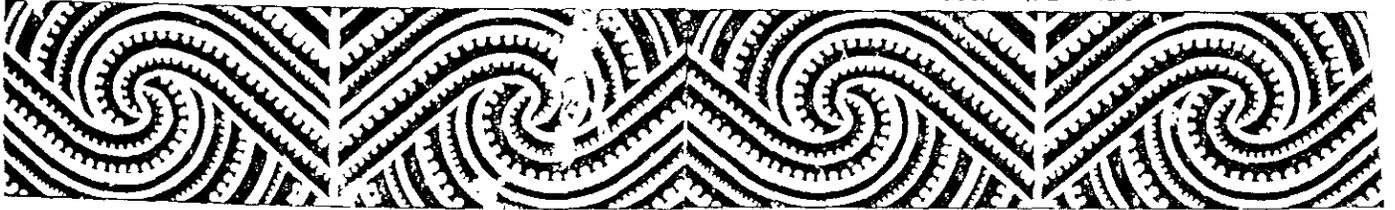




STORIES
OF
TAURANGA
MOANA



STORIES OF TAURANGA MOANA

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INTRODUCTION

Ko Tauranga to moana, ko Mauao te maunga

The land of Tauranga Moana slopes towards the shores of Tauranga Harbour and its several islands. To the south and west are the rugged bush-covered ranges now called Kaimai. The many streams which flow into the harbour from the ranges have cut deep gorges into the land, widened into valleys nearer the sea and spread out as estuaries and mudflats around the harbour. The bush was the home of many mythical monsters, taniwha, ngarara, maero, and their tracks can still be seen in the deep ravines. The bush provided a hunting ground for birds, a place for gathering berries and other food plants. The bush was the source of timber for building. The great trees called totara were felled to make canoes and carved houses.

Around the harbour there were many pleasant places to live. There were places that could be fortified with ditches, banks, terraces and palisades on high hill, cliff top or riverbank. There were gardens where crops, such as kumara, grew well. There was plenty of kaimoana, shellfish of all kinds, kina, fish, crayfish and so on, in the harbour, around the shores and in the open sea. Up the rivers there were tuna (eels) and koura. In the swamps there was flax, harakeke and raupo for thatching houses, weaving baskets, making clothing and many other uses. Between the bush-covered ranges and the harbour, there was a belt of fern land which provided another source of food, aruhe or fern root.

Tauranga Moana was a very rich district, rich in food resources, with a great variety of environments, which could support many village communities. For over seven centuries people have lived around Tauranga Moana. They have left their mark on the landscape in the many pa sites around the shore and on the hill tops. Because this was a district with rich food resources, it was often fought over. There is a whakataukī, a saying, He whenua, he wahine i mate ai te tangata. Women and land are the downfall of men. But there is another meaning of this saying, Women and land are. worth fighting for. Many, many generations of people have fought and loved, lived and died, on this land of Tauranga Moana.

These stories of the doings of a few of the tupuna, ancestors, of Tauranga Moana, have been put together for the present generation, for the young, and the not so young, who have not had the opportunity to hear them as they grew up in the district. The stories have been compiled from various sources. Material has been supplied by local people, in particular, Kaikohe Rolleston, Turi Te Kani, Bill Chia, Charles Kuka, Syd Ngatai, the late Dave Borell, the late Beare Piahana and many others at various times. The late Fred Pinfold collected some stories and these manuscripts, now in the Tauranga District Museum, have also been used. There are also some published stories, in particular, J.A. Wilson, *The Story of Te Waharoa and Sketches of Ancient Maori Life and History* (Christchurch, Whitcombe and Thombs, 1906) ; W.E. Gudgeon, *Te Heke o Rangihouhiri* (Whakatane and District Historical Society Memoir No.6, 1970) ; D.M. Stafford, *Te Arawa* (Wellington, Reed, 1967) . For more specific references and further reading, see the bibliographic notes in E. Stokes, *A History of Tauranga County* (Palmerston North, Dunmore, 1980).

These stories belong to all of Tauranga Moana. They are grouped roughly in chronological order in that stories of the ancient tribes occur earlier than those of the latest migration into the area, that of Ngaiterangi. The ancient Ngamarama have been largely displaced by Ngaiterangi. Many of these stories are concerned with this struggle for a place to live, and the struggle to retain hard fought for lands and resources. These stories are a small contribution to preserving the rich cultural heritage of the people of Tauranga Moana.

E ngä Iwi kia kaha, kia toa, kia manawanui.

Kia ora koutou katoa.

Mauao

There was once a hill with no name among the many hills and ravines on the edge of the forests of Hautere. This nameless one was pononga, slave or servant, to the great chief Otānewainuku, the forested peak which stands as a landmark for the tribes of Tauranga Moana. To the south-west was the shapely form of the hill Puwhenua, a woman clothed in all the fine greens of the ferns and shrubs and trees of the forest of Täne. The nameless one was desperately in love with Puwhenua. Her heart was already won by the majestic form of the chiefly mountain Otānewainuku. There seemed no hope for the lowly slave with no name to persuade her to become his bride.

The nameless one sorrowed. in despair he decided to end it all by drowning himself in the ocean, Te Moananui a Kiwa. He called on the patupaiarehe, the people with magical powers who dwelled in the forests of Hautere. They were his friends and they plaited the ropes with their magic to haul him from the hill country toward the ocean. As they pulled on their ropes, they chanted their magic chant.

E hika tū ake
Ki runga rä whitiki taua
Hei tama tū
Uea ki te uru
Kumea ki te tonga
Hiki nuku
Hiki rangi
I arä rä
Ka ngarue, ka ngarue
Toia ki te hau marangai
Kia whakarongo taku kiri
Te kikini a te rehutai
O Ngä ngaru whatiwhati
E haruru mai nei
Wi, wī wī
Wä wä wä
A! hä! hä!
Horahia ö mata ki a Meremere Tüahiahi
Hei taki i te ara ki a Tangaroa
He atua häo i te tini ki te pö
E kokoia e ara e

Arise you who slumber
Prepare ourselves
Prove our manhood
Heave to the west
Heave to the south
Move heaven and earth
It awakens,
It loosens, shudders

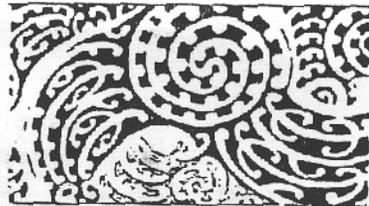
Haul toward the stormy east wind
That the skin may feel
The tang of salt spray
Of the turbulent thundering waves
Wi wī wī
Wä wä wä
A! hä! hä!

Cast your eyes heavenward
Toward Venus, the evening star,
To light the path
To the ocean of Tangaroa,
The god who lures many into his embrace,
Into eternal darkness.
Alas, the birds have awakened
Dawn has come.

The patupaiarehe chanted this song and hauled the nameless one from his place among the hills from Waoku. They gouged out the valley where the river Waimapu now flows. They followed the channel of Tauranga Moana past Hairini, past Maungatapu and Matapihi, past Te Papa. They pulled him to the edge of the great ocean of Kiwa. But it was already close to daybreak. The sun rose. The first rays lit up the summit of the nameless hill and fixed him in that place. The patupaiarehe melted away before the light of the sun. They were people of the night and they flew back to the shady depths of the forests and ravines of Hautere.

The patupaiarehe gave a name to this mountain which marks the entrance to Tauranga Moana. He was called Mauao which means caught by the dawn, or lit up by the first rays of sunrise. In time, he assumed greater mana than his rival Otānewainuku. Later he was also given another name, Maunganui, by which is is now more often known. He is still the symbol of the tribes of Tauranga Moana:

Ko Mauao te maunqa, ko Tauranga te moana.



The Struggle Between Tūhua and Pounamu.

Tūhua is the name for obsidian, a hard black rock sometimes called volcanic glass, which can be broken into sharp flakes and used as a knife, Tūhua is also the name of the island in the Bay of Plenty where this rock is found - Mayor Island. Some say that the original people of this island were called Tūhua. They emerged from the depths of the earth. They were dark like the rock and lived in the crater of the volcanic island.

One dark stormy night, there arose out of the wild and turbulent green waters of the ocean a people called Pounamu. They tried to invade the crater of Tūhua and make it their home. It was a long fight, a fierce and bloody battle that lasted several days. The Pounamu people were green like the green waters of the ocean they had come from. The blood of their dead flowed into the lake in the crater. To this day the waters of this lake are dark green and it is sometimes called Te Tote o Pounamu because of this. The Pounamu lost many warriors. There were few casualties among the Tūhua and their blood flowed into the smaller, dark-coloured lake in the crater, Te Tote o Tūhua.

Even though they had defeated the Pounamu in this fight, the people of Tūhua wanted to make sure there was no more trouble by chasing them right out of their territory. They chased them across the sea to the mainland, to the shore of Te Ika a Maui, the North Island. They chased them inland to a place near Taupo. The Pounamu pleaded to be allowed to stay at Taupo but the Tūhua pressed on. The Pounamu fled to the south of Te Ika a Maui, across the sea again to the island called Te Wai Pounamu, the South Island, along the West Coast the Tūhua chased the Pounamu to a place where they could see the snow-capped peaks of the mountain Aorangi piercing the sky.

Tūhua were at last satisfied. They drove the Pounamu up the Arahura, a river which flows from the snows of Aorangi, and left them to their fate. That is why the Arahura, and other valleys of South Westland and Fiordland are the only places where you can find pounamu, the greenstone, or nephrite. The Tūhua returned home but just in case the Pounamu decided to come back north again, they left some of their people west of Taupo. That place is also called Tūhua and is another place where the black volcanic glass called obsidian can be found. But the main place for obsidian is the island of Tūhua. This is the home of the people called Whānau a Tauwhao who settled there long after the battle between the people of Tūhua and Pounamu.

Mangatawa

To the east of Tauranga Moana is a branching ridge which extends north toward the sea from the Hautere. The northern end is called mangatawa and when viewed across the Rangataua branch of the harbour from Maungatapu or Matapihi, it looks like a whale. Te Arawa people say this whale was the taniwha that guided their canoe from Hawaiki to their final landfall at Maketu. Unfortunately, it looks much less like a whale now because the northern end, Maungamana, the eye of the whale, has been quarried away since the 1950s by irreverent Pakeha to build roads in the district. There used to be a great pa on Mangatawa. It was the place where Tamatea of the Takitimu canoe built his pa. Later, when Ngaiterangi people moved into Tauranga Moana, the chief Tamapahore, settled there. On the part that has not been quarried, the terraces of the old pa can still be seen. Maungamana, at the northern end of Mangatawa, was the landmark from which fishermen out at sea used to take their bearings to locate the best fishing grounds. The whole ridge of Mangatawa looked like a whale gazing out to sea. The people of Tauranga Moana, like Te Arawa, say that it was once a whale.

Long, long ago, a whale and her baby cruised into the harbour through the entrance past Maunganui and Matakana. They swam up the harbour past Te Papa and Matapihi toward Maungatapu. They found the water was getting more shallow and they turned round to return to deeper water. Unfortunately, they turned into the Rangataua arm of the harbour between Matapihi and Maungatapu. They knew which direction the ocean lay. They could hear the waves pounding on the beach at Omanu and Papamoa. They struggled over the mudflats of Rangataua, trying to find a way back to the open sea. They stopped at Karikari on the eastern shore of Rangataua. There was a spring there and they drank from it, because they were tired and thirsty. They did not know that this spring was magic. All life departed from the body of the mother whale and she was fixed there, gazing northward out to sea. The baby nestled beside the mother and was also fixed there as the smaller hill beside Mangatawa on the Papamoa side.

The father whale came into Tauranga Moana looking for his family. He followed them up the harbour and he too struggled across the Rangataua mudflats and drank at the spring at Karikari. He was also transformed into the high rounded hill south of Mangatawa that is called Kopukairoa.

There is still a spring at Karikari and it is called Te Waiü o te Tohora, the milk of the whale. It is at the base of Mangatawa near the shore of Rangataua. Sometimes the water flowing from it is quite white, so it must be the milk from the whale, which rests there as a guardian of the people of Te Arawa and Tauranga Moana.

There are two little islands, little bits of land sitting on the mudflats within the boundaries of the City of Tauranga. one is Motuopuhi, which the Pakeha call Rat Island, in the estuary of the Waimapu not far from Hairini. Motuopae, or Peach Island, sits in the Waikareao Estuary, not far from Judea Pa. Neither of these islands used to be there before, but how did they get to be where they are now?

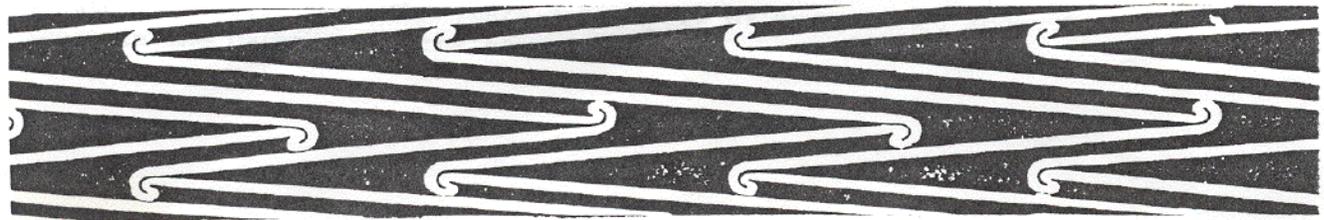
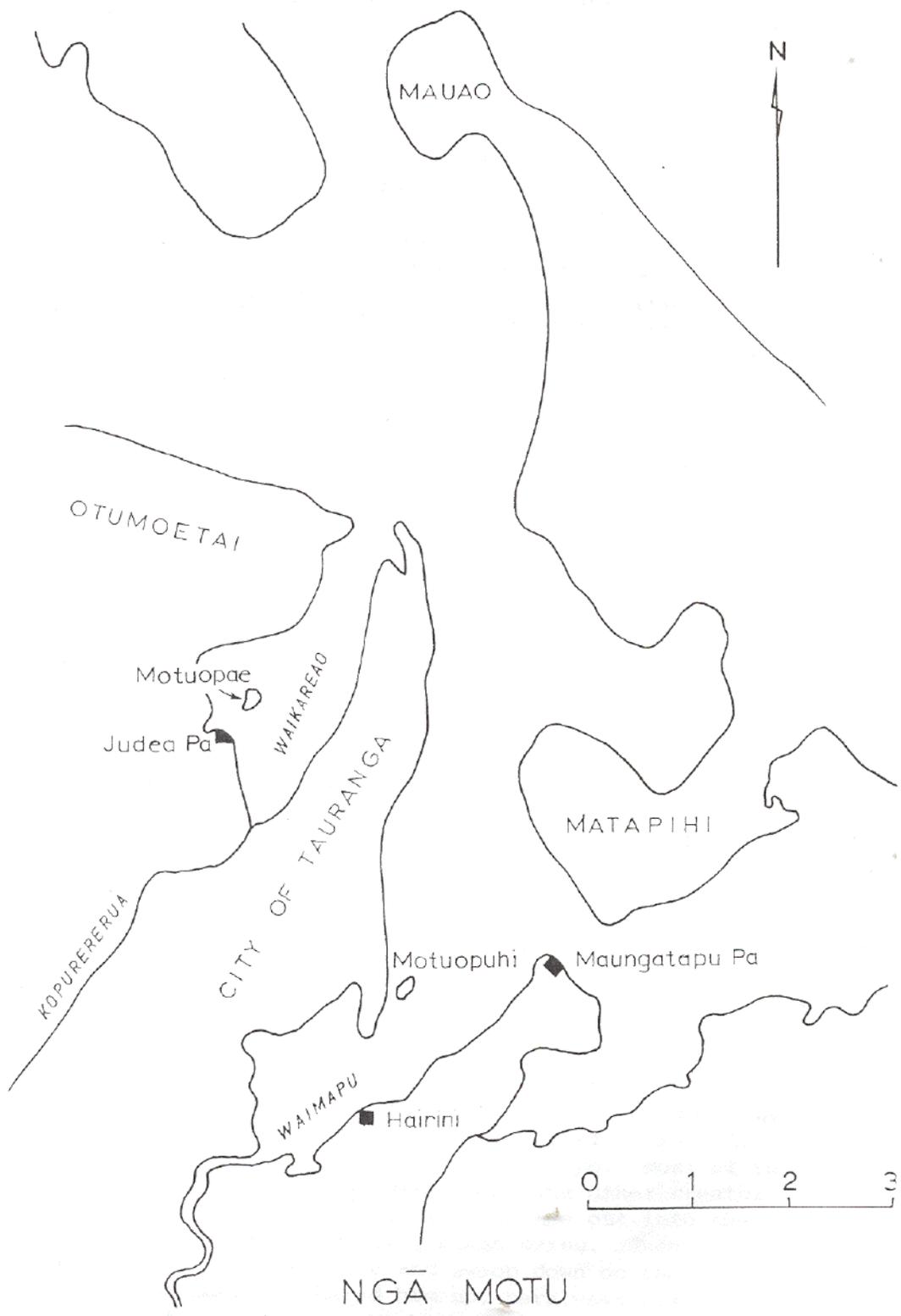
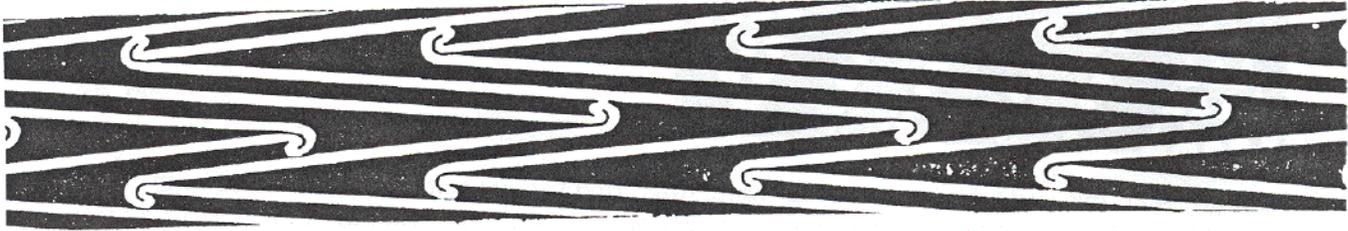
Motuopae was a hillock among many small hills inland of Otumoetai. Motuopae was in love with one of these hills but as so often happens, the lady did not respond to him at all. She turned her attention to another. Motuopae could not bear to stay around and watch his object of affection ignoring him in favour of someone else. He decided one night to swim out to sea. However, he dithered about this idea for too long before he started on his journey. He had only got as far as the Waikareao Estuary before the sun rose. He could only travel at night. The first rays of the early morning sun caught him on the mudflats of Waikareao and fixed him in his place there. He could not move. And there he sits facing out to sea.

Motuopae belongs to Ngai Tamarawaho of Huria, Judea Pa. It is their urupa, a burial ground, where the bones of their ancestors rest in peace. It was called Peach Island by the Pakeha because of all the peach trees that grew wild there. But it would be a very daring child who would go and break the tapu on that island by eating any of those peaches.

Motuopuhi used to be much closer to Maungatapu. That was in the days when Waitaha people had their pa on the clifftop at the end of the peninsula. Motuopuhi, as its name suggests, was the island close by the pa where the puhi lived. The puhi were the daughters of the rangatira and they were high class. The ordinary girls, kotiro, were allowed to have boyfriends, but the puhi had to be protected. In due course they would be married off by the elders to the sons of chiefs of other hapu or other tribes. They had to be kept as virgins, a kind of tapu which would make them more acceptable to their future husbands. And so each night the puhi were taken to their special whare puni on the little island to sleep. Their guardians were a couple of old kuia, old ladies who took good care that no young men came around that island.

Well, human nature being what it is, that island of virgins presented a challenge to some enterprising young men. It was not too long before ways were found to get to the island and get past the kuia. It soon became obvious to the elders that the tapu imposed by the kaumatua was not enough to protect them. There was a great deal of discussion and when all the whaikorero was done, it was agreed the island was much too close to the pa. It was impossible to prevent these lovers' meetings under cover of darkness.

There was only one thing to do, that is to shift the island further away. This was not the sort of job for men, however. Next day the Waitaha women were called together. At half tide they all waded out and with one stupendous heave pushed the island further away across the estuary. If you doubt this korero tara then you should go to the Waimapu Estuary at low tide. You will see the channel between Motuopuhi and Maungatapu which was gouged out when the women shifted the island. And why did the Pakeha decide to call it Rat Island when it already had a perfectly good name? Well, maybe you can think of a perfectly good explanation for that.



The main road to Rotorua from Tauranga used to wind through the Oropi Gorge and Ngawaro in the rugged bush country of Hautere. It was not an easy road to keep open because of its steep cuttings in the rocky cliffs. A lot more rain fell in the hills than on the coast and there were often slips and washouts on the road. This story was told by an old man who once worked on the Oropi road.

“I remember a cave in one of the cuttings up there. I was just a young chap then. After a storm when the rain came down, as it can in that district, the road was blocked with slips. A gang of us was sent up there to clear the road. In one place the whole bank had slipped, uncovering a cave. As we shovelled the clay and tipped it over the bank on the other side of the road, the cave itself became more open. Then, hanging over the ledge of the floor of the cave, some bones appeared. We were not at all keen on the job after that and we most certainly did not want to mess around with those bones. As we went on with the job of clearing the fallen clay, some of the bones fell down the bank. Something had to be done. At last one of the gang picked them up and replaced them in the cave, pushing them well back. It wasn't me. You won't catch me on a job like that. They were very big bones, must have belonged to people about two metres tall. All the bones were big like that. Anyway, the bones were all pushed back into the cave as far as possible. We set to work pitching the rest of the clay into the cave and ramming it back until the mouth was plugged up and no-one could see there had been a cave there. We never told anyone about those bones. We didn't want curious people poking about or taking the bones away. Too many burial caves around Tauranga Moana have been desecrated like that, so we kept this cave a secret.”

There is nobody alive now who worked in that road gang. We don't know whose bones they were, but there are stories about ancient people who lived in the Hautere who were very tall. They were some of the old tangata whenua, the Ngamarama. They lived well on the plentiful food supplies around Tauranga Moana. In those days they could also hunt moa on the edge of the bush. They also went regularly into the wild ravines of Hautere to snare birds. Some times, however, the hunters never returned from these expeditions into the forest. More and more of the strong, young warriors of Ngamarama disappeared. There were fewer men to hunt and provide food and the fighting strength of the tribe dwindled.

The reason for the disappearance of the warriors was the maero. This is a much worse sort of a monster than a taniwha or ngarara. It was like some sort of human being, but huge and horrible, perhaps more like a great bat. Its arms were about three metres long, and connected to great bat wings. On its feet and arms were long, sharp talons or claws. It lived in a dark cave somewhere in the Hautere, be ana taipo. Most of the time the maero stayed there sulking in the darkness. The other creatures of the forest left it alone there. The only time it came out into the light was when its evil nose smelled a passing human being. Then the maero would crash out of the entrance to its cave and swoop down on the hunter who ventured too close. The maero gathered him up, paralysed him with its talons and carried him in its webbed arms back to the cave, te ana taipo. The maero shouted “Tutaki!” and the cave entrance closed up again while it ate its meal. Over the years a big pile of human bones accumulated there in the darkness of the cave.

The people of Ngamarama did not know what to do about the maero. They did not know exactly where its cave was, but they knew the danger area. One by one, warriors of Ngamarama who ventured too close disappeared in the forests of Hautere. There was one young rangatira, called Purukupenga, and it was decided that if anyone could fight that maero, then he could. He was given the strongest karakia that the wisest of the tohunga of Ngamarama could give him. He carried a sharp mere and he was known as the most expert of all the warriors in its use. He also carried a flaming torch because the maero, like all kinds of aitua, cannot tolerate fire and smoke. So armed, Purukupenga set off for the forests of Hautere and the land of the maero.

Purukupenga arrived at a place at the top of a rock face, the edge of a ravine. The cave of the maero, te ana taipo, was on the opposite side of the ravine. The maero smelled the smell of a human being. The cave entrance crashed open and out swooped the maero, gliding on its great bat wings across the deep gorge. Purukupenga was ready. He turned to face the maero. He thrust the flaming torch at its face. The maero, surprised and blinded, faltered and fell. As it fell, its talons caught on the top edge of the rock face. Swiftly Puru struck at the claws clutching the rock edge with his mere. The talons snapped with the crackle of dry, rotten wood from the bloodless body of the maero. The monster roared with pain and anger. Nothing like this had ever happened to it before. Puru danced a haka. He called the maero a taurekareka and other names. "I will say the karakia tupapaku over you", chanted Puru. Up in the tree, a kaka laughed. The maero flew at Purukupenga in a fury. Again the flaming torch flashed in its face. The sharp-edged mere of Purukupenga cut into its head again and again. The skull of the maero, and its claws and its body, collapsed under the blows of the mere into a mass of brittle, broken sticks. The kaka laughed again. The kereru in the puriri tree cooed with approval. Puru danced another haka and chanted "I have beaten the taurekareka, Ka nui te pai! Ka nui te pai!" He thrust his torch into the pile of broken bones of the maero. Purukupenga danced another haka while the crackling flames turned the remains of the maero into a pile of white ashes.

That was the end of the maero of Hautere. Somewhere up there in the bush there is still a cave, te ana taipo, which contains a pile of big, old bones.

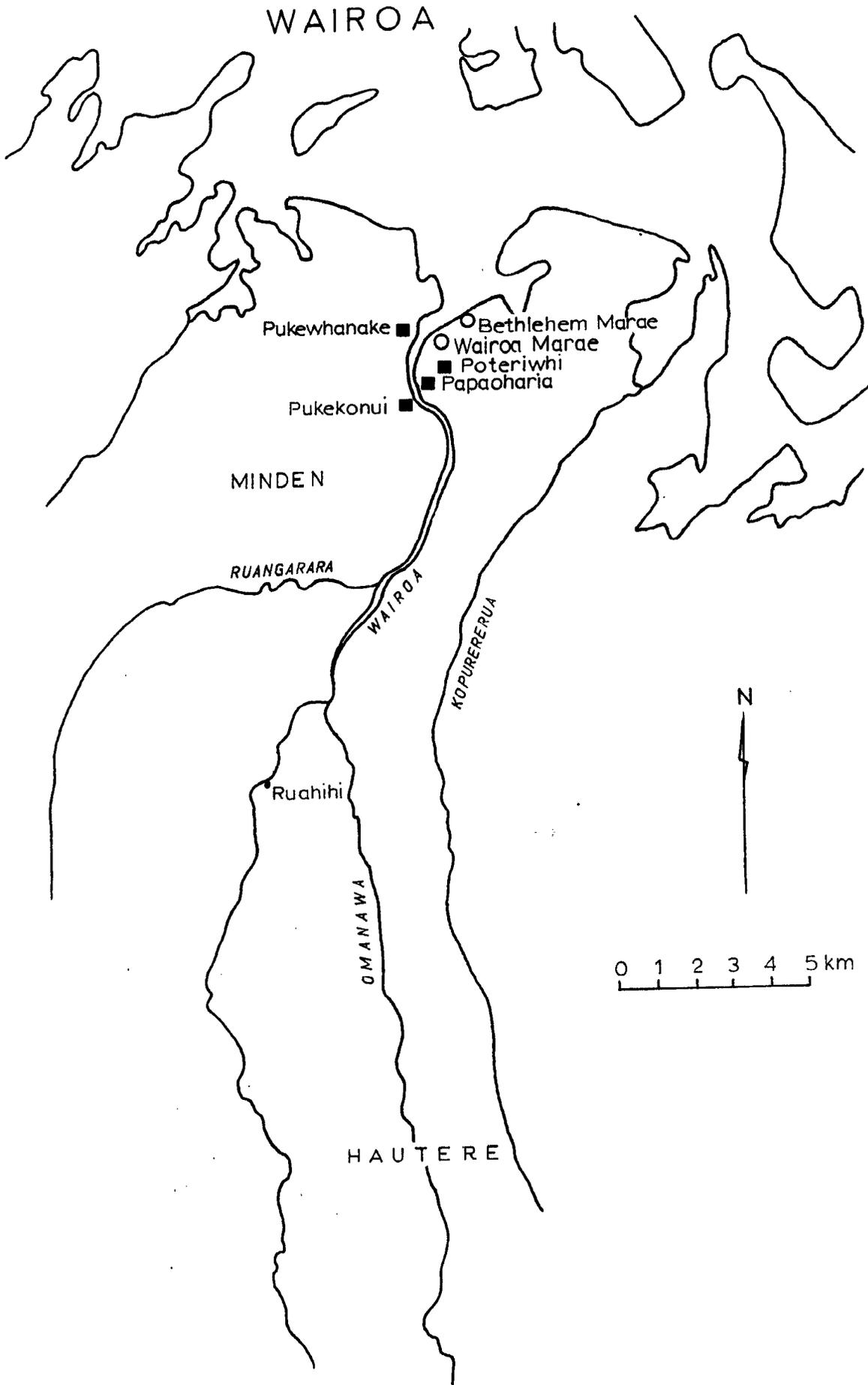
Te Pura, the Guardian Taniwha of Wairoa,

About 100 metres upstream from the road bridge over the Wairoa River, there is a deep hole near the bank of the river on the Tauranga side. This is the home of Te Pura and the road down there nowadays is called Taniwha Place. Te Pura was also the name of the pa that is now called Wairoa, on the hill above the road bridge. The people of Te Pura knew about the taniwha in the river and mostly left it alone. One day, though, some young men of the pa decided to have a bit of fun as they were feeling bored. A group of them went down to the river, to the bank by the taniwha's home. They made sure the taniwha was out before they plunged into the water. They dived right into the nesting place of the taniwha in the deep hole in the river, and took away all the eggs of the taniwha. They put the eggs in a kit and took them back to the Pa.

That night the taniwha returned home to find its nest had been robbed of all its eggs. The taniwha climbed out on the bank. It knew, in some magic way that a taniwha has, what had happened. It climbed up the hill to the pa, following the scent of those cheeky young men who had stolen its eggs. It found the wharepuni where they were sleeping, but it did not disturb the people inside. It crept carefully through the door and looked around. The kit full of eggs was hanging from the rafters. The taniwha stood up on its hind legs, reached for the kit and turned back toward the door. Unfortunately, it misjudged the size of the doorway and crashed into it, bringing down the lintel. The sleepers awoke in time to see the great tail of the taniwha disappearing through the doorway. They huddled together in terror, not knowing what revenge the taniwha might take on them for stealing its eggs.

All was silent. After a while curiosity overcame their fear and they looked out of the wharepuni. They saw the taniwha in the moonlight, making its way back down the hill to the river. They followed at a safe distance and saw the taniwha plunge back into its home in the hole by the bank of the river. Nothing else happened that night but next morning there was some explaining to do. What made the lintel fall down from the doorway? The young culprits who stole the eggs of the taniwha had to admit what they had done. They were really told off by the elders of the pa.

The people of Te Pura felt they had to acknowledge the generous action of the taniwha in not taking its revenge on the people of the pa when it had been so badly treated. It was decided that the people of Te Pura should adopt this taniwha, and be responsible for its welfare. In times when food in the river was scarce the people of Te Pura made sure the taniwha had enough to eat. In time this taniwha became known as the guardian taniwha of Te Pura and was called simply Te Pura. The taniwha acknowledged this concern by watching over the local people. Whenever they went into the river, it took care that they met with no accident. If a child went out of his depth and was in danger of drowning, the taniwha gently nudged him back into shallow water.



One day one of the men of Te Pura, who was called Te Teira, decided to outfit a canoe and sail with his family back to Hawaiki. Preparations were made for the expedition and when all was done to equip and provision the canoe, the family sailed out of the Wairoa, out of Tauranga Moana and into the great ocean, Te Moananui a Kiwa. For several days they sailed north-east in fine weather and away from Aotearoa. They were well out of sight of land when a great storm blew up. The wrath of Tangaroa descended on them in great foaming waves. The winds of Tawhirimatea tore through their rigging. By the time the storm blew itself out, Te Teira and his family were lost in unknown seas.

Te Teira called on the four winds of heaven for guidance. From the ocean depths there appeared a taniwha. It was none other than Te Pura, the guardian taniwha of Wairoa. The taniwha knew it would be needed. Te Teira gave up the idea of returning to Hawaiki. He did not know where it was anyway. The sight of Te Pura, his own guardian taniwha, made him realise that his destiny lay back in Tauranga Moana. The taniwha led the people in their canoe back to the shores of Aotearoa. The height of Mauao came into view, and the bush-covered ranges from Otānewainuku to Te Aroha and on to Moehau. As the canoe entered the waters of Tauranga Moana, the taniwha dived down and swam away back to its home in the deep hole in the Wairoa. Te Teira and his family returned home too. For a long time, the chief topic of conversation around Tauranga Moana was of how the guardian taniwha, Te Pura, had guided them back home from their voyage into unknown seas.

Poripori

There is a tributary of the Wairoa River, called Ruangarara, which flows into the main stream from behind the Minden. As the name of this stream suggests, this story is about two ngarara, or taniwha. Some way up the Ruangarara is a waterfall with a cave behind it. Inside this cave lived a taniwha called Poripori who was well known all round the district of Tauranga Moana. Poripori was a very large taniwha, with a big body nearly three metres long, and huge webbed feet. He also had big bat wings and could fly. Some said he was a maero, a monster. He had a long lizard tail too, like a tuatara, but much, much bigger. His skin was rough and prickly, like the prickly leaves of the rimu.

Not only was Poripori hideous to look at he also behaved badly, and everyone in Tauranga Moana was afraid of him. When people came up the stream, the Ruangarara, in search of koura, Poripori would rush out and carry them off in his claws back to his cave behind the waterfall. Sometimes he would hide in the bush, and leap out and take the men who went there to snare birds. Sometimes, he would come out into the kumara fields and carry off the women while they were digging the kumara.

One day, Poripori seized a couple of people from Te Pura, the pa now called Wairoa, who were searching for koura. Word of this got back to their guardian taniwha who was known as Te Pura too. This taniwha lived in a deep hole in the Wairoa River just upstream from the pa. Te Pura was very angry that Poripori should be so bold as to take people from his pa.

Te Pura set off upstream, up the Wairoa, Up the Ruangarara, to the cave behind the waterfall. “Hey Poripori, you tutua. Who are you to take people from my pa?” Poripori was very angry when he heard this taniwha of Te Pura insulting him. He swooped out of his cave and attacked. The two taniwha tore at each other with their great bat wings. They slashed at each other with their beaks which were sharp like those of a giant kaka. All the creatures of the forest fled; the birds of the forest trees shrieked; the rats and the lizards of the forest floor scuttled for cover. They cowered in the dense bush of the high ranges, as the battle went on in the valley below. The hills and gorges shuddered with the sounds of conflict, the great fight between the two taniwha.

Poripori was getting the worst of the fight. Soon he retreated from the flailing claws of Te Pura. Poripori turned and fled downstream, down the Ruangarara, down the Wairoa. In a flurry of heaving waters he plunged out into Tauranga Moana, closely followed by Te Pura. He was chased on out into the open sea, past Maunganui, north along the coast, past Moehau and into Waitemata. Still Te Pura pursued him, over the isthmus of Tamaki Makaurau, into the waters of Manukau and out into the western seas. Still Te Pura came on after him south past Kawhia and Taranaki. Poripori slipped in behind Mana Island to hide and catch his breath again. He saw an inlet on the mainland and made for it and burrowed a channel inland and hid there. When Te Pura reached the inlet, Poripori dived across to the other

channel at Pauatahanui behind Paremata. Te Pura decided he had chased Poripori far enough away. It was unlikely he would come back and make a nuisance of himself in Tauranga Moana. Te Pura returned to his home in the Wairoa River and remained there as the rangatira taniwha and guardian of the people of Wairoa.

Meanwhile, Poripori with all his burrowing of channels to hide in had caused great earthquakes. The earth thrown out of the channels was piled up into mountains. The local people, Ngati Toa, clung to the manuka during all this upheaval. When the shaking was all over and everything was calm again they looked around at the new channels and inlets. They saw the taniwha that had caused the commotion. “Where are you from? Are you a taniwha from Waikato?” Poripori would have liked to have been able to say he was a rangatira taniwha of Waikato, He had heard of the saying Waikato taniwharau, he Pike he taniwha, he piko he taniwha, for there were many chiefly taniwha on the many bends of the Waikato River. However, he had just been beaten in battle and he had to be honest. “No” he said “I am not from Waikato. I am a tutua, a nobody, from Tauranga Moana. My name is Poripori.”

The Ngati Toa were very relieved that this taniwha was not a rangatira taniwha who was likely to attack them. They laughed at his name - Pori two times, or Porirua, they said. They decided the new harbour Poripori had dug up should also have a name and they called it Porirua. The word rua means a food storage pit as well as two. And they laughed at the joke about the meanings of the words Poripori and Porirua. And so Poripori stayed in Porirua. He felt too whakamä, too ashamed to ever return to Tauranga Moana. But his name is still there on the Poripori Block, in the hill country behind the Minden.

He Rere i Oturu

The Opuiaki River flows from the rugged bush-covered hill country of Hautere, over a waterfall called Te Rere i Oturu, in the land owned by the Ngamanawa Incorporation. The opuiaki flows into the Mangapapa and eventually into the Wairoa and Tauranga Moana. There was once a pa at Ruahihi, on the hillside above the Wairoa. A man called Oturu lived there with his wife and children and other relatives. He had been born there and had been on many trips up the river and its tributaries into the bush to snare birds and catch eels. Sometimes he went alone and stayed away several days at a time. When he returned he brought with him only a few small pigeons and some skinny eels. He made many more trips away, often staying away for long periods. Each time he returned, the amount of food he brought back for his family was very small, not enough to keep them healthy. Oturu's wife grew thin and his children were sick because they did not get enough good food. And yet Oturu still looked very healthy and fit._

Everyone knew that there were big, fat pigeons in the forests of Hautere and plenty of big, fat eels in the streams above Ruahihi. Oturu's wife had two brothers who were especially worried that Oturu was not looking after his wife and children properly. Oturu seemed to be looking after himself pretty well though. The brothers decided to follow Oturu on his next trip upstream into the forest to see what he got up to. For two or three days the brothers watched. -They saw plenty of pigeons and they saw Oturu catch some big, fat ones and make a good meal for himself. They saw him catch some big, fat eels too, and they watched while he had a good feed. They also saw Oturu put the small pigeons and skinny eels aside in a kit to take home to Mum and the kids. This was all a bit too much for the brothers of Oturu's wife. it was an insult to her family that Oturu did not provide food for his wife and children, but kept the best for himself.

The brothers rushed down to attack Oturu where he was sitting alone in the forest after another good meal. He heard them coming and took off through the bush. The brothers ran after him. oturu took to the stream bed of the Opuiaki as he thought he could move faster over the flat rocks. The brothers chased after him and they could move fast too. Oturu ran desperately. He knew those brothers of his wife were very angry. He knew they were likely to kill him if they caught up with him. He ran on, leaping from rock to rock down the Opuiaki. Suddenly he reached the top of the waterfall. Below him the stream fell about 40 metres into the forest below. The brothers were close behind. There was no way out except over the fall. Oturu took a flying leap and landed on a ledge about half-way down the fall. He shouted at the brothers with all the curses and bad language he could think of. The brothers replied by hurling rocks at him. They did not waste their energy with words. They were too angry for that. One of the rocks hit Oturu, and knocked him off balance. He fell from the ledge into the deep water at the bottom of the falls and was drowned.

It is because of this that the waterfall is still called Te Rere i Oturu, the leap of Oturu, and all because he was too mean and selfish to look after his family properly.

Taurikura.

Long ago there was a village called Kahakaharoa in the Omanawa district. The village was on the cliff tops at the edge of a gorge with a river flowing far below. Taurikura was a puihi a chief's daughter, a woman of high rank who lived in Kahakaharoa. because she was a chief's daughter Taurikura had always been given everything she wanted. Some said she was a spoiled brat. When she grew up she expected everything to be done for her.

One day her grandfather, who was a very old man, asked her to get him some water from the river. The old man's legs were weak, and it was difficult for him to make the trip down the steep track to the river in the gorge below. Taurikura told the old man she was tired too. She did not want to go and get the water. The old man was thirsty. There was no-one else around. His grand-daughter would not go. There was nothing else for it, he would have to go himself. He picked up an empty gourd which was used to carry water. Slowly and carefully he made his way down the steep track to the river. He drank some water and filled the gourd to carry water back up to the pa. Slowly and carefully he climbed back up the steep track cut into the cliff face.

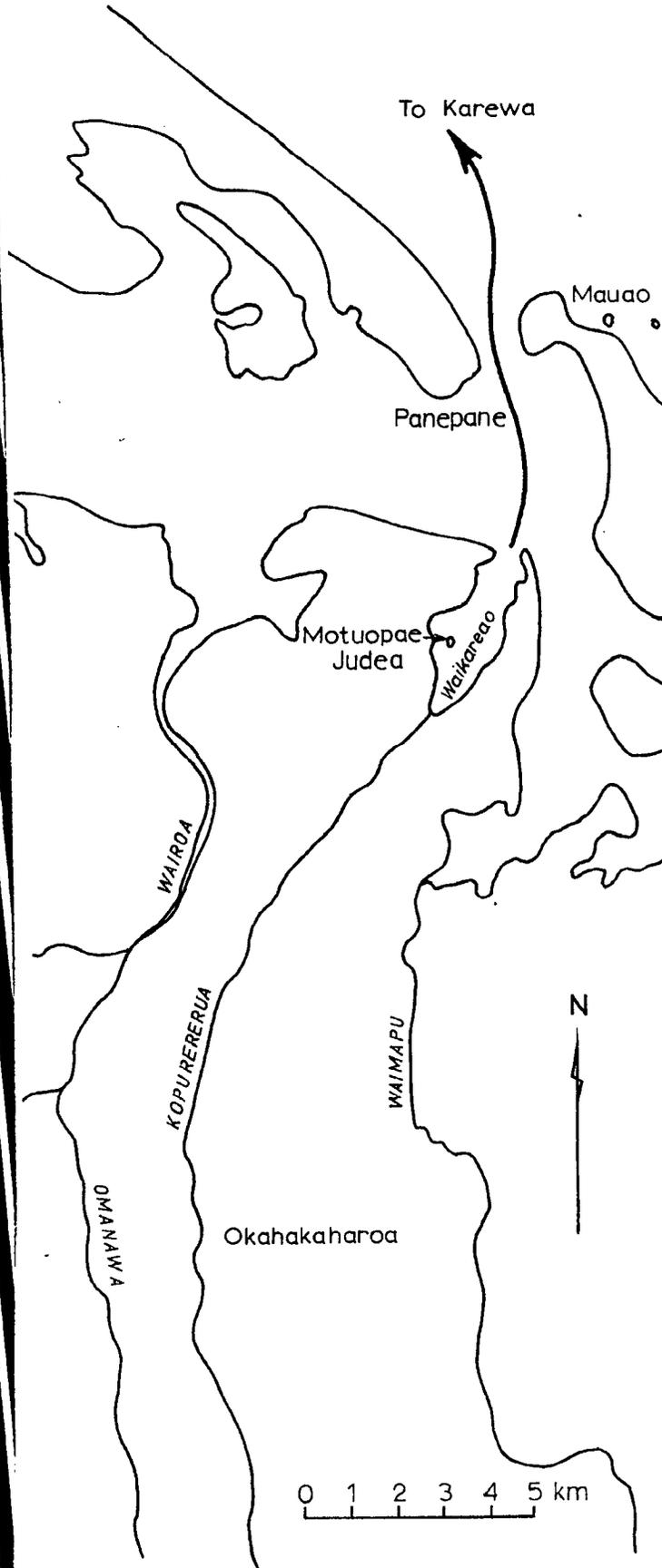
When the old man got back to the pa with his gourd full of water, Taurikura demanded some for herself. She was thirsty too. This was too much for the old man. It was very painful for his stiff old bones to climb that steep track. She was young and healthy. He began to tell her off. He told her she was lazy, and who did she think she was to expect everyone to run around after her. He went on and on and made a great speech, fired up by his anger and impatience at this cheeky young woman, his grand-daughter. The old man raged on as only an old man can when he is really worked up. Finally his anger subsided, and he retreated into his whare.

Taurikura felt whakamā, very embarrassed and ashamed. She knew she had behaved badly. She did not know how she could face the old man again. She did not know how she could face all her other relatives in Kahakaharoa, because very soon everyone would know how badly she had behaved. She felt so ashamed of herself, she decided the only thing she could do was leave the village

That night Taurikura crept out of her whare. Carefully she crept down the steep track to the river. Here she changed herself into a ngarara, a sort of lizard, and plunged into the water. She swam downstream toward Tauranga Moana. As she swam the river carved out a new course for itself, along the route now known as Kopurererua. She swam with this stream out into the estuary of Waikareao, past Matarawa. the old name for Judea Pa, past Matuopae, out into Tauranga Moana. She swam on past Mauao and out into the open ocean. Finally, exhausted, she landed on the rocky island of Karewa, out in the sea beyond Matakana.

Taurikura stayed on Karewa. She kept the form of the lizard so no-one would recognise her. She was the ancestor of tuatara, the special kind of lizard that are found only on Karewa now, where they share the nests of the mutton birds. Taurikura is also remembered specially at Judea. She can be seen in one of the carved poupou in the meeting house Tamateapokaiwhenua. There is a carved portrait of Taurikura the cheeky girl who is the ancestress of the tuatara of Karewa.

TAURIKURA



The ancient people of Tūhua were patupaiarehe, people with magical powers. When the Hawaiki people settled on Tūhua, the tangata whenua the patupaiarehe, did not fight. They retreated into the tangled bush of the interior and the rugged cliffs and beaches to the north of the island. The patupaiarehe were rarely seen. They just seemed to melt away into the bush and lived there peacefully. At the place by the sea called Te Ananui, the patupaiarehe grew fine kumara. The newcomers to the island were envious of these fine kumara gardens. They could not understand how such beautiful kumara could be grown there. So they decided to keep watch from a lookout place on the top of Tarewakoura. The kumara were nearly full grown and a watch was kept night and day. Some time went by and nothing unusual happened. It was time to dig the kumara. A mist came in from the sea and covered the land of Te Ananui. The watchers on Tarewakoura could see nothing. When the mist cleared next morning, it could be seen that the kumara had grown to a great size during the night. This was proof to the newcomers that these people really were patupaiarehe.

The patupaiarehe kept the secret of their magical powers and they were left in peace by the newcomers. In time the newcomers, who came to be known as Whānau a Tauwhao, established permanent settlements on Tūhua. Their main settlement was at Te Pānui above Southeast Bay and there were other settlements and cultivations around there too. There were plenty of fish in the seas around the island so there was plenty to eat.. These people were often called Te Papaunahi, because there were so many fish scales around their pa on Tūhua. Whānau a Tauwhao and the patupaiarehe continued to live peacefully on the island.

There was a young woman among the patupaiarehe who was called Otiora. She fell in love with a handsome young rangatira of Whānau a Tauwhao, and they used to meet secretly at night. As a token of their love for each other, Otiora gave her lover a special kind of spinning top. She was an expert in making these tops which were called pōtaka tākiri. She warned him never to reveal where he got his magical pōtaka. This rangatira became well-known for his pōtaka tākiri and everyone thought he had made them himself. One day, after a very fine display, he let himself get carried away. He boasted that the pōtaka came from the patupaiarehe, that they had magical powers.

That night Otiora came to meet him as usual. She knew her lover had betrayed her trust and had boasted about patupaiarehe magic. Distressed and sorrowful she vanished into the forest. That rangatira of Whānau a Tauwhao never saw her again. He searched high and low through all the tangled bush and rugged forests of Tūhua calling for her in vain.

The patupaiarehe are still there on Tūhua. There is a place called Otiora on the western side of the island which the Pakeha call Honeymoon Bay. Sometimes you can hear the gentle humming sound of the pōtaka tākiri, the humming tops made by Otiora, wafting through the branches of the pōhutukawa that grow on the cliffs above the bay.

In the rugged forests of Hautere in a settlement called Kotare, there once lived two hapu of Ngamarama, the old tangata whenua of Tauranga Moana. The names of these two hapu were Patutieke and Ngati Tai and their chiefs were Te Wakaurua, Torotoro and Te Akakura. They stayed in the forest, living on berries, fern and other forest foods, and sharing birds and catching tuna and koura in the streams. They were not usually a fighting people and would retreat into the dense bush when threatened by outsiders. The forest was full of tall trees, shrubs, creepers and other undergrowth. It was especially known for its ferns, the tall tree ferns, ponga and mamaku, and the smaller varieties that carpeted the forest floor. Ngä Tētēkura are the fern fronds that provided shelter. Ngä Tētēkura are also the chiefs, and this story is about what happened to these chiefs and their people of Ngamarama.

Nearer the coast in the fern country and by the waters of Tauranga Moana lived other hapu who had come much later to settle in the district. These were Ngati Kahu of the Wairoa and their relatives Tuporohe and Tawharangi. They had a fortified place, a pa, which they called Mataiwhetu which was inland a little in the fern country. These people lived mainly on aruhe, fern root and kai moana, all the various kinds of sea food that can be found around Tauranga Moana - fish, crayfish, shellfish, mussels, kina, paua, pipi, tuatua. and all the rest.

The coastal people decided to make an expedition over the ranges through the territory of Ngamarama to visit their friends and relatives at Okauia. The Tauranga ope carried with them a gift of kai moana, dried fish and shellfish, which the inland people of Okauia really appreciated. This was the Tauranga contribution to the big reunion feast, a hākari, that was going to be held at Okauia. Usually the Tauranga people crossed the ranges unchallenged. This time the ope was ambushed by Torotoro and Akakura and their men of Ngamarama. Because they were on, a peaceful expedition to Okauia, the Tauranga people were unarmed and unprepared to fight. Ngamarama quickly captured them and took from them all their gifts of kai moana. Torotoro stood before them and pointed toward the sea, the way they had come and said, “Go back to te akau o te moana, back to the sea-shore. Be thankful we have spared your lives. E kore koe e puta i Ngä Tētēkura o Hautere.” This was rather a silly boast by Torotoro but he and his people were feeling very pleased with themselves at being able to take all this kai moana so easily from the coastal people.

The Tauranga ope returned home empty-handed and they missed the hākari at Okauia. They were feeling humiliated at being ambushed without warning and unable to fight back. They sought utu, retaliation, in order to get back some of their mana, their pride and self-esteem. It did not help matters that these forest people of Hautere were also cheeky enough to be helping themselves to the fern root, aruhe, in land belonging to the coastal people. Ngati Kahu and their relatives decided to get together a war party and punish these highway robbers of the forests of Hautere. They called on the other hapu on the shores of Tauranga Moana and a well-armed war party moved inland into the bush.

Ngamarama were not really fighting people. It was one thing to ambush in unarmed ope. It was quite another to resist a well-armed and revengeful taua from Tauranga Moana. Te Akakura and his people were driven out of their stronghold of Kotare. They were chased through the bush toward

Whakamarama. They were pushed out of the forest into the open fern country toward the coast. There was no place to hide there. They were driven toward the shore between Te Kauri and Ongare. Here they found some canoes drawn up on the beach. Their way back to the forests was cut off by the taua chasing them. Te Akakura told his people to climb into the canoes and sail past Katikati out of the western harbour into the open sea.

Fortunately for the Ngamarama, who were not really sea-going people the weather was fine, the ocean was calm, and they were able to paddle the canoes to Tūhua. Here they landed on a beach lined with pohutukawa. But Tūhua was already occupied by people called Whitikiore, ancestors of Whānau a Tauwhao, who still own the island. However, Whitikiore felt sorry for these refugees from the forests of Hautere and gave them a place to build their houses and some land to cultivate. There were plenty of birds and other forest foods on Tūhua. And there was plenty of kai moana right on their doorstep. Ngamarama should have lived happily there for many generations but Ngā Tētēkura o Hautere, the conceited chiefs of Hautere, had not learned their lesson. Quarrels arose between Ngamarama and Whitikiore and it seemed that they would become refugees again.

Ngamarama had overstayed their welcome on Tūhua, but where in the great ocean, Te Moananui a Kiwa, could they go to next? Te Akakura said to his people, “Let us sail away to the land of our ancestors, Hawaiki. Let us prepare our canoes and stock up with food and water, and leave these islands of trouble. We cannot stay here.” And so these Ngamarama secretly prepared for their voyage. One dark night they climbed into their canoes and sailed north and east into the sunrise.

Whitikiore awoke next morning. There was no sign of Patutieke and Ngati Tai of Ngamarama. There was no clue as to where they might have disappeared. For many days they puzzled about this strange and secret departure. One night Whitikiore were all gathered in the wharenuī. The tohunga was chanting a karakia. Suddenly a thin ghostly voice was heard in the rafters. It was the kupu irirangi of Korora, the guardian spirit of Te Akakura of Patutieke. The thin, clear spirit voice told of the journey and arrival of Te Akakura in the spirit world.

Maybe Te Akakura did journey to the spirit world, but around Whangamata there is a story of a people led by a chief called Te Akakura who arrived from the sea. For many days they were at sea. A fog descended on them. They paddled on but lost all sense of direction. The sun was obscured by day. At night they could see neither moon nor stars. Then a storm arose. Tawhiri matea sent winds which blew the fog away but tossed up waves that carried them into unknown seas. When the wind and ocean calmed down and the sun reappeared, only one canoe remained, the one commanded by Te Akakura. They saw land far in the distance. Was this Hawaiki? They paddled towards it. As they drew closer, their hearts sank. They recognised Moehau on the Coromandel Peninsula. That was claimed by Tamatekapua of Te Arawa. They would find no sanctuary there.

Te Akakura and his people of Patutieke paddled on along the coast looking for a landing place. They arrived off Whangamata and decided to land there, starving, weary and dejected. To their surprise, no-one stopped them. They decided to stay and built a pa called Tunaiti. Some of their descendants are still there, although those Ngamarama refugees have long since intermarried with other tribes.

There is a saying about the fern fronds: Mate atu he Tētēkura, ara mai he Tētēkura. When the fern frond dies, another rises in its place. Just as Ngā Tētēkura o Hautere, the chiefs of Ngamarama, have long since died, others have risen to take their place around the shores of Tauranga Moana. And so the cycle of birth, living and death continues through succeeding generations.

Takurua

Raropua was a pa at Te Puna at the end of Tangitu Road. This was the pa of Tutereinga, son of Ranginui. There once lived in this pa a man called Takurua. He was a huge man, strong and powerful. He was also known as a very hairy man too. Maybe that added to his strength. As a fighting man he was well-known, and he was the fighting chief of Raropua.

One day a war party came to Raropua. In spite of the strength of Takurua and his men, the pa fell to the attackers. Takurua and his men fled. Takurua ran across the Waikaraka estuary. Fortunately it was low tide. Unfortunately, three of the attacking war party saw him, and ran swiftly after him. On the other side of the estuary, he saw a canoe pulled up on the beach. In his haste, he had dropped his weapons at Raropua. He thought that a sharp pointed paddle from the canoe would do as a weapon to fight off these three who were gaining on him.

It was certainly not a lucky day for Takurua. There was no paddle in the canoe, only a baler. He grabbed this and climbed quickly up the steep slope above the shore. His attackers were close behind. At the top of the slope, he turned swiftly to face the three. As the first climbed the slope toward him, Takurua hit him on the head in a great sweeping stroke of the baler. As he swung his arm back again, he hit the second man and felled him. He grabbed the taiaha of this man and attacked the third. After a brief fight, he too lay dead on the ground. This is how Takurua, the warrior ancestor of Pirirakau, got his reputation for fighting strength.

Takitimu Te Waka, Tamatea Te Ariki

The canoe Takitimu arrived off Tirikawa, North Rock, at the base of the mountain Mauao, which we now call Maunganui, at the entrance to Tauranga Moana. The commander Tamatea decided to go ashore and give thanks for a safe landfall after long sea journey. Tamatea and his people climbed to the summit of Mauao and performed the ancient ceremony of implanting the mauri, the spirit or life force of his people, on this hill. This is the karakia that was chanted on the summit of Mauao.

Tihē mauriora
Tihē uriuri
Tihē nakonako
Ka tū
Ka tau haha te papa e takoto nei
Ka tū ka tūhahā
Te rangi e tū nei
Ka tau, ka tau
Te matuku mai i rarotonga
Ko ia i rukuhia
Manawa pou roto
Ko ia i rukuhia
Manawa pou waho
Whakatina kia tina
Te more i Hawaiki
E pupu ana hoki
E wawau ana hoki
Tārewa tū ki te rangi
Aue kia eke
Eke Tangaroa
Eke Panuku
Whano whano
Haramai te toki
Haumi e, huia e, taiki e

May we breathe and live
May our descendants live on,
May our hopes be fulfilled.
This hill stands here.
This landfall we have sought lies before us
Here is our destination.
The sky spreads out above us,
The heron flies northward,
Let the ritual be performed.
Place the manawapou, the red stone of Hawaiki
On this side and that, toward land and sea.
Thus the ritual is performed.

Let us establish ourselves firmly here on the headland,
Our origins lie in the promontories and forests of Hawaiki
Which rise up toward the heavens.
We have made a landfall.
We have surmounted the dangers of the ocean,
The realm of Tangaroa, And we have reached land again.
We have arrived.
We are about to lead a new life together.
let us take up the adze and carve out a new existence for ourselves.

Because he had come from far distant Hawaiki, Tamatea was given the name Tamatea mai tawhiti. He was also known as the great chief, Tamatea ariki nui. Tamatea and some of his people stayed in Tauranga Moana and built a pa on Mangatawa. When he died Tamatea was buried on Mauao. The canoe Takitimu carried on under the command of Tahu and eventually carried settlers to the South Island, Te Wai Pounamu. Far up the Waiiau River in Southland, there is a range of mountains called Takitimu. Somewhere up there among the rocky peaks and snowfields is the resting place of the canoe Takitimu. Takitimu is the canoe and Tahu is the ancestor of the people of the South Island, who call themselves Ngai Tahu.

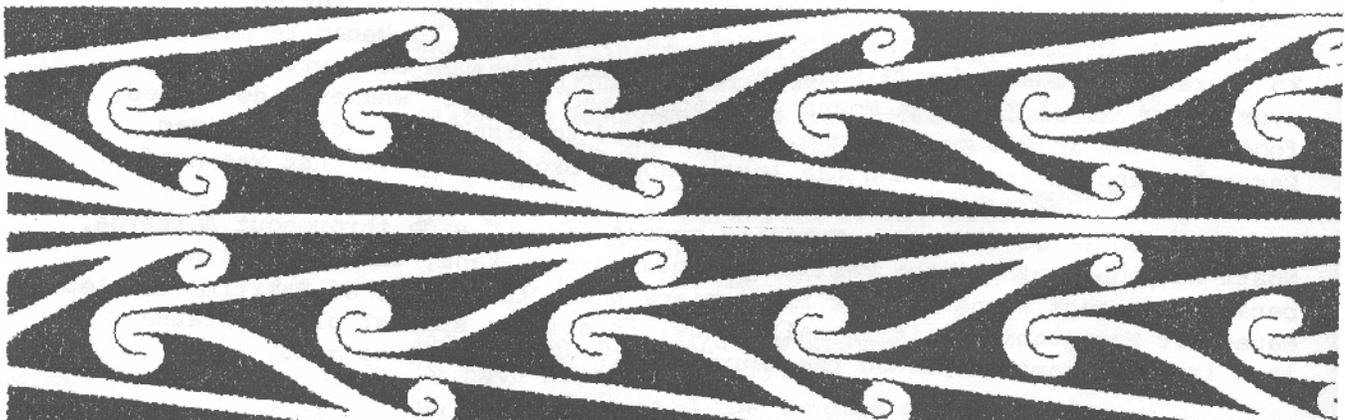
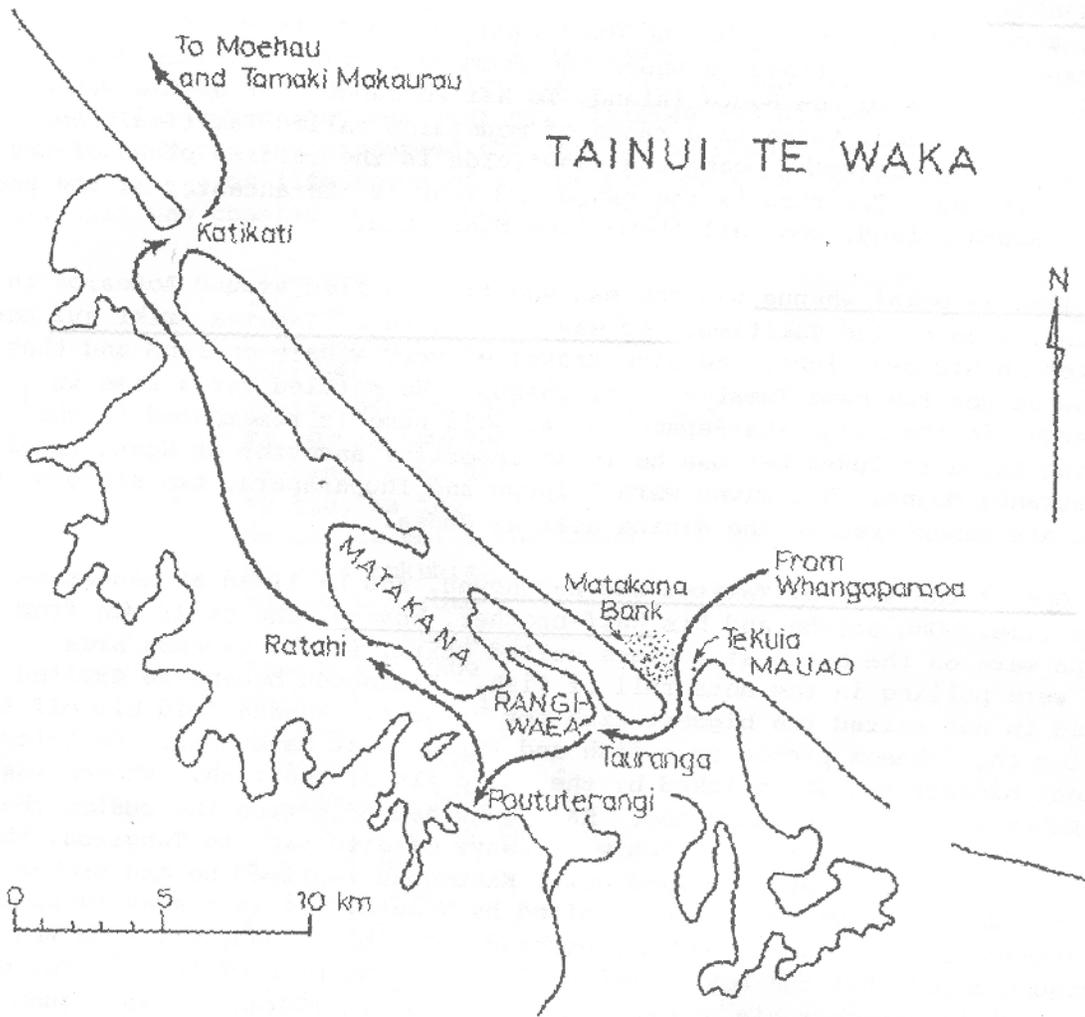
Tamatea pokai whenua was the man who first sailed around Aotearoa in a canoe, also called Takitimu. He was a grandson of Tamatea ariki nui and a chief in his own right. He also travelled very widely on land and that is how he got the name Tamatea pokai whenua. He settled for a time in Tauranga, in the Mangatawa-Papamoa area. His name is remembered in the meeting house at Judea because he is an important ancestor of Ngati Ranginui of Tauranga Moana. His wives were Iwipupu and Ihuparapara, two sisters, whose names are remembered in the dining hall at Judea.

One of the sons of Tamatea was Kahungunu, and he lived at Mangatawa for a time. One day he and his half-brother, Whaene, and other men from the pa were on the beach at a place called Otira, in the Papamoa area. They were pulling in the nets full of fish. Kahungunu became so excited he rushed in and seized the biggest fish for himself. Whaene told him off for pushing in. Whaene picked up a fish and threw it at Kahungunu. He tried to protect himself but was pricked by the sharp fin of the fish. Whaene was right but Kahungunu was very angry too. Kahungunu had forgotten the custom that the first fish taken from a catch was always offered back to Tangaroa, the god of the ocean. When he calmed down, Kahungunu realised he had broken the custom. He felt humiliated and insulted by Whaene. He went away to Opotiki and stayed with his cousin and her husband. She had a baby while he was there. Kahungunu asked that the boy be named Tutāmure (the pick of the tāmure, or schnapper) to remember his grudge against Whaene at Tauranga. Kahungunu soon left Opotiki and after many adventures, he settled in, the Gisborne area for awhile. Then he went to Mahia where he married Rongomaiwahine. He became the ancestor of the tribe called Ngati Kahungunu whose lands covered the whole of the Hawkes Bay-Wairarapa district. The principal ancestor of Ngati Ranginui of Tauranga Moana was Ranginui. another son of Tamatea pokai whenua.

Mauao became the symbol of the people of Takitimu. Under the chief Taiwhanake, the Takitimu people extended their influence all the way from Katikati to Otamarakau. This is why it is often said, Ko Mauao te maunga, ko Tauranga te moana, ko Taiwhanake te tangata. The mana of

Tawiwhanake over the whole of Tauranga Moana was recognised widely. Whenever he needed food supplies in his pa on Mauao, he only had to display his cloaks named Parorotai and Parorouru, and the local people brought in all that was needed.

The people of the canoe Takitimu spread far and wide throughout Aotearoa. Ngati Ranginui, of all the Takitimu people, are tuakana, the senior line, because Tauranga Moana was the first place where the people of Takitimu settled. Mauao, or Maunganui, as it is called now, is still a special place because that is where Tamatea placed the mauri of his people so long ago.



Tainui Te Waka, Hoturoa Te Ariki

Papaki kau ana ngā tai o Mauao
I whakanukunukuhia, i whakanekenekehia,
I whiua reretia e Hotu, a Wahinerua
Ki te wai, ki Taiwiwi, ki Taiwawa,
Tihē mauriora,
Ki te whaiao ki te ao mārama

The waves beat continuously against the rocky cliffs of Mauao,
They tried to shift the canoe forward and aft.
Wahinerua was thrown overboard there by Hotu,
Into the swirling waters, the roaring ocean.
Tihē mauriora I breathe! I live!
And emerge into the world of light.

The waves still crash onto the rocks of Maunganui, the hill once called Mauao, at the entrance to the harbour of Tauranga. Sometimes, the entrance is white with foaming crests from the rocks across, to Matakana. There is a sandbank called Ruahine off Matakana, on the ocean side of the entrance, which is now called the Matakana Bank. Ships coming into Tauranga Moana have to steer close to the rocks of Maunganui, close to Te Toka a Tirikawa, North Rock, to avoid grounding on this sandbank which stretches out into the open sea. But who was Hotu?. Who was Wahinerua?

The great canoe Tainui first landed at Whangaparaoa and then sailed west across the Bay of Plenty, searching for a place where the people could settle down. They saw the headland of Mauao and decided to investigate this shore. They saw the waves crashing on the rocks at the base of Mauao and steered well clear. They did not know about the sandbank called Ruahine. The great canoe grounded on the sandbank. It was stuck fast. All efforts to pull her off into deeper water failed. The commander was Hoturoa and he thought there must be a reason for this mishap, some evil omen at work. He looked around and found the cause in the old lady called Wahinerua. Hotu ordered this kuia to be thrown overboard and her body thrust under the hull of the canoe. The men heaved again and paddled furiously. The canoe slowly moved over the body of Wahinerua and slipped off the sandbank into deeper water.

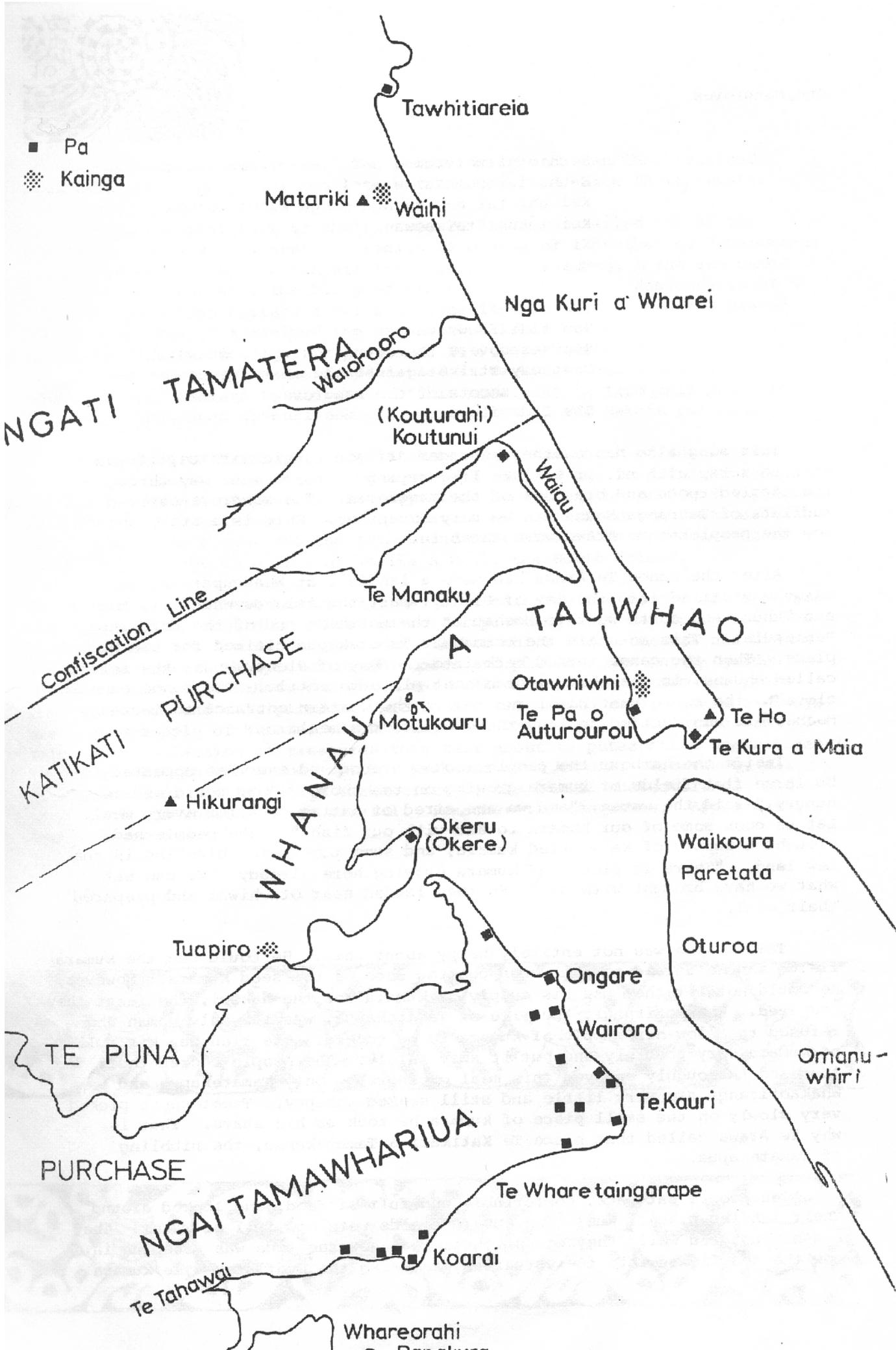
The body of Wahinerua drifted off the bank too and was washed up by the waves on to the rocks at the base of Mauao. There is a pinnacle of rock in the entrance called Te Kuia, or Kuia Rock. This was the body of Wahinerua. For many generations now, the people of Tauranga Moana have made a small offering to her by throwing overboard a piece of food. This is in memory of the old lady. It is also a way of showing respect for the power of the sea and the hope of a safe return. Nowadays there are many newcomers around Tauranga Moana and they come and go in their small boats and big ships and ignore the Kuia. But the tangata whenua, the people who belong in Tauranga Moana, still acknowledge her and the forces of the ocean waves which still crash on the rocky cliffs of Mauao.

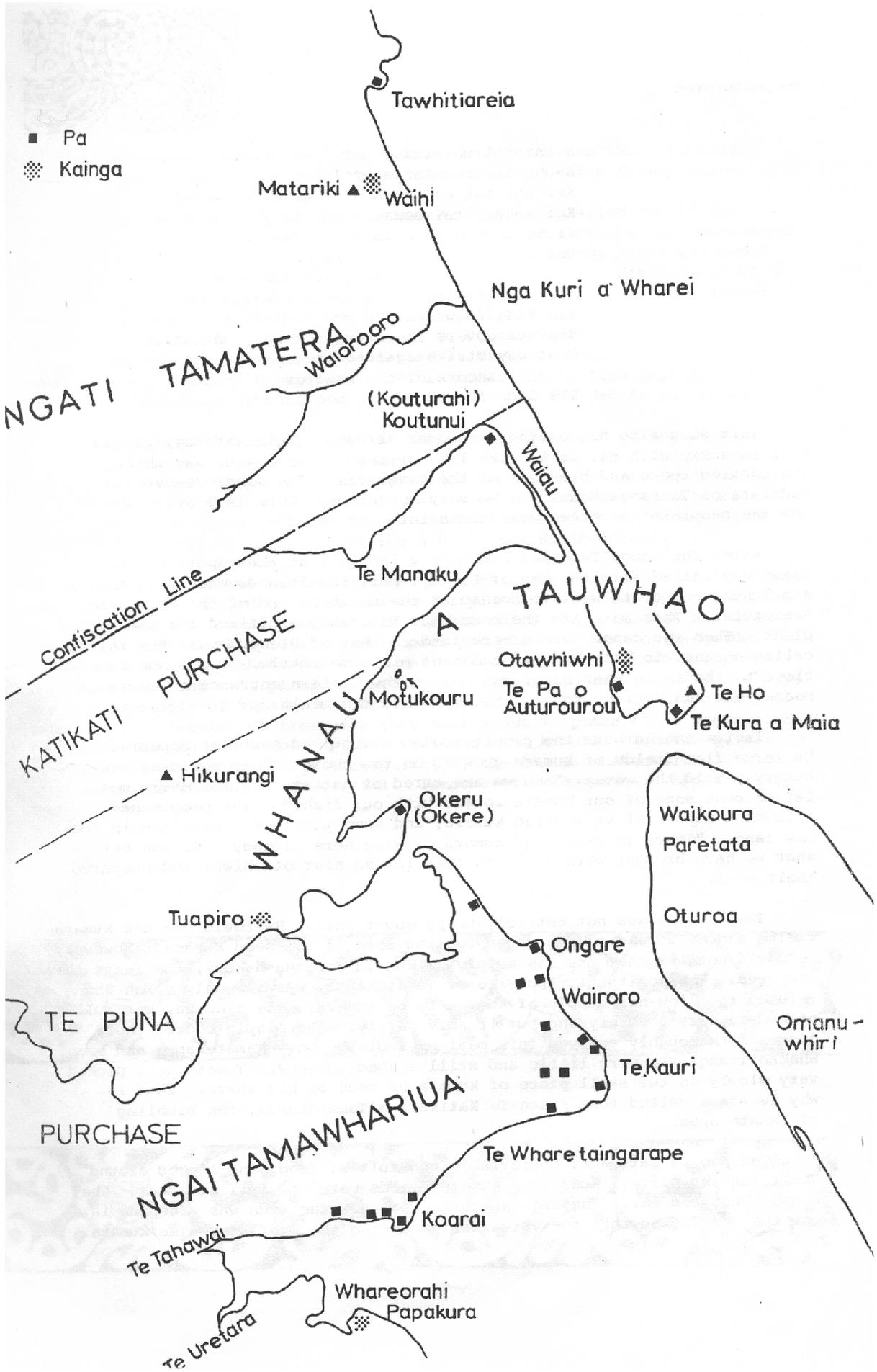
The great canoe Tainui sailed on into Tauranga Moana and anchored in the deep waters south-east of Rangiwaia. This place was called Tauranga, an anchorage or resting place, and this is how this name was given to the district of Tauranga Moana. For a time the people of Tainui stayed but the region was already well-populated. If Tainui were to settle here, they would have to fight for land to live on. They decided to move on and not to overstay their welcome. The canoe was paddled toward the western reaches of the harbour. A stop was made at Te Puna. At Poututerangi a thanksgiving was offered to the gods for a safe passage from Hawaiki.

As the canoe Tainui moved on up the harbour, Hoturoa realised they were approaching shallow waters. off Opuhi on Matakana they stopped again to unload some of their ballast so that the canoe could glide safely through the shallows and over the mudflats of the western harbour. There is a big pile of boulders just off Opuhi, of a kind of rock not found anywhere else on Matakana. This is Ratahi, the ballast of the canoe Tainui. And some of the old people will say that those boulders are still growing bigger every year.

Near Katikati, the headland now called Bowentown at the western entrance of Tauranga Moana, the canoe Tainui moved into deeper waters. Here another stop was made. The Ngamarama people here made the Tainui visitors very welcome. A few of the Tainui people were so happy there, they decided to stay and married local people. The rest of the people of Tainui moved on. The canoe was sailed out of Tauranga Moana, north around Moehau and into the Waitemata. It was dragged across the narrow stretch of land of Tamaki Makaurau, where Auckland City now stands, and into the harbour of Manukau. It was sailed on south along the western coast of Te Ika a Maui, south to Mokau. There is still a large rock on the shore there which was the anchor stone of Tainui. The final resting place of Tainui is at Kawhia. Behind the meeting house on Maketu Marae are two large stone pillars which mark the prow and the stern of the great canoe Tainui which carried the ancestors of the people of Hauraki, Waikato and Maniapoto.







The mangroves

E uhi tai uhi tai
E uhi tai uhi tai ë
Kei uhi tai ana ko ngä manga ki Otäwhiwhi
Kei tütuki te wae wae
Ki te poro o te paiaka
Uhi tai uhi tai

The tide flows
The tide flows in
The sea covers the estuaries up to Otawhiwhi
Feet may strike against the sharp young shoots of the mangrove
The tide flows on into the land

This song also has another message. If you tangle with us, if you want to scrap with us, it will be like trying to force your way through the tangled roots and branches of the mangroves. The mangrove-covered mudflats of Tauranga Moana can be very deceptive. Here is a story about how the people of Te Arawa were taken in.

After the canoe Te Arawa had made a landfall at Whangaparaoa, the canoe was sailed into the Bay of Plenty, past the islands Whakaari, Motiti and Tühua, and north west to Moehau at the northern end of the Coromandel Peninsula. This mountain the commander Tamatekapua claimed for his burial place. Then the canoe turned back into the Bay of Plenty, past the island called Ahuahu, in search of a permanent place to settle. The canoe came in close to the shore past Waihi and toward the western entrance to Tauranga Moana. It was decided to land there and cook a meal.

Inside the harbour the people looked around and saw what appeared to be large flat fields of kumara growing on the shore. “Our children are hungry,” said the women, “and we are tired of eating fish for every meal. Let us cook some of our kumara to eat with our fish.” The people had brought a supply of kao, dried kumara, and some tubers for planting in the new land. “There is plenty of kumara growing here already. We can eat what we have brought with us.” So they landed near otawhiwhi and prepared their meal.

Tamatekapua was not entirely happy about this. He could see the kumara fields and he agreed to the women cooking some of the seed kumara. However, he would not let them use his supply of kumara for the hākari, the feast they prepared. Whakaotirangi, the wife of Tamatekapua, was the only woman who refused to allow her supply of kumara to be cooked. She tied her kit full of kumara very securely and put it away safely. The people cooked their food and thoroughly enjoyed this meal on shore. Only Tamatekapua and Whakaotirangi ate very little and still seemed unhappy. Tamatekapua picked very slowly on the small piece of kumara he took as his share. That is why Te Arawa called that place Te Katikati a Tamatekapua, the nibbling of TainatekapiAa.

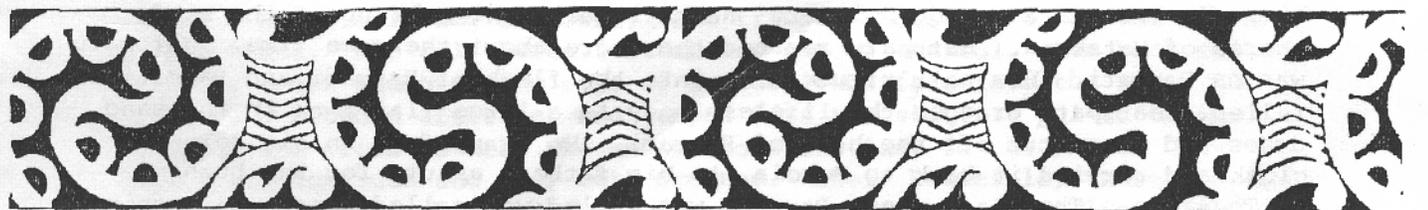
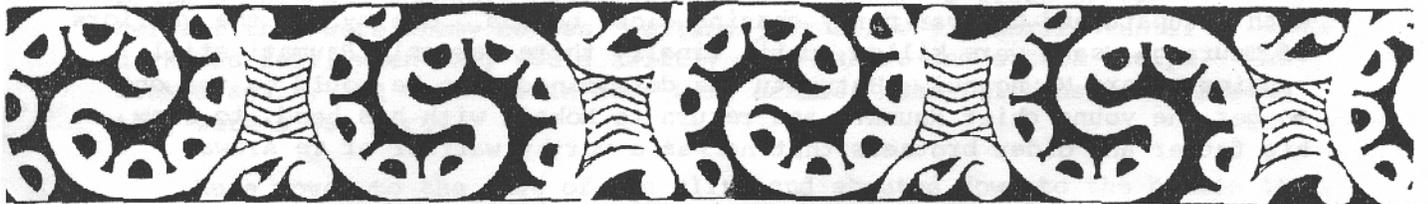
The people sat back, comfortable and full of food, and looked around their landing place. Aue! The kumara fields were now full of water! They had not noticed while they cooked their meal how the tide was creeping in, how the sea flowed into the estuaries, covering the mudflats. The kumara

gardens were really mangroves. The people cried out when they realised their mistake. But it was too late because they had eaten their kumara.

The people went back to their canoe Te Arawa and sailed out of the harbour of Tauranga and eastward along the coast. The brother of Tamatekapua was called Hei and he claimed all the land around Tauranga Moana and named it Te Takapu o Waitaha, the belly of his son Waitaha. The descendants of this man are called Waitaha a Hei and live at Manoeka. As Te Arawa passed the Ipuke area, Tia claimed the area on behalf of his son Tapuika and that is the name still used for the people of Te Puke. Tamatekapua claimed the area around Maketu for himself and called it Te Kureitanga o Taku Ihu, comparing the headland to the shape of his nose. It is from this that the name Okurei has been given to the northern point of the Maketu peninsula.

The people of Te Arawa landed at Maketu, at the mouth of the Kaituna, and Settled there. Some travelled south and claimed the land inland around Rotorua and Taupo. it is said nowadays that Maketu is the prow and Tongariro is the stern of the canoe Te Arawa. That is because the descendants of the people of Te Arawa, all the tribes and subtribes of Te Arawa and Ngati Tuwharetoa, occupy this area of Te Ika a Maui, the North Island.

But what about the kumara that had been eaten by the people of Te Arawa, the kumara which should have been saved for planting? It was lucky for them that they had not found the kumara in the kit which Whakaotirangi had hidden away. she took those special seven tubers and planted them in the garden she had prepared at Maketu and which was called Parawai. Within two years they had grown and multiplied so that in generations to come , Te Arawa always had a good supply of kumara. Even today when the people of Te Arawa want to refer to a collection of treasures they talk about to putea iti a Whakaotirangi, the little kit in which she kept her precious seed kumara. Sometimes, all they need to say is te kete a Whakaotirangi, the kit of Whakaotirangi, and that is enough warning to be careful. Remember the mangroves. Appearances can be deceptive.



The Burning of Te Arawa

Raumati lived at Katikati, in the area now known as Bowentown. His mother was of Ngamarama, the tangata whenua, and his father was one of the people who stayed when the Tainui canoe called there. Like the other young people who were growing up around Tauranga Moana in those days, Raumati heard a great deal about Te Arawa, the rival canoe which sailed from Hawaiki at the same time as Tainui. The final resting place of Te Arawa was at Maketu, at the mouth of the Kaituna. The canoe had been pulled up on the shore in the place which is now marked by a stone monument. Raumati and his young friends also heard about the long-standing dissension between Tainui and Te Arawa, how Tamatekapua of Te Arawa had tricked the tohunga of Tainui, Ngatoroirangi, into sailing from Hawaiki with Te Arawa and so on.

When he grew to manhood, Raumati was seized with a strong desire to go and see this canoe Te Arawa that he had heard so much about. He gathered around him a gang of young men, all very fit and eager for a bit of adventure. And so this taua set off for Maketu. They travelled the length of Tauranga Moana and landed near Whareroa where they picked up the track through the sand dunes to the ocean beach at Papamoa. They followed the line of sand dunes along the beach past Papamoa and To Tumu, right along the sandspit that ends at the mouth of the Kaituna. From here they could look across the narrow stretch of water to the headland of Maketu. There was Te Arawa pulled up on the shore well above high-water mark with a timber shelter built over it and thatched with raupo to protect it from the weather. There was no-one guarding the canoe. As they looked at it these young warriors hit on the idea of paying back Tamatekapua for his trickery toward Tainui. They threw lighted darts across the Kaituna toward the canoe. These landed in the dry raupo thatch which caught alight. Very soon the whole structure and the canoe underneath it were ablaze. In no time at all the great canoe of Te Arawa was reduced to a pile of ashes.

There was great consternation among the people of Te Arawa as the news spread of this attack. A war party was organised, led by three brothers, Hanui, Haroa and Karika, of Mokoia in Rotorua. A younger brother, Hatupatu, anxious not to be left out of this campaign to avenge the insult by Tainui to Te Arawa, organised his own war party. Hatupatu went ahead to Maketu and engaged in battle against Raumati and the Tauranga people. Raumati was defeated here and he and his non fled back along the beach toward Maunganui with Hatupatu and his war party chasing close behind. One by one the warriors of Tauranga Moana were killed, until finally there was only Raumati still running toward Maunganui. Hatupatu was determined that he would be the one to get the young chief Raumati and return to Mokoia with his head, to show his father and older brothers that he was a worthy warrior of Te Arawa.

Raumati raced on toward Maunganui. His position was hopeless. Hatupatu was gaining on him. He bounded around the base of Maunganui and plunged into the channel at the entrance to Tauranga Moana. He struck out furiously and swam toward Matakana. Hatupatu plunged into the water after him. He too was a strong swimmer. Raumati pulled himself up on the sandy shores of Matakana. Hatupatu reached the shore about the same time. Hatupatu was on Raumati. His patu struck deep into the flesh of Raumati and Raumati was felled. Hatupatu dragged the lifeless body to a large flat rock in the sand dunes and there cut off the head of Raumati. He wrapped it in his korowai cloak and carried it back to Mokoia, to his father, as utu for the burning of Te Arawa. The place where Raumati was killed was called Panepane, meaning a head. somewhere in the sand there is the flat rock, at the southern end of Matakana. This area is still called Panepane Point, a sandy spit stretching toward the entrance to Tauranga Moana.

Te Kuia.

At the entrance to Tauranga Harbour, at the foot of Maunganui, there is a rock in the water called Te Kuia, the old lady. When the fishing boats go out in the open sea, the men on board throw over a piece of food, or a small coin, an offering to the Kuia as they pass by this rock. This is also an offering to Tangaroa, god of the ocean, to ensure the success of their fishing trip. It is also a way of showing respect for the sea, for the power of the waves and the food resources to be found there. Hut who was the old lady, this Kuia? Some say she was Wahinerua, who was thrown overboard by Hoturoa from the Tainui canoe which went aground at the entrance. In this story, the Kuia lived on Maunganui.

A long time ago, when the hill of Mount Maunganui was called Mauao, there was a big settlement on the lower slopes. The many shell middens and terraces can still be seen. It was an ideal place to live. It could be defended from attack, there was water in a spring on the south side, and there was plenty of kaimoana to be caught in the sea and among the rocks and sandy shores around. The heights of Mauao provided a view all around the district and it was possible to see from afar any approaching visitors or war parties.

One day an old lady, Kuia, climbed up to the look out place high on Mauao. She sat down in a sheltered corner of the rocks, and gazed out to sea, across Matakana and towards Moehau. The sun warmed her old bones, she thought about the doings of her youth and of past generations in this district. She drifted off into her dreams. Her little dog which always followed wherever she went, lay down nearby and dozed too. It was not until a cool breeze of late afternoon chilled her body that she woke. she realised it was getting late. The sun was low in the western sky. She must get down before sunset, back to her where, before darkness overtook Mauao.

Kuia took one last look around the glistening ocean, and the islands and mountain ranges toward Moehau, and out to sea toward Tūhua, She looked again out to sea, where something caught her eye. There appeared something far out where she knew there was no island or rocky reefs. She saw some black shapes and suddenly realised what they were - a group of canoes. Perhaps they were enemy canoes, waiting just below the horizon until darkness fell, when they would swiftly come ashore and attack the pa. She looked again, and was certain they were canoes. She felt just as certain they were a war party.

Kuia moved to the edge of the cliff and shouted down to the houses in the pa below. "He taua! He taua! A war party! She called as loudly as she could, but no-one heard. She cupped her hands to her mouth and shouted again. "He taua! He taua!" Still no-one heard. She started to run down the steep, rough track. She was old and her legs would not move fast enough. Her little dog followed. She tripped and stumbled on the rocks on the track. She felt herself stumbling out of control. Her body rolled down the track and over the edge of a steep rock face into the sea. The little dog bounded after her and jumped into the sea. It pulled on her clothing and tried to drag the unconscious old lady to the shore. The effort was too much and they both drowned. Their bodies lay there and the water lapped round them and they became the rocks that still lie there. Tangaroa recognised them thus and allowed those rocks to become their memorial stones. This is why the Kuia Rock is the place where fishermen make their offerings to Tangaroa, and ask for protection and a successful voyage.

There once lived at Te Kaha in the eastern Bay of Plenty, a group of people whose chief was called Apanuimutu. He is the ancestor of the tribe called Whānau Apanui. At this time though, he had nothing to be famous for. He did not look handsome or distinguished. He did not really look like a chief at all. His men had been beaten so often in battles that their mana was very low. They had no influence among the tribes around. Because they had failed to make an impression in the battlefield or in speech-making, they had a very low opinion of themselves too. Apanui often wondered why they were such failures but could not find the real answer.

The worst time of all for the Apanui was the day a war party of Ngati Porou, led by the chief Hikawera, attacked them. Again Apanui had to concede defeat, and his men fell back. Hikawera added further insult by shouting at them, and calling Apanui to a meal with him. What he really meant was that Apanui was to become the meal for Hikawera. Already two of Apanui's leading warriors had fallen to Hikawera. This was adding insult to injury. Apanui felt very whakamā, depressed and dejected, a miserable failure.

As the defeated men retreated, Apanui looked up toward a hilltop where the tohunga of Hikawera stood watching them. Apanui called out, "Aue! Why am I always such a failure as a warrior chief?" Apanui must have felt really desperate to call on the tohunga of an enemy tribe like this. Nevertheless, the tohunga gave him an answer, though it was not obvious to Apanui just what it meant. "That which you seek" said the tohunga "will be found by following the setting sun."

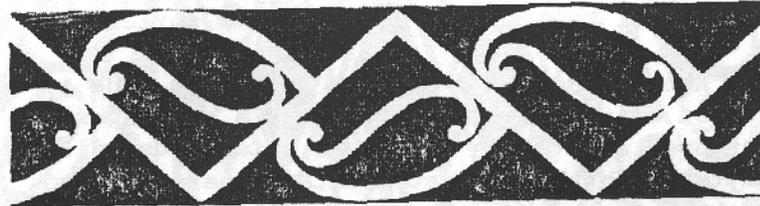
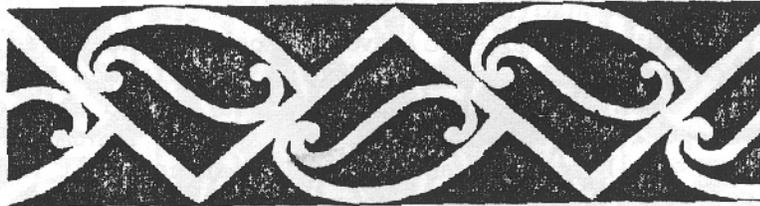
Apanui returned home to his pa at Te Kaha and thought about what the tohunga had said. Finally, he decided that somewhere in the western Bay of Plenty, in Tauranga Moana, there was someone who could give him the power to succeed, to really become a toa.

Meanwhile, in Tauranga Moana, there lived at the pa at Matuaiwi, a tohunga called Kinomerua. This priest was the proud owner of a pet tui, a talking tui, which followed him wherever he went. This tui also helped him in his rituals and was a real friend of Kinomoerua. One day the tohunga was in the kumara patch chanting a karakia to protect the crop from the kumara grub. The tui called out "Koka ë! Tahia te marae - Hey Dad, better get the marae ready." This was how the tui warned Kinomerua that visitors were approaching and he had better get ready to greet them and offer hospitality. Kinomoerua asked the tui who the visitors were, "Uia te manuhiri meke ko wai?" The tui replied, "Kukuti to wera te haua ko Apanui, Apanui the man with the shrivelled skin and lam leg."

Kinomoerua went back to the pa at Matuaiwi. Apanui and his ope were received and entertained and made welcome there. After a while, and after the usual speeches, Apanui finally got round to telling Kinomoerua why he had travelled west to Tauranga Moana. Could Kinomoerua tell him how to become a successful toa? Kinomoerua said nothing, but led his visitor outside the wharenui. They looked out over the harbour towards Rangiwaea and Matakana. As they looked, a bird swooped down out of the sky, and dived into the water. It was a kawau, a shag. soon the bird reappeared, above the water. it opened its mouth and ate the wind. It had failed to catch the fish it had been after. Several times it opened its mouth and achieved nothing. "See," said Kinomoerua, "See that shag. Don't you perform like that, Apanui, it gets nothing, and like you, it gets nowhere."

Kinomoerua went down to the beach with Apanui and dragged a canoe into the water. They paddled across the harbour to Maunganui, and beached the canoe. Then Kinomoerua led Apanui around the Mount to the ocean beach, and to the north side where the rocks guard the entrance to the harbour of Tauranga Moana. They sat on the slope and looked down on the rock called Me Toka a Tirikawa, or North Rock, as it is often called now. The waves crashed and broke over the rock in succession, one after the other, over and over again. Again and again the rock reappeared as the foaming waves poured off it. “See that rock,” said Kinomoerua, “Look on Te Toka a Tirikawa and conduct yourself as it does. Ka ngaro ka ngaro, ka ea ka ea Te Toka a Tirikawa.” Kinomoerua also chanted a karakia, and then sent Apanui and his party back to Te Kaha.

Apanui was strengthened by the karakia of Kinomoerua and he never lost sight of the vision of the waves breaking on the rock of Tirikawa. He defeated his enemy Hikawera of Ngati Porou and went on to further victories. He became a chief whom Whānau Apanui are proud to acknowledge as their ancestor. This saying of Kinomoerua to Apanui, this whakatauki, is still quoted around Tauranga Moans. Ka ngaro ka ngaro, ka ea ka ea, Te Toka a Tirikawa. Though it is submerged and lost, the rock of Tirikawa will always appear again. In spite of the storms of many generations, the waves are still crashing and breaking on Tirikawa and the rock stands firm for ever at Maunganui.



Te Aroha

Te Aroha means love and caring. That seems a very strange name to give to a mountain, a high, bush-covered peak in the range which now carries a television translator on its summit. On some of the old survey plans, it has a longer name, Te Aroha a uta, Te Aroha a tai. This has something to do with the shore, uta, and the sea, tai. Perhaps this has something to do with the inland and seaward side of the mountain. But there must be something more to this peculiar name.

People who belong to Mataatua, that is people who are descended from this waka, canoe, and that includes Ngaiterangi of Tauranga Moana, have one story about this mountain Te Aroha. It is said that there was once an old chief called Rahiri, who belonged to the Whakatane area. He went away up north for some reason and lived there for many years. He was growing old, and decided, as old people sometimes do, that he wanted to go back to his home place and die on his own land in the Whakatane district. He travelled south into the Hauraki Plains area, and up the Waihou River. Here he decided to climb the highest peak rising above the river and plains and look about him. He looked all around, north from where he had come, west across Waikato and Hauraki to the ocean, south towards the inland mountains of Taupo. He looked out over the land of Tauranga Moana, out into the Bay of Plenty. He looked along the line of beach stretching from Maunganui to Maketu, then further on toward Whakatane. The old man was overcome with homesickness, and a great longing to return. He exclaimed “Aroha ki tai Aroha ki uta Love to the sea Love to the shore!” And that is why Mataatua people say that mountain is called Te Aroha.

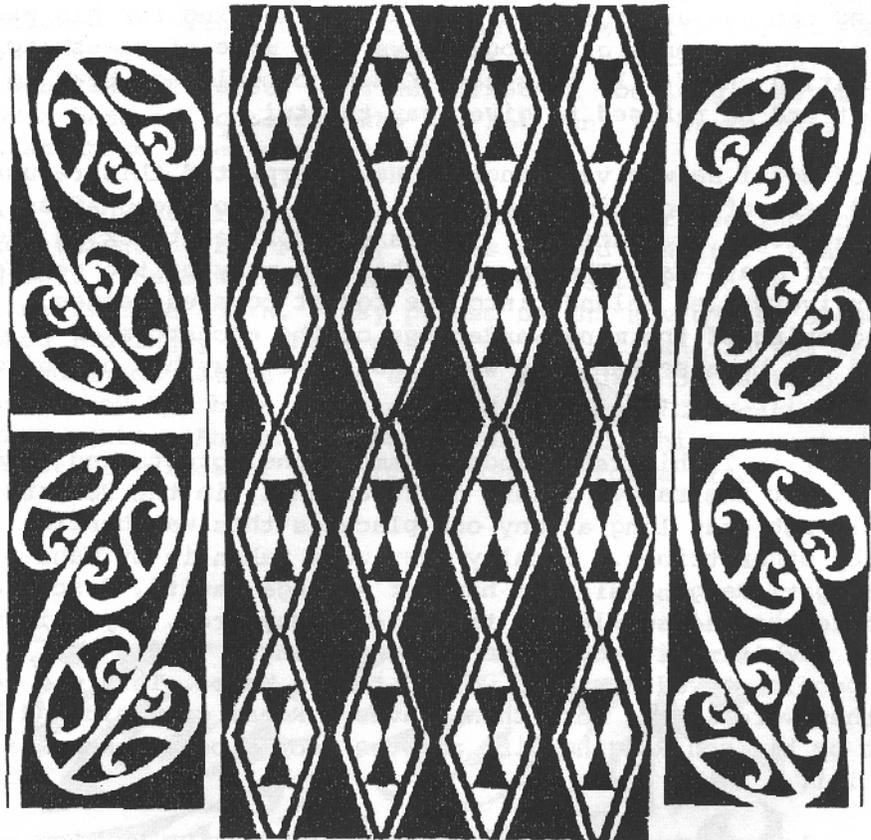
The people of Te Arawa say that it was Kahumatamomoe who gave this name to the mountain. Kahumatamomoe was a son of Tamatekapua, the commander of the canoe Te Arawa, which had landed at Maketu. Some time after this, Tamatekapua had left Maketu and gone to live at Moehau, the place at the northern tip of the Coromandel Peninsula which he had claimed before the canoe reached Maketu. When Tamatekapua died, he was buried at the top of Moehau, so that is a special mountain for Te Arawa too. Kahumatamomoe had quarrelled with one of his brothers, and this brother had left Maketu and gone to Moehau to live with his father's people. After some time, Kahu decided to patch up this quarrel, so he too travelled to Moehau. There was a big family reunion and feasting and for the time being anyway, all the squabbling in the family of Tamatekapua seemed to be sorted out.

It was time for Kahumatamomoe to go back to Maketu. He travelled south along the western coast of the Coromandel Peninsula to Thames and up the Waihou River. He stopped at a place which was afterwards called Muri Aroha o Kahu. He decided to climb the highest mountain there and look around. He looked out to sea and toward Moehau, and spoke of his love for this land of his father which reaches out into the sea. Thus he spoke of Te Aroha o Tai o Kahu. Then he turned inland and spoke of his love for the land of Titiraupeka and Taupo where his uncle Tia had settled. And so the name Te Aroha o Uta. o Kahu was given. That is how Te Arawa people say the name Te Aroha was given to the mountain.

In the Waikato, the people of Tainui say that it was Rakataura, the priest of the canoe Tainui, who gave this name Te Aroha. After the canoe Tainui was carried across Tamaki Makaurau to Manukau and finally came to rest at Kawhia, Rakataura made many journeys. He came to Te Aroha

and climbed the mountain and named it Te Aroha ki Tai, Te Aroha ki Uta. In doing this he was telling of his love and sorrow for the canoe Tainui, for the people left behind across the sea in Hawaiki, as well as the people of this new land, and especially the memory of his wife Kahukeke, the daughter of Hoturoa, commander of the canoe Tainui.

Perhaps the most important thing about this name Te Aroha is not who gave this name, but what this name means. To all these people it tells of a love for the land and a love for the sea, a feeling of having a place to belong, and knowing where this is.



The Pet Tui of Kahukino.

The ancestors of Ngaiterangi of Tauranga Moana once lived in the Opotiki area. Their pa was Tawhitirahi, set on high cliffs above the stream called Kukumoa. From here they could see along the coast and out into the Bay of Plenty. There was plenty of kaimoana there for them to eat. There were tuna and koura in the river, plenty of aruhe around about, birds to be snared, and berries to be gathered in the bush covered ranges inland. The chief of this pa was Kahukino.

One day the people of Tawhitirahi received a friendly visit from an ope of Ngati Ha, a neighbouring tribe. These people were ancestors of Ngati Pukenga of Tauranga Moana. The chief of Ngati Ha greatly admired the pet tui that belonged to Kahukino. This tui was well known, not only for its beautiful singing but it could also talk. The bird had also been taught to take part in rituals and karakia. Sometimes the karakia was for supplies of food. It was also believed the tui could bewitch people. The chief of Ngati Ha wanted this tui for himself. When the visiting ope was about to leave he asked Kahukino for his pet tui. In other circumstances a gift would have been made of something admired by a visiting chief. In this case Kahukino could not bear to part with his pet and he refused to give away the tui.

The chief of Ngati Ha was very angry. He interpreted this refusal as an insult and went off home in a very bad temper. Not long after, Tawhitirahi was attacked by Ngati Ha. It was a surprise attack at night, led by the chief of Ngati Ha. The pa was taken and many of the people killed. The survivors fled inland, into the forest covered ranges. This was the beginning of the many wanderings of the ancestors of Ngaiterangi, and all because Kahukino would not give away his pet bird, the talking tui.

The refugees from Tawhitirahi wandered among the forests and gorges of the Motu, and over the ranges inland of Turanganui, in the Poverty Bay area. They could not stay long at any one place as this was hunting ground claimed by other tribes. Finally they were taken in by Waho o te Rangi, chief of Ngati Rangihokaia, a hapu of Aetanga Hauti, descendants of Takitimu people who had settled in the Poverty Bay area. By this time the chief of the Tawhitirahi people was Romanohorangi. Under his leadership the people stayed here and worked for Te Waho. This was not a happy time as they were little more than slaves. Romai grew old and his place was taken by his son Rangihouhiri and the people became known as Ngati Rangihouhiri.

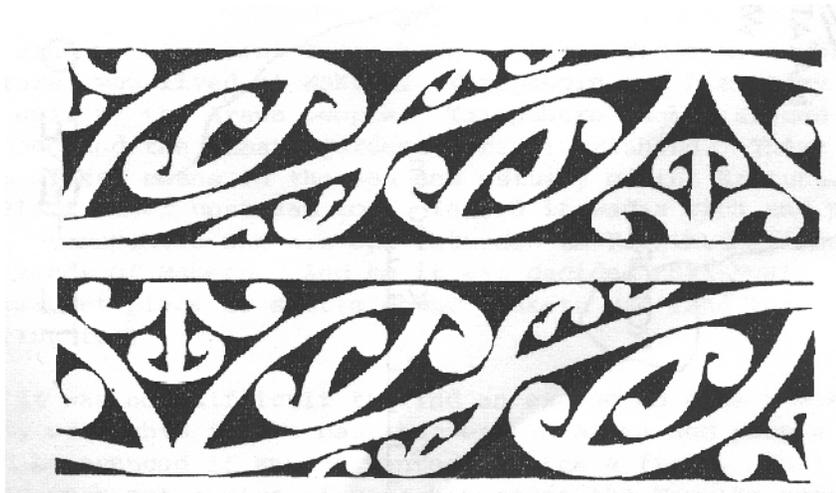
Te Waho was also growing old. While he remained alive he knew he could keep control of Ngati Rangihouhiri as slaves. He feared some other tribe might take them after his death, or that they might attack his own people. To prevent this happening he decided it might be better to kill these slaves. Somehow Rangihouhiri heard about what might be in store for him and his people. For a long time they had considered ways of establishing themselves somewhere as an independent people again. They pulled themselves together and withstood the attack by the people of Te Waho. Many of Te Waho's people were killed and others driven back in this fight. The people of Rangihouhiri decided to move on. They were attacked a second time by the combined forces of Aetanga Hauti. Again Ngati Rangihouhiri showed their fighting Strength.

Aetanga Hauiti decided to come to terms with Ngati Rangihouhiri. It was agreed among the chiefs on both sides that Ngati Rangihouhiri would leave the district. Aetanga Hauiti would help provide them with canoes. Some time passed while food supplies were collected together and the canoes prepared. One day Ngati Rangihouhiri sailed away from the East Coast from Whangara and headed north around East Cape and back into the Bay of Plenty. They landed at Torere and built themselves a pa there called Hakuranui.

Rangihouhiri and his people lived for a time in their pa at Torere but they did not feel comfortable there. The local people resented these newcomers building a pa and settling in for a long stay. Ngati Rangihouhiri had planted gardens nearby the pa, but the local people decided to make it difficult by harassing them when they went out to work in them.

One day, two men of Ngati Rangihouhiri went out to plant the seed of the gourd in their gardens. Awatope suggested that they plant their seed by scattering it over the ground and then get away quickly back to the pa. Tukoko said he thought that was a sloppy way of doing things. The gourds would grow much better if the seed was planted properly by being put into little holes made with a stick and then covered with earth. Awatope quickly scattered the seed on his plot and took off back to the pa. Tukoko worked away at planting his seed. But he worked on too long. He was attacked and killed by a hand of local men who did not want to waste this opportunity to get back at these unwelcome settlers.

Ngati Rangihouhiri gathered together in their meeting house in the pa and talked things over. Finally it was agreed that this place was not worth fighting for. There were too many of these attacks to be comfortable. It was time to move again. They packed up and moved west along the coast. They looked longingly at their old pa at Tawhitirahi in the Opotiki district, but they could not settle there again. They did not want to go back to the place where they had been defeated, and if they did, Ngati Ha would only attack them again. And so the people of Rangihouhiri came to Whakatane. They were still refugees, wanderers, looking for a place to live.



Whakatane was the territory of Ngati Awa, who had a strong pa called papaka on the hill above the present town. Ngati Rangihouhiri moved up the Whakatane River a little way and chose a place on a ridge above the river to build their pa. Ngati Awa were not too happy about these new settlers either. For a time they left them alone but the situation was uncertain.

Ngati Rangihouhiri decided they had better settle the situation once and for all even if this meant a fight with Ngati Awa. Tamapahore was sent out one night to scout around the great pa of Papaka, to look for any weak points in the defences. He crept quietly around outside the banks and palisades in the darkness, looking for the best place to attack. Suddenly a woman came out on to the place in the palisades on the bank just above him which was used as a latrine when the pa was closed up at night. The temptation was too much for Tamapahore. He gave her a poke in the backside with his taiaha. She screamed in fright. Tamapahore took off back home as fast as he could.

This was a very foolish thing Tamapahore had done. Not only had he insulted the daughter of the chief of Papaka, but he had also given Ngati Awa more reason to be suspicious. The situation was talked over in the meeting house of Rangihouhiri. After a while, Tamapahore stood up and said, "I have acted foolishly. Now we will all have to move on again. Before we go, let us at least fight Ngati Awa." Many of Ngati Rangihouhiri agreed with this plan. However, Ngati Awa let it be known that if Ngati Rangihouhiri wanted to fight, it would be a fight to the death and Ngati Awa had many fighting men. If Ngati Rangihouhiri went straight away, Ngati Awa would let them go in peace.

And so, discretion being the better part of valour, Ngati Rangihouhiri packed up and moved again. They had got into so-much trouble already there were not many places left to go. They travelled along the coast west to Te Awa o te Atua, near Matata. This land was occupied by another section of Ngati Awa and they did not welcome Ngati Rangihouhiri here. They had only just finished fighting for it themselves, and had chased out the previous occupants, Te Tini o Taunu. They were not about to share this land they had fought so hard for with Ngati Rangihouhiri.

Rangihouhiri sent Tamapahore to visit Tatahau, a chief of Tapuika of Te Arawa, who lived at Maketu. Tamapahore and his party were looked after very well by the Arawa people. Tamapahore looked around the area. The land was good and the kumara gardens were flourishing. There were many different sorts of kai moana in the sea and estuary of the Kaituna. There were plenty of eels further upstream too. Indeed it was a rich and pleasant place to stay. Tamapahore and his party returned to Rangihouhiri and reported on the fine lands of Maketu. And so it was decided that Ngati Rangihouhiri must find a permanent place to settle down. Maketu was land that was certainly worth fighting for.

It was not difficult to find an excuse to attack Maketu as there had been plenty of fights in the past between Te Arawa and people of Mataatua which could be avenged if anyone wanted to pick a fight. What was more difficult was to work out a plan of attack because the Tapuika people of Te Arawa were strong. They also had allies in Waitaha, another section of Te Arawa,

whose land lay to the west in Papamoa and Maunganui in Tauranga moana. And so a plan was worked out. That summer Ngati Rangihouhiri packed up and left Te Awa o te Atua and made a camp at Pukehina. Some of the local Ngati Awa came too to help Ngati Rangihouhiri fight for land to settle in. This was one way of ensuring they did not stay on at Te Awa o te Atua.

A small group of men set out from the camp at Pukehina and walked along the beach to Waihi, disguised as a fishing party. They crossed the estuary and walked over the hills toward Maketu. They found a woman alone in the kumara gardens. This was Punoho, daughter of Tatahau who was quietly working away collecting caterpillars off her kumara plants. There was no one else around. One by one the men raped her. Punoho screamed in fury. The last man to take her was Werapinaki, who was deformed and crippled. Punoho screamed at him, "Maybe you could be a god at night but in daylight you are a hideous monster." This was too much for Werapinaki, who promptly killed her, and threw the body in a kumara pit.

That night Punoho was missed by the people of Maketu. A search party was sent out but no trace of her could be found. Tatahau suspected that those people of Rangihouhiri might have something to do with it. He had already heard they were camped at Owihara, above the Waihi Estuary. One of the women of Maketu went to the camp to find out. When she reported back, a group of Tapuika men crept quietly into the camp and killed Werapinaki as he lay sleeping.

The rest of the fighting force of Ngati Rangihouhiri moved from Pukehina to attack Maketu. The first big fight was at Pukemaire, Tatahau's great pa. Tatahau and many of his men were killed here. His two sons, Manu and Tiritiri, and the rest of the people of the pa, retreated to Rangiuru. Ngati Rangihouhiri were assisted by Ngati Awa. Tapuika called in their neighbours Waitaha for help. There were more battles. Ngati Maru of Thames Valley came in to help Te Arawa. People from the Urewera and the Opotiki district, including Ngati Pukenga, came in to help Ngati Rangihouhiri. Waitaha called in some of Ngati Ranginui of Tauranga Moana, led by Kinonui.

In one great battle, Tapuika and their allies attacked Herekaki, one of the smaller pa at Maketu which had been taken by Tutengaehe, son of Rangihouhiri. Tutengaehe was killed in this fight. The news was carried back to his father, Rangihouhiri, who was returning from a visit to Whakatane to seek more support from Ngati Awa. Rangihouhiri arrived in time to see Herekaki in flames. He stood there and prophesied, "Haere e tama rä e, ko koe te tai pö, ko au te tai ata. Go my son, you by the evening tide, I shall follow by the morning tide."

The next day saw the final great battle between Ngati Rangihouhiri and their allies and Te Arawa and their allies. The fighting went on all day in the valley above Waihi called Poporohuamea. By nightfall the chief, Rangihouhiri, and many of his men lay dead. Rangihouhiri had been killed by Te Ruinga of Tapuika, and so utu had been claimed for the death of Tatahau. But Ngati Rangihouhiri had not lost Maketu. The Arawa and their allies had enough of fighting. The death of Tatahau had been avenged. The allies went home. Tapuika made peace with Tamapahore and Taiputi, the son of Tutengaehe. Tamapahore gave his daughter, Parewaiiti, as a wife of the Tapuika chief, Paruhi. Other marriages were made between Tapuika and Ngati Rangihouhiri. It seemed that at last Ngati Rangihouhiri had found themselves a permanent home. After this battle of Poporohuamea, Ngati Rangihouhiri called themselves Ngaiterangi.

The Battle of the Kokowai.

Ngaiterangi settled themselves in the rich lands of Maketu. Tapuika withdrew south to Ranquru and Te Puke and because of the marriages made between them and Ngaiterangi lived fairly peacefully. There were some further battles with Waitaha and Ngati Ranginui in the Kaawa swamp area of the lower Kaituna. These tribes were joined by Ngati Haua of the Matamata area and in one of these battles their chief, Haua, was killed. In due course peace arrangements were made, but only after many men were killed. Marriages were also made between the tribes. For a while it seemed everyone could live fairly happily in the land. But this peace did not last long.

One day a canoe load of men of Ngati Ranginui set out from Tauranga Moana on a fishing trip. While they were still out in the open sea they were caught by a storm. Somewhere off Maketu the canoe was swamped. All were drowned except Taurawheke who struggled ashore at Okurei, the northern point of the Maketu lands. He dragged himself up on the beach and lay there exhausted. Here he was found by a woman who was out collecting shellfish among the rocks. She pulled him up to a sheltered place at the foot of the cliff and went off to get him some food and dry clothes. Unfortunately for Taurawheke, she met her husband on the way. He was very suspicious and said he would go back. Instead of bringing food and clothes, he killed Taurawheke, and secretly cooked and ate him.

Meanwhile, the people at Tauranga Moana, assumed that all in the fishing trip had been lost in the storm. That might have been the end of it if this Ngaiterangi man had not beaten his wife. It seems he was in the habit of doing this now and again. This time the wife screamed back at him that she would tell everybody how he had killed Taurawheke if he went on beating her. The neighbours heard all this going on and that is how the word got out. Eventually, the news got back to Tauranga Moana, to Ngati Ranginui, that Taurawheke had been killed by Ngaiterangi.

A war party of Waitaha and Ngati Ranginui decided to go to Maketu and do something to take revenge on Ngaiterangi. They had got as far as Te Tumu when they came upon two men of Ngaiterangi collecting toetoe to thatch the roof of a house, These men were Tuwhiwhia, one of the sons of Rangihouhiri, and Tauaiti, son of Tuwhiwhia. They killed Tuwhiwhia, cut off his head and put his headless body in a canoe and set it adrift down the Kaituna. Tauaiti was taken back to Tauranga, tortured, and then killed. Before he died Tauaiti prophesied “my pain is shallow compared to the ocean of pain to come”.

Ngaiterangi were furious when they saw the canoe with the body of their chief Tuwhiwhia in the estuary of the Kaituna at Maketu. They were even more furious when they heard how Tauaiti had been tortured and killed. It fell upon Kotorerua, brother of Tauaiti and son of Tuwhiwhia, to organise a suitable form of revenge for these murders. It so happened that a well-known chief of Raukawa called Putangimaru, who usually lived at Hinuera in the Waikato, was visiting Maketu about this time. Kotorerua told his sister Tuwera to look after him especially well. Putangimaru was so well looked after he decided to take Tuwera home with him as his wife. Kotorerua was invited to follow later and discuss further this matter of utu for his father and brother. Putangimaru was known as a wise man who had special powers and Kotorerua was confident he would get some good advice.

Some time later Kotorerua travelled inland. He passed through the forests of Ottawa to avoid being seen by anyone in Tauranga Moana. At a place called Pawhakahorohoro he met up with a man called Ika who had been sent by Putangimaru to show him the way through the forests of Hautere. At Whenuakura, a place high in the ranges they could look out over Te Kaokaoroa o Patetere to Hinuera. Ika pointed out the important landmarks on this track and the pa where Putangimaru stayed. Then Kotorerua killed the slave Ika. He cut off his head and carried it with him to Hinuera. Here Putangimaru received him with all ceremony and when the speeches were over he asked about Ika. Kotorerua replied that he had travelled with Ika, that he had killed him at Whenuakura as he needed parts of his body for his divining rituals. He told Putangimaru how he had brought Ika's head so that they could use it together to divine, and find out whether all the omens were favourable. Together they performed the rituals, chanted their karakia, and worked out a plan for utu. This was going to be the taking of the great pa of Ngati Ranginui and Waitaha on Maunganui.

Kotorerua returned home to Maketu and straightaway-began planning the attack on Maunganui. This pa was a big one covering most of the mount. Waitaha held the east side facing toward Maketu. Ngati Ranginui held the west side which faced Tauranga Moana. The pa was well fortified with terraces, banks and palisades. Except for the sandspit facing toward Maketu, Maunganui was surrounded by water. It would not be easy to take this pa. The only weak spot was where the fortifications crossed the top of the mount on the northern side. Here, it was thought, the rocky cliffs were so steep no-one would be likely to attack by that route as the attackers would have to climb so high up the steep slopes. It would take a fair amount of luck and cunning to take this pa.

One dark stormy night Kotorerua and about 140 men arrived outside the palisades of the section of the pa occupied by the Ngati Ranginui chief Kinonui. This was on a sort of plateau above the place now called Stony Point. They carried with them 100 baskets of kokowai (red ochre) obtained from the banks of the Kaikokopu Stream which flows into the Waihi estuary near Maketu. They explained their late arrival by the need to stop frequently to protect the precious kokowai from the rain that had fallen on the way. It was not customary for guests to arrive at a marae at night and Kinonui was very suspicious. However, they seemed friendly enough and it was wet and cold so they were invited in as guests. The baskets of kokowai were stacked away to wait for formal presentation and ceremonial in daylight. This was just as well for the Ngaiterangi visitors. The baskets contained earth with only a thin layer of kokowai on top.

The guests were taken into the meeting house. The whaikorero started. Greetings were exchanged between the Ngaiterangi manuhiri and the tangata whenua, Ngati Ranginui. The speeches went on well into the night. Kinonui was still very suspicious of the motives of these visitors. Kotorerua was playing for time. A pretended courtesy was maintained between the chiefs of the two sides but the atmosphere was tense. Now and again, one or another of Kotorerua's men would come and go. Gradually most of them left the meeting house making various excuses. At last only Kotorerua was left. One of his men returned, whispered briefly to Kotorerua and went out, leaving the door of the meeting house open. Suddenly, Kotorerua rose up, slipped out and slammed the heavy sliding door into place behind him and tied the latch to prevent anyone getting out. One of

his men had a flaming torch ready. Kotorerua took it and placed it against the raupo wall. The flames caught the dry raupo and flickered up with the thatch of the roof. Within minutes the meeting house was blazing and Kinonui and his people were destroyed inside.

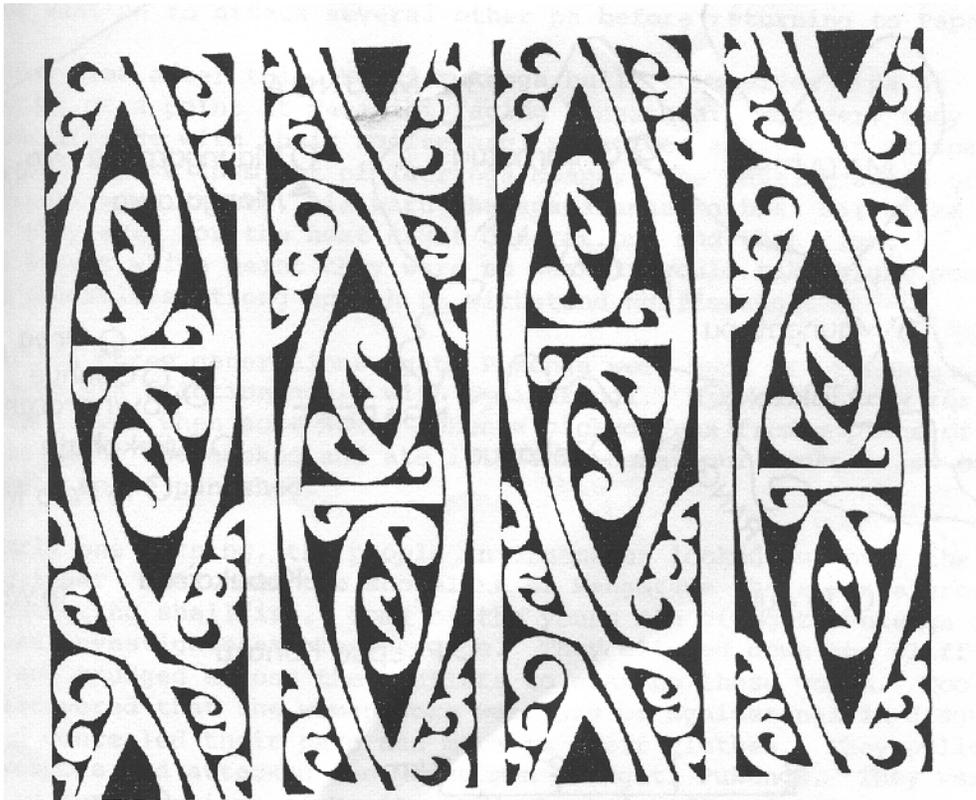
Meanwhile, the bulk of Ngaiterangi under the command of Taapuiti had made their way in canoes to the narrow landing place in the rocks to the north of Maunganui called Te Awaiti. One group went off to cut the lashings and bash holes in all the canoes that were lying on the beaches around Maunganui. The rest climbed up the steep northern face of the mount to the weak point in the fortifications right at the top. In the noise of the storm, with the wind and rain and the waves crashing on the rocks, the Ngaiterangi attackers were not noticed. All attention was focused on the meeting house and the whaikorero between Kotorerua and Kinonui. As the meeting house went up in flames, warriors poured down on the pa from the summit. other Ngaiterangi warriors attacked from all sides. Ngati Ranginui and Waitaha fled in confusion. Many who escaped death by Ngaiterangi drowned in the harbour when they tried to flee in the damaged canoes. And so in a few hours the great pa of Maunganui was taken and Ngaiterangi established their presence in the lands of Tauranga Moana.



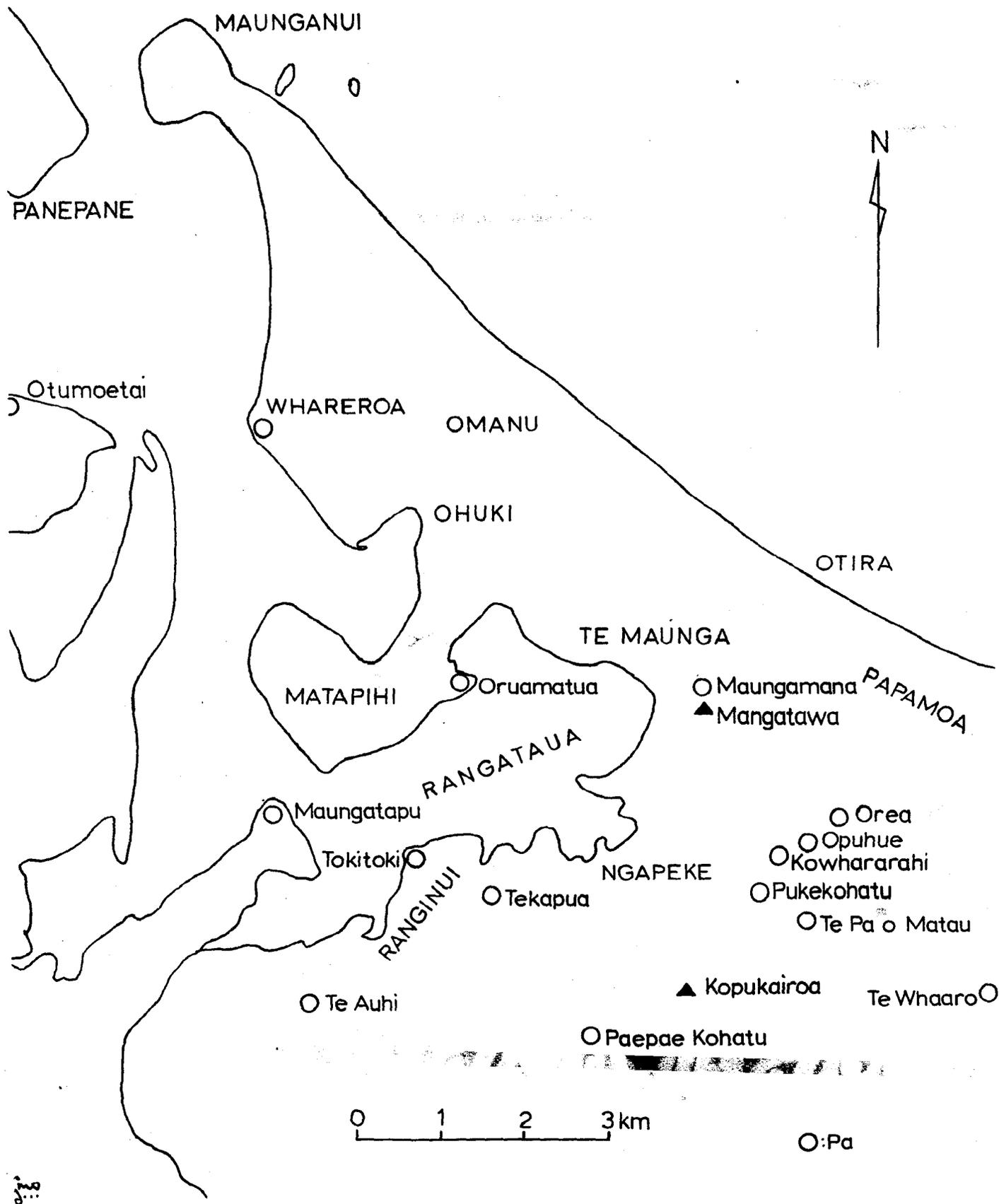
Te Manuwkahahoro

After Ngaiterangi took the great pa at Maunganui, there were other fights between them and the Waitaha and Ngati Ranginui people of Tauranga Moana. In one fight the Waitaha chief, Kumikumi, was killed. His son, Tipuake, wanted to avenge his father's death. Waitaha were weak and defeated, so he went to the Tapuika chief, Te Ruinga at Te Puke, for help. This was the same Te Ruinga who had killed Rangihouhiri at Poporohuamea. Te Ruinga was getting too old now to join actively in any campaign for utu. Instead of setting up a war party, he gave to Tipuake 'a bird made of plaited toetoe and raupo. It was not a toy but it had a name - Te Manuwkahahoro, the falling or swooping bird. The bird had a serious purpose and Te Ruinga explained all this to Tipuake before sending him back home to Tauranga Moana.

Tipuake made a number of these birds, carefully plaited from the leaves of toetoe and raupo. He and his men took them to the shore near to a pa of Ngaiterangi. They concealed themselves in bushes at the water's edge. Then they began to throw the birds. They flew and swooped into the water. The people in the pa saw the birds swooping into the water and said to themselves there must be fish down there. They gathered up their nets and rushed down to the water's edge to catch all these fish. But it was Ngaiterangi who became the big catch themselves, the fish of Tipuake. The Waitaha men leapt out of the bushes and fell on Ngaiterangi who were unarmed. And so Tipuake avenged the death of his father and Waitaha hit back at Ngaiterangi who had pushed them out of their fine lands of Tauranga Moana. Because of the birds, this fight is known as To Manuwkahahoro.



RANGATAUA – PAPAMOA



Ngä Peke e Maha.

The tribe called Ngati Ha, who drove the ancestors of Ngaiterangi f from Tawhitirahi, were later known as Ngati Pukenga. They joined Rangihouhiri in the fight against Tapuika at Poporohuamea but they returned home to Opotiki after this campaign. When they heard about the taking of the great pa of Maunganui by Ngaiterangi they came west again, hoping to get a share in the lands of Tauranga Moana. They had some connections with Ngaiterangi now through Tamapahore whose mother was from Ngati Pukenga. They first settled in the Papamoa area alongside Tamapahore's people.

Ngati Pukenga tried to gain the Otumoetai area but were outwitted by the young Ngaiterangi chief Rangihouhiri a Kahukino, a grandson of Tamapahore. A war party had been organised to attack Otumoetai and this Rangihouhiri had attached his own smaller taua to it. When Takau, the Ngati Ranginui chief saw the warriors approaching his pa at Otumoetai he decided to try some diplomacy. He called out "Who is your leader?" Before Ngati Pukenga could answer, Rangihouhiri shouted back "I am." Takau called again "For what will you guarantee us peace?" Rangihouhiri replied "For your daughter Hinewa." So Ngaiterangi made peace and Rangihouhiri took his new bride back to Papamoa.

Ngati Pukenga went back to Papamoa too, feeling ashamed at being outwitted like this. They talked about the situation and decided, in spite of the agreement with Takau, they would attack Otumoetai on their own. "Patua i te tangata, patua i te whenua" was the cry "let us destroy the people and the land." The Ngati Ranginui people did not expect this attack and the pa was destroyed. Ngati Ranginui retreated inland. Ngati Pukenga went on to attack several other pa before returning to Papamoa.

Some time after this, Ngati Pukenga built themselves a pa at Oruamatua, on a point at Matapihi facing Rangataua. However, they had soon got offside with their Ngaiterangi relatives again. In exasperation, Ngaiterangi drove them out of Tauranga Moana. The parting words of Ngaiterangi were "Haere, kia waru whakapaparanga ka hoki mai ai ka riri taua. Stay away for the next eight generations and then fight." This was a real insult which meant they were so weak it would take eight generations to get themselves strong enough to withstand Ngaiterangi.

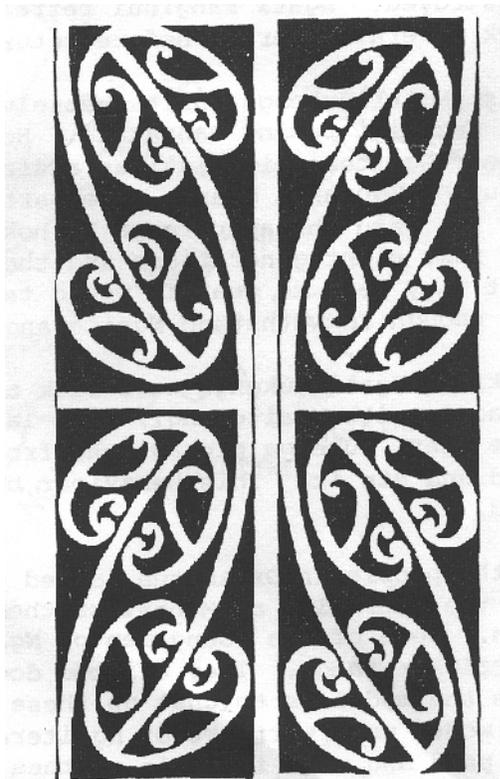
Within three generations Ngati Pukenga were back at Oruamatua. Very soon there was friction again with Ngaiterangi. The last straw for Ngaiterangi was when some Ngati Pukenga picked puha from a piece of ground that was tapu, and cooked and ate it. This behaviour broke a law of tapu and needed to be punished.

Early one morning, the people in Oruamatua looked out over the mudflats of Rangataua. over near the shoreline of Mangatawa there was a group of women gathering shellfish. Some of the young men of Ngati Pukenga decided to go and investigate at closer range. They climbed down the cliff from the pa and trudged across the mudflats to chat up these women. Too late they discovered that the women were warriors of Ngaiterangi in disguise. They had concealed their patu and mere in their clothes. They pulled out these weapons and attacked the young men of Ngati Pukenga. They were joined by more warriors of Ngaiterangi who had hidden in the wiwi of the swampy shoreline of Te Maunga. Ngati Pukenga turned and ran back toward Oruamatua.

Swiftly all the Ngati Pukenga of Oruamatua took to their canoes and paddled frantically down the harbour towards Maunganui and the open sea. Just off Whareroa they were intercepted by a fleet of Ngaiterangi canoes. They paddled for shore, abandoned their canoes, and started to run overland towards Maketu. Just north of Mangatawa they were overtaken by Ngaiterangi. Some did get away but most were killed.

Among those struck down was the chief of Ngati Pukenga. The Ngaiterangi chief, Rangatawiri taunted him. “What else can you expect? You were told to stay out of the district for eight generations. It serves you right for coming back so soon.” The Ngati Pukenga chief, even though he was dying, answered back, “E me aha e au i Ngä peke e maha. Mehemea i takitahitia. Ko au ko koe kopa ana to tuara i te wahanga i Ngä kohatu hei tao is koe. What could I do against such odds? Had it been a fight between you and me only, your back would be bent now carrying the load.” In other words, Rangatawiri would end up as a slave, a fate much worse than death on the battlefield.

Ngati Pukenga lived in various places, in Maketu and Rotorua at different times and in the Coromandel Peninsula with Ngati Maru. There are still Ngati Pukenga at Manaia. Much later Ngaiterangi did allow some of Ngati Pukenga back to Tauranga Moana. They were given some land at Waitao, facing Rangataua. This land was called the Ngapeke Block, to remind the people of the dying words of the Ngati Pukenga chief, “Ngä peke e maha,” the “many shoulders” of Ngaiterangi who had attacked them on the mudflats of Rangataua.



Te Ika Hui Rua a Hikapa

After the Battle of the Kokowai when Ngaiterangi pushed Waitaha and Ngati Ranginui out of the great pa on Maunganui, there were more fights around Tauranga Moana. Hikapa was a chief of Waitaha and his pa was at Maungatapu. In one of these fights, two men of Ngaiterangi were killed. They were Tamapinaki, the brother of Tamapahore, and Tamapiri, son of Tamapinaki. This incident is remembered in the saying, To ika hui rua a Hikapa, the double catch of fish by Hikapa. This means much the same as the English saying, to kill two birds with one stone. -

This killing by Hikapa of his brother and nephew was very humiliating for Tamapahore. Already Tamapahore had been humiliated when Ngaiterangi settled on Maunganui, it had been thought that Tamapahore had not been as active in supporting the campaign as he should have. When Tamapahore settled on the lower slopes of Maunganui, some of Kotorerua's party rolled boulders down into his pa. Tamapahore took the hint and moved into the Papamoa area. His pa was Te Whaaro. All this humiliation occupied the mind of Tamapahore and he thought a great deal about how he could secure utu for these insults. He was growing old, too old and weak now to lead a war party himself. So he pinned his hopes on his young grandson, Rangihouhiri a Kahukino. This was the same Rangihouhiri who had taken his bride, Hinewa, daughter of Takau, from Ngati Ranginui of Otumoetai.

Rangihouhiri had not yet proved himself in battle. It did not take much persuasion by Tamapahore to encourage him to attack Hikapa and Waitaha. The problem was that the pa on the point of Maungatapu was a strong one; it was difficult to get to and there were many fighting men in it. Some say there were nearly two thousand. Just as trickery had been used to take Maunganui, so more trickery would be needed to take Maungatapu. The old man and his grandson carefully worked out a plan of action.

Rangihouhiri was anxious to get started on the campaign, but his grandfather was cautious. He looked over the Rangataua arm of the harbour from his pa in the Papamoa hills. "Wait until you see the waters of Rangataua glistening." Rangihouhiri gazed eagerly down-on Rangataua. "Ngä tai o Rangataua e whakararä mai nei. Kei ake a anö takahitia ai e au," replied Rangihouhiri, "See how the waters of Rangataua glisten in the sun. When, oh when, can I go?"

Soon it was time to go and Rangihouhiri led his party of several hundred men around the shores of Rangataua to a place east of Ranginui. Here a small stream cut a channel through the mudflats on its way to the main channel on the Matapihi side. Other groups of men hid in the wiwi and scrub in the swampy shore line around Ranginui. As the tide went out, Rangihouhiri and another group of men waded from Ranginui toward Maungatapu, shouting taunts at the men of Waitaha. The men in the pa needed little encouragement to go out and attack these cheeky young Ngaiterangi led by Rangihouhiri. Hikapa was away from the pa, but the Waitaha men came out onto the mudflats led by Tarapukao.

There was a lot of fighting and killing on both sides. The carefully laid ambushes were partly successful. By the time the battle had been carried on across the mudflats all the way to Ranginui, both sides were very tired. Ngaiterangi decided to retreat back to Papama. Waitaha numbers had been reduced but Ngaiterangi had lost more men than they expected too. There seemed no point in continuing the battle. Waitaha were subdued over the next two generations by more peaceful means.

There was a man called Taraka living among Ngaiterangi who had taken a wife, a woman called Hinewai, who was closely related to Waitaha. It was decided these two should go and live with the wife's relatives at Maungatapu. Some Waitaha were very suspicious of this move and wanted to kill Taraka. Hikapa warned them that would not be an honourable thing to do. And so Taraka and Hinewai settled down in Maungatapu. Soon they were joined by the Ngaiterangi relatives. Over the next two generations, Ngaiterangi gradually infiltrated the community. Before long, a chief of Ngaiterangi called Turapaki had become rangatira of Maungatapu. Some of the Waitaha were still unhappy about all these Ngaiterangi immigrants. Some marriages were made between Waitaha and Ngaiterangi. The Waitaha people who did not like all this moved away to live at Manoeka and Otawa near Te Puke.

There are many stories about Rangataua and its people who are mostly descendants of Tanapahore - Ngä Potiki, the younger sons. The people of Maungatapu were called Ngati He, after a misunderstanding about the fate of their chief, Turapaki, a great, great-grandson of Tamapahore, at Motuohora, Whale Island, while on a journey to Te Kaha. There is a saying, a whakatauki, Ngaro noake te tangata, waiho mä ngä papaka o Rangataua e mihi, The people may disappear but the crabs of Rangataua will always be there to greet you. The mudflats of Rangataua were a training-ground for young warriors. Rangataua is also described as he mana hoehoe a ngä tupuna, the waters our ancestors paddled through. He aha kia kiia a Rangataua? He paruparu ngä kai. He taniwha ngä tangata. What should be said of the people of Rangataua? Their food is shellfish. Their men have the boldness of a taniwha.

