Te Waiata *'Kiwi Weka'*—More Than Just a Song To Me

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(Waikato, Ngaati Tiipaa, Ngaati Tahinga, Ngaati Amaru)

Kupu Whakataki

With Japan and America entering World War Two late, New Zealand became a US staging post with thousands of their military personnel stationed in various locations, mainly in the North Island. This essay explores a particular waiata, *Kiwi Weka*, allowing readers a glimpse into the Maaori world in the Waikato during World War Two. In doing so, it reveals relationships between Maaori and overseas servicemen, the economic and social circumstances of the times and the ongoing influence on Waikato Maaori into the 1960s through to today.[1] The article is composed of three sections. The first introduces you to my father's aunt, Nanny Mite, te kaitito o te waiata, or the song's composer. The next sets the context through the eyes of Te Wahapu Rapana, my father's uncle and more affectionately called Koro Paul by many, about the times when United States servicemen were stationed in South Auckland during World War Two between 1942 and 1944. He recounts the reasons why these servicemen were at Port Waikato through the eyes of his 10-year-old self. I then introduce you to Koro Paul's experiences, when aged in his twenties in the 1960s, he was a young guitarist. Both related, Nanny Mite and Koro Paul were part of a band called the "Snappy Seven".[2] This is followed by an in-depth look at the words of the waiata and Nanny Mite's analogy of the American serviceman to an ocean-faring bird, who encounters a New Zealand "kiwi weka". In this context Nanny Mite used "kiwi weka" to mean a young Maaori woman. To finish, I introduce you to one product of a "kiwi weka", my father, the late Tex Tepene Hunia Karaka (Koro Tepene). He was the legacy of a liaison between an American soldier and a young Maaori woman. This was not a unique occurrence as many other descendants in New Zealand and across the Pacific can trace their heritage back to US servicemen and Maaori or other indigenous women.[3] This narrative therefore is also a commentary on ethnic identity as well because the children of Maaori and American servicemen occupy a nuanced identity space in New Zealand which requires constant reflection for those whaanau.

Mite Kerei Kukutai: Te Kaitito

I remember Nanny Mite when I was a child in the 1970s and I have fond memories of her. She was small in stature but had a personality that was larger than life and when she smiled, her eyes twinkled, brimming with mischief and energy. Looking at photos of her now in her autobiography, *Te Taniwha o Waikato*,[4] she reminds me of her daughter, Matakahuoue but otherwise known as my aunty Mata Dunphy. We spent a lot of time at the Dunphy's house in Taupoo as they were the only whanaunga that lived near us from my father's side of the whaanau. If it was not for this connection to my aunty, her husband, my uncle Paddy and their children, my cousins Clive, Harini, Sally and Lewis, I probably would not have known this ruuruhi, Nanny Mite, as well as I did. At that time of my life and despite her age, she was still a prominent figure at our Te Puuaha o Waikato marae, which encompasses the marae in the geographical area surrounding the town of Tuakau, following the road out to Port Waikato, where the Waikato river flows out to the Tasman sea. especially at events at her principal marae, Tauranganui, such as the poukai.[5] Sharing my memories with my father, he reminisced how each year you could bet a photo of Nanny Mite in her big dress was always

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on the front page of the local newspaper, the *Franklin Times*, at the start of the whitebaiting season. I love the existence of these photos as historical markers of Nanny Mite standing beside the Waikato River at Tauranganui, and others that have captured her performing the kopikopi[6] during poukai celebrations, attesting to her reputation as both a performer and composer.

Nanny Mite's life appeared to be much the same as my other relatives, ruuruhi and koroheke of the 1940s, born, raised and schooled for a very short while in and around Te Kohanga, a small village and rural community nestled almost at the halfway point between Tuakau and Port Waikato. At that time whaanau did not go away to work, but rather they worked at being self-sufficient within their community. Nanny Mite worked alongside her whaanau planting and growing kuumara, potatoes, corn, kamokamo and melons in the fertile surrounds. The Waikato River was also utilised as their main food source; back then it was teeming with watercress, mullet and eel. Everyone in the whaanau knew how to fish. From the age of eight until the time of writing her autobiography at eighty-seven,[7] Nanny Mite was an expert fisher, earning the name of "Te Taniwha o Waikato", the title of her autobiography. The river was not only a means of life, it was life. In Nanny's words, "... te awa Waikato – he wai oranga, he wai tinana o Waikato, oranga ngaakau, oranga wairua. Koinei to maatou wai kai a Waikato."[8] (The Waikato river – our life, our body, our heart, our spirit, our nourishment).

Other jobs Nanny worked at were cutting flax to sell to the mill at Te Paina, Mangataawhiri, followed by picking potatoes in the market gardens at Pukekohe as she grew older. She was then recruited as an entertainer with Princess Te Puea Heerangi[9] in the concert party Te Pou o Mangatawhiri (TPM). This highly accomplished and very successful kapa haka troupe travelled around the country raising money to build the various meeting houses at Tuurangawaewae marae. Nanny Mite worked for three years as part of TPM. While she never talked about herself in terms of age, nor did she talk about which years she spent in any place covering a particular vocation!

Ngaa Hoia Amerikana ki Aotearoa 1942-1944: Ngaa Maharatanga o Te Wahapu Rapana

New Zealand historical resources provide detailed accounts of the American soldiers stationed here in Aotearoa New Zealand over the period of 1942-1944.[10] I pay special attention to these accounts as they contribute some context and insight to why Nanny Mite might have penned the *Kiwi Weka* waiata. It also aligns to the memories generously shared by Koro Paul.

Between 1942-1944, as many as 15,000 to 45,000 American servicemen could be residing in New Zealand camps, most within marching distance of Auckland or Wellington. New Zealand had become a base for the Allies in their battle with Japan after the Japanese bombing of the American Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbour in Honolulu, December 1941.[11] In Aotearoa New Zealand they also prepared themselves for the US/Allied fight back in Guadalcanal and other places through 1942 and 1943. The servicemen were mostly either soldiers or marines, and their general mission had one of two purposes: to rest and recover from the horrors of war, or to train for forthcoming battles across the Pacific. New Zealand also had an important role to play in sourcing supplies, growing vegetables and providing stores for those American forces.[12]

Approximately 29,000 US servicemen at one particular time could be accommodated in camps across Auckland and South Auckland.[13] I was particularly interested in the Pukekohe and Papakura camps in and around South Auckland at that time given the proximity to Te Puuaha o Waikato. In October 2018, I paid a visit to Koro Paul. Born in 1932, he was just a 10-year-old child when the soldiers came to Te Puuaha o Waikato, yet his memories dating back 76 years were as clear as crystal as he reminisced about those times for my benefit:

> … Oh no they had a big marquee over here, [pointing] down the bottom, had a big marquee there …
> Ka keeria te whenua, they dug up the earth down there …
> I reira te hohipera [that's where the hospital was], flat on the ground …
> I teeraa taima he kaari katoa i roto i te patiki nei moo raatou, moo ngaa Amerikana … he riiwai, he kaanga, ngaa kuumara i raro.
> [At that time it was all gardens in the paddock out there reserved for them, for the Americans … they grew potatoes, corn and kuumara down there.
> Koinaa taa maatou nei mahi maa raatou.
> [This was our work that we did for them].
> Aae kotahi [te teihana] i Pukekohe, e rua o raatou teihana, kotahi i raro nei[ki Te Puuaha].
> [Yes there was one [station] in Pukekohe, they had two stations, and one down here [at the Port.]][14]

Koro Paul recalled life with the soldiers in the community. Every day he and another relative were responsible for driving his two horses to drag four sleds carrying the soldiers' big guns up to the cliff tops, to be pointed out to sea as a precautionary measure. The soldiers had also dug out their own swimming pools and when they left, Koro Paul's father used them to bury the soldiers' rubbish that had been left behind. When pressed about receiving any recompense for their duties, he revealed that the work was not carried out for payment. All within the community were asked to assist and did so dutifully and without expectation.

He iwi rerekee, he tikanga rerekee

Referred to as the "American Invasion" by the media, the arrival of the servicemen resulted in an inevitable collision of cultures. For some, like the women of New Zealand, the US servicemen were received with open arms and a welcome 'romantic' reprieve from the harsh realities of their daily routines during those bleak war times when so many of New Zealand's men had enlisted to fight overseas and were away with the New Zealand services. This resulted in the responsibilities of keeping the country economically and socially viable being left predominantly to the womenfolk of New Zealand during those trying times. Consequently, it was very hard for the women to resist the American servicemen's charm with their deep wallets and enchanting smiles, all keen for companionship whilst here undertaking further training or to recover from their own traumatic war experiences. For others, like the New Zealand servicemen away serving their country, the arrival of the Americans did little for their morale upon learning their own beloved partners had since connected with the US servicemen in their absence and worse, may have decided to make their futures with them permanent.[15] Tensions were thus raised within communities with the visiting American servicemen and one effort to quell some of those tensions was when Princess Te Puea Heerangi extended an invitation to 500 American servicemen to attend the annual March Ngaruawaahia regatta in 1943 to learn more about Maaori people and Maaori culture, after two earlier successful cultural exchanges.[16] Te Puea Heerangi then invited the

Americans' Navy Band to participate in subsequent annual regatta celebrations following those successful 1943 experiences, which were duly accepted and greatly appreciated by the Kiingitanga[17] and the iwi. On a related *New Zealand History* webpage, it states "even today the Tainui tribes sing a waiata which recalls romantic memories of the wartime visitors from across the sea."[18] The song in this instance refers to *Kiwi Weka* penned by Nanny Mite.

Ngaa Peene Amerikana

The American soldiers were renowned for organising their own bands and concerts during their New Zealand stay. On occasion, entertainers from the US also arrived in the country to perform alongside the servicemen's bands. However, if there was no live music of their own making, from April 1944 the servicemen were able to tune into their own Radio 1ZM in Auckland to listen to their own favoured music and songs they were accustomed to from the US.[19]

Te Peene Snappy Seven

Just as the servicemen had their bands in the 1940s, Koro Paul recalled when in his 20s in the 1960s, he was a member of the original Snappy Seven Band. While he did not elaborate too much on how the band got its name, and nor did Nanny Mite in her autobiography, we can assume the name originated from having seven members.[20] In their prime were vocalists Nanny Mite, Tangiaro Karaka and Rupi Rapana. On lead guitar was Ned Clark with Koro Paul, also a guitarist. Paul Pana was there too, and rounding out the team was Boro[21] on the drums. These members were mostly from Te Puuaha o Waikato marae – Te Kotahitanga at Te Kohanga, Tauranganui just around the corner up the road, and Ooraeroa at Te Puuaha o Waikato. Also further afield, and from the northern side of the river others affiliated to Tahuna marae in Waiuku. In the words of Koro Paul "Later came others such as Te Mangu Clark on piano accordian, yet another Paul and Taiora".[22]

One of the first venues the Snappy Seven played was a rural hall at Aka Aka, Waiuku before another relative, Tura Hira, in the role of organiser or promoter, took them to Auckland city on their first 'big' gig in the 1960s. In comparison to Aka Aka, they were all very apprehensive about how they would be received. They need not have been as word spread after that first night and they were soon playing at dance halls right across the districts; Onehunga, Penrose, Newmarket. The audiences were a mix of Maaori and Paakehaa with the halls being so crowded and hot that if you went outside to catch some fresh air, you would be lucky to get back in! While their reputation grew, they still managed to play at smaller venues at Waikaretu, the Onewhero Hall and in the dining room at the old Ngaa Tai e Rua marae in Tuakau.[23]

Kiwi Weka, penned in the early 1940s from Nanny Mite's observations of the American servicemen, and Tuini Ngawai's love song, *Putiputi Kanehana*,[24] were popular songs, with people jumping up to dance the jitter bug, fox trot and waltz. I asked Nanny Rita, Koro Paul's wife, if she ever got to attend the dances as well, and Koro Paul remarked in a particular Waikato Maaori idiosyncratic way, "She don't go near that! Can't take a horse there!" With that he let out a hearty chuckle and laugh to finish.[25]

The reason the Snappy Seven began entertaining was to contribute to the ongoing fundraising efforts and projects, started by Princess Te Puea who died in 1952, but which continued into the 1960s. Koro Paul commented not only was it an enjoyable, popular, fun pursuit, but a

beneficial one as well. He did not recount the length of time the Snappy Seven played together as part of our conversation.

He aro puu ki te waiata *Kiwi Weka*

The previous sections of this narrative have laid out contextual information so you may know more about who Nanny Mite, the composer of *Kiwi Weka*, was, and the link to Koro Paul as a young boy sharing his recollection of growing up at Te Puuaha o Waikato with American soldiers in the community. Then later, how both were members of the Snappy Seven playing the popular *Kiwi Weka* song as part of the band's repertoire.

The essay now takes an in-depth look at the words of the waiata itself, my translation of it along with my own analysis of it. There are a number of versions of the waiata in circulation, but I have chosen to highlight one recently released by my niece, a great granddaughter of Nanny Mite, who performs under the stage name Theia.[26] From Theia's account, these are the original words. I approached Aunty Mata, mentioned earlier, to request permission to use the waiata within this context and she readily agreed. This version follows:

Ngaa Kupu Tuuturu o te Waiata *Kiwi Weka*

Te whiti tuatahi	***The first verse***
Kei roto o Waikato ko te tari o te ora e	Within Waikato awaits the sustenance you desire
Ringitia mai, waeatia mai, tuhituhi mai e	Ring me, wire me or write me
Kei roto o Waikato ko te tari o te ora e	Within Waikato awaits the sustenance you desire
Ringitia mai, waeatia mai, tuhituhia mai e	Ring me, wire me or write me
Kei roto o Waikato ko te tari o te ora e	Within Waikato awaits the sustenance you desire
Te whiti tuarua	***The second verse***
Ki te pono koutou ki te matua he pai noa iho e	Bow to the glory of the creator and all that is good
He horihori noa iho te mamae o toou tinana e	The pain you are experiencing is only feigned
Te whiti tuatoru	***The third verse***
Haere mai, haere mai e ngaa iwi e	Welcome, welcome to all you people
Mauria mai te aroha e	Bring your love
Te whiti tuawhaa	***The fourth verse***
Rite tonu te maapu te maapu Amerikana	I liken that mob, that American mob
Ki ngaa manu o te moana e	to the ocean birds
E topa mai ana whakatau iho ana	flying here, staying awhile
Haere atu ana e	and taking flight away again
Te whiti tuarima	***The fifth verse***
Ka noho Kiwi Weka i roto i te mamaku	The Kiwi Weka stays here in the black
whakarongo kau ana e	fern listening intensely

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Ko taana mahi pai he noho noa iho I roto i te puihi e	they are happy staying here in their own bushland
Te whiti tuaono Ka noho Kiwi Weka i roto i te mamaku whakarongo kau ana e Ka whaanau te heeki kotahi tau rawa Kaatahi ka paopao e	***The sixth verse*** The Kiwi Weka stays here in the black fern listening intensely when they give birth after a year the child breaks through
Te whiti tuawhitu Ki te pono koutou ki te matua he pai noa iho e He horihori noa iho te mamae o toou tinana e	***The seventh verse*** Bow to the glory of the creator and all that is good The pain you are experiencing is only feigned
Te whiti tuawaru Ki te pono koutou ki te matua he pai noa iho e He horihori noa iho te mamae o toou tinana e Auee He horihori noa iho te mamae o toou tinana e	***The eighth verse*** Bow to the glory of the creator and all that is good The pain you are experiencing is only feigned The pain you are experiencing is only feigned

Ooku whakaaro e paa ana ki ngaa kupu o te waiata nei

You can deduce in the first verse, a proclamation is being made, an advertisement is proclaiming that the foodstocks the Waikato region is renowned for are bountiful and in good supply but metaphorically speaking, 'te tari o te ora' proclaims for those requiring 'sustenance' of a particular romantic, intimate nature, "come and get it!". Therefore, a plea is being made to initiate contact by any means; by ringing, by wire (telegram), by writing. No matter the means, please make, continue and maintain contact.

In the second verse, as with any possibility of "new found" and blossoming love, the art of courtship comes into play, the anticipation of connection followed by the possible hurt of rejection, the highs of happiness along with the faith and belief in connection, in that bond of love and the hopes for it to be resolute and strong. The sense of relationship is very much apparent. The conviction in that sense of connection, the curation of hope is being carefully nurtured and cultivated.

A shortage of men in New Zealand is apparent due to many fighting abroad with the New Zealand services. In my view the third verse is welcoming and inviting the American servicemen to the land, encouraging them to share their love and invest wisely and generously, an offer keenly accepted by many Maaori women and all women across the land, such was the situation they found themselves in at that time. A forsaken time, a forsaken land, a need for companionship and US Servicemen with time, money and manners to invest.

The fourth verse makes the analogy of the American serviceman comparable to the ocean bird who flies in, who makes a short stay and, for whatever reasons, flies off again.

Inevitably, this verse conveys sadness. It refers to American servicemen in the Waikato who had romantic liaisons with Maaori women but went home never to return. And the Maaori women were left behind, often with a child or children as reminders of the liaison that was. There are numerous examples, such as the former MP and Maaori Party leader, Tariana Turia, also had a father who was an American serviceman who did not return to New Zealand.[27]

For these Maaori woman left behind, a sense of heartbreak, devastation and desolation could be deduced from unspoken words; the waiata hints of a relationship that might have been, could have been, could still be fulfilled. This is the verse for me that is the turning point of the song, the realisation that you are beyond the point of no turning back. As the bird flies away, so too, do the dreams and aspirations of what might have been. Despite this sad note, the tune of this song is upbeat and catchy. As such it is a very popular song amongst our Tainui people. In more recent times it has been performed as a waiata-ā-ringa or an action song. You would not know the element of sadness it contains as it retains its playful and happy tempo throughout the entire song.

Conversely, verse five brings a sense of serenity and calm to the Maaori women left behind, resigned to the future ahead with no prospect of relationship with the American serviceman. Here the words denote the "kiwi weka" or Maaori woman is well, is happy, is content within the black fern – a reference to the sanctity of her own land and space. The black fern for me denotes the whaanau that provided the wrap-around support for the Maaori women who were left abandoned by an American serviceman's departure, which is compounded if a child or children were involved. Often, in such stressful situations like this, Maaori women had to do the best they could in such situations as the American servicemen were not coming back for them or their baby.

The sixth verse speaks of the nurturing, caring black fern or whaanau who provides shelter for the "kiwi weka" or Maaori women while she awaits the birth of her child. This depiction for me signifies that while the "kiwi weka" had been left in the bush on her own, she was never alone. We often relay how it takes a village to raise a child or use the analogy of the paa harakeke (flax bush) where the parent and grandparent or older stems protect the younger shoots growing in the middle, surrounding and supporting the young in all their endeavours. There is a positive side to this verse for me in that the birth of a baby entails the receiving of another descendant encapsulated in the Maaori phrase "he uri whakaheke", of knowing where one comes from. This particular verse has a direct resonance for me. My own father Tex Tepene Hunia Karaka (Koro Tepene) was one of these, "he uri whakaheke". He was received with love by his maatua whaangai who raised him from birth, Merirangitiiria and Rauwhero Karaka. We know his birth mother was Rangiwhata Clark, a niece to Rauwhero Karaka; his father was an American Filipino serviceman known as Nick.

Verses seven and eight reiterate and give thanks to the creator, acknowledging the good, and how any pain that is being experienced is only temporary. Unlike verse two cultivating the hopes of new relationship, by verse seven and eight the curation of hope that was being carefully nurtured and cultivated has disappeared as the American serviceman has departed, and the pain felt by that departure may still have lasting effects as the 'kiwi weka' or Maaori woman adjusts to the new circumstances.

The poignancy of verse six and indeed all of the words of *Kiwi Weka* are not lost on me. In their 2014 book, *Mothers' Darlings*, Judy Bennett and Angela Wanhalla uncovered the stories of the several thousand mixed-race babies born to Māori and Indigenous Pacific women from US servicemen during World War II. Bennett comments that "histories of the war in the Pacific focused on military strategy, great battles and men, diplomacy and economic issues.…Women's experiences are rarely mentioned and the lives of the children who were born as a result of the American intervention have been totally ignored".[28] This phrase has direct resonance for me and my late father. As part of their study, Bennett and Wanhalla noted that many children grew up aware of their parentage while some did not. So many children were born to unwed mothers, which within conservative communities caused complications and shame for those families. Thankfully Te Puuaha o Waikato was not one of these. And this is why Nanny Mite wrote the waiata *Kiwi Weka* in the way as she did. Within Te Puuaha o Waikato the children of Maaori women and the American servicemen, my father being one of them, are commonly known as the "1943 kids". I invited my father to participate in Bennett and Wanhalla's study and set him up with one of the researchers. He went so far as to book a time and a meeting date, but it did not progress much further than that. It was always a bone of contention for him not to seek out his paternal whakapapa as he did not want to disrespect the parents who raised him from a baby. He always said, "while there is breath in my body leave that kaupapa alone. When I die you can do what you like with it."

My father passed away on June 6 2019. I started writing this narrative that year not knowing what would come to pass. Then I could not continue with it at the time as it was too painful to do so. Later that year, on October 23 2019, Koro Paul also passed away. Again I could not put pen to paper to complete the story. As a part of the resonance of the waiata *Kiwi Weka* I have had an unfulfilled duty as well as a desire to bring forward this story that I was unable to do while my father, Koro Tepene, was alive, to show that he uri whakaheke (as mentioned in the verse 6 explanation of the waiata) are an important part of Te Puuaha o Waikato history and indeed New Zealand history.

Tex Tepene Hunia Karaka: Teetahi hua o te Kiwi Weka

My dad was born on December 14 1943 at Tapapa, Auckland. His birth certificate records his name as Tex Tepene Hunia Karaka although he was commonly known as Tex Clark. Many also knew him affectionately as Koro Tex or Koro Tepene. I noticed that in his later years, however, he had taken to calling himself Tepene Karaka. His headstone reads Tepene Hunia Karaka with Tex Clark in brackets. My father has always had difficulty with his legal name and I remember my mother once exclaiming that she was married to an imposter as, apparently, Tex Clark didn't legally exist but Tepene Karaka, his "passport" name, did.

My father's ethnicity has always been the source of a great conversation starter: We grew up on the northwest side of Taupoo where our weekly treat was to dine at an Asian restaurant called Chinatown. The staff spoke rapid fire Chinese to my dad and his response was always the same, "I'm not Chinese, I'm Maaori!" No matter, each week the routine would be the same, eliciting the same response from my father. We thought it was great, as it appeared we got extra-large servings of food.

My father's paternal parentage continues to have an air of mystique or intrigue associated with it. He was still one of a number of Port Waikato's "1943 kids", along with some of his other cousins, who are the legacy of these war-time relations between young Maaori women

and US servicemen stationed in South Auckland during 1942-1944. My father was the second child of the liaison; both he and his older brother, my uncle John Martin, were tamariki whaangai[29] and raised by two different, but related whaanau. We are very fortunate that the Karaka whaanau raised my father and the Martin whaanau raised my uncle John. While they have both now passed away, looking at the pair of them you can see a striking resemblance and immediately know they are related. These similarities also passed to the next generation where my uncle John's daughters, my cousins Sonia and Bronwyn in particular, could also pass for sisters of myself and my younger sister Tinimiraka.

I have often wondered about my paternal grandfather's genes, from a health perspective more than anything, but maybe he was also wealthy, or famous or … Upon questioning my father about that side of his genealogy, his response has always been, "I was raised by my mother Merirangitiiria and my father Rauwhero, they loved me and spoiled me and fed me. My brother Mati and my sisters Mihikorama and Linda[30] have always been my whaanau. What more could I have wanted for?"

In 1990, we learnt the identity of my father's maternal whaanau, a poignant memory I will never forget. After being given a street address in South Auckland, we came upon this house. Sitting outside in the front yard was a boat, simply named "Tex". "See," my mum remarked, "they always knew you existed." Tears still well up in my eyes, even now, when I think back to that moment and how it reduced my dad to tears as well. My father is not Chinese but I can confirm, from his maternal grandmother who was 87 when we met her that day, that his biological father was an American Filipino, so we do have Asian ancestry after all. This accounts for our high cheekbone structure and eye shape.

Farming in the Waikato, in the Central North Island, eventually attending university and getting qualifications in social work, and retiring in 2013 from work with the Salvation Army were my father's varying occupations over the years. One cannot say he ever retired, however, as he became busier than ever carrying out kaumatua duties for a number of predominantly education, health and social welfare organisations and for the national Māori Women's Welfare League. This meant he mostly performed the role of speechmaking during poowhiri and other formal occasions as required, for many groups within the community. This had taken him to hui at a local, regional, national and even international level.

Prior to his untimely death on June 6 2019 after a short, three-month illness, and with mortality staring him in the face, decision time was pending about the best options for his health going forward. A question was raised about his paternal gene pool from his American serviceman father that could have implications for his health. By the time the doctors chose to explore this option, he took a turn for the worse and it was too late as he passed away. Born to a US American serviceman and a young Maaori woman from Te Puuaha o Waikato, Koro Tepene was a "1943 kid" who led a rich and fulfilling life leaving behind his paa harakeke of his wife, four children, six grandchildren and two great grandchildren. In the words of the waiata *Kiwi Weka* this was "i roto i te mamaku".

Koorero Whakakapi
I owe a depth of gratitude to my Nanny Mite and Koro Paul. E whakamaanawa ana ahau i a raaua tahi. I acknowledge them both. Firstly Nanny Mite for writing this song *Kiwi Weka*. Who would have thought this catchy little song that I hear all the time when I am back in my

own iwi would have aroused my curiosity enough to consider my paternal whakapapa. I acknowledge the original words that I chose to use for this article even though most sing another, more popular version.[31] The reason for this is to help retain and re-introduce this version into circulation, which will be greatly assisted by my niece, Nanny Mite's great granddaughter, recently releasing it as a single song. Teenei te mihi ki a koe Theia.[32] From my childhood memories Nanny Mite was always a Nanny whom we got to see when she visited the Dunphy whaanau in Taupoo, and whom I associated with all the other Nannies of Tauranganui marae.

Secondly, I acknowledge Koro Paul. I spent a good two hours or longer listening to his stories about his boyhood-chores carting the big guns up the cliffs at Te Puuaha o Waikato for the US servicemen. The tales of the Snappy Seven band treasure trove of memories, that I had no prior knowledge of and would not have stumbled across had we not been chatting about my "1943 kid" dad that day and Nanny Mite's *Kiwi Weka* waiata. It never crossed my mind to ask him about this topic before and yet Koro Paul has always been a prominent figure in our lives and I have always had a close bond with him. It has been an interesting, scenic journey back in time and forced me to walk through a landscape my father was hesitant to explore. It was not because he had no interest or curiosity in doing so but from a sense of not wanting to be disrespectful to the parents who clothed, fed and raised him.

Historically it has put into context and explained for me the presence of the US American servicemen at Te Puuaha o Waikato. To this end I now have some tentative understanding of my father's paternal whakapapa and how the US American serviceman 'Nick' came to be in New Zealand. Both Rangiwhata Clark, my father's birth mother, and the US American serviceman Nick are certainly worthy of acknowledgement as the creators and givers of life to my father. Teenei te mihi ake.

Last but not least, not a day goes by where I don't think about my father. He accompanies me wherever I go. Every time I look in the mirror his reflection looks back at me because I am the person in my family that looks most similar to my dad. Wherever I go, I often hear the comment from relatives as, "Gosh you look like your dad!" Each time I hear the waiata *Kiwi Weka* , especially since my dad's passing, I cannot help but fondly break into a small smile in remembrance of my father as he uri whakaheke because of the coming of the US American servicemen to Aotearoa New Zealand, how they were based in Waikato, the effects this had on the immediate community not only for the short term they were here physically over 1942-1944, but for whaanau like us and others, the impact for generations. My father was fortunately embraced by our extended whaanau thus helping to ground our collective whaanau positions within Aotearoa New Zealand society, but the reality is that our American whakapapa still remains elusive. The reasonance of the waiata *Kiwi Weka* will always be more than just a song to me. It does not just have implications for me and my whaanau, but it has wider implications for Waikato whaanau especially the "1943 kids", but even for other New Zealanders like Tariana Turia who are the descendants of the union of Maaori and American servicemen during World War Two.

Ko te here o te aroha e mau roa e. Moe mai koutou, Nanny Mite, Koro Tepene, Koro Paul i roto i ngaa ringa o te ariki. E kore rawa koutou e warewaretia.

[1] A lot of information for this article comes from a lot of personal communications from a few people. These include Tepene Karaka, October 2018; Te Wahapu Rapana, October 2018; Tuahana Clark, October 2018; Lewis Dunphy, August, 2022; Matakahuoue Dunphy, August, 2022; Ngarewa Hawera, August. 2022.
[2] The band was previously part of the well-known Kiingitanga personality Te Puea Herangi's fundraising regime of the 1940s and 1950s. See Michael King, *Te Puea. A biography* (Auckland: Hodder and Stoughton, 1977).
[3] See Judith A. Bennett and Angela Wanhalla (eds), *Mothers' Darlings of The South Pacific: The Children of Indigenous Women and U.S. Servicemen, World War II*, (Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press, 2016); Karen Hughes "Transnational struggles for racial justice: Indigenous Australian women's marriages to American servicemen during the Second World War", in Eileen Boris, Sandra Trudgen Dawson, Barbara Molony (eds), *Engendering Transnational Transgressions*, (London: Routledge, 2020), 115-32.
[4] Mite Kukutai, *Te Taniwha o Waikato* (Hamilton: The Centre of Maaori Studies and Research, University of Waikato, 1997).
[5] King movement gathering-hui held monthly on various marae where people who support the Kiingitanga demonstrate their loyalty, contribute to funds, and discuss movement affairs.
[6] An impromptu belly-thrusting dance particularly renowned to Waikato people. See: Kopikopi – Te Ataarangi Poutapu teaches and performs Kopikopi, a Maori dance; WakaHuia Television production, 22 June 2014, at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NqsBTZIhlik (Accessed 16 October 2022); The Mataatua and Te Arawa iwi of the Bay of Plenty also recognise kopikopi as being particular to Waikato as well. See Hemana Eruera, Tania Rangiheuea, Ngāhuia Dixon, *Ngā Poukai o Kōkōhīnau: ngā taonga tuku iho mau tonu (1963-2013)* (Manukau, NZ: Wakatere, 2014).
[7] Her autobiography was published in 1997 but if she was eighty seven at the time of writing (p.7), that means it may have been written two years earlier in 1995 given she was born in 1908.
[8] Mite Kukutai, *Te Taniwha o Waikato*, 5.
[9] A Waikato leader of her time (1883-1852) and the granddaughter of the second Maaori monarch, Kiingi Taawhiao. Michael King, *Te Puea. A biography*, 35-49.
[10] For example, Bennett and Wanhalla, *Mothers' Darlings*; Jock Phillips, *A Brief Encounter: American Forces and the New Zealand People, 1942-1945: an Illustrated Essay* (Wellington, Historical Branch, Department of Internal Affairs, 1992); Harry Bioletti, *The Yanks are Coming: The American Invasion of New Zealand, 1942-1944* (Auckland: Random House, 1995); Denys Bevan, *United States Forces in New Zealand, 1942-1945* (Alexandra: Macpherson, 1992).
[11] "First US Troops Arrive in Auckland", NZ History https://nzhistory.govt.nz/war/us-forces-in-new-zealand/arrival (Accessed 16 October 2020)
[12] ibid. See also Bevan, *United States Forces*; Ian McGibbon (ed.), "United States troops in New Zealand", *The Oxford Companion to New Zealand Military History* (Auckland: Oxford University Press, 2000), 550–552.
[13] NZ History https://nzhistory.govt.nz/war/us-forces-in-new-zealand/the-camps (Accessed 4 October 2020)
[14] Personal Communication with Te Wahapu Rapana, October 2018.
[15] See some accounts of American soldiers' interactions with New Zealand women in John Griffiths, "Popular culture and modernity: Dancing in New Zealand society 1920-1945", *Journal of Social History* (2008): 611-32.
[16] NZ History https://nzhistory.govt.nz/war/us-forces-in-new-zealand/americans-and-maori
[17] The Maaori King movement based in the Waikato with which Te Puea Herangi was involved. See: Sir Robert Te Kotahi Mahuta and Angela Ballara, *Te Kīngitanga: the People of the Māori King Movement: Essays from the Dictionary of New Zealand Biography* (Auckland: Auckland University Press; Wellington, Dictionary of New Zealand Biography), 1996.
[18] NZ History https://nzhistory.govt.nz/war/us-forces-in-new-zealand/americans-and-maori

[19] NZ History https://nzhistory.govt.nz/war/us-forces-in-new-zealand/having-fun-us-style (Accessed 1 September 2022)
[20] Interestingly, there was an Auckland band in the late 1920s and early 1930s called the "Seattle Snappy Seven". They even played at Te Kohanga in 1933. See *Franklin Times*, 2 October 1933, 5. Nanny Mite's band may have even "re-used" this name in the 1960s whether they were aware of it or not.
[21] Personal Communication with Te Wahapu Rapana, October 2018. The surname for Boro was not remembered.
[22] Personal Communication with Te Wahapu Rapana, October 2018. The surnames for Paul and Taiora were not remembered.
[23] There were a number of Maaori bands that played in the 1950s through the 1970s. See: "Kaupapa on the Couch: the incredible Māori showbands", *The Spinoff*, 25 June 2019, https://thespinoff.co.nz/atea/25-06-2019/kaupapa-on-the-couch-the-incredible-maori-showbands (Accessed 16 October 2022); also Lou Kewene Doig, "The Māori Show bands: A Daughter's Story", https://www.audioculture.co.nz/articles/the-maori-showbands-a-daughter-s-story (Accessed 16 October 2022); See also L. Kewene-Doig, "He Kohinga Kōrero: A selected group of Māori musicians and performers' experiences of the 1960s through the Māori showband movement" (PhD thesis, University of Otago, 2022).
[24] Tuini Ngawai was a renowned Ngaati Porou songwriter who composed prolifically during the war years.
[25] Personal Communication with Te Wahapu Rapana, October 2018.
[26] This version of the words is to be found at "Pop princess Theia tells the story of her inspirational kuia, Mite Te Aho Karaka Kukutai" 6 July 2022' at https://womanmagazine.co.nz/pop-princess-theia-tells-the-story-of-her-inspirational-kuia-mite-te-aho-karaka-kukutai/ (Accessed 17 October 2022)
[27] See Helen Leahy, *Crossing the Floor: The Story of Tariana Turia* (Wellington: Huia, 2015)
[28] *"Mothers' Darlings," He Kitenga Impacts*, no date, https://www.otago.ac.nz/hekitenga/features/otago043238.html (Accessed 21 October 2022).
[29] "adopted" children, raised by relatives.
[30] Another child who was a whaangai and raised by Merirangitiiria and Rauwhero.
[31] See Rahui Papa, Pania Papa, Linda Te Aho, *He kete waiata-A basket of songs* (Hamilton: Indigenous Corporate Solutions, 2004).
[32] "Theia's Te Kaahu Shares Live Single 'Kiwi Weka'", 10 December 2021 at https://www.undertheradar.co.nz/news/19275/Theias-TE-KAAHU-Shares-Live-Single-Kiwi-Weka.utr (Accessed 17 October 2022)