

Maori . . . and stands on his head . . . holes and . . . himself in the fat. Loud cheers for the winners 'Haere mai' – Many in silk . . . with a handkerchief on . . . boots and only a few with bare feet. The winning Maori girl in a red jacket and her hair streaming in the wind (riding astride) came a long way before the others. One of them fell off and the polite . . . and a lot of people were on the spot immediately. A lot of Tauranga [ale] was consumed. The people were sitting on stones (silicone blocks), the spectators in different groups on a little hill. Pipes were lit and passed from mouth to mouth. Such is the Maori . . . Groups according to family or village. One could often see them rub their noses together. First a handshake, then they pressed their noses together, then another handshake, then they part in silence, or perhaps there are some wailing sounds during the 'nose rubbing' about what has taken place since they last met. Already early in the morning everybody was up and about, shouting and talking and Scott said that yesterday everyone had been a bit flustered and full of ideas for the races.

The following day at one o'clock there were sports. Not nearly as many people watching and many in their working clothes and with bare feet. (1) boys race (2) girls race (Scott's [daughter?] won) (3) racing two by two with legs tied together (4) riding on each other's backs running on all fours (5) putting sticks through rings while riding. A halfcast man was the most skilful at this. One Maori behaved very clumsily; Skinner likewise. Finally a swimming contest. Earlier there had also been some fencing with Maori type staffs. An old man, tattooed and naked except for a linen cloth tied around his waist, stepped forward. No one wanted to fence. The Maoris easily forget their old customs. Finally a man, not tattooed, about 30 years old stepped forward and thrust his staff against the old man's chest. Shouts of 'Patu, patu' were heard. . . . tightly with the staff in one hand and the other hand hanging straight down with rigidly separated fingers, moving now to the right and now to the left, the staff is forcefully grasped and thrust forward. The tongue is poked out, the features are distorted, the eyes wide open in order to give the face as terrifying a look as possible and frighten the adversary. There had also been boxing earlier, a white man and a Maori. Like ordinary boxing . . . The place for the sports was alongside the river with the camp in the background.

The road leads from Ohinemutu, very near Whakarewarewa, and when I had come up through the pass I was met by the sight of grass covered fields when . . . earlier were only Ferns and Manuka. Then grass meadows alternate with Ferns. But around Tapuacharuru there is grass and Manuka, while between Opotiki [?] there is only grass. Soon we reach the high mountain edge in the west (Horohoro?) and just in front of this is Paeroa which as well as Orakeikorako can be seen to be not far from the bridge across the Waikato river and where the horses