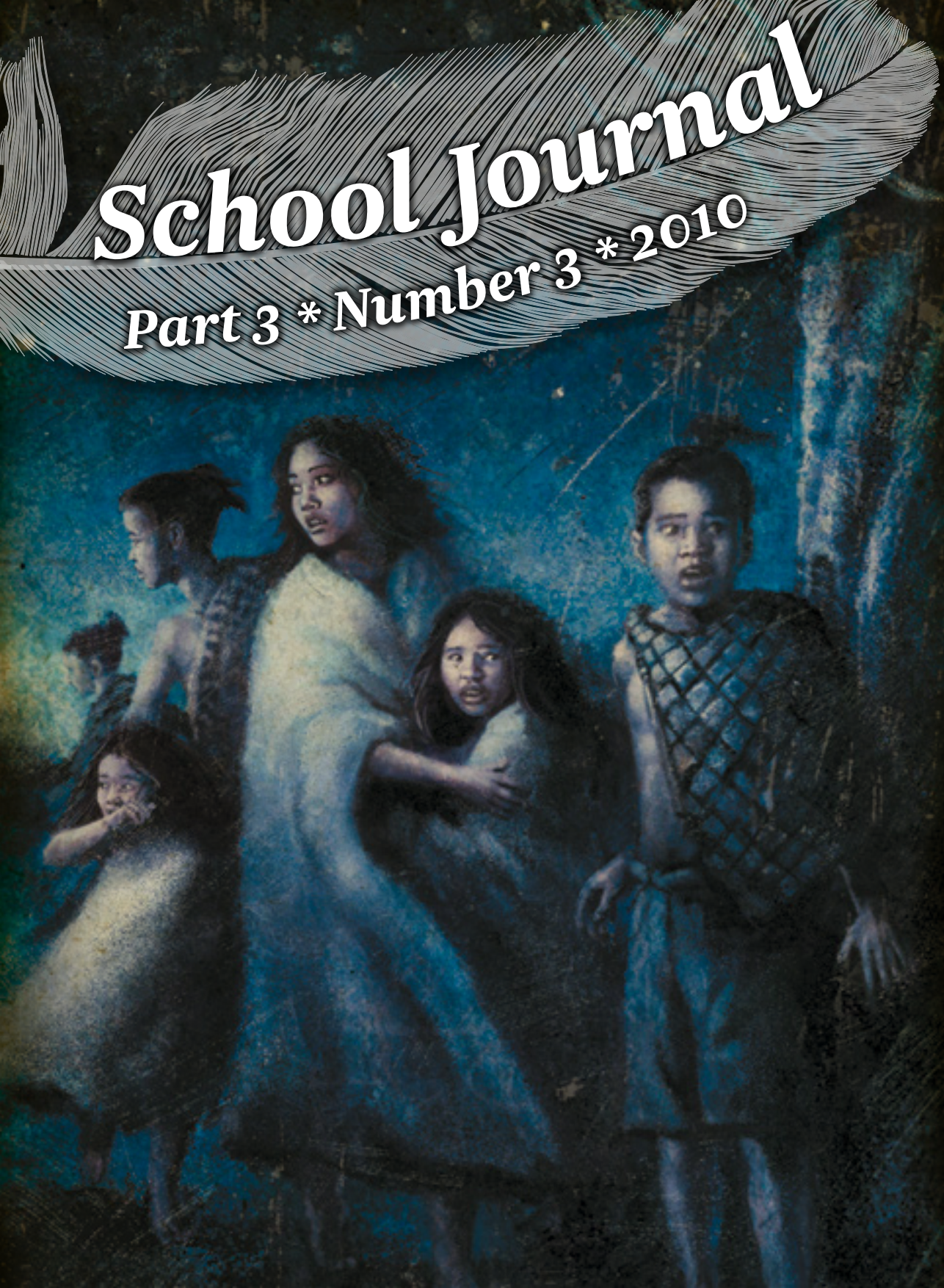
School Journal

Part 3 * Number 3 * 2010



This resource has been developed to support
The New Zealand Curriculum

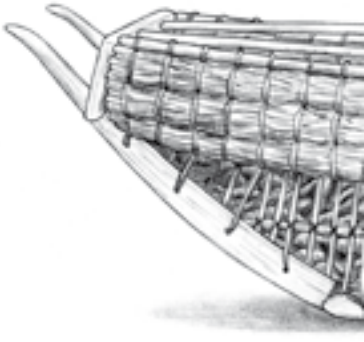
First published 2010 by the Ministry of Education,
PO Box 1666, Wellington 6140, New Zealand.
education.govt.nz
This edition published 2022.

Publishing services: Lift Education E Tū

ISBN: 978 1 77690 546 1 (print)
ISBN: 978 1 77690 700 7 (online PDF)
ISSN: 0111 6355 (print)
ISSN: 2624 3636 (online PDF)

Replacement copies may be ordered from Ministry of Education Customer Services,
online at www.thechair.co.nz
by email: orders@thechair.minedu.govt.nz
or freephone 0800 660 662
Please quote item number 90546.

Series Editor: Susan Paris
Designer: Jodi Wicksteed



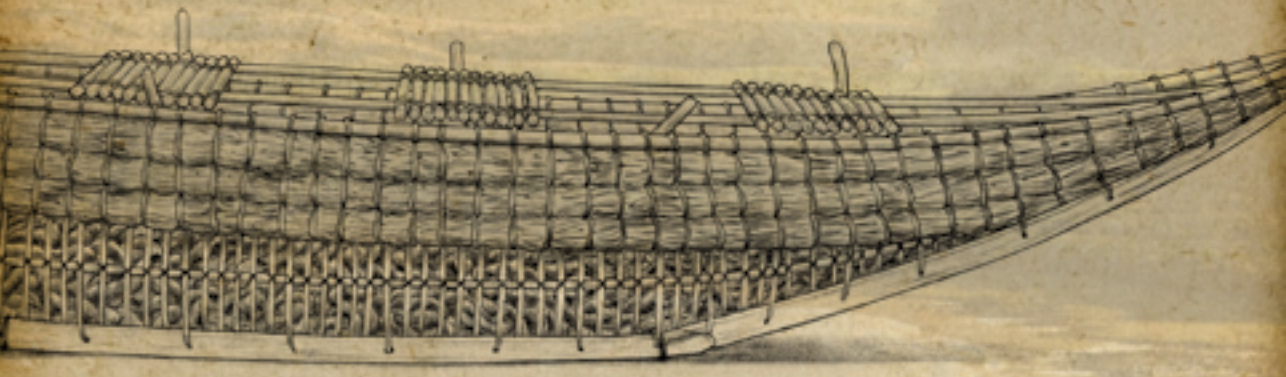
School Journal

Part 3 * Number 3 * 2010

Contents

Articles

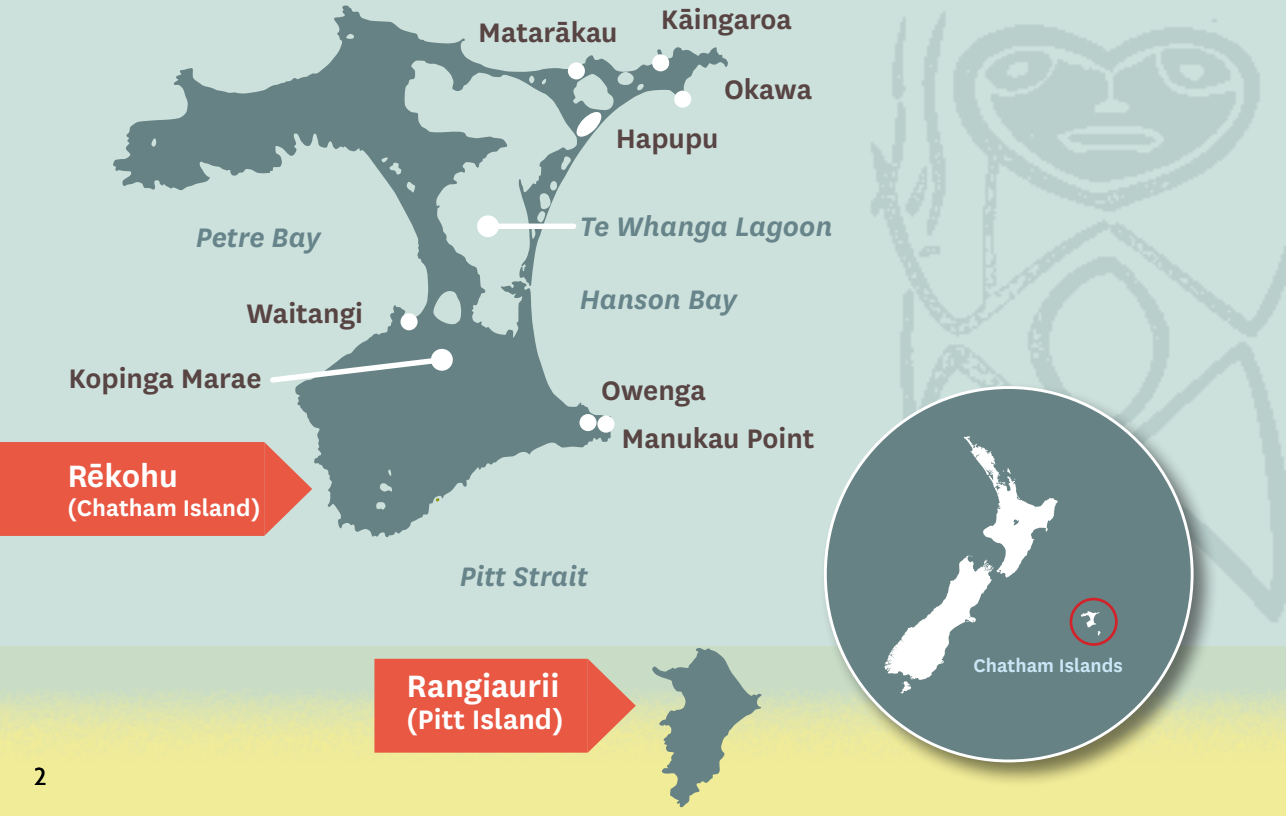
Story



Ministry of Education

A Short History of Rēkohu

Rēkohu is the Moriori name for the main island in the Chatham Islands group, which is part of New Zealand. The name Rēkohu means "misty skies" or "the sun as seen through the mist". The people of the land, or tchakat henu, are the Moriori. This issue of the School Journal *is dedicated to them.*



Traditional stories told by the Moriori say that the descendants of Rongomaiwhenua (peace on the land) and Rongomaitere (peace on the sea) are already living on Rēkohu when Kahu, the Polynesian explorer, arrives by canoe. Kahu travels around the island before returning to Hawaiki.

His visit is followed by the arrival of the Wheteina people from Hawaiki, who are escaping war with the Rauru. Later, the Rauru themselves migrate to Rēkohu. The problems between the two tribes begin again. Nunuku-whenua, a high-ranking chief who is tired of the fighting, says:

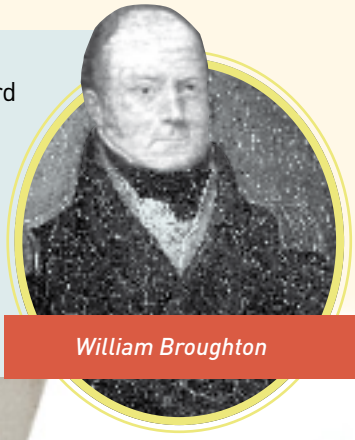
"From now and forever, never again let there be war."

The people agree never to kill when they fight. This agreement becomes known as the Law of Nunuku. From that day, the people of Rēkohu live together in peace ...

1790

1791

The first Europeans visit Rēkohu on board the HMS *Chatham*. The ship's captain, Lieutenant William Broughton, says the island now belongs to King George III and names it Chatham Island. Just as the visit ends, a young Moriori, Tamakaroro, is shot and killed.



William Broughton

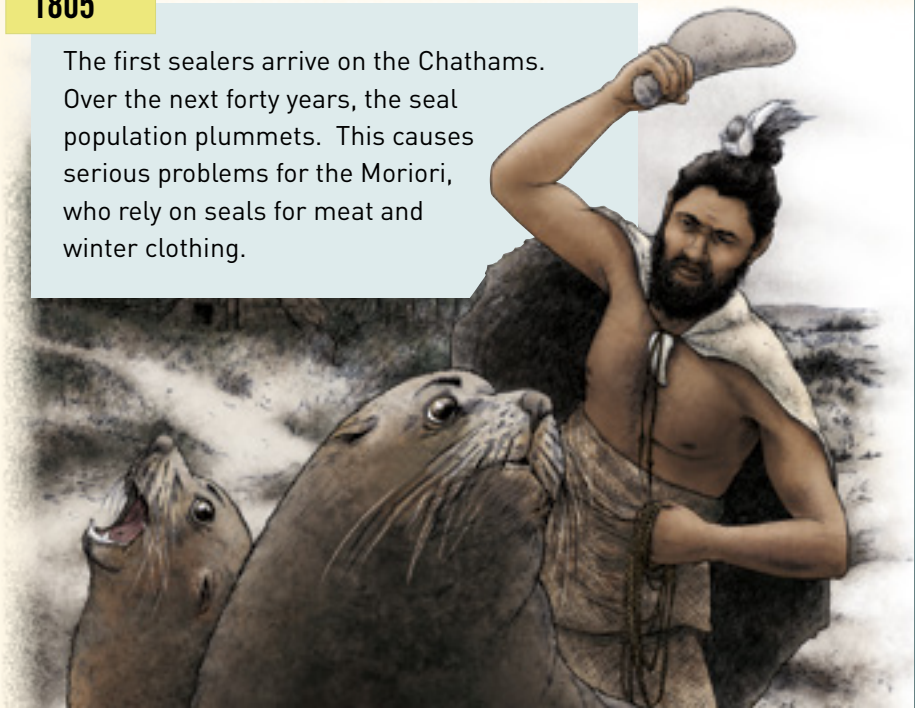
1800

Plaque at Kāingaroa commemorating the arrival of HMS Chatham *in 1791*

1805

The first sealers arrive on the Chathams. Over the next forty years, the seal population plummets. This causes serious problems for the Moriori, who rely on seals for meat and winter clothing.

1810



1820

1830

1840

1828–1832

Around four hundred Moriori (about a fifth of their population) die from European diseases such as the flu and measles.

Early 1830s

News of Rēkohu spreads among Ngāti Mutunga and Ngāti Tama, who have been driven from their land in Taranaki. They are especially interested to learn that although people already live on the island, they do not fight to kill.

1835

Ngāti Mutunga and Ngāti Tama arrive on Rēkohu, seasick after a long trip. The Moriori nurse them back to health, and then the Māori "walk the land", taking possession and killing as they go. The Moriori decide against breaking their ancient law of peace and do not fight back. Around 226 are killed. The rest are taken as slaves, and many die in the following years.

1840

Whaling stations are established at Okawa and Owenga on the eastern coast of Rēkohu.

Waitangi harbour, Rēkohu, 1840

1842

The British government says the Chatham Islands are now part of New Zealand.

1850

1855

Archibald Shand, the island's first government official, arrives on Rēkohu. His job is to impose New Zealand laws and collect taxes.

Archibald Shand and his wife, Elizabeth

1862

Only 101 Moriori now live on Rēkohu. Elders write an account of the invasion, listing those Moriori who were killed in 1835 or who died afterwards as slaves. This is sent to New Zealand's governor, George Grey, along with a letter asking for his help.

1860

1863

The slavery of Moriori is abolished.

Waitangi around the time of the first Native Land Court hearings

1870

1866

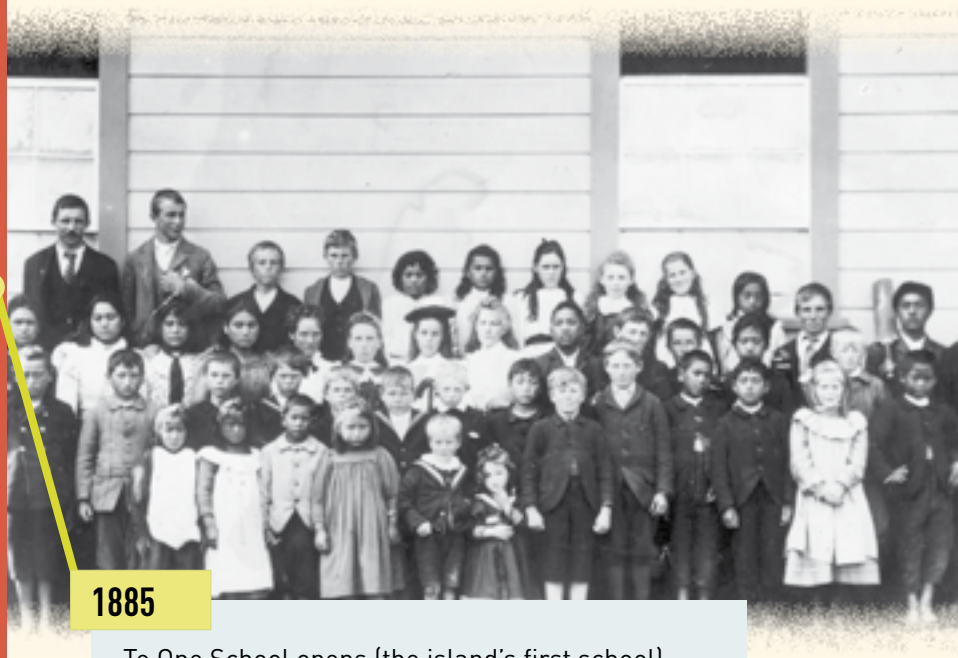
All of Ngāti Tama and most of Ngāti Mutunga return to Taranaki. Moriori once again are the majority people on Rēkohu.

1870

The Native Land Court investigates land claims on Rēkohu. The court awards most of the island to Ngāti Mutunga by applying the Māori custom of conquest even though Moriori did not fight back. Moriori are given the remaining 2.7 percent of the land.

1880

1890



1885

Te One School opens (the island's first school).

1900

1900

The population of Rēkohu is now four hundred, but only twelve people identify as being Moriori.

1910

1920

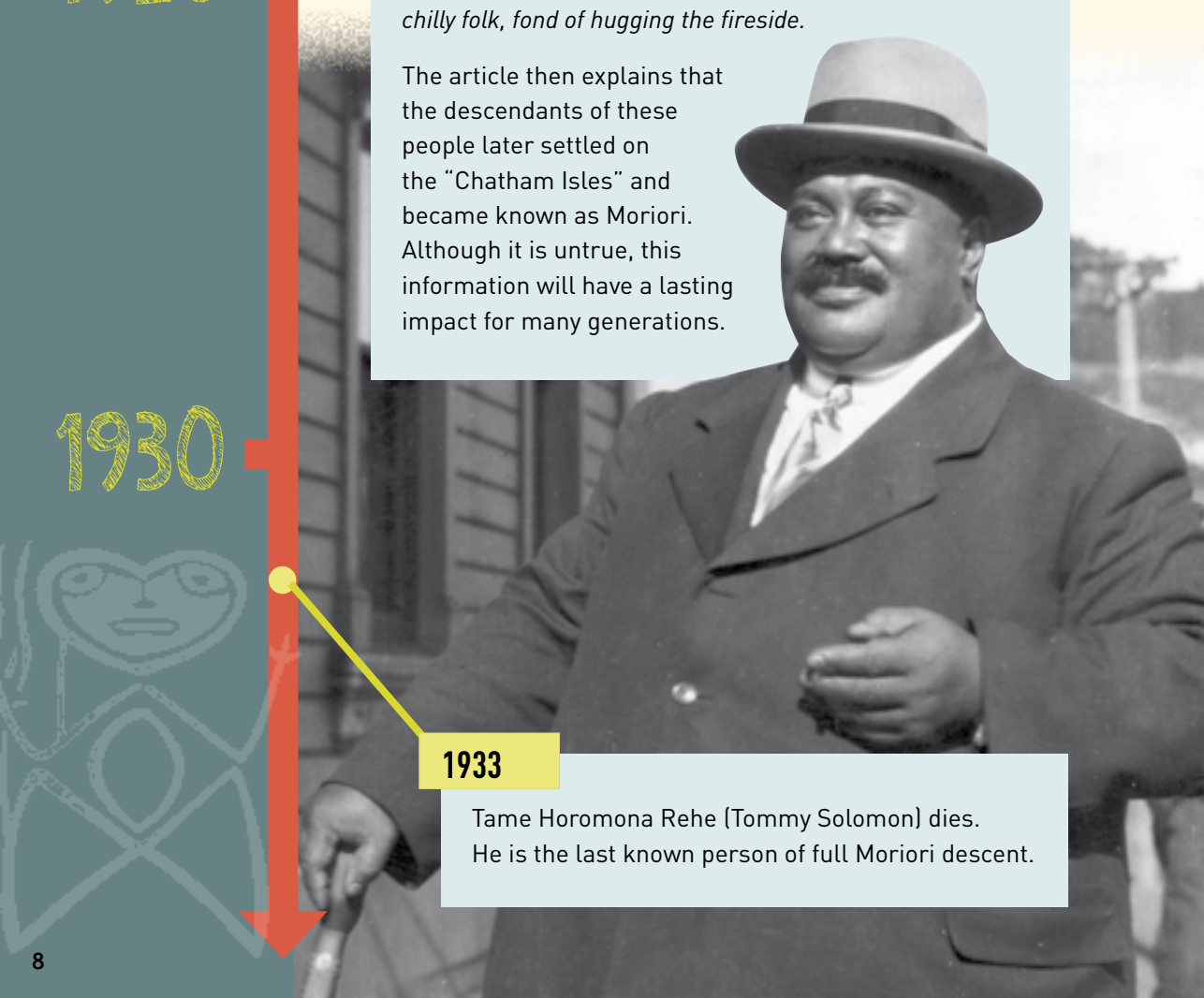
1930

1916

The *School Journal* publishes a series of articles, "How the Maoris Came to New Zealand". Students are told:

... at a date that cannot be ascertained, a strange folk arrived on these shores. They were ocean waifs occupying three canoes that had been carried away by a storm ... They had a habit of looking sideways out of the corners of their eyes, and were an indolent and chilly folk, fond of hugging the fireside.

The article then explains that the descendants of these people later settled on the "Chatham Isles" and became known as Moriori. Although it is untrue, this information will have a lasting impact for many generations.



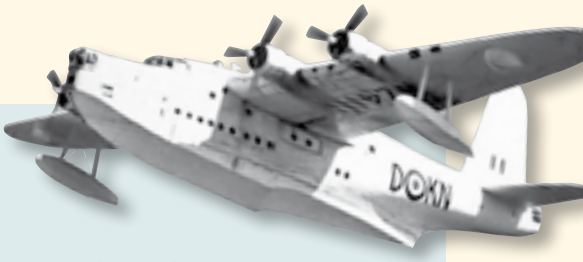
1933

Tame Horomona Rehe (Tommy Solomon) dies. He is the last known person of full Moriori descent.

1940

1942

A Sunderland flying boat lands on Te Whanga lagoon. This is the start of a regular air service to Rēkohu.



1950

1963

The first attempt is made to preserve the Moriori dendroglyphs (tree carvings) at Hapupu.

1965

A four-year crayfish boom begins on Rēkohu.

1960

During the late 1960s, around 20 000 tonnes of crayfish were exported from Rēkohu.

1970

1980

1990

1976

The New Zealand Wildlife Service (now the Department of Conservation) begins its programme to save the Chatham Island robin (or black robin). Five birds are left, and only one – Old Blue – is a breeding female.

1984

The Chatham Islands rugby team makes its first tour of New Zealand, winning more than half its games.

Natalia Solomon with the statue of her great-great-grandfather Tommy

1986

A statue of Tame Horomona Rehe is unveiled by the Prime Minister, David Lange, at Manukau Point.

1994

Hearings begin on Rēkohu for the Moriori claim to the Waitangi Tribunal. In the claim, Moriori wish to be officially known as tchakat henu of the land.

2000

2001

Almost six hundred people identify as Moriori in the New Zealand census. The Hokotehi Moriori Trust is established to represent all Moriori people and to negotiate fisheries and Treaty settlement claims.

2005

Kopinga Marae is officially opened. It is the first Moriori marae to be built on Rēkohu in over 160 years.

2010

2008

The government gives $6 million to Moriori to help them save their culture.

Where No Boat

It's easy to miss the Chatham Islands on a map – tiny specks of land, lost in the vast Pacific Ocean. It's an unpredictable corner of the world, known for its strong winds and frequent storms. In fact, the weather can be so wild, sailors call this part of the Pacific the "roaring forties".

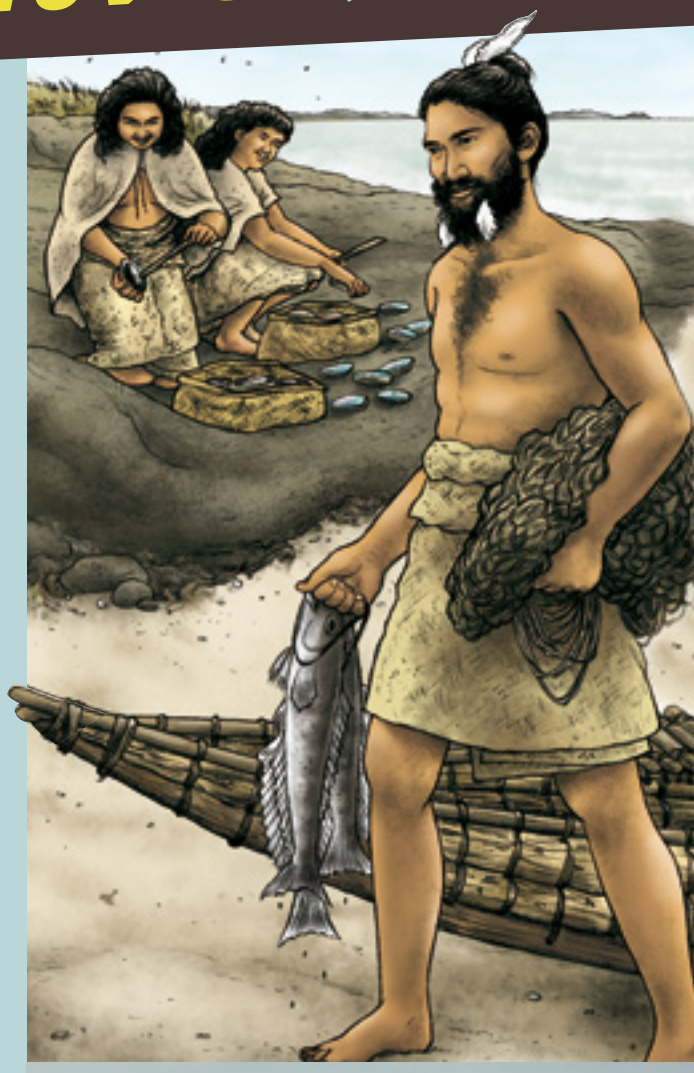
This climate didn't scare off the island's first visitors, who most archaeologists believe came from New Zealand around a thousand years ago. The visitors arrived in huge double-hulled canoes after what must have been a long and difficult voyage. No one knows for sure why these people came – or whether they even meant to come at all. And even though this new place was vastly different from their homeland, they decided to stay.

Could Live

by Roger Fyfe

Because the cooler climate prevented the Moriori from growing their traditional Polynesian vegetables of kūmara, taro, and yams, they had to find new foods to eat. Luckily, the land – and especially the sea – provided many different options. There were berries, fern roots, and kopi (karaka) kernels. There were eels, pāua, seaweed, kōura, and crabs. The Moriori also learnt to hunt birds and seals, and they became expert fishermen.

This new hunting and gathering lifestyle involved a lot of travelling around – some of the seal and albatross colonies were on offshore islands up to 40 kilometres away. The men, who did almost all of the hunting and fishing, soon discovered that their dugout canoes capsized in the big seas around Rēkohu. What they needed was a new type of boat that could safely carry people, and their hard-won cargo of food, without the fear of sinking. The answer was wash-through waka.

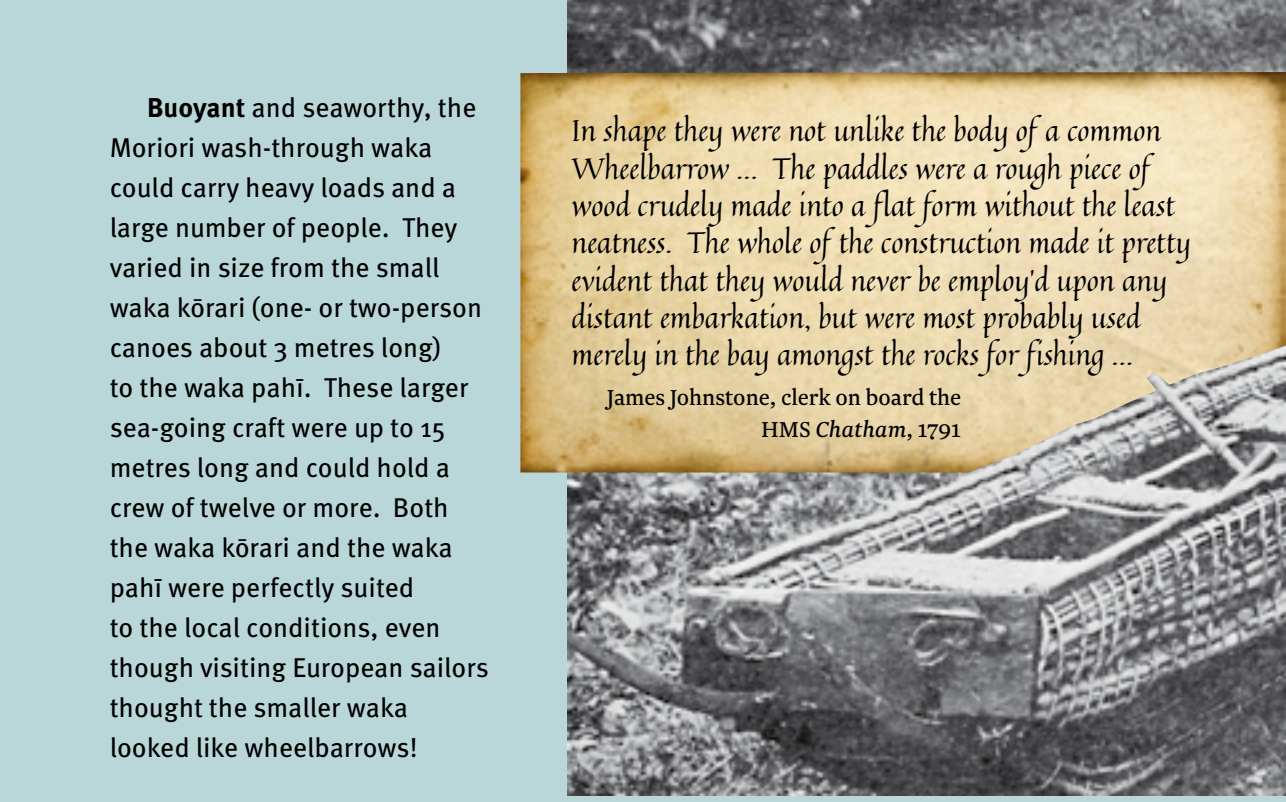


The Chathams contain many small rocky islands – and most of them provided some kind of food for the Moriori. Tarakoekoea (the Pyramid) was visited for the chicks of hopo (albatross).

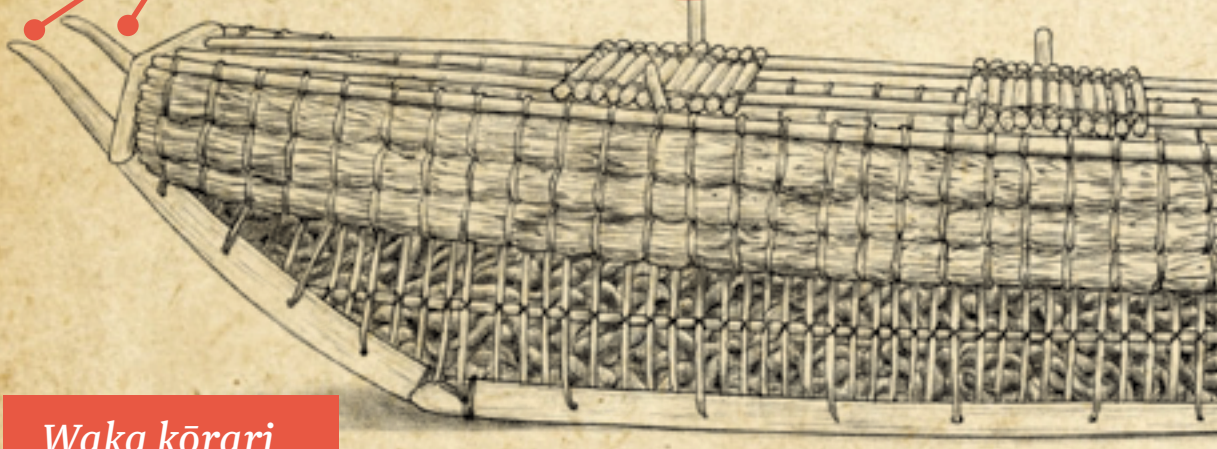
Buoyant and seaworthy, the Moriori wash-through waka could carry heavy loads and a large number of people. They varied in size from the small waka kōrari (one- or two-person canoes about 3 metres long) to the waka pahī. These larger sea-going craft were up to 15 metres long and could hold a crew of twelve or more. Both the waka kōrari and the waka pahī were perfectly suited to the local conditions, even though visiting European sailors thought the smaller waka looked like wheelbarrows!

In shape they were not unlike the body of a common Wheelbarrow ... The paddles were a rough piece of wood crudely made into a flat form without the least neatness. The whole of the construction made it pretty evident that they would never be employ'd upon any distant embarkation, but were most probably used merely in the bay amongst the rocks for fishing ...

James Johnstone, clerk on board the HMS *Chatham*, 1791

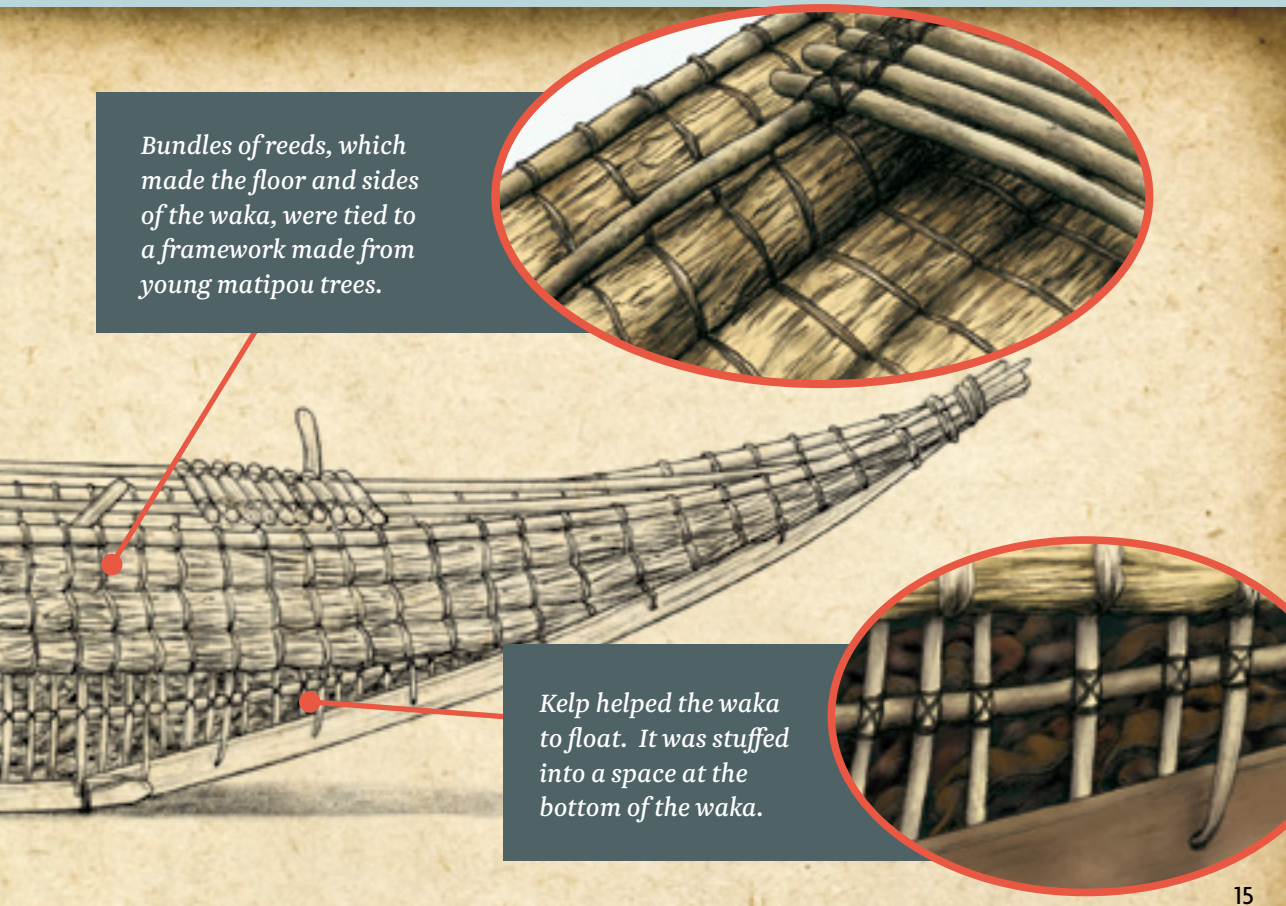


The two runners were made from wood. They were held in place at the ***stern*** *by a wooden plank.*



Waka kōrari

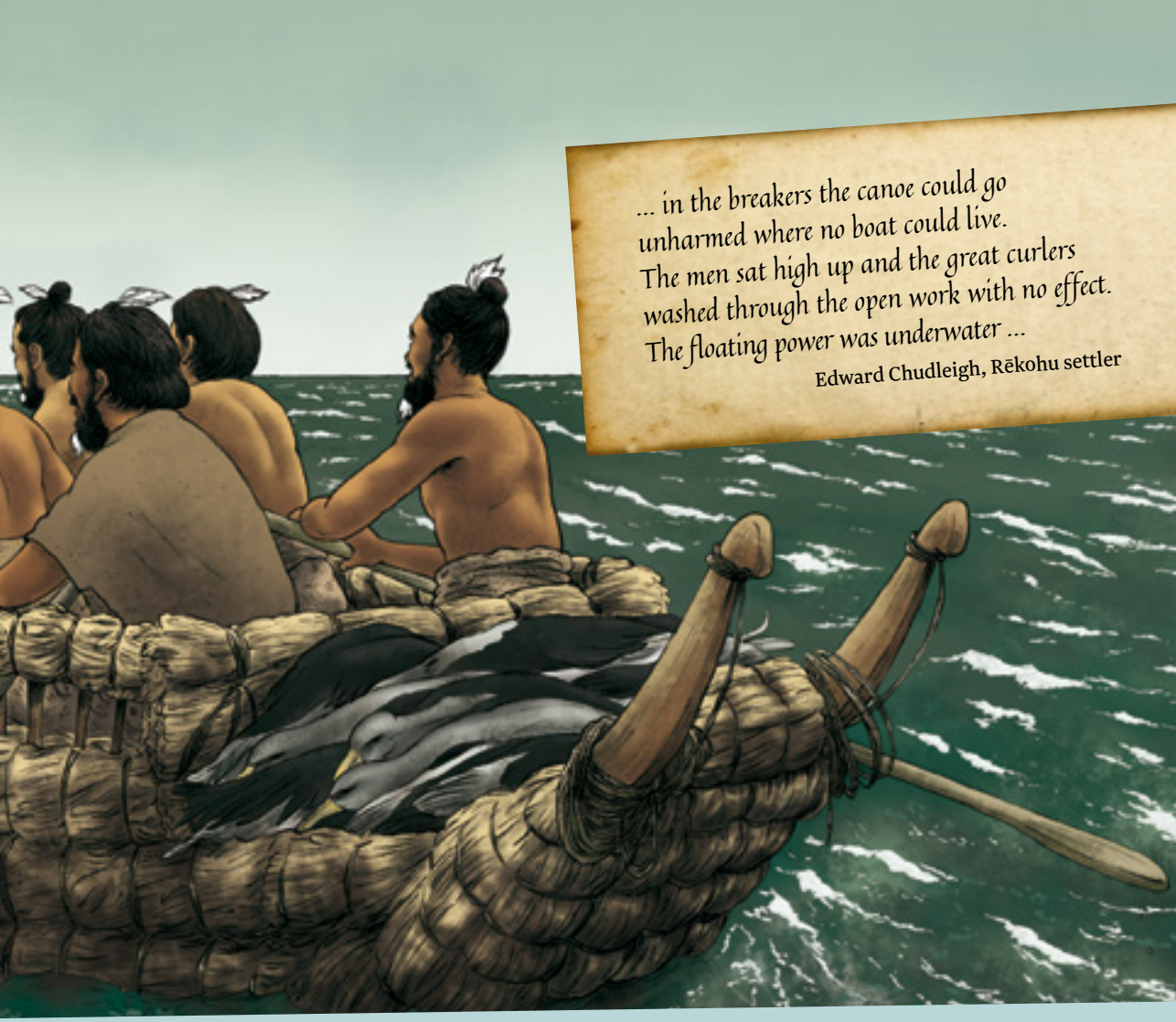
What made the waka kōrari and the waka pahī so special was their simple yet clever design. Each waka had a rectangular shape and a steeply rising **bow** (similar to modern military landing craft). Two parallel runners on the bottom of the **hull** formed the backbone of the waka and helped to support the framework. The floor and sides were made of reeds. Some waka had a base of inflated kelp, while others contained bundles of dried flower stems from the flax plant (known as kōrari). Both kelp and kōrari helped the waka to float, no matter how choppy the sea.



Bundles of reeds, which made the floor and sides of the waka, were tied to a framework made from young matipou trees.

Kelp helped the waka to float. It was stuffed into a space at the bottom of the waka.

It is thought that a large waka pahī could carry a load of 1000 kilograms before it became unstable. However, because of the way they were built, the waka were never in any real danger of sinking. Unlike most boats, the hull of a waka pahī or a waka kōrari was not designed to be waterproof. One of the tricks of their design was allowing waves to simply wash straight through ("the water going through the canoe as much as the canoe through the water," wrote Edward Chudleigh, a Pākehā settler on Rēkohu). Used in this way, the sea water became a natural **ballast** and actually helped the waka to remain stable. This made them almost impossible to **capsize**. For the crew, getting their legs wet was a small price to pay for a safe journey.



Most European visitors to Rēkohu were unable to appreciate the skills of the Moriori. They considered their waka to be clumsy and primitive and thought that their simple design meant that the people were simple, too. But time after time, these canoes brought men safely back from dangerous journeys – a fact the Europeans somehow forgot.

Today, of course, we know the Moriori weren't "backward". In fact, they were the opposite: skilled innovators who quickly learnt to adapt to life in a new environment.

GLOSSARY

ballast: *something heavy that makes a boat stable*

bow: *the front of a boat*

buoyant: *able to float*

capsize: *to overturn in the water*

hull: *the bottom of a boat*

stern: *the back of a boat*

The Journey

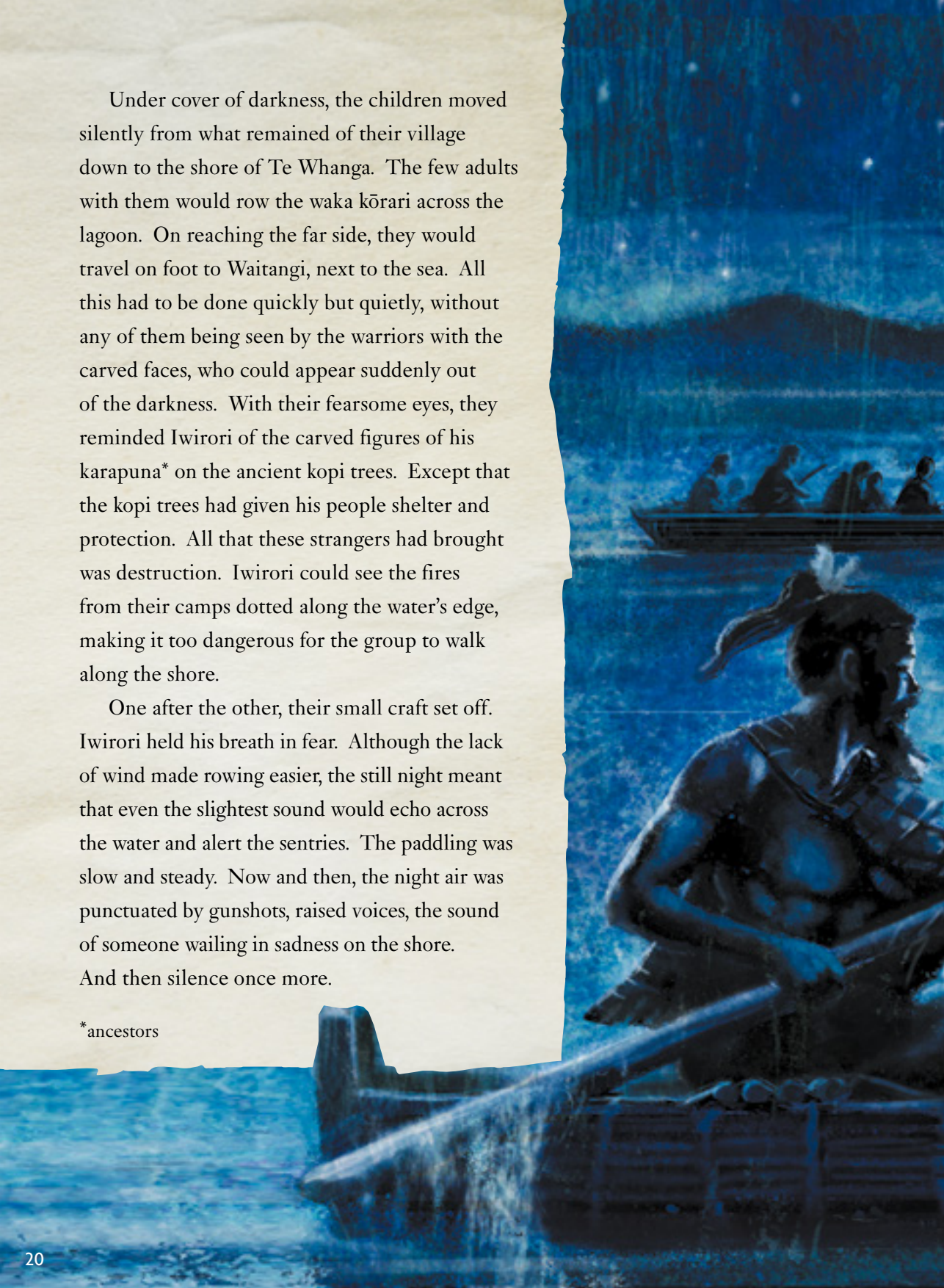
as told to Kiwa Hammond by Tumanako Taurima

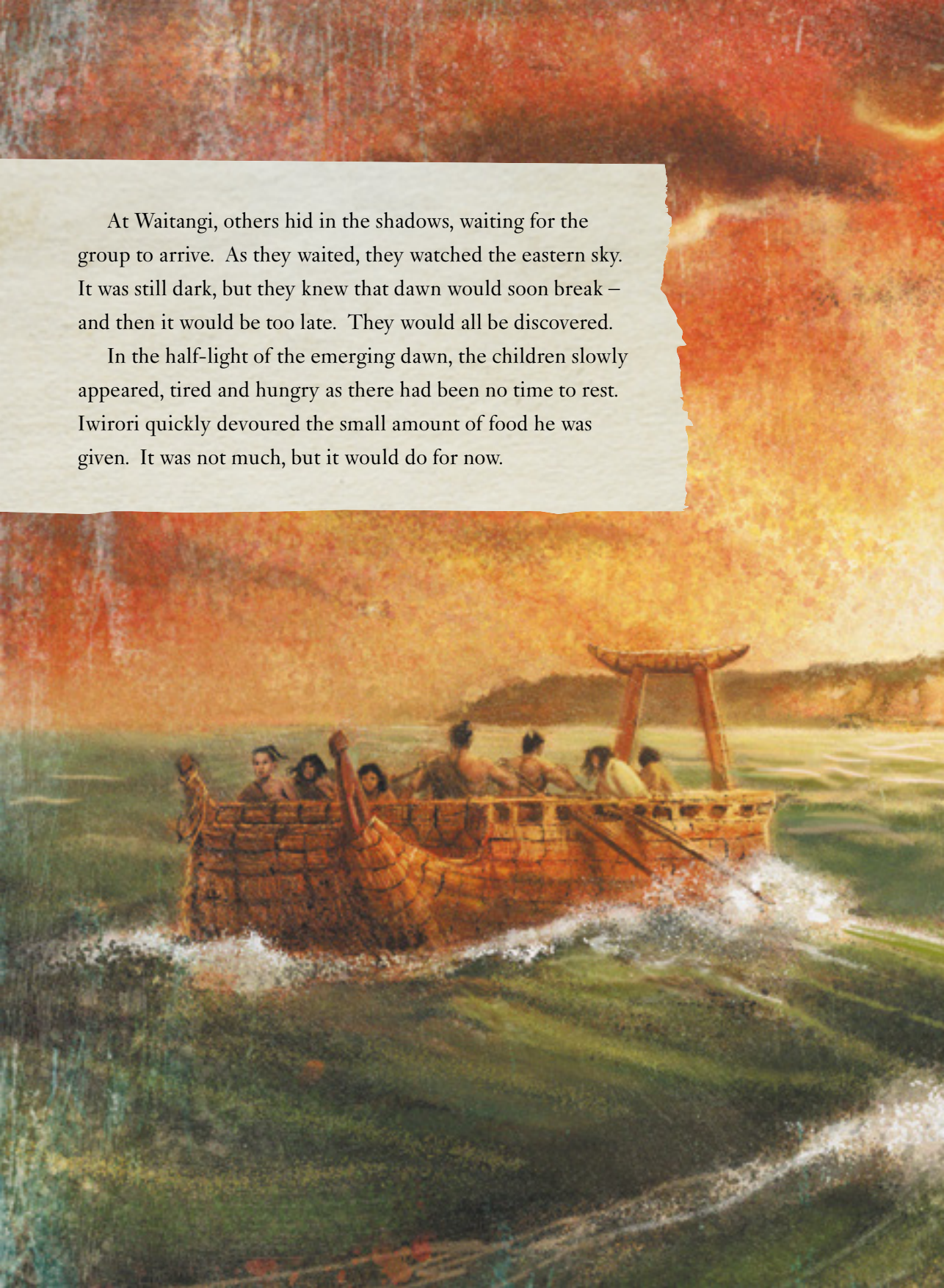
It was time to go. Not a word was said by anyone, not even the little ones. They understood why it was so important to be quiet. Their young eyes had seen many terrible things. They had lost parents, brothers, sisters, cousins, aunties, and uncles – but did not understand why. Iwirori was among the small group of survivors. Like them, he had the faint chance of escape to a new life of freedom.

Under cover of darkness, the children moved silently from what remained of their village down to the shore of Te Whanga. The few adults with them would row the waka kōrari across the lagoon. On reaching the far side, they would travel on foot to Waitangi, next to the sea. All this had to be done quickly but quietly, without any of them being seen by the warriors with the carved faces, who could appear suddenly out of the darkness. With their fearsome eyes, they reminded Iwirori of the carved figures of his karapuna* on the ancient kopi trees. Except that the kopi trees had given his people shelter and protection. All that these strangers had brought was destruction. Iwirori could see the fires from their camps dotted along the water's edge, making it too dangerous for the group to walk along the shore.

One after the other, their small craft set off. Iwirori held his breath in fear. Although the lack of wind made rowing easier, the still night meant that even the slightest sound would echo across the water and alert the sentries. The paddling was slow and steady. Now and then, the night air was punctuated by gunshots, raised voices, the sound of someone wailing in sadness on the shore. And then silence once more.

*ancestors





At Waitangi, others hid in the shadows, waiting for the group to arrive. As they waited, they watched the eastern sky. It was still dark, but they knew that dawn would soon break – and then it would be too late. They would all be discovered.

In the half-light of the emerging dawn, the children slowly appeared, tired and hungry as there had been no time to rest. Iwirori quickly devoured the small amount of food he was given. It was not much, but it would do for now.

On the seashore waited the waka pahī, similar to the waka that had brought the group across the lagoon but bigger and built for ocean-going trips. Although the children had been raised beside the ocean, none of them had ever ventured beyond the shore. Only the older ones had been allowed to travel on the waka pahī to the outlying islands when it was time to gather birds such as the hākoakoa, tāiko, and tītī. Soon this waka would carry Iwirori and the others further than any of them had dreamed … perhaps to safety. Until then, there was the ocean to contend with.

Dawn broke on the eastern horizon. It was time. The adults who had brought them stood back. They had completed their task and would travel no further. The children sensed this and looked with imploring eyes, but the guides lowered their gaze or turned to look away.

The waka cast off. Slowly, they made their way to the open ocean. By the time the sun's first rays hit the surface of the water, the boat was out to sea.

The journey was not easy. If not for the skill of the men rowing, all those on board would have been lost to the ocean depths forever. At times, they called upon their karapuna as the waka was buffeted by wind and waves. Always the children were wary of ships. Like the hopo* that skimmed over the ocean, such ships had come to the island many times before. The last ones had brought the carved warriors. Iwirori thought of his home and wondered if he would ever see it again.

*albatross

One day, a new land appeared, long and strange on the horizon. Was this the ancient homeland of Hhiawaiki? Or was this the place that some called Te Ika-a-Māui? Iwirori heard one of the paddlers call it Te Māhia.

As they came closer, the land became clearer. The children could see a village and strange-looking waka with long wooden hulls anchored just offshore. One of these waka travelled out to see who was on board the vessel. It came so close, the paddlers were able to call out to each other.

Iwirori was afraid. He could see that the men on the other waka had carved faces. But these ones did not carry weapons – just their paddles and nets for fishing. They spoke in a strange way, too, but it was possible for Iwirori to understand what they said.

One of the men wanted to know where they were from. "Nō hea koutou?" he called out.

"Rēkohu," came the reply.

The man showed a sign of recognition. He opened his arms wide.

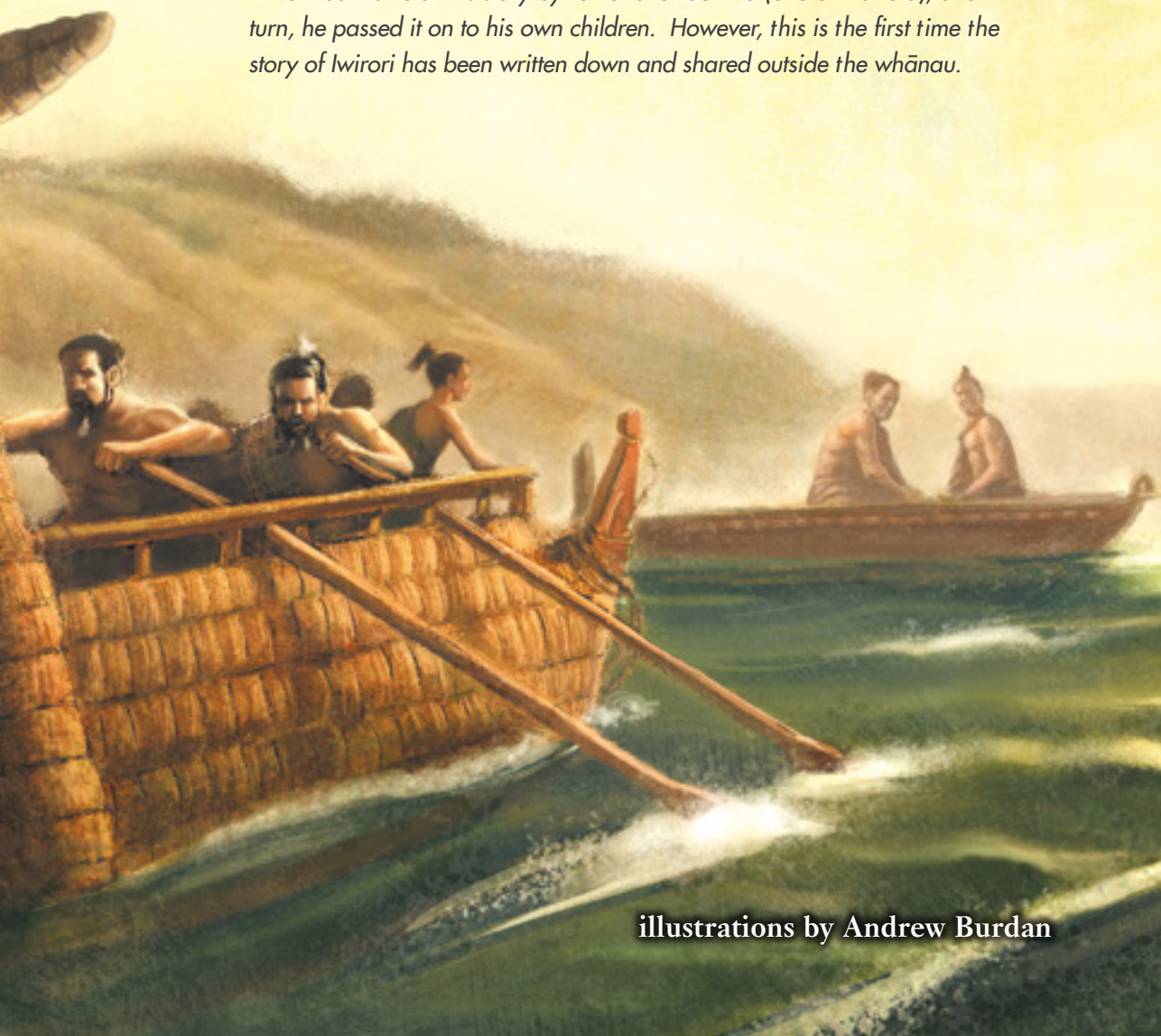
"Haere mai," he called.

Afterword

According to family tradition, Iwirori left Rēkohu soon after the invasion by Ngāti Mutunga and Ngāti Tama. He was adopted by Wiremu Taitaui, a rangatira from Kihitū, Wairoa. Karauria Te Iwirori later grew to become an influential chief in the Wairoa district (on New Zealand's East Coast).

Iwirori never returned to his homeland. He died in 1868. However, many years later, his descendants made the journey to Rēkohu to learn more about their Moriori origins.

Kiwa Hammond is a direct descendant of Karauria Te Iwirori. The story of Iwirori has long been a part of the oral storytelling tradition in his whānau. Kiwa was first told this story by Tumanako Taurima (one of his kuia), and in turn, he passed it on to his own children. However, this is the first time the story of Iwirori has been written down and shared outside the whānau.



illustrations by Andrew Burdan

ALWAYS

Brooke Whaitiri has lived nowhere else but Rēkohu. Her mother's karapuna are Moriori, and her father's tipuna are Ngāi Tahu and Rakiura Māori. Brooke talked with the *School Journal* about her life in the small fishing settlement of Kāingaroa, in the north-east corner of the island.

A GOOD VIEW


HARVEST

I've lived in Kāingaroa my whole life. I've been to New Zealand heaps of times, but I always get homesick. Mostly it's because I miss my family – but I also really miss the island. In a few years, I'll have to go to boarding school over there. I'm not sure how I feel about that.

Kāingaroa is really small: only about forty people live here. There are no shops, so Mum usually drives us to Waitangi once a week. It takes over an hour because the road's gravel and pretty slow. In Waitangi, we visit my grandparents and cousins, go to the shop, and sometimes go to the café. If the boat's come in, we pick up our groceries, which we order every couple of months by fax or over the Internet.

The rest of the time, we just stay in Kāingaroa, but I don't mind because there's lots of fun stuff to do here. After school and in the weekends, I like being with my best friend, Reed. We ride our bikes, go fishing, look in the rock pools, go to each other's houses, and watch TV. Reed and I have been best friends since we were two or three. We never fight.

I also like going up to the cemetery. It's a special place for my family, and it has a good view of the fishing boats and the lagoon. My favourite place, though, is probably the beach. I collect shells and special rocks that break off from the coral reefs during storms. Most days, I pick up rubbish from the beach. I find bits of rope and net, plastic bags, bottles – all stuff that can kill seals and dolphins.

The beach is the best place to go fishing in Kāingaroa. In the holidays, my dad takes us fishing off the rocks. I don't like going out on his fishing boat because I get seasick, but it doesn't matter – you can catch really big fish from the beach. We get mostly barracuda and blue cod – and one time, my sisters caught a shark. The most exciting thing I've ever caught was a conger eel. Fishing off the wharf can be pretty good, too.

Sometimes, in the holidays, I help my dad. I pile up his floats and ropes and pack up the frozen bait, which he uses in the crayfish pots. Dad has 170 pots – we like climbing over them when he's trying to mend holes in the netting. As well as crayfish, Dad catches blue cod, and when it's the right season, he dives for pāua and kina. Most of the things he catches are seasonal – even the cod. They bite better in August and September.

Dad gets up really early in the morning. On a good day, he catches up to 200 kilograms of crayfish. The size of his catch mostly depends on the weather. Reed's father is a fisherman, too. Nearly all of the dads here work on the boats.

The school I go to, Kāingaroa School, is really small. There are only nine kids, and we have one classroom. That means I'm in the same class as my little sisters, Serena and Nicole, although we do different work. I sometimes help them with their schoolwork. It's fun being with the little kids. We play with them and look after them. I like that.

It's a good school because there's lots of space for everyone. Actually, there's lots of space everywhere in Kāingaroa – and no matter where you are, there's always a good view of the sea. It's especially good from my trampoline.

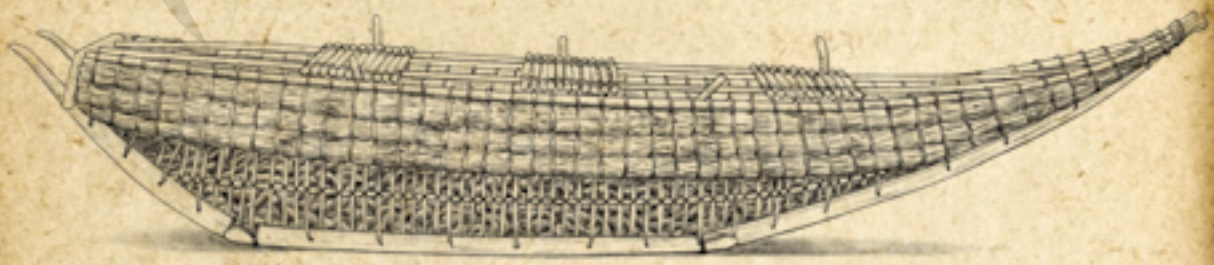
Acknowledgments

The illustrations on pages 4 (bottom), 13, 14–15, and 16–17 are by Elspeth Alix Batt; that on page 6, "Chatham Islands: Waitangi 1868" by S. P. Smith, is from Auckland Museum, MS 281; the image of the feather on the cover, contents page, and page 3, the background image (paper) on the contents page and pages 12, 14–15, and 17, the flag on page 5, and the background image (paper) on pages 18–24 are from Shutterstock; the photograph on page 4 (top right) is courtesy of the Columbia River Maritime Museum, Astoria; that on page 9 (top) is by Peter Lewis; the maps on pages 2 and 12 (inset) are by Meredith Biberstein; that on page 12 (main map) is from the *World Vector 3* image disc; the photographs on pages 7 (bottom), "Moriori, Chatham Islands ca. 1877", reference 19XX.2.481, and 14–15 are from Canterbury Museum; that on page 13 is by Robin Morrison and was supplied by Auckland Museum; those on pages 26 (road) and 31 (top right and bottom left) are by Susan Paris.

The following images are used with permission from the Alexander Turnbull Library:
pages 2–3 and 9 (tree carvings), reference PAColl-1964-27, from the Kathleen Silcock Collection; page 5 ("Port Wakefield, from the entrance of the Nairn River: Chatham Islands", 1840), reference B-043-014, by Charles Heaphy; page 6 (top), reference F-0029-120mm-2-2, from the Ian Rockel Collection; page 7 (top), reference F-77399-1/2, from the W. B. Burt Collection; page 8 (bottom), reference PA Coll-5469-048, from the *New Zealand Free Lance* Collection; page 9 (bottom) reference number EP/1968/4295/9a, from the *Dominion Post* Collection.
All other photographs are by Adrian Heke.

The quote on page 14 is from *Moriori: A People Rediscovered* by Michael King; those on pages 16 and 17 are from *A Land Apart: The Chatham Islands of New Zealand* by Michael King and Robin Morrison.

Every effort has been made to contact the following people: Peter Lewis (for his photograph on page 9, top), Natalia Solomon (page 10), three unknown children (page 11), and Jesse Brown, Monique Goomes, Jacob Hill and Louise Neilson (page 32). Please get in touch with any information relating to these images.



MINISTRY OF EDUCATION
TE TĀHUHU O TE MĀTAURANGA

Te Kāwanatanga o Aotearoa
New Zealand Government

ISBN 978-1-77690-546-1