

BIRKENHEAD HERITAGE

— SOCIETY INC —

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UPCOMING EVENTS

Under current Covid 19 restrictions we **cannot hold** our final end of year meeting in November.

If safe outdoor gatherings are permitted - we may later be able to arrange a summer afternoon tea on a member's garden patio.

Keep safe, summer is on it's way.

When restrictions on groups are eased – we will consider reopening Farrington House Museum at 44 Mahara Ave., Birkenhead

Photos opposite – Under Alert 3 in Auckland Masks are worn – even when jumping puddles! The daily update on T.V.

Found on local walks - The 'knife, fork & spoon family' & 'fairy-doors' made by children.

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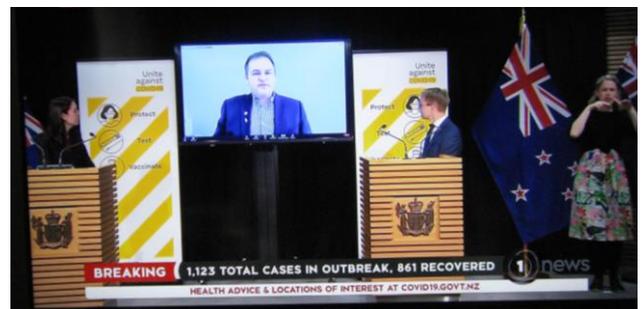
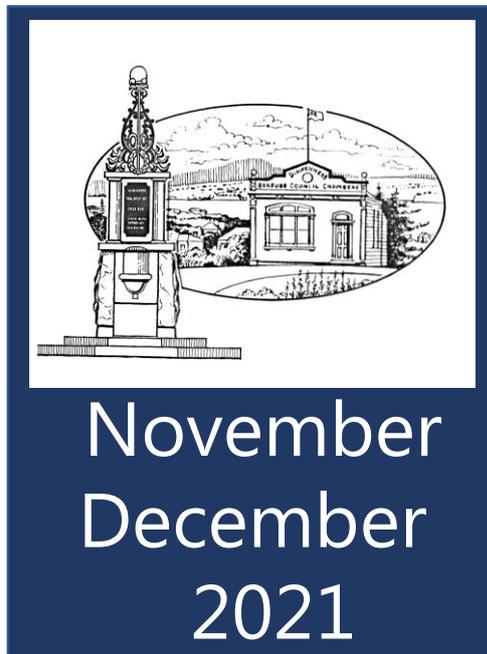
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CONTACT US

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Letter from Apia ctd.

A young lawyer continues his letter to his family in Birkenhead – “he had reached the village of Tafatoala, and offered gifts to the chief after they were welcomed with kava.”

We had dinner and then sat on the verandah. The traders rarely go to Apia so seldom see a European, therefore any visitor is doubly welcome. Sounds of music came from a fale and we eventually enticed the boys over. There were several guitars, mandolins and a ukulele. The boys are self taught but play well. Most of the instruments were made of kauri by a Chinaman who has a plantation nearby. As kauri only comes in 1 inch and half inch planks you can imagine the work. Five guitars and 2 mandolins cost, I think, between £18 or £19. We were early to bed.

On Saturday as soon as we were up the chiefs were around again to drink kava. Chiefs, of which there is at least one to each family, have a great life. They sit down and talk, drink kava, smoke and plait senne, a fabric made of coconut fibre. It is very strong and used for everything. A fale or house will not have a nail in it, every post being tied together with sennet. No chief is complete without his sennet, it is to them what knitting is to our women.

After our kava, we had breakfast and went for a stroll. The road, a track, went along the seashore. The fales stand back and the intervening ground is kept very clean. Each house we passed issued an invitation to enter. We passed into Malina. And here one family was holding a fiafia (jollification), we went in. The natives were feasting on large bananas, taro, pig, bread and what not. Someone has said we eat to live. The Samoan lives to eat. However we were made welcome. The Pulemu'u (head of the village) arrived with kava roots so we once again drank kava. A orchestra of about ten played and sundry people danced sivas (the nation dance). After taking photographs we moved off up the stream we had crossed yesterday. Duck are plentiful but we were about a week too early for the shooting season. We had a swim and then visited the Priest who lives at Mulivai. These priests have a lonely life and we found it extremely difficult to converse with him. They are mostly French or German and hear little of the current news. A large convent stands at Mulivai. The inhabitants of which are all catholics.

Back at the station for lunch and then onto the lagoon which comes up behind Tafatafa. The village is on a very long peninsula. The lagoon is studded with mangrove covered islands, the water is from four to eight feet or more deep. It is easy to think of an African scene and look for alligators, happily they do not live here. The canoe we went in is shaped like the ordinary paupau (for shallow water) used round the coast, but is of much stronger construction. The natives use the benito canoes for deep sea fishing particularly for benito (smaller than tuna Ed). I was paddling in the bow, a native in the stern with Tom in the centre. I had just thought how stable the canoe was when suddenly I was struggling in the water. Tom had decided to turn, instead of going round on the outrigger side he had turned the other way. Half way round he sat on the bulwark and in we went. We could stand in black mud and soon had the canoe on some rocks and bailed out. The only casualty was my camera which went under the water and ruined, so I have no photos of the trip. We hurried home and changed.

After eating chicken and taro etc cooked, as in a Maori hangi, we had a kava ceremony, speeches and dancing. The main part of the feast is a pig or piglet roasted whole on a spit. This pig is given to the guest of honour who after the feast usually takes the remainder home, in fact everyone takes his share home.

Returning from Mr Ortquist's station (Tafatoala) we noticed a fale being decorated. In the evening we were conducted to the fale, a feast prepared in our honour. We sat on the floor at the head. After eating chicken and taro etc cooked as in the Maori hangi, we had a kava ceremony, more speeches and then dancing. The main part of a Samoan feast is a pig or piglet roasted whole (a stick is inserted right through the body from the mouth and the pig is roasted as on spit). This pig is given to the guest of honour who usually takes it home., in fact everybody takes the unconsumed part of his share home. Samoan food (we found) unpalatable to a foreigner, the pigs are fed on coconut and the taste unfamiliar. The pork I had for breakfast and lunch made me sick and this combined with the duckling made me feel the wind which blew through the fale so much that I felt cold and we left early. The fiafeau (native pastor) was at the feast and was served kava after us, but before the chiefs.

On Sunday we were up early and left on a rowboat for Sataoa, the scene of the crime. It was pleasant in the boat on the lagoon in calm water with a big surf breaking on the reef not far away. At Sataoa Tom made his investigations and took measurements and photos. In the boat once more we rowed to Saanapu. There a beautiful new church had just been finished. At the opening other villages were invited. The families of Saanapu provided a feast and prizes for a singing contest at a cost of about £400, I think there are about 16 families there. The visitors contributed £1200 - £1300 which goes to pay off the debt on the building.

From Saanapu we walked along the coast to Lefaga. Swanni and the accused who had come from Apia with us, and two boys as carriers. It was 10.20 when we started to walk. The track follows the coast and passed through only one village. Loose volcanic rock and beach sand formed the track. Magnificent coast scenery and short excursions around tidal inlets - all along the route. Large crabs scuttled across our path and buried themselves in the sand. The village through which we passed, Saleiula, is said to have been founded by survivor's of the Savaii eruption. Before reaching Lefaga we stopped for lunch, our boys ate the piglet which had been the centrepiece at our feast the previous evening. Noticeable on this coast were invitations to stop and visit or to have a bowl of kava. We decided we had a long way to go. We did stop at several stations whose traders we knew and where we could obtain a drink of water.

At Lefaga we struck inland and made for Leulumoega on the North coast where we hoped to catch a bus for Apia. The way lay through neglected banana patches, on loose volcanic rock. The sea was far below us on our left. Soon we were above the bush, the continual climb became monotonous. Rain had made the track soft and often puddles had to be avoided. Pigeons were regularly heard. I was not wearing my watch but I know we climbed for a long while. Long enough to make me long for a down track as a change. The native method of walking is to walk - regular halts are not known. If I do another trek I should insist on regular halts. At last we commenced to descend and our strides lengthened. We were thirsty by this time but had not passed water since leaving Lefaga. After going down some time the track branched and as our guide had been over the track only once before he thought the right one bore towards Mulifanua (westwards). We took the left track which seemed to become vaguer, however we soon came into plantations so knew we only had to keep on.

Letter from Samoa ctd.

Tom began to feel exhausted, he had become anxious to reach the coast before dark and so insisted on pushing on. My legs were weary but otherwise I was alright. We at last came on an orange tree so halted and had several oranges apiece. On again we stumbled. Tom wanted to lessen the pace. A glimpse of the sea had disheartened him as it seemed a long way off. The native has no idea of time or distance. Their estimate for the trip had been 2 to 3hrs., once about an hour previously Swannii had estimated another 20 minutes to the coast. We were now in the coconuts so I pushed on but it must have been another 40 minutes before we arrived.

At last we were on a plantation and on reaching a fence (fences are rare) I thought we had come out at Reparation Estates Mulifauna plantation. However Swannii said it was alright. It was coconut land so on we go soon to meet a native and his wife. Then a building appeared, the convent at Leulumoega. Our guide knew some people and we soon had a bucket of water to drink from. We had halted about 20 yards from the road and saw two buses go to Estates Mulifauna and on to Apia. The time was 6.30pm..

We moved down the road to wait for a bus. Not a bus came. Finally a native told us that a bus parked for the night in the next village so we sent our two boys to see if he could take us back to Apia. They were away a long time but at last returned to say that the bus driver would not move. A bus went towards Mulifauna and its driver said another bus would be returning. We could see lights moving up the coast so were content to wait. However it turned out to be a plantation lorry. It was now dark. Another bus, owned by one of our clients, came up. We stopped it and began to talk. The driver refused to return to Apia. While talking Tom suddenly staggered to the side and was violently sick. I don't know if it was my persuasion efforts or the sight of Tom but the driver agreed to turn around after he had delivered some passengers to the next village. I bundled Tom into the bus and we set off down the coast. The pace was good. At the next village we turned around and came back to pick up our boys.

Apparently the driver was frightened to see Tom sick for he drove flat out. The roads are narrow. Natives wander all over the roads and as church had just come out there were plenty of them. Pigs are the motorists curse - they run across the road and up and down it. A little while ago a bus had a nasty accident by running into a pig at night. However we arrived at the Casino half an hour after leaving Leulumoega. Pat (T.V.P.'s young wife) had been staying at the Casino so after putting Tom to bed, he had been sick all the way up in the bus, I picked her up at the Pleasants' flat. Mrs Pleasants made a cup of tea so we talked for a couple of hours and then home to bed. Tom was stiff for about a week. Dated 28th June 1937 T.V. Fitzpatrick

[The Casino Hotel, designed by Albert Schaaffhausen and built by Fritz Stunzner. It was built from American pine and commissioned by the DH & PG. It was completed in September 1912 as a hostel for company workers and was later converted to a hotel. For many years the leaseholder and manager of the hotel was Mrs Mary Croudace (nee Swann), a sister of well know Aggie Grey.]

Source: Samoa Museum



Where did our Ancestors come from?

At our June meeting we sat in groups to discuss and record where and when our past generations moved to New Zealand. Here are some results from the questions.

	Number 1	Number 2	Number 3	Number 4	Number 5
			Great-grandparents		
Birth Place	UK/UK:Ireland/Aust	Scotland : Mahurangi:	England	Galway : Kerry Ireland	Nottingham :Ireland:
Lived	Australia & U.K. & Ireland	Wales: Austalia/England	London UK	France / Portishead UK	Portsmouth UK
To NZ 1st at		Mahurangi NZ	South England		Australia
Settled		1865:1864: 1850's/1870's			1835: 1845:1880'sx2: Bay of Islands
Died			London UK	1906	Epsom /Auckland
			Paternal Grandparents		
Birth	UK/Thornbury Sthld. NZ	Newfoundland/Auckland	England	Galway : Kerry Ireland	Auckland : Auckland
To NZ	1880's	1865/---		1861;1874	Born here
Settled	Fairfax Southland NZ	Auckland		Thames /Mercer-Rangiri	Auckland
Later		Auckland		Paeroa	Auckland
Died	Invercargill 1940/ 1950	Auckland 1940's	All in England	---/1950	Both 1930's Auckland
			Maternal Grandparents		
Birth	Belfast/ Stewart Isl. d.	Mahurangi N.Z./Gore	All in England	France/Bristol UK	Mangawai/Auckland
To NZ	1883/1883			1883 /1883	
Settled	Wyndham Sthld. NZ	Northcote		Northcote	Mangawai/Riwaka/Akd.
Later	1906/1922	(Mat. Gm. lived Austalia)		Northcote	
Died	Wyndham Sthld. NZ	Akld. 1960s/1991 Akld.		1906/1953	1950 Grdf./1980's Grdm. Warkworth / Birkdale
			Parents		
Born	Fairfax / Wyndham	Auckland/Auckland	England	Rangiriri / Northcote	Auckland
Settled	Invercargill	Birkenhead/Northcote		Northcote	Birkenhead
Local	nil	38yrs./43yrs.		30 years	52yrs./40yrs.
Died	Wellington	1975 Akld. /1980 Birkenhead.			
			Yourself		
Born	Invercargill 1931	Birkenhead	England 1940's	Auckland 1933	Birkenhead
Setled	Auckland	Milford & Birkenhead	1953 Auckld. N.Z.	Taumarunui/Rangiriri	Birkenhead
Local	50yrs.	Always on the North Shore	North.Shore /Northcote	Visited 1yr Teaching	66years

From the 5 charts randomly selected, the completed information confirms expectations that most of our members great-grandparents were born in England, many of the first ancestors to travel were the grandparents who left England in the early to later years of the 19th Century.

Born overseas 7/6/10/10/8 Total 41 Born N.Z. 5/4/8/0/7 Total 24

In Memory

One of our early members Margaret Hutchinson has died. A volunteer at Farrington House, she also took a great interest in the history and care of our 'Historic Birkenhead Cemeteries'.

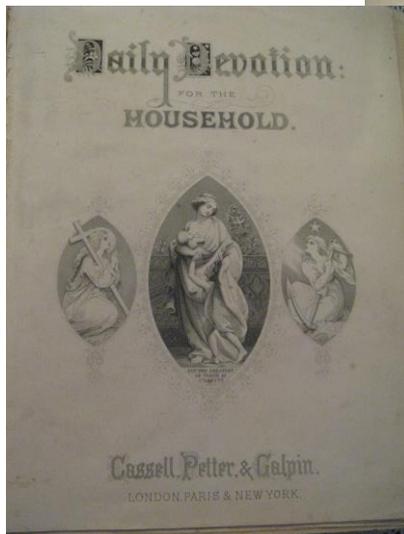
A founding member of the Friends of the Cemeteries, a small group who removed much rubbish and weeds from amongst the graves. Margaret and the group planted roses, fruit trees, olive trees and palms to remember the early pioneers and orchardists. We had long conversations about the Cemetery, she encouraged liaison with the Council to ensure the correct names are restored. Through her the Northcote and Birkenhead cemeteries historical origins will be retained. Editor

Book reviews by Dorinda Duthie

Dressed : Fashionable Dress in Aotearoa New Zealand 1840 to 1910 ;

By Claire Regnault, Senior Curator New Zealand Culture and History at Te Papa. (Te Papa Press) Dresses from Te Papa and other museum collections are described in this book, with many photographs to accompany the text. I have a whole new appreciation of the work of seamstresses from the past. The detail and sheer hard work in hand sewing such intricate pieces of clothing is well described. The importance of special care and the need for careful preservation of old clothes is emphasised, this aspect is particularly relevant to the clothing on display at Farrington House.

"**Family Worship In Old Times**" a print from *Daily Devotion*, a very old book in Farrington House reveals fashions from history, draped cloaks, lace collars, a family in devotion, and a wide-eyed smiling little boy.



***Follow the Flock* : By Sally Coulthard : Pegasus Books, Distributed by Simon & Schuster**

***A Short History of the World According to Sheep* – Sally Coulthard**

Two titles, same book. This book traces the interaction and dependence between people and sheep from ancient times to the present day at various locations around the world. New Zealand is mentioned with regard to the impact of NZ exports on the British sheep industry. The information is well presented and surprisingly interesting.

Editor: Marcia Roberts