

In the Waitangi Tribunal
Porirua ki Manawatu Inquiry

Wai 2200
Wai 1618

In the Matter of the Treaty of Waitangi Act 1975

And

In the Matter of the Porirua ki Manawatu District Inquiry
(Wai 2200)

And

In the Matter of a claim by Hayden Brinsley Turoa, Edward Whatanui Devonshire, Kararaina Hemara Haeana Oldridge, Te Wera Paratene Haeana Hemara (deceased) and Milton Rakei Te Kura Rauhihi (deceased), for and on behalf of themselves and Nga Hapu o Himatangi – being Ngati Turanga, Ngati Te Au and Ngati Rakau (Wai 1618)

**Brief of Evidence of Edward Whatanui Devonshire in relation to his Living Memory
of Foxton/Himatangi**

Dated 26 March 2021

Mahony Horner Lawyers

Counsel: Dr Bryan Gilling / Caylee Wood

PO Box 24515

Wellington 6142

04 974 4028 / 04 974 4075

bryan.gilling@mhlaw.co.nz / caylee.wood@mhlaw.co.nz

RECEIVED

Waitangi Tribunal

26 Mar 2021

Ministry of Justice
WELLINGTON

TUR010-001_132.DOCX

MAY IT PLEASE THE TRIBUNAL

1. My name is Edward Whatanui Devonshire, retired. I live on the Marae Taumata o te Ra at Halcombe. This Brief of Evidence (BoE) is filed on behalf of the claim by Hayden Brinsley Turoa, Edward Whatanui Devonshire, Kararaina Hemara Haeana Oldridge, Te Wera Paratene Haeana Hemara (deceased) and Milton Rakei Te Kura Rauhihi (deceased), for and on behalf of themselves and Nga Hapu o Himatangi – being Ngati Turanga, Ngati Te Au and Ngati Rakau (Wai 1618).

Whanau

2. I was born in Foxton on 10 July 1940. Five days after my birth, my uncle Bauckham was born. He was the youngest of Nanny and Koro's children. Nanny and Bauckham then returned to Himatangi.
3. My great-grandmother, Kui Makareta, Koro Pitihira Reihana, Nanny Rangimahora and my mother, Raita, all had the biggest influence on me during my formative years in Himatangi. I also spent a great deal of time with my Uncles and I even went to school with my three youngest ones. My aunties were also close by in the early years.
4. Pitihira had a sister and brother while Rangimahora came from a family of nine at Te Arawa. I recall knowing all their names early on as I'd heard my Mum and others talk about them.

Nga Whare

5. I recall when I was younger being shown an old tin shack opposite Motuiti that was an early home for Mum and I. However, I do not recall living there, nor do I remember whether I had a sister at the time. We moved back and forth to Himatangi.

6. Makareta was living on her own in the kauta, or as we called it, the cookhouse. As children, we were often out at the farm collecting pine cones for her, she had an open fire which seemed to be going nonstop. My Mum told me that, when I was two years old, I would leave Koro and Nanny's house and wander away through the long grass to the cook house. They would often find me there with Kui Makareta sitting quietly in front of her fire. She died in 1946, aged ninety-two.
7. Our family moved into the cookhouse on the farm (when?). It was built out of corrugated iron and had one door, and one window at the front. There was no ceiling, no insulation or power, but plenty of blankets or coats for warmth. In front of the fire there was a bare dirt hearth. The rest of the floor was covered with boards and mats. There was a small bed where I occasionally slept. Sometimes a babysitter would look after us. On the other side of the partition was another bedroom.
8. Sometime later, when the house became empty, we moved into the meeting house. Mum managed to have the power connected. There were two lights and one stove, and this was our home for several years. Dishes were washed in a basin, we had a bath in a tin tub and the waste water was hurled into the paddock.
9. The wharepaku was a long drop out the back, with a sack for a door and further behind it was the urupa, surrounded by lupin. Further inland was the cowshed with calf and pig pens. We collected water from a well by the cowshed.
10. There was no artwork. Whakairo, tukutuku, kowhaiwhai and the tekoteko were done on a machine with a Pakeha design. Someone had painted on the right hand side 'Ngati Te Au'. The walls inside were tongue-in-groove lining and may have been covered in some sort of sealer. I believe the ceiling was designed in a similar way.
11. The wharenuui required stabilising from the prevailing west wind; so on the windward side there was about six posts with about eight strands of wire parallel with the whare that we used to thread lupin through for a

windbreak. On the east side, there were three pou on a forty-five degree angle against the outside wall to brace the whare against strong winds.

12. On occasion the winds would rock the whare and send pieces across the paddock towards Koro and Nanny's place. When it was bad we would have to bunk down on the floor for the night at Koro and Nanny's. There was no bracing, no internal walls and this is required to stabilise whare.

Well-being

13. Wood was the only source of fuel for cooking and warmth at Koro's house and at the cookhouse. Therefore, it seemed to be a never-ending job gathering pine cones, fallen branches and cutting and splitting wood for the multiple fireplaces. Most of this wood was from the neighbours row of trees beside Koro's whare.
14. Nanny had a cast iron camp oven with a lid for rewena. She had a pan for frying flat rewena bread. If we had corn, it would go on top of the range. She had about three irons that she would heat up on the stove, and one wooden handle to rotate them as they cooled. This was also how she did the ironing. There was an open fireplace in the room next at the rear of the coal range.

Economy and Environment

15. Another job that we often had to do was milking the cows when the men were working and living on site at the Longburn Freezing Works. We had a four bale milking shed and about twenty cows.
16. I remember getting off the school bus at Nanny's and she would have fried rewena bread, fresh from the pan, with a cup of tea loaded with condensed milk waiting for us. We would sit at the table and then once finished Koro would send us off to milk the cows. My Uncle Al and I would head off to the shed. The power was hooked up, so we had a milking cups system and a separator, motor and water pump in the room next door for the milk, which

became cream, with whey milk for the calves and pigs.

17. We would hitch the sledge to Nobby, the old horse, to take the cream can out to the roadside cream stand. The empty can would then be returned with a coupon for us to keep. The Oroua Downs Dairy factory was up past the school and they had a General Store there which would drop off goods at the cream stand. I can recall the large bags of white flour which would be made into rewena bread.
18. The school had an arrangement with the store for kids' lunches. This was rung through on the party line from Koro's place. There was also a place in Foxton called Bauckham's store that we also got goods from. In hindsight, it seems like it was a form of survival, swapping the cream for goods.
19. Sometimes, the cows would graze on the roadside when someone was with them. Once I was with them and a lawyer crashed into the back of our favourite cow, Goldy. I left the herd and took off on my bike crying and yelling to Mum. Goldy had to be put down, but we received compensation from the lawyer.
20. I remember one day Al and I biking up to the store at Himatangi to get something for Nanny. He went in first and just as I got off my bike there was a two-pound note on the forecourt. I soon had it in my hand and was in telling Al, he suggested we get something for us now and place the rest under Nanny's house for when we wanted something. And that is what we did.
21. Time passed and one day I was milking one morning by myself, Al came late and jumped up on rails, he had come to say goodbye he was off to the Wairarapa to a Boarding College. I was devastated and had to finish the milking by myself, crying. This was not due to issues of local education.
22. We had about 12 horses at the farm, I remember Nobby and Blood were ours. The rest came from a person who had been looking for land to graze his horses while he went away. He never returned and so we kept them on the farm. We also had an old dog called Dick, who did not seem to be

interested in what was going on around him. The chooks and the geese would run around in the lupins, laying eggs and nesting, only getting fed when they came by. I don't recall a chook house.

23. We used to get canned meat, one called bully beef, sometimes meat from the freezing works, rabbit stew, and plenty of eels. The creek by Paranui Pa on the opposite side of the road, had eels and watercress and the water was always clear in those days. The creek is now dry, and only fills when there is heavy rain. This is the same for many creeks in the area now.
24. In Koro's locked shed there were some 3 pronged Manuka spears and one of the Uncle's would get them for us when we became older. Most eels came from Koputara lakes area or the Kaikokopu stream at Himatangi. The shopkeeper at the beach, Mr Barling, would ring Koro and tell him that the eels were running and then the adults would head down on the horses or borrow the neighbour's dray. This would lead to a big job at home for Nanny, prepping, salting and hanging the eels on the line. Some would be shared with wider whānau and also sent by rail to kui Ranginui at Ngongotaha in a big box with pingao, and part completed kete etc. That same box would also come back with goods from Kui Ranginui.
25. I have heard many stories about whānau camping down at Koputara and also going down to gather eels for Ratana when they would ring.
26. The farmer next door had a huge old concrete tank in the next paddock to us and that's where Koro and Nanny had kanga piro. Koro also had a contact for mutton birds and he would share them with the wider whānau. Pipi and toheroa were also shared when we would go to the beach, or someone would drop some at the farm.
27. Koro and Nanny's house was cut off from the road by a strip of land taken by the Crown for the railway in 1866. The Railways were leasing it to the farmer next door, I recall his cows getting through onto their section and we would have to chase them out. I remember Manu Bennett the Minister, Miss Paul a nurse, and many other manuhiri visiting and they would have to leave their cars on the road. I later found out that was called landlocked. I think Wiremu

Parker called and has since spoken to Taihakurei Durie who remembers visiting with his Uncle in the mid forties.

My School

28. There were many tasks to keep us busy day to day living in Himatangi and of course we had to attend school at Oroua Downs. Our school was about four kilometres north on the main highway, not far from the Dairy Factory. We went to school by bus, which came from Foxton and would pick us all up from Motuiti, head down to Himatangi Beach, back to the main highway and then north to school. There was a time when I had three of my uncles with me at school. As I became older I was allowed to ride my bike there and to the school pool at weekends.

29. We also had school bus trips away. I can recall going to Wellington to the Trades Fair and boarding the Dominion Monarch at the wharf. Other trips involved tennis, rugby and marbles. We had tournaments and activity days with other local schools. I recall our headmaster was able to talk to us in class with a cigarette stuck to his bottom lip.

30. There was a tribal rugby team called Awahou. Koro Pitihira was the coach. The ground was opposite Totara Park road, cut out in the lupin. As ball boys we would have to find the ball in the lupin and return it to the players. We would go back to Motuiti and some of the players would allow us to join and form in a scrum and backline. It was good fun in those days.

31. I recall Sonny Tukapua picking us up to go to tournaments, somewhere north of the Dairy Factory. All us kids would be packed into the back of a little pickup truck. They also had sports or gala days there.

32. On weekends Bauckham and I would catch the bus to the pictures at Foxton. We would count our money up at the gate, spend it all and then walk home. One day as we got closer to Motuiti we decided to jump the fence and go and see the tin shack Mum and I lived in. We thought no one lived there anymore so we were banging the tin walls with sticks, then all of sudden a man's voice yelled from the window. We saw a Chinese man holding up a

machete. We then turned and ran for the fence and home.

33. These were times without cars, radios, fridges, TV, mobiles. We amused ourselves, got our chores done and enjoyed being at my school. There were many whānau and hapū relations around.

Loss of Identity - Lifestyle changes and the impacts

34. My last day at school, when I was about twelve, was rather traumatic to say the least. A truck arrived at the school with Mum and Dad. We were told to pack our gear up, but did not know what was happening until we got to the gate. Our furniture was tied under a tarpaulin, Mum and one of my sisters were in the cab. Mum told me informed me of what was happening and I protested by kicking the cab. I was then thrown up on top of the tarpaulin behind the cab. My older sisters and I were roped down behind the cab of the truck on the deck. The school kids all came out to the gate to wave goodbye, I wanted to jump off. Bawling my eyes out, the truck headed away from the place I loved. We had no idea where we were going.
35. School was never the same for me once we left. This resulted in me leaving school as soon as I could. The whanaungatanga was missing from our lives. I didn't enjoy the changes as we moved around to different homes.
36. We no longer saw our extended whanau as much as we did during those early years. Koro passed roughly a year before I left school which was tough.
37. A few years later, at Hunterville a busload of whānau and hapū came up from Himatangi to celebrate my 21st birthday. Seeing and hearing them singing and laughing evoked many special memories from early years.
38. Many changes and directions occurred over the following years. The land is still there and the aspirations and vision of our next generation is very encouraging to see.