

Television channels filmed the New Zealand entry and interviewed Mr McLeod, a full-blooded Maori of the Tuhoe Tribe, and six daily newspapers carried pictures with stories.

"It gave New Zealand the kind of publicity to directly boost our tourist numbers from Japan," said Air New Zealand's Graham Ward.

Mr Ward said in conjunction with the festival, which was attended by 1.5 million people this year, the airline's Japan office set up a promotion of New Zealand and our mountains as an off-season ski destination.

"Eight people out of every 10 that came by had cameras," says Mr McLeod, who himself returned to New Zealand loaded down with colour prints of the events.

He also snapped the many superb ice sculptures and other works in snow that had been entered in local contests or were simply there for show, having been created over the past two months.

The magnificent mid-winter monuments included a huge replica of the Sydney Opera House, a cathedral that had a lift set into the ice so that visitors could admire the interior, transparent fish, fans and a delicate harp with each string a spindle of frozen water.

And then there were the happy characters of children's fairy tales with the latest in space fantasy, E.T., getting a slice of the action in a variety of poses.

Those photographs with the cup and heavy medal Mr McLeod won will be cherished by his father Ray until the younger man returns home from travels which will take him beyond the Port Moresby Travelodge at the end of the year and into Asia.

Mr McLeod Senior, Manager of the Wellington Travelodge's Bohdan Restaurant, is Punch proud of his adopted son's achievements and the "warrior-like" drive that saw him through the intense cold to the fighting spirit trophy.

It was through him that Joe had his first contact with the culinary art when he worked at the Wellington Travelodge as a kitchenhand during his holidays as an Opotiki College pupil.

A three-year chef's apprenticeship followed his school days, with an award for top pupil at the course's end.

The sculpting skills came to the fore in competition work and in 1981 he went to Bellamy's in Parliament Buildings where they keep margarite busts of our Prime Minister Mr Muldoon in the chillers for certain occasions.

Late last year Mr McLeod and fellow chef and friend Alan Austin, of Nelson, decided to test the kitchens of the world. They headed for Brisbane which led to Port Moresby, where the snow sculptor supreme is back cooking up more usual restaurant fare and readjusting to the Papua-New Guinea humidity with 40 degree-plus heat.

## The Spirit of Mangatu

William L. Perry

Did I hear the faint call of a Weka at Te Apati?  
Or was it the lazy flap of a trout's tail in a crystal clear pool in the Motu?  
Maybe it was the rustle of wild pigs on Waitangirua.  
Could it have been the babble of grey water frothing over papa in the Waipaoa?  
No, it may have been a shepherd's whistle on Komihana.  
Did we poach trout on Okaihau, Mr Daveron?  
And the tipuna in the sacred urupa on Mangamaia;  
is your sleep peaceful?  
Yes, the wind constantly bends the grassy swarthes of Wairere's slopes.

Ah! I smell pine resin and hear the burrr of a chainsaw.  
Have the scars on the Dome healed yet?  
We killed the Tamariki-O-Tane and paid the price.  
Yes, that is the sweet aroma of Hangi at Whatatutu assailing my sense of smell  
and causing the saliva to run.  
The day is fine.  
Why are my eyes wet as I stand at Tapuae-O-te-Rangi?  
Who rings the bell now?  
My heart races.  
It is Ngawari.  
I thought you too were baptised into Papatuanuku.  
The sound of voices.  
The Pa rang once with untold kids.  
The Peneha's, Brown's, Haronga's, Tamanui's, Wainui's, Matenga's, Smith's,  
Waru's, Tuapawa's, Irwin's, Morris's, Henry's, and others.  
It is silent now.

I turn and raise my head in saluation to that noble mother of 'Ngariki Wahia'  
adorned in her mantle of splendour.  
Maungahumi!  
Arowhana! Arowhana! Arowhana!  
Pawa knew you.  
Rawiri also, and Hirini Te Kani-a-Taki Rau.  
Like a shining pillar of marble you are majestic as you suckle 'Te Aitanga-a-Mahaki', your children.

Oh mangatu you called.  
With pride we hold you aloft.  
The memories are treasured and sweet.  
You course through our veins and cause the pulse to race.  
You draw us to your bosom.  
Home, yes home again.  
We had to come home.  
Mangatu is the people. Mangatu is history. Mangatu is the land.  
Mangatu is religion. Mangatu is politics. Mangatu is the heart and soul.  
Mangatu the man. Mangatu the river. Mangatu the Marae!

Tena Koutou. Tena Koutou. Tena Koutou Katoa.

Mangatu is shifting its wharepuni this year from its present site up to Whatatutu because of flooding.

Ngawari, the original marae site has disappeared under many metres of silt and now the time has come to move again. Floods have become a regular event in the Mangatu river, Waipaoa river and adjacent streams, due largely to the soil erosion problem caused by the deafforestation programme. Rutene Irwin (Mangatu Carpentry Supervisor) with the aid of others shifted 'Ngawari' the Tipuna Whare from its original site to its present one.

They set to and restored the many valuable ancestors' photographs (all of which went under the floods on numerous occasions). A valuable and irreplaceable photo of Hori Puru, tohunga of Mangatu was too badly

damaged to be restored and was reproduced as a painting.

Te ahutanga mai o tenei ingoa **Te Ngawarii** whakatakotoria mai i nga korero i homaitia ki a Te Aitanga-A-Mahaki e Te Kooti i roto o Te Kuiti.  
Hoki atu whakahautia Te Rongopai i runga i Te Ngawari me te aroha. Tena a whakahau e tu mai ra i rangatira, Te Rongopai e tu mai ra i roto o Te Whanau akai whai ake ko Te Tipuna e tu nei ate Ngawari, whakamutu atu kia te aroha e tu mai ra i roto o Tapu-I-Hikitia.

Ko Maungahaumi Te Maunga  
Ko Mangatu Te Awa  
Ko Te Aitanga-A-Mahaki Te Iwi  
Ko Ngariki Wahia Te Hapu  
Ko Ngawari Te Tipuna e tu nei  
Ko Rawiri Te Tangata kei roto  
Ko Mangatu Te Marae.