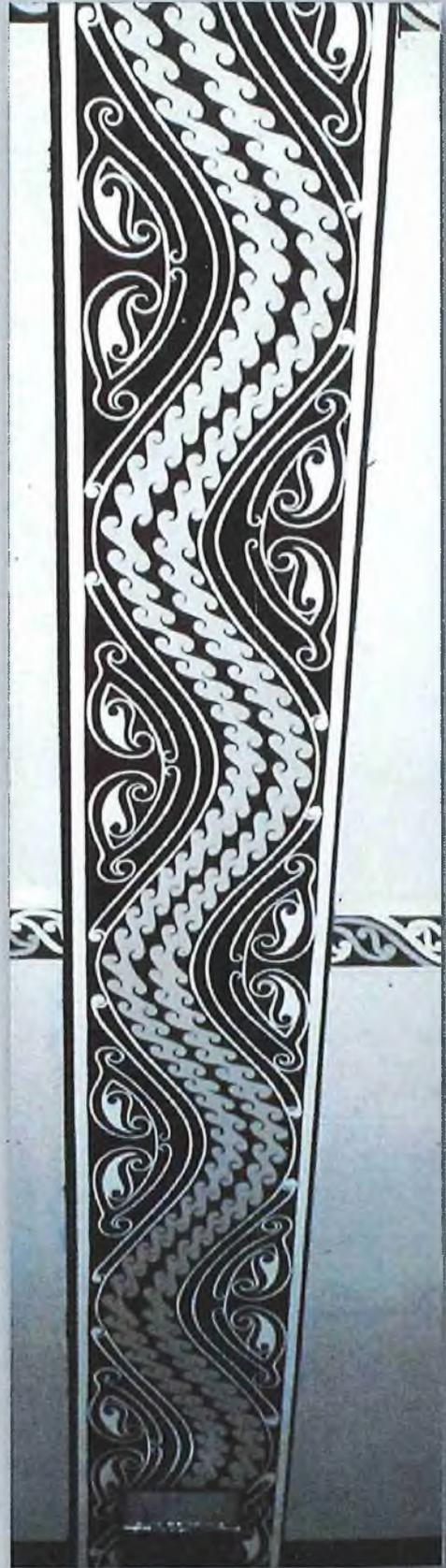
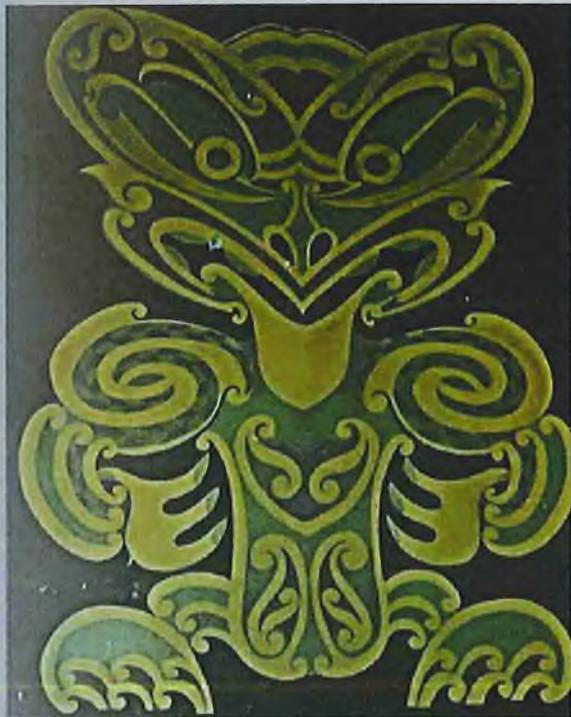
I then heard story tellers like Rangimoana Taylor who captured the essence of our myths and legends in performance readings. I then wondered why there weren't more following this ancient story telling tradition of ours.



In recent years I began to really take notice of the way our Native American and Canadian First Nation visual artists expressed themselves in their written, narration of their artworks. It appeared to be in their Native language style. I remembered that as a school pupil at Te Aute College, even though I was lousy at languages, we were required by the language teacher to translate Māori passages into a more correct, acceptable English idiom, where 'he putiputi ātaahua' - a flower beautiful became a beautiful flower, ... it had somehow lost something poetic in translation.

So, in the gathering of our stories, I wanted to try and retain the Pahauwera idiom if we have one. A colleague once commented to me that when Pahauwera get together we seem to have the same way of speaking to each other. Whatever it is, it must be "tika" for us?

So here are stories of Our People, Our Place and Our Journey, told in our way.



THE WHĀNAU



Paul & Emma Lemuel

Paora Rerepu Te Urupu, Paul, was the recognized chief of Ngāti Pahauwera through his whakapapa to his great grandfather Paora Rerepu who was a chief during the time of the Treaty of Waitangi.

Paul, a generous man to his people, was also very modern in his thinking. In a newspaper interview, he said he truly believed in the unity of people (hence the naming of the Marae Hall, Kotahitanga). He also said that the era of when the "Chiefs" spoke for the people, and that was that, was also over. Now everyone argues and decisions were seldom arrived at. "The chiefs are finished" he said.

Paul's strong belief in unity was noted on another special occasion.

Sir Bernard Fergusson who was Governor General from 1962 to 1967, explaining his late arrival to the welcoming crowd at Wairoa, his first visit there, mentioned how a wonderful thing happened on their way to Wairoa. Sir Bernard said how his entourage had been stopped suddenly at Raupunga by a policeman, who, surrounded by school children had stepped out into the middle of the road with his hand raised up, and then proceeded to direct them up to the Marae. There, a local chief, Paul Lemuel, welcomed him, spoke of the unity between cultures, presented him with a greenstone mere (Te Huki) and a greenstone adze (Toki Pounamu), thanked him for stopping for the children, and we left.



The press who had proceeded earlier to Wairoa, hearing this, went into a flap saying, "What? What's this? Where the hell is Raupunga?" as they realised they had missed out on a photo scoop.

Sir Bernard on a later return visit to the East Coast suddenly asked if a private visit to Paul and Emma at their home could be arranged.

The whānau hurriedly gathered, and the family home was given a spruce up, wall papering, paint brushes flying, refurnished and new furniture arranged and rearranged, gardens and lawns attended, all finishing in the early hours of the day of the visit. The home looking fit to receive any Governor General.

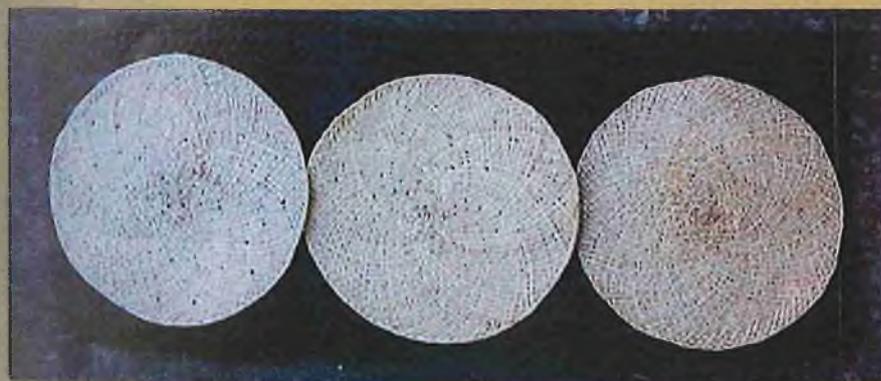
During that surprise visit, Emma presented Sir Bernard with a kiekie hat that she had just completed. Emma said to him that if the hat didn't fit comfortably, to soak it in water and that would loosen the weave. Sir Bernard later wrote to Paul and Emma and told them he had got the hat when he was having a bath, jammed it down on his head and submerged himself under the water. His kiekie hat now fits perfectly, he said.

Emma was from the king whānau of Nuhaka. An elegant woman, who commanded great respect in Pahauwera. When an argument erupted at the Raupunga marae worksite, by Kuia from other Pahauwera marae, protesting over the placement of a toilet block for a planned new Whare tīpuna. In their words, *"placing a shit-house in front of our memorial hall, which honoured the Pahauwera soldiers of World War One and Two,"* and questioning *"whether we would indeed build this proposed meeting house?"* Emma settled the argument with quiet reasoning and direction to the builders. She said; *"to immediately lay the foundations for the meeting house. No more argument."* Three weeks later Wiki Hapeta, one of the very vocal opponents, when hearing the foundations for the meeting house was down, returned to our marae and said, *"Well, I've had my say and although you disregarded our objections and have continued building, we are of the one hapū, so I am now here to give you my support."* Her original point however, clearly made - show respect to your tīpuna.

Soon after, on another occasion when Emma was asked, what areas of Tapu we should be careful of, in the building of the Whare, and especially in our art making, she replied, *"Do not dwell or enquire into the sacred area of knowledge for mahi-toi. We no longer know the ancient karakia of protection of our Tipuna... Keep an honest heart, show integrity, and move forward. What you don't know won't hurt you."* Advice that continues to be relevant today.

Emma was a respected authority on genealogy and tribal history. A prolific writer, whose volumes written on family and tribal connections, had many researchers knocking at her door. She was also a "Tohunga Raranga" (expert weaver) who shared her knowledge where others were reluctant to. She once explained, that to teach others your weaving skill, meant you were passing the mantle of the Tohunga Raranga on to another... *"Treasure what you receive as a privilege."*

A placemat woven in harakeke that Emma made for a Māori Women's Welfare League 1970s competition is included in one of the new raranga panels in Te Huki.



Placemats woven by Emma

MAHI TOI

The initial design layout for the interior of the new Te Huki, changed as the artwork arrived from the artist mates who had generously offered their support after the fire.

When they asked what they could do, the reply was to create an artwork that was easily recognised as theirs...in their style, to respect and acknowledge that their work was going in a Tipuna whare. And to respect the home people and the tīpuna in the kaupapa of their work.

We hope that our whare would also be a platform to recognise and acknowledge contemporary art that is imbued with the mauri of Māori today.

Our Marae people love and are really proud and in awe of the artists, and their work.



ARTIST

Hiwirori Maynard

Rongowhakaata / Tuhoë

Toimairangi Arts Degree Graduate

When you were commissioned to create four paintings depicting the Toniwha of the Mohaka River for the new Te Huki Whare Tipuna; how did you feel to be invited as a young artist, in what traditionally was the respected domain of senior traditional artists?

These would be my first works to be in an actual Wharenui, so for me, it was a huge privilege, to have my work displayed in a living whare.

Did the perceived protocols, associated with art for traditional whare, and the appropriateness of your more contemporary work for this new meeting house, at any time, become a concern for you? Were you confident in what you were doing?

Yeah I was pretty confident in what I did. I suppose it's just the way I've been brought up within our whanau; we always cover ourselves. Nothing really phases me.

What do you mean by that?

It's like any place that I haven't been before, anywhere, any marae or unfamiliar place, it's just natural for the family to protect ourselves. Firstly, a karakia to one-self; that's what dad always taught us to do – cover yourself and give thanks afterwards. Always acknowledge those ones that are there that you can't see. I've noticed that I've always been fine every time I've done it. Like at the powhiri, when you took me on to Te Aute College marae as the new Art teacher. I had already covered all of us... our roopu anyway, as we were gathering together outside.

Hiwi, is your particular style of art iwi based?

Yes, I suppose when it comes down to that, I think anything that I produce is always going to have that style derived from my iwi; Rongowhakaata, those "Rukupo" figurative design images.



Paikea



However the specific kaupapa relating to the four taniwha paintings made me push my boundaries. Putting individual character into what each was meant to depict. I wanted people to identify them and say, "oh yeah that looks like a seahorse". It was something new for me.

Our home people have really responded hugely to your paintings and have immediately become very protective of them. You have created our first visual images for these Taniwha, which previously, only existed in the stories our elders handed down... Thanks Hiwi.

Hiwi: ...yea, sweet as.

Tunui a Te Ika

Takitimu book mentions... Tunui-a-Te-Ika - guided Takitimu at night along with Hinekorako.

Thus I was told by an old man of the Bay of Plenty that the Wairoa natives on one occasion sent Tunui-a-te-ika to the former district to slay Hatua, of Awa. He added, "We saw Tunui-a-te-ika coming towards us through space."

Another says that Tunui and Te Po-tuatini are seen in space at night, and that both are atua toro, who have their human mediums who placate and influence them by means of ritual formulæ.

Kaimako





He Honomokai

Hiwirori Maynard has created "folk art" painted images of four of the mythical river TANIWHA that are told of in stories handed down by our tupuna.

KOTAHITANGA HALL



Our first Marae building at Raupunga was a large Hall, named "Kotahitanga" dedicated as a memorial to the men who went to the first and second World Wars.

Built by the whānau in 1956 on land that had been previously gifted as a Māori reserve, by the Te Urupu sisters, who were descended from the tipuna, Rerepu Te Urupu. The reserve had been mainly used for sporting, recreational and school activities but with the erecting of the hall and all its facilities, it became known as the Raupunga Marae

As the use of the Marae expanded and the facilities enhanced, I was sometimes asked at our marae committee meetings as to why I didn't do artwork to "flash-up" our Marae, seeing as I was "doing" artwork for "other" Marae.

One does take the hint eventually.

At that time, I had been employed by the Education Department, since the early 60s, as an arts specialist to schools in the Hawke's Bay Education Board. I was regularly involved in schools and community as part of the school arts programmes. With the introducing of the booklet "The Arts of the Māori" into the school arts syllabus, an involvement in Marae was perceived as a positive engagement for schools, especially in the rural Māori communities.



Tuku Tuku using thongit

In the 1970's we began our first Marae arts enhancement on the interior of the Kotahitanga Hall by our community and our school. The designing of Kowhaiwhai panels and figurative images that explored various arrangements centred on the koru design, were painted in hues of green, brown and black.

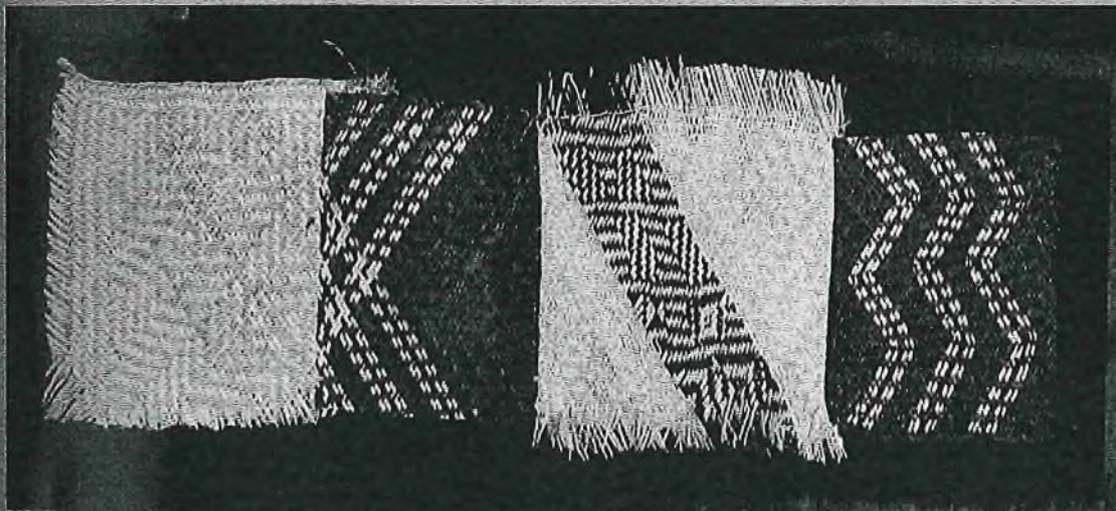
The colour choice was to blend with the left-over colours of a plastic thread thongit that had been used in the weaving of tukutuku panels. The thread "thongit" had been gifted from the Hukarere Old Girls Association, in appreciation, after completion of their hall enhancement at this iconic Māori Anglican Girls College Napier in the 70's. This thongit which was imported from England, we also used at other schools and community projects in the Kahungunu and Tairāwhiti regions. (He mihi aroha to the Old Girls for their generous koha).

The Tukutuku panels differed from the traditional construction of Kākaho stalks and wooden slats, to the using of a peg board backing (that had to have extra holes drilled to allow for an elongated cross weave to more closely reflect the traditional cross) and glued on custom-wood slats. Wānanga sessions were held at the Marae, to learn and understand the relevance of the patterns, their meanings, and how to transfer the patterns, which were drafted on graph paper.

Most of the tukutuku panels were designed using a Taniko pattern arrangement, which allow for more flexibility in the combining of traditional designs to create new patterns.

These contemporary tukutuku also connected compositionally, with the kowhaiwhai designed figurative images created in the panel paintings.

We had begun our arts journey.



Te Aue Davis - Whariki off-cuts from Takahanga

WAHINE TOA

The senior women of the new marae formed their own Marae Women's committee in which they made all decision regarding the wharekai and its operations. They had control over their own monies, which was mainly sourced from the Marae shop that they ran. They resourced the kitchen with cooking equipment and maintained crockery, cutlery, and all "other necessities". The men who knew when to leave alone, respected all the decisions made by the women's committee.



Maori Womens Welfare League 1960's

*Dolly Waihape Nancy Nicholson Kath Adsett Niki Te Kahika Dolly Keefe
Nell Adsett Margaret McIntyre Koaea Pene Molly Scudder Rene Stuart Tai Riki Betty Titi
Lil Adsett Kath King Sophie Keefe Bessie Welham Emma Lemuel Heni Haraki Kuini Adsett*

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WHANAU

Jim and Kuini Adsett

Jim was the son of William Adsett of London and Pine Keefe of Mohaka.

Kuini was the daughter of Henry Gemmell of Mohaka and Heneriata Smith of Nuhaka.

During Michael Savage's term as New Zealand Prime Minister 1935-1940, farming blocks were surveyed and balloted out in many regions of the country. The Kahungunu farming scheme was introduced and opened up for young families from around the Ngāti Pahauwera area by Apirana Ngata, supervisor for Native affairs. Mum and dad were allocated a piece of land of about 120 acres and arrived with Bill who was 2 years old on the 22nd of February 1932.

The land was covered in scrub and blackberry which had to be cleared before they were able to stock it. They had very little money so our grandfather Harry Gemmell gave them stock, including milking cows to start them off on their dairy farming venture. They arrived with only 2 shillings (30 cents) in their pocket. They spent the first few weeks sleeping in a tent on fern filled sacks. Heated bricks wrapped in cloth to warm the beds. Things started to improve a little when they got two Ministry of Works huts which were joined together to give them a kitchen and two bedrooms. A bathroom and wash-house was in another small hut. Mum and Dad worked hard on their farm, with me being born two years later. Dad's first dairy cheque for a week of sending cream into the Wairoa Factory, was one shilling and sixpence (\$1). He was so disgusted, he wanted to frame it...but he couldn't afford it.

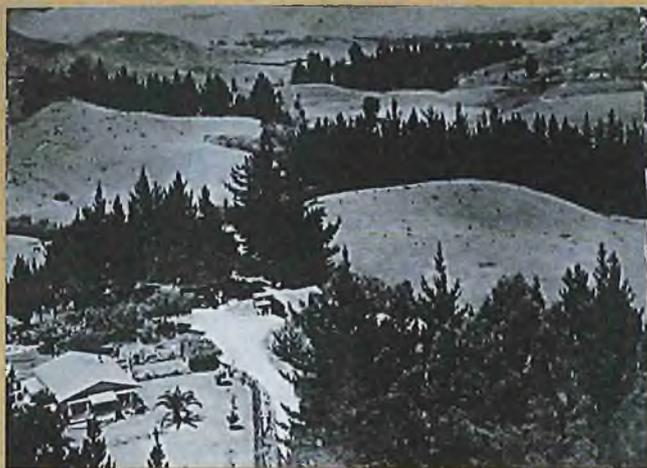
We often had baths in the kitchen in an old tub during winter months. They laid out a grass tennis court alongside the huts and on weekends friends would arrive on horseback or whatever transport, to enjoy a day of tennis. Mum would serve strawberries and cream. Those

were hard days but things did improve. About 1938 the new farmhouse was built on the tennis court.



Nellie at 3 yrs

tt



Now we had a house we could call home, with a kitchen, dining room, lounge, on one side, a long passage separating the three bedrooms, bathroom, and sleeping porch. No inside toilet, we still had to use the long drop outside.

No power, so we cooked on a wood stove and primus. A copper to boil water to wash our clothes by hand.

About 1940 a dam was built across the Rohepotae creek, to charge batteries for a "weak" power current for lights to

the house. Bill Haraki, Tom Porter, Hira TeAho, Peter, Nuki, and Bill Te Kahika, John Gemmell, and Bill Nicholson, helped Dad.

A water race from the dam was erected to turn the water wheel that ran a generator sending an electric current through wires to the house to charge the batteries. Water also came from the dam through two inch pipes that fitted into two rams to pump water to the house and farm. Our stock over a period of time increased and the farm now carried pigs, sheep, cows, fowls, turkeys and working horses, Hira and Polly.



We had a small food safe in the kitchen with mesh at the back to try and keep meat, butter etc. cool. It was a bit useless as the butter still melted in the heat.

For a treat we would have jelly, this was put in a billy can and hung on a wire in the dam.

On cold wet days and sometimes in the evening Mum would bring out a big bag of socks that needed to be darned. Each one of us had to darn our own. Gumboots played havoc with socks not to mention the smell. Bill would pucker or gather his up just to close the hole. Henry Pene our cousin who lived with us would patiently darn and make a really neat job, and still does.

During the lambing season any motherless or sick lambs were brought to the house. Mum would give them a bath, put a nip of brandy in the milk, (Mum always had a bottle of brandy in the house for emergencies) wrap them in an old blanket and left in the kitchen overnight where it was warm. Next morning they were up and about.

Pine Keefe, daughter of Hemi Keefe

Dad planted a pine plantation and twenty years later the pines were felled, sawn into lengths, treated with metalex, taken to Raupunga where he built our family home. Dad called it his Pine-hut.

Dad taught woodwork at the Raupunga High School for a year or two, then he and Bill built the Raupunga Garage and Service Station which they ran as a family business.

My parents initially had a hard time, but life improved and became easier over the years. Dad was a "jack of all trades", and could turn his hand to almost anything. He wasn't afraid of hard work, and willing to help others, give advice, spoke his mind, determined and wasn't afraid of anyone. He spent a few years as County Councillor for the Mohaka, Raupunga, and Kotemaori Riding, and did his best for the district.

We were fortunate to have wonderful caring parents and we loved them. So now, just pleasant memories to reminisce every now and again. **Nell**

Kuini was born in Mohaka of Pahauwera and Rakaipaaka descent. She was the secretary for the women's marae committee for many years. She was also a representative hockey player for Hawke's Bay and travelled widely with the team. Visiting and observing the many marae of other iwi, her knowledge/observations gleaned, set best standards of Manaaki when attending manuhiri at home and visiting dignitaries to our marae. There was always the "special table settings" set aside for those occasions.

She was a keen gardener. We had a large flower garden, (even bigger now that sister Nell with a forced, found interest attends to) which was often the source of floral requirements for many wedding and birthday celebrations at the marae. Mum regularly won Best Bloom at flower shows and hosted "country garden visits" by the Wairoa District Gardening club. We were pretty proud of mum. My younger sister Anne tells the story of when she was about 12, she was with mum at the main flower competition of the year, and mum told her to put her prize rose in a jug of hot water she had at the setting up table, explaining it would perk up the flower head. Anne, instead of standing the stem in the hot water plunged the bloom head down. Fortunately for Anne, Mums worst expletive heard ever was 'damn'. It was however, highly sympathetically amusing to her competitors.

When the first whare at the Raupunga Marae was built in 1982, she put forward the name Te Huki, one of four submitted for discussion at a hapu hui. After much deliberation, Aussie Huata, a respected kaumatua, was given final naming decision. He chose Te Huki, which has stood us in good stead over the years, to eventually becoming the name commonly used for the marae itself.

Mum, being a very hospitable and kind woman was happy for the family home to be used weekly as the clinic for the Wairoa doctor, Dr Colin Chilvers on his Wednesday visits to the area. For some of the "regulars" it was the weekly hapu update, over tea and biscuits.

The Anglican ministers also, when numbers began to dwindle to a handful, began having their monthly services at the homestead rather than at Te Huki, over tea and far more substantial eats. In later years, Mum travelled with friends and family through the Mediterranean / Europe, Russia and Americas, which greatly enhanced her appreciation and love of our own community and culture.



Nell

Bill

Anne

Sandy

We loved our parents, even more so as we've aged and realised what they did for us.

Our family in 2011, after much deliberation, prepared a new urupa on our family land at Raupunga, and uplifted our Father, Mother and sister Anne from the Wairoa Town cemetery, and brought them home. It has been a significant strengthening of family . . . **Sandy**



The school bus

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ARTIST Cody "Gemmell" Hollis

Cody, your grandparents Kamea and Rene Stuart (Tekahu/Gemmell) family home is sited just above where the Mangataniwha stream enters the Mohaka River. How did the stream get that name?

My Nan told me that the taniwha Popoia, an eel with red hair, lived in the stream. My uncle Vernon saw it in the stream. Nan said it was friendly but not to touch it. We use to go for swims at the mouth of the creek just underneath the bridge. It had a sandy bottom. My brother said they use to sneak off to have parties there, so we weren't really afraid of the taniwha.

Did you catch eels in the creek?

Yea, my uncle George used to set up a hinaki in the deep hole at the mouth. His hinaki, was an eel trap made out of wire. I was about 5 years old then. Nan used to fry the eels in a large pan. They have lots of bones though. We looked forward to Nan's cooking. She used to feed us up. Sadly for our Mum, Nan's cooking skills didn't get passed down to her.

What's your painting about?

The Painting depicts MIHITERINA our whaea from the Turi/O'Keefe whānau of Mohaka. She married David Gemmell of Ngāti Kurupakiaka of Wairoa. The painting depicts the baby, John, clinging to Mihiterina's back and Popoia is painted in the stream at the bottom of the panel with an image of a watercress plant, that we would often pick heaps for Nan's pork and watercress boil-ups.



Rene and Gemmell Stuart

Aunty Alice (Munroe) Gemmell, Cody's great, great Grandmother related the following story to us during a family hui in the late 1940's.



During the time of Te Kooti and his Hauhau marauders attack on Pahauwera in 1869, Mihiterina who was living at Mangataniwha in Raupunga, was across the river when she heard the sounds of shooting and saw the Hauhau running and firing on people. She grabbed her young nephew and ran to the river to go and warn her family. Tragically while swimming across the Mohaka, she was fired upon by the raiders and a bullet struck and killed her sister Raiha's child, John, whom she was carrying on her back. The bullet passed through the child, also wounding Mihiterina. The marauders who had already killed whānau at Te Arakanihi then slew the Lavin family and eight people at the small Mangaturanga pa, alongside the river, before continuing on to attack Mohaka. Mihiterina and her family were able to avoid detection.

The child, whose father was John Smith from Nuhaka, was buried in a plot where the Mohaka Anglican Church, was eventually built. The child's remains however were later reburied alongside Mihiterina in the Hiruharama urupa.

at
and



Mihi Terina

Artist: Cody Hollis

NATIONAL ART WORKSHOPS



Later, when the whare tīpuna Te Huki was erected, and with the ability to host stay-overs, the Kotahitanga Hall was further enhanced with murals as a result of the running of national art workshops for teachers by the Department of Education. These week long practical courses started, with a gathering of Education Board Art Adviser to engage in art making, focusing on the stories of our hapū. The successful outcome of this course resulted in a quick succession of national courses for Secondary art teachers, Polytechnic tutors and Māori who were teaching art within the education system.

The objective of the week long national gathering of 29 art educationalists and teachers at Te Huki in 1986 was to form a group of potential resource people to support the developments in Māori Art education. The hall was divided up into work spaces where six groups created multimedia panels based on local stories relayed to them on the Monday. The groups then had to complete, and erect the panels on the hall walls, and presented to the whānau, before they departed on the Friday. The groups worked through the night, every night, with the locals constantly attending their needs. The whānau experienced their first Art Wānanga. Our people were hooked.



Te Rakau whakapapa

A large tree growing alongside a track to an old Pa site on a Mangaturanga canyon ridge is the main image on this panel.

The whanau over many years have been carving their names into the trunk. It has become known as the "Whakapapa" tree.

Across the canyon is the waterfall that inspired the old chief to name his family land "Raupunga". This panel also depicted in a kowhaiwhai design, the waterfall with the pool at its base.

*Ray Thorburn, Tim Worrell, Sandy Adsett
and Elizabeth Ellis*



Bob Jahnke Hinemoa Hilliard Andrew Panoho Colleen Urlich Ian George



Te Waka Tapu o Takitimu

This panel related the story of Tupai, the rangatira of the waka Takitimu, as it sailed south and the naming of Maunga haruru



Gary Whiting Robert Hoebrigs Reihana Mac Donald Birnie Duthie Arnold Wilson



Te Rohe o Pahau wera

This panel of the mountain Maunga Haruru, the off shore rock outcrop, Tangi Tu, the Mohaka river with the fishing nets and the Hangi stones represented the artists depiction of the regional boundaries of Ngati Pahauwera.



Ivan Ehau Don Ratana Jacob Scott Erena Howe Ralph Walker



Te Ara Kanihi *(To track in single file)*

The Lookout places that the whanau would keep watch over their tribal boundaries. Any movement of people moving stealthily in single file down distant tribal trails, the alarm would be raised.

(Future arts wananga are intended, when the complex is completed, to recreate these same tribal stories with redesigned multimedia artworks for the new Hall)



Not only did our hall become further embellished, with artwork relating to our hapū stories, but from the kitchen, our usual boil-up, kohua-kai menu changed into "flash" muesli breakfasts, salads and cold meat platters for lunch, and roasts for dinner to attend the palette of the guests. Our cooks exceeded themselves which has continued today.

Not only did our Hall become embellished with multi-media contemporary works by very accomplished artists, but related our history in an art style developed further from the folk art of the mid-1800's. (A new term for this "story art" style recently offered by Timoti Karetu is Toipaki.)



Birnie Duthie

Reihana Macdonald



Steve Gibbs Cath Brown John Piriha Ross Hemera

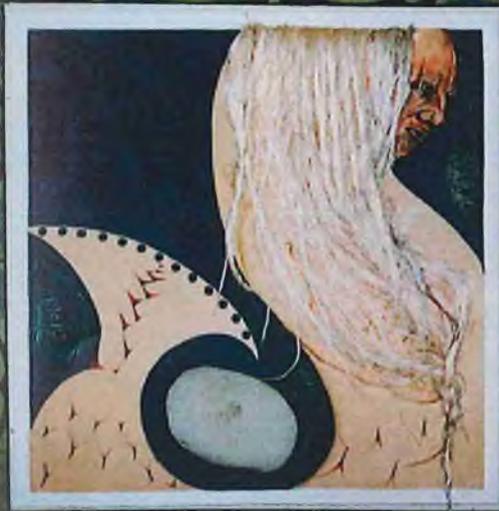


Te Kupenga o Te Huki

This panel depicted the spreading "net of Te Huki", the paramount tipuna chief of Ngati Pahauwera. From the progeny of his many wives, Te Huki, then married them into the chiefly lines of the powerful neighbouring tribes. Under the direction of Cath Brown, eight of the wives were portrayed in this multi layered the artwork.



Allan Wihongi Trevor Galvan Toi Maihi Brett Graham Derek Lardelli



Te Taniwha..... Kaimako

*Kaimako was one of the most powerful of the taniwha that dwelled in the Mohaka river.
Many stories have been told of the places where Kaimako has been seen and the ominous outcomes
of these sightings.*



WHANAU

**Oku Matua a Moana (Did)
Keefe raua ko
Ropina (Sophie) Keefe**

"Ka tika a muri. Ka tika a mua"

This was Mum and Dad absolutely. They were a handsome couple. Dad, patient, loyal, behind the scenes he was a workaholic. He complemented Mum's forthright upfront character. Opposites do attract don't they! However there were many attributes that they jointly, fiercely shared together. Firstly, they were both aligned to Iwi Kahungunu and Takitimu kaihoe.

They both believed that whānau and hapū values played a key role in protecting their respective marae, kawa and tikanga. They were definitely a people orientated couple as whānau and friends would testify to their consistent involvement in marae purposes and communal activities. Raupunga, Te Huki marae being a case example, alongside Uncle Wi King and Aunty Ena (Aunty Dinkies mother and father), Uncle Tom Spooner and Tere, Uncle Jim Adsett (grandfather was Hemi Keefe) and Aunty Queenie (grandmother was Mihiterina who was the sister to Hemi and Patariki), Uncle Paul Te Urupo and Aunty Emma (a cousin to grand pa Gillie), Uncle Scrammy (nephew to Aunty Queenie, his mother was Violet who was a sister to Queenie, they were Gemmell's).

These whānau were the nucleus of Ngāti Pahauwera, they were the kaimahi and kaitiaki. They were supportive of most community efforts and encouraged others to engage and participate in the Ngāti Pahauwera activities which were the catalyst to their long lasting happy togetherness.

'Haunga ake ngā piki me ngā heke' 'Ringa rehe' was their mantra.

They married in Hastings at the tender age of 19 for Dad and 18 for Mum. I materialised a year later (I think) with siblings ten years later. Koaea is mātamua relieving me of any serious responsibilities, lucky.

They both enjoyed sport and were influential in promoting hapū hockey comps locally and regionally. The love of all loves for them was their passion and commitment to their Ratana religious beliefs.

Dad was the 5th child of Erueti Nicholson and Ani Keefe from a whānau of 8. However, he was raised by Ropata and Materua Keefe. Dad's grandfather was Patariki Keefe.

Mum was the child of Hekiera Paku and Hokowaka Panapa. She was the potiki o te tokowha. She was raised by Tutewake and Pirihira Rameka in Omaha. They were both whangai. Luckily for Dad he knew his whakapapa from Pahauwera and his Raukawa iwi connections.

Mum on the other hand, found out later in life and was still tracking her whakapapa to the end. Despite this setback Mum insisted that she had the best upbringing in Omahu, of Ngāti Himemānu and Ngāti Upokoiri descent. Whenever she spoke of her parents it was always with loving gratitude. "My father this" and "my mother that" she always regarded Omahu home and often returned there to the many hui and to tohutohu the whānau. Eh Tommy & Joseph?

She affiliates to Ngāti Hawea from her Panapa Ruahapia connections, to Ngāti Hau-mapuhia-a-Rangi based in Wairarapa and was also Ngāti Rongomaiwahine.

The whānau homestead in Mangaturanga became mum's Turangawaewae until the end. She and dad took over the farm and entered into the dairying business as did whānau whānui. Due to the undernourished land and lack of resources in particular, most if not all farms were heavily mortgaged to Māori affairs. This millstone forced mum to take over (on paper) the farm. Legally releasing dad to his forty hour railway job. It was the only way to a regular pay packet, such was the farm debt. Mum loved this farm life because she was always up for a challenge, because defeat was not in her vocabulary. She persevered and became an accomplished farmer. Yes she had Māori

Affair officials' supervisors, managers, including her cousin Tipi Ropiha (the then under-secretary) dancing to a tune they had never heard. Mum was an assertive, astute business woman. Had she been minister of Māori Affairs, Māori would not be living in a deficit gap. Anyone for a bet? Such was her skill, the farm became mortgage free before her and dad reached their ritzy 60's. Tama Tu, Tama Ora. Any job undertaken was completely finished.



Koaea Sophie Olga

Dad was a real green fingers; there was never a shortage of kai. As well as farming, mum excelled at sewing, baking, and preserving. In hindsight, their profile was quite impressive. Kia ora mum, however, to achieve as she did she had the undivided backing of dad. Always on hand, eh dad! Mum was responsible for bringing to Pahauwera the Kohanga reo and Hou ora kaupapa, which are still thriving today. They had four biological children, and several whangai. And we were all treated with the same love and attention.



Did and Sophie Keefe with whānau, Panapa, Junior, Vera, Duke, Olga, Buck and Koea

With such a busy and full life, there was no time for idleness. Gradually time took its toll. Dad left us for a well-deserved rest in 1996 aged 84. Though widowed, mum carried on with her kuia duties till 2010 when at 93 she joined dad. Both rest peacefully in the Hiruharama Urupa in Mohaka.



*'Moe mai kōrua i roto i te aiotanga a Ihoa o ngā mano'
When someone you love becomes a memory, the memory becomes a treasure*

*He kakano i ruia mai i Rangiatea e kore koe e ngaro
A seed sown in peaceful heaven, you will never be lost*

Did with his brother George Harvey



ARTIST

Mere (Hawkins) Tomoana

Ngāti Pahauwera

Toimairangi Arts Degree Graduate

"While at Toimairangi Māori Arts School, Hastings (2008 - 2011) I researched into the FOLK ART style of two of the heke that were in our whare "HINERINGA," and also the ancient rock art symbols from my Ngai Tahu side. I painted these images on the HEKE to tell Pahauwera hunting and gathering stories. The Ngahere "Mana Whenua" and Mana Moana underpins our pepeha "Maungaharuru ki uta...Tangitu ki te Moana....." when one Kete Kai closes another opens"

The TOHORA (whale) is a symbol of abundance and well being, of Takitimu traditions from Ruamano, Hinekorito and Paikea.

One of the earliest legends, Ki uta - Ki tae "from mountains to the sea" was that of Tohora moving from the hinterland to the vast oceans of KIWA.

Tohora, the giant of the water was betrothed to the giant of the forest the mighty Kauri. Unable to produce any offspring, Tohora decided to move to the ocean. It shed its scales which became the scaly bark of the Kauri. In return Kauri gave its gum to Tohora which became Pipiha (Ambergris) **Paikea he Tangata, Paikea he Taniwha, Paikea he Tipua.**

Tihei Pahauwera!"

Nā

Mere Hawkins Tomoana



Artist: Mere (Hawkins) Tomoana

NATIONAL ARTS WORKSHOP FOR POLYTECHNIC TUTORS

The stage area – Kotahitanga Hall

Senior art teachers, Bob Jahnke, Toi Maihi, Ivan Ehau, Ross Hemera, Jacob Scott and Gray Wilde were brought back to Te Huki as KAIAKO (lead tutors) for invited Polytechnic art tutors from throughout New Zealand to experience Māori Arts culture first hand.

The theme for artworks based on the Hauhau attack on Ngāti Pahauwera during the 1860's was the focus for a National Polytechnic art tutors workshop at Te Huki in 1986.

As with previous arts hui at Te Huki, the teachers were divided into groups, a brief given, this time based on events relating to the Hauhau attack led by Te Kooti on Pahauwera in 1869.

Besides the printed "book" versions of the Massacre given to the Kaiako and their teams, our elders gave their own account of the attack and the hand to hand fighting engaged in by their great, great grandparents. The "telling" continued into the early hours of the first night. These accounts have been told and retold and retold.



This artwork related to the township of Wairoa and the removing the ears of slain Hau Hau marauders as a paid bounty

Ivan Ehau..... Kaiako



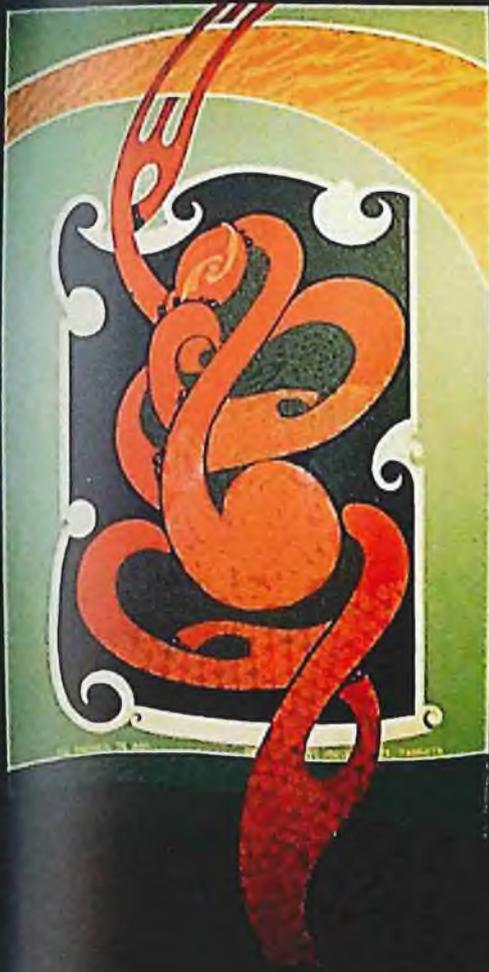
Ross Hemera..... *Kaiako*

This panel told the story of the successful defence of the Hiruharama Pa from the Hauhau invaders.



Bob Jahnke*Kaiako*

This panel depicted the attack on Te Huki Pa and the valiant defence by the old men, and the women whose exploits are still lauded by whānau today.



Ross Hemera.....Kaiako

Ross was the team leader for this panel depicting Paikea, the taniwha in the Mohaka River. It was created by art teachers who attended an in-service secondary art teacher's workshop.

In a report an acknowledgement to the home people from Course Director Elizabeth Ellis Department of Education Auckland was as follows;

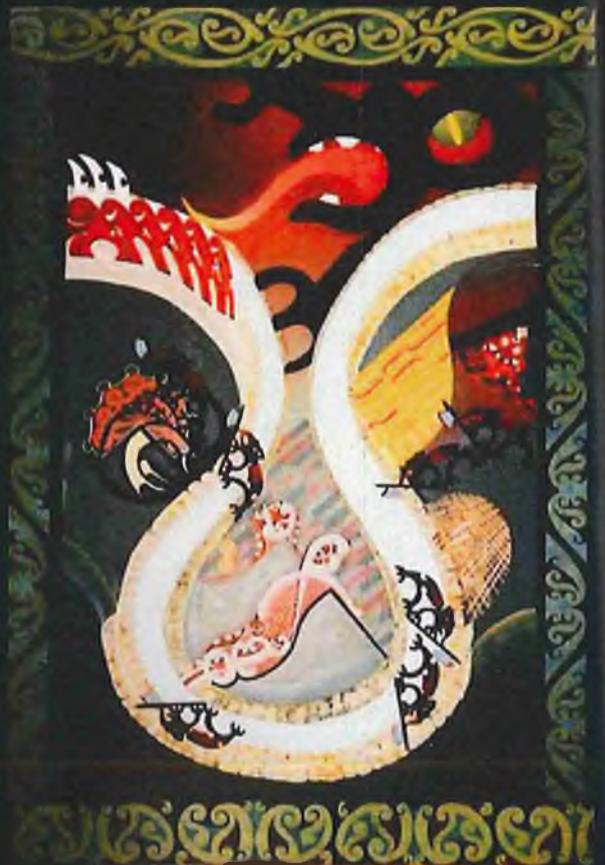
"We thank the people of Raupunga for making our week such a success. We thank you for the gourmet food that was served to us irrespective of the hour, whether it be 3pm or 3am. The tireless patience spent dealing with our problems, the entertainment provided by the Jazz band; your willingness to care for us. The excellence of your hospitality and the breadth of your aroha made us feel part of the whānau and we are privileged to have shared a brief few days."

Toi Maihi..... Kaiako





Jacob Scott.....*Kaiako*



Gray Wilde..... *Kaiako*

THE KAHUNGUNU WHANAU

Kahungunu is a small farming settlement on the Putere Road. These Ngati Pahauwera families who were all part of land ballots in the late 1920's have always had a special bond as well as being whanaunga. The isolation, the children attending the Raupunga Primary School and the celebrations at the marae have created a special environment that the Whanau continue to return to. And to eventually to rest with their tīpuna.



TE MARA O NGATA MARAE - KAHUNGUNU



During the 1990's, an arts workshop was organised with the local whānau to create kowhaiwhai panels for enhancement of the Marae Hall at Kahungunu. The marae, Te Maara a Ngata, the garden of Ngata, was given its name in acknowledgment of Apirana Ngata, the parliamentarian who initiated and oversaw these early rural marae developments.

The patterns depicting realistic images of native plants that grew on the surrounding land were interspersed between the Koiri design. The panels were enthusiastically painted by the Te Kahika, Gemmell, Keefe, Hancy, Haraki and wider whanui.





WHANAU

Niki and Nuki Te Kahika

Interview with Ihipera Te Kahika
(aunty Nicky)

June 4th - June 28th 2013.

The Kahungunu tennis club at Te Maara a Ngata.

One tennis court was built first and the second one came later probably in the late 1930's. The families came together to do this. There were the Adsett's, Gemmell's, Keefe's, Haraki's, Whaanga's, Nicholson's, Morgan's, and Marshall's to name some of them who played or supported the tennis club.

The tennis courts became a focal point and an outing for the families to go to. Our children were good at tennis and they liked to play. This happened most Sundays and we all dressed up, those playing tennis wore white and the others who came got the food together, everyone bought a plate and we had eats at the hall. Tennis went all day. There was a competition ladder and we played for placing's every Sunday. I didn't do too badly as I wasn't that good.

We had visiting teams and we returned the visits and this was to become the way we held our competitions. We always had a good team. The name of Lillian Adsett wasn't taken too lightly by the other teams. She became a national tennis and golf champion. We were very proud of her.

The Golf.

Dad and I were active in the game of golf and dad used to love dressing up. He wore a 'Plus 4' which today is known as a 'knickerbocker', a cravat and a 'pommie Stetson'.

Dad and I were active in the game of golf and enjoyed going to Raupunga to play, and sometimes we went to Wairoa. We had a 9 hole course of sorts on the farm and Dad and I use to practice a lot. I got my handicap down to 15 and dad reached an 11.

Most of the golfing used to happen at Raupunga and that was the main club. There was a lot of interest from the locals, and some of the families joined up. I remember Bella and Toki Carroll, they were good community people.

Lillian Adsett got us all interested in the game and she went on to be a National Māori Champion right through till she could no longer participate. Not sure how long the club lasted but it closed when there was little or no interest.

Families involved with the golf were the Adsett's who were the backbone of the club. Jim Adsett was a very clever man and he did a lot for our community. There were the King's, Huata's, Bernie Taylor to name some of the Raupunga whānau and the Adsett's, and Te Kahika's, Dolly and Sam Keefe and so on.



*Warren Te Kahika Lyra Whakatope Gideon Te Kahika Ivan Thompson
Ebony and Alicia Te Kahika, Moyna Waihi, Lawrence Te Kahika Guy Te kahika
Gerda Walker Te kahika Matriarch, and Aunty to all, Niki Te Kahika, Eddiena Te kahika*

Maungawharangi Stream - Spiritual Waters

This creek was the main water supply to the farm and other families in the area back in the 1930's. Bill Haraki designed the reservoir he and dad built on our farm and the water was pumped from the stream to the reservoir then piped to the house. It has been here ever since and we are still using it today.

Back in the 1930's we lived on a site which is today the whānau urupa (Rohepotae). We used the creek for washing our clothes, setting the jellies in, keeping the food cool and for putting corn in the water to rot, (this was called kanga kopiro). This was our pudding and there were fresh water crayfish in the creek.

We also washed in the creek if our water was running low. We used to carry the water to the house as the pipes didn't always work.

When Papa died (my father In law) we came to live where we are today and didn't use the reservoir till then, but we piped or carried water to the old house which used to be where the urupa is today. Getting tired now. No more till next time.



The Te Kahika Homestead





WHANAU Bill and Heni Haraki

Korero from May

Mum and my dad Bill, lived on a ballot farm just beyond the Marae at Kahungunu. There wasn't much money and everyone worked really hard. Dad was a good provider. As well as milking cows, we had a large vegetable garden which all our kids worked at. We had a large family of

15, but some of the family died when they were young.

Dad built the Kahungunu Marae and laid down two concrete tennis courts. All our kids played tennis. We had great tennis tournaments. We had an amazing time.

Dad also got a taxi business for my brother John that he operated from Raupunga.

My mother a staunch supporter of the marae in Pahauwera, was loved and respected by all as a very dignified and kindly woman.



Kahungunu tennis in the 1930's





Alley and Gene Waihape

Alley is the daughter of Gene and Victor Waihape and the great, great, great grand daughter of Te Hohipera and Henry Waihape.

Korero from Gene Waihape, the grand daughter of Heni and Bill Haraki

I lived with Nan for a time on the farm at Kahungunu in the 1970's. Grandpa had died before I was born. Nan also looked after two of her daughter Dawnie's children as well as two of uncle Barney's kids. We all helped to milk a large herd of 50 or more cows. Later she moved into the Kaumatua Flats in Raupunga. I was shearing in Willie Culshaw's gang and also James Spooner's gang at that time, but I decided to come back to look after her. She use to have her whanau, the Hook family from Whakaki visit her often. I use to cook nice things for her. She was a lovely Nan.



Shaun Haraki

Son of Wi and Elenore Haraki
Grandson of Bill and Heni Haraki

Korero with Shaun

Dad and mum came back in 78 / 79 to help Nan work the farm. It had reverted back somewhat with blackberry and stuff so dad came to break it in. The farm is an ongoing job and weed is a weed so you are always trying to keep it under control.

They were trying to build up a new flock, to increase their ewe numbers. Back when they first divided these farms up, it was big enough for a man and his dairy herd to support a family. It is not the case today. The farm needs to

be bigger to make it viable. I'm not going to go anywhere, although I am having those thoughts about succession even now and how to carry on with a sustainable block.

Shaun, as the chair of the Te Maara a Ngata Marae, what's the roll of the marae?

There are a lot of people interested in the land around here and I think that our marae should be key in leading and organising forums to discuss further farm developments. I'm particularly thinking about dairying as a possibility. There are other Maori initiatives around Taupo that have milk plants.

Yea, I have done a couple of reports on the marae becoming more of a community centre and becoming more political. A management plan for the collective of farms. Also having local trusts support the Marae with an on-going putea. We should also be trying to lease our land to our locals before outsiders. Even though farming is really hard work, for me it's a duty. I've got roots in the ground. I would like to hand on a farm that supports itself.

I feel the patience of the land and it's always going to be waiting.

For our family, the essence of our land is in our memories.

Kia ora Shaun, I see your grandparents in you.



Painted panels in Te Maara o Ngata



WHANAU

Sam and Dolly Keefe

Pakihikura Road, Kahungunu

Korero from Rora, (Sam and Dolly's daughter) and Roger Parata-Joe.

Rora. Dad was from here and Mum was a Hancy, a Ngapuhi, from the Hokianga. They firstly stayed in the old house across the road, up on the hill but moved over to the farm in the early 1940's. Like everyone here in Kahungunu we milked cows. Mum and dad really enjoyed playing tennis and golf. Kahungunu had a good tennis club. All of us played. Now, the young ones are useless. It's just a shame eh.

We left here in the 1960's and lived in Murupara for 47 years. Roger ran nine gangs of 50 men in each gang, in the forestry there.

And you returned to the farm five years ago.

Roger. Yes. We came back to the whare, and added on this rear living area to the house. There is also a large sleeping room with mattresses through there, and a bathroom through the wall on that side. All for when our family come back.

Rora. We have 22 grandchildren and 28 great grandchildren. They come and visit. Those are some of their photos on the walls there. My husband says "we should get one of our moko" I say no, I'm sick of looking after children. But one thing Roger and I are proud of is that our children all have good jobs. We are lucky that our eldest daughter Anastasia does all the finances for the family. The family all donate into a trust fund. The kids do a lot for us, because they appreciate the place.

Roger. That fund helped to build all these additions. That also helped us to put in a flush toilet and a shower and a big tank. When the family are here they always like going out fishing and going down to the creek.

Rora. When the kids come back, they don't want to go home, eh dad.





WHANAU Paul and Rachel Parata

Roger

Mum was a Joe from Mohaka and dad was Whanau Apanui from Te Kaha.

We lived at Raupunga along the Te Arakanihi road. We had a small place there, but much later the family asked me to pull our old house down.



In those days Dad was a shearing contractor. We had heaps of sheds around the Kotemaori and Waikare area. There was about five of us in our gang. And when we weren't shearing we were fencing.

I was the third oldest of fourteen kids and there are three older step brothers.

We have many grandchildren. I don't know the names of half of them.

Rachel Joe



Anastasia, (moko) and Sam Pohipi, Roger and Rora Joe

nui
had



Kowhaiwai panels from Te Maara a Ngata

THE BLUE MOON BAND



Howard Nicholson Bill Adsett (back) Ariel Aranui Te Muera Hawkins Areta Gilbert 'Fing Te Hau

Related by Bill Adsett to his sister Nell.

Bill

Scrub cutting in the late 1940's was a major job, clearing the land for farming and cropping. The youth in the area were kept busy with work, and they also played rugby and hockey. Fundraising was needed to get sports uniforms, rugby jerseys and socks etc. Dancing was popular, so cheap entertainment was also needed.

Some of the boys played tin whistles, spoons, anything that made a noise - you name it, we played it. This was instrumental to advancing to the saxophone, clarinet, guitar, drums, etc.

Tom Stewart (Huata) a local scrub cutting contractor, who employed quite a few of the young men in the district, helped to buy some of the instruments for the boys to play. Practices were called and a group was formed to play for local dances, New Year parties, socials and family functions. As players improved and engagements were accepted, a name had to be found for the band. During the 1920/30's Dads' family, who lived in Wairoa, had their own band named 'The Riverside Syncopaters', and the set of drums which had been stored at the family home, Dad's sister Della, gave to me.

On the front of the bass drum were a couple dancing on the beach in the silhouette of a large blue moon setting over the horizon. This was lit up by a light inside the drum, hence... *The Blue Moon Band* was named.



Rangi Keefe Ni Keefe Arial Aranui Bill Adsett Te Muera Hawkins Sam Hamilton Cyril Gotty

Emma Lemuel (Thornton) was given the job of advertising for our band and she used the picture on the drum for the posters.

Dances were held at the "Kia Ora Picture Theatre."

After the pictures, seats, and forms were taken out and stacked under the Macrocarpa trees beside the hall to clear the hall for dancing. Raupunga had no other hall at that time, only Mohaka and Kahungunu.

With dances, concerts, sports events, raffles and hangi fund-raising, the Kotahitanga Memorial was finally built in 1956. The Blue Moon band gave their services free of charge for this major project. Areta Gilbert our tutor and most experienced player taught us the fundamentals and it was up to us to practice, practice, and practice. The ones who didn't "shape up", were "shipped out" as they say.

Areta insisted on 3 part harmony which gave us our unique sound. With this type of music, engagements came from near and far – Napier, Hastings, Central Hawkes Bay, Gisborne, New Plymouth, The Golden Shears (Te Awamutu), to name a few.

The band practiced at least twice a week, especially during the Christmas and New Year period which didn't go down too well with the wives and girlfriends. As the money started to come in and the bank balance looked healthy, so we were able to purchase new instruments, amplifiers, drums, which made our sound so much better.

We had no drummer so, even though I started out playing the saxophone, reverted to playing the drums. I played the drums until my co-players moved away or passed on. The Blue Moon Band has played for over 30 years with players coming and going and what a fabulous time we all had. Most of our engagements were for 21st birthdays, weddings, anniversaries, social cabarets and formal debutant balls.



This is the end of the year 2004 and our Raupunga School is being closed - with the closure the remaining members of the band will brush the cobwebs off, come out of retirement (bald, paunchy and out of puff). We're all looking forward to getting together again to do our thing and to bring back those sweet harmonious sounds - I hope. The School was opened 1934 and after 70 years we will see it close. Over the years many children have been educated and some have done very well.

Sophie Keefe and Wiki Hapeta

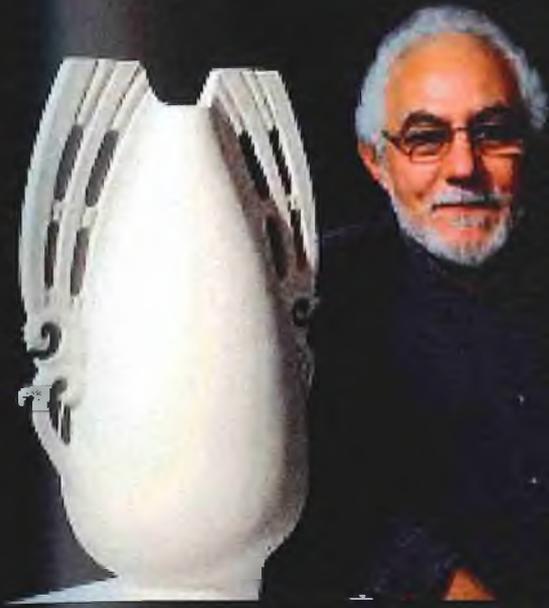
Debutant ball, Kotahitanga Hall

Lady Polly Carroll, Sir Turi Carroll and Ngaro Huata with the debutants



Olive Winiana Ngahina Hancy ... Emma Lemuel Rose Elers Bella Te Aho ...

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ARTIST

Manos Nathan

Ngāpuhi, To Roroa, Ngāti Whatua

Kia ora Sandy

This is the kaupapa for my work I thought a muddies perspective on the old stories.

The korero regarding the origins of clay water sand and fire in the creation narratives and the atua Tane's role.

The top tile features a takarangi type spiral representing "Nga tokorima a Maui." The left design is the whakapapa of fire.....the names all feature in the story of the origins of fire.

The right design features the names of the source materials themselves. The "tile" below which gave me a chance to recycle an old favorite and wrap in some new words (Just for you Sandy me old mate!)

"Mai te anga whaihanga uku- ka puta ko ngā uri o Peketua."

Translation: *From the shell (egg) made of clay - come the descendants of Peketua.*



This korero arises in the context of the origin of the Tuatara and of birds - Peketua was along with Hurumanu and Punaweko among the 70 offspring of Rangi & Papa and teina to Tane. They were busy producing all animate creatures.... Peketua takes clay and forms an egg which he takes to Tane and says - "Now what do I

do"? (bit of a dumb arse old Peketua!) Tane says to him - "Me whakaira tangata - imbue it with life".... from this egg hatches the Tuatara! That's the first time you hear about an egg.... then Hurumanu says... Yeah bro! and forms an egg of clay from which all sea birds arise. Punaweko says... Me Too! and forms another egg from which all the land birds arise.

There are things to reflect on in this story.... for the muddies, the obvious one of the use of clay. It's the second time it features in creation narratives; the first of course is the forming of Hineahuone.

The Tuatara has the ira-tangata.... no other creature received this mana! In some versions it's Tane who breathes on the egg to impart the life force. I get a sense of old deep stuff when you deal with the Tuatara..... the korero often differs from the usual hostile and negative stuff about mokomoko and other lizards. Paki Harrison spoke of their role as kaitiaki of wisdom and knowledge and as protectors of the tapu of chiefs. He also spoke of Tane transferring the 'mauri ora' to man from the breath of the Tuatara.... (his korero reinforces that ira-tangata aspect) I have also come across the odd reference to them as our tuakana and as our teachers... one story is about encouraging Maui to copy the spines on his back to fashion a barbed bird spear. The usual.....Maui used his refined spear to humble his arrogant brothers.

The remaining element is my modified Minoan Linear B / phonetic Maori hybrid script.... my little indulgence and acknowledgment of my whakapapa to Crete.

This page: "*Ngā toko rima a Maui*"Previous page: "*Ngā uri o Peketua*"



TE HUKI WHARE TIPUNA



TE HUKI

In 1982 a project got underway, to build a meeting/sleeping house for the marae. This valuable addition would enable us to attend more fully, the needs and tikanga of our Hapū. We learnt a lot about ourselves as reality decisions became paramount in trying to ensure the expectations and use of our whare. Our small community required both men and women to be involved in all aspects of the build, to complete the whare.

Tohunga elders offered karakia to bless the site for the builders and to enable our women to work in areas of construction that previously had been viewed as tapu to them.

Some of our stronger women engaged immediately to allay the hesitancy of others. They mixed and wheel-barrowed concrete, laid blocks, and as the walls rose, some of the older women purposefully entered the whare to encourage the work. It was a time of pride and energy for our community. The positioning and leadership shown by the women reiterated what was known of other historic occasions, during the 1800's, when the women took up arms in defence of our hapū from invading marauders.



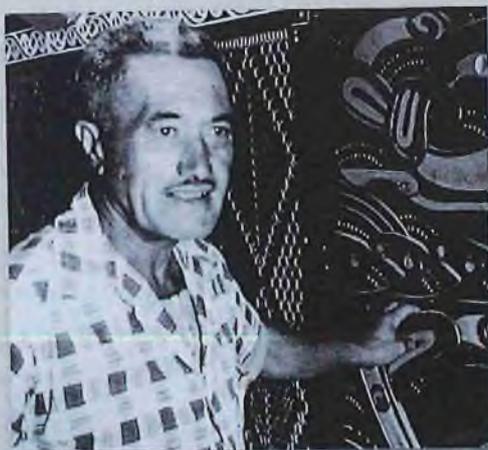
*Opening of
Te Huki*

The Hon Whetu Tirikatene Sullivan. A very special friend to Pahauwera, opened Te Huki whare tipuna in Jan 1983 and Hineringa in Jan 1993. Whetu's mother Iritana Tirikatene opened Kotahitanga in 1958.



The building dimension and design for the new whare was realised through discussion on what was the most practical for our needs. The size of whare needed to accommodate the sleeping of up to 30 to 40 whānau, or a bus load. The height of the whare was decided after a long stick was held up in the air and visually adjusted with the width of the house, until the dimension best reflected the small Pahauwera whare style, of past years.

The length of the whare could have been a major issue as a memorial stone to the Te Urupe sister whom had previously donated the reserve, was impinging immediately in the front of the whare, and whānau who were against the whare being built, were refusing to allow the stone to be shifted.



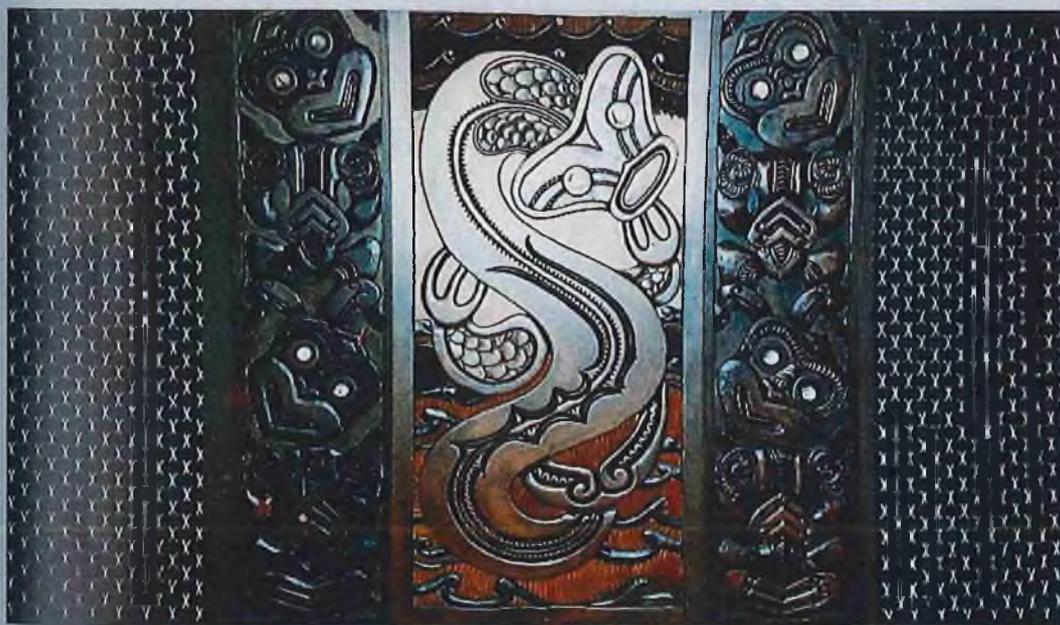
Tom Spooner, a respected senior member of that family responded, "Lay the front foundations of the whare hard up against the stone" he said "I'll move it later". And he did. As the building progressed, he got his farm tractor, hitched on chains and dragged the stone to the front corner of the marae atea, where it was then re-dedicated.



We were often faced with traditional tikanga issues which needed to be discussed and resolved. We realised our responsibilities were to ensure that the whare would offer the ability to attend all formal and informal needs of the hapū without any restrictions.

The mahau was modelled on the forward thrusting roof of the Hauiti Whare at Tolaga. We extended the front porch even further when an ailing elder Charlie Maitai, who was regularly giving his support and advice at the building site, commented, that he hoped his feet wouldn't get wet (referring to his eventual tangi and his casket being laid out in the front).

As with the concrete path from the whare to the front gate, where re-enactment of pallbearers, then decided, the width of the path, to ensure that the bearers would not be walking on the grass.





Raupunga patterns



WHANAU

Tom and Teremoana Spooner

Tom was the son of Joe and Maraea Spooner. Tom's wife was Teremoana Vakatini from Rarotonga.

Tom and Tere lived over the fence from the Marae, and as committed committee members for many years, kept a mindful, supportive watch, on all hui and family gatherings, ensuring that all was well.

Tom eventually became the chair of the Raupunga Marae trustees and then also the chairman of the Marae committee. He was our number one Kaikorero, attending all our important powhiri requirements. Tom took his marae responsibilities seriously, researching tikanga and kawa of other iwi. Really important when he had to face other speakers. An immaculate man, he always attended the paepae, dressed to suit the occasion.

Tere was a generous wahine, whose infectious laugh always cheered the kitchen work requirements on the coldest of days. She also loved playing cards.

They were sadly missed when they passed on, both at a relatively young age.

Teremoana Spooner nee Vakatini

Having lived a supreme life in Rarotonga, given to her by her parents, her father being the Paramount Chief Arona Vakatini of Avarua, Rarotonga and her mother being Rangitaumata Nicholas.



Spooner Maraea Aranui Henry Spooner Mary Spooner Phillip Welsh James Spooner Tuvira Welsh

Teremoana's mother Rangitaumata Nicholas was the grand-daughter of Richard Exham, 1st British Consul to the Cook Islands, also granddaughter of Henry Nichola a Pioneer trader of the Cook Islands. Teremoana's life in Rarotonga was one of desire and aspiration by many. The saying of "born with a silver spoon in one's mouth" comes to mind when one thinks of the luxurious grand life Teremoana was born into. Nevertheless at the age of 15 years old the yearning to visit abroad got the betterment of her and Teremoana arrived in Auckland along with her 2 friends Tamara Hawkins nee Strickland and Tangi Wainohu nee Cuthers by boat in 1940.

All three of them stayed in Parnell until being recruited for housework where they then relocated to Glendining Station, Waihua. Housework was not the life for a Princess so Teremoana kept it from her father, Chief Arona Vakatini. However it was while in Waihua where Teremoana met her future husband Tom Spooner. Tom worked as a shepherd at Glendining Station.

Teremoana and Tom married three years later and in 1953 they moved to Raupunga. They later built their family house on the hill, next door to Te Huki Marae and had 13 children.

Chief Arona Vakatini never gave up hope that one day his prized daughter would return to Rarotonga to be the next "Ariki", however her status was overshadowed by her love, passion and commitment to remain in New Zealand with her husband Tom and their 13 children. Sadly Teremoana Spooner nee Vakatini passed away 31st October 1992.

She was beautiful, she was a lady, and she was modest and respectfully humble. She never profited, she always shared. She freely gave up her splendid life to live her own life and with that she always welcomed you with her arms open. She was more than a Matriarch, she was a Loving Mother, Respectful Grandmother, Caring Aunty, kind friend and up most importantly our Queen of Rarotonga.

Teremoana and Tom are survived by their 13 children Tom, Maraea, Mary, James, Henry, Joseph, Judy, Vira, Mervyn, Dorothy, Pamela, Rueben, Tiori and their many grandchildren.



Mary and daughter Tina Keefe



Pam Spooner

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ARTIST

June Northcroft Grant

*Te Arawa- Tuwharetoa-
Tuhourangi- Ngāti Wahiao*

My life not only started in the village where I was born in 1949, it started with the village. There is a word to describe such a place: a place from where one's strength is drawn, where one feels at home, the place where you are your most authentic self. The word is 'querencia', the place is Whakarewarewa.

My father Henry Northcroft was an Anglican Minister and was posted to the Waiariki District in 1948 after his return from World War 2. Dad was raised in the village by his maternal Kuia, Rakera (Moko) Ihaia. He grew up fluent in Whakarewarewatanga, speaking only Māori, attending St Michaels Convent School, diving for pennies in the Puarenga Stream, and learning from the school of hard knocks from his Aunties, all guides to the many visitors who came to see the geothermal wonders and culture of the village.

Makereti Papakura was living in England during this time, but was a great writer and correspondent and sent supportive letters to Dad about the importance of education. Dad was attending Te Aute School at the time he received letters from Makereti Papakura, his Whaea (aunty). Makereti was to become the first Māori woman to attend Oxford University and the first Māori woman to gain a Bachelor of Social Sciences in Anthropology from that University. Makereti's sister Bella Papakura, by contrast, remained in the village and became the main mentor to all the village women who took up guiding as a profession, a highly regarded form of employment for the women from the Tuhourangi/ Ngāti Wahiao hapū who resided in the village. While their men were away during those war years, the women were able to care for their families, looking after the gardens at Parekarangi, and guiding visitors around the village. This line of employment had a continuum dating from the 1886 eruption of Mount Tarawera.

The subsequent obliteration of the Pink and White Terrace's at Rotomahana bought visitors to Whakarewarewa instead, providing the opportunities for women of the village to guide and entertain visitors with waiata, poi and haka. These performances became the backbone for the flourishing of performance arts throughout Te Arawa unchanged since 1880. The activities of the hapū continued unabated, cooking their food in the steam boxes, bathing in the thermal waters, speaking their own language, the women making piupiu, poi, korowai, whariki, the men carving and replacing carvings for the Wharenui, wharepuni and Pou pou around the village.

This was my legacy, the knowledge that my whakapapa provided strong leadership through those matriarchal lines in education, arts, performing arts, nationally as well as internationally. Coming back to the village in 1962 when I was 12 had a great influence on my future. We stayed in the whānau wharepuni, Te-awa-i-manukau, hosted by Dad's sister Paekiri Moke, the kindest, dearest Aunty in the world. The flame of passion for the whare and the artwork ignited my enduring love for the houses of the village, the people who lived in them and my venture into painted images.

Though we went back to the Hawkes Bay to live for a short time, to Porangahau and then Wairoa, we were able to connect again with the Kahungunu families who were friends of my parents, particularly the Sciascia whānau from Porangahau, Aunty Lena Manuel, the Paku, Galvin Whānau and Dads contemporaries from his days at the Theology Seminary at St Stephens, often called in,

John Tamahori, Turoa Pohatu, Wi Huata, Sam Rangiihu, all wonderful inspiring leaders of their time, they influenced generations of eloquent leaders of all professions. These are the people and the stories that have influenced my upbringing:

Tū Tangata - whāia koe te mātauranga hai whītiki te iwi, kia toa ai.

Seek ye from the fountain of knowledge so the people may thrive and prosper.

Kapa Ehau





WHANAU Wi and Ena King

Ena was a very determined organiser within the women's committee. Always challenging the working responsibilities for the Marae. A large energetic wahine who even at a mature age, still coached and played Goalie for the Raupunga hockey team. Ena's family continues to fully engage with Marae and community issues.

Korero with Jan (King) Huata

Mum was an Aranui from Mohaka, they were from the Henrici line. Henrici was a boat builder. Mum was selected for the NZ Maori Hockey team. We used to have a photo that was in the newspaper of the whole team.

My dad Wi was a King from Nuhaka. He and his brothers Zion and Jig came here when their sister Emma married Paul Lemuel and moved to Raupunga.

Dad was a rabbitier and mainly covered the Raupunga and Kahungunu area. Sometimes he would stay away for a week, but most times he came home.

Dad had about 16 dogs and a few horses, but he had one special horse he used all the time.



Ariel Aranui is respectfully remembered for lodging in 1990, the original and successful WAI 119 Treaty Claim Settlement with the Crown.



Brothers Barry, Ariel and Hector

Maui with his brothers snaring Te Ra the Sun



*Tawhaki ascending to the realms of the sky
father to receive the baskets of knowledge*





Wi Taepa, Mike Kaboti, Sandy Adsett, Lionel Grant, the Adsett moko's

Silversmith Workshop, Te Huki Marae, Raupunga 1991

Te Atinga, Contemporary Arts Committee of MASPAC (Te Waka Toi) brought in Mike Kaboti a renown Hopi, Native American Artist to run a silversmith workshop for a group of Maori designer/ multi-media artists. The artists included Para Matchitt, Lionel Grant, Wi Taepa, Bob Jahnke, and Alex Nathan (who continued on to become our foremost silversmith artist) Jacob Scott, who brought the necessary jewellery equipment from his art department at the Hawke's Bay Polytechnic (EIT), along with Wendy Whitehead and Tania Robertson, two of his students.



Wi Taepa recently commented..."Now that was one massive hui with Mike Kaboti. His father revived Hopi jewellery after the second World War. Para, Alex, myself, the then younger Sandy, Bob, Lionel and others. I made some stunning, absolutely stunning jewellery aye Sandy? Hehehehehe..... no it was a great hui."

Back: Brian Collinge Henry Pene Paddy Te Whata Bill Adsett Wi Taepa
 Centre: Mike Kaboti Alex Nathan Sandy Adsett
 Front: Koaea Pene Nell Adsett (with Aana) Kath Adsett



ARTIST

Shanon Hawea

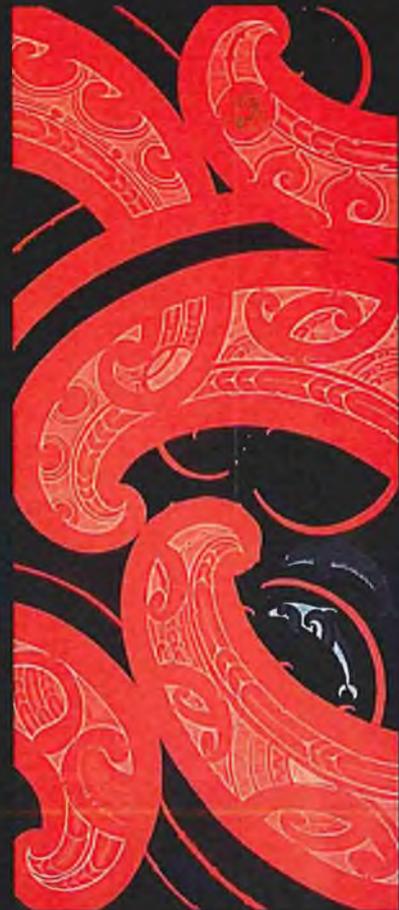
Ngāti Kahungunu, Ngāti Kere,
Ngāti Kurukuru

Toimairangi Arts Degree Graduate

We are the carriers of our culture... It is our duty to nurture that which our tīpuna (ancestors) gave to us as a legacy. I am lucky to have my art to express my passion for Māori culture.

Shanon's two paintings depict the explanation by Wi Huata of the experience we encountered in Raiatea, Tahiti, and the two kohatu from the sacred pa site

Taputapu Atea which were brought back to be embedded at the base of the mahau of Te Huki. Wi explained that what happened with us, was what was related in an ancient chant that told of the departure of the Waka Takitimu from the Island homeland of Raiatea centuries before.





WHANAU

Lizzie and Piki Biddle

Taken from a korero with Ngaire Culshaw in 1989 and published in "THE MERGE", Wairoa Star.

Piki was only 18 years of age, when he enlisted for the War. His platoon was the Second Divisional Cavalry and in 1945 - 46, he and another 100 volunteers, were an advance party to Hiroshima, after the bombing, to clean up.

Asked what it was like, he replied, "It was a horrible sight. Everything was flattened for as far as the eye could see - all was in chaos. People were begging in the streets, we were not allowed to mix with the people, and if we did we were punished. The after effects of the bomb were horrific, radiation hung in the air. I could never, or would ever wish this on my worst enemy. Out of the 100 people in my party, only 40 remained for the two years, most returned to New Zealand in 1948 to re-enlist in the J Force. I remained at home. We were under the British Commonwealth Occupational Forces. ... Piki is survived by his wife Eliza who lives at their family home in Raupunga.



Rose and mother Lizzie



Piki and Lizzie with son Ernie and moko

Korero from Elizabeth (26 / 1 / 2014)

"My mother was a Takarangi from Porangahau and my dad of course was a Waihape from here. We lived down at Te Arakanihi.

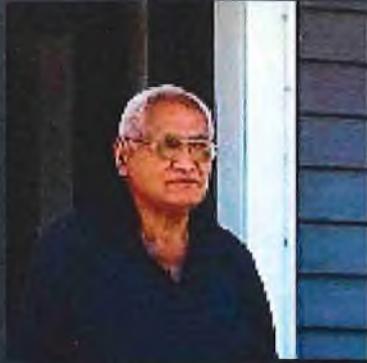
Piki was from Taupō. I first met Piki when he was driving trucks for Paddy Burton at Kotemaori. He also worked for Edgar Stewart delivering mail and then for the Wairoa County Council on the grader attending the roads around this district till he retired. They gave him a nice watch which I am still wearing. When Piki first arrived here, he wasn't here long when he joined the J Force and went to Japan. After he returned we were living with Piki's father at Kotemaori, until we moved back to Raupunga to build our own home. A very special place for me still is our "Soldiers Hill" at the Raupunga School. The children planted trees on the hillside of the school in remembrance of the soldiers who went to war. I planted a Magnolia tree. It's got white flowers. I think of Piki when I look up at the Soldiers Hill. Yes, I did my best for him. I've got a nice headstone for my darling Piki."



(Matiu Scott designed and painted two panels depicting images reflecting a religious "Cross" theme for Te Huki which acknowledges the servicemen from Ngāti Pahauwera who served in the first and second world wars).

Meretene and Henry Waihape, brother of Lizzie and grandfather of Victor Waihape (child).

RAURINGA MA



Korero with Joe Keefe

Son of Moana and Peka Keefe

Kia ora Joe, thanks for having this korero about your early days of growing up on the family farm on the Putere Road.

Yeah we lived on a farm that dad sometimes called Poturua. We had milking cows and horses that dad used to haul out wood from the bush at the back. We sometimes also used to

go over to our Uncle Pat Keefe's place to help with their milking. The stream Mangakopikopiko also ran through our place which was a good play area for us kids.

I remember you and your brothers and sisters were the last kids to be picked up on the school bus run from Kahungunu as you lived just beyond the "two mile limit". The rest who were closer to school had to walk. A long walk in winter for your Uncle Ni Keefe's kids who were the next house down.

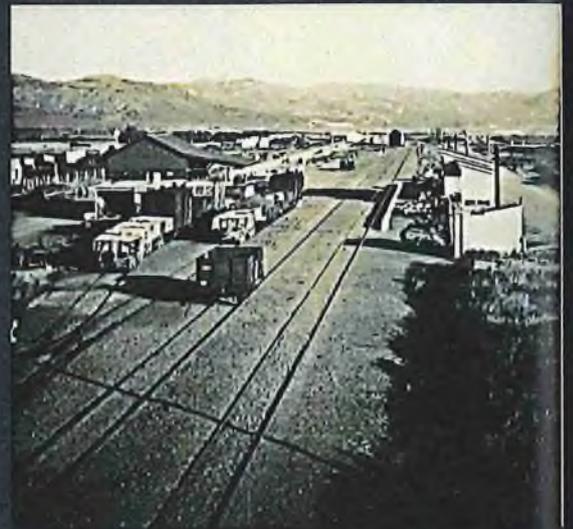
Yeah, although we also had to sometimes walk to school when the school bus broke down.

You were one of the last of the locals who worked on the Railways here in Raupunga.

Yes, I was in a tracking gang based here. I stayed in the compound; I was in one of the Railway huts that were parked on a siding just by the Putere road crossing. They called us the relay gang. There was Hector Aranui, Bill Hancy, Jack Waihape, and Bill Day. We checked the line from Wairoa through to Putorino boundary. We did re-railing, renewed the sleepers and cleared slips that often came down, especially in winter.

What was the type of rail freight were you involved in?

Well, they were logging out of Kotemaori, which was the native timber they were cutting at Willow Flat. Bruce Howard had that contract. They were loading on to the trains at Kotemaori. John Bull was on Pihaenui. All his stock came down from up there. They had holding paddocks all along the road to over-night the herds till they reached the railway stations. Alan Logan was farming at Rawhiti. All his stock was coming out on the train. He was fattening the stock up, and then back to the freezing works in Wairoa.



Tommy Gemmell use to drive his cattle down from Kahungunu to the holding paddock where they were loaded onto the railway wagons. They were all taken to Swifts Freezing Works in Wairoa.

Joe, how long were you working on the Railways?

I spent three years then took off shearing again. I didn't get back on the Railway until around 1974, but then the gang was based in Wairoa. There were about 75 men then.

It's great that you have returned home and are staying in one of the two remaining Railway houses that has been part of a long history of employment for the whānau of Pahauwera.

A good place to retire.

Yeah.

Thanks Joe



Junior Keefe

(He tane o Wairoa)

George Hawkins



ARTIST

Huia Jahnke

Both my parents Guy and Olivia Tomlins are Ngāti Pāhauwera and although we visited our Nicholson whānau at Raupunga from time to time, our family grew up mainly among dad's Heretaunga whānau at Paki Paki. This painting links my whakapapa connections that lie within the boundaries of the kūpenga that our ancestor Te Huki set many generations ago. Known as Te Kupenga a Te Huki – *the net of Te Huki*, this metaphor refers to the diplomatic skills of Te Huki who inter-married his children and mokopuna into the various hapū and iwi along the east coast from Pōrongahau in the south to Whangara in the North. I think

my whānau have maintained the legacy Te Huki established through intermarriage that this painting acknowledges.

This work is a stylistic reference to the painted images in the meeting house Houngarea at Paki Paki. The images in Houngarea are unique to this area of Ngāti Kahungunu because the figurative style features a stylised head with a naturalistic body. Rather than carved poupou the walls are adorned with these large painted figures in the art traditions associated with Te Kooti. My decision to make a work this way was inspired by the Te Kooti art era which is my favourite in Māori painted art traditions. One of the first meeting houses I visited in this tradition was Rongopai at Patutahi. I was overwhelmed by the magnificence, beauty and power of the paintings, some of them figurative, others naturalistic but all symbolic of how innovative and radical this art was at the time. To me the images in Houngarea follow this tradition and it is the power of these stylistic images that I want to convey in this painting as my contribution to this marae. The painting therefore references the beautiful images that feature on the heke tipi along the interior walls of Houngarea.

The colour palette I've used is in keeping with the Te Kooti painted traditions using fresh naturalistic colours. The blue alludes to the river & seascapes of Mohaka & the lakes at Whakaki and Little River on the Banks Peninsula while the earthy brown and yellow tones reference the land. The repeated patterns are an acknowledgement of my whakapapa, the dots representing my tīpuna Edward (Ned) Tomlins I, a whaler whose mother was a Tasmanian Aborigine called Bulra. Edward landed in Mohaka at the whaling station and later married Tepora Iwikatea of Ngāti Pāhauwera. Their son Ned II married Riria Te Toko of Ngāi Tahu and Ngāti Toa Rangatira. The image of a Ngāi Tahu cave painting positioned above the figure is my tribute to her. Their daughter Akenahi (the matriarch of the Nicholson whānau) is buried here in Raupunga and Thomas her brother and my paternal grandfather is buried in Paki Paki.

I have incorporated the curvilinear style of the figure to emphasise the strong female elements of my whakapapa while at the same time making the figure take on a more masculine stance in reference to the men in my whānau who are loyal, steadfast and dependable.

Since marrying my dad, my mum, Olivia Munro has lived in Heretaunga. Her mother was Ani Solomon of Whakaki whose mother Mākere Gemmell was a child when it is said she was hidden in a kumara pit when Te Kooti came through Pāhauwera on one of his raids.

This painting celebrates all of those important threads that make me who I am and connect me to this marae and to the wider regions of Te Kupenga a Te Huki.

Huia T. Jahnke

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Artist: Huia Jahnke



WHANAU Ni and Kaa Keefe

Ni was from the Patrick O'Keefe line of Mohaka and Kaa was of the Toroawhiti whanau from Nuhaka. The Family farm is situated 4km up the Putere Road.

Korero with Tangiwai one of the youngest daughters of the family.

"Dad was a Farmer and although we ran dairy cows he also grew big crops of vegetables which he would take to Wairoa to trade for things needed for the family. He would trade with the general stores in Wairoa and get flour and sugar, materials for mum to make dresses for us and leather to make shoes. Dad traded veges with any place where he needed things. He did a lot of trading. We would churn our own butter. Money was very scarce.

When dad's first wife Maggie Karangaroa died, he buried her himself. He wrapped her up in a sheet and buried her behind the old family homestead at Mohaka. The family all gathered for the tangi, which they still talk about. She had died from an illness that was plaguing the whole country at that time. Maggie was the mother of our oldest brother Koro. And listen to this. My mum, who later came to dad's as his housekeeper then fell in love with him, they got married and had all us kids. We had a really big family of 15 that was brought up in our two bedroom house, but we managed. How did we manage? I don't know, but somehow we did. These days they can't.

We had a really huge garden in the whole front paddock of the house. We grew all kinds of veges. It wasn't a good time in those days for us young kids. It was hard work. We all had to get up early in the morning to tend the garden. We had to go and weed, hoe up the rows and water all the plants before we caught uncle Jim's bus to school. If the water stopped running, Eddie would have to go down the steep track to the river to start the rammer to pump the water up to the big tank that fed water to the house, the gardens, the troughs and the rest of the farm. Our neighbours, uncle Moana and aunty Peka Keefe had their first house down on that very steep road to the river before they eventually built back up on top.

I still live here at the farm today. Brother Chocky and his wife Tepora, have returned and built their big family home next to us. We keep a few animals, sheep and cows. It's modern days, today. Who wants to go and plant potatoes in a big paddock? It's easier to go to the supermarket in Wairoa." So that's a little bit of history on my family."

Kia ora Tangiwai



HINERINGA



HINERINGA was a small decorated meeting house erected in the late 1800's a kilometre up from the Mohaka river mouth. The whare, used by the hapū as their tribal gathering place was also their special birthing house for their women.

The whare was also used by travellers who journeyed along the Wairoa to Napier coach road. They would often overnight at the whare, if evening descended and the river became too dangerous to cross. When a road bridge was erected downstream, the use of Hineringa lessened.





HINERINGA as told by Dottie Winiata 5/10/92 at a Hui a Iwi meeting at Te Huki Marae.

In the 1920's there was growing disharmony between the Anglican and Ratana people of Mohaka. The Anglicans had built for themselves a very large church near the Kahu o te Rangi whare.

The Ratana followers decided they needed their own place of worship.

Consequently in the late 1920's Materua Keefe, her husband, and Rima Haora accompanied by Paora and Wepiha Te Wainohu (Anglicans but supportive of their proposal), approached Te Awhi Makere Teua on whose land "Hineringa" stood and asked if they could re-site the whare as a place of worship for their followers.

Permission was given and Hineringa was dismantled and moved to the Keefe homestead at Wharite (Walpapa Flats). However, the rebuilding of Hineringa didn't eventuate and the timber and roofing iron was eventually used for other purposes.

Gillie Putaranui in the 1950's took the remaining artwork of Hineringa from under the Keefe family home where they were stored, and shifted to the Kahungunu Marae and restored under "Te Mara O Ngata."

The intention was rebuilding her as a sleeping house.

End of Dotties Korero





ARTISTS

Ngatai and Saffron Taepa

Te Arawa / Te Ati Awa / Ngāi Tahu

Ngatai developed his keen interests in art while he was a student at Te Aute College. He then went on to further his studies at Massey University, gaining his Bachelor of Maori Visual Arts in 2000 and his Masters the following year. Ngatai has a keen interest in interacting with other indigenous artist, especially throughout the Pacific.

Saff has all of the above and also loves babies.

The panels are in positive/negative reversal with image and placement changes of the plant designs.

Ngatai and Saff's korero for their artwork

Firstly what Saff and I wanted to do was to connect with the old whare, Hineringa and acknowledging the participation of what our whānau previously had with the marae. The korero that was had with my dad, Wi and Saff's dad, Don Ratana, at that time. We see our participation now as another continuation for our family.

The two figurative pou pou are to commemorate the work done prior in the old whare. We looked at the old whare and the colours and the patterns it had. What came to mind was Tane whakapiripiri the person that joins, and the atua Tane te wao tu, that establishes the forests, the tui and the piwakawaka.

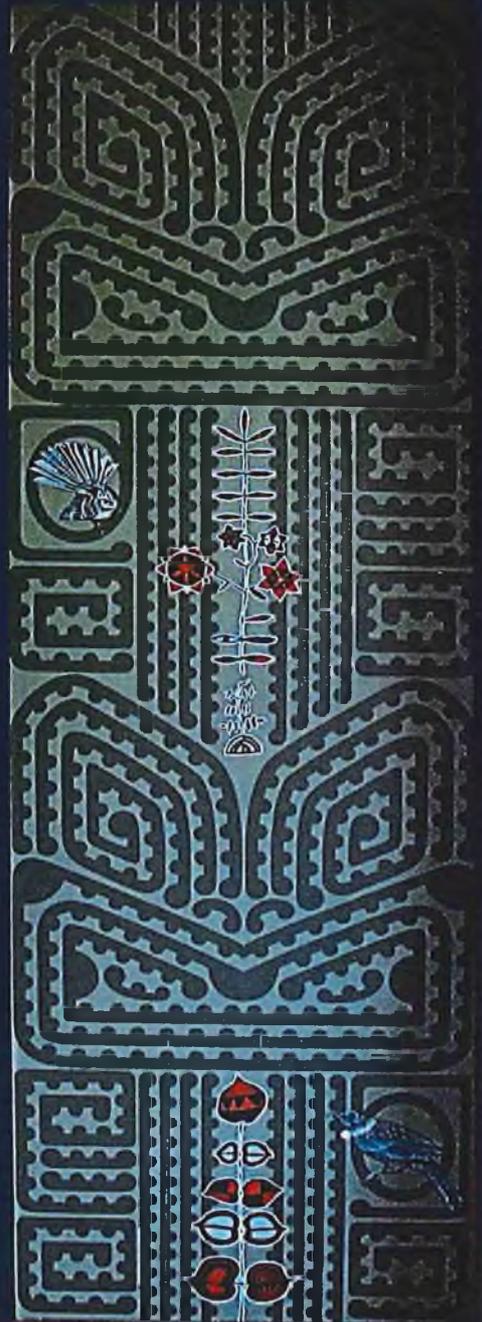
I remembered you saying that the piwakawaka was your family kaitiaki and thinking about your korero and how it connects to you?? The tui, the fantail and the patterns that were there. Saff and I were thinking about the korero for our two pou, and what would connect to your people..... we were following that whakaaro.

We didn't feel comfortable in naming the pou, because it's your whare, so you are most welcome to name those ancestors if it's appropriate.

All those old houses are our inspiration. That was pretty much it ...kia ora.

hey Ngatai, Saff. In hoping to realise in the Te Huki rebuild, the place of our contemporary art work in our whare today, you have offered a valuable perspective as pertaining to your mahi. For you to create the kaupapa for the work, respecting the images and korero offered, BUT then inviting our people to participate in the naming, offers an acknowledgement of hapū Kaitiakianga and responsibility on behalf of your artwork. That's great.

Again aroha, for your generous koha. We are naming the painted pou Hineringa.



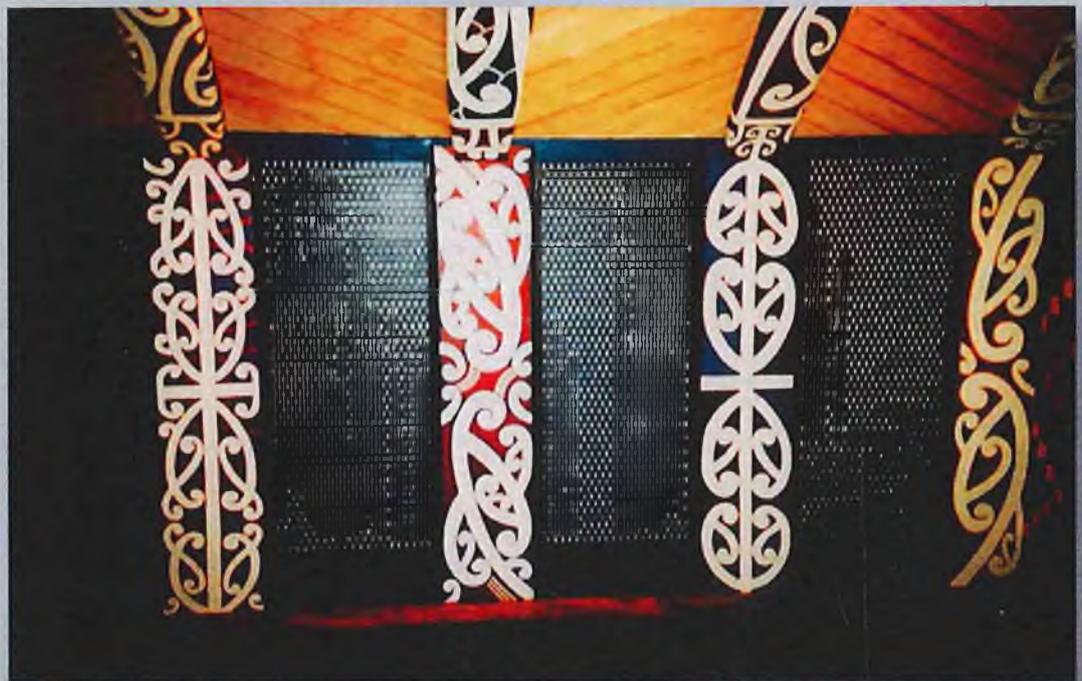
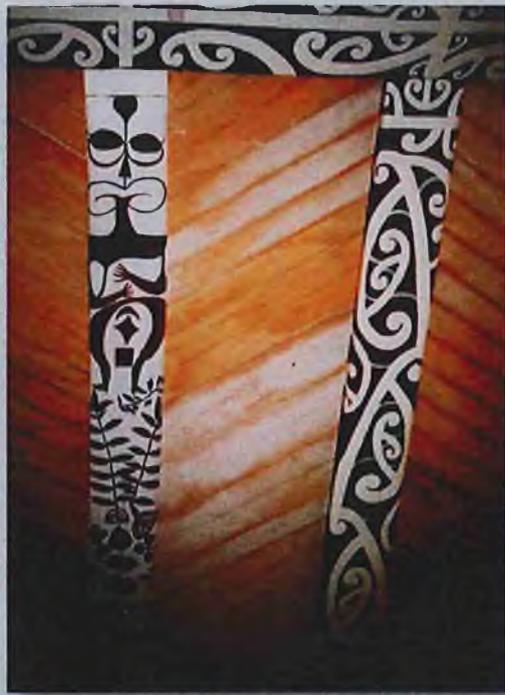
Hineringa

Artists: Ngatai and Saffron

HINERINGA remained under Te Mara o Ngata until an issue arose with the Kahungunu whānui in the 1980's and Hineringa once more was moved. An offer by Did and Sophie Keefe resulted in the whare being taken to Raupunga to be stored in their disused cowshed.



Nell Adsett Georgina McNabb Henry Pene Sandy Adsett



Hineringa was finally restored and rebuilt at the Te Huki Marae



ARTIST

Michelle 'Carroll' Nichols

Ngāti Kahungunu

Toimairangi Arts Degree Graduate

Michelle, you generously gave a koha of two diptych painted artworks for our marae. What is the kaupapa of the Paintings and the reason for this generous koha?

Kia ora Whanau,

The reason for the koha?

It is a nice way of giving back.

I wanted to acknowledge my father Joe Carroll who attended the Raupunga Native School in the 1940's. I wanted to connect to the people on my father's side that I knew nothing about. As a child

growing up I heard very different stories about him, I didn't hear nice stories, and yet from people who knew him, he was well liked, intelligent, humorous and a very creative person.

Yes, Joe was a sharp dude, a great guy who was very popular

Michelle...We didn't get to hear that side. It is nice to know that people have beautiful stories to share.

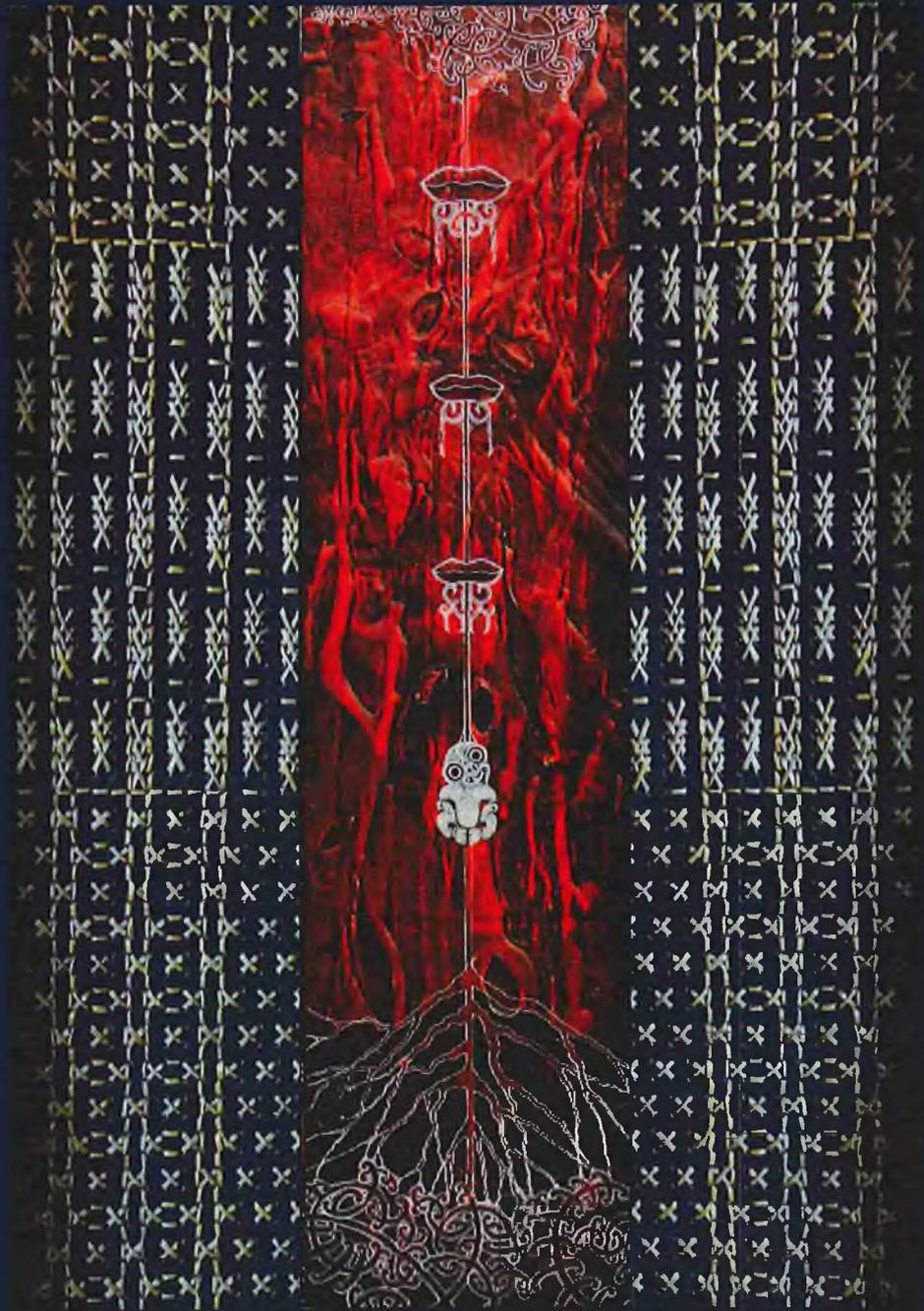
Your Paintings?

Yes, The Red painting "Mana Wahine" represents the female connections to the marae.

The gathering of women coming together, to help give nurture and support at a women's most vulnerable but joyous time, when she is giving birth. For me, they are the protectors of genealogical blood lines, the whakapapa.

The kaupapa closely relates to Hineringa as a birthing house. The textured red paint relates to the blood before and after birth. The Kowhaiwhai with the emergent root pattern system also reflects the deep connection we have individually and as a people to our earth mother Papatuanuku.

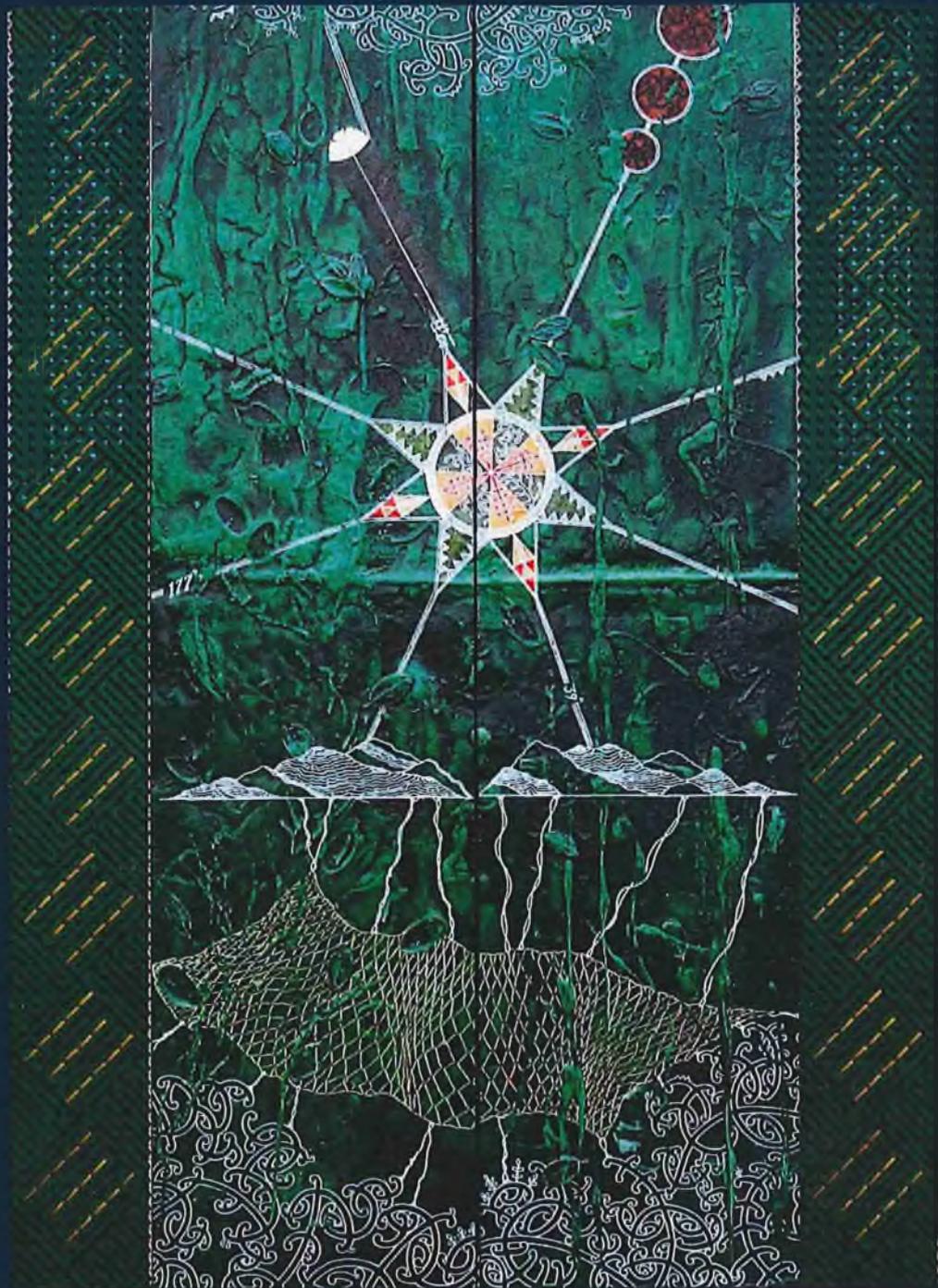
The nautical star refers to all the females who made the journey from the different areas to become one, creating a stronger Iwi. The kowhaiwhai at the top has leaves coming through, the beginning of new growth as is the different blood lines. The leaves came from the beautiful Pohutukawa tree at my grandmother's house. These were pressed into the paint. The print imbedded, like the imbedded blood line.



Artist: Michelle Nichols



Artist: Michelle Nichols



Artist: Michelle Nichols

The Green Painting. A similar theme to the "Mana Wahine" painting. This story is about movement of people upon the land. And about the ancestor Te Huki, for his insight and vision. The metaphorical net, of Te Huki, that pulled together the people to make a larger, stronger Whānau, Hapū, Iwi. We bring all our skills and knowledge together. We are all connected. We are all hooked into that net. The net "Te Kupenga", that builds our future.

RAUPUNGA - 1960's



out
on.
get
are





WHANAU

Moko and Maurice Te Kahu

Growing up in Mangaturanga Valley at the homestead that Nanny Ripeka Karena (nee Biddle) known to everyone a Ruahaura, had relocated from its original site from behind what I knew as Davey Jones's home at Mohaka, brings back many vivid memories of the people who helped shape who we are as citizens today. Nanny Ruahaura was my mum Mokopuna Te Kahu's mother.

I remember that my nanny was a very skilled horse-woman who would mount her horse dressed in her long black skirt and riding boots ready to take to the paddock to plough the garden for the next planting of vegetables.

My koro 'Peanut', (Rotoatara Karena) huffing and puffing at the end of the plough would have to basically run to keep up with Nan's no-nonsense approach to getting the potatoes in the ground before dark.

Nan had a piano in the 'old house' that Bunny Lemuel and Aunty Charlotte Parata used to entertain the many visitors and party-goers that came with their flagons and crates of beer. The sing-songs would go on throughout the night and the 'boil up' would be ready to feed everyone.

We hosted many of Nanny's hui and the fruit trees around the house provided shelter for everyone during these events. My father, Maurice, was a shepherd and farm hand in the early years of my life. I remember stories of him packing Pori (Marie) and me into pikau bags then being haphazardly slung over the shoulder of packhorses for the journey up to Stoney Ridge for the next scrub cutting stint. We grew up with working farm dogs and attended several dog trials where 'Turk', Dad's favourite, won many trophies and to celebrate he would call in at the Mohaka Hotel to celebrate and would eventually arrive home comatose on the back of his horse. One never ceases to wonder how horse got Dad home safely in one piece. Dad did work on the Mahia Peninsula railway cutting and honed his skills on the bulldozer, grader and loaders. It was from here that he became renown for the quality of his grader work which was later to be applied to our notoriously shingle roads from Putere to the Mohaka Forestry Road, Mohaka and Waikare area.

Dad recalls stories of grading the Kahungunu road. Mrs Bennison envied the days when Dad was on the road. She would always drive down the middle of the road and refused to move when she came upon the grader. You can imagine the reception that she got!



Although his descriptive superlatives were often shouted in haste he would always had to stop and politely move the grader as far to the left as possible to let Mrs Bennison's car past. The stories that he later recalled of Mabel were quite hilarious. He often wondered why she always chose to travel to Raupunga on the day that they graded the road. Pouri.

Mum likewise gained work at the Raupunga Store and was the Post Mistress for a while. She worked at, then owned the Fish and Chip shop located in the old picture theatre, then took a huge leap forward to retrain and gained her Practising Teacher's Certificate in Mātauranga Māori.



She taught at Raupunga school and took on the responsibilities of Principal before moving to North Clyde school in Wairoa.

Being brought up in Mangaturanga Valley prepared 'us kids' well to deal with the pressures of today. I would be lying if I said that we miss getting up at the crack of dawn to work in the garden, or start our daily chores in time for breakfast before walking up 'the cutting' to Raupunga School,

with our jam or peanut butter sandwiches for lunch. Dad had this huge garden full of vegies. He always had an early crop of kamokamo and of course 'we kids' were the source of cheap labour that had to keep the weeds under control. We did however look forward to the breaks where we were able to have a scrumptious piece of watermelon to quench our thirst. As a big family we reaped the rewards of the harvest and there was always plenty to koha to the whānau, marae and tangi.

What did we do in our 'spare' time? I can hear my siblings saying, 'What spare time'? As kids growing up we spent most of our time down at the crusher swimming across the Mohaka River or down at the Mangaturanga Creek with our lemons. No supervision and totally un-PC.

Saturday's as a highlight we were allowed to catch Jim Adsett's bus which took us to the pictures. Elvis Presley was famous at the time and the kids had to sit on the floor so that the adults could get into the theatre. All hell would break loose when the picture would 'break down'. We were later to discover that Bill Adsett was often distracted by a beautiful young Ngāpuhi maiden - Kathleen Joyce, who was later to become his dear wife.



Fishing for kahawal in the mouth of the Mohaka River and setting the herring net in the backwash might have been fun but what is more important to note is that this was our reality.

While we now have mokopuna, the legacy and work ethic that our parents have left behind them, lives on!

Reflections of a time gone by: A brief glimpse of life as it was in the Karena (Ropotini)/ Te Kahu whānau as remembered by a child of the fifties. Kia ora!

Missy Te Kahu Kaipuke.



Ngaire Culshaw

Pahauwhera

Toimairangi Arts student

"I was now relegated to the kowhaiwhai panels – I love painting so I thought this is a piece of cake. Not a problem!! Sandy Adsett stencilled the board and all we had to do was colour or paint the shapes or whatever the pattern was – cool, pretty basic, anyone can do that – and for the first seven days I painted and painted and painted. I would then stand the panel up, step back a few paces, admire what I've painted, pat myself on the shoulder until I realized how rough the painting was. I had gone over lines, painted one colour into the other colour – to my utter frustration I had to tidy it up. I now made myself extra work by doing something so simple and making it hard. Day

after day with an unsteady hand I'm trying to define the lines and trying not to go over the different colours. With this in mind I have to do another 3 panels because they came in sets of 4. Not to be daunted, over the next 2 months when I have had time I would go and paint my panels. Finally panel number 4 – kuamutu! Yeahay! So proud I could kiss myself!

Then Sandy takes them back to his workshop gets his students to tidy up what I failed to see – bought the panels back to Raupunga and wow, you wouldn't believe! I didn't even recognize the boards that I had painted because they were almost painted over. There go my layers of painting I'm sure it was nearly as thick as the board – so there goes my career as a painter – the only korero I can give to my children and grandchildren is how much layers of paint that I put on the panels. But I've enjoyed myself immensely, learned a lot, painted with the best and not the best – but I wouldn't change it for anything!

Yes Ngaire, We only changed the reds. So your Layers and layers and layers of all the greens are still intact. Cheers Sandy

Special whanāu photos



Bike boys of the 1920s Tom Putaranui, Jim Hura, Henry Waihape.



Hana Joe (above)



ARTIST
Aana Adsett

"These designs came from a pattern on a clay vase which was made and fired by my mother, Anne. I painted her pattern into these panels in memory, for the marae. I also started to restore a few Te Huki panels that we saved from the fire."





WHANAU

Henry and Koaea Pene

Henry Pene, the son of Violet Gemmell, and Peter Reihana-Pene (Ngā Puhi) returned to Pahauwera (1941) when he was a young lad, to live with his mother's sister, Kuini Adsett and their young family, who farmed on the Rohepotae Road at Kahungunu. He married Koaea Lewis in 1953. Koaea, who was born in Mohaka, was brought to Raupunga, after her mother died, to live with her uncle Did Keefe and his wife Sophie.

Henry, a keen footballer was an initiator for the revival of the YMP football team in the early 50's. A formidable defence player and always encouraging the younger men, the team enjoyed many successes. YMP are still playing today.

Koaea, her sister Olga and other keen young hockey players, travelled to the various Maori tournaments under the guidance of their "no-nonsense" mother Sophie. Olga, and then Koaea, were also the lead vocalists for the Blue Moon Band.

Henry was chair of the Raupunga Marae when the Te Huki whare was built, and was resolute in ensuring the project would go ahead despite brief dissention by a few. He and Koaea committed and dedicated themselves to totally supporting all aspects of the Marae.

It became their second home. (Their daughter said cynically "their first home").

Koaea used her culinary interests to become renown in creating the very best fare in the marae kitchen for all occasions. Her steam puddings are legendary.

Henry's continuous attending to the upkeep and presentation of the Marae buildings and grounds always drew compliments by the many visitors.

Koaea, who was the secretary for many years, later became chair of the Te Huki Marae. Always community stalwarts, Henry and Koaea, although retired, keenly await the completion of the new Te Huki Marae.



Pene family; Nerine, Henry, Violet, Koaea, Henry Junior



Koaea



ARTIST

Colleen Urlich

Te Popoto o NgāPuhi

Kia ora Colleen.

Tell us about the clay pieces that you generously gave as an awahi for our new Te Huki.

Kia ora. Yes, the designs on the three clay slabs refer back to that fantastic national art hui we had at Te Huki for secondary art teachers in the 1980's. I remembered how sunny it was and how brown the surrounding hills were and how scorched the earth was. So the glaze I chose to use on the clay reflects the landscape colours we experienced in Raupunga that time.

With the central panel of the patiki, the flounder pattern, it denotes manaaki which refers to the entertainment and the food that the whanau cooked for us.

The panel at the bottom is about how Richard Nunns reluctantly went outside and swung his Bull-roarer after telling us that funny things happened when he swung it. But after everyone saying "go on, go on", he did and not too long after that, it bucketed down. I remember telling our ones that they had better take their towels off the fence and some listened but most laughed at me. So when it bucketed down, then who had the last laugh? On the panels I've also used my favourite designs in repeat patterns.





ARTIST

Henare Tahuri

Kahungunu, Tuhoë

"He ao te rangi ka ūhia, mā te huruhuru te manu ka rere ai "Ko Ngāti Kahungunu ki te Wairoa tōku Iwi. Anei te whakatauaiki o tētahi o ōku Tīpuna a Tamaterangi nō Rangīāhua Marae. Tamaterangi's mother is Hinemanuhiri who is the sister to Rakaipaaka of which Te Huki is a descendent. "As the clouds clothe the heavens, so do the feathers adorn the bird."

Ko Henare Tahuri tōku ingoa.

I was born and raised in Wairoa. I whakapapa to all the Wairoa Marae. The Tahuri name is from Tuhoë ki Ruataahuna. I am one of the many students of Sandy Adsett and very grateful to still be. I have always enjoyed working with wood and paint. I am heavily influenced by the great Cliff Whiting. The overall imagery of these artworks are founded upon the Tukutuku Designs. They are all bedded in between the manaia figures at the top and bottom representing the ever so importance of whānau support in moving our culture forward and upward the steps of the Poutama.

Ngā Pou Kōrero: This piece refers to knowledge, education, wānanga, tikanga and kawa.

Pou Tuārongo: This piece recognises and remembers those of our kindred dead. Our Tīpuna, our Whakapapa, our Identity as Māori.

Pou Whānau: This piece represents the importance of Whānau. Our Iwi, our Hapū, our Pepehā, Waka, Maunga, Awa and what that means for us today and now.

Poutama Wahine, Poutama Tane: This piece symbolises the importance of balance within everything we do.



OUR RAUPUNGA NATIVE SCHOOL



The Raupunga Native School which was opened on the 28th July 1934 by the Minister of Native Affairs, Sir Apirana Ngata, has had many trained Pahauwera teachers, teaching in it's classrooms over 80 years. The hub of Raupunga village life, whanau continually engaged in activities that supported their children's achievements in education. The closure in 2004, a hugely unpopular amalgamation decision by government, had a devastating impact on the cultural life of the community... which is still obvious today.

From the initial three classroom block, to pre-fabricated additions, eventually to a four classroom high school, complete with a separate woodwork and home science centre, erected in the late 1950's the school serviced the whanau well. The local children are now being taught at the nearby Mohaka School. The high school building presently houses a Hauora Health Centre and Kohanga reo.



The 5 acre school site was donated by Maraea Ropihana and Ereti Te Urupu, as a memorial to their late grandfather, Paora Rerepu.

PAHAUWERA TEACHERS



Bernadeen Wihape, daughter of Daisy and Hector Heta of Mohaka after teaching for a number of years in Wairoa became the Principal at Raupunga. She commits herself to the wellbeing of others and often visits patients in hospital or the home to offer cheer and support. Bernie is a very dedicated wahine.





WHĀNAU (Teachers)
Bernie and Rose Taylor

Bernard John Taylor (first generation NZ'er) born Timaru July 20 1914 to an Irish mother Catherine nee Flanagan and a Scottish father George Taylor. A family of seven with brothers George, Maurice and Ray, and sisters Mary, Joan, and Margaret. Bernie was in his second

year at medical school at the University of Otago when a change in the family's fortune forced a change in direction and he switched to the teaching profession. One of his first teaching positions was in Ruatoria where he was paid one pound and six shillings per week. He then took a position in Waihua.

Marama Rose Kaimoana, (known as Mangu) whose great great grandfather was Paora Rerepu descending through Ropihana, Kahu Marina, her mother being Maude, daughter of Temuera Te Urupu, and her father Marsh Kaimoana. She was raised by her grandparents in Mohaka when her mother died in her infancy. She attended St Joseph's Catholic School for girls in Napier followed by Teachers Training College. She returned to Pahauwera taking up a teaching position in Waihua where Bernie met Rose. They married and in 1949 moved to Northland, teaching at Karetu. Ian and Chris were born during this time. They returned to Raupunga in 1954. Stephanie, Guy and Wayne were birthed in Wairoa to complete the family.



Bernie and Rose taught at the Raupunga Primary School from 1954, however with the establishment of the Raupunga District High School Bernie moved "down the hill" to begin his Secondary School teaching career. Rose remained in the Primary School. These were "heady days" for education in the area with such success that the overseas observers spent extended time at the school to see how it worked for the community. One of these observers was Jens Pinholt from Denmark who went on to become a Professor of Anthropology at the University of Copenhagen.

Bernie and Rose farmed family land, or as Rose put it, Pahauwera land, up the Putere Road, across the road from Uncle Pani and next door to the Spooners. Bernie passed away in 1993 and Rose in 2009. They remain together in the land they loved.

Related by Chris Taylor

"At Bernie's funeral the hearse and the procession were heading down Lahore Street when an Austin Mini with a sole occupant approached. As the hearse drew level with it the Mini lost its right front wheel. The car came to a halt, the wheel bounced down the road and the look of astonishment on the driver's face was matched by ours! It was speculated later that she was probably an ex-student of dad's who didn't listen.



Janice, "pipi" and Chris Taylor

At Rose's funeral the procession was heading from Raupunga to her Marae at Mohaka. Mum was being carried in our family station wagon. As the vehicle turned off the State Highway at Tunnel Flat to Mohaka the car began to emit a wailing sound just like you hear at a tangi. This continued till we reached Mohaka. Despite our best efforts to reproduce the driving conditions afterwards the car has not made those sounds ever again."

One of Rose and Bernie's talented sons, Ian Taylor, who has always recognised his Pahauwera whakapapa, has received national acclaim in Computer Graphics and Animation Research and heads his own company Taylormade Media.

"Raupungarins" however also like to remember Ian, as the cool dude lead singer for the top NZ band "Kal-Q-Lated Risk" during the late 60's, and the few times that they came back to practise up at the Marae (which blew away a group of smart arse incredulous young towney visitors who happen to come up to the marae, and we told them "ehh, they're just some of the locals having a jam").





WHĀNAU (*Teachers*) **Ted and Awhina Waaka**

Ted Waaka, son of Toro Waaka and Blanche Traske, returned from the Second World War to then train as a school teacher. He taught at our Raupunga Native School for a number of years marrying Awhina Joe from Mohaka who was also a teacher.

The disciplined, organized life in the army stood Ted in good stead for the teaching career ahead. He soon became the headmaster of larger and larger schools to eventually retire as

the principal of the Taradale Primary School In Hawke's Bay.

Awhina an advocate of Te Reo Māori language programmes became an Adviser of Māori for the Education Department, and serving on many national advisory committees. Their family continues to support and be involved in Ngāti Pahauwera development.

Korero from Awhina

My mum was Ketia Paratene, but she married Dick MacRoberts. He was from Ruakituri. I went to the Ruakituri School for some time. We moved around a lot. I went to many schools, Frasertown, Waihua, Ratana and of course I went to Mohaka. It was really good.

When did you meet Ted?

(The following korero was filled with mirth)

I knew him at home. He had a scar on his head. We were playing together and I was playing with a hoe and I hit him on the head. He was about four or something like that, so I marked him from an early age. When he came back from the war, he said to me, "What are you doing." I said "Oh I'm at training college. I'm going to be a teacher". He said "I might do that too". I said to him "Did you get your school certificate?" I didn't realize that because he had served in the War he didn't have to have anything. They could do what they liked. And three weeks later he came walking down the stairs at teachers college and he said to me "See I told you."

...It's not as though we were going out together. He used to board with Para Bennett. I was on the executive of the training college and the principal said to me, "These two boys Para and Ted weren't turning up to classes and when they do they are late. Can you do something about it?"



So I go around to their flat and they were still in bed, and I said "Get out of there! You two are going to get kicked out of training college if you don't pull your sox up and turn up for school!"

So that was our relationship... When they got paid, and because they got paid more than we did, because they were returned soldiers, they always took us out.... It wasn't as though we were going out together. I was staying at Woburn. They had a hostel for teachers, nurses, and I used to invite them to come and have tea. And then I said to him "Hey, do you know what the people at home are saying? That you and I are an item." He said, "What's wrong with that?" So

I said "Oh well, okay I suppose, why not?" It's just that we grew up together and there was no love at first sight or anything like that.

But you have had a happy life. You have achieved a lot.

I reckon.



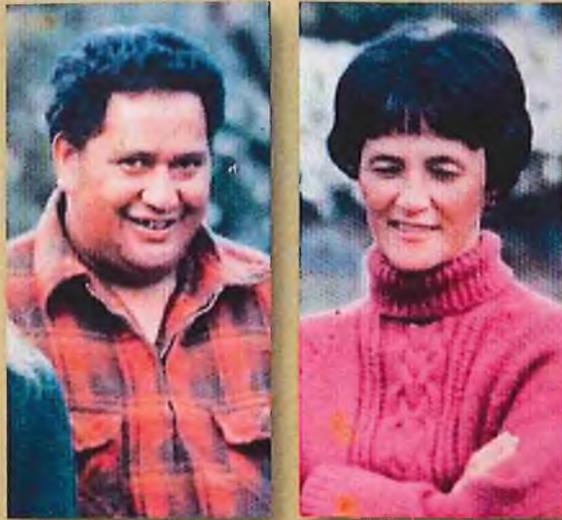
Dick MacRoberts and Ketia, who like her daughter Awhina, also taught at Mohaka.



WHĀNAU (Teachers)
Ossia and Ngaro Huata

Te Okanga (Ossia) Huata, born in Frasertown, was a Major in the Māori Battalion and attended Wellington Teachers College .

On his return from WWII, he taught in the secondary department of the Raupunga School and like his older brother the Reverend Wi Huata was a respected authority on Māori Culture.



WHĀNAU (*Teachers*) **Ramon and Terina Joe**

Ramon was the son of Ketia Paratene and Hori "Sailor" Joe of Mohaka.

Terina was the daughter of Mereana McIlroy and Hokimate Fox of Waipiro Bay.

RAMON, like his sister Awhina, also went to Teachers College to train as a primary School teacher. Ramon, sometimes described by his past students as being a tough teacher, was a disciplinarian with a purpose. He challenged them to appreciate their education and he pushed them to achieve. Whether it be in sport or in music, Ramon's Raupunga kids you could be proud of. They stood staunch.

Ramon played fullback for the YMP football team. To his football mates a good defensive player to have on their side, even if his kicking skills could sometimes be askew. He was also an accomplished piano player as was his sister Rachel Parata and they both at different times played in the Blue Moon Band. Ramon mainly enjoyed playing the saxophone. Not bad on the harmony too. He was a creative musician, composing waiata that are still today, the mainstays for the songbirds on the paepae of Pahauwera.

A serious acknowledger of Maori identity he wrote a series of essays on local history. That important information was an invaluable resource for local schools and particularly for National Educational courses for teachers that were held in the district.



Korero from Lena

I first met Ramon at a dance at Whangara. He was teaching at Waipiro Bay with his sister Awhina and her husband Ted Waaka. My brother Tamati had been talking with Ramon and had egged him on, to go hook up with one of the girls, who were sitting around the hall. Later my brother went up and said to Ramon "Hey, I said one of the sheila's, not my bloody sister."

Oh well, we ended up getting married and I came back to Mohaka to live. Ramon taught at Raupunga for many years until he took on the Māori Advisor To Schools position in Napier. I had been teaching as the Junior assistant for Rose Taylor at the Raupunga school for many years and after certification gained at Raupunga, I became the RTM (Resource Teacher Māori) for the Wairoa area. Ramon kept saying for me to come down to Napier to be with him. I said, Aww nah, as I really enjoyed my job travelling around the Wairoa district, to Waikaremoana and Mahia schools. I loved it. I eventually applied for the RTM job in Napier when a position arose and won the position. The Raupunga people brought me down and supported me on my first day. There was a bus load and some in cars. The inspector who was there to receive me seemed really surprised at the turn out by the Raupunga whanau. I was based at Camberley school, and travelled around the schools as I did in Wairoa.

I've met and worked with a lot of wonderful teachers over the years. Many teachers have died now. Ramon has passed on. Oh well, it's no use moping. I just think of happy things now. I've retired and live here in our home in Greenmeadows. My son lives and looks after the family home we built at Mohaka.



WHĀNAU (Teachers)

Bill and Kath Adsett

Kath...My mother was Kuini Thompson from Wairoa and my father was Jim Joyce who was Ngāpuhi. I was raised in Rawene and in Auckland.

I arrived in Raupunga to teach in 1952 and by the end of the year I had married Bill Adsett.

I taught for 23 years at the Raupunga Primary school.

My first day at school, I remember Ted Waaka striding up the drive. There were only four of us on staff. The principal was Len Thompson and his wife was in the junior room.

Bill also taught in the manual block at Raupunga when the high school was built. He followed on from his father, when he died in 1973.

Like his Dad, Bill was keen on fishing. He got himself a boat which he kept trading up until his boat got so heavy that he could only launch from Mahia beach and Whangawehi. At one time fishing competitions were really popular. The Mohaka Fishing Club, Paieka ran a \$30,000 fishing competition off the Mohaka beach. They had many trophies, shields and cups they competed for. These were lost in the Mohaka hotel fire.

I went sole charge teaching at the Putere School. I used to drive up on the Monday from Raupunga, returning home on the Friday.

The road was metal with potholes, narrow and winding with many shear drops. And the cows used to sleep in the middle of the road as there were often no fences in places.

Scudders had a fleet of trucks and if I met one they used to stop me and tell me there were two more trucks coming. I would get to the side of the road and wait for them to pass.

Kare Gilbert use to come down to the school house at night to keep me company. Her father used to bring her down. I really appreciated that.

That was a long time ago. A lot of my teaching friends have gone now.



The closure of the Raupunga School

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WHĀNAU

Keefe and Lillian Adsett

Keefe was the son of William Adsett from England and Pine Keefe of Mohaka.

Lillian was the daughter of Rautekura Te Ngaio of Mahia and Dave Webber from Wairoa.

Keefe moved to Kahungunu from Wairoa, to build a cottage on the farm of his brother, Jim Adsett. During the 1930's he

married Lillian Webber, and they started a daily bus service to Wairoa. Keefe bought a Fargo bus and he carried passengers, freight, and picked up the cream cans from the many dairy farms, to deliver to the Wairoa Dairy Factory. For fifteen months while Keefe was in the army, Lil took over the freight run, traversing those winding metal country roads daily to Wairoa. As her son Rex said "Mum ruined her back lifting the cream cans which really troubled her in later years when she became a representative golfer". Eventually Lil employed Gemmell Stuart, a neighbour's son, to help with the heavy lifting.

In 1952 Keefe bought his brothers farm and they sold their freight service and cottage to Lillian's sister Mary, and her husband Major Marshall. Keefe now focussed on raising sheep and cattle on the farm, and eventually built a good sized shearing shed.

Always active in the Kahungunu and Raupunga community, Lil and Keefe enjoyed their country life existence raising three children, Kay, Rex and Adrienne. Keefe and Lil sold the farm in 1968 and moved to settle back in Wairoa.

Lil took a position at Les Hornby's pharmacy for a number of years, before becoming the Head Librarian at the Wairoa Library. Keefe ran the store at the Waitaki Meat Works. They both joined the Wairoa Golf club, continuing their interest in golf that had started those many years ago in Raupunga.



Dolly Keefe Rosie Hancy Lillian Adsett Mary Marshall, Nell Adsett Mattie Bird

OUR PLACE The Mohaka River



The MOHAKA which forges its way through the heart of Ngāti Pahauwera, flows out into the Pacific below the Marae, Kahu o Te Rangī.

Beginning its lengthy journey from the tributaries of the volcanic slopes of the mountains of Ngāti Tuwharetoa, the Mohaka has nurtured and sustained our tribe over many centuries. Often at times powerful and destructive it has carved a deep curving swathe through valleys leaving distinctive high cliffs for the bush to cling. Home to legendary river TANIWHA, whose belief in their existence, caution our people in their use of the river. Many careless and unheeding have suffered the consequences of ignoring the dangerous stretches along the river where the Taniwha dwell.

Life along the river



Buck Tumataroa.... in charge ???



Mohaka Viaduct is the tallest in Australasia at 95m



Rafting race Raupunga to Mohaka fun day



Mangawharangi Patterns

These patterns, depicted in the tukutuku and narrow painted side-wall panels, were designed to acknowledge the waterfall Mangawharangi that cascades over 100 metre sheer drop into the Mohaka river. The waterfall, fed by small creeks from farms in the Kahungunu settlement on the Putere Road, is hugely impressive during winter flooding. Then, the rain laden Mangawharangi, roars out over the drop, sending up spray through the bush each side and across the river, before pounding on the rocks below. For our people of Pahauwera, a reflection of awe to respect.



The RETI board has been used since the 1800s by whānau to catch Kahawal along the Mohaka river mouth.



Mia Adsett-Skipper, Nellie and Aana Adsett finding Hangi Stones

Skipper, Spooner kids at the Mohaka River mouth



The Mohaka River mouth



ARTIST

Chance Rohe

Kahungunu

Toimairangi Arts Degree Graduate

Kia ora Whanaunga, the Wairoa District Council commissioned you to create artworks to offer as a koha to our Marae Te Huki at Raupunga.

Kia ora Sandy, Ngā mihi... yes the Wairoa District Council approached me with this commission Te Wairoa. I was very excited, honoured and also daunted at the same time. Daunted because my work was going to be installed into a whare forever and my whanau, peers and others would look at the work and pass judgement on me. But honoured too because of our whanaunga links, you and I. I buzzed out because I could give something from my little hapū of Kihitu and me being a descendant of Te Rauhine, who is the sister of Te Huki, the whare.

Tell me about this painted stylised pou that was named Te Wairoa.

The pou figure was to be the embodiment of Wairoa. I had conversations with Ropata Ainsley, Māori Liaison officer and James Batey from the council as I was struggling with ideas. They gave me three proverbs to follow for the pou. They wanted the pou to make a connection between the council and the mana whenua.

How did you realise the patterns for the Mohaka river panel?

I made sure to acknowledge, that the work going into the Whare, was suitable for what you wanted. The images needed to personify the Mohaka river, the river mouth and Paikea. The inclusion of fish images, the Kahawai, which are plentiful, were created in my own moko-ish, kowhaiwhai design, spin-off. I painted them in the kowhaiwhai repeat pattern arrangement.





"Hangi stones"

Tapunga, Opunga, Poutama, Kowhaturi.

Proverb:

"hōpūnengehenge ... matangirau"

The korero given me referred directly to the hangi stones. I did drawings, did research on Hangi stones, then came up with the koruru type head shapes which I used to symbolise the four hangi stones in the panel. From the many fossil stones, gastropods, with their embedded crustacean's, found along the river, I came across one that I could change and make it a Maori-ish, like deformed unaunahi, to design and paint for the background areas.

How do you see your future involvement in the arts?

Yea, well I love art. I love Māori art and I want others to be able to feel the same passion that I have for it. So I thought that teaching was an avenue to do that. However, I've also got an itch to do Ta Moko but at the moment I lack the confidence to start on anyone.

Finally Chance, how did the Wairoa District council respond to the pou?

The staff really loved the calibre of the mahi. They said it was mean.

Thanks Chance, we also love the pou, Te Wairoa, the Mohaka Awa, Paieka and the Ngā Kohatu painted panels.

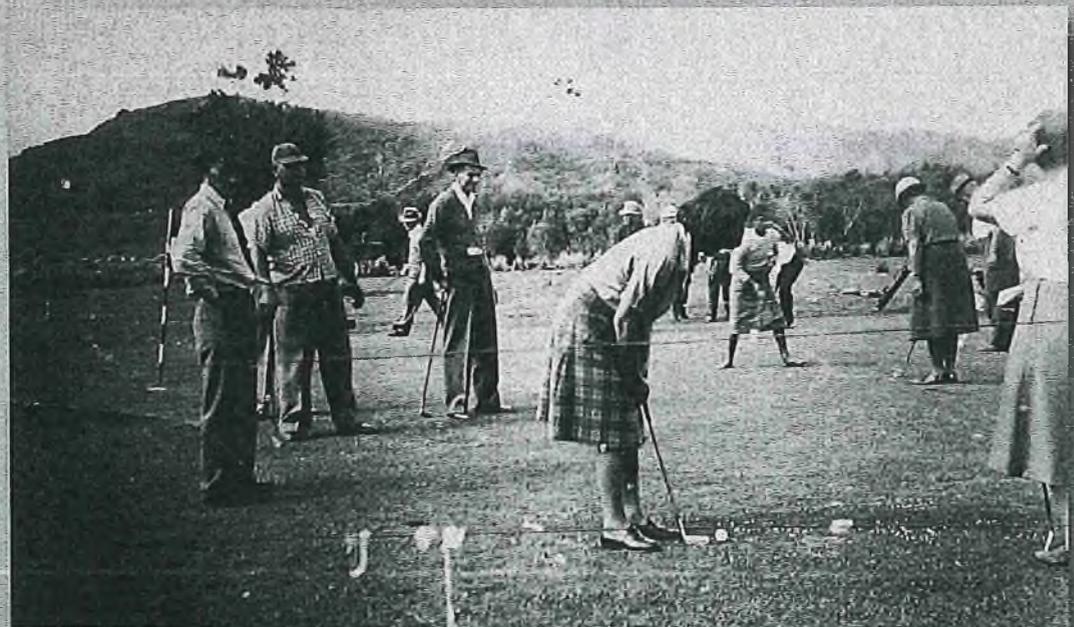


"Te Wairoa"

NGĀ TĀKARO

GOLF

In the mid-forties, a nine hole course was laid out on the Spooner farm behind the Raupunga School. Many families took up this sport, with the Club House after-match socialising often a little too popular. Many town clubs really relished their visits to our small country course. The manaaki was always to the fore. Our local players always cheerful as the visitors hacked their way through the wīwī and mānuka, carefully side stepping cow patties and jumping over the creeks. We lost a lot of golf balls.



Nuki Te Kahika Toki Carroll Jim Adsett Niki Te Kahika

HOCKEY

A surge of interest in hockey during the 50's and 60's saw two men's and two women's teams from Raupunga competing weekly in local fixtures. Large religious gatherings of the Anglican, Catholic, Ringatū and Ratana faiths each hosted in the different iwi, included multiple sports teams competing for their respective trophies.



Raupunga hockey players 1960's

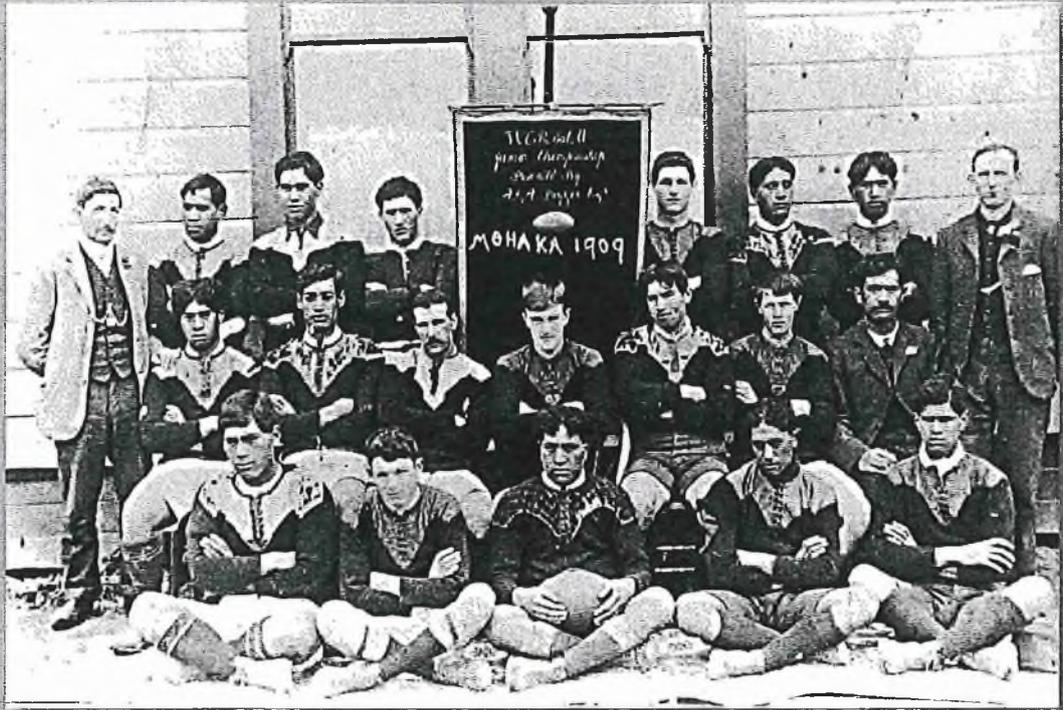


Hemaima and Sam Smith and Kuini Adsett



Daisy Epps-Heta and Tane

RUGBY



WAIKAPA FOOTBALL CLUB, 1929.

Winners Waikato Sub-Union Championship and N.Z. Rugby Challenge Shield.



A. B. HURST, PHOT.

Back—T. STEWART, P. GEMMELL, D. HARKELL, W. HAWKINS, S. HONNINS, J. MURPHY
 Standing—P. GEMMELL, J. BAIRD, J. ARAMUI, W. W. WILSON, T. MEAFOU, D. O'ROURKE, S. GEMMELL
 Sitting—J. TAMATAROA, E. STEWART, V. BROWN (Capt.), E. WILLIAMS (Capt.), J. R. MURPHY (Manager),
 L. WHALEN

Front—J. GEMMELL, H. GEMMELL, M. WATENE, T. McIVOR (Secretary)

RAUPUNGA RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM, 1945.
WINNERS OF THE TUMATAROA MEMORIAL SHIELD, A. W. STEWART
CHALLENGE SHIELD, AND THE NUKUMAI CUP.



J. STEWART, T. PUTARANUI, B. HIDDLE, J. TOMPA, D. LEWIS, R. TUMATAROA, J. BARBER
N. HOBBS: K. KERFE, S. BIDDLE (Vice-captain), T. WAAKA (Manager), D. KROPP (Captain), J. OHIMELI (Refector), K. KERFE
 O. TE OHKI, D. STEWART, D. PUTARANUI, N. TE KAHOKA, H. PENE. Absent: J. HAHAKI

*YMP Football Team
 Rumburda*



YMP Football Team 1959
 Solby Neal Mike Everest ... Bill Adsett
 Ruku wainohu Bill Heke Riki Bartlett Jonsey Jones Rangi Paku Arial Aranui
 Peter Seed Hector Aranui Jim Adsett Sam Hamilton Muera Hawkins



ARTIST
Murray August

Toimairangi Arts student

Murray who is from Waimarama incorporated his style of folk art for this work that he gave to Te Huki. It acknowledges the connection of whanau throughout Kahungunu and relates the legend of the arrival of Pounamu / greenstone.

Senior Art students of Te Kura Kaupapa Maori o Ngati Kahungunu o Heretaunga under the direction of Tuhoē Huata painted a series of small panels based on the Kape design for the new whare.

Czar Wikeepa: "It was an honour to be asked. One day I will be able to take my tamariki into that whare and show them my panel."

Parehauraki Morunga: ".. I told my whānau that I had worked on this piece of which they were very proud."

Tawa Huata: "Anei taku mahi toi. He kōwhaiwhai tēnei mō te whare tīpuna a Te Huki. Nā Sandy Adsett i tono atu ki a Matua Tūhoē ki te tarai ēnei āhuatanga o te Māori."





Winnie Green Caroline Wainohu Letitia Rahui

Caroline Wainohu

"We are all excited; I was given a heke board to do. The pattern is based on Hawaiki.

Brush in hand and paint ready to go well, it wasn't as easy as I thought it would be. I had trouble with the thickness of the paint. I am enjoying the company of whanau. This is fun painting alongside everyone one else as we are all learning together. I was told to add a little water with the paint so that the paint would flow better on the board."



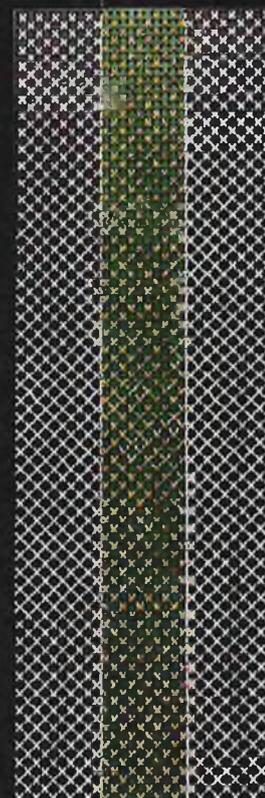
Niki Tumataroa,
Wiki Alogi and
Aroha Babbington

Tumataroa Whanau

Korero with Wiki

The three of us went to Hukarere and Aroha worked on the tukutuku panels to enhance the redesigned classroom to Hall makeover in the 80's. And when we were asked to make a panel for Te Huki, I was so excited. And oh! We are even going to be using Kiekie.

We started our Tukutuku panel at Toimairangi to get the pattern Purapura Whetu drawn onto the board, shown how to strip the kiekie with a needle to get the right width and then we took the panel home. First to one house, and next to the other house. We even took it back home to Waihua. That was our mahi at nights. We enjoyed our mahi.





WHANAU

Para Tomoana

Son of Milly Keefe and Paraire Tomoana

Korero from Para relating to the "Mangawharangi" panels his family did for Te Huki.

The creek which flows through their farm is considered to have "healing powers". He talks about his growing up on their dairy farm during the 1940's.

Parehuia and Para

Para..... Every time grandpa was feeling mauiui he would go down to the creek, and if we were there splashing around, he would say "Haere ki waho". We would scramble out and then watch him get in; stand there, with the water around him, ducking his head under the water, saying his karakia. He would then sit in a naturally hollowed out rock that we all use to sit in, and let the water flow over him. We would quietly leave him to his rituals.



People used to say that Grandpa had a gift of matekite (second sight). I used to sleep in the next room and I would hear him talking to "people" he would often "see" during the night. Ko wai koe? Ko wai koe? (who are you? who are you?) I wished I couldn't understand Māori, it was really scary.

Kihareka Putaranui

Koura, small fresh water crayfish used to be plentiful in the MANGAWHARANGI creek, and often the kids would catch a half billy full of koura and run home to boil them up on the wood stove.

Mum (Milly from the Ihipera Turi whānau) showed us how to turn back the thin end of a Raupo reed to push back through a slit to make a slip knot to catch the crayfish. We would slowly lift up the rocks, lower our slip knot, and wait for the Koura to back up over the knot, then, quickly yank on the reed. Most times we got hōhā waiting, and just grab at them.





Para showing his moko how to catch fresh water koura



One day when Ken and I were out hunting, riding our brumby farm horses, way up the back on the ridge, above the MANGAWHARANGI stream, the dogs started barking. I jumped off, with the gun, Ken and I ran down the slope, around a hump, slid down the bank where the dogs had bailed a pig. Bigger me days, there was the pig looking at me. You can tell when they are going to charge, they go *fiffh fiffh fiffh*... it put its head down and charged straight at the dogs. I said shit, if the dogs get out of that, it's going to come straight at me.

I up with the gun, the dogs went to one side... and boom, it hit the pig alright, and then the bloody thing fell down the bank and landed in the creek. Jeez, shook us a bit, we were only 12....and then we had to climb down and drag the bloody thing back up.

Ka Mau te wehi!

Milly HarveyMost Sundays my dad George Harvey, Millie Keefe's brother would bring us from Mohaka to spend the day with Aunty Millie at Kahungunu. She was a great cook and we loved to help her, especially after her accident. Her hair had got caught in the fly wheel belt of the separator in the cowshed. Mum and dad looked after her after her accident so that Duki and Para could continue with their work. She was so lovely.



Doug Putaranui...*(son of Bob Putaranui and Himeī Tamihana)*... Aunty Millie had a small humble house but it was full of love and warmth, and always kai on the table. The old black wood stove was always going and grandpa Gillie and his mates, Paul Lemuel, Pat Keefe and others of that era, would sit around the fire at night with their few gins, just talking... all in Maori. I would be in bed listening to their korero. Not fully understanding what they were saying. But the korero was going in, and it stuck there. The saying "I tipu mātou i runga i te kā o te ahi. *We grew up in the glow of the fire*", which had real meaning for that generation.



Doug Duki Para

Duki Keefe *(Millie's Son)*

We hand milked a small herd of about 12 cows and sent the cream into the Wairoa dairy factory. Grandpa for a while was rabbiting with Wi King and they rode out with their many dogs over the local farms. He had a habit of, after lighting up his smoke, he would throw his matches into the blackberry or whatever, his form of clearing the land.

I would go with Grandpa up the back of the farm to chop down these big manuka trees for fire wood for the old cast iron kitchen stove. It was my job once grandpa had wrapped the chains around the logs and attached them to the draught horses, for me to then drag them back to the house. While steering the horses with the long reins, I use to try and ride the logs. I was silly. But I was only 12 and trying to have a bit of fun. The horses would follow the track, stop when they got tired and then away they would go again. The wood would last a few months, then back to the bush to chop more wood. This was pre-chainsaw days.



The Keefe and Harvey Whanau



ARTIST

Parekowhai Whaitiri

Te Aitanga-a-Mahaki/Ngāti Kahungunu

"Purapura Whetu"

As we sit in our rural papakainga, the lack of distractions gives us clarity. We see the stars so much more clearly. How blessed are we to be Māori, descendants of Tāne of whom the stars were laid out by our Creator.

Purapura Whetu encourages and reminds us that through every challenge there is opportunity (in abundance). Collectively, whanau gathered when called to create and "breathe new life into Te Huki".

Ngā mihi aroha to you Sandy for the honour to be a small part of the new Pahauwera korero for the next generation, nā Pare and whānau.



Casey Whaitiri-Tapara, Pare's daughter



KOHUPATIKI

In 2008, the **whanau from Kohupatiki** organized a fundraising project to assist with the rebuild of Te Huki. A dinner was held at the Kohupatiki marae in Heretaunga to celebrate and acknowledge the Kuia of Pahauwera who were over the age of 80 years. Wined and dined and feted, the evening honored these treasured women who have offered so much, to our families.

Ngati Pahauwera salute our whanau and friends of Kohupatiki for the really wonderful occasion and the raising and realizing of such a generous koha.



*Rangii Keefe Doug Putaranui Para Tomoana Olga Keefe-Rameka
Dame Georgina Kirby Koea Pene Sophie Panapa-Keefe*



Teta Epps Api Robin Monica Henderson Mei Robin-Whaitiri Tira Walker



*Neti Gemmell-Whatuira Thomas Gemmell Paul Gemmell May Gemmell-Matthews Querida Gemmell-Rewi
Hiti Tumataroa Betty Gemmell Dame Georgina Kirby*



Mere Waipaopao Hoskin Awhina Joe-Waaka Georgina Kupa-Robin Wendy Robin-Te Moana

*Tena koutou e nga titoko o te rangi i o koutou aroha.
No koutou te Manawa popore Kohupatiki e*



ARTIST

Chris Bryant

*Oranoa Rongo and Chris Bryant-Toi kōrero
for Te Huki Marae*

At Te Huki Marae, Oranoa is acknowledged as a weaver with one of her kete whakairo reworked by Sandy Adsett and Te Muri Whaanga into a wall panel for the interior of the whareniui. The black and white pattern is a variation of papakirango. Historically, it was Apirana Ngata who first took this kete design to visually translate it into a tukutuku panel for meeting houses and churches as part of the Māori art revival during the mid-1920's.

A papakirango is a fly swat. Ngata maintains that the papakirango is a symbol of lamentation and the preservation of Māoritanga. They were used at all occasions whenever flies and other insects were not wanted, especially at hākari, or around young pēpe or māuiui whānau who required some cooling and comforting. It is these wider social pastimes of our tīpuna that enriches our sense of Māoritanga.

When assigning different ones to carve, weave or paint imagery regarding an ancestor or an historical event related to Te Huki Marae, Sandy presents me with the challenge of painting two panels. The first was to represent the Ringatū prophet, Te Kooti Rikirangi and local Ngāti Pāhauwera elder, Te Urupū Rerepū /Lemuel, who was associated with the Tūtekohe movement. The second panel needed to represent the early Anglican Reverend Tamihana Huata and World War One army Chaplin, Henare Wepiha Te Wainohu. Not wanting to refuse the invitation I felt comfortable with all of the tīpuna except with Te Kooti.

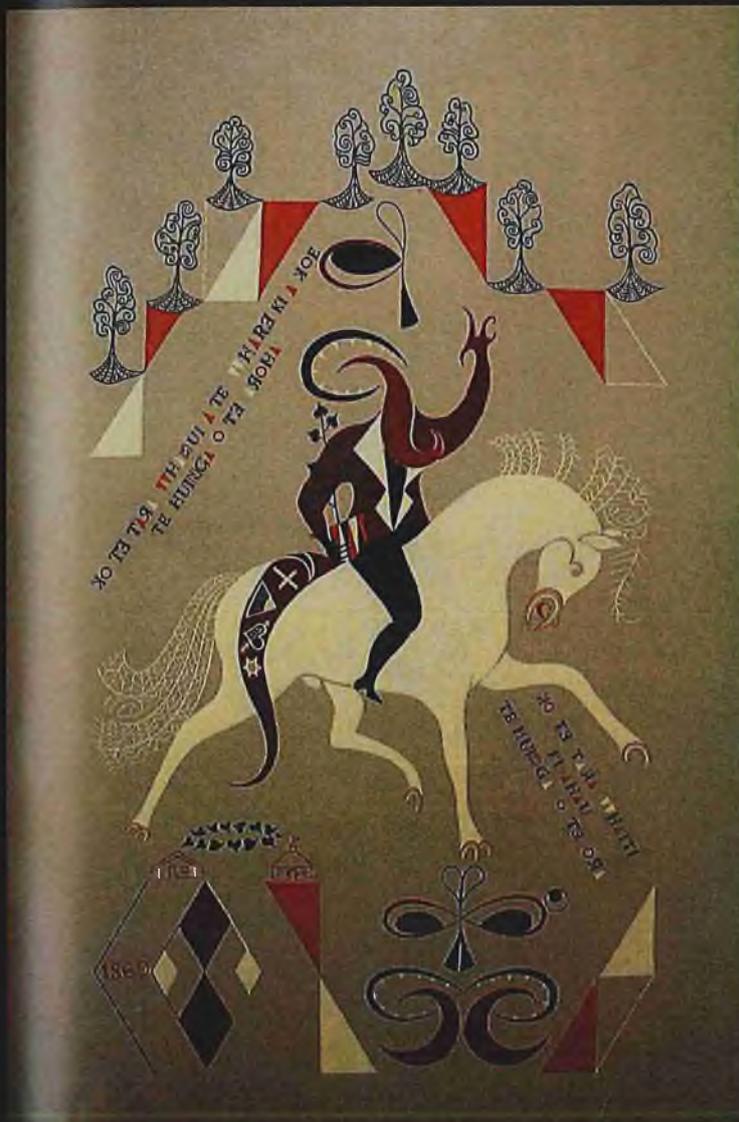
My unease stems from the riri, heartache and profound wairuatanga that Te Kooti and his legacy invokes even today. For Pāhauwera and Mōhaka district whānau, Te Kooti is responsible for the devastating loss of over sixty loved ones, men, women and children during his ammunitions raid campaign, now remembered as the 1869 Mōhaka Massacre. For my Manuel Josef whānau living within the Waiapū district, Te Kooti and other armed Māori prophetic movements caused kinship division. There were those such as Te Kaitū who followed Te Kooti across the motu and into the King Country never to return again. And there were those who remained loyal to Major Rōpata Wahawaha, fearing his chiefly mere pounamu splitting their disobedient heads if they dared to stray toward the Paimārie, Hauhau and others passing through the Waiapū district.



A quick phone call to Aunty Mākere Hirini – Oranoa’s youngest daughter – seeking her whakaaro was required. This grand aunt told me to look in the book by Judith Binney called *Redemption Songs*, in there she said was a photograph of my namesake, Karaitiana Manuel – Oranoa’s father – sitting in a derelict boat that once carried Te Kooti’s tūpāpaku across the Ohiwa harbour. Aunty Mākere reassured me that it was okay to work with Te Kooti as Karaitiana had done so in his day. It has however taken some time to paint Te Kooti on his Mōhaka appropriated white horse, known as Pouwhenua, as I felt the need to delay painting to protect the wellbeing of close whānau members who were māuiui or hapū.

Such cautionary practice is a form of kawa and tikanga that I have personally learnt to adopt, as painting tīpuna is more than applying paint on to a surface.

The following kiwaha or tribal sayings have been painted with figurative text upon each of the panels to so that they resonate with the people, the land, and surviving groves of kahikatea trees facing introduced stands of peacemaking poplar.



Ko te tara whānui a te whare ki a koe; te huinga o te aroha. Ko te tara whaiti ki ahau; te huinga o te ora.

Although we both occupied Te Rau Kahikatea Anglican Theological College, you belong to the Hāhi Matua and I belong to the Hāhi Ringatū.]

– nā Te Kooti

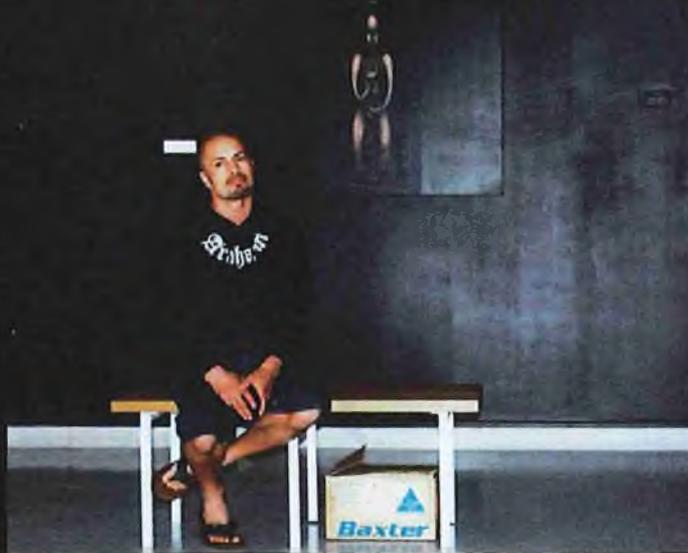
E rite ki te rākau pai, Whai hua nei ano, I tupu ki te taha wai, I pai te whakatō.

Be like a tree planted by the rivers of water that bring forth fruit in season.

– nā Tamihana Huata

Remember you have mana

– nā Henare Wepiha Te Wainohu



ARTIST
Johnny Poi
Ngāti Porou

Toimairangi Arts Degree Graduate

In this painting I tried to depict Ringatū in two forms. One as a carved ancestor / poupou figure and the other a stylised kowhaiwhai figurative painting.

The main image is the poupou, te ohu totara the chosen one. The stylised kowhaiwhai figure is transparent, hidden in the darkness overlapping the poupou figure - symbolising Ringatū as a master of kowhaiwhai.

Ringatū Poi is of Ngāti Porou descent from a small place on the East Coast of the North Island called Tikitiki. He established himself as a kowhaiwhai expert while attending the Rotorua School of Maori Arts and Crafts alongside tohunga whakairo experts Tikitiki brothers Pine and Hone Taiapa. All three men were requested and worked under the personal guidance of Sir Apirana Ngata decorating many meeting houses / marae including a few dining halls between the 1930's and 1940's.

Ringatu Poi was responsible for the kowhaiwhai patterns for the Maori Court Exhibition in Wellington, 1940. He worked on the meeting house at Waitangi and on the East Coast meeting houses Ruakapanga, Takitimu and Whitireia. Ringatu Poi also worked on Porourangi and Hinerupe. His kowhaiwhai work adorned the dining halls Rongomaitapui, Taihoa and Tawhiorangi. However it is the scroll work / Kowhaiwhai seen in the Tawhiwhirangi dining hall at Tikitiki on the East Coast that captured the eye of Sir Apirana Ngata. According to Sir Apirana.





ARTIST
Lionel Grant
Te Arawa

Lyonel carved the base of this pou at the 2005 Te Mata Indigenous Artist Gathering 2005 in Hastings. The Pou also had carvers Dempsey Bob, Christian White, First Nation Canada and the Solomon Islands.



Lyonel Grant
Te Arawa Ngāti Pikiao



The artists at the Te Atinga International Arts Gathering in Rotorua, 2010, who gifting the "TE TIHI" Pou to Te Huki Marae.



Dempsey Bob with the "TE MATA" pou



ARTIST

Tiopira Rauna

Rongowhakaata / Kahungunu

Tiopira trained under Master carver Rangi Hetet, at the Waiwhetu Marae based carving school, Lower Hutt.

Presently he is the head Kaiako of the Whakairo Arts programme at the Whirikoka Campus of the tertiary institution of Te Wananga o Aotearoa, Gisborne.

Renown for his immaculate carving and designs skills Tiopira was commissioned to carve the tipuna, TE HUKI, for the new whare tipuna.



Tiopira Rauna adding extra mahi to the Te Tihi pou at Raupunga.



WHANAU

Major and Mary Marshall

My mum Mary (from the Webber, Gemmell, and Te Ngaio whānau) and my dad Major Marshall in 1950 moved our family to Kahungunu to Uncle Keefe and Aunty Lil Adsett's cottage on Rohepotae Road.

Dad took over the Raupunga Transport business from Keefe, which was a Freight and Passenger service that ran 5 days a week into Wairoa.

The original bus was a "Fargo" and was specially modified by having a removable wall put in across the middle section of the bus, with passenger seats in the front half and an empty section in the back to carry freight – mainly cream cans that he would roll onto the bus from the raised cream stands all along the road. These being taken to the Wairoa Dairy factory for the cream to be processed into butter. On the home trip, the back of the bus would be full with "stores" ordered by families with dad on the way in. He would then spend most of the day fulfilling the orders from the various shops throughout Wairoa before returning to the dairy factory to pick up the empty cans to take back to the farms. Sometimes, arriving back home around 6 pm... a long day...



Then in 1956 the Fargo was upgraded to a Commer which ran on diesel.

My dad would also run "Specials". If there was a hui, wedding or special event being held outside the district, dad would take the middle wall out of the bus, bolt extra seats into the freight section and use the bus to get everyone to the "do". One of those "do's" that I recall was taking a bus load of the Hodges Whanau and friends to Hicks Bay to attend a family wedding. Another was a trip to Rawene in North Auckland and crossing the Hokianga Harbour on a barge. Dad drove the bus on to the barge, the passengers walked on and stood each side of the bus and held on to the rails along each side of the barge for the crossing. We never got to see "Opo" the Dolphin – the main attraction of the district - who had died several weeks earlier.



Todd and Daniel Couper

After 12 years, mum and dad took over the Hotel at Mohaka from a Mr and Mrs McCarthy The hotel was old and rundown and mum and dad worked long hours on renovations. Mum was able to work her magic where interior decorating and design was concerned, and Dad was a responsible and conscientious popular licensee whom the locals all knew well from the previous 12 years with the freight run.

Back in the days when bottles of beer were sold by the crate or ½ dozen lots in brown paper bags, one of the more tedious jobs was to bag the different beer brands in ½ doz. Bags and restock the bar – (DB, Tui, Gold Top, Waikato, Lions to name a few). Draught beer was also sold in flagons.

I remember one day the hotel had beer running from every water tap, and toilet in the place. Dad had gone down to the cellar under the public bar as usual on Saturday night to turn the beer supply off and clean the pipes. Except he turned the wrong tap off and somehow beer managed to flow freely through the water supply – that caused major panic and some finger counting to see how much profit had been literally washed down the drain.

Once, the County Council tar-sealed the road past the hotel, and in doing so sealed right up to the walls of the hotel. My mum who always prided herself on the lovely flower gardens she had created along the front of the hotel, and this eyesore seal was not what she had envisaged under the windows of the Lounge Bar. So the next day at 6.00am, she attacked the tar-seal with a pick axe and shovel, dug it up in sweeping style, carted top soil from the orchard and put her flower garden back where it had been before the Council had come along and audaciously changed it....so there!!!

Over six enjoyable years running the Mohaka Hotel 1962 – 1968, we played host to the weary and challenging travellers, providing the venue for local wedding photographs, hosted Anzac day luncheons, and of course the many after-match gatherings. There was much singing around the lounge bar piano, yarn spinning in the public bar, and the inevitable fights when over indulgence happened. Patrons daily arrived in all modes of transport, from horse and sled, horses that forded the river, all being hitched along fences on both sides of the road, Fergusson tractors amongst the farm trucks, jalopy's and cars. The hotel was probably the main entertainment hub of our district, where local whanau were able to relax and enjoy themselves during this hardworking era. Unfortunately, during the late 1970's, the Hotel era came to a sad and sudden end with a fire that totally destroyed this old iconic building. Our family finally returned to Wairoa, where Dad worked as a Car salesman and Mum in shop sales until they retired.

But memories of life in Pahauwera remained very special to our family.

Kia Ora
Dianne

*Dianne Marshall - Couper and
mokopuna; Baden, Callai and Maia*





WHANAU Tom & Betty Gemmell

When mum and dad married she was 17yrs old. Their marriage was pre-arranged. At first they lived in a small hut with a dirt floor. When mum got homesick she thought if she climbed the hill she would see Gisborne. Years later they had 12 sons and 4 daughters. I was their third child and the oldest daughter.

Like others before him, he decided to take on the challenge of breaking in the land from virgin bush and scrub, eventually it paid off, and he was farming sheep and cattle.

In those days people grew large paddocks of vegetables. At harvest time the food was shared out. As we got older dad decided to plant his own vegies - usually potatoes, pumpkin, corn and kumara. The potatoes and pumpkin were stored in a shed and the kumara was buried in a pit. We lived off the land, had farm meat, we had a milking cow, chooks, ducks, pigs, and puha and watercress.

Family from Mohaka gave us fish. Extra meat and fish was cooked then preserved in tins of fat as there was no electricity until 1958. Before then we used candles and a Tilly lamp. At nights in the dark going outside to the toilet and hearing the moreporks was scary.



Wiremu Gemmell



Kane Whatuira and Reti Rewi

Growing up on the farm was a lifetime of many experiences and hard work. Although dad had lots of boys to help him with the farm work, (fencing, cutting scrub, shearing, haymaking, docking, drenching and so on) at times sister Querida and I were called on to help out. That got us out of the housework.

Most of the time Querida and I helped mum in the house. With our large family there were loads of clothes to wash by hand, cleaning the house, cooking, and looking after the younger siblings.

Our play was racing on the horses, eeling in the creeks, and looking for fresh water crayfish, swinging on the vines in the bush, riding down a hill on a sack, tucking ourselves in an old tyre, and wheeling ourselves along until we fell out, it was fun when we got the chance. We had the freedom to roam in the fresh country air.

Dad was a strict parent, looking back it is to his credit that we learned to be respectful and through his determination to have us educated, we have been successful in life. Credit to mum as well; she was our friend and comforter.

Dad and mum worked hard, they expected the same from us. After school the boys worked on the farm, in the evenings dad had them helping him in the shed. It was a job for one of them to hold the candle while dad was doing mechanical work.

With dad nothing was impossible, he'd find a way to fix things and make things work.



During his time he had many accidents, one was when his leg was crushed under the bulldozer, and his leg was amputated. That didn't stop him; he got back on his horse. One day he fell and his leg got stuck in the stirrup. It was a miracle when he told us the horse stood still while he lay on the ground and struggled and got his leg free. The people of his time called him Tom Cat. 'He must have been the cat with nine lives'

Neti Whatuira



Shelley Whatuira



The Dam

A dam was built across the Mangawharangi stream below our farm, on the Rohepotae Road. The harnessed water was pumped up to a large concrete tank on a hill, just above our house which would then gravity feed to the animal troughs and taps around the farm. Dad built a waterwheel fed from the dam where a fast flowing open water race filled the buckets of the wheel, turning the wheel, to drive a generator which sent low level electricity current through wires to the house. The charged batteries enable us to run house lights only. The waterwheel was washed away in a major flood in the early 1960's.



Whanau constructing the dam. (Jim Adsett and Bill far right)

Ken and Rose Perrett, who live immediately above the Dam today, still pump water to their house using the same water rams that were installed 80 years ago.

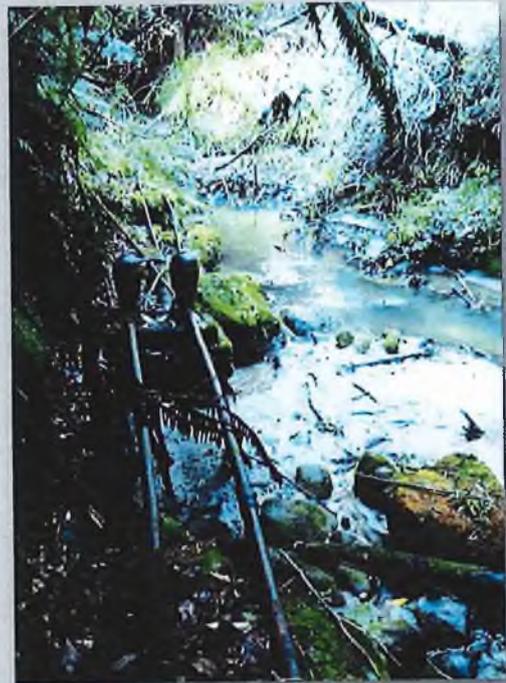
Growing up here, 70 years ago, Mangawharangi creek, flowing through a number of dairy farms, was a very special playground for us kids. Cutting its way through deep narrow banks lined with overhanging native trees and ferns, it was a very peaceful and enjoyed by many. For some of the elders, the waters had healing powers to bathe in when they were feeling mauiui. Rose, is it special still?

Rose.... "Yes, it is. Our kids will always go down there, that's my boy's playground... We sometimes catch fresh water koura and the occasional eel. We also use the creek to water our garden.

Ken, mentioned earlier about the tree felling along the sides of the creek and the mess left, and still to be cleaned up. How far up is the source of the creek? And is it affected further upstream?

Rose... "Mangawharangi comes down below Rawhiti station and from the forestry. I'm really very worried about the quality of the water, and what the forestry people are doing to it. I've had a go at them. They actually put spouting around our house, and two tanks for us, as they realised they were polluting the creek.

Great Rose, we all need to protect our home area. For me, our small settlement of Kahungunu was a great place to grow up in. We all enjoyed the times when the families gathered at the Marae, for Hui, birthdays, sports and wedding celebrations. We got around the best way we could...by horse or shanks pony.



Rose....Yes, talking to mum, she said she used to walk these roads, as they had church (Ratana) at different places, everyone had a turn at holding church

Really appreciate your korero Rose. Helps to put our artwork images for Te Huki into context.

"Also thanks Ken, for cutting those steps down the bank to make it easier for this old crock to scramble back up from the creek."

Rose with daughter Santana Biddle and the grandkids, Jerry and Ezekiel



WHANAU
**Tom and Mate Stuart
(Huata)**

*Tom was the son of
Tamihana Huata*

*Mate was the daughter of
Heni Lewis*

Korero with Jane and Huey...

Jane "We had the best dad and granddad anybody could ever have."

Huey "He had heaps of aroha, He was very kind hearted. We never got smacked when we were kids. Nanny Mate was a straight up, no-nonsense lady but we loved her".

Jane "She was kind".

Huey She had this bloody pig tail with a whip on it, or the broom and she was still donging her girls even after they were married. Especially if they knocked on her door, left their four or five kids and took off. She would say "where's your mother". Nan would then wait for them to get back, then out with the broom and whack..."there's your bloody kids"

Jane Dad mainly went out doing shearing and scrub cutting. Then we moved to Maraenui where dad worked at the freezing works,and he loved playing cards, which became a family concern at times.

Huey I was telling mum that he would gamble with his mates on the Wednesdays when they got paid from the freezing works. Oka and I were only about six or seven, he would win all their money one week and then he would feel sorry for them and give it back. The next week he would lose it all. We would then be on bread, no butter, just golden syrup.

Dad also really loved his music.



*Mary Niblett, Jane Niblett
and Huey Niblett*



ARTISTS

Mana Gayle Tomlins

Makere Gemmell was from Mohaka. She was matched to Pura Horomona from Whakaki. She didn't like her husband-to-be initially as she already had a boyfriend at Mohaka. They married and lived in Whakaki. Aunty Tira Walker (who I talked to get information about Makere – her mother) remembers seeing the marriage certificate. They had 16 children. Aunty Tira is the last surviving child aged 95. She remembers that she started milking when she was about 7 years old. Her cow was called Prudence. She would always stand in the bail by the fence and tie the cow's leg to the fence. She felt that they were quite well off having a milk separator. They made their own butter.

She doesn't remember when her mother took the moko but knows she was reluctant. She remembers her mother telling her that the work above the top lip was extremely painful. Aunty doesn't remember

the moko pattern at all. She didn't remember taking much notice of it as she was growing up. Makere's father-in-law, Pura Horomona Karamana Paehau, wanted her to take it because it was the thing to do at the time – the fashion. Her father-in-law was a very influential man. Makere's husband, Pura Horomona was a very gentle person. Pura was 1 of 4 or 5 men who drowned in a boating accident when Whakaki Lagoon was opened directly to the sea. After about 5 years Makere married Tiemi Mete from Nuhaka and she lived there until she died.

Consideration of including the moko design on the panel; purchase pentel while 100wm marker for the moko as I am worried that I will make a mistake with painting around the template. 4mm thick which I think will be perfect. Can't make any mistakes as it will be difficult to correct the tartan pattern. Adjusted the template size, positioned it in the centre of the panel of the tartan and traced the moko.





Artist: Mana Gayle Tomlins



WHANAU Kath and Zion King

Korero from Kathleen and Zion's granddaughter Rongo Ross

Rongo you were brought up in Raupunga.

I was brought up by my Nan. Yes, she was my mother. My grandpa Zion and my father Ginny, in the late 1970's were

both working for the Rabbit Board around the Raupunga area. Then grandpa decided to retire and Dad went off to the freezing works.

Zion was well known as a meticulous weaver, especially the making of KieKie hats.

Yes, when he was weaving we weren't allowed around him as he said we were a distraction. There were 13 of us kids. Our grandparents also had Uncle Bunny's and Aunty Cissy's kids. We all got brought up together. So yes, we were definitely a distraction.

I remember your Nan being a very knowledgeable with tikanga and Kawa. Did she pass any of that knowledge to you?

I was too young to really remember that. But I do remember her being a Karakia woman. She had karakia for everything. She was of the Ratana faith and very "churchy". She made us go to Sunday school. But for some reason she made all us kids become Catholic. We use to go to Aunty Rosie's one weekend, to Mahana Keefe and other family homes when it was their turn to hold church.

She was also beautiful with her hands. Her embroidery was immaculate. She was a very accomplished seamstress, and did very fine stitchery. Everything had to be perfect.

Thanks Rongo for your korero. And I hear you are using your recent Arts Degree qualification to help out with requests by the whānau at Raupunga to run arts wananga there. That's really great.



TOIMAIRANGI HEKE

The ascent of Tane to IO . . . The realms of Ranginui



Roberta Hawaikirangi



Letitia Rahui



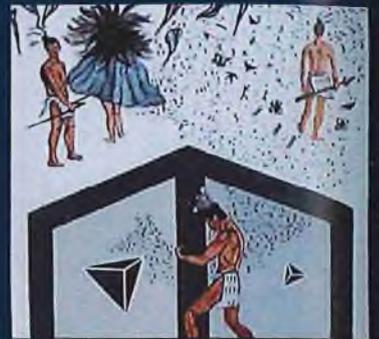
Roseanne Brown



Earle Heke



Kathrine Pere



Mere Tomoana



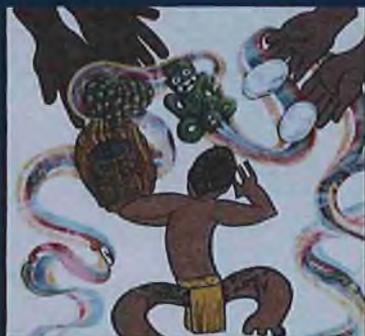
Corinna Heke-Mayes



Wilray Price



Karina Reti



Chance Rohe



Michelle Mataira



Karamea Te Whaiti

The Toimairangi Artists create a heke that relates the story of Tane entering the Realm of the supreme being IO each artist panel is separated by a panel with the Poutama Pattern that represents the journey of gathering Knowledge.



ARTIST Gabrielle Belz

Two prints:

The prints have been created with the express intent of honouring and recognising some of the history of the Hapu of Pahauwera in the area around the Mohaka River.

The prints have been carved from industrial lino and the inked image transferred to a support made from harakeke. Threads of muka help bind the prepared pulp from the harakeke plant into a soft but strong papa to hold the imagery. The choice of harakeke for the paper was a deliberate allusion to the strength that happens if individual parts are in accord and combine to form a cohesive whole. The threads of muka are a synonym for the many influences that combine in whakapapa.

The first print has an image in the centre that makes an acknowledgement to patterns used in the former Raupunga whare. The form in this case representing the Mohaka, has details referring to the abundant kai such as patiki, tuna and whitebait that is part of the bounty of the river. The three types of hangi stones, are shown in red, black and white along the main flow of the river. Running out from the main line that might be perceived as a Manawa line are Te Ara Kanihi. The pattern on these koru forms identify the mode of single file used by the look outs.

Behind the koru forms are the two mountains – Maungaharuru and Tirotirowhetu.

Above, emerging from the many realms of the heavens is a stylised manu aute indicating wairua, and mana whenua, with the responsibilities of kaitiakitanga. The small stars above the manu aute form are representative of the many tipuna who feature in lines of descent - the larger stars refer to more specific stars acting as guides in seasonal change and markers during journeys. The two huia represent the importance of rangatiratanga and manaaki in partnerships. The Piwaiwaka and Ruru are kaitiaki. The Tupuna Pahauwera stands at the side.



The second print is layered over the part of the first that acts as a visual pepeha identifying people and place. The 'pepeha' is placed under the other imagery as an expression of continuity, with the top layering describing aspects of change and development. It recognises the authority of the Maori Battalion and iwi members who have added to the ranks of warriors fighting on behalf of their country in other lands. The large gold coloured pattern expresses the whirlwind of Tumatauenga in battle. The piwaiwaka in the top left corner symbolises the line that is walked between Te Po and Te Ao in Tu's arena, and the poi beside it, the pain in the beating hearts of those left waiting for their whanau's return.

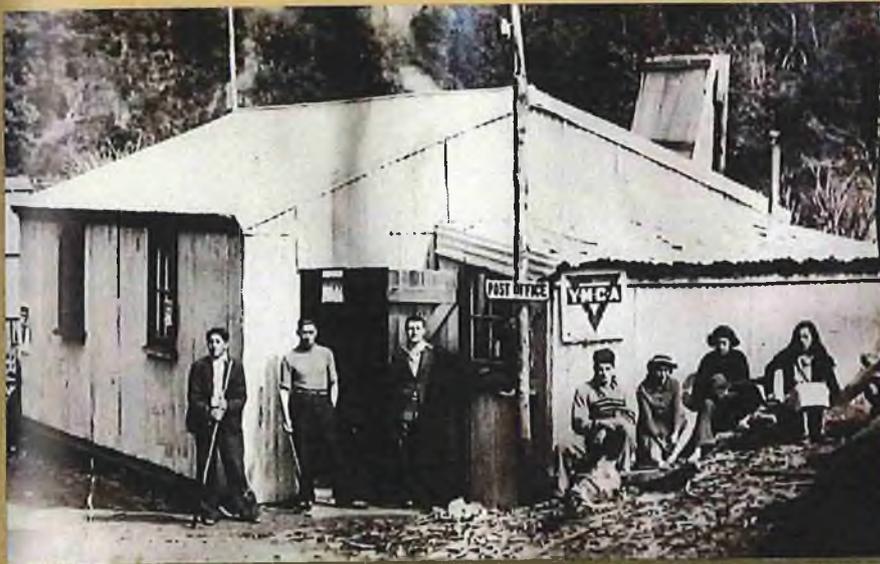
From top to bottom a carved kowhaiwhai pattern represents a continuous lineage of strength from the past into the future. The crown with crossed tewhatewha and taiaha being the emblem of the Maori Battalion. Threaded through the base of the harakeke paper on this print are strips of Aute making a double reference both to Te Aute College where so many members of Te Hokowhitu a Tu were schooled, and also a reference to origins from Hawaiki.



TUNNELL FLAT & GULLY WHĀNAU



Overlooking the Gully



The first Mohaka post office



Hine and Bunny Hauwai



The shearing Gang at Kakariki



WHANAU

James and Dagma Eriha

Mum was the daughter of Wepiha Puna and Martha Nicolson, who were both born and bred in Ngāti Pahauwera.

Mum and Dad were married at Mohaka where the family home is today, they had a double wedding with Wharetuna Hauwai and Katerina Eriha. They had seven children, Te Paea, Quini, Olga, Claude, Jim (Timi), Deborah and Gordon.

Mum was a hard working lady and with no running water or electricity she managed to keep us all fed, clean and healthy, cooking over the open fire in the fireplace inside the house. We always had a veggie garden and heaps of chickens for fresh

eggs and also for eating. Mum was an avid gardener and loved her flowers.

While Dad was away shearing mum would have to walk the unsealed road out to Pakaranui to check on the sheep. Money was tight and mum looked forward to Family Benefit day to help with food and extras.

Having lost her mother before she was five, she was raised by her Nannies. She taught herself to knit and sew of which she mastered and turned out many beautiful garments. She also became a member of the Māori Women's Welfare League. Our mum was a very strong-willed lady who only wanted the best for her whānau. Her favourite saying was "*Stick up for your rights*".

Our dad was a very hard working man who had the skills for survival during times of hardship through the Depression era and the Napier earthquake. He was a man of the land who planted kumara, potatoes, crop maize and stock sheep. From a farm labourer, to fencing and working on the railways, to a Tomoana freezing worker in Hastings, dad was a keen worker.

Every Friday was like "Xmas!" Dad would bring a "box of goodies to feast on" these were my happy memories.

Behind all the layers of sweat and dirt, a humble man, our dad, a man of few words who upheld respect to being respected.



Our dad never ever laid a hand on us children; he wanted the very best for us. Our lifestyle was incredible, mum and dad loved us all. We are true Ngāti Pahauwera whānau, fond memories of our mum and dad lie in our hearts forever and ever.

Claude Eriha Tom Robinson Peter Maulder
Anne Eriha Polly White Olga Robinson Queenie Pretty Deborah Maulder Margaret & Jim Eriha



WHANAU

Len and Mihi Culshaw

A kōrero with brothers Will and Colin Culshaw of Raupunga, sons of Mihiterina Te Kahu and Len Culshaw.

One side of your Mothers Pahauwera whakapapa is through Mihiterina Keefe /Turi, and David Gemmell, and your Dad, he was Pākehā.

Will... Yes, our dad Len, was born in Napier. His father John came from Lancaster in England and his mother Carrie was an O'Brian who came from Ireland. They lived in Meeanee. Dad worked for the New Zealand Railways.

Colin... He then came to Raupunga to help build the tunnel when he started going with one of the popular local girls, until Mum came along and eyed up this handsome Pākehā. Then at a dance at Mohaka some of her mates bet the old lady that she couldn't take him away from that girl..... Well, you know who won that bet.

Willie... Dad often partied with the locals. In those days, the Maoris weren't allowed in the pub, and because of him going with the old lady, they use to get Dad to get beer from the pub for them.

Colin... Yeah, at Waikare pub, the ban was even more noticeable. From 4 to 5 o'clock, they used to say it was the blacks turn. George Hawkins remembers this. He was working on Jack Tait's farm. He said at a quarter to 4 the boss would take them to the pub, and Ma Ferney use to say, to the Pākehā, come on, come on, it's the blacks turn now. They used to refer to Māori's as the blacks. George said it was really offensive.... then at 5 o'clock, the Māori's were kicked out.

And this is after our Maori battalion fought for New Zealand and gave so much, and lost so many during the 2nd World War.

Colin... Yeah, and it was the same at the Mohaka pub. Another thing was, when they came out with their beer after their "Hour" they were only allowed to congregate and drink for half an hour in any one place. So every half hour they had to move further and further down Muera Hawkins' lane.

Your family home is on the Mohaka Road in the area known as Snake Gully?

Will... Yes, we had a big family of 15. We milked cows on our farm.

Colin... In later years, Willie, Eva and myself eventually ended up milking the cows.

Will... When dad left the railways he worked for the Public Works, and then he began working for the Rabbit Board. Dad had about 25 men, with their own pack of small dogs, working as rabbiters. There was Did Keefe, Buck Tumataroa, Bill and Barney Te Aho, Zion King, Padre Gemmell, Barney Te Kahika, Dave Te Aho. Ross Williams, Wi King and others.

Colin... I recently went up the back, to Pihaenui and the five huts are still there. I used to go up there, mid-forties, with my father. Dad used to make us tie the dogs to the kennels. The rabbiters and shearers had all carved their names into the tables in the huts. When I sat down in the shearer's quarters, it was like going back into the past.



Will...Dad also had a team of draft horses and ploughed many of the farms from Mohaka to Kahungunu that were being broken in during the early thirties. Sometimes the whānau used to give him farm produce to bring home. He also ploughed the airstrip at Mohaka, and the Raupunga Marae paddock. He ploughed most of Tommy Gemmell's farm.

These are really great memories. All our parents really worked hard in those early days

Willie... Yes, we have to keep these stories. We need to talk about it. We have a lot of history in Pahauwera.



WHANAU
Will and Rose Culshaw

Will and Rose's wedding ceremony was the first held in the front of the Kotahitanga

Will, you were a shearing contractor for many years

Yeah, my dad was a shearing contractor and I took over from him. I ran a gang of 12 and we travelled all around the country to many big sheds with many stands. One farmer we shored for him for forty years. My son Boy took over from me and he now employs over 40 people in his shearing gangs. And they are nearly all Pahauwera.



Boy and Ngaire Culshaw with Mersaydez





RAURINGA MA

Will Culshaw

HAND-PIECE COLLECTION

This collection of over a hundred hand-pieces is really impressive.

Yeah...When I started this collection, I had already begun gathering hand-pieces from all our family. There's one of dads, and my brothers, Awhi, Collies, Charlies, Malcolms and my one.

Then I use to go around to everyone's places and we would go out into their sheds and they had all their old hand-pieces hanging on the walls, I'd say "Hey, would

you give me a hand-piece but don't give me one that's not yours, cause if it isn't, it doesn't mean a thing. I've even got one of your dads.

There's one of Ned Hawkins, Charlie Hirini, George Hokianga, Boy Winiana. And pieces from the five Joe brothers. I've also got George Stuarts. He invented and branded his own plates and they became well known and sort after by other shearers. I have combs with all their names stamped on them

There's one there of Horace Hokianga's. The Burgher hand-piece, which was the first in New Zealand. He brought that from Australia. When they first started shearing they used hand shears. Then came the electric hand-pieces, which they kept improving on. The shearers had to keep changing their hand-pieces to keep up. The old people, they were shearing 300 sheep a day then. I don't know how they bloody did it.

It's a great display

Yes, and the hand-pieces, they're all from family.

I was asked once for the collection to be displayed in an exhibition in the Wairoa Museum. They were doing a thing on shearing and they came to me and said I hear the Culshaw family have quite a record on shearing? I said yes, actually we have. It was a big exhibition. They had photos of really large woolsheds, the oldest



sheds and there were demonstrations, the selling of wool demonstrations. I had a few people come out later to look at the collection. They had seen it in the Wairoa exhibition.



RAURINGA MA

Charlie Culshaw

Your family interest in Instrumental music. How did you start?

We started when the boys were out scrub cutting with the old man. We used to just jam together, just having a good time. There was Ariel Aranui, Hector King, Muera Hawkins, Ngari Huata, Colin on guitar and Johnny Keefe. We used whatever instruments were around. We even played tin whistles. The Blue Moon Band was our inspiration.

You have this young family musical group that you are nurturing.

Yes. We go under the name of "Moko Magic." There are five of my mokopuna, my son and myself and there's my brother Colin with five of his moko, and his daughter Angela on Keyboard. Our youngest member is only nine years old. We even had a uniform but the kids kept growing out of them. Now the younger ones dress for their generation, which is cool.

You have been to Australia to perform.

Yes. A guy I used to be in a band with years ago, heard that we had this young family musical group. He invited us over so I took three of Moko Magic and we played three shows in Brisbane, in Sydney, then up to Camworth. The people couldn't believe their talent. Our group plays, Tenor, Alto, Soprano Saxophone and Clarinet so we can get a fairly melodious sound, especially with the old type band music. We've produced six CDs and the Maori Radio Station receives many requests to play them. So that's good.

You spent quite a few years in Taupō.

I bought my first saxophone in Taupō. I began playing there and eventually became a member of a group that played for six years at the Wairakei Tourist Hotel. While there we backed many well-known artists like Billy T. James, the Yandall Sisters, Ray Wolfe, Rhonda, the Platters and many overseas artists.

The group does a lot of charity work.

Yes, we worked for three years involved in Starship Hospital fundraising. We support organisations that are family oriented. The young ones sometimes see me handing back koha, and when they look at me I just say "One day you'll understand."



ARTIST

Wilray Price

Toimairangi Arts Degree Graduate

Kia ora Wilray.

You are of Ngāti Pahauwera descent.

My father is Joe Price from Pahauwera.

My grandparents were Taffy Price from Wales and Mereti Hawkins... known as Noti.



I didn't grow up in Raupunga, but we always went back to attend tangi and other family occasions. We try to get back as often as we can. My dad was always telling us funny stories about the family. Once, he said he was firing his shanghai at a tin on a fence, missed and hit Aunty Hine's window. She came out and chased him across the paddock with the broom and as he was jumping the fence, he saw his mother come out of her house pick up the axe and chase after Aunty Hine, who turned and fled home.

Your grandmother and her sisters were well known in Raupunga as the "Don't mess with me women" from the gully".

Wilray, as an emerging Pahauwera artist/ educator, with your Te Kainga Atua panels, Maui and the birds, what style of art would you say you engage in?

My form of art is more a Pop culture, comic book and silhouette style.



So, what responses would you expect to get from the home people?

The whanau, I hope, should be seeing that these are the art images that I grew up with. I read lots comics of other cultures, super heroes, but there were no "Māori" super-hero images. So hopefully they'll view the artwork, know about the stories, and see the elements of realism that they can recognise and relate to.





RAURINGA MA

Ruku Wainohu

Kia ora Ruku.

You are a young fellow in this photograph of the YMP rugby team in 1959.

Yes, I was 19. I had come back from Christchurch where I had just finished my carpentry apprenticeship to milk the cows. Jack Pike, who worked our farm became sick with TB so I returned to help out which lasted for two years. I had been playing for the Premiers in Christchurch so it was good to continue my rugby by playing for our Pahauwera YMP team.

You were later to return to Christchurch and continued to carve out a successful career in Canterbury Rugby. How did that start?

Well, when the "Wairoa Boys" arrived in Christchurch to begin their carpentry apprenticeship, they all stayed at the Rehua Hostel. I arrived in 1954 and started playing for the Rehua team. Then in 1957 I moved up to the premiers and the other Pahauwera players who later moved up also were Barry King, and Noel Huata.

Then along came those bloody cows... for two years.

How did the name YMP come about?

Originally Kahungunu, Waihua, Mohaka and Raupunga all had their own teams, but as player numbers dropped, they came together as the "Young Maori Players" a name coined by Kingi King who taught at the Raupunga School and was the Raupunga coach.

What were some of the highlights during your time with YMP?

One of my most remembered games was when we went to Ruataahuna for a pre-season match. It had been arranged by Maurice Bird who had taught at Waihua and was now teaching at Ruataahuna. They had mountain men, huge fellows. They were mainly bush workers. They gave us a thrashing in the first half. We had a fairly solid forward pack. Our back line was fast and in the second half we kept the ball moving staying out of trouble and we eventually beat them. Actually, during that game, one of our boys was injured and he had to come off. We had no reserve so we now had only 14 players. A big guy who was on the sideline said "I'll play for you fullas." Later we found out he played for Galatea. He had a broken arm, but he just got a butcher knife cut off the plaster and came on and played for us. Well, he hammered the hell out of them. He punched them, he did everything. That's the only reason we won, because he hammered those Ruataahuna players. If he hadn't we would have got a hell of a hiding. We won alright, but we got a real thrashing... physically and mentally and we surely limped off that field... a very memorable game, but for all the wrong reasons.

However, they knew how to manaaki us. At the Marae, they fed us on pork and more pork. They had wild pigs hanging everywhere. We slept in a big old meeting house... and it was really spooky.

We had guys in our team that were in the Blue Moon band, so they arranged a dance in the evening. We had a great dance. Their older people could dance but the younger ones couldn't. We had a really good time though... despite returning home as walking wounded.

The YMP Rugby team is still competing and doing okay.





WHANAU

Charlie and Josephine Hodges

Korero with their daughter Marion.

My mum was a Wainohu from Pahauwera and she also had Tuwharetoa whakapapa.

Dad's mother was Makere Tangikupa and his father was Naki Hodges. Their Scottish ancestor was Henry George Hodges.

Dotty Winiata was dad's sister. That's why we had our close adjoining farms. Whakapoere was the name of the farm area down by the river area.

What type of farm did you have?

We milked cows like everyone else. All of us kids had to help. However the farm wasn't paying enough, with just the cream cheque, so we grew heaps and heaps of vegetables. Many acres of corn, carrots, kumara and potatoes, were grown for the family. That was our weekend jobs. Dad built a Whata up on stilts to store all the kai in. It was a big one. You could stand in it. Dad would kill two sheep and put it in brine in these big bowls for up to three weeks, and then he would hang the corned mutton up in the Whata. We would cut off strips of meat as we needed it. The whata was under the big trees in the coolest place. We also had these special pits for the kumara to dry in, and later to allow them to sprout shoots for the new season plantings. We also had these bins that were raised off the floor with hay at the bottom to keep the potatoes dry.

Dad also went out shearing, and then my mother use to work the farm. Sometimes, I would have to ride the horse and mum was behind, holding the scarify, scarifying the paddocks. I'm sitting on the horse, guiding the horse. We had no tractor. Mum worked really hard. We didn't mind working with mum because mum use to give us two bob (20c) to go to the pictures. We had sixpence for the bus, sixpence for the picture ticket and a shilling left to buy ice-cream, popcorn and a drink.

We had a lot of fun even in those hard times.

Dad enjoyed dancing. Dances were really popular. I remember your uncle Keefe and Lil Adsett at the dances at the round hall. They were a beautiful couple on the dance floor, especially dancing the old fashion Waltz.



Henry Hodges 1864-1937 Makere Tangikupa 1866-1925

Dad use to get us up for a dance and he would to say to me. "You dance better than your sisters, your sisters feel like rocks in my arms" I took it as a compliment. They had lots and lots of dances in Wairoa during those days. I loved dancing. I was in a group of six men and six women and we use to travel around giving dancing demonstrations.

I use to say to mum, "Why don't you go to the dances mum?". She would just shake her head and say "Aah no". She didn't like dressing up - she preferred to be in her overalls. Mum always wore overalls, and liked casual clothes. Even when she went to town she had overalls on. We hardly ever saw our mother dressed up. She was a real natural person. Mums sister aunty Waikouka, was always "dodahed" up, always dressed to the tees. Aunty Waikouka was a really lovely aunty, and she always looked lovely. She had a big flower garden with a fish pond that had coloured carp in it. The kids use to try and catch the fish and would sometimes fall in.

I remember you had a big family home with a big garden.

Yes, mum kept a lovely garden. Mary Marshall who was at the Mohaka pub, use to come on Fridays to get flowers to arrange in the hotel for Saturday night. There were always big crowds at the pub on Saturdays. We had lots of big flowery shrubs and trees. We had lots of fruit trees. Hazel Culshaw and the other kids use to come over on the weekends, and if we ate any fruit, that according to mum weren't ready, she would boil up some flax roots and make us drink it. To clean us out she said, even if we said we didn't eat any plums and didn't have a stomach ache.

I remember she always had nice things to eat, when mum use to drag me along on a visit.

Oh yes, anybody who went there, the table always ended up being full of food, and you would wonder how the hang she could get so much on the table while talking all the time, but she did. Mum was a caring and friendly person. A mum also who wanted us educated and in turn she sent us off to college. Jimmy went to Te Aute College. Most of us are all living in different parts of the country now. We enjoyed our life growing up in Pahauwera in those early years

Thanks Marion for sharing your family stories of growing up in Pahauwera.



Marion and her moko, Vanessa



WHANAU

Charlie Lambert and Vilma Hape

Korero from Charlie Lambert

Our great grandmother Makere Kupa was a child carried on the back of one of the three Henrici sisters who survived the 1869 Te Kooti attack on Mohaka, by clambering down the steep cliff behind Te Huki Pa and escaping across the river. Although these days the whānau acknowledge Te Kooti, and knowing that there may have been just cause by some of Te Kooti's followers, in regard to the attack, to not however, whakamana him.

Makere married Naki Hodges my great grandfather, who was the son of Henry Hodges from England and Wiromina Te Waimeringi from Kihitu

Henry Hodges was serving in the Wairoa constabulary, and they were meant to come out to help our people during Te Kooti's raid on Mohaka, but they didn't.

Naki later moved here to Pahauwera and married Makere Kupa and raised a family. Henry Hodges, after Waimeringi died came to live with his son Naki. When Henry died, nanny Dotty said that they treated her grandfather like they did with their old kuri and they buried him down in the gully. They wouldn't bury him in the Hiruharama cemetery which had been the original pa site because he didn't come out to help them during Te Kooti's attack. They said that he didn't come to help when they needed them, so no use him coming now. Our people had starved for some time after the Hau Hau raid, so there was still a big mamae there. However at a family reunion in the 1980's, a memorial stone was finally put up for great great grandfather Henry Hodges.

During the reunion the family discussed whakapapa and Land shares. Nanny Dotty when being asked to share her knowledge, said she didn't know. She said she was a woman and they didn't tell women anything.

Our papa Naki had a stroke in his late 50's and Nan had to step up and become the leader for the whanau. She had to learn how to run the farm and do all the bills, as papa Naki did all that. She had to get a driver's licence. She was faced with a steep learning curve, the loans, the rates.... but she never looked back. I've since done research on Nan's whakapapa and family history and I'm impressed and proud of their involvement in the establishment of Pahauwera.

Aunty Dotty was an immensely respected Kuia. Charlie, it's your time now, and your roll within the whanau and hapu. You have acquired a full facial moko that speaks of a level of expected responsibility.

My brother and I acquired our facial moko from Broughton Johnson at a Wananga at Iwitea marae The marae whanau presented us with a whariki, as our grand-aunt whom we buried there was one of the last to receive a traditional moko at that Marae. Broughton reminded us that this gift of moko was from our Tipuna, that carried the mana and tikanga of the culture. Our rangatahi here, now associate me with our Marae and with the protocols expected.

The moko is comfortable for me to have now and the gathering of whakapapa appears a lot easier to acquire. Now instead of having to go out and look for information, it's coming in to me. I think our tipuna is making it easier for me now.

Vilma... (Ngati Kahu ki Whangaroa) He gave up smoking when he got his Moko

Charlie... Charlie King said to me a few years back, after I had welcomed a manuhiri onto our marae, "You look too young". He said that my uncle Charlie Hodges, had said that same thing to him when he started sitting on the paepae, and he was told to go and grow a beard. I had a go one time at growing a beard and then decided to get this moko. I said to Charlie this easier than growing a beard.

And Charlie, how did you meet up with this wahine ataahua, Vilma ?

We just happened to be in the army at the same time and she ambushed me. Although, she said she rescued me. Fortunately Vilma decided to move back here with me to the farm. She has become a valued key researcher for Pahauwera, writing up important evidence for our Mohaka river claim.



Wiki Te Kahu and Ted Puhia

Korero from "Dollar" - son of Wiki and Ted

Mum and dad moved to Wellington before I was born. However, the family over the years have been coming backwards and forwards to Raupunga. Some of us kids as we were growing up were brought up by uncle Paul at Rawhiri Station, past Kahungunu. Then we were up at Putere and me, Chrissy and Cracky went to Putere school for a time.

But all the family went to Raupunga School, as did some of my kids until the school closed around 2004. I have ten kids. We went to live in the South Island for seven years, but then moved back here to Tunnel Flat.

This is our home, and we haven't moved yet. There is just me and my two kids. The others have gone down south.

Your grandparents Bill and Lil Te Kahu who worked their whanau land, were a prominent family of the Pahauwera rohe.



Yes, and our grandparents were really good to us. In the early days when grandpa was a shepherd working up the back of Otoi station we use to hear him whistling out to his dogs as he was herding the sheep up and down the "staircase". He had a really, really loud whistle. He was a really good shepherd and a great butcher.

Cheers Dollar. Good to have the Whanau continue on the land.

Dollar Puhia and his "kids"



WHANAU

Matiria Regina Hancy and Grant Campbell Fergus

They were married at Tunnel Flat at the whare of her sister Amy and Jimmy Joe. Their marriage celebrant was Fr. Clary. Their matron of honour was Dotty Winiata whose whare was also located on Tunnel Flat. Three days after they married Matiria gave birth to their

first child Campbell William; he was born at her older sister Lilly and Bill Te Kahu, whare. Their whare was also located on Tunnel Flat. Dotty was the midwife and Matiria's brother, Mana cut the umbilical cord. Mum and dad lived for a short time at Amy and Jimmy's whare. Then they moved to Pakowhai where dad worked on Pakowhai Station. Five children later they moved to Waipatiki where dad was the rabbitier. He was transferred to Kotemaori, our whare was located on the Kotemaori end of the Mohaka Coach Road, and two more children were born. There was no TV in those days!

We lived there for a number of years, often going to Mohaka beach, my mother and father would fish at the mouth of the Mohaka River using the reti board to catch kahawai, while we the children would fish in the river, for herrings. On the fore shore there was always an enormous amount of drift wood, we would light a fire to cook our fish, or we would play or pick black



berries for our mother. From Kotemaori dad was then transferred to Wharerangi, another child was born, dad left the Rabbit Board; and my parents built a house in Taradale, then another child was born. My parents lived in Taradale until they passed away.

In 1967 Jimmy Joseph their second son attended the MAORI ART AND CRAFTS INSTITUTE at Whakarewarewa, Rotorua where he was taught the art of whakairo by Hone Taiapa. After 7 years he graduated. He worked at the MAORI ARTS AND CRAFTS INTITUTE for 28 year before returning home where he did the whakairo on the Whare nui, Te Kahu o Te Rangī in Mohaka.

Martha Hampton

I am the fourth child. I was named after my grandmother Maata Nehemea who married Joseph Hancy. In 2003, I became interested in Raranga and Whatu. During that period of time I learnt how to make whiri kete, Whariki, kete whakairo, piupiu and then I did wearable arts. In 2009 I started my diploma in raranga at Te Wānanga o Raukawa. I completed the diploma level at Te Wānanga o Aotearoa, Hastings, and the next two years I was employed by Te Wānanga o Aotearoa as level 4 raranga kaiako. I have since been working independently, making kete, a whariki for Te Kahu o Te Rangī, and with an assistant Wiremu Ngawaka, we completed a Kahu Kiwi for the Taylor whānau from Tangoio.





Julie Kira

"At first I found the process a long one, just getting used to using materials, such as getting the kiekie the same width, not having it too thick in places or too thin, threading the kiekie and pingao front and back without getting confused or dizzy, making sure the back was just as tidy looking as the front – whew! But once I got my mojo on the flow became easy and very enjoyable."

Rongopai Kira

"Kowhaiwhai panels – the ability to paint by numbers may have helped me, as with the outlines and guidance by others I was able to do quite well if I may say so myself."



The painters and weavers doing their mahi



Vilma Hape

"I love our reo and have pondered over kupu, their meanings and extensive translations. Raupunga – yellow fern leaf lends itself to a whole host of concepts from the physical representations that come from the characteristics of its growth unfurling to its mature sheltering shape. The handing down of korero given as a gift – as a hand unfolding to reveal a small treat for a moko to savour or treasure. From these musings I believe Raupunga has hidden treasures and conveys a message of new growth, unfurling, changing, developing, learning, evolving and strong."

Francis Clark

"Personally, this has been a journey of a lifetime because of the whakapapa link with my whanau it has been a journey of the heart. I have worked on and finished 14 tukutuku panels. At this point my hands and fingers are sore, cracked and dry."





Nell Adsett

An Essay for the TWhA Kawai Raupapa Certificate

It is a lovely day and the call goes out, we are going to gather kiekie. With gumboots and loppers we pile into cars and head for our special place near the flow of the Mohaka River and in full view of the Mohaka River Viaduct built in the 1930's.

We carefully make our way downwards beside the pier of the Mohaka river road bridge.

There is under growth of mainly gorse, toetoe, small and large native trees, blackberry and fallen rotten branches .

The ground clears and the walk is pleasant with the sound of birds, lichen trailing down from branches. Splashing through small patches of swamp beside a narrow flow of running water, and as always, on the lookout for patches of watercress.

We reach the spot where the kiekie grows. For me seeing it growing in its natural state for the first time was very enlightening. Thick stalks trailing and twisting above ground in different directions with large bunches of long leaves near the top end of the stem. Loppers in hand we look for the longest leaves with a minimum of blemishes. We gather the required amount then head back to prepare for the Tukutuku panels.

Leaves are cut off the stalks, washed, and tied into small bundles at the top end ready to be boiled for about 5 to 10 minutes.

Everyone lends a hand and in a short while, they are hanging out to dry. When dry, more preparation is required. The leaf has a thick narrow seam running down the centre of each half of the leaf and has to be separated or split on each side of the seam, to get the required width.

RAURINGA MA



Mark Te hau

Tuki King

Steven Huata

Tuki King . . . "We go out pig hunting mainly for kai. How should I say, it's a tikanga thing. It's our culture. When we are hungry, we just go for a hunt. I'm not a glory hunter. I still have dogs and when I go out I take my daughter and my brother in law, sometimes. We are allowed to take four or five people up into the forestry and no more than five dogs. We have to have hunting permits now. But we just get what we need, just a feed"



The Hāngi

NGĀ WHARE HOU

THE FIRE

In 2007, on the evening of April the 17th, the Raupunga Marae was engulfed in flames and all buildings, the Kotahitanga Memorial Hall, Te Huki Wharetipuna, the Kohanga, the old Kuia, Hineringa the birth house, were razed to the ground.



Oka Huata at the marae cleanup

The whānau gathered the next morning at the marae, hoping to find buildings still standing, but instead, were faced with the sight of total devastation. Trying to comprehend how the fire started, all sorts of unfounded theories were being bandied around, and still are. However, what was evident was the feeling of loss by everyone.

Distraught elder Sophie Keefe, the leader that she was, not mucking around, went straight to the obvious, saying *"Well, we are going to rebuild aren't we!"*

THE CLEAN UP

The firefighters that came out from Wairoa and Kotemaori to fight the blaze said it had too big a hold. They were then asked to concentrate their hoses on the front of Hineringa to try and save something of the old house. Which they did, and a few precious offerings were saved.



When the clean-up began, the tekoteko, amo, maihi, side wall pou and the ceiling Heke from the front porch of Hineringa were carefully removed and taken over to the Raupunga school building and stored. The charring on the tekoteko was made stable as much as possible, under the direction of Dean Whiting from the NZ Historic Places Trust.

A few Heke and kowhaiwhai panels survive from the Te Huki mahau have been restored and incorporated into the new building.



ARTISTS

Dorothy Waetford *Ngāti Wai*

Davina Dukes *Ngāti Wai*



Title: **E rū ana te whenua**
Medium: *Ceramic, saggar-fired*

E rū ana te whenua

E papā ana te whatitiri

Auē, auē, te wehi

*Tēnei te reo whakatūpato ki te iwi
katoa*

Tahuri, huri mai ki te ao wairua

Haere, haere mai ki āhau

Composed by:
Te Moananui-a-Kiwa Anaru



'The earth shudders with the signs of mounting pressure, and the skies crack with thunder.' I interpret the korero of this moteatea as forewarning for people to restore spiritual balance within themselves.

The artwork for Te Huki began with the figure. At the time of making, Eyjafjallajökull erupted in Iceland causing major disruptions to air travel across Europe.

This set the scene that influenced the rest of the piece.

So then the whānau gathered at the many ongoing hui to discuss the reality of the rebuilding of a totally new Marae. We now needed to consider what would best suit our present day community that would be manageable by future generations. The Marae, a major asset in any small Maori community, needed to not only serve the cultural, whānau functions of the hapū, but would offer wider resource and business possibilities.



Tony Gemmell Marie Moses Nell Adsett Koaea Pene Roger Aranui Doug Putaranui



Sophie Keefe



Ted Waaka, Dave Stone, Joe Northover



*The Honourable MP
Parekura Horomia,
encouraging the whānau*



Many ideas were put forward



Not all the dreams however could be accomplished with the putea in hand



Charlie King



Parekura Horomia Mei Whaitiri

After many meetings, identifying working responsibilities, the practicalities and concept designs for the new complex, a plan was eventually arrived at. Whānau came from far and wide, offering their respective skills and support.

A design was settled on, architectural plans were drawn up, and a putea was organised for the first stage. Local man Fred Niblett, a successful building contractor based in Wellington, was chosen to attend to the total rebuild of our Marae.



RAURINGA MA

Fred Niblett

Son of Jack Niblett and Jane Stuart

Korero by Fred

Fred, where did you do your schooling?

I was educated firstly at Raupunga primary school and then the family moved to Napier, and I went to Napier Intermediate and Napier Boys High School. While at high school Maori Affairs came,

and were offering Trainee Building apprenticeships. I went to Christchurch. There was also John Stuart, Gemmell's son, he came down the same time as me and we stayed at Te Kaihanga, trade training hostel.

I finished my training, and at 21 went into the building business. I lived in Christchurch for 15 years and married Christine Hikuroa from Hawera in Taranaki. Her mother was a Hamlin connected to the Wairoa Hamlin whānau. We have five children. We then shifted to Wellington in 1983, basically to be closer to family and carried on the business there with a team of 8 to 10 people. I've built houses in Greymouth, Arthurs Pass and the Chatham Islands. Wellington is the place to build. There, I have mainly worked on renovations and architecturally designed houses.

With all the work in Wellington, why did you decide to do the Te Huki Rebuild?

I felt it was a privilege to be able to do that, to rebuild our marae. And being from Raupunga and working with a lot of the locals initially. It felt good to be able to pass on some of my knowledge.

Do you think it's feasible to explore a carpentry training initiative for our Rangatahi using the resources that all our marae can offer?

Yes, they do it in the city so why not here. I know there are people here who would jump at the opportunity to learn the building trade. In the training process, they can do work around our marae or even build houses in the area. They would have to work under a licensed builder or tutor.



Thanks Fred. The building looks great and is a credit to you.



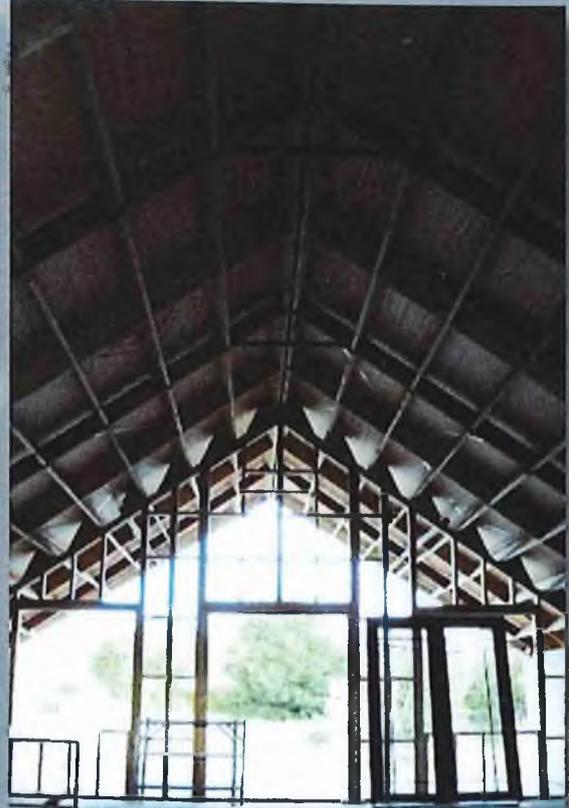
Preparing the site



The foundations



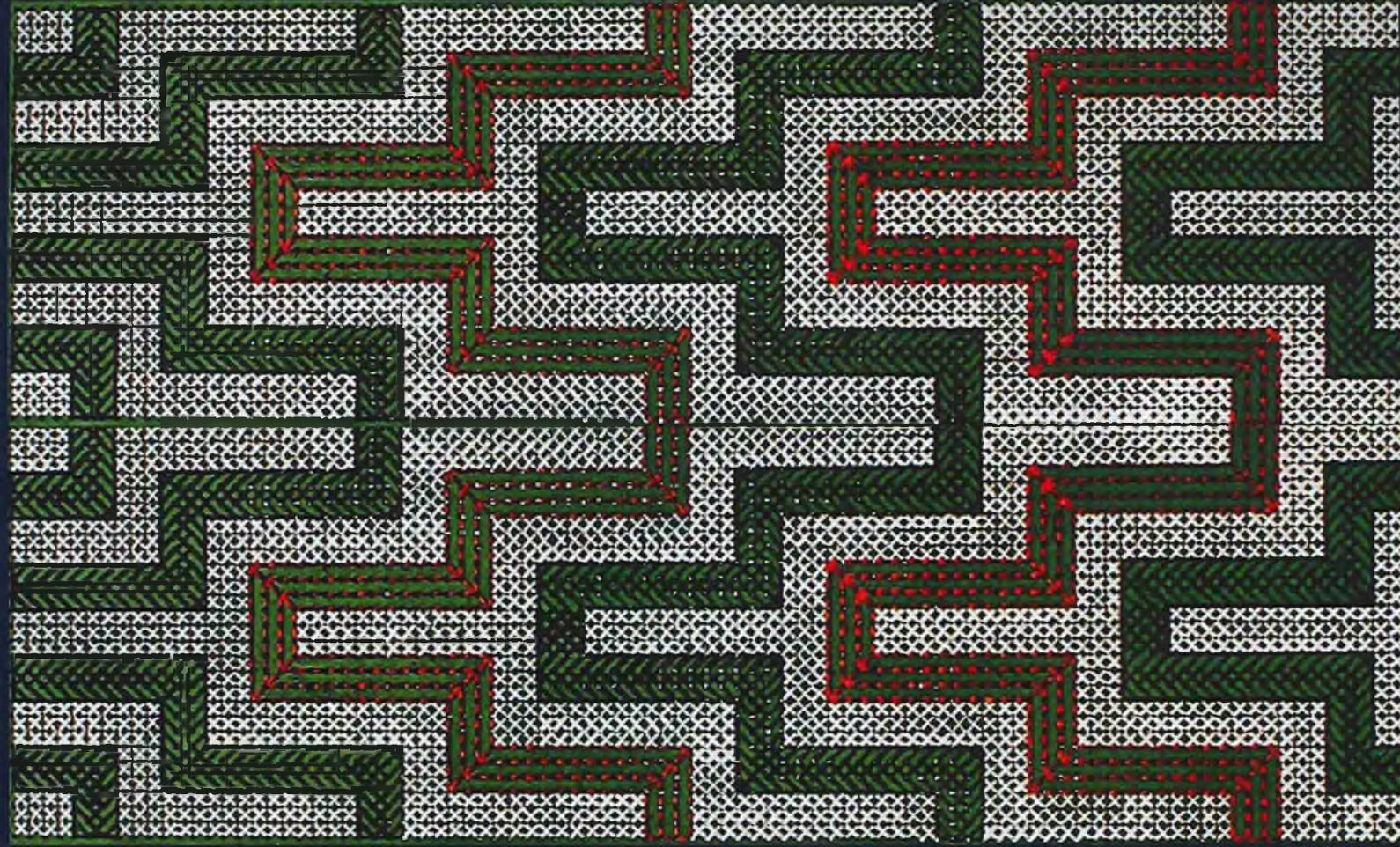
The buildings begin to rise



Edward Te Kahika

Under the very meticulous direction of Ruku Wainohu and Edward Te Kahika, the large slabs of timber milled by the Rangatahi from the trees bordering the marae sports field were carefully chiselled, spliced, rasped, stained and painstakingly erected to create the special interior design and frontage of the new whare.





Poutama pattern

TUKU TUKU



The whānau began to assist with the preparation and making of the tukutuku panels.

2400 x 1200mm sheets of double holed peg board were sawn into panels 1200 x 400mm and painted black, red or green.

Unlike traditional tukutuku panels which used the toetoe stalk as the back verticals and Totara hand hewn slats for the front horizontal, the pegboard enabled a more diverse weave to be created.

The traditional weaving material of kiekie and the sea grass Pingao were gathered and prepared. There was the addition of a large quantity of kiekie brought and gifted by Ngāi Tahu and pingao came from various whānau and friends.

Two main patterns for the cross stitch tukutuku panels were designed. There was a diagonal, and a horizontal, perpendicular

pattern arrangement. Both had variations.

The weaving fibre, Pingao, which dries a strong yellow, was able to pass through the pegboard hole up to 10 times. This made for interesting possibilities in the patterns.

The Preparation



Kiekie was harvested, stripped, blanched and hung to dry.

Kiekie was then submerged into large pots of boiling red, black, Green or yellow dye for 20 minutes.



Tureiti Moxen

Then, the weaving of the tukutuku began.



Tangi Taunoa Michelle Ferris



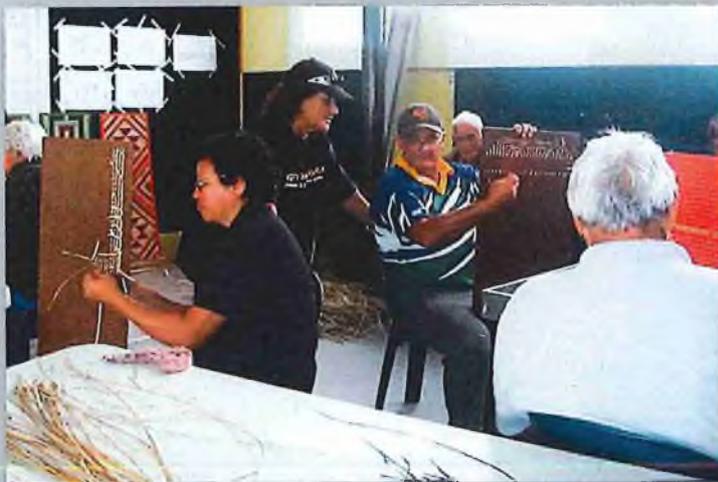
Whānau from Ataarangi, Wairoa



Julie Hawkins-Kira



Caroline Wainohu



Marie Moses Jan Huata Lew MacDonell



Jasmine Adsett



POUTAMA

Many of the whānau who reside in other regions offered their support and skill to attend the artworks. Rauhina Wainohu-Higgins and Olga Eriha-Robinson came over from Murupara to see what they could do and returned home with materials and patterns in hand and created their POUTAMA tukutuku panel.

Kowhaiwhai pattern by Cody Hollis



RAURINGA MA

Sir Tipene O'Regan and Ranui Ngarimu

Not long after the fire I received a phone call from a friend and colleague Ranui Ngarimu. Asking, if we would like some kiekie that the weavers of poutini Ngāi Tahu, would gather for us. I felt truly honoured with such a generous awahi from Ranui, who is a highly respected weaver and leader in the Raranga and arts committees, knowing not only how precious this resource is, but also the amount of work entailed in all aspects of the harvesting. Our whānau was even more honoured when a group of 16 from Ngāi Tahu, led by Sir Tipene O'Regan and Ranui brought their taonga; a hugely generous amount of the precious Kiekie, to present to Ngāti Pahauwera (which totally blew us away).

It was also during a conversation about our whare rebuild with Tipene when he visited, that he reminisced on how he missed the enclosed warmth of the older style of whare.

That comment became an important factor in the realising of the interior design of our whare.

Thank you Tipene, that korero resulted in our considering of minimising window placements and selecting colours based on nature to hopefully achieve a restful atmosphere.



Ranui gathering Kie Kie





TUKUTUKU ARTISTS

Waiariki Kara

The mana of the whenua was very precious to my Tūpuna and it still is to be today. I refuse to sell any of my land shares that have been left to me. My marae is my Turangawaewae and through my Tūpuna I am able to say "Nō konei ahau".

Marjorie Joe

The tukutuku panels are named "Arakanihi", 'ara' meaning pathway, 'kanihi' adapted from the word konihi meaning creep. Because of the dangerous terrain and bush clad cliffs one had to creep and be very careful. The first section of the panel depicts Purapura Whetu representing the population of the area. The downward lines depict the singles files of men and their careful movement and in between the young people who lost their lives while tending their gardens (maara kai). The second section of this panel shows the strength and bravery of the women in their stand against the odds. Among the women are the elderly, who assisted in the defence of their pa's but also met their fate. The horizontal lines across the panel depict the children sheltered in holes by their mothers during the foray. The bottom section is a depiction of the marauders who move on leaving desolation, fire, destruction and death.

Whatu ngarongaro ngā koroua / kuia

ngā wahine /whaea

ngā tamariki / mokopuna hoki

Toitu te whenua

The design - my perception of "Te Arakanihi" the story of Taua silently creeping through the bush by treading in the footsteps of their leader. The linear perspective depicts the sinister purpose of travel and the colours used identify nature. The second piece reflects singular footprints to avoid notice of multiple numbers. The middle piece has linear arriving at a point which is another part of Pahauwera history. I enjoyed painting; it brought to mind concepts of warfare and purpose of action.



I enjoyed weaving which has a story and I use my imagination to interpret that story. The pingao we harvested from Himatangi beach and that task was a lesson on its own. The pingao hung in my garage for twenty years or more just waiting for the right time to be used. I am so happy that it has been woven and that the tukutuku panel tells us a historical story.



The Whānau had a go at tukutuku weaving as well as painting the kowhaiwhai panels



Tangi Taunoa

The first panel (*Tawhirirangi*) was an eye opener for Kathleen (Haji) and I. The panel was designed by Sandy. We found that people wanted to learn but never had the patience, make a mistake and they walk away and left Haji and I to correct the mistakes. We were having lots of problems with the pingao; it was changing colour if it was left damp too long. However, we overcame that by just doing a bit at a time. Pingao we found, had to be just damp enough to be able to thread through the holes of the board, too dry it splits. This panel was a joy to do, the more we worked on it, it became part of us.

Took us 16 days to do this panel.

The second panel (*Matariki*) - looking at the panel our thoughts were... "Wow this is going to be a challenge". Sandy designed these patterns they were very intricate, took us a while to focus but once we started to weave everything fell into place. Ten pingao whenu into the one hole was an achievement – our first thoughts were "how are we going to do that?" To be able to do that I just downsized the pingao to fit into the hole and the more we did the faster we went and the pattern looked so awesome, we couldn't stop the panels becoming part of us, it seemed to keep pulling us into the pattern. You may think us crazy but believe me it's one of the most awesome feelings - try it.

Preparation of the pingao is very important, as I said, depending on the size of the holes on the panel. This is a time consuming job. I find if you put too much in warm water you have to wait about half hour for the pingao to soften. I used a dressing making pin to prepare the pingao, but one has to be careful, the Pākehā call it cutting grass because of the sharp razor edges.

Don't trim the bottoms until after you have trimmed the whole whenu. Reason is because it softens most of the whenu after being soaked.

Prepare only a few at a time, too long in a damp cloth softens it and makes it very hard to use.

Enjoy, learn as you weave. Making mistakes is an everyday occurrence, but enjoy.

Many problems we found using pingao, talk about stressing us out; we soon overcame that by persevering. We really enjoyed the work, taking us to early hours of the morning as the pattern grew, this made us more determined to carry on.

My niece, Haji, and I worked as a team, if she saw an easier way she would suggest it. We spent many hours just gazing at the panels and talking about what we could see and feel. The more we worked on the panels the easier it became. The biggest shock for me was actually doing up a pattern. Creating a pattern isn't as hard as I thought. My niece, Haji, also added her piece of art, actually she sat up till late putting it onto the panel. The last panel was number eight made us both feel that we had achieved what we had aimed to do. Every panel to Haji and I were 3 dimensional. These panels are named "Ka Puawai" as in the Whakatauki, "Kia tipu tonu koutou ake, ake ake. May you grow on for ever and ever."



KOWHAIWHAI

These traditional patterns were imbued with their own mauri, or life force, specific to the required expression of the tribal group for which they are created.

The most important painted patterns are found mainly on the interior rafters of meeting houses. These ceiling rafters were often seen as the ribs of the ancestor that the house personified.

Artworks of carving, weaving, painting, that embellish whare, relate to legends, beliefs and stories of the tribe. Some cultures, believed, that to imitate realistically the images of nature, could incur the anger of the creators. They were afraid that the Gods would become angry with mere mortals trying to be like them. For Maori, the creator was a god called Io. It was said, that he was so sacred, his existence was known only to the highborn chiefs and priests. Perhaps, they also may have believed that to imitate the creations of Io, was dangerous. Whatever the reason, realism was mainly avoided and a highly decorative abstract form of art evolved.



In Kowhaiwhai, a distinct, single shape motif emerged, that appeared to have been derived from the spiral pattern it became a popular design motif for Maori artists this curvilinear scroll shape ending in a circular head was likened to the uncurling fern frond. This motif was given the name Koru, and is often interpreted to represent birth or new growth.

Many connecting, positive, negative, unit repeat patterns using this koru symbol were designed by our Tipuna. Contrasting colours of light and dark, (possibly influenced by the weaving arts, like in a small mat, where the top and underside of the flax blades create a uniformity of image, in size and colour), may have also supported the religious belief of Tapu (that which is sacred) and Noa (that which is common). In the more traditional rafter designs, the positive design, in a light colour, tends to cover half the space, while the other half, the negative space, is painted with a combination of red and black. There are numerous and varying tribal interpretations for many of the patterns.

Traditionally, three colours dominated. – Red ochre, from crushed stone, (kokowai) Black from soot, and a whitish grey, from clay. These pigments were often mixed with shark oil to produce an easy flowing paint. Simple brushes made from flax fibre or crushed bracken fern were commonly used.



Theresa Thornton



Ruku Wainohu Will Adsett

The closed Raupunga School became the main site for the home-folk and their Art making



Rad Keen, Marshall Crewther, Ford Hooper, Hoani Haenga



Painting at the Toimairangi Studios



Constructing the multi panels



Davron Adsett



Arlo Hiko Casey Whaitiri-Tapara

Painting at the Toimairangi Studios



Doug Putaranui Mia Adsett-Skipper Debbie Keefe and mokopuna



Earl Heke



Michelle and Eddie Gilbert



ARTISTS

Mike Tupaea

Waikato / Ngāpuhi

Kia ora Mike. Tell us about your artwork

The red figure in my panel symbolises Pine Taiapa, the Tohunga whakairo of Ngāti Porou. The mentor of many of our contemporary artists, and the influences he has left with us.

The kowhaiwhai pattern, mangopare, that's in behind the figure, represents the unknown, the unseen. It's an acknowledgement of the ancestral realm and that of today's as Pine Taiapa would have faced in his generation.

So, how do you describe your style of work?

My style of work is based on etching into wood. I use high gloss paint so that the viewer will see their reflection when they look into the work. Seeing themselves within the work itself. In my art piece it is about Pine Taiapa and his translations of the ancient traditions, and his own work.

And you are comfortable to have your work go into the whare

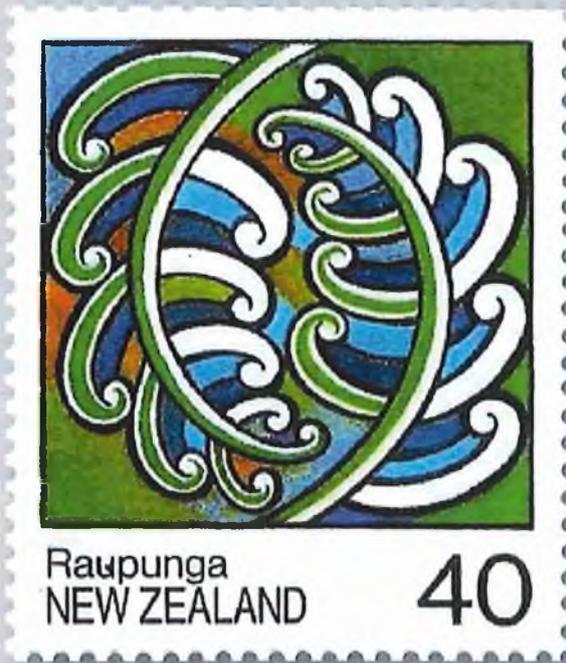
It was an honour to be asked, especially for our association and affiliation we have had over the years. Yes, and also what I have realised is that if I hold true to the kaupapa or to the traditions behind those inherited patterns, but then, how to translate that into a modern form. I ask myself, how do I make my art relevant now but still identify as being Maori. My personal journey over the last four years has been about, what the originals look like and how did I achieve the essence of what they were... I hope the hapū relate to the work.

They do, and many thanks Mike



New Zealand Stamp Collection 1988

In 1987, I was invited by New Zealand Post to design a 60 cent, three 40 cent stamps and envelope for issue the following calendar year. The Royal philatelic Society of New Zealand organised a "Royal 100" national philatelic exhibition in Wellington during October 1988 to mark 100 years of organised philately in New Zealand. The invitation was to design a set of four stamps featuring a Maori theme. I thought what the hell; I'll give it a go. And I may as well sneak the Raupunga pattern in as one of the four designs. However, I was also required to explain the meanings of the designs.



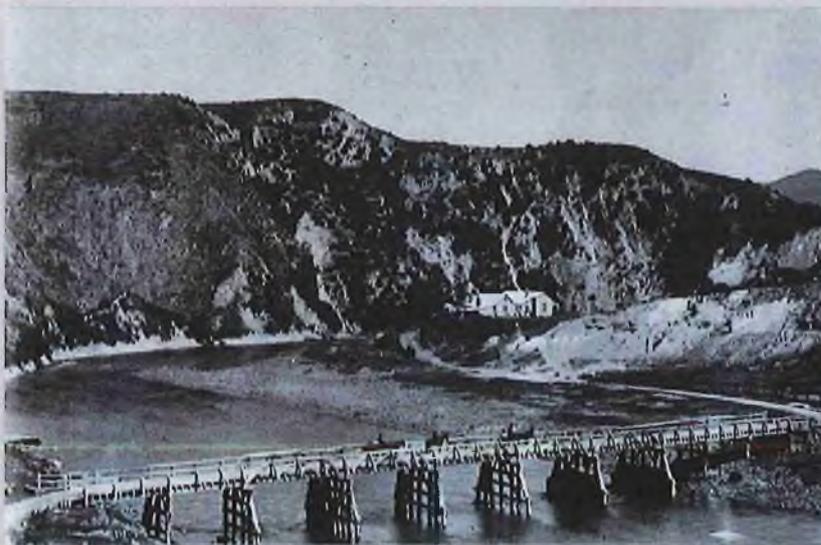
Raupunga – 40 cent Stamp

This stamp design is a rearrangement of a pattern created for the meeting house Te Huki at Raupunga, Hawkes Bay.

The Raupunga Pattern:

In 1983, our Ngāti Pahauwera people built a much needed meeting house on the marae at Raupunga. After a tribal hui to discuss what to call the new whare, the name Te Huki, after one of the great tribal ancestors of Ngāti Kahungunu was chosen. To fully respect the mana this tīpuna had, the art concepts had to get acceptance.

Being responsible for the creating of the overall design for the whare, (as I had a few years earlier, opened my big mouth and said, let's build a meeting house) I explored the fern leaf pattern around the name Raupunga, as interpreted by Te Urupu. This design, to be use in a variety of unit repeats, on the rafters. This particular Raupunga fern leaf design, I also likened to a spreading tree top canopy, encompassing new growth and development.



The old Mohaka Coach Road bridge



THE TAHUHU.

The Tahuhu running the length of the ceiling of Te Huki carries the design "RAUPUNGA"

Many tribal meeting houses have the Mangopare pattern painted on the Tahuhu this ridge pole is sometimes considered the backbone of the personified ancestor the whare represents.

The name Raupunga evolved from an observation of Paora Te Urupu of a waterfall on his property. Fed by a creek the waterfall has a sheer drop of ten meters into a pool. The water as it resurfaces spreads out to the side of the pool forming leaf like ripples over the surface. The yellow ochre clay bottom of the shallow pool reflects through the water.

Paora combined the word RAU meaning leaf, and PUNGA being yellow, to name his property RAUPUNGA.

The rail pick up siding for the wool bales from the farm, which had Raupunga stamped on them, soon became known as the Raupunga railway station. When the school was built the name was also given to the school, and then the immediate surrounding area.

"HINERINGA" Heke

These heke designed and painted by Mere Tomoana whose parents were Muera Hawkins of Mohaka and Margaret Bashford of Waikato.

Mere has taken images from the old birth house Hineringa, destroyed in the Fire and extended the kowhaiwhai by creating new patterns, depicting other stories associated with Pahauwera. The respect of the style and colour palette of the tipuna artists who originally enhanced Hineringa has also influenced Mere in her own artwork.

We have named this heke, HINERINGA.



"PAPAUMA" Heke

Listen to PAPAUMA, the sacred messenger of TUPAI.

Kia ako, ko te karere tapu a Tupai

The legendary messenger that could take form of a bird.

Tupai was the remaining Rangatira and guardian of the sacred symbols on the Takitimu waka. As they passed the mouth of the Waikare river, TUPAI after an incantation, cast up a small carved wooden rod named a PAPAUMA (a representation of birdlife). The PAPAUMA receiving life, then flew over the mountain as instructed, to see whether the land beyond was suitable for settlement. The bird returned to Tupai informing him of the ruggedness of the terrain. Tupai after deliberation sailed southwards to Heretaunga to look for more suitable settlement for his people.



"MAUNGA HARURU" Heke

This pattern is acknowledging the story of the naming of Maunga Haruru by Tupai, the rangatira commanding the Takitimu waka, as it sailed south from Wairoa.

In Mitchells book TAKITIMU, is related that Tupai, viewing the distant mountain range sent Papauma, his messenger in the form of a bird to survey the lands beyond the highest mountain. As the messenger flew over the mountain it rumbled. Returning to the waka the bird told Tupai that the land beyond was inhospitable. Tupai named the mountain Maunga Haruru, (mountain that Rumbles) and continued to sail south.



“MOHAKA AWA” Heke

This pattern shows the winding nature of the swift flowing river and the bush clad banks and cliffs as it passes through Ngāti Pahauwera lands.



“WHAREHOU” Heke

This pattern engages in variations of rectilinear designs that dominated both end walls of Hineringa, the birth house. The name WHAREHOU, represent in the design, the strong upward movement of the building construction that is the new Te Huki.

“TE URUROA” Heke

Designed for the Ngāti Kahungunu Waka “Te Matau a Maui” and now incorporated in Te Huki with a whakatauāki to support our journey ahead.

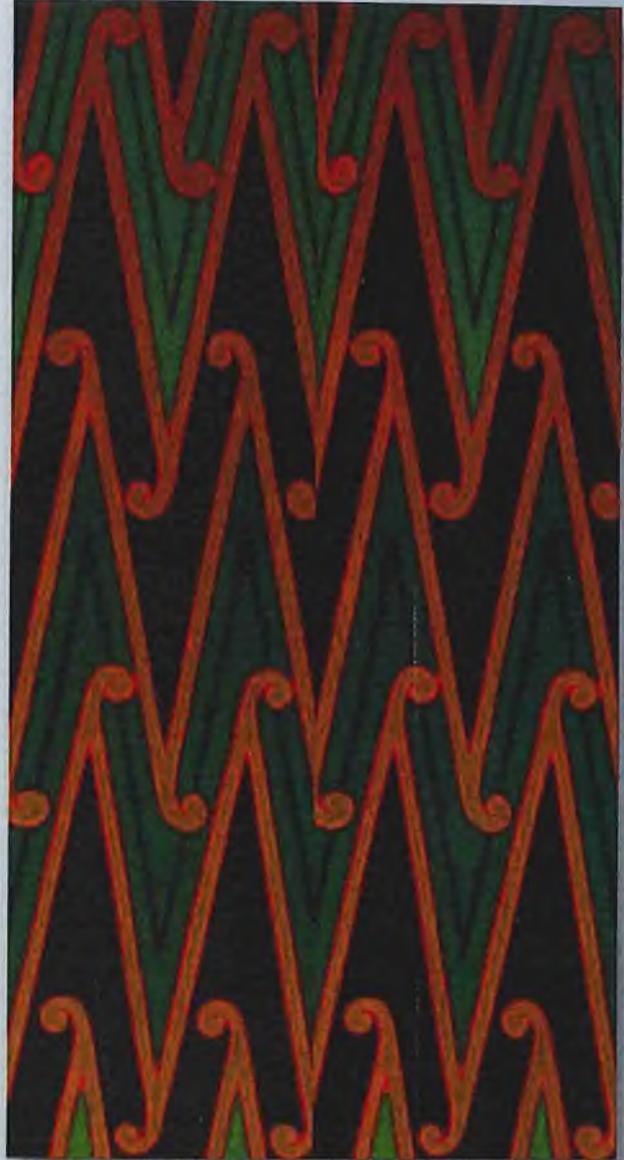
***Kia tere to tātou waka,
me he Ururoa terewai***

Let our Waka cut the water like the flashing Shark



"MOKO PUHORO" Heke

*Whakamanaatia te puhoro
Kia mana, a koe te Puhoro
Wear the moko puhoro with mana*



Mai a Hawaiki, Ki Hawaiki

*From HAWAIKI we came
To HAWAIKI we will return*



"HAWAIKI"

“ TOIMAIRANGI”

The art from the realm of the Sky Father

This heke was created from stories of the 12 realms of RANGI A IO. The degree level students of Toimairangi, each took one of the realms, with their associated tales to create their small painting in their own particular art style. Each realm was divided along the heke, with the POUTAMA pattern, a design which acknowledges pathways for learning.





ARTISTS

Matiu Scott

Ki Tai Ki Uta

Te Wainohu was the man who was given the name of 'Te Kahu-o-te-Rangi' by

Te-o-Tane. It was Te Wainohu who saved his life after he was betrayed by Taiwhakauka. Te Kahu-o-te-Rangi became the fore-father of the principal tribe of Mohaka known as Ngāti Pahauwera. Te Kahu-o-te-Rangi meaning the 'cloak of heaven' was the name given to the fighting girdle of Te-o-Tane. This 'cloak of heaven' appeared as a rainbow on the sea just outside the mouth of the Wairoa River.

Upon seeing this rainbow Te-o-Tane was confident of victory.

This colourful slice of history conjured up a challenging image. An image that became the basis of the direction I was blindly charging into. All I could see was curly, koru shapes floating in space. Maybe the sea? Placed haphazardly here and there were banners of colour. Rainbow type things I guess. Turning this into a two dimensional image was not going to be easy. Hang on a minute. Can it be done three dimensionally??? Nah may be not. After several quick sketches had sailed into the circular filing cabinet it dawned upon me that this was rapidly turning into a bad idea.

Focus. Focus. Focus. O-ka-yyyy. The Mohaka River. Can't leave that out. Sooooo, the koru shapes stay. That will be the river. Great start!!! Very original.

What's up with the river? Why the river. Food. Fish. Life. Transport. Waka. Hangi stones. Hangi stones??? Yes!! Something different. Good. But how to make them part of the kowhaiwhai without making them part of the kowhaiwhai?? They are there but not there. Seen but not visible. Like looking at the river and not seeing the rocks. Hangi stones? Grey? That's it. Yes. Got to get grey in there somehow..... maybe not.

Ok, where am I up to? Wavy blue koru for the river? Hangi stones? Not quite happy with a single koru. Maybe another koru or kape in there somewhere.....Nah.....That doesn't feel right?

What about two interlocking koru?? Yes. Of course. Te Kahu-o-te-Rangi. Not the complete belt/girdle thingy but a single thread of two interlocking strands of harakeke. The basic element of construction. Damn. Now the stones clutter the overall image. Too much. Too busy. Too much happening. Need to simplify the images. How to get rid of those stones but hold on to the concept of hangi stones???



ARTIST **Matiu Scott**

Think I'll go with a simple blue koru for the Mohaka River flowing out to the sea. Waves?? I need white in there somewhere.....Got it. The centre of the koru will be white. This is where the river meets the sea. The white crests of the waves as the two waters meet. Yes that looks..... ok-ish.

Now the second koru. Two dimensional or three dimensional??? There must be a way to convey the notion of depth two dimensionally. Thicken the outlines of one koru??? No that doesn't quite work here like it does on an architectural drawing. Damn.....

What about.....mayyy-beee.....yes..... If I interlock them one behind the other and alternate them. Yes. The notion of a singular two dimensional movement portrayed in the curvilinear form of the koru is enhanced by the concentric interlocking spiral helix image of the two koru twisting about them. Similar to the weaving and twisting of two chords of harakeke used in the making of the war girdle???????? Sounds good anyway.

I am going to make the second koru green. Why? Why not? The only three reasons I can think of are- Harakeke. Green. Mohaka River. Green. The natural rolling hill country of Raupunga I Mohaka. Green.

Mahi

Right. Hangi stones??? I am sure there are other places where you can find hangi stones. However all the hangi stones I have seen or used have come out of the Mohaka River. They hold a special place in the history of Ngāti Pahauwera and should therefore be recognized in some way shape or form. A kowhaiwhai image seems appropriate. But how to do it without drawing rocks all over the place??? 101 Dalmatians come to mind.

It's times like this that you feel you are caught between a rock and a hard place.

Forget the rock, its shape, its form. Think instead of the qualities or characteristics it has. How can I draw an image of one of those qualities, one of the characteristics??? (You must admit it's pretty amazing. Can you think of anything else that occurs naturally and performs in the same unbelievable manner. Outstandingly unique).

I give up. I can't so I won't. However the state it portrays in its natural setting does intrigue me. It is not physically attractive.... if you think rocks can be attractive. But, a rock, because of its shape, texture and colour does attract attention and people in the way that only a rock can. The hangi stone does not attract attention to itself. It is unobtrusive. Easily overlooked. The qualities it has are not obvious. Grey, boring, plain and an unexciting look about it. It appears to have no practical use at all. No potential at all. And yet given the right set of conditions, its true talents, its hidden potential can be unlocked. All interesting stuff I'm sure, but how the hell to portray these things in a two dimensional image ??

Blue. Green. White..... Grey??? Not the greatest combination of colours is it? The one predictable thing about art is that it is unpredictable.

Grey seems to fit the bill. So grey it is. The grey of the Mohaka river hangi stone.

The long flowing white koru is a late addition. It had no original purpose or meaning other than to fill an empty space. I was looking for something to balance the small white koru in the green and blue koru. They originally alternated in colour. Red followed by white followed by red. White looks more dramatic. What do you think?

Day 10

Ngāti Pahauwera. Pahauwera. Pahau - *beard*. Wera - *hot, burnt*. That's an opportunity waiting to be depicted. But how can I fit that into the kowhaiwhai. Wera. Flame. Hot. What colour is a flame? Yellow? Orange? Red? Blue? Green? Indigo? Violet? Yes it is possible to find all these colours in a flame. They are also the colours of the rainbow. Rainbow. Small world. Can't use them all though..... I'll go with red. Red to represent the rainbow. That's how red appeared at the edges of the green and blue koru.



Mahi

I was dreading the removal of the masking tape because I knew there was going to be this ugly great black boarder I would have to deal with. Thanks Sandy.

I admit it. I was stumped. In desperation I gave up and left it sitting on a bench top. A couple of days later I was shaving and nicked myself. I looked in the mirror and saw that apart from the few renegade white bristles the majority of the beard was black. Between the black bristles was a single line of red. That was good enough for me. The next day the black boarder had a thin red line through it. Pahau - *Beard (black)*. Wera-Hot (*red*).

If you believe any of this then you will absolutely love this next bit, but not so much the last bit.

Tangi tu ki te tai, maunga haruru ki uta. For some weird unknown reason this expression popped into my mind when I had completed the interlocking blue and green koru? So I did a bit of reading and asked a few questions....as you do when you don't quite know what you are doing. Coincidence, over stimulated brain activity or my favourite - (the comment seen on a few of my school reports) 'great imagination.' Take your pick. I am not sure myself. A bit of all three I guess. But of all the possible interpretations, this expression 'Tangi tu ki te tai, maunga haruru ki uta' is the one that comes to mind when I look at this kowhaiwhai pattern.

Now the last bit. The bit you might not like. I am not going to give you the story of 'Tangi tu ki te tai, maunga haruru ki uta.' This is where you can be part of the journey. Find out what it means. Look at this kowhaiwhai again. Find the following things within. The fighting girdle known as Te Kahu-o-te-Rangi, mangopare - *hammer head shark*, aka-turihanga - *fern root*, the purifying winds of Maunga Haruru, the river currents of the Mohaka River, Pahauwera-coastal, Pahauwera-inland, and lastly the image of the special relationship they shared.

Kia Ora.

Matiu

The carving, weaving and painted artworks were installed in the Whare

The HEKE panels which are wider than usual, were boxed framed, between the rough sawn shadow cladding on the ceiling. The Tukuruku and painted panels on the side walls were divided by the large slabbed timber on all four sidewalls.



The tahuhu with the Raupunga Pattern running its length



Michelle Mataira and Casey Whaitiri-Tapara, tutors at TOIMAIRANGI organised and managed a very successful Maori Arts programme KAWAI RAUPAPA which focused on Marae arts making activities being done for the new Te Huki marae development. This Te Wananga o Aotearoa Level Three Arts Certificate attracted over 40 course participants. Kowhaiwhai design and Tukutuku weaving workshops and tutorials were run at the vacant Raupunga School and at Toimairangi in Hastings. Committed Pahauwera, and supporters, enjoyed their artmaking experiences, engaging in research on whakapapa, keeping journals, and documenting their course progress, under Michelle's tutorship

The successful graduates proudly received their certificates at a ceremony held in the War Memorial Centre in Napier, 2008.

We extend our grateful aroha to Casey and Michelle.



Walariki Kara Jan Huata Nell Adsett Koaia Pene Ani Keefe Francis Clark Rene Stuart Henry Pene

The whānau receive their Level Three “Māori Visual Arts TOHU” from Te Wānanga o Aotearoa at the Graduation Ceremony 2009, Napier War Memorial.



ARTIST

Michelle Mataira

Rakaipaaka, Te Whatuiapiti

Toimairangi Arts Degree Graduate and tutor

I have made some lifelong friends through these adventures in art, I've stayed awake for far too many hours completing artwork or just talking and laughing but always with plenty of fine company (or should I say partners in crime). I look forward to discovering where art will take me next, either here in Aotearoa or somewhere across the seas.

I had the great privilege of being part of the teaching team that ran an arts programme through Te Wananga o Aotearoa with the whanau of Raupunga. It was great to see the whanau get in touch with their creative side, do things they'd never done before like pick up paintbrushes to paint their stories, prepare kiekie and thread it through small holes and keep the tension for tukutuku panels; it was all undertaken with such zeal they were infectious. I particularly enjoyed hearing the whanau stories of the area, their memories of growing up and the love of each other and their marae. Seeing the whanau graduate and get a tohu for work they would have done in a heartbeat was marvellous. It's a great feeling to be connected to these artworks in Raupunga. I think for any Maori artist having your work in a marae and particularly a wharenui is one of the greatest opportunities in an arts career and going on the journey to the marae with the whanau from Raupunga makes it particularly special.



Sandy Nell Bill



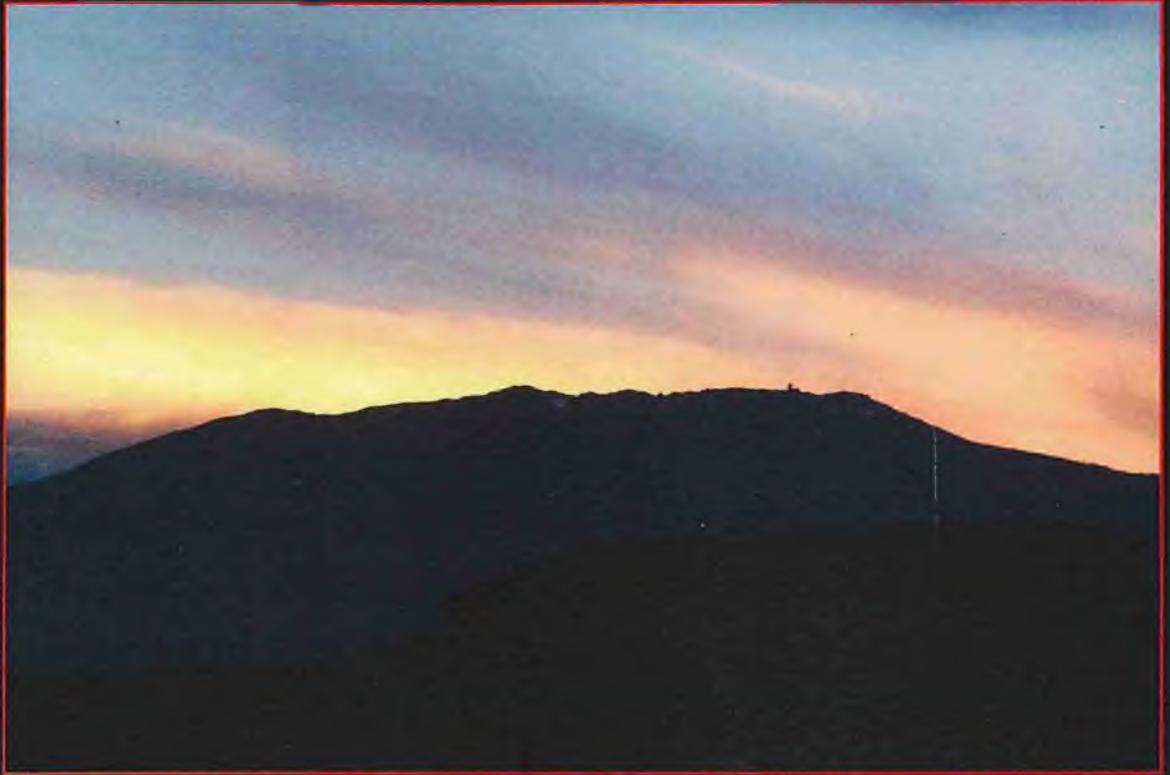
Sandy

Kia ora

Ngati Pahauwera Marae stay strong

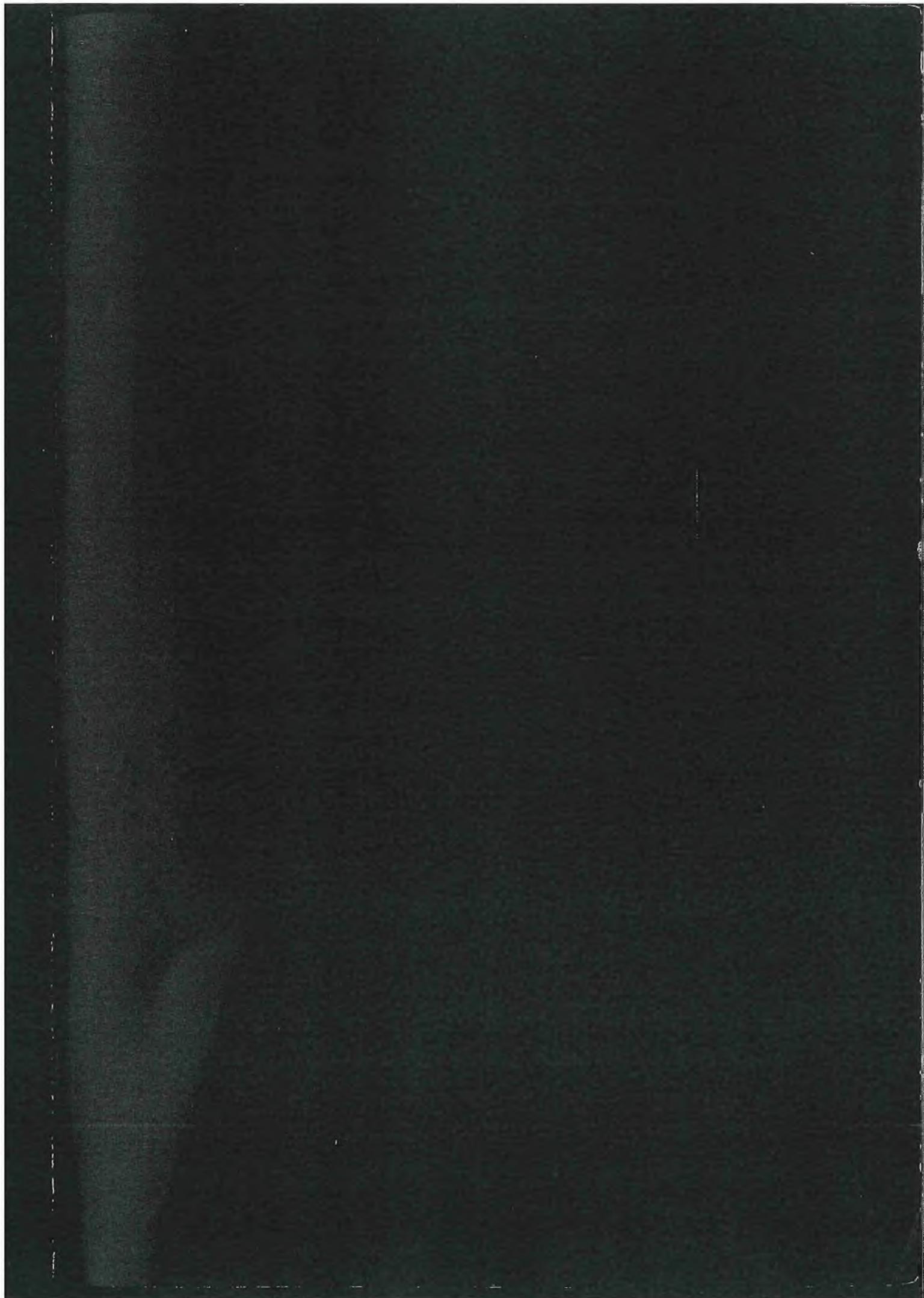
Thanks whanau for helping with our publication. The sharing of your family stories and photographs I'm sure will bring back good memories for many of us. This book has also been about an arts journey we have been participating in, in one way or another, over the years. Our marae have always culturally attended our families and we're readily given attention to their upkeep and enhancement. From the building of Kahau o Te Rangī, Hineringa, Kurahikakawa, the Round Hall at Mohaka during the turn of last century, to Te Maara o Ngata at Kahungunu and Te Huki at Raupunga, our people have had a go at carving, weaving and painting. We have done it in our own way and it's been a journey of ownership and achievement for Pahauwera. And we are still having a go.

Let's hope that this mahi continues on through the lives of future mokopuna and that all our



Maunga Haruru

As our story goes to print, the new Te Huki Marae complex has yet to be fully completed .





PAHAUWERA



TOIMAIRANGI



Te Wānanga o Aotearoa

“K”

Reti Wananga



Toro Waaka photo 1: Making a Reti Board at Wananga



Toro Waaka photo 2: Colin Culshaw teaching the class



Toro Waaka photo 3: In the kitchen



Toro Waaka photo 4: On the side of the Mohaka River, before launching Reti boards

This is the exhibit marked “K” referred to in the affidavit of Toro Waaka affirmed at

Napier this 5th day of

December 2014 before me

Signature:  **Cara Bennett**
Solicitor
Napier

A Solicitor of the High Court of New Zealand /Justice of the Peace





Toro Waaka photo 5: Reti in the water



Toro Waaka photo 6: Reti in the water



Toro Waaka photo 7: Reti in the water



Toro Waaka photo 8: Reti in the water



Toro Waaka photo 9: On the side of the Mohaka River, after reti have been launched



Toro Waaka photo 10: Caught a kahawai

Rafting and Fishing



Toro Waaka photo 11: Rafting Trip



Toro Waaka photo 12: Rafting Trip



Toro Waaka photo 13: Rafting Trip



Toro Waaka photo 14: Fishing at Mohaka Beach

“L”



Kopututanga Taonga o Te Wairoa
PO Box 390, Wairoa 4160, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand
142 Marine Parade, Wairoa 4108, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand
(06) 838-3108
info@wairoamuseum.org.nz
www.wairoamuseum.org.nz

6th November 2014.

To whom it may concern.

Wairoa Museum continues to foster a positive working relationship with Ngati Pahauwera, which began several years ago. The following is a list of taonga the Wairoa Museum holds with Ngati Pahauwera provenance or relevance. These taonga are cared for by the Wairoa Museum under several different arrangements.

Photographs



Many images of people, Mohaka, the Mohaka Viaduct, the Mohaka river, Raupunga, Waihua, Waikare and Putorino - all of which fall in the Ngati Pahauwera domain. The above is a selection of these. Donated to the Wairoa Museum.

Tumataroa Memorabilia



This collection consists of mementos sent home from overseas by the Tumataroa brothers during WWII. On deposit with semi-formal arrangements with the custodian of these taonga.

Stone Sinker Z10568



Ownership awarded through Taonga Tuturu legislation to Ngati Pahauwera Development Trust. On deposit, for safe-keeping, from Ngati Pahauwera Development Trust to Wairoa Museum.

Conch & harakeke kono



This is the exhibit marked "L" referred to in the affidavit of Toro Edward Reginald Waaka affirmed at Napier this 5th day of December 2014 before me
[Signature]
Signature: *[Signature]*
A Solicitor of the High Court of New Zealand / Justice of the Peace

Cara Bennett
Solicitor
Napier

Presented to Ngati Pahauwera at one of their settlement signings. On deposit, for safe-keeping, from Ngati Pahauwera Development Trust to Wairoa Museum.

[Handwritten signature]

St. Georges Church Bible 84/55



Presented to St George's Church, Mohaka by R. Norman Strachan 24th April 1880. Donated to the Wairoa Museum.

Toki 97/44



Found on knoll above seaside of Kakaka Creek, Mohaka. Found approx 300mm below ground, the knoll is one of two that may be the Waiparuparu Pa site. Donated to the Wairoa Museum.

Reti-board 84/525/2



This reti-board has no provenance. Donated to the Wairoa Museum.

Crabtree Fossil Collection



Collected from Mangahouanga Stream. Fossils of New Zealand dinosaurs over 65 million years old. Purchased by the Wairoa Museum.

Yours faithfully,



Mike Spedding, Director.