

IN THE MATTER

of the Treaty of
Waitangi Act 1975

AND

IN THE MATTER

of Remehio TE
MAUNGA
MANGAKAHIA of
Whangapoua and on
behalf of descendants
and whanau members
of HAMIORA
MANGAKAHIA

Brief of Evidence of Hinemoa Grace Bright

1. My name is Hinemoa Grace Bright. I'm the fourth daughter of Pareake Mangakahia (Bright). My date of birth was the 17th of the November 1943. My mother was the daughter of Hamiora Whakakoro Mangakahia and he was the second son of the first marriage of Hamiora Mangakahia and Pareake Ngapo. I have photographs of my parents. Hamiora Whakakoro lived in a house behind ours.

2. My canoe is Te Arawa, my hapu Ngati Pare and my iwi is Ngati Huarere. My sea is Whangapoua, my river is Pungapunga, and my mountain is Motutere. Today I stand here tall and proud and by my side are my tupuna shedding many tears of joy that at last their dreams are being realised. As long as I can remember this is what they have striven for - to have the injustices they suffered rectified. My heart is overflowing with love for my whanau who have worked so hard over the past few years to have our claim heard by the Waitangi Tribunal. Today I want to share with you some memories of our early years living on our land in Whangapoua and some of the stories that I was told by my tupuna.

Whangapoua

3. My earliest recollections of living in Whangapoua are happy ones, even though as I look back they were a struggle for us all. My father's life was always a battle looking for work to provide for our family. Our Pakeha farming neighbour, Bert Denize, was a good man and

gave Dad what work he could and we were very thankful for that. Being young I did not realise why our farm was not like our Pakeha neighbour's farm with cattle and sheep on it. But as the years went by, my mother explained the mortgage that Uncle Ruka and herself had acquired from the Maori Affairs to milk cows, build the cow shed, and build the house in 1937, and how difficult it was to meet their commitments because of the laws of the day. The house we lived in was only partly owned my parents and partly owned by my Uncle Ruka and Auntie Pano Waiti. This house was right up the straight where Tangiora's house was going towards the private property over the ford and around to the Denize's. Our house was up on a knoll. It was known as the Blight's home and it was only small. The biggest room was the kitchen, lounge and dining room, there was the double bedroom, and there were three little bedrooms and you could only fit a single bed in each room. There were five of us, my mother and father, Bert Bright and us kids. Later we were joined by Cheryl and Kaye, my parents grandchildren. Mum and dad brought them up from birth and because there is only a few years difference between us I have always considered them to be my sisters.

4. My father was pakeha from Gisborne. He met mum when he came down to Whangapoua working the bush - he was a bushman. Mum was cooking in the bush for all the workers and they married. They married in 1927 and lived there on and off between then and 1954. Living at Whangapoua at the same time as us were our Pakeha neighbours, Bert Denize, there was Waipapa Mangakahia (Reg and Winnie's father), and Tangiora's son and family. That was about it.

5. By today's standards we were a very poor family - we never owned a house, other than the one on the farm, and that was only partly owned. We never had a car, we never owned a washing machine or a fridge, or any of the luxuries that most other families had. My family did not drink, they did not gamble. Sickness was a worry living in Whangapoua. I can remember my mother becoming very ill and haemorrhaging. Dad had to ring a taxi to take Mum to Coromandel hospital - he booked the fare down and paid it off as he could. This was one more hurdle in their lives.

The Mangakahia/Bright Farm

6. Most of the time Ruka was in charge of the farm - both he and my mother had their names on the mortgage, but Uncle Ruka ran the farm. He did not marry so he lived with us all his life. Mum's sister, Pano, she married and went down the East Coast and we did not have much to

do with her as she was too far away. They needed the mortgage to buy cows and have a shed built, as well as tanks and fences. Manure and equipment such as fencing equipment - these goods would come out from the Maori Affairs every year, whether they wanted them or not. The fertiliser manure was sent to keep the land in production. Consequently the cream cheque was used up trying to repay the debt. Very little money was left over, if any. The cream lorry came over from Coromandel - the road was not too bad by this stage. The truck used to do the whole run of the rehab farms up in Te Rerenga and down our way. Boats were still coming in then - they would bring manure. We had a wharf then, and the boats were about 40 feet long or so - they had big masts in case their engines broke down. They would bring grain and manure to deposit in the shed on the wharf. We would play over there as kids, and the shed would be full with grain and manure. It was quite a big shed. We would have to collect the manure with the horses and dray.

7. My first vivid memories start from the time just before I started school in 1948. The farm was lovely at that time because Bert Denize had taken it over. Prior to that the farm was in disarray, fences were down. There was a lot of grasslands. Bert Denize improved the property - prior to that I do not remember but from what I can gather from my mother's correspondence it was in a bad state. Uncle Ruka got back around 1945, but he never went back to farming - it was leased out. It had to be done because of the need to repay the mortgage. It was too run down to carry on farming so the only thing that they could do, if Bert Denize wanted the farm, was to lease it to him. Maori Affairs also kept suggesting the farm be leased. When Uncle Ruka left the farm, it was in a reasonable state - but during the years he was away - it declined.

8. The actual lease would have been taken out in 1947. Ruka worked for a construction company and he used to pay money into the mortgage as well as the lease. I think it was about 100 pounds.

9. I can remember Mum telling me of the three calves my Uncle kept back to help pay for some of the bills. The farm supervisor for the Maori Affairs, Mr Walker, found out about the calves and reported to his superiors. They were going to prosecute and my Uncle could have been sent to jail. Mum said they were made to feel like criminals because they were trying to survive. My Uncle would later go into the army during which time the land was managed by my mother's Uncle, Waipapa. After the war my Uncle Ruka came home to us to Whangapoua, but never went back to farming. The farm had been leased to Bert Denize so Uncle Ruka worked for a construction company. Some of his money plus the money from the lease paid the rates and the mortgage that was still owing and it

took many years to clear these debts. The sections along the beach front belonged to Reg's father, Waipapa. They had a mortgage on their land too.

Schooling

10. I started school in Whangapoua - our little school was on our Pakeha neighbour, Bert Denize's property. I attended for 4-6 months and then the Education Department closed the school. The nearest school was Te Rerenga, but no transport was provided and we had to ride horses for six to ten kilometres to school. I was very young and that journey every day was like a 100 mile trek. In today's times, someone's head would have rolled, but this was 1948 and we did not have much say in the matter. Mum and Dad went without many basic things so as they could buy us wet weather gear and warm clothing for our every day ride to and from school. As a mother myself now, I shudder to think of how they felt as they saw us off every day. They must have worried themselves sick. A few years went by before the Education Department put a school bus service on for the eight to 10 children from Whangapoua. This was so wonderful even though we were picked up very early and dropped off late in the afternoon - the bus had to do another trip to Kaituna - but we didn't complain.

11. When I reached standard six Mum and Dad had to sent me to Coromandel to board so I could attend college. I would cry myself to sleep at night because I was so homesick and I worried about how my parents were going to pay my board. My education suffered badly due to all this, I can't even korero Maori - French was the only language they taught. We did not have the choice of learning our own language - if Maori children were caught speaking their language they were strapped and I am very angry about this. There was a teacher called Mr Cadic and he strapped my cousins for speaking Maori. So we were too frightened to speak Maori.

12. Because there were two younger children than myself a very difficult decision was made by my parents. And after about a year for the good of us all, they decided to leave our farm and to move to Coromandel for our education. I was about 12 years old. I was so sad I felt like part of me was taken away. When I look back at my parents life trying to make ends meet I shed a tear for them. When they married in 1927 they really wanted to stay on the land, but circumstances would not allow them. They moved around the country trying to find work, and went to Motu Tapu Island in the Hauraki Gulf where my elder sister Dawn was born. My eldest sister, Dawn, is still alive - she has had a stroke and she

lives in the far north. My parents came back to Whangapoua and Mary, my second sister, was born. She died when she was 18 months old of a respiratory disease around 1930. They moved away to Raglan and my brother, John, was born. They came back again and my sister, Monty, was born. They moved to Opotiki and I was born. Then they came home again and stayed until we moved to Coromandel - this was their last move. All of these moves spelled out loud and clear to me that they wanted to stay and work the land - but the harder they tried the worse off they became.

Mahi Kai (Food Gathering and Preparation)

13. My parents and Uncle were skilled in survival methods such as gardening, hunting and gathering shellfish. We had a lot of food at Whangapoua because it was right by the sea - our kaimoana was our lifesaver. When we did not have meat, we always had the sea and I do not think we would have survived if we didn't have it. I am sure if it had not been for the abundance of the fish, kutai, pipi, paua etc., I might have been a lot smaller than I am at the moment. But putting all jokes aside, these foods were our lifesavers.

14. We would go collecting kaimoana all the time. We would go around the harbour, around the bar, Raukawa, New Chums, all around there. We would walk around the rocks and we walked on the Denize's land. They didn't mind. We would get paua around at New Chums. At Raukawa, you could also get mussels - and we also got mussels from the island straight out from the beach. The island is shaped like a whale. There are also cockles around the harbour - everywhere. We would get crayfish from New Chums - they were big ones too. We got tuatua from the bar.

15. We would go fishing an hour before high tide because that's when they were really biting and feeding. And then an hour after the tide turns, they bite too and then stop because that is when they start to move out of the harbour out through the channel. My father, my mother and Uncle all taught me - it was all passed down through the old people. We would get pakere - it is like a little schnapper, kaiwha, huihui - black/rock cod with big fins, trevalli, and mullet. We used handline and our bait was eel.

16. Dad had a long stick with a hook on the end and he used to put it in the water and jag them. Then Dad would light a fire and cook it all. All the slime would come off and then he'd cut them into slices. That was our bait and the fish loved it.

17. We would split the fish and hang them on the clothesline and salt them and dry them. That was the only way we could keep them - we had no fridge. They would leave a cloth over them so that the flies wouldn't get at them.

18. We would also catch freshwater crayfish. We could get them out of a little creek — we called it the drain because was not very wide. It ran through the bush and wended it's way past our house. That drain actually goes into the Pungapunga down by the sand hills. It was beautiful water. We could get our drinking water from there in the summer months when we ran out of tank water. The drain was also full of watercress. And the other creek, the Pungapunga, was where we did our eeling.

19. We would get kina from out at New Chums and at Raukawa - both ends of the beach. We would just use our hands (and a knife for getting paua). Pipsis were gathered with the hands, and crayfish - Dad had a glove made out of a sack and he used to dive and get the crayfish. I did not dive. Dad would sometimes dive down about five or six feet, it all depended on the tide. If you were a bit late and the tide was coming in, you would have to dive deeper. But when the tide was low, you could put your hand in and get it all.

20. We did not have a boat so nobody in our household went deep sea fishing. There was a dingy that we used to go and get mullet, but it was Berty Denize's. However, Uncle Ruka could dive. Ruka, mum and dad and us kids would go on a picnic. Mum would sit up under a tree and dad and Ruka would go down. We would sit on the rocks and watch them diving. I would just like to mention that back in those days mainly Maori ate shellfish - Pakeha did not acquire the taste until later years. Some of them actually turned their nose up and said things like, "Ugh, how can you eat that," or "Ugh, they look like hedge hogs." Consequently to this day I have a complex about eating kaimoana in front of Pakeha. If I am having shellfish or Maori kai and unexpected visitors arrive, I rush around putting things away - I am actually embarrassed to eat my Maori kai in front of Pakeha. It might sound far fetched in today's terms, but I can assure you that is how I feel.

21. Dad and Uncle Ruka would go hunting in the bush. They would get pigs, pigeons and other birds. I can remember them cooking pigeons. They would pluck the feathers off. They would leave everything in the bird because they are clean birds - they did not eat anything else but

berries. The feathers were kept in a bag in the shed - probably for cloaks. We would never go with Dad to the bush or to catch birds. I think they knifed the pigs - they didn't have a rifle - they would stick the pigs. We had a dog named Lucky and it was the best pig hunting dog. The dog would grab the pig by the ear, and Dad and Ruka would run in and knife the pig and let it bleed to death. There were no guns. They would get a pig once every three or four months if there was something on or we were short of money.

22. Mum used to make our own bread. My parents would buy 56 pound bags from Coromandel. Most of the stores were the basics - flour, sugar, tea. We got our milk from the cows. In later years we had about 200 chickens in the cowshed where once Uncle Ruka milked - Dad made it into a hen house. We would get mash and wheat for the chooks and we would send the eggs to the Farmers' Trading Company in Auckland. The eggs would be picked up from Coromandel and shipped to Auckland. That was another source of income for Dad, but that was towards the end of our living at Whangapoua.

23. We grew many vegetables - potatoes, kumara, pumpkins, beans - everything. The garden was about an acre. We also had an orchid with apples, plums, peaches, lemons, figs, walnuts - you name it. They were skilled at survival methods - my family was. They always had big gardens, beautiful flower gardens too. Ruka would also weed the gardens.

Tikanga Maori me te Taha Wairua (Maori Customs and Spirituality)

24. The elders would plant by the moon. They believed in this sort of thing. It was the same as when we went to the beach - we were not allowed to tutu around on the rocks and throw rocks in the sea and yell and carry on because it was not the proper thing to do. We would never turn our backs to the sea - you always had to watch the waves. They never said why - they would say, "Don't tutu around and make a noise," when they were busy getting tucker. We were only ever allowed to take enough to feed the family. We were not to break the shells on the rocks either.

25. My Mum and Uncle Ruka's sister Pano came back for a short time when I was a child and she lived up the road further from us. We would go up there and it would be just coming dark and the moreporks would come out. The old ones would say, "Oh, that's alright, It is not screeching", but if it screeched, then they'd swear at it in Maori and tell it to go away. I can always remember Uncle calling "Pokokohua!".

26. The old ones told us where the cemeteries were down Raukawa, on the sand hills - there were people buried there. During the storms the winds blew sand and uncovered the bodies and you could see the bones. The first house that was ever down on the beach there, it was built on part of the cemetery. Mum and them were always saying, "They'll never be any good there - bad place. Tapu."

27. I can remember the old ones telling me about Bert Hawkeswood, who was up on the rehab farm in Te Rerenga. He came down to get a load of ti tree from the sand hills - it was all covered in ti tree - and they told him it was not a good place to get firewood - there were plenty of other places. And he answered, "Oh, it's alright." So he cut it and loaded it and took it home. And he reckoned he could see people dancing in the fire and centipedes and so he never went there again.

28. They would tell us to keep clear of the karaka tree near Reg Mangakahia's house - I do not know why.

29. I have never known in my time of a marae being in Whangapoua. There used to be one I am told a long time ago. This has affected my life in a big way - if we had one I know my Maoritanga would have been a lot better now. What little I know I have learned from living in the far north. In my younger years I did not worry. I moved north and had to attend funerals etc... and having no knowledge of the protocol made me feel shy. Today standing here I feel part of me is missing - if I knew my Maoritanga and could korero Maori I would feel complete. This was lost and I am hurt.

30. Just before Christmas I asked my nephew the names of the canoes. He said to me, "Don't you know that song, 'He waka'?" I said, "Yeah, I know it, I've sung it before." He said, "Well, it tells you the names of the canoes." I didn't know, I learned it but I did not know the meaning - shame.

The Extent of Whanau Lands

31. My elders would say that Mercury Island was theirs.

Is this intended to
prevent the
Whanau from
advising
Council

Para and Fama Dist

In relation to the Red Mercury Islands my mother received a letter from ? thanking her for the gift of one of the islands as a reserve for native birds. As far as I know she never knew anything about this until the letter was received. I have never been out there. (See attached letter)

33. They would also say that the forestry areas were their lands as well as the land down at Whangapoua.

Importance of the Whanau Lands

34. After I left the Whangapoua area, I never lived there again. We would come over and get pipis with my brothers - not a lot in the first few years because we did not have the transport. But as the years went on and I grew up, we started going back - it was a regular thing every year. We do not go back as much because we live up the far north. My sister Cheryl is our tie down there as she lives in Coromandel. We stay with her and always go over and that is a very good feeling. I have vivid memories of the first time I went back after being away in Auckland for a few years and it was good to go back.

35. So we have maintained the connection with the land. My children love it too. That place is home - my kids know that too, even though they were not bought up there - because we always went back. It is home, and there is a real tie there. We taught the kids to collect kaimoana - they know how to get everything.

Attempts to Reclaim Rangatiratanga (authority/control)

36. (The only habit they had was that) Uncle Ruka and Mum would make trips to Hamilton and Paeroa to search the Maori Affairs for proof of the injustices done to Hamiora their grandfather. These trips would take a week at a time because of the way the buses ran. When they arrived in Hamilton, half of the documents they asked to see were unobtainable. Because they believed in what they had been told they never gave up. Uncle Ruka and Mum had a lot of material that they had acquired from the years that they sought through the Maori Affairs. They befriended a chap called Barney Raukapa and gave him these papers but Uncle Ruka eventually got sick and he died and the papers were all with Barney. When we went to get the papers, the grandson had just burned them because he did not think that they were important - because his

grandfather had died by this time. So all the papers have been lost other than those we have given to the Claim's Committee. It's tragedy because they are so valuable - even if you are not doing anything about it, they are still part of our history.

see
Mum's
papers
produced
on standing

37. My Mum and Uncle Ruka were bitter. They would talk about the Maori Affairs and how they acted unfairly towards them. I will produce documents to this effect which will be circulated in advance of the hearing. They were also concerned about the lawyer who worked for Hamiora. They were convinced that he ripped off Hamiora because the title to the lands ended up in his name. The land passed from Hamiora and went to the lawyer, Mr Earl. My parents were bitter about that - that is what they talked about. The korero was handed down from the older ones.

The Mangakahia Claim

38. The claim has opened our eyes to our Maori side - it makes me feel closer to what Mum and them used to feel for the land. I do not think we all fully understood them at the time - that the land has the people. Whangapoua was always home, and there was always good feeling.

39. I would like to see what land returned because it is part of us. I would like to see compensation for the injustices and an acknowledgement that this is Mangakahia land.

40. In conclusion, land issues were our life, my Uncle and mother went over and over the same sort of thing, month after month, year after year, of how their grandfather, Hamiora, had owned all of the land on this side of the Coromandel hill. Of how he had been tricked and cheated out of his land, and how the Kauri Timber Company leased the land from him and he was supposed to have received royalties for the timber and he didn't receive a penny. After many many years of the same stories, you start to believe that something terrible must have been done to this poor man. Once upon a time we were rich with land - today it is only a memory. If I had one wish granted, I would wish my tupuna could be here today - they would be proud. So I stand before you on behalf of my tupuna to say right the wrong that was done to them, we are the tangata whenua.



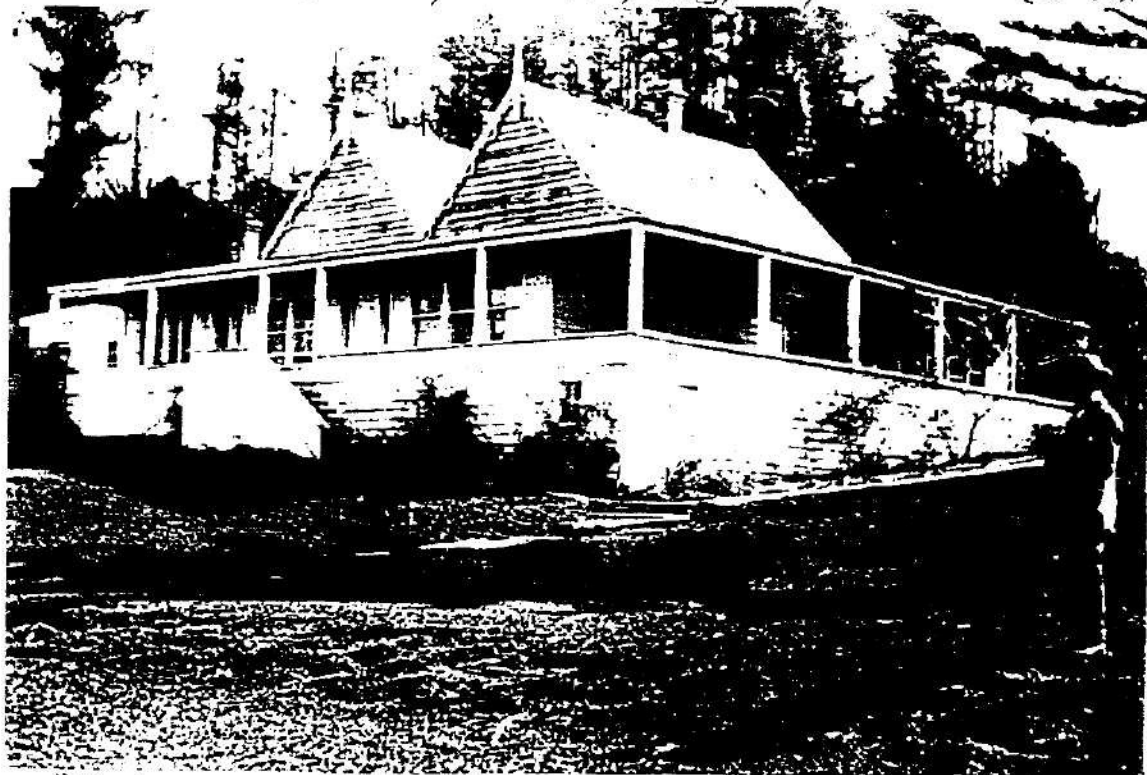
Father & Ruben (L-R)

Father, mother, Cheryl, Hinemoa (L-R)

Ruben Hinemoa Bert DENISE unknown



Tangaroa, Anne, Tere, Pareake, Sarah Clatter, Lucy, Mohi, Ella (John) (L-R)



"Harbour House" -