

New Zealand

ounders

BULLETIN



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GUEST EDITORIAL

By Hugh Ross, Wanganui Branch President

I think the first thing the Pakeha does not realise about the Maori-tanga is that it still marches on as a separate philosophy to our own and probably will continue to do so into the unforeseeable future.

They may appear to think as we do and behave as we do; they appear as Pakeha but deep beneath the surface there is another world of a sort of extra sensory perception, a sort of world of the sixth sense or what have you which will go on.

About ten years ago a very intellectual enquirer wrote to me at Taupo asking for the address of a real tohunga. I knew what she meant but the Maori would not have. Tohunga means "expert" or "specialist". I remember all too well a petrol engine that drove my shearing plant before I installed electricity. It used to cut out and there would be an instant howl from the shearers of "Haere mai te Tohunga engine" so I can therefore reasonably claim to be a tohunga if only of a cranky Anderson engine.

However I knew what my earnest enquirer expected—some venerable old man full of mystic power and natural learning. She was from a university and I could see what was likely. If I did find some man of learning she would charge up to him and fire questions like a machine-gun and he'd close up like a clam and say he didn't know anything like his grandfather did.

Anyway I wrote back and said there were no tohungas as she envisaged them and the last died out about 1910 or 20. Well that was about 10 years ago. Now after over six years of even closer contact I know that I was wrong. Then I looked upon the ancient Polynesian learning as something retained by a few old bush Maoris who were a sort of mystery unto themselves. Now I

know that I had the wrong idea altogether. The realms of higher thought are not disseminated as public knowledge but only transmitted to such persons as are mentally fitted to receive it, mature in their minds, and use it wisely. Yes it is power of mind because it is simply the roadway to fundamental truth; not the path of play way and free love but stark and often uncomfortable truth.

How many hold this learning—I suppose 50 to 100. I don't know, but I can assure you that the ancient philosophy of Io the Supreme One the All of All is not forgotten.

To illustrate this attitude I will refer to the House of Commons Blue Book on N.Z. of 1843. In the investigations a man gave evidence to the effect that in 1823, that is nine years after the arrival of the first missionaries, a great meeting was called of the tohunga-tanga-whare-wananga or those masters of the mysteries of the spirit world. There they decided that the Christian teaching held truths of which had not been revealed to them and the "word" went out to the Maori people that they were to accept mission teaching, and, this is the point—bring it back to the Maori-tanga. Now get the difference, return to the Maori-tanga with additional knowledge—not become slaves of the missionaries.

Now the Maori can grasp a new idea in a flash of inspiration—shall I say he gulps it down and then digests it slowly—or he may sick it up and go away. Final decisions are very slow but he understands with that extra sense of

his and his final decision is very clear and mature.

Consequently the Maori Io and the Jewish Jehova were seen as one being—the “All of All”, and Christ is the Son of the Father and so the Maoritanga has enfolded Christianity into itself.

Now I am frequently asked or challenged that the Maori did not want us here.

When we first came here the Maoris did not recognise themselves as one race—they were the descendants of so many “canoes”.

Hongi of Bay of Islands acquired muskets first and set out to destroy the other tribes; then Te Rauparaha at Kapiti did the same. Those tribes that were decimated by the musket-owners naturally welcomed European law and order—it was their only hope of survival. The tribes owning muskets knew they must retain at least trading contact or they might find themselves without powder and lead, and of course a lot of other things—amazing things. McDonnell of Horeke in Hokiangana in one of his orders required 50 folding lances, 50 cuirasses or breastplates, the same of frock coats and bell-toppers. If you hear of more than one of Hongi's famous suits of armour you can guess where they came from. He was a smart salesman was McDonnell.

You can see that the Maori had to have traders around the coasts but he needed money to buy the trade goods so he sold just a little bit of land to get what he wanted. Then of course his appetite once whetted, he desired more and more European goods, and the Pakeha land-shark made devils holiday; even some missionaries buying such vast tracts that Sir Geo. Grey as Governor held a Royal Commission on them in 1846 and reduced them by over two thirds.

The Maori did not envisage the hordes of immigrants that poured in from overcrowded Europe and he did not want them at all—but the Treaty of Waitangi had opened the legal door, for N.Z. had become a British Colony.

Consequently after Hauhaism had united the tribes the Maori became a race and fought us for ten years.

I doubt it could have been avoided, throughout history it has always occurred.

Today I very much doubt that we need to worry much about racial ani-

mosities in N.Z. The silent majority accept us without emotion and a pure bred Maori is unusual.

In fact I continually enter Maori homes where the weapons of the old Hauhau ancestors hang on the wall beside portraits of fathers who fought in the two World Wars.

That 14,000 Maoris gathered to entertain Her Majesty the Queen at Gisborne is surely proof enough of their affection for her. Could you gather as many for any other purpose.

As a race they don't particularly love us or hate us—they just accept us, as you do me or I do you.

My great grandfather had vast tracts of land in Rangitikei originally, but he never bought, except through the Government; originally he leased and left the Maori occupants on the land but grazed round them—not with sheep to be worried by Maori dogs, but with cattle which they couldn't pull down—a bit of tact; that's all.

Many Maoris today still don't have any respect for words on paper. They are often just Pakeha medicine-man's bag of tricks to him.

I remember being lectured by a legal bloke about keeping deeds free of pin marks, paper-clip marks, and so forth; and then I collected a very important document from a Maori home. It was a perfect maze of where-ases and here-tofores and in consequence was very, very holy in the eyes of the law. The poor devil of a Maori had obviously spent a long time trying to make head or tail of it for it had been folded several different ways, and possibly he'd still been puzzling over it at the breakfast table and may have dropped it among his eggs and bacon, while cuffing one of his half dozen sons, because there was a greasy patch on the back and one or two spots of jam on the front.

I still treasure the look on the face of the legal bloke when I gave it to him—poor fellow—it was so important to him.

If you want to understand something of the Maori point of view pick up a copy of Manu Gilbert's “Linesman's Ticket”, he's just got the perfect picture of the natural Maori—and particularly the part about the chap who would wrap up his lunch with his P.A.Y.E. form.

—W. Hugh Ross

(An address given to Wanganui Lions Club, Feb. 1972.)

—Hon. Daniel Riddiford, M.P.

THE TREATY OF PARTNERSHIP

1972 Founders Waitangi Function "Toast to the Treaty"—proposed by the Hon. Daniel Riddiford, M.P. (Past President of the Society) and delivered on the eve of his retirement for reasons of health from the Cabinet posts of Minister for Justice and Attorney-General:

Mr President, Ladies and Gentlemen, in proposing the toast to the Treaty of Waitangi, I feel deeply honoured. It forms not only one of the most significant events in New Zealand history as a British settlement, but also one of the first. Its date is 6th February 1840. It is true that other events in a chronological sense preceded it but of course a long period of negotiation led up to the signing of the Treaty, so that we can justly acclaim it both as the real starting point of New Zealand's history and as a symbol of the spirit which has inspired the relations between Maori and Pakeha.

The significant document known as the Treaty of Waitangi is surprisingly simple, so simple indeed that I shall venture even in the short space appropriate to a speech on this occasion to summarise its contents.

The preamble declares that Captain Hobson is authorised by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, to act on her behalf and appoints him Governor of such parts of New Zealand as the confederated and independent chiefs of New Zealand shall cede to the Queen.

The first Article declares that the chiefs of the confederation of the united tribes of New Zealand and other chiefs cede to the Queen of England their rights and sovereignty over their lands.

The second Article declares that the Queen confirms and guarantees to the chiefs and tribes of New Zealand undisturbed possession of their lands, estates, forests, fisheries and other properties so long as they wish to retain them but they yield to the Queen the exclusive right of pre-emption over such lands as the proprietors may wish to alienate at such prices as may be agreed upon between the owners and persons appointed by the Queen to negotiate with them.

The third Article gives to the Maoris the protection of the Queen and all the rights and privileges of British subjects.

Because the Treaty of Waitangi was intended to be a Treaty, it is not couched in legislative form nor under

the circumstances was it possible to express it in such a manner. As is however stated in Volume VI of the 1931 issue of the Consolidated Statutes of New Zealand in an important note, the Treaty of Waitangi may be regarded as the foundation on which rests the whole of the legislation with respect to Maoris.

Article II which provides for the appointment by the Crown of persons to treat with the Maoris for the sale of their land, did operate for a time. Land purchase officers purchased large areas of land at a low price. The land was then sold to Europeans at a considerably greater price. While it is true that the productive capacity of the land could not be easily ascertained the system was found to be unsatisfactory and was replaced by the establishment of the Maori Land Court in a series of enactments extending over a period of years.

While I have endeavoured to tell you what the Treaty of Waitangi is from a technical point of view, such words are quite inadequate to express its significance as a symbol of the partnership of the Maori and European peoples in New Zealand. This partnership has been of a character in which both peoples can take a just pride.

While it may be true that relations between Europeans and Polynesians have proved easier than the relations with Europeans and other races yet there have been difficulties and a considerable variation in the development of these relations in different Polynesian countries.

The chief point about the Treaty of Waitangi is that it spells out clearly and emphatically a partnership between the British people and the Maoris. It is not a statement of annexation. It is not a declaration that one race is superior to the other but a strong affirmation of partnership. This spirit has continued and I hope will always remain a binding force uniting the Maori and the European peoples.

continued on next page

PRESIDENT ON THE SPOT (3)

(The Continuing Diary of Branch Visits)

At last I was able to avail myself of taking up the standing invitation from the Bay of Plenty Branch to experience their kindly hospitality—and experience it I did right from the instant the plane slid out of damp skies onto the runway at Tauranga Airport. Thank you very much Miss Dorothy Mountford for your welcome; that “out-of-this-world-and-in-an-earlier-one” visit to Tauranga’s wonderful pioneer oasis “The Elms”; for your expert hospitality of the hearth and ensuring that I met everyone I should and arrived there on time.

No one who loves the early settler past should miss calling upon the resident hosts of “The Elms”. When there the Mission House seen from spacious grounds looks for all the world like the Mission House at Waitangi—but those original panes of glass in its colonial-

. . . The Treaty of Partnership *Cont'd*

Times have changed. Europeans, other than those of British stock, have come to New Zealand while Polynesians, other than Maoris, have come to this country. In addition, races other than Europeans or Polynesians have also settled here. The spirit which inspired the Treaty of Waitangi has, to a large extent, characterised the wider relations between races which have assumed greater importance today than in the past. Not only is this an advantage in New Zealand itself but it is an advantage when New Zealanders go overseas.

New Zealanders, to a greater extent perhaps than any other European people, are colour blind. This is of enormous importance with the growing ties which this country is developing with Malaysia and Singapore within the Commonwealth and such countries as Indonesia which are outside it. The two important principles of justice and freedom are expressed in the Treaty of Waitangi in well chosen language. These principles are the foundation of harmonious relations with all peoples everywhere. It is right therefore that we should, from time to time, concentrate our thoughts on the Treaty of Waitangi, reflect on what it was intended to carry out when it was signed and consider how best to perpetuate its principles.

Ladies and Gentlemen, by doing this we shall, in the year 1972, be carrying out in some small measure what the signatories of this great Treaty intended.

style french-windowed frontage that sparkle like chandelier pendants under the much more than 135 years of loving attention. Out in the grounds with their uninterrupted view of the Harbour’s intricate channels and the Mount—uninterrupted essentially like a two-way mirror’s vista since the strategically-sited giant Norfolk pines that almost from the beginning of Missionary D. Brown’s residence, served literally as daytime guiding-lights to paddle, sail and steam making safe harbour.

And the Reverend’s study summer-house—this must be seen to be believed for the “as new” finesse of its building finish. A modest enough structure that houses an abundance of the past in bound texts, and faithful illustrations of scenes and personalities of earliest times and genuine furniture all vying for attention—a place to browse and become well-engulfed in the tentacles of times gone by. . . .

How generous with his time and treasures was Mine Host Maxwell. Those family portraits that would put a camera to shame and that ingenious, not to say, unique, circling staircase that could appear to have cracked many an unwary brow but didn’t . . . thank you too, sir, for your tireless fielding of so many questions tumbling the one upon the other.

Then the reconstituted Chapel in the dying daylight as the neighbouring air quivered with the bell of an Eventide. . . .

What a pleasure it was next day at Greerton Hotel to meet with our widely-scattered B.O.P. members at banquet—knowing that they had truly gone out of their way in a very real way to assemble at Tauranga from Rotorua, Taupo, Putaruru at least to join with Madam President and still later to hear the Rev. Bull tell of Gate Pah.

Somewhere in there we managed to fit in a relaxing morning tea with Mr and Mrs Haslock and to re-discover the Mair family in their background.

Ah, but that magnificent all-time record-breaking car ride from Tauranga to Hamilton’s Airport skilfully achieved by the Branch’s Hon. Secretary and Dominion Councillor Mrs Dorna Newbury. Neither Denis Hulme nor Bruce McLaren could have done better! I made the return plane to Wellington by one minute—the last to arrive but in fact the first up the flight steps . . . wow!

Letters To The Editor

REPORT ON WAITANGI DAY AT BAY OF ISLANDS, 1972

Dear Lindsay,

An interdenominational church service was held outside on Sunday morning which was fairly well attended you will note that the local Anglican Vicar was Master of Ceremonies, His Excellency the Governor General read the lesson, The Rev. Lane Tauroa offered the Prayer for the Queen, Mr M. Ratana, M.P., Maori Reading, Rt. Rev. R. J. Delargey, R.C. Bishop of Auckland, gave a very good address and Rt. Rev. M. Bennett, Bishop of Aotearoa, read the blessing, so all tastes were catered for. I enclose the Order of Morning Service for your information and record.

The Waitangi Celebrations were held on a warm, calm evening before a large crowd, both Maori and Pakeha, and being a farewell to our Governor General was quite a moving ceremony. There were no incidents and no sign of discontent of any kind. The enclosed programme will give you an idea of the function. The speeches were not overlong and emphasised the Spirit of Waitangi. The Naval Band gave a display of marching with the drummer girls showing their paces.

The Maori Concert Party from Auckland gave an outstanding display of singing and poi songs. Trained and led by the Rev. Kingi Ihaka, Auckland Maori Missioner composed most of the songs and trained and directed the Maori Party. Their specially written farewell song to the Governor was most moving.

I am enclosing the report from the "Herald" which is a reproduction of the Governor's speech and does not give any indication of the friendly nature of the celebrations. Perhaps they were disappointed that the predicted disturbances did not eventuate. I feel that it is only a few young hotheads who are trying to stir up trouble although many Maori people feel that something should be done to assist them to cope with the modern world.

Stella and I did the bus trip from Paihia to Cape Reinga and back on Monday and I could recommend anyone who is interested in early N.Z. history to make this trip. It took us 11 hours but was most enjoyable with a bus driver who hardly stopped talking and knew his history and also the land developments being carried out by the Lands Department on country which was not so long ago barren wasteland. I expect you have seen this yourself on your northern trip at Xmas. I hope you had a good trip and the weather was kind. We had a pleasant 10 days in Wellington with sunny days and plenty of wind at New Year.

Regards to you and your wife from Stella and myself.

R. LEW WYNYARD,
President, Auckland Branch.

One Tree Point,
Ruakaka R.D.1.

GREGOR KEMPT—WAIPU PIONEER

Dear Sir,

I would refer to the article published in your April issue of this year in respect to the late Gregor Kempt. I would like to request your indulgence in correcting a misunderstanding.

The story of Gregor Kempt first appeared

in the Waipu Caledonian Society's Centennial Magazine published during the latter half of last year. It is true that I produced the magazine for the Society and made considerable contribution to the contents, but I must say that the article in question was not mine. Most of the items about the old identities were contributed by either Chief G. K. "Cook" McGregor, Mrs Alice Finlayson or in the case of Gregor Kempt "Brim" McKay of Auckland. The misunderstanding apparently occurred by reason of the fact that the item in question was unsigned whereas one of mine appearing adjoining was. It is with regret that we record the passing of Gregor in the latter half of '71 prior to the holding of the Games.

I note with interest that on page 23 of your Bulletin there appears intimation of your Society's inclusion in those eligible to become members of your Society descendants of those migrants that left Nova Scotia in the six vessels mentioned. I might elaborate here a little. Not all six vessels reached N.Z. Two were sold in Australia to meet expenses and the advance party under Norman McLeod sailed for New Zealand in the schooner "Gazelle", 130 tons, chartered for the purpose. We still have a few of the Centennial magazines left should any of your readers be interested to have a copy. Such can be obtained from me at the above address for 30 cents.

Finally, "Eddie Arcus" was a small boy born and brought up in Wellington at the beginning of this century who rebelled and took to the hills in his teens. He thought his family "pet name" was left behind but it would appear that his Nemesis has caught up with him.

With best wishes,

ERIC ARCUS

(Ed.: Our more recent research confirms Mr Arcus' important observation regarding our error over ships. This will be corrected. Meanwhile, our best wishes to Mr Arcus as he journeys to Scotland in search of the Arcus past.

FOUNDER SIR KEITH TRACES ANCESTORS

Sir Keith Holyoake returned home with an odd souvenir of his two-day visit to Birmingham in the English Midlands—a copy of an entry from an 1851 census form.

It concerns some of his relatives, who were then living in Britain.

The return shows that living there on Census Day were George Holyoake, his wife Elizabeth, and four children.

Another son, George Jacob Holyoake, is famous as a pioneer of the co-operative movement in Britain.

Sir Keith was shown the copy at a dinner given in his honour by the Lord Mayor of Birmingham, Alderman Stanley Bleyer, at the Council House.

An even earlier link was a mortgage document from the reign of King Charles II, dated 1665 and made out to the Holyoake family.

FOUNDERS HIGHLIGHT OF 1971

Dominion President, Lindsay Buick-Constable, presents the Prime Minister with the first Founders Medallion for Distinguished Service to New Zealand.



Founder Member and Prime Minister, Sir Keith Holyoake, listens as Young Founders Secretary, Miss Jane Urlich, reads his citation. (See last issue for details.)

SOME EARLY INCIDENTS IN NEW ZEALAND

Captain Hannibal Marks arrived in Tauranga in 1842 as first mate of the "Regina". Before long he was appointed captain of a small gun-boat, the only New Zealand naval ship at that time. During the Maori war of the sixties he sailed his ship up and down the Waikato River to stop the Maoris from gun-running.

He was engaged in the famous battle of Gate Pah in the Bay of Plenty area. Incidentally, a couple of his sons, mere boys at the time, saw a good deal of the battle from an adjacent hill. The fighting occurred on a plain nearby, so they were not in the line of fire and enjoyed the wonderful experience.

Capt. Marks's wife had some striking adventures. For instance when the Maoris started their revolt in the sixties, a small force of natives, all in war-paint, approached her home near Onehunga. The captain was away in his ship but Mrs Marks was a lady of strong character and great initiative. She boldly went to meet the tribesmen and invited them to come to her house and have some food.

They gratefully accepted the invitation, ate every scrap of food in the house but hurt no-one. They then continued on their route, resuming their murderous attacks on all the white people they encountered. Mrs Marks's bravery saved her family from extinction.

—R. O. C. Marks, Wanganui Branch.

The Young Founders . . .

Not so long ago, after a lot of discussion, it was decided to start a Younger Founders Group, to cater for Founders members in the 18 to 35 age group, the purpose of which is to revive interest among the younger members of the society, thus ensuring their membership in the next generation.

A pilot committee of five was formed. They include Gerald Bruce-Smith (treasurer), Jane Urlich (secretary), Alison and Gary Tretheway and David Morris.

So far we have held six functions:

An introductory Wine and Cheese, the purpose of which was to judge the interest of members and prospective members.

A Progressive Dinner which covered the radius of Wellington and some rather interesting homes.

A Buffet tea, held in The Bledisloe Room, Wakefield House.

And last month a Wine and Cheese followed by a showing of very interesting films loaned to us by the Canadian High Commission, through the courtesy of Mr L. Buick-Constable.

Last November a car-rally type treasure hunt was held around the historic places of Wellington, culminating in a chicken and champagne feast, at which prizes for the winners were presented. The Young Founders from the Wairarapa and a selection of vintage

vehicles were also invited.

1971 ended with a pleasant dinner party at Wellington's Beefeater Arms.

We have a variety of functions planned for the coming year so if **YOU** are interested in joining the Young Founders; attending our functions—or have any ideas for us, we would like to hear from you.

Write to the Secretary: Miss Jane Urlich, P.O. Box 972, Wellington.

THE 1972-73 YOUNG FOUNDERS COMMITTEE

The annual meeting of the Young Founders (the younger group of the New Zealand Founders' Society) was held at Wakefield House, The Terrace.

Officers elected were: President, Mr John Burns; secretary, Miss Jane Urlich; treasurer, Mrs Nicky Hill; publicity officer, Mrs Elizabeth Burger.

Committee: Mr Cameron Hill, Mrs Ann Erwin, Miss Virginia Middlebrook, Mrs Debby Burns, Miss Julia Davidson, Miss Belinda Riddiford.

Early Settlers In Bruce

CANADIAN LINK

By John McNabb of Southampton
(as he related it about 1900)

Among the early settlers of Bruce were men who, before coming to the county, had distinguished themselves in various walks of life. Foremost among them was John McLean, a chief factor in the Hudson Bay Company. He was in charge of the Labrador division when Donald Smith, now Lord Strathcona, held his first position in the Company's service, and was under Mr McLean, whose name is mentioned in "The Life of Lord Strathcona". Mr McLean was the first white man to behold Labrador Falls. He also wrote a work on Hudson Bay in two volumes.

William Kennedy, the son of a doctor in the Hudson Bay Company, came to what is now Bruce County in 1848, his intention being to establish a fishing

station at the mouth of the Saugeen River. Shortly afterwards, however, he received the appointment of commander of an expedition equipped and sent out by Lady Franklin in search of her husband, the late Sir John Franklin. Among others were Col. St. L. McIntosh an officer of the militia at the time of the MacKenzie Rebellion; John Valentine, son of a naval officer who also took part in suppressing that insurrection; Capt. James B. O'Connor, some time custom house officer at Southampton, who was present at the battle of New Orleans; Capt. Louton, a member of the celebrated "Spanish Legion", which was instrumental in placing the late Queen Isabella on the throne of Spain. I will also mention a Mr Ross who, although a private soldier, had a remarkable record. He served under Sir John Moore at the retreat at Corunna, and formed one of the party who slowly and

sadly lowered Sir John Moore into the grave with his martial cloak around him. Others were: Capt. Pryse Clark, a veteran of the battle of Waterloo (Capt. Clark was buried in the old cemetery, but his head stone seems to have disappeared); Patrick Laurie Sr., one of the firm of the Lauries, the well known Army agents; Patrick John Hamilton, the son of an eminent Glasgow merchant, was a steward at the famous Eglinton Tournament at which Napoleon III took part (the head stone over his grave, a broken column, was also removed from the grave and rolled down the bank of the river); the Honourable Reverend T. P. Hodge, first episcopal resident clergyman in Southampton, at one time Chaplain to the British Embassy in Copenhagen. Col. Kingsmill, the father of the late Judge Kingsmill, first judge of the County of Bruce, was for a short time a resident of the County. On one occasion on his way home to England from India, the vessel touched at St. Helena at the time the great Emperor Napoleon was a prisoner there, and the Colonel had the honour to be introduced to the fallen Emperor and to shake hands with him.

*The cemeteries referred to are in Southampton.

In 1867, Bruce County Council offered a bonus of \$1,000 to any one anywhere in the county who would sink a well to a depth of 1,000 feet in search of salt, this amount to be divided if more than one did so. In 1868, Kincardine drilled a well and got salt at less than that depth. Southampton and Port Elgin drilled wells, both of which produced a strong flow of mineral water. The prize was divided, with \$600 being given to Kincardine, and \$400 to Southampton. The reason that salt was not found at Southampton and Port Elgin is that the Onondago rock formation in which salt is found comes to the surface at the Saugeen River. However, the mineral water possesses some medicinal value, and for some years was a profitable enterprise with steam baths operated by Creighton and Carey. Later a soft drinks company capitalised on the mineral water. The last owner was Tony Frank. For many years in every bar in the county, Saugeen Mineral Water was the popular remedy for that morning after feeling.

In 1868, the railway issue was the main feature to come before the Bruce County Council. Two lines were competing for the franchise for the county: The Wellington Grey and Bruce which had recently been purchased by the Grand Trunk Railway, a wide gauge

track, and the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Company, a narrow gauge track. The first mentioned company proposed a line entering Bruce near Clifford, through the centre of the county, north to Southampton, with the narrow gauge line running through the south of the county to Kincardine. Following meetings throughout the county, a by-law was voted on, which favoured the route to Southampton. The total vote cast was 5,587, and the majority in favour of the wide gauge line was 285. This line was completed to Southampton on December 7, 1872. Later, lines were built to Kincardine and Wiarton, and then a narrow gauge one to Teeswater.

Although the maple syrup season is over for this year, it might be interesting to relate the procedure of the North American Indians in producing the product without metal tools and kettles. When the sap began to run, the Indians moved their camp to the maple groves in the area that were in their territories. The trees were notched with their stone tools, and spiles, made of pine or cedar, notched on the upper side, were inserted into the trees. Birch bark buckets to collect the sap were made by sewing strips of bark with the sinews of the deer or with roots. When the buckets were full, they were emptied into large birch bark cauldrons. How did they boil the sap? A large fire was started near the kettles, stones were heated, and then put into the sap which eventually came to a boil. Later, of course, when the fur trader came, metal tools, buckets and kettles were used. The primitive method of making maple syrup was a far cry from the modern production methods of what was an Indian industry before the white man came.

A Religious Mill

The first grist mill in Bruce County was built at Kincardine in 1852, and Schantz's Mill at Mill Creek in Port Elgin in 1855. The latter served the northern townships, operating twenty-four hours a day, and deliveries of grist were made a month from the time they were brought in. The time was coming when deliveries would take longer than a month, and one of the millers decided to work on Sundays in an effort to catch up. The mill, however, showed its moral superiority over the miller by stopping sharp on Saturday midnight—the soft wheat had formed a dough and clogged the stones!

—From the Bruce County (Canada) Year Book—supplied by Vivienne Bruce, 66A Copeland Street, Lower Hutt.

CONGRATULATIONS IAN . . .

1972 New Year Honours List included our Deputy National President!

Mr Ian Donald Cameron, MBE, of Mauriceville, who now becomes an OBE, has given more than 40 years' service to piping and national dancing. In 1946 he organised and assisted in founding the first National Academy of Dancing.

A chieftain of Clan Cameron, Scotland, he has been president of the Clan Cameron Society of New Zealand since 1939.

He was Dominion president of the Highland Pipe Bands Association of New Zealand from 1941 to 1951, and is past Dominion president of the New Zealand Piping and Dancing Society. He was for some years president of the Wairarapa Caledonian Society.

Mr Cameron has taken a leading part in the Justices of the Peace Association and was active in forming a JPs Association in the Wairarapa.

Sport Too

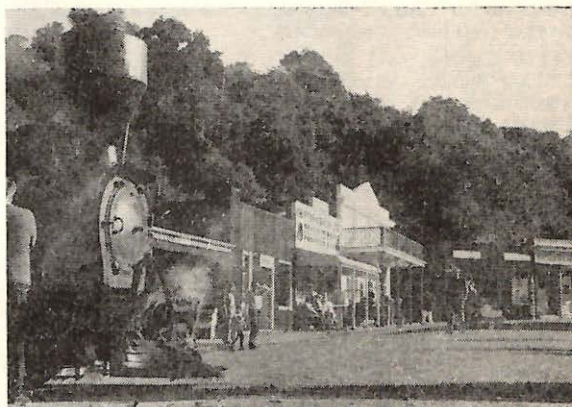
He is deputy-chairman for the Wairarapa centre of the Order of St John and has been interested in social and civic work over many years. Interested in sport, too, he is a past vice-president of the Wairarapa Rugby Union, Wairarapa Amateur Athletic Association and the Wairarapa Boxing Association. At present he is provincial organiser for the Commonwealth Games fund.

Mr Cameron is a past vice-president of Wairarapa provincial, Federated Farmers, and represented Federated Farmers at the International Grasslands Conference in Holland in 1949 and at a grasslands conference at Pennsylvania, USA, in 1952. His work with Federated Farmers also included the promotion of shearing instruction.

The founding of the New Zealand Jockeys' and Trainers Association to improve conditions in racing was also due to Mr Cameron's efforts.

In future issues of the Founders Bulletin . . .

★ Christchurch and Auckland have their Pioneer Village replicas—Now the West Coast has “another little Gold Mine”. Read about the outstanding initiative of the West Coasters as they “Bring the past alive”.



- ★ Hugh Ross takes the Wanganui Founders Branch on a “Visit to Ratana”.
- ★ “President on the spot” continues with description of visits to Branches.
- ★ “The Last Gem”. Script for the re-enactment of the Dinner held at Barrett’s Hotel, April 15 1841 to mark separation from N.S.W. jurisdiction.
- ★ “How Historic is Wakefield House?”
- ★ More contributions by members. (Please keep these coming in.)

Mr. and Mrs. AUGUST SIEVERS

As time speeds on interesting history should be taken note of before too late.

This writing concerns some of Wellington's old identities, Mr and Mrs August Sievers, who arrived in New Zealand by the sailing ship "Mariner" in July 1849—also William Sievers.

Mr August Sievers was born in Eisen, Silesia, Germany; he had a brother William who also came to New Zealand. Their father died and the mother remarried. The sons were not happy so decided to go to London where they worked for a while in a sugar refinery. While in London they met two young ladies who later became their wives.

Their employer gave Mr August Sievers a silver lemon squeezer for a wedding present. Mrs August Sievers' maiden name was Charlotte Walker. The two ladies took instructions and were received into the R.C. Church. Mr and Mrs August Sievers were married at St. Mary's Chapel, Woorfield, City of London, 28 January 1849. At that time they wished to come to New Zealand, immigrants being assisted to populate the country.

Mr August Sievers approached the Captain of the S.S. "Mariner" seeking passages for himself and wife and his brother William and wife.

The Captain said it was a full ship but Mr Sievers informed him that they were willing to pay for the trip. The Captain told him to call back the next day. This he did and was informed there was room for them. Before leaving, they had to get busy purchasing clothes, bedding, crockery, etc. The Captain had a cow on board in full milk, so the passengers were lucky in having fresh milk in their tea. Despite this, some people arose early and helped themselves to milk from the cow.

The S.S. "Mariner" took six months to come out—a long honeymoon for the happy four; on the way out they sighted a pirate ship, and women and children were ordered below. No trouble ensued. They finally arrived at Dunedin where the Captain ordered sailors to go ashore and collect wild turnips which turned out a treat for the passengers longing for fresh vegetables.

The ship arrived at Pipitea, Wellington, about 13 July 1849. The few homes were made of clay and there were severe earthquakes at that time and the people had to shelter in haystacks, using umbrellas when it rained. My

grandmother was nursing her baby by the fire when a quake occurred and she hurriedly left as the chimney fell in. Crockery was broken and replaced with enamel ware. Mr August Sievers, my grandfather, had a son and four daughters—the youngest and last passing away 24 March 1966 in her 99th year—Mrs Helena Shields of Oriental Bay, the mother of twelve—six sons and six daughters. She leaves five daughters and two sons. She was a splendid character, loved by all. Her sisters, Mrs George Lambert, Mrs W. Raymond, Mrs Hopkins and Mrs Ahearn predeceased her some years ago—also her only brother, William Sievers of Wellington Terrace, who had a family of nine sons and three daughters—two sons still living.

Mr William Sievers, who also came on the "Mariner", settled at Makara, having a large family of sons and daughters.

Mr August Sievers had a small farm at Wadestown and settled later at Wellington Terrace, Sieverston Terrace being named after him. He had a wonderful orchard, growing fruits of all descriptions, and had to prop up branches to save them from breaking. Later, he worked on Mr Barney Rhodes' farm for a while.

The Magistrate, Mr St Hill, had a residence in Hawkestone Street which was renewed and may still exist. My ancestors remember them buidling a timber mill at Kaiwarra.

August Sievers, and any man who could be spared, went to the Bendigo Diggings. He left his wife (with their eight months' old son) as housekeeper to Father O'Reilly, on account of hostile Maoris and earthquakes. Mr Sievers was unlucky with the lazy man he had as partner. As he could not dig and bail at the same time he was forced to sell his claim. The buyers got 2,000 pounds worth of gold sent back to the Old Country. Mr Sievers bought property on Wellington Terrace, building several houses. He also went to the Dunedin diggings.

When Mr Sievers bought the property in Sieverston Terrace there were two

By E. P. Eccles

A FOUNDER'S PLAY

(Great grand-daughter of Margaret and Charles Small who arrived Port Nicholson per "Martha Ridgway" 1840.)

reservoirs, small basins into which the water flowed from the hill streams. A tunnel passed through carrying the water to the shipping, passing under Mills' shop opposite Kirkcaldies. As it brought such a small rent Mr Sievers blocked the entrance to the reservoir, the water passed down to the culvert by the Gentlemen's Club and, by drain, passed Lindsay's bootshop. Mr Sievers drained the reservoir, filled it up, and had a vegetable garden and fruit trees.

The City Council claimed ten feet, offering grandfather 50 pounds.

Mr Sievers (grandfather) claimed 100 pounds—then got the advice of Mr T. K. McDonald and Mr Turnbull (architect) and was allowed 100 pounds straightaway. They put in a big culvert.

Mr Sievers bought his fruit trees from Captain Stokes and both had a wonderful orchard. Mr Denton had the same property later on (Captain Stokes) at the top of Ghuznee Street.

Mr Sievers passed away over 70 years ago and his wife Charlotte over 60 years ago. Highly respected folk, ready to help anyone at any time.

Linleys had a fruit shop and there was great excitement when they had the first peanuts.

Barrett's Hotel had the first wax matches.

My mother used to paddle in the sea just across from Lindsay's Boot Shop on Lambton Quay. The wharf was then close in.

My dear highly respected father—the late Mr Thomas Shields—came from Scotland, had a well known tailoring business on Lambton Quay years ago and was burnt out in a large fire. He was a splendid swimmer and taught many children and grown-ups to swim. He passed away while on holiday in Nelson district forty-six years ago, leaving wonderful memories and a family of 12—six sons and six daughters.

—By Mrs Cockerill (through Nat. Councillor, Mrs Doris Heal).

From their experiences this play was written (and performed at the Christmas Function of the Wairarapa Branch).

Cast:

Grandson: Lance Eccles.

The maid Lucy: Caroline Thorne.

Gran: Phyllis Eccles.

"The Gel": Ngaire Ward.

G.Son: The next item is a reading—a short character sketch in which **my** grandmother plays the part of **her** grandmother about the turn of the century.

I hope you will use your imaginations and see with me the different features of the set.

The maid Lucy carries in a reading lamp which she places on a small occasional table. A rocking chair is conveniently placed near one of these "new fangled" gas fires, which Lucy proceeds to light. You hear the slight "plop" as the gas ignites, and you see dimly one of the ornate and beautiful overmantels of the early 20th century.

Lucy then retires—after seeing that the Bible is in its place on the table. Handy also is the shawl 130 years old now though faded and worn, but which the Gran of those days continued to use to keep off draughts. It was also a reminder of the days when she was a young emigrant bride.

As Lucy helps the old lady into the room, I myself become the Edwardian Grandson and go to assist her to her seat.

Dear Gran—sit here—are you comfy (business with shawl over knees). Thanks Lucy. (She bobs and goes.) (To Gran) Now don't stay up too late.

Gran: I'll stay as long as I like young man. I want to see the gel you are taking to this Miss Borlase's dance. Just you bring her back to see me. I'll be perfectly happy till then with the Good Book and my dreams.

G.Son: Oh well . . . maybe we **could** come up during one of the intervals. The dance hall isn't so far from this house on the Terrace . . . Yes, we'll do just that!

Gran: Good! You've got your white gloves? (He shows them.) That's right.

Now run along and enjoy yourself (as he turns to go) and don't make the gel conspicuous by dancing with her more than twice!

G.Son: Alright Gran! I'll be a good boy! Now have a little snooze—night, night! Mind the fleas don't bite! (Exit laughing.)

Gran: Go on, you graceless young pup.

Gran: Fleas; humph! no vermin now. But yes I'm ashamed to admit that in our "bunga" home, what with wild pigs rooting and grunting round all night we had more than enough—scrub as I might. There was everything that hopped and ran and creepy things that waved big feelers, ugh—they horrified me! But how lucky we were to have a house. Yes! they were good old days with my husband by my side. (Fingers Bible.)

Eh! I remember when I met you, dear Jock. I, the sheltered daughter of a preacher, and you, the young farmer from o'er the Border—as you would say, with a grand roll of R's! (laughs.) Love blossomed, we married and sailed for a new land. That voyage out!! How hopefully we embarked and how I blessed your dear folk who sent us as a parting gift a sack of oatmeal—so you wouldn't miss your "parrich" (smiles). Weevily as it became, it made the difference between life and death. But the hardships and privations proved too much for some, and several were quietly slid, flag-covered into the cruel sea. (Turns pages of Bible reflectively.) And then, dear soul, the trek to our new home, carrying all we possessed with us, and you hacking a passage through the dark forest of ferns, vines and towering trees. I tried not to let you see how tired and afraid I was. At last we came to a lighter place where a forest giant had fallen and you cut saplings to make a shelter. Eh! Sweet was the fern we lay on!

When morning came we found a strange fish wrapped in leaves by our fire and sunlight glistened on brown skins as two natives stepped shyly from behind a tree! Oh yes, they became our good friends and helped us clear a nearby knoll and build our house of "bungas"—one room to begin with followed by another as our family grew—and at last the crowning glory—a tin chimney!

But the nights were filled with strange noises! Sounds which I eventually learned to recognise and love: The to-who of an owl which departed on silent wing with the dawn; or a couple of

kakas fighting over some stolen juicy morsel. Then in the quiet before the dawn a twittering and rustling as small birds stirred; The call of a tui and the answer from far away; Another cry from a nearby tree sounding like "Keep the 'orses door shut" and then a glorious burst of song as myriads of birds greeted the sun. Where are they now?

No more sleep for us. It was up with the sun and work—work till bed-time came with the dark! But somehow I found time to grow a bush creeper with white starry flowers over the door, and a row of foxgloves along the path! I remember too one St Andrew's Day when the seed of the Scotch thistle was sown with great pomp and sentiment! A little bit of home—so far away—home! (She nods off.)

(In her sleep she gets restless.) Why did I come to this cruel land?—There's been a massacre, quite close (getting worked up!) the Gilfillan family has been wiped out except for one small child hiding in a drain.

Watch out! in case they come this way! Build a palisade around the house! And keep our guns handy! And you, Jock **must** you go out. Yes I suppose you must—for food and water. And I—can I defend our little ones? I **must**. (Cane drops.)

A shot! Jock! Where are you!—My gun—(picks up cane). Did something move there?—Stop or I shoot (pointing cane) be you friend or foe? Answer me! Oh! It's Jock! (Her eyes follow his approach). He's hurt! He's bleeding. (Kneels as he falls at her feet and passes hand over him). He's dead! (After a moment's communion she springs to her feet.) My children! (Her lips move in prayer and fortified she turns to the children.) Now Mummy hasn't much time but we'll have a wee game of hide and seek and I'll go "he". Now run and hide—you know how clever Mummy is at finding you so hide **well** and **don't come out till I call you!**

Now! My gun! (Agitated again.) Ah, I see someone! Now steady (pointing cane as gun). Pull the trigger! **Pull the trigger**. It won't pull! It's jammed! I can't pull the trigger! (She falls.)

Enter G.Son and Ngaire: What's wrong!

G.Son: Gran! What's happened. . . . (Turns Gran over, feels pulse). She's fainted! Ring for Lucy to bring the smelling salts!—The bell cord's by the mantelpiece there.

Ngaire: (Ngaire pulls cord and moves

to meet Lucy at door.) She's fainted! Bring the Smelling salts!

(Lucy returns smartly with bottle, Ngaire grabs it and hastens to put it under Gran's nose, Lucy hovers.) Lift her up a bit Edward.

Gran (revives—pushes smelling salts away): Oh Jock, you're all right then!

G.Son: It's Edward, Gran—your grandson!

Gran: Oh yes, yes—so like my dear Jock! What am I doing on the floor? I think I've had a nightmare—I must have been asleep!

G.Son: Then you must have **walked** in your sleep!

Gran (reviving quickly): Leave me alone, I can get up best by myself. (Ngaire hands her the cane.)

G.Son: Come now, into your chair again.

Gran (sees Ngaire): Who's that? Oh yes, the gel! Most gels these days are flipity gibbets! Humph (eyeing her up and down) she's nae sae bad! But—(pointing) Can ye cook? (Ngaire recoils.)

G.Son (going forward to audience): And so the curtain falls!

Quoted by Guest Speaker at a Wellington Founders function—
(Town Clerk, Mr Bill Pringle):

“I will never bring disgrace to this my City by an act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert my suffering comrades in the ranks: I will fight for the ideal and sacred things of my City both alone and with many; I will obey and revere this City's laws and do my best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above me who are prone to annul or to set them as naught: I will strive unceasingly to quicken the public sense of Civic duty. Thus in all these ways I will transmit this City not less but greater and more beautiful than it was transmitted to me.”

—Oath taken by every Citizen of Athens.

BRIDGING THE GAP

In July 1971, on a gloriously sunny Sunday at Tikorangi (North Taranaki), a unique monument was unveiled in the lovely old St. Luke's Churchyard by Mr T. R. Hine, one of the district's oldest settlers. Prior to the unveiling, a service had been held to dedicate the monument to the memory of the early settlers of the district, many of whom were veterans of the Maori Wars to whom gifts of land had been made by the Crown in recognition of their military service. (Many of these farms are still run by descendants of the original owners, and pioneer names live on.)

The monument is a piece of history in itself—an old single furrow plow, which was unearthed on a Tikorangi farm. Members of the Tikorangi Young Farmers Club decided that it would be a fitting memorial to their forebears and set to work to restore it. This was superbly done and the plow then nickel-plated to preserve it, the resulting dull silvery finish giving it an airy grace and quite amazing beauty as it soars above the tall base of rough Taranaki stone.

All this cost money—money which was raised by the young farmers themselves, chiefly by growing and selling vegetables.

St Luke's Church too, is part of the history of the district. Built at the end of last century on land donated for the purpose, it is a monument to the generous spirit of co-operation and community effort which characterises Tikorangi still. Across the road lives Wilf Faull, a descendant of one of the earliest settlers and a foundation member of the Taranaki Branch of the Founders Society, who has been on the Committee of this Branch since its inception. Wilf serves on the vestry and is one of the locals who keep the church very much alive in their community.

After the ceremony lunch was served out of doors to all who attended and the

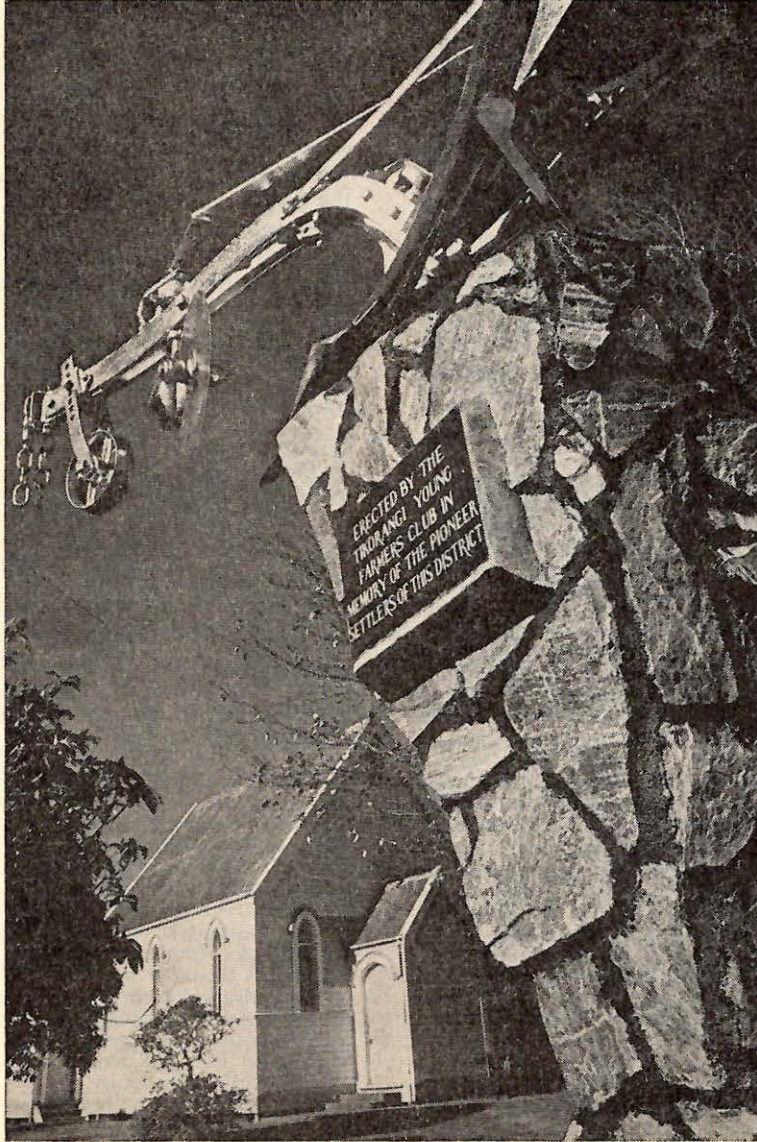
whole occasion was described later by the guests in the most glowing superlatives. In addition to local residents and members of the Maori race, the Founders Society was well represented, our President, Mr J. A. Nicholls, being one of the speakers at the unveiling.

Referring to the efforts of the young men responsible for the memorial, Mr Nicholls quoted the Founders Pledge and pointed out that the much-used phrase "generation gap" had no place

there that day when the dedication of the memorial had, without doubt, cemented the past to the present. And, indeed, it is heartening to know that in this day and age there are still young men who have it in their hearts to take so much time and trouble to honour their forefathers.

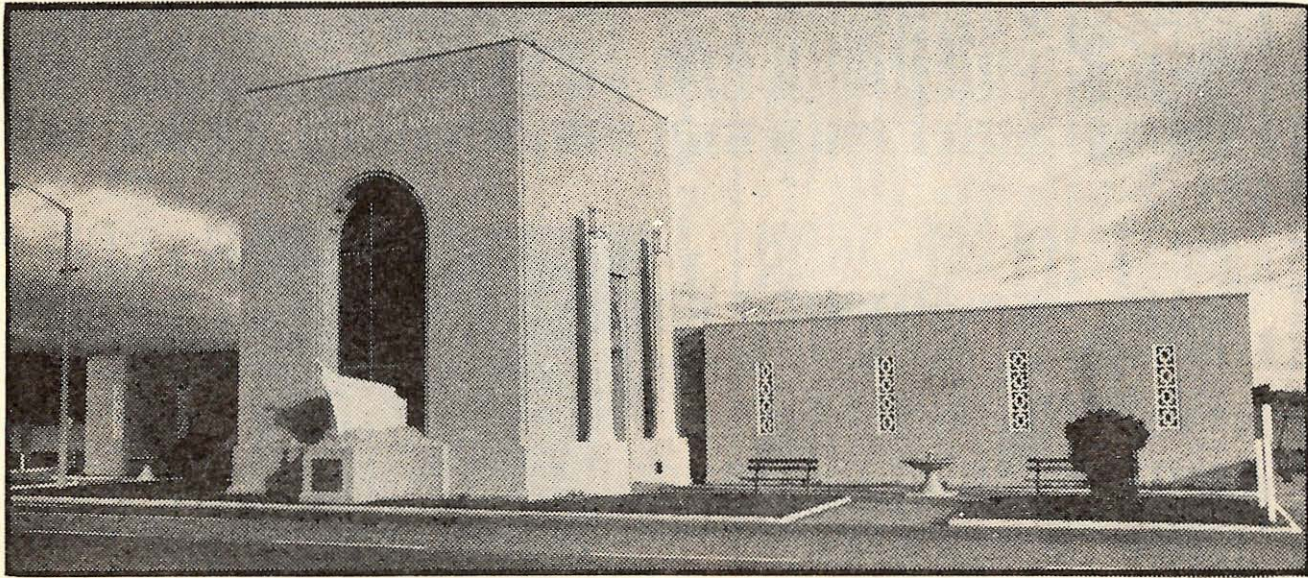
—Ida Piper

(Photo supplied by Mr Roger Jeakings and from "Our Taranaki Showpiece.")



GOOD WORK, PETONE!

It seems our past can only be preserved at an ever-growing cost. Here is an example of the high price paid for honouring our forebears.



The Centennial Memorial at the foot of Buick Street on Petone's foreshore which has recently had a facelift that cost the Petone Borough Council \$15,000. Built in 1940 to commemorate the 100th year of the landing the first settlers in Port Nicholson, the marine elements have taken their toll. The memorial was erected through finance contributed by several local bodies, but the Petone Borough Council is now faced with maintenance of the building without "assistance". Petone's Mayor (Mr George Gee) has publicly stated the council will offer the building, which is a tourist attraction, to a "more appropriate authority." Meantime, the Petone Borough Council has provided in its estimates for 1971-72 for repair to the flooring of the building.

New Founders Society Members . . .

Name	Address	Ship	Date	Ancestor
Mr L. P. Billing	Auckland	"Amelia Thompson"	1841	William & Eliz. Billing
Mr W. L. Butterworth	Auckland	"Antilla"	1841	William Spain
Mr I. S. Cooper	Auckland	Schooner "Bee"	1847	Jerome Flood
Mr A. M. Hayward-Ryan	Auckland	"Adelaide"	1840	George Luxford
Mr P. R. Haywrd-Ryan	Auckland	"Adelaide"	1840	George Luxford
Mr H. R. Lacy	Auckland	"Timandra"	1842	John & Jane Hooker
Mrs M. B. P. Lacy	Auckland	Associate Member		
Miss T. M. Manson	Auckland	"Fifeshire"	1842	John Staples
Mrs M. A. E. White	Auckland	"Arab"	1841	George Day
Mrs M. M. Byford	Masterton	"Louis & Miriam"	1848	Mrs Mary Chew
Major C. I. E. Haslock	Tauranga	Associate Member		
Mrs W. E. Crawford	New Plymouth	"Blenheim"	1842	James Smart
Mrs E. N. Sutherland	New Plymouth	"Amelia Thompson"	1841	William Perry
Mrs I. M. Sutherland	Wanganui	"Henrietta"	1860	Walter Gray
Miss H. Kirk	Wanganui		1840	Henry Churton
Mrs V. E. Bowes	Hastings	"Clontarf"	1860	John Butterfield
Mr R. R. Civil	Wellington	"Slains Castle"	1841	William Greenwood
Mrs L. I. Civil	Wellington	Associate Member		
Mrs J. B. Clark	Wellington	"Oriental"	1840	Richard Barton
Mrs B. M. Hayward-Ryan	Palmerston Nth.	"Adelaide"	1840	George Luxford
Mr M. I. Hayward-Ryan	Dunedin	"Adelaide"	1840	George Luxford
Miss J. P. Heal	Wellington	"Southern Cross"	1856	Alexander Ayson
Miss R. A. Heal	Wellington	"Southern Cross"	1856	Alexander Ayson
Mrs L. M. Alexander	Christchurch	"Steadfast"	1851	Stephen Payne Smith
Mr P. M. MacShane	Christchurch	"Whitby"	1842	Doctor MacShane
Mrs D. J. Spence	Christchurch	"Charlotte Jane"	1850	George Allfrey
Mr K. G. Perrin	Christchurch	"Martha Ridgway"	1842	Edmund & M. A. Perrin
Mrs K. G. Perrin	Christchurch	Associate Member		
Miss N. R. Forde	Auckland	"St. Pauli"	1843	Sophie E. Subritzky
Miss C. A. Gilchrist	Auckland		1851	George Coleman
Mrs M. B. Sage	Auckland	"St. Pauli"	1843	Sophie E. Subritzky
Mrs O. M. Pittendrigh	Auckland	"Lady Nugent"	1841	John Kilmister
Mrs W. E. Senior	Hamilton	"St. Pauli"	1843	Sophie E. Subritzky
Mrs L. E. Towers	Auckland	"St. Pauli"	1843	Sophie E. Subritzky
Mr R. T. Brewer	Auckland	Associate Member		
Mr K. L. Bruce	Wanganui	"Caroline Agnes"	1855	John Donnet
Mrs D. E. Bruce	Wanganui	Associate Member		
Mrs H. M. A. Sinclair	Wanganui	"Westminster"	1840	John & May Robertson
Mr M. V. Fitzsimons	Palmerston Nth.	"Bengal Merchant"	1840	D. McEwen, Galloway
Mrs V. M. Tunnicliffe	Wanganui	"Mary Ann"	1842	William Eyles
Mr R. W. Swanson	Wellington	"The Lonlon"	1842	Charles Dixon
Mr J. F. Tourelle	Invercargill	"Caroline Agnes"	1855	James William Tourell
Mrs G. C. C. Collinson	Auckland	"Bolton"	1840	Isaac & E. Lovelock
Miss O. Lind	Wanganui	"Blenheim"	1840	John Cameron
Mr F. L. Nicol	Wanganui	"Blenheim"	1840	William & Ann Nicol
Mrs M. E. Sharp	Paeroa		1822	John Daly Hayes
Mr B. C. Willson	Wellington	"Kelso"	1849	Chas. & H. Parker
Mrs E. M. Willson	Wellington	"City of Edinburgh"	1832	James Reddy Clendon
Mrs J. Moynham	Sydney	"William Bryant"	1841	Henry Faulk
Mrs L. G. Hurley	Frankton	"William Bryant"	1841	John & Grace Lye
Mrs V. R. Page	Waihi	"Amelia Thompson"	1841	William Billing
Mrs M. Strange	Hawera	"William Bryant"	1841	Nich. & S. Pepperell
Mrs I. M. Pascoe	Hawera	"William Bryant"	1841	Nich. & S. Pepperell
Mrs W. S. Ord	Stratford	"William Bryant"	1841	Nich. & S. Pepperell
Mrs M. I. E. Cuff	Auckland	"William Bryant"	1841	Nich. & S. Pepperell
Mr D. T. Guy	New Plymouth	"William Bryant"	1841	Nich. & S. Pepperell
Mr L. H. S. Marshall	Marton	"Jane"	1841	William Swainson
Mrs M. C. R. Condon	Waverley	"Aurora"	1840	J. & S. Barrow
Mrs N. M. McDonald	Wellington	"Mountain Maid"	1853	John William Peake
Mrs A. W. Davidson	Wellington	"Active"	1835	Robert Maunsell
Miss J. A. Davidson	Wellington	"Active"	1835	Robert Maunsell
Miss C. M. M. Bennetto	Dunedin		1953	Dr J. A. R. Menzies
Miss L. A. F. Bennetto	Dunedin	"Olympus"	1840	Dr I. E. Featherston
Miss C. McAdam	Carterton	"Lord Auckland"	1842	C. Mahar, J. Maxwell
Mrs R. M. Bell	Masterton	"Harrington"	1841	George & E. Hawkins
Mr S. M. Bell	Masterton	Associate Member		
Miss Anne Cromie	Lower Hutt	Associate Member		
Mr C. H. Turner	Wellington	"Bengall Merchant"	1840	John & Mary Turner
Mrs J. H. Hopley	Masterton	"Aurora"	1840	Stanton Workman
Mrs G. F. Comber	Christchurch	"Fatimah"	1851	Sol. & S. Stephens
Mr J. H. Jackson	Timaru	"Magnet"	1840	Wm. & M. Kennard
Mr C. L. Palmer	Christchurch	"Cressy"	1850	Martha Allen
Mrs E. M. Reid	Christchurch	"Victoria"	1829	Capt. Joseph Price
Mrs A. E. Hulston	Christchurch	Associate Member		

Name	Address	Ship	Date	Ancestor
Mrs B. G. Ewing	Taupo	"Success"	1839	Hugh Sinclair
Miss J. G. Ewing	Wellington	"Success"	1839	Hugh Sinclair
Mr C. A. Frost	Auckland	"Lady Nugent"	1841	George T. Fergusson
Mrs E. G. Mowlem	Auckland	"Success"	1839	Duncan Sinclair
Mr J. A. Mowlem	Auckland	"Success"	1839	Duncan Sinclair
Mr P. J. McArtney	Wellington	"New Zealand"	1842	John McArtney
Mr M. H. Short	Wellington	"Whitby"	1841	Goddard
Mr A. R. Guthrey	Christchurch	"City of Edinburgh"	1832	James R. Clendon
Mrs E. Prebble	Christchurch	Associate Member		
Mr B. A. Bisphan	Christchurch	Associate Member		
Mrs J. E. White	New Plymouth			Thomas Standish
Mrs B. Sweet	Auckland	"Timandra"	1842	Wm. & S. Spurdle
Mr H. G. Baigent	Tauranga	"Clifford"	1842	Edward Baigent
Mrs E. M. Baigent	Tauranga	Associate Member		
Mrs R. V. McLintock	Tauranga	"Bengal Merchant"	1840	Archibald Anderson
Mr A. P. Tonks	Wanganui	"Birman"	1842	Wm. & Jane Tonks
Mr B. G. Baker	Wellington	"Minerva"	1828	Charles Baker
Mrs I. L. Agnon	Invercargill	"Duke of Portland"	1852	Thomas Barclay
Mrs E. M. Barnes	Auckland	"Duchess of Argyle"	1842	James Lochead
Mrs M. R. Sinclair	Auckland	"Jane Gifford"	1842	John & Jane Morison
Mr A. J. Badman	Lower Hutt	"Clifford"	1842	Samuel Badman
Mrs E. M. Betti	Upper Hutt	"Victoria"	1829	Capt. Joseph Price
Miss M. A. Coleman	Lower Hutt	"Gertrude"	1841	John Plimmer Jr.
Mr A. H. Palmer	Ashhurst	"Catherine Stew. Forbes"	1841	Stephen & Eliza Fagan
Mr B. Hayward-Ryan	Palmerston Nth.	Associate Member		
Mr A. Brunt	Christchurch	"Egmont"	1856	Alex. & Cath. Wilson
Mrs E. I. Hillgrove	Christchurch	"Clontarf"	1860	Abraham & R. Jones
Mr I. L. Hunter	Christchurch	"Slains Castle"	1841	George Blake
Mrs A. M. Hunter	Christchurch	Associate Member		
Mrs J. H. Waight	Christchurch	"Blundell"	1848	Mr & Mrs J. Adams
Mr D. H. Wilson	Christchurch	"Egmont"	1856	Alex & Cath. Wilson
Mr A. F. Batley	Australia	Born Chch.	1858	Elisa Pentecost
Mr B. A. Falkner	Palmerston Nth.	"Martha Ridgway"	1842	Edmund & M. A. Perrin
Mr M. G. Fowlds	Auckland	"Whitby"	1841	John Holdaway
Mrs P. F. Nicholas	Thames	"Amelia Thompson"	1841	Charles A. Brown
Mrs L. A. O'Donnell	Auckland	"Hope"	1841	Richard Smith
Mr S. J. Smith	Christchurch	"Joseph Fletcher"	1856	Thomas Dunn

PIONEERS

by Eleanor Carter

We're burning spokes from old cart
wheels tonight,

The hardwood makes the embers glow
so bright.

I watch the coals so clear

And see a Pioneer

Who drove that cart ere first I saw the
light.

My Granny said before they had the
cart,

That Grandad used to make an early
start

With butter, eggs to hawk

And seven mile to walk

One day in every week from farm to
mart.

Then when his goods were sold, whate'er
he'd lack,

He'd carry all those miles home in a
sack.

And often, Granny said,

He'd journey home, half-dead,

With fifty pounds of flour upon his back!

What joy it must have been, to buy a
cart,

To have the means of transport—be a
part

Of progress, in a land

Where life was hard yet grand

To folk so filled with faith and strong
of heart.

The cart had brought a neighbour to
nurse

Our Granny when her babies brought
Eve's curse;

And when her daughters wed

It carried brides instead,

And served on one occasion as a hearse.

This winter night the old cart-wheels
are burned,

'Tis many long years now since round
they turned.

But in the coals one peers

To see two Pioneers

Now resting in the peace that they have
earned.

(Mrs Carter is the mother of Mrs M.
Joseph, a member who took part in the
Centennial Tableau staged last year by
our Auckland Founders Branch.)

Page Seventeen



BOOK REVIEWS



"WILLIAM MASON, THE FIRST NEW ZEALAND ARCHITECT"

By John Stacpoole

"William Mason, the first N.Z. Architect" has been published by Auckland University Press and Oxford University Press. It has been printed in New Zealand by Whitcombe and Tombs Ltd., Auckland.

This being Centennial Year for the Auckland City Council it is an appropriate time for a publication of this type to appear as the City naturally is extremely interested in its buildings, both past and present and good architecture plays a great part in the ultimate beauty and utility of a city.

This is a book we can heartily recommend for the attention of our members both in Auckland and in other parts of New Zealand, especially Dunedin, where much of Mason's working life as an architect was spent after leaving the Auckland area.

The book is fairly expensive for its size, but as a reference book it is likely to prove of very great value in the future. It is a great pity the print used is rather small, but even this defect does not detract unduly from the average reader's absorption in the book's contents.

The story of an architect's life and work could have provided dull reading for general readers, but in the case of "William Mason", Mr Stackpoole's account of the life and work in New Zealand of Mason is far removed from that category. The book is, in fact, an

absorbing continuous story written in a good free flowing style.

William Mason was a Suffolk man, born 24 February 1810, five years before Waterloo. He attended a private school at Ipswich the town of his birth and was later articled to his Father, an architect builder, so architecture was "in the family". He married in 1831, Sarah Nichols, a woman fifteen years older than himself. After seven years of married life in England he sailed for N.S.W., Australia, taking with him, his wife Sarah and a six year old son, whom he evidently adored. Mason's sojourn in Australia was for the comparatively short period of only two years. It is possible he did not like the extreme heat of Australia after the cooler weather he must have been used to in England.

William Mason arrived in New Zealand from Australia on 17 March 1840 on the ship "Westminster". In Australia he had worked at his profession of architect for the two years he was resident there. The "Westminster" followed close on the heels of H.M.S. "Herald" which had brought Captain William Hobson, R.N. to New Zealand on 29 January 1840. The ship "West-

minster" was the stoveship which arrived with Mrs Sarah Mathew, wife of the Acting Surveyor and William Mason, Acting Superintendent of Works.

The remainder of William Mason's long and useful life was spent in New Zealand, mostly in Auckland and environs and later in Dunedin and Queenstown.

Much research into Mason's private life and his working life has been done by Mr Stacpoole. He makes William Mason and his associates, both in business and private life, truly come alive. Mason lived a rich life both in his work and his friendships. In Mr Stacpoole's book we meet businessmen, painters, parliamentarians, farmers, in fact all grades of the social life of the time. Mr Stacpoole in his accurate and inimitable way brings these people to life for us, and always there is the main theme, the story of William Mason's life as our first architect. During his long years in New Zealand, Mason put his hand to many tasks as diverse as farming and architecture, auctioneering and politics. In all of these he appears to have had reasonable success. This was not uncommon in the early days of colonising in New Zealand, when men worth their salt had to be prepared to adapt themselves.

The tragic experience of the loss of his only son as a young boy in the years in Auckland no doubt had a very long lasting effect on both Mason and his

wife. It is highly probable he had pinned all his hopes on the boy and unfortunately he did not have other children to compensate.

Old Government House, now part of Auckland University still remains in Auckland as a sample of Mason's work as an architect.

William Mason died in Dunedin on the 22 June 1897, a tired old man.

His second wife, Kate, had him buried in Dunedin beside his wife. Later she had a memorial tablet erected to his memory in St Paul's Anglican Church, Auckland, not his own St Paul's, Auckland, however, for that building, one of his first jobs in Auckland had gone long before.

William Mason was one of New Zealand's Founders. It was not his fault that life had unkindly removed his son by death in violence or we might have had a descendant of his qualifying for membership, today, of the N.Z. Founders' Society, as indeed we have of his shipmate, Sarah Mathew with whom he must have had many hours of conversation on his voyage to New Zealand from Australia so long ago.

—M. W. Clarke, Auckland Branch.

The book is published by Auckland University Press and Oxford University Press, and is printed in N.Z. by Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd., Auckland. Price: \$7 40 cents.

Decently And In Order

By G. W. A. Bush

The Centennial History of the Auckland City Council

This is a very well written, massive book of 637 pages, including pictures, indices, footnotes, all of which may well frighten off some of our members, but if they once get to grips with the book they will find much to hold their interest. It is a very good idea to take it in sections. This way it is not so tiring, for even physically it is a heavy book to hold for long periods of time. It is likely to prove one of the best reference books we have yet had or will have to do with the history of the growing years of Auckland and the rise of the Auckland City Council from the ashes of the old Town Board.

There is for instance an excellent

section devoted to the struggles the early councillors had to gain a good and efficient water supply for the town of Auckland. The first 50 years of Council administration was dominated by water and the lack of it. When we read of the one 6 inch pipe running down from the Domain Pond to the heart of the city it seems almost ludicrous that the city of 1865 with its constantly growing population ever managed to survive at all. By 1872 the City Council was paying 2/- per 1000 gallons for 30,000 gallons daily, purchased from the Seccombe's Brewery well in Khyber Pass. Hawkers were adding extra gallons daily to the supply by selling water in the streets during the very dry summers, much the same as the distant seaside bays do today.

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Council rows were frequent over the burning question of where to get an adequate supply. "Burning" was actually a very real worry during these early years of discussion for water was short and fires were all too frequent.

Various schemes and inquiries went on for Lake Waiaatarua (the drained lake) near St John's College, Onehunga Springs, the watersheds at the Hunua Ranges and even the faraway Waikato River. Some councillors even thought up wild ideas of blocking up the crater of Rangitoto and another delightful idea of the times was to fire off cannon in 1872 at Fort Britomart in an effort to get the clouds above the city to drop a deluge, much the same as cloud seeding by plane today, so there really is nothing new under the sun. Quarrels among the councillors came to a head in the summer of 1873-74 when a disastrous drought occurred and many of the city's young children and aged persons died of the dreaded dysentery. Mr E. C. Moriarty, an Australian civil engineer was asked to give a report on the Western Springs project and as Motion's Mill where the springs were situated was without the city boundaries a special Act, the 1872 Municipal Corporations Waterworks Act was passed in order to purchase the Mill property, and land, an area of 140 acres for the price of £20,000. In due course Messrs T. & S. Morrin erected a huge steam driven plant for pumping water to the city where it was stored in large reservoirs at Ponsonby, Khyber Pass and Mt Eden. This machinery is still in the old Pumphouse at Western Springs and is in excellent order.

Auckland continued to grow and continued to lap up water like an insatiable monster so in due course the Avondale Springs were piped across to the Western Springs to add to the many gallons needed daily. Even this was not enough for long, so next came the large Niho-

tupu Scheme which was completed in 1925 at a cost of \$196,000. Since that time the Huia area has been tapped and dammed and the Waitakere Dam much enlarged. Large reservoirs have been established at Mt Hobson, Ponsonby, Westfield and One Tree Hill as well as a very large and efficient filter plant at Ardmore to deal with the water from Hunua. No doubt in the lives of many the Waikato will also come into the picture. Many excellent pictures and maps concerned with this section of the book are included.

Mr Bush has dealt with all angles of the building of Auckland to the proud city it has become today. There are sections devoted to public buildings, parks, to the public libraries, the Municipal Transport station, the first in New Zealand, on land formerly occupied by the first railway station. There details of the many carparking buildings, the municipal golf links—all are there in Decently and in Order.

This is a well laid out, well printed book and we have no hesitation in recommending it to our readers, both in the city itself and in the country areas.

Mr Bush is a young man and his book is written with a young man's vigour which makes us think that Decently and in Order could well become a very good book for fathers of young families to have on their bookshelves as it would be a great help for both primary and secondary pupils at work on projects of an historical nature about Auckland.

—M. W. Clarke

The book is published for the Auckland City Council, by Collins & Co. \$5.

Permission to republish this book review has been granted by "The Journal of the Auckland Historical Society".

The Collected Works of Edward Gibbon Wakefield

The writer, of this review, Miss Irma O'Connor, is a great-granddaughter of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, she and her sister, Miss B. E. O'Connor, being the grand-daughters of his one son Jerningham and his only surviving descendants. Formerly lady editor on the New Zealand Herald supplement and

the Auckland Weekly News, she spent several years in England, where, attached to New Zealand House, she contributed many articles to leading English newspapers and magazines. While there she was offered a contract to write a biography of her great-grandfather, the book being published by

Hutchinsons under the title, "Edward Gibbon Wakefield — the Man Himself." She was also for some years in sole charge of the Auckland Automobile Association's monthly magazine, and is the only woman on the Waitangi Trust Board.

It was while teaching at Cambridge University, England, that Dr M. F. Lloyd Prichard, Associate Professor of Economic History at Auckland University, became so deeply interested in the life of Edward Gibbon Wakefield that she began to do a great deal of serious research on the subject. Already greatly impressed by the immense range of his activities as a writer, social reformer, political scientist and economist, colonisation expert and practical empire builder, she was soon convinced also that he above all others was the man most truly to be regarded as chiefly responsible for the colonisation of South Australia and New Zealand.

Holding such views, she was therefore shocked to discover that modern New Zealand's attitude to Wakefield was for the most part very different, and she was appalled at the apathy and indifference, utter ignorance or in some cases downright hostility with which he was regarded. Whereas earlier writers of such standing as John Stuart Mill, Lord Durham, Lord Lyttleton and the British historian and biographer, Dr Richard Garnett, to mention only a few, and in our own day and country, Lord Bledisloe, Dr Guy Scholefield and Sir James Hight had recognised and assessed Wakefield's services to New Zealand at their full worth, later New Zealand writers seemed to her bent only on belittling his work and misrepresenting his character.

The discovery led to a determination on her part to "let Wakefield speak for himself". The result is "the Collected Works of Edward Gibbon Wakefield", edited by her with the most painstaking care and splendidly presented in one volume by Collins Bros.

The magnitude of the task may be judged by the number and variety of the works included, most of which have long been out of print, and by the sections devoted to Wakefield's colonisation services to South Australia and New Zealand and to his political achievements as a member of Parliament in two Colonies, Canada and New Zealand, likewise as adviser to several

Governors in Canada and one in New Zealand. But the choice of material is admirably designed to show every facet of a complex character and every expression of the creative ability of a man who was above all else a practical idealist and an indomitable enthusiast for the causes he held dear.

The wildly irresponsible escapade which terminated his diplomatic career was in reality the turning point which directed his thoughts into widely different channels. The evils of the transportation system as a punishment for even minor offences, cruelty, injustice and utter futility became a subject of absorbing interest to him. Since many of these so-called crimes were merely the result of the appalling social conditions, not only in the cities but among the rural poor of England, how much better, he reasoned, to use the colonies overseas not as a dumping ground for convicts but as opportunities for what he termed "the creation of happy human beings". How much better to sell the land in these distant colonies at a reasonable controlled price instead of giving it away, as was then the custom, and to use the money so gained as an emigration fund for England's unhappy, underfed surplus population.

Thus was born the famous Wakefield system of colonisation. In one aspect or another it was to form the theme running through all his books. It found expression first in "A Letter from Sydney", first published serially and then in book form in 1829. Purporting to be the letters of an imaginary settler who had set out from England full of elation at becoming the owner of an immense tract of land for nothing, it described his gradual bitter disillusionment on discovering that he could not obtain labour to work his "estate", could not work such a large area himself, could not even sell it because there were millions more acres like it. When at last with revived optimism he imported convict labour, he found that the convicts deserted him because, having conveniently disappeared, they too could obtain land for nothing or make their way to Sydney where high wages were obtainable.

But though Wakefield had projected himself so vividly into the trials of his imaginary settler as to make him a living figure to his readers, he himself was no mere visionary content only to open people's eyes to the folly and danger of indiscriminate land-giving. A

constructive idealist, he saw that colonies might become not merely a boon to the settlers who went there, but an asset to the Old Country instead of being a millstone round her neck. Hence what has been described as "the most precious jewel in the book" was an Appendix entitled "The Outline of a System of Colonisation".

This theme was to be greatly elaborated in a much longer and more comprehensive book entitled "A View of the Art of Colonisation", published in 1849 and also included in the present volume. Briefly, it involved the sale of waste land in the colonies at a price high enough to prevent or discourage land-grabbing and land-speculation but low enough to enable genuine settlers to buy land for themselves when they had earned enough to pay for it. The price naturally would in each case have to be determined by the particular circumstances obtaining in the colony concerned. The money thus obtained would provide an emigration fund to convey British labour to the colonies free of cost, or to assist suitable prospective settlers who wished to go but who, lacked the necessary capital except that of their hands and brains.

It is the theory of the "sufficient price" for land in the Wakefield system which was so bitterly attacked by Karl Marx, and has been more hopelessly misunderstood and misrepresented than any other aspect of his life work. Yet it was the crux of the system by means of which South Australia and New Zealand were colonised.

Having once propounded his theory, Wakefield set himself the task first of drawing attention by the written word to the evils of the prison system as it then existed in England, next of suggesting reforms and finally of educating the public to a new and more idealistic conception of colonisation as a preventive medium and to a better understanding of its potentialities. His little book entitled, "Punishment of Death in the Metropolis" is not only a scathing and terrible indictment of the existing prison system but it revolves about one central idea — the **prevention** of crime, and thereupon suggests a series of practical recommendations for prison reform. It is significant to note that most of these have now become realities, though few people are aware of Wakefield's part in the process of bringing about changes.

"England and America", published in 1833, and regarded by many as his most

important work, first deals with the disastrous results of the English corn laws, the American Tariff and the causes which led to the evils of slavery in America and other social problems. It then proceeds as usual to the suggested cure, giving a detailed review of his ideas on the proper use of land and a balanced colonisation system.

The appointment of Lord Durham as Governor-General of Canada in 1838, his deliberate choice of Wakefield as confidential adviser, especially in matters relating to Crown Lands and emigration, the famous Durham Report and Wakefield's part in it, his subsequent return to Canada to work successively with Lord Sydenham, Sir Charles Bagot and Sir Charles Metcalfe, his own entry into politics in Canada and later in New Zealand, and his spirited defence of the last-named Governor-General by publishing "A View of Sir Charles Metcalfe's Government of Canada" — all these find their place in Dr Lloyd Prichard's all-embracing book.

In these various fields of activity there are certain aspects of Wakefield's work which are particularly significant. In Canada he battled unceasingly for justice for the French Canadians and their right to be adequately represented in Parliament. In both Canada and later in New Zealand he fought tirelessly for proper Constitutional Government free from the despotism of any one man or one group, however benevolent. He went even further. With clear-sighted and almost prophetic vision he foresaw a time when the colonies of his day must and would become self-governing Dominions, loosely but firmly bound together by a community of principles, ideals and interests into a Commonwealth of nations.

There is surely enough material in this book to justify Lord Lytton's tribute to Wakefield as "beyond comparison of the most genius and the widest influence in the great science of colonisation, both as a thinker, a writer and a worker." There is enough, too, to justify the claim made by a New Zealand leader-writer many years ago that his whole life was spent in the pursuit of what he himself described as "the greatest happiness God vouchsafes to man — the realisation of his own ideal". There may even be enough to break down, at long last some of the unreasonable prejudices and misconceptions which still persist, almost alone in New Zealand.

The Birth of a City

In August 1970 the City of Wellington lamely celebrated the centenary of the founding of the present municipality. Twenty-eight years earlier in 1842 an attempt at self-government, that was doomed to failure, was made by the first settlers.

This book recalls the ideas, the immense character (and characters) and the struggles of these founding fathers who carved a home, a community and a law-abiding society out of a wilderness. Without their heritage, modern, vigorous, proud Wellington would be a pale shell of so many bricks and mortar.

Self-government of the embryonic shoreside settlement was attempted in 1842 after a highly colourful and controversial election campaign saw 12 aldermen elected to a Borough Council. They were not to serve for long as word was soon received that the Queen had withheld the Royal Assent to the Ordinance and there were even accusations of treason.

All interested in early New Zealand history, and particularly the descendants of those associated with the birth of this city, will welcome this book.

The author, Arthur H. Carman, himself a descendant of 1842 settlers, has lived all his life in the district and is as well known in public, local body and sporting affairs as he is for his writing. Previous historical writing includes the 1955 centennial publication **TAWA FLAT AND THE OLD PORIRUA ROAD**.

THE BIRTH OF A CITY is well illustrated with both colours and black and white reproductions of early prints and paintings made available by courtesy of the Alexander Turnbull Library.

PIONEER FAMILIES

In "Courage and Camp Ovens" (Reed), Enga Washbourne writes entertainingly about five generations of Washbournes and Caldwelles. She herself belongs to the fourth. The tracks of these two pioneer families met at Golden Bay, and their doings form a page of Nelson's early history.

There is, in fact, a form of historical writing called prosopography, in which the wider story of a period or society is set forth in relation to one person and his progress in and through it. Some useful writing on New Zealand's past has contained elements of this approach, and that is what gives its chief value to this very human book.

From The Branches

CANTERBURY

THESE WERE MY FOREBEARS

One hundred and twenty years ago, on June 8 1851, the barque "Steadfast" arrived off the Canterbury coast, 100 days out from Gravesend. She anchored off the mouth of Victoria Harbour at midnight and landed her passengers at Lyttelton the following day.

Her voyage was considered the fastest of any of the ships chartered by the Canterbury Association and all passengers were full of praise for the master, Captain Spencer, who had entered into the spirit of adventure and made the voyage out, a most friendly

and pleasurable experience for all the new "settlers".

Amongst them were Stephen Payne Smith, his wife, Jane Rebecca, and their family of six daughters and two sons. Their eldest daughter, Jane, was later to marry my great-grandfather, Thomas Eaton, who had arrived at Lyttelton shortly before them.

S. P. Smith soon erected a temporary home for his family at Lyttelton, and plied his trade as a carpenter for a short time, building more accommodation for the settlers still to come. There seemed little opportunity for establishing himself on the site of the town of Christchurch, so he took his family on to Kaiapoi, where he leased land to be

known as "Shearwater Farm" on the south branch of the Waimakariri river.

Within a short time he had become a very successful business man and by 1859, he was handling the bulk of Kaiapoi's timber export. He built a wharf, a depot, and an accommodation house and operated a ferry service, but the closing of the native reserve to sawyers killed his business, and he succumbed to the call of the Otago Goldfields in search of another challenge to his adventurous spirit, only to lose his life in an accident shortly after his arrival at Lawrence.

Jane, his daughter, and Thomas Eaton, were married at "the Church at Christchurch", later to become "St Michael and All Angels", by the Rev. Henry Jacobs, on 3 January 1856.

Thomas was one of the first sawyers in the Kaiapoi Bush and was employed for a time, by C. O. Torlesse. He was a very musical man and this fine ability endeared him to the local Maori people, who called him "Tamete Hekene" and they would sit enraptured as he played his fiddle for them. He loved his music and could never refuse a request—"Play fiddly". Four of their six children were born at Kaiapoi and then Thomas too, took his family to the Goldfields at Waipori.

It is believed that Smith Street, Kaiapoi, was named after Stephen Payne Smith.

—Mavis Bisphan.

(From Cant. Branch Newsletter No. 46.)

AUCKLAND

FOLK MUSEUM AT HELENSVILLE

Helensville celebrated its Centennial on 26 May 1962 and a display was organised at that time by Mr H. R. Nicholls. Some of the Helensville people

thought that this display recalling the great days of the Kauri timber trade when the port of Kaipara was thriving, deserved a permanent home and in 1968 the Mayor, Mr W. G. Russell, called a meeting of citizens and from this the Helensville and District Historical Society was formed. The Headmaster of the Primary School, Mr McCullough, lent an unused dental clinic building and soon as other material for exhibition arrived this became overcrowded.

Mr and Mrs J. A. Hedley offered a complete kauri house for removal, the Council gave a site near the War Memorial Hall and the establishment of this Folk Museum became a real community effort. Maori people; business people; Clan MacLeod; citizens; Women's Societies and groups; and the Jaycees led by the Historical Society made donations, brought gifts or lent a hand.

The Museum has a pleasant little Victorian sitting room, a Maori section, a room devoted to Kauri (gum-digging and timber trades), while on the walls are displayed Mrs Margaret West's fine collection of maritime photographs. In places of honour in the hallway are two large photographs of John and Helen MacLeod, and Isaac and Janet MacLeod, who with their small families were the original settlers of the township, which is named for Helen MacLeod.

There is also a large picture of the saw-milling station around which the town grew.

The museum was opened in December, 1970 by Mr P. I. Wilkinson, M.P. for Rodney and representatives of numerous local organisations and other Historical Societies were present. "Founders" was represented by Mrs J. Tattersfield, Secretary, Auckland Branch, who also represented the Auckland Clan MacLeod.

—Joan Tattersfield.

Some of the details are taken from the Auckland Historical Journal.