After two days and nights we were within three hours of Nelson when we fell in with the government brig carrying the magistrate and Captain Wakefield with a warrant to take Te Rauparaha and Rangi.

So we were forced unwillingly to return to the Wairau. When we arrived the natives had gone 8-10 minutes upriver, evidently to find a good position, proving themselves good generals on that point. They chose a place in the thick bush near a clear mill like river 15feet deep. When we arrived they were on one side of the river and we on the other. Our boat was three miles back. With an interpreter, John Brooks, we wanted the chief to talk with us on the brig. They said no!

The Maoris were prepared to fight and our party did not intend to fight. We were armed to intimidate the natives but we had got the wrong lot to deal with. There were about 150 men, women and children on their side including 100 fighting men. We had 49 in all, half of whom had never fired a shot in their lives.

Here s the salient point ..

I had to load their pieces for them and, during this, one man fell over and by accident his piece went off. Immediately a volley was fired by the natives and then firing was the order of the day. And sharp works it was !

We were soon routed and retreated up a hill. When we reached the first hill, we halted and turned and kept the Maori s at bay. The captain ordered us to lay down our arms and then more men left. The natives kept firing and when the gentlemen talked of giving themselves up, I took to my legs and ran off with three natives and a dog in full cry. I could have shot one but two others were too many for me. They were catching up and to lighten my load, I dropped my gun for them to play with. I kept running and opened up 100 yards.

As I was passing some bushes, a man popped up his head and asked me to stop for him. I said, lie down and kept running till I came to a big bush. I hid and prayed to the Almighty and he was kind to me. I could see the natives on the hill just above me but they could not see me and neither could the dog. I was afraid that they had found the other man, but they hadn t.

I lay there from 11am till night-time, when I started a dreadful walk through thicket and swamp and over two rivers. The next day I came to a Pa.

As I approached I saw one of our boats that was in the fight. A native called me and I sprinted to the bush and eventually found my way to a whaling station where I was well treated and put to bed. My clothes were all torn to pieces. Four days later we went to Wairau with a missionary, Mr Ironsides, to bury the dead.

It was a sight never to be forgotten. All those who gave themselves up were slaughtered in cold blood. One escaped, Bampton, the servant to Mr Dods at Colage. He rolled down the hill and lay in the fern till night. We buried 20 but there were still two missing. I returned to Cloudy Bay and fell in with four of our party. It took 11 days to get home. After three days without food were we going to eat our dog!

But the Almighty was kind and we ran into two men , who had been sent to look for us. We all cried we were so relieved. They had food and the next day we reached home. I was made most welcome for I was believed dead.

What was happening at the riverside when Jack Kidson was running furiously from his Maori adversaries? Let s recall the Phillips report.

Many had now taken to full flight, with the Maoris in hot pursuit, cutting them down. Wakefield, with his little group of his more steady supporters around him on the hillside, wishing to save further bloodshed on both sides, held up a white handkerchief; the natives approached, and appeared ready to make peace, escorted by Te Puaha, a Christian chief, who urged that the demands of utu had been sufficiently met.

The TUAMARINA MONUMENT on the Picton/Blenheim highway.

The Europeans then gave up their arms, and the Maoris sat down in a semicircle facing them. Rangihaeta, having hurt his foot on a stump, Captain England went to his assistance and skilfully extracted a large splinter. Hardly had he done this kind action when a Maori came running up the hill to tell Rangihaeta that one of his wives or women slaves had been killed, doubtless by some stray shot.

The situation upon this was at once changed. The infuriated Rangihaeta, leaping to his feet, went across to his uncle, and, after delivering a passionate speech, with his own hands killed all the defenceless captives, including the man who had just shown him a kindness. About 20 Englishmen died that day; peaceable, well-meaning colonists — their lives needlessly sacrificed through an error of judgment and the hot headed impatience of one of their number.

Te Rauparaha wanted to wait till the land commissioner Spain arrived to discuss the matter. However, the magistrate Mr Thompson insisted on arresting the wily chief on the spot. The Maoris fled across the Strait expecting swift vengeance to follow them, but they were never brought to justice. Captain Wakefield, a gallant officer, and held in the highest respect, believed the land had really been bought, and that the company was within its rights in having it surveyed and settled. Neither he, nor the magistrate, nor the others concerned, understood the complication of native ownership. They believed that Te Rauparaha wanted, so to speak, to have his cake and eat it too, and were confident that by taking a firm hand everything would come out all right. Certainly the last thing they wanted or expected was the injury or death of a fellow being.

Looking at it from the Maori standpoint, it has to be admitted that Te Rauparaha had denied all along that the land had been sold and though the old rascal was equal to any amount of trickery and lies, it seems clear that the survey ought to have been put off until Commissioner Spain had arrived and given his decision.

Te Rauparaha s story was that Blenkinsopp had given the gun in payment for his wife, and for the privilege of obtaining wood and water for his ship; and that if there was anything else in the deed, he knew nothing of it. If we accept that story, we can see that the Maoris were within their rights in pulling up the surveyors pegs and burning their huts. Their claim too that their law of utu (or revenge) justified them in killing prisoners, though they fully expected that this would be followed by the European s swift pursuit and vengeance, which again would have been in accordance with their own code.

As week followed week, and the chiefs and their followers were left in peace, they came to the conclusion that the European s inaction was due to weakness and cowardice.
Matters drifted along until the arrival of the new Governor, Captain Fitzroy, who did not reach New Zealand until some time after the death of Captain Hobson. When Governor Fitzroy heard the dreadful story, he came down to Wellington and sought out Te Rauparaha.

He judged that the Europeans were in the wrong and let Te Rauparaha and his people off Scot free. This suggested still further to Maoridom that the Europeans were an easy take.

There s a quirk to the story and it s allied with Eli Cropper. En route from Britain in the Martha Ridgway Eli and eight others had a common bond. They were all Oddfellows Lodge members. Among his associates was John Handley who was to settle at Wanganui shortly afterwards. On the high seas the friends met in secret in a longboat and three days after reaching Nelson they held the first Oddfellows Lodge meeting in New Zealand.

Eli Cropper lost his life in the Wairau fracas, leaving a widow and a young daughter who was to become Mrs Albert Martin from whom Joyce Phillips (nee Martin) descends.

Here s the crunch — Mrs Cropper and her daughter were the first recipients of a widows and orphans benefit organised by an Oddfellows Lodge in New Zealand.

I m looking forward to my next South Island visit to view the Wairau site. From the main road and across the railway line there exists the hill that John Kidson traversed with three armed warriors and a dog in hot pursuit. If he had not dropped his musket to distract his pursuers, I may not have been here today.

CLAUDELANDS SHOWGROUNDS RICH IN WAIKATO HERITAGE

The Claudelands Showgrounds at Hamilton have been operational for 110 years , the first show taking place after an inaugural meeting on February 3, 1891 with Mr John Fisher presiding.

Then a Mr Day proposed that the show be held at the racecourse , Claudelands ,and after strong opposition from Cambridge delegates, this was finally carried.

The show grounds have an interesting history. The Waikato Turf Club had gone out of existence and in 1885 it was decided to form a racing club for Waikato. The late Mr C.J. Barton was deputed to look for a suitable course and the Claudelands ground of 96 acres was secured by lease for seven years, with the right of purchase at £1400.

A syndicate involving public spirited Hamilton residents was formed to purchase the property, not as a speculation but to save it as a sports ground for town and district for all time. The South Auckland Racing Club was formed ti-tree cleared, a course laid and the first race meeting was held in 1887 when £800 was put through the tote. In 1891 the syndicate was approached by the late Mr John McNicol to use the grounds for the projected Waikato Agricultural and Pastoral Association .This was agreed to with the ground to be granted free for five years.

During 1902, the property was offered to the Hamilton Borough at £1600 but this was declined . As a result the area was taken over by the Waikato A.&.P. Assn, with the racing club continuing as a tenant until 1925 when it moved to Te Rapa, the Waikato Trotting Club taking its place as the association s tenant.

During 1902 many meetings were held in connection with the site for the Show. Offers came from Frankton, Morrinsville, Cambridge and Te Awamutu Strong pressure from Cambridge led to a special meeting being called at Ohaupo on August 9. This meeting created tremendous interest, strong arguments being used by both parties. Cambridge had a majority of the exhibitors, and the secretary and head office were in Cambridge, although most of the meetings were held in Ohaupo.

On the other hand Hamilton claimed the best central position by rail and road, and considered the gate receipts would suffer if the show was held in Cambridge. Both sides became very busy enrolling new members. A special train was run from Hamilton, while every vehicle in or about Cambridge was put into commission. When the train arrived from Hamilton it looked like one army meeting another. The hall was filled to overflowing and passionate speeches were made from both sides.

Mr E.B. Cox moved that a showgrounds be secured at Frankton, Mr R Reynolds moving as an amendment that the land be leased from the Cambridge Domain Board, and let it be known that £300 had been subscribed to be handed to the Association if Cambridge was selected.

Scrutineers were appointed, then the hall. was cleared and all in favour of Cambridge entered the Hall and were counted as they left the Hall. The same procedure was adopted for Hamilton supporters and the amendment was lost by 302- 309. When this was announced, many arguments started and matters looked ugly for a while , each side accusing the other of entering through ~a window and recording two votes.

Mr Barugh addressed the crowd and prevailed on it to disperse. Later on a postal ballot was taken re the site. (The Cambridge offer had been withdrawn and Te Awamutu ruled not in order)and results were Claudelands 338, Ngaruawahia 12, Experimental Farm 18, and Frankton 3. Mr Martin Butler, the secretary from the inception, resigned and Mr J.A. Milne was appointed , the office being moved to Hamilton.

The main stadium at Claudelands, with the old trotting track in the foreground.

During 1906 £2,550 was borrowed from the Union Bank to pay for the showgrounds. The committee was authorised to sell some land east of the bush. In 1911 McCarthy sued the association for completion of agreement to sell six acres adjoining the bush and won his case. The caretaker s wages were settled at £20.00. Military camp training was held on the grounds, along with hockey and Rugby. During 1918 a proposal from the Winter Show Committee to amalgamate with the A.&.P. was waived on the Winter Show acquiring more land in Ward Street.. That year the show was postponed one day before by request from the Minister of Health due to the influenza epidemic.

In 1927 a New Home Industry shed was built and the bush area of 131-2 acres was vested in the Borough Council. In 1913 a special bill was passed exempting the Claudelands Showgrounds from paying rates . Late in 1941 the grounds were occupied by the army and this continued through to 1942. The 2nd Battalion, 16th Waikato Regiment used them as a base camp when its battle station was Gt. Barrier Island , to help protect Auckland from a possible Japanese invasion. The stock paddocks were also used for the resting and feeding of the horses.

The S.P.C.A. was granted access to the draught horse stalls subject to the army s consent after receiving a letter requiring a hospital for injured animals. At a special general meeting held on Tuesday April 24, 1968 the following resolution was passed:-

"Members of the Waikato A.&.P. Association endorse the proposal that the Waikato A.&.P Ass. amalgamate their assets with the Waikato Winter Show Association on the Claudelands Showgrounds and that an administrive Trust be formed', This was carried unanimously. Since 1964 both show committees worked separately organising their respective shows with three members from each committee plus three trustees comprising the Board of Control, who were responsible for the complex s day to day management.

Without the volunteers, progress could not have happened and members of both organisations developed pride and responsibility in the complex. The trustees continued their work developing and searching for new opportunities and it is a real tribute to our early pioneers that the Claudelands Showgrounds were once again offered to the Hamilton City.

To understand the decision to offer this magical green space to the council one has to understand the circumstances prevailing at the time. Shows throughout New Zealand were struggling to run at a profit, the Government had passed new Trustees Act and all were quite nervous. The New Zealand Racing Industry Board then withdrew the trotting club s racing permits and directed that they use the Cambridge course for both the standardbreds and the greyhounds..

For many years Wrightson Bloodstock used Claudelands for their thoroughbred racehorse auctions. These were reduced and finally petered out when Wrightson s successors , New Zealand Bloodstock decided to use their modern Karaka complex for all horse sales.

With the main income being effectively taken away a special meeting was called and the Board of Control was restructured . On May 5, 1999 the Claudelands complex sale agreement was officially signed for $7.805, 750.00 . Already the Council has started further development and hopefully this will remain for both town and district people to enjoy for all time.

A CLAUDELANDS STALWART JOHNNY ROGERS O B E

By June Johansen

The dedication of the early members of the Waikato Agricultural and Pastoral Association was tremendous and it makes one very humble when you realise what hardships they faced. Without these helpers, volunteers, stewards etc. there would not have been a Claudelands Complex for future generations to enjoy.

I hesitate to single out just one of these people but when I joined in 1990 as their treasurer I met Johnny Rogers M.B.E, who at that time was our patron.

Johnny Rogers was a very gentle man, extremely kind, always generous and helpful, and a stockman or showman throughout his life.

Johnny Rogers and his performing horse Tony.

Some of you will remember as a child being entertained by him either at a show or school with his trick horse "Tony". He travelled right throughout New Zealand attending shows and schools doing all he could to entertain children and promoting pony clubs. This was a very special time for him and it gave enjoyment that he treasured.

Tony,. purchased aged three for £11.0.0., did not trust humans and a lesser man than Johnny would probably have given up on the rogue. Johnny spent hours working with him until his trust was won. Then his training begun. began .This was an entertainment era that would be very hard to match.

Johnny started his Claudelands service as a ring steward, attended the many working bees then moved on to the council. He served as president in 1968 -1969. and was finally appointed patron. In this role he led by example and attended most meetings while his health would enable him to He still took part as an exhibitor with Murray Grey Beef Cattle right up to 1992.

He first started as an exhibitor with a pig , before moving on to Pony Club exhibitions. He won his first ribbon in 1924. With just under 90 years behind him our very much respected patron died in 2000 just a few days prior to his 95th birthday. He farmed at Rukuhia at Tony's Lodge, and never ever lost his sense of humour.

MASTERTON SETTLERS' RESERVE

By Maurice Watson,
Wairarapa Branch, The New Zealand Founders' Society

The Masterton Settlers Reserve is situated on the corner of Dixon Street and Worksop Road, near a busy roundabout. The site had been gifted many years before to the Masterton District Council and had over the years become an overgrown wilderness. It had originally been part of 'Worksop Farm' , being the name given by the Dixon family, who were the first settlers to arrive in the district on May 21,1854.

Information Display Board at Masterton

Interested parties were invited to a meeting, sponsored by the Masterton District Council, to put forward ideas on how the area should be developed to commemorate the founding of Masterton, with the proposal forwarded by the Wairarapa branch , the New Zealand Founders Society , being accepted. It was proposed that the reserve should follow a Victorian style theme, with the centrepiece being a Victorian street lamp, together with antique style garden seats, garden trees and a paved area.

The Masterton District Council provided the ground plan, edging, trees, shrubs, paving stones, (recycled from a revamped town centre), together with an agreement to maintain the ground area and keep the lantern maintained and lit in perpetuity. Donations from the Dixon family and the Wairarapa Founders Society, provided the two Australian hardwood garden seats, which have been permanently fixed into the paved area.

Grants from the Wairarapa Electricity Company, provided the lantern, with the fitting and permanent concrete being donated by local artisans. Substantial grants were given by the Masterton Licensing Trust, Masterton Trust Lands Trust, Eastern and Central Charitable Trust, totalling several thousand dollars, and providing sufficient funds for the signage and completion of the project.

A storyboard made of steel and a standard sign of cast aluminium in period styling have been installed, identifying the historical place and name of the reserve. Cast bronze plaques have been fitted to the garden seats and a larger plaque set in concrete at the base of the storyboard, identifying the 'Wairarapa branch, the New Zealand Founders Society as the sponsors. Permanence of materials with a minimum of maintenance has been applied where required.

The project has taken five years to be completed, much longer than was originally anticipated. However, it is pleasing to see it in use by shoppers taking in the surroundings, and that motorists pass by it daily, acting as a reminder of the contribution of our pioneer founding families.

JAMES SMITH LTD
A WELLINGTON DEPARTMENTAL SHOWPIECE

The James Smith departmental store was a much revered Wellington institution. It is no longer in existence but the building now houses a busy shopping complex with the New Zealand Founders Society headquarters is now located in an upper floor. This item involved an interview with a long-standing James Smith staff member George Kernick

Popular James Smith Ltd director, Doug Smith, who was also the Wellington Racing Club President.

After over 43 years with James Smith Ltd George Kernick has many memories as one might expect but among the most significant was the animated Christmas windows for children, the Christmas Parade and the expansion of James Smith's stores throughout Wellington.

In 1939 he came to Wellington from Timaru as a 21 year old and joined James Smith's Display department under Mr Bernard Joyes and took over from him about 10 years later. In 1982 he retired from what must have been one of the most creative, demanding and satisfying jobs one could have. There were so many people who contributed to the success of the stores and the high regard in which James Smith Ltd has always held in the public image that even today he is constantly stopped in the street or when in a social situation to hear them say, " I know you. You worked for James Smith's when 1 was there in 19

The animated Christmas windows for children were a real highlight. Parents brought their little ones down for the opening night already dressed for bed just so they could be among the first to experience the delights of the animated stories. Among them were Janet and John in the Land of the Christmas Dreams; the Teddy Bears' Picnic; a Children's Nativity; The Clown's Train; Monkey Business, The Night Before Christmas and Royal Nursery Rhymes.

In 1957 the James's Smith's Christmas Parade began. This was designed and organised by George for 25 years. There must be many hundreds - if not thousands —of Wellingtonians , who were involved in those wonderful parades. During these years, those littlies who were at the first 'opening' were there with their own littlies wide-eyed and equally as excited as their mums and dads had been. Before these Parades Father Christmas arrived at James Smith's doorway on a suitably dressed Wellington City Council Milk Dept. float piloted by Mr Horace Marshall, driving the faithful white draught horse "Rajah".

While these events were going on James Smith's was expanding. New stores were opened in Lambton Quay, Johnsonville Mall, Lower Hutt, Maidstone Mall, Porirua and Coastlands .It was George's job to take over from the architect and plan, layout, and decorate these new stores, all of which he did with his usual care and flair. During his time the Display Department was up on the third floor and this meant plenty of heart-strengthening exercises as staff raced up the stairs as a better option to waiting for the lift which, of course, would stop for a length of time at each of the previous floors. Throughout the war years from 1939 to 1945 James Smith staff manned a Fire Watch group, which trained to deal with incendiary bombs which might fall on the buildings. There were buckets of sand placed throughout the building. A group of four or five men were required to take watch and sleep overnight for a week at a time. Even when the War was over the buckets stayed in place for some time.

One memorable incident occurred in 1942 when one Friday night the American Navy men and our New Zealand soldiers had a confrontation outside James Smith's in Manners Street. Being up on the third floor the Display department took a bit of time off to hang out of the windows and watch as knives and fists flourished. It was some time before peace was restored and staff regained their equilibrium.

Departments were often being reorganised and perhaps some of you will remember the old story about a customer who enquired of a staff member where a particular department was. The reply came back to her. " Madam, if you care to stay where you are I am sure it will pass you in the not too distant future." That was what it was like for James Smith's- always endeavouring to keep up with trends or strategically placing a department for better outcomes. It kept the display department on their toes and their minds ticking over for making the store even. more attractive.

Seasonal openings were a feature each year. Autumn with grapes and coloured leaves; Winter with fur coats and woollies., Summer with 'bathing togs' and sun hats, Spring with blossoms and singing birds. One year the display department festooned tree branches with pink paper blossoms and placed some outside of the display windows on the ground floor under the verandah so that they appeared to be growing through the windows. Singing birds were relayed through a loud speaker system, given authenticity to the scene and caused a lot of comment. AND they were not vandalised!

Although George Kemick was there for such a long time he never felt stale as there was always a new and exciting challenge to be met. The "Smith boys" Mr Douglas and Mr Bryan included staff members like George in many decisions. In fact they became like family with James Smith's as the focus for them all.

Footnote
James Smiths has had a special place in the National President's Neni Beres life and memories. Her late husband, Paul, an Hungarian engineer, who trained in the famous Diogyor factories near Miscolc, set up his own wrought iron manufacturing business in Wellington, and made and supplied many of the shop fittings and stands for James s Smiths. He also constructed the bases for many of the Christmas Parade floats and the Christmas window attractions.

James Smiths very nearly stopped their marriage-on their first date Paul failed to show up. The explanation - at a belated hour - was that the "mouse would not run up the clock" and he had had to fix it. The lady was sceptical, and not impressed, so was forcibly taken - near midnight to Cuba St, and sure enough, the Nursery Rhyme window featuring "Hickory Dickory DocV was now working well, the mouse dutifully running up and down the clock. The courtship proceeded smoothly, and at their subsequent wedding George Kernick was best man

NO "DEADWOOD STAGE" IN TARANAKI'S COACHING HISTORY

By Murray Moorhead

It seems almost a pity somehow that even though the stagecoach era had its birth at the height of New Zealand's colonial history, it should have run its course without making any really dramatic contributions to the story.

All that was needed for the stagecoach to write its own dramatic chapter in South Island history would have been the involvement of an outlaw in the mould of a Ned Kelly or a Jesse James.

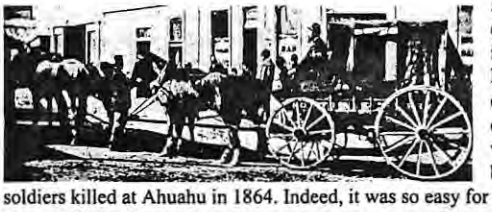
In the North Island an even more riveting story might have been created had there been just one attack on a stagecoach by hostile Maori, preferably on horseback, whooping and hollering like Sioux or Apache braves from a traditional Wild West scenario.

But no such things happened, and so the coaching era became one which, were it not for the 20th century adoption of the Cobb and Co. name by a nationwide restaurant chain, might easily have become completely overlooked by many people today.

If coaching in New Zealand was ever going to achieve comparison with its counterparts in Tucson, Deadwood, or Abilene, it would have to have been either in the southern goldfield or in the central North Island where, even though the warfare between Maori and Europeans was virtually over by the early 1870s, there was still enough feeling in certain areas that the first coach to appear on the scene might well have been regarded as fair game by local warriors.

Fears were indeed very real. When, on December 21, 1870, the Government announced that the Wellington mail contracting company of W. H. Shepherd & Co. had been given the go-ahead to extend their service beyond Wanganui to New Plymouth, there were widespread predictions of murder and mayhem.

The route from Wanganui to Hawera was through country over which, up to less than two years earlier, some of the bitterest fighting of the land wars had been waged between Titokowaru and his Hauhau forces and the British and Colonial militia in turn. The route then followed the Egmont coast through the tribal territories , whose inhabitants had been regarded as traditional and incorrigible villains by Taranaki's European population since settlement began in 1841.



Intending travellers with a nervous disposition had only to think back to the incident in 1834 when John Guard's barque Harriet had been wrecked near Oeo and 12 crew members were killed. by local Maori, or to the more recent wars of the 1860s, which had seen the Hauhau movement s birth consumated by taking the heads from soldiers killed at Ahuahu in 1864. Indeed, it was so easy for anyone to imagine every flax bush between Opunake and New Plymouth sheltering cannibals and head-hunters, just waiting for their victims to be delivered to them on four wheels.

By 6pm on January 12, 1871, the hundreds waiting in the New Plymouth streets for the arrival of the first coach from Wanganui were already convinced that this was indeed the fate that had befallen the hapless trail-blazers.
The coach had been expected at about four o'clock, at which time every vantage point on the summit of Mount Eliot had been taken up by people eager to catch the first glimpse of this modern innovation. Two hours later everyone was absolutely certain that by now the drivers and passengers heads would be adorning the stockade posts of some savage pa, and their bodies already consigned to the cooking ovens.

The caterers began looking fretfully at the sumptuous banquet that they had laid out under the big marquee and wondering, who was going to want to eat such a meal once news of the "massacre" had been confirmed. The chairman of the welcoming committee sadly put away the illuminated address that had been prepared for presentation to the coach driver, while the signalman on Mount Eliot began to riddle with the strings that held aloft the signal flags that read: "Glad to see you safely arrived."

Over the next two hours the waiting crowds evaporated like rain puddles in the sun. By eight o'clock the streets were almost empty, apart from retailers shutting up their shops and taking down the banners and bunting with which they had decorated their premises. At half past eight the welcoming committee held a hasty meeting and decided that as they had paid for the banquet, it should be eaten by somebody. The committee, the remaining retailers and the handful of people still strolling around at that hour, obliged.

At a quarter past nine those lucky few were still trying to make some impression on the huge repast when the town constable stuck his head in under the awning to announce: "Coach's 'ere." Nobody had even heard it arrive. The welcoming party rushed outside, gabbled a word or two of welcome and then hustled the grateful crew and passengers in under the marquee to help wade through the mountain of food.

It was all a great anticlimax. There had been no trouble with the Maori. In fact, the travellers reported having had nothing but friendly receptions and practical assistance from the Maori at every point along the way. The reason for the slow journey was the countryside itself. No driver could have been expected to pioneer a route which, for much of the way, followed nothing more than tracks set down by military supply wagons four or five years earlier, and, for the rest of the way, just ancient Maori walking tracks.

However, within just a few weeks of that epic journey the coach route had been vastly improved. Bridges had been built over the rivers, and, with the very willing assistance from local Maori, the road s worst sections had been reformed. In March 1872, just 14 months after the inaugural journey, the Taranaki Herald reported:

"Mr Young's (the new contractor) line of Cobb's coaches is so well patronised nowadays that a journey overland to Wanganui is really no novelty; and the country southward which two years ago was terra incognita to most persons, is pretty well known."

The era of the coach as a main land link between Wanganui and New Plymouth was a comparatively short one. The opening of the first railway line in Taranaki, between New Plymouth and Waitara, in October 1875, sounded the deathnell s beginning .. The rails continued to creep steadily outwards, around the mountain, until on 1 December,1886 the final link up was achieved between New Plymouth and Wellington.

However coaches continued to operate around the Egmont coast and north from New Plymouth as part of the provincial passenger transport system until well into the 20th century when the service car came into being.

"TERROR TACTICS" IN TARANAKI

Murray Moorhead Recalls Intertribal Incidents Between The Taranaki and Waikato People

Back in 1988 many New Zealanders were amused to hear the coach of a losing Australian rugby team attribute his players' poor performance to the unfair effect that the All Blacks' haka was having on their opponents.

Most New Zealanders, having seen bigger and better hakas than any of those enacted on a rugby field, would be inclined to describe the All Blacks' brief foot stamping and elbow slapping exhibition as relatively tame stuff, but would agree with the complainant that it certainly did instil fear and doubt in opposition hearts.

If New Plymouth s colonials had still been around in 2002, some would have sympathised to a degree with that shocked and intimidated Australian coach, for they too had experienced at least one very meaningful haka. What is more, theirs had been the genuine article, not just token versions trimmed down to occupy a few seconds prior to the rugby kick-off.

Within a short time of reaching Taranaki soil, the earliest settlers knew all about the ominous presence away to the north of the fearsome warriors known collectively as "The Waikatoes". The word Waikato was spoken in the same breath as flood, earthquake and pestilence, and there was no doubt in the newcomers' minds that of the four, it was another visit by the savage northerners that the local Maori feared the most.

And who could blame them? Just a decade before the first Plymouth Company arrivals the North Taranaki Maori population had numbered in the thousands. Now they were a mere handful clustered fearfully around the offshore islands and coastal peaks named by James Cook as The Sugarloaves, thanks to their traditional enemies in the north.

After an earlier incursion, which had convinced many North Taranaki Maori to migrate south and join up with Te Rauparaha and his people along the Kapiti coast, the Waikato had come again in force at the end of 1831 and cleared the countryside with all the ruthless efficiency of a locust plague claiming Biblical proportions. A few North Taranakians managed to escape into the inland bush, while at Ngamotu, in the shadow of the Sugarloaves, a relatively small number of Ngati Te Whiti people, helped by two ancient cannon manned by some European whalers and traders led by John Love and Richard (Dicky) Barrett, managed to hold their pa and inflict a bloody defeat on their attackers. Elsewhere it was all disaster.

At Pukerangiora, a high cliff top pa overlooking the Waitara River, at least 1200 Atiawa died in a systematic slaughter which followed the pa s fall.. Another 500-600 were taken into slavery. Little wonder that for the next 10 years those solitary survivors at Ngamotu lived in fear and anticipation of the Waikato returning to finish what they had started.. However, with the European s arrival in late March 1841 to establish New Plymouth, they began to feel a bit more secure. Nevertheless, the apprehension was still there, and was soon communicated to the newcomers as a very real threat still hanging over all their heads.

Eight months went by, and then rumours began to filter down from the north about great discontent among the Waikato over the fact that white people were now living on land that was theirs by right of conquest. In turn this had been blatantly sold by absentee Te Atiawa chiefs to the New Zealand Company, who had then on-sold it to the Plymouth Company. Rumour had it that certain Waikato chiefs were planning to return to Taranaki to oust the settlers and complete the Maori annihilation.

Naturally there was consternation in New Plymouth, but no particular sign of panic. Everyone had absolute faith that Governor Hobson would see the settlement through its crisis.

The same aura of calmness prevailed on 27 December, when, at 8 am , a large body of Waikato warriors (contemporary accounts do not even give an approximate number) suddenly appeared in town. led by the chiefs Te Pakaru from Kawhia and Te Kaka from Mokau. Rather than being thrown into turmoil by this stunning turn of events, the townspeople seemed instead to have been more interested in the warriors physical aspects . One settler wrote in a letter to relatives in Plymouth. "This day we have had a much finer sight than you ever saw on the Hoe with soldiers." Another waxed lyrical as he described "tattooed faces, beautiful black curly hair and copper coloured countenances."

Just as they give no pointer to numbers, neither do the contemporary accounts give any indication of how much warning New Plymouth had received of the Waikatos' coming. There must obviously have been some, as all 150 members of the local Maori community had gathered at the Rev. Creed's chapel at Ngamotu to receive them, along with the leader of the Plymouth Company settlers, George Cutfield, who sported a large feather in his hat to signify his chiefly status in the community.

As soon as they came to within the assembled locals view the Waikato stopped, threw off their outer garments to reveal. the weaponry that they were carrying, ranging from taiaha and tomahawks to double-barrelled guns. Having given their audience a minute or two to take all this in, the Waikato then suddenly rushed towards the waiting crowd. A witness described it, "This approach, or charge, had for a time a really terrific appearance."

However, before they had taken more than half a dozen paces a local chief leapt up and threw a taiaha down in front of them in a ceremonial challenge seen so often enacted in these modern times in official welcoming ceremonies. The ferocious charge thundered right up to where the taiaha lay, some 18 metres from the assembled locals. There it came to an abrupt halt. The Waikato sat down and engaged their opposites in a long, silent, eve-to-eye confrontation, before, at a command from the Kawbia chief, they leapt to their feet and threw themselves into a full-blooded haka. One eye witness wrote: "Their discordant voices and distorted features was enough to unnerve the stoutest hearted."

But then, as abruptly as it had started, the haka ended. There followed a two hour oration , with the Waikato asserting their right to this land which they had conquered, and Cutfield leading the mediation talks that would eventually see the Governor resolve the issue by making a cash settlement with the northerners.

Next morning, as the Waikato began their homeward journey, they stopped in New Plymouth, right in the middle of the settlement, and repeated their haka. However, although it must have unnerved some of the more timid townspeople to have had such a demonstration of savage ferocity on their own front doorsteps, contemporary writings indicate that most people regarded it simply as an extremely interesting and quite awe inspiring experience.

That was by no means the last haka to be performed in New Plymouth, and neither was it the most threatening. A little over a year after the Waikato visit a problem arose when a Maori woman went missing from a town pa, and was assumed by her husband to be up to no good with one of the town's single white males. He and a group of supporters vented their anger with a ground-shaking haka at the intersection of Devon and Brougham Streets before rushing off to search the single men's huts along Powderham Street. What might have happened had the aggrieved husband actually found his wayward wife inflagrante delicto does not bear thinking about. Fortunately the woman in question was either smuggled out before the searchers arrived, or the whole thing had been a big misunderstanding, as she turned up soon after, back home where she should have been.

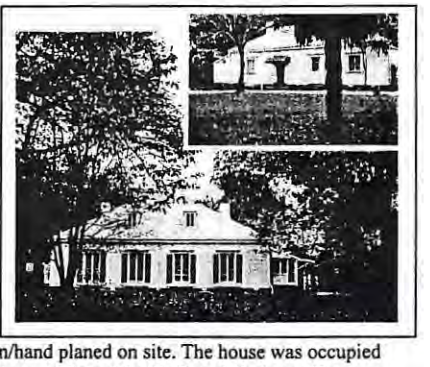
Then there was the time when local merchant Richard Brown got into a row with a Maori customer, which he settled by cracking the unfortunate fellow over the head with the butt end of a whip. On the following day the injured man's fellow tribesmen came to town looking for vengeance. In the traditional way they announced their presence and their intentions by performing their haka, once again at the midtown intersection. As windows and shop shelves rattled alarmingly to the impact of the pounding feet, townspeople took shelter behind locked doors, with the men folk firmly clutching whatever firearms they could get their hands on.

Brown himself sat out the demonstration beside an opened keg of gunpowder, holding a cocked pistol ready to he fired into the keg should his warehouse door be breached. Fortunately, some quick thinking by somebody else saved the day. The local constable, helped by two or three other townspeople, entered by the back door, manhandled a protesting Brown away from the premises and into the town jail where he was held while the settlement leaders went out to meet the Maori and try to calm the situation.

With Maori. representatives in attendance, a quick trial was held which resulted in the magistrate imposing on Brown a penalty in the form of a monetary fine and the forfeiture of a horse to the victim of the assault.

THE ELMS – TAURANGA

Contributed by John Mathieson
(President B.O.P. Branch Founders Society, 2002)



Anyone calling at Tauranga should make time to visit The Elms. The Elms Mission House and property is owned and administered by The Elms Foundation. It is Tauranga's historic former C.M.S. (Church Missionary Society) Mission Station, founded in 1835. The Elms Mission House, completed in 1847 , is New Zealand's finest late Georgian home and has this country's oldest free standing library. The site is only a short walk from downtown Tauranga.

The Rev. A.N. Brown purchased the site from local Maori for the Church Missionary Society of London in 1838 - 39. Kauri logs from the Coromandel Peninsula were rafted down and pit sawn/hand planed on site. The house was occupied as a family home for 150 years. The Rev. . Brown, who established the Te Papa Mission at Tauranga, developed it until his death in 1884. His second wife Christina Brown named the family home The Elms after the more than 50 elm trees growing on the site at the time.

The property passed to members of the Maxwell family following Christina Brown s death in 1887.

Duff Maxwell, the last member of the Maxwell family to inherit The Elms as life tenant and custodian, created The Elms Trust in 1962. After his death in 1996 the site became the property of The Elms Foundation, a charitable trust. In addition to the Mission House and Library containing over 1000 books, which belonged to Rev. (later Archdeacon) Brown, there is the Chapel with a free standing belfry and authentically reconstructed bakery and laundry.

The Bay of Plenty Branch of NZ. Founders Society held it's 2002 A.G.M. in Tauranga this year. At the conclusion of this luncheon meeting some 60 members visited the 'Treasures of the Elms" displayed at nearby Baycourt. These items, only recently discovered by The Elms Foundation, consist of clothing, accessories and household linen from the 19th to early 20th century. They represent one family's 150 year occupation of The Elms and were stored in old trunks, cabinets and wardrobe drawers. Having been stored in this way many of the textiles had not been exposed to the deteriorating effects of sunlight for over a century.

The following is an extract from our B.O.P. Founders Society records of 1958.

"Following a luncheon, Founders' members gathered on the lawns of the Mission House where Mr Maxwell had arranged for a guide to show us the Treasures and also had models on foot and on horseback parading in clothes of the early days. It was a memorable day. Mr Maxwell has been elected a free associate member. He is doing a grand job along the lines of a good founder."

WHITE WINGS ... WITH THE OCCASIONAL GREYISH SMUDGE

By Murray Moorhead, Taranaki Branch. archivist , reflecting on the varied at-sea conditions experienced by New Zealand's "Plymouth Pilgrims.'

For as long as there were people still living, who had personal memories about the voyage to New Plymouth among the Plymouth Company's six chartered ships, comparisons between the individual vessels and their respective passages remained a. source of animated discussion

For a group of ships, which made the voyage from one hemisphere to the other within a time span of less than two years, there were some very marked differences between the vessels and the records of their journeys.

The Company s six migrant ships ranged in size from the compact William Bryan at just 311 tons to the much more spacious Oriental at 506 tons. Passenger capacities were equally diverse. The 329 ton Essex carried 115, while the smaller 388 ton Timandra topped the list with 202.

History records that the smallest and most crowded ship, the William Bryan, with 148 persons crammed. into its accommodation area, had. the calmest and most serene of voyages, both in terms of the weather conditions and relationships between those on board. The ship sailed from Plymouth on 19 November 1840, and arrived off the site of the Plymouth Company's proposed new settlement on March 31, 1841. It goes without saying that no 133-day voyage under sail was ever going to be one involving perpetually calm seas, fair breezes and smiling faces. Of course the William Bryan struck some bad weather, but never enough to threaten the ship s safety.. And the passengers experienced their share of physical and. mental discomfort caused. by the close confinement in the living quarters. But generally, those who led the way to brave new settlement on the Taranaki. coast went to their graves with nothing but the fondest memories of their voyage.

The Amelia Thompson, at 477 tons, the second largest ship chartered by the Company and carrying the second largest complement of 187 passengers, had by far the longest voyage. The passage took 163 days, an excessively long time by comparison with the shortest 113 days taken by the Timandra. However the Amelia Thompson's voyage was bad. only in its duration. The weather was kind and relationships on board remained cordial. throughout, although in a much more formal and less outgoing way than their counterparts on the William Bryan had known. When recalling their voyage in latter years, Amelia Thompson survivors could never match the animation, with which their predecessors reminisced about their dinner parties with the Captain, dancing and singing on deck, and their romantic memories about the John James and Ann Phillips shipboard wedding.

Sadly, the predominant memories as far as Amelia Thompson people were concerned were of the seven deaths during the voyage - two adult women and. five children. Although there were seven compensatory births, the first death, that of a 21-year-old married woman just two weeks out from Plymouth, cast a pall that remained in place throughout the entire voyage.

The third arrival was the Oriental, the largest of the Plymouth Company ships at 506 tons. Although she carried the second smallest complement with 130 passengers, they were crammed into grossly inadequate accommodation. The overriding memories of that ship's passengers in later years was having to dress and undress in their bunks with curtains drawn, and eating meals at tables that hung on ropes, and were drawn back up on to the ceiling between meals. Her voyage was one of moderate length and was carried out in kindly weather.

When Taranaki anniversary reunions were held over succeeding years and surviving passengers from each of the six ships gathered in their separate groups to reminisce, it was not hard to tell which group had sailed in the Timandra. Of all the problems experienced by passengers on the other five Plymouth Company ships, those who came in the Tiniandra could claim to have experienced them in multiple dosages. Although hers was the shortest voyage at just 113 days, many of the 202 passengers who set out from Plymouth on 2 November 1841 would never feel able to forgive their ship for what they went through.

A major cause of unhappiness from the outset was the ill feeling that existed between the emigrant passengers and a small group who had purchased cabin accommodation. There were frequent arguments over such things as the noise emanating from the emigrants' quarters and the exclusive rights that the cabin holders were given to certain deck areas.

The Timandra suffered six shipboard deaths, which was about the expected rate for such a voyage, but they were to cause troubles, the likes of which afflicted no other immigrant group. There were two deaths, for which the surgeon. could offer no certifiable cause. Under his employment terms he was obliged to carry out post mortem examinations but on both occasions there were such furious objections by the passengers that the surgeon was forced to forgo that duty.

There was trouble between the passengers and the ships' crew as well. A mandatory health measure on all migrant ships was the regular spreading of chloride around living quarters. This was accepted on all other ships as a necessary evil, but on the Timandra it became just another spark to set off more trouble. The trouble came to a head when a passenger attacked a crew member carrying out the sprinkling duty. When the offender was locked away in irons his fellow passengers once again erupted in anger, and it was only the assailant's wise decision to make a public apology to the injured seaman that defused what could have become a very nasty situation.
The Blenheim was the fifth of the Company ships, arriving at New Plymouth. in November 1841. Human nature being what, it is , it remained a lifetime source of pride and boasting among Blenheim passengers that they had lived through. and survived, the worst weather conditions experienced on the voyages. The ship took a terrible battering, day after day, week after week, seemingly kept afloat only by the combined prayers from everyone on board. As if that were not a sufficient trial, the ship was run by a crew verging on a state of mutiny after the captain tried to make up the time lost from the weather by driving the crew almost to a point of total exhaustion. Indeed, on arrival off New Plymouth, the captain had to call on the local constables to row out and arrest the three ringleaders before he felt safe enough to drop anchor.

The last ship to reach New Plymouth under a Plymouth Company charter was the 329 ton Essex ,which arrived with its 115 passengers on 20 January 1842 after a 139 days voyage . She was a lucky and a happy ship, having experienced good weather, good shipboard conditions, and good relationships among the passengers and between migrants and crew. Above all, the Essex made it with all enviable record of just one passenger death.

A BACKGROUNDER TO THE YOUNG NICK'S HEAD SAGA

Compiled By Our Poverty Bay Branch

Southern Poverty Bay s white cliffs are now creating controversy in local circles with the potential Young Nick s Station sale to an overseas buyer. On October 7, 1769 as Captain Cook's ship HMS Endeavour approached the East Coast , 12-year-old ship's boy Nicholas Young won the gallon of rum promised by the captain to the first to site land. What he had seen was the high hills behind the bay.

When they entered the bay the next day, the prominent white cliffs were named after him. The headland was originally named Te Kuri 0 Paoa.. Paoa came from Hawaiki in the Hourata canoe. According to Tamanuriri tradition, they brought the sacred kumara but were warned not to put any other food with it as it would anger the kumara god.

When they called at Mercury Bay on the way, a woman secretly brought a fern root on board. A great storm wrecked the canoe at Ohiwa in the Bay of Plenty and it had to be repaired. Some walked overland to the East Coast but eventually the Hourata canoe arrived at the foot of what we now know as Young Nick s Head with Paoa and his dog, which ran away inland and had to be brought back.

If you look in the right direction at the right time and the light is just right the dog can be seen in the cliffs. It's head points east out to sea, it s body stretched out with it's front legs tucked beneath it and the back legs sprawled out to the hills.

In 1867 James Woodbine Johnson arrived in Poverty Bay from Lavenham, Essex, England. He married a beautiful local girl of high birth, Mere Hape. Through her he obtained a 13,000-acre leasehold of Maori owned land, which he successfully farmed. He eventually gained the freehold by buying shares from other owners. On his death in 1899 the land was subdivided for sale.

The block "Te Kuri" became Young Nicks Head Station and changed hands a number of times before, in 1914 belonging to the Coop family. The present owner and a Coop family descendant has lived in Australia for 25 years but retained New Zealand citizenship. He wishes to sell the property. An American potential buyer is negotiating to buy the station, which he intends to farm but retaining public access and respecting cultural sites.

The local Tamanhiri people wish to own and control part of the headland, which has an ancient pa site. They say we must not allow historical and cultural places to fall into foreign hands.

PIONEERING LEGEND FROM THE WAIMATE PLAINS

A graphic account of pioneering life in the Coastal Taranaki district was provided by the book In Thy Toil Rejoice, by Arnold Pickmere.

The focus in the 1990 (reprinted 1991) title was on the famous dairy farming pioneer J J Patterson, who at one stage had something like 34 farms and didn t undertake his first purchase till aged 40 years. This item was carried in a book review.

The book spans more than a century, chronicling the lives of George Patterson, and his son James John, a South Taranaki pioneer, who had a remarkable career in the dairying industry in New Zealand.

The history and genealogical detail were superbly researched by Dorothy Bryan Bartley of Auckland, a grand-daughter of J J Patterson. The book was written by Arnold Pickmere, the New Zealand Herald deputy chief reporter..

The review included an invitation to the public to attend the book launching at 11am on Friday, December 7, 1990, in the Robert Gibson Memorial Hall, Manaia. Light refreshments were to be served at the he function arranged on behalf of the Patterson Estate.

Here is what the reviewer had to say.

Written in a lively and entertaining style, In Thy Toil Rejoice contains notebook references, the contents of diaries, letters and reminiscences, which bring local history to life. In 1852 George Patterson and his first wife Elizabeth arrived in New Zealand aboard the Katherine Stewart Forbes. An engineer, George established a sawmill south of New Plymouth, on a section of Grey Block, which had been purchased by the government from the Maoris four or five years before.

Elizabeth died of consumption, and George married Susannah Hewitt of Lancaster (mother of James John). While riding out from New Plymouth to inspect his property in 1864, George was ambushes and killed by Maoris. Later that year Susannah died of typhus fever , leaving six orphans aged from 10 years to eight months.

The Patterson children were raised by William Mumford Burton and his wife Elizabeth, a childless couple who had come out with George Patterson on the Katherine Stewart Forbes. From all accounts the Pattersons had a harsh upbringing.

1864 marked the beginning of the Hauhau uprising, which came to an uneasy end in 1869.At nine years of age James worked for a short time on a cutter plying between Opunake and Pelorous Sound.

When he was 12, and his brother George 15 (1871 — 1872) they undertook droving contracts south from New Plymouth. The first mob of cattle they took down the coast via Kaupokonui to Hawera.

Very proud parents James and Susan Waddell and Robert Waddell shortly after his Sydney Olympic gold medal triumph.

When James first saw Hawera it had about 15 houses, two stores, the military blockhouse, two hotels and a few tents. Messrs. Taplin, Muir and Mr James Davidson were storekeepers. John Winks had a butchers and bakers shop

In the future a town called Manaia was to be built on the Waimate Plains about 14 kilometres up the coast from Hawera and a little way inland.

While James was doing his blacksmith s apprenticeship in New Plymouth, the railway was joining the telegraph as another tentacle of progress across the landscape. About 1879 or 1880 he moved to Patea to work at the Williams smithy.

When James went to work there he was a tall, strong young man about 1.9 metres (six feet four inches) with a slightly gingery moustache. People remembered afterwards that he and William A Court were part of the Williams fine staff.

The passive resistance of the Maori people at Parihaka was giving cause for apprehension, so the forerunner of the first Waimate land sales in October 1880 was the erection of a redoubt at Manaia by the Armed Constabulary.

Nearly 300 people attended that first auction of rural land on October 25. Some 7000 acres between the Waingongoro and Kapuni rivers were offered for four pounds ($8) an acre or five pounds ($10) deferred payment an acre The mid-1880 s brought changes for James. He was probably still in Patea when the town witnessed one of its most celebrated moments, an act of reconciliation between Titokowaru and the Europeans .

James established his own farrier s business in Manaia. After a long and lively courtship he married Kate Williams in September 1888. The couple reared a family of eight daughters.

Mr Patterson was over 40 years of age when he purchased his first piece of land. His remarkable achievement in rising from blacksmith in Manaia to being the largest dairy farmer in New Zealand, and probably the largest owner of dairy cows in the world at the time, shows him as man of vigour, enterprise and foresight. Nicknamed the Cow King, at one time he also had the reputation of being the strongest man on the Waimate Plains.

Robert Waddell and his Sydney based cousins, from left Isabelle, Frederick, Waddell himself, William and Jock Jensen. All descend from JJ Patterson

He was an original trustee of the Methodist Church at Manaia, and was also responsible for setting up a dairy factory in the Waikato, which was subsequently taken over by the NZ Co-operative Dairy Company.

With his interests in other parts of the North Island, however, James Patterson did not forsake South Taranaki. He died at his Manaia home aged 78 years in August 1937. At the time he owned 35 farms in Taranaki and the Waikato, and 4000 dairy cows.

In February 1940 a memorial was unveiled, and in that Manaia finally got the swimming pool which James and Kate had wanted years before as a safe alternative to the swimming hole in the Kapuni River. The Patterson girls made a substantial contribution to boost funds towards the pool, which was opened by the Minister of Internal Affairs Mr W E Parry. The plaque reads:

To commemorate the pioneer century and especially two pioneers, James John Patterson and his wife Katherine, these baths were, with the assistance of their daughters, erected by the residents of Manaia and the Waimate West County. The whole earth is the sepulchre of noble men.

Footnote: The J J Patterson dedication to tasks in hand, his powerful physique and strength could have been inherited by a descendant Robert Waddell, New Zealand s master sculler and a world and Olympic champion. Robert s brother David was also a New Zealand international oarsman. Robert and David s father retired Pio Pio farmer James Waddell was a J J Patterson grandson.

The J J Patterson biography " In Thy Toil Rejoice " by Arnold Pickmere can be obtained from Mrs B Bartley 139 Mountain Rd, Epsom, Auckland . The price delivered is $NZ 27.

THE PARAPARA SCENIC HIGHWAY AND FIELD'S TRACK

The Parapara Scenic Highway runs from Wanganui through to Raetihi on the main route north to Auckland and the Waikato. A book has been written on the settlers and their history in the highway s southern section. Wanganui Founders executive Susanna Norris gives a backgrounder to the book and the region

The Parapara - Fields Track area is rich in history , and people have been aware for years that a book was urgently needed to be written before lots of oral and written history was lost. The first I heard about plans to research and write this book was in December 1998 when 1 came back to live in Wanganui after 33 years away in the north. My husband Mike and I bought a Wanganui Chronicle after a long 10 hour journey. It carried an article headed "Long way to go on the Parapara History book.

The report said "that a little over 12 months ago the Parapara Fields Track History committee was formed and research begun for a book planned for next year." Robert Baddeley was quoted as a committee member and long time Parapara farmer. He said that that many anecdotes and history snippets had already been collected but much more work was needed before the book went to print. The boundaries had been set from the top of the Aberfeldy to the Matahiwi track and the county boundary between Waimarino and the Fields Track. Here I quote ' We drew that line because many of the people at the top end tended to congregate at Raetihi or Ohakune while at the other end they tended to keep tabs with Wanganui . The committee was interested in hearing from any body with a connection to the area and asked them to come forward. I didn't need a second invitation !!

A classic rural New Zealand scene on the Parapara Scenic Highway, on the Wanganui —Taumarunui route.

As a fourth generation family member to live on the Parapara , the newspaper article was of great interest to me. My great grand parents Archibald an Annie Mason first went up the Mangawhero in 1871 after buying a block of land known as Tauangatutu. They lived up there with their two sons and three daughters. One of their daughters also named Annie met a young farmer, who had settled on the land by the Taukoro stream three miles up in 1887 . They married six years later. They were my grandparents Roger and Annie Montgomerie.

My Granny rarely threw away any letters and we have a gold mine of family history from these and some diaries that were saved. I contacted the committee and learned more about the book. Back in December 1996 the members of the Parapara Golf Club met at the Upokongaro hotel (the Avoca) and resolved to give assistance to finance the writing of the story - I stress story - of the Parapara Fields track area.

Robert Baddeley, the golf club president Ian Syme and Mervyn Matthews were appointed to establish a committee of 10. Already at that early stage people and companies had contributed donations for the publication.. One particular anecdote that always raises a laugh is about one local character and an incident that took place between the wars on the road near the Baddeleys. There were many rats around at the time and he saw one disappear up a drain pipe under the road. He took umbrage at this and poured some petrol up the pipe before set it alight. We are told that the rat came flying out with its backside on fire and that the drain was blown apart. So this certain person had to get his spade and reconstruct the road !!

The author Ross Annabel, who was brought up in the Waitotara Valley, was chosen to write the book , using all the information that the committee has collected. He has also done some of his own research. He has had a great deal of experience having been a news reporter for the Sydney Morning Herald and he has written three books including One pilot Fred Ladd

Close research was required on the chapter on local schools. Marion Donald has undertaken to do this. There are three schools still in the area, but in the past there was one at Bangone to the north, one at Otoko and smaller ones on farms for the local children around the start of the last century. Doing research on these schools has been a real labour of love, collating the school rolls and also taking trips to Wellington and Auckland to archives.. The Heritage Room at the Wanganui library has been helpful too with resources especially the HJHRs (Appendices to the Journals of the House of Representatives). Long forgotten details of these schools have been revealed.

People have been going through old photograph albums and searching out photos for the publication . Some are very tantalizing as identification wasn t always easy. We have spent numerous hours at the library reading old Chronicles on micro film and gathering stories either long forgotten or adding to scraps of certain events. These stories would have been lost to the next generation.

Being involved with all this research has been a tremendous bonus. Its put me in touch with people and families that have known my people for three or four generations. It has been a great opportunity to acknowledge the courage and fortitude of these early pioneers. I am so aware of how soft we have become with all our electrical fittings and instant heat. I think back to my great grandmother, whose new two storied house was burnt when they were about to move in so that they had to pit saw all the timber for a second house. These folk never went to town for nine years and when they did it was in a Maori war canoe, down the Mangawhero into the Whangaehu out to sea and up the coast to Wanganui .

My Mother had to heat the copper and do the Monday wash. There was no fridge when we were small . She set her jelly in the creek, made soap from rendered down fat and caustic soda in kerosene tins cut in half, and kept her jam in half beer bottles cut off at the top with a hot iron. How we waste resources today.

Another real bonus from being involved with this book is how much I have learned about how the road itself was constructed and all the engineering that was necessary. I was introduced to a man who was part of a family where four generations have worked on the road. Before World War II two members of this family were involved with the construction of the water drive that was built at the site of the Taukoro stream. You might well ask "What is a water drive. How was it built Read this book and find out.

In the Chronicle we read about interesting characters. In the paper from February 1982 1 found an obituary of a man in his 90 s, who had been a driver of the Kakatahi service car in 1917 onwards. There was this fascinating photo of him standing beside his Hudson car and brief details of his life.

We set out to find out more about him and when I wrote a letter to the Chronicle editor asking for readers to respond 1 was given the name of his grand daughter who was able to tell me more. Now this motoring pioneer takes his place in history on these pages. The printers are in Palmerston North and we have decided to order 600 copies. We look forward to many books being sold. Perhaps you would like to buy one

The Parapara history " Heartland Of The Parapara and Field's Track" by Ross Annabel and Marion Donald is available from the Parapara Field's Track Historical Society, Box 4119, Wanganui. The price including postage is $NZ 45

OBITUARY
Arthur Palmer Bates 1926-2002

Arthur Bates on the banks of the Whanganui River

Arthur Bates, who died at Wanganui in May 2002, was a notable Wanganui historian and author with an authoritive Whanganui River focus. An active Wanganui Founders member, Arthur also held a high profile in the newspaper industry. We acknowledge the Wanganui Chronicle s generosity in allowing us to publish this item compiled by senior writer David Laurence

There is probably no historically significant piece of the Wanganui region, which has not been inspected, photographed or written and spoken about by Arthur Bates.

He devoted decades to meticulously recording and explaining the region s heritage in an informative and entertaining manner. This enormous contribution to the Wanganui story is being acknowledged in tributes to Mr Bates, who died suddenly at Wanganui Hospital .

Mr Bates was highly regarded for his personal qualities, his contribution to the newspaper industry and the generous giving of his accounting expertise. His grandmother Jessie Maule (nee Robb) arrived in Wanganui from Scotland in 1865. Born in Ohakune and raised in Rangataua, he moved to Wanganui in the late 1940 s to complete his schooling. After a time in Palmerston North and overseas he qualified as a chartered accountant and returned to Wanganui in the 1950 s; his father Cyril being the headmaster at Queen s Park School.

I never thought I d stay, he recalled in an interview half a century later. I ended up at the Wanganui Chronicle as its secretary. That was because on the street he met the Chronicle secretary Alan Burnet, who had just been promoted to manager.

He asked if I d like to become the secretary. The newspaper, which at that time was owned by a private company, was a very exciting thing to be involved with. When I took the job I thought I d stay about a year and then go to Wellington but I became so interested in the newspapers as an industry. At that stage the Wanganui papers the Chronicle and Herald were both family-owned, in strong competition with each other, neither making big profits.

There was a long term chance of both papers joining up, which made my job a challenge. I got involved with the life of the city too.

He was instrumental in the Chronicle s takeover of the Herald in 1971 harkening the formation of Wanganui Newspapers. In 1978 he became general manager.

It was his tramping and photography however, which led to a fascination with the region s history. Photographing the back country, he became interested in abandoned homestead areas.
Mr Bates became secretary for the Whanganui Regional Museum at a time when it was essentially a hands-on amateur organisation. He credited its then curator Maxwell Smart with encouraging his appreciation of what he termed the wonderful world of Wanganui history.

The two men wrote The Wanganui Story (1972), partly because of Mr Bates frustration with the lack of reference books on Wanganui s European settlement. His later publications included The Bridge To Nowhere (1981), A Wanganui Photo Album (1982), Focus On Wanganui (1984), A Pictorial History of the Whanganui River (1985) and The Whanganui River Today (1995). The bulk were printed and published by Wanganui Newspapers.

There was no more glowing testimonial to his talent than historian Athol Kirk s review of the 1982 publication. He wrote: Arthur Bates has used his expertise as a distinguished photographer and as a historian of note in selecting the 200 photographs covering the social history of the Wanganui district from 1880 to 1920. This book is not only for the historian or the photographer. It is a book for every citizen of Wanganui who has pride in his city.

Mr Bates retired from Wanganui Newspapers at the end of 1987 and was succeeded by Andy Jarden. He was a people person, Mr Jarden said. He was highly respected by staff and was a father figure to some. His passing is a big loss.

He efficiently managed the Chronicle through difficult times in the merger with the Herald and the Herald s subsequent closure.

A life member of the Wanganui Tramping Club, Wanganui Camera Club and Whanganui Historical Society, he was particularly interested in the heritage, culture and conservation of the Whanganui River and a long serving member of the Forest and Bird Society, Bushy Park Trust Board, Whanganui Regional Museum Board, Whanganui botanical group and New Zealand Historical Places Trust.

The latter group s Wanganui chairman Norm Hubbard acknowledged Mr Bates 26-year service to the organisation. He was a constant producer of heritage subjects and ideas for discussion, Mr Hubbard said. And he was a regular attendee at working bees.

His specialty field was photography — his books have been bought and sought after by countless admirers. His expertise will be missed.

Mr Hubbard spoke of his deepest commitment to perfection.

As a young man working for Dalgety s, Mr Bates was taken to Tongariro National Park one day. It was an eye-opener to see it s beauty, he said later. It also bought back memories of my early childhood at Rangataua — nature study walks, school picnics in the bush and Mt Ruapehu.

His tramping and photography went together nicely, leading to photographic awards in New Zealand and overseas. He was an associate member of the Royal Photographic Society and a former president of the Photographic Society of New Zealand.

Mr Bates strongly held belief was you ve got to have a plan in life and accept inevitable changes to it. This was reflected in his working life and his travels, sometimes to distant corners of the globe. Kindly, self-effacing and slow to take umbrage, Arthur Bates invariably offered a ready smile and encouragement.

EDWARD BAIGENT AND HIS WIFE MARY ANN (NEE HERN), NELSON ARRIVALS ON THE "CLIFFORD" MAY 13, 1842

This item is from an address to the
Bay Of Plenty Founders on August 26, 2001 by Thea Still

Beginnings.

Edward was the fourth son of Windlesham sawyer, Thomas Baigent, and his wife, Dorothy Ann Coule. He was born on June 22, 1813, and was one of nine children, all of whom were brought up as staunch supporters of the Anglican faith. Edward's baptism on July 31, 1814, by Rev Thomas Snell, is entered in the Windlesham parish register in the Church of St John The Baptist. It appears that the Rev Snell was a close Baigent family friend.

It is quite probable that Edward learned sawmilling in his father's establishment, but it would also appear that he had training as a millwright and engineer, as the skills he brought to New Zealand hint expertise in this area. Despite his skills, Edward could not find work to fit his talents in the England of the 1830's. He sought out what was available and became a footman at Woodlands.

The New Zealand Company

With a family of five, Edward could make little headway to improve his position and provide for his family in the way he wished, in a country gripped by depression. The light on his horizon was some interesting publicity put about by the New Zealand Company. This had its beginnings in 1825 when some influential men in London got together, formed a company and sent two ships out to New Zealand to investigate settlement possibilities for the purpose of obtaining spars and flax. This initial investigation came to an end after only ten months when settlers were frightened by Maoris at Hokianga. By May 2, 1838, Edward Gibbon Wakefield had formed the New Zealand Company and two months later sent his brother, William, out on the Tory to investigate further. At this stage the British Government had not endorsed these efforts, declaring that New Zealand was not yet British

Territory.

A charter was eventually granted the Company on February 12, 1841, and the Arrow, Will Watch and Whitby were dispatched that same year carrying advance parties of settlers who would survey and otherwise prepare Nelson for the great influx of people Wakefield proposed to establish there as permanent residents.

With his application supported by the glowing testimony of his two patrons, Edward's passage was duly granted. The testimony from Rev Snell is dated November 10, 1841, and Edward and his family boarded the Clifford on December 13 that year. In just one month Edward had to assemble everything for the voyage. It must have made for a very hectic household, for he equipped himself admirably to meet the conditions, with which he would be confronted in his new homeland.

He had listed his occupation as 'sawyer' on his application form, and consequently had to pack the makings of a sawmill into his luggage. Included in the Baigent family's stores were a cast-iron gangsaw frame, two pit saws, six mill saws, six circular saws, a circular spindle, and large quantities of betting (gutta-percha), files and tools of all kinds. Various technical books were tucked into other necessities. The 'emigrants outfit' listed previously was purchased from a large company warehouse at the Deptford Docks in London.

Wakefield

The section (No 92) which Edward purchased in Wakefield in February 1843 from John Henry Wilson (described as commander on the retired list of the Indian Navy of the Honourable East India Company), was made on a scheme of deferred payments. An interesting feature in the agreement was that Edward undertook to erect and build on the said piece or parcel of land or ground, hereby demised, and complete and finished ready for habitation within two years of date hereof (February 9), one good and substantial house (the value of which shall not be less that one hundred pounds, with chimneys, windows, doors and the necessary fittings, etc, etc.'

Mary Ann and the children remained at Nelson for another few months until the first home, a cob whare, was completed on Section 92, and Edward had installed his sawmill using machinery, which he had brought with him from England.

Edward's Other Activities

Sawmilling was not Edward's only occupation. According to the Nelson census in 1849 he had 20 acres of land fenced, 5 1/2 acres cultivated, 5 acres in grass, 1/2 acre in orchard and another 5 1/2 acres cleared. He was also listed as owning 16 cattle and two pigs, With the difficult conditions of the mid-1840's and the shortage of money in circulation (most workers were paid in goods); farm development was as important as that of the sawmill.

During his first eight years at Wakefield, Edward made numerous trips into Nelson as well as to other localities. These journeys were all made on foot as were those made by Mary to purchase stores. She had to walk the entire return journey to Nelson, which took at least two days each way. It must have been quite a struggle bringing home the groceries. It was not until February 1851 that Edward purchased his first horse. According to Mr Saxton, from whom the purchase was made, Edward bought the horse because he could no longer 'bear the walk down to Nelson from Wakefield'.

Within ten years of his settlement in Wakefield, Edward had become one of its leading citizens and was well established as a saw and flour miller. and farmer

AN AUCKLAND BRANCH ROUNDUP

OUR PERSON

Our person is our secretary/ treasurer, Carolyn Rhodes (pictured) from Otahuhu. She has been secretary for some years now and took on the role of treasurer when the former office holder shifted to Palmerston North. Working the dual position has proved suitable to all members, and hopefully for Carolyn.

It was Carolyn, who initiated the publication of a book, made up of articles written by our members. She typed out the thousands of words, did the layout using loaned photographs and had the whole thing transferred to be copied and bound. The publication has sold to libraries and Founders branches . A second book will be worked on next year.

Carolyn gives five main ancestors on her certificate, one landed in Lyttelton and the other four in Auckland. While two arrived in 1863 the others came in 1847, 1856 and 1861, the ships being the Ramillies, SoutherhCross, Minerva, Susanne and Claramont.

Carolyn lives in her Otahuhu and supplies tales aplenty of her youthful days there. While she has a great interest and devotion to all her ancestors she has a special spot in her heart for a very distant relation called Elvis Presley! Yes, it is true! Their common ancestry dates back to Scotland in the 1600s ...

OUR PLACE

Kinder House, Parnell, Auckland is the venue used for the Auckland branch s monthly luncheons . We always discuss some items of historical interest and encourage our own participation in this role. Kinder House was built 1855-1857, as the principal s residence of the Church of England Grammar School, which was on the corner of the road and operated from 1855 to 1893. When it opened as a gallery and small function centre it was named after the first headmaster, who lived in the house for almost 16 years. He was followed by at least five other headmasters.

Kinder is remembered today as a painter and photographer. In fact there are many, who do not realise that his original occupations were firstly, a clergyman, secondly as a teacher and during his leisure time a passion for painting and photography.

KINDER HOUSE GALLERY

2 AVE STREET, PARNELL

The house is now operated by the Kinder House Society although it is owned by the Auckland City Council. Since opening it has become popular as a venue for smaller meetings and weddings. Not only is the space just right for the Founders but the rental is quite competitive.

Kinder House is open to be public from Tuesday to Sunday,11am to 3pm at a small $2 fee .There are some parking sites in the grounds. Easy access to bus stops makes Kinder House easily accessible

OUR EVENT

Our event of interest was our July meeting when the theme was interesting letters that included comments, either serious or comic, or otherwise. This also included love letters!

It s great potential was thwarted by an unannounced road closure. This was responsible for a record low attendance. Just eight members managed to reach the venue.

Although the meeting was well received the occasion was made a memorable event because we had one of our lowest attendances (only eight) because the road, on which our venue stands was closed to all traffic for most of the day. This prevented many of our usual members from coming and no one in the street knew until the morning.

By the end of the meeting all the heavy machines and rollers and the traffic cones had gone from half of the road, and being transferred to the other. This would have made traffic conditions almost unbearable getting toward the rush hours. However by this time all our members were safely home, and no doubt remembering already the day we were cut off!

FOUNDERS DINE IN ELEGANT SURROUNDINGS

Following the Founders Society National Council meeting on July 24, 2000, councillors, local members and visitors were treated to a tour of Parliament Buildings, arranged by national president Bill Sheat. The only room we were not allowed to enter was the Maori room, admittance to which required a special invitation from Maori Members of Parliament.

At the conclusion of the tour and the Society's AGM, members were hosted to a dinner in the Grand Hall by the Speaker of the House, Jonathan Hunt.

The 2000 Founders dinner in progress at Parliament House, with Speaker Jonathan Hunt as the central figure and our president Bill Sheat on the left.

Members were most appreciative of the hospitality shown by the Speaker, and of the opportunity that his invitation gave, especially to those from outside Wellington, to become so intimately acquainted with the history and ambience of the Grand Hall, which is regarded one of the premier showpieces of Parliament House.

The 27 metre long room was designed in 1911 by government architect John Campbell and his assistant Claude Paton. After Parliament House's completion in 1922 the Hall was used mainly as a members' lounge, and, on occasions, for certain ceremonial gatherings. As such, up until the time of its restoration and refurbishment with the rest of the Parliament Building between 1991 and 1995, the Grand Hall was rarely open to public view.

Since having been stripped, earthquake-proofed and restored faithfully to the original Campbell-Paton design, the Hall is now much in demand for conferences, receptions, and as a waiting area for large groups of people.

JAMES CLARIDGE WAS A NOTED CHRONICLER
CONTRIBUTED by CAROLYN RHODES AUCKLAND

Jim and Louisa Claridge and family

Jim Claridge (founder of numerous country newspapers), was married to Louisa Taylor, my great grandfather's sister. Jim was born in Nixon St, Wanganui in 1862. The following excerpts are from Jim's book 75 Years in New Zealand, published in 1939.

"In the late sixties Wanganui boasted a "town crier", a relic from England. This individual carried a large hand bell. He would halt at a corner of streets, ring the bell, then read the announcements, which related to auction sales, entertainments, drapery sales etc; then another ring, and walk to the next corner to repeat the process. His pronunciation of some words was a feature all on its lonesome.

"About the year 1868 Wanganui town bridge was officially opened by Governor Bowen. With the exception of a Wellington reclamation, then in progress, this was the biggest public job in the colony. As a child I remember the opening. The bridge was choc-a-bloc full of Imperial soldiers, militia, cavalry and others. I have a dim recollection of hearing that the material for the bridge had been bought in Scotland at a reduced price, having been found unsuitable for a bridge in that country. For many years a toll was charged until the cost was met. Like the Sydney bridge, it soon became popular for suicides and attempts. the first to test the new bridge was a couple named Crossen, who jumped into the river when crossing' and were drowned. Then a man made a mess of things by jumping on to a mud flat and injuring his back When out of hospital he was imprisoned for a few months. A white woman was too stout to get through the railing and was seen by a half caste Maori with head down gazing longingly at the raging torrent below. After a few such cases the fashion died out."

"When my father returned from the Mahakipawa gold rush with his pouch full of "specimens", he took me for a visit to Wellington in Cobb's coach ... six horses, the journey occupying 30 hours. Nowadays (1939), if one is air-minded and can afford the fare, the Wanganui-Wellington journey can be accomplished in less than two hours."

Of a stay in Napier in 1876. "We walked to the town and put up at an hotel in the main street. A storm raged outside and in. The sea was breaking over into Hastings Street, mine host and "better half" quarrelled every day and night, and the female cook rowed with both. I filled in time watching boring operations for the first artesian well sunk in Napier, at the White Swan brewery. A gang of prisoners was working on a road near the bluff. A warder with a loaded rifle paced up and down."

"Two slow trains daily left Palmerston North at 4 pm precise-one for Wanganui, the other for Foxton, in opposite directions. The trains were backed up close to each other. Two Maori youths were sitting nearby. One went and coupled the respective rear trucks, and waited for results, remarking, "I back Wanganui!" The station officer gave the signal for both trains to start; whistles blew, but the engines moved only a few inches. The culprit was put into the whareherehere (lock up) for the night, and next morning the magistrate told the miscreant he had done something he didn't ought, and imposed a fine of forty shillings which was paid.'

"A new tablet-porter had been placed in charge of Erua station, main trunk. One day a bushfeller turned up and said: "Return ticket to the Big Smoke." The porter consulted his guide book. "B-B no, I think you're on the wrong line. Bushy:

"Oh well, give me a return to Auckland."

"The first butter factory in Taranaki was established by a Chinese, Mr Chew Chong, at Eltham, in 1873. Chong was an enterprising man; his wife being European. He owned a store business In New Plymouth. It was soon found that much of the Taranaki land was well adapted for dairying, and factories sprang up all over the province; in a few years Taranaki became the most important dairying area. At a show was exhibited the largest cheese on record; it was studded with silver coins, and sold by the pound. Buyers pulled the pieces apart to get the money, and. being trod upon, the floor became a quagmire of cheese! It was a shameful waste of really good cheese."

"1900 or thereabout. I was in the Hawera-New Plymouth morning train. Opposite me sat a Wesleyan minister whom I knew. Beside the minister sat Rudlyard Kipling. Near Stratford stood a bushman's shack; outside, a woman with two children. Kipling looked out of the window and remarked: "Fancy clawing out a home in a wilderness like this."

"Mark Twain the American humorist was en tour before Rudyard arrived. At Napier the author was banqueted. Responding to a toast he said: 'Gentlemen, there's a saying See Naples and Die. I say See Napier and Spit.' (Port Ahurirl was usually called The Spit).

"First issue of N.Z. Herald. Vol,l No.l. That means the very first. Date: Friday, Nov.13 1853. (Who says Friday and 13 are unlucky!) The infant Herald consisted of four pages, each of 6 columns 21 inches long. The proprietors have kept the promise of an item in the editorial to the effect that the paper hoped to keep pace with the times. The different types used in the paper were then called long primer, brevier, nonpareil and minion; all 'set up' by hand, and of course no type settino machine had been invented at that time. The imprint bore the names of Messrs W. Wilson and D.Barn. The proprietors publish a notice thanking the Southern Cross newspaper for use of a machine to print the Herald pending the erection of their own. Where did I get such an interesting old newspaper? It doesn't matter so long as I relate facts." (In 2002, the contributor of this article can't help wondering what became of this first issue, which surely would be worth a fortune!)

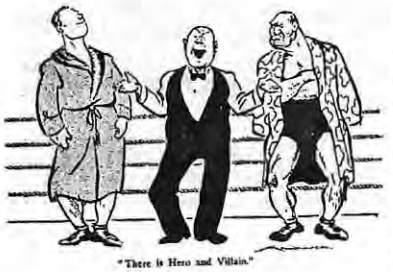
"Some of the first Herald s advertisements ... A Wesleyan service is announced for Otahuhu at two quarter p.m. Wm. Hobson has just imported 20 hogsheads of Bass No.3 ales, and 400 doz. Blood, Wolfe Dublin stout. A bookseller announces Larthalestier's celebrated eau-de-cologne, patronised by Her Majesty and the elite of Auckland. Jones and Co, will sell 20 kegs Whangarei salted butter, 20 barrels Sydney beef, 10 dozen Auckland buckets, 1 omnibus, 10 boxes gunpowder, 2 Sydney drays and carpet bags. J & A Wiseman, next to Buckland's Haymarket, Oueen St, advertise harness, bullock harness, sword belts. German military spurs etc. A draper: Paper and linen collars, moleskin trousers, wincey, alpaca, calico."

"I can bring to mind a few food facts that may be worthy of note. As a boy I saw served out to a family of small children boiled flour-nothing else; bread without butter or jam, and soup made with boiling water into which a lump of dripping or fat had been put ... just greasy water. Pudding? Yes ... usually yeast dumpling, quite all right; a pint of 'balm' from the brewery for a penny; the yeast and flour were mixed and boiled. The poorest mothers and children of the century following would have been heard if they had to endure some of the hardships suffered by the early colonists. I can recollect mothers having to bring up their children in dire poverty. No charitable institutions to appeal to; in shacks devoid of the scantiest comforts; a fire for winter could hardly be managed except in coldest winter.

Husbands those days were paid poor wages, not in keeping with the cost of living. The women seldom complained. Present day women would riot if they had to boil their clothes in oil drums; if they used only the now obsolete colonial and camp ovens; if they had to send their children to school half-clad, or keep them home because they could not afford the weekly fee."

THE GRUNT AND GROAN MERCHANTS FROM YESTERYEAR

From the late 1930 s till about 1950 Walter Milller s professional wrestling circuit attracted big crowds and a large radio listenership throughout New Zealand This chapter on wrestling is used through the courtesy of C V Smith s popular book From N To Z



"There is Hero and Villain."

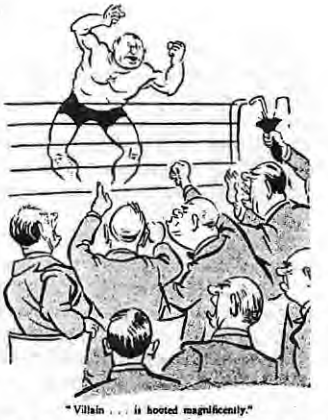
This form of variety entertainment is very popular so it is advisable to book early. Be careful, however, to see that your seat is above the level of the ring or at least not too near the front because, in the course of their acrobatics, wrestlers have a habit of throwing their opponent over the ropes and sixteen stone of sweating, hirsute, masculinity dropped on your lap is nearly as devastating as stopping the friendly advances of an army mule. Of course, it may only be the referee who is dropped and usually he is lighter.

Some wrestling matches appear to be run on good old melodrama lines. There is Hero and Villain. The simple village maiden is missing from the ring but there are always hundreds in the hall-at least there are hundreds of women. just as in melodrama, everybody knows that Good will triumph in the end, but the excitement lies in not knowing whether Hero will triumph as the curtain falls, in which case you have had your money's worth ' or whether he will finish off Villain in the seventh round or earlier.

On the stage you can always pick Villain by his big black moustache. He can't wear one in wrestling, however, because it might come off and spoil the whole performance., but you can pick him very easily in the first round. He will probably give the first indication by pulling his opponent's hair or apparently refuse to let go a strangle hold. Newcomers to the role of Villain frequently elbow jolt the referee in the first round in order to catch the early hoot, but the polished Villain soon develops a technique which leaves the audience in no doubt as to his identity.

Apart from a few of these preliminaries the first round is quiet-the idea being that they are getting each other's measure.

Things begin to liven up in the second round. Villain attempts to break Hero's neck, and when remonstrated with by the referee, appeals to the public. The public love this and hoot to their hearts' content. In the third round Hero, who up to the present has been meeting all these injustices with a pained and injured innocent look, comes out of his stupor. Amidst tremendous enthusiasm he picks up Villain by the heels and swings him round the ring several times, hitting his head on each corner post in passing. Remorse then overcomes him. He lets Villain go and lies down breathless in the centre of the ring.



"Villain . . . is booted magnificently."

Villain, who has flown off at a tangent, hits the ropes and rebounds right on top of Hero and applies a body press. Hero, unable to shake off the load of darkness which has fallen upon him, thrashes his way round the ring with his legs while Villain does everything but touch Hero's shoulders on the mat.

The fourth round is Villain's round. Hero comes out determined to finish off Villain once and for all time. Villain quails at the look in his eye and proceeds to run round the ring with Hero in hot pursuit. The crowd are on their feet-all their Presbyterian upbringing rising to the occasion at the sight of Evil being routed.

Hero catches up with him, throws him over the ropes and then throws him back again; puts on a couple of octuptis cramps (or should it be octupi cramp?) and then proceeds to deliver a series of flying tackles all but one of which connect.

Villain, of course, is knocked senseless by this time, but when the last flying tackle misses, he comes to life. He twines his arms round Hero's head, jams both his legs down his mouth and Hero, thus stuck for words, agrees to a fall by a show of hands. When the referee announces the fall, excitement is intense. Hooting lifts the roof off the hall and gives Villain a tremendous thrill.

The Hero, Lofty Blomfield, the NZ Champion

At this point you can't help feeling that it is a shame your friends at home are missing all this excitement but you don't need to worry. If they have their wireless on they are getting even more excitement than you for wrestling announcers have developed such a technique that they can make a wrestling match between two glow worms sound like a fight for the heavyweight wrestling championship of the world.


JOHN KATAN
The Villain, John Katan from Canada

If the equalizing fall for Hero occurs in the fifth or sixth round, the seventh and eighth rounds are worth all the other rounds put together. With a fall each, excitement is at fever pitch. Everybody knows that Good must triumph, but with an uneasy feeling one recollects that there are numerous cases recorded in the Bible where Good got knocked back and took much longer than eight rounds to recover and you just hope that history it not going to repeat itself.

The seventh round is Hero's round of agony and suffering. Villain gets him into all sorts of positions from which no ordinary mortal could survive. Perspiration pours from him, soaking the mat to pulp. The history of his life passes before his eyes. Villain asks him if he will submit, but using the last two or three breaths in his body he hisses back " Never." Then apparently he remembers the box office receipts. Calling on himself for that last ounce of strength always readily available for Heroes in similar positions, he throws Villain so high into the air that the bell goes for the end of the round before he comes down again.

The eighth round should be the piece de resistance, but alas it is usually an anti-climax. Thousands of hysterical voices scream as Hero and Villain go into the referee's hold in the centre of the ring. None of these people, however, have heard Hero's second tell him that if he is not back in the hotel within a quarter of an hour neither he nor Villain will get any supper. Villain, of course, has had the same advice, so after one final demonstration of Evil, usually shown by putting a hammerlock on the referee, he advances to Hero with head outstretched. Hero puts on a headlock and throws him over his shoulder. He picks him up again and repeats the procedure 10 times.

Villain makes a despairing appeal to the public for their protection but is hooted magnificently. Hero then climbs up on top of the ropes, balances himself for a moment and jumps on Villain, who is sport enough not to move out of the way. To make finally sure that Evil will never triumph over Good (at least not in this performance) he picks Villain up by the heels and executes an aeroplane spin.

As he is spun round visions of a tankard of beer and a good supper spin round too, so that when the spin ceases he has the sense to lie doggo and hear the match awarded to Hero. The crowd go mad and cheer Hero as they ought to do. Villain remains lying in the ring until the cheering dies down so that he can get all the hooting to himself.

Then they both leave the ring and perhaps share a taxi to their hotel where it is Villain's turn to " ıut." Blowing the froth off, he remarks, " Most appreciative audience to-night."

ıero gurgles something in his beer which sounds like, " Yes, but I think you ought to throw the referee out of the ring more often---the crowd expects that from a decent villain..

Then it s off to the dining room for a fry up involving steak, eggs, onions, tomatoes and chips.

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED....

By Murray Moorhead

Were our 19th century ancestors really as prim and strait-laced as we have always been led to believe? Did Queen Victoria's stuffy proclamation that "We are not amused" really set the standard for the era that bears her name?

Anyone who has ever glanced through a copy of Punch, or any other publication of Victorian vintage purporting to contain material of a humorous nature, might well be Justified in thinking so. What was supposed to tickle the 19th century funnybone would not even raise a modern eyebrow, let alone evoke much of a smile, and it really does seem to confirm the dullness of the Victorian sense of humour that cartoon captions of the day always had to include helpful notes (in brackets) to ensure that the reader was able to grasp the full gist of the joke.

However, although the Victorians' sense of humour may seem peculiar to modem eyes, the fact remains that they did have one, and there are records enough of life in a place like New Plymouth to show that laughter is not an exclusively modem phenomenon.

New Plymouth's original surveyors were responsible for setting up the settlement's first big laugh. One day in August 1. 84 1, just five months after the arrival of the first shipload of Plymouth Company pioneers, assistant surveyor John Rogan threw the settlement into a right tizzy when he reported having found a Maori oven less than a kilometre from the town centre, complete with a selection of human bones of fairly recent origin.

The William Bryan migrants (as yet the only arrivals), many of whom had come in great trepidation to this land of cannibals and headhunters, came close to panic. A party of wise men hurried fearfully to the scene, examined the ashes and the bones and entered into a long and studious debate on whether or not this ghastly feast might actually have taken place since the time of their ship's arrival at the end of March.
But the laugh was on the wise men. And loud laughter it was too, tempered no doubt with a sense of tremendous relief, when a Devonshire yokel with more practical sense and a less fertile imagination than the settlement's sages strolled onto the scene and defused the explosive situation with his laconic pronouncement: "Them be pig's bones. You all been had!"

The wise men took a long time to live that down.

So too did it take William Bryan passenger Thomas King a long time to live down the two most embarrassing hours of his entire life. It happened one Sunday during the passage to New Zealand. King had just entered the "outside loo" which was located on the edge of the passenger deck when the ship's surgeon, Henry Weekes, who was doubling as lay minister for the voyage, arrived on the scene, set up his portable pulpit right outside the outhouse door and began calling the passengers to worship.

Victorian clothing being what it was, King had no chance to rearrange himself and escape from his solitary confinement before Weekes began his homily.

There was nothing for it but to sit it out. Weekes' sermons were notorious for their length, and King eventually nodded off. When he awoke, all was silence. With a sigh of relief he pushed open the door and poked his head out, only to find himself staring into the faces of the entire passenger congregation who were indulging in a mandatory two-minutes silence to consider the content of the sermon they had just endured.

The reaction, Weekes noted later in his log of the voyage, "destroyed any little impression that my sermon may have left."

Then there was a joke perpetrated by a one-legged Amelia Thonipson passenger named Jack Shepherd. Before heading for its final landfall at New Plymouth, the ship called in at a bay near Port Underwood to take on ballast. While this was being done, Shepherd and some other passengers took the opportunity to go ashore and stretch their legs. But while walking on the beach Shepherd managed to get his wooden leg caught between. two rocks. As he fell the leg snapped off.

He was carried to the ship's boat, rowed back out to the Amelia Thompson and hauled back on board on a stretcher. An urgent message was set to the two doctors on board to the effect that a man was lying on the deck with a broken leg. The surgeons arrived. full of importance, complete with a retinue of assistants carrying instruments, splints, bandages, brandy and other items necessary for a surgical "command performance" in full view of an entire admiring ship's company.

Shepherd played his part with all the necessary groaning and writhing before one of the doctors flipped the blanket aside and found himself staring at the splintered wooden appendage. Fortunately both surgeons saw the joke and joined in the fun as Shepherd was picked up and dumped unceremoniously outside the ship's carpenter's cabin complete with a prescription form signed by both doctors which called for him to have his fracture treated by someone more qualified than them.

The town's first jail was a source of some fun. New Plymouth in 1844 was hardly the hellhole of the Pacific, although the small wooden lockup, standing on bare ground on the summit of Mount Eliot, got plenty of use as a place for over-imbibers to sleep off their excesses.

One night five fairly tough characters - four whalers and one sailor - were locked up together. At some time in the early hours of the morning, having woken up and made a communal decision that they had had enough of being in jail, they lifted the building off the ground, walked it to the edge of the hill, toppled it over the side and went off together in search of a celebratory drink. The town's constable and judiciary were not amused, but those who didn't mind seeing someone cock a snoot at authority had a great laugh at the expense of the law.

Then there was an occasion when a local bootmaker took exception to something that was said or done to him by a certain local Maori chief He was waxing some thread at the time, so he took a dab of wax, rolled it into what looked like a brandy ball and presented it to the chief

One bite and the poor fellow had his teeth and gums well stuck together. The more he tried to get rid of it the more it became wrapped around his tongue and his fingers, and into his beard. Not being a particularly well liked man, the chief s predicament was a source of delight and hilarity to Maori and Europeans alike. It was fortunate that the chief had not been more popular among his own people, otherwise the bootmaker's prank would have had serious consequences for the town.

A similar dose of good luck helped New Plymouth weather yet another joke involving a local Maori

One day, in preparation for a big feast, local tribesmen mixed up a bathtub of dough for their children to make gingerbread men. As the youngsters were going about their labours, one of the town's notorious young European larrikins came wandering by. He showed up just as the supervisor of the project happened to be leaning over and stirring the dough. He couldn't resist the temptation, and gave the unfortunate fellow a slight nudge with his elbow, toppling him headfirst into the mixture.

The man was quickly back out and on his feet, but before he could take off in pursuit of the jokester the children had piled on top of him, busily scraping the sweet dough from his body.
By the time he was able to shake them off his tormentor had found a hiding place inside a nearby hotel, from whence he wisely decided not to emerge until his victim's anger had cooled down several days later.

Once again, it was only due to the current unpopularity of the victim that he became the laughing stock of everyone in town, Maori and European alike, and that the town was spared what could have been a nasty backlash from his fellow tribesmen.

The Masonic Hotel, which stood on the corner of Devon and Brougham Streets until 1884, was the scene of another of the town's big practical jokes. One night, while a grand ball was being held upstairs, involving everybody who was anybody in the town's society, someone greased the stairway with such lavish applications of animal fats that when it came time to leave the guests were unable to make an exit in keeping with the pomp and dignity of the occasion.

Word of the joke had already been widely circulated before the last dance, and a big crowd of the town's young people and hoi polloi were gathered outside the hotel to watch the fun. The spectacle of finely suited gentlemen and elegantly crinolined ladies having to make their way down the stairs on hands and knees and bottoms kept the "riffraff" in stitches for hours.

These are just a few examples of the things that tickled Victorian New Plymouth's funnybone. They may seem tame by today's standards, but they made enough of an impression at the time that they were recorded, recounted and relived by a generation of our colonial ancestors. If nothing else, they prove that the Queen's subjects, if not the good lady herself, were capable of being amused.

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