

# POROPOROAKI

## Rangimotuhia Katene

Hikohiko te uira, papaa te whatitiri, pookarekare te moana, ngaruerue ana te whenua, wheekee ana te raakau ko te tohu raa o te mate, huee! Kua hinga te tootara nui i te wao nui a Taane; kua whati te tara o te marama; kua ruku te kawa i taana ruku; kua ngaro raa i te ngaro a te moa. Koia teenei, ko Rangimotuhia he tohunga, he tauira noo roto ake o te aao koohatu, i tuturi ai oona turi, i areare ai oona taringa ki toona tohunga ki a Hoori Paamu Tinirau o Te Aati Haunui-a-Paapaarangi; i teenei raa kua hee, kua hee.

Rangimotuhia was the last of the tohunga class living in the Whanganui area. His links with that tribe were through his father's line, while his moth belonged to Nga Rauru and Ngati Ruanui of Taranaki. He spent his early life at Parihaka, where he studied under the prophets Te Whiti and Tohu. At the age of twenty-one he moved to Jerusalem, Whanganui, where his eldest brother Tamakehu was the leading tohunga of the local whare wananga. Rangi became a chosen student of Hori Paamu Tinirau of Ranana, and after the deaths of

these two learned men Rangi became the acknowledged tohunga throughout the river.

His tangi was held at Maungarongo Pa, Ohakune, and he was buried at Jerusalem. He was eighty-seven when he died.

Haere, e Rangi. Haere ki nga manu tioriori o runga o Taranaki, o runga o Ruapehu; ko nga maunga eenaa o Te Kahui Maunga, o Paerangi. Whaaia te Wahaati o ngaa kaaunga, o ngaa kaahika o tuawhakarere. Haere! Haere! Haere!

RUKA BROUGHTON



## Hui commemorates Tuini Ngawai

Recently a commemoration hui was held at Tokomaru Bay to mark the work of the late Tuini Ngawai and the foundation of her famed Te Hoko whitu-a-Tu Concert Party. When the roll call was taken approximately 700 had foregathered, relatives, friends and two generations of descendants of the original performers. What a weekend of story, song and nostalgia! Highlight of the social events was the advertised "Cabaret" — a cabaret such as Marlene Dietrich or Liza Minelli could never have imagined.

A marquee of tremendous proportions erected on the green grass. A postage stamp of a dancing floor hidden by the cradberry at one end. A spic and span Bar-mobile manned by spruce uniformed stewards. A seething mass of humanity in dress ranging from evening garb to gang gear with all patches up. And welding the whole together in a wonderful medley of song, cheer and melody the pulsating rhythms of Star Renata and his boys. This was whanaungatanga — this was Maoritanga — this was the spirit in which Te Hoko whitu-a-Tu had been conceived.

A dedicated group under Ngoi Pewhairangi had been working for several months gathering all the songs together that Tuini had composed from the early blossoming of her talents until her career was so suddenly cut short. Each song has been annotated, checked and re-checked to ensure the historical accuracy of each setting. The younger generation listened almost in disbelief as they were told of songs being composed in the wool-sheds' of hockey teams so poor that the "boys" had to ride on horse-back to Gisborne and band together to be able to pay for a bus for the girls.

Of the horse being so much a part of the life of the boys that they actually performed a haka on horse-back at the Gisborne tournament and stole the show. Anecdote after anecdote filling in the war years, "Arohaina Mai" that most poignant of pleas for mercy and love; the triumphant tribute to Moana Ngarimu V.C. all these have been gathered together to form the book soon to be published called quite simply "Tuini".

The burning question was how to finance the publishing of the book — 2000 copies at a cost of \$12,000-\$14,000. Three to four hundred people were gathered at the marae when suddenly Ngoi announced: "We have here Tai Pewhairangi, foundation chairman and John Bennett, foundation secretary. You two hold a meeting right here before us all and then tell us what to do". It was a moment suspended in time, with the whole assembly sitting quietly and patiently while those two, memories returning to the very beginning, deliberated. Their verdict? "Let us sell by subscription only \$20 a copy and the surplus cash to form the nucleus for a memorial scholarship."

And so it was decided. The response was immediate with money and orders flowing in so fast the secretariat could barely cope. To all those who have ordered, the book will be available later this year, to be accompanied by a tape being prepared by the present Te Hoko whitu-a-Tu.

Tuini may be gone, but her genius lives on.