

IN THE WAITANGI TRIBUNAL
TE PAPARAHĪ O TE RAKI INQUIRY DISTRICT

WAI 1040
WAI 1684

IN THE MATTER of the Treaty of Waitangi Act 1975

AND

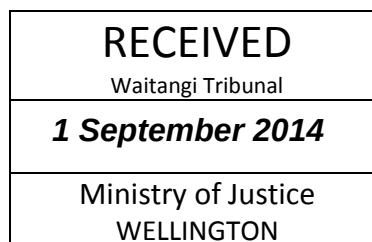
IN THE MATTER of Te Paparahi o Te Raki Inquiry District
(Wai 1040)

AND

IN THE MATTER of a claim by Louie Katene on behalf of Te
Hoia, Ngati Rangimatamomoe and Ngati
Rangimatakaka (Wai 1684)

Brief of Evidence of Deborah Annie Hill

Dated: 25 August 2014



Morrison Kent
Lawyers
Wellington and Auckland

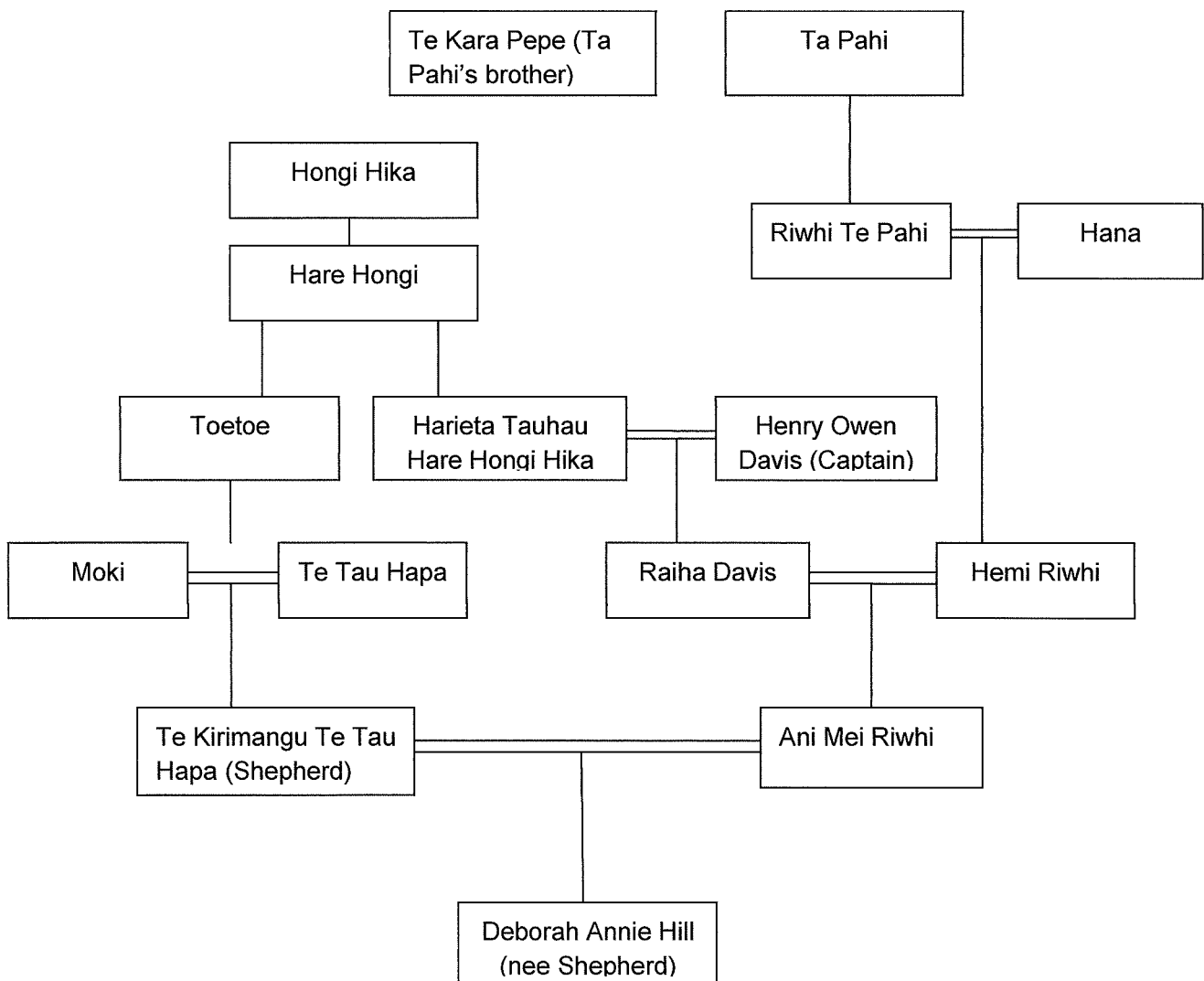
Wellington Office
Person Acting : Dr B D Gilling / R M Sandri
Telephone : (04) 472-0020
Facsimile : (04) 472-0517
Box : 10-035
DX : SP20203

MAY IT PLEASE THE TRIBUNAL:

I, **Deborah Annie Hill**, retired, of Whangaroa, state:

Introduction

1. I was born in the 1950s. My father, Te Kirimangu Te Tau Hapa (Shepherd) and my mother, Ani Mei Riwhi, lived on our family farm at Nga Iwi Taua. I am the youngest child in my family. My father was educated at St Stephen's in Parnell.
2. I grew up on our whanau farm at Rautahi on the Otangaroa Road. When my Dad finally came home from fencing in the King Country we moved to Nga Iwi Taua which is at the junction of Pokaka, Otangaroa and Waihapa Roads.
3. My Whakapapa is as follows:



Whanau Ingoa

4. My Grandfather, Te Hapa of Tekau and Matauri, was baptised by the Rev. James Shepherd who was in the Whangaroa region at the time, and in doing so the missionary put his name on Te Hapa. Years later, a school teacher at Kenana enforced this name Shepherd upon the children of Te Hapa and his wife Wakino, my grandfather Te Tau Hapa being one of those children. A teacher was seen as an official employed by the Government, they held real power back then as likened to a Justice of the Peace.
5. Other whanau members were also given Pakeha names, e.g. Tukariri became Matthews, others became Moses, Abraham, Daniels and so on, all biblical names as you can see. This was an open attempt to Christianise and Anglicise us and put the fear of a strange god into our people. I think this is the beginning of a road that leads to DNA tampering. The children were caned by the teacher if they did not conform to this command.
6. Today, as a result, a lot of our whanau do not know their whakapapa, their cultural connection, their reo, all key aspects of their very identity. This causes tension within and destruction of our relationships and whanaungatanga, things that should bring us together and unite us, rather than tear us apart.

The Walking Tracks

7. We talk about the significance of our whenua, but the ways we accessed the whenua by means of our walking tracks also holds great significance for us too. All of the Northland tribes have connections through these tracks.
8. Up until the late 1950s and early 1960s, some local people of Whangaroa (Maori and European, for example the Frear family) were still dependant on the main traditional walking tracks to access the whanau living in the inland and coastal areas wherever and at any time of day, night or season. The people coming from Rahiri would use the Puketi and

Takakuri tracks. Those coming from Hokianga would also use these tracks when coming for a tangi or a hui etc. These were the ancient tracks. These tracks were like a single lane road, comfortably wide enough for processions of people to pass. In most parts, the tracks were wide enough to accommodate a horse and buggy. There were many side paths adjoining the main tracks which would link up our whanau kainga along the way.

9. Important information, for example being called to a tangi, was dispersed effectively and with great speed to all and sundry. A system of runners used the tracks in relays to every kainga.
10. As a young girl, I walked with my Daddy on nearly all of these tracks for huitau, tangi, Maori Council hui, and wananga rongoa gatherings. So from an early age I was exposed on a regular basis to the elders of Ngapuhi. He took me on these hikoi, teaching me the whakapapa for whenua, ngahere, kai and rongoa. This was something which to me was simply part of the everyday regular lifestyle, and every moment of the day depending on the mahi being done there was always korero. I never thought anything unusual of it, as to me it was normal and usual. I assumed that all children lived this way.
11. I was told that after World War One there was an outbreak of TB and many people were dying. The call was put out to the extended whanau living in Auckland and other areas to come home NOW or not at all, because if they did not come straight away then they would be closing the tracks and roads and there would be no access. The whanau surrounding the tracks were to prevent anyone from gaining entry to Kenana to avoid the disease spreading there. My father brought all the healthy people to Kenana who were willing to come and he isolated them at Kenana to keep them safe. The entry to Kenana was closed for the duration of the outbreak and not a single person died there. After the outbreak cleared up, the bodies of those who had not survived were brought in from other areas to be buried at Kenana. It was a huge tangi. My father then had several hui to explain why he had done what he had done. Many people blamed my father for the deaths of those who did not make it home in time or who would not come home. But he did it to save as many of our people as he could.

12. Most people take the tar-seal roads these days. Taking the tar-seal roads disconnects you from the tupuna. The tracks were made by our ancestors. Some of our ancestors died on these tracks. The tracks have their own wairua or mauri. Every time I travelled on these tracks with my parents, I learned a new story or a new whakapapa about our whanau and wider hapu. Our tracks were also how we learned – where we learned about rongoa and ngahere.
13. In comparison, you pick up all sorts of wairua on those main roads and this creates confusion. It takes away the ability to focus on what the tupuna are saying to me and therefore I am unable to put the mirimiri into my mahi. Today, I can't take my children or my mokopuna on our ancient tracks to teach them what my Daddy taught me. There are some of us who still use these tracks and back roads where possible and if the present day owner is obliging. We travel with our tupuna and take the roads that we know.
14. Our tracks have become only a verbal story to my children and mokopuna. They have lost their right to live, sleep, walk, breathe, mahi mirimiri and be nourished amongst the spirit of their tupuna embodied in the ngahere on the whenua. You can't replace our tracks or our whenua by going to a botanical garden, or to another area of bush. You need to go to our places – that is where our whenua is.

Mangapa Track

15. My great-great grandmother, Tuhikura, was a chieftainess of Whangaroa. Her kainga was at Onewhero, below St Pauls. Her father was Taha Pango was from the Waimahana Taupo Bay area, but resided seasonally at Pupuke. Tuhikura's husband was Te Hotete. Her son was Hongi Hika. Hongi lived at Ohaeawai as a war chief for his grandfather, Te Auwha, and father Te Hotete, but was called upon often to assist his mother in the Whangaroa region. He cut a track from those regions through to Puketi and Mahuta down to Mangapa and through Te Pupuke. This became a main track for the people to traverse backwards and forwards between Ohaeawai at Ngawha and Te Pupuke and on to Whangaroa.

16. The main reason for this track was to ensure that Hongi was able to assist his mother and be available to his father and grandfather as the war chief that he was. Hence the importance that the track be kept open for our peoples.
17. The Mangapa track was an extremely meaningful corridor for our people to connect with each other and our lands. All the contributing tracks to Kerikeri, Rangihou, Pungaere and all the surrounding areas on the east coast connected to the Mangapa track. There were other tracks to Mangamuka and Rahiri.
18. All of our main tracks connected – right across the boundaries and connected all our hapu.

Taupo / Akatere Track

19. In the mid-1980s, I found my way from Totara North to Taupo Bay barred by private locked gates. On another occasion, driving to Mangamuka via Rautahi and West Otangaroa Bush to attend a tangi at Tutukehua I was again affronted by locked gates. I was so angry I sawed through the chains on four of these gates with a hacksaw. Later, on the way back I was confronted by a group of men who were responsible for locking this passage way. I left behind a chunk of my displeasure.
20. I can only assume that the new roads were created to give access to the new Pakeha farms, such as the rehab farms and the farms of the “Ten-Pound Poms”, the settlers who had been accepted and assisted by the Crown to come out from Britain and occupy our whenua.¹ Originally the “pioneers” had used our tracks, which became known as bridle tracks, but that changed with the arrival of motor vehicles. The locking of our tracks is us being cut off from our tupuna and whakapapa and everything that those tracks mean to us. It’s heartbreaking, absolutely devastating.

¹ These were post-World War Two immigrants sent out here to ease social problems at home and assist New Zealand development. They were charged a fare of £10 each with children free and given £100 as a grant to help them get set up. And we had to stand by and watch these people get all that help, while we received nothing and at the same time my father received no rehab assistance at all.

It's like being ripped from the ones you love. It means we can't greet our tupuna or pick up those who wish to travel to us.

21. Both the passage through from Pupuke, Mangapa to Puketi and onto Waimate and Omapere and the track through Otangaroa bush have been barred by locked gates. In these two examples I understand the gates belonged to the pine forest companies or the Crown.

Treatment by the Hospital

22. When I was small, our Maori people were not overly welcome in the hospital facilities and many of our whanau did not use it much, partly for that reason. My parents would almost never have anything to do with it. When they did stay overnight, they were kept in the side or anterooms away from the main areas of treating patients. And when they died, they were placed in the boiler room out in the back of the hospital and a message would be sent to the whanau to come and collect their dead. My father, for our relations, was the one who would be called upon and when I was old enough he took my mother and me with him when performing this task. He would borrow a vehicle from the whanau.
23. My father had an arrangement with the Totara North Mill which enabled him to use timber at any time for the construction of caskets for family members. The story my father told me was that because the mill had utilized trees (without paying for them) from whenua belonging to my parents and their whanau, my father charged the mill with a commitment which meant at any time they needed a casket the mill would provide them with the timber for this. So our first stop would be the mill. On the back of the wagon, he would construct a coffin. From there we would go to the boiler room at the hospital.
24. The provisions the hospital made available to us to wash the bodies were the cleaning buckets which stunk of the floor detergents and the old rags that they used to clean the floors. Knowing this, my father and mother would take their own provisions with them to the hospital.
25. Because I was little, my father had constructed a 'step up' for me and this would be placed at the head of the tupapaku. My job was to brush

bicarbonate soda through the tupapaku's hair and brush and brush it and collect every hair that dropped. Brush the hair until it shone. The women's hair I would also braid. The provisions were our own and everything we used for the tupapaku would be buried with the tupapaku. My parents would provide everything needed for each whanau member who passed.

26. My mother and father would press the body fluids, as much as they could, out of the tupapaku. And they would gather every drop in the sheeting that my mother provided so they could be folded and buried with them. They would pack every orifice firmly with fern, moss and then wadding to avoid any leakage over the duration of the tangi. We would then dress the bodies. Karakia was said throughout the duration of the process and then we would take our loved one back to the people.
27. There were many times that my father would be pulled out of the boiler shed by the hospital authorities and demoralized, berated and scolded. He was supposed to have taken them away and 'dealt with them' somewhere else. This was a terrible thing because at that time my father was so tapu. It is also because the tasks need to be started and finished without interruption – for example before we left home he would say a karakia for him, my mother and me. He would call the atua to us to protect us and keep us well. When you are in this state of dealing with all the spirits around the tupapaku you are not of the living world, you are also in the world beyond and being carried by the spirits.
28. Many times he suffered degrading remarks from the hospital authorities. But he conducted himself always in a fitting manner to uphold the mana of our people.
29. I learned much later that, that treatment was unique to the Maori people alone. When a European person passed away there was a facility within the hospital where they placed them. In all this time, my father refused to be drawn into a racist mindset toward the people he lived side by side with in the community. He always had a good relationship with our neighbours so that we could grow up right. I was never raised with any anti-European thoughts.

30. We would carry the tupapaku through our ancient tracks, not on the roads created by the Ministry of Works. This would enable us to gather the tupuna wairua along the way. It was also a protection for us, as we had done a very, very tapu procedure. So we were too tapu to be going on the new roads. This is another reason why I know these tracks so well.
31. While I have knowledge of the injustices that were committed against my people, I have aroha in my heart for the Pakeha, and all people today. I stand tall and strong, towards the Government. Because of the position that they are in, they are able to put those injustices right.

The Burning of the Boyd and the Murder of Te Pahi

32. The burning of the Boyd was made much of in recent history. Aroha to the wairua of the innocent on that boat. Tangi nui to our tupuna and chief Te Pahi and our tupuna relatives who were totally innocent and brutally murdered. The dislocation through that massacre of the few who survived and dispersed to the pa of relatives not only mourned the great losses then, but passed the loss down to us today.
33. Back then the homelessness and leaderlessness compounded the fear of the whanau targets of the refuge pa in case they were also attacked. The burdens on the kai supplies affected them, as did caring for the wounded and the orphans. The whole event undermined their mana and damaged their wairua. I learned the korero tuku iho of my Mum, who was the great granddaughter of Te Pahi when we walked the tracks from Te Komene (Totara North) to Taupo Bay, the same version as her Dad and his Dad told before her. I used to listen to the old aunties and uncles, Mum and Dad and others.

Returned Servicemen

34. On returning to New Zealand at the end of World War One my father, Te Kirimangu Hapa, (and many other Maori war vets) didn't qualify for land grants which were issued to other European war vets. This was because by being Maori, by definition they were thought to have enough land. I don't know if there were any checks done.

35. Dad was recalled to service the year after World War Two started which would have been 1940. This was although at this time he was a husband and a father of nine children aged between two and 20 years old, with another baby just about to be born. During World War Two, my father served in the infantry. When he was called up for World War Two because of his experience in the infantry, he was required to be a leader of the young, first-time Maori soldiers in A Company of the Maori Battalion. My father was an infantry soldier and was seconded to the Maori Battalion and placed in a position of leadership. This is how he explained it to me. When he came home, he was treated as though he was a member of the Maori Battalion – but he was not actually an official member. The Maori Battalion gave him a plaque when he died, and this does not say that he was a member.
36. During World War Two, my father was injured and shipped back to England to recover. He worked in the Home Office under Winston Churchill as a clerk. He was later returned to New Zealand to serve out the duration of the War at the Tauranga Bay Training Centre near the Whangaroa Harbour mouth, where he was in charge of the detention centre. My father was made to beat his own people for what was deemed 'disobedience'. As a result of this he was known as the 'King of the Bull Ring' due to his use of the whip. My father didn't tell me this, I was told by a relation from Takahiwai who told me that my Dad was the "King of the Bull Ring" as the whip was called a bull whip. I was told that if my father could he would actually spare them and would just crack the whip so it sounded like they were whipped.
37. Again, at the end of World War Two my father did not qualify for land for rehab farming. But he was offered work in lieu of land. The work was clearing and fencing rehab farms issued to his European counterparts down in the King Country, Taupo, Rotorua, and East Coast. My father was contracted to do this work by the Government – he was still serving the army in essence and he was paid at the end of each job. I understood that it was the farmer who would pay for the work. Maybe the farmer was getting money from somewhere. My Dad was always able to speak to the store people and set up a supplies account for himself and his workers, noting that he would pay at the end of his current job. He

would give the name of the farm owner to verify this. He was always granted this account. I later learned that not all the workers were granted an account. In 1946 my father was 54 years old or thereabouts.

38. It was also insensitive, insulting and unjust to say the least to the tangata whenua of those lands as well because my father was the direct great-great-grandson of Hongi Hika. A particular problem for local people was that they were also being forced to search for work elsewhere when he and his workers were being sent to their areas. This is another example of the Government's disruption of Maori society and dispersal of our people.
39. My father took his two eldest sons with him, leaving once again my mother and the younger children to man the farm and whenua for many months at a time for the next four years. Overall, my father was away from his family for a very long time, taking into account the years spent away at war, and then the years spent away clearing and fencing on farms in other areas. This was a very long time for my mother, who in essence during this time was a solo parent. My eldest sister was unable to complete her education because she had to help be a mother to her younger siblings. She helped out with the domestic and farm chores.
40. During the war-time my brothers who were unable to go to war were enlisted by force by military police to work in the bush at Mangapa, Otangaroa and Rangiputa as part of the "manpower" schemes to support the war effort. They had to do this alongside every other able person not directly in charge of running their farms. Both men and women were enlisted by the military police for every job and the military police enforced the supervisors' control. The women were the camp cooks and did other jobs such as stripping bark off the tree trunks and gathering pangu fungus ("puck") for packing and sending overseas to the soldiers as tinder or wound dressings. My brother was issued with one axe and one pit saw. Should damage occur to these items, they would be whipped by the supervisor. These items would then be re-issued and docked from their pay. It could amount to about two weeks of their pay. This is part of what my brother told me of his experiences of working in the bush camp at Mangapa.

41. During the war our family farms were run by the women and the children.
42. The European farms were prospering and were green, lush, fertile and stocked. Maori land was returning to scrub and was poorly fenced (aroha mai to my mum and grannies) and their stock was being taken by European farms if they were not branded. Also their farm territories were getting smaller and smaller. Our farms were struggling. Some of the causes were the loss of man-power through war death and service.
43. Maori land was also being taken for the 40-acre rehab farms. When these lands were taken, my mum was busy looking after us and trying to keep our farm going, and protect our stock. She was unaware that parcels of our land were being transferred as part of land grants to other returned soldiers. Part of the issue was that when the government was acquiring and distributing these blocks, the blocks were being renamed and numbered. This is not how we knew our lands and therefore she was kept unaware of what was going on, with no easy way to find out. As blocks were being partitioned off there were also surveys and other costs.
44. This was happening over all of the lands my mother and father had shares in: Pupuke, Kohumaru, Taupo, Mahimahi, Tauaki, Wainui, Mahinepua, Te Totara and so on. My grandfather Hemi was trying to keep it all together by going to the Courts to battle to keep our peoples' lands. He became the target for our people because he was getting the information about what had happened to the lands (often after the fact), so when he was telling the whanau they would be angry and this anger would be directed at my grandfather. This caused fractions within the hapu.
45. In 1936, my grandfather Hemi Riwhi was physically lifted out of the Kaeo Courthouse from a land court hearing by order of the Judge. He was told that he had enough land. My grandfather sent word to his sister up the valley to Mrs Hareta Reneta to take his place in the Court. By her having a different name, she continued his fight on behalf of the rest of our people.
46. My Grandfather had had to purchase some of his own lands back at Waihapa. He purchased the 2B4 block for £18.1.6. My grandmother

also purchased land in the Waihapa block, the 2A block of 161 acres 2 roods 32 perches, for £205 in 1914. This was her mothers' lands. These lands used to be connected. The only thing that divided these lands was a swamp – otherwise they were directly next to each other. Now they are not. Now the road comes through and cuts a good chunk of my grandfather's lands off. The piece that was cut off is no longer seen to be part of that land. I don't know when this happened, but this land has different owners.

47. The government failed or refused to understand and accept that the tangata whenua moved seasonally around our tribal lands. Groups would move around for hunting, fishing, gathering etc. at different times of the year, not just for our kai, but also for our medicines. While we moved around, the whenua was vacated and therefore temporarily rested allowing it to rejuvenate for the next season. Smaller groups were left to stand guard as the majority of the hapu moved to the next seasonal place.
48. The government enforcement of their interpretation of how a people should live completely nullified the articles of Te Tiriti o Waitangi and the Authority of the Confederation of the tangata whenua tribes to this very minute in time.
49. In saying all of this, our family was not unique. This was happening to many other families in the area.
50. My father was not offered, or perhaps because they were so far from main centres, never received information that he had been entitled to war pensions. My family didn't find this out until after my father's death in 1974. I don't think that there was any other support offered to him either – other than the farm labour.

Abuse of Women

51. After I left school in Kerikeri, my first job was as a hairdresser. Through working with people, I ended up in a position of trust with many of these women and I got to hear their stories, their mamae. These were stories which were told to me.

52. During and between the wars and for some time afterwards, a lot of unmarried young women and girls went into service to supplement the budget at home. They got jobs on station farms as domestic or land help (sometimes both), camp cooks, housekeeping, and any other available positions.
53. Some of these women were working on the rehab farms to assist their families. The Crown provided the labour to help clear the farm and fence it (like the work my father did). Women would be employed to undertake the domestic work – such as camp cooks.
54. Sadly not many of our women came away unmolested by the men of these places of employment. Many were raped or conned out of their virtue, which would likely also result in further shame with their existing tomos to serving soldiers being cancelled. Very few were honoured at the end or cared for. Illegitimacy boomed. Babies were taken away and put into orphanages or church missions at best. Others were unheard of after they were detached from the mother. To give one example I heard of, in 1942 a baby girl was born. She was deposited in an orphanage in the Hamilton region by what was described by the matron of the orphanage on the registration papers as a “tall, blue eyed, snow-white haired European man”. The family name he gave was ‘Shepherd’, our family name. This man also gave his address and occupation, which was a farmer from north Auckland. The baby girl was obviously Maori. I was shown these documents from this orphanage with this man’s signature by this baby, who at the time of telling me was in her fifties, lost and wanting to find her roots.
55. At that stage, I took it upon myself to do some research personally with the information that she gave me. And on doing so, I unearthed many, many more babies who suffered similar beginnings. It was established that this claim on our whanau was incorrect, but by no means did we dismiss the possibility that the mother may have been a relation of ours. This led me to discover that many, many of our children were not returned to their rightful iwi or hapu for the sake of saving face or position of the perpetrator within his own circle.

56. On talking to and interviewing a mix of women from the war and early post-war era from different tribal regions since then, these women spoke in confidence and with the promise that I would keep their identity safe. Some suffered forced abortions by their rapists. One woman showed me a brand mark on her buttock. It was put there by the wife of the so-called-respectable member of council when she was heavily in labour. She was never allowed to see her baby. She only heard it cry. Within hours of given birth, she was strapped to the back of a horse which was barely broken in for riding and sent on her way. She was never able to have another child.
57. As a last comment on this shameful issue, I also want the Tribunal to know that many young girls were also molested and raped in our Native schools by the head teachers. I know firsthand of two, both of whom gave birth to children of these perpetrators. One was my first cousin at the Otangaroa School and the other was a whanaunga at Wainui School.

Education

58. I have some comments on our experience with Otangaroa School which are included below in Appendix A.

Kohumaru

59. My grandfather was born at Kohumaru. He was the fifth child of Te Hapa, son of Ringi and his wife Wakino. Wakino was the daughter of Te Ahuroakini and her mother was Hemaima. The people of Kohumaru multiplied so my grandfather brought his wife over from Kenana through to Kohumaru to claim his wife Moki's lands at Rautahi. Rautahi is situated toward the end of the Otangaroa Road where it meets with Wainui Bush to Peria and the Mangamuka Road to Mangamuka through the north end of what is called the Otangaroa Forest today. It used to be called Mahuta, Maungataniwha and Kohumaru Bush as the western part to Puketi. The three kauri trees taken to create the replica of Ngatokimatawhaurua, housed on the Treaty grounds at Waitangi, were selected from three points of the Puketi Forest (Pungaere, Mahuta and Rahiri) to symbolise the connections between the whole of Ngapuhi. Three trees were taken so that they had enough wood to make two

replicas, the second is kept in a secret location known only to the high chiefs, so as to preserve the mauri of Kupe's waka.

60. He and his wife raised their family here, one of which was my father. In doing so, he left his shares of land at Kohumaru in the care of his brothers and older sister. Having said that, he travelled back and forwards to his hapu and kainga at Kenana constantly.
61. Being in his wife's Moki's kainga, a lot of his time was spent putting her affairs in order. Bringing more cousins over from Kohumaru and Kenana to take up their place on the lands at Rautahi at Mangawhero locations.
62. The shares in what is today known as the Kohumaru Block, in my mind, belonging to our family and those of our cousins
63. The Crown took this land partly in lieu of unpaid rates. This happened to a number of blocks in Whangaroa. When the Court and Crown changed the names of the land – to block names with numbers. People often didn't recognise their lands as it appeared under different names. And also the boundaries changed – from our traditional boundary lines and kai gathering areas to the boundaries of the blocks as the Crown surveyors redefined the nature of our relationships with the whenua.
64. Kohumaru was our inland pa for the people at Taupo Bay and Taimaro. We are all closely related through our whakapapa.

Public Works Takings

65. The land that I live on now had a taking for roads. It was called Te Matoki and was on the Waihapa 2B4 Block. An area for a road was taken and the adjoining piece which was cut off when they built the road – about 5 acres. They took the front of Waihapa Bay off our people when they built the Webber Waihapa Road in the late nineteenth century when my grandfather was still alive. It was to service the farm of the Webber family which was built up using various Waihapa and Pupuke blocks taken for rates, so that the farmer could access his other lands at Iwitaia. Our bridle track used to go along the shore.

66. This land was sacred to us as it was the breeding ground of the grey heron, the matoki. It was hard-packed white sand that we all used for community events as well as the bridle track along the edge.
67. No compensation was paid to any of the Maori owners for this taking. I don't know whether any of the Pakeha farmers were compensated, but it was for their benefit anyway.
68. No notice was given of the taking. My grandfather was still alive and in 1936 he attempted to get these issues fixed up, as part of what he strived for all his life around Whangaroa.
69. Another such taking was in the same era, when Otangaroa Road was taken from Waihapa 1A4. Again there was no compensation. It continues to the present day and my whanau member, who lives there, has found that roadworks have widened the road to two lanes, including the destruction of totara planted for stock shelter and to hold the bank, with no consultation or compensation either.
70. Weber Waihapa Road was put through in 1970 without consultation, notice or compensation. My brother was living just up the road at the time.

Local Council Today

71. The ever increasing widening of rural roads is gradually decreasing the size of whanau lands, often without consultation or permission, nor payment in most cases. The digging of drainage and dumping or banking of soil along the fence lines, and pushing trees all causes extensive damage, never mind mending things or compensating for the damage.
72. The digging of culverts directing drainage onto our lands and in most cases causes swamp lands or erosion is common, again with no consultation or payment for damage. The cutting of trees along rural dirt roads takes down dust and wind breaks.
73. Then there is spraying roadsides within notice and washing spray equipment in the creeks. I have witnessed this – and let them have a piece of my mind!

74. This little section outlines huge issues. It shows proof of disregard of and disrespect to the tangata whenua land owners. On contacting the Far North District Council offices, I am met with a typical standard Government retort of no ownership, or even denial, amounting to no more than "What's your problem lady?"

Environmental Changes / Native Forest

75. When I was growing up our kainga were at Waihapa and Otangaroa Junction. The whole area was covered in ngahere with odd pockets of farmland. The largest of those pockets of farmland was on what is called Frear Road, known to us as Nga Iwitaua. This was farmed by Bill Frear.
76. The rest were small farms and the land was mostly ngahere.
77. In the days of the County Councils, a lot of local European farmers were elected to the local County Council and took the opportunity to seize Maori lands in lieu of rates. The Council would look up who owed rates. When the council seized the land, the farmers would pay the rates owing on it and in turn become the owners of the land.
78. Extended whanau would only know that something had changed when the ngahere was being cleared from the land and fences were being erected. Access to records was not always easily available. When we went and asked the Councils what had happened, the local Council was not always forthcoming with information for the people. People generally had to travel to Kaikohe or Kawakawa to find the information in a bigger Council office. My father used to travel to Whangarei and have the information searched for him down there.
79. The clearing of ngahere resulted in the loss of birdlife, rongoa, and the materials used for weaving. The streams and rivers changed too and we lost much of our kaeo (freshwater shellfish), tuna, all the freshwater kai. Our fern (used for poultices too) was gone.
80. There were many plants in the forest and throughout our natural environment that we used for medicinal or spiritual purposes and for kai. As but a few examples, we used pangu or putawa, hinau pokaka, ko wharawhara, titoki, rimu, maire tawake, and miro. Most of our native

ngahere is rongoa one way or another. These have all gone from our ngahere, from the designated and blessed places where our tohunga set them aside for their particular purposes and so that they would not be disturbed by people with other purposes.

81. I remember in the 1970s I came to gather rongoa – some of which only grows in specific places and you can only harvest it at certain times of the years. I found the way locked up past Mangapa. I was heading towards where my great-uncle, Tukariri, used to live. I was stunned to see pine trees long before I reached my destination. They had replaced our ngahere. This was my first introduction to the locked gates on our whenua and blocking access to our traditional resources.
82. Blocked on that route, I then drove through the Otangaroa road – which is now called Tipatipa – and through the whanau blocks I went to get to Kenana to seek the assistance of my old auntie. My Aunt, Mrs Mary Lloyd, told me of the troubles that she was having in that region. She had forced the forestry company or Crown to re-engage the workers who had planted the pine forest to un-plant it. They had chopped down all the ngahere there. I had gone to see her as she was the only elder in the area who could tell me another place where I could gather that specific rongoa. I found up that she was tied up in the mahi trying to prevent the planting of the pine forest. It was too late for the ngahere as it was already gone. She was trying to get it un-planted again using our unemployed people. She had got the Crown to commit to financing the replanting of that whenua for the other people of Kenana.
83. I asked her what she wanted to plant and she replied pine. She said this was because the pine would be used for the housing of our people. She managed to get it planted up again. I don't know the details of the legal wrangles she had, I am not sure which company it was related. I don't know the details but some of the compensation for the breach – that she managed to get in a private appeal to the Crown on behalf of the hapu. She had claimed that the Crown had acquired the land, cleared it and then planted it in pine without consultation or knowledge of the tangata whenua.

84. Some of that compensation money was used to assist the building of the marae at Kenana.
85. I can only support the korero that that is our whanau land in there.
86. With the new farmlands replacing the ngahere, the farms were heavily spreading fertilisers etc which was washing off into the streams. These were mostly dairy farms back in those days with some sheep farms.
87. As more and more dairy farms were developed, flooding started to occur. More and more silt began accumulating in the waterways and coming down to the flats. To my whanau, the biggest desecration was the killing off of our food sources and the loss of the breeding grounds for our matoki (the grey heron) which was significant to the tangata of this region. The grey heron was humorously called the 'boom boom birds' because of the noise they made when they were mating. The whole valley, down to Komene (known as Totara North today) and over at Tahawai, could hear this boom boom noise when the matoki were mating.
88. Waihapa and Matoki Bay are the most inland bays of the Whangaroa harbour. The entrance to these bays was where the Totara North Bridge is today on State Highway 10. When I was a child boats and craft of many descriptions (some large and some small) accessed these bays. These were mostly whanau and the coastal people would come on the incoming tide and the landing was at Waihapa Bay. When the new bridge was built in the late 1960s or early 1970s the lay of the bridge closed off water craft access – other than to a small dinghy. This, on top of the building up of silt in the bay, has effectively closed the channel for anything other than a dinghy.
89. When the new bridge was built, they cut down a pohutukawa tree to accommodate the bridge. That pohutukawa (aside from the normal mana that goes with pohutukawa) was where tupu whenua of some of my tupuna were. Part of the bridge and the road now sits on top of this site. The first time my mother saw that, we could not move her away from the area for several hours while she tangi'd.

90. The sand on the water's edge was hard packed on the water's edge at Waihapa Bay and Matoki Bay. This sand was hard enough to be a road. This water's edge was one of the main walking tracks. The kaimoana at Waihapa and Matoki were karehu, pupu, pipi, kutai, and purewha in abundance. We also gathered pakirikiri (flounder). The development of the farmlands and the construction of the bridge, and the negative environmental impacts of this, resulted in our local kaimoana being destroyed. Up until then, there had been no real need to go out into the main Whangaroa Harbour or out on the open sea to gather kaimoana. Today you need a boat if you want to gather kaimoana.
91. Waihapa Bay was the access for our sea-faring whanau along the coasts. Instead of using the land-based walk ways, the coastal people would use the bay to access their inland whanau.
92. There were no mangroves in the Waihapa harbour when I was growing up. They were further down the harbour but now these mangroves have basically taken over Waihapa and Matoki Bays. We used to see little pockets of mangroves down the Whangaroa Harbour side and on the Tahawai side that had been there for some time but not the vast 'forests' of them like we do now.
93. In 1958, my father, two brothers, my mother and I set to work to fence off our land at Matoki. This required the taking of a number of macrocarpa at Matoki, splitting and preparing them for fence posts and batons. We would then float these down the harbour to the mill at Totara North. My job entailed running the log rafts to keep them straight as my father towed them down the harbour on the outgoing tide.
94. To bring the batons and strainer posts back from the mill, the same procedure took place. We floated them down to the farm from Totara North on the incoming tide. This process took a couple of weeks. In the meantime, work was carried out clearing boundary lines. Our neighboring whanaunga on the boundary was Patenga Stewart. He also assisted us. Over this period of about 3 months, we camped on the whenua. These fence lines were cared for by Patenga and my brother Robin. In 1972 I walked those boundaries to check the fence lines. I found the fence lines on the lower level came up to just above my knee. The silt had built up

around them, raising the height of the land. The old posts had not been removed but new fence posts had been put in beside them on the same fence line. Today, in 2014, only the tops of those originally straining posts are showing. Originally, these fence posts would have been at least 1.5m high above the ground.

95. Another example to show the build-up of silt is that what was once a step-across-brook is now a deep creek. This is because the banks have been built up by the silt. This brook is now wider and deeper and can no longer be easily crossed on foot. Back in the 1950s you could drive across it. You can no longer do this today.
96. An old wahi tapu (an old burial ground) is now underwater when it floods. Due to the erosion caused by flooding in the area people have had to shift the bones. This cannot have been a floodprone area when the koiwi were buried there because your tupuna knew better than to bury their koiwi where they might be disturbed.
97. In my opinion, all this silt is coming from the farms up the valley. This silt began to be brought down since the forests and the ngahere have been cut down to make way for farming.
98. Flooding was never a problem when I was growing up. Now it consistently floods. The flat ground on the whenua I live on was our mahinga – our kumera gardens. Taro was another root crop we grew in our gardens. Now we cannot plant here as the frequent floods would wipe them away. In the late 1950s a family by the name of Dahl bought the Dahlia bulb to Aotearoa. They farmed further up the Otangaroa Valley. For extra putea, my mother and I would work in their gardens and we would plant the Dahlia bulb down on this flat. Again, nothing can be grown safely on this flat now due to the flooding.
99. My brother told me once that he first noticed the flooding in the 1970s – he drove everywhere in his Morris Minor and one day he could not get through in his car due to the floods – that was the first time he had seen the land in such a flood.

100. The Pupuke River, Waihapa River and Mangapa River all used to be full of kai. Along their river banks, outside the kainga there would be drying and smoking racks and they would always be laden with kai from the River. You could see the smoke in the valley from the drying fires.
101. We used particular types of bark gathered from certain trees which we always gathered at a particular time and in a particular way to ensure that the tree was not harmed. We used this bark to smoke the kai. Those trees are no longer there. The twigs from certain trees were used to thread the kai on and these would season the food – like we would use spices today. These are also no longer available to us.
102. The way I live today is as it was when I was a little girl. I do not have power or running water and I depend very much on what papatuanuku can provide. This is how I know these resources are no longer available.

Top Dressing and Spraying

103. Top dressing and spraying is killing off kanuka and manuka. And gorse is running rampant. One thing that I do is I go and try to clear the gorse from the roadside.

Honey Bees

104. The native honey bees are dying, they are being taken over by the imported honey bees. Wild hives used to be prolific and our people would collect honey from these hives. I think this is related to the loss of the manuka and kanuka and other ngahere. Their habitat has been destroyed and this must have been compounded by top dressing and spraying with insecticides. It is likely that they have been affected by competition with imported rivals who would have brought diseases as well as vying for resources.
105. When we found a hive, we would take a titree sapling, at least 3 metres long (or as long as you needed to reach the hive), then you would wrap muslin wadding around the stick just below the point. We would then reach up and gently pierce the underside of the hive. The honey would drip down into the muslin wadding. When the honey began to run down the stick we would remove the stick from the hive and wrap the muslin in

an oilskin. The hive was not damaged in any way and would heal as we removed the stick. I cannot begin to tell you how delicious this honey was – the bees would have resourced all the flowers from the native ngahere. And the flavours would change with the seasons. This honey is very different from what you get out of a jar today.

106. I have not seen any native hives for many years – perhaps since the 1960s.

Frogs

107. Roading, spraying, loss of ngahere and cats are all impacting on the populations of our native frogs.
108. When I was young there were lots of frog, and skinks and geckos. Now they are scarce and the northland skink is now extinct.

Wahi Tapu

109. Many people are now no longer able to access our wahi tapu. The lands are now too swampy and the creek which cannot be crossed without assistance.
110. A number of our wahi tapu are now owned by Europeans. We would be deemed to be trespassing. Many of our wahi tapu are desecrated by the day to day farm procedures. This is heartbreaking for our people. Just the process of writing this brief has brought back to the forefront of my mind about what has happened to the places I drive past and the way in which the system has protected those who do these things to what are our special, sacred places.
111. At the end of Waihapa Road on the back face of Taratara, our sacred maunga is a burial ground. Boulders have been moved. I spoke to the present day farmers about four years ago, we ended up in a row. I had asked him to have a little more sensitivity to our tupuna. Standing on the side of the road and having your mana tapu belittled and degraded is a takahi on our kaitiakitanga.

112. There is another a burial site at Pahuhu. The main State Highway 10 being cut through here has caused landslips. A lot of the markers have fallen down through the ngahere to the road, and therefore quite obviously the koiwi buried there have been disturbed. The part of the hill where they were buried is not there anymore. This is still a used cemetery to this day by the whanau.
113. I have heard stories of other wahi tapu being desecrated but am not familiar enough with them to korero on them.

Socio-Economic Impacts

114. The awahi to the land has gone. Many young people today see whenua only in terms of money. Their affinity to the wider whanau has diminished and become singular. Attitudes are now more about singular or individual rather than based on the community. This is undermining our whole basis in whanaungatanga and connections based on whakapapa relationships.
115. Our people are so dispersed these days. Vocations, work resources, and the world is so open to them that they feel that because there isn't a big home with running water and spa pools and shops that there is 'nothing' at home. Home has become the sticks. The world encourages them to be materialistic.
116. Many of the things that I had growing up are no longer here anymore – the kai, the ngahere and the moana. These days our kai is gone. If you want food, you have to buy it. To buy food, you need money. To get money, you need a job and to get a job you generally need to leave the rohe.
117. I think another reason why they feel there is no longer anything at home stems from the Crown-imposed system that divided our whenua up with fenced, surveyed, legal boundaries. The whenua stopped being the group's and became the individual's. It was not ours, but theirs. If it wasn't your group's, why would you think you had any connection any longer? That piece of paper has killed the whanaungatanga.
118. In the 50s and 60s those that were not required to mahi on their whanau whenua went off to work in the towns to send a quarter of the putea home

to the whanau. As time went on, and the ways of the town life seeped into peoples' bones, the putea they sent home became less and less. Expenses for living in the city increased.

119. Rats were a problem for our people. When people were in the whares, they were being nibbled by rats. Our babies couldn't be left by themselves on the ground for fear that the rats would bite them. This is why my father built a European-style house for my mother and our family.
120. I remember being a little girl and asking my mother about scars on people's faces. She would tell me that they had most likely been bitten as babies by rats, or "kiore Pakeha" as she called them.
121. It wasn't only babies who would be bitten, any one with open sores, cuts or eczema would be targeted by the rats as were our old people in particular. Today rats remain also one of the major causes of the ongoing destruction of our ngahere and bird life. They invaded nests to target eggs and hatchlings.



Deborah Annie Hill