

School Journal

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2010





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This issue of the School Journal is dedicated to the Moriori people.

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Times are tough, and a half-crown is a precious find.

Moriori: A Story of Survival



*In memory of Hirawanu Tapu
and all Moriori before him and after*

Imagine being told that who you were was a myth, that your people no longer existed – or even that they never had. This is exactly what happened to Māui Solomon. As a boy, he was taught in school that the Moriori were a fiction, a phantom people. But Māui knew that his grandfather Tommy, who died in 1933, had been a full-blooded Moriori. Māui also knew that he too was Moriori, and he was proud of his heritage. But because Māui, like many generations of New Zealand schoolchildren, had been badly misled about his people, he knew nothing about their history or customs. Even the *School Journal* failed to represent the truth.

Over the last thirty years, many Moriori families have struggled to revive their culture and identity – and to have their story finally told. In parts it is a tragic story, but it's also one of inspiration and hope. Because when Tommy Solomon died, the culture didn't die with him.



Māui Solomon with a photograph of his grandfather Tommy

Tame Horomona Rehe (Tommy Solomon)

Tommy Solomon was full of fun and mischief as a youth. He was also immensely strong and once pulled a verandah post from the ground to show off his strength! He was a very good rugby player and a fast runner. He enjoyed hunting and shooting and was an excellent marksman, winning competition shoots. He rode to school on horseback and helped out his dad on the family farm at Manukau.

Tommy liked a good laugh and a good time – and he sometimes wound up in trouble as a result. At sixteen, he survived a boat accident after he and his mates were told not to go out in rough seas. Later, Tommy became a successful farmer and was the first to have electricity connected to his home on Rēkohu. He was a very popular man and famous for being “the last full-blooded Moriori”.

To read more about Tommy Solomon, go to the *Dictionary of New Zealand Biography* website.
www.dnzb.govt.nz/dnzb/



Tommy Solomon in New Zealand about 1925



A People of Peace

Moriōri are the original people of the Chatham Islands. Like Māōri, they come from a long line of Polynesian voyagers who settled the scattered islands of the Pacific over several thousand years. One of the last places these voyagers reached was Rēkohu, between eight hundred and a thousand years ago. (Rēkohu is the Moriōri name for the main island in the Chatham Islands group.)



This drawing, by Rita Angus, shows traditional Moriori clothing: a seal-skin cloak (held in place by a bone pendant) and a marowhara (flax girdle). The man is holding a tupuari, and he wears his hair in a traditional topknot.

The Moriori **karapuna*** were warriors, but around six hundred years ago, a chief called Nunuku-whenua forbade warfare and killing and ordered his people to live together in peace. They obeyed, fighting only with wooden staffs called tupuari until first blood was drawn. Then the fighting had to stop, and honour was considered satisfied. The Moriori followed the Law of Nunuku for many centuries.

“... their numbers once exceeded the flax stalks on the Island or the Wild Ducks on the lake ... they were then a very happy people ... in entire isolation from the rest of the world.”

Archibald Shand, the first magistrate on Rēkohu, 1855–1863, and father of the ethnographer Alexander Shand

* See the glossary on page 28.



First Contact

In 1791, the British ship HMS *Chatham* arrived at Rēkohu, driven off course by a storm. To the Moriori of the time, the British sailors, with their mighty ship, unfamiliar clothes, and pale skin, must have seemed like strange beings from a very distant place. The ship's captain, Lieutenant William Broughton, wrote in his journal: "... they pointed to the Sun, and then to us, as if to ask whether we had come from thence."

In the following years, more strangers were to come: sealers and whalers – and the Moriori welcomed them. But these newcomers were to wipe out the seals, an important source of food and clothing for the **tchakat henu**, and they brought diseases such as measles and flu, which the Moriori had little resistance to. Some visitors treated the Moriori as "little more than beasts". In just forty years, their population plummeted from around 2500 to as low as 1600. Worse was to come.



By the early 1800s, communities on Rēkohu had become very mixed.



Invasion

Two Māori iwi, Ngāti Mutunga and Ngāti Tama, had heard about this small group of islands to the east. In November 1835, they commandeered a British sailing ship from Wellington harbour, and armed with guns, they set out to invade Rēkohu. When the two iwi first arrived, seasick and hungry after a rough, week-long voyage, Moriori nursed them back to health, as was their **toho**. But the new arrivals (or “New Zealanders” as they were called by Moriori) had plans to take over the island. They began to takahi – the Māori custom of walking the land to claim possession – killing as they went.

Moriori men came together at Te Awapātiki to discuss their response. The young men urged fighting back. However, because of the vow of peace their ancestors

had taken long ago, the elders forbade warfare. To break the Law of Nunuku would be a violation of their customs and a loss of mana as a people. So the Moriori decided to stand by their vow and offered to share their home with the new arrivals.

The invaders rejected the offer. For them, mana increased through conquest. Hirawanu Tapu, who was eleven at the time, later recalled: “[and so they] commenced to kill us like sheep ... wherever we were found.”* Another Moriori survivor, Minarapa, an elder from Kāingaroa, remembered: “We were terrified, fled to the bush, concealed ourselves in holes under ground, and in any place to escape our enemies. It was of no avail; we were discovered and killed, men, women, and children indiscriminately.”

* To read more about Hirawanu Tapu, go to the *Dictionary of New Zealand Biography* website.



They were forbidden to marry other Moriori, to speak their own language, and to follow their own beliefs.

Despair

Those Moriori who weren't killed were enslaved. They were forbidden to marry other Moriori, to speak their own language, and to follow their own beliefs. A group of survivors later wrote: "... men were separated from the women, parents from children, older children from younger children, and the strings of their heart quivered ..." Many died of despair – for what was there to live for?



Hirawanu Tapu and his wife, Rohana, outside their house at Manukau, Rēkohu, sometime at the end of the nineteenth century



By 1870, one hundred Moriori remained – and only six of them remembered the language well. The Moriori population was on the brink of extinction. Some had managed to escape the island; others had been traded in New Zealand as slaves. Those who remained pleaded with the New Zealand government to protect them and return their land, but they were ignored. Because Moriori were looked down on and ill-treated, many began to hide their true identity, choosing instead to say they were Māori or Pākehā. It was to stay this way for generations.



Grave Robbers

Researchers from New Zealand and around the world began to hear about this “dying race”. From the mid-1800s, they made the long journey to the Chatham Islands to collect “specimens” to help with their research and fill their museums.

Skeletons were easy to unearth because the Moriori, like many Polynesians, buried their dead sitting upright in the sand dunes, their heads exposed and facing the sea. Bodies had also been left on the beach after the massacre, and collectors viewed the bones as public property.

These **tchap** remains were plundered along with the adzes, pendants, and other taonga buried alongside them. In some cases, teeth were even knocked out of skulls to make dentures for British aristocrats. As late as the 1960s, collectors used chainsaws to obtain rākau mōmori – sacred trees on which Moriori had made carvings to represent their ancestors. For the Moriori people, each thing taken was one step closer towards their culture being lost forever.

A collection of Moriori artefacts, photographed between 1900 and 1920

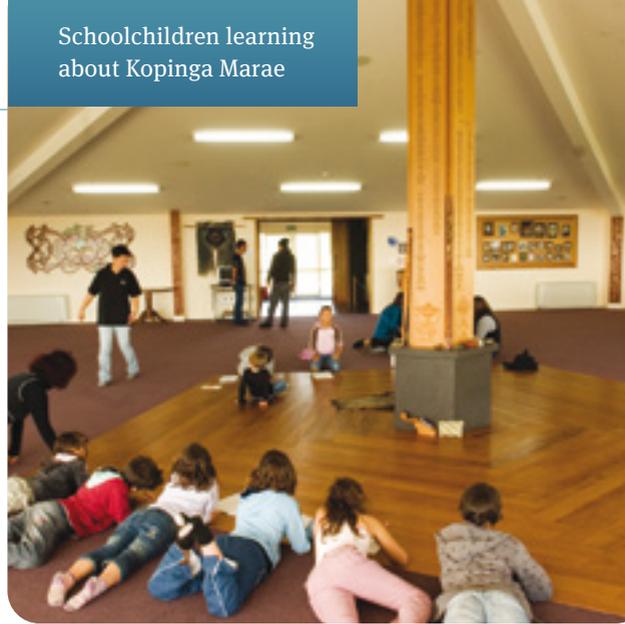


Rākau mōmori

A New Beginning

These days, when someone asks Māui Solomon about his Moriori ancestry, he likes to say he's full-blooded, just like his grandfather. If a person expresses disbelief, he smiles and says, "I am Moriori, and I am full of blood." For Māui and other Moriori, it's not about being a quarter or a sixteenth Moriori – or whatever the case may be – it's about the fact that they identify as Moriori.

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



In the 1980s, Moriori set out to revive their culture. In 1986, a statue of Tommy Solomon was unveiled near his farm at Manukau Point; in 2005, Kopinga Marae was opened near Waitangi and has become one of the most visited places on the island. Through a Treaty of Waitangi settlement, the Hokotehi Moriori Trust (established in 2001) has also helped to win back a small share of the Chatham Islands' fishing resources. And a \$6 million gift from the government is helping to revive the people's language, culture, and identity.

... Moriori set
out to revive
their culture ...

The Journey Continues

A fiction, a phantom people? Nothing could be further from the truth. Today, around a thousand people officially identify as having Moriori **hokopapa** – and there are many more. Like Māui Solomon’s ancestor Tommy, today’s Moriori are a resilient people, survivors against the odds.

While in many ways their journey has only just begun, Moriori continue to look to the past for inspiration. As Māui Solomon says, “Six hundred years of living in peace – now there’s something to be proud of. It’s a record that people from around the world, not just Moriori, are inspired by. And we all know the world could certainly do with more peace.”



“Give our stuff back”

Jacob Hill lives in the tiny fishing settlement of Kāingaroa. His karapuna are Moriori – and unlike earlier generations, Jacob has always been encouraged to think of himself as Moriori and to find out about his people’s past.

One of the things Jacob has learnt is that many ancient Moriori artefacts have gone missing from the islands – and he wants these taonga returned. “All kinds of things have been taken from the Chathams, like adzes, patu, mako shark teeth, whale teeth, bark carvings, crystals. Some of these taonga have gone to museums, and others have just gone missing,” he says.

Jacob feels strongly about the fact that precious things belonging to his people have been taken. “Visitors shouldn’t be stealing things that are part of the islands’ heritage. They’re just greedy – and I’d like to tell them to give our stuff back. It goes way back to the olden days, and it belongs to the islands, which is why I don’t think our taonga should be in museums in other countries, either. People there don’t really understand the meaning of them or what they’re for. They’d be devastated



if something that belonged to them was taken away.”

Some visitors to the islands still dig around burial sites looking for Moriori artefacts, although fortunately, these people are now in the minority. Moriori and the Hokotehi Moriori Trust are working with museums in New Zealand and around the world to help bring these taonga – and their ancestors – back home.

Reviving a Culture

● **1863**

The enslavement of Moriori is abolished.

● **1890s**

Hirawanu Tapu and Alexander Shand work together to publish articles about Moriori in the *Journal of the Polynesian Society*. These articles become an important record of Moriori culture and language.

● **1963**

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

● **1986**

The statue of Tommy Solomon is unveiled. The event draws the largest crowd to Rēkohu since the 1800s.

● **1988**

Moriori file a claim with the Waitangi Tribunal seeking the return of land and fishing rights and recognition of their language and culture.

● **1989**

Moriori: A People Rediscovered by Michael King is published. It reaches a wide audience and goes on to win New Zealand's most important book award the following year.

● **2000**

The documentary film *The Feathers of Peace* is released.

● **2001**

The Waitangi Tribunal upholds the claim of Moriori as tchakat henu of Rēkohu and Rangiaurii. The Hokotehi Moriori Trust is established to officially represent Moriori people.

● **2004**

Moriori win back a share of their fishing rights from the Treaty of Waitangi Fisheries Commission.

● **2005**

Kopinga Marae is opened by Prime Minister Helen Clark.

● **2008**

Hokotehi Moriori Trust and the Crown establish a \$6 million trust fund to help restore and promote Moriori culture.

● **2009**

The National Peace and Conflict Studies Centre opens at Otago University with help from Moriori.

● The Hokotehi Moriori Trust website goes live. (www.moriori.co.nz)

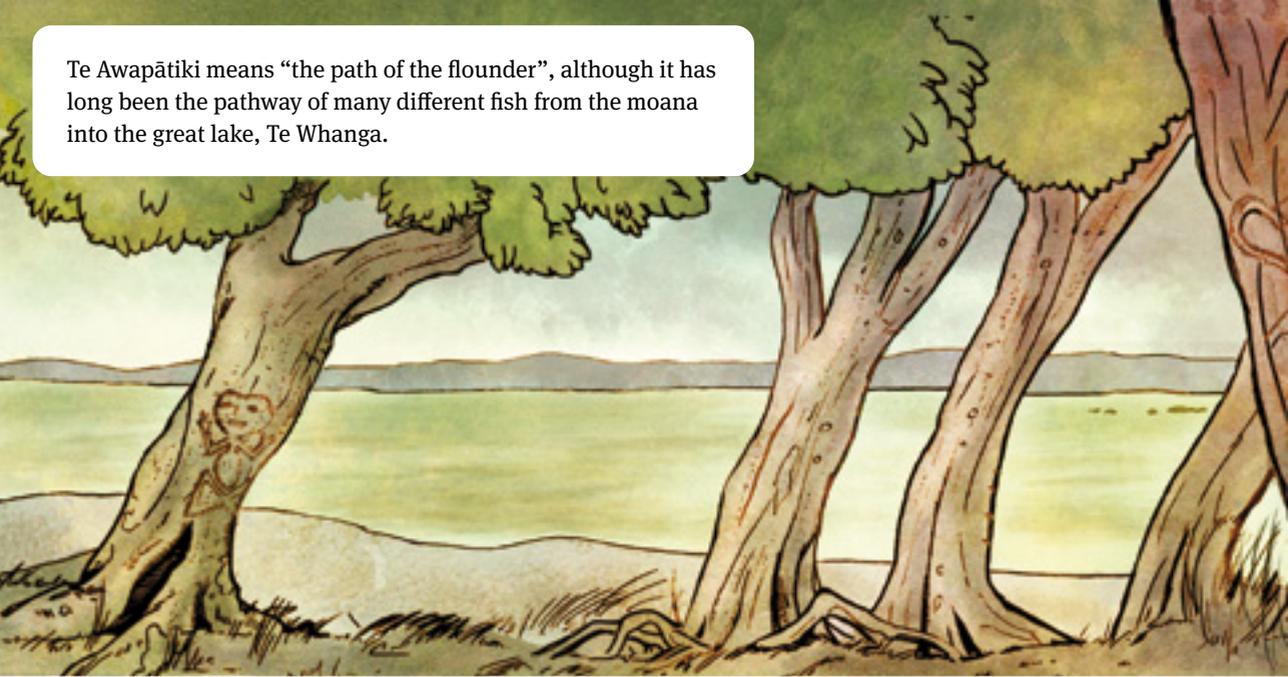
Three Days at Te Awapātiki

by Kiwa Hammond

Our people called this meeting place Te Awapātiki.
It is **tchap** – sacred to our **karapuna**.



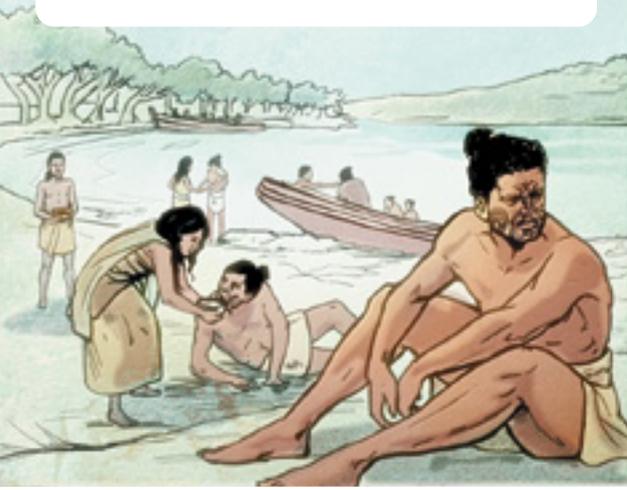
Te Awapātiki means “the path of the flounder”, although it has long been the pathway of many different fish from the moana into the great lake, Te Whanga.



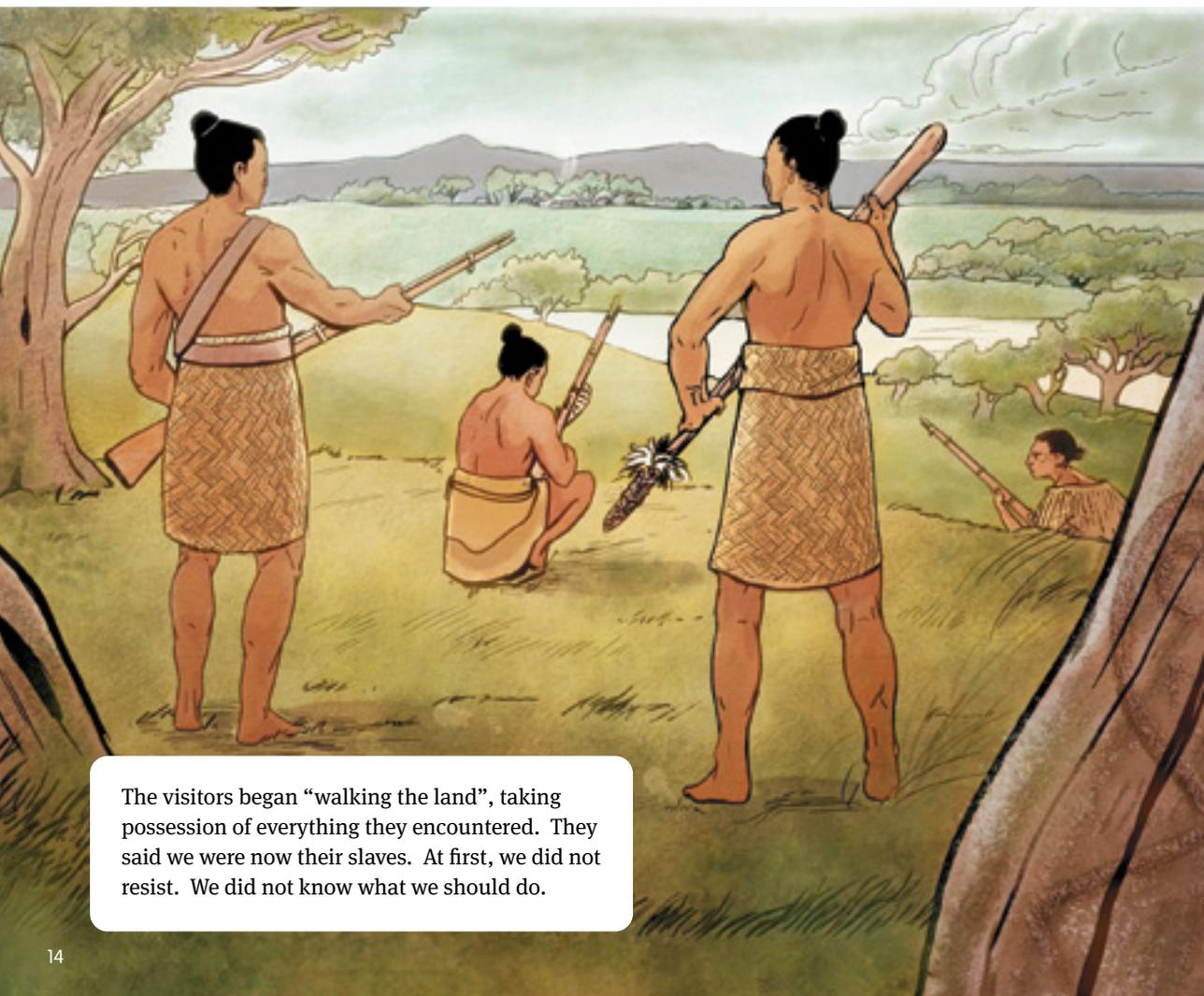
The sea also brought others. The **ko re kau o paorangi** came on their ships for our seals and to trade. We welcomed them and lived together in peace according to our **toho**.



Then one day a ship arrived carrying a new group of visitors. And because it is our custom, we welcomed them too. Many were ill when they came ashore. We gave them food and shelter and nursed them back to health.

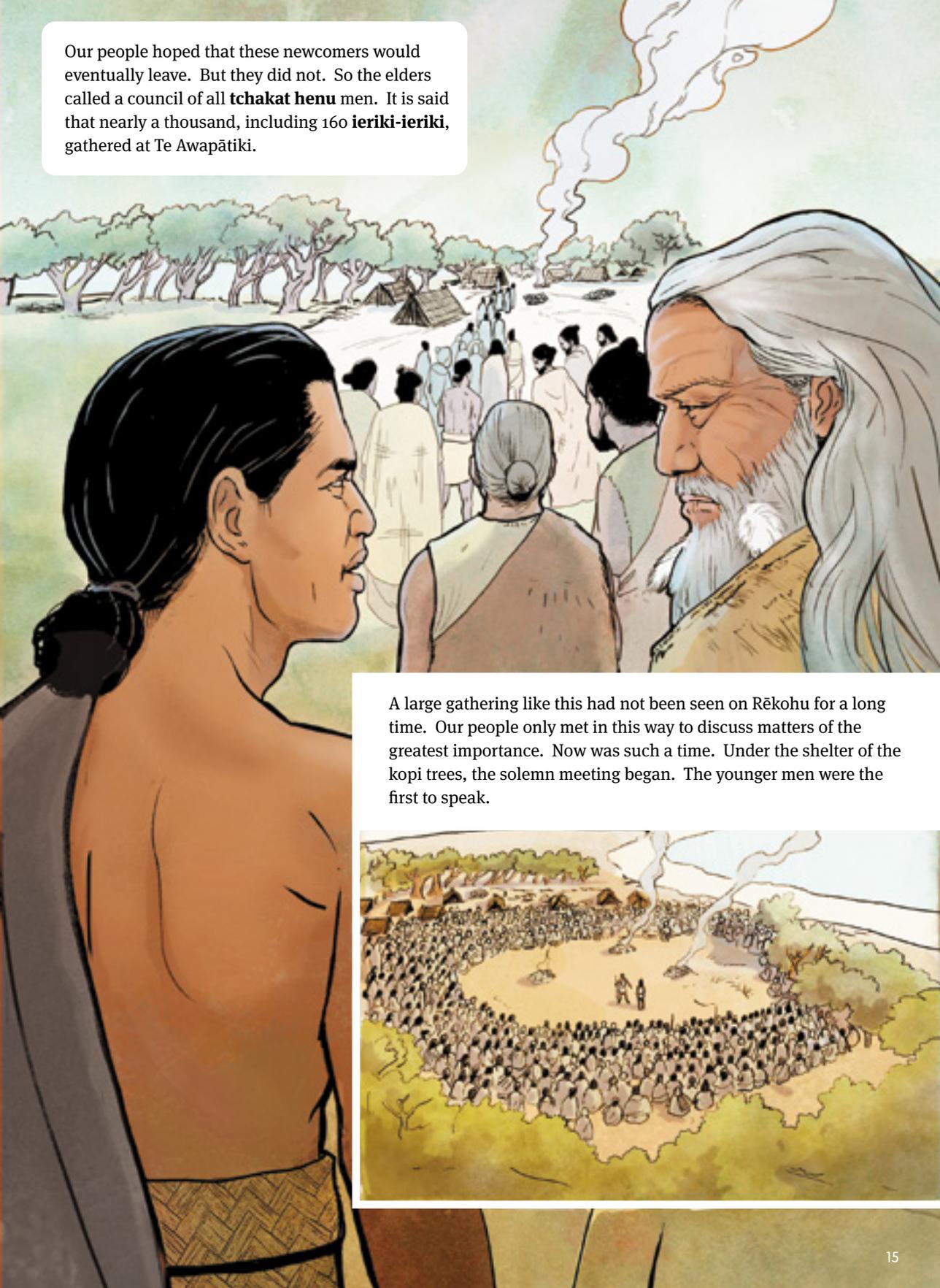


They called themselves Ngāti Tama, and with their carved faces like the **hokoairo** on our kopi trees, they showed no fear. Not that they had need to fear us. And then yet more visitors arrived: Ngāti Mutunga.

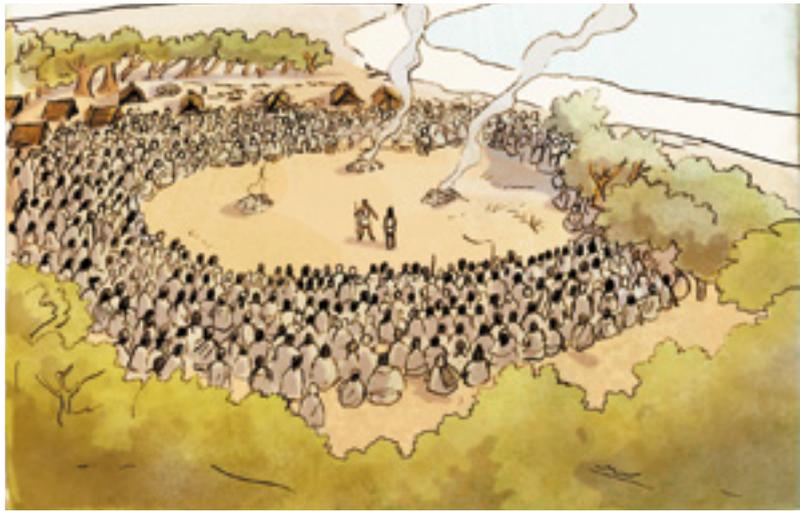


The visitors began “walking the land”, taking possession of everything they encountered. They said we were now their slaves. At first, we did not resist. We did not know what we should do.

Our people hoped that these newcomers would eventually leave. But they did not. So the elders called a council of all **tchakat henu** men. It is said that nearly a thousand, including 160 **ieriki-ieriki**, gathered at Te Awapātiki.



A large gathering like this had not been seen on Rēkohu for a long time. Our people only met in this way to discuss matters of the greatest importance. Now was such a time. Under the shelter of the kopi trees, the solemn meeting began. The younger men were the first to speak.

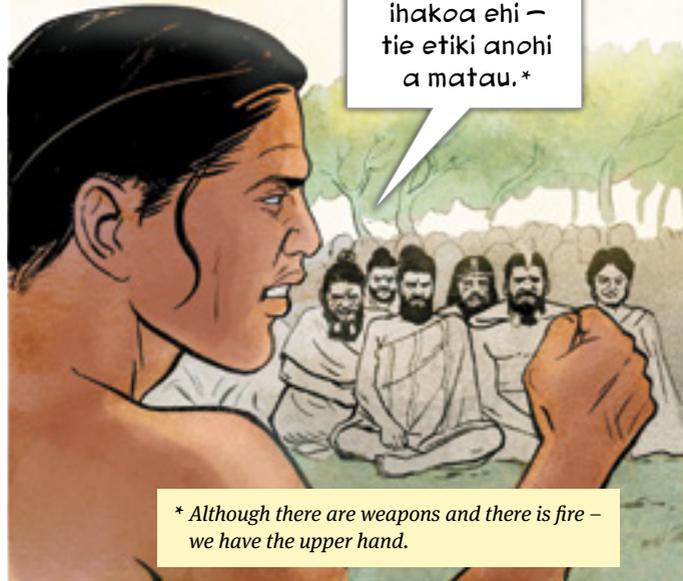


Even though our people had been living a peaceful existence, many of the young men were still strong and adept in our traditional forms of single combat. They knew how to fight, although for hundreds of years Moriori had chosen not to – at least not to kill. That was the law.



The invaders were armed, but they were still few in number, and the young men argued that while our people would suffer casualties, we would prevail because we were many. The young men wanted to repel the **mata hore**. They wanted to fight!

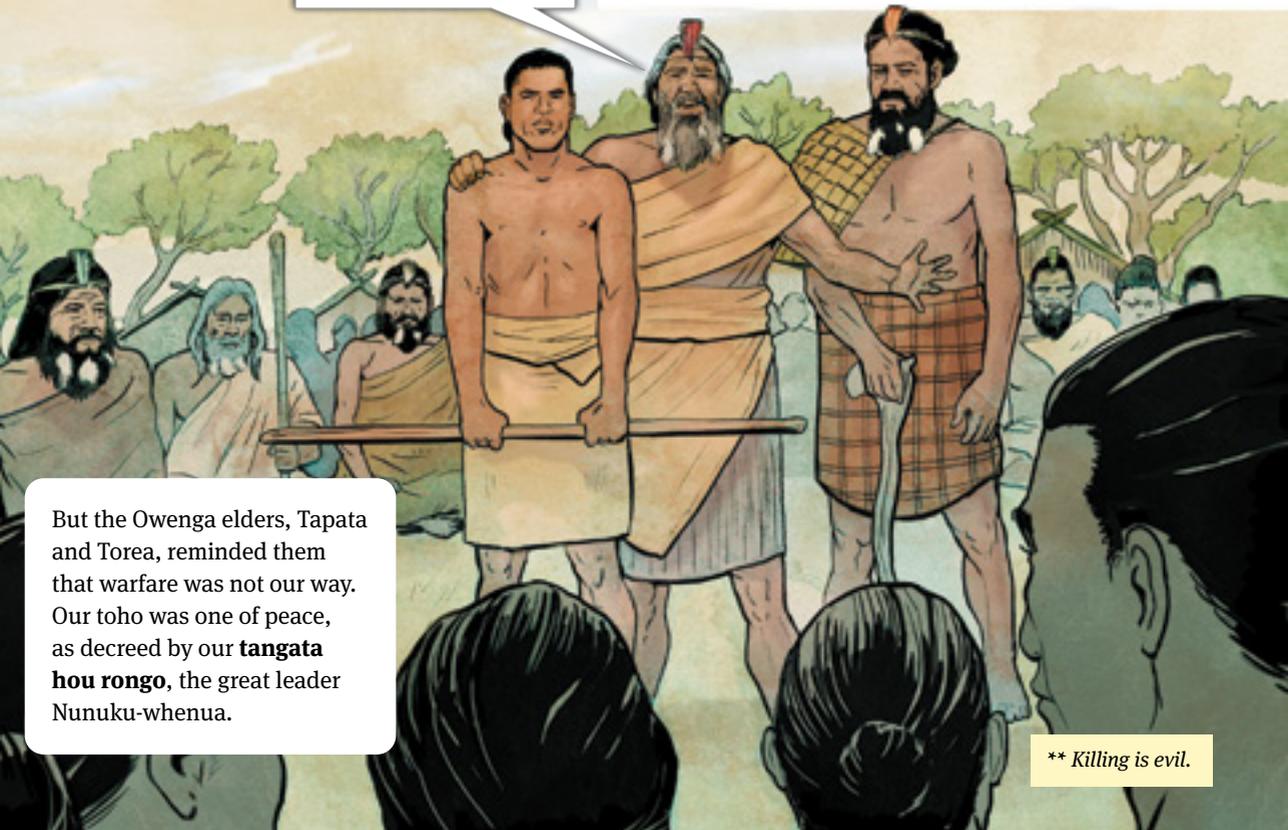
Ihakoā patu,
ihakoā ehi –
tie etiki anohi
a matau.*



* Although there are weapons and there is fire –
we have the upper hand.

E kino tch patu.**

But the Owenga elders, Tapata and Torea, reminded them that warfare was not our way. Our toho was one of peace, as decreed by our **tangata hou rongo**, the great leader Nunuku-whenua.



** Killing is evil.

However, the younger men argued that the Law of Nunuku was meant to protect us from destroying each other. Now we were under threat from outsiders – and to do nothing would be disastrous.

*Me rangataua!
Me hokongaro!**

** Our only choice is to go to battle and destroy them!*

The talking lasted well into the night ...

... and throughout the following day, with many voices adding to the discussion.

During this time, two unexpected visitors – Meremere and Nga Pe, chiefs of the invaders – arrived at Te Awapātiki.

More than ever, the younger men argued for war, especially since Meremere and Nga Pe now knew what the gathering was about.

But the elders would not allow the chiefs to be harmed, and so Meremere and Nga Pe continued on their way.

*Kai a te kurī! **

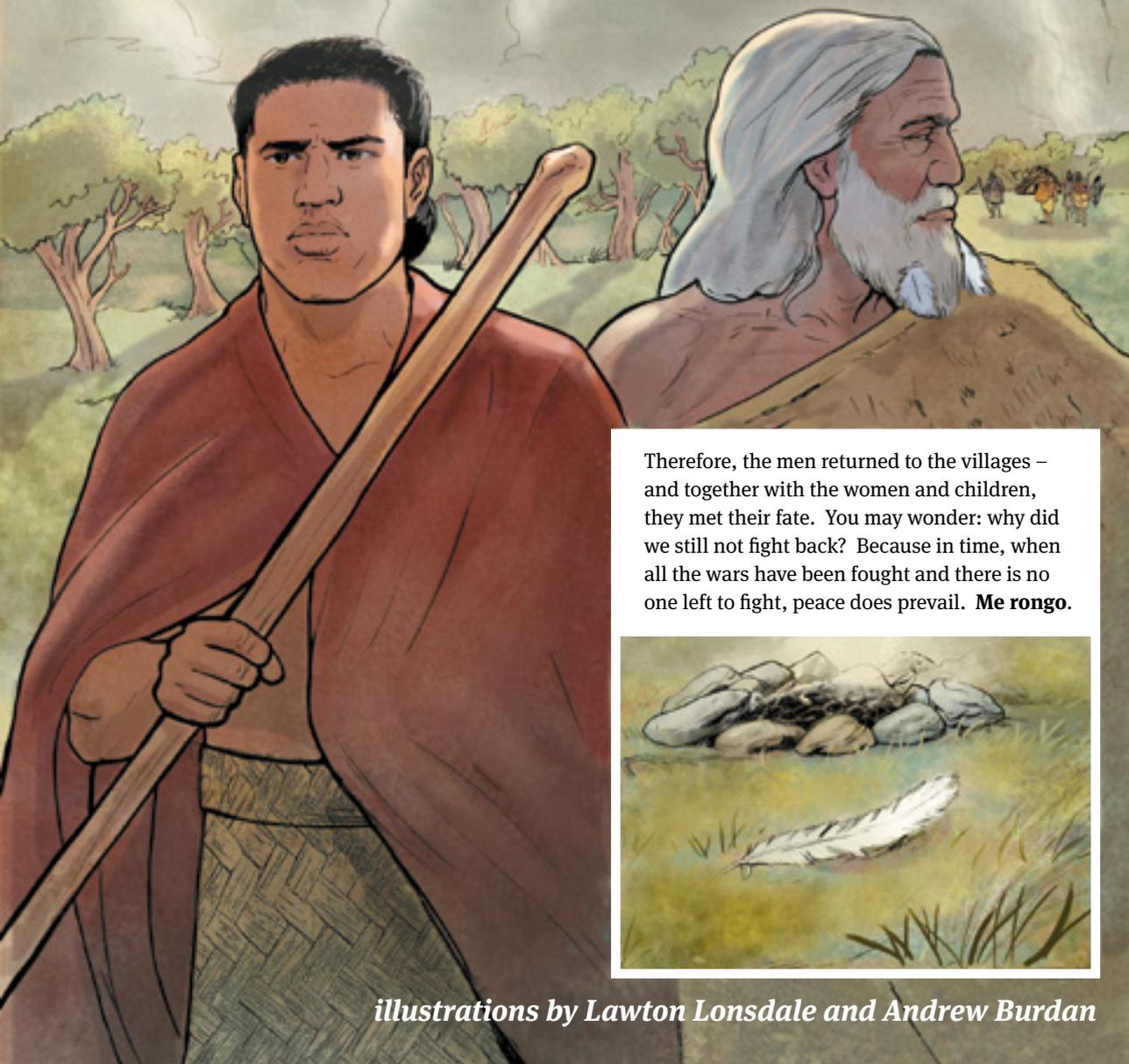
** Food for the dogs!*

The talk continued for one more night, and by the next day, the elders had prevailed. It was agreed that our people would not attack the new arrivals. Instead, we would share our food and land with them.

*Tangata hou rongo tatau! Me rongo! ***

*** Let us be peacemakers! Let there be peace!*

We were unsure of what was to come. Nevertheless, we were certain of one thing: we would remain true to the ancient law of peace.



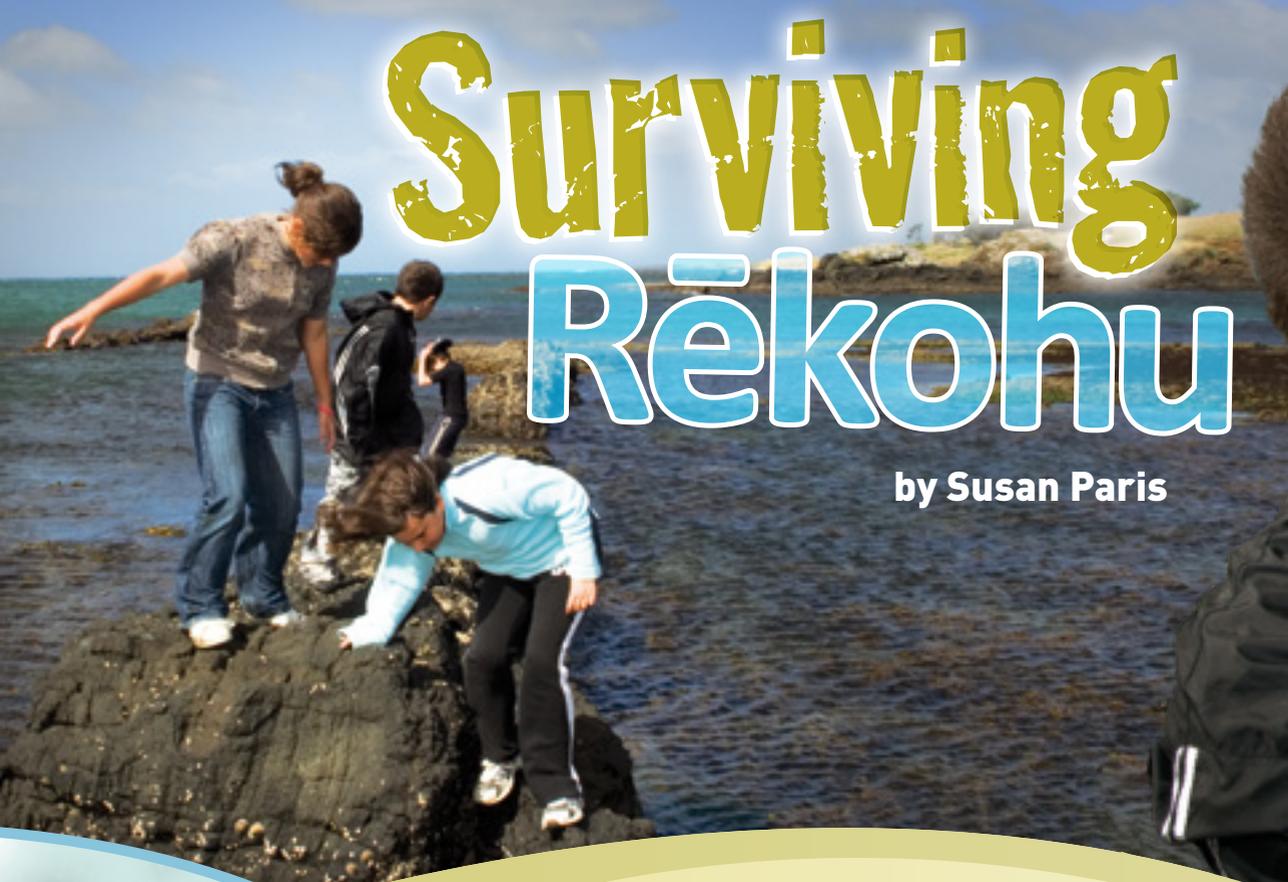
Therefore, the men returned to the villages – and together with the women and children, they met their fate. You may wonder: why did we still not fight back? Because in time, when all the wars have been fought and there is no one left to fight, peace does prevail. **Me rongo.**



illustrations by Lawton Lonsdale and Andrew Burdan

Surviving Rēkohu

by Susan Paris



Every year, the students from Room Four at Te One School spend a week camping at Plum Tree. No one seems to mind that the school is just down the road – and if they really wanted, they could walk back to their desks in ten minutes. On Rēkohu, nearly any spot is a perfect place to pitch a tent, which is one of the reasons the kids say the Chathams is a great place to live.

This year, as well as learning all the usual survival skills – building a bivvy, bush medicine, and outdoor cooking – the students face a special challenge: finding food in the same way as the Moriōri **karapuna**, which many of them share. That means no fishing lines or spears, no knives, torches, or dogs, and definitely no four-wheelers. And in case gathering



traditional food in the traditional way isn't hard enough, Room Four's teacher, Mr Gray, gives them only four hours to do it.

Luckily, Rēkohu provides free food like nowhere else, and these hunter-gatherers are well used to searching it out. Almost everyone on the island, no matter how young or old, spends time hunting, fishing, or eeling. Most people do all three – and it's been that way for generations. Like Keanu says: "Fish, kina, crayfish ... we eat the same things as our Moriori ancestors. We just cook them up a different way."

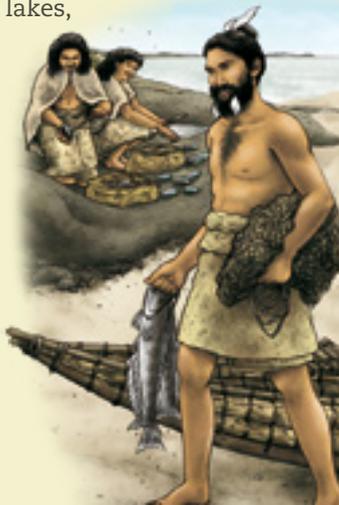


The First Hunter-gatherers

The first people of Rēkohu, the Moriori, faced a tough existence. Alone in a harsh and isolated environment, they quickly learnt to adapt, becoming skilled hunter-gatherers who could live off the land no matter what the season. Summer and autumn were especially busy times, when food was gathered and stored for the long winter months.

By far the most important source of food was the sea. Seals were especially prized for their fatty blubber – as were pilot whales, which sometimes stranded on the beaches. From spring till late summer, when the sea was calm, the women and children collected shellfish. Crayfish, crabs, and seaweed were also abundant and easy to gather. Fish in the lagoon and close to shore were caught in nets by the men. The cod-fishing grounds were further out, and these were reached in specially built boats called waka kōrari and waka pahī.

Unlike Māori, the Moriori didn't keep gardens. Instead, they ate the plants that grew around them, including bracken, kopi kernels, the hearts of nīkau palms, and fern roots. Although they didn't cultivate vegetables, the Moriori knew how to keep these species strong and healthy to ensure a steady supply. Food also came from the streams, lakes, and Te Whanga lagoon (especially eels) and to a lesser extent from the bush (parea, tūī, and korimako). The kiore that arrived with the Moriori were another valuable source of protein.



Keanu and his classmates Slade, Storm, and Natalia decide to try their luck with pāua. It's definitely a traditional food – they've all seen the ancient middens on the lee side of the island, some of them measuring almost 10 metres across, which are filled with pāua and pipi shells. Natalia suggests heading for the reef at nearby Owenga. "If the tide's out, you can reach the pāua without getting your feet wet."

Access to the reef is down a craggy rock face. Slade goes first, carefully lowering himself with the help of a rope. The others follow, and within a few minutes, they're searching the shallow rock pools at the edge of the reef. They don't look for long.



Natalia

Keanu



“Too easy,” calls Keanu, spotting his first pāua.

What isn't easy is prising the shellfish off the rocks. The survival instincts of pāua are finely tuned. Noise, light, vibration, or any kind of handling triggers an instant reaction: clamping down. And there's nothing more stubborn than a pāua that senses trouble.





Along with speed, the successful pāua gatherer needs some kind of implement to coax the shellfish from the rocks. A flat blade works best, although this is obviously out of the question today because the Moriori didn't have metal tools. Luckily, Storm has thought to bring a reasonable substitute – a long, thin piece of wood, a bit like a spatula. It's not exactly high tech, but it will keep Mr Gray happy.

Working quickly, Storm slides the wooden spatula underneath the pāua. "Never touch the top of the pāua shell, or it will hold on tighter," she warns. "And be careful with your fingers. Getting them stuck really hurts."

Meanwhile, Natalia has her own technique – dropping starfish into the rock pools. "Starfish suffocate pāua by covering their breathing holes," she says. "They're one of the main predators. If you put a starfish beside a pāua, the pāua bolts ... and if you're fast enough ..." Natalia demonstrates, plunging her hand into a pool at just the right moment. Within half an hour, the students have enough pāua for a meal. And Natalia was right – their feet are still dry!





Back at camp, the hunting and gathering has obviously been an all-round success. There's an abundance of edibles: fern roots, watercress, pipi, cockles, seaweed, kina, and kāeo (also known as sea tulip). One group even managed to catch a fish using a piece of flax tied around the flesh of a pipi. They plan to cook the fish tucked inside a piece of kelp. It promises to be a feast, and the students are keen to start building a fire. Dessert isn't looking promising, but hopefully, they'll be too full to care.

Pāua:

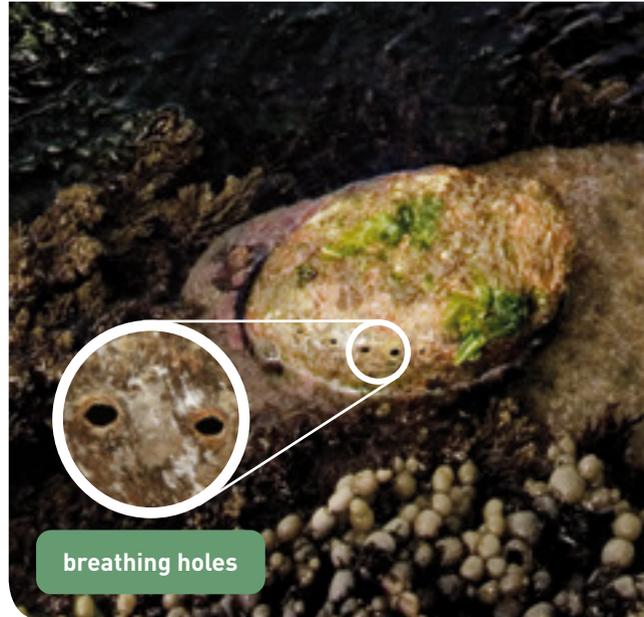
The Sensitive Snail

Pāua are ancient sea snails that haven't evolved since the time of the dinosaurs. Their blood and respiratory systems are very basic, and they breathe and reproduce through the row of small holes that runs along their shell.

Because pāua were once found in large numbers, people think the supply of this shellfish will last forever – but unfortunately, this isn't the case. They may be simple organisms, but pāua are easily stressed and injured. If threatened, their only form of defence is to clamp down, and it can take them several days to recover. During this time, movement is restricted, which makes feeding difficult and increases their vulnerability to predators.

The circulation system of a pāua is unique because its blood doesn't clot. This means it can bleed to death from the smallest cut. If a pāua does become injured, it tries to stop the bleeding by contracting the muscle around the wound. It requires a lot of energy to replace lost blood, increasing the stress on the shellfish even further.

It's obviously best for a pāua to avoid injuries altogether, so treat each one with



extreme care. This is especially important when taking pāua that may turn out to be undersized. Throwing the small ones back isn't enough. A pāua needs to be carefully handled if it's to survive back in the water. So, how can you make sure that this sensitive species has a chance? There are a few simple rules to follow:

1. Use a measuring gauge.

It's illegal to take black-footed pāua (the most common species found in New Zealand) that measure less than 125 mm, so always make sure you know the exact length before you take one. It's best to make your own measuring gauge so that you can check every time. And if you're not sure – leave it.

2. Always use the right kind of tool.

A thin plastic spatula that has no sharp edges is best. The spatula should be longer than the pāua and have a solid handle. This allows better leverage and grip.

3. Perfect your technique.

Slide the tip of your spatula underneath the pāua as smoothly and quickly as possible. Make sure the tool is well underneath the foot of the pāua and flat against the rock, otherwise you may damage the shellfish. If your first attempt is unsuccessful, leave it. Once a pāua clamps down, it's unlikely you'll get it off.

4. Treat undersized pāua with extreme care.

If you do make a mistake and take a small pāua, it can be saved – as long as you treat it carefully. Return the pāua straight away, holding it against a rock until it clamps down. Never throw a pāua back into the water. It may land upside down and will either be eaten by a predator or die of shock.



Common Name	Scientific Name	Size (grows up to)	Legal Size (for gathering)	Habitat	Predators
Black-footed pāua	<i>Haliotis iris</i>	180 mm	125 mm (ten only per day)*	Subtidal rocky coastlines at 1–15 m deep	Starfish, fish, crabs, octopuses, crayfish
Yellow-footed pāua	<i>Haliotis australis</i>	110 mm	80 mm (ten only per day)*		
White-footed pāua	<i>Haliotis virginea</i>	80 mm	Not commonly available		

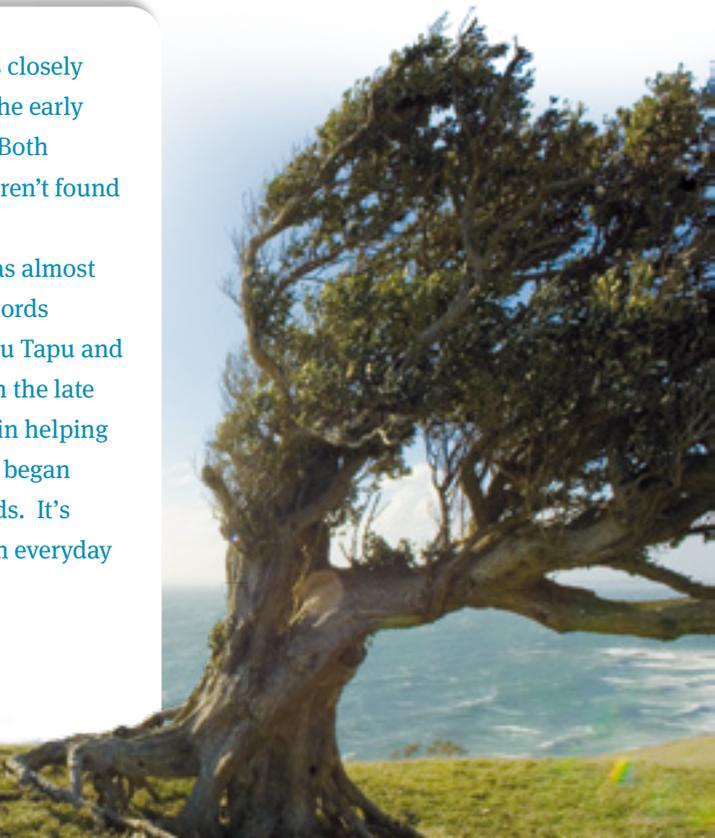
* With an accumulation limit of two days' worth of catches. This means a person can't have more than twenty pāua in their possession (including on their boat or in a fridge or freezer).

Glossary of Moriori Words

hokoairo	carvings
hokopapa	whakapapa/family history
ieriki-ieriki	chiefs
karapuna	ancestors
ko re kau o paorangi	foreigners, visitors or guests
mata hore	strangers
me rongu	in peace
tangata hou rongu	peacemaker
tchakat henu	tangata whenua/people of the land
tchap	tapu/sacred
toho	custom

Moriori is a Polynesian language. It's closely related to te reo Māori, especially to the early dialects spoken in the South Island. Both languages share many features that aren't found in other Polynesian languages.

Although the Moriori language was almost lost by the end of the 1800s, some records survived. The work done by Hirawanu Tapu and the ethnographer Alexander Shand in the late 1800s has been especially important in helping to revive the language. In 2001, work began on a database of ancient Moriori words. It's hoped that one day, Moriori will be an everyday language spoken by many.



The Half-crown

by Claudia Murray

winner of the Elsie Locke Writing Prize 2010

I could see my breath clearly in the cold Canterbury air. The frozen gravel crackled under my worn-out shoes as I walked the road that would lead me to school.

Here it was, the place I stopped at every day – the Cheviot Store. I stared at the new book in the window. My breath left a foggy patch on the glass, and I felt tears begin to well. The moment passed. I pulled myself together and trudged on, eyes downcast.

A silvery glint in the grass caught my eye. I knelt down to pick it up. It was a coin. I wiped off the dirt and read “New Zealand Half Crown 1934” before turning to the back, where there was an engraving of George V, King and Emperor. My heart thumped.

I stared at it. A half-crown! The school bell rang, jolting me to get moving. I carefully tucked the coin into my pocket, but I couldn't stop thinking about it. So many ideas raced through my mind. I kept thinking about the book in the shop window.



My head was still swirling when I got home. It was nearly dark – the night stars were already starting to twinkle. A sound from behind the house lifted my thoughts from the coin. Someone was chopping wood. Maybe it was Dad, but he wasn't due home from his work gang for weeks. I peered around the side of the woodshed. It was an old man. He was wearing a jacket and trousers that didn't fit him well and were full of holes.

"Mum, who's that man chopping wood?" I asked when I got inside.

"He's just someone who came by looking for work in exchange for a meal," Mum replied. "Now wash your hands and help me get it on the table."





As we sat down for dinner, I took a good look at the man. Although his clothes had once been smart, everything about him was dirty: his hair, his face, his hands, his clothes. He smelt bad, but he had a kind face.

“What’s your name, Mister?” I asked.

Mum scolded me for asking questions, but the man didn’t mind.

“My name’s Jack,” he said. He ate fast and seemed in a hurry to leave.

“Where are you staying, Mister Jack?”

“Why, at the Starlight Hotel, Miss,” he said proudly, “and I best be on my way.” With that, he picked up his dusty hat, thanked my mother for the meal, and headed out into the dark.

That night, I slept with the half-crown under my pillow, and I dreamt of the Starlight Hotel and how grand it would be.

The next morning, Mum asked me to bring in a load of firewood. At the woodshed, I saw the strangest thing: a foot sticking out among the logs. There was someone sleeping there! As I got closer, I saw it was Jack. But why? Shouldn’t he be at his hotel?

Then I realised where the Starlight Hotel was. I felt ashamed. I had been thinking about how much I wanted a book when Jack didn't even have a place to sleep.

I ran to my room and grabbed the coin. On the way back to the woodshed, I quietly said goodbye to my chance of a new book. Carefully, without waking Jack, I slipped the half-crown into his hand.



illustrations by Rachel Driscoll

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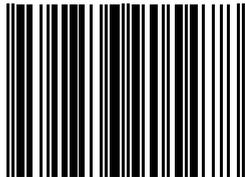
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