



# BULLETIN

NEW ZEALAND FOUNDERS SOCIETY INC.

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This illustration is thought to be a depiction of the barque *William Bryan* (318 tons), arriving at the Ngamotu Roadstead on 31 March 1841. The prominent rock on the right is Paritutu Rock, with Moturoa and Motumahanga (Saddle Back Rock) in the foreground.

Mount Taranaki can be seen behind the vessel with the Pouakai Ranges extending towards the coast.

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## New Zealand Founders Pledge

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

**New Zealand  
Founders Society Inc.  
National  
Executive**

Mr Adrian Gover –  
**National President**

Mr Michael Norris –  
**National Vice President**

Mr Glen Robertson –  
**National Immediate  
Past President**

Miss Kathryn Dent –  
**National Secretary  
and Treasurer**

Mrs Janet Robinson –  
**Membership Secretary**

Mr John Webster –  
Auckland

Mrs Paddy Bayley –  
Hawke's Bay

Mrs Carolyn Adams –  
Waikato, Minute Secretary

Mrs Adrienne Tatham –  
Taranaki

Mr Michael Norris –  
Wanganui

Mrs Carol Hurst –  
Wellington

Mrs Anne Woodley –  
Wairarapa

Mrs Bonnie Roger –  
Bay of Plenty



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Founders Society Inc.**

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## The 77<sup>th</sup> Annual Report New Zealand Founders' Society—2015

*National President, Adrian Gover*

This last year has been one of change for Founders. In my last report I stated that it was my aim to involve every branch in the decision-making process through the monthly Executive meetings. Last year we had trialled teleconferencing as a means of conducting these meetings and it proved so successful we now use it as the means for conducting all of the Executive meetings.

Not only have we teleconferenced these meetings, but the Executive was able to have, as its membership, a representative from each and every one of our branches.

This has meant that each branch participates in decisions through its delegated member. This effectively ties us closer together as an organisation. The monthly agenda is known by all and each branch participates in all of the Executive decisions. Our society has become much more cohesive as a result and the benefits are already being felt.

The second major change has been in how our society presents itself to the public, (our 'public face'). The new NZ Founders Society website was unveiled in April and has undergone some changes as a result of comments suggested at Executive meetings. The website is now available on the net for anyone to access. It is under 'New Zealand Founders Society' (Google search).

Having a presence on the internet provides us with a highly professional way of introducing us to the people of New Zealand and beyond. The site contains information about who we are and what we do, membership details (with membership application forms), a separate page for each branch to update monthly with branch meeting details, and branch contact details. Another page details the society's support for writers, with the conditions for the award, and application forms. In short any enquiry about our society can be answered with the comment, "Look us up on the web." I have spoken to several prospective authors and members who learned about us from our website. This has already had positive results for the society. As it becomes better known, the impact will grow. It is a superb way of bringing us into the public domain.

Thirdly, the digitisation of our early paper records is completed. In fact, all our membership records are now on disc and are indexed. Researching applications will no longer mean that our fragile early records are exposed to damage. Much is owed to Janet Robinson and Carol Hurst for all their fine efforts in seeing this project to completion. It is a great step forward in preserving our records.

Our long time Bulletin Editor, Glen Robertson, has retired from his post. Glen has been responsible for our excellent Bulletin each year, and I cannot speak with high enough praise for Glen and the fine publication he has produced year after year, after year. We all owe Glen a great debt of gratitude. The new Bulletin Editor, Peter Watt, was elected at the Executive meeting in April. Peter is a member of the Hawkes' Bay Branch and has credentials in magazine publishing (now retired), and has several ideas for the future of the Bulletin. We look forward to working with Peter.

Kathy Dent has acted as both the National Secretary, and Treasurer, as well as being the website contact for the past year. She has taken care of our finances, prepared an agenda for the monthly meetings and been the contact for our society. (She also has a family). Kathy now seeks to pass the National Secretary's job to another, so we will revert to the previous form of having a separate National Secretary role and Kathy will take the role of Treasurer. Janet Robinson is the Membership Secretary and Peter Watt, Bulletin Editor. I seek your support in their re-election.

We now seek a National Secretary, but with our electronic means of communication, the Secretary may reside anywhere in New Zealand. I must place on record our grateful thanks to Kathy for all she has done this past year. 'Superwoman' goes nowhere near it. Thank you to Kathy.

What of the year ahead? I see two main goals. The first is to re-establish the society in the South Island. We have no presence there at this time. The Canterbury Branch would be a place to restart our society, and this will be a major goal of the year ahead. Other branches may well follow. The second

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is to seek out authors for our book grant. We have not used this grant for over two years now. It has been a valuable way of supporting historical writers who are writing about early New Zealand. I aim to have the grant used effectively in the year ahead.

Finally I thank all the members for the support they have given me, I have been able to attend the Hawkes' Bay Annual meeting, and the Wairarapa 75th anniversary function, and enjoyed both branch meetings.

The 2015/16 year promises much for Founders.

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## Introducing new Bulletin Editor, Peter Watt



This year the 2015 Bulletin and Founders members thank former Editor, Glen Robertson, and acknowledge his long standing contributions made in producing the past 11 issues.

The new Editor stepping into the role for this, the 2015 issue, is Peter Watt. Peter hails originally from a rural background in the upper Waitemata, and was educated at Rangitoto College on Auckland's North Shore and at Massey University. Following a short stint in teaching history and geography, Peter returned to Massey to study Business, worked as liaison officer for several years for a New Zealand-based grass-breeding institute,

then completed his working career with 22 years of writing, editing, and food policy administration for agriculture, in Western Australia.

Now back in NZ and thoroughly enjoying the beautiful Hawke's Bay, Peter and his wife, Margaret, became members of Hawke's Bay Founders in early 2015 and Peter is delighted to have the opportunity to 'keep his hand in' with writing and editing for the Society. This year we bring you a 'new look' Bulletin featuring a larger format of A4 size which enables greater flexibility in layout and use of more photographs and captions. Along with the other member of the production team, graphic designer and Founders member, Stephanie Drew, we hope you like it.

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## Introducing your Bulletin Designer, Stephanie Drew



Having only recently moved from the Wellington area to live in Hawkes Bay, and become a member of the Founders Society, I am delighted to take on the work of designing and laying out the Bulletin and assisting Peter Watt with its production.

I am a freelance graphic designer and editor who specialises in book design and have been involved in the preparation and production of an extensive range of publications, These have included newsletters, journals and magazines, as well as books on all sorts of subject matter including history,

poetry, children's stories and technical and academic material. My work involves assisting people to self-publish their research and writing as professionally produced books.

My aim with the creating a new layout for the Bulletin is to provide a flexible format that will be enjoyable and easy to read, and will reflect the work and enthusiasm of Founders Society members in a positive and progressive light.

Along with Peter I hope that you enjoy the change in the presentation of the Bulletin and will feel inspired to send in further interesting articles and photographs for inclusion in the next publication.



# Branch President's Reports 2014

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## Waikato Annual Report

*From Branch President, Adrian Gover*

The Waikato Branch meets on the third Thursday of every second month, (February, April, June, August, October, and November), in the Colours Room at the Te Rapa Racecourse, Hamilton.

At the Annual Meeting, in April, Adrian Gover was re-elected as Chairman, with a full committee. Carolyn Adams has again continued as the Secretary/Treasurer. We meet at noon, enjoy a good meal provided by the racecourse caterers and this is followed by a short business session and a speaker. We conclude by about 2.00 pm.

Last year in February, antiques enthusiast, Roger McGirr had shared his love of porcelain and shown us rare plates. We were then challenged to go to second hand shops and similar and buy what we could as cheaply as possible and bring the items back to our June meeting, at which he would comment and value our finds. It was hilarious, but some worthwhile finds did turn up.

Our April meeting was a time when we shared family stories of the 'Skeletons in the Closet' variety.

During the August meeting our member, Sharron Nelley, told us of her travels in Ireland, England and Scotland, on a search for family history. We were surprised at what she found.

At the October meeting, Bill Brocklebank told of his pilgrimage across Spain to the church of St. James. This journey was over 3000 kilometres, all on foot. He illustrated it with slides.

November again saw our Christmas programme of stories, songs, anecdotes, and carols, provided by our own members. Santa was in attendance, dispensing lollies to all those whom he thought had been good. Our Christmas meal was all that we could wish for.

February brought Max Hill back to us, to discuss his latest book on the pre European settlement of North Auckland and the Chinese artefacts which have been uncovered there, which date back to the 14<sup>th</sup> century.

Again my thanks go to Carolyn Adams for her work behind the scenes, to make each meeting the success that they all have been. To the Committee, who make the Branch what it is, to our faithful bar attendants and to Gwendoline, who organises the raffles. All make our Branch run smoothly and their efforts are most praiseworthy.

Our branch is still very viable financially, and our meetings are 'vibrant' to use a common phrase of these times.

Our caterers have continued to provide meals of quality and variety, and are of the highest standard.

We look forward to the year ahead, and would welcome members of other branches to join us at our meetings, if they are able to.

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## Auckland Branch Report

*From Auckland Branch (past) President, John Webster*

Our Branch members know that Auckland, including its people, is regarded by many outside it as an unconventional place and is out of kilter with the rest of the country – and has been since it was first settled. I can say yes to all of that because I believe our Founders Branch is all of those things. I can no longer hold back what we are about.

Our Branch does not have a committee as several years ago there were no nominations for one, or a sufficient number to form a fully functioning committee. Our solution to this has been to make the members, no matter how many are present, the committee for the day. As a result we don't have

an AGM. In the past six years our numbers have dwindled. This makes it easier to inform them of local business, of what the other branches are doing, and to receive their opinions. The minutes arising from the Founders teleconference meetings provide the basis for discussion at our monthly luncheons.

My position has changed since as of early this year (2015) I am no longer in the 'chair' position but act more as a Manager for the Auckland Branch. Since the resignation of our Secretary/Treasurer in April, I have now taken over that role too as no one else has offered.

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Having taken over as it were, the whole kit and caboodle, I can now report that at present we have 13 members of which four have not put in an appearance in the past year. The fact that two now live in Whangarei may be the reason for part of this. Also, having taken over, I searched the receipt books for members who had paid for this year and after investigation I have removed four — some subscriptions had not been paid since 2002.

Two members we had not seen for two or three years have now returned because in one newsletter I hinted that we may well close down – not we would but we may – which are totally different in meaning. On their return they have become a fresh force to energise us into planning for an event in 2017. This will involve the eventual placing of a plaque, seat or other device on the Auckland waterfront

to commemorate the arrival of the ships carrying settlers, the *Jane Gifford* and the *Duchess of Argyle*, in 1842.

The 1992 celebrations (150-year celebration of those landings) supported by Founders have become a basis of this renewal. As part of our planning for the suitable waterfront memorial, we are in the planning stages of holding meetings with the National Maritime Museum, Auckland Council, and others, as no doubt, permission and planning consents will be required. We will most probably have to also obtain permission from the local iwi, some of whom serve as a Council committee. There are many things to do and so little time.

So — contrary to some opinion, common over the last few years, Auckland Branch has not yet died, we are just using our presence in a very different way.

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## Bay of Plenty Branch Report

*From Bay of Plenty Branch (immediate past) President, Bonnie Roger QSM JP*

It is with pleasure that I present my Report for 2014. The Bay of Plenty Branch has had an interesting year with five two-monthly meetings held in Tauranga, Te Puke, Rotorua, Katikati and Whakatane. These meetings were well attended by members and visitors.

Our visit to Rotorua took in the Blue Baths. This brought back many memories of when members took their families there to swim. An historian from the Rotorua Museum spoke of the Baths' history and the early women, both Pakeha and Maori, which were associated with the area.

Members were asked to bring memorabilia from WWI which had been part of their family's history and to speak about their items when we met for luncheon at the Katikati RSA. There were some poignant moments as family treasures from WWI were displayed. I was unable to perform chair duties on that day so I thank Colin Deed for doing so on that occasion.

In July we met at the Mt Maunganui RSA where our guest speaker, Harley Couper, a technical librarian from the New Zealand Room at the Tauranga Library, spoke to us on a little-known aspect of World War I, concerning mystery ships. These were a closely guarded British secret of World War I. The 'mystery ships' were decoy tramp steamers (which were in fact heavily armed) which would lure German U-boats in order to attack and sink them. Once the enemy sub was within

sufficiently close range it would come under surprise and heavy fire from the 'mystery ship.' These ships were also known as 'Q' ships as they were based at the Irish port formerly known as Queenstown, now Cobh, or Cove.

Our Spring meeting was held at The White House Cafe on the outskirts of Whakatane; it was a pleasant venue but it proved to be not really suitable for a meeting as the patrons constantly walked through the room and this was disruptive. Our planned guest speaker did not show, having confused his dates, so our Secretary, Maree Lewis, stepped in and gave a most interesting and engaging talk about her family coming to New Zealand aboard the *Ganges* and landing in Auckland. Sadly, infants perished on the journey from illness on the ship, so that made it a rather tragic journey for her family. I thank Maree for stepping in and fulfilling the role of speaker on that day.

The November meeting was held at Kiwi 360 Te Puke. With the tables decorated in a Christmas theme it really felt as if Christmas was on its way. A mother and daughter duo from the Te Puke Country and Western Club entertained us on that day.

So you can see from these activities, we have had a varied and interesting year. However, it is becoming harder to find a venue where we don't have to pay extra for the use of the room, as well as the meal. We try to keep the meal cost the same for each month.

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And it is also becoming harder to find speakers, even though I am always on the lookout for interesting and varied topics.

Raffles continue to be an important part of maintaining sufficient funds and our raffles were generously supported by the members in 2014. I thank all those who gave to the raffles and a big thank you to Dora Wickham for being our Raffle Lady in charge of the selling.

Membership has stabilised and I thank Maree Lewis for thoroughly sorting out the membership records. The records have never been so accurately kept and in doing so, this has saved us a considerable amount of Levy. We welcomed two new members in 2014 and also lost two members.

I have enjoyed being your Representative on the National Council. Monthly meetings of the National Councillors are now held by teleconference and this has proved a tremendous saving to the Society (removes the travel component of attending meetings). This was a goal of our National President, Adrian Gover, that is, to include the National Councillors from each branch in the monthly Executive meetings. At Branch level, being involved in decision making in this way has helped broaden our thinking and it allows the Branches to draw on governance experience.

The preservation of our Society's records by digitisation has been achieved and the Society's new website has been 'live' and operational since 13 March 2015. I urge you to take a look at the website

as it is impressive. Having its dedicated website has allowed the society to modernise – everyone these days expects to be able to look up information about an organisation on the web. Hopefully it will help to bring in more of younger members. The Founders website has the necessary information about what we do and the Branch contacts — prospective members can download the Application form. Articles of interest on the site will be changed regularly. Please send material for these articles to Janet Robinson.

Glen Robertson has retired as Bulletin Editor and will be missed as he had a long experience with editing and publishing.

I wish to thank Colin Deed for his input and support. Colin is standing down as Vice President but will remain as the Whakatane contact. I thank the Area Contacts, Thea Still, Maree Lewis, Jocelyn McGinley and Colin Deed for being our Branch contacts and hope you will remain so for 2015. You are an important link with your community.

Lastly but not least, a big thank you to Maree Lewis for continuing in the role of Secretary/Treasurer. This was a position trialed through 2014 and Maree has happily performed in this role with flair and with accuracy. I thank her too for the support she has given me as President.

I will not be standing for President in the forthcoming year (2015-16), owing to other national commitments. I wish the Bay of Plenty Branch well. The Founders Society is in good heart.

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## Hawke's Bay Annual Report

*From Branch President Nanette Roberts*

It is with pleasure that I present the 36<sup>th</sup> Annual Report of the Hawke's Bay Branch of the New Zealand Founders Society Inc.

It has been another interesting and rewarding year and I wish to thank my Secretary, Richard Bayley, for his publicity work and for his personal contact with members. I would also like to thank our Treasurer, Andy Duncan, for all the data he has supplied. And a very big thank you to my committee for their contributions, support and cooperation in arranging the varied meetings, activities and excellent speakers we have enjoyed during the year. We were pleased to welcome Philip Mardon, a local orchardist who has joined our Committee.

It was agreed that this year we would update our membership records as many were now unable to attend functions owing to health reasons or because they were in care. Some have resigned and the deaths of five of our long standing and valued members have been registered. Whilst we have lost some members, this has been offset by an increase of 13 new members and guests who have attended our meetings or outings and joined as a 'Friend'.

I have been impressed by the way teleconferencing is used by the Branch Executive members each month. We now have an improved contact with each other and can better be kept up to date with the Society's activities.

## Activities

The Havelock North Function Centre was the venue for our January meeting. Judy Siers gave a very interesting talk about a book she was writing to be titled *Arrivals*. This is about six families who arrived in Wellington in the mid-1850s and her book traces their lives over the next 100 years. Judy's talk was well received by the 65 members present.

Our Annual General Meeting was attended by 65 members and was held in March at Duart House, Havelock North. All Officers were re-elected. Professor Kay Morris-Matthews gave us an excellent presentation on the history of 'Children's Homes in Hawke's Bay' with photographs of some of the children living in those homes because of difficult family situations. A Founders member present had been one of those children.

In May a group of 61 members visited Havelock North's Hereworth Preparatory School for Boys (boarding and day pupils). The name Hereworth is derived from Heretaunga School, founded in Hastings in 1882 and Hurworth, founded in Wanganui in 1901. They merged in 1927. Wiremu (known as Big School) was moved in 1913 from Hastings to be one of the main buildings at the present school and recently celebrated its 100 years jubilee. A talk by former Deputy Head, Mr Gary Exeter, was followed by afternoon tea and a tour of the Hereworth buildings.

Our winter luncheon was held at East Pier Restaurant, Napier, and was attended by 70 members and guests. Mr Robin Gwynn gave an interesting talk on the 'Huguenots' and the emigration of some of those families to New Zealand.

For our 'Members Meeting' in August, members were invited to bring along objects of the past and share their history with us. This proved to be very entertaining and was followed by afternoon tea.



Finally, I say thank you to all our members past and present, for the trust you had in me and the companionship and friendship you have given and will continue to give to your new President.

Autumn in Hawke's Bay, Te Mata Peak from Craggy Range



# Taranaki Annual Report

*From Branch President, Adrienne Tatham*

During the past year we have held the fort. Whilst new members have joined us (welcome to Jocelyn Hunter) some members have passed on to greener pastures and some are now unable to attend our activities. Interest in Founders appears to be declining within New Zealand.

One of those who passed was our former President, Dale Osborne, and we have remembered her at our committee and other meetings.

I extend sincere thanks to my committee for their work over this past year. Each has contributed their expertise, so thank you to Ormond Greensill, Graham Cowling, Mel Harper, Dawn McKenzie and Eleanor Moorhead.

Our Branch has had to 'cut our cloth' this year and so have reduced the number of meetings; we now hold them bi-monthly instead of monthly. This measure was in response to falling attendances and now the meetings are reasonably well attended. Some of our speakers included David Harrop and Joe Rodrigues. This year we changed our meeting days back to Friday afternoons as most people have family visits to undertake on Sundays.

Ormond Greensill sends out newsletters as required, which list coming events and keep you all informed about what we are doing or intend to do. It could be helpful if some of us could receive these by email, which is cheaper than snail mail, so please give your details to Ormond if you wish to get the news in this way.

The annual Commemorative Service was held in late March and was well attended. We had our luncheon at Cobb and Co prior to the service which was ably conducted by Rev. Jacqui Patterson of Holy Trinity Church, Te Henui.

A well-attended outing which proved very popular with members was the visit in the past year to the Puke Ariki Museum and Library in New Plymouth. This is the world's first purpose-built, fully integrated museum, library and visitor information centre. Some of our members had not been previously acquainted with the workings of the Centre and were especially pleased to find some of their personal history there. We will revisit this centre and curator, Andrew Moffat, will show us more of its treasures.

One of our options this year was to insert an advertisement in the Stratford Press when they solicited information for a page on local clubs. We

spent some money on this subject but seemingly to no avail as no new inquiries about membership were received.

Graham Cowling represented our Branch at the National Annual meeting of Founders at Wellington. Graham reported that a remit (from the Bay of Plenty Branch) which proposed extending the eligibility date for membership from the present 1840-1865, to 1840-1890, was unsuccessful. Most remits put to this meeting were deferred until the passing of the new Incorporated Societies Act is completed, so many remits are tabled for now.

This year's Conference will be held in the Waikato, with Wellington the hosts in 2016 and Hawkes Bay in 2017. Our Branch has also been invited to take part in teleconferencing once every two months, so Ormond and I share this job, taking alternate months. The discussion via teleconferencing for the North Island branches keeps us informed of what the other branches are doing. Most branches seem to be faced with declining numbers of members and fewer activities.

Our committee has been working with the New Plymouth District Council on setting up a plaque near Puke Ariki to commemorate the arrival of the first ships which brought settlers to the area. Several



New Plymouth Mayor, Andrew Judd and Adrienne Tatham at the site of the Founders plaque following its unveiling. It commemorates the arrival in Taranaki of the first six ships bringing settlers.

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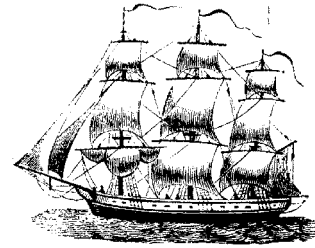
meetings have ensued and at this stage it seems we will be allowed to erect a suitable bronze plaque on the fence at the Wind Wand pier, quite close to where the first ships landed their passengers, given the change of shoreline. We were inspired by the Nelson Wall which took a long time to develop and much fundraising. Although we had a lack of appetite for fundraising at this point, we felt strongly that the settlers should be remembered closer to their place of landing, than at Moturoa.

[The above project has been completed. On 6 August 2015, the unveiling of the memorial plaque commemorating the arrival of the first six ships into Taranaki, was performed by new Plymouth Mayor, Andrew Judd and Taranaki Founders President, Adrienne Tatham.]

In the past year Okato and its district celebrated their 150<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the settlement, and this was well attended with some of us taking part.

Meetings planned for the 2015 year include the AGM on 13 March, the Commemorative luncheon followed by a Memorial Service at Moturoa (29 March) and the Puke Ariki meeting on 1 May. Other meetings: at the Malcolm Pearce Habitat for Humanity on 3 July, Gavin Faull on 4 September and the Christmas function on 27 November (to avoid the Christmas busy season).

The Annual Accounts this year showed a small loss in our operating account. We will keep this in mind and try to keep our commitment to the plaque, using our reserves as best we can.



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## Wanganui Branch Report

*From Wanganui Branch Chair, Michael Norris*

The past year has been a rewarding one with the Committee having worked hard to locate topics of interest and variety and I believe they have done well.

The stained glass window project is in hand and we will keep members informed of progress. Specifically, Wanganui Founders have met with Council to discuss an outline and ideas for a stained glass window at the Council Chambers which will commemorate the arrival at Wanganui of the schooner, Elizabeth, which brought the first 13 settlers to Wanganui as part of the New Zealand Land Company initiative. They arrived on 23 February 1841. When the whole project is completed, the history of Wanganui will be depicted in some 20 or so stained glass windows at the Council Chambers.

At one of our meetings, author, Laraine Sole of Waverley, spoke to us about her new book, *Aramoho*, which provides a rich history of this riverside suburb of Wanganui. All aspects of its civic life are backed up with numerous photos of the different eras. Among other interesting facts, the area boasted a tea garden, two racetracks and two zoos. Between 1906 and 1916, a John Boyd, ran a private zoo at Aramoho — some of the animals were imported from the Hamburg zoo in Germany and included bears, monkeys and lions [source: Maggy Wassilieff, *Encyclopedia of New Zealand*]. We are indeed fortunate to have this slice of our Wanganui history preserved via this book.

Another New Zealand author spoke to us at another of our gatherings. This time it was Masterton author, Barry Allom, who presented details of the fascinating story he has compiled on the life of his great grandfather, Albert James Allom. The young Englishman, Albert Allom, was taken under the wing of no other than Edward Gibbon Wakefield, of the colonial New Zealand Company, and given two separate assignments. The first took him to New Zealand, the second, to Trinidad and Tobago in the West Indies. The book's title, *Dear Tyrant* was derived from the salutation in a letter to Albert Allom from his wife.

In May, Susanna Norris spoke to us about her book to be launched later in the year (November), titled *Annie's war – A New Zealand woman and her family in England, 1916-19* (Ed. By Susanna Norris and Anna Rogers). Through the diaries and letters of Susanna's grandmother, Annie Montgomerie, the book relates the experiences and observations of Annie as she sits out the First World War in London, as her two sons participate in the war as airmen.

At another meeting, Vonnie Cave, who has a great knowledge of plants, shared her extensive knowledge with us on the growing of camellias.

On another occasion our members visited the local airport to hear about progress in restoration of the

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old airport control tower. The tower, built in 1961, is now de-commissioned and is undergoing restoration by the Wanganui Airport Control Tower Restoration Group who lease the building from the Wanganui District Council. The tower was designed by Gordon Smith who also designed other control towers throughout New Zealand and was a contributing architect to the design and building of the Wanganui War Memorial Hall.

Other speakers within the year were Graeme Pleasants from the RSA and Elise Goodge from Mainstreet Wanganui. We also visited the Wanganui

Regional Museum to learn about the moa and collections of moa bones. Dr Mike Dickinson, Curator of Natural History, at the museum is a world expert on the moa.

In November, at Hikurangi House, Scott Flutey provided us with interesting information on old gramophones and demonstrated some old examples.

The National Executive now meets by teleconferencing on a fairly regular basis. Members are embracing this medium and it means the Branches are able to be better involved in the business of Founders.

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## Wairarapa Annual Report

*From Branch President, Anne Woodley*

It is my pleasure to present this report to members of the Wairarapa Branch of the New Zealand Founders Society. I would like to welcome all new members and extend our sympathy to the families of those who are no longer with us. Please continue to let Committee members know if any of our members are unwell. Our member numbers are remaining constant; indeed we have new members who have expressed an interest in learning more about our heritage.

At our March AGM the members again voted me in as President and Alison Parkes remained as my Secretary. Several members were voted onto our hard working committee and have taken up roles which help keep our organisation running smoothly. Our speaker at the AGM was local retired farmer, Brian Cameron, who had explored his family's Scandinavian roots.

In April our group revisited Stonehenge where local astronomer, Richard Hall, gave an enlightening talk on the heavens above us, from a New Zealand perspective. He explained how the henge operates and how the birth signs we follow, based on the stars, have changed over time. For example, my star sign has shifted from being a Libra to a Virgo.

In May we travelled to Featherston and visited two local museums. The first one featured the historical Fell railway engines that climbed over the Rimutaka ranges before the tunnel was opened (see Editor's note on Fell Locomotives on page 12). This was a unique concept and fortunately a film of the locomotive working survives today. Next, we visited the Featherston Heritage Museum which has recorded our New Zealand soldiers going off to war and provides insights into the Japanese soldiers

interned at the Featherston camp in World War II. Today there are few visual signs of the former camp site which is just to the north of Featherston on the left as one travels the road to Masterton.

In June we returned to the Top Pub in Greytown to remember our benefactor, Robert Miller. This is always a popular outing and numbers attending it are always high. Our Robert Miller Memorial meals are an annual function enabling us to ensure his generosity to our branch is remembered.

Our July meeting was indoors for our ever-popular 'soup and buns' lunch. Our speaker for that event was the then Mayor for Carterton, Ron Mark, before he returned to Parliament later in the year. He spoke at length about his upbringing in foster homes, his Army career and shared his vision for the future of Carterton.

In August, again we were lucky to have an excellent speaker: Ken Scadden travelled 'over the hill' to speak to us and share his knowledge of local ships and shipping. Ken is a retired curator of the former Maritime Museum in Wellington.

The local attraction, Pukaha Mount Bruce (bird sanctuary), was our venue for September. Members enjoyed seeing the white kiwi, eel feeding and the mischievous antics of the kaka as they interacted with the public.

During October we travelled to Gladstone to see a demonstration from a bygone era. Greg Lang is a wheelwright who specialises in restoring horse-drawn carriages. His present project is restoring an old Wellington tram car.

The beautiful old farming homestead of the Beetham family, Brancepeth, was the destination for our November visit. Brancepeth lies to the east of Masterton in hill country and at the turn of last century was one of the largest sheep stations in New Zealand, with a size of 76,000 acres and employing some 300 staff. For this visit we were accompanied by Ian and Audrey who had travelled down from Rotorua to join us for this highlight in our annual programme.

We marked the end of 2014 with our Christmas function which was held at the Turley lounge at our local Cosmopolitan Club. It was well attended by members, including Founders members from the Hawke's Bay Branch. Our Wairarapa members were reminded that our Branch would celebrate its 75<sup>th</sup> year in 2015. Finally, everyone was wished a happy and safe new year.



Brancepeth Station homestead, Wairarapa

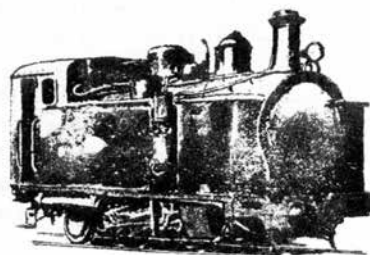
***Editor's note:***

More about the Fell locomotive: Developed in the 1860s, the Fell locomotive was named after its British inventor, John Fell. It provided enhanced adhesion to rails and powerful braking by deploying a third, raised rail in addition to the standard two rails. Horizontal driving wheels gripped the central third rail to provide strong traction and this was complemented by powerful brakes which also gripped the centre rail. These mechanisms enabled locomotives to tackle steeper inclines than was possible with conventional locomotives.

Later developments evolved into 'cog' or rack rail systems such as are used in the mountainous regions of Europe today, as for example with the cog rail which takes passengers down from the summit of Mt Pilatus in Switzerland.

The Rimutaka incline, from near Featherston and up to the summit (4.8 km) was opened in 1878 and was closed in 1955 when the Rimutaka tunnel through the base of the ranges became operational.

*Source: Wikipedia*



# Wellington Branch Report

*From Branch Chairperson, Carol Hurst*

Last year saw the Branch have its highs and lows. A high was the Lotteries Board decision to fund the whole of the cost of digitisation of the Founders' membership records. This was a project which had been driven by Wellington Branch. The cost of doing this was less than expected. Since we were keen to also digitise the records of the Women's Committee, happily, the Lotteries Board agreed to our using the balance of the funds left over for this purpose. Otherwise, funding for digitising the Women's Committee records would have come from monies submitted from the Branches. Those funds are held in the national accounts.

The Women's Committee set themselves up and worked hard to provide comforts and help to the troops in World War II. They sent clothes away for refugees, and also to Britain and European countries such as Greece, as well as supporting charitable bodies locally. The names of these women are now forgotten but they deserve to be remembered. Mark Webster visited the National office to look at the Women's Committee's involvement during WWII for a forthcoming book on the Red Cross. Janet Robinson and I have been looking through the material which is voluminous and interesting.

Our 2014 AGM saw us entertained by historian and author, Judy Siers, and we arranged for the author, Jenny Patrick, to speak at the National AGM. Both were very interesting. Our planned social functions were not always well supported and several were cancelled. We visited the new SPCA and had a tour

of St Paul's Cathedral. In December we had an enjoyable lunch at the West Plaza.

During the year the committee had discussions about the new rules proposed by Wanganui Branch; that discussion continues. Information about this was sent to all members with our last newsletter. Changes with the postal address have caused problems resulting in subscriptions not arriving as usual, so our income was down. Once again we have to note the reduction in older members. Some have resigned owing to ill health and age. Of Wellington Branch's 65 senior members, 29 of them are over 80 years old; the Branch also has 10 life members.

Sadly, we record the death of a Founders stalwart and former Executive member, Barbara Robertson. Barbara spent most of her life in Karori and enjoyed working with local organisations. She was very involved with Scouts and the saving and setting up of the Colonial Cottage Museum; she became President of that group. She also worked with the Historic Places Trust, the Karori Probus Club and was a valuable member of the National Executive of Founders for a number of years.

I thank my committee for their loyalty, help and guidance during the year. Neni Beres, a Founders Wellington Committee member who has given years of her time and expertise to the Society as the Research Grant Officer and past National President, is retiring from the Committee. I have always valued her advice and wish her all the best.



Image taken from taken from National Library of New Zealand website

## *Plimmer House then and now...*



Image taken from Stuff.co.nz

## Founders memorial stone and plaque unveiling, 2015

*Contributed by Anne Woodley*

The date of 17 February 2015 marked an end to our Wairarapa Branch's struggle to have our Pioneer plaque and memorial stone returned to the original site chosen for it by our members in 1974 (at Queen Elizabeth II Park, Masterton), where it had remained as a focal point until it was moved in 2011.

Despite it being a consecrated memorial site and listed as such (Page 14, *Nga Maharatanga o Wairarapa, The Past around us*, pub. 1991) the stone and attached plaque were removed without consultation with Wairarapa Founders Society members (refer Bulletin No 85, 2013). Despite our letters to the press, letters and emails to the Masterton council, plus several submissions to full council, the issue was not resolved until October 2014.

The long saga continued with Council officers recommending in committee that the stone could be reinstated, but not in its original position. President Anne Woodley, supported by her members, addressed a full Council meeting on 8 October 2014 to argue the case against this ruling. Following the President's presentation, the matter was put to a full Council vote which resulted in a unanimous decision to place the Memorial back where it belonged.

Founders now had the result they had fought for over four years and it was a red letter day for the



Masterton Mayor, Lyn Patterson, speaks at the memorial stone unveiling

Wairarapa Branch when the jasper stone (and its re-attached Memorial plaque), now placed back at the entrance to the Pioneer cemetery, was unveiled, re-dedicated and blessed. A ceremony was held on-site to not only re-dedicate the Memorial, but also to remember the format of the original group in 1974. Anne Woodley welcomed a gathering of 50 members and public, councillors, press, and the current Mayor of Masterton, Lyn Patterson, as well as Mr Frank Cody who was Mayor in 1974.

After the current Mayor's speech, local archivist, Neil Francis, spoke about the area's historical connections. Long-time Founders member, Coie O'Brien (96), performed the unveiling of the jasper stone. She had been present in 1974 at the original unveiling of it by Lena Iorns, a grand-daughter of Joseph Masters, after whom our town of Masterton was named. In concluding the ceremony the stone was blessed by Archdeacon Hariata Tehana.

The Wairarapa Branch of Founders would like to thank our Masterton Council who not only replaced our memorial, but also upgraded the lychgate by replacing its tile roof with cedar shingles.



The reinstated memorial stone and plaque, with from left, Lesley Keil, Judy and John Goodwin, Bernice Olsen and Coie O'Brien (96 years old)

# Wairarapa Branch celebrates 75 years

*Contributed by Anne Woodley, Wairarapa Branch*

At our 2015 AGM it was recorded that our branch had been in existence for 75 years. "Alright," said someone, "Let's throw a party."

Few of our committee realised the task in front of them. A top line venue and a special cake and menu of course. A guest speaker, table settings, period costumes, slides for display, and material for a written and photographic history of our previous years. Plus ensuring all our members were aware of what we were planning.

Many hours were spent in our local archive poring over our scrapbook photos and the information contained in 75 years of minute books. A monumental, but very informative task. Issues tend to repeat themselves and that was very obvious as we traversed the years. Also obvious was the resolve to keep our branch aligned with that of the New Zealand Founders National Executive and to not let our history disappear over time.

Wairarapa was the second branch of the NZ Founders Society to be established after Wellington and the formation of the Dominion Council. A representative of the Dominion Council, Mr Calder called a meeting in Masterton in March 1940 with a view to establishing a branch in the Wairarapa. Within a short time our branch was formed with officers and a committee duly elected. Fifteen members attended and it is noted that local landowners formed the majority of members.

Through the years our members have supported soldiers serving overseas, Dominion Council projects, local Founders balls, Carterton and Masterton A & P shows, Centennial parades, local Art Centres, the Historical Places Trust (before it was based in Wellington) and helped in developing the Masterton Settlers' Corner in Dixon Street, Masterton. Last, but not least, the branch donated a Founders Memorial and plaque in Queen Elizabeth II Park in 1974.



Organising Committee for the 75<sup>th</sup> Anniversary, from left, Rosemary Christensen, Anne Woodley, Jean Gray and Janet Denny

Communication between our members and fellow branches on planned trips and meetings of interest has allowed us to share not only our local programme, but to keep ties alive with all our branches. This is despite the rapid changes in technology currently taking place. Teleconferencing now means all branches can have an input into Executive decisions monthly without expensive travel costs.

So, a date as near as possible to our first recorded Wairarapa meeting was decided upon for our celebrations. Venue: Copthorne Hotel and Resort Solway Park, Masterton. Date 13 June 2015. Time: 12.30pm. Our theme: 'The ships that sailed to NZ.'

The guest list included local Masterton Mayor, Lyn Patterson; National President, New Zealand Founders Society, Adrian Gover; National Secretary / Treasurer, Kathy Dent; long time National Secretary (now semi-retired), Janet Robinson; local archivist, Gareth Winter and Paddy and Richard Bayley who represented Hawke's Bay, and of course all our branch members. President Anne Woodley welcomed everyone and MC, Ashley Braggins introduced Mr Gover as our guest speaker.

Our thanks to Joan Dickens for the loan of her model sailing ship for display purposes and to Mr Ian Renall for building our wooden sailing vessels for table decoration.

Our thanks also go to Leslie Keil for obtaining photos of our previous presidents and for putting together our slide show, and to Jill Cameron for cutting our cake. Thanks also to Bernice Olsen for the photo displays.

Finally, thank you to all the committee members who worked so hard to make our anniversary so successful.



Seventy-fifth Anniversary cake for Founders Society, Wairarapa Branch

# High accolade for Founders leader

*From a media release prepared by Peter Watt, Founders, Hawke's Bay Branch*

At a winter meeting of Founders, Hawkes Bay Branch, Mrs Nanette Roberts was presented with an Honorary Life Membership of the New Zealand Founders Society in recognition of her outstanding services to the local branch and nationally.

On the occasion Nanette was also presented with a special New Zealand Founders Society 'For Service' badge.

Mrs Paddy Bayley, President of Hawke's Bay Founders Society, said it was fitting that the nomination for life membership for Nanette Roberts was conferred at the New Zealand-wide level and not just at branch level, given Nanette's enormous contribution to the Society over her 36 years of dedicated service to the organisation.

Members of the New Zealand Founders Society Incorporated are descendants of the pioneering families who built the farms, industries and institutions that shape our present-day life in this country.

Members of the Hawke's Bay Branch enjoy frequent outings and meetings where they learn about and discuss the past lives and achievements of the Bay's early families.

Incoming president in 2015, Paddy Bayley, informed members that Nanette had only recently relinquished the local Presidency after 19 years in that position, having also previously held other significant office-holder positions including those of vice president and National Councillor.

"In the 35 years that Founders has been active in Hawke's Bay the branch has been served by only two presidents, the first of whom, Peter Harding, served for 16 years," Mrs Bayley said.

"Nanette has done an amazing job as president and her dedication and commitment at branch and national levels are obvious.

"Her personal warmth and interest in people have been much appreciated by the members and Nanette has thrived on their companionship, making every meeting and outing a memorable one," said Mrs Bayley.



Past President of Hawke's Bay Founders, Nanette Roberts, right, receiving an Honorary Life Membership Certificate of the New Zealand Founders Society from current Hawke's Bay Branch President, Paddy Bayley.



Hawke's Bay Founders visit to Belmont Garden, the original Craggy Range homestead, Eastern Tuki Tuki.



## Our feature story from the regions

The following is adapted from information given to members of Hawke's Bay Founders by Barry and Pauline Erickson, members of that Branch, and Scandinavian hosts for the day, when in the winter of 2015, the group toured to Dannevirke to learn about Scandinavian settlement in the area. Barry and Pauline began by providing background on how the Special Settlements occurred in what was known as the 'Seventy Mile Bush'; this was followed by information on the Swedish people, which also applies to other Scandinavian groups including Finnish and Icelanders.

# Scandinavian settlement of the Seventy-Mile Bush

by Barry and Pauline Erickson

*This story epitomises our interest in the Founders Society – enabling us to learn about, respect and acknowledge the quite heroic and determined attitudes of the settlers, as they shaped an inhospitable and difficult environment into a place they could proudly call 'home'. Nowhere else in New Zealand is that story better illustrated than in the Dannevirke district where massive, thickly growing trees and vines had to be cleared to enable the building of towns and the establishment of grassland pastures for farming. Enjoy the reading – this is a story beautifully told, of the tracing of one's ancestry to a distant land.*

### **The Seventy Mile Bush**

Known to Māori as Tapere-nui-a-Whātonga, this primeval 'jungle' of podocarp species, ferns and vines stretched 70 miles from Eketahuna to Waipawa.

Julius Vogel was the Minister of Everything-at-the-Time. His immigration and public works plan was to establish Scandinavian settlements along surveyed road and rail lines through the 'Seventy-Mile Bush'. It was called The Vogel Scheme.

If you cast your minds back 150 years, imagine what Dannevirke looked like then. The provinces to the north and south were isolated by 70 miles of primeval 'jungle'. The vegetation consisted of 1000 year old Podocarp species which were entangled in ferns and vines that blocked out the sun, such that there wasn't room to swing an axe.

The 'Seventy-Mile Bush' was New Zealand's last frontier in that it was an obstacle to freedom of travel, communication, and it created a problem for the two regions' defence against Maori war parties.



Barry and Pauline Erickson



An example of the size of trees cleared by hand by the settlers

### *Seeking a better life*

Half a world away in Sweden, Barry Erickson's forebears, Ingeborg and Erik Person, had lost their former spouses and each had lost several children to disease associated with overcrowding and malnutrition.

Like Ireland, Scandinavia too, suffered a potato famine. The poor had no hope of owning good land that they could farm for themselves.

The Church of Sweden ran the poorhouses and parishioners were charged with taking in the destitute. If one of them died while in their care they (the Church), had to pay for all burial expenses and care of the deceased's young ones. So, understandably, the Church was open to offers of subsidised emigration such as applied with New Zealand's Vogel Scheme.

In 1871 the New Zealand Government sent agents including Swedish settler, Bror Erik Friberg to recruit settlers in Norway, Denmark and Sweden.

Friberg and other agents offered a subsidised passage and 40 acres of land to interested immigrants at £1 per acre, all of which could be paid off by working on road and rail construction. The railway had already been partly surveyed by Hawke's Bay's Engineer and Surveyor, Charles Weber, (Pauline Erickson's great, great grandfather). Barry's forebears blended two families and subsequently held a family meeting which included Erik Persson, his sister Karin and brother-in-law Anders Ericsson Fager, to discuss the future of their collective family. At the time, few Swedish crofters knew what lay beyond their farms but Anders was a soldier and Erik had lived for a while in Norway.

### *The Exit Permit*

In order to move from one town to another one had to first obtain an exit permit; this was usually granted by the parish priest who would identify your trade and your character. You had to submit this permit to a priest in your chosen next village and he would arrange accommodation and employment with an appropriate person who would keep you while you worked for him at your trade. This is where the term 'journeyman' came from. This procedure allowed new skills to be gained and enabled them to be spread throughout the land.

Emigration and exit records show Barry's family applied for exit permits to America. However, in those days anywhere out of Europe was called 'America'. The family sold their household possessions and on 23 May 1872, with a borrowed horse and cart carrying Ingeborg and her infant children, their

meagre possessions including her beloved spinning wheel, they began their journey over the Norwegian border to Christiania (now called Oslo).

Had their journey been in winter, they would have been able to travel more easily on sleighs across the frozen lakes and snow.

The city and port of Christiania was teeming with poor and hopeful emigrants.

Barry's great grandfather, Petrus Eriksson, who was at that time, just 14 years old, marvelled at the steam locomotives and roads that were wide enough for even four carts abreast.

His 11-year-old step sister Christina, gazed in the shop windows as she skipped along paved foot paths. She told her infant half siblings, "Such things could also be found in America."

The men were anxious to be cleared by the Norwegian Police, emigration officials and ticket agents. But at each place the news was bad. Uncertainty had gripped America following the civil war and reports of emigrants returning distraught and penniless were becoming too commonplace.

Having committed everything to a new life in a new land, Barry's Swedish family forebears were stranded and desperate for a solution. The borrowed horse and cart had long ago been returned to Ostervallskog. When they gave up their jobs and cottages they really had burnt their bridges.

However, tied to the wharf near Askershus Castle, lay the SS *Høvding*, a modern merchant frigate receiving emigrants for New Zealand. A notice of requirements on the wharf called for families of three children, single men and women.

"Where the hell was Nu...how do you say it!"

As they approached the wharf they heard their mother tongue being spoken by a well-dressed official, Swedish-born Bror Erik Friberg, from Hawke's Bay. He was in Christiania assisting the New Zealand Government in canvassing for 5000 Scandinavian emigrants.

Mr Friberg told Erik Persson and Anders Fager that they were in luck and that he personally would be returning to New Zealand on the *Høvding* and would be assisting with the establishment of the settlements.

Two of their children, Petrus and Christina, had been eavesdropping.

"We heard what the gentleman told Father and Uncle Anders. He said we could have land for free if we could cut seventy bushes."

Karin Fager's 18-year-old son, Erik Gustafsson was the first to board *Høvding* and was shown to the

single men's quarters. Anders Fager and his wife Karin boarded with Petrus, 14, and Christine, 11, as a separate family. Erik Persson, carrying Ingeborg's dismantled spinning wheel followed, with Edvard, 6, and Augusta, 2. Ingeborg carried 2-month-old Alfred in her arms.

Fourteen-year-old Petrus Eriksson was indignant at being classified as a child and looked on with indifference as Norwegian families gathered at the foot of the gangway to embark, or to say their *farvell* to embarking family and friends. He noticed an 11-year-old girl looking at him from the wharf, in a manner that he was unaccustomed to. Her Hansen-Bølstad cousins were now aboard and were waving to her from the ship.

Later, on that 29 May 1872, as Captain Berg nudged his ship into Oslo Fjord, the blond Norwegian girl waved to Petrus from the wharf one last time. She (11-year old Josephine Hansen), would follow him next year on *Høvding's* second voyage to New Zealand.

In 2012 Barry and Pauline stood on the deck of a sailing ship tied up near Christiania's (now Oslo's) Akershus Castle. They tried to imagine the thoughts in the minds of Barry's family as the *Høvding* nudged out into Oslo sound. As darkness fell, those on board took their last view of civilisation for 108 days. That night, in May 1872, the ship *Høvding* slipped quietly away from Christiania bound for Napier, New Zealand, with 365 Norwegians and one family of Swedes.



Akershus Castle in Oslo, the last view of Norway for the departing settlers, as seen through the rigging of their sailing ship

Meanwhile in London, the *Ballarat* (with 71 Danes aboard) also set sail for Napier.

What was to be the destiny of the Swedish family?

Fourteen-year-old Petrus Eriksson, Barry's great grandfather, was too young to draw a block of land in the settlement. Eight years later he married the

Norwegian girl, Josephine, who had waved to him from the wharf in Christiania. They had ten children and lived for a time in Burns Street, Dannevirke. All seven sons of the family served in WWI.

When the *Ballarat* and *Høvding* arrived in Napier only hours apart, there was almost nothing ready to receive the dozens of weary Scandinavian families. Hastily, accommodation was provided for them in The Barracks on Bluff Hill.

The men set off for a clearing in the Seventy-Mile Bush, walking alongside their wagon which contained only a small amount of equipment or material. Te Aute was their first night's stop and Abbotsford was the second. By the third night they had reached a place between Takapau and what was later called Norsewood.

Hawke's Bay's Provincial Engineer and surveyor, Charles Weber, Pauline's great, great grandfather, had commenced the survey of roads and rail from Hastings.

Lots were drawn for the surveyed sections. The Swedish men were persuaded to join the predominantly Danish group and to move onto what was thought to be a better district, later to be known as Dannevirke. They were told to clear the bush and establish housing as soon as possible because the women and children would be following in a fortnight. When the women arrived many broke down and cried.

Seven children died from deprivation. There was no doctor for 40 miles, no milk, and flour was £1 a bag.

Erik Persson drew town block No. 8 in Dannevirke which included Gordon Street, the street where the Gallery of History is situated and where Barry Erickson and his sister, Glenys, grew up. The land there was relatively poor. From time to time the government breached its promise of work by stopping the road and railway development which was the only source of income for many Scandinavian families. When this happened, the penniless settlers became more heavily in debt to the storekeepers. Having lost hope of the railway ever reaching Dannevirke, Erik Persson sold his land to the Allardice family.

Erik then worked as a charcoal burner at the various Carlson's saw mills. He and Ingeborg lived the latter part of their lives in Manila Street, Dannevirke, and after naturalisation were known as Pearson. Anders Fager, (Fager was his soldier's name that he was entitled to keep); and Karin drew block 20 which included the (now) RSA site. Barry is a descendant of that Swedish family of 11 and a Hansen Norwegian family.

Barry's earliest recollections of Dannevirke were the shrill sound of howling circular saws in the neighbourhood and of shunting steam locomotives at the top of Gordon Street. Also the smell of sawdust from native timbers and of coal smoke from the gas works and the railway.

Barry says he can just recall his father speaking of Lutheran Pastor Ries, who ministered to early members of the Scandinavian settlers which included his family from Östervallskog, Sweden. The family as previously mentioned, which had crossed the border into Norway, bound for America, only to find themselves nearly destitute and stranded on a wharf in Christiania.

These people made a useful contribution to the development and defence of their new land, whose name they had possibly never heard of when they said goodbye to the remnants of their family in Sweden, never to be heard from again.

During his Swedish research journey, Barry was deeply moved by the deprivation, grief and sorrow that visited his Swedish family ancestors, leading up to and during their quest for a better life. Equally he was impressed at their resourcefulness and generosity of spirit, particularly during the settlement of Dannevirke. Above all, he says, he is uplifted by the pride he has in his Nordic forebears who contributed to the fabric of his past and who smoothed the way for those who followed.



Barry Erickson's ancestors remembered at the Dannevirke Settlers' Cemetery

In 1909, Dr. Schofield, wrote in his book, *New Zealand in Evolution*, as follows: ...."Then there are the Scandinavians, without peer the finest recruits that a British colony ever could secure from a foreign land. By their coercion perseverance and industry they have actually exerted an influence on the national character."

Barry says his forbears sensed that to be accepted into an already egalitarian society they should dress, speak and conduct themselves like New Zealanders. In other words, get British ASAP. Very quickly, Nordic customs, language, dress and Lutheran allegiance modified or vanished. Barry recalls never having heard any Nordic language spoken in Dannevirke in his life time.

Erik and Anders in conversation with their women on the wharf in Oslo:

"Bror Friberg sid, Vee should go to Noo Zillund to cut da seventy bushes."

"Vee can doo that?"

"Ya! Ya!"... said Anders Fager...." Vee can doo thart by lunchtime!"

Well sadly, it didn't quite work out that way. As they say, Something always gets lost in the translation!

I hope you have enjoyed hearing this story.



### *From their research ...*

#### ***Stockholm marriages***

From their research Barry and Pauline learned from the Östervallskog Parish householder books maintained by the priests, that many ordinary people in those times had a reading disability. Without an understanding of the Lutheran catechism tested by the priest's regular visit to every home, they could not be confirmed. Without confirmation, the church of Sweden would not marry a couple. Many Nordic people of that time therefore entered into what was called a 'Stockholm Marriage' and formed new blended families. Barry's great, great grandmother, Ingeborg Persdotter's oldest surviving children from her first marriage to Erik Bryntesson moved to Norway which was ruled at that time by Sweden. Then, why you might ask is Barry's surname not Bryntesson?

#### ***Patronymic Naming***

As was the custom, 14-year-old Petrus took his late father Erik Bryntesson's first name as his last name. And this is how Barry's family name of Erickson began.

Until the 20<sup>th</sup> century Scandinavian countries practised patronymic naming. That is, the children took their father's first name as their last name. For example if Barry's father's first name was Anders then his last name would be Anders son. If Pauline's father's first name was Anders her last name would be Anders dotter and she would keep her last name even when married.

About 1900, the governments of Sweden and Norway decreed that all their citizens must decide on a permanent last name. It could be the one that they had or they could choose a new one. Barry's cousin chose Östervald (meaning east valley of pasture) which was part of Östervallskog, the village where his old family had lived. Bølstad is a new Norwegian family name which replaced their former name of Hansen with the name of the Norwegian farm that they had lived on. The Bolstads are known to many as world class axemen connected with championship chopping.

If you are researching your Scandinavian ancestry you face the daunting process of each generation having a new surname.



Early settlers breaking in the bush and clearing the land for farms (Seventy-Mile Bush)

# The life and times of John Garner

by Wanganui Founders member, Jill Travers, a descendant of John Garner

John Garner was born in Thetford, Norfolk, about 1803. His parents were Thomas and Ann Garner (nee Glasscock). It is not known whether he had any siblings and nothing specific is known of his early life except being described as a farmer, butcher and policeman.

He married Mary Ann Baker on May 9th 1827 at St. Cuthbert's Church, Thetford. They had three children: Thomas Tyrell (1831), William Edmund (1833) and Lucy Ann (1836).

They emigrated to New Zealand aboard the *Oriental* leaving London on 15th September 1839, being among the very first colonists of the Wakefield scheme. They are listed as having free passage suggesting that John was a farm labourer or small holder. That he was an ardent Methodist makes this even more likely as this non-conformist religion often attracted those of small means who were more active in the right for better conditions, and those who were more likely to emigrate to attempt to better themselves. However, he is also remembered as having been at first in the employ of the New Zealand Company, so it could be that the Garner's free passage was related to that employment.

They arrived at Port Hardy on January 22<sup>nd</sup> 1840 where they received instructions to proceed to Port Nicholson. A strong wind was blowing and the vessel was three days getting out. It took them until 31st January to finally drop anchor off Somes Island along with the *Aurora*. On 1<sup>st</sup> February the *Oriental* was moored and the longboat got out for the embarkation of passengers and cargo, the former returning to the ship at the end of the day. The lack of deep water close inshore remained a problem and ships had to anchor a mile off the beach which made the discharge of cargo slow and tiresome work. Fine weather finally set in on the 3<sup>rd</sup>. and it was decided to place the settlers on the banks of the River Hutt, about one mile up. These hardy people were the first settlers at the Hutt on the 5th February 1840, settling on the site extending from near the present south end of High St. and north to Wakefield St.

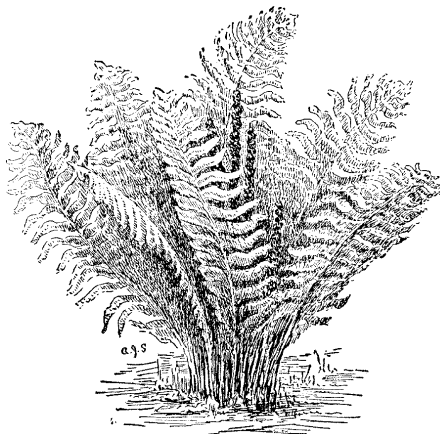
Serious doubts arose about the suitability of the town site at

Petone and after much argument was abandoned and the surveyors transferred to what was then called Thorndon, now Wellington. The transportation was mainly by whaleboat as there was no road, the sea washed up to the foot of the hills and forest overhung the waters of the harbour. Thus, the European settlement was established.

Although John Garner was a policeman in Wellington he almost certainly shared the almost universal hope among the immigrants of obtaining land of his own and further, that he found little prospect of that happening. There was much less land available than they had been led to believe and with his apparent success as a policeman in Wellington it made his move to Wanganui logical. The Wanganui district fell under the Chief Police Magistrate Murphy's jurisdiction, but he had no spare constables at his disposal nor indeed any able to be trusted to police in an area that as yet, had no magistrates. Governor Hobson paid a visit to Wellington in August 1841 and it was during this visit that he appointed John Garner as Wanganui's founding Chief Constable, leaving Wellington on September 1<sup>st</sup> 1841.

In a letter to the Rev. Richard Taylor, John Garner gives a description of his journey to Wanganui. "In my instructions it was stated that the place was full of runaway convicts and whalers and other bad characters, which I was to apprehend and bring to justice. I brought with me Mr Henry Nathan as my sergeant who to this day, is one of our respected townsmen. On the first day of September we went on board the schooner *Surprise* bound for Wanganui, with Captain John McGregor, master. The *Surprise* was built something like a large tub. The wind was aft from the Wellington Heads which we left at 6.00 am and arrived outside the Wanganui bar at 6 pm, which I believe was the quickest passage ever known, then we anchored for the night. The Wellington people gave Mr. Nathan and myself a fortnight to live after our arrival.

In the morning up went the anchor, and our little craft sailed up this beautiful river, passing Putiki. I fired off two brace of



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pistols to inform the inhabitants that the government had sent officers to protect them and also to inform the runaway convicts that I had arrived. Instead of these I found four magistrates and a few settlers."

He goes on to describe the settlement and the settlers on that day.

One of his first tasks was to build a gaol. This small building of 400 sq. feet was begun in December. The sawyers who worked in Coleville's bush contributed. Instead of the magistrate fining offenders, he, according to their transgressions, ordered them to bring one hundred feet of timber for the first offence, two for the second and so on. It was stated that when the work of the building was going too slow for the requirement of the magistrate and chief constable, the sergeant was ordered to go to the quay and collect a few drunks or near drunks. This was never very difficult and the building proceeded until the roof was to be made. This was to be of shingles and unfortunately all the shingle splitters in the town were teetotal and could not be run in as easily. There was no money available, so ingenuity was necessary to get their services. Finally one was arrested for assisting at a dog fight and the problem was solved.

The first gaol met the requirements of the settlement for about 15 years by which time it was too small and needed repair. By 1856 plans were accepted for a new one and a courthouse in a more suitable locality.

Garner made good use of the gaol however. He quickly developed a business trading vegetables which involved him buying from the local Maori population and selling to the sister Wakefield colony at Nelson. He had struck up a relationship with T B Taylor and W H Watt who plied their ship the *Kitty J* back and forth with a great deal of success, dealing mainly at the beginning with potatoes and pumpkins. He also got involved in his trade as a butcher being the only butcher's shop in the settlement situated on the quay. It was from there, along with the help of his sons in later years, he supplied the military which had arrived in Wanganui in 1846. Later, the policing of the district was subsequently taken over by them with John Garner's status being reduced to sergeant. The butchering business thrived and by 1866 he was able to advertise his employment of a professional German sausage manufacturer. He continued to use the fact that he had supplied Her Majesties' troops even after they had departed and concluded his advertisements with 'God Save The Queen'.

He had also by then purchased land on St John's Hill and at Kaitoke in the area of Concord Line, farming there with his sons who had also purchased alongside.

He became involved in the Separationist movement which had its first meeting in 1852 and which wanted Wanganui to separate from Wellington. The main argument was about public works. The settlers felt they were not getting adequate compensation for the taxes they paid. This movement was only ended by the abolition of all provincial councils.

He took action if he thought it necessary to try to ensure justice was done and sometimes got rather carried away with the emotion of it. His tendency to have his say on most things was appreciated by many in the community even if it did tend to sometimes mean less progress was made in the business of the meeting. One of the major issues of the day was the building of a bridge over the Whanganui and there were discussions over many years, sometimes acrimonious, relating to costs, location etc. One public meeting came to an inglorious end and no doubt led to much comment and amusement for some weeks.

Amongst all the discussion and disagreement as to exactly where it was going to be put, he fell off the stage having been given a bit of a push whereupon he immediately got back up and was about to return the favour. The stage was crowded and considerable pushing and shoving began and it only ended when the lights were extinguished and the curtain came down. The meeting dispersed and the site of the bridge remained as undecided as ever.

By 1868 tragedy had struck three times in his life. He had lost both his sons, Thomas in 1864, and William and his wife Mary Ann within three months of each other in 1868. This was a time of frequently early death, but the loss of his children both at the age of 33 and then his wife must have been a cruel blow. They had journeyed to the other side of the world together and to survive his wife and two of his three children could well have raised the question of whether it had been the right decision. He died on 30th August 1877 and is buried with the rest of the family in the Wanganui Cemetery.

He was 37 years in New Zealand with at least most of them as an active, involved, energetic, cheerful and popular person.

# Local Polish families in Carterton

*Contributed by Anne Woodley*

You may recall that in the mid-1940s our New Zealand government accepted 725 children and 110 adults, all Polish people, who had been forced to march from Russia to Iran, and were homeless and destitute. Our Government built them a special small village or camp at Pahiatua. They became model New Zealand citizens and blended well into our local community. Two of them I recall personally were Bill Walzack, and John Kania who became a doctor at our local hospital.

The Rzoska and Lipinski families were well known in Carterton as earlier Polish settlers. One of these early settlers was Father Halbauch, a Catholic priest who came to establish our St Mary's Church. He found there were already 150 Polish people in the district and among them Jacob Brzoska who owned 250 acres locally. Jacob and some of his family moved off to San Francisco in 1904; those who remained dropped the 'B' from their surname.

In the 1960s my brother Bryan and I worked on a number of projects with Tony and Les Rzoska. Tony did the 'tricky' work and Les was a top man on the concrete mixer. In those days we did not enjoy the convenience of 'ready-mix' concrete. In more recent years, Lawrence Rzoska worked with me.

Michael Franz Lipinski signed our NZ Oath of Allegiance before Mr R Fairbrother JP, in 1887. Michael's granddaughter Mrs Thomas has recorded that her grandfather was an accountant, and one of the few wealthy men in town She recalls Bernard Lipinski was our taxi proprietor.

We had a very long friendship and work relationship with these families. Kevin Lipinski was a building subcontractor with excellent solid plastering and bricklaying skills and was also our Council building inspector for a short period. He and Janice have since retired to the Tauranga area.

Another Lipinski family member was an excellent mechanic and spent many years as foreman at our local Ford dealership. He has been an energetic supporter and member of our 'Keep Carterton Beautiful' group.

The following local tales came from my grandparents regarding their Polish friends. A young man, Tony Rzoska, fell in love with Joan Sexton. The Rzoska family lived in Chester Road and the Sexton family were across the paddock from my grandparents in Brooklyn Road in the old Callister home. Mr Sexton was a drover with his horse and dogs, and my grandfather worked for the County



Polish girls from the Pahiatua camp in their national costume, photographed with soldiers of the New Zealand Army who administered the facility.

Council. About 1942 Tony joined the Army and after an extensive training period was sent home on his final leave. After a couple of weeks a special steam train was sent through the district to collect up all the servicemen and women and take them to Wellington Harbour where they would embark on a troopship which was to take them off to war.

Lots of people came to our railway station at Carterton to make sure all the servicemen and women received a good send-off. Of course Joan was present. Tony wanted to ask her to marry him but he was so nervous he did not know what to do. So he just reached out, took her hand, slipped a ring on her finger and jumped on the train! Luckily he returned safely. They were married and built a new house just south of Chester Road.

Back in the 1880s, our great, great grandfather, Alfred, and a Mr Beetham put their names forward wishing to be elected as our local MP. Great, great grandmother as a single girl was Eliza Percy from a very good Lower Hutt Catholic family. Together they raised a large family, six boys and six girls, and of course their mother did her best to raise them as Catholics. Not long after she passed away an unmarried son, Henry, died and for some unknown reason great, great grandfather gave the funeral responsibility to the local Protestant vicar. Well, Father Halbauch got the 'pip' and sent a message to his parishioners that they should vote for Mr Beetham, as he was a 'much better man' than Mr Renall! Apparently the parishioners were not convinced and despite the Father's efforts, the final count was in favour of Mr Renall.

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**Editor's note:** Readers of this Bulletin may like to learn more of the humanitarian and generous gesture by Prime Minister Peter Fraser's NZ government in welcoming the Polish orphans and their carers to New Zealand. 'New Zealand's first refugees: Pahiatua's Polish children' was written by members of the Polish Children's Reunion Committee and was first published in 2004. This title is part of the New Zealand Electronic Text Collection (Victoria University of Wellington Library) and its entire contents may be viewed online.

At the foot of the Acknowledgements page of this reference comes this sad recollection by one of the grown children which graphically illustrates the disruption and dislocation caused to families by war:

*As I'm getting older and think back – my grandparents are buried in Poland, my father in Katyn, Russia, where he was shot, my mother in Iran, my sister in the US and I will be buried in New Zealand.*

## The Dakin cottage and early folk in Clareville, Wairarapa

*Contributed by Adele Pentony-Graham*

When our family moved up from Brooklyn, Wellington, in 1991, to a lovely little cottage in Neich's Lane, Clareville, I wanted to know the meaning of the lane's name, 'Neich.' Some time later, a car stopped outside. The occupants were looking at the cottage so I went to the front of the property and one of the passengers said, "Oh, our ancestor married from here," and gave me the name of 'Ordish.'

He said the next day he would bring the deeds of the property since we had now purchased it. At that time I was not interested in local history but that was to change. The gentleman introduced himself as Ivan Ordish, who has since that time, sadly passed on. He brought the deed papers for us up to keep and they are with me as I write this.

Mr Ordish mentioned that the builder of my cottage (Charles Dakin) was a relation of the Ordish family. Charles Dakin's mother in England was an Ordish. When Charles Dakin came to New Zealand, his cousin, Charles Ordish, came with him.

Following their marriage in 1850, Charles Dakin and his wife Mary set sail for New Zealand on the *Libertas*. They first went to Greytown, then Clareville, 2 km north of Carterton in the lovely Wairarapa. Charles Dakin came from Tutbury, in Staffordshire.

The property deed for the Dakin cottage and land was first written up by James Leyden in 1882.

The deed records James Burton Penny as the owner in 1885. Mr Penny's sister, Mary, married Bishop Nevil of Dunedin. James Penny came from Exeter in Devon, and over the years I have met several descendants of that family.



Dakin cottage, Clareville, Wairarapa—built in 1882

Then a few years later, Charles Dakin bought the place he had built. The cottage has been much altered over the intervening years, including its kitchen area. I was told by a local it will never be back the way it was, which to me is a great shame. I wish it could have been kept the way it was. Progress!

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Subsequent owners were Alfred James Ordish, then John James Gravestock. These were followed by Mary Ordish (widow), then a Mrs Symonds. It was then sold to Betty Dell who was Samuel Oates' great granddaughter. I used to visit Betty in Masterton; sadly she has passed on in recent years. In 1955 Leslie Rzoska bought the property. They were the owners when we bought it in 1991. Sadly, Leslie has since died.

The property appealed at purchase as the cottage came with just over an acre of flat land.

I have found it really interesting to read of the names of the previous owners. I now know more about most of those names, especially regarding 'Penny' and of course the Dakin name. Those names link with the following names around the Valley, Fairbrother, Deller and Corpe. John Gravestock was a horse trainer, as Clareville at that time had its own racecourse and most properties around the area had their own stables. The former racecourse is now part of the A & P Society grounds.

Dakin cottage is built of rimu. I do not intend to modernise it as what is done through my ownership is done through historical respect for the building. I hope to list it with New Zealand Heritage (re-named New Zealand Heritage in 2014 from the former name, New Zealand Historic Places Trust), who are aware of this old homestead.



### *Naming of Neich Lane*

Following up on the lane name of 'Neich,' I found the lane was originally named 'Danero,' a name which derived from Genoa, Italy. However, I have the Neich family's book to help me, and it describes a George Neich senior having lived in the last cottage in the lane (the Neich cottage) next to Dakin Cottage. George Neich senior's son, George junior, informed me that the Neich cottage was a two-storied building when their family owned it. George junior also mentioned that he rode horses and his father, George senior, was a horse trainer.

George Neich senior, came from Parramatta, Sydney, to New Zealand and met and married a Laura Beach of Christchurch. In tracing connections to the Beach family, one of the graves at Featherston is for a soldier who died of the influenza epidemic in 1918. His name was Thomas Archibald Clark and his mother shares the same maiden name (Beach) as for the wife of George Neich senior.

I said to George Neich junior, "You never told me you had a relation buried at Featherston." I was able to take him to the Featherston cemetery and showed him the Thomas Clark grave and I explained to him that indeed this grave was of a man whose mother had the same maiden name as his own mother (Beach of Christchurch).

I managed to trace a further relation down there who recently came up and met her long lost cousin, George. It has been a joy to enable the meeting up of these relations. I'm working on tracing further relatives of the Neich family including one in Masterton — and I have recently traced another south island ancestor of theirs with the family name of Golla.

That one for another day ...!



*Fernside, Featherston, Wairarapa*

# How they saw us in 1906

## —glimpses of Carterton, Wairarapa

Contributed by Ian Renall

At the turn of last century, Carterton was the centre of an important sheep and cattle district and our dairy industry was being developed by four cooperative cheese factories and several private ones.

Our town was well laid out and it had been built on level ground. Our business portion comprised mainly one long, wide street which ran more or less parallel with the railway line which was about a quarter of a mile distant. The main industries were sawmilling, pipe and brick-making, bacon-curing, cabinet-making, engineering, motor and cycle works, coach and carriage factories and furniture-making. We had a Post Office, a high school, a daily newspaper, a public library, a town hall, three hotels, and a large number of business premises.

Deer shooting could be had in the surrounding district and trout fishing in all the local streams and rivers.

Our mayor was Mr Willie Moore, who was born and educated locally. Mr Moore took great interest in public and social matters, was a member of the Masonic order and a member of the rifle club and school committee. He was also the first Lieutenant of the rifle volunteers.

In 1904, Council passed a law which restricted the speed of traction engines to four miles per hour and included a condition that a person, either on foot or on horseback, should be a few yards in front of the machine at all times. The Council had jurisdiction over 1800 acres and the capital value was 261,000 pounds. Our Council rates were set at one penny in the pound on our unimproved land

value. The town was reticulated with locally produced gas in 1907 at a cost of 6,000 pounds. We had a good supply of water from the Waingawa river, and a very good sewerage system which cost nearly 8,000 pounds.

In the 1906 census our population was reported at 1402 persons. Our sewerage system was reported as one of the best in the country.

The brick and pipe company in Rutland Road was established in 1899 and controlled 15 acres of first class brick-making, dry land and employed 16 persons.

W Booth & Co were large sawmillers and timber merchants and employed a large number of workers. They had two sawmills. one in Carterton and one in Greytown.

Now in 2015, 109 years, later, look at the progress that has been made!

*Sadly Ian Renall passed away on the 3<sup>rd</sup> December 2015, a few days before this Bulletin went to press.*



Carterton's main street in 1906



... and in 2015

# From Dan to Beersheba-Wanganui

by Henry Lapham

*The Otago Witness*

29 April 1882

The trip from Wellington to Wanganui usually occupies only a few hours, that is, by sea; but it is more unpleasant and more annoying than the whole voyage from Invercargill round the South Island.

In the first place the coastal steamboats are scarcely ever punctual to advertised time. One may, for instance, be advertised to sail on Tuesday at noon, we will say. Therefore the intending passenger hurries to the wharf at 11.30 on that day, but finds there is no sign of the boat. He goes hence to the office, and is there informed that the vessel has not yet left Wanganui. One will perhaps be in tonight, and then sail to-morrow. Tomorrow is consumed in anxious watching, and unavailable worry, but the steamer is not in sight at sundown. However, she comes in at night, and will surely sail early next day. But the next day the agents politely inform the maddened traveller that the steamer is detained to go on an excursion trip round the harbour, but will go without fail *next day*. However, no one seems the least surprised; it is useless to look for pity when all that is the matter is the loss of a day or two.

In this North Island no one ever seems to have much in particular to do, an hour or a day is of no consequence, any business on hand can be transacted quite as well tomorrow, or the day after, or, for the matter of that, in the middle of next week. People seem to read the old business maxim backwards, and say, 'always put off till to-morrow what you might do to-day.' It is a very happy-

go-lucky, sleepy, dreamy sort of existence, and not very conducive to prosperity. Still, it has an ill effect upon places and people.

Wellington is quite twenty years behind Otago, and the people here have not one-twentieth part of the energy, pluck, and perseverance which characterise the people of the South. In the second place, the passage money paid to the agents in Wellington does not by any means include all the expenses of the trip — all meals are charged for extra — and at what appeared to me most exorbitant rates. At any rate, after being summoned by a most obsequious steward to come to dinner, I was a little taken aback to find 2s 6d demanded for a very second-class meal. Whether supper and breakfast are charged for at the same rate I cannot say, for *mal-de-mer* took possession of me, and I saved my purse at the expense of my stomach; and, oh, how that unfortunate part of the system does suffer, how these abominable little boats do toss, and plunge, and wriggle, till the traveller feels, as Mark Twain says, 'as if he would throw up his immortal soul.'

However, the agony was not of very long duration, and the passenger is ready to weep for joy, when the bar being favourable, the boat glides over the ripple into the tranquil waters of the Wanganui River, and a noble stream it is, fully one eighth of a mile in width opposite to the town, and one is surprised and delighted at the magnificent bridge which spans it here. The following description, taken from 'The New Zealand Official Handbook,' will give an idea of the magnitude of this structure: 'The Wanganui Bridge

is 600 feet long. It is supported on seven cast-iron cylinder piers, size of the piers being composed of two cylinders. The swing span is 130 feet long, and the swing is moved by powerful-g geared machinery. The swing, when open, leaves two clear passages, each 40 feet wide, so that vessels may pass up and down the river at the same time. The total cost of the bridge was £32,000.'

The characteristic features which first strike a stranger in Wanganui may be summed up in two words: *pony-carriages* and *dust*. In no other town do I recollect to have seen so many of these unpretending little vehicles. In nearly all cases the reins are in the hands of a lady. In a few instances a captive man may be seen, with his knees almost up to his chin, of the slowly crawling baskets, but not many men are capable of the sacrifice. The popularity of pony carriages here is easily accounted for. In the first place, a great many of the better class of people prefer to live out of town, and to them the carriages are useful for calling and shopping etc. Grass here grows so luxuriously and is so nutritious that a small half-acre paddock, even in town, will suffice to feed a pony all the year round, and ladies can drive them without any fear, for the animals are remarkable for their quietness and slowness. Indeed I will venture to wager that a Wanganui pony can move more slowly than any other quadruped in the known world. So much for pony carriages.

The dust is easily accounted for. The town is built in the midst of large sand-hills, and whenever a breeze is blowing, clouds of dust arise. Dust that fills the eyes, nose, and mouths of unlucky

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wayfarers. Dust that penetrates through close casements and under doors. Dust that destroys pianos, and defiles the leaves of books. Dust that covers the wares of the confectioner, and adds an unnatural bloom to the peaches and apples in the fruiterers' windows. Dust that gets in amongst the draper's silks and satins, and would drive the unfortunate men mad if shopkeepers in Wanganui had energy enough to go mad about anything, but they have not. Dust that mixes itself up with the cook's sauces and gravies, giving to them a flavour unique and indescribable; a man may very soon devour his allotted 'peck of dirt' in Wanganui. Dust that brings no good to

anyone but the hotelkeepers, who must drive a roaring trade, if everyone goes to get a pint of beer to lay the dust that chokes him.

Wednesday is the day on which a stranger sees Wanganui at its best, for that is the weekly sale day, and the country people flock into town to sell and make purchases. Mr Freeman R. Jackson (a name pleasantly known to many southern readers) has his sale yards in the centre of town, where he disposes of sheep and cattle, generally, I believe at satisfactory prices. It was not that, however, which induced me to notice the sales, but rather the extraordinary fact that cattle are permitted to be driven through the very busiest

streets of the town at any hour of the day. Fancy the feelings of a fond mother whose children are at play when the lowing, trampling herd come by, or the delight of driving a pair of young horses and coming suddenly into the midst of a mob backed up by drivers with snapping stock-whips. I doubt if such a proceeding would be permitted in any other municipality. There is a large sand hill at the side of the town which is covered in a sort of creeping cactus, and is dignified with the name of the Esplanade, I think. People must be very hard up for exercise who, to enjoy it, will climb up a sand-hill and call it pleasure.



## Overseas corner...

In this year's Bulletin, for 2015, we introduce this new section which will highlight activities undertaken by groups similar to our own but in other countries. This year we gain a special glimpse of Prince Edward Island, Canada.

*In the following, we are indebted to Janice and Wayne Trowsdale of Bideford, Prince Edward Island, Canada, for their writing up for us (in November this year) an account of how local 'people power', dedication and pooled effort came together to restore a special old building in their community. It was much loved by locals but was at risk of being disassembled and relocated elsewhere. Instead, with their intervention, it was given a new lease on life and an important new role to play in the area.*

## How the Bideford Parsonage Museum came to be

*Janice and Wayne Trowsdale take up the story:*

At some time in the summer of 1999, a house and grounds in the community of Bideford, Prince Edward Island, had a home-made sign 'For Sale' erected at the gate. The house had been built in 1878 by Thomas Pope, an accountant and telegraph operator from the era when wooden sailing ships were built locally. It was now owned by an elderly couple. The house had a notable historic connection to author, Lucy Maud Montgomery, of *Anne of Green Gables* fame. The Pope family lived there for only six years before selling it in 1884 to the Bideford Methodist Church for its Parsonage. Ten years later, in July 1894, Lucy Maud Montgomery, a young woman of 19 years of age, came to teach in the Bideford No. 6 School. As the mode of transportation was either by horse or foot at that time, Maud needed to find a boarding house that was near the school.

In 1925, a church union took place in Canada, with the Congregational Church, the Methodist Church and approximately two-thirds of the Presbyterian Congregations combining to form the United Church of Canada. The Parsonage then was called the Manse for the Bideford United Church until 1972. During the 1970s, an Energy Crisis in Canada caused energy costs to soar to unprecedented levels and since this house was almost 100 years old and very cold and draughty, the Church decided to build a new, energy-efficient bungalow home for their clergy and put the Parsonage/Manse up or sale. It was purchased in 1975 by a family who had moved from New York City, and who lived there until they found that their health was becoming an issue. Thus in 1999, they put their property up for sale.

A local freelance writer who was their friend, wrote an article for the *Charlottetown Guardian* newspaper, noting that the property was for sale and it had an historic connection to our Island's native author, Maud Montgomery. At that time, a developer was creating a theme park in the north



Bideford Parsonage Museum photographed in 2006

shore community of Cavendish, modelled after the description of Avonlea in *Anne of Green Gables*. The developers were looking for a house to move into their park, and they were quite willing to invest the money required to move this former Parsonage to Cavendish, a distance of 70 miles, because of its connection to Montgomery.

On a Monday morning in August, 1999, Wayne Trowsdale received a phone call from a neighbour asking him if he knew that the house was to be cut into three sections and hauled to Cavendish for the Theme Park. As he did not know about this, but since he knew the owner of the house, he agreed to visit the owner to see if there was any truth in this rumour.

Wayne found that it was true, and since the owners had not received any other enquiries or interest from anyone else, and as their health was becoming more compromised each day, although they hated to see their home of 25 years being moved from the area, they felt they had no other choice. The owner agreed however, that if the community could come up with the money for the sale, he would prefer to sell it locally, rather than see it moved away.

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Wayne had served as Chair of the local Community Council during the 1970s, so when he got home, he called various governmental departments to see if, because of the historic connection to Montgomery, there might be a law preventing its removal from the original site. There were no designations made on the property at that time, so there were no laws to prevent this from happening.

He then approached the local Community Council, but the members, although they didn't like to see it removed from the community, were not willing to invest any money into keeping it in the area. The neighbouring Community Council were sympathetic to the situation, but they had several projects underway in their own community and didn't want to become involved. Fortunately, at the time, there was a Development Corporation that had been formed to move and renovate an historic hall, and since their executive was almost at the point of disbanding the corporation, they agreed to back the investigation into obtaining funds, but wanted to be involved for only one year, at which time (our) group would form its own organisation. A mortgage could be obtained for the percentage of the appraised value of the property, but we were still short of \$50,000.00 to meet the price the developers were willing to pay for the property.

Three months later, in October, 1999, at a meeting held at the local school, the group was almost at the point of having no more options, and would be forced to give up the idea of saving the house. Then a gentleman who was a former Premier of the Province, abruptly left the meeting while the discussions continued and people were brainstorming for ideas on how we might raise the shortfall. Just before the vote was to be taken to admit defeat, and let the developers become the owners, the gentleman returned with exciting news. He had just received word from the government of the day that it was willing to provide a grant of \$50,000.00 so that we

could meet the asking price and keep the house in our community!

Great news! — but what would we do with the house once we had ownership? Some suggestions were to rent it or to operate it as a B&B, but those renovations would cause it to lose its historical appearance. The idea to turn it into a Museum was floated in the discussion, recognising the three distinct themes that could relate to it – firstly, the shipbuilding era in Bideford, secondly, the contribution made to the community over the years by the many clergy and their families who lived in the house, and thirdly, the fact that author Lucy Maud Montgomery boarded there during the year that she taught in her first teaching position following her graduation from Prince of Wales College in Charlottetown. It was unanimously agreed that this was the only viable option for us to take.

An Historical Society had been formed in the 1970s to promote and preserve the Green Park Shipbuilding Museum and Yeo House in Port Hill, so the Society was reactivated and incorporated. The Society would be the owner and operator of what has come to be known as the Bideford Parsonage Museum. Since Wayne had led the research and chaired the many meetings to investigate all possibilities for funding, etc. he was nominated Chair of the Historical Society.

During the fall and winter of 1999-2000, research about the house and its occupants was conducted, and plans were developed to restore the house to look as it would have appeared in 1894-95. Renovations were made to the foyer, rebuilding a curved staircase that had been removed over the years because the post railing had become loose. The bedroom that we knew was Maud's, was also restored to how it would have appeared in 1894-95. Fortunately there had been few changes made to the house over the years.

Applications were made through the sponsoring Development Corporation to obtain a Federal



Wayne at work in the office



Janice serves tea to a guest in the dining room



Janice in the pantry

Government Grant through the Atlantic Canada Opportunities Agency (ACOA) to cover the cost of the restoration.

In the spring of 2000, word was received that we had been approved for funding. Because of the media coverage that ensued from our little community challenging a developer who wished to purchase this historic property, people were coming to see what the house looked like. Renovations were stopped for the two summer months, July and August, and visitors to the house were welcomed. Tenders for the various renovations were advertised and contracts awarded to commence the work in September.

Since Wayne had considerable experience in construction, he oversaw the project, working alongside the other members of the Society, who together volunteered a total of \$24,242.00 of 'in kind' labour as part of the Society's contribution to the restoration project. By the month of July, 2001, the renovation and restoration of the Bideford Parsonage



Wayne and Janice on the stairs in the foyer

was completed to the point that the Museum opened its doors to the public.



Wayne and Janice in the parlour

At the present time Wayne continues to volunteer the maintenance and upkeep of the house and property and has just completed 16 years as Chair of this Community group. There are seven years remaining before the mortgage is retired and we look forward to that day. We trust that someone will soon take the lead in keeping this historic property open and available to the public, for years to come.

These 16 years have definitely been a labour of love!

Wayne and Janice Trowsdale were recently photographed in late 19<sup>th</sup> century period dress in various rooms of the Bideford Parsonage Museum.



View from Lucy Maud Montgomery's bedroom at the Parsonage



(left) Anne of Green Gables, from a display at the Anne of Green Gables Museum (2006)



Birth place of author, Lucy Maud Montgomery, photographed in 2006



An essay follows by Prince Edward Island historian, **David Weale**, kindly reproduced with his permission (15 November 2015). The essay draws from a remarkable collection of interviews made by the author, David Weale, with Prince Edward Island people, conducted in the 1980s and 1990s. Those stories and reminiscences formed the basis of more than 100 radio programs which went to air from CBC Radio, Charlottetown. The stories featured in a segment called *Them Times* on a program called *Island morning* and were published in a written collection prepared by David Weale, in *Them Times* in the *Island Studies* series.

As Christmas 2015 approaches we are reminded that not very long ago, in the aftermath of World War II, most families did not have a great deal of money or material benefits. This brief story may bring a tear to your eye as you contemplate how in those times, something we would regard today as minimal, in fact meant a great deal. Ed.

## The Christmas Orange

by David Weale

Perhaps the greatest difference between Christmas today and Christmas “them times” is that ‘them times’, people were poor. Not that there aren’t any poor today, but back then everyone was poor – or almost everyone. It wasn’t a grinding, end-of-the-rope kind of poverty. Most everyone had food enough to eat and warm clothes to wear. The woodshed was filled with wood, the cellar with potatoes and carrots, and the pickle barrel with herring or pork. In many ways it was an era of plenty, so you might say that rural Islanders weren’t poor, they just didn’t have much money.

What strikes me forcibly when I speak to old people is that the scarcity of money made it possible to receive very great pleasure from simple, inexpensive things. I know, for example, that for many children an orange, a simple orange, was a Christmas miracle. It was the perfect golden ball of legend and fairy tale which appeared, as if by magic, on December 25<sup>th</sup>. In that drab world of gray and brown, it shone mightily like a small sun.

The orange was a kind of incarnation of Christmas itself, the very spirit and embodiment of the Christmas season. For many Islanders the most vivid, evocative memory of that blessed time is the memory of an orange in the toe of their stocking. One woman from a large family in Morell said that at her home you were fortunate if you received a whole orange for yourself. She recalled some lean years when she received half an orange, and was happy for it.

For children who ate oatmeal porridge for breakfast virtually every day of their lives, and had molasses on bread most days in their school lunch; for children who looked at fried potatoes almost every evening for supper and considered turnip scrapings a special evening snack; for these children an orange was a marvel, something almost too wonderful and prized to be eaten—an exotic, sensuous wonder.

One woman confessed that she kept her orange for a week after Christmas, kept it in a drawer. Several times a day she would go to her hiding place and take out the orange just to fondle it, and smell it, and to anticipate joyously the pleasure which was to come. Eventually it had to be eaten: deliberately, unhurriedly, ceremoniously, and gratefully. Piece by piece, and finally the peeling—it was all eaten, and it was all good.

But soon it was gone. All that remained was the hope that there would be another Christmas and, if God would be good, another orange.



Lighthouse, Prince Edward Island, photographed in 2006

*In the centenary period since World War I, we observe stories and experiences from the regions that relate to war time.*

## Exhibitions on World War I, Wellington

Presently there are two absolutely 'knockout', 'must see' exhibitions on in Wellington on World War I, which by any measure, must rank as the most original and memorable depictions of war you will ever see. They are in no way glorifying war, far from it, but they are truly outstanding in the way each captures the gripping reality of the events. A war which wrought such a colossal toll in human lives lost and in the massive scale of suffering, trauma and injuries it inflicted.

### **The Great War Exhibition**

The former Dominion Museum at Mt Cook, Wellington, has been modernised and refurbished in time to accommodate the hosting of the extensive *Great War Exhibition* which opened on ANZAC weekend this year (2015). Heavily contributed to by Sir Peter Jackson and the staffs of the Weta Workshop and Wingnut Films, this exhibition takes the visitor on a journey, year by year, from an opening peaceful streetscape in Belgium on the eve of war (1914) to its conclusion in 1918. All photographs of the period have been coloured. Peter Jackson insisted on this, stating that people are so used to seeing photographs of World War I in black and white, that there was a need to show colour to engender reality as the soldiers caught up in it saw all that was happening around them in colour.

The displays will change over the next four years to reflect key periods of the war, with the total exhibition concluding on the centenary of Armistice Day in 2018.

### **Gallipoli — the scale of our war**

This other major Wellington exhibition on war, *Gallipoli — the scale of our war*, tells the story of New Zealand's involvement in the Gallipoli campaign of World War I and uses extremely striking and memorable imagery. It was jointly produced by the Museum of New Zealand Te Papa, in which it is housed, and the Weta Workshop. What makes this exhibition unforgettable in its presentation is the bold decision to depict the eight persons chosen as central characters (seven soldiers and a nurse) in 2.4 times their actual life size. Somehow the drama of the situations they are caught up in is magnified by the use of these large figures, finished in amazing and life-like detail. Some 24,000 hours were expended by Weta Workshop in crafting the eight central figures and in researching, crafting and assembling all the other aspects of the displays. Result? Mind-blowing.



# Clive Mortimer Jones—Army chaplain, WWI

*by his son, John Mortimer, member of Founders, Waikato Branch*

*We are privileged to have the following item which relates the experiences of a chaplain who served with the New Zealand Army in France in World War I. It's a special item as its author, Waikato Founders member, John Mortimer (aged 91), has written about his father, Clive Mortimer Jones, while not being in robust health. Thank you for your fine efforts John!*

Born in London in 1880 and educated at Oxford University, Clive Mortimer Jones became an Anglican priest and departed for New Zealand in 1909. Since he had been an enthusiastic member of the Oxford University Rifle Volunteer Corps it was not surprising that he joined up with the Bay of Islands Mounted Rifle Volunteers, with whom he became their chaplain, overseeing an area from Hokianga to Russell. After three years there he became vicar of St. Andrew's Church in Cambridge. With his involvement in the army and with the outbreak of WW I, he felt he should join up, but the Bishop did not approve his release for several years because of the shortage of clergy. So it was in June 1917, that he embarked with the New Zealand 26<sup>th</sup> Reinforcements to start his service in England and then France.

I have been asked to write this article for the Founders Society in spite of my father having come to New Zealand only in 1909. However, there is a connection: three weeks before embarking he married Mildred Matthews who was a granddaughter of Dr Richard Matthews. He was a ship's surgeon on the *Sir John Falstaff*, which arrived in Wellington in May 1841. So Clive was more connected to the Matthews than the Jones!

Clive was a regular writer and wrote to his parents every week. The letters covering the first year of his three years in the north were of great interest. Unfortunately, letters for the next two years have been lost. When he went off to war he wrote on a regular basis to his church, but our family did not find these letters until nearly 100 years later. They had been archived in the church and were moved to the Cambridge Museum where my daughter and I 'accidentally' found them. He must have written letters to his wife and family but they have been lost. We do know that he wrote many letters to families who had lost men in that terrible war – he wrote that he would write four bereavement letters every two hours.

So here are parts of letters he wrote to his parishioners while overseas in the army:

June 1<sup>st</sup> 1917, prior to embarking: "It is not small comfort to me that my wife, before we were married, helped me to continue in my decision, and she is not the first brave woman who has helped her man to leave her in order to go to the war."

At sea: "I am the ship's censor and find that the work has taken up all my time for the last three days. I have gone through about 5000 letters."

August, still at sea: "We are also now escorted by several destroyers, a hydro-plane, and two dirigible naval balloons, and altogether there are 16 ships, so all fears from submarine dangers are overcome by the presence of such splendid protectors. We had one alarm last Saturday when the siren blew, and all the ships scattered in every direction at top speed."

After some weeks in various training areas and hospitals in England, Clive was sent to France on Nov 12<sup>th</sup>, but prior to that he was at Piccadilly Circus when a 'Zeppy' bomb [from a German Zeppelin airship] caused much damage there.

In no time he was in areas where there were bombs landing everywhere and he wrote that he, "had the wind-up badly."

In February 1918 he wrote about a period of three weeks in dugouts, which were damp and full of rats. In one day of hunting them they caught 70. Always 'Fritz' was pumping out shrapnel.

On June 9<sup>th</sup> he wrote: "This means that we are always under shell fire, and unfortunately we have had casualties when in reserve five miles back... I go with the Battalion everywhere and have been spending last week in a sand bag R.A.P. from which I can visit the trenches in the front line... I haven't taken my clothes off for sixteen days!"

In September he wrote of significant fighting with his Battalion and with Padre Dobson collecting bodies, "of our fallen heroes. We have buried 95 in a cemetery nearby."

He had huge respect and love for his men and in that letter he wrote, "These are just the dry details of what was a magnificent performance and of a splendid success. They were days full of deeds of heroism of cruel suffering and of devotion to duty."

The last letter covering the end of the war was on 25<sup>th</sup> November 1918, in which he wrote about the

*CONTINUES ON PAGE 36*

battle of Le Quesnoy: "On Sunday, November 3rd, we began our march, starting at 4.30 pm, and left our happy home [at Solesmes] with a cheery farewell from the French. Our march in the dark was not pleasant, it was raining hard; the roads were congested; deviations had to be made round bridges and places where the road had been blown up; limbers and lorries got stuck in the mud; sometimes we had to wait for half an hour; often we halted a dozen times in the hour. But at last at 9.30 pm we reached an orchard, a few kilometres this side of Le Quesnoy. ...in spite of the boys being very tired we could not sleep for long. They had only marched about five miles but it had taken five hours during which we had not taken our packs off once." (Clive had written in June that he was 38 years old and that he was getting too old for this life).

They were up at 5.30 am, breakfast at 6.00 am then to the assembly point. He writes about the wonderful barrage that started at 5.30 and by this time the "Bosche was putting a lot of stuff back." The battle was the last one of the war in which the New Zealanders were involved. The NZ Division at Le Quesnoy on 4<sup>th</sup> November sustained 400 casualties, including 93 dead and Clive buried some of them in the Le Quesnoy Communal Cemetery. He joined

with the NZ forces who marched into Germany, then spent several months working with army hospitals in England before returning to NZ and rejoining his parish.

### *Peacetime activities*

While he was in Cambridge Clive spent much time organising the overseas design and purchase, and local finances for the Soldiers' Memorial Window for St. Andrew's church. Those three stained glass panels, covering Gallipoli, Ypres and Le Quesnoy, were unveiled on 11<sup>th</sup> December 1923. It is a beautiful and impressive window and visitors to Cambridge should make the effort to inspect it as part of a charming old church.

I am now 91 and recall my father as a very gentle and humble man, and like many old soldiers he did not speak of his time in the war. He moved to several other parishes, always heavily involved with the RSA, St. Johns Ambulance, Rotary, War Graves Commission, etc. He finally moved, with Mildred, to retire in Cambridge, and died there in 1965.

**Post Script.** After his letters were found, the New Zealand Military Historical Society in 2013 published *A Strong Sense of Duty* covering his letters, and some information about other chaplains.

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## Tribute to a brave New Zealand soldier: Gallipoli and the Somme, World War I

*The following is from a speech given to the Waikato Branch of Founders on 16 April 2015,  
by Waikato Branch member, Don Sandford*

### **Background**

My grandmother's brother, Second Lieutenant William J R Hill, won a Military Cross in France, after having served on two separate occasions in the Gallipoli campaign.

My mother, Aubrey Sandford, was a member of the Founders Society for many years before she passed away five years ago. Her name came from her Uncle Aubrey who died on the Somme just a few days before she was born in 1916.

I recall our grandmother referring to her family's experiences in the First World War. One brother, Leslie, who was wounded at Gallipoli, also served in France.

William (or Bill) Hill, was born in 1882 and educated in Taranaki. He had lived in Christchurch, then Wellington, before becoming a sports journalist

for the *New Zealand Herald* in Auckland. He had previously endeavoured to enlist for service in the Boer War but was rejected due to his young age.

Recently I read a book, *Shattered Glory*, by Mathew Wright, which described the New Zealand experiences at Gallipoli and on the Western Front.

In speaking of these campaigns, the author says:

"Virtually everybody in New Zealand brought up during the mid to late twentieth century knew somebody who fought in the First World War," — and the Sandford family was no different.

He noted, "...we are left with an impression of sadness, of sacrifice, of meaningless death and of the encompassing human tragedy of war."

Peter Hart, in his book, *Gallipoli*, describes it as, "one of the most famous campaigns in history."

CONTINUES ON PAGE 37

Gallipoli forced Churchill from office, established the reputation of Turkey's iconic leader, Kemal Atatürk and marked Australia's (and New Zealand's) emergence as nations in their own right."

Hart added, "the attempt to seize the Dardanelles, capture Constantinople and knock Turkey out of the war...proved catastrophic for the Allies...the fighting ended in a humiliating retreat."

Our family have found it difficult to read Bill's letters over the years, particularly as we have German and Turkish friends. Sheryl and I have a German student staying with us this year. And I recall my sister, Val, was being entertained by Turkish friends in Turkey in 1975 when her friend's grandmother asked Val, "Why did you come?" Val did not know what to say and was told later that the lady had lost four brothers at Gallipoli.

Bill wrote to my grandmother's family from King George's Hospital in London on 29<sup>th</sup> February 1915, while recovering from wounds received during his first visit to Gallipoli.

I have edited much of what he wrote as the contents can be distressing.

### *A letter describing war at Gallipoli*

"And now old sports (he writes), as the old doctor has finished with me, I'll try to give you a few of my experiences...we only remained in Alexandria a short time before sailing to the island of Lemnos, a Greek island in the Aegean sea, about five hours steam from the Dardanelles. The harbour had about 240 ships at anchor...well, we steamed right through the mass of shipping and the ovation we received from the troops on board absolutely beggared description. First, we passed the *Aquitania*, the largest steamer in the world, crowded with 7,500 troops, then we scraped past battleships, cruisers, hospital ships, transports, colliers...I can tell you it made one forget any discomfort...made one realise the wonderful spirit of the Empire. I counted 14 battleships and 16 cruisers as well as torpedo boats and submarines...there were 40,000 troops afloat at that moment in the harbour...then, after two days, we sailed for the front and could soon hear the guns and see the flashes in the sky."

"We were at the front at last...and as we tumbled into huge lighters the noise of the bullets hitting the water and our boats made us duck down and wish we were home in bed...It took us half an hour to get to the shore...the first realisation of what it was really like was seeing the beach littered with wounded men. English, French, New Zealanders

and Australians. Hundreds of them, all hurt in the bayonet charges on the previous day...the wounded were just lying in rows waiting patiently for their turn to be taken off in boats to the hospital ships."

My readings tell me that initially there were 12,000 Turks against 16,000 Anzacs, 3100 of whom were New Zealanders. Officially, New Zealand's casualties, just on 25<sup>th</sup> April, were 372 dead and 703 wounded or missing. Of course there were many more involved in this conflict from both sides.

Bill continued:

"We were still two miles from our base...it was just a case of getting on as fast as you could and the pace, I must say, it was not too hot owing to our packs and that confounded case of ammunition (we were all told to carry)... Inadvertently, Scott and I got separated...but we struggled on and eventually came out onto an open space where I got the fright of my life...we had stumbled onto a howitzer battery and just as we reached it, one of the guns was fired... when the rush of air blew my hat off and the hellish report nigh deafened me, well, to tell the truth, it scared the blue blazes out of me."

"We passed quite a number of poor fellows who had fallen to snipers.

"We reached our base...just a strip of sand between the sea and a huge cliff...not a tent was seen anywhere...our homes would be holes dug into the side of the hill.

"We lay down and rested, but not for long...bullets started to fly about and the sergeant in B Company stopped one with his leg...three others received leaden presents in the space of five minutes...we just had to sit and trust to luck. Fortunately, I had a good marble, but quite a lot of unfortunates got stars and a few qualified for harps with a seat on a cloud.

"Nearby...was a clearing station, a big tarpaulin with half a dozen doctors working...outside were the wounded...hundreds of them...lying in the sun on the bare earth and thickly coated with dirt, sweat and blood to say nothing of the flies which were there in millions. Poor fellows...most of them were New Zealanders and Australians and you will be proud to know that although many of them were wounded unto death, I did not hear a single complaint. Some...had been waiting their turn for two days.

"Oh, but you have just reason to be proud of the fact that you are colonials. Away, back there in New Zealand you read in the papers that Australasians by

their brilliance and pluck achieved the impossible. You read about the glorious bayonet charges, of the dogged pluck of the few cut off and assailed on all sides. You read all this and you feel pride, a 'just pride' welling up inside you. But have you ever thought about the aftermath? Just try and picture what a battlefield is like the day after. You'll never succeed in getting a true impression. You must walk over it before the realisation of how horrible, how utterly dreadful war is. And that realisation came to me... we passed through a gully up which the Australians, New Zealanders and Maori had fought their way the previous night. Oh the horror of it. Dead, nothing but dead men.... Hundreds upon hundreds...lying in all sorts of attitudes; some badly marked, others mangled out of all hope of recognition...they would lie there until stretcher bearers, heroes every one of them, would under the cover of darkness attempt their removal.

"...as I gazed,...bang, bang, bang went the rifles, then the sharp rattle of the machine guns, then the nerve wracking screams and subsequent deafening explosions of the big six-inch shells which never for a moment ceased.

"The Turks had got word of our advance up the gully. Shrapnel exploded right over us....

"The next day I saw four British Regiments (Gloucesters; Irish Rifles; Connaught Rangers and Wiltshires ) get cut up by shrapnel...about 60 yards distant...they lost scores and scores of their ranks.

"After nightfall our Auckland company was ordered to advance past the Gloucesters who had been almost wiped out...past the dead, already becoming a menace to health,...and then along the trench, a miserable little drain 4.5 feet deep and 2.5 feet wide, smelling vilely of dead Turk and alive with vermin.

"The next morning...the Turks were making their big attack and they swarmed over the crest in thousands, right up to the trenches held by the Lancashire regiment they rushed. And now I must tell you something that will make you think. The Lancs cut and ran for it. ...You will hardly credit that statement that a British regiment's nerve failed but it is gospel truth and the worst of it is that it has happened before and it happened again that morning.

"Once the Turks gained our ridge...the Australasians realised their position would be full of peril....The Wiltshires would not leave their dugouts...their Colonel and Major were frantic but it was no go, they would not fall in, so a staff officer called, 'Where are those New Zealanders?' Lieutenant Ellisden called

out to me, 'Corporal Hill...hurry down and tell our men to fix bayonets and be ready.'

"I rushed off and in about three minutes we were marching thro' the Wiltshires in their dug outs. Prior to this, I had felt like a lump of jelly but when those cowardly curs 'turned it up' something seemed to calm me and I quite forgot all fear as we charged for the crest. The Turks were charging it from the other side but we got there first...there were only 55 Aucklanders in one place and we gave those Turks something to remember.

"Later on though, they opened up on us with machine gun fire...the bullets swept the crest like hail...and hitting anyone foolish enough to raise his head eight inches...soon George next to me got it in the head...then poor Charlie the same. Wally was next in the stomach. It was hell, absolute hell I can tell you There we were, lying practically in the open, peppered from the front by machine guns and rifle fire while from the side came shrapnel from Anna Farta. To make matters worse, the big guns from our warship began to talk and as we were only 200 yards away from the enemy you can imagine how difficult it was for the gunners to land the shells without hitting us. Quite a number burst right over us, killing a number besides wounding others. You cannot imagine how awful it was....However, I had to keep up my fire and despite the fact that my rifle was white hot, I managed to bag quite a few Turks. In all I fired 220 shots and I reckon...I hit at least 50 of the beggars.

"I had packed a large book in my haversack on my back, it rested between my shoulder blades like a huge pad...a shell burst right on me and I did not wake up for several minutes...a lump of missile had lobbed fair onto this pad smashing it to smithereens but barring a huge bruise, doing me no further injury... I climbed down about 20 feet only to get a lump of shrapnel in my side...then I rolled down the side of the hill where I struck a poor beggar shot through the thigh...with my feeble assistance he got up just in time to stop another dose and I got it in the knee...then I made my way down with scores of wounded to the beach...snipers were firing at us but barring a graze on my hip I escaped.

"On the beach hundreds were waiting to be attended...and bullets and shrapnel were flying about...many were hit, but by this time I did not care whether they got me or not.

"After spending the night on the beach I finally was taken out to a cattle boat where they packed in

900 of us...on board there were also 25 orderlies, six nurses and six doctors, so you can imagine the task they had!

"At Lemnos we were all taken on board the *Aquitania* and thence to England and thanks to a zig-zag course we avoided the submarines.

### ***On getting back to England***

"The public swarmed round our cars, cheering and greeting us. People were just itching to do something for us. As many as can get about are taken out every day in cars, buses or cabs. London's proudest women vie with each other in their efforts to honour the soldiers. Tea parties, theatre and drives are on every afternoon. We are treated and feted like kings. Our drives through the city are triumphal processions. Everyone waves. Many cheer, girls kiss hands, old men take off their hats.

The country is all we pictured it to be and none of us want to come back until all danger of German invasion is over."

Bill then reflects back to Gallipoli: ..."Whole companies were wiped out. At the end of five days, New Zealand had lost over 500 men.

"Don't ever believe stories about the glories of war, because war is not glorious: it is just hell: nothing but dirt, filth, blood; sweat; toil and pain. May this war be the last the tired old war will ever endure.

"I leave hospital tomorrow and after two weeks furlough I return to the Dardenelles...so wish me luck..."

"Good bye old pals...yours as ever" ...Bill.

### ***Back to Gallipoli, followed by the Somme***

Well...Bill did return to Gallipoli where he sustained serious injuries again. He recovered in Egypt then gained his sergeant's stripes during the first Battle of the Somme. He gained his commission in 1917 before further service in France with the 5<sup>th</sup> reinforcements and won the Military Cross which I am proud to have inherited.

The family in New Zealand received the tragic news of his death in September 1918 just two months before the war ended, and also a letter from the chaplain in France who was with him when he died.

"The poor fellow received a gun shot in his spine which soon rendered him unconscious.... You will be glad to know the end was peaceful," he wrote.

### ***Reflecting on war***

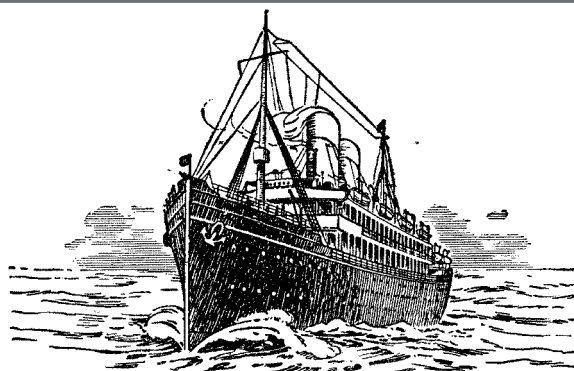
To conclude, this Centenary of Gallipoli has affected many. In preparation for ANZAC Day I will be helping to erect white crosses, help my Rotary Club and provide refreshments for those attending the 10.00 am service. I have found myself reading books on Gallipoli, especially in the past 12 months. The more you read, the more you appreciate the sacrifices made by so many New Zealanders, including the 2450 who died and the 5150 who were wounded or missing.

In his book, *Gallipoli*, by Christopher Pugsley, there is this poem:

*The ANZACS – their ranks are but scanty all told –  
Have a separate record illumined in gold  
Their blood on Gallipoli's ridges they poured  
Their souls with the scars of that struggle are scored  
Not many are left, and not many are sound  
And thousands lie buried on Turkish ground,  
These are the ANZAC's; the others many claim  
Their zeal and their spirit, but never their name.*

Certainly, visiting Gallipoli is on my bucket list.

Don Sandford



# Looking back on World War II nursing experiences

*From a talk to Founders given by Wellington Founders member, Roma Foley*

*Contributed by Carol Hurst and Janet Robinson*

## **Roma's story**

For an aged group that was very involved in the war (World War II), looking back, there are many memories involving that time in our lives. Sadly, I recall that from the age of 18, several of my young friends, each an only child in their family, had been killed.

## **Nursing at Ohakea Air Base, lower North Island**

Following nursing training at New Plymouth, I applied to nurse in the Air Force but received word that I was underage for the force; being a minor; one had to be 21 years for New Zealand service and 23 to serve overseas. I spoke to the Head of Nursing who spoke to the Head of the Air Department and eventually I received instructions to report to Levin, where I attended a course for recruits of about three weeks. The course concentrated on physical fitness and learning all the rules and regulations of the Service. There was a big emphasis on aircraft recognition and what to do in emergencies. Then I had to report to the hospital at Ohakea air base, at which the staff consisted of two doctors, one matron, several male orderlies and eight nurses, of which I was one. I was 20 years old.

I was fortunate to be accommodated in House 17; it was special to me because it had housed the first WAAFS (Womens' Auxiliary Air Force) and I thought it was a lovely house. I made lifelong friends there with the other girls. There were two girls to each room, about 10 of us in all, and a big kitchen. I quickly got over being shy. We were so short of water at one point we had to share bathwater. I recall one of the



Roma Foley in her uniform

girls would bring in a pillow and sit on the floor and play 'Frankie and Johnnie' on the squeeze box while we were bathing. Standards in our accommodation were very strict, even for those of us doing shift duties, and we had to make up our bed packs every day and be inspected once or twice a week.

It was a very busy life. Ohakea was the biggest operational station in New Zealand. There were more than 4000 personnel within the fighter and bomber squadrons. Boys were coming

and going overseas on active service. In addition to the bomber and fighter squadrons and several other sections, Ohakea was the base for pilots brought home from overseas. These were war veterans, young-in-age but very old in experience. They came back for rest and courses and were based in an area we called 'Siberia'.

There was concern about anyone contracting venereal disease. If they did, they were 'shipped out' on the train that went through in the early hours of the morning to be treated at the special unit at Papakura Army Hospital.

The Ohakea base hospital had a large ward to cater for aircraft crashes. When the siren went we just 'flew' to make sure that everything was ready for whatever the ambulances might bring. Sadly, there were many fatal crashes attended by the male medical orderlies who would have to attend to very badly damaged bodies. Following a crash, as many pilots as possible were sent back into the air so they would not lose their nerve.



North American Harvard, 2-seat trainer, used to train New Zealand Air Force pilots at Ohakea air base, and other NZ air bases, in World War II.



One day we expected the worst as a plane had nearly gone into a bomb dump. The pilot, Freddy Ladd, was well known. It turned out that all that was wrong was that he had lost the seat in his pants! I pinned the pants together with safety pins. Years later my husband and I attended a function in Rotorua where Freddy danced past and was overheard telling his partner about his pants and saying, "I never did know the name of that nurse who saved my dignity." I touched him on the shoulder and said, "Meet her now."

Another time, at Christmas, as many staff as possible had been given Christmas leave so I was staying at the hospital. I had done some washing and must have left my door a little open when a young man visiting a friend, a patient, must have seen my bra and the next thing I knew, it was flying from the flag pole, right in front of the hospital's front door. I was embarrassed but of course a lot of people thought it funny. That night, that same young pilot had tried to fly an ambulance off the tarmac — his nerves had finally broken. I spent Christmas Eve watching him very closely; it was dreadful what that young man had gone through in the Battle of Britain. He slowly got better and I understand he was very upset at what he had done.

### *At war's end*

The war was finally over and another nurse and I were about to sign off on leave when an officer rang to say, "Stop those two nurses." We were seconded to the Army to nurse British prisoners of war who had been taken prisoner by the Japanese, from Java and Singapore, but were too ill to

send home. There were six Air Force nurses and 100 Army. After travelling all night we set up two empty barracks as wards and I'll never forget waiting at the doors of the wards for those dreadfully-hurt persons that slowly shuffled down the passage with their heads down. We had 26 in our ward.

The first treatment we gave them was to delouse and de-worm them. Some of the worms left in the bath were 18 inches long. It is hard to believe that people could do such terrible things to other human beings. Many had cigarette burns all over their bodies which had been inflicted by their guards. One man was paralysed — milk had been injected into his veins. Another man had lost both legs, and his wife who had been with him in Singapore, had suffered unspeakable physical injuries at the hands of her captors, killing her and the twins she was carrying.

One day several of the boys were looking out the window and laughing. When I asked what the joke was, they said, "Look at all that beautiful green grass." Not a blade of grass had been left in the prisoner of war camp where they had been; they had eaten it all. One man who had been an Olympic runner had lost a leg and the foot of the other; he had been so very brave. If I had room I could write another long story about his life which had been dreadful, but it had a very happy ending.

We dealt not only with what had been done to them, but on the way to New Zealand they had received news and names of what had happened to their loved ones back in Great Britain. Most of the prisoners had been reported dead to their loved ones.



Roma Foley c.1957

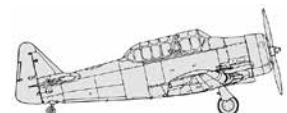
So much more could be written, for example, when the hospital staff were put on full alert — Japanese ships were in Wellington Harbour? Or the long, busy hours on duty from the morning until after night flying finished. There was a closeness among everyone; no arguments, every one getting on with their jobs; growing up very quickly; the young men looking so smart in their uniforms, and happy smiles on their faces as they went on leave to see their loved ones. But inside, we knew they were full of dreadful nerves from what they had been through.

### *And post war*

After the war, my husband, who had been a fighter pilot, returned to university. There were 70 returned men studying, sadly only eight of them finished. My husband had suffered dreadful carbuncles round his neck.

All were brave men at such young ages and after all the dreadful things they had to do they should have been given a long period of rest, somewhere quiet, to recover.

Will wars never end?



# NZ FOUNDERS SOCIETY NEW MEMBERS FOR JANUARY-OCTOBER 2015

Name	Port	Ship	Date	Ancestor
<b><i>Bay of Plenty</i></b>				
Mrs H.K. Bathe	Auckland	Ernestina	1864	Samuel STEPHENS
	Auckland	Cresswell	1853	Elizabeth BELL
	Auckland	Louisa	1865	Thomas KNEEBONE
<b><i>Hawkes Bay</i></b>				
Mrs E.J. Tenquist	Wellington	Birman	1842	John & Emma HARDING
Mrs S.F. Drew	Auckland	Gertrude	1863	Mrs Elizabeth Emily BLOMFIELD
	Auckland	Seagull	1862	John McLEOD
Mrs B.J. Hefford	Auckland	Gertrude	1863	Mrs Elizabeth Emily BLOMFIELD
	Auckland	Seagull	1862	John McLEOD
Mrs A.M. Tod	Wellington	Oliver Lang	1856	Frederick & Mary WILLISCROFT
Mr P.W.T. Ashcroft	Auckland	Artemisia	1854	Alfred Thornton DANVERS
Mrs M.J. Harris	Wellington	Gleanor	1857	Robert & Hannah EAGLE
	Lyttelton	Brothers' Pride	1863	George & Martha EDMONDS
	Lyttelton	Mermaid	1862	Thomas & Elizabeth STEVENSON
	Wellington	Indian Queen	1857	Stephen LANCASTER
Mrs M.R. Belcher	Nelson	Lady Grey	1855	Gersham George CURTIS
<b>Associate</b>				
Mr L.G. Klinkhamer				
<b><i>Taranaki</i></b>				
Mrs D. Roberts	New Plymouth	William Bryan	1841	William & Mary MARSHALL
	New Plymouth	William Bryan	1841	John & Ann FRENCH
	Lyttelton	Minerva	1859	James Jeken ELWIN
	Nelson	Prince of Wales	1842	Henry & Harriet TURNER
Mrs G.A. Francis	New Plymouth	Amelia Thompson	1841	Charles & Mary HAMBLYN
Mrs B. Watkins	New Plymouth	William Bryan	1841	Ann PHILLIPS
Mr L.G. Foreman	New Plymouth	Oriental	1841	Richard White FOREMAN
<b><i>Waikato</i></b>				
Mr S.R. Cobb	Wellington	Clifton	1842	Benjamin & Emma GRAY
Mr T.R. Cobb	Wellington	Clifton	1842	Benjamin & Emma GRAY
Mrs L.A. Raynel	Lyttelton	Clontarf	1859	Isaac & Rebecca LAMBERT
<b><i>Wairarapa</i></b>				
Mr P.H. Vallance	Wellington	Governor	1844	Charles Agustos VALLANCE
Mrs A.I. Vallance	Lyttelton	Castle Eden	1851	Alexander & Isabella McGREGOR
	Nelson	Martha Ridgway	1842	Thomas & Mary GEORGE

## *Wanganui*

Mrs C. King	Nelson	Will Watch	1841	Henry FRY
	Nelson	Lloyds	1842	Ann GAGG
	Nelson	Slaines Castle	1845	Charles & Eliza PATTERSON
	Nelson	Prince of Wales	1842	Archibald & Catherine McLEAN
	Nelson	Fifeshire	1842	Joseph & Rachel DUNCAN
	Auckland	Avalanche	1860	Benjamin & Ann GOULTON
	Nelson	Bombay	1842	Basil & Mary CONNELL
	Petone	Aurora	1840	John & Harriett LANGFORD
	Nelson	Martha Ridgway	1842	Joshua & Sarah SIGLEY
	Nelson	Bolton	1842	George & Mary HOLLAND
	Nelson	Sir Charles Forbes	1842	Job & Elizabeth RUSS
	Nelson	Lady Nugent	1850	William & Mary BELL
	Nelson	Lady Nugent	1850	John & Agnes DRON

## *Wellington*

Mrs J.L. Prvanov	Petone	Bolton	1840	Zachariah & Sarah CATLEY
	Wellington	London	1840	Samuel & Elizabeth SIGNAL/SIDWELL
	Dunedin	Mariner	1849	Anton W. & Clarissa SIEVERS
	Petone	Duke of Roxburgh	1840	George & Helen HUNTER
	Petone	Adelaide	1840	Thomas & Anne GUTHRIE
	Dunedin	Robert Henderson	1860	Alexander & Alison KING
	Timaru	Strathallan	1859	Richard WADE/CLARK & Emma PYWELL

\*Not Verified

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# Annual Research/Book Award

## *Conditions*

1. The Award will be of an amount to be determined by the National Executive of the NZ Founders Society from time to time, but will not be less than \$1,500 or more than \$3,000.
2. The method of payment will be one-third forwarded to the candidate on confirmation of their success, a further one-third after a period of approximately six months when the Society has received confirmation of satisfactory progress and a final payment of one-third after receipt of satisfactory evidence showing completion of the research.
3. The Award is made for research in the areas of national or local history but not for research into personal family backgrounds, family trees or pure genealogy. However, a full length account or biography of a founding family or family member could be accepted provided the topic has general appeal.
4. Research must be completed within one year following notification of winning the Award, or within a time limit agreed to by the National Executive of the Society prior to the payment of the first instalment of the Award or subsequently.
5. The research can be a finite part of a larger piece of research, but must be able to be published alone.
6. Following completion and the work being made public, the NZ Founders Society Inc. reserves the right to use or to publish in part or in any way it thinks appropriate, the research of an Award winner. This condition does not contravene the rights of the author, and any such publication will be with the prior agreement of the author and will not in any way be to the detriment of the publication of the completed research.
7. All research reports and/or publications must contain a printed acknowledgement to the NZ Founders Society Inc. A waiver of this requirement can only be granted by the National Executive of the Society.
8. The work is to be published in printed form and at least one complimentary copy of the final report or publication must be presented to the Society. The Society does not support publications that are solely in electronic form. In the event of the project not being completed within the agreed time limit, any progress payments not made and the final payment, could be forfeited.
9. The acceptance of these conditions is to be acknowledged by the applicant on their application form.



**NEW ZEALAND FOUNDERS SOCIETY INC**  
**SUMMARY STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL PERFORMANCE**  
*for the year ended 31 March 2015*



	2015	2014
	\$	\$
<b>Income</b>		
National Subscriptions	6930	7690
Interest income	6057	4080
Dividends received	3895	4115
Other income	575	937
Digitisation contributions	3857	2230
<b>Total Income</b>	<b>\$21314</b>	<b>\$19052</b>
<b>Less Expenses</b>		
Rent	9812	9939
Communications and website	3565	1715
National Council and AGM costs	181	500
Depreciation	0	716
Bulletin — printing	785	701
General expenses	270	267
Study Grants made	0	717
Digitisation costs	0	6086
<b>Total Expenses</b>	<b>\$14613</b>	<b>\$20641</b>
<b>Net Income / (Deficit) for the year</b>	<b>\$ 6701</b>	<b>\$ (1589)</b>

**NEW ZEALAND FOUNDERS SOCIETY INC**  
**SUMMARY STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL POSITION**  
*as at 31 March 2015*

	2015	2014
	\$	\$
<b>TOTAL FUNDS</b>	<b>\$ 202298</b>	<b>\$ 195598</b>
Current Assets	53006	48486
Investments	148785	145079
Fixed Assets	2120	2120
<b>TOTAL ASSETS</b>	<b>\$ 203911</b>	<b>\$ 195685</b>
Less Current Liabilities	1613	87
<b>NET ASSETS</b>	<b>\$ 202298</b>	<b>\$ 195598</b>

The summary financial statements of the New Zealand Founders Society Inc. for the year ended 31 March 2015 have been extracted from the full financial statements. The summary financial statements have been prepared in accordance with the Financial Reporting Order 1994.

The accounting principles recognised as appropriate for the measurement of financial performance and position on a historical cost basis are followed by the society.

The reports have been prepared using accrual accounting to match revenue and expenses.

The New Zealand Founders Society Inc is an Incorporated Society under the Incorporated Societies Act 1908 and is a registered Charity under the Charities Commission (CC39182).

The full financial statements are available by email request on [nzfounders@gmail.com](mailto:nzfounders@gmail.com).