

Sir Bob has a few words about Maori Kingship

By Bob Jones

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So, the comical Ngaruawahia ex-truck driver who can't speak Maori and struggles with English but calls himself King of Maoridom despite his realm ending at his letterbox has declared Maori own the rain. That's excellent news. I assume His Majesty will accept liability for inflicting millions of dollars of flood damage annually through Maori rain supply mismanagement. He can ponder that when sitting on the only throne he'll ever occupy, namely in his lavatory.

Pulling the royal pretender's strings is his court jester, Underpants Morgan, a man evidently of Welsh ancestry and probably a direct descendent of Cardiff-born Henry Morgan of piracy notoriety. But that was the 17th century. Try this owning-everything-by-right racket in the valleys today, boyo, and you will discover your Welsh kin are not big on humour.

Another blowhard claimed Maori own the wind. He has a point, given the amount they generate at these hooey babblefests.

But be assured, soul-selling barristers, driven by their wallets, will shamelessly go to bat for them, twisting and turning the meanings of an anachronistic 170-year-old vague Treaty.

The Prime Minister must emulate Helen Clark, who commendably brooked no nonsense and promptly legislated against the foreshore larceny try-on. John Key could offer in appeasement free white canes and seeing-eye dogs, as all these hui hoodlums appear to be blind, wearing dark glasses day and night.

Unfortunately, this will again mean Wellingtonians suffering the aesthetically distasteful spectacle of spear-waving obese males, consistent with their predominant ancestry, most bearing Irish names, waddling down Lambton Quay. Their risible responses after their foreshore try-on march to television reporters, asking what they were actually seeking, recalled 1970s socialists who when queried what they meant by socialism, would carry on at inordinate length solely about what they didn't mean.

Let's cut to the quick. Despite the euphemistic deceit about "resources" and the "Crown", what these parasites seek is for hard-struggling Kiwi workers to give them money without them having to work for it. It's that simple. They're a disgrace, not only to Maori but to the human race.

John Key should call an early election on this "who owns the rain, wind, air and everything else" issue and National would receive a massive majority. The dilemma facing Labour is tricky. David Shearer is a sensible man, as are most of his parliamentary colleagues who would all deplore this despicable attempt at bludging off taxpayers. But what to do – vote with the Government, abstain, or vote against?

Labour should firmly state their support for clarification legislation otherwise they'll wave goodbye to their blue-collar voters who will be up in arms over this we're-entitled-to-live-off-you-all claptrap.

Have these thespians leaning on their carved walking sticks no shame? It's all reminiscent of 1951 when the waterfront gangsters held the country to ransom, deplored then even by the Federation of Labour. Prime Minister Holland went to the country with the winning election question of "who runs the country?" Labour was doomed after their leader, Walter Nash, weakly stated he was "neither for nor against". That fence-sitting contributed to National ruling the roost for 27 of the next 33 years.

The Greens face a similar position. Some of them would assert that Maori should receive free breakfast in bed and cars, both clearly promised in the Treaty as the Waitangi Tribunal would undoubtedly confirm. But should they side against the public anger on this issue, they would be decimated in a snap election.

Every Maori I know is angered by this rain, wind and everything else ownership claim, rightly seeing it as deceitful and divisive. It wouldn't surprise me if this attitude is typical of Maoridom across the land. The ball's in the Government's court to make it clear that the gravy train has reached the station and is off to the museum. It should also kill off the unnecessary Waitangi Tribunal whose predictable, absurd decisions are causing so much disharmony.

Here's a suggestion for the Ngaruawahia pretender who will only ever become a king if he changes his name by deed poll and who's seeking ways of getting his hands on other people's hard-earned money. He should send Underpants to see our top Auckland promoters, Duco. They'll have no trouble selling Maori monarchy dukedoms,

earldoms, baronetcies, honorary consulships, etc, across the globe. Ornate certificates signed by His Majesty will be the only expense. His Highness could also establish a Ngaruawahia University by royal decree and flog instant doctorates, for which there's a solid demand. If shady, such initiatives would nevertheless be a damn sight worthier than their current endeavours. I am of course assuming that actually working for a living is totally out of the question.

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