

New Zealand

Founders

BULLETIN



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Shape of Things To Come . . .

Wakefield House Number Two

Quite apart from the fine functions held by Branches everywhere, 1973 has been a Founders year to remember.

Early in the year, as one of the most successful functions held as part of the "Festival of Wellington" our Young Founders, ably led by President John Burns and Secretary Jane Urlich (aided and abetted by our Dominion Councillors), staged a colourful tribute to our pioneer past in a Founders' Colonial Tea Party in the Katherine Mansfield Park, Thorndon. Old-time costumes, some of them from family wardrobes, were worn by many of the 3,500 who turned out on one of the Capital City's more tranquil and sunny afternoons, were entertained by student teacher maypole dancing on the lawn, petticoated croquet players, a wet-plate photographer while T.V. personalities in 1850 disguise mingled in a fancy trap with the promanading citizens or sipped tea served from a flag be-decked marquee.

Then mid-year, as the result of patient negotiations, over some years, there was the successful conclusion of plans to replace Wakefield House No. 1 with a handsome new nine-storey Wakefield House (see above). The "Evening Post" feature article on our Champagne Farewell to our first National home is on page 4. Readers will be pleased to know that a magnificent series of colour photos showing in detail the interior and exterior to No. 90 The Terrace has been compiled by Dominion

Councillor Ewen Hay-McKenzie and Dominion Councillor Hillary Olsen who had commissioned one of Wellington's best artists to paint the final portrait of the house where Edward Gibbon Wakefield breathed his last. (These two items will be proudly displayed in our future top-storey National Headquarters.)

Just ahead of the bulldozer we moved to our present temporary headquarters on the top of Brandon House (named after one of our earlier Dominion Presidents, Major P. de Bath Brandon), corner of Brandon and Featherston Streets, on a site reclaimed from Wellington Harbour one hundred years ago.

One hundred years before that reclamation Captain James Cook, R.N., made weigh to enter Wellington Harbour (Whaitangi-a-Tara) on 2nd November, 1773. Two hundred years later to the day our Society were co-sponsors with Wellington's longest-established Lions Club in holding celebrations to mark this important event in New Zealand's history. (See page 18 for another "Evening Post" write-up on the occasion.) Held over two nights in one of Wellington's best hotels this Founders-inspired enterprise realised almost \$500 for civic welfare and the Ngati Poneke Marae Building Funds.

It was indeed a satisfying experience for our Society to help make history (and money for others) out of history while gaining a measure of mana out of honouring our twin-nation's past.

Wakefield House Number Two



LETTERS

4 Rodney Street,
Wanganui.

Adios Flora Spurdle!

Dear Mr. Buick-Constable,

Until an hour ago I hoped to come to my and your (?) last Dominion meeting, especially as it would mean seeing you all again for my last time.

A queer thing has happened to me—I am completely worn out, and find it difficult to walk but I can still write.

I look back with great pleasure at the pleasant and interesting meetings, and at staying so often in the little flat at old Wakefield House. I wear my "service badge" with great pride—excuse this pen.

Adios.

FLORA SPURDLE.

Readers will join the Editor in a special sadness at the recent passing of that wonderful person, Flora Spurdle, until recently President of our Whanganui Branch and a frequent contributor to this Bulletin. Long-time editress of that Branch's fact-filled Journal and tireless recorder of the past, I can think of no better tribute to her than to publish the text of her last contribution—her final letter to this Editor.

FROM DEAR IRMA O'CONNOR

(holidaying in Christchurch)

At Cressing Court,
Merrivale,
Christchurch.

Dear Lindsay,

Thank you so much for your kind and sympathetic letter received two or three days ago. It followed me down here, where I am spending a brief holiday after a short visit to Wellington on the way. My dear old Jude was so distressed by a constant and increasing breathlessness during the last few months that, much as I miss her, I could only be glad when she was released. We have wonderful neighbours now living in the three flats adjoining ours and they and old friends rallied round me and could not have been kinder. But I felt I wanted to be away for a spell after such a long period of strain.

Yesterday a friend drove me through to Ashburton, where my grandfather, Jerningham Wakefield, is buried in what used to be a terribly neglected cemetery, but is now a well-kept grass reserve, with a monument listing the names of those who had been buried there. Jerningham's own grave is marked by a bronze plaque set in the grass, and I have now arranged for an oak tree to be planted there to mark the spot more definitely. I hope the Founders Society

is keeping an eye on what is going on in connection with the Wakefield graves in Wellington. I hear the Council has already permitted the filching of a large amount of space which was to have been kept green and planted round the graves, and that E.G.W.'s grave is now bang up against the boundary—a horrible arrangement. They assured me that this area was to be a well-planted plaza, but promises these days seem to be worth nothing. I am also concerned as to when the wreath-laying ceremony is to be resumed. They would be quite capable of conveniently forgetting all about it if somebody doesn't keep prodding them, so I hope the Founders Society, which is on the spot, will do the prodding for me.

Meanwhile on my return to Auckland, I am planning to fly to England for about four months—something I had intended to do some years ago, but my sister was not well enough either to take with me or to leave behind. So it's now or never!

My best wishes to the Society in general and yourself in particular and once again many thanks for your letter.

Yours sincerely,

IRMA.

No Tears For Wakefield House

The New Zealand Founders Society did not want a wake for Wakefield House. Instead, there was a champagne "farewell" last night to what was described as Wakefield House No. 1, at 90 The Terrace.

THE FOUNDERS CREED

We pledge ourselves to foster, promote and inculcate in rising generations that hardy will and spirit of enterprise, responsibility, work and faith so abundantly possessed by the actual founders, which has been so important a factor in the life and progress of New Zealand.

For Wakefield House, a landmark in inner Wellington for generations, is to be demolished to make way for Wakefield House No. 2, a nine-storey office building.

The present Wakefield House, the home of the New Zealand Founders Society since mid-1939 when the society took out the leasehold, had also housed the New Zealand Historic Places Trust.

Despite its link with the past, the trust, ironically, would never class it as a historic place.

Creed

The president of the Founders Society (Mr. L. M. Buick-Constable) spoke at last night's farewell.

He quoted the society's creed which says, "We pledge ourselves to foster, promote and inculcate in rising generations that hardy will and spirit of enterprise, responsibility, work and faith so abundantly possessed by the actual founders, which has been so important a factor in the life and progress of New Zealand.

"We are talking about progress. The Founders Society has never stood in the way of progress. Indeed, the founders have made the progress that is New Zealand today."

He said that in line with the society's creed he hoped even Wakefield House No. 2 would be knocked down to make way for House No. 3, though not in the near future.

Funds

Mr. Buick-Constable said the society, by letting one of its two floors in the new building scheduled for completion in about three years, expected to build

funds to be able to contribute something to the community.

He explained that the leasehold for Wakefield House was bought for \$23,000 in 1949 and this had appreciated to the extent that the leasehold was worth more than \$350,000 today.

Last night's function was the last for the society in the old Wakefield House, formerly called the Wakefield Residential Flats when the society took it over.

The society has known for some time that it would have to relinquish the building. Even the frontage, built in 1905, would have had to have gone to meet Wellington City Council regulations regarding the amount of footage the building had to be back from The Terrace.

Only Way

Mr. Buick-Constable said later that there was no way out. The society had looked into the possibility of shifting the building back "but the only way to go was up."

The fact was, he said, Wakefield House in its present form and condition was not proving an economic proposition.

Although the society has held the leasehold since 1949, the freehold has actually been held by Mrs. Priscilla Williams, a direct descendant of Edward Gibbon Wakefield after whom the building was named. She now lives in London.

Until the society moves back into Wakefield House No. 2, its headquarters will be in Brandon House.

"This is quite apt," said Mr. Buick-Constable, "because one of our original founder presidents was Major P. de B. Brandon."

TARANAKI

80b Paynters Avenue,
New Plymouth.

Dear Mr. Buick-Constable,

We missed you at our Anniversary functions (spoilt, we were getting) but we realise that, even if you were twins, you couldn't always do the rounds.

We were fortunate, however, in the Minister and our guest speaker. The Rev. Francis gave a great deal of time and thought to making the service appropriate and meaningful, and his address was wonderful. It was mostly off-the-cuff and mere print could never capture his particular quality, but still I asked him for his notes for the Bulletin. You will see by the enclosed that he went to quite a lot of trouble, and I hope you will think it suitable for publishing.

Our guest speaker at the luncheon was Mr. V. S. Young, M.P. for Egmont. His address, also, was exceptionally good and quite thought-provoking. I was only able to get the brief notes from which he spoke, but I am sending them to you because it occurred to me that you might like to publish a few extracts in a sort of telegraphic style. The final remarks are very apropos views that have been voiced recently in the Society, I think.

I hope all is well with you and yours. I had planned a few days at Here-taunga recently, and thought I might at least phone you and Mrs. Anderson. However, I got the flu instead! Which also explains, in part, why I have been so long sending this—the other part is that I seem to have trouble with a very fast-moving calendar. All well here now, and Mrs. Nicholls holding her own, after her spell of intensive care last year. Gus has his hands full.

Please remember me to your wife and your mother. Kind regards and best wishes to you all.

Sincerely yours,

IDA PIPER,
(Secretary).

Dear Lindsay,

It seems a while since I last wrote to you. I think the Hamilton meeting in August, and since then they have continued to progress. They had a successful visit to the Kukumoana Marae and were the first Pakeha people to be welcomed on to that marae since the days of Wiremu Tauihana. A number of members are coming to Auckland next Saturday to the Patriotic Societies welcome to our new Governor and I am looking forward to meeting them again.

During last year we made tentative plans to try for a sub-branch in Whangarei, without much response until Mr. Galpin (a member there) interested himself, and I, made a trip to meet him and a few of our members there. We only have 10 all told. We decided to have a meeting on 7th April at the Y.W.C.A. Lounge at 1.30 p.m. Mr. Galpin is well known there and managed to get us a two-column write-up in the "Northern Advocate" which led to a 10-minute spot of the local radio telephone interview time. So we are hoping to successfully launch the sub-branch.

Could you please send a personal message, which could be read out at the meeting, as I think this would lend dignity and interest to the proceedings. It may not be as big a meeting as at Hamilton, and I do not feel that you should be asked to come, unless, of course, if you yourself would like to, also accommodation may be a bit difficult.

I am enclosing a play with an Irish flavour about early days with the Fencibles of Panmure. I have read it through, but feel that it is a bit long for the Bulletin, however, as the lady seemed anxious to send it in, here goes! The envolep is addressed so that you can return it if it is not suitable. We are having our A.G.M. on 22nd March. Hoping that all is well with you and your family, and with good wishes to "Founders".

Yours sincerely,

JEAN TATTERSFIELD,
Hon. Secretary,

He Went Burling Along For 111 Years

Henry Burling was born at Stratford, Essex in the year 1801; he worked there as a silk and satin printer, his job being to mix the colours.

He left England at the age of 40 with his wife Mary and their children and arrived at Port Nicholson on the ship "London" on the 1st May, 1842.

Even though he was in his forties, when he arrived he plunged into the new life with the eagerness of a young man, taking any job that came to hand, as well as learning to speak Maori fluently, which proved wise.

He bought land in the wilds of Johnny Wade's Town (Wadestown) from a Maori and there he farmed for some years.

But besides farming he took on other jobs. The first of these was to carry the mail on foot from Wellington up the west coast to Wanganui. He was well fitted for this, having an iron constitution and being a good swimmer. When the going was good, he could travel as much as forty or fifty miles a day. But, the country being bush covered, it was not often good enough for this, more often progress was painfully slow and involved swimming rivers with his clothes and mail bag strapped to his neck and head. He usually reckoned a fortnight for the journey there and back.

On the way he would visit the Maoris in their different pas and he became very friendly with them, admiring their qualities, and they equally admiring his fearlessness and genial character. Also he never carried arms.

In 1843, just after the "Wairau Massacre", he was asked to carry an important dispatch through to Wanganui, being the only man whom it was thought would have a chance to get through. In the bush not far from Wellington, Maori scouts seized him and took him before the great chief Rangihaeata himself, a giant Maori of some six and a half feet tall. But Henry Burling was Rangihaeata's trusted friend and the chief not only let him go but gave him a kind of passport to take him unmolested through to Wanganui.

Throughout his long life Henry Burling insisted that friction between

the Maori and pakeha was due mainly to the pakehas ignorance and refusal to study the Maoris point of view. Rangihaeata was, he considered, a misjudged man. "He was," he said, "a splendid man, true to his friends, generous and brave."

Henry Burling also took on the jobs of cutting tracks through the bush for Fitzgerald, the surveyor. At this he was an expert, and in 1847 he was put in charge of the gang cutting the track over the Rimutakas to the Wairarapa. He gained renown for the way he handled his men, many of whom were whalers.

The sight from the Rimutakas of the Wairarapa Valley with its big lake reflecting the sun inspired him to establish himself there, and taking no notice of official threatenings of legal action, he bought land from the Maoris and drove his cattle round, and settled down near the foot of the Rimutakas. There he established an accommodation house known as "Burling's Bush Inn" in 1849. This area became known as "Burlings".

"Burlings" became a recognised stopping place for travellers.

In 1855 the Government decided to place a township at "Burlings" to provide a base for work on the hill highway, and the settlement began in 1857, by which time the town had been named Featherston in honour of Dr. Featherston.

Around this time Henry Burling shifted nearer to the lake. There he lived to see his sons, grandsons and even great-grandsons established in their farms.

At the age of one hundred he was still able to stride ahead of his grandsons carrying a sack of grass seed and ask, "Am I going too fast for you?"

At the age of one hundred and five he kicked off at a football match and could still be seen opening a ball by waltzing energetically around the ballroom for at least one round.

He ended his days at the home of a grandson at Waikanae, where he loved to talk of the past and always he came back to his admiration for the Maoris.

Henry Burling died in 1911 in his one hundred and eleventh year.

1973 Waitangi Day Speech at Wakefield House No. 1

By Dr. Pei te Huranui Jones

I accepted the invitation to speak tonight with the idea in mind, Mr. Chairman, that it would be an opportunity to pay my respects to a Society which is concerned to maintain good relationship between the races now inhabiting Aotearoa, the Land of the Long White Cloud. I compliment the members of the Society and their friends for holding this agreeable event as part of the Waitangi Day Celebrations, which on this occasion marks the one hundred and thirty-third anniversary of the initial signing of the Treaty of Waitangi.

The Society is also to be congratulated for arranging to meet on occasions such as this to recall the past and to honour our forebears.

It will not be my purpose to range over much of the years since 1840. Rather will it be my endeavour to give some idea of how the Maori people have fared under British rule, which was ushered in by the signing of the Treaty. A quick review of the situation may help at this stage to get an understanding of the Maori viewpoint.

Over the years the members of the Society, no doubt, have listened to many speeches on the Treaty, but I have a feeling that in our modern world events speed forward and the pauses that we need to allow us to retrace our steps mentally are sometimes too fleeting to help us focus our attention on some important events in our history.

A quick glance to the past will show that the first shock experienced by the Maori people was when the validity of the Treaty was questioned by the British people who were its author. It was claimed that the Maori chiefs who signed the Treaty did not have the international legal standing to make any treaty.

However, it later became accepted that all land in New Zealand was held under tribal usage. Under this tribal usage the main concern among the Maori people has, therefore, been with regard to their ancestral lands, forests, and fisheries. Of the three articles of the Treaty, the one to which the Maori people pinned their faith was Article Two. Under Article Two the chiefs and tribes were guaranteed "the full exclu-

sive and undisturbed possession of their lands, estates, forests, fisheries, and other properties . . ."

Before New Zealand became self-governing the British Parliament was inclined to observe the terms of the Treaty. In New Zealand, on the other hand, among early European arrivals there were some who said the Treaty of Waitangi was meaningless and an intolerable obstacle to settlement, and the progress of the country. It was at this early stage in our history that some questionable land purchases were made. Many of these purchases took place in Northland and the South Auckland areas, and these in later years were reviewed and in many cases areas which the transactions purported to have been included in the purchases were drastically reduced. The resulting serverances from the purchased lands became known as "surplus lands". These "surplus lands"—instead of being returned to the original owners or their successors, as the Maori people expected—were appropriated by the Crown; an action the tribes considered was in contravention of the Treaty.

The Maori Wars of the sixties of the last century was followed by confiscations. The principal regions affected by confiscations and the areas involved were: 462,000 acres in Taranaki, 800,000 in the Waikato, 211,000 in the Bay of Plenty, and 50,000 acres in Tauranga.

Sir William Martin, the first Chief Justice of New Zealand, likened the situation to that in Ireland where it had been shown that confiscation of land did not solve the problem. Sir William went on to say, "The claim of the dis-

dispossessed owner was remembered and considered from generation to generation, and the brooding sense of wrong broke out from time to time in disturbance and crime."

There has undoubtedly been remembrance of the dispossession of tribal lands, and in recent times there have been demands by Maori groups for ratification of the Treaty with a view to claiming compensation for lost lands through shady land purchases and confiscation of lands of so-called rebel tribes. The areas confiscated comprised the most fertile areas in the districts mentioned, and as no attempt had previously been made to determine the ownership of these lands it resulted in the loss of lands of tribesmen who had fought against their own kinsmen. The wrongs thus inflicted on the tribes in these confiscated areas were therefore borne by a much larger number of people than the government of the day ostensibly had decided to punish.

The demonstrators who are making demands on government are mostly young people, and their actions have been described as "something like a resurgence of organised Maori nationalism". These demonstrations have been held as an expression of the sense of injustice which are reckoned to have been brought about by the early breaches of the Treaty.

Other reasons which have been raised as justification for the demands made is the feeling that, over the years since the setting up of the Maori land court in the 1860s, land laws have been slanted against Maori land owners.

The confiscation and the shady land purchases are generally referred to as "Maori grievances". These grievances have been the subject of petitions to Parliament over the years, and there have also been petitions to England. As the result of some of these petitions Royal Commission and Commissions of inquiry have been set up to investigate and make recommendations regarding the various cases included in the orders of reference.

The outcome of these investigations have resulted in a number of tribal claims being settled. The settlements have taken the form of trust bodies called Maori Trust Boards being set up to administer funds as provided for under various Acts.

I might mention at this stage that

included in the cases investigated and considered as coming within the purview of the terms of the Treaty of Waitangi have been the question of ownership of lakes and rivers, and it has been established that the land rights of the Maori tribes extend and include title to the beds of lakes and rivers.

So, although some of the young Maori groups are more sophisticated and not prepared to accept without reservation assurances from people in authority that all is well, some of their more extravagant claims need to be modified in the light of what measure of redress has already been achieved by leaders of the race in the past.

The cases settled and the names of the government and Maori leaders who were identified with the several claims for compensation offer a catalogue of political difficulties surmounted over long periods of time. I shall mention some of the important cases, together with the names of government leaders who patiently and skilfully conducted prolonged negotiations with tribal leaders.

The first case was that of the Rotorua lakes, which was settled in 1922 by Sir Francis Bell, who was Acting Prime Minister at the time, and the Honourable Apirana Ngata: the second one was that of Lake Taupo and its rivers, settled in 1926 by the Right Honourable Gordon Coates and Sir Maui Pomare: the third case was that of the confiscation of Taranaki lands, settled in 1931 by Sir Apirana Ngata in conjunction with the Right Honourable Coates and Sir Maui Pomare: the fourth was that of the confiscation of the Waikato lands of the Tainui tribes in which the preliminary investigations were the work of the Right Honourable Gordon Coates and Sir Maui Pomare, but because of the slump conditions and World War II was finally settled in 1946 by the Right Honourable Peter Fraser and the Honourable H. G. Rex Mason: the fifth was the long standing case of the purchase deed in respect of South Island Maori lands which was settled in 1946 by the Right Honourable Sir Eruera T. Tirikatene: the sixth was in respect of the "surplus lands" which have been mentioned earlier, which was settled in 1953 by the Honourable Ernest B. Corbett: the seventh and the last one I shall mention was that of

the involved inter-tribal case of Lake Waikaremoana which was settled in 1972 by the Honourable Duncan MacIntyre in conjunction with Sir Turi Carroll as representing the Maori owners of the lake.

I have been involved in petitions on Maori claims for compensation over the years and it is my impression that the more important cases have already been investigated—and where found justified settlements have been made. Outstanding cases at present would mainly concern the operations of various Acts of Parliament in the administration of which the Maori people consider their rights under the Treaty are not being observed. In this regard I would cite the incidence of the Rating Acts and the Town and Country Planning Act.

A large number of petitions have failed to get favourable consideration, and it is my impression that a good deal of the material used by demonstrating groups come under this category.

Decisions of Parliamentary Committees are too brief and inadequate, and sometimes misleading. For instance, it was only after several years that I learnt that a decision reading, "Referred to Government for consideration" was virtually a negative answer, and that nothing short of "Referred to Government for most favourable consideration" was worth worrying about.

Treatment of petitions in this manner is I think a strong argument for resurrecting the second chamber to do the committee work of Parliament, and when giving judgment on petitions I would hope that reasons would be given for decisions made.

Ratification of the Treaty is considered by many of our people to mean the observance of all its three articles in the statute laws of New Zealand. So whilst preoccupied with my speech notes last Tuesday, I was delighted to hear the Prime Minister, Mr. Norman Kirk, announce the Government's intentions regarding the Treaty and its due observance as a pact not only for the Maori people but for all New Zealanders.

Governments in the past have balked at making decisions of the nature announced by the Prime Minister, mainly on account of the heavy cost to the country. In this regard I would like to repeat the concluding part of my 1971 Waitangi Day speech in which I said:

"As one who has been deeply involved in the negotiations and settlements of old grievances, I venture the opinion that only a small part of the annual amount of New Zealand's overseas aid would suffice to make satisfactory settlement of present-day outstanding grievances."

In conclusion I want to say that I have tried to give a balanced view of the Maori viewpoint of the Treaty of Waitangi, and that in doing so I trust I have made some contribution to the maintenance of goodwill and friendship among fellow New Zealanders.

New Branch Whangarei

A sub-branch of the New Zealand Founders Society Inc. was established in Whangarei early in 1973.

About 20 people attended an inaugural meeting chaired by a Whangarei city councillor, Mr. E. M. Elliott, who said he planned to become a member of the new branch, which will probably serve all of Northland.

The society, set up in 1939, has a wide membership of people tracing descent from the early settlers.

Many are fifth and six generation New Zealanders, the Auckland branch secretary, Mrs. J. Tattersfield said:

"We are no longer Scots, English, Irish or Welsh—we are New Zealanders," Mrs. Tattersfield said, "just as the Maori people are. Our ties with the old lands are being dissolved in the mists of bygone years."

The family interest also generated interest in society and the nation, he said, so the Founders played both historical and civic roles.

The meeting agreed to press for full branch status, which requires a minimum of 20 financial members.

It elected a sub-branch committee to launch a membership campaign. President is Mr. A. C. Galpin; secretary, Mrs. M. J. Berney; treasurer, Miss L. Hill; committee, Mr. E. M. Elliott, Sir Maxwell Richmond, and Lady Richmond, Mrs. A. C. Galpin, Mrs. W. H. McLeod, Mrs. J. D. Gerard, Mrs. W. R. Carter, and Mrs. F. Marinkovich.

Death of Founder of Founder Society 1957

That oft-used phrase, "Died in harness", applies well to Douglas Hope Johnston, whose distinguished career ended suddenly at his home in London at 4 a.m. on February 23, a few minutes after he had written a long letter to Mr. Max Wall, Dominion president of the Founders Society, in which he offered some important suggestions for consideration by the Dominion Council. He had attached the following note for his daughter Joan (Mrs. J. Shephard): "My dear girl, This is an important letter; so type it carefully. It is now 4 a.m., the morning of my 83rd birthday—a long innings—not out yet—but I'm getting a little 'winded'. The next letter which is not quite ready, will be the most important of all for the N.Z.F.S."

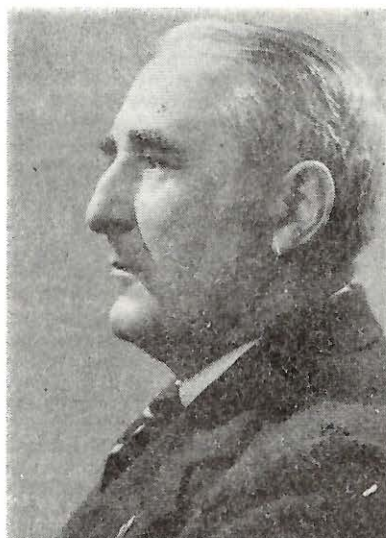
At that moment came the final summons of coronary thrombosis. Mr. Johnston staggered into his wife's room, and died in her arms within a few minutes.

"He had been so well, that night," wrote Mrs. Johnston to Mr. Wall. "I was very happy. He was talking of so many things which he still wished to accomplish. We chatted until nearly 2 a.m."

"I would often remonstrate with him for putting such a strain on his strength by writing all night, but it was in vain. I realised, as far as the New Zealand Founders Society was concerned, he was like a father with his best-loved and most worthwhile child. His strength was spent in a good cause."

Mr. Johnston was born on February 22, 1874, in "Thorndon House", Hobson Street, Wellington's first two-storeyed house. It was built in 1844 for his maternal grandfather, Captain Charles Schlutze, one of the first two members for Wellington City in the first Provincial Parliament. Captain Schlutze raised, equipped and commanded a troop of cavalry for the defence of Wellington against expected attacks by Maoris.

Father of Mr. Johnston was Percival Johnston, son of Captain Robert Johnston, R.N., who was a godson of Ad-



miral Arthur Phillip, first Governor of Australia. Robert's father was Colonel George Johnston who as a lieutenant was A.D.C. to Captain (afterwards Admiral Arthur Phillip, when he established the first settlement in Australia at Sydney Cove on January 26, 1788.

Mr. Douglas Hope Johnston left New Zealand at the age of five and was educated in Sydney, Scotland, and England. When he was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple in 1900, his sponsor was Sir Henry Feilding Dickens, son of Charles Dickens. After practising law in London for 10 years, Mr. Johnston returned to Sydney in 1901, remained in Australia for about 30 years, and then went back to London. He visited New Zealand in 1902, 1908, and 1938-39.

In 1910 Mr. Johnston founded the Australasian Pioneers Club and in 1929 the Women's Pioneer Society of Australasia, both in Sydney. He was the originator of the annual celebration of New Zealand Day in London on February 6, the anniversary of the signing of

the Treaty of Waitangi in 1840. He also formed reciprocal links between the Founders Societies of Australia, New Zealand, Canada and the United States of America.

During his stay in Wellington in 1939 he was prime mover and organiser in the formation of the New Zealand Society.—Leo Fanning.

Recent Letters from Mrs Jean Hope Johnston

22nd March.

Dear Mr. Buick-Constable,

Your letter to me has just arrived and I feel I must write to you immediately to express my heart-felt gratitude.

Only a very high-minded and good man could have written such a letter, nor could be capable of any discourteous behaviour.

I have been very unwell. I will write to you again when I am able to go through various boxes that may contain a portrait of my husband—so many things were destroyed in a fire in a warehouse while I was moving here. I fear a trunk containing many personal things.

I must correct a few inaccurate things written in the N.Z. paper kindly sent to me by the N.Z.F.S. at the time of my husband's death. He was educated at Harrow, then Scotland and Cambridge. He returned to Australia in 1901 and left again in 1905 to appear in the Ekuity (I think) case as Junior Counsel with Sir Rufus Isaacs, returning again to Sydney in 1907 and spending one year in Samoa. In Sydney again where he founded the Australasian Pioneers' Club. He returned to England in 1912, and at the outbreak of war was refused military service so accepted a position at the War Office where he remained for two years, and in 1916 he went to the Bank of England, where he held an important position. 1922 he went to Sydney and returned again to England in 1930—and as you probably know, he was invited by the Australian Government to visit Australia for the 150th Anniversary of the Founding of Australia on 26th January, 1938. Taking with him the now very famous picture The Founding of Australia, on loan at the request of the Government to New Zealand.

I would most like to tell you some-

Dear Mr Buick-Constable,

I am sending you a portrait of my husband which you asked for in your letter to me. It is a good likeness and was taken by a friend with whom he was staying and is not a studio photograph.

I am sending you also two newspaper cuttings, one of which was sent to me by Mr. Max Wall.

I told you in my last letter that he did not spend 30 years in Australia as stated in the New Zealand newspaper. He did a great deal of his historical work in this country.

Alas, a fire has destroyed so many interesting things. Articles, photos and much to do with the great things my husband achieved historically during his lifetime. This is the only photo of him, except one other in his nightgown so I would be most grateful if you would return this photo to me if possible.

I must thank you once again for your charming and very kind letter to me which I treasure and I look forward to receiving any articles concerning the New Zealand Founders Society.

I send you my warmest regards.

And believe me,

very sincerely yours,

JEAN HOPE JOHNSTON.

thing that Lord Bledisloe said when we were having dinner with him—“Hope Johnston, the New Zealand Founders Society is the finest thing that will come out of New Zealand.”

Once again I thank you for your very kind letter and believe me.

Very sincerely yours,

JEAN HOPE JOHNSTON

Just Before The Turn Of The Century

Two Significant Events.

Women Got Vote, 1893.

**Only Nine Years After
Refrigeration.**

**Two Events Influence N.Z.
Development.**

First resulted in strong political force demanding progressively improved Social Welfare policies.

Old Age Pensions for which Dick Seddon in 1890 received credit had been proposed some decades earlier.

With women franchised N.Z. Government extended their responsibility into those areas of Social Justice that the whole community demanded.

A Young Nation seeking its own identity in a world where injustice was rife and opportunity limited sought a social structure unobstructed by these restrictions.

Theo ther event, Refrigeration, drew the pattern for New Zealand's pastoral and agricultural progress. New Zealand became the farmlands of Great Britain. The British Market provided space and opportunity for the farm products of New Zealand.

Ties of trade strengthened the already strong bonds between the two countries.

Immigrants from "Home", as it was affectionately called, were encouraged until New Zealanders could proudly claim that New Zealand was more British than Britain.

"Land of Hope and Glory" would strike a more responsive note in our hearts than "God Defend New Zealand".

The British Empire at the turn of the century was at the height of its power.

Times have changed. The future of the British Commonwealth must be in question. The British Government has taken its people into Europe with the hope of becoming a European power.

Nations of the Commonwealth may still span the world, but have less and less in common.

Their forms of government vary from democratic parliaments to military juntas to virtual dictatorships.

Meetings of Commonwealth heads of governments are best described as talks that take "Longer and longer to reach agreement on less and less."

The Commonwealth is becoming a spent force.

We must ask ourselves the question of where does New Zealand go in this world of international change.

One thing is paramount. New Zealand must make its own independence apparent in international affairs. Any student of these matters would be forgiven if he was to assume that New Zealand Foreign Affairs Policy was presently decided in Australia.

New Zealanders must also develop their own sense of identity and purpose as a nation.

When the Government pleads for special status for New Zealanders in the U.K. I wonder whether we are the mature Pacific nation we claim to be. New Zealand is a Pacific nation. It is a blend of people of European and Polynesian extraction.

The Founders of the nation include Polynesian as well as European.

To establish our own sense of identity and independence. The recognition of this factor is the first and vital step.

Auckland Branch

THE BELLS OF ARDMORE

By Mrs. N. Kempt,

Descendants of John and Sarah Bell of Ardmore, South Auckland, met on Sunday, 15th October, 1972, to celebrate the 130th anniversary of the Bell's arrival in New Zealand. Mr. and Mrs. Bell from Penrith, North of England, arrived in the "Duchess of Argyll" on 9th October, 1842.

Over 100 descendants gathered at the morning service in St. James Anglican Church, Ardmore, where the Rev. M. Spackman welcomed them and later took a commemoration service around the grave of John and Sarah Bell. After the service the party moved to the Ardmore Hall for lunch, a chat, exchanging old photographs, completing a family tree, and honouring three grandchildren, Mr. W. G. Bell, Mrs. B. Poff, and Mrs. E. McPetridge.

Contributed by a great granddaughter member of Auckland Founders Society, Vera G. Kempt.

Address to The Founders Society

Preached at Whiteley Memorial Methodist Church
on Sunday, April 1, 1973 by the Rev. W. R. Francis

"But what has thou lacked in me, me, that behold thou seekest to go to thine own country? And he answered, nothing—however, let me depart." 1st Kings, verse 22.

The question addressed by the Pharaoh of Egypt to Hadad the Edomite after he had been cared for in Egypt might equally well have been asked of those leaving the Old Country for new life and lands in the colonies. What motivated their move we can only conjecture, but we recall with gratitude that those who came to settle this land lived hard (in the physical sense of work against a minimum of comforts), they built well both in fabric and community sense and they had a tremendous faith in the future—they endured that their children might have a better life and that this country might grow in every way.

The Smell of New Grass

In trying to eliminate the impulses that drove them from the security of their old homes and communities we must beware the sentimentality that exaggerates the rigours or conversely paints too rosy a picture of their achievements. England of last century was not an idyllic place for families of the labouring class and prospects for melioration of those conditions was not bright. Furthermore, new lands and fresh opportunities were dwindling in number in Canada, Africa and Australia became more developed. This group of islands known as New Zealand had been well spoken of by the explorers and other visitors. Also the pull of novelty against the call of security has ever had its devotees and the opportunity to forge a new life, correct old injustices (real or imagined) lead many to say as Hadad said, "However, let me depart."

In setting off on an adventure of this type, facing a long and often uncomfortable sea voyage, must have set the colonisers many questions. What should they bring? What were the most essential things required to make their dreams live? That they faced these queries with imagination we can discern from a few letters fortunately preserved for use; and

the way they met the challenges with grit and determination. Where some of us have been paralysed by the uncertainties ahead, they came and by their advent left us a heritage of which we should be proud and respectful. Writes one correspondent:

"I have got the first cow in the country, which cost me £30. I am sure if I remained in England I should not have been the owner of the tail of a cow . . . I have one nanny goat which cost me £2 5s. I have got one pig, a dog and two cats; and the best of all I have got a nice little wife. She is another such a little crack as my sister Mary; she is a merry one and a clever one, too."

Just how the wife became entangled in the stock list is not easy to see, but we obtain a glimpse of the altered importance things had in the settlement, against the known and the secure of their old life. Again:

"Wages by the day 7s. 6d. mechanics, labourers 4s. to 5s. per day, when working for private individuals 6s. per day. Provisions: fresh pork 6d. to 7d. lb., salt ditto 6d., flour 6d., loaf sugar 10d., split peas 2s. per gallon and potatoes 1d. per lb. They have been dearer; we shall have them cheaper soon."

A reference, no doubt, to the anticipated harvest soon to be gathered. Not all things worked out as readily for the little community opening up the land in Taranaki for they wrote also of the lack of news, limited educational facilities for their families besides some less anticipated hazards.

"Send out a watch and clock maker, for all the clocks and watches are stopped, and no person here able to repair them. Above all things use your diligence in sending a hairdresser, for all the gentlemen are perfect frights because their hair is so long; they look more like women than men, not having their hair cut since they left England."

Shades of another generation appearing among the comments from our forebears.

You may transport a man from one end of the world to the other, but he carries with him a considerable amount

of the old, and the growing communities of this country demonstrate this blend of old and new in several ways. Let this quote suffice as an illustration of what I mean:

The Blending of Old and New

"Give my love to Uncle William and thank him for my apple trees that he gave me. They are the first in the country. I have been offered £20 for them; but I would not take £50 for them."

Just how those apple trees were transported and kept alive through all the months and hazards of sea travel I leave you to imagine, but they represent for us the desired elements of the life they left behind preserved and continued in their new situation. They brought seeds, cuttings and apparently young trees, not only to remind them of home, but to be a resource carefully tended and sheltered to nourish them and theirs in this far-flung corner of the Empire.

They also brought with them their faith and carefully nurtured their children in the Bible, worship and worthy living. We are inheritors of both the apple trees and the faith; and for both we ought to be grateful. A final quote:

"Dear Father, on Christmas Day six of us went up to Moturoa Chapel to hear Mr. Creed, and the chapel was quite full of poor missionaries. When we came home we had cold fig pudding and cold leg of pork dressed the day before. Ten of us sat down to dinner."

How I love the reference to the "poor missionaries", and the special fare with which to celebrate Christmas Day. It was out of this blend of hard work and genuine faith that they forged the babyhood of our nation. Both were held together in respect and in naturalness and the character that ensued became the storehouse from which we have been enriched.

Like Hadad of the Old Testament these people sought leave to go from the known and secure to the challenges of a future they felt capable of managing. We are grateful for their labours; we look back with honour to their coming and the way they conquered adversity, cherished the things of lasting worth for us and laid the foundations of a community acknowledging ties with the old but prepared to bind them into a new and wonderful spirit of worthy selfhood. May we be worthy of the trust they have passed on to our generation.

150 Years in New Zealand

by Patrick Williams

In early May, 1973 800 descendants of the missionary brothers Henry and William Williams gathered in Paihia to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the landing of Henry Williams. The family wished to recapture some of the spirit of friendship which existed between the two brothers and the Maoris and to this end they invited Maori clergy and their families to attend.

The five days of celebrations were climaxed by an open-air service to which at least 1,000 people attended and a hangi which followed, on the Waitangi Marae. The sermon was delivered by the Bishop of Aotearoa, Right Rev. Bishop Bennett.

At the hangi a bell housed in an ornately carved belfry was unveiled, being a token of appreciation by the Williams family for what the Maori people had given to the Church. Over

the course of the celebrations numerous talks were given and discussions held during which the question arose as to how the Church could be of more help to Maoris in the deprived areas of large cities.

Henry Williams was one of the early missionaries to land in New Zealand and was instrumental in persuading numerous Maori chiefs to sign the Treaty of Waitangi. His brother, William, landed at Paihia three years after Henry and is notable for his work in helping to make Maori a written language—for his translation of the New Testament and his "Dictionary of the New Zealand language and a Concise Grammar".

At the conclusion of the celebrations members of the family left for their homes; some even travelling to the other side of the world.

Tokens Used in Early Wellington

LIPMAN LEVY, IMPORTER & MANUFACTURER OF BOOKS AND SHOES, LAMBTON QUAY

Lipman Levy was born in London in 1823 and emigrated to Sydney in 1841. He formed a partnership with David Isaacs as importers and merchants, mainly of shoes, and also a grindery business. He returned to Sydney in 1850 because of ill health and very nearly didn't return to Wellington. However, he recovered sufficiently and took complete control of the firm with the assistance of his brother Benjamin, who later went into the fancy goods business. His mercantile shrewdness soon had him a member of the Town Board, Wellington Chamber of Commerce, director of the New Zealand Steam Navigation Co. (now the N.Z. Shipping Co.), Wellington Trust, Loan and Investment Society, Wellington Benevolent Society, trustee Deferred Payment Society, Wellington Gas Co., and many other Wellington registered companies. He was urged to stand for the General Assembly which would have been a certainty—but declined as he considered business far more important than politics. He was generous in an unostentatious way, being a regular attender to Benevolent Institution Committee meetings. He was a Mason for many years and was Past Master in the New Zealand Pacific Lodge—the oldest established in New Zealand.

He lived in a house in Kent Terrace—by appearances the first house in this street. He owned freehold property in Lambton Quay—section number 485, totalling 149 feet frontage. He was the recipient of a complimentary dinner on 31st March, 1865 and was elected a Justice of the Peace in 1879, the year he retired.

Lipman Levy died on 27th January, 1880 at the age of 58 following a short illness, leaving a widow with no children.

The Tokens of Lipman Levy are probably the most entertaining of all as there are many different designs of samples of his tokens. The most common showed his full name, address, and business on both sides of the token. The reverse was copied on all his other Mule tokens, and are all very rare.

J. W. MEARS, SADDLER, LAMBTON QUAY

J. W. Mears arrived from Scotland on the "Prima Donna" on the 1st of March, 1854 with his wife Eliza. He opened his saddlers business opposite Noahs Ark, near the corner of Lambton Quay and Willis Street, in 1859. When the Willis Street Arcade was opened in 1866 he took one of the shops there. He lived in Willis Street until 1873 when he shifted to a house in Abel Smith Stret. The house had ben built in 1855 and is still standing today, occupying 98, 100.

His son Charles lived in the house in Abel Smith Street and later in Wadsworth although there is no mention of either or the Saddlery business after 1875, in the Wellington Almanack.

The J. W. Mears ½d. is the only issuer to not produce a penny token—it would be interesting to know what could be bought with a ½d. in a saddlery! The token shows a saddle with racing stirrups in the middle and the usual name, address, and business on both sides.

JAMES WALLACE, GROCER, LAMBTON QUAY

The first listing of James Wallace is in the 1853 Wellington Almanack, although G. P. Wallace, grocer, Lambton Quay, is listed in 1851 and may have been his father. His shop was the 5th along on the west side and situated about where the Self Help shop now is nearly on the corner of Bowen Street, which was constructed in 1929 and deleted the three shops on the corner.

James Wallace was on the committee of the Wellington Athenium and Mechanics Institute in 1855. His brother opened a sawmill in Ohariu Valley on 22nd January, 1859. He lived in Bolton Street, possibly in the second house up the hill. Following his retirement in 1876 or 1877 he canvassed widely for money and support for the Wellington-Manawatu Railway Company and he was the General Manager and Secretary for this company.

The ½d. and 1d. tokens have name, Grocer, Wellington on one side with Justice sitting on a leg with a ship in the background and 1859 on the other side. It is the only Wellington token to have the date on it.

Home Of History

Some years ago IRMA O'CONNOR wrote of Wakefield House No. 1

In the heart of Wellington there stands a very old two-storey house with steeply pitched gables and the curious shingle ornamentation reminiscent of some old houses in England.

It bears the name, "Wakefield House", for this was where that colonising genius, Edward Gibbon Wakefield lived and it is now the headquarters of New Zealand Founders Society Inc.

In 1939 the society was established in Wellington on the initiative of Mr. D. Hope Johnston, M.A., founder of the Australasian Pioneers' Club, and himself a descendant of pioneers of both Australia and New Zealand. The society he visualised was to be national, and its members were to be the descendants of the pioneers who arrived either prior to systematic colonisation, or at one of the organised settlements in New Zealand within 10 years of its foundation.

Since both Auckland and Wellington were officially founded in 1840, members would be eligible to join if their forebears had arrived in either province by 1850, in Nelson or Marlborough by 1852, in Canterbury or Westland by 1860, or in Otago or Southland by 1858.

The old, but soundly constructed heart of kauri buildings, known as Wakefield Residential Flats, at 90 The Terrace, was bought in 1948. The original house is over 100 years old, though parts were built in the 1890s. Members thought it appropriate as Edward Gibbon Wakefield, more than any other individual, was responsible for the organised colonisation of New Zealand and South Australia.

Wakefield House for successive years has been the scene of a widely attended Antique Fair.

It has, too, added steadily to its collection of historic and pioneer relics, chiefly in the form of books, pictures and papers. One is a handsome Speaker's chair, made of woods salvaged from several historic relics.

The society's aim is to try, in all parts of New Zealand, to foster interest in the country's heroic pioneers and history. There are now branches in Auckland, Bay of Plenty, Wanganui, Taranaki, Wairarapa and Canterbury.



Shape of Something Past

Auckland branch has sent a contribution towards the preservation of the Onehunga blockhouse in Jellicoe Park and is now helping to raise funds for the restoration, and later the furnishing, of the pioneer cottages at the Museum of Transport and Technology.

The Bay of Plenty branch, whose members are scattered, meets at Rotorua, Tauranga, Whakatane and Putaruru in turn. They have visited the famous mission house at Tauranga, "The Elms", once the headquarters of missionary Archdeacon Brown in Gate Pa Battle day. Then the home of his niece, the late Miss Alice Maxwell, it is now in turn the responsibility of her nephew, Mr. D. H. Maxwell, and still a treasure house of rare and beautiful colonial relics.

Wanganui branch has specialised in hunting out early colonial diaries, letters and journals still in the possession of descendants of the district's pioneers.

Wairarapa branch, on the other hand, put itself more firmly on the Founders' way by staging a popular parade of early colonial fashions.

Canterbury has held a display of pioneer relics lent by its members. These included a "gig umbrella"—an outsize version to shelter a child in arms—a copy of the first Lyttelton Times published on 11th January, 1851, and a menu printed on satin listing the toasts and songs at the 1850 London farewell to Canterbury's departing pioneers.

At Wakefield House an elegant new clubroom, known as the Bledisloe Room after the society's first patron, is attractively furnished in tones of beige and rust, with period chairs, an oval mahogany table and a china cabinet. On the walls hang two Heaphy prints of Wellington, signed portraits of the Bledisloes, an attractive tapestry and a portrait of Wakefield painted posthumously by the well known Christchurch artist, John Oakley, partly from the life-size oil painting which now hangs in the main hall of the Canterbury Museum.

Although the old house has now taken on a new lease of life, the winds of change are already blowing along The Terrace. Acute traffic congestion will shortly compel the widening of The Terrace and Wakefield House will be a partial casualty.

Wife To Mr Cook

or

Our Leading Star

By Lindsay M. Buick-Constable

TIME CAPSULE 1—"MRS. COOK IN LIMBO"

Narrator One: Good evening Gentlemen and Their Ladies aboard H.M.S. "Resolution" of 462 tons in this Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-Three, Two Hundred Years to the night when Navigator James Cook was anchored not far off Wellington Heads after a stormy passage from the Islands of the Tahiti Group anxious at the failure of his companion ship H.M.S. "Adventure" of 340 tons to rendezvous with them and yet, after replenishing and time, fair circumstances and a favourable wind prevailing, take a look at a certain harbour expanse, determined to set a southerly tack on a course best calculated to settle once and for all in which southern latitude might lie that imagined continent Terra Australis Incognita.

Narrator Two: And as Wellington's own great Pacific Historian, Beaglehole, said: "In every great discoverer there is a dual passion—the passion to see, the passion to report; and in the greatest, this duality is fused into one—a passion to see and to report truly—

Narrator One: And just such a one was Cook.

Narrator Two: ". . . They wander by sea and by land; they feel the enchantment of strange skies, lit at midnight; they draw near an unknown coast with wonder ever renewed; they find fair prospect in freezing cold or burning heat; they endure exile and the rigours of privation, for curiosity or for pay, for the prospect of gold, to found a trade or extend a religion, for conquest or for settlement, as enthusiasts or in the plain course of professional duty—

Narrator Two: ". . . and it was the desire to make greater the harvest of facts fully and precisely known which urged the most decisive efforts of exploration in the Pacific.

Narrator One: Ah—now that sounds like my Cook baby!

Narrator Two: ". . . yet if pure discovery was not the intention of these first voyagers, their discoveries were notable and among them were some alive with the compulsion to see and to report—positively or negatively, they gave the geographer facts."

Narrator One: We're away!

Narrator Two: ". . . geography is the science of facts; but in the absence of known facts scientists reasoned by analogy. What could exist in that fabled South but another, the last great continent, the Terra Australis Incognita of the ancients . . . global symmetry demanded it; the balance of the earth demanded it—for in the absence of this tremendous mass of land, they argued, what was there to prevent the world from toppling over to destruction amidst the stars"?

Narrator One: And this, mark you, from respected educationists of their times. This was what their students passed examinations on. How valid will today's degrees be in X-hundred years time? Makes you think. You finished?

Narrator Two: Not quite. In dealing with the quality and veracity of early Pacific exploration, Beaglehole concludes: “. . . in a few elected spirits, such as Cook, is the complete equipment of genius, and fortune coincides with their appearance, and the face of the world is changed.

Narrator One: Now I like that—“. . . and the face of the world is changed.” Sounds like a book title . . . but now back on course about tonight—

Member of Audience: And about time too! We haven't got all night. Let's hear something about Mrs. Cook.

Narrator One: All in good time—

Mrs. Cook: Did someone mention my name?

Narrator One: Not yet, Mrs. Cook, not yet . . . to continue . . . The Skipper presents his compliments and hopes that you enjoyed your dinner—wherever he could James Cook preferred to keep a tight ship and a modestly good table. You would appreciate that on such long voyages in unchartered seas, adequate supplies and fresh food can prove difficult to come by and great is the joy in being able to augment stale shipboard provender off the land of landfall—if one can . . .

Narrator Two: Crewmen were lost this way on hostile shores.

Narrator One: But most were lost from the dreaded scurvy, acknowledged as a greater obstacle to long-distance navigation, than all other factors, human and technical.

Narrator Two: But James Cook found an answer and gave a new dimension to discovery . . . even into space . . .

Narrator One: Not something, you will agree, that would concern this decade's equally epic-making voyages to set first foot upon the moon or a neighbouring planet or two . . .

Narrator Two: However, spanning the double century, 18th Century seamen and 20th Century astronauts had one thing in common—cramped quarters. Imagine cramming eighty-five men, ten carriage and twelve swivel guns, their ammunition, spare sails, scientific equipment, along with provisions for at least eighteen months, aboard a wooden ship of a mere 460 or so tons—

—(SHOW SLIDE OF “ENDEAVOUR” AND N.Z. INTERISLAND STEAMER — —

Listen to James Cook himself, as he quotes from his Journal with regard to his earlier ship, “Endeavour.”

James Cook: (on tape) “. . . a ship of this kind must not be of a great draught of water . . . she must also be of construction that will bear to take the ground, and of size which, in case of necessity, may be safely and conveniently laid on shore to repair any accidental damage or defect. These properties are not to be found in ships of war of forty guns, nor in frigates, nor in East India Company's ship, nor in large West India ships, nor indeed in any other but North-country-built ships, as such as are built for the coal trade.”

Narrator Two: Yes, indeed, vessels that were sturdy, shallow-draughted and yet small enough to beach for careening or negotiate narrow gaps in coral reefs . . . yes, designed for safety in all weathers rather than for speed . . .

Mrs. Cook: (Spot up)—Yes—slow, plain, slow—oh dear God, how those years did drag—and even though safe and slow, it brought him back to me—twice anyway, this same slowness and the uncanny ability of Mr. Cook to locate landfalls for fresh provisioning—it was this combination that kept him so long separated from me . . .

Narrator One: Who's that? (pause—stage whisper) Your proper cue, Mrs. Cook! Who's that?

Mrs. Cook: Oh—Elizabeth Cook, nee Batts, wife to Mr. Cook for nigh on sixteen years and mother to his six children, all of whom were born and some of whom died when he was away at the other end of the world—so that I was always alone when I needed him most . . .

Narrator: Yes, well, that's one way of putting it, Mrs. Cook, but remember we are talking of a national hero, your husband, Captain James Cook—

Mrs. Cook: He was no Captain when I first met him—straight from Canada he was from some surveying or something of some place called St. Lawrence or Newfoundland—anyway, he was not even a Lieutenant then, oh, but he was a Master Navigator and he was so tall and he was so handsome and so understanding . . . but he was my Mr. Cook, and he never felt a hero—he wasn't some sort of history book hero!—ah, but he was a man . . . look here—he wasn't doing all those voyages just so people could put him in a book!—he was making real voyages with real men and with real reasons . . .

Narrator Two: What reasons—I said what reasons, Mrs. Cook?

Mrs. Cook: Well, I suppose in the beginning, in truth it was to help him in promotion—but there wasn't much money in it I can tell you—why it wasn't until he went off, that last time—that special financial provision was made for us and for the families of the crew too—he wouldn't have accepted it otherwise.

Narrator Two: There are some who say that you were better off **after** his death than before.

Mrs. Cook: There are always some who envy a King's pension. I outlived them all. But yes, he would say: Mrs. Cook, I'm really only doing what I'm doing so that my loved one's can experience the best possible living. But he wasn't extravagant and the times of privation, he, poor Mr. Cook, endured on some parts of those voyages . . . Ah, the less said the better! Oh yes, he always had a reason for doing everything he did—he was like that—practical, like me—we both **had** to be to live out our separate way of life, I can tell you.

Narrator One: Other reasons perhaps, were the work he was doing in helping to advance science in so many ways.

Mrs. Cook: Oh yes, and he got his medals from the Royal Society and recognition from the King to prove that.

Narrator One: Yes, well Mrs. Cook—all very interesting, of course, but we must get on—and what you may have to say now can wait, if you don't mind . . .

Mrs. Cook: I lived for nearly ninety-four years, Sir, and I came to know that nothing can wait—nothing can be put off till later—there's no such thing as later . . . (fade).

Narrator One: To proceed—James Cook, second son of a farm labourer, was born in the 14th year of the reign of Hanoverian King George I, a few years after architect Christopher Wren died, and in the year when Oxford produced Methodism. James Cook was born on 27th October, 1728.

Narrator Two: Elizabeth Batts was born 13 years later in 1741—about one hundred years before the first N.Z. Company settlers were carried ashore on Petone Beach. Miss Batts belonged to a highly respectable middle-class family connected with manufacturing and industry that was then on the eve of the great breakthrough, dubbed the "Industrial Revolution."

Narrator One: When Betsy was ten and James in his early twenties, Britain was heading right slap into the Seven Years War with France. James Cook was already a Master's Mate on a sturdy Walker Bros. collier called "Free Love" and although offered command of the vessel, decided in favour of joining the Royal Navy, enlisting as Able Seaman Cook on H.M.S. 'Eagle, of sixty guns—

Narrator Two: Meanwhile, Miss Batts was going great guns growing up beautiful in London so that she could become Mrs. James Cook at the age of twenty-one, a short time after the French had been startled at Quebec.

Narrator One: Thanks largely to rapidly-promoted Master Navigator James Cook, of H.M.S. Pembroke, and his surveying by candle-light of uncharted passages in the St. Lawrence River below the Plains of Abraham, for the late General Wolfe.

Narrator Two: In the middle of surveying Newfoundland waters as Master or

Chief Executive Officer of Flagship H.M.S. Northumberland and on a special salary of Nine Guineas a month, thirty-four-year-old Mr. James Cook returned to England to conduct a whirlwind courtship of Miss Elizabeth Batts.

Mrs. Cook (up spot): Oh yes, it was a real romance . . . Mr. Cook insisted and I loved him for it, that we walk hand in hand across the sweetly-scented meadow to the church . . . so debonaire he looked in his uniform that any lack of conformity was overlooked—and yet, he was to sail away but four months later—and so it all began, all the separation, all the longing and the loneliness; the story of my life—oh yes, the children helped, helped in many ways to keep my mind off what might befall him in those very far away and foreign parts. Yes, the children helped and I hope—I do hope—I didn't take the loneliness and anxiety out on them too much—but then they all went, some before and some after—he went for that last time—but, oh, nothing could assuage the waiting and the no letters, just the waiting, waiting until sometimes I could scream—but didn't, didn't because you see, I was wife to Mr. Cook . . . wife to Mr. Cook . . . (spot fades).

Narrator One: After settling his now pregnant wife into a house on Mile End Row, Mr. Cook returned to the task of surveying the Atlantic approaches to Britain's newly-attained Canada and as his biographer, Sir Walter Besant put it: “. . . his friend and patron, Sir Hugh Palliser, earlier his commanding officer on the H.M.S. Eagle, having been appointed Governor and Commodore of Newfoundland and Labrador, offered Cook an appointment as Marine Surveyor of those shores. A schooner, “Grenville” was placed under his command and every Autumn, he was able to return to England and every Spring he went out again. This is proved by the dates of his first three children's births . . .”

Mrs. Cook: (spot up—counting on fingers):

James—born 1763.

Nathaniel—born 1764.

Elizabeth—born 1766.

Narrator One: In 1766 James Cook contributed a Paper to the Royal Society in London, entitled: “An Observation of the Eclipse of the Sun at the Island of Newfoundland, 5th August, 1766, with the Longitude of the Place of Observation Deduced from it.”

Narrator Two: As Sir Walter wrote: “There were not many Officers of the Royal Navy at that time who were capable of taking such an observation, let alone make any deduction from it!”

Mrs. Cook: And just what does that imply? Are you suggesting that Mr. Cook was gifted only by comparison with his brother officers?

Narrator One: Isn't that true of all great men in their time?

Mrs. Cook: Oh, he was a great man alright.

Narrator Two: What kind of man was he, I mean besides being great?

Mrs. Cook: Isn't that enough? Although I swear he never thought of himself as great — there was not a more modest man alive. But what is this—what are you trying to do? Decry Mr. Cook?

Narrator Two: Not at all, Mrs. Cook. I'm a Cook admirer.

Mrs. Cook: Then spare his memory from his admirers.

Narrator Two: I'm sorry, Ms. Cook. But you still haven't answered my question—What sort of man was Captain—I mean, Mr. Cook?

Narrator One: She's got you doing it now.

Mrs. Cook: What sort of man? In some ways quick-silver, sharp as a rapier's edge; in others like an enraged Turner sunset or as beautifully elusive as an elongated spectrum cast upon the wall from the prised edge of my looking glass—for fleeting moments I thought I could find the words and say that that was Mr. Cook or this was Mr. Cook . . . but perhaps I was too close to him and too hungry for him

when he was with me, or when he was away, he was much too far away for me to tell—how, how can I match my Mile End Mr. Cook with an Antipodean Mr. Cook I never knew? I only knew him on the land you see—and they say the sea can change a man . . . You seem to know so much about him—tell me, how did he seem to others?

Narrator Two: A good question Mrs. Cook. It just so happens that we have a small selection of opinions—listen . . . (PLAY TAPE)

(Selected Taped Voices):

1. Cook declined most social invitations as a rule, preferring to spend his few spare hours quietly with his family . . .
2. . . . his general knowledge was extensive and various . . . he pursued his object with unshaken perseverance . . . with clear judgment and strong masculine sense . . . cool and intrepid . . . patient firm and fertile under difficulties and in expedients . . . his constitution was strong, his mode of living temperate . . . rather bashful yet of an agreeable lively conversation, sensible and intelligent . . . In his temper somewhat hasty but of a disposition the most friendly, benevolent and humane . . .
3. . . . excellent as a husband and father—sincere and steady in his friendships . . . possessing that general sobriety and virtue of character and simplicity of manners—nevertheless occasionally subject to hastiness of temper . . . in conversation he was unaffected and unassuming—rather backward in pushing discourse but obliging and communicative in his answers to those seeking information . . . it is not possible that, in a mind like his, such a paltry quality as vanity could find an existence.
4. His greatest fault seems to have been his hasty temper, which he admitted himself, often most regretfully. He was healthy and vigorous in mind and body, clear headed and cool in times of danger, broadminded and temperate being both unaffected and plain in manner.
5. His powers of observation were of the first rank, his knowledge of Naval mathematics far surpassed the ordinary level and amounted to genius, but above all his devotion to duty was the commanding feature of his character. Nothing was allowed to interfere when he saw his course before him; personal inconvenience was not allowed to weigh for one moment, but he never lost sight of the interests of those under him and spared them when possible.
6. Cook was somewhat silent and reserved in manner, but when questioned on any subject on which he was an authority, his answers were clearly and distinctly given . . . he was kindly, generous and hospitable . . . and even in such a matter-of-fact document as his Journal—a spirit of fun occasionally gleams out.
7. . . . honest, kindly, generous, a faithful servant and a noble leader . . .
8. . . . a modest man, somewhat reserved but very human.
9. . . . one of the loneliest men on the face of the earth.
10. Cook would often sit at the table with his officers without saying a word . . . in small matters he was stricter with the crew than with the officers but was at times very affable towards the crew. Capable of fine speeches on occasion—he never swore, not even when in the greatest anger . . . during the whole time that I was with him on these voyages I never once saw him drunk . . . on Saturdays he was, as a rule, more friendly than on other days; he would then drink one more glass of punch than was his custom and this to the health of all beautiful women and maidens . . .
11. Cook always called his crew “people,” he was a non-gambler . . .
12. He was a poor letter-writer . . .

Mrs. Cook: As yes, there you have it. He didn't write many, leastways not to me. But when he did write to me—it was as though he was trying to make up for everything . . . how could I leave **those** letters—**our** letters—for the grubby minds of historians. That's why I burnt them all—sat down one day, read them all through again

—long after the hurt of his being dead had gone—and burnt the lot! Not that there were many . . .

Narrator One: Not too many letter-boxes on the other side of the planet—where he was most of the time.

Mrs. Cook: That's right. (giggles) And you know I used to smile, people made such a fuss about my destroying them—you'd think I'd tried to burn down the Queen's Palace! I remember the afternoon I was "At Home" to the family on the one hundredth anniversary of dear Mr. Cook's birth—Thursday, 27th October, 1828, it was . . . Oh, there were some fashionable goings on I can tell you . . . (ENTER INTO POOLS OF LIGHT—MISS MARY FLECK, MISS ELIZABETH SMITH and REAR-ADMIRAL ISAAC SMITH).

TIME CAPSULE II—"AT HOME" WITH MRS. COOK

(MIME ENTRY—Admiral Smith doing all things in courtly fashion—all greetings mouthed but silent—Mrs. Cook steps forward to beside her Chair and all cast freeze as a (taped) commentary proceeds . . .)

Fashion Commentator (either on tape or live): And here we see Mrs. James Cook giving one of her well-known mid-afternoon dinner parties—with her, are her closest relatives—Rear Admiral (retired) Isaac Smith, cousin to Mrs. Cook—getting on in years now, but still remarkably spry—he sailed on two voyages with Captain Cook, and with him, a niece, Mary Fleck, named after Mrs. Cook's mother, and Elizabeth Smith, named after Mrs. Cook herself . . .

Mrs. Cook is, as you can see, a handsome and venerable gentlewoman, her white tresses rolled back in what might best be described as "the ancient way"; as usual attired in a becoming (black satin) dress that so admirably sets off her hair and and strong aquiline features. You will notice that in keeping with this quite, quite charming room, so very full of her famous husband's momentos, she is proudly wearing on this the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, a bold ring in which I am told she keeps a lock of his hair—how proud she must be at this moment and how very wonderful it must have been to have spent all those years with so great a man—(MRS. COOK MOVES DOWNSTAGE AND ASIDES:)

Mrs. Cook: She little realises that of the nearly seventeen years of our married life I was with him barely three and a half years of the four years, four months and four days, he was in or tied up to England.

(MRS. COOK RETURNS TO HER SEAT AND SITS AS THE OTHERS MOVE ON WITH MISS MARY FLECK STEPPING FORWARD TO HER CHAIR AREA, THEN ALL FREEZING . . .)

Fashion Commentator: And now we come to something being seen at all the maison functions this year—Miss Fleck looks exquisite in her very beautiful pelisse of jonquil gros de Naples, does she not? Notice how it fastens close down from the throat to the feet, in front with those well-spaced covered buttons. See how, at a suitable distance on each side of this distinctive fastening, there are three bias folds, rather narrow, brought together under the belt and enlarging as they descend to the border of the skirt. Although not quite able to be seen, Miss Fleck's large pelerine cape conceals a style that is becoming most fashionable—the bust from the back of each shoulder is ornamented with the same bias folds, forming a stomacher in front of the waist. Do notice the sleeves, sleeves that are a la Marie, puckered a few inches above the wrist and confined by three straps—each with a large button

And last, but not least, need I draw your attention to the well-trimmed Leghorn hat, bedecked to perfection with gayribbons and, ah, as I suspected, some shy little sprigs of fern peeking out between the bows and puffs—really something quite out of the ordinary and so very fashionable.

Miss Fleck: (MRS. FLECK ADVANCES DOWNSTAGE AND ASIDES:) How I dislike these mid-afternoon drawingroom affairs. And the trouble I had getting those daft pieces of fern to sit just right—don't know what the fashions will be coming to

next. But still, today is a great day and being kept strictly for family—must humour the dear old soul I suppose . . .

(MISS FLECK MOVES TO A CHAIR, SITS WHILE THE OTHERS MOVE INTO PLACE FOR THE NEXT ROUND AS MISS SMITH STEPS INTO CENTRE STAGE).

Fashion Commentator: And now, last but by no means meanest—the fair young Miss Elizabeth looking so fragrant, youthful and cool in her maidenly attire—white muslin—what a refreshing change from the printed muslins and the chintzes which are, dare we say it, so “morning walkish” yet so very much to be seen at all manner of indoor occasions—Miss Smith’s charming sash sets off her fine complexion—the implicit of it all breathing youth and promise all about—and do appreciate her bright bonnet, worn well back in charming cottage style modestly tied beneath the chin.

Elizabeth (stepping towards Mrs. Cook): We’ve brought you a gift Ma’am to convey our special feelings to you on this great day.

(ALL CLAP) MRS. COOK UNWRAPS THE PARCEL AND REVEALS A CASHMERE SHAWL.

Fashion Commentator: (As Elizabeth places it around Mrs. Cook’s shoulders). A splendid Cashmere shawl, just all the rage today—even when not advanced in years, these attractively warm envelopes are almost indispensable, I do declare . . . (fades).

Mrs. Cook: Thank you, my dear; I thank you all on this grand day—a day that would have gladdened dear Mr. Cook had he but been here to share it with us all.

Admiral: There, there, my dear cousin—no histrionics if you please, this is supposed to be a happy day.

Mrs. Cook: Dear Cousin. I do promise to observe it so. Mr. Cook would not have approved it otherwise.

Miss Fleck: I called the other day forgetting it was one of your repose days . . .

Mrs. Cook: Ah yes, the anniversary of little Hugh’s untimely end . . .

Miss Fleck: Yes—Doswell reminded me. Have you heard that the Misters Wakefield are appealing against their sentence?

Admiral: Can’t say I blame them. Damn young hot-heads yes, but not of criminal intent.

Mrs. Cook: Isaac!

Admiral: Not a criminal, either of them. Just candidates for the wrong political party, I hear.

Miss Fleck: Ah, that Edward Wakefield!

Mrs. Cook: Mary! I’d have thought you’d be more concerned to hear that poor Mr. Walter Scott is ailing.

Miss Fleck: Ah, that reminds me—our neighbours were asking us about Dear James. He’s still remembered round Redcar you know. And a young gentleman from the Morning Chronicle called on us to ask if we had any documents or letters written by the Captain.

Admiral: Could be the same young fellow called on us, eh Cousin? A real young one, full of questions he was—name of Dickens. Sent him packing. Told him Mrs. Cook had burnt the lot.

Elizabeth: You didn’t, Sir.

Mrs. Cook: We did, my dear, we did. He seemed quite put out. I’m glad I destroyed them—couldn’t have a perfect young stranger seeing what Mr. Cook and I had shared—I mean our private letters to each other—not that there were many—in those days less than half the waterways of the world were served by ships and he never seemed to meet the few that did. Ah, but we wrote letters—a few—and hardly any of them were ever sent but—they helped to while away the time . . . putting our inner hearts to paper kept us sane . . . but Mr. Cook, he would never have done so had he thought that eyes other than our own would take them in and,

above all, perhaps not understand our special need to be so continually in love—at whatever distance—and yet so undemanding of each other. And so, you see, I burnt them all, the unsent and the sent—Mr. Cook would have wanted it that way.

Miss Fleck: But surely you kept some of them—the ones that James received from others, I mean. You wouldn't need to destroy those and you shouldn't have. I mean, Captain James Cook is already part of our country's heritage.

Admiral: A veritable household word to be sure my dear niece (asides). And this I say though there were times when Uncle James' temper and demeanor frightened me—like the times he fired small shot at the swimming Indians or had them beaten with oars or worse still, in some places, suffered the worst offenders among them to be parted from their ears for what we called acts of theft—the which our customs clearly baffle them.

Elizabeth: I have to learn about him at school. It would help a deal to be able to show around something he had written.

Mrs. Cook: And so you shall, my dear. Cousin Isaac, bring me my writing box. (SHE TAKES A RIBBON OFF A THIN WAD OF PAPER). Now, let me see . . . ah, yes, this one, you'll like this one, I kept it because its about the only one in which he mentions me. You read it out my dear—its from Mr. Cook to that fellow—a Captain Hammond, that's it—he was to provide some ships for one of the voyages I recall—but we never saw him although Mr. Cook tried to—it was when we were holidaying in Great Ayton with the Scottowes and I was so unaccustomed to travelling about and what with all the excitement of Christmas and everything—yes, yes, you read it out . . .

Elizabeth: Ayton, Yorkshire, January 3rd, 1772—Sir, I am sorry to acquaint you that it is now out of my power to meet you at Whitby, nor will it be convenient to return by way of Hull as I had resolved upon but three days ago, Mrs. Cook being but a bad traveller, I was prevailed upon to lay that route aside on account of the reported badness of the roads and therefore took horse on Tuesday morning and rode over to Whitby and returned yesterday—

Mrs. Cook: Quite a horseman he was too. Very dashing. Said it reminded him of the times when he helped his father run Mr. Scottowes farm. But that's enough of that one, give it back and try this one—(to the Admiral)—she reads them so distinctly—I'm sure no-one ever regrets the time spent in learning to write and write.

Admiral Smith: Quite commendable in a young lady and with so many frivolous things to distract them from their studies these days. Don't know what the young are coming to.

Miss Fleck: I still consider it was wrong of you to burn his letters. How could you do it? They'd be worth a fortune by now . . .

Mrs. Cook: Mary, my dear, I though I had explained—and besides, I'm well enough off now, so what's all the carryon about. You'll be taken care of when I'm gone, never fear.

Mary and Elizabeth: Oh no, it wasn't that . . . I'm sure I didn't mean . . .

Mrs. Cook: And do you all realise that I, wife to Mr. Cook, was the only one who could bear to destroy our letters—only I would dare.

Admiral Smith: Only you would have the—courage.

Mrs. Cook: Yes, well—perhaps Mary, you'd care to read this one . . .

Mary Fleck: Oh no, I thank you—but, I'd much rather dear Elizabeth kept on reading; she does it so prettily.

Mrs. Cook: Very well, then. Dear Cousin Isaac, before she does, its the one he wrote to the First Lord of the Admiralty—from Plymouth Sound on the night before the Resolution sailed—no, no, it's so very long ago—I can bear to read it now—but I was going to ask you to ring for Doswell and have Westlake bring in the eats—especially some of that delightful plum cake she makes—you'll like this my dears, it was Mr. Cook's favourite—but go on child.

Elizabeth: Your Excellency, Lord Sandwich, Plymouth Sound, July 11th, 1776. My Lord—how very grand sounding!—Yes, Ma'am (meekly)—My Lord, I cannot leave England without taking some method to thank your Lordship for the many favours conferred upon me, and in particular for the very liberal allowance made to Mrs. Cook during my absence. This, by enabling my family to live at ease and removing from them every fear of indi . . . indigency, has set my heart at rest and filled it with gratitude to my Noble Benefactor. If a faithful discharge of that duty which your Lordship has entrusted . . . to my care . . . be of any return . . . it shall be my . . . first . . . and . . . principal . . . object . . . (Lights and voice fades out).

Narrator One: And so it was back in 1828 when Mrs. Cook and her adopted family of relations paid their homage to the anniversary of the birth of Captain James Cook. Not that the rest of the world or England gave it much attention—the art of observing anniversaries seems to be a modern convention—and besides the London of that time had much more exciting subjects to talk about . . . the death of Beethoven had desolated the cultural world . . .

Narrator Two: And as you have gathered, for some time now all England had been agog to a scandal about the young Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield and the beautiful Miss Ellen Turner—abduction was in the air and many young girls who should have known better—at least according to their parents—secretly prayed for their deliverance in this way from those same parents—

Narrator One: It seemed that the personable young widower, Teddy Wakefield, had, with the help of his brother, Col. Wakefield, contrived by elopement or by abduction—call it what you will—a Gretna Green marriage with the heiress schoolgirl daughter of Manufacturer Turner. They made for Calais and there, pursued by her parents, were forced to separate—with young Teddy being returned to England, there to join with his accomplice brother, who was already in custody. The Wakefield Brothers were tried at Lancaster Assizes and were given a three-year sentence. And so as Mrs. Cook was celebrating the centennial birthday of the English discoverer of New Zealand, a certain young Wakefield, resident in Newgate Prison, was penning his famous “A Letter from Sydney” and dreaming up a colonising scheme that became something more than a dream.

Narrator Two: One more scene before we leave the hearth of Mrs. Cook—

TIME CAPSULE III—“FAREWELL MRS. COOK” JUNE 21st, 1776

Narrator One: In 1776—the same year that witnessed the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America and the publishing of Adam Smith’s “Wealth of Nations”—Captain James Cook, now forty-eight years and retired into a sinecure—Post Captain of Greenwich Hospital and busy writing up his Journal of the Second Voyage, was growing restless, that kind of restlessness inherent in an energetic, adventuresome man who suddenly realises that there could well be but one life to live and it ought to be lived to capacity.

Narrator Two: He wrote of his fretfulness to his old Whitby friend, John Walker . . . “Of this Greenwich Post, I must confess it is a fine retreat and pretty income, but whether I can bring myself to like ease and retirement, time will show.”

Narrator One: And show it did. Strong influences were abroad in England to discover whether a so-called North-West Passage could be accomplished by approaching it from the Pacific end. At a dinner party given by Lord Sandwich, Post Captain Cook volunteered his services to lead a Third Voyage to the Pacific for this purpose. And who could blame the Admiralty if it accepted this offer from one of the world’s greatest navigators—even if that same famous navigator did so against a promise to his wife and, no doubt because at the time Mrs. Cook was about to give birth to their sixth and last child, witheld the nature of his latest commission from her until this anxious time was over.

Narrator Two: And so, whilst once again James Cook was away from her, at

Portsmouth, readying his new command, there was ushered into the world one Hugh Cook, named after his father's best friend and companion, Sir Hugh Palliser. Mrs. Cook had barely had time to recover when, as they were about to retire on the evening of June 21st, 1776 . . .

Mrs. Cook: My dear Mr. Cook, little Hugh is fed, the other two boys abed and I've brought you a little something to sup.

James: Ah, thank you, my dear. Do join me. I thought I heard one of the boys cry out a moment ago. Must have been in his sleep.

Mrs. Cook: Ah, they looked so bonny lying there. Hard to believe that young James is past thirteen years. But there, Sir, a small surprise, a piece of your favourite cake and, look, they call them a sandwich, named after guess who. They're all the rage I do believe—here try one. Are they not unusual?

James: (sampling.) Hmm, these are good. You know Betsy, I meant to tell you, you'd be amused at my encounter the other day with James Boswell.

Mrs. Cook: And who is James Boswell?

James: Oh, you must know—the famous Dr. Johnson's young biographer friend.

Mrs. Cook: Oh, that Mr. Boswell.

James: Yes, that Mr. Boswell. Well, he has expressed a strong inclination to sail with me—er, on my last two voyages you understand—and had told the good Doctor as much, and what do you think that old reprobate said?

(Mrs. Cook shakes her head.)

Dr. Johnson looked Boswell up and down and said—"Why Sir, a man **does** feel so, till he considers how very little he can learn from such voyages." (They laugh). I do declare that's droll. And yet sometimes—I wonder if we have learned enough yet (pause). Well, then, my Betsy, I'll be off back to Plymouth late tomorrow. Won't be long now. (Silence—Mrs. Cook reacts by not reacting.)

James: Did you hear me? I'll be away tomorrow.

Mrs. Cook: Yes, I know, I heard you. I guessed as much (pause). You won't be here to receive your Medal from the Royal Society then?

James: Oh, good Lord, no. Kind of them, you understand. But it'll keep. Sir Joshua assures me so.

Mrs. Cook: Oh (pause).

James: You haven't forgiven me, have you?

Mrs. Cook: (turning.) Well, what did you expect? You go ahead, make all these arrangements—consult me not at all—and then expect me to, to like it.

James: Yes, yes, I know, I—

Mrs. Cook: No—that's it—that's just it—you just don't know. You don't know what its been like sitting around, waiting for little Hugh—waiting for you to tell me what you were up to. Don't think I didn't sense you were fretting to command a ship again. I know you—no—don't say anything—let me finish . . . You'd think, wouldn't you, that I'd be used to this sort of thing by now, but I'm not and I never shall be. There are some things you never get used to.

James: (after pause) Nor me—Uh, I had the final sitting today with that painter fellow, Nathaniel Dance.

Mrs. Cook: So much seems final just now.

James: Oh come now Betsy—things are not that bad. You'll be taken good care of while I'm away this time. Lord Sandwich—

Mrs. Cook: Lord Sandwich nothing!—As if that were all that mattered—solveny. Money can't buy everything.

James: Yes, but it helps. It'll help to see the boys and you get all you need and it'll help me to all the better bear the separation—knowing that you'll be wanting for nothing.

Mrs. Cook: That's not a consideration that I recall hearing you say so much about those other times. And as for not wanting for anything . . . Mr. Cook—James, how

can you leave me again? Haven't you done enough for England?

(No answer).

Oh, well, at least I'll have little Hugh and the boys—that is unless God takes them from me like the other three . . .

James: Oh, Good Heavens, woman—can you not let me go in peace! (He brushes his forehead as if to ward away a migraine). Haven't I made up for all my times away? Good life, Betsy, can't you understand? I've got to go—I can't bear being cooped up—inland—in that Greenwich place—I'm sick of sailing a desk! . . . Oh, what's the use, women will never understand.

Mrs. Cook: How can we? We women never get to sailing ships.

James: (Quieter, too) No. No, that's true (pause).

Mrs. Cook: (To him)—Oh, James, I don't want you to go—oh!

James: (When she has recovered a little)—There, there my Betsy. Please don't. Please don't make it so difficult for us both. This'll be the last, truly the last, I promise you . . .

Mrs. Cook: (Muffled)—You said that once before and I believed you.

James: Believe me now, whatever you do, believe me now. I swear this is the last one . . . Don't think I don't appreciate what you're going through—

Mrs. Cook: (Recovering) Do you? Sometimes I really wonder.

James: I can't explain it. I can't put it into words—somehow it's different for a man. I can't say what I think about this any more than I can tell you why I feel I have to go.

Mrs. Cook: You men (moving away). Well then—there's nothing to be done about it, is there? So—let's do what we've done before—act as if it isn't going to happen. Let's be cheerful, Mr. Cook, you and I . . . (aside) Oh, God, let us above all be cheerful!—Sorry; all over now.

James: There's my Betsy.

Mrs. Cook: Yes, well—come on let's drink up the beverage and we musn't forget one lonely little sand . . . (checks and substitutes a gesture with the plate) **this**—go on you have it, no, no, I insist.

James: If you insist, my dear. But I'll finish off the cake first, if I may.

Mrs. Cook: You take good care those people don't finish you off too. But seriously, James—promise me you'll be taking special care this time.

James: I always have. I've always come back to you.

Mrs. Cook: Yes, but now especially—it's really not only me, you know, it's the boys—baby Hugh, yes, he needs **me**—but young James and Nathanie—they're truly shooting up and they need **you**.

James: Granted, granted Mrs. Cook. And I've made special arrangements for Sir Hugh to be a father to them meanwhile, but when I return—then you'll see—

Mrs. Cook: Of course. But do take care. When I think of those, those savages you have befriended—one hears such dreadful things . . .

James: Oh, they're the friendliest of people, my dear Betsy (goes to eat sandwich)—I'll be safe as a Church—I do declare, I'll more likely die choking on a sandwich than on a South Pacific Isle (BLACKOUT).

Narrator One: Almost twenty-one months later on February 14th, 1779, James Cook was killed by friendly savages on one of the islands he had named after his benefactor—the Sandwich Islands—better known today as the State of Hawaii.

Narrator Two: Almost another twenty-one months were to pass after that dreadful day before Mrs. Cook was to know that her Mr. Cook would never return to her.

Narrator One: As if that were not enough—in that same week in October, 1780, when she knew she was now Widow Cook, her second son, Nathanie, went down on board H.M.S. Thunderer in a hurricane off Jamaica. This news did not take near so long to reach her—she heard of it quite soon in Christmas Week.

Narrator Two: During the next thirteen years she proudly watched her youngest son, Hugh, achieve academic advances which led him to Christ's College, Cambridge,

in the year 1793. There, two months later, in his eighteenth year, he died of scarlet fever on the Eve of Christmas.

Narrator One: As if this wasn't enough—five weeks later, her oldest and remaining son, now promoted Commander James Cook, and in his first command of H.M.S. Sloop, "Spitfire," was lost in the Harbour of Poole, in Dorsetshire.

Narrator Two: Small wonder that poor Widow Cook was this time prostrated with an illness of mind and body which kept her at home for two years and thereafter on each day of the year when her men had died she was at home to no one—living out her years in astounding good health as we witnessed earlier this night until in the year 1835, only shortly before "The Wakefield Scheme of Colonisation" was to lead to the forming of the New Zealand Company, and in her ninety-fourth year, she slipped away in peace to join her sons at St. Andrews Church, Cambridge, (pause) . . .

Narrator Two: (Pause) It follows that James Cook left no one to carry on his name.

Narrator One: Only his reputation follows in his wake . . .

Narrator Two: And a recent spate of history books upon his life . . . (holds some up) . . .

Narrator One: And why not? He was a great man in his time, for that matter—of all time—and we should do special honour to his name whenever possible.

Narrator Two: You should talk!

Narrator One: What do you mean?

Narrator Two: Well, did you celebrate tonight's Bi-Centenary as a Centenary 100 years ago in Wellington in 1873?

Narrator One: Er—well—no, we didn't as it happens—we, er, had rather a lot of other things to think about—

Narrator Two: Such as?

Narrator One: Well—you see we were still pretty busy settling the foundation of the Capital—pretty well the actual foundations of downtown Wellington as we know it today—because, come to think of it, the year 1873 saw the completion of the first major harbour reclamation . . .

Narrator One: I see—and this I suppose was before the Wellington Harbour Board came into being?

Narrator One: Oh yes, it wasn't formed and didn't meet until early 1880—and then one hundred years ago in 1873 there was all that fuss and public outcry and protestation over the construction and development of Aro Street—oh yes, we were much too busy getting Wellington off the ground to worry about celebrating a centenary—the country was much too young—

Member of Audience: The night's not getting any younger either! Can't you get on with the programme?

Narrator One: (Moving toward speaker) Damn me—another Protestant! Always someone protesting about something—ought to get the Peelers to put him out (lurches as if on shipboard). Damn ship won't keep still! One of those Cook Strait southerly blusters coming up, shouldn't wonder . . . (returns to seat). Tell me, Mister 1973—do they have protesters in your time?

Narrator Two: All the time.

Narrator One: (Suddenly becoming really aware of the audience as an audience) Landsakes! What are all these people doing here? Don't tell me—

Narrator Two and One: (Together) Waiting to hear about Cook's Rediscovery of Wellington Harbour!

Narrator One: (Mime gag with "pretending" mike)—Silently mouthing words—"switches" non-existent mike on, etc.)—That's better—damned new-fangled gadgets—Mr. Marconi has a lot to answer for! You know—those people who ask why Cook didn't actually enter Wellington Harbour obviously wonder why he came all this way—anchored in the entrance-way and then still did not sail in.

Narrator Two: You'd think curiosity would have compelled him to make the effort.

Narrator One: Seen through 1973 eyes yes. But don't forget Cook only had sail-power. Think what happened only about five years ago when a powerfully-engined new "Wahine" failed to win out against the local elements . . .

Narrator Two: Yes, I see what you mean. And there was no Air-Land & Sea Rescue organisations to help if he got into trouble . . .

Narrator One: To be sure. And there was no wireless to make Mayday calls or SOS . . .

Narrator Two: Or any other sailing ship of his kind on this side of the planet to receive his SOS or come to his aid . . .

Narrator One: Oh yes there was. His companion ship on this the Second Voyage, was somewhere around—probably in today's terms—"within radio range".

Narrator Two: Ah yes, I'd forgotten about "HMS Adventure". They'd lost contact a day or two before in a terrible storm off the top of New Zealand on the way back to Curious Cove . . . Equinox Gales in fact . . .

Narrator One: Yes and Cook, who always had to play it safe in order to get his ship and his crew back to England—was worried about what might have happened to the "Adventure". Those of the "Resolution" must often have felt very lonely people . . .

Narrator Two: Then too, I recall reading that Cook was being plagued again with an outbreak among his crews of the dread Scurvy—

Narrator One: Yes and wanted to get across the Strait to Curious Cove again to obtain some of the "greens"—the vegetables he had planted there some months before . . .

Narrator Two: And let's not forget that as far as Cook was concerned—likely harbour reaches were two-a-penny in this almost uncharted part of the world . . .

Narrator One: True enough—and he still hadn't finished tacking backwards and forwards over the more southern oceans below New Zealand—physically scanning the seas in search for that elusive Terra Australis Incognita that continued to be his "riding orders" from Home . . . and he had to complete this in a slow ship while Summer lasted . . .

Narrator Two: So there you have it—a mixture of caution—anxiety over his companion ship's whereabouts—the very real threat of scurvy undermining the health and thereby under manning his ship of sails that needed to be worked by manpower—the dire need in those pre-airconditioned days to complete his most southerly searching before the onset of Winter . . . Time . . . an over supply of likely harbours—food supplies, loneliness and the ever-beckoning joys of Home—why risk all for the sake of peeping in person at yet another hidden stretch of harbour water—adverse winds and tides . . .

Narrator One: And besides—he'd heard quite a lot about Whanganui-a-Tara from his Maori contacts off Seatoun and in the Sounds . . .

Narrator Two: Anyway—let's hear what James Cook wrote in the Ship's Log:—
(Play taped voice of Cook.)

Wednesday 3rd. In stretching into the Bay, that is after we were within the two points which form the entrance, we found from 35 to 12 and 10 fathoms, the bottom every were fit for anchoring. At 1 o'clock we reached the entrance¹ of the inlet just as the Tide turned against us² and obliged us to anchor in 12 fathom water the bottom a fine sand the easternmost of the black Rocks (Barrett's Reef) which lie on the larboard hand going in bore NBE distant one mile Cape Teerawhitte or the Wt point of the land, west distant about 2 Leagues and the Easternmost land NBW distant 4 or 5 Miles.³ This inlet runs in north and seems to incline to the West and to be covered from all winds.

Soon after we had achored several of the Natives came off to us in three Canoes, two from the shore and one from theother, it required but little address to get three or four aboard to whom I distributed midals and nails, the latter they were extravaganly fond of,⁴ I also gave to one man two cocks and two hens, these he receives with such indifference as gave me little hopes that proper care would be taken of them. The shore between Cape Teerawhitte and Cape Pallisser forms two deep Bays or Inlets both of which extend in north inclining to the west,¹ I should have made myself better acquainted with one of these Bays had the Adventure been with me, but now it was necessary for me to go for Queen Charlottes Sound in order to join her, nor was it long before an opportunity offered, for at 3 o'clock the wind shifted to NE a light breeze with which we got under sail, the Anchor was no sooner up than we got a fresh gale at South, stretched round Cape Teerawhitte and then bore away for the Sound under all the sail we could bear, having the advantage or rather disadvantage of an increasing

gale which already blowed too hard; we hauled up for the Sound just at dark and after making two boards, in which most of our sails were split, anchored in 18 fathom water.² It continued to blow excessive hard and in Squalls till towards the Morning when it began to abate, at 6 o'clock we weighted in order to turn up to Ship Cove, soon after it fell Calm and obliged ustodrop an anchor again in 40 fathom. At 9 the Calm was succeeded by a breeze at NW, with which we wieghed and ran up to Ship Cove where we moored with the two Bowers and afterwards unbint all our sails not having one but what wanted considerable repairs.³ We did not find the Adventure here as I expected.

Narrator One: Well, now we've heard it all from Cook himself—let's now hear from the Port Nicholson people—descendants of those who discovered, entered and subsequently settled Whanganui-a-Tara—Wellington Harbour—some nine hundred years before Captain James Cook, RN, anchored on its doorstep. Let's hear from the Ngati Poneke of the kind of welcome they would have given him then as now—

Haere-mai! Haere-mai! Haere-mai!

(Enter the Ngati Poneke Concert Party to take over.)

(Narrators exit.)

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Northland Historic Sights

Contributed by R. Tattersfield,
President, Auckland Young Founders
At Silverdale the Wainui Historical
is planning an historic village.

At Wainui there is an old historic
Church, over 100 years old. The old
School is now at the Motat Pioneer
Village.

At Kaukapakapa there is an old Pres-
byterian Church, which has just cele-
brated its centenary. The Young
Founders hope to signpost this.

At Helensville there is a pioneer
Museum opened in December, 1970.
The Young Founders hope to signpost
this.

At Puhoi, an old Bohemian settle-
ment, there is an historic Church, a
Hall, and a Convent School. There is
also a hotel which has historic imple-
ments inside it: tools, photos, pictures,
newspaper clippings, etc.

The Young Founders hope to sign-
post this.

