



Rua: Kaiārahi			
Kaumātua			
Curriculum Links	English	Social Sciences	I.C.T
The following profile's are taken from Ngā Whakamāramatanga o te Moana These personal reflections were gathered as part of an investigation into marine protection on the Wairarapa Coast by the Department of Conservation in association with Rangitāne o Wairarapa and Ngāti Kahungunu ki Wairarapa. The investigation, due for completion in late 2003, revealed a startling lack of historical literature on our coast. To fill the gap in our knowledge and to help us form marine protection strategies for the future, we asked six kaumātua to tell us of their relationship with the coast, and share their memories of specific locations between Akitio and Palliser. Their collective memory now forms an important body of work for us to reflect on now, and in the future. The author and photographer of this work was Mike Grace.			



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Te Nahu Haeata

Te Nahu Haeata – Ngāti Hāmua te hapū, Rangitāne me Ngāti Kahungunu nga iwi. Te Nahu has worked up and down the coast for the Postal and Telegraph service and as a shearer and fencer on the coastal stations.



I always liked to be near the coast.... I always liked to be near the coast. You only took what you needed because it was plentiful at the time ay? You didn't have to go and rape the blimming thing, it was there all the time. The only time we used to do quite a bit was when we got shark in the bay at Waikēkeno which was all sandy in those days. Pauas were ankle deep. I thought it would be there forever. But there you are...that's what happened. Waikēkeno, that's where my father's mother came from. Renata was her family name. We went to Flat Point but most of the time we went to Waikēkeno. Because you know, it was always there. Where we'd always gone. You didn't have to go away from Waikēkeno to get anything. It was all there in the one place. You know, same as anywhere along the coast.

If we do happen to go to Flat Point or Glenburn now it makes me cry when they say "that's a big crayfish" and I look at the crayfish and I think to myself "the length of

those crayfish was the width of the crayfish in the old days". That's how big they were. They were big crayfish!

I can remember at Castlepoint there. They used to have break up dances for the shearing. They used to make money for the school and they used to have these crayfish done up in flowers and all and they used to auction them.

That was our deep freeze... We would be there for a couple of months, out the coast. Then we would come home. We would have these bags of dried stuff there, pauas and crayfish and shark and that. Well that was our deep freeze!

We'd come back and stick them away, all our dry stuff there. When we needed it we'd just get it out. With the crayfish we'd just steam it and it would virtually go back to how it was. Or have it dry, eat it dry.

We had an old 1929 Dodge truck in those days. Unfortunately I missed the horse and dray days! Even with the old truck we used to have to stop at different points and fill up the radiator. I suppose it used to take 2 or 3 hours on the old truck.

We'd go out a couple of times a year before winter. Maybe this time of the year (January) then round about Easter. We went out as a family. The old man used to take us and pick up some of the families on the way. Like Johnny Walker and them, their family. Dicky Nunn was a transport operator in those days in Gladstone. He used to have a big truck so the whole family used to hop on there with all our gear and that. A couple of tents. We'd just camp out there for a couple of months. An abundance of food there... There was that much there. An abundance of food there that you knew you couldn't take the lot anyway! You'd only take what you wanted for tea or whatever. We'd take so much for the winter period. That's how we used to do it.

Even fishing from off the shore, just throw a line. Well I don't know what the fish was but we used to get a hell of a lot of fish. Even snapper and that's hard to get off shore.

We sort of knew about what to do and what not to do. It wasn't allowed to eat pauas or any food stuff in the water or if you broke anything, you took a paua out of the water and it broke you had to take the whole thing out. Same with the kina.

But in those days we used to get shark. Of course we used to strip them and dry them, hang them out in the sun there. Crayfish, the tails. We only used to eat the heads and take the tails out of the shell, put a cut down the centre and hang them on the fence. Mind you in those days you used to get a lot of tails on the fence! We used to tap them down with a little mallet and hang them out for two or three days and they would dry out.

I used to hate the job of bashing pauas up. You know you get sacks of pauas and then you've got to shuck them and then you've got to take the huas off and the teeth. Then you've got to bash them and then hang them out on the fence. Then at night bring them back in and bash them again the other way. Then hang them out on the fence again. You know it was a big job... and I used to like to... bugger off! I didn't mind the going in and getting them but the job was always there when I came back. So you couldn't escape it. The biggest crayfish I ever caught... I can remember catching a crayfish, about the easiest crayfish I ever caught. I was working at Te Wharau at the time and I was working on the South County. I had to follow the grader, clearing out the little holes where the culvert went across the road. So I said to the grader driver "mate, make it a time so we get out to Waikokino at midday" because it was low tide. So we got out there at about half past eleven and I went out.

You know it's a funny thing, I've seen this rock before but I'd never gone there much because I knew there was nothing there because there's no holes. I just happened to go past this rock and I tipped over and hit my hand on this blimming spiky thing you know? It was a bloody crayfish! The bloody thing must have been that wide (about 8 inches). Yeah I pulled this bloody thing out you know and even the grader driver took off!

Well it was seven pounds. Well I don't know if my uncle Tom's scales were right. I gave it to him and he weighed it. Seven and a half pound it was. That was the biggest crayfish I ever caught.

A lot of things have changed... A lot of things have changed. In my time we'd go out this time of year. Well now when you go there's tons of people out there. Well we went out there it was only us. There wasn't anyone else. Well maybe a week or so before there might have been a family there. But there wasn't anyone there but ourselves.

Pakeha's used to turn their nose up at pauas. Who the hells going to eat that bloody stuff? That's all changed, hasn't it? We used to share the coast... They want the whole of the bloody coast nowadays. We used to share the coast. Now we're sort of cornered into our own little spots. With the building of those houses going on at Flat Point and the guy at Waikokino, he wants to put up a building too. Next thing it will end up like over the hill there, polluted to hell.

Money. Its money isn't it? Things started turning around about 1970 and it changed very quick. Thirty years I'd say. I think people, knowing what the kaimoana is now. The value of it. When they put the dollar on it that killed everything.

Commercial fishing, well there's hundreds of them out there. See I don't think it's the guys like you and I who are fishing the sea out, because the guys like you and I were always there! Before the guys fishing for money anyway. Now all we're doing is competing with them.

Bring back the good old days! Marine protection is everyone's responsibility. You can muck around in the sea for a couple of hours and get about two or three pauas and be glad to get that and be happy and just glad to get that.

You get the likes of me. Our age. I'd be glad to get a paua. Any size. Once upon a time ok I'd look around for the big one. But any paua would do me now. By the time I get down to the water now, over the rocks it'll be high tide again! No I can't get in the water now. I can't yet I used to love diving.

I don't know how you can educate them to leave the smaller ones behind what with the commercial fishermen in the same area and clean the stuff out. It's all right saying you can take so much from here and so much from there. But most people, when they find a place, they'll stay there.

I've got my own thoughts. A rahui over the whole lot! You know if they can wisely pick the places to put a rahui on different places at different times. That might help to protect it.

They say bring back the good old days but that's impossible. I really don't know how you can preserve it other than have a rahui over it. Different areas at different times. I have noticed that if there is a rahui placed on a particular point, no one seems to abuse it.

My question is "is it too late to try and protect what we've got?"

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Kaumātua

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Niniwa Munro



Niniwa Munro – Ngāti Hinewaka – was born at Martinborough and brought up at Moiki. Educated at Waipounamu College in Christchurch she studied nursing there before returning to Wairarapa to begin a public service career that included work for the Post Office, Ministry of Works and the Parliamentary Legislative Department.

It always seemed to be a holiday... Dried shark was our chewing gum when we went to school! We'd just cut a bit off and start chewing. All those sorts of things. Nothing was wasted.

It always seemed to be a holiday, but we always knew that to be on the coast was something special. We didn't worry about shows, about whatever was going on. It was just that being out the coast was really special—being away from the hustle and bustle. But we also knew that we were out there for a reason. To be able to get kaimoana for the winter.

We were very fortunate, my brothers and myself. Being brought up in a much older generation. We were taught from birth these important things. They weren't strict but we were

taught to just follow what the kaumātuas do and listen and that's what we did. It didn't matter where we went to; all we did was sit and listen. Never spoke out of turn just listened. You know when you are young you don't think of that but that is the way we were. That's the way the old people were. They were humble people.

They taught us through doing it. It wasn't a matter of sitting down talking about it, we actually went out with the old people. We knew exactly how to tell when the tides were due. When was the best time. Never ever go in at low tide, go in before the low tide. You could actually tell by the low tide as it was going out where the best place to go to get the kai were and today I still do that. We never ever go in when they say the tide is low. We go an hour before. That's the sort of thing that we were taught on that coastline.

Palliser Bay. That's where we stayed... Palliser Bay. That's where we stayed when I was a kid. The only buildings that were out there were the light house and the old keeper's house. There were a couple of baches under the trees.

A lot of it I learnt from not only my mum but our kuikuia. Living out there. Living and learning about the environment. We took some things when we went out but we lived off the sea. We knew what it was like. What you had to do to fit in. What the old people used to do there. They never had homes like that to live in. We were right there on the beach. We could go out and get kai. We were taught how to preserve pauas. I mean we went out with preserved eggs, done in fat. If we needed eggs or anything like that while we were out there we got seagull eggs. That's what mum used for baking. Tikanga wasn't strict... There was no need to take anymore that what was needed for the Winter period because we always went back out the Coast again in August. Tikanga wasn't strict because of the way it was taught but it was something we knew we had to understand. No one ever went out and did otherwise. You went out to the coast for a

reason. To get kai. To preserve kai so that you did not have to go out again in the Winter. Our main times out at the Coast were over the Summer period for paua, crays. Then back for kahawai and food in the bush. We went back out again in August/September and that was to do with karengo. In between we went out to the lake eeling. We never touched the pauas in Winter. The Spring tides would take us back out the coast when every thing was blooming again. It was always done to seasons. Everything was about how to dry, how to preserve what you caught. How it was preserved so it could be taken back to town. Two weeks, six weeks, it didn't matter. It was never ever done... I never ever knew that we took any more than what we were meant to. It was only for what we were going to use at the time and what we were going to be able to preserve. Like te pawhara ne? or preserved pauas. He aha te kupu? Te tahu pauas. That was all that was done. All we took out were the kerosene tins. Mum and the kuikuias always knew that we were going to get a mutton from the lighthouse keeper. So they used the fat off of that. Rendered it down to preserve the kaimoana. And all of this was done on the coastline. The men usually dived and they only brought up what was needed, that we were going to eat at that time. Or what we were going to preserve like koura mara. That was what was done. I have never ever in my whole life time out on the coast, living out there, going out there every season ever seen crayfish taken in such big numbers as they are today. It was never done.

We could walk around, even when the tide was out and you could see crayfish. You know, just walking around in the water as kids. And you were so excited when you saw a crayfish! The old people would say "No, waiho". You know that's how it was. You didn't have to go out diving. They just went around the rocks. They would go in feet first under the rocks. You could see them, feet first feeling around with their feet. Then go under and bring up the right size. No, I never saw it done before (the taking of excessive amounts of kaimoana) until I was growing up and saw the numbers coming out. What they are doing now. It was never ever done. Not on that coast. Not by us. Not by the old people. All of it was learning how to economise I suppose. Learning to survive till the next season. Never ever saw great numbers come out at all.

I've seen big omus that we used to have out there that when the crayfish were brought in and I suppose to a child it seemed a lot. The biggest omu that Ngāti Hinewaka whanau had was quite huge. But it wasn't excessive. Never filled to the top. It wasn't huge numbers. Same with any kai. It didn't matter what it was. Kai was plentiful. You didn't have to go up and down the coast. We always went to the same place and lived around there. Stayed there, camped there. I don't know, I have never ever seen such large, large numbers taken out as they do now and it's quite sad.

The way we were brought up was to share and to help one another. That's why everyone traveled to the Coast... But it's different now... One thing I've noticed that hasn't changed is the size limit (of paua). They've given us a size to work to now. Five inches. In the old, old days the old people used to gauge it from the inside of the thumb to the tip of the index finger. If you get a ruler you will find this is five inches or just over. You didn't need to get out of the water to get a ruler!

But it's different now. It's changed. So many people are wanting paua. We got eight last time didn't we? We got eight and that was plenty. We were quite satisfied. Some say that's not worth it. But it is worth it to us. I felt a lot of paua right out under the rocks but you could tell they were babies. Just have a kōrero to them and carry on and leave them. It's that sort of thing.

The paua is not there like it was before. We never got wet getting paua. It's sad.

Niniwa Munro "We were very fortunate..."

They call it black gold... They call it black gold don't they? Which is sad. But still I suppose you know if you call it progress or whatever you'd like to call it but unfortunately it just doesn't suit everyone. I don't think it's only that (Wairarapa) coastline. Most of the coastlines have been ravished. And it's by everyone, everyone. Our Māoris are doing that too. I was absolutely disgusted out at the coast. I was on the verge of using my own status as a kaumātua. I was screaming blue murder but then I nearly got bowled off the road by a four wheel drive right on the corner of where you turn towards the lighthouse. I didn't know them. They were ripping the coast off! Bags and bags of pauas and throwing them into their little blue trailer. I couldn't get their registration number...

I wasn't what you would call a caretaker out there. My mum was. Right up until she died in 1959. But I continued to go out to the coast. I knew exactly where pauas were to be got so we didn't have to get wet. In the sixties when they blasted the rocks at the lighthouse. That's when it opened it up.

Even out at Ngawi it was phenomenal. Just to go out there. You could go in to your waist if you wanted to but you didn't have to dive. But the numbers (of people) out there in the New Year! I just couldn't get over it. And all paua hunters. That's the way it goes. Whether they were there for eating or taking paua for kai for themselves or sharing it with others or whatever. But when you come out with trailer loads, it's not for yourself. There has to be a partnership... Marine protection, marine reserves. We've got nothing now have we? We've got nothing. There's nothing out there now unless you're a good diver and can get right out in the deep to be able to get kaimoana and unfortunately we, the older ones, can't do that.

Reserves as protection? Taiapures I find quite useless. I think we need some strict "no take" areas. I believe marine protection should be a combined effort. Not entirely DoC or MAF. I believe older people need to be involved, not the younger generation. When we talk about educating people, there are too many people out there who really don't want to listen. Don't want to know. That's how I look at it.

But for the reserves, mataitais, yes, if ever it happens. The taiapure is certainly not working for us along Te Kopi to Hamenga Point. We haven't got the resources to be able to police that sort of area. It's too big an area. All you can do is sit on the road and watch people doing their thing.

There has to be a big resource there of crayfish and kina. You can't do anything. What does a Trustee mean? What does a Trustee have to do with all that when you're up on top of the cliffs and looking down on it all happening?

I believe that it has to work both ways regardless. Whatever that is needed for us to be able to manage the taiapure and the maitaitai I believe there has to be a partnership between the Department (of Conservation) and ourselves to be able to manage it. We should be involved in managing it. But that's the only area that I believe the older people should be involved in. The actual setting up of that partnership. What's a kaumātua? I believe the authority given to kaumātua to approve taking of kaimoana should be centralised. What's a kaumātua? Many people ask that today. I believe that it should be centralised with the taiwhenua. Anyone and everyone should get their permits from there. Likewise they and the taiwhenua should be very, very much aware of how it should be managed. Only they would know how many permits had been issued and whereabouts. It should be limited to certain areas at certain times. Not allowing people to go wherever they want to. Those areas should be stipulated.

I believe that a copy of that permit should be followed up by MAF or a person who has been given that responsibility. To make certain that they have got 100 or 50 or should they have that amount. It should be limited by the Taiwhenua. That copy should be followed up to make certain then brought back to the Taiwhenua to show that is exactly what has happened. That's the only way I see that it can develop and safeguard those areas. But then how many other people go out with out permits? But at least you have got some sort of control on those who are going to respect it for the future.

There's plenty of room for education I reckon!

We, as a family have taught our grandchildren when and where to go to. What to do, what not to do.

There's plenty of room for education I reckon! How do you get that across though? I would say it's too late. Maybe this is an area where we the kaumātua and grandparents today, we can come together as a people with our grandchildren to find out whether they really do understand how these things should develop for the future.

Educating them at school. What a paua is all about. How it grows. How it came to be a little...whatever. The development of life. Probably be where it all starts from but it's sad that it has to go down the track for so long before people see that it's not a gold mine but a food. Likewise, this in itself could be an area of learning for our mokopuna and the generations to come, with the Conservation Department. Together. Do you think that's one way of learning for the future? Is there ever going to be a future for kaimoana?

**Rua : Kaiārahi****Kaumātua**

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Frances Reiri-Smith

Frances Reiri Smith – Ngāi Taneroa, Kaiparuparu, Te Hina –Ariki, Ngāti Muretu has worked for the Ministry of Education and currently works at the Masterton District Library as their Poutakawaenga a rohe.

I was brought up at Hurunuiorangi... I was brought up at Hurunuiorangi. I must have been about five when we moved to Gladstone. Dad was away labouring and working on the stations. I was twelve before we came to Te Whiti. Our house was built there in 1951.

I can remember getting worms for the koros and threading them on to whitau and going bobbing. It was all eeling around the little Tauheru river and the creeks that ran off the Ruamahunga around Gladstone there. Of course we had a creek right behind us at Gladstone. We used to feed the eels until a certain time then we were allowed to go out and fish them. We'd camp out the coast... Then of course there were the big hikes, right out to the coast. Staying out there, going out there on the back of the old truck and what have you. Out to Glenburn. But we would stay out there and come back through to Uriti. When there were big hui on we would go to Tora. We were part of a group of families that used to go on big hikes out to the coast.

If it was Dad's family we'd all go to the beach together or if it was Mum's people we would all do the same too. If it was the Gladstone community, people from Waipopo we'd go down to Tora. Sometimes we'd go to Flat Point but on the whole if it was a big trip we'd go further afield down to Hinakura and Tora. These patterns of trips continued after I returned from Hukarere College where I was boarding.

We'd camp out the coast. Often we'd camp out the coast. We had this thing because our household was between Te Whiti and Hurunuiorangi that whoever came past from the coast would turn right and serve the Te Whiti whanau or left and the kai would go up to Hurunuiorangi. They used to have bets when they saw us come down the hill whether we would turn right or left! It was a whole family get up and go... It was more for the boys in our family on most occasions. But it was a whole family get up and go as well. We'd all go as a family and pitch tents. For our day to day living it was fishing and eeling. Koura was our main stay. Over the summer months there was mutton and beef but on the whole it was the fish that we caught and dried out that sustained us.

The men dived for koura. Later in my life they had other methods but on the whole it was diving with inner tubes. We didn't have many cars when I was growing up so they were a precious commodity those inner tubes even bicycle inner tubes were used with a sack loosely strung around it and tied to the person.

Some of our women were great swimmers. They could go down to great depths and come up with koura. We never ever had those lovely wet suits and things like you see around nowadays. Now it seems stupid, how some of it was, but people used to wear shearing pants, jackie howes and uncle Tom Namana used to be a great one to ensure that their backs were warm. I think now how heavy those clothes must have

been! How they must have held people down. Our womenfolk would tie their skirts until they had pants that they could swim in. They would always take a dry set of clothes so they could come back and jump into the creeks and have a wash off.

You know I can't ever remember any of those korouas of that time nor any of Dad's family, my uncles having any problems after being out in the sea. They'd get out, wash then come back on those trucks up over the hills, everybody singing and the kids falling off to sleep. They were neat fun times! We never ever questioned... The kaimoana was different (from the freshwater fishing). There was a lot of tapu placed on it. Things that we took for granted. We never ever questioned why there was a rahui placed. We just accepted it. We knew what we had to do as women when maturity came on. Why our nannies or aunties weren't allowed out in the sea. We were pushed out there to get things and hold bags and were terrified. I always wondered why they didn't come down, but it wasn't until we were 10, 11, 12 before we fully understood the reasons behind it. As puberty was reached these things were explained but up until that time that was our job, to carry the sacks, follow our elders, our dads and uncles around holding their sacks and sitting on the rocks and waiting for them to throw the kinas and the pauas and what have you up to us. Running back to get the boys to come down and help carry the things up. It was all part and parcel of it. August September were the months for collecting karengo. The wettest months. There were certain parts we were able to take karengo from and other parts we weren't. I realise now that the pupus had a lot of significance in where karengo was going to be or wasn't going to be. It was my sisters and cousins, females on our side that had to turn the karengo over for drying and would have cleaned it totally by the time the men would have brought there catches in. We cleaned it by shaking off as much sand as we could in the water then coming back and tearing it into small pieces. We then used chicken netting to spread it out on then fill the flour bags. We used to make a lot of fun of it, who could fill their flour bags quickest so that we had competitions between homes. Something that you don't see much of now.

Even drying paua. We were never allowed to shell them at the beach. We brought our paua back and then shelled them at the first bridge when coming out of Glenburn. We used to sit there. Mum would have the kai all set up under the trees and we would be down at that creek shucking paua. I can't ever remember being told to walk back and take undersize paua back to the coast. The holes were made in the paua ready to string them up and by the time we left there the whitaus would have been stripped. If there wasn't harakeke about the ti kouka tree leaves were used to string up the paua. We didn't always have proper string. String was a commodity, a luxury.

I can't ever recall us not having kai of one sort or another. We really had certain places that we went to. We knew who was the last person to camp there and they would leave firewood, driftwood there for the next people. They never came away without leaving some wood or stones there ready. We would clean out all the ashes which were taken back to the creek or used in other ways. We knew our quota... We knew our quota and we knew exactly where they would be preserved in the house. Those were winter kai. Kina was a novelty. Koura. There was pockets of eggs under the tails of the females and you got a clip under the ear if there were too many of those in your basket! Although it was done jokingly, those were part of the tapu things associated with kaimoana.

Whenever our people would go to the sea they would only take the amounts that was necessary for the whanau, for the whole of the Hurunuiorangi. The men would dish it out. There would be things hanging and drying. In the off seasons there would be eels dried out and in the summer months there would have been paua and octopus also dried out and we'd chew on those as kids through the winter months. That was the respect that we gave to those areas... I think my family had land out the coast. They would often talk about where people were buried. Some of it had to do with employment on Glenburn and Hinakura away down the coast. I don't know how they did it but they used to get from one place to the next on horse back. It takes a couple of hours now but it must have taken them ages. They would have kai and drop off a bit to every household as they came past.

We knew who all the different whanau were up and down the coast. We all knew each others beach and creek sites and we were always told never to abuse another persons locality

Glenburn was definitely the spot for us and our people would tell all sorts of stories on our way out there. We think that the people of Tumapuhiarangi have Homewood. Uncle Dubby and his people are the ones from the top end and of course Uncle Bill and his people at Tauera had the rights to Castlepoint. That was the respect that we gave to those areas. If we ever went to Riversdale or Castlepoint it was more for leisure than for kaimoana. Of course we never went to the beach just to sunbathe. It was always to get the kaimoana. But it was a fun thing rather than being there for a full catch to feed the whanau back home. Uncle Ike Rutene and Dad's family were mostly Ratana and they would never go to Ratana without kai and we were the ones with the kaimoana from the East coast here. So the best of the pickings would be held for these sorts of hui. These things would be held and taken to Ratana for the 25th of January. It was not like today when we get signatures to go and get kaimoana. But then there were certain kaumātua living out the coast and anyone going out from Masterton had to drive past their front door. Those were really neat times! Women had a real role in preserving the kai moana, and making traps, hinaki for eels and koura. These were made from supple jack and manuka from the bush. They were soaked in the creek and moulded into shape then baited with possums or sheep heads. The koura ones for the sea had particular ways of being made as the inner was plaited by weaving it around your foot then removing your foot and attaching the inner to the inside of the hinaki. There was always jokes about whose foot was to be left in for bait! All these traps were tied to the top of the loads on the back of the trucks. What with all the kids we must have looked a real sight going over those hills and coming back! Those were really neat times!

Rahui On the coast where there is depletion of species a rahui should be put in place for protecting the species and their growth in those areas. Anywhere that we are going to be able to retain a right for our people. Iwi need to be able to place moratorium for specific periods throughout the year. It could be made by a selection of people.

As hapū we should gazette our boundary areas and we need input into commercial fishing. In the old days we talked about these things... I think marine protection is the responsibility of all people. More specifically it is the Government assisting the local folk and I don't mean just the local people who live on the coast but those who have whakapapa to land or areas around the coast there. The decisions need to be made together, united. Expertise and knowledge from fisherman in the area and the knowledge from the whanau is needed. It's hard because I think we all do have a major responsibility.

In the old days we talked about these things. It took us longer to get to these places. It took us longer to get back. So we talked about all these things.

Education is important but how is it suppose to happen today if we don't have those people who have that knowledge to pass it on? It's such experiences as this recording that can do it. We are only 14 percent of the population here so we are pretty limited in each age grouping too. We need ongoing dialogue with the people, libraries and schools. Put another paua on the barbie! Throwing pauas straight up onto the pan! So we now have a feed out there and then come on back in. We never used to do this. I don't know if this is because you only have so much to bring back. That you have a feed before you come back. It was an inherent thing that what you caught you brought back and you shared amongst others. Now the restriction is that you only get 10 per person so you make a day of it. So where have we gone wrong?

When we get to the stage where we don't need to be checked because you can trust people. My daughter took out a whole group of people from across the other side. In her mihi she said "we might have to blind fold you before we take you to our (diving) spots so your coussies can't come back over here!" While it was facetious, this is what we have done to ourselves.