

New Zealand

founders



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Presidential Address ...

NEW ZEALAND DAY ADDRESS

5th February, 1986 at Wakefield House

*Sir Leonard & Lady Thornton, distinguished guests, members of the N.Z. Founders Society.

When people ask me about the Founders' Society, they are told that members are descended from persons who arrived before 1840 or within the first ten years of the founding of the provinces and that they are people who live firmly in the present and who try to apply the lessons of the past for the benefit of the future. This, one must agree, is a realist approach for anyone, and can be applied by great and small, Governments and individuals. However, it is just as important that we, the people, not just historians should not apply 20th Century judgements to 19th Century events as it is for businessmen in 1986 to use projections appropriate to the 1950's.

We are here to celebrate Waitangi Day, or Founders' Day or New Zealand Day, no one seems quite sure as the name has been changed twice, the principal venue has been changed this year, but the date has not - 6th February, the date from which it is agreed that New Zealand became a country to which many people of many nationalities have come to seek a better life and to create a new environment for their activities. The people who came here, either from the Pacific, the United Kingdom or Europe were resilient people, content to put up with inconveniences, hardy and hard working. Restive people willing to take a chance, brave people also, but they were not all on the side of the angels. No human being is perfect and perfection is certainly not related to skin colour, but the majority were, in the light of their personalities and backgrounds, as good as their intentions allowed. Many things have changed since 1840, attitudes, education, manners and allegiances to name a few, until we have arrived in 1986 with the micro-chip as God to some people, G.S.T. to commence in October and a genuine fear of the future from a large proportion of the population. However, we have a great deal to be thankful for, not least a solid background of solid citizens, an equable climate and remoteness from the trouble spots of the world.

New Zealanders should be, and mostly are, proud of their country, and we should look forward to the day when Waitangi Day is not just celebrated by a function hosted by the Government and others by the N.Z. Founders' Society, but a day which every city, town and country area celebrates with justifiable pride that we are a united country with united ideals, that we are not Pakeha or Maori but that we are New Zealanders.

Would you please rise for a toast to our country - NEW ZEALAND.

**Sir Leonard followed with an amusing, informatively interesting and unscripted Guest Speech recounting his experiences in being featured as Narrator for recently produced NZTV documentary films on location at Gallipoli.*

OUR COVER

PHOTO COURTESY OF: "Evening Post"

OUR COVER shows Sir Humphrey Wakefield, Bt., in a moment of reverie looking upon the grave of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, Bolton Street Cemetery, Wellington, where he delivered the official Annual (1985) Soliliquy and Wreath-laying Ceremony as Guest of the Wellington City Council. Several National Councillors and the Mayor of Wellington are discernible in the background.

Later, while in Auckland, he called upon our distinguished Founder member, Miss Irma O'Connor - "... Over and over again during the afternoon he said "This is wonderful - this is absolutely wonderful - that you and I should meet like this after all the years of silence between your part of the family and ours." And, thinking over it afterwards, I too felt it was wonderful that he, in his remote North-umberland Castle, should meet me, the old but sole descendant of E.G.W. and indeed of all the Wakefield brothers in N.Z. after such a lapse of time! He saw our meeting, as I did, as a linking up of our southern branch of the family with it's parent stem in the North of England..." An absorbing account of this unique encounter will be featured in the next edition of the Bulletin.

We have finally prevailed upon our National President to provide the following charmingly-written personal background ...

HILARY PRUDENCE MARY OLSEN

I am descended on my mother's side from Dr and Mrs Henry Richards, who arrived in Lyttleton on the "Sir George Seymour" in 1850, and who settled near Hororata in North Canterbury. On my father's side, my great-grandfather, John Hayhurst arrived in Canterbury in 1848, hence I am descended from a Canterbury Pilgrim and what is quaintly known as a "Pre Adamite". John Hayhurst was one of the first men to own stations in the MacKenzie country and he was the first man to burn off the six foot high matagouri and to sow English grasses on the cleared land. Later he moved to coastal South Canterbury to Milford where he drained the land and created farms thereby enabling many people to settle on productive areas. His house, which was the first to have electricity in South Canterbury, is now the Bramwell Booth Children's Home.

I was born in Taranaki, younger daughter of Major and Mrs H.H. Hayhurst, and the family moved to Hamilton when I was two years old. My father became seriously ill when I was four, and it was decided that a move to the South, to be near my grandparents, was desirable, but my father died at sea on the journey. Thereafter, I lived in Timaru until I was married in 1952 to Geoffrey Olsen and after five years in Dunedin, we were transferred to Wellington where we have since remained. We have three daughters, Adrienne, Justine and Helen and my husband has been General Manager of Royal Insurance (N.Z.) Ltd since 1970.

When the children were younger my interests centred round their and my husband's activities, although I always managed to read three books a week, so that I worked for kindergartens, plunket, schools and the church. In the last ten years my interest in Social History, coupled with the study of antique furniture and silver, culminated in the task of appropriately furnishing the public rooms of Antrim House, the headquarters of the N.Z. Historic Places Trust, and cataloguing and refurbishing the furniture of the Elgar Rooms at the National Museum, and I continue to care for the contents of the Pioneer and Elgar Rooms there. Perhaps my greatest interest has been the Founders' Society, having been a member of the Executive since 1966. The last eighteen years have been full of interest with the demolition of old Wakefield House, the building of new Wakefield House, and the planning of the 8th floor, also the organisation, fund-raising and administration of the Annual Study Grant Award.

My hobbies are - reading, particularly English and New Zealand Social History, needlework, gardening and collecting English and Chinese porcelain.



Photo: Ewen Hay-Mackenzie



✦ HAZEL SNOW'S WHAKAPAPA RESEARCH (Part 3)

(Oral History recorded on the spot by Ewen Hay-Mackenzie
and transcribed by your Editor.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Transcribing from a tape-recording to produce written text is not easy, especially where names in another language are concerned. New writing techniques also need to be experimented with to hope to convey and preserve the spirit and delivery animation of an address along with the mood and audience response of the occasion. When Hazel Snow visited Wellington from Napier, she called to

The great Wellington War of pre-Pakeha times

Chief Wanake was dead. His wife, Tamai-Rangi (she was so high in rank that she was carried everywhere in a litter - she didn't (have to) walk - by her followers), had, as her special "staff of office", a man's taiaha, which she held aloft even though it was a man's weapon. The death of her husband left her with five children - unprotected in the middle of battle, so some of her followers quickly got them all out of where the fighting went on around the beaches and bays - over the hills over there (Hazel indicated the hills of Wellington South) over the back there - Brooklyn - all those places ... yes, she ended up on Tapu-te-ranga - the island of Island Bay. They stayed there for one night anyway then decided to move again ... right round Sinclair Head to Owhiro Bay way.

There they were caught by a section of the Ngati-Tama which is Te Atiawa. (sigh). And of course the game was up and they prepared to meet their fate. Then the Lady said to her captors: "Could I sing a lament for my people and their land?" and they said "Yes". They didn't care - you see, they were going to kill them anyway! Before I go any further, I should explain the Tamai-Rangi's prestige (mana) went right up to the Great Cape; went right up as far as Patea on the West Coast; went right through to Masterton, the Wairarapa and straight up the North Island. In short she was very, very well-known. And so she began to sing her song, her lament ... There was a tall Maori standing by - he was a chief - and when she sang her lament (apakura) he was so moved he said to her captors - (I don't know quite what he said of course but it could have been - "I want that woman". It would have been quite in order (to have done this). And her captors said: "Oh yes".

Now that tall Rangatira (chief) was Te Rangihaeata - Te Rauparaha's right hand man you see. He took her and her children back to Kapiti Island where she became one of his wives. The oldest son was a boy called Kekerengu - very handsome, had a way with the ladies and he was old enough to be an experienced fighter too but he was saved ... I told you he had a way with the ladies as well as being good-looking - and which ladies did he pick for his attentions? None other than Te Rangihaeata's wives! And that man was his protector! So, with a surfeit of love, and while Te Rangihaeata was away, he picked on some of the other wives for an affair! Oh dear! (laughter). Well anyway they decided to get out - to just disappear because Kekerengu had been twice lucky already - you know he didn't get killed by his captors and (although of fighting age) he wasn't killed by Te Rangihaeata. He really was pushing his luck too far, wasn't he? So in the dead of night they went with some of their followers - travelling over to the Marlborough Sounds - over the Straits - they got down there but they weren't welcomed! You see Te Rauparaha's lands (extended) into the Sounds - you know how close they are. They (the people in the Sounds) didn't want to upset Te Rauparaha. "Look," they said, "You can't stay here!" So they went on right down the East Coast of the South Island until they thought might be a good refuge ... they went up this river and lived there for a number of years ...

However, soon after their escape from Kapiti, Te Rangihaeata came back (to his island stronghold) and soon found out about Kekerengu's ways and wanted to take off immediately south after them. But, Te Rauparaha, being the man he was, said "No, wait, Faiho! Be patient, don't go after them now, just wait"... He had plans you see ... In due course the whole of the Te Rauparaha parties went down to Kaiapoi and committed carnage! - down there. They destroyed the village of Kaiapoi - Kaiapohia as they called it then.

Te Rauparaha's Revenge (Utū)

One of the things they said in their (victory) speeches was: "You are hiding a man", Mission completed as it were - a kind of (long-face) vengeance. You'll notice Te Rauparaha never went back to Kaiapoi again - he too had lost too many people ...


After Te Rauparaha had gone away North, the Ngati-Tahu said, among themselves: "Who is this Kekerengu? We've never heard of him. Who is he?" So they began to search for him and finally found him and they killed him at the headwaters of the river and that is the river now that you go past on the way to Kaikoura - the Kekerengu River - it's named after "that man".

As I told you (at the beginning) this story covers three generations. I'm up to the second. The third one won't take long. And so, that was the end of Kekerengu. I have a lament sung by his wife but unfortunately the lament sung by his mother (Tamai-Rangi) the one that so moved Te Rangihaeata of Kapiti, has not been preserved. I haven't got it and I'm sorry, I can't sing - even Maori songs - but, never mind.

Now this is how it all worked out. Kekerengu had a brother - his name was Tama-hikoia. They both had a family. In the years to come - we're down to the third generation, you see - here (Hazel points to the Chart.) I don't know why but I think it must have been (because) of the grandmother's (high) rank, because the grand-daughter of Tamai-Rangi through to Tamai-Rangi's son - Tama-hikoia - her name was Ngawhawha - was chosen to be the wife of Wi Taka Ngatata and she was - she became the wife of my great-grandfather and lived back here in Wellington.

Now this story becomes very personal to me - (Hazel held up some family portraits). This is a picture of Wi Taka Ngatata. This is his wife, Ngawhawha, my great-grandmother - the grand-daughter of Tamai-Rangi, who, was a great Chieftainess and who possessed Wellington Harbour. So you see in this way, I can claim to be a Wellingtonian, too. Sorry, I'm doing a bit of showing off here - That's a picture of when he was a young man and I think he's one of the most handsome men I've ever seen - (delighted laughter). Thank you very much for your patience with me. (Prolonged applause).

(In the course of his speech of thanks, he, then, National President, Mr Don Harper, remarked: "My father was a very great friend of Mat Love's ... a wonderful address ... when one looks at that great chart and realises how one can trace one's New Zealand ancestors back so far, I'm afraid it makes we Pakehas a little bit silly. Judging by the number of children alone, they were obviously pretty active people. (Laughter, led by Hazel Snow ...)



The Society, especially members of the Hawkes Bay Branch, and all who knew, loved and respected Founder member, Hazel Snow, mourn her sudden passing early August 1985.

May her memory linger on - orally portrayed for all time within the pages of this and previous issues of the Founders Bulletin ...

He peka titoki e kore e whati.

E kore au e ngaro; he kakano i ruiroia mai i Rangiatea.

EXTRACTED FROM MY PIONEER GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S "BOOK OF ETIQUETTE":

One must never smoke, nor even ask to smoke, in the company of the fair ... One must never smoke in the streets; that is, in daylight. The deadly crime may be committed, like burglary, after dark, but not before. One must never smoke in a room inhabited at times by the ladies; thus, a well-bred man who has a wife or sisters, will not offer to smoke in the dining-room after dinner.

One must never smoke in a public place, where ladies are or might be, for instance, a flower-show or promenade. One may smoke in a railway-carriage in spite of bye-laws, if one has first obtained the consent of every one present; but if there be a lady there, though she give her consent, smoke not. One must never smoke, without consent, in the presence of a clergyman, and one must never offer a cigar to any ecclesiastic over the rank of curate. One must never smoke in a close carriage; one may ask and obtain leave to smoke when returning from a picnic or expedition in an open carriage. One must never smoke in a theatre, on a race-course, nor in church.

A WAKEFIELD SPEAKS AT WAKEFIELD HOUSE

Sir Humphrey Wakefield, Bt., addressing a packed audience of NZ Founders and friends at the Society's National Headquarters, Wakefield House. An intriguing aspect of his speech were readings from the following contemporary account published in the "Liverpool Mercury" - now published in full below.



Photo: Ewen Hay-Mackenzie

MR EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD

Edward Wakefield, Esq., the father of the subject of this sketch, whose celebrated work on Ireland is so often referred to for the accuracy and interest of its details, is one of the first Land-agents in the kingdom, and enjoys an income of 7,000 or 8,000 pounds per annum. He is now a candidate for the representation in Parliament of the borough of Reading, and a short time ago married, at the hotel of the British Ambassador at Paris, Miss Davies, daughter of Dr Davies, of Macclesfield, a schoolmaster of the first celebrity. His son, Edward Gibbon Wakefield, was, at an early age, sent to attend the university at Edinburgh, confided to the care of a friend of his father in that metropolis, a clerical gentleman of great literary acquirements, and peculiarly distinguished as a Greek scholar.* In the family of this respectable individual, young Wakefield, from his frank and cheerful disposition, became a great favourite. He was a fine looking youth, a leader amongst his companions, and the life of every party; but his love of frolic, and that rough amusement common to boyhood, in pursuance of which he played off many practical jokes bordering upon the mischievous, rendered him at length so great an annoyance to the sedate inmates of the house, that they were obliged to write to his father requesting that he might be removed. He soon after left Scotland, having studied for about two years at College, where he obtained the reputation of cleverness, marred, however, by that want of attention and punctuality which was the natural consequence of his love of amusement. Of the nature of these frolics, some idea may be formed from the fact, that on one occasion, in company with a fellow-student, he passed himself off as a blind fiddler, and performed his part so well amongst his every day acquaintances, that not one of them discovered the joke; and he drew from them charitable contributions to a considerable amount, enjoying afterwards the wicked satisfaction of laughing at them for their credulity. The bilking of police-men was another favourite joke; but mere annoyance to those about him, by his waggery, without any dishonourable act whatever, formed the head and front of his offending, and of this so sensible were the family with whom he lived, that he continued, after he left them, in habits of intimacy and correspondence.

Four or five years after his departure from Edinburgh, a young man, in a shabby genteel dress, knocked at the door of his father's friend in that city, and inquired with much earnestness for the gentleman of the house. His appearance was such, that little encouragement was given to his inquiries, and being told that the gentleman was not at home, he expressed himself as very unfortunate in not meeting with him. It was not, however, until he inquired of the lady of the house whether a letter had been received from Mr Wakefield, and mentioned his name, that she surveyed him with attention, and discovered, through a disguise rendered more complete by his anxious and jaded appearance, that he was none other than her former young friend himself. He was received with cordiality, mingled with no little surprise at his apparent plight. He explained that he was in a state of great destitution; and, what was worse, that he had a young lady of respectability under his care, who was in an obscure place in the town, and in such absolute want of funds and dress, that she could not be produced; and he entreated the lady to send her some supply of necessary habiliments. The worthy lady, mindful of the former romantic frolics of this young man, reasonably entertained some doubts as to the character and merits

of the female whose case he so earnestly pleaded. She, however, lost no time in sending her son to the spot mentioned, to ascertain, if possible, the real state of the matter; and the interview which took place between the messenger and the young woman, had well nigh proved fatal to his future peace of mind. He found her, as he expressed it, "the most beautiful young creature he had ever beheld," and her language and accomplished manners were such, as at once convinced him that she was a virtuous young lady of rank and education. She was withal, to use a Scottish phrase, so "disgeskit" (dejected) by fatigue and anxiety of mind, that he hastened with the welcome report to his parents.

When the gentleman of the house came to inquire into the particulars of the case, he found that the lady (who was very young) was a ward in Chancery, heiress to a fortune of 50,000 pounds, from her deceased father, and that she had eloped with young Wakefield, (who was not yet of age) from a watering-place in the south, - we believe, Tunbridge Wells. He further ascertained that the elopement had its origin entirely in a love impression; his young friend had, indeed, no opportunity previously of knowing what were her high expectations. The lady's mother, who was her guardian, as well as her natural protector, tremblingly alive to the importance of her charge, had maintained over her the most rigid *surveillance*; the more so, as she suspected that an attachment existed, although she did not know the character or family of the lover. With the exception of half an hour in the morning, the old lady had her eye constantly upon her daughter; but as love laughs at guardians, as well as at locksmiths, this short respite of freedom young Wakefield availed himself of, and succeeded in making a favourable impression on the lady's heart. The mother had her suspicions and her apprehensions, and to avert the dreaded consequences, hurried her daughter from place to place, trusting, full surely, that the stranger would, losing the scent, abandon all further pursuit, and leave her and her charge in tranquil security to await the addresses of some less mysterious suitor. He, however, contrived to discover their movements, and pursued them from place to place. At length the mother fixed herself and her daughter in lodgings at -, and having lost sight of the object of her dread, began to congratulate herself on her good deliverance. But how vain are often our most sanguine expectations! The young man had taken up his quarters directly opposite to the house which contained the object of his affections, but so completely disguised that he was not recognised except by the fair lady herself, who, during the accustomed half hour, when her guardian's precautions relaxed, gave her lover opportunities of improving the impression he had made. During a very short sojourn at this place, Mr Wakefield had the address to gain over all the servants to his interest; and one morning when the old lady was absent for a short time, a chaise and four drove up to the door, followed by a gig. Into the chaise was handed, with great ceremony, Mr Wakefield's man servant, and the young lady's maid, both genteely dressed. And while this vehicle drove off with the blinds up, by one road, with all possible despatch, urged by the apparent anxiety of the inmates, Mr W. leisurely, and without any show of grandeur, handed his fair charge into the gig, and drove off in the opposite direction. The old lady was soon apprized that her bird of paradise had flown: she got horses put to her carriage, and, as might be expected, (a consummation devoutly wished by the lovers) drove on in pursuit of the chaise, in hopes of overtaking the fugitives. She had not, however, hurried far on the road, before some part of her carriage broke down, and though the breakage was not attended with any danger, it was found that the vehicle was unfit to proceed. And here the lady obtained a piece of information not much calculated to allay the vexation occasioned by this accident at so critical a moment. On inquiring into the probable cause of the accident, and taking the servant to task for some supposed neglect, he informed her that Mr Wakefield (who it appears was anxious that the old lady should not over fatigue herself in the chase) "had been doing something to the carriage the night before," and this accounted for the mishap which had occurred.

Meantime, the lovers drove on in a dubious direction, and were soon beyond the reach of the mother's pursuit. To prevent all trace of their rout, Mr Wakefield disposed of his gig at a neighbouring place, and from that time their journey throughout was one of the most romantic and adventurous in the records of hymeneal fugacity. Their funds were but slender when they started, and Mr Wakefield dared not to write for a supply to his father, who was not cognizant of the transaction, and might interpose to prevent the match. They had not proceeded far before he found that a price was set upon his head: advertisements and placards were put out all over the country, giving a description of his person as the abductor of an heiress and ward in Chancery, and offering a large reward for his apprehension: and at every turn they dreaded the appearance of peace-officers, and the interrogatories of all whom they met. It was their first purpose, no doubt, to hasten direct towards Gretna; but this information induced them, lest they should be discovered, to travel almost at random, selecting, however, the most unfrequented by-roads, petty towns, villages, and hamlets; and they thus traversed the whole country, making an occasional stretch northward. Their funds were soon so low that they had no longer the means of riding post, even had a favourable opportunity occurred. Their difficulties increased daily, but their spirits, it appears, bore up against them; and the young lady, who, it might be said, had never before been required to place her foot upon the ground beyond a short walk, and had enjoyed the ease and comfort of a carriage even when she took an airing, was now reduced to the necessity of walking many a long mile on the public road with her companion. On some occasions they were together on the top of a coach or waggon, and they rested at the most humble houses of entertainment on the way-side. In this manner, and partaking of the most common fare, they journeyed for many hundred miles together, during a period of *three weeks*, until their dress, their funds, and almost their hopes, were reduced to the lowest ebb. The unrummured perseverance of the young lady afforded ample proof of her attachment to her juvenile companion, who, there is no doubt, as the sequel will confirm, treated

her with the most affectionate attention. It is stated that they regarded each other as brother and sister, and journeyed in that character, — an idea which was countenanced by their extreme youth, especially that of the lady. After a variety of suffering consequent upon their romantic adventure, and many hair-breadth escapes from detention, they arrived at Edinburgh, as before stated, where, in total destitution, Mr Wakefield was necessitated to leave his bride at an obscure lodging until he besought for her the relief which her immediate wants required.

The gentleman and his lady, to whom Mr Wakefield addressed himself, on learning these circumstances, hospitably received the young couple under their roof, advanced them a sufficient sum to enable them to appear as became their rank in life, and relying upon their impression of the honourable character of Mr Wakefield, the gentleman, though at his own risk, and in the face of the reward offered for the apprehension of his young friend, instantly decided, in order to save the character of the young lady, to hasten the legal marriage of the parties. They were accordingly regularly united in wedlock by the eminent clergymen and professor who was the worthy successor of the distinguished author of the *Lectures on Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres*.

Mr Wakefield's father was apprized of the match; and the mother of the young lady, when she learned the state of the case, and the respectability of the party whom she had before so much dreaded, not only became reconciled, but successfully exerted herself to induce the Lord Chancellor to withdraw the anathema which he had pronounced against the young man. She soon, indeed, became so partial to Mr Wakefield, that, on his being appointed, shortly after, to a high diplomatic situation at the Court of Turin, she accompanied the young couple on the mission. At Turin, they resided some years, living in the first style of elegance and distinction. There, or in some part of Italy, we believe, Mr Wakefield had the misfortune to lose his wife, who left him the father of two children, for whom he holds in trust the large fortune of their mother. The latter circumstance, added to the consideration of his father's respectable character and station in life, is sufficient to rebut the charge that Mr Wakefield is a needy adventurer. His Edinburgh friends are in possession of numerous letters from him and his lady while they were abroad, and which are pregnant with great interest, and show that they were highly esteemed and courted while at Turin. What Mr Wakefield's movements have been for some years after the death of his lady, we cannot state. The love of enterprise and adventure seems all along to have been his ruling passion; and it appears that when on a recent visit to his friend, Dr Davies, the accounts which he heard of Miss Turner fired his ambition and excited him to an attempt to win the prize — the result of which is now before the public. — Mr Wakefield has, we understand, just turned thirty years of age.

This statement is given on the authority of a literary gentleman of high respectability, who was a fellow student with Mr Wakefield, and who shared in some of his boyish frolics, but has had no personal knowledge of him in after life. Many of the facts rest of course on the testimony of Mr Wakefield himself at the time, but there is no reason to doubt their general correctness. Since we were favoured with the oral account from which we have, trusting chiefly to memory, drawn up this sketch, we have heard it stated that the matter bore a more serious aspect, at the time, than this relation of an apparently romantic, but real, adventure, would seem to imply. But this opinion is best answered by the fact that the lady's mother became reconciled to the match; that the Lord Chancellor forbore punishing the delinquent — and above all that the lady resigned herself into the hands of the young man, and lived happily with him; and whatever magnitude the recent offence of Mr Wakefield may assume, it is surely unfair, though we admit that it is natural enough in those irritated by his *present conduct*, to permit *that conduct* to bear with a retrospective view upon a transaction of his earlier life. The highly respectable persons with whom he was acquainted when a student are loth to believe that, in the affair now before the public, he has entirely forfeited their regard; and we sincerely, though we cannot sanguinely, hope with them, that even here circumstances of palliation, at least, may arise in the forthcoming trial.

—*Liverpool Mercury*

THE EDWIN FOX

An interesting piece of information was revealed in our conversation. A sister of Alexander Wilcock was born on the Edwin Fox which brought many settlers to New Zealand between 1873 and 1885. She was christened Edwina Fox Wilcock and was an honoured guest in the 1960's when first the restoration of the Edwin Fox was mooted.

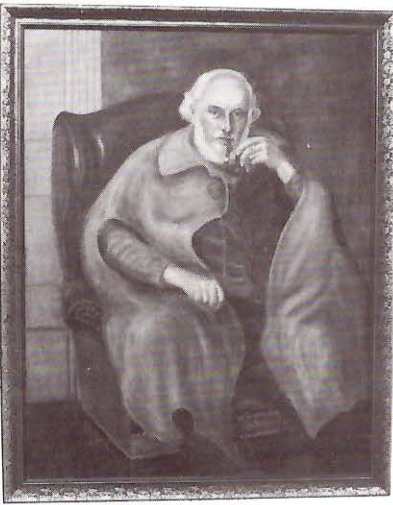
It is interesting to read that definite plans are at last to go ahead in Picton where the ship will be sited in the Foreshore launching ramp.

The Edwin Fox was used in the early days of the frozen meat trade and was later bought by the Picton Freezing Works as a coal hulk.

The Edwin Fox Restoration Society bought the vessel for one shilling in 1965.

C.D. Marks

PORTRAIT OF HUGH ROSS



This fine painting is by Jack Willetts of Auckland. Artist Willetts was a pupil of Anngonni, the Italian famous for his portrait of H.M. The Queen several years ago.

In addition to his long term as President of the Whanganui Branch, Life Member Hugh Ross, has contributed a number of articles to the Bulletin.

ABOUT W. HUGH ROSS

Walter Hugh Ross was born into a farming family in Ruahine, near Mangaweka, seventy-three years ago. His birth brought great joy to his four sisters and parents, Alfred Hugh Ross and his wife, Violet, nee Eagle, daughter of Capt. Eagle of Suffolk and 14th Dragoons.

He was named Walter Hugh. Walter, after his maternal great-uncle Walter Edward Gudgeon, C.M.G., author, Maori scholar and linguist, who came to New Zealand in 1850, and became Resident Administrator of Tonga; Hugh, by which he is familiarly known, after his great-grandfather, Hugh Ross, a lawyer from a Scottish professional family whose father served as puisne judge of the High Court of the north-west provinces of India, later Governor of Agra. The family belonged to the Auchlossin branch of the ancient Nairnshire Ross family of Kilravick. (Hugh is justifiably proud to be the representative of the Chief of Clan Ross in New Zealand.)

Mr Ross came to the colony in 1840 from Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania) where he had been Crown Solicitor and Attorney General. He opened a law office in Lambton Quay. In 1849 he came to Rangitikei and leased the Otapiko Run from the Maoris which extended from Lake Alice to Lake Annmarie and "Turn-in Creek" on the old track to Turakina. As a homestead block he bought, after the Government purchase of Rangitikei, 872 acres, he named Cokely.

During the Maori War his three sons served in the Militia. Alfred (Hugh's grandfather) at the age of sixteen entered Sir George Grey's office as cadet, later studying law. In 1865, at the age of twenty-five, Alfred became Captain Adjutant of Militia in Wanganui, and was three times mentioned in despatches during the taking of Weraroa. Alfred never went back to law but took up land in Rangitikei. He also leased Kapiti Island, sending his three sons, Alfred Hugh, Fred and Arthur, to farm it. Alfred Hugh (Hugh's father) stayed there for nine and a half years when the venture failed because forty bales of Merino wool went down in Wellington Harbour when the "Queen of the South" foundered. He then took up land at Ruahine where his only son Hugh was born.

From Ruahine the family moved to a remote bush farm at Mangapehi, back of Te Kuiti, where they lived a frontier life, shared by other pioneering farmers, pakeha and Maori. And since frontier life was rich in natural history, the young Hugh led a life of adventure and developed an intense interest in history. Many of Hugh's earlier stories stemmed from actual life situations. For some years he contributed articles to the now defunct Auckland Weekly.

During his period of training as a surveyor, the bushcraft taught to him by his father and neighbouring Maoris at Mangapehi, became an extra "bonus" (Hugh was the original surveyor of Whakamaru dam).

For a short period the Ross family lived at Turakina before finally settling on a farm at Waitomo where Hugh received much of his formal education. In his own words "he was put out to graze with several tutors". During the Depression many learned men were forced to seek a livelihood other than in their own professions. The tutor who taught Hugh the importance of literature, reading and books had four degrees from Oxford. The books he gave his pupil were studied in the evening by candlelight after farm chores were finished. One only has to go to Kuriwhao, Hugh's largest Edwardian riverside home, to see the fine collection of books built up over the years from those first few given to him so long ago.

Not fit for military service when war broke out, Hugh served in the Home Defence Forces for seven months. He was then appointed Assistant Engineer to the Defensive Heavy Gun Battery on Waiheke Island, now known as Stony Batter. In 1945 he went overseas as a medical volunteer. Before long, during spare hours, the historically-minded Hugh was studying the history and culture of Egypt, and in no time the enquiring mind found a pattern of culture similar to that of the Maori which left him in no doubt of a relationship between the two cultures in the past.

Hugh settled with his wife Gwen, nee Price, and daughter Rosalynn (Triss) in 1947 on a 600 acre block on the western hills of Waikato. They retired to Taupo in 1958 on account of his wife's ill health. After her death in 1965 he came to Wanganui and took up a position as credit officer with the Department of Maori Affairs. At the request of the Maoris he wrote and published a booklet on the Treaty of Waitangi. After retiring in 1972 he received a personal letter of thanks from the Government.

His 60,000 word biography of Te Kooti was published by Collins in 1966. For the past twelve years he has written a weekly column "With Apologies to Maui's Fish" for the Wanganui Evening Herald. He also contributes to other works. He contributed an article on the Hau Haus for the Centennial History of the Waitotara County. Recently one of his articles on whaling was published in the prestigious publication, advertising New Zealand, "This is New Zealand" published by Sheffield House, Wellington.

Hugh was the Founding Secretary of the Whanganui Historical Society. The steering committee met at his home. He was also involved with the Black Powder Club and the Chamber Music Society.

In 1984, owing to ill health, Hugh retired from the Presidency of the Whanganui Branch of the NZ Founders Society, an office he held for thirteen years. He also gave up editorship of the Branch's journal. Hugh was awarded the Society's "For Service Badge", which was presented to him by the Branch's President, Mrs C.D. Marks, on behalf of the National Council.

Since his illness Hugh has taken up painting and two have been accepted by the Wanganui Art Society. He is also interested in antiques, particularly arms. At the moment he is working on a genealogical tree for his grand-daughters.

Kathleen C. McDonald

*In the spirit of the NZ Company's first Journalist and Editor of "New Zealand Gazette",
Samuel Revans —*

N.Z.P.A by-line

A History of the NEW ZEALAND PRESS ASSOCIATION

+ Mr Graeme Jenkins talk to Founders Society, September 24th, 1984 (Luncheon)

I have loosely called what you are about to receive ALL THAT YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT THE PRESS ASSOCIATION BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK. What is it, what does it do, who owns it, who works there? These are questions that I am frequently called on to field. If you are about to do the same, not to worry - you are in good company. There are people with a life time in New Zealand newspapers who are in the same boat. They know the Press Association teleprinters bring them the news, but they do not know too much about the finer details.

The Press Association is a news agency. By dictionary definition - an agency is an establishment where business is done on behalf of someone else. A news agency, specifically the New Zealand Press Association, is an establishment that gathers the news of the world on behalf of its members, the daily newspapers of New Zealand.

When the Press Association in Britain brought out its centennial history some years ago, the volume was called REPORTER ANONYMOUS.

Certainly the names of most of NZPA's journalists can not be regarded as household names around the country, but they are well known and well respected within the ranks of journalism. Certainly their services are keenly sought after and NZPA Old-boys — Old-girls too for that matter - abound throughout the newspaper industry and in radio and television where some of them indeed have become household names. Who owns it? A very good question and one that has been answered only recently. In short however, we are owned by the daily newspapers who contribute to an annual budget with their contributions very largely based on the size of their circulation.

In some ways it is fitting that I am talking to members of the Founders Society about NZPA for our founders were amongst the earliest newspapermen in New Zealand. Our organisation is coming up to its 105th birthday and while it is considerably younger than some of the newspapers it serves, it is still one of the longest-running organisations of its type in the World.

NZPA was conceived when eight newspaper owners got together and decided to work co-operatively in the field of news gathering in 1879, and appropriately it was born some nine months later in February 1880. Included in the number were Henry Blundell of Wellington, Alfred Horton and Henry Brett of Auckland, George Fenwick and George Bell from Dunedin. It is interesting to note that our present day Chairman, Julian Smith of Dunedin, is a great-great-grandson of George Bell, and that another member of the Board, Michael Horton, is a great-grandson of Alfred Horton.

Other journalists from the earliest days in New Zealand whose names appear in the early records are Julius Vogel and the man now best known as the author of *God Defend New Zealand*, Thomas Bracken.

Apart from the New Zealand anthem, Bracken also penned the poem "Not Understood".

Maybe he did this at the time he was declared bankrupt. As a consequence of his financial difficulties, the paper of which he was Editor and Publisher, the Dunedin Herald, died after only a few years of life.

On the journey through NZPA's first century, other newspapers founded by the early settlers fell by the wayside. Papers like the Tuapeka Gazette, the Timaru Telegraph, the Wellington Chronicle and the Wellington Independent of the very early years, the Manawatu Daily Times, the Southern Cross and the Grey River Argus of more recent times.

There have been amalgamations of newspapers and of newspaper companies, takeovers and rationalisations.

Closer to home it should be mentioned that the Press Association itself is under takeover offer from one of its members. It is not the News Service that is sought, but the valuable Reuter asset that NZPA has owned since 1947. The outcome should be known fairly soon.

The basis of the task we now perform has not changed greatly from 1880 to 1984, but we are doing it rather more quickly, and we like to believe, more efficiently than 100 years ago.

We have been in the forefront in the use of the so-called new technologies. In 1950, for example, NZPA was the first to lease its own telegraph circuits in New Zealand and was one of the first to bring in a leased circuit from outside of New Zealand.

Since 1978 we have done all of our editing through a computer system with Sub-editors sitting at visual display units and bringing up the traffic on a story by story basis for editing. Last year we introduced a second generation system and at present we are negotiating for an expansion of that system.

Back to the news collection - how we do it.

As a result of membership of the Association, the newspapers obtain certain rights and assume certain obligations. They have the right to receive a news service from the Association and each has the obligation to provide the Association with all the news that comes to its notice and which would be of wider interest than only its own news columns.

The aim of NZPA is to provide as complete a service of National and International news each day for evening and morning newspapers. On the domestic scene it still relies heavily on the co-operative sharing of news. Each newspaper appoints one member of its staff to act as the Association's agent and it is his or her job to ensure that nothing of importance in that newspaper's territory is overlooked.

The news comes to us in a variety of ways, whether by transmission on our own leased circuits, through the telegraph system, by telephone, telex or facsimile.

An agency such as ours, needs to know that something has happened as soon as possible after it has happened. We are staffed 24 hours a day every day to handle anything that crops up. As you are aware news tends to come along at the most inconvenient times - normal business hours don't mean a thing.

Since its inception, the NZPA has played a significant role in the New Zealand newspaper industry. We like to think we are the central cog.

News from outside New Zealand flows into our newsroom in Newspaper House in Boulcott Street in a constant stream. We have four circuits open at all times and have the almost frightening capacity to bring in about 900,000 words in any 24 hour period. I am pleased to say that we do not bring in anything like that - more like 200 to 250 thousand words a day. Not all of this is destined for the newspapers but on an average day we would be putting out to the newspapers about 95,000 words of overseas news, divided roughly on a 50-50 basis between morning and evening newspapers. This is a much greater wordage than any newspaper needs, but it does give them a very wide choice from which to make their news selection.

We gather the World news in a number of ways. First, we have our own staff correspondents deployed overseas and send other correspondents on assignments as the need arises. Currently we have our own offices in London, Washington, Hong Kong and Sydney, with the correspondents in those offices having a posting for three or four years.

Then we have contractual arrangements which give us access to the outputs of the major World agencies as well as the outputs of many of the smaller ones. We are a partner in Reuters, the biggest and best-known of all of them, and we have reciprocal reporting arrangements with Reuters and with Australian Associated Press.

Apart from our news relationship with Reuters we are also the New Zealand arm of Reuters in the commercial sense. We are equal partners in Reuters Economic Services in New Zealand and also manage the sophisticated Reuter Monitor Service, the tool that has become an essential part of the New Zealand banking service, indeed of the World banking service.

Possibly some of you here today actually work with Monitor or have a Reuter ticker working away somewhere in your business.

Our ties with Reuters are strong - and long. Apart from a break of a few years in the latter stages of the 19th century, NZPA has been dealing with Reuters News Services since day one of operations. They started operating in New Zealand in 1876.

While we are very much involved in reporting the World to New Zealand, we are also very much involved in reporting New Zealand to the World. It may not be every day that a New Zealand story hits the World headlines, but still a huge variety of news about this country is sent abroad on a daily basis. I know it can be hard to find a mention of New Zealand in newspapers overseas, but I can assure you it is not for want of trying. For example, I was in the United Kingdom in June, at the time the snap election was called. It was four days later that I first knew about Sir Robert's decision, and found a few paragraphs tucked away on an inside page of the Daily Telegraph.

"BATTEN DOWN THE HATCH!"

The 2nd part of a two-part complete diary account by George Burnett, a 33 year-old farmer of Ovington, Northumberland, U.K., covering the period October 1st, 1850 until casting anchor in Auckland Harbour, N.Z., some 124 days later on Sunday, February 2nd, 1851.

PART TWO On Board "Victory", barque of 579 tons, Captain Mullens, at Gravesend, River Thames

1st January, 1851

Sat up last night to bid farewell to the old year and welcome in the new one. The sailors marched about the deck singing Rule Britannia and God Save the Queen in which we all joined heartily.

Thursday 2nd

Latt 50½ S Long 92½ E. 3500 miles from New Zealand.

Friday 3rd

The sea very high again, couldn't sleep a wink, got up at 4, let the dogs out. They don't half like this weather as Joe has several times been thrown upon his broad side so you may think the rolling and pitching is considerable would they be very shy about coming out at all at such times, the pitching is nothing to the rolling. This morning I charged across the deck against the second mate's cabin door with my head, fortunately the door burst open and I went on top of him in his bed. We both stared at each other in amazement, for the wind was driven out of me, and I could not speak for some time to tell him how it happened. Went to bed again at 5am and slept 12 hours at a stretch.

Saturday 4th

No sleep again, got up at 4 - a very high sea running.

Sunday 5th

The first Sunday of the New Year - could sleep very little last night, this is very tiresome. I am always glad to hear the bells and the mate shout heave the log for I feel there is nothing wrong going on. The last few days have been most uncomfortable, the hatch has been down and covered close with the notorious tarpaulin before mentioned, which makes it uncommon dark between decks, and in our berth where we have neither skylight nor skuttle it is a perfect dungeon, we are reduced to smoking and even that cannot be done satisfactorily in the dark. More floating seaweed today and a great many grey albatross about. Latt 48.12 S Long 105.38 E.

Monday 6th

A beautiful sunshiny morning, the sea quite gone down - it is very cheering to be on deck, the dogs are full of glee like to knock everybody down in their gambols. I hope we are out of the way of icebergs now, it is much warmer even in this.

Tuesday 7th

Another dirty day but we have the consolation of knowing we are making good way in the right direction. The crew are complaining (and I believe with reason) that they are both starved and very ill and unable to do their work. They sent a deputation to the Skipper with a sample of their pork and demanded better food. He told them the old story, viz, if they were not satisfied they could have redress in Auckland. Tomorrow their beef is served out and in all probability there will be another? Every day confirms and increases my ill opinion of him, he is an inhuman brute. The men say the ship is not sea-worthy, has the dry rot and leaks all over. They intend to knock off work as soon as the anchor is dropped at Auckland. I fancy I saw Muggins grinding his teeth with rage - he is a cowardly villain as bullies generally are. Long 115 E.

Wednesday 8th

The Skipper will not allow singing at the pumps and we are all to do so to annoy him. The sneaking narrow-minded rascal. Running 14 knots today before a spanking breeze. The beef served to the men today is such as they can eat, nothing can be got here without bullying, nothing can be got with fair means - yet no-one wants to demand more than his due.

Thursday 9th

Becalmed this morning, very wet and disagreeable - chilblains very prevalent, colds and sore throats general. The men getting very sickly, it is well we are so near the end of the voyage otherwise I really believe we should have the ship to work ourselves. I have seldom seen such an utter disregard paid to the meanest animal, as has been manifested towards the crew of this ship by the Master and mates. The chief mate looks towards the Skipper and I suppose the second has not much in his power. I suppose you are now at dinner, this seems strange and yet it is now about 4 in the morning. Will be the hour with you.


When happy faces gather round the tapers light


Who shall fill your vacant places?

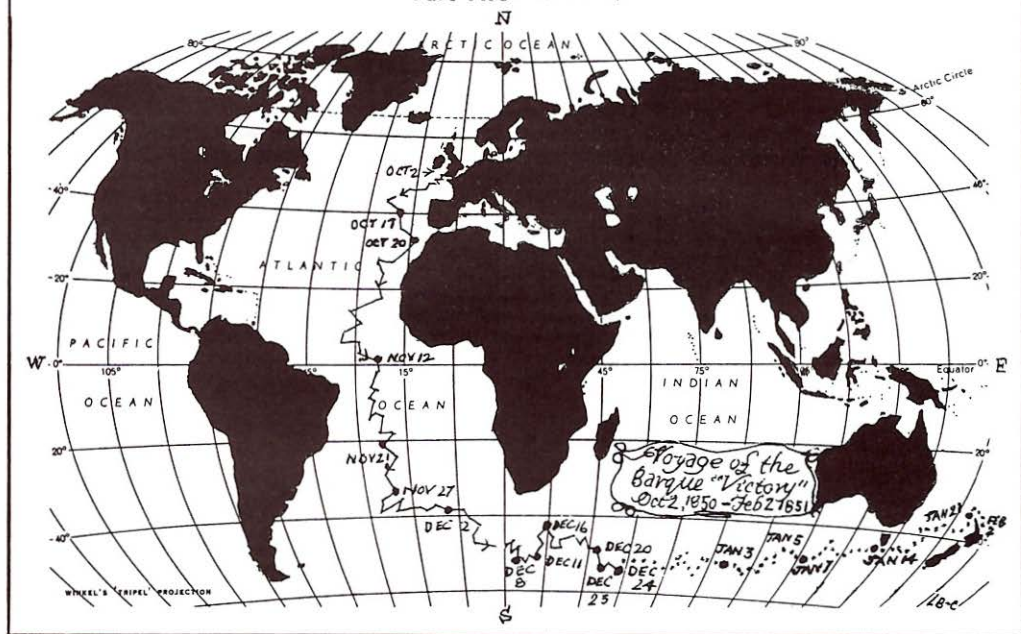
Who shall sing our songs tonight?"

I often ask myself this question and picture you all in my minds eye, for my heart is with you at home, sleeping and waking. How flat is a of the mind compared with the speed of its flight. The tempest

MAP SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE "VICTORY"

Part One = 

Part Two = 



..... lies behind and the swift arrows of light when I think of my own native land, in a moment seem to be there, but alas a collection - I won't finish the quotation for I am far from despairing.

Friday 10th

A squally morning after a boisterous night. Mrs Hall very drunk and noisy. This is such a woman as I never met with, she says she is a devil, and she is not far from the mark. I will enclose the latitude and longitude of each day which will enable you to mark out our way on the map. This was entered in this diary may not all of them be correct but Mr Crisp is to give me a correct list of them which he gets from the mate every day.

Saturday 11th

A very beautiful day. We call it "New Zealand weather", after the knocking about we have had, this change is a very agreeable one indeed.

Sunday 12th

Service this morning in the Cuddy.

Monday 13th

Preparations for the shore, carpenter hard at work.

Tuesday 14th

Van Dieman's Land in sight - I am beginning to suspect Mr Crisp is a time server.

Wednesday 15th

A fine morning. Seats and books appearing on deck again, then sharp storm in the afternoon, beautiful moonlight night.

Thursday 16th

At ½ past 5 this morning we had had staysails and topgallant sail set. The practical eyes of the mate saw something ominous in the sky and took down the ? sails but before this could be done the topgallant sail was carried away and the mainsail split and it was all hands taking in sail. It is astonishing to see the men crowding up the manning the yards in a gale, the sea rose in an incredible short space of time. It is no child's play taking in sail under the circumstances - every man except the old cook and the young cabin boy, and the first mate were aloft, the whole of their lives depending on the foot ropes, and such of the passengers as were up, had enough to do on deck - the mate told us when and which ropes to pull, and I believe we did good service. For the rest of the day we were under double reefed topsails, in the evening the wind moderated.

Friday 17th

The sea very high and breaking over the ship, it comes down the hatches in floods so you may suppose we are in a sad way, pots pans etc., flying about and the breakage considerable. For some days it has been getting warmer though the weather is boisterous we do not feel the cold at all.

Saturday 18th

The sun going down, the weather calmer. They are taking down the old sails and bending new ones to make a respectable appearance in port.

Sunday 19th

Service this morning. The carpenter went aft and complained of his food being both insufficient and unwholesome. The Skipper told him the old story, you have your redress in Auckland. Expect to reach land on Tuesday.

Monday 20th

A most terrific scene with the steward this morning. He had a dispute with one of the men about a bottle of porter. He knocked the man down. Jimmy then snatched up the carpenter's mallet and aimed a blow at the fellow's hand which he fortunately avoided. The sailors then crowding up to protect their messmate. The steward then began to rave, tear his hair, roar, foam, gnash his teeth and finally threw himself down on the deck where he roared and kicked and swore and worked himself to such a pitch of excitement which he kept up as long as he had strength to sprawl. I never saw such a scene in my life.

Tuesday 21st

Becalmed today.

Wednesday 22nd

A little more wind this morning, running 4 to 6 knots.

Thursday 23rd

Still becalmed with a smooth glassy sea. Sea serpents alongside. I think a spawn of some kind, they fall to pieces when lifted out of the water, each piece is formed of a small seed, like what you see in a ripe current or gooseberry, connected with this is a bladder open at the opposite end, a number of these are joined together forming chains from a few inches in length to 9 feet with a darker substance at one end which looks like a head. Those we fished out were about the size of a small thimble, some detached pieces were as large as great pots and looked like transparent jars of pickles.

Friday 24th

A fresh breeze this morning, hope to see the land of our hopes in the evening.

(Diary entries end as the "Victory" approaches New Zealand's shores)

No 1 RD
Maungaturoto
12th August, 1985

Dear Mrs Tattersfield,

This is just a short note to say how delighted I am with the Founders' Bulletin recently received. It has pleased me very much to see the diary of a passenger on the "Victory", 1850-51, which is the voyage my great-grandmother, Frances Bateman, travelled on. I have seen the copy of the passenger list and checked out her name.

A few years ago I heard of these papers being in the vault at Whangarei Public Library. One day I made a brief visit to the library and the papers were brought forth. I signed and sat and looked and read as much as I could. It was certainly very exciting. The Crisp's travelling were who Frances Bateman travelled with, possibly as a maid or companion.

We have always been told that great-grandmother was known, on board, as the "Literary Lady" and edited or helped with the ship's paper "The Ocean Times".

So I look forward to the second part of the diary - it is a wonderful piece of interest to have for my collection of facts about Frances Bateman, who became the wife of Isaac Fletcher, who came with the 58th Regiment and lived at Onehunga in later years.

The Bulletin is always so very interesting and I would like to express my appreciation of the work that goes into its production. I regret I am unable to get to meetings but have great interest through letters and papers.

So sorry not to be there to hear Mrs Muriel Fisher as I have enjoyed her writings.

With Best Wishes to fellow Members.

Yours sincerely
Hazel Williamson

Editor's Note: Reference "The Ocean Times" (above) - see pages 10/11. Ship's newspapers were common to NZ Company ships.

FOUNDERS ACTIVITIES THROUGHOUT NEW ZEALAND

AUCKLAND BRANCH

Since the 1984 National Council meeting, Auckland Branch has held a number of successful meetings. With the exception of the Christmas Function, all luncheon meetings featured a guest speaker. The Branch AGM in March was also a luncheon meeting with a speaker.

In August we heard from Dr Kenneth Cumberland, while in September we had a 'Show and Tell' when members spoke about, and displayed, some small family treasure, usually connected with their New Zealand past. In October, the Hon. Peter Wilkinson spoke to us on Africa. November was our only evening meeting with our End-of-Year Dinner - the speaker here was Mr Ron Bird, speaking about, and showing slides of the 'Bounty' from the time the keel was laid until the film was released. December was our Christmas Luncheon. As we have found January and February poor months for attendance, we held our first meeting for 1985 in March, which was also our AGM. The speaker on this occasion was a retired missionary to Fiji, Miss Alice Lloyd - she was particularly well received. April was made pleasant by the talk given by retired dentist, Newton Wickham, when he spoke of his caravanning expeditions over Europe. The 'pioneer settlers of Zimbabwe (Rhodesia)' were the subject of our speaker for May, Mr Trevor White, who belongs to a Pioneer group which is the equivalent of Founder's. In June, Mr Chris Orr, spoke of the work of the Royal Foundation for the Blind - Mr Orr is blind and is a noted athlete (which includes ski-ing) and was accompanied by his dog, Adam. In July we again had a 'Show and Tell' luncheon - these are proving so popular that it is thought by the committee that we should have another before Christmas. In August, Joan Tattersfield spoke about her 'Journey to Skye'.

Our AGM saw a change of officers for Secretary and Treasurer - Joan Wharton and Rita Carr, both nominated by Auckland for consideration for a 'For Service' badge.

As in the past, we continue to have representation on the Central Committee of Auckland Patriotic Societies and members have attended, by invitation, functions of the Royal Commonwealth Society; Victoria League English Speaking Union, and, of course, attended the Commonwealth Day Service in March. In September last year, and this year, we will be represented at the Hobson Memorial Service. Later in the year, members were present at a farewell function for the Governor-General.

This past year, the luncheons have been fairly well attended with a levelling-out since we dispensed with coffee mornings - now we seem to get a regular number - not the very low for coffee mornings, and the high for luncheons. Costs have risen as they have everywhere and while most members realise this, we have an uphill battle with some others who firmly believe that the Committee are putting charges up, (and not the Farmer's Trading Company) where our luncheons are held. The End-of-Year function in 1984, suffered a little from this and we had a struggle to get enough to cover costs.

Committee meetings are now again held monthly - instead of bi-monthly, as we now have them just before the luncheon and before members arrive - this way we also save the cost of the hire of the small room we had last year.

We look forward to a good year for Founder's in Auckland and take this opportunity of sending greetings to our sister and brother (that's probably being sexist!!!) branches throughout the country.

J.P. Webster
Chairman

BAY OF PLENTY BRANCH

Another very busy year for this scattered branch:

In September, 64 members and friends partook of luncheon at the Country Lodge, Te Puke. Mr George Muir afterwards talked to us about goldmining at Muir's Reef in the early profitable days.

In October, a smaller group met to visit the Waipahihi Gardens, made by the older interested folk and pensioners of Taupo. Brief visits were also made to the Honey Factory, and Craters of the Moon.

For our Christmas meeting in early December, 35 members lunched at the International in Rotorua, with a "get-to-know-you" hour afterwards.

The AGM was in early March at Hamurana Springs, with an attendance of 30 members.

In April, at Waihi, we were met by the Mayor, Mr Owen Morgan, and given a real welcome. He gave us the general history of this interesting town from its beginning through to the present day. We visited several scenic spots, finishing with a ride on the vintage train, with NO ham sandwiches or thick china cups

In May, 40 members saw the Tauranga Historic Village. What an exciting place this is! It is a real credit to the Society.

July 7th was our annual mid-Winter luncheon, with 45 members attending at Rotorua's International Hotel. We had a general talk with members after this, with the, then, forthcoming coach trip to visit the Hawkes Bay Branch in October, being the main topic of conversation.

D.A. Newberry
Secretary

CANTERBURY BRANCH

We have had a very full year with many interesting outings.

The Spring Festival, held last September, was very beautiful, featuring a fire-engine from Ferrymead Museum, traction-engines, horse and dray, cars and bikes, Canterbury Early Settlers, Canterbury Branch of NZ Founders and many people walked, dressed in old-world costumes. Every one carried flowers and coloured streamers. A number of our members took part, and I'm sure we'll never forget the spectacular display of flowers and floral arrangements held after the parade.

Eight members travelled to Timaru to meet our members living there. We had lunch at the Hydro Grand Hotel, visited the gardens where the pansies were a blaze of colour; then went for a scenic drive. Our member, Mrs Skeddon, visited her friend and upon being invited into her flat to meet her, we learned that her friend was a grand-daughter of Mr Brees, a noted artist of early Wellington scenes. (When Christmas shopping I found that the Alexander Turnbull Library had made a 1985 Calendar with Mr Brees paintings. A real thrill after meeting his grand-daughter.)

Godley House was venue for our Christmas Party Luncheon. Situated at Diamond Harbour, it was a lovely setting for singing carols and strolling around the gardens. Twenty-five members enjoyed a relaxing day.

The AGM was held after a Luncheon at Blenheim Road Motor Inn with fifteen members attending. Mr Thwaites was re-elected as President.

In May seven members joined the celebrations in Amberley to mark their centenary. The old world costumes were greatly admired.

In July, we visited the Occidental Hotel which was built in 1861 and is noted for its decorative ironwork about the verandahs. Another old building, the Ohoka Homestead, built in 1852, was visited by 15 members in August. This homestead was built with bricks made on the property - it had 15 bedrooms and several lounges.

Our President, Mr Thwaites, and our Committee send good wishes to our brother branches.

A.V. McSweeney (Mrs)
Secretary

HAWKE'S BAY BRANCH

Report for 1984 - 85 - To National Council Meeting: August 1985

Our membership has increased only slightly this year due to our policy of removing members who are more than two years in arrears with their subscriptions, and to the larger than usual number who have died. However, quite a lot of new members have joined us lately.

In all other respects we have had a most successful year, starting in September, with two bus loads of members on a visit to Holt's Bush, which is a private exotic forest in Northern Hawke's Bay. There followed in October, one of our most enjoyable "away" trips yet. Again, two bus loads left home on Friday 26th, in perfect weather, this time for Wairoa. Our first stop was the Raupaunga Marae where we unexpectedly received a traditional Maori welcome and morning tea.

Not long after, we had, what was to have been a picnic lunch, at the beautiful home and garden of Mr and Mrs Bruce Mackay. With typical Wairoa hospitality they turned on a barbecue and refreshments for us, with the help of some of our Wairoa members. Later in the day we visited local places of interest with our well-informed northern members acting as guides in our buses.

Saturday morning saw us heading off for Mahia Peninsular with local farmer, Mr Tom Ormond, acting as guide. Our first stop was at the Nuhaka Marae where the local population was holding a 'Flea Market'. This proved to be a bonus! They had on sale everything from crayfish to home-made bread and cream covered pavlovas! As some of our members purchased cream covered goodies, and as the morning was very warm, an early stop was made for morning tea, where their perishable purchases were quickly disposed of! After a most interesting tour of this historic area, we turned back to Wairoa and the Takitimu Marae, where we were greeted by a group of local Maoris, who once again gave us a traditional welcome, after which we moved to the local hall for a sumptuous dinner with our new friends.

On Sunday morning we left for home via the Mohaka Marae, where we were again welcomed in the usual style. It was here that one Maori elder remarked that we were the most adept group at the hongi or pressing of noses. No wonder after all the practice we had at the other Maraes! We had been told to expect a cup of tea and a biscuit, so we were quite unprepared for the amazing spread which greeted us in their famous Round Hall. Soon after, we stopped "unnecessarily" for lunch at the home of Mr and Mrs Morrin at the mouth of the Mohaka River. It was a very replete and tired party who arrived home that night.

The hospitality of the Wairoa people, both Maori and Pakeha, is legendary, but has to be experienced to be believed.

In November, fifty of our members met a small party of members from Taranaki, for dinner at their hotel in Napier. This was a most enjoyable gathering, which enabled us to renew friendships we had formed during our visit to New Plymouth.

Our usual Christmas picnic was held at Kairakau Beach in December, attended by over a hundred members. Once again local residents escorted us around places of interest.

We were very pleased to welcome Mr and Mrs Harper for their second Waitangi Day dinner with us, this time in Waipukurau. One hundred and five members heard Mr Harper's interesting talk about the Founders' Society in Wellington.

On April 12th, a very enthusiastic bus load left for a tour of the Coromandel Peninsular. Our first stop was Thames, where we spent two nights. During our first day, one of the local girls, acting as our guide, took us to several places of interest including a visit to Rei Hammon, the well known Maori artist. Next morning we left for Coromandel, calling in at the Tapu Water Gardens en route. After two nights and much sightseeing, we left for Whitianga where we again enlisted local help for our sightseeing. Our final night was spent in Rotorua where we visited new tourist attractions before leaving for home next morning, so concluding another highly successful tour.

On Sunday afternoon, May 5th, we held our Annual Meeting at the Hastings Racecourse. One hundred and thirty members enjoyed a talk on antiques and a community sing. Afternoon tea concluded our best attended function to date.

In June, members of our Committee, with husbands or wives, met for Sunday lunch at Wharemoana Farm Guest House, just south of Hastings. This proved to be most enjoyable and may become an annual event.

On July 7th, we held our most successful function yet, when one hundred and thirty-seven members met at Waipawa for our mid-Winter lunch. We were delighted to have Mrs Anderson unexpectedly with us for this gathering. Unfortunately she left halfway through proceedings to return to Wellington. After lunch we were addressed by Sir Richard Harrison on the role of the Speaker of the House. St Andrews Church Choir from Waipukurau followed with a splendid concert. The afternoon concluded with tea provided by local members.

During the year we also ran a very successful 'Quiz', along the line of the Wellington one. Dalgety-Crown Travel, who make all our travel arrangements, kindly offered us \$100 per annum towards expenses for future Quizzes.

Next April we are really spreading our wings. So far seventy members have booked on a tour to Norfolk Island.

Peter Harding
President

MANAWATU BRANCH

The past year has been a difficult one for the Manawatu Branch in some ways. There has been a decline in numbers attending meetings, although times and days have been varied in the hope of attracting a greater number of members, but this has not always been successful; then, too, some members have not always been able to attend, through age, infirmity or illness; but through all these setbacks, the Branch has continued to function and to be known, and make known, the interest and concern of the Society for "things historical" in town and country.

We have had the pleasure of joining on some occasions those local groups who share the same interests, and so have taken part in a walk through the Cemetery at Terrace End, conducted by the City Archivist and visited the graves of many of our early identities; in an Open Day at the Museum where practical history was shown, churning, printing, forging, etc., and in supporting other societies in their endeavours to retain historic buildings, sites, etc.

As a Branch we have been accorded a Mayoral Reception at Feilding, and been given a tour of historic Feilding, guided by the Deputy Mayor, we have visited Cobblestones Museum at Greytown, the Hunterville and District Museum where we were the guests of the local "Historical Society"; we have shared with one of our members his life-long association with Massey University and its buildings and we have helped launch a book written by one of our members about her ancestors and the part they played in the settling of the Manawatu; and we listened with much interest to Dr Margaret Tennant of Massey talk about the proposed Dictionary of Biography.

The Branch continues to strive towards making history vital and interesting and we are constantly building up our Library of relevant books, pamphlets, etc. We look forward with confidence to the coming year.

Marian Sullivan
Secretary

NORTHLAND BRANCH

Since the last reporting, we have had nine luncheon meetings, with the average attendance of between 40 and 45 members.

September: This meeting was a birthday party for our most senior member, Mrs E. Spender. Everyone had kept it a secret so Mrs Spender had no idea until she was presented with a spray.

November: The topic was nostalgia of sight, sound and scent. This was very successful with many memories being recalled.

December: Our main social function of the year. This year it was held at the Kamo Memorial Hall. We invited the Genealogists to join us and everyone had an enjoyable time.

February: Mrs E. Anderson gave a talk on her nursing experiences in the Middle East during World War Two.

March: Nostalgia again by popular request. On the 16th March we were very pleased to have a visit from our National President, Mr D. Harper and his wife. After a talk by Mr Harper, members enjoyed lunch and informal conversation with both Mr and Mrs Harper.

The May meeting was our A.G.M. Guest speaker was Miss P. Berry, who gave an excellent talk on her fishing trip to Fiordland.

June: Mrs Wendy Jones spoke on her trip to Japan, Canada and the U.S.A. Mr and Mrs Jones had spent Christmas with friends in Canada where they had had a white Christmas.

July: Mrs Lil Britton from Prisoners Aid spoke on her work with this organisation.

August: Mrs V. Mossong from the Genealogists Society spoke on early ships and the conditions which our ancestors had to endure.

During June, we had the sad news of the death of Mr A.C. Galpin, an Honorary Life Member of the Society, and a past President and Secretary of our Branch.

While on holiday in New Plymouth during June, our President, Miss P. Berry, attended a meeting of the Taranaki Branch.

Please remember - if you are in Northland we will be more than pleased to welcome you to our meeting.

B.L. Walsh (Mrs)
Secretary

TARANAKI BRANCH

Membership of our Branch remains fairly steady and, in an endeavour to create interest in the Society, and hopefully lead to the recruitment of new members, we are currently holding a 'Quiz' on local history for students in Forms 1 and 2. The demand from schools for entry forms has been extremely good and we are grateful to the Taranaki Education Board and the Taranaki Savings Bank for their help, and also to local book-sellers for donations of book tokens for prizes.

Monthly meetings have been well attended and have featured talks and slides on a variety of subjects. At our June meeting we had a pleasant surprise visit from Miss Pam Berry who spoke briefly about the activities of the Northland Branch. Our A.G.M. was quite well attended and saw the election of several new Committee Members who should prove valuable additions.

The Christmas party and also the Commemorative service which was followed by the Anniversary luncheon, proved very popular. At the latter function, Mr Roger Maxwell, MP for Taranaki, was guest speaker.

Taranaki Anniversary weekend saw a small party of our members visit the Hawkes Bay Branch. We travelled to Napier by car on the Saturday, with a stop at Virginia Lake, Wanganui, for a picnic lunch. That evening a large party of Hawkes Bay members joined us for dinner and a get-together at our hotel. On Sunday morning, Napier members motored us around historic areas of Greenmeadows and Taradale with Mrs Peggy Higgins, a local historian and former City Councillor, providing a very interesting and informative commentary. We had a picnic lunch on the Marine Parade and visited Marineland and other places of interest around the city that afternoon.

On our return journey on Monday, we were entertained for lunch by members from the Waipukurau area at the lovely old home of Mr and Mrs Peter Harding. All of us would have liked to spend more time in the grounds and inspecting the interesting collection of early artifacts in the former cellars. The three hours we spent there passed all too quickly. Thank you Hawkes Bay. All in all it was a very delightful weekend and a pity that more of our members did not travel and enjoy it.

At the last two Council meetings I have mentioned New Plymouth's clock tower project. I am happy to report that this is now almost completed and the chimes are again to be heard.

I feel sure that at our next meeting members will express their disapproval of the cavalier manner in which the name of our mountain has been changed despite a 90% poll to retain the name of Egmont. The Commissioner of Crown Lands has stated that he will not be swayed by popular vote but the whole question has arisen from the vociferous agitation of a small band of activists. No doubt protests will be made but they are unlikely to be availing when the final decision rests with a Maori Minister of Lands. So much for democracy, so much for consensus.

M.L. Standish
President

REMINISCENCES OF BOYHOOD DAYS
BEFORE LEAVING ENGLAND

— John Rainbow Stansell

P R E F A C E

In writing this yarn of my experiences of an Early Settler, I wish to give the present and rising generation some faint idea of what life was in the fifties and sixties, and to compare with present-day life in New Zealand. Now we have railways, electric trams, motors and flying machines. In the 50's and 60's bullocks were the only means of land transport of heavy goods, and the opinion was often expressed that horses would never supercede bullocks - and I was of that opinion also.

I wish to apologise to my readers for the use so frequently of the letter "I", but as these records are principally of my own experiences it is unavoidable.

The reason for dedicating this little yarn to the Crippled Soldiers & Sailors Hostel in Wellington is because from my past experiences and recollections of the Crimean Heroes and other Wars, numbers of men died in the Workhouse, and some of them in the gutter: In my opinion it is a disgrace to the British Empire in the past, considering its vast wealth, its Christianity and boasted civilisation. So I am trying in a small way to help provide for the future of our crippled soldiers and sailors, and if I can influence anyone to my way of thinking I will be well repaid.

I wish to state that in spinning this yarn, I am writing from memory only. Commencing from the year 1852, the time of the Exhibition promoted by Prince Albert in Hyde Park.

I was born at Red Lion Street, Holborn, London on November 1st, 1843 (no recollections of that occurring.) My memory goes back to 1851, the year of Prince Albert's Exhibition in Hyde Park, and I also remember the Duke of Wellington's funeral.

My brother, Robert, and I had four years schooling in Hertfordshire. The first two years was spent at a boarding-school, kept by a Clergyman whom we did not appreciate. The next was at a place called Frogmore College, one mile from Loudwater, and where then all the paper for the Illustrated London News was produced.

Our Uncle, William Stansell, was Manager of the Mill, which on every chance occasion we visited and enjoyed very much, because there was water and also a boat, which means a lot to a boy. The process of manufacturing paper was very interesting. I remember that women and girls used to tear the rags for the paper by a fixed knife in front of them. The rags were soaked and reduced to a pulp, and you could see the whole process from rags to large sheets of paper with the water line stamp of the Illustrated London News right across the sheets - a very interesting sight to we boys.

While at the College we had to go to Church every Sunday morning, march two abreast, and wore white vests, dark trousers, a short waistcoat jacket, and square hats with a tassel. When we were going to Church, the boys in the township used to call us names, and much to our disgust called our hats 'Mortar-Boards' and 'Suet Choppers'. One Sunday night a few of the older boys decided to make an expedition to punish the said boys. Being a sprinter in those days, I was foremost in the attack. The said boys ran, and we after them. I remember catching a boy and hitting him in the neck when he tumbled. The Head Master having heard of our sortie, called a halt, which we did, and we were marched to the College Big Schoolroom, which was lit up, and every boy at the College was put to Latin exercises for an hour, although there was only about a dozen boys in the raid of one hundred scholars boarding at the College. We all liked the Head Master, though very strict, but a Gentleman.

One of our punishments was that the boys who could not explain or propound their Euclid problems had no dinner. They had to stand in a row and watch the other boys enjoy their dinner. I lost several dinners, until we made a grand discovery. By means of a pin and by drawing our problems on an embossed card, we could solve our problems, and after that we never lost a dinner. It was a wonderful discovery.

I remember that on one of our Euclid days, before the pin discovery, our Grandfather and Uncle William paid us a visit at the College. I was, as usual, with several other thick-headed boys, watching the clever boys eating and enjoying their dinner, which was a very liberal allowance, twice of meat and vegetables, and two helpings of jam roll pudding, which consisted of four layers of jam or treacle. However, the day Grandfather arrived, we were taken to dinner with the Head Master, and I remember the Rolly Polly pudding had eight layers of jam. We often wished he would call again, but he never did, and we missed several dinners until the wonderful discovery of the usefulness of a pin for procuring our dinner.

Before we left England, we visited our Grandfather and Grandmother Stansell, and also Uncle Lionel Stansell, whom we boys adored. He used to smoke a big meerschaum pipe very much coloured. He asked my brother Robert and I if we would like a smoke, so we tried, Robert first, but he did not like it. Then I tried and felt bad, but Uncle said 'keep on and pull hard', which I did and wasn't I sick. When

Mother came to take us home my brother was quite frisky, but I was very pale and serious, and when my Mother was upbraiding my brother for his want of feeling, saying that we might never see England or our relations again, and also saying 'your brother is very much affected at the parting', this was too much for brother Bob. He said 'why Jack has been trying to smoke Uncle's big meerschaum pipe, and has been very sick, and that makes him quiet'. I believe Uncle got a lecture, and a very sad one too.

The Crimean War I remember, and also some of its sadness. Especially the wounded suffering until Florence Nightingale organised a number of women to go and act as nurses. She was called "The Lady of the Lamp" and to whose memory she deserves a statue in gold. Her memory will always be spoken of reverently and with respect.

I remember the Indian Mutiny, and the horrors in connection with the same. They were well explained by pictures in the Illustrated London News:- I think at that time the only Picture Paper I had seen, with the exception of Punch.

I remember the Great Eastern Oilwhiathan, the largest Steamer ever built up to then 1858. She was moored in the Thames, and when we passed her, our ship, the Maori, 1,000 tons, looked very small in comparison.

In 1858 my Mother and Father decided to leave England for New Zealand. My father, Mr J.B. Stansell, left a position of great responsibility in which he had been continuously employed for nineteen years. As his health was being impaired, this was one reason for his leaving England, and the benefit it would be to we boys and girls to start in a fresh colony in the British Empire was the other reason. We left St Katherine Dock, London, on 23rd March, 1858, in the ship "Maori", of one thousand tons, the Captain being Capt. Petheridge. We arrived at Lyttleton, on St Swithin Day, 15th July 1858, after 114 days rough passage, during which the ship lost some of its masts. We left England with our parents (my wife arrived in 1851 in the "Cornwall", one of the first four immigrant ships to come to Canterbury). I remember we had boiled mutton and bread at the Barracks, and thought it the best I had ever tasted, and still I think so.

We had to walk over the bridle-path to Heathcote, and being the eldest, I had to help my father and pickaback the younger members of the family over the hill, known as the Bridle-Path, and then walk to Christchurch. They called us "new chums" or "Lime Juicers" and said we would starve; and that was the yarn for many a year as every fresh immigrant ship arrived. But we did not starve, although work was hard to get and wages low. As an instance, the first work I got was with a Merchant, named Wilson, on the Ferry Road, at 7/6d per week of 7 days, and found (navy's wages being 6/- per day Government price), and if I left there were plenty to take the billet, I had to work all hours. Then for the next four years I got 15/- per week and found. During that period I worked for Mr Goodacre who kept the first draper's shop in Gloucester St., Christchurch, near the Avon River. One peculiarity about the shop was a Hogshhead of ale of which I had charge, with instructions to ask every customer to have a glass of ale, no matter whether they purchased a reel of cotton or a suit of clothes (but the drapers do not do that now). There were no Prohibitionists then, and I never knew a customer to refuse. In fact sometimes they would ask for another glass, and they always got it too.

I next worked for Manning & Preece, in a shop in The Triangle, Christchurch (next to what is now the City Hotel). They sold men's clothing, and used to send a cart and two horses, which I drove, to Oxford and Salt Water Creek up North, and also to Timaru in the South. That was in 1859. We used to sell all the goods we carried and take back passengers who wanted to get to Christchurch. I remember on one occasion taking back four passengers, and doing the journey in the record time of two and a half days between Timaru and Christchurch. I remember we got to Rakaia after dark, and made a field bed in the wool-shed out of sheep skins, wool packs and tarpaulin, etc. The passengers consisted of a married couple, a single girl, Mr Tombs (of Whitcombe & Tombs) and a brother of Mrs Allen who kept the Royal Hotel, Timaru - the other hotel was kept by Mr Sam Williams, a well-known sea-faring man, popular and liberal host in those days - he afterwards had financial troubles, and the Bailiff was kept off the premises by a very savage bull-dog named "Jack". This dog he kept loose in the yard with a chain and piece of wood to keep the dog from jumping the fence, with the result that after the Bailiff tried for two or three days he was repatriated and the well-known Thetcher composed a song on the event.

We were without any tea, nothing to eat but a cold plum pudding which my Mother always provided me with (which on that and several other occasions was very acceptable) until we crossed the Rakaia River. Then we had breakfast at Dunsfords, who kept the Accommodation House, and ferried people over the river when crossable.

I remember on one of our trips from Christchurch to Timaru we could not find the Rangatata River for eight days. There was a mob of Wethers going to Christchurch which were delayed on the Rangata Island on that occasion for three weeks. During our stay at the Accommodation House, kept by a Mr Ward, we learned to play cards, games called "all fours" or "high low jack" - the games Euchre, Bridge and Five Hundred not having been introduced into New Zealand.

The Royal Mail between Christchurch and Timaru was carried by pack horses, and contractor, Billy Baines, was allowed 3 days from Christchurch to Timaru: the first day to Rakaia, the second day to Orare Accommodation House, kept by Giles, and the next day to Timaru and Pareora, and return to Christchurch the same route.



Mr & Mrs J.R. Stansell Golden Wedding Party - January 16th, 1918 - Lyall Bay, Wellington.

The mail left Christchurch other Wednesday for Timaru, and for Christchurch the following Wednesday, thus making a fortnight's service between Christchurch and Timaru. That lasted for three years until 1861, and in that year the Superintendent of Canterbury, Mr Moorhouse, got a weekly service to Timaru in two days. In 1864 three mails for Christchurch to Timaru per week.

During this period there were no roads, bridges, or culverts between Weedon's Accommodation House, about 12 miles from Christchurch, and Washdyke, about 3 miles from Timaru, and then only side cutting to Timaru-Ashburton being about half-way between Christchurch and Timaru. The Accommodation House was kept by Turton Bros., and that is the only house in what is now Ashburton town.

We used to tether our horses out in what is the town now, and there was a plough furrow for about 7 miles from Ashburton, to show you the way to the Pub, and not a drop of water between Rakaia and Ashburton for horses or man. It was then indeed a dry District - between Rakaia and Ashburton there are now about 1900 miles of water race and thousands of inhabitants and two townships, where in 1859 there was only one house.

I often slept at Turton's in 1859 and did not sleep in Ashburton till 1918: when, in the morning, I looked through my bedroom window and saw the plantation of trees and the height of them, I felt something like what Rip Van Winkle is supposed to have felt. I can claim to have driven between Timaru and Christchurch the first two-horse cart to carry passengers.

I next worked for Mr Francis Jollie, at Peel Forest, and got 15/- per week looking after horses.

A man left the Station and was paid by an Oder or Cheque on Miles & Co., the principal Merchants in Christchurch then. The amount was 8 pounds 8 shillings, but before it was presented to the firm, a "y" had been added to the "eight" and an "0" to the figure of 8 pounds, thus making the amount 80 pounds 8 shillings, which the firm honoured and debited to Mr Jollie's account. When he discovered the fraud he went to Christchurch and offered 500 pounds to the conviction of the party who made the alteration, but it was his fault as the firm held that it was contributory negligence. I only recently read about a man trying a similar trick on a Melbourne Bank. He placed 10 pounds to his credit and the next day drew a cheque for 8 pounds, got it initialled by the Bank Official, and then altered it as above, but when he presented the cheque the Teller asked him to call again in half an hour's time, but he did not call again.

I next worked for a Mr Ben Moorhouse, on Rangatata River, and had a very unpleasant job, dipping and scarifying scabby sheep. The process was to put the worst of the flock into a kind of bail made out of branches of trees and then scarify the parts affected most with the scab. The scarifier was made out of the bows of a broken sheep shear and filed like the teeth of a saw, and the unfortunate sheep was scratched with this. Then the part was dressed with a preparation. Then the whole flock of sheep were run through a dip composed of arsenic and tobacco, and the water was as hot as the sheep could bear -