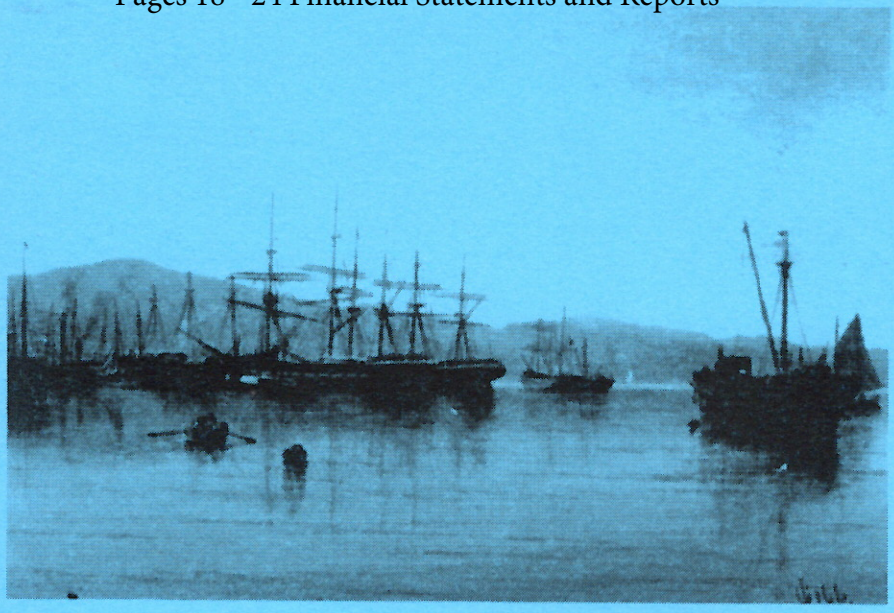
Bulletin

New Zealand Founders Society

Pages 18 - 24 Financial Statements and Reports



Wellington Harbour Artist - John Gibb (1885)

Number 77 - Report for Year 2005

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Obituary for Matthew Forde
submitted by Hawkes Bay Branch.

A member of a Hawke's Bay pioneering farming family died last month. Matthew Lawrence Walter Forde died in Cranford Hospice on 28 April, aged 78

Mr Forde, who was known as Matt, was a descendant of Walter Shrimpton of Matapiro Station – a station noted for its size, (it was originally 9000ha,) and its distinctive half-timbered homestead.

Walter Shrimpton bought the lease of the station in 1872 and it remained in the family until it was sold last year to Auckland meat magnate Ken Syminton. The farm was then 1882ha and carrying 18,500 stock units.

Mr Forde was born at Matapiro homestead in November 1926. He was the son of Larry Forde who had been an officer in the British Army during World War 1, and Barbara Forde, nee Shrimpton. Larry Forde was one of the youngest commanding officers in the British Army.

Although Matthew Forde was born at the homestead, his parents were living on another family farm, Tama Hapu, which was 2,430ha in the Gwavas district of Central Hawke's Bay. He was educated at Hereworth ge gardens until the farm was sold. He often made the homestead and gardens available for charities for fund-raising events and picnics.

Mr Forde was well-known for his off-beat sense of humour. Neighbour Tony Connor tells of a farm employee who was concerned that he had to go to work one Monday morning without a joke to tell, having been told it was a condition of his employment.

His driving exploits, especially on his tractors, were also the stuff of legend. "He had at least 18 lives because nine were not enough," Mr Connor said. In fact, he was employed by Barclay Motors, Hastings, in the 1950s to push Massey Ferguson tractors to their limits.

About 30 years ago he somersaulted a tractor over a bank on the farm and was trapped until his labrador dog was able to lead searchers to him.

He was also known for his exploits on motorcycles. While he was overseas he completed in the Isle of Man TT race. *"He loved speed and had no fear,"* Tim Forde said.

Last year on Queen's Birthday Monday he was badly injured when he crashed his utility off Matapiro Road and spent 16 hours trapped in the wreckage. He had only a chihuahua dog Tam for company all through a freezing night before he was found.

Mr Forde was also involved in his community and the farming industry.

He was innovative in developing a ryegrass suitable for the droughts Matapiro experienced. The variety was a forebear of the *droughtmaster* seed used today.

The Ministry of Agriculture carried out experiments with pheremones to control grass grub at Matapiro and he was a member of the Forestry Institute.

Son Tim and daughter Gillian remember their father's concern for his stock. He never considered his job was done until every orphaned lamb was mothered-up or any sick cow nursed to health. He was often heard to say to his children, "If you save two lambs a day, you have justified your existence."

Mr Forde was farewelled at a packed St Matthew's Church, Hastings, last week and buried in the family plot at the Crownthorpe Church. His wife Val died in November. He is survived by his sons Tim and Chris and daughter Gillian and seven grandchildren.

THE GOOD SHIP MARION

By John Webster Auckland Branch

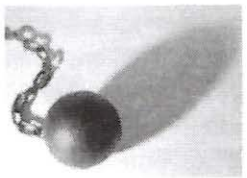
Auckland Harbour on a fine day in 1863 probably looked no different than most major harbours throughout the country—sparkling waters, green hills and lots of sailing ships with flags flying and sails furled or unfurled.

However, one strange sight in Auckland's harbour during November 1863 was the good ship *Marion* with cut-down masts, strange buildings placed on deck, fore and aft, and also windsails hanging from what remained of the masts. Her deck appeared crowded as those on board sat around, or stood engaged in idle chatter. Some would be fishing with lines over the side and there were uniformed men stationed at strategic places. The reason for this was that the *Marion* was a new and unusual sight or *site* as the case may be. *Marion* was a prison hulk. These establishments were not uncommon *at home* in England, but not until then a feature of New Zealand colonial life. *Marion* was probably the first, preceding another that some years later appeared in Wellington Harbour. The crowded people on *Marion* were Maori prisoners being watched over by military guards.

The prisoners had been arrested after surrendering during the battle at Rangiriri (20 November 1863). They were marched from Rangiriri to the edge of the Waikato River and transported by boat to Mangatawhiri, continuing their march from there on to Otahuhu. From there they were conveyed down the Tamaki River and put aboard *HMS Curacao* as a temporary measure, until the authorities had found a suitable place to put them. There were no suitable buildings to house them and the civilian prison, Mt Eden Stockade was not being used as a military prison.

The government decided that a prison hulk was the answer to the problem, so plans were quickly approved and put into place *Marion* was purchased from the shipping company, Henderson and McFarlane, who

had been using the ship as a coal hulk. Major repairs and renovations were carried out to make the hulk fit to receive the prisoners, with strong emphasis on the health of the inmates. Holes were cut into the deck and sides to allow air to freely circulate, assisted by the windsails which drew the air in and down like a funnel to every area. After the removal of the coal, the interior was whitewashed. The decks were scraped and scrubbed and again during the confinement to make them not only clean but also sanitary. The ship was fumigated and houses built on the upper deck for the military guards and to provide kitchens. Although *Marion* was anchored and without means of moving under sail, she was required to be inspected under Imperial Passenger Regulations. It was stated that she could provide for 280 persons on two decks. The greatest number held was 214.



After a few weeks the prisoners were transferred from the *Curacao.* Once on board *Marion* life for the prisoners and guards became routine and boring. The prisoners were unfettered and the guards only wore small sidearms. They washed themselves on deck every day and their clothes twice a week. At first food was the regular military rations but later changed by the on-board medical officer. Fish was caught to supplement the meals. Tobacco was issued. Prisoners were encouraged to read, play draughts, and if they could, to write as slates, pencils, pens, ink and paper were liberally supplied by the Government and charitable institutions. Religious worship was conducted by all as many of the prisoners were baptised Christians. Visitors to the hulk were frequent as anyone who wished need only to apply to the authority and were admitted on board. One reporter stated that there seemed to be constant to-ing and fro-ing from the hulk. Wives, families and children of prisoners were among the visitors.

For the next seven months the prisoner waited, and waited, and waited. No charges were laid or trials ordered, and when it was suggested they should be, it was refused by the Government. George Grey as Governor pleaded the case of several he believed were innocent, but even he did not get a positive reaction. In an attempt to bring some semblance of order, an overture was made to the authorities, on behalf of Grey that the prisoners should be removed to Kawau Island. Grey was willing to give over some

land for living and cultivation. Some of the prisoners preferred Rakino

Island, another Grey owned property. Eventually it was agreed that Kawau was the best solution.

On 2 August 1864, *Marion* was towed to Swansea Bay on hulk. These establishments were not uncommon *at home* in England, but not until then a feature of New Zealand colonial life. *Marion* was probably the first, preceding another that some years later appeared in Wellington Harbour. The crowded people on *Marion* were Maori prisoners being watched over by military guards.

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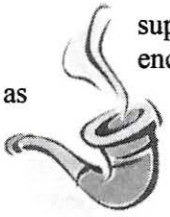

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On 2 August 1864, *Marion* was towed to Swansea Bay on Kawau Island within Bon Accord Harbour. close to the shore to allow wooden planks to be placed from ship to shore. This gave access to the land for cultivation and to the unused smelting house. The house was used for sheltered living and food preparation. Some preferred to remain on board the hulk.

Visitors continued to trek to them, particularly local Maori from Maharangi and Matakana areas. In hindsight it was realised that this fraternisation was not coincidental.

A month after setting foot on Kawau, all the prisoners with their families escaped under the cover of night. They made their way to the mainland in boats provided by the locals an some months later were all back home in the Waikato and Taranaki. Some stayed in Maharangi at what is called Waikato Bay, as it was people from that region that settled there.

It was suggested then and is still current thought that Grey helped them. There is record of him sending a cheque to a ferry company at Onehunga, covering the expenses of a particular vessel that took a number of prisoners across the Manukau Harbour.

Naturally there was an enquiry. The published report runs into hundreds

of closely worded sheets. An interesting fact emerges that the prisoners did not dislike their captors. They were mostly well behaved and cheerful with no major disagreements. The guards also reported their overall satisfaction. The report also deals with a number of rumours which circulated that the guards may have induced the prisoners to escape. However it dose seem they took a natural opportunity when it occurred.

Marion was eventually towed back to Auckland and reused as a coal hulk. The government relinquished ownership and Henderson and Macfarlane were again listed as owners when she foundered in the harbour during a severe gale in April 1866. In this state she proved 'to be in the way'. She came to rest on her side and could easily be seen at full tide and even more so at low tide. She was a hazard to shipping and the authorities a year later announced she would be blown up. There was a lone protestor who believed she should be raised as blowing her up would scatter her cargo of coal causing a 'little island' to occur on the seabed and also fish and other marine life would be harmed by the explosion. No notice was taken of this protest and so on 23rd January 1867, *Marion* was blown up. Newspapers provided columns about the event and how it was achieved, with particular enthusiasm on how canisters were prepared for the charges. So ended the *Marion* although two further charges were laid some days later to completely obliterate her. Perhaps her scattered remains still exist!

Along with the Parliamentary report, there are at least two satirical songs along with 200 traditional songs gathered by from the prisoners by one of the guards as well as paintings and photographs. Despite what is still available, *Marion* and the prisoners and Grey's part have not been dealt with by many history books and it has all slipped away until this account written by myself. One mystery remains—who was *Marion?*

The hulk was just over 347 tons with a length of 102 feet and 26 feet wide. The date of construction has been put at about 1849 with no details of the builder or the place. She first appears on shipping registers in Australasian waters when she was in Sydney in March 1859 bearing the name *F A Schwaser* flying a Hawaiian flag—she was never a Royal Navy vessel although this presumption has been commonly made.

She cost the NZ Government £1747, 3 shillings and 10 pence which included the coal inside.

ELEANOR BAKER (nee HANCOCK) 1808-1883: A TRUE PIONEER WOMAN

Contributed by Bruce Adams, Bay of Plenty Branch.

Eleanor was born in Bristol, England, the only daughter of Joseph and Ellen Hancock. She married John Baker in 1826. Both families were Quakers, members of the Society of Friends, and this was to play a significant part in their children's lives over the next two decades. The first child, Ellen Harvey Baker, was born at Cleeve, Somerset, in 1927, followed by William in 1928 with five more boys of whom only Manfield, born 1835, survived infancy.

John Baker was a shopkeeper in Cleeve until about 1834, when the family moved to Street, also in Somerset. John then became a farmer. In August 1836 John died after falling from a pear tree! Within three years Eleanor left for New Zealand leaving her children, Ellen at Sidcot School, a Quaker boarding school, with William and Manfield in the care of the Baker family to subsequently to go to Sidcot School.

In April 1840 Eleanor Baker is recorded as living on a property she had purchased at Orira on the northern shore of the Hokianga Harbour. It was unusual at the time for a woman to own property in New Zealand, but must have been possible as a "widow alone".

In 1842 Eleanor married George Stephenson, a Yorkshireman who was a local preacher at the Wesleyan Mission Station at Mangungu on the southern shores of the Hokianga Harbour. It would not be easy for present generations to visualise courtship in those days being dictated by tides. Picture Eleanor getting in a rowboat and across the harbour on the outgoing tide, with her stay being only until the next incoming tide for the return home.

George Stephenson was one of the witnesses to the first signing of the Treaty of Waitangi held away from Waitangi at the Mangungu Mission. Following their marriage Eleanor and George moved to live in Te Wharau, on the Northern Wairoa River where he had previously been involved in cutting kauri and running a trading store. The Reverend Buller visited them two weeks after their marriage and, noting his friend's improved living conditions, wrote:

"I was greatly pleased with the increase in personal and domestic comfort which he now appears to enjoy from the addition of a conjugal partner and which affords another confirmation of the truth of Solomon's words 'who so findeth a wife findeth a good thing"

In 1854 Eleanor (with her husband's agreement) purchased Waiaua, a beautiful stretch of eastern Northland coast, some 3,276 acres, from Philip and Charlotte King who had previously purchased it in 1836. Philip King was the eldest son of John King who was one of the Church Missionary Society missionaries with Samuel Marsden at Oihi. The wording of the 1854 sale document was unusual. The land conveyance between Eleanor Stephenson and Philip King stated, "that the land was to be in Eleanor's name and was to be free from all control by any present or future husband". Eleanor needed her husband's consent to hold the property in her own name because at that time women had few property rights. Without that consent the property would have belonged to her husband. Eleanor added to the ownership in her own name of the 360 acre Moturoa Island at the southern tip of the Kerikeri Inlet in 1864 for farming. Cattle were swum across the Kent Passage from Day's Point on the mainland. Living on an island offered a little more protection for a woman who was again living on her own, as she and George had gone their separate ways.

Nearly one hundred years later, Waiaua was still owned and farmed by their descendants. The land then passed out of the families' ownership, but because of her love for Waiaua, one of the daughters bought the property back in 1951. In the 1990's the coastal part of the land was sold to the Robertson family and is now known as Kauri Cliffs Golf Course.

Eleanor's family was re-united in the end with the arrival in New Zealand of her daughter Ellen (1867) and sons William (1853) and Manfield (1859).

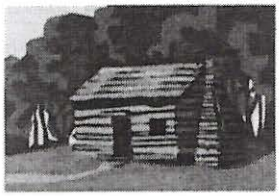
This may have always been her long-term plan, but we will never know for sure.

I am Eleanor's great-great grandson from her first marriage and there are three generations from me, making seven all told. I wish to acknowledge my thanks to Meryl Lowrie (historian) and Lorelei Hayes, author of 'Waiaua to Kauri Cliffs' for much of this material.

THE ANDERSON SAGA

(Contributed by Nanette Roberts & Judith Howlett Hawkes Bay Branch)

James Anderson, born 1799, sea captain of Kinross, Scotland married Mary Ann Broughton, born 1800, of Broughton Hall, Leeds, Yorkshire and left London in the sailing ship *Hooghly* in 1829, arriving in Freemantle on February 13 1830 for the Swan River Settlement, Perth, Western Australia. James was signed on the passenger list as a labourer to be eligible for *The Peel Scheme* which eventually failed. After a year of considerable hardship during which they lived in a log cabin which James himself had to build, they travelled to Hobart where two children were born, Thomas and Mary Ann. They then moved on to Sydney and from there took the sailing ship *Nimrod* to New Zealand in 1837, landing at Hokianga, They engaged a party of Maoris to carry their belongings as they walked the route overland to the Bay of Islands, which was very rough track that led from the Upper Waihou through Utakura and past Lake Omapere. This track was followed by Marsden in 1819 and on several occasions since then. When the Andersons were about halfway the Maoris decamped with all their possessions. One Maori returned later to show them the way.They were present at the Proclamation of the Queen's Sovereignty and the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi and then moved to Auckland in 1840. Shortly after they moved to Whangarei but being burnt out there by the Maoris, they went again to reside in the Bay of Islands.



Because of the troublous times which followed the Heke War, they again returned to Auckland. Shortly after this they moved to Tauranga and then later back to Auckland. Their names and those of their eight children are on the first register of the first Presbyterian Church (St Andrew's) Symonds Street, Auckland in 1849.

In 1856 the whole family went to reside at Coromandel, James being a boat builder. The two sons engaged as shipwrights. In 1861 however consequent of the wars with

the Maoris all Europeans were ordered to leave and they again returned to Auckland. It was wile on a journey back to their home at Tawhiti, Coromandel after attending the wedding of their daughter Ellen to Alfred John Cox at Parnell on November 5, 1863 that James aged 64 was drowned, being knocked overboard by the boom at night during a squall in the Forth of Thames. His body was never found.

The family were among the pioneers at the opening of the Thames goldfields in 1867 and resided there continuously from that time. They had 12 children , six of whom (two sons and four daughters) were still living when Mary Ann died on June 15 1892 aged 92 at her son Peter's residence. She is buried in Plot 205 in the Taruru Cemetary which is situated off the State Highway north of Thames.

Note: A biography of Baron de Theirry (by Raeside) quotes that among his passengers on the Nimrod which arrived in the Holianga in November 1837 were James Anderson and his wife and three children. (No other details) The Andersons were all paying passengers on the Nimrod. On checking the family tree we find Thomas Born 27.9.1832, Mary Ann Born 20.11.1834, Emma Born 21.9.1836 (all in Australia) and Peter Born 29.4.1839 (Bay of Islands). What was said about the family being deserted en route to the Bay of Islands was possibly correct as Baron de Theirry was not a particularly honest person and apparently did not honour deals and payments to the local Maoris. In a book entitled 'Sovereign Chief' de Theirry was shown as having 'one hell of an ego', very much inflated and all his aspirations were scorned by the British Colonial Office and the NSW Government. He did however own the 'Nimrod' which flew his flag.

ANTIMONY IN WELLINGTON AT MR SEAGAR'S FOUNDRY

NZ Mail, pages 12 and 13, 22nd February 1895.

(Contributed by the late Keith Seagar of Wellington)

An old writer has said that, *"the shortness of life makes it impossible for one man thoroughly to learn antimony, in which every day something of new is disclosed"*. It was with these words in my mind that I wended my way the other afternoon to Mr Seagar's foundry. I had heard that the enterprising proprietor was turning out the pure metal in appreciable quantities, to the account of the *"Star Antimony Company Limited"* and it was my purpose to devote a brief portion of the shortness of my life to discover "something of new", new to me that is to say about the same. There were several of us bound on the same errand. As we walked we talked. It was about antimony of course. By the time we reached Mr Seagar's premises we discovered that the sum of knowledge possessed by us was certainly not equal to that of the ancient sage who discovered that life was not long enough to study antimony thoroughly there were amongst us various opinions about the metal, and some of them were startling. Some of us expected to find Mr Seagar engaged in casting poison broadcast on the face of the earth out of a chemical laboratory filled with unholy fumes and satanic devices. These looked uneasily about fearing a factory inspector behind every telegraph pole and felt uncomfortable about the legality of Mr Seagar's proceedings. Others of us tried to combat this theory and calm these fears, though we had something to say about tartar emetic, flowers of antimony and stibnite and Britannia metal, we made no impression, our ideas being vaporous. Mr Seagar dispelled the clouds in a very few moments. He is, as his friends know, not a man who has had a long life, but we found that he knew a great deal about antimony, so much that he has invented and patented a smelting process. But of this anon. We found him among steam hammers, great cutters of

iron, planers, anvils, a forest of shafts and a wilderness of belts under a lofty roof in a dim atmosphere, in which structures of various sorts were growing under the care of stalwart men of intelligence silently tending their charges to the noisy accompaniment which is peculiar to foundries. A captain of industry, sir, with a well-equipped regiment under him. This is what Mr Seagar looked like.

He took us at once to the antimony department and we found ourselves looking at a small brick furnace with four openings, loosely covered, out of which flames were shooting, of the chemical cast, blue, yellow and lurid. We felt an irresistible desire to perspire; but Mr Seagar giving us no time to indulge our feelings, straightway drew our attention to various metallic substances lying around.

The first was a piece of ore -a grey stone with a few flakes of substance which the ignorant might mistake for silver. This is the original shape of antimony. When mined out of its reef, it is broken up by a mechanical process the principal power being known as a "jigger". By this the useless rock is separated from the antimony ore, the ore in fact is cleaned like grain or seeds. The next process is the smelting. Under the former management ... We asked what former management Mr Seagar takes the impediment in his stride, do we remember the Antimony Company? Of course we do. Endeavour Inlet, Queen Charlotte Sound. Yes, yes, ten miles inside of Jackson's Head. It was the English Company from which so much was expected. Well that was the former management and having arrived at the point we learn a great deal about the geological formation of the district, with sidelights about gold. Same reef at Terawhiti, right opposite on our side, and on the other running away up alongside the Sound. The subject is getting big and fascinating but we are in the hands of a master who will not have any wanderings, and has a quiet way of bringing us back to the point.

Under the former management as we were saying, the sifted ore used to be sent to London, where the antimony ring had it very much at its mercy. The new management – we break in with a question and learn that the new management is the Star Antimony Company which has acquired the mine and the works – the new management determined to make a new departure at this point. Having sifted the ore, they thought they would smelt it on the spot. Mr Seagar led them to this conclusion by inventing a smelting process. "There it is" and we find ourselves looking at a drawing which being explained in detail, proves simple and easy to understand. The fire is lighted (timber is abundant and cheap at

the works), the ore dumped into long cylindrical receptacles which are provided with perforated movable bottoms. Through these the crude metal runs into trucks below, and the "slag" is separated completely and effectively and cheaply. "That is the crude antimony"

It is specimen No. 2, taken from the debris around which Mr Seagar is holding up to mark the course of his narrative. A flaky, shining, bluefish-grey substance it is. We see that all the silvery particles we noticed shining in the ore have been collected into compact masses, while the rocks have been left behind. The crude antimony separated at the side of the mine in the patent Cruding Furnace is brought to Wellington and treated. Coke is cheap here, and greater heat being required for the further processes, the crude metal is brought here. In the foundry where we are it is put through the furnace we are alongside of. Before smelting it is 40% ore, whereas under the old system which sent Home for smelting and the rest, nothing under 50% paid. The crude metal here is mixed with sulphur; 70% of antimony to 30% of sulphur. Sulphide of antimony is the scientific term.

The object here which the furnace is set to attain is the separation of the 30% of sulphur. The first requisite is heat 600-700 degrees Fahrenheit, and the second is a melting pot which will not melt. The coke gives the necessary heat, and the pot is made out of plumbago which will stand several more degrees of fire. The inevitable joke is made at this point about a certain place paved with "slag" of broken vows, but nobody pays any attention.

Having secured your heat and your vessel, you want a "flux" and you want a metal which the sulphur prefers to antimony, and will show its preference whenever liberated by fire. A salt cake gives the one, and the scrap-iron of the tinsmith gives the best example of the other. We see them all at work. In go the crude antimony, the little white salt cake for the flux, and the scrap-iron, the latter melting off into a creamy froth in the pot. A few shovelfulls of coke and the 70lb of stuff is cooking away merrily. The artist having put one pot in proceeds to take another one out. The pot he has just fixed up is undergoing what is known as the "singling" process "singling" is divorcing the antimony from the sulphur and getting it into a state of single blessedness, which the artist calls "refining". While the second inevitable joke coruscates and gets thinner and thinner the artist is at work.

He is on top of the furnace armed with a grappling instrument. He is going to draw one of the pots simmering away in its place in the row.

Off goes the top, the flames shoot up, down goes the grappling instrument which has two long iron handles. Right down into the blazing Sheol it goes, propelled by one unerring thrust. No time for fooling about and feeling for anything there. "One act" is the motto of the stalwart Salamander who has to do with fire. A catch is deftly passed over the two long handles, one smart haul – a mighty lift it is – and the pot is landed on the edge of the furnace red hot, overflowing with a creamy liquid. A mould has been placed handy, the long handles get a steady, firm downward pull, and in a brace of shakes the pot is empty and the mould full, and not a drop has been spilt. Smart work, unerring judgement, nerves of steel, and that's how the thing is done. A novice would probably burn his boots, reduce the dimensions of his ankles, use language that would wake the dead, and dance a fandango which would be a fortune to any artist in the Opera House hard by. But these Salamander artists are not novices. Their dancing days are over for that kind of fandango anyway.

We look at the mould when its contents are cool. They are thrown out by the dexterous use of a chain – a twist, a lift, a twirl, and there you have a thing much like the shell of a monster gun. We notice that for about a fourth of the distance from the conical end, the shell is solider and closer in grain. The artist takes up a big hammer and gives a few sharp taps at the line of demarcation, where-upon the heavier end separates at once.

"That's it". We see a piece of flaky bright metal, shining grey in the light, and pass it around. It is the first process of divorce, the decree "Nisi" as it were; which gives almost antimony on one side of the separation line, and sulphide of iron at the other. In the molten state the slightly heavier antimony sank to the bottom, while the iron combining with the sulphur has remained above.

The next stage is "doubling". We presume so called because a double refining. Some of the iron sulphide is added to the antimony, there is another hour or so of 600 degrees in the plumbago, another haul out under difficulties and another separation from the mould. This we may call the decree Absolute.

The last process is a further refining. The metal is melted once more, with a little slag added. This time it flows out into shallow moulds, much like a rich

Burgundy in colour, and presently you have your antimony in cakes, fit for the market. "Star" antimony it is called. Why? Because the surface is corrugated with flaky marks radiating roughly as from different centres irregularly placed. A useful metal it is, which never tarnishes and is hard and therefore most useful for many of the alloys – Britannia metal, type metal, pewter white metal, known as *antifraction metal* and many others. The ore is found in Australia, Java, Borneo, Singapore, Japan and at Endeavour Inlet there is a vast quantity. At the latter place it is worked at several levels - there is no difficulty in mining it, fuel is cheap at the mine, coke is cheap at the foundry, and the processes are not dear. The London price at present is 33 pounds sterling per ton must it appears on the face of what we saw and heard, leave a large margin. The great fact is that it has been found possible, thanks to Mr Seagar's invention of the Cruding Furnace, to work the metal through all the necessary processes in the colony, and to send it pure to London. The freight being low, twenty shillings, it is clear that we are in the presence of the beginning of a profitable industry. We ask one last question. Is the work trying to the men? Not always; for example in the light southerly blowing the air is clear and everything goes well, but sometimes the sulphur fumes hang about, and the work becomes exhausting. We depart. The air is clear!!

Antimony is used in semiconductor technology for making infrared detectors, diodes and increases the hardness and mechanical strength of lead. Batteries, antifriction alloys, type metal, small arms and tracer bullets, cable sheathing, and minor products are other uses. Compounds are used in manufacturing flame-proofing compounds, paints ceramic enamels, glass, and pottery. Antimony and many of its compounds are toxic. China is the leading producer with New Zealand not listed as producing any.

Wellington Branch's display for Heritage Week

VOYAGE OF THE SHIP "CLARA" FROM ST JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND TO ONEHUNGA

Contributed by Noeline Adams, Bay of Plenty Branch

(From information research by Finlay Foote for the centennial reunion of the family, October 1965.)

Volcanic eruptions in Mexico in 1856 and 1857 caused exceptionally bad weather conditions that impacted on the Newfoundland fishing industry, which was the mainstay of the economy. In 1864 many of the families left to seek a new life in South Africa, Australia or New Zealand.

William Foote decided to take his family of eight children and his wife Elizabeth to join his wife's family in New Zealand. There was no shipping link between Newfoundland and New Zealand, so William

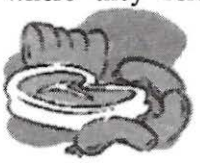
purchased a brigantine called the *Clara* in the port city of St. John's. He sailed her back to Exploits Island to collect his family, a boiler, a steam engine and the tools needed to set up a sawmill in New Zealand, as well as furniture and other belongings. The ship then sailed back to St. John's.

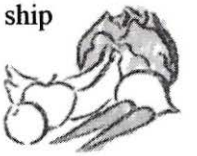
Food for five months was loaded and stowed, and the passengers were assembled by late December 1864. The ship was command by Captain Henry Roper, with six seamen, two cooks, and two stewards plus thirty-seven passengers. Eventually the *Clara* sailed from St. John's, Newfoundland on Christmas Eve 1864.

The children scampered around noisily and found plenty to amuse them, including making and flying kites. After storms and cold, the hot humidity of the equator was equally trying. It was more comfortable to be up on deck, with the opportunity to wash clothes and air the cabins. About this time Mrs Davey gave birth to a daughter named Clara Roper Davey and both mother and child were healthy. During one night a steamship ran them down causing damage to the main boom and splitting two sails. Captain Roper was furious over the damage to the ship and words were exchanged with the steamship captain who should have been keeping a lookout. As compensation the *Clara* was given a new sail, six bolts of canvas and a lifeboat. Twenty-four days into the journey an island off the coast of Brazil was sighted but though the passengers begged, no landfall was made. In spite of the damage done by the steamer, the *Clara* sailed well and fast. They were now 7,000 miles from St. John's and 2,000 to Capetown.

Capetown

Food quality was becoming a problem and some had to be thrown overboard. Provisions meant to last five months were nearly all gone, possibly because some passengers extracted more than their fair share from the stewards. On 20th February 1865 they sailed into Capetown where they remained for two weeks to have the ship repaired. Taking on fresh food in the form of fish, meat, fruit and vegetables was greatly appreciated. At this time the steward was replaced and the new steward was much stricter and managed the provisions very well. On 4th March the *Clara* sailed out of Capetown. Storms were encountered and clothes and bedding got wet.





The *Clara* was an exceptionally fast ship, low and sleek with very pretty lines, 132 tons, length 91.6 feet with a beam of 22.5 feet. Designed for the fishing industry she had capacious holds and unusually large cabin accommodation – two forward cabins and two aft. The up-to-date rig enabled the large sail area to be set before the wind and the evenly matched weight of the yards saved the ship from excessive rolling in heavy seas. The only disadvantage was the being low wooded she was very wet in rough weather, taking on a considerable amount of spray and sea. However, everyone remained healthy, and not even the children got colds.

Melbourne

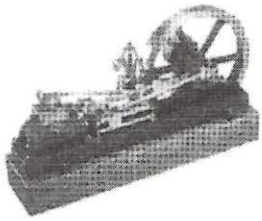
In April the supplies of food were running low again, and more repairs were needed to the ship. It was decided to make a stop in Melbourne on 22nd April. A writ was issued by Customs Officers because the Captain had not brought a Clearance Certificate from St. John's that the ship was seaworthy and the passengers fit for the voyage. A new main mast, spars and rigging had to be fitted at a cost of £600, plus £150 for costs at Capetown and eight weeks of wages and expenses for the crew nearly covered the value of the ship.

It was originally intended that the ship be purchased by William Foote, Robert Peace and George Davey, but the latter was not able to raise his share of the purchase money, so the Davey family sailed as paying passengers. The scheme was to sell the ship on arrival in New Zealand and this, together with the fares from the passengers, would help with the cost of the ship and the expense of the voyage. The St. John's shipping register shows that the *Clara* was registered in the name of Henry Ward, merchant. He gave a power of attorney to the Captain so that if it was necessary to raise money in a foreign port or sell the ship at journeys end, the Captain still had the backing of a reputable merchant at the home port.

At this time Mrs Foote went ashore and gave birth to a daughter called Clara Peace Christian Foote. After staying eight weeks in Melbourne and paying all costs, the ship sailed for Onehunga on 17th June 1865.

The voyage across the Tasman was the last leg of the long

journey to New Zealand, and everyone was glad to be sailing again, their destination Onehunga where William Foote intended to unload his steam engine.



Onehunga

When the *Clara* reached the Manukau Heads they found the tide was unsuitable for entering the harbour so there was a wait of a day and a night until the coastal schooner the *Huia* came along. The *Huia's* captain offered to show them the way across the bar but halfway up the channel the wind freshened and the *Clara's* Captain reduced sail. Easily passing the *Huia* all sails were then hoisted to provide enough speed to drive across the bar in case the ship touched bottom. Just off Huia a boat came out and three Maori pilots came aboard and guided the *Clara* to an anchorage at Onehunga on 29 June 1865. William Foote's brother-in-law, Ebenezer Gibbons, drove to meet them in a gig with two horses. The luggage from the ship was placed in the front in the store of E. Gibbons & Co. on the waterfront. The ship was unloaded and put into the hands of the Captain for sale, into whose name the ship was put as a matter of convenience on the shipping register in Auckland. There were no bids at auction so the *Clara* was sent to Sydney where she was sold to Captain Kelly. After trading in Australia she was wrecked on 25th July 1874 near Nobby's, Newcastle while sailing into port. There is no record of the price Captain Kelly paid for the *Clara* but the best guess is that it was not sufficient to repay all the money owing on her, and the Footes and Peaces had to stand a small loss.

The First Three Years – Bay of Plenty Branch

Submitted by John Mathieson

Beginnings: It appears there were Founder members in the Bay of Plenty region at the time of the founding of the Auckland Branch in October 1951. At that time it was decided that the Auckland Branch

should include all members from the Auckland Province except for the Gisborne area.

Formation of an Auckland Sub-Branch 1955:

In 1955 Bay of Plenty members in Rotorua, Putaruru, Tauranga, Tokoroa and Whakatane decided to form a Bay of Plenty Sub-Branch of the Auckland Branch. This occurred on 1st May 1955 when some 25 members and the Auckland Branch Secretary, Miss I. O'Connor, attended a meeting in Rotorua.

Those who attended were: Mr and Mrs Buddle, Mr and Mrs Tattle and Graham, Mrs S. Ballinger, Mrs J. Jewell, Mr D. Civil, Mrs Dalgliesh, Mrs Foreman, Mr London, Mr Judd, Mrs E. Cutten, Miss D. Tunnicliffe, Mr and Mrs McKee and Peter, Mr and Mrs Wilton, Mr and Mrs J.D.A. Cox and Robyn, Mr and Mrs B.J. Scott, Mr Butler and Miss I. O'Connor (Auckland).

At this meeting the following committee was formed:

Chairman	Mr Buddle
Vice-Chairmen	Mr Wilton, Mrs Jewell
Secretary/Treasurer	Mr Wilton
Committee	Rotorua – Mrs McKee Mrs Dalgliesh, Mr Civil
	Putaruru – Mrs Cox
	Tauranga –Miss Tunnicliffe with power to co-opt
	Tokoroa - Mr Butler
	Whakatane Mr London
	Auditor Mr Jewell

It is significant to note that from the outset the committee had two Vice-Chairmen and was representative of five centres of population in the region.

Activities during the First Year:

17-7-1955	Luncheon meeting held in the Blue Bath Tea Rooms. Some 47 members attended. The guest speaker was Mrs Tapsell.
25-9-1955	Luncheon meeting in Whakatane attended by 30 members.
27-11-1955	Luncheon meeting in Tauranga attended by 47 members.

Membership Details

At 1 May 1955		and	31 January 1956	
Senior	26		Senior	53
Associate	1		Associate	13
Junior	2		Junior	4
	28			
		70		

Gaining Branch Status:

During the first year it seems some members had been considering moving from a Sub-Branch to full Branch status and just prior to the first Annual Meeting a letter was sent to the Auckland Branch seeking comments on the steps that needed to be taken to become a full Branch. It was considered this would assist general expenses and qualify for separate representation on the Dominion Council. The Auckland Branch reply offering financial assistance for 1956 allayed the concern over finance and it pointed out that even a full Branch had no representation on the Dominion Council. The same letter expressed a wish that no action be taken to assume Branch status as such action would operate against Auckland's plans for the formation of an Auckland Provincial Council. The Sub-Branch did not follow this reasoning but as the urgent concern was finance the B.O.P. Sub-Branch decided to reserve the right to raise the question of status again at the end of the year.

First Sub-Branch Annual Meeting, 1956

This meeting was held in the Rotorua Women's Club Rooms on 12th February 1956 with an attendance of 16. The Auckland Branch had offered a donation of £10 and also 10s.00d of each member's subscription to assist the Sub-Branch for 1956.

Second Sub-Branch Annual Meeting 1957

By the time of the second meeting held in the Rotorua Council Chambers on 27th January 1957 membership had reached 90 as follows: Rotorua 22, Putaruru 34, Tauranga 21, and Whakatane 13. Luncheon meetings during the year were held in Putaruru, Rotorua and Tauranga with an afternoon visit to "The Elms". Mr Peter Densem of Tauranga was appointed to represent the Society on the Regional Committee of the South Auckland Land District.

Full Branch Status & First Annual Report B.O.P. Branch 1958

It was during 1957 that full Branch status was achieved. To quote from the Presidential report of 30th March 1958:

"It is with pleasure I present the first Annual Report of the new Bay of Plenty Branch of the NZ Founders Society. We have gained many new members and associate members and they are all warmly welcomed to the fold. During the year three gatherings were held and were well attended. Whakatane was host to a picnic meeting at Ohope Beach. Tauranga elected to have a luncheon followed by an afternoon on the lawns of the Mission House where Mr Maxwell (an associate member) had arranged for guides to show us the treasures and also had models on foot and on horseback

Wanganui Branch's 60th anniversary celebrations were combined with a surprise 100th birthday party for a former Wanganui President Mrs Dorothy Marks.

Carver's Comment

Contributed by Murray Moorhead, Taranaki Branch

Everybody will have heard the story of the 100-year-old axe... the one that has had only two new heads and twenty new handles in all that time. The same way of looking at things could be applied to a certain New Plymouth historical landmark. It could possibly be 160 years old this year. It has been replaced only once during that period and for around 60 of those 160 years it wasn't even there!

The object in question is what is commonly referred to as the *Fitzroy Pole*. It stands just a few metres on the Bell Block side of the Waiwakaiho River at the northern entrance to the city, close to the main road, but not easily spotted by any visiting driver who will necessarily have all his or her faculties fully concentrated on the demands of a dual lane roadway and the city's outermost set of traffic lights. Although it is an impressive monument, standing taller than the surrounding street lights, its air of invisibility to passing motorists is reinforced by its colouring, a coat of traditional red ochre colour which helps it blend in with the background.

Although its presence is a reminder of a defining moment in New Plymouth's history – indeed, in the history of the whole country – the story of the *Fitzroy Pole* is not well known even among the local population.

The story begins with the acquisition by the Plymouth Company of a substantial tract of land in North Taranaki from the New Zealand Company's holdings, and the subsequent establishment thereon of the settlement of New Plymouth in 1841.

The first arrivals found themselves in a land almost devoid of human habitation. Years of inter-tribal warfare, which had culminated a decade earlier in a ruthlessly successful invasion by Waikato tribes, had swept North Taranaki clean. Only a tiny handful of Te Atiawa survived to meet and greet the first Plymouth Company arrivals at Ngamotu on 31st March 1841. Apart from that handful, the most fortunate of those who survived the onslaught fled south to the Waikanae coast to join other kinsmen who had left Taranaki in the wake of earlier depredations. The less fortunate were rounded up in their hundreds and taken back to the Waikato as

slaves, with little or no hope of ever seeing their homelands again.
After some land ownership problems arose in Wellington and Nelson, the Taranaki settlers were relieved when the Plymouth Company's title to its 60,000-acre claim was investigated and confirmed by Government Commissioner William Spain. However, a new Governor, Robert Fitzroy, who succeeded the late Captain Hobson in 1843, took a different view of these land dealings. He was rightly influenced by the sudden and unheralded return of hundreds of slaves, released from their bondage in the Waikato at the behest of the missionary community. The distress of many of them was plain to see as they returned to their former homes only to find them settled by Europeans.
Fitzroy stunned the infant settlement by overturning Spain's declaration of validity and handing back to the Maori almost the Plymouth Company's entire claim with the exception of a small coastal block of 3,600 acres between the Waiwakaiho River and Paritutu – enough to accommodate the main settlement and a very limited rural base.
Among the Maori to benefit most from Fitzroy's decision were the Puketapu people of what is now Bell Block. They numbered among the largest of the slave population, and it was on their tribal lands that the first of New Plymouth's "frontier" farms had become established. Their homecoming distress having been greatest of all, their joy at having their lost lands handed back to them in such a way knew no bounds.
To celebrate their victory, and to stand as a reminder to the people of New Plymouth exactly where the demarcation line stood between them, the Puketapu people set up a carved pole on their side of the Waiwakaiho. It was a derisive marker which conveyed a strong message as only Maori carvings can. The carving featured two human figures; the topmost depicting a defiant warrior with full anatomical features which left no doubt as to his manly virility. Below him stood a dejected looking European, the absolute antithesis of he who towered above, unhappy of face, clearly low in spirit, and even more clearly lacking in masculine physical attributes. The Maori called the pole *Pou Tutaki*: (Pou meaning a pole and Tutaki meaning to bar the way, or to prevent progress.)

Those being the days before the advent of a local newspaper, the exact date of the appearance of the pole was not recorded, indeed, even the year of its advent are uncertain. It was most likely 1845, but could have been as late as 1847. Equally uncertain is the date of its demise. Some

time in 1877 a hedge fire went out of control and the pole was burnt down. What remained of it was chopped up by a local resident for firewood.

The strangest thing is that *Pou Tutaki* survived that long. It stood beside the Waiwakaiho through the long and bitter period of warfare between Te Atiawa and the Crown. It must have been passed by hundreds of British soldiers and local volunteers and militiamen, most of them – the latter almost certainly without exception – must surely have been tempted to take to such a blatant symbol of defiance and derision with an axe.

But that never happened. Could it be that even though there was no love lost, particularly on the part of those who had lost everything to Maori marauders and incendiaries, there remained in the aggrieved settlers' breasts a vestige of the same sort of cultural respect that saw churches and churchmen's properties remain unmolested by the Maori when all else around them was put to the torch?

For 60 or so years the fate of the *Fitzroy Pole* remained just another of life's irrelevant incidents. But then, in 1940, with the approach of the centennial of European settlement in Taranaki, a decision was made by the Taranaki Centennial Committee to commission a new *Pou Tutaki*. A Maori carver of national repute, Paikea Henare Toka, was contracted to create a replica. What brief the carver was given as to the exactness of the reproduction is not known but the official unveiling on 26th June 1940 was not without some inevitable controversy.

While the Maori's penchant for depicting the human anatomy in the most expressive of poses seems to have been accepted by Europeans without question back in what is recognised as the most prudish era in history, Toka's plans for the perfect reproduction almost a century later brought instant retribution.

Local legend has it that when the authorities first set eyes on the carving after it had been delivered and set up alongside the main road, a workman was hastily sent up on a ladder with a hammer and chisel to reduce the amount of protruding woodwork to something a little more fitting for public viewing.

Since that time, the post has been moved a couple of times to accommodate road widening and other area developments, but it still stands as a pungent reminder of a significant event

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Contributed by Murray Moorhead. Taranaki Branch

Discovering my paternal "Founder" ancestor in 1982 turned out to be one of those "good news-bad news" stories.

On the "good news" side was the fact that my great-grandparents, David and Mary Ann Moorhead from County Down in Northern Ireland, had demonstrated an exquisite sense of timing in arriving at Lyttelton on 1st December 1860, thereby making me eligible, by a matter of just nine days,

for membership of the Founders' Society under the terms of the original "first ten years" criteria in force at the time.

Occupying the debit side was the identity of the ship in which they had made the voyage to New Zealand. In an atmosphere that was unfortunately still alive and well in certain corners of New Zealand society in those days, it was made quite clear to me on the first occasion that my legitimate membership of Founders was announced in public, that a ship named *Matoaka* would stand me in no stead at all alongside such hallowed ancestral sea borne chariots as *Tory, Amelia Thompson, Duke of Roxburgh* and *Philip Laing.*

The first sense of ancestral inferiority evoked by a haughty response from one particular member – "*Matoaka*? I am sure that would not make you eligible to here would it?"" – was reinforced when, even after pointing to the name *Matoaka* among the "eligible" ships listed on the Society's current information/application form, this lady's continual harping on about "her ship" made it clear that I was not going to be accepted, by her at least, as someone worthy of equal societal status with an *Amelia Thompson* descendant. Thankfully times and attitudes have changed since them.

It took a little time to recover from that reception, the healing made a little harder because of the difficulties I had in those pre-internet days of trying to find out something more about my ancestral ship beyond its honourable but brief appearance in *White Wings.* I found *Matoaka* mentioned in many books on sailing ships and the migrant trade, but nothing about her individual history.

Almost a decade went by before an extraordinary stroke of luck dropped

a substantial part of the story literally right into my lap. One day, at the office where I worked, I had recourse to consult an old dictionary. As I opened it up a yellowed (late 1940's) newspaper clipping dropped out. Even before it landed in my lap I spotted the word *Matoaka* leaping out at me from among the closely-set columns of type.

The article was not about the *Matoaka* alone, but it provided enough background information to direct me on a new round of research along trails that I would never previously have considered. And there, eventually, I found my ship.

Matoaka was launched at New Brunswick, Canada, in 1853. She was a product of a huge wave of shipbuilding that took place right down the east coast of Canada and the United States during the 1850s. It was all part of a sudden and quite unheralded North American entry onto the maritime scene that sent shockwaves through the British shipbuilding industry in particular.

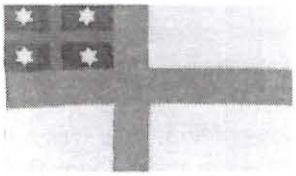
Not only were these upstart intruders into a proud and ancient industrial tradition building ships that were generally bigger than anything being produced in the British Isles and elsewhere in Europe, they were also better designed for speed, and that meant everything in an era of cut-throat competition among shipping companies to move as many emigrants as possible, as quickly as possible, from the Old World to the Americas, the African colonies and the Antipodes.

However, even in such a trade as this there was still a place for quality over quantity. American ships may have been bigger and faster, but they fell short of the standards of workmanship and materials for which the British were so rightly renowned. They were built to do a job, not to meet the standards of artisans to whom shipbuilding was a fine art. Most tellingly, the timbers used by the Americans were considerably softer than those found in Europe, and tended to become waterlogged within a comparatively short period of time.

In the 1850s the British had any number of ships at sea in all sorts of trades that had been built before 1800, and most were still good for a few more years yet. By comparison, American ships were expected to begin to deteriorate after about 10 years, and to be ready for decommissioning – or to sink - before the age of 20.

Although she was an extremely handsome ship and the details of her construction did not suggest any lack of craftsmanship among her builders, the *Matoaka* was produced specifically to meet the urgent and seemingly insatiable need for ships to transport people from the

Northern Hemisphere to Australia where the gold rushes were under way. She was a big ship – far bigger at 1323 tons than most of her British competitors. By comparison the Plymouth Company ships of the 1840s ranged in size from the *William Bryan* at a mere 311 tons to the *Oriental* at 506 tons.



Matoaka made her first voyage to New Zealand in 1859 under the Shaw Savill flag, the Company's 27th migrant-carrying charter to New Zealand. In an era when ships were coming and going in great numbers. *Matoaka* made quite an impact on her first appearance on the England-to-New Zealand route. She was noted in the Shaw Savill records as being the biggest and most comfortable of all their migrant-carrying vessels. She was later described in the Lyttelton Times 8th December 1860 as... "a model of what an emigrant ship ought to be – capacious, clean, a fast sailor and well victualled"

Over a period of 10 years *Matoaka* made eight trips from England to New Zealand. All were accomplished in under 100 days, the best being 82 and the longest 99 days. Compare that with the awful 124 days taken by a later Shaw Savill ship, the iron-hulled barque *Euterpe*, in which my maternal great-great-grandparents travelled to New Zealand in 1874!

For her second voyage to New Zealand the *Matoaka* was chartered by London loading brokers Miles & Co. in collaboration with the Canterbury Association of New Zealand. She sailed from Bristol on 2nd September 1860, carrying 293 passengers, among them a large contingent of government-sponsored emigrants, including David and Mary Ann Moorhead and their infant son. The voyage ended at Lyttelton on 1st December, just nine days before the mandatory cut-off date of 10th December that defined Canterbury founder settlers under the old Founder's Society rules.

Matoaka's eighth and final voyage to New Zealand was in 1869. After landing her immigrants at Lyttelton she took on a cargo of wool, skins, flax and flour to pay for the return trip to England. She set sail on 13th May with a crew of 32 and 47 passengers, and was never seen again.

She may have run into ice, or her cargo may have spontaneously ignited, a not uncommon occurrence if bales of wool were allowed to become damp. Then again – though considerably less likely – perhaps it was simply time for her 13-year-old timbers to have reached the end of their natural life and give way under the impact of some particularly rough weather.

So now I knew the story of my ship, and felt more competent to debate its worthiness to stand up alongside those more glamorous names in the large Founder's fleet. But there still remained one nagging question that seemed to defy an answer. What was a Canadian-built ship doing with a Maori name? And what did the name mean?

I asked several Maori linguists; they had no answer to the second question and nothing that I could find in any references to the ship offered any clues to any other possible points of origin.

Perhaps it meant something in Canada? I sought out three Canadian-born people whom I knew. Nothing. I wrote to the main newspaper in New Brunswick and to the University of Montreal – Nothing.

The answer finally came in yet another extraordinary stroke of luck. One day I was in the local library when I found a book lying open on the floor. As I picked it up to close it and put it back on the shelf, just as had happened all those years back with the newspaper clippings, the single word *Matoaka* leapt out from the open page.

The book turned out to be about American Indians. It told of how, among the Algonquin people of eastern America, there had existed a superstitious belief that certain medicine men had the power to cast a spell, based on incantations using a person's name, which would have its effect only when that person died and tried to enter the Indian version of Heaven

Admittance to Paradise could only be gained through a previously deceased ancestor calling the newcomer in by name. If their name had been stolen from them by means of the said magic spell, it would have been erased from the memory of the pre-deceased ancestor and therefore could not be evoked thus damning the newcomer to an eternal wandering in a world of darkness. To avoid the possibility of such a fate the Algonquin would give a new born child two names: a "public" name by which he or she would be known by all, and a secret one, known only to those in the immediate family whose responsibility it could be at some time to call their newly-deceased relative into Paradise.

The book cited one particular example – the Indian princess enshrined in American history as Pocahontas. Her secret name was Matoaka.

If only the internet and the background information surrounding the Walt Disney animated film about Pocahontas had been around a few years earlier! The answers are all so incredibly easy to find now.

"FAMILY NOTES" BY LINDSAY PARKER

Submitted by Hawkes Bay Branch

My grandparents were:
William Parker
His wife Miriam (nee Margoliouth)
Henry Albert (Harry) Keesing
His Wife Hannah Rachel (Nan) (nee Benjamin)

Our family of Parker lived in Cheshire. They were yeomen centred at.Churton Hall near Farndon, a village on the Welsh border. Churton Hall., a large, plain, black-and-white farmhouse is lived-in still but not by Parkers

WILLIAM PARKER, the eldest son of his father, migrated to New Zealand where he pioneered in Poverty Bay. At one stage he was a big landholder, farming 20,000 acres including a great part of what is now Gisborne. He was sold-up by his mortgagee and lost the lot.

William had five children:

(1) William jnr. , who married a Maori end had two children,
(2) Frank, Who died of diphtheria in his 'teens.
(3) Minnie, who died of diphtheria in her 'teens.
(4) Frederick, who married Millie Stephenson and had three sons, Humphrey, Louis and Geoffrey. Humphrey worked in the U.S.A. and became an American Citizen.
(5) Louis lived in Gisborne

(6) Geoffrey, a. retired solicitor, also lives in Gisborne. He married Barbara Murphy and they have two children, John and Louise, both married and living in the Poverty Bay district.

(6) John (Jack) , who married Beryl Frances Keesing in 1912 and died in 1914 leaving one son, myself.

Minnie, a heroine of the Poverty Bay Massacre of 1866, is a minor character in New Zealand history. The night Te Kooti and the Hau Hau struck, Minnie was at home some miles out of Teraunganui, as Gisborne was called then, with only her baby brother, John.
Another version of the story has the two children spending the night with neighbours. Whichever is correct, she had the presence of mind to prepare and carry with her a bottle of milk and so was able to keep the baby from crying and revealing their whereabouts during the flight through the reedy bay side swamps to safety in the garrison blockhouse. Minnie was fourteen years old at the time.

I know very little of my father, most of it from my Grandmother Keesing. She described him as very popular in Napier, very genial, fond of jokes and too fond of gambling. He was Napier manager of the South British Insurance Company.
Henry Y.Keesing with his family, including Ralph my great-grandfather, arrived in Auckland aboard the S.B. "Union" in 1843, bearing a personal letter to Governor Hobson:

"My dear Hobson,
On the score of our old friendship I venture to recommend to your particular care and good offices the bearer named H.Y.Keesing, a most respectable and industrious Tradesman who goes to your part of the Globe with a large family, where he already has a son established. Poor man, he emigrates with the remains of his fortune which, I believe, is barely sufficient to take his family across the sea.
He was doing well here and had amassed a little money and was induced (thinking to increase it for the benefit of his children) to place his all in one of the new bubble banks with the prospect of getting a large interest. When it turned out to be a swindling job he, with many others, have been completely ruined. Now, my dear Hobson, as I can vouch for all I have here stated and know Mr. Keesing and his family to be industrious and respectable and having myself a very great regard for a near relative

of his, shall esteem it a favour as if done to myself, any service you may do Mr. Keesing or assist him in enabling him to provide for himself and family, and I shall be happy on my part to render you any service from hence whenever you command my services.
Pray remember me to Mrs. Hobson and be assured no one can feel more interest in your welfare and success in life than, my dear Hobson,

Your old attached friend,

EDWD. BLANCHLRY.

Governor Hobson died before the Keesings arrived in Auckiand so the letter was not presented. Now it is in the possession of Ernest Keesing of Auckland.

HENRY ALBERT KEESING, always called HAFFY, my maternal grandfather, I remember quite vividly - an impressive, lean, upright man with a clipped, greying beard. He was a. man of many parts. When tie lived in Napier he and a partner were proprietors of a garage and were agents for Buick and Essex cars, so he was quite an early one to be

1922 Essex tourer

interested in motoring and cars. According to my Grandmother, he suffered financially when younger, being something to do with an undertaking that failed and insisting on repaying his share of debt, whilst others protected themselves by personal insolvencies. I don't know about the accuracy of this but, for many years after marriage, the Harry Keesings lived in Portland Road, Remuera, Auckland, in a more elaborate fashion then I remember in 'Napier.
My grandfather had diverse worldly interests none of which seemed to conflict with his orthodox religious views. He conducted the Auckland

Synagogue Choir and was also associated with the Roman Catholic Cathedral Choir - he either sang with them or played the violin, being devoted to music. He won trophies swimming. He was amateur boxing-, champion of New Zealand. When I remember him he was a dedicated gardener and bowls player.

When my grandfather did his rounds of car sub-agents we all went - he and my Grandmother in front, and my nurse, Miss Tickner, and I in the back, the high back of the front seat being specially fitted with pockets of different sizes to hold childish necessities.

Often we drove day after day over bad and/or dangerous roads, and put-up for nights at whatever hotel we might come to round about four o'clock. I remember quite clearly one of our most hair-raising drives along a narrow road cut in one side of a. gorge that wound for miles. The road was for one line of traffic only, with places for passing cut farther into the gorge face at intervals. On the occasion I remember we made the journey against a line of traffic returning from a race meeting that had been held at a. town the other end of the gorge. My Grandmother was so unnerved by the experience that she and I (I don't remember Miss Tickner being there) made the return journey by train that went along the other side of the gorge. We ell finished the trip safely though I seem to remember a dent in the car, or suitcases being damaged (they were carried on a rack at the back of the car).

The normal memory of. trips and outings is of a succession of punctures, changed wheels and engine failures. My grandfather attended to all these chores and, in common with all motorists, stopped end offered help to drivers of cars stationary beside country roads, which everyone did as a matter of course. Our trips were never dull.

Also remembered is the performance that was necessary to put-up the car hood from its usual 'down' -position, folded bellows-like on to the beck of the back seat. The hood was only put up when rain threatened - it unfolded, rather awkwardly, to be fastened on to two knobs, one at each end of the windscreen top. And somewhere tucked away when not being used were more or less transparent screens, rectangular ones that had to be fitted in position atop each door and triangular ones to fill-in odd corners, all this making the seats fairly rainproof.

My grandfather seems to have had a fairly eventful life - I suppose nothing uncommon in that in New Zealand, before the turn of the Century especially. He was a good storyteller, of the kind of stories a child likes. I remember something of two of his anecdotes. A

mysterious, great crate that stood, always closed, in shadow behind the tool shed door, prompted one of them. The crate was said to contain seafaring relics and the story went that my grandfather (or could it have been his father or grandfather?) was becalmed once in the weeds of the Sargasso Sea Lighting oil ran-out so, for some sort of night light, the ship's company caught fish that glowed.. I seem to remember imagining that, if only someone would o-pen the crate, some of the marvellous fish would be bound to be there and could be used!

The other anecdote I only remember second-hand. He was in the Rotorua area when Mount Tarawera erupted and helped in rescue work. He had seen the Pink and White Terraces, the famous tourist attractions that vanished into Lake Rotomahana during the upheaval. When Tarawera quietened again it was thought that draining the Lake would reveal the Terraces again. But it became clear that the whole lie of the land had been changed so completely that there was no clue as to where the Terraces could be.
My grandfather was born in 1853 and married in Melbourne on 15th June 1887. He looked younger than my grandmother though was older in fact. In 1917 or 18 his prostate was operated upon. The operation was a success but, as seemed to happen in those days, the patient died.

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