

IN THE MATTER OF The Treaty of
Waitangi Act 1975

AND

IN THE MATTER OF Claims by
HUHURERE
TUKUKINO and
OTHERS known
as the HAURAKI
CLAIMS

**STATEMENT OF EVIDENCE OF PATRICIA
NGAERE MACDONALD ON BEHALF OF THE CLAIMANTS**

1. My name is Patricia Ngaere Macdonald. I am 70 years old. I was born at Whitianga. My Iwi is Hei and my descent from him is through Hamahona Hainganoa, Hohepa Hainganoa, Rakena, Ngawhina, Huihana Aoreiata to myself. I am the Hei representative on the Hauraki Maori Trust Board and I've been there since it commenced in 1988.

The state of Maori yesterday

2. My grand-uncle Tahere Raunui Tainui was the last chief of Hei. He was born at Wharetangata, Whitianga on 1869. As a young man he worked in the bush for the Kauri Timber Co. He was felling kauri at Mercury Bay, Coroglen, Whenuakite and Kauaeranga. He was noted for his skill with a timber jack.
3. I remember him well, as a diminutive, gentle man and though elderly he still worked very hard.
4. He lived at Wharekaho in a small malthoid hut. It had a dirt floor and a corrugated iron chimney at the base of which was an open fire place, where stood a camp oven, a large black cast iron pot and kettle. How I loved the earthy smokey smell of that place. Everything in his hut was immaculate, even the newspaper covered shelves on which stood his few possessions. The newspaper had been carefully cut in a zig zag pattern and hung down over the front edges of the shelves. There was a kerosene lamp with its blackened sooty glass that stood on a roughly made table, and against one wall was his bed. It comprised a simple frame over which clean sugar sacks were stretched and nailed. His blankets were laid on top. On the outside wall and near the doorway hung his galvanised tin tub.
5. This was my uncles very humble home. Raunui or Uncle Jerry as I called him had a large strawberry bed, but between the birds and us kids it was probably a battle to ever pick any quantity. He worked with other whanau members growing all manner of vegetables, kumara, corn, potatoes, pumpkins and watermelons, as well as tending to many fruit trees.
6. There was always the gathering of kaimoana, fishing, eeling, pig hunting, birding and not forgetting the chopping of firewood and the carrying of water to be done. Though life was hard for my elders, it

seemed to me, as a child, to be a wonderful life, one perhaps I regretted ever to have to leave.

7. There was very little in the way of material things, but there was always fun and music which was very much part of his and our lives. There were those who played instruments like mandolin, banjo, piano-accordion, guitar, steel guitar, ukelele and in the middle of all this was Uncle Jerry playing his tin plate.
8. This took much skill and dexterity. Uncle would seat himself on a chair and keeping in time with the music he would proceed to stike himself with the tin plate on his elbows, knees, feet and head and as the tempo of the music became faster so his contortions kept place.
9. How I enjoyed and marvelled at all this. But those happy times passed all too soon and in March 1942 my dear uncle died. His tangi was held at Wharekoho where he joined those who had gone before him at Wharetaewa.
10. My grandmother was Ngahuia Davis (sister of Raunui). She was born 1874. She was a very devout follower of the Ringatu and Anglican faith and later the Ratana faith. She followed in her father's footsteps by attending everlasting Maori Land Court sittings. Apart from that she rarely moved away from Wharekaho.
11. She was mother of 17 children all being born in Wharekaho. Her eldest daughter Wikitoria Puketu, aged about 17 years came to Auckland looking for work. Unfortunately she was one of the hundreds of people who suffered the terrible influenza epidemic that swept Auckland at that time. Sadly she died. Granny was distraught because neither she nor Raunui nor any of her people had any money

in order to bring her body home. She was buried somewhere in Auckland in a paupers grave.

12. The eldest son Hohepa Mataitana or Joseph as I knew him, a very gentle quiet man, left home as at an early age. He had no formal education but came to Auckland where he joined a crew on a scow. This scow was carting sand, from Parengarenga North to Auckland for glass manufacture. A good part of his meagre wages he sent home to support the family. This job he held for most of his working life. When he retired he took a light job as a caretaker in Auckland and he too died in poor circumstance, but he was returned to Wharekaho for his tangi.
13. The second son Pereki Awhiowhio or Blake Louis also started work at an early age. He began scrub cutting and drain digging on a farm just outside Whitianga township. The next job he obtained was labouring on the building of the first dairy factory in Whitianga and with the little experience he gained in the building trade he didn't let that deter him from looking further a field. He too came to Auckland and was responsible for the fine wood work inside the Auckland Central Post Office.
14. Then there was Eruera or Ned Davis. He was well known on the Peninsula as an excellent stockman and horseman. This work in latter years he continued on AhuAhu or Great Mercury Island. However, as a young man apart from helping his father on the farm, he was often called upon to take his grandmother Rahera back to her home at Waiare or perhaps to Matapaua another settlement of our people. These two settlements were miles away, one north of Wharekaho and the other to the South. Many a time Rahera would wake Ned in the middle of the night, or early hours of the morning saying it was time to go. She would always know the appropriate time to leave because of

her knowledge of the winds, waves, currents, and the heavens. They would go to the beach, push out the dinghy onto the water, then Rahera would count the waves. She'd then call out to Ned to "hou hou" or put on the oars. She would have the steering paddle at the stern which she used like a rudder. Over all the years, Ned said he never ever got wet.

15. Then came the First World War and I understand my Uncle Ned put his age up, so as to be eligible to enlist with the army. He also put his age down to enable himself to enlist for the Second World War. So, with his two young brothers they left these shores with the Maori Battalion. I'm pleased to say, all three returned home unharmed, having served with distinction.

16. Then there were the girls of course, their time taken up by helping their parents and each other on the farm, as well as in the house and the kaiti. The kaiti or cooking house stood apart from the house. Originally the house was used for sleeping mainly, although it had a sitting room for visitors. The girls, like their brothers, had very little or no schooling. They had to walk about 4 or 5 miles to school and upon their often late arrival, they were greeted with unkind remarks like "Here come the black clouds drifting into town". Consequently the children felt rejected and not comfortable in this predominantly European environment.

17. Nevertheless each one made their way in life and succeeded in whatever opportunities they found. My mother Hemihana Aoreiata or Susan, was one of the 17 children of Ngahuia Davis. She was born at Wharekaho in 1907 but bought up by her old people at Waione. Susan lived with them until she was about 12 or 13 years. During that time she learned a great deal, including waiata, whakatauki and tikanga and about the seasons and when to gather kai from the bush and from the sea. At a special season of the year she would come with the old

people down the Whitianga River to catch a smelly yellow tailed fish they called Aua. These were put into many kete or flax kits and taken back home, where they were split, cleaned and dried.

18. When my mother returned to Wharekaho she then started school and as she spoke only Maori she found school very hard. She was strapped for speaking Maori both inside and outside the classroom. School therefore was not a high priority for her. In her early teens she joined her older sister on AhuAhu Island where they did the cooking for the bush men. Her older sister Ellen was the wife of Tom Riddell his parents having brought the island at that time. Sometime later my mother returned from the island and one occasion she assisted the visiting dentist a Mr Reg Bell who travelled over the Coromandel Peninsula on horseback. On his visits to Whitianga a special room at the hospital was set aside for her. In 1925 my father arrived in Whitianga. He had been appointed by the Education Department to take up the sole charge teaching position at Kaimanawa School. It was then that he met and married my mother,
19. According to my father, my mother was quite at home on the marae. Apparently she attended a tangi with her older sister Maraea and her husband. At the tangi my mother stood and gave the old style whaikorero. My uncle was surprised and impressed at her accomplishment.
20. I was the first bom followed by my two young sisters, all of us being born in Whitianga. We lived in a tiny house in the township, many weekends being spent at Wharekaho, with our grandparents, grand uncle and those of the Davis family still there.

21. By this time Raheara, her husband Paremene Tanui and Raheara's sister Erana and others had passed away and with them the knowledge base was dwindling.
22. However I can remember returning home on Sunday evenings after those happy weekends. On occasion we would travel by horse and gig. The roads were spread with shell from Buffalo Beach and as the gig rims of the wheels rolled over the shell the phosphorous adhere to the iron rims of the wheels. The luminosity of the phosphorous fascinated me with the clarity of the air, the bright moonlight and the twinkling stars, this seemed like magic to me. Sometimes we travelled by horse and instead of a saddle a split sack was thrown over the horses back so that my sisters and I rode one on either side of the horse being led by my parents.
23. The years slipped by and Ngahuia's family had all departed to work elsewhere except for Maraea and her husband who stayed to work the farm and care for Ngahuia. Each Christmas many of the whanau returned to camp, and the area around the homestead looked like a camping ground.
24. How we all looked forward to those times together. There was hangi on Christmas and New Years day there were sports days across the River, swims, wood chopping competitions, steer riding, horse jumping and talent quests to go to. Often we would walk for miles to visit other bays and beaches north of Wharekaho. On those treks we learned about the bush and it's uses and the bird life it supported.
25. We'd pick billies of blackberries and sometimes after summer rains we'd go mushrooming. Life was simple and untroubled. But in 1948 our dear grandmother Ngahuia died. She was sadly missed not only by her own family and whanau but by the people of Whitianga as well.

Throughout her life she had welcomed all who came to Wharekaho - another sad loss of Maori knowledge.

26. The depression years of the late 1920s early 1930s found my father working on the roads, goldmining at Kuaotuna and commercial fishing. Finally in 1936 we moved to Auckland for work and education opportunities. My three brothers were born at Devonport and eventually we all attended primary and secondary schools to fifth and sixth form levels.
27. I went nursing, my sister went to teachers training college and my younger sister went to Auckland University where she gained a BA. My two older brothers at this time were still at school and my youngest brother only two years old when my mother became very ill. I came home to care for the family and to look after my mother but after two years of awful suffering she died in late 1951. That was devastating for us all. Another knowledge base gone. The days, weeks, months and years that followed were really hard, but we all had to get on with our lives.
28. When my sister qualified she taught in and about Auckland for sometime. She then married had a family and moved to Brisbane where she taught for 17 years. She then returned to New Zealand and took a position teaching in South Auckland. What a shock it was for her to hear Maori being spoken in school. She is now in her 60's and has moved back to Wharekaho where she has again been called upon to teach.
29. My younger sister having finished her degree was eager to see the world, so she joined the National Film Unit in Wellington. After a period there she decided to go to Britain. Work opportunities were interesting and varied and she decided to join the United Nations

Association Volunteer Services to work abroad. She found herself posted to Tanzania where she taught English and Maths. Later armed with a working knowledge of Swahili she did some photographic material for a Swahili Agricultural magazine. In Ethiopia she taught English and from there she visited several European countries including Germany. After about 12 years she also returned to New Zealand, where she took a position teaching at the Rudolph Steiner School in Ellerslie and over the past 10 years has taught children with special learning difficulties. Now in her 60's she has spent some time trying to catch up on a little Maori but that's not easy when one doesn't have anyone to speak with.

30. Its ironic really when you consider she has taught French, Latin, English and German.

31. My eldest brother left New Zealand about 8 years ago. He went to Melbourne because having visited there a couple of times prior, he felt there were better opportunities for work. Over those 8 years he built up in business and built his own home. Although he enjoys his life there he would prefer to be back at Wharekaho. We're fortunate because he comes home often. He is our hangi maker extraordinaire.

32. My middle brother now works and lives in Whitianga. His background is surveying. For some years prior to going back home he worked for a firm of surveyors in Takapuna and also in Auckland City. He married had a family and then moved back home. At first he took whatever work he could find. Then later he worked as an engineer for the TCDC in Whitianga. Finally he decided to strike out on his own as a consultant. It hasn't been easy for him. His work load is often impossible trying to deal with all manner of environmental issues, resource consents report writing and monitoring

and researching. He has been collecting old maps and records for the last 30 years or more. We Ngati Hei are indeed fortunate to have him.

33. My youngest brother worked in Auckland having his own business. He was a rigger and devised a method for splicing terraline with stainless steel. This was used for rigging on yachts.
34. He was encouraged by other New Zealanders working in Florida to join them in the yachting business. So he too left New Zealand in 1975 but stayed in Los Angeles where he was making Aluminium nests. Since leaving New Zealand he has been back home to Wharekaho several times but work keeps him over there.
35. Today in 1999 my own son works and lives in London. He is an audio specialist and has worked there for the past 11 years. His work takes him to Europe, America and Japan where the technology is sort after. In those years he has managed to return home only 3 or 4 times but always he returns to Wharekaho.
36. Thank heavens my daughter came home from Britain. She too was working in London doing graphic design. She has been fortunate since her return working for several magazines, but a number of her cousins who work and live overseas have chosen to stay.
37. I mention all these facts about my people and my family only to show how work and education has moved our people so far away from their original base.
38. I suppose you can say our family have done well. We are the exception. Most have not. And Ngati Hei has been reduced to a mere remnant of our former number as a people have left for want of other choices. And the leaving has not always been to their benefit.

39. This claim is the point in our history where we will reverse that tide.