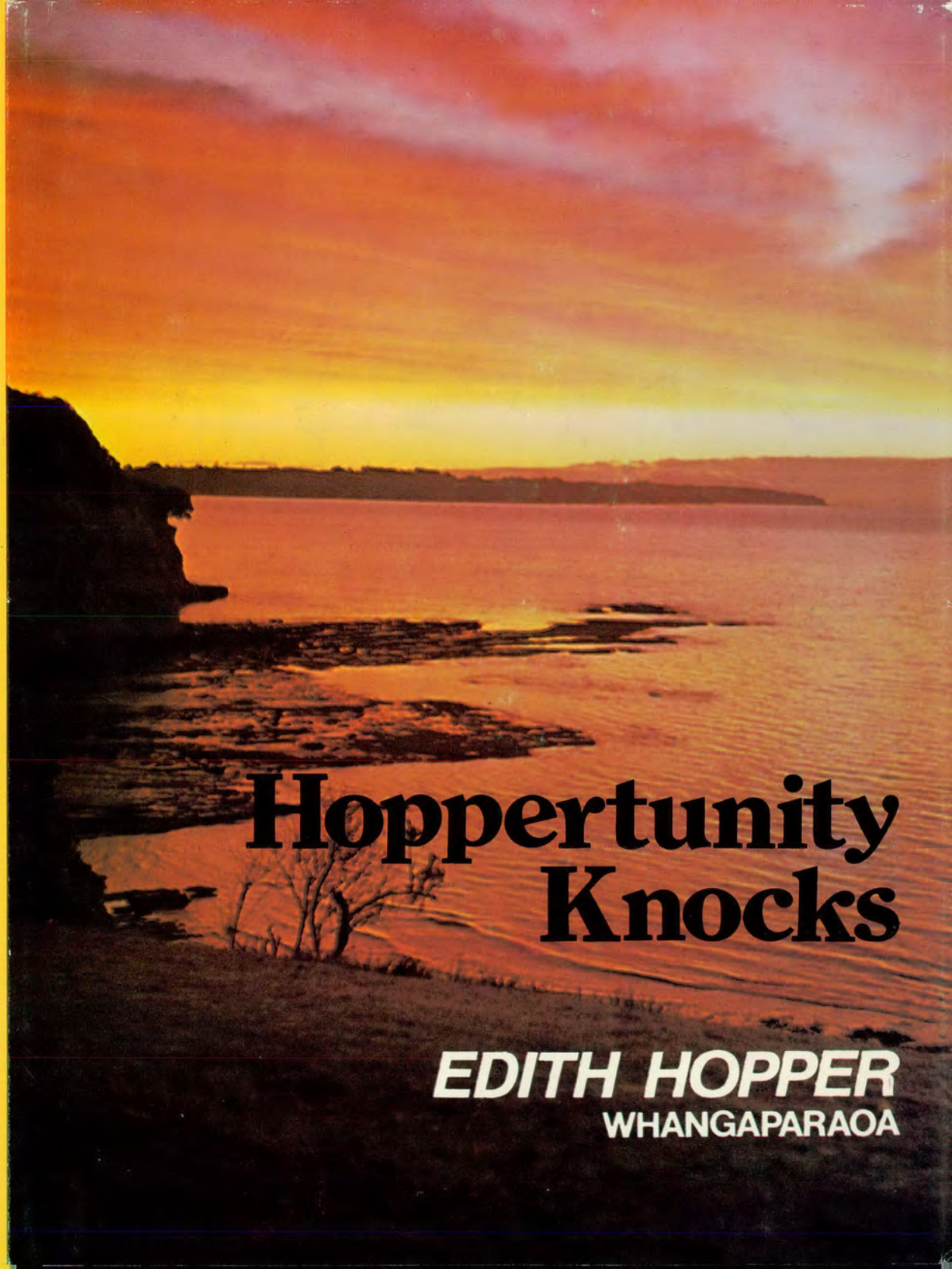

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by EDITH HOPPER

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Hoppertunity Knocks

by EDITH HOPPER

Whangaparaoa

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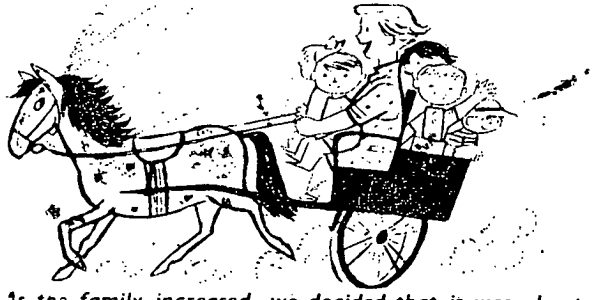
CO-HOPPER-ATION

The main object in writing this book is to give members of our family a knowledge of their roots, and the conditions under which the Hopper Clan began. Sheer application of brain and brawn seasoned by Yorkshire humour and grit have created a spirit of independence and adaptability in them all. Times have not always been easy, but an inimitable sense of fun and a refusal to be beaten have always brought us through.

Providence has been very kind to us, and confirms the inspiration we gained from that text of the sermon in Little Driffield Church . . . "My Lines have fallen in Pleasant Places" . . . They most certainly have, wherever we have been, finally at Manly, Whangaparaoa.



As the family increased, we decided that it was about time to get a car.

FOREWORD

It has been with great pride and pleasure that I have been able to assist Mrs Edith Hopper in piecing together the story of her eventful life, the latter part of which has been spent in Whangaparaoa. Over the years she has compiled a record of family life and district events, and I have endeavoured to arrange her reminiscences in true perspective.

Mary Billman

This book is dedicated to the memory of my beloved husband and pal, Kenneth Francis, without whose co-operation, courage and fortitude, very little of the contents could ever have eventuated.

CONTENTS

AS I RECALL . . .

My childhood in England differed in no way from that of any other child, in that I was often asked "What are you going to be when you are grown up?" After much deliberation I finally decided that I would like to be "A tall slim Lady". "What a hope!" Actually I was a four-eyed freckle-faced frump, and the growing up process did not improve matters as I started losing my front teeth, with all the rest to follow, and ending up at an early age with permanent ones. The TALL SLIM LADY ambition faded somewhat as the years went by, and as a young woman the idea changed to become somebody better than myself, sort of become a person of fame or such. I started by picturing myself as a Mayoress, and then decided that even a Mayoress would have a Lady Something or Other over her. My mind ran riot, realizing that Lady So-and-So herself would be inferior to a Duchess, who would in turn have a Princess over her, who would be beholden to a Queen. Even a Queen 'would have God above her' and as I felt I ALSO had God, why bother about all the rest?

I had no intention of remaining just an ordinary little ant among millions of other ants. My desire was to do or be something special; somehow, someday, I wanted to make somebody say "OOOH". I did actually achieve this, only not quite in the way I had anticipated. One day the husband of a very dear friend of mine was reported missing in action, World War 1, and my friend Mollie asked me to make her a little black hat. Her people insisted that she went into mourning, but she felt that to do so would be to lose hope that her beloved husband was still alive. However, too distressed to argue, she decided to wear the suitable black attire, so I made her the daintiest hat possible —

although I do say it myself. When she opened the parcel a sweet smile dawned on her face, and she said "OOOH". "I have wanted to hear that expression all my life," I said, and we both had a good laugh. "It's very rewarding to bring laughter to somebody's sad heart." I later took her white chrysanthemums when she had received further word from the War Office "Presumed killed in action." This notification arrived on her birthday! Later still she received from the War Office a parcel of personal effects, which included the medal he had been awarded, but my friend Mollie never gave up hope until the day she died.

Another recollection I have of quite a different nature was when a girl friend and I went for a long bicycle ride taking our lunch with us. While sitting on a fallen log by the roadside having our snack, I was absently brushing the material over the knees of my favourite brown suit which I happened to be wearing that day, and much to my dismay noticed how threadbare my garment had become. But when I arose my friend nearly went into hysterics pointing to the back of my skirt. "Ye Gods" The seat had worn thinner than the knees, and there were tufts of tweed on the log and big hole in my skirt, with a pale blue petticoat shining through. Oh, what was I to do? My friend was one of those cautious people who always carried a needle and thread, so I unpicked a row or two of my brown straw hat, and equipped with the needle and the thread thus acquired, patched the seat of my skirt with a piece of ripped-out lining, and hopefully mounted my bike again. We sat for a while by the sea, but as we saw a group of soldiers approaching, we rode off quickly across the fields. Unfortunately we had entirely overlooked the fact that the flat land of East Yorkshire is ploughed into ridges, presumably to assist drainage. Can you imagine two females bouncing at high speed across this uneven surface — one fearing semi-naked nethers — Paul Revere's ride had nothing on us, but all ended well and we returned home without further incident.

The sequel to this story was when a RAG and BONE man called one day, "Any old clothes?" . . . for exchange he had a

handcart full of potted ferns. I gave him the jacket of my precious old suit, and he gave me a delightful fern which I kept in a copper vase on top of the piano. This beautiful plant became known to the family as 'MY OLD COAT' . . . "Have you watered Edie's coat today?" On each side of the copper vase I had photographs of my two special boy friends, both delightful pals. I would look first at one and then the other, and wonder if I ever wanted to get married which one would I choose, but decided it would be more practical to wait until I was asked. One who was all froth and bubble went overseas, became a prisoner of war, and thus out of circulation. The other one, less frivolous, but still full of fun, also went overseas, and as time went on our friendship deepened.

His name was Ken as you will have guessed, and shortly after his return we were married, and thus began my story of CO-HOPPER-ATION.

GREAT BRITAIN, THE YEAR 1919

The first world war was over and the soldiers were coming home to take up civil life again. It looked to us that this rehabilitation was going to be a major problem, and particularly to those who were training for a profession. Ken had commenced in dentistry and it would have taken him many years to qualify, so we decided to look into the idea of going abroad. I recall we paid a visit to Little Driffield Church where a Mr Holtby took the service, his text being "My lines have fallen in Pleasant Places." This helped to decide us to take the plunge and try our luck overseas. We sent to the Agents-General of various parts of the Commonwealth, (as it is now known), for information, and finally chose Tasmania as a starting point.

In order to get some smattering of country life we decided we would each spend a period on a farm. I joined the Women's Land Army and was sent to a training course at Northallerton, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. There we resided in old railway coaches and went across the fields to the farm owned by a Mr Waterhouse, where we were taught to milk cows! Ken went to a farm at Aldborough owned by a friend, a Miss Hodgson.

The general idea at this time was that we would spend six months training. We planned to sail about Easter 1920, to be married and have our honeymoon afloat. This matter, however, was decided for us by an offer from the shipping company of one berth on the "Orsova" sailing on 17 October. Ken accepted the berth and plans were made accordingly.

We were married at St. Jude's Church, Hull, at 8 a.m. on 14 October by the Rev. A. Leeper. This unusual hour was to enable our immediate people to attend our wedding and then get to

work on time. My wedding regalia was equally practical, a brown tweed suit and brogue shoes, fringed gauntlet gloves and a large fawn felt hat, which I swapped after the wedding for some woolly underwear to wear on the farm.

When the wedding day arrived, my father and I reached the church and walked down the aisle and were greeted by jocular comments by friends, as there was no Bridegroom, no Best man, and no Vicar!! So there was I waiting at the church!! — but not for long. Those three miscreants were sitting on a table in the vestry discussing boxing!! What an ominous portent! It looked as if I could be in for some black eyes. However, nearly fifty years have elapsed and I haven't had a black eye yet except when a cow put its foot in it a few years ago when I was leg-roping her, but that's another story.

After the wedding, Ken's people and an aunt or two of mine returned to our home — 97 Argyle Street — where we were amazed to find two wedding cakes, one from Driffield and one from my Aunt Nelly. After quite a surprise wedding breakfast we left for our very brief honeymoon to Scarborough, but we were delighted with a telegram from the Shipping Company "Sailing delayed to 1 November." The next vacant berth offered was 21 February and this I accepted.

One of our wedding gifts was most unusual; it was our fare home — at call — from any corner of the globe wherein we should get stranded. Fortunately we never had occasion to claim it. Those good friends knew our independent spirits and it was a comfort to our parents to know that this offer made it possible for them to see us again. We promised Mother we would return in five years. In those days going to the Antipodes was almost like walking out of the world. Ken arrived in Tasmania in mid-December and mid-summer! and found immediate occupation on a hop farm.

I arrived in Melbourne on the "Orontes" early in April where Ken met me: he was aboard the ship before she was tied up! What a surprise to see him — and what a reunion. We did

not return to Tasmania but had a look around Melbourne. Thousands of their own men were arriving back, all to be re-habilitated, and there appeared to be little hope for us. We then moved on to Sydney. It was Easter and the city was crammed with visitors for the Easter Show and the races, and accommodation was non-existent, so we booked on the "Maheno" for New Zealand. This proved to be a very fortunate move. Sailing down the New Zealand coast in the early morning of a beautiful autumn day was encouraging, as was the sight of really green fields, the first I had seen since leaving England.

The ship berthed at Auckland at seven in the morning and we were ashore at eight and began looking for accommodation. As our funds were down to £50 we could not consider hotels, and we spent the whole day looking at one place after another only to find that they were already taken. By four o'clock we heard of an elderly lady and her daughter newly arrived at a house in Anglesea Street, Ponsonby, so we tried there, to be greeted with "I'll take the man but I won't take the woman!". This was the last straw! Seeing our distress she gave it more thought and then, as we were newly arrived from England she let us have the use of a bedroom to bring our luggage from the wharf, but no conveniences whatever. A home cookery shop at the top of the street would serve meals. Next morning, however, the dear lady brought us tea to our door, and included two plates and two knives, so she presumed — as was quite correct — that we had bought food for breakfast. But little did she know of the scene that went on in our room as we heard her footsteps approaching our door. We were hastily bundling bread, butter and two apples under the bedclothes, before we were able to open the door with innocent faces. Later she explained that she had only recently come to Auckland from a southern city where she had run a boarding house, for business girls. They had led her such a dance that she vowed never to have a woman in the house again, and I was the first to enquire.

The reason for the acute shortage of accommodation was

that the Prince of Wales was due the following week. Naturally all who could, have come to Auckland for the occasion. During his visit there was a parade in the Domain when all returned service men and women were invited to parade in uniform. I had my Land Army uniform, but not enough courage to parade. I'd have been the only one; there certainly wasn't another in the parade.

There was plenty of work available and we gave ourselves two weeks in which to look around and decide what to choose. It had to be something with accommodation of some sort. I saw an advertisement in the local paper where someone required "a refined young lady to look after a vegetable garden and two cows." I landed this job as companion to a Mrs Hunter in New Lynn, where they had a small vegetable garden and two pedigree jersey cows. I have always had a crazy idea that I wanted a cow and a cabbage patch — and here it was! This family was kindness itself, and Mr and Mrs Hunter asked us to look upon them as our New Zealand parents, and they furnished a room for us both where Ken could come and live on his free periods. He took a job as attendant at the mental hospital. Accommodation was provided, so for the first three months we saved hard. Then we managed to secure a small flat in Rosedale Road, Avondale, which was nearer his work and where we could begin our private life. We later found a house in Bollard Avenue, Avondale, where we remained until December (1920).

Soon after our arrival in New Zealand we visited a theatre and saw a picture portraying the whole of New Zealand from North cape to the Bluff, "THE LAND WE LIVE IN." We simply marvelled at the scenery. We had no idea of the beauty and gradeur spread out before us as it existed in this new land of ours.

The film also depicted industry in various centres, and one that always stuck in my mind was a factory at Penrose showing the manufacture of cakes of sandsoap. We saw acres of racks upon racks of cakes of sandsoap set out to dry and harden.

Back in England we simply bought a pound of white sand or grey, according to the grade required for our scouring purposes, and now to see the sand being formed into cakes of soap was too much for me; I never forgot it. I have heard since that small New Zealand children used to sing a 'round' song, but had no idea what it meant:—

White sand and grey sand!
Who'll buy my white sand?
Who'll buy my grey sand?

The funny part of it is that now the 'sandsoap' era has almost passed on giving way to still more modern cleaners.

During the short time we had been in New Zealand we had been able to help other newcomers. One, Frank Colledge, who was a shipmate and had been trying his luck in Australia came and stayed with us. He also went to work at the Mental Hospital for a start, later gaining a position at Craig's, where he later rose to a top executive position. Another one we were able to help was Bernard Marr who was a family friend from Hull.

Our aim was to get into the country, and the Waikato district seemed the obvious choice of locality, being recognised as one of the best farming districts in New Zealand. So it was with considerable interest that we saw an advertisement for a partner on a farm near Cambridge. At this stage we still had all our worldly goods in cases and nowhere to go.

We answered the advertisement, several letters passing between us, and finally we decided to spend a month with them to test our compatability. This proved to be a blessing, for within a few hours we found it quite impossible and we departed immediately after breakfast. We had the whole day to fill in somehow, waiting until the mail car was due again in the evening, so we walked the road. Rain began to fall and we got soaked, so we called in at a farm for shelter. They said they were almost expecting us, knowing the impossible state of affairs at the farm to which we had gone.

How little we knew that this was the beginning of a long

road to success. These kind people, Mr and Mrs George Vicars, invited us to stay over the week-end, with a view to 'improving the flavour' of the country after our sordid introduction, and we gratefully accepted.

The next day, Sunday, was beautifully fine and other farmers visited the Vicars family. When they saw an unemployed man they promptly asked if he would help with their haymaking, so we stayed on helping first with our host's hay, and then others. Cedric Peake and his brothers also came along and offered me a job of housekeeping during his wife's sojourn in Cambridge awaiting the arrival of their first baby. There was plenty of work around for Ken, so we moved over to their farm. My housekeeping was still very much in the experimental stage but we all managed to survive.

While staying with the Vicars I had kept myself occupied with sewing for the children. This had led to a neighbour, Mrs Allison, asking if I'd help her with some sewing. I was more than pleased to do this, as unless I kept myself fully occupied homesickness would creep in. One has to experience that to know what it is like.

Now that we were with the Peakes it was quite a new world with unfamiliar surroundings, and being alone most of the day left too many gaps with food for thought. This, however, did not last long because another neighbour, Mrs Middleton, arrived to ask if I would do some sewing for her. I should have welcomed her with open arms, but said "Sorry, I have no sewing machine." "Don't let that worry you, I'll bring mine," she said and this was promptly done.

One thing led to another and I found myself making pretty frocks and really enjoying myself. We were getting to know people and went riding, played tennis, and had happy interludes swimming in the nearby Hora Hora electric-power station lake. We'd spent a hot summer day at the lake swimming and sunbathing.

Pat Peake warned me that I would get sunburned, but I

didn't believe him. How right he was!! Next day my back was one huge blister — more or less — and very sore.

My domestic duties were still rather hit-or-miss affairs, so I constantly ran into various snags, one being how to manage to make a certain double bed. This one had the double wire-mattress resting on two iron bars, with only the force of gravity to hold it there. Somehow I seemed to push the wire mattress off the iron rails and it would take quite a heave to replace it. It was while I was enduring this sunburn that I must have given the mattress a mighty push for the whole thing fell through. One side up, the other side down, and queerly angled. How to cope with this situation singlehanded posed quite a problem. But never give up; the impossible only takes a little longer. I crept underneath that mattress and raised it on my back rather like Atlas with the world on his shoulders. I twisted and turned until at last I had the two sides balancing once again on their 2" rails, but, oh, what a price to pay. My sunburn had been completely forgotten in the urgency of my task, but now I was skinned in the truly literal sense. Fortunately time and a good constitution are great healers.

At last — the great news — the long-awaited baby arrived and Mr and Mrs Peake were the proud owners of a little daughter, so we prepared to move on. Mrs Peake was essentially a farmer and begged me to stay on and give her a hand. "I'd sooner feed 100 calves than one baby" she said, so we stayed a while and together we experimented on bringing up a baby. We must have made a good job of it too, for she grew up to be a lovely girl and is now herself the mother of two fine daughters.

But we had our moments! One day baby was covered in spots — measles — so we bundled her up, and in a state of near panic drove in the pony and gig to the doctor in Cambridge about 20 miles away. When the doctor removed the shawl, the baby smiled up at him as fit as a fiddle . . . we were learning.

Driving around by pony and gig was a delightful experience. Mrs Peake's family were early settlers and knew no other way of conveyance. They had pioneered quite a bit of New Zealand

including the city of Hastings which her father had practically founded. Near Cambridge there were avenues of trees that he had planted. This was most intriguing to me for in England we merely accept trees as such, without once giving thought to their ever having been actually planted. We have ourselves planted many hundreds since then. It was here, near Cambridge, where the Reynolds had their farm. Mr Reynolds was the founder of the New Zealand Dairy Company, a company we were to ourselves supply later when we became dairy farmers.

1921 . . . Around Easter 1921 we went to have a look at Raglan which had been recommended to us as a progressive town. However, it did not make any appeal. Although it is undoubtably a delightful seaside township, we felt that it was isolated and too cut off from the heart of things. We then moved into Cambridge where accommodation was once again a problem. Our first flat was owned by an Irish couple who used to create trouble by their drinking and squabbling habits. It became so bad that we just had to get away from it. In our search for rooms we enquired from a lady whose daughter and grandsom were away in England. No luck there; they were already on their way back, so that idea was hopeless. Then a Mrs Chitty had a brainwave.

A friend of hers had recently retired from farming and owned a house in Cambridge much larger than they required for their own use, so Mrs Chitty telephoned them. "Oh, no", she replied, "we don't take boarders!".

"Well just let them come and see you, at least you can talk to them," said Mrs Chitty and so it was agreed. We paid a visit to Mrs Harris, but her husband was away playing bowls so she could not say anything until his return. Meanwhile, we were offered the hospitable cup of tea.

When George returned he was appalled at the idea. They were just a quiet, conservative couple, and disliked the thought of their peace being disrupted. However, they finally invited us to go and stay a couple of weeks with them as guests and then see if we

could locate some place of our own. Those two weeks extended to nine months before we were able to buy a small house, and those two dear people were friends unto the very end.

During this time I drifted into sewing again. I was in Calverts the drapers, when an assistant with whom I was slightly acquainted asked if I would come over and help a customer choose something to renovate an old dress. This of course resulted in my effecting the necessary alteration.

How one thing does lead to another! This lady was so delighted with her dress that she brought along her sister-in-law for me to make her a cloak to conceal her pregnancy. I was able to do this and give satisfaction to the customer.

Word soon spread around and dressmaking orders poured in — many more than I was able to cope with. I then decided to rent a work-room in the town and charge high prices to keep the customers away — but it did the reverse. I received a 'phone call from a lady who desired to be my first customer, and an appointment was duly made.

When she arrived she informed me that she was to be hostess on a very important occasion and placed herself entirely in my hands. What consternation! Wherever was I to start? I tried to look business-like and asked her to stand in the centre of the room and to slowly turn round, so that I could formulate a picture on which to hatch ideas. My impression was — a golden person.

So that night I went to sleep on it, and left the ideas to germinate in my brain. Next morning I 'phoned to suggest gold charmeuse and georgette. "Very nice," she replied, "but could you incorporate some Honiton lace?" and so the idea gradually built up. The great occasion proved to be a dinner at her house where the guest of honour was to be Her Excellency Lady Jellicoe, and then the party planned to attend the Hunt Ball.

So the frock was designed according to plan, with a long panel down the back which could loop up to the waist to form a draped effect for the dinner, and un-look to form an elegant train

for the ballroom. The completed frock lacked a touch of colour, and as I was tinkering around with a couple of scraps of silk, pink and yellow, I fashioned a number of carnations. When combined with real foliage these looked very professional, and when placed at strategical positions back and front, gave the desired effect, and added that little extra touch needed. The customer was so thrilled with her frock, and especially the hand-made flowers that she suggested that she intended giving them to H.E. — did my head swell! Then I was invited to go and dress her and place three small ostrich feathers in her hair, and it was while doing this that the bubble burst! An equerry arrived with apologies from H.E. who was indisposed and unable to attend. Other friends were invited to fill the vacancies and so the show went on.

This was of course a great introduction for me to the dressmaking business, and by the end of the week I employed three girls. I did the cutting and designing, and they did the work, or perhaps I should say that my guardian angel was the cutter and designer, for I was learning the hard way. All went well until the bottom fell out of the butter market and butter-fat dropped from 2/6 per lb. to 9d per lb. This was drastic, specially in a farming community, and meant an end to finery, so I re-adjusted my 'modus operandi'. Before leaving England the previous year I had turned a navy serge costume into a coatfrock — which were then becoming fashionable — so I advertised that I would create modern coat-frocks from discarded costumes. This met with a great response. Braiding as a decoration was used to disguise joins and each frock became a model creation . . . no two alike.

1922 . . . When I became pregnant it was essential that we find a home of our own and we located a property in Leamington, an acre of land with an orchard of about 40 trees . . . plums, apples, peaches, nectarines, and even one walnut. The house was the tiniest little place, with walls covered thickly with newspapers! We could see that with a little application it could be

made into a cosy little place and we bought it. I think the price was about £125 the land being leasehold at £5 p.a. We named this place "WAI WHARE" (WHY WORRY) Wai-water, Whare — Little House . . . the Waikato River ran across the bottom of the section . . . This was our own First Pleasant Place to be followed throughout the years by a succession of Pleasant Places. Our first job was to get the newspaper off the walls, and this became a combination of work and play. Each Sunday George and Vera Singer would come from their farm at Bruntwood and we would spend the morning scraping the walls. The afternoons were spent playing bridge, utilizing a petrol case as a table while the players were seated on four-gallon petrol tins. The cooking stove was 00 size Shacklock range, almost doll size. Alterations, a few artistic touches, combined with the addition of a sleeping porch, made it a delightful spot. A coloured glass front door and the installation of electricity created a big improvement, so much so that the neighbours on the hill opposite congratulated us and commented that we had turned an eyesore into a little fairy house.

The garden was next for attention. We decided on a round rose bed and lots of lawn. However, it was not the time of year for sowing lawn so we settled for a profusion of flowers instead, but first needed to form a path round the proposed rose bed. We had none of the present-day tools or equipment with which to do this — so we pegged out the path (after having dug the whole garden over) and then spent any odd moments running round it to consolidate the earth. We later learned that the next-door neighbour used to peep through the hedge of rambler roses, and wonder what the crazy folk were doing, just running round in circles! But with a purpose!

Another unorthodox activity was taking a shower bath. We had no bathroom so the wash-house, a separate building behind the cottage, was brought into use. We would hang a watering-can full of water on a nail and with a string attached to the spout pull the string and enjoy the shower.

During this time I visited the Plunket Nurse who had an office next to mine. I told her that as I had nobody of my own to confide in, or discuss this marvellous occasion with me (my pregnancy), and that doubtless I would bound to have a multitude of ideas thrust upon me by my customers. Would she just talk to me a little about it. So for two hours she unfolded to me the wonderful story from conception to birth and I was able to understand and enjoy every moment of my pregnancy. My dear old hubby wasn't going to be left out and said, "If you have the baby I'll have the pram!" and many an awkward moment later on was avoided and made humorous through this remark.

Barbara was born on 14 December 1922 and I wanted to climb on to the roof and shout to proclaim to all the world that we had the most beautiful baby ever born; she was just perfection! . . . Ever seen such a miracle as a baby? . . .

All this meant a complete change in my way of life. I was not permitted to continue with my business, but I retained a small interest by cutting and fitting for those prepared to do their own sewing, some happy times resulting from this too.

During this period Ken had acquired the HORAHORA mail run, which commenced in January 1922 and continued until December 1924. It was the same mail run that had taken us to HORAHORA in the first place and the retiring operator had not made a success of it. When Ken went to buy a FORD T. car, the garage proprietor did not want to sell it to him. He didn't want to see us go broke.

However, it was not long before we bought a second car and the run prospered. Ken was in the habit of doing shopping for the farmers. One day he was asked by a travelling actor to purchase food for him. This man, Terrance Ramsden, possessed a horse-drawn caravan of considerable size and would travel from township to township giving one-night stands. The first half of the programme was composed of songs, with a melodrama for the second part.

He was coming to Cambridge to perform, so Ken promptly

invited him to park on our land. He also required a pianist, so Ken happily obliged the actor and said he was sure his wife would take it on. What an unknown quantity! However, I said that if I could have the piano behind the curtain I'd give it a go!

The evening arrived and Mr Ramsden, complete in formal clothes, took the money at the door, mounted the stage and announced his programme. Behind the curtain was a long table with clothes laid out in order for his various acts. It was a bewildering revelation to me to see him come in between the curtains, lean forward and shed his evening outfit all in one piece, immediately pop his arms into the next pile of clothes, and instantly become a sailor. This would be the signal for me to break into a sea shanty and then quickly switch my vamp for a rousing march as he turned into a soldier, or a comic and so forth. I was able to improvise music to meet each occasion and the evening progressed surprisingly well.

But the melodrama was the annoying — yet clever — part of the show. He would be hero — villain — heroine — irate parent — in an instant, dashing in and out of the curtain, literally chasing himself while I watched quite bewildered. I think the admission charge was threepence as he always paid for his parcels in threepenny pieces. It transpired that he and his wife had toured the world in this fashion, but she had died while in India and he had carried on alone.

1925 . . . TRIP TO ENGLAND

Having sold the mail run in December 1924, we were in a bit of a dilemma. Our five-year term of absence as promised to our Mother expired on 25 February 1925, and we were torn between spending our gains on a trip home, or investing in another

business. After long deliberation we decided that we must honour our promise. Our being sort of family people ourselves now, more or less, decided the issue, and it so happened that we left New Zealand five years to the day since we had arrived there in April 1920.

Things have habit of getting mixed up and our departure for the United Kingdom was no exception. We had booked on the "Jervis Bay" from Sydney, and the connection from Auckland was by the "Maheno" sailing on 16 April. However, when we arrived in Auckland we found that there had been an alternation, the sailing time had been put forward and the "Maheno" was gone. The shipping company assured us that they had advised us of the change of time-table, but we had received no such notice.

The next ship was the "Ulimaroa" which was due to arrive in Sydney at 10 a.m. on the same day that the "Jervis Bay" was due to sail at mid-day. There were about nine passengers to be transferred and as we were sailing up the Sydney harbour the "Jervis Bay" was all ready to sail. Our hearts sank, but every endeavour was made to hold the ship. It moved off . . . but then pulled back and a gang-way was lowered.

But our luck was out. The carrier, on seeing the ship pull out from its berth, had taken all our luggage up to the storage department and we had to stand unhappily and watch the ship sail away without us. However, it's an ill wind . . . A neighbour of ours from Hull had come to live in Melbourne so we wired them and they invited us to go and stay with them until the ship docked in Melbourne. The shipping company paid the fares so we had a few unexpected days with the Starks.

Wireless was in its infancy at this time and the Starks owned a crystal set. I can clearly recall Mr Stark putting the head-phones on Barbara and the gleam in her eye as she said "Music?" We once took her to a concert when she was about two years old and at the end of one song she applauded and called out "More please."

We had a pleasant trip, calling at Perth, Columbo, Port Said

and then Southampton. Those passengers travelling north could stay on board as the ship was going to Hull, so we took advantage of their offer and remained on the ship. Next morning I awoke to the sound of mooing cows . . . But they were fog sirens and the steward advised us all to fasten on our life-belts as we were in the middle of the Yarmouth fishing fleet . . . in fog!

We arrived off the Humber as the tide was turning and our patience was sorely tried as we seemed to have to wait all day until we could enter the Humber. Then a tug came alongside and I could see my father on board. What a delight! Of course he could not board our ship but it was good to see him again. In a short time now we were alongside King George V dock and in the process of going through landing formalities. When we reached the customs officer he said "Hopper? — step up here! Where is your luggage?" We thought we were really in for it and felt very conspicuous and uncomfortable. Then he placed the luggage all together, called a truck and said "Off you go; I'm your brother's father-in-law" and had a good laugh. We joined in then too.

England seemed quite a different place. We had become used to wide open places and the proximity of neighbours did not seem as desirable as it used to be. We bought a Morris Cowley car and visited various members of the family, staying some time in Driffield with Ken's folks. We decided to call on Mr. Holtby, to thank him for the inspiration he had given us when we were contemplating going overseas five years ago, but we found he had passed on. His sister was pleased to see us and hear that our "Lines had fallen in Pleasant Places" particularly as the balance of the text, "and lo, I have a goodly heritage", was so often quoted by her when looking out on her garden.

While in England we both took a course in ladies' hairdressing. I'd had my hair cut — "bobbed" as they used to call it — in Hamilton, 15 miles from Cambridge and had to go there each time it needed trimming. As a result of this we thought it a good proposition to start a salon in Cambridge and two prominent business men offered to create a salon for us on

our return when we were ready. However, my pregnancy precluded an immediate start on this project and circumstances always seemed to arise to prevent our ever actually starting on this venture. Despite this, the experience gained had been invaluable to us ever since and also to our whole family.

We booked to return to New Zealand in December, having Christmas and New Year at sea. Ken's sister Dolly came to London to see us off and we were to stay overnight with a friend of hers. I heard Ken and Dolly discussing the address and thought what a silly "Fuff, Fuff, Fuff" it sounded. Lucky I even knew that much, for both Ken and Dolly each had separate business to do in London and each thought I was going with the other, instead of which I was there on King's Cross station with three-year-old Barbara alone in London and no idea where to go.

I'd heard them mention Brixton and I'd also heard them say that their friends could watch cricket at the Oval. So I asked a policeman, and was politely told that Brixton was nowhere near the Oval. While pondering whether I should wire Driffield, and amusing Barbara by shop-window gazing, a voice behind me said, "If that isn't little Barbara Hopper I'll eat my hat!" It was a table mate on our outward journey.

I poured out my tale of woe. She said, "Come and let's find an OLD taxi driver", which we did. "Fuff, Fuff, Fuff" he said, "Could be Forfar Street. Could even be 44 Forfar Street. Let's try." He was right first time; God bless the OLD TAXIMAN!!!

We saw Ken coming down the street as we approached, so we were united once more.

The ship was the "Ruahine" and we had a two-berth cabin with a cot for Barbara. There were a number of Public School boys coming out on a settlement venture. It was quite a pleasant trip with lots of fun and games.

Ken won the chess championship and also a prize in the fancy dress ball. It was a last-minute inspiration and we did him up as Felix the Cat. As nobody knew our plan and he was quite unrecognisable he played up, delightfully, finally escorting

winners to the judge to receive their prizes. It was a general prize-giving that night and when his name was called as winner of the chess he had quite a job convincing the judge who he was! It was all good fun!

Another prizewinner was also an inspiration of ours. This young man had said that he wasn't going in costume because he couldn't think of anything. Next day he came on deck in shorts and displayed the hairiest legs I've ever seen. "Go as a Cave Man", we suggested, so he went to the kitchen, purloined an old sack and a huge bone and then with a wig made of teased out rope he was a real ancient Cave Man.

Another friend of ours we dressed up as "Britannia". As long as she stood still and erect she looked fine but in the parade she was shocking — anything but dignified. Another memorable entry was "The return of the Swallow" — man in a dressing-gown, chalk-white face and carrying a towel and strawberry box, and heaving like mad every now and then.

But the funniest was Lady Godiva. Two men in appropriate gear represented the horse and the scantily-clad girl with very long tow hair was trying to ride it. Jolly good show. For the children's section Barbara was a rosebud and a wee ginger-haired lad was a gnome. They made a bonny pair.

RETURN TO NEW ZEALAND 1926

The ship berthed at Wellington and after the turmoil of passing through the customs we had to catch the night train to Cambridge, where we arrived about ten next morning after a very tiring night. There were several friends awaiting us at the station. Mr and Mrs Harris told the others that they would bring us home, so off went the rest to our cottage. They set a meal all

ready and flags flying and we didn't turn up. Finally they rang Harrises and found that they had taken us to their home as I was completely exhausted, being seven months pregnant, and had put me to bed. So we missed our spectacular welcome home.

Before leaving New Zealand we had taken a financial interest in a Waste Products business being established by another Yorkshireman. We had a letter of welcome from him delivered to us on the ship in Wellington, but when we reached Auckland later on we found that he had decamped, leaving debts amounting to some hundreds of pounds. This meant Ken had to take over the business, straighten things out and then sell the outfit.

Fortunately we were able to do this. It meant moving up to Auckland househunting once more. We located a flat on the Herne Bay waterfront in Kotare Ave. with a Mr and Mrs Carter.

Tony was born at Nurse Butterworth's "Fairhaven" maternity home. I had a distrust of maternity homes in case the babies got mixed up, so I asked if matron would tie a string round my baby's toe. She laughed and said it was quite unnecessary and took me along to the nursery to see the babies with their identification discs tagged on, to ensure that it was "Each to his own". When Tony put in an appearance on 1 May 1926, she brought him along and said, "Who else would DARE to claim him? He is the very image of his Dad."

The Carters had three children of school age and they looked after Barbara while I was in the home. Unfortunately they contracted whooping cough which of course Barbara developed as well. I sought medical advice on how to prevent Baby Tony from picking it up as well, but was told that there was no known prevention. At five weeks old he certainly had it. I called in the Plunket Nurse who refused to come indoors when she arrived owing to there being whooping cough in the house. But she assured me — and what ghastly assurance — that if the baby survived the winter he should be all right in the spring!

During this time a very dear friend of ours whom we called

Aunty Rogers had shifted from Cambridge and settled in Auckland quite near to us. She was having what was known as Abraham's treatment for boils. This was a very controversial new method of treatment which employed an electronic device rather on the lines of a radio set. The idea as I understand it was to locate the "wave length" of any disease and then bombard it with a stronger wave length. This was producing good results in many cases although the public were very antagonistic toward it.

Aunty Rogers asked Dr. Dundas McKenzie if he could do anything for Tony who was eight weeks old by this time but very weak. The doctor said he would like to see the baby so we duly took him along. His report was not encouraging but he said he would do what he could. Barbara was also with us, still whooping badly.

So the treatment began. It consisted of a sort of small radio set with wires leading from it. At the end of each wire was a small aluminium disc. This disc was then covered with a piece of lint soaked in a saline solution and placed at the seat of the complaint. In the case of whooping-cough one was placed over the spleen, one on the back, and one on the chest. The frequency was precalculated of course. Barbara had ten minutes' treatment and baby three minutes daily.

It took only four visits to eliminate Barbara's whoop through the actual cough took a little longer. After Tony's first treatment he showed an interest in food by sucking at my finger on the way home. Next day the doctor was pleased to note that small reaction, and so, after the second trip I went into the nurse's room and gave him a drink. He managed to take a little and this was wonderful both for baby and me. Each day he would take a little more and gradually picked up after two weeks treatment.

The flat in which we were living was sold, and here we were on the move again. It wasn't easy to find other accommodation, but eventually we secured another house on the Herne Bay waterfront, this time in Argyle Street. We lived with an elderly lady and her daughter, Miss Gallagher. They were very kind to us

and we enjoyed being there. It was very handy to Aunty Rogers and she was always such good company.

The Gallaghers had an old bungalow type of house with about an acre of land running down to a private beach. Barbara became quite a little water-baby and thoroughly enjoyed life. One day we sat on the rocks and tried our luck at fishing, without success. Later that day Barbara drifted into a neighbour's house and found them preparing fish for their meal. She returned remarking that the "neighbours had caught some fish like we didn't".

On another occasion Miss Gallagher had been feeding the poultry and found one grain of maize left in her pocket. This she popped on the table in front of Barbara.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Maize", replied Miss Gallagher.

"But what IS it?" asked Barbara again.

"A piece of corn", explained Miss Galagher patiently.

Up went Barbara's head and in great disdain she said, "My Mummy has one of those but SHE wouldn't put it on the table!" Collapse of Miss Gallagher and myself.

There is no doubt that the children's sayings could be very interesting if only we parents jotted them down to enjoy again later on. Another comment I recall at this time was sitting in the garden watching the fleecy white clouds in the blue sky and Barbara saying, "Mrs God's got her washing out."

Some shipboard friends turned up in Auckland from Wellington and were looking for accommodation. It was suggested that we rent a house and share it. This we did at the corner of Dickens Street and Murdoch Road in Grey Lynn. This arrangement was not satisfactory and they moved on again.

Our next-door neighbours were the McNaughtons whose youngest daughter, Gwenyth, about 17 years old, was a very prominent Highland dancer having accumulated 400 medals and other trophies for her dancing. Mr McNaughton played the

accordion and Gwennie danced by the hour. She was a pretty girl, small, with red curly hair.

The Waste Products business now being sold, we were looking around for something else. Our hairdressing hopes seemed fated. Each time we nearly clinched a deal one of the kiddies would be sick, which emphasised the impossibility of my being able to cope with both babies and a business of that type.

While we were in England we had observed the popularity of what was to us something entirely new — potato crisps — so we decided to have a go. There was quite a lot of research and experiment — and official permission — for us to start, but we did manage eventually to produce an acceptable article. We had special greaseproof bags made and printed "Golden Crisps."

We launched them on to the market and reached the stage where more roomy premises would be required for manufacture. However, measles arrived, and I was fed up with city life and still yearned for my cow and cabbage patch, where children could grow up free and healthy.

Little did we know at this time that this restless feeling was to culminate in our reaching and settling in what we considered our most pleasant place of all, and in fact as the years went by consider we had reached the most pleasant place in all the world.

One day Ken came home with a proposition, a country store and post office at Arkles Bay. "Where is that?" I asked. "Round the corner from Milford." Transport by launch; no electricity NO THANKS — nothing doing. He was sure it was a wonderful opportunity for all he had heard, but he didn't have to cope with the babies and I did!. A little later he informed me that he had heard that the place had been sold, and I breathed a sigh of relief.

A couple of weeks later he arrived home accompanied by a man with a squint. "Here's luck" thought I. We had lunch and then, as Mr Ripley was a singer, we had an hour or so of music which was delightful. Then he dropped the bomb! "I want to talk to you about a goldmine" he said.

"Goldmines don't exist", I replied.

"This one does" he assured me.

"Just what are you talking about?"

"A country store and post office at Arkles Bay".

I was dumfounded. The earlier purchase had fallen through and all this was a softening-up process to get me interested. So I conceded the point and said that I would be neutral instead of negative.

"Good, I want to take you out there on Sunday."

"But you can't. I've two babies down with measles."

"Well, I've a friend who is a nurse and will come and look after them for the day."

With all that strategy and plotting to get round me, what could I do but acquiesce.!

1927 . . . On the last Sunday in August 1927 we set forth from Auckland at 8.30 a.m. in Mr Ripley's car. We travelled by Devonport ferry and then along the East Coast Road. It was hardly a road at all — merely a mud track. At innumerable intervals we were forced to stop and gather ti-tree to make fascines to place across the road in order to progress. We even came across an abandoned mail car stuck in the mud on the side of the road. I ripped my shoe and tore my stockings but we finally arrived at Whangaparaoa Post Office at 2.30 p.m.

The lady of the house had a cooked dinner — a leg of mutton, potatoes etc. — on the rack above the stove. But she carried these away under our noses and said, "I expected you at mid-day. This is all cold now", and substituted it for 'a nice cup of tea and some thin bread and butter'. I'm still hungry every time I think of it!

While Ken looked over the business side of the affair, I wandered outside, and what a magnificient sight it was. Sparkling sea on each side, crisp clean air, a magnificent beach down at Arkles Bay which was the normal point of entry, the service being by launch. It was truly captivating. I thought that nobody could ever be ill there. Ken evidently liked what he had

seen too and asked my opinion. My reply was typically feminine. "If I can have some new wallpaper in the kitchen, instead of that awful red with dark cascades of would-be flowers, I'll agree." Within ten days we were on our way!

We little realized what we were taking on. Attempting to run a post office and store about which we knew absolutely nothing provided many pitfalls. We were not even acquainted with the people or locality which would have been some assistance. However, the land agent had once been a grocer at Silverdale — our nearest settlement — and he gave us some clues.

The retiring owner marked prices on goods to give us a start; but alas, he marked them on the edge of the shelves and as the goods got moved about, prices got mixed up and this landed us in some awkward spots.

There were only 33 permanent householders on the peninsula and a handful of holiday cottages at this time so business was not exactly brisk. The salary for conducting the post office was 18/2d per week, and we had to be competent to perform any clerical business similar to the Chief Post Office, except that we did not have the authority to conduct a marriage ceremony.

THE WHANGAPARAOA ENTERPRISE

We were busy stocktaking on Sunday and commenced business Monday 12 September 1927. That evening there was a knock ont the shop door and there were four men wanting to telephone to Auckland. This was very welcome as each call lodged after 5 p.m. required the caller to pay a surcharge of one shilling opening fee.

These opening fees were entirely the property of the post-mistress, and mounted up during the summer season. It transpired that these young men were part of a group who had

hired a launch to take them to a hockey match at Mahurangi. The other half of the group had gone up to Shakespear's. The chartered launch had broken down on their return journey on Saturday night and they were anxious to assure their people of their safety.

Apart from a tin of biscuits they'd had no other food. "Come in and have a meal" we said.

"But there's nine more outside" they answered. However they all came in and we cooked bacon and eggs. I say WE, that being Mr Ripley who was slicing bacon from the whole side in the shop, our retiring owners who were getting firewood together — for it was a wood stove on which we had to cook this feast — myself at the frying pan, and my hubby dishing it out to the hungry folk as fast as it was ready.

Accommodation for the night was impossible so we arranged shakedowns for them down at one of the Arkles boarding houses, and they all returned to Auckland next morning. So did our retiring owners and helpful land agent and we were left on our own, proprietors of Arkles Bay Store and Whangaparaoa Post Office.

Trying to cope with all this, plus two little children, proved a handful. Added to all this was learning to keep a wood fire going and attending to shop or 'phone. As our 'phone was the only one for miles around, life was indeed hectic.

POST OFFICE and SHOP. SHOP LOCALITY. BUILDING and OUTLOOK

The locality is really magnificent. The store and post office is situated on the ridge that runs the length of the peninsula which abuts into the Hauraki Gulf, an area of approximately 2000

square miles of sheltered waters. A series of beautiful, clean and safe beaches lie along the shore and this gives the tremendous advantage of a sheltered bay whatever the day.

The living quarters at the rear of the shop overlook Manly Beach and the islands of Motuora, Kawau, and Little Barrier. The side verandah of the store overlooks the length of the peninsula, Tiri Tiri lighthouse, Rangitoto and the Coromandel Peninsula, down to North Head and Auckland. The west side of the store was a large storeroom, and beyond that were the stable and cowshed.

The view over Manly beach is magnificent. The beach is almost landlocked and about two miles from headland to headland. The bay is known as Polkinghorne's Bay, being named after the family who settled here after leaving Kawau Island, to which they had migrated from Cornwall to operate the copper mines. Mining proved uneconomic and Mr William Polkinghorne bought a large block of land and erected a homestead on the beach.

Later, William Polkinghorne's son, known as William Polkinghorne the Younger, took over a block of this land which he farmed, milking a herd of about 36 cows and growing Whangaparaoa pumpkins. Romance came into his life and he was married. He built a homestead on the hill about 200yds below where the store now stood. He planted a great many trees, oaks, totara, macrocarpa, bentham crypress and lots of wattle. The wattle surrounding the little homestead was a glorious sight in the spring with its masses of golden blooms which, from our windows, gave the impression of a golden chiffon scarf being draped over the trees. As this blossom faded the pink blossom of the peach trees began to blend giving once again an artist's dream. Then the pink finally took over, followed by the young green of peach leaves and oaks.

We little realized that one day we would live in that cottage, although Ken often remarked that he was going to live there some day. Twenty years later we did.

Ladies' Mile, which ran down from the main road to Manly Beach — the west end then known as Onepu — was just a grass track, with a very winding dog-leg at the upper end. Oaks, totara and some macrocarpas were growing along the road boundary and subdividing part of the farm, giving both beauty and shelter for stock.

From the eastern side we had wonderful views of the Waitemata Harbour. Many were the interesting sights of the shipping, which ranged from the old sailing ships such as the "Pamir" and "Margaret Sterling" to the "Empress of Britain" which paid one visit. The store faces Arkles Bay, down a winding bushclad road. It takes about three minutes to run down to the beach but about ten minutes to climb up the hill again.

Deliveries were made by horse and cart and good old Starboy became a family pet. The mail service was by launch which meant very irregular hours according to the tide and weather. The wharf at the foot of the hill was our usual point of entry, but at the far end of the beach a small rough wharf was known as the low-tide landing.

Here we were, all we possessed invested in this store business, where we hoped to combine making a living and enjoying life in the process. Fortunately our tastes were for the simple life, and we got it! It is interesting to note that in those early days our recreation was sitting on a banana box and viewing the land and seascape, dreaming dreams on how we could gradually purchase that land. Now, forty years later, the Waitemata County Council has purchased the very site of our banana-box grandstand for use as an open space from which the world at large may view 300 degrees of seascape. The Auckland Regional Authority has purchased almost 1,000 acres of Shakespear Bay to be a marine reserve, thus further confirming the desirability of this beautiful Peninsula.

It was rather hectic trying to keep house with two small children — learning to cope with a wood stove and oil lamps and limited water supply. We didn't know the first thing about store-

keeping or the varieties of duties that the post office entailed, and most certainly learned the hard way. The irregular hours of the post office were no help. Although the official hours were 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. business had to be done at such time as the launch arrived with the mail, bread, papers and general supplies for farmers as well as for ourselves. Empty milk-cans had to be returned and exchanged for full ones taken for despatch. Life was hectic for an hour or two and this could be any time from 5 am to midnight according to the tide and the weather.

Each error we made, was taken by the public as intent to defraud, which attitude was not helpful to say the least! One major cause of the first errors was the fact as previously stated that the departing owners had marked the prices on the edges of the shelves instead of on the goods themselves. The first intimation of the situation was when a man came into the shop and banged down a bottle of essence on the counter. "I usually pay so and so for that and if that's the sort of people you are we know what to do." A shilling overcharged on a small item was enough to discourage any customer but this particular man did not leave it at that. He eventually opened a store in a room in their own house across the road from us, on the seaward side of the road.

This man had a track down the back leading to the road near the wharf, and he put up a notice on this track which read "Short cut to Manly". This landed visitors into his own back-yard and incidentally to his shop.

One day a visitor, a middle-aged businessman of no mean "bulk" took his short cut and was horrified to find how he'd been misled. He was holding forth to us about it in our shop when the man concerned came to telephone his bread order to come out on the launch from Auckland — our 'phone being the only one in the district at that time.

"This is just rubbing the acid in", said our visitor. The following week-end he came over again and brought about a dozen boldly-printed cards about 12" by 14" on which was

written simply, "Post Office Store. Top of the hill". He nailed these at points along the wharf and on the hitching rails on the beach. The next day they were all smeared with mud. So we had a wooden board and nailed this on to a tree opposite the opposition's notice and access. On this was printed — "Listen, dear people, don't be 'ad. Shop at the top store and you'll be glad!".

Next morning it was in splinters. However, the opposition came over and vowed that he had nothing whatever to do with the incidents, and so we left it at that.

It created great interest among holiday children to come to our shop and ask how many you got for a penny of each of our range of sweets and then go over the road and compare notes. But the prize effort came from one boy who came in and asked, "Will you give me a penny and book it up to my mother? I want to go over to the other store for some fish hooks. You get more there than you do here."

I don't recall whether I obliged the child but I said, "I'll remind you of that request when you grow up." On his return from World War II I did tell him and he has enjoyed the joke against himself ever since.

After a while we were fortunate to get the help of a girl who lived in Orewa, six miles away. She had her own pony and could come and go as required. One day an urgent 'phone call came for the District Nurse who was attending somebody on Stanmore Bay about one-and-a-half miles away. I asked this girl to take the message and while she got ready I went out to catch the horse. Just as I was about to handle him he turned round and kicked out, knocking me out.

As I came round I heard horse's hoofs and thought it was coming back to have another kick, but it was a passing farmer who brought my hubby to the rescue, and I was hoisted into his four-wheeled wagon and taken home. Meantime the nurse was brought straight to me before making her other call. Fortunately I had only been winded with no bones broken, but was somewhat

shocked. I just hadn't time to be ill, so recovery was swift.

Preparing for our first Christmas posed quite a problem. The population increase for the holidays was anybody's guess. Fine weather could bring many yachties or steamer or launch trippers, while some more venturesome came by car. How to stock up for an unknown quantity was not so bad on dry goods, but on perishables — and with no refrigeration, it was some problem. However, we survived.

With the advent of Christmas we felt that we should plan some amusement, so we turned the big storeroom into a dance room, put hay-bales round the walls for seats, painted the walls pale pink and hung flowered cretonne curtains at the windows. We decorated the rafters with streamers and invented wire-netting bowls of paper roses. We hauled the piano around into this place and were all set to go.

An open invitation to come along and make Christmas Eve a festive occasion brought many along and a very happy evening seemed to be enjoyed until two young men asked if I could play a certain popular song. I replied that I wasn't very familiar with it, but if they sang it I'd pick up the tune and follow them with the accompaniment. This was going along fine when I noticed people were leaving, so then I listened to the words instead of the tune and found they were singing a very unpleasant parody. I stopped immediately and the offenders were hurriedly dispatched, but the damage was done.

Our other guests naturally thought it was our doing, and a most unfavourable opinion had been formed of us. All the apologies in the world couldn't wipe out the fact. Earlier in the evening my hubby had dressed as Father Christmas and amused the younger fry, but this kindly and generous act was entirely overlooked by the later circumstances.

It was an arduous business during the holidays, going round the various beaches for orders, returning to the store, making up the parcels for delivery, and then returning to the beaches with the orders, all on a laden horse and cart. No prepackaged goods

in those days; all had to be weighed and measured — a real time-consumer. This situation called for improvement, so we bought a Ford truck, a half-ton model, and had a special body built with fittings for shelves to be slotted in. We could then stock up the shelves and slot them into position when required. It became quite a game with the customers to ask for something they were sure we wouldn't have! We said we would carry a full range of goods . . . collar studs, tie pins, cotton, iodine, bacon . . . you name it, we could supply, or if not could provide a suitable substitute.

Surprise parties became fashionable and the first one experienced was at Percy's on the Wade River Rd. Jack Hobbs picked up some of the guests at Manly Wharf and the rest of us at Arkles. It was a brilliant night and a great pleasure to sail down the Wade. We arrived at Percy's landing and invaded the house — but I think we were not entirely unexpected. Catering for these — and in fact most functions — was by ladies taking a plate of either cakes or savouries, tea being the only item required at the venue.

Some time later we sensed that a surprise party was to be sprung on me, and I overheard a whisper that a crowd from Silverdale were to meet the locals at the hall and then descend on us. That evening I got into a suit of my hubby's and pulled a hat well down over my hair, went up the paddock behing a hedge opposite the hall and overheard all their giggling and plans. When they sallied forth I joined the mob but remained unrecognised. As they entered our storeroom each was given a paper hat. So I chose a large one, went outside and returned disguised with this hat. I grabbed a girl and told her just to keep quiet and we danced. It was most amusing to see the consternation on my hubby's and helper's faces. Where had I disappeared to? Was I annoyed? And so on, till we couldn't keep it up any longer, and all enjoyed a good laugh, and a ragging, for ladies did not wear the trousers in those days!

The launch service was very erratic and made life a very

disjointed affair, to go to the warehouse by one launch, returning on the next one two or three days later. Ken chose to walk to Auckland on occasions, which was no mean feat, and to return with the goods on the next launch.

It was during one of his absences that I had quite an unnerving experience. I was alone with the two wee children when in the middle of the night I heard what sounded like someone drilling the post office safe. There were no near neighbours and the only telephone was in the shop divided by a glass partition from the actual post office. Just what should I do — I opened the storeroom door so that I could grab the kiddies and make an escape — where to, heaven knows. But I thought if I could creep into the shop and 'phone Head Office I'd better try that first. The drilling noise had ceased and all was dark, but as I crept behind the counter it started up again. What a relief! It was a fly in an empty lemonade bottle! All my bravery was wasted!

It was during our second Christmas holiday season that some people in the shop remarked "You still here!"

"Yes, we've bought the place," I replied.

"But you can't have done. It belongs to us", they said.

They were the trustees for the Polkinghorne Estate and had sold the post office store and 10 acres to a man who had taken a mortgage with the trustees. When he sold the store he had not acquainted the trustees with the fact, and had not paid them as arranged, so our sale became void.

It was a serious situation, because every penny we had was sunk in this project. I tried to think of something funny about the situation and came up with, "We have no roof to our heads, but thank God we have a roof to our mouth!". However, we arranged to rent the premises from them pending developments.

They decided to advertise the property, the 10 acres as well as the store, and many people came to inspect. But the post office and store business was still ours and we planned to build opposite and take our business there. This discouraged buyers as there certainly was not sufficient business for two stores at that time.

The final result was that the trustees offered us the whole property, the 10 acres as well as the store for a lesser figure than we had undertaken to pay in the first place, so our dark cloud had a silver lining. This purchase was made in my name, thus assuring a home and business for myself and the children in the event of anything unforseen occurring.

Ken was developing the outside part of our affairs, particularly transport. The launch service was still very erratic. Silverdale was now being served by road services even though the roads were little more than mud tracks at that time. The mail was coming through from Auckland thrice weekly, and Neville Bros. of Silverdale had commenced a cartage business between Silverdale and Auckland.

On one occasion the launch caught fire when on its way from Auckland, most of the cargo being destroyed, including half of our Christmas stocks. This was a tremendous loss as the cargo was not insured — merchants had despatched the goods in good faith and only two firms volunteered to share the loss. They were Bycrofts, who had shipped our Christmas order of biscuits, and Grey and Menzies who supplied soft drinks. Needless to say these two firms received our staunch patronage for the rest of our store life, which was almost 20 years.

A smart car drew up at the store one day and a man came in all smiles and very apparently seemed as if he should have been expected. However, I did not know him and he said, "But surely you've received my notices?" It was A.J. Murdoch, a Cabinet Minister and our local M.P. whose headquarters was at Whangarei — we being the very tip of the Marsden Electorate. He had come to hold a political meeting.

As there was no means of advising people we had to go round and collect a few locals together to hear what he had to say. One thing that staggered him was the poor mail service. He had posted his notices ten days previously in Whangarei and we would receive them in due course, when the next launch arrived!

Surely there could be some improvements! We were only 25

miles from Auckland and yet so remote. It was at his suggestion that the Whangaparaoa mail be sent to Silverdale along with theirs, each Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and a contract offered to bring it from Silverdale to Whangaparaoa. However, there was nobody in Silverdale prepared to take this on and Ken was given the mail contract at the princely sum of £37 per year.

This at least gave us a regular service. We then had "Heralds" sent to Silverdale and Buchanan's sent their bread order to us by road. So bread mail and "Heralds" became regularly available on Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons.

It was the practice of farmers along the Wade River to send their cream to Auckland by launch. But some preferred to row up the river to Silverdale, to the cream dump on the wharf where the cream would be weighed, listed and graded and then sent in bulk to Auckland.

One farmer, Leigh Vipond, had noticed Ken passing regularly with pony and cart and asked if he would take his cream to Silverdale, thus getting it away more regularly than by waiting for a sufficient quantity to warrant rowing to Silverdale. This proved very satisfactory. The cream grading was "super" instead of "seconds" and naturally the price was higher. This encouraged other farmers to follow suit and finally resulted in the New Zealand Dairy Company offering a contract for all cream from Whangaparaoa to Silverdale, and part of the area south of the Wade River. This in turn led to a contract to take the cream right through to Waimauku dairy factory.

Topdressing was just beginning to be used on farms in the locality and this resulted in more cows and more cream. Home separating was the practice in those days, and the skim milk was invariably fed to the pigs, though some preferred to turn it to curds to feed poultry instead.

This comment on home separating brings to my mind an incident that occurred to us. Having acquired the 10 acres of land we purchased two cows and eventually bought a small separator

and made butter with the cream. One day the can of cream was knocked over. What does one do with a mess like that? "Pick it up and wash it," said our two-year-old Tony. Out of the mouths of babes — so I did just that. We scooped it up, added lots of water, strained it, and put it through the separator again and so the situation had a happier ending, perhaps not "super" grade, but certainly fit for home use.

Sports were held annually by the school and settlers combined. This was a great day and usually held on Manly beach. On our first occasion there was a numerous variety of incidents. On the bank by the beach was a discarded 400 gal. corrugated iron tank. So Ken was inspired to have a sort of Aunt Sally contest. Youngsters were busy eating water melons, so he suggested that he would get into the tank and bob up and down while they could pelt him with melon skins. This was proving quite hilarious until one woman got the idea to creep up behind and trip the tank over, which she did — causing an abrupt end to the fun. Another recollection was of the races. Ken had won the married men's race, so when it came to the married women's race, they said I had to be handicapped, and I was, well and truly, retaining my position as a good last from start to finish.

The food on these occasions was as usual, provided by everyone bringing something special — some magnificent picnic meals resulting.

As Easter approached, the two guest house proprietors on Arkles Bay sought to have some sports to entertain their visitors on Easter Sunday. A meeting was held and a varied programme drawn up. Ken offered to challenge a walking match of one mile. A local man, the previously-mentioned opposition storekeeper, said he would accept. However Ken said the offer was intended for visitors and it was left at that.

On Easter Saturday the sports commenced in the morning and Ken threw himself whole-heartedly into everything. Then about mid-day the local man who had suggested accepting the walking challenge announced that the walk-off would take place

at two o'clock. This was the first intimation received and it caused quite a stir of excitement. And so the match took place, three and a half laps of Arkles Bay beach. The opponent arrived correctly clad in athletic gear complete to shoes, while Ken was clad in slacks and sandshoes. The atmosphere was tense and every step closely watched. Ken just managed to reach the goal first, flopped down and said to his opponent "You're a better man than I am!" to which the reply was, "If you're not satisfied you can do it again". We later found out that he had been training for the event!

Easter 1929 also held its moments. On Good Friday the proprietor of Sylvan Glade Guest House on Arkles Bay came to us in a panic. Their meat order had not come by the launch and they had a houseful of guests arriving. Would we take him through to Silverdale to locate the butcher and get supplies? This we agreed to do, knowing our Ford half-ton would be all right on the dry road.

Unfortunately the fine weather brought other people out too. Our truck met a car on a corner, the car swerved into the bank on his left and passing round it our truck went off the road and somersaulted down a bank.

One man climbed out with a slightly bruised shoulder. The other, a neighbouring milker who had gone for the ride, sustained a hurt, but not badly damaged, hand. But Ken was pinned under the vehicle. When it was eventually lifted, he was most fortunate to have escaped with nothing worse than a cut knee.

The occupants of the other car came to the store to tell me of the accident, and were rather upset to find me in an advanced state of pregnancy and sincerely hoped the shock of the news would not be harmful. However, Ian was born on Easter Tuesday four days later neither of us any the worse, but I was very thankful that the accident, although inconvenient was not more serious.

The body that we had built on the Ford chassis was

constructed much heavier than we had ordered and I'm sure it was this heavy superstructure that saved Ken's life.

Tony was almost three years old by now and with Barbara at school he used to play games with me while I was bathing and feeding baby in front of the kitchen fire. One day he said, "Let's play at Daddy's accident" and forthwith began his imaginary game.

"Oh, don't play that, it's too awful" I said, so he swept up his imaginary pieces of wreckage. Then he went into a corner and with finger and thumb carefully picked up another imaginary object.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Daddy's eye", was the reply.

Ian was a happy baby with a marked sense of rhythm. At even three months of age he would rock himself in time to the gramophone music. But he was a baby one could not rock to sleep. I had to sing to him, the chorus of a Wyoming Waltz being his favourite tune. When one was tired, it was some singing and no mistake, but it had its effect.

One of the most difficult times I had to sing was one Friday early afternoon, a busy store day, when he was about 18 months old. He appeared at the storeroom door with his face coming up in one big blister, his mouth already swollen. I seized the 'phone and called the District Nurse in Silverdale. Ken grabbed the child and put some whiting which happened to be at hand, into his mouth to absorb whatever poison it may be he'd taken. The poor child collapsed and Ken took the Ford to fetch the nurse who would otherwise have had to ride horse-back. In less than half an hour he was back with the nurse and by this time Ian had regained consciousness, but with one continuous moan, "mummmmummmm!" and I had to sing with a nearly breaking heart.

Nurse promptly gave him an emetic and he slowly recovered. By the next day he was playing happily again, but getting drinks down was a problem. They would get so far and then regurgitate.

But it was almost uncanny to trace the stage of recovery with almost each effort, as his mouth recovered and his gullet and then his stomach. It proved to be a bottle of Cresoline he'd found, a carbolic sort of fluid that one burns in a lamp for the relief of whooping cough.

This was on a shelf right out of his reach at the back of the dressing table. Some time later we found out how he had reached it. He pulled out the bottom drawer of the dressing table and stood on it, giving his access to everything. Fortunately that unhappy episode did not seem to impair his health, but it was a salutary lesson to me to keep things well out of reach.

Ian was only one year and nine months old when Guy was born, and I wondered what his attitude would be to the new baby.

Guy was born at home and the children came in to see their new brother one by one. Barbara would be eight years old and delighted with the new baby. Tony would be four and a half and his reaction unique. "Now there are four men in the house", was his proud comment.

Ian's reaction was most touching. He always had one of Barbara's rag dolls under his arm, an inseparable companion, and he had this as usual when he came in to see the baby. He looked at the baby, turned down the shawl, put his doll in beside the baby and stood back with a beaming smile and a sigh as if to say "Welcome, I've given you my treasure". I shed a few tears.

Babe acquired the name "Guy" through a chain of circumstances. At birth I said, "Isn't he beautiful?" to which my beloved hubby said, "What, a Guy, all crumped up!"

"Ah, Guy", I said, "I never thought of that name." Then within a week Guy Menzies made a solo flight from Australia to New Zealand. That seemed ominous, and the first man to take baby in his arms was Guy Bridson, the current boyfriend of our assistant Kitty Hawken, so "Guy" he became.

It was an impossible task to take a pram on the roads, which at this time were being metalled with terribly loose stuff to walk

on, so I'd occasionally ride Starboy with babe in front of me on the pommel, and amble along.

But we made the gig our one-horse pram. We'd go for little drives with me in the middle, Barbara and Tony on either side and Ian, as Guy grew bigger, on stools on the floor of the gig.

Life was very full in these days. There was no radio or television and all entertainment was very home made, taking the form of card evenings, sing-songs round the piano, voyages in imagination which became quite realistic (and a painless geography lesson) evening sessions of Highland dancing or Irish jigs in which Ken and the youngsters would compete with me and the piano as to who could keep it up the longest. One evening a customer arrived at the side door and was amazed to see such hilarity in one of these sessions.

Settler's socials were held fortnightly during the winter. The procedure was to play "500" until nine o'clock and then have supper, after which dancing was continued until midnight. Supper was the usual "Ladies a plate, please", style, and a wide variety of eatables was provided. A kerosene tin was boiled on an open fire to make the tea and if this was smoky it all added to the flavour.

I found myself at the piano playing for the dances and this became taken for granted over a period of 15 years. If we both went to these evenings it meant taking the children as well, baby in a folding canvas cot and the others put down on a rug behind the piano. On occasions Ken would go to the card part of the evening and return home to look after the kiddies while I went to the dances. One evening I was playing the polonaise two-step when a dancer said in passing, "What's the matter with Father?"

"He's at home looking after the kiddies" I answered. Next time round he again asked me the same question.

"I told you he's minding the children tonight." I replied.

The next time round he approached me again. "I mean PLAY, 'What's the matter with father'!" — a rollicking tune.

It became something of a self-imposed task, this business of

playing for the dances. Mrs Jackson who used to walk from their farm about four miles away would relieve me at times, as also did two or three men with an accordion. Mr Harvey's specialty was "Moonlight and Roses", while Mr Silich, a Dalmatian, played more of a marching type of music. On the odd occasion when Mr Hobbs could be induced to play, we'd have another type, perhaps a medley. All good fun!.

Then we threw open our storeroom on alternate Saturday nights for "500" evenings, and people came from far and near. A small charge was made for funds for the forthcoming sports day at Arkles Beach. After that we had bridge evenings.

These were much enjoyed by the visitors but became too much for me to cope with as they never knew when to stop. So I made a notice which I placed on the mantelpiece, "Thou shalt not commence a rubber after 10.30 p.m." But it was invariably turned round with its face to the wall and play continued on and on.

During the summer months we used to hold impromptu dances in our storeroom where our piano helped to pay for itself. These were held when "yachties" used to come ashore and up to the store. "Anything on tonight anywhere?" they asked and if there wasn't, then, "How about a Bob Hop?", so Hopper's Bob Hops became useful institutions patronised by a mere handful of customers perhaps but bringing happy times. Supper was had by adjourning to the shop and buying biscuits and soft drinks; no trouble! — always open!

Yachties would sometimes get weather-bound in the Wade river and their finances could become strained. On occasions they would lay out what coins they had and say, "What food can we have for that?" and great fun was had by sorting out the most for their money to meet likes and dislikes.

A group appeared one day, very thirsty after a long walk from the Wade River. They eyed the shelves of soft drinks, at 6d per bottle, and then the cordials at 1/3d. Quick calculations showed that they could have a good drink for 1/3d. while 9 bottles at 6d. stretched their finances.

"If we buy a bottle of cordial, will you give us a bucket of water?" they asked. So the nine lads poured the bottle of cordial into the bucket of water and sat around it on the floor each armed with a couple of straws. The slogan was, "He who drinks fastest gets most!", and away they went.

On another occasion two lads walked over from the Wade and needed drinks. They decided to share a bottle, but after spending some time weighing the merit of the various flavours they couldn't find one that would give each his money's worth of pleasure. "Let's ask for a drink of water," was the final solution. Storekeeping wasn't all profit!

As the holiday season approached once again, we would circularise the prospective visitors with the information that we could supply their requirements at city prices plus ½d in the shilling to cover freight charges. One holiday a small boy came to the post office counter, which was part of the shop and asked "How much are your penny stamps?". I sensed somebody was behind this for a joke, so I replied that they were one penny each or he could have two halfpenny ones for a penny. "Yes, but I mean how much are they with the freight added?" he said.

Talking of stamps recalls the great interest some of our local people had in any new issues of stamps that came out. They were a family whose hobby was philately. Prior to the day of issue they would have anywhere up to 600 to 800 letters ready to post, and used to arrive an hour before opening time when I would let them have the stamps to affix to their letters, each of which had to be very carefully date-stamped by hand. This was usually managed without undue trouble.

There was one occasion when I made an error which gave them a decided advantage. It was the occasion of the Coronation of George VI, on 12 May 1937. These people duly arrived at the early hour and received their stamps, all of which I then duly date-stamped, parcelled up and put in the mail bag. When taking out more stamps from the official packet later, I found a notice declaring that no stamps should be placed on sale before

13 May. Query? What to do in a case like this. Answer — when in doubt, do nothing, so I left them. Little did I realise the advantage my error had given these people. I was besieged with other people asking me to alter the office date stamp and give them the same advantage by stamping some of theirs for 12 May. All I could do was to emphasise that it was an error and I was not going to knowingly repeat it, and that didn't make me popular!

There were two Maoris in the district living at the Wade river, and the first time I saw one of them was in our shop. "Heavens", I thought, "however does one speak Maori!"

My panic was short-lived, for in beautiful English he said, "Good day lady". He was Tai Ihaia, the happiest most jovial fellow, would could tell a tale and laugh heartily at you for swallowing it.

I recall just a couple of incidents. He'd been fishing and was telling us how he'd lost the biggest snapper — a twelve-pounder! I asked, "How do you know it was a twelve-pounder" to which he laughingly replied "The fish, he had the scales on."

The other was also a fish story. A cousin had come to stay with him and he had told this visitor fish were so plentiful that all you had to do was to hold out a fryingpan and the fish would jump into it.

The next morning Miss Ethel Shakespear arrived with several strings of fish. They used to catch a great many from their yacht, and then string about half a dozen on strips of flax and take these bunches of fish to various people who could use them. I told her about Tai and his friend so she took some along for them. She found nobody at home, so she left the string of fish hanging on the door knob.

When Tai and his friend arrived back he said, "What did I tell you, they're waiting to get into the frying pan" — rather proving his point!

The other Maori was an entirely different type, having a high family rank, and a regular income which was payable through the local post office. He was known as "Charlie the Maori", but his

full name was Te Kaharaoa Tawhana, alias Te Riri Tawhana. These two Maoris had been employed by Mr Bruce Scott to plant pine trees on his property on the Wade River Road, and continued to live here after the planting was completed.

Incidentally, this would be in the late '20s and early '30s, and we saw the growth of these trees to the milling stage some 25 to 30 years later, since when re-growth has kept the place densely wooded.

When the tree-planting was completed these two remained in the district doing casual work until Mr Herman Phister purchased part of the old Arkle Estate, and Tai became a regular employee. Charlie would occasionally work for us but he was very casual, working when he felt like it and disappearing away down to his people in the King Country when the urge took him. He would stay until he got restless and then walk out and later return here, telephoning us from Auckland for authority to go to the warehouse and buy clothes because he'd left everything behind. He did this several times until the warehouse objected.

One measure of his casual approach to work was during a contract with us to fell scrub on a hillside of newly acquired land. One night we awoke to find a fire blazing on the hillside. Investigation showed us Charlie calmly cutting scrub, having lit this fire for warmth and food, for he helped himself to a chicken from a neighbour's roost, and was cooking it in the fire. Maori have a communal attitude to things and it didn't seem to him like stealing a chicken.

One night I awoke to hear a clatter going on in our kitchen. When I went to investigate there was Charlie trying to light the fire. He wanted a cup of tea and knowing our door was always open decided to come and get one. He had been drinking on this occasion and was rather obstreperous. We offered him a cold drink, for there was no electricity in those days, but that just wouldn't do; he wanted TEA. He became so noisy I was afraid he would wake the children.

It was only because of them that we were able to persuade

him to leave for he was very fond of my family. Many an hour he has spent sitting on the seat outside the shop nursing our baby.

One day he borrowed our horse Starboy and the cart to take some sacks of firewood to the Wade wharf. He returned later with Starboy but no cart. "Where's the cart Charlie?" I asked.

"In the river, Missus" he replied. He had backed the cart to the wharf and had miscalculated his distance, causing the horse and cart to somersault into the river. He dived in after them, unharnessed the horse, fortunately unhurt, and arrived home with Starboy, saying he would return and fetch the cart at low tide, which he did. So that was that.

Some years later Charlie was looking after a property that had changed hands, until the owner could take over. He used to wander round the district, always with his dog, hands in pockets and shoulders hunched and looking anything but well.

One day his dog was tied up at the house, but there was no sign of Charlie. It was thought that he had taken one of his walkabout moods and returned to the King Country although to leave the dog without someone to care for it was not like Charlie.

After two weeks his people were 'phoned to see if he was there but they had not seen him. Searches were made by the police and the local people joined forces, but he was never found. The conclusion that seemed the most probable was that he had gone down to Stanmore Bay to gather oysters as was his general practice, and he may have slipped on the rocks and been knocked out, and washed away by the tide. The search was continued for many weeks but no sign was ever found of him.

One morning some time later, Tai, who was living in Wade River Road, nearby, came to the shop in great distress. He said the Spirit of Charlie had been knocking on his roof and on the way down to the store to tell us he found a sure sign in the middle of the road and dare not go back past it. If ever a Maori could look white in his distress, Tai did.

There is the Maori belief that the spirits of the departed go to Spirits Bay at the northern tip of New Zealand and Tai was

emphatic that Charlie had returned. After trying to calm him down I went back with him to see this "sure sign" of Charlie's presence and found a white jelly-like fungus in the middle of the road. Tai was certain that this was the Spirit's excreta. However, we managed to get him past this fungus and hoped for the best. Tai eventually went to live in Auckland died there of hydatids.

There was a third Maori, a friend of theirs named Tom Box, who used to come and stay with Tai and Charlie for a while, during which time he helped us with haymaking on the farm. It was an extraordinary coincidence that the brother of Aroha Box who was helping me at the store was also staying here and he also helped with the haymaking. So that there were two men named Tom Box working on the stack, one as fair as could be, almost ginger, the other a dark-skinned Maori.

We were gaining valuable experience in farming our 10 acres. First we bought two cows, Creamy a Jersey, and Betty a Shorthorn, from Sheffields who were leaving the guest house called Sylvan Glade at the far end of Arkles Bay. Creamy gave rich milk of not too great quantities and Betty gave gallons of less rich milk.

We occasionally sold some of the milk and one memorable incident occurred when a woman came for milk and instead of waiting for the usual mixing and straining, demanded that the milk be squirted direct into her can. It happened to be Betty who was being milked, and the milk frothed over the top of the can.

Later the woman returned irate, accusing us of giving her short measure — and of removing the cream from the milk. The volume appeared less, naturally as the froth subsided. But as to how we removed the cream in the process of milking she was unable to explain.

This same woman and her husband set themselves out to annoy us. They would watch the road when we brought the cows to the shed and if a calf strayed on to the road they pounced on it and impounded it on their section which was on the opposite

corner to ours. Then we would have to pay impounding fees to reclaim the animal. Ordinarily he would be required to take the animal to the pound in Albany about 20 miles away but that meant still more annoyance on having to go so far to reclaim it.

One evening he had taken a calf over the road to his place and a group of local lads said, "Leave it to us. We will get it back for you". After dark they descended on the property, saw two eyes gleaming in the dark and went to retrieve the animal only to find it was a dog, evidently a very quiet old thing as he didn't bark or make any disturbance.

They then found out that these people had really started off to the pound at Albany with the animal, had taken a route across Arkles Bay and across the Arkles property to the Silverdale road, and had left the animal with a family named Parris.

Not to be done out of their fun, the boys then went to the Parris farm after the moon rose and were able to locate the calf which they proudly got out to the road, amidst many giggles as can be imagined. These giggles mounted to near hysterics when they found that they had got the wrong animal, which of course they had to return.

The calf eventually found its way to the Albany pound. After the usual formalities — notification that the animal would be sold in seven days if not claimed, and the fee paid etc. . . Ken took our Ford truck to collect the poor thing. It was put in the back of the vehicle which had a canvas cover and backdrop. On arrival home — the cupboard was bare! Somewhere along the route the calf had loosened the cover and jumped out. Fortunately a farmer along the route found it unharmed and eventually it arrived home safe and sound. All this may sound a lot of nothing today, but at the time it was the local topic!

Another animal story which eventually happened many years later is worth recording. We had acquired more land and were planning to buy Jersey heifers. We saw a line advertised at Kumeu, about 20 miles west. It was a wet morning when Ken went to inspect these heifers, and most of the conversation took

place in the shed, but the animals were out in the paddock.

There was also a Friesian heifer in the paddock. This was commended as being a fine animal — but we were only concerned with Jerseys. The transaction was completed, a cheque for £120 for twelve head was duly paid over, and the animals were to be driven to the saleyard pens for our truck to collect. On arrival, we found that the Friesian was among them, so we phoned the owner. His wife answered the phone, her husband being absent and suggested we leave the Friesian in the saleyard pen. This we did, and sent a new cheque for £110, and cancelled the £120 cheque.

Then we had a letter from the owner returning the £110 cheque, saying we had purchased the Friesian and that he had put it in the care of a veterinary surgeon at our expense. We denied this and the matter went to court.

Although this was an annoying experience we were so sure that we were in the right that we were not anxious about the outcome. However, we found our general affairs had been thoroughly gone into by our opponents and matters were brought to light that had a very damaging effect, although each item was fully justified by us in its inception. One of these comments was that we couldn't be much of farmers when it was common knowledge that we had bought an empty cow at a local sale. We certainly had, in the hope that we may eventually get her in calf, it being a calculated risk — but it was used as a proof of our inefficiency.

Another instance was that we were reputed to have bought a house and then cancelled the cheque. I was giving evidence at the time and replied that we certainly had NOT bought a house. Then I recalled that they may have been referring to a horse, and said how we had bought this horse, with the owner's full written guarantee of it being sound in wind and limb. We forwarded the cheque and then sent our man to collect the horse. First there was NO written guarantee, the horse was *not* sound in wind, the cheque was cancelled and the owner was to reclaim the horse.

The magistrate remarked that he wished he had the courage to cancel a cheque when the article proved faulty — and this encouraged me somewhat. However, the ultimate finding was against us, an advertisement being produced saying "11 jerseys for sale," If we had bought 12 beasts then we must have bought the Friesian as well.

That wasn't the end of it. WE had to collect this Friesian from the veterinarian. It had calved in the meantime. I do not recall what the fees were but it was a sore point, and so the family called this Friesian "Priceless". She proved to be a good milker.

But that did not alter the fact that we had hoped to build up a high grade Jersey herd. We had several pedigrees, including one called "Duchess" who had the most stately manner. She held her head in a very autocratic fashion and her production was also very good. It was a coincidence that the stock inspector who used to call on us at that time was on the farm where she was born and knew her as a calf. Another one was "Lavender" a most affectionate animal, who developed a lame leg. A neighbour bought her as a house cow and often used to go and sit beside her in the paddock so that she wouldn't feel lonely!

Later we decided to cross the Jerseys with a shorthorn bull, so that the bull calves could be raised for beef instead of going out as bobby calves at a few days old, a shocking waste in our opinion.

We purchased a good Shorthorn who was a massive brute, but had gentle manners. He used to waddle round the farm crooning, so he naturally became "BING". Then we planned to cross the female progeny back with a Jersey bull, and bought a good pedigree bull at the Claudelands sale. On arrival back we had this animal tethered in our garden, such as it was, and he seemed most interested in the flowers so he naturally became "Ferdinand". This experiment of crossing the breed gave us some very good animals, and we built up quite a nice herd.

At this time we had extended our holding considerably, and were growing pumpkins and watermelons on our new land as it

was broken in. Our experiences here were varied and very interesting. I will never forget our first melon crop. Everybody must have thought I was completely crazy when I found the first fruit formed for I went back to the store wildly announcing that there was a melon on the vines. What did I expect, I was asked, but that didn't spoil the thrill of it.

Planting was a long and arduous process. After the paddocks were prepared and the beds made, we were "all hands on deck" for planting the seeds. Whenever possible I was helping in this task and each seed seemed a minor miracle. Each pumpkin seed could have produced Cinderella's Coach which the fairy tale tells us was transformed from a pumpkin.

Time has shown that this was not such a fantastic idea as the crop did prove to be very valuable, some years being better than others. An instance of this was evident the year we cropped most extensively. We put in eight acres of watermelons. Tai the Maori was helping us at the time and was emphatic that it was much too large an acreage and we would only have to plough in the melons.

It started off badly. Many seeds did not germinate and we had to plant and replant. Finally they all decided to grow at once and we had the most wonderful crop, many melons being massive. We sent the first lot to the market and realized 13/6 each for them. Then the Joint Purchasing Board arranged for the American Army which was stationed in Auckland to buy the crop and a price was arranged at threepence a pound. This was much less than the Americans would have paid, but the real advantage was that they sent their own men and trucks to collect the melons from the paddock and the final count was 10,000 melons for which we received the rewarding sum of £2,500.

When the trucks arrived at the store we would invite all the men in for morning tea, and then after they had collected the melons they would be in again for lunch. After the final truck had gone we threw the field open for anybody to collect the balance free.

Then as a sort of winding up we invited as many of the soldiers who cared to come to have a Sunday at Whangaparaoa. Their officer 'phoned to confirm that our offer had been made, and said 13 men would like to come. We invited what few girls were available in the locality to join in and had a full day of it — not without incidents I may state. However, on departing they were most grateful and said that it had really been like a day at home, and they had quite forgotten the war.

Back to the pumpkin crop at this same period. It also flourished exceedingly and we must have gleaned about 400 tons of pumpkins. Everybody else's crop also went mad, so the market was flooded. Prices were low, so we fed pumpkins to the cattle during the winter, while the pigs also came in for their share. All the animals grew so well that no hay was required that winter.

The next year we decided to plant a crop specially for the pigs and chose a later maturing type, Triamble instead of Crown. Everybody predicted that these would be a dead loss, but that year the Crown variety was a failure in general, and the market was bare when the Triambles were ready. Instead of becoming pig food, they brought in a return of £1,000, much to everybody's surprise. When we had finished clearing a hillside part of our newly-acquired land, we experimented with a crop of swede turnips for stock food. They did remarkably well and besides feeding the stock we marketed enough of them to pay for the grass seed for the area.

Bagging the swedes on a frosty morning was an unenviable task. We do not as a rule get much frost but this was an exception, as it also affected pumpkins lying out in the field waiting collection. It meant "all hands on deck" to turn them over on the ground before the sun reached them. It was the practice to gather the crop and lay them out in rows under the trees near the homestead to keep an eye on them. Apart from the market outlet we had a contract to supply the Auckland hospital with one ton per week. This was a valuable contract in more ways than one, for it meant that by careful selection we were able to

pick over our stock, and able to supply almost until the next crop was ready.

We began clearing the opposite hillside which we called 6 A, and when the ground was cleared and ploughed we planted a crop of carrots. Local people thought that we were quite mad to try to grow carrots in that soil, which was much heavier ground than that on the flat. But they thrived and produced a magnificent crop which all helped to pay for the grassing of the area. This became a beautiful paddock and is now fringed with a delightful plantation of gum trees.

While on the subject of growing things, I recall a sudden enthusiasm I had to grow some tree tomatoes, now called tamarillos. These were new to us and I contacted the Department of Agriculture which was always ready to help us in any way we required. I managed to raise over 300 plants.

I was to have the use of an area of land we called "the Glade", and I could see myself with an income of £1,000 a year in a short time. But this was once again one of those things that didn't come off. After getting all these 300 plants planted out and feeling very pleased with myself, we had an exceptional run of frosts. Eleven consecutive frosts killed off all but four plants. So I was back to where I had started.

Trees were another of our enthusiasms. When we first came to the Peninsula in 1927 we tried to buy-lease-rent or by some means acquire 100 acres of land from Mr Hobbs, who had 1,000 acres near the far end of the Peninsula. Mr Hobbs would not oblige. He said the land wouldn't grow trees. However, some years later he had occasion to go to Rotorua for treatment for rheumatism. There was a nurseryman there selling pine seedlings in bundles of 1,000, and Mr Hobbs brought back some to try. These all grew well and he repeated the programme until he had a long large windbreak which has grown, and for some years has yielded much milling timber. It seems that our idea was correct.

Later, in 1939, when we were grazing our cattle for a winter break at the old lime works in Silverdale there were hundreds of

self-sown pine trees of all sizes. We arranged to have some of these and selected shapely trees about four feet high, marking them with red wool. We wrenched them by digging round the root and leaving them for at least a month, before transplanting all round our boundary, interspersed with some macrocarpa. These grew well and gave us good shelter.

Then we purchased 1,000 gum trees which we planted on the eastern hillside, and 200 Bentham cypress which we planted at the foot of the hill. In my day-dreams I foresaw the use of this area as an open-air theatre, with the stage and proscenium being cut out of the Benthams, and seats for the auditorium, on the hillside among the tall gum trees.

Another dream that didn't come true. Someone clearing a section beyond our top boundary lit a fire to burn their rubbish. This travelled down the dry grass to our trees, and we had the painful experience of watching them being consumed, there being no fire-fighting facilities anywhere in the district at that time. All but four Benthams were completely lost, but many of the gum trees revived and threw up fresh growth.

On the opposite side on the west block we planted 200 Cryptomeria Japonica, a graceful tree that would enhance any locality. Luck was against us in this project too, but it was the rabbits that used to pull them out. We would repeatedly go round them and replant, but only a few survived and they are a joy to behold.

Let us return to our experiences in the late '20s and early '30s. The transport service was by launch in those days and each farmer arranged for his own supply of lime, manure, poultry, feed and other items. It seemed to us that here was a situation that could be improved upon if operated on a co-operative basis. Therefore we set to work making enquiries and found sources of supply of wheat from the South Island, maize from Bay of Plenty, pollard from Australia as well as local manure and lime all to be transported by scows which were in considerable use at this period.

We then invited six men from varying points of the Peninsula to meet at our house and discuss the proposition from, as it were, the other side of the counter, before putting it to the public. The idea was to combine into a co-operative group with all orders going through the store, a representative committee of residents to fix prices etc., and ourselves to work on a percentage basis. No subscriptions were to be required, but all business would have to go through one channel so that each man actually was helping his neighbour as well as himself.

The day this group were to meet at our place was violently stormy so the meeting was deferred to Saturday afternoon. But by this time word had spread around and nearly the whole district, and the residents along the Wade River particularly turned out to hear what we had to say. We had nothing to say — except that we had hoped to have the preliminary discussion and than have some proposition to put forward.

But they wanted the general idea and many were intensely antagonistic. "What about my eggs that I send to the So-and-So store and receive groceries in return?" was one query. We would bulk the eggs at the store and forward them to the market we said, but the suggestion was unacceptable. Questions were hurled at us for which we were quite unprepared, and our discomfiture was pretty awful. The people from the river were emphatic that we were depriving them of their transport and the fact that we were trying to improve the situation for everybody would not be accepted.

It was just another of those occasions when the bottom seemed to have fallen out of our world. I felt beaten but Ken said, "Good will come out of it yet", and time proved him right. At least we could now consider pleasing ourselves, without consultation with committee customers. If they chose to deal with us we were pleased but we went about things in our own way.

The river launch became still more erratic. Our regular trip to Auckland by our own little truck began to interest people and many would ask for a lift. These requests became so frequent

HOPPERTUNITY KNOCKS

Illustrations

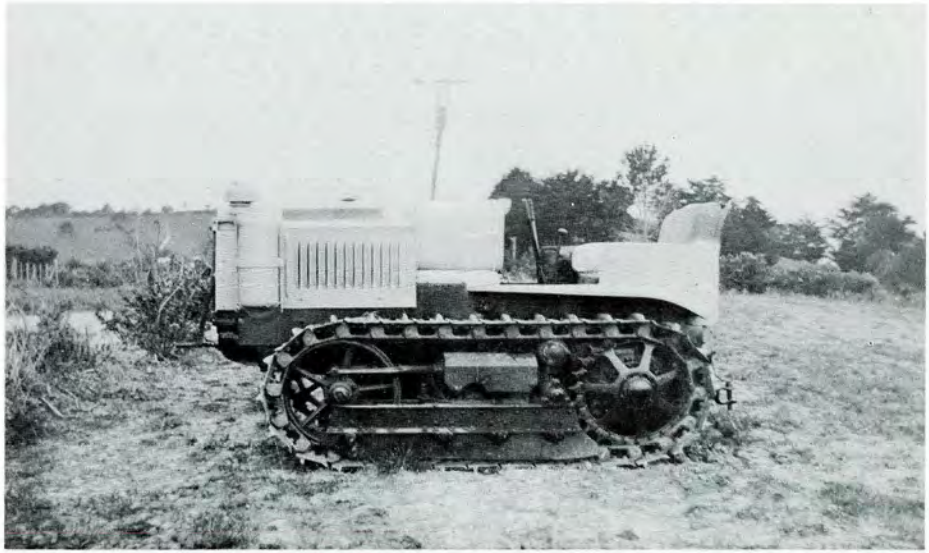
Ken and Edith, England 1918, prior to their wedding.

View of Hoppers land at Whangaparaoa [1947] before subdivision.

Our first home — Leamington, near Cambridge [Wai-Whare] 1922.

Whangaparaoa Post Office and store built 1916. Bought by K.F. & E. Hopper Sept. 1927.

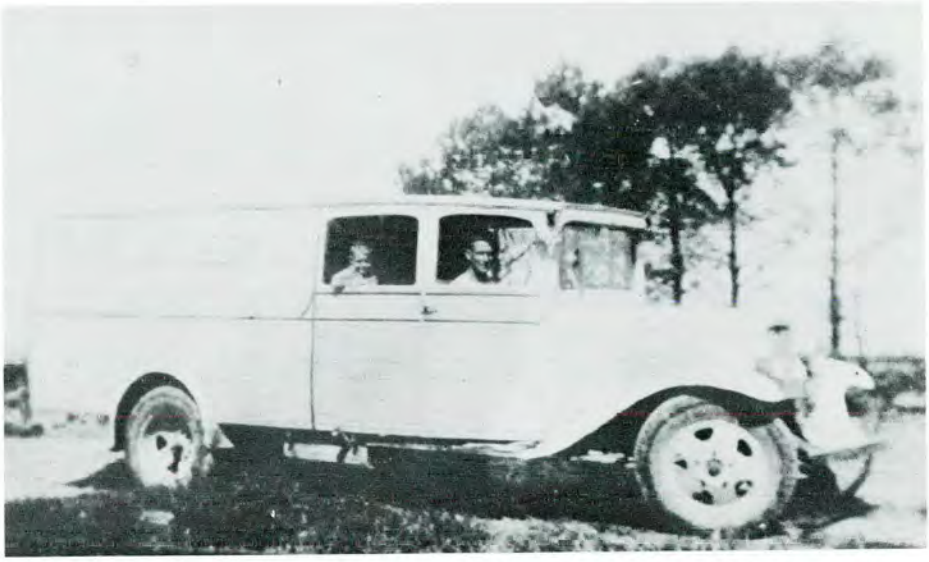
One Horse Power 1937. Barbara driving STARBOY with two friends and Tony, Barbara, Ian, Guy, Tricia.



Famous Firsts — First tractor on the Peninsula — 1937 [caterpillar]

First wheel tractor on the Peninsula 1938. Also in picture First petrol pump on Peninsula 1938 [EUROPA]

Our first motor road transport — 1929



First Peninsula licensed Passenger Road Transport — Chev. 1931

Tony and Ian with "SHAGGY AGGIE" a vehicle they built out of two old Buicks — 1941

Morris 8 used for Mail, Bread and Heralds run to Silverdale Mon., Wed., Fri. Service eventually operated by the ARMY. The Army Orders allowed a stop of 22 mins. at the store for sorting of mail. [Morning tea supplied.]

Whangaparaoa Cheese Factory on Ladies Mile. Found to be uneconomical, dismantled and materials used to extend store 1920's. [Built by Mr Polkinghorn]

Herd Tester arriving 1949.

Arkles Bay showing wharf and goods shed. 1933.

Little Manly wharf, built early 20's, dismantled 1935.

Farm team 1940 — Ken, Tony, Ian, Guy, Tricia and Bill.

Boys from the Achilles on holiday after the Battle of the Plate. 1940 — Ken, Achilles boys, John Moxon, Lofty Herring, Tony Hanson, Guy Hopper, Tom Downer.

Te Kaharoa Tawhana [know as Charlie the Maori] 1936.

Tai Ihaia — with Tricia, Bill and self. 1940.

Ken and self after retirement in Homestead Garden. 1965.

First depositor in P.O. Savings Bank, Mr Johnson Sayers was a porter at Arkles Boarding House in the early 1920's.

Prolific pumpkin crop. 1944.

Mr and Mrs Ossie Cheeseman honeymooning March 1939 — shopping at our store, "What shall I feed him on she cried?"

Hoppers literally flying from Arkles Bay to England 1966.

The three eldest — Ian, Barbara and Tony about 1950.

Arkles Bay — Showing low tide landing at mouth of Wade River. The knoll on the corner is an old Maori redoubt 1937.

Hopper originals at the Whangaparaoa School Jubilee 1975 from left: Bill, Tony, Guy, self, Tricia, Barbara, Ian.

that we decided to start a passenger service and charge five shillings. We found our vehicle too small, purchased a Hudson car and would take passengers one day by car and goods by truck on another. This was not entirely satisfactory either, so we then bought a big truck and a number of bus seats which could be bolted on or left off as circumstances warranted. We had a large canvas canopy with mica windows made to enclose the whole thing and experimented with that. This proved to be the answer, so we then purchased a Chevrolet long-wheelbase chassis, and the Auckland body-builders built us a double cab with two rows of seats so that seven people could be accommodated.

The rear of the cab was bolted on so that it was removable when required for bulk goods. The back of the truck was designed to carry goods weighing 30 hundredweight and was constructed to give a line continuous to the cab, but with the upper portion 12ins. deep bolted on so that it was removable for tall freight such as water tanks. Then two doors were put in each side wall and fitments made to be bolted into position inside to take wire shelves. These could be stocked with groceries for holiday business, enabling Ken to go round the beaches with the actual travelling shop instead of calling for orders, coming back and making them up, and then setting out again to deliver them. This was very successful, as the shelves were made to slide into position and were removed on return to await restocking in our storeroom.

It involved a quick change when later we had the extended cream contract. When Ken returned, empty cans were removed, the brackets bolted in and shelves slid into place. By the time Ken had his meal all was ready to proceed with the travelling store for the round of the beaches. This was pretty hectic as can be imagined but the Christmas school period was only for six weeks holidays, business slackening completely after that. Each year we felt that we could never cope again, but we always did.

Fortunately our neighbouring farmer converted a garage into a seasonal shop and started a motor camp on his farm which was

adjacent to Manly beach, or Polkinghorne's Beach as it was then known, Manly beach being the area at the eastern end of the beach. That eased the pressure on us somewhat for which I, personally, was grateful.

Quite the opposite effect had evidently been anticipated and the preparations for the opening of this shop were very hush-hush until 24 December. When the shop was duly opened and the appropriate signboards were presented to the public, the owner put on his best collar and tie and brought a letter he had written which he gave to me personally. This letter read, "Your representative K.F. Hooper is forbidden to enter my motor camp etc." I found this rather amusing as we had naturally assumed that the motor camp would be the main business of this new shop which operated from Christmas to Easter. The motor camp eventually gave way to subdivision and is now a delightful area of secluded homes.

During this period we built an annexe at the bottom of the garden which was to be our retreat. As long as we were in the store we were on call. There was no such thing as a 40-hour week! This annexe was 22ft by 22ft. and we put in a full-sized billiard table which gave entertainment to our farmers as well as ourselves, and an open fire-place made it cosy in the winter. We would sometimes have our Sunday tea round this fire, all squatting on the floor making toast, spread with beef dripping from the roast. It may sound appalling but just try it! Our beverage was a half gallon jug of hot, malted milk, and it was GOOD!

The Manly Estate was gradually building up and our opposition storekeeper Mr Poll built a small shut-up shop on the corner of the highway crossroads at Manly. It was naturally a convenience to the holiday population, but was a target for burglary so a room was built at the back where their son Fred would sleep. Later further additions were made and the family moved up to this, and developed the shop. The county council zoned this area commercial, and now it contains a Four Square

Foodmarket, drapery, stationer's store, dairy and milk bar, butcher, beauty salon, post office, greengrocer, electrician and a take-away food bar.

In the early '30s the whole world was in the throes of a depression. This was keely felt by the farmers and we had to carry many accounts for some years. All were met eventually as things improved. We were in the food business, people had to eat, and we did not fare too badly. We had the farmlet of 10 acres and our own cows, so with our own butter and milk and such vegetables as we were able to grow, and the fact we always had vegetables in stock in the shop, and the occasional lamb we killed we lived well. We had bought a line of 30 ewes with lamb at foot, from Ron Kelsey who was farming at Tindalls.

Sheep farming was quite new to us and as usual we learned by trial and error. Ken really tackled the various duties, such as tailing and castrating, like a veteran.

One sheep with twins had a roving habit. She would get through every fence, take the youngsters with her and travel all over the place, on one occasion even as far as Manly Beach, a mile away. Needless to say we named her "Wanderer" and her lambs thrived exceedingly well and fetched top prices when sent to market.

Stray dogs caused havoc however, so we dispensed with the sheep and bought some cows. We bought some pedigree Jersey heifers which were beautiful creatures and were a great joy to me. Kitty Hawken was our assistant and an excellent milker. She used to sing to the cows as she milked.

One of the pedigrees showed a marked preference for a song "At Dawning".

Ken and I still had our banana box in the hedge where we used to go and sit and gaze over the Polkinghorne farm and plan how some day we would buy it. There was a block of 32 acres adjoining an 18 acre farm of Bob Hair's, which had part of its frontage on Manly Beach.

The 32-acre block was pretty rough. It had over 100 cabbage

trees and large patches of rushes. The land was pitted with hills and hollows where rushes had been dug out in chunks and turned over on to the land. We thought that we could really do something with it if only we could acquire it. We made approaches to the Polkinghorne Trustees, but every time we got ready to make a deal, they would put the price up. It moved from £30 per acre to £55 per acre and we did not buy.

Later, however, they did sell it to a Mr Coster who lived four or five miles up the Peninsula. So that was that. But it was not the end of the story by any means. Mr Coster met his death in a waterhole on his own farm, before the transaction was completed. The trustees wouldn't — or didn't — release the contract to purchase. The matter was taken over by the Public Trustees, who later put it on the market and then we did succeed in buying it, with a substantial mortgage to help us.

That was in 1934. I recall how very good it felt when Ken and I went down to see about it. It was full of pools of water and I said what a grand place for the children to play, but was promptly reminded that this was going to be a farm, not a playground!

We did have fun just the same. I would sometimes go down to help when Ken was working on the rushes. Instead of digging big holes he had a sharp spade and would skim them at ground level. I would put my arms round a great clump of rushes and pull back as Ken cut under them and when I fell over the rushes were out! It sounds crazy, but it worked.

The cabbage trees were tough to dispose of. They have a corklike trunk and the axe would bounce off. I did not share in that activity.

We built a four-bail cowshed, and a one-man bach, and Charlie Weedon came to milk for us. We bought a pair of horses, Kelly and Stumpy, and a plough, and we were in business. We would turn over a paddock at a time, put in a crop of pumpkins, and then let the land revert to grass. Thus we brought the whole place gradually into new grass, with a preponderance of

paspalum in the back paddock. This was a controversial grass but it provided masses of feed, and later became quite accepted.

One area of about four acres we put into oats for the horses and then we bought a chaff-cutter and a small bailing machine, the first on the Peninsula. One day Stumpy bolted with the cart and ran into a fence which jammed the shaft into the loose flesh between his body and foreleg. We called the stock inspector who ascertained that there was no serious injury but Stumpy was brought up to the home garden where Ken was the head nurse and I was the assistant. We had the syringe out the wound and keep it open so that it healed from the inside. Stumpy soon recovered and that was just another item in our stock of veterinary experienced gained.

Ken did the shoeing of the horses for otherwise we would have had to take them to Silverdale. It was a case of do-it-yourself or do without, and many and varied were the tasks we undertook. For instance we had a Chevrolet car in 1927 and the engine needed attention. The nearest garage was at Birkenhead, so Ken took out the engine cylinder head and brought it indoors and we had it on the kitchen table. It was the overhead valve type. He set to work dissecting it and then ground the valves, and I was the mechanic's assistant. We put the thing together again and back into the car, and it went! The only mechanical experience Ken had previously had was in the dental field — when he had been training to be a dental mechanic prior to 1914 war!

Our experiences at the store were varied. Having taken a course of hairdressing in England, we added hairdressing to our activities. This proved a most convenient service for both men and women, to say nothing of ourselves.

Another store service we tried to give was supplying corned beef. The nearest butcher was at Silverdale and the corned beef arrived on the launch from Auckland in small barrels. One day we ordered a large barrel. It arrived all right but when it was opened it was decidedly off! It had to be returned and putting it

on to the cart to take down the hill to the launch was too heavy a job so we decided to roll it down the hill. It sounds easy but that barrel had other ideas and rolled in every direction except, fortunately, over the bank. However we duly got it to the wharf and decided to leave that type of merchandise alone in the future.

We did however, obtain sausages in small quantities, say 12 to 20 pounds at a time. These became very popular, and were often sold out before they reached the shop. One holiday week-end we decided to order 56 lbs. but the weather was bad and people didn't come out. As we had no refrigeration, a number of the sausages had to be buried. Unfortunately we did not have the gardening knowledge of a later schoolmaster who used to buy sausages to put in the ground beneath his iceland poppies and had magnificent results.

We had neither the time nor the opportunity for gardening in those days. I did manage to clear a patch about six feet by nine feet and put in some cuttings that had been given to me. But during my absence one day a farmer brought a load of potatoes which Ken and bought from him, and made a delightful clump of potatoes on the one and only clear patch, completely burying my cuttings!

We had a system whereby we could preserve meat. It was quite satisfactory too.

One acquires a large wooden case and puts wires across the top. The meat is cut into sizeable joints and hung on to the wires. A tin is put into the bottom of the box, some powdered sulphur is put in and lit and then the box is covered with sacks to keep the fumes in. This was very satisfactory and would cook up like fresh meat.

Another preserving experiment we had was some years later, during the war. Our orchard was full of apples, and our people in England were very short of fruit so we decided to dry some of these apples. We peeled and cored them, cut them into rings and hung them on wires stretched across an open window to get the sun and fresh air.

Although this was successful it was a very slow process, and when I heard about dehydration, whereby hot air was blown on to the front and dried it much more quickly, we invented a method. We got a rubber teat-cup inflation from the cowshed and fixed it on the ventilation pipe on the back of the electric stove. Then we put the vacuum cleaner into reverse and produced hot air. So far so good.

Next we cut some wires to fit across the oven and strung the apples on these. The next thing was to find the correct heat for the purpose, and that could only be done by switching the oven on and then off when it seemed too hot and on again when it seemed too cool. There was no thermostat control on the oven so it was a constant watch to see that things were just right.

This gave wonderful results and we were able to send a great deal of fruit home. But one day while on this apple job I was called into the shop and quite forgot that I'd switched the oven on again until the customer remarked "What a lovely smell"! It certainly was, but instead of nicely-dried apples, there was a heap of apple pulp on the bottom shelf of the oven. However, all was not lost. Apart from pies, I was able to add onions, tomatoes and make an excellent supply of sauce. But it was my swan song as far as dehydrating went.

Sending parcels to Britain during the war was a continuous challenge as to what we could select within the allowable weight by the authorities. For some time a weight of 11 pounds was permitted and we used to send 11 lbs tins of cheese which were a godsend to them at home. Then we tried sending bacon by setting a piece of bacon in a tin of dripping. This was not always a success and had to be discontinued. Dried milk and dried fruit were always acceptable, as well as large tins of malted milk and small tins of oysters. We sent a parcel of onions and another of lemons not too successfully, but some were fair. New Zealand was knee deep in food even with rationing and it made you feel pretty awful when our people at home were on such restricted diets.

I think we must have become something of a matrimonial

agency at the store, for at different times three of our staff were married. The first was Kit Hawken of Silverdale, who was with us in the store when Guy was born. Her friend was owner of a transport service in Warkworth and would often call in here at the week-end.

When they decided to marry the move was opposed by Kitty's father, so the wedding was held here. I made the bride's dress of white lace and georgette, and also those of the bridesmaids, of the same design but in pale green. As usual, mothers came last, my own wonderful outfit was barely completed and the final touches that missed out were concealed by my floral corsage.

Even that suffered a sad fate. The bridal party left the store by car and I dashed across the paddock to the church to be ahead of them. Scrambling through the fence, I wrenched off this much needed corsage. Breathlessly I re-fixed it and arrived just in time to play the Wedding March for the bridal party.

Guests were here from far and near and the bridegroom's mother brought masses of flowers and provided all the needs for the occasion.

The reception was held down at Sylvan Glade, the now long-demolished guest house at the far end of Arkles Bay. The wedding breakfast for 200 guests required three sittings and dancing followed in the pavilion.

The best man's toast to the bridesmaids was priceless. He simply said, "I propose a toast to the bridesmaids. May they soon find themselves in the same predicament as the bride"!

It was an evening wedding with full moon and falling tide, and the beach was beautiful. Consternation reigned when it was discovered that a keg of beer that had been locked away in the office had disappeared. It had been arranged that drinks would not be available until a certain time, but some bright lads thought otherwise and removed it through the window. We had made some home brew prior to this, so a supply of this was fetched to meet the occasion. Someone else had also acted in the

emergency, went to Silverdale and procured another keg from the hotel.

The first keg was discovered in the surrounding woodland being enjoyed by a joyful group so with the additional supply the festivities were well provided for. So much so that when it came time to go home many were apprehensive about driving up the narrow winding road of Arkles hill, and there was a hilarious parade along the beach which put a final touch to a memorable evening.

The second wedding was a much quieter affair when our assistant Aroha married Charlie, our farm assistant. They were also married from our house and we had a small reception for them. Her mother came over from Coromandel for the occasion, but Charlie had no relatives in New Zealand.

This wedding was also an evening one, held at St. Stephen's but conducted as was Kitty's by the Rev. Morgan Richards, a Presbyterian minister from Mairangi Bay.

The third wedding was that of a girl who lived locally and who came to assist me part-time. A boy from a neighbouring farm lived in her direction so when he came to the store I used to send her off home to get a lift with him, and that did it. They eventually married and some years later he came to work on our farm.

1934 . . . OUR BONUS YEAR

As mentioned earlier in these recollections we had raised our family of four and that had been our ambition. But this year, our bonus was to arrive, our fifth child, calculated to make her entry into the world at the end of June.

Plans were duly made for Miss Jo Shakespear who brought

Guy into the world to come and take charge again. Good old Dr Dudding from Northcote was to officiate as usual. But, plans began to go awry and Jo Shakespear had an obligation to Dr Hilda Northcroft which cancelled out her availability to come to me.

However, her cousin had just sold her nursing home and so was available to replace Miss Shakespear, so Miss McCallum came to see us and fresh plans were made. But even this was not to be, for Miss McCallum had the offer of a post at King's College which she could not accept if she was unable to cancel her promise to me. She had a friend, a nursing sister home on furlough from the Soloman Is. who volunteered to come in place of Miss McCallum. Sister White was staying with her father at East Tamaki, and we planned that she should come a week in advance of the estimated date. We were going to turn one room into our private hospital and have a great deal of fun. She was a delightful person whose policy was to entertain her patients as well as nurse them.

Even this arrangement, so well laid, was to go awry. On the day of the 20 June I felt I wanted a long walk, so in the evening Ken and I walked down Arkles hill, where we saw a huge wash-out on the road which took years to repair, and then walked down and along Arkles Bay. It was a beautiful night and a pleasant walk. But either the exercise was responsible or our calculations were erroneous, for that night I had my signal! I 'phone Miss White and Dr Dudding, but the nurse had to come many miles before reaching the ferry, and night-time ferries were few and far between, so I 'phoned the District Nurse. She came, from Silverdale, promptly examined me and pronounced it a false alarm.

As I was then 'phoning Dr Dudding to tell him that his immediate presence was not required, there was a knock on the door — and there he was! He never wasted a minute once he received a call. So we all sat down to a cup of tea — at about one o'clock. But things began to happen quickly and within 20

minutes we had the most beautiful bonus — a bonny daughter. Doc was tickled pink with her Dad's proud comment when he saw her, "What a well-finished article!".

I had the most exhilarating, joyous sensation of sheer happiness just thrilling through me. It was a feeling I've never experienced either before or since. It was all very wonderful. Sister White finally arrived when all was done and dusted. In addition to the problem of the night ferry, she had a puncture to contend with. Next day we moved into the room we'd had such plans about and all was well. Miss White sang and played the piano and was a real good sort.

Needless to say, the baby was the idol of the family. Barbara was now 12 years old and claimed her and was little mother. The two boys, Tony and Ian also adored her, but Guy, the ex-baby felt that he had priority of ownership, and quite an argument was going on one day when I joined in and said, "What about her being MY baby?" to which Guy replied, "And she's not yours, she's God's".

That was unanswerable! I had been trying to teach them fundamental religion by telling them that everything belongs to God, and our three-year-old Guy had absorbed the fact. I had also told them never to be afraid of the dark because God was always there to look after them, even if they couldn't see Him. This also had sunk in, for one day Guy was coming through the dark store-room, and when the light from the shop became visible he said, "It's all right now God, I can see." I sincerely hoped that that faith would remain with them all.

Choosing a name for this bonus was a challenge. We wanted to incorporate both our names. My real name is Edith but Ken has always called me Pat because of the terrific teasing by which he used to bamboozle me. So here was an opportunity to perpetuate the name Pat, but we gave her Patricia and abbreviated it to Tricia and added Kaye being K for Kenneth, and she became Tricia the Treasure. But once she grew up and

went to school it became Pat and remains Tricia only within the family.

When Tricia was about six months old it was our busy time in the holiday period in the store and post office. Usually she would play happily in her cot on the verandah, but sometimes I would put her in an apple case which was padded and covered with cretonne, and sit her on the shop counter where she was the centre of attraction.

The year 1934 was also the year in which the second guest house at Arkles Bay was burned down, and thus ended the saga of the Arkle family.

It was also the year in which we acquired the 32-acre block down Ladies Mile, mentioned earlier in these recollections. Here we began our farming in earnest. Life was pretty full. Ken was away on most days, and Fridays doing the cream run, and fetching the bread, mail and the New Zealand Herald. If the weather was bad part of the road became flooded near Kumeu and he would have to wait for the flood to subside before proceeding. This was a particularly difficult time, for people would gather at the store for their bread and mail, and would keep wanting to know details of where he was and when he would arrive. We could only wait and hope for the best. Once I had to sustain the customers by making hot scones and tea, which created a diversion during a long wait, and Ken finally arrived with the mail and goods.

The launch service had ceased to operate by this time, but the old wharf remained with the shed at the end. The trolley and rails for transporting goods from the launch still stood, but were depreciating rapidly. Several planks came loose and disappeared from the flooring, the youngsters having quite a game pushing the trolley and riding over the gaps left by the missing planks. Young Guy, when nearly five years old was joining in this game and lacking the experience of the older children, missed his footing, fell through the gap in the wharf and on to the only big stone on the beach and broke his leg.

Somebody dashed up to the store to tell me and I ran smartly down the hill to find that a motorist who was camping on the beach had had his car seat converted into a bed and conveyed Guy to the store. I rang Dr Dudding at Northcote and he arranged for the victim to be admitted to the Auckland Hospital.

Ken placed a stretcher in the back of our van and I sat on the floor beside Guy, cupping the leg break in my hand to counter the shocks of the rough road. A ferry was just about to leave as we approached the Birkenhead Wharf and without delay we were on our way over the water and straight up to the hospital.

There we had a lengthy wait. I had quite expected he would be placed in splints and we'd take him home again. When the Sister announced that it would be at least six weeks before he could come hom, I was terribly upset, as this was LITERALLY the first break in our family.

With no relatives in New Zealand it seemed as though we were deserting him. On our way back home, what should have been in front of us on the ferry but a hearse! I was sure that this was a bad omen and that he would die. He didn't!

The Princess Mary Hospital overlooked the Auckland Domain and Museum, which was floodlit at night. We could see this flood-lit building from a point about 50 yards up the road and each night the other children used to go up the road to say "Goodnight" to Guy in the "Mew Zealand" — which was an apt name for the museum! Fortunately he had no complications. After the first few tearful visits he found a pal and the nurses moved their beds side by side and one day they were having a pillow fight when I arrived. With their legs strung up on hoists, this was an hilarious affair.

Wee Tricia used to grab a photograph we had of half a dozen youngsters, including Guy, in the old cart with Starboy the horse. She would carry it round everywhere showing Guy to anybody who would look.

After this episode the Waitemata County decided to

dismantle the wharf and I think it was acquired by Leigh Vipond. The wharf at Little Manly had already been disposed of, but the low tide landing at Arkles Bay remained for some time.

GENERAL ELECTION 1935

New Zealand was gradually recovering from the depression that hit the world in the 30s. The price of butterfat, which had at one time been as low as 6d. was now nearer 1/-, but the whole populace was ready for a change of Government, and this was registered in no uncertain terms at the election. Radio was in its infancy, and we still had no electricity in Whangaparaoa, but those enterprising people who had crystal sets opperated on what was called "a cat's whisker" listened in to the utter collapse of the national Government or Reform Party as it was called, and the gain in Labour seats absolutely rocked some of our older and solid conservatives. One man in particular, George Bayly, was in bed for three days recovering from the shock.

The Labour policy promised farmers a guaranteed price of 1/3d lb. for butterfat and that was the pivot on which the local vote swung. Walter Nash, Minister of Finance, said no man should have two jobs and no man should receive more than £500 per year. We kept pamphlets on this subject for years but they have gone long ago.

Their post office reform was what affected us. Our duties in the post office required us to be competent to cope with any transaction similar to those conducted in the Central Post Office, with but one exception — we did not have a marriage registrar's licence. We were a full money order office, handled stamps, postal notes, money orders, licences, income tax, motor registration, unemployment tax, and were responsible for various other

duties. Some situation we might meet only once a year, but we still had to have the knowledge to cope with any or all of these beside the duties connected with the telephone tolls and records. All this for the princely sum of 18/2d per week.

The first thing the new Government did was to cancel unemployment tax and make an unemployment levy of the same amount. I suppose it looked better. It cancelled the issue of radio programmes to a magazine called "Radio Record", which we sold in the shop. The proprietors wrote to all distributors complaining of the unfair treatment which completely killed their business. Then the Government issued a paper of its own called "The Listener" which it sold through the post office. It used a very queer accounting system for this paper, which never did make sense to me.

The fact of taking away from us such small revenue as the sale of the "Radio Record" and then having to cope with the new task prompted us to apply for an increase in salary. After months of niggling, we tackled it for rent for the post office which was conducted in shop premises, and finally it generously agreed to give us 1/10d per week rent for the glassed-off partition in the shop to serve as our post office, and this brought our weekly salary and rent up to £1. It took another ten years to bring the figure up to £2 per week.

Michael Joseph Savage was the first Prime Minister. He was a fatherly figure much adored by his followers. He died after a short period in office, and a memorial to him is erected on a high point of the Auckland waterfront.

Peter Frazer followed as Prime Minister, with a Cabinet of characters. Minister of works Bob Semple, a very outspoken man who called critics "Snivelling Shufflebusters!" set out to improve the roads. Other major projects were tackled with verve and vigour, the policy being "Onward and Upward with the brakes off!"

At this time we were in the Marsden Electorate and our new M.P. was a Mr Barclay. He was well known to one of our new

local residents, a man who had taken over the site of the first Arkles Bay boarding house, having been both neighbour and friend. Thus he came into the picture much more so than he may otherwise have done.

One thing that affected us was when groups of four or five newcomers banded together to tackle us. They found Hoppers had everything. We had the store, post office, passenger service, petrol pump, mail run, goods service, cream run, and ALL of these we had actually pioneered. However, they had the M.P. as their mentor, and were advised to tender for the cream contract which came up the following season. We learned that they had been advised to "get it at their price and if it did not pay, apply for an increase", and this is exactly what they did.

They also raised a local petition of 50 signatures to support an application for an additional road service to operate on Wednesdays, which was pig marketing day at Westfield. This application had to be heard at a Transport Board meeting, which I was required to attend. Having had no inkling of the petition I asked if I may be permitted to peruse it. This was granted at the close of the session, and I was absolutely amazed to find that the list contained about 15 relief workers who were temporarily working in the district, a housekeeper, some junior members of the community, and some holiday-makers.

Certainly there were the names of some farmers, who had been told that this new venture would in no way affect our service. We suggested that if they wanted to take over our business they could buy it, but as they could not see something for nothing they were not prepared to buy. Meeting after meeting was held and they resorted to all sorts of tactics that were very upsetting to us. However, a summing up by the chairman, Mr John Allum, (later Sir John) was, "It seems to me that the Hoppers have committed the sin of being successful!"

Then we had a surprise enquiry from an outsider who wished to purchase our passenger licence. We hadn't thought of selling but believed that if we did decide to do so, it should first be

offered to Tate's Motors of Orewa who could incorporate it in their business to the advantage of all concerned. This was done, a price agreed on and the transfer made before the next Transport meeting. When the locals arrived at the meeting to further their aims they were told that they would now have to renew their application to the new licensee. It was like a pin in a balloon and we were reviled for not selling to them. The goods transport did not need a licence, but they required passengers to make it pay. However they did obtain the cream contract.

They did not know that we were negotiating to buy the 133 acres of Polkinghorne farm, linking the 32 acres with the ten acres round the store and that it was to our advantage to reduce our transport activities to suit our own needs. The irony of that assault was the gradual disintegration of the group. The man who put up the money was taken in by the man who operated the trucks and nobody won! It had been a particularly gruelling time for us because such dirty methods had been used.

After all the fuss died down we had an interview with Mr Allum to see if he could enlighten us somewhat. He said there had been so many dirty letters written that many went straight into the waste paper basket. So we evolved the theory that the harder you are hit the higher you will bounce.

We acquired the big farm and have never looked back. But we knew this gang would look for another way of getting at us, and so it proved.

This time it was through my post office activities. They would bamboozle me whenever possible. One woman asked the children to get some letters back out of the mail box that she had just posted in the post office. Fortunately they came to me. I promptly told her that once in the box it was the King's Mail, and couldn't be treated otherwise. What a story she would have had if she had been able to report that children took mail out of the box. She had to think of something else, so contented herself with reporting that one of our children had been seen helping me in the post office without being of an age to be sworn in.

Another complained that I'd overcharged him twopence because he'd asked the recipient of a parcel to return the wrapping for him to check. Another customer who left the shop before the mail was completely sorted and for whom a registered letter had arrived, complained that we had failed to deliver it and then ran down the road shouting after him. We certainly did run down the road after him with the letter, with the registration book and pen for him to sign, to save him having to make the trip back.

Another was a complaint by a woman claming that I had altered the wording of her telegram. Her intelligence was not high enough for her to realize that duplicates of all documents are kept at the office. Her own written message was found to be firmly attached to the office copy and the message was an exact duplicate. However, complaints were so numerous that the Central Post Office sent its chief inspector down to call on residents and see what all the trouble was about. Once again right was with us, and we benefited greatly by his visit. He decided that we needed a telephone box, that it was necessary to close one hour for lunch, and that we were required by the Department to observe office hours, instead of obliging people at any old time, so the bother was worth it after all.

Later, in January, the Master Grocers' Conference was to be held at the Chateau Tongariro. We were members of "4 Square" even before it adopted its later title of "Foodstuffs Ltd." Mr Heaton Barker and a group of grocers including Mr Woods of Mt. Eden, Mr Evans of Ponsonby and Mr Smith of Parnell had combined to form a group to buy in bulk, to the advantage of their customers. Mr Barker's son Phil became manager, and Reg was the accountant. Reg became our accountant, was with us when Tricia was born, and is her godfather.

This venture founded by Mr Heaton Barker has now become country-wide, with branches throughout New Zealand and thousands of individual grocers in its ranks. The company has training schools for grocers, and offers assistance to those who

qualify to have their own business. There is a magnificent bronze bust of Mr Heaton Barker in its premises. It had its headquarters in Emily Place when we were operating. From here it extended to Khyber Pass, but soon outgrew these premises, and then expanded to 35 acres at Mt. Roskill.

Back again to the 1936 conference. Reg Barker was insistent that it would be wise for me to attend but it was still holiday period, although nearing the end and I was unable to make a firm decision. I would certainly have liked to attend, but even if I did decide to go, transport to Auckland station was no mean problem. Plans worked our unexpectedly. Tentative acceptance was made and I was to be booked in at the Chateau.

A local girl who had helped me during the peak holiday period volunteered to relieve me in the shop and post office, but there was still the problem of reaching Auckland. However, on Sunday the Rev. Morgan Richards, a presbyterian Minister from Mairangi Bay came to conduct a service in our Anglican Church on Sunday afternoon. He and his wife came and had tea with us later, so I asked if he could return home by way of Albany where I would be able to catch a bus to Auckland. He took me right to the Birkenhead ferry, and I was able to cross over in time to catch the seven o'clock Wellington train.

Most of the other delegates had gone earlier, many by car, but there was one other passenger on the train for the conference. A car met us at National Park station, and we arrived at the Chateau in the early hours of Monday morning.

As I had not arrived in the earlier group no accommodation had been retained for me. That was soon remedied and I was allocated the Bridal Suite, all to myself!

This conference was a memorable occasion. I met people from all over the country, including manufacturers, administrators and fellow grocers, large and small. Their aim was to lift the business to the status of a profession, not simply dispense goods over the counter.

These, of course were the days before the self-help type of

selling was introduced and before mechanical aids of totting-up purchases were adopted. A docket was issued with each sale enumerating the item, weight, price per lb, and total, enabling the customer to check off his goods later.

Now one receives only a string of figures and a total. Just which refers to which is never identifiable. There is simply a process of elimination, items against price and hoping for a tally.

One man at the conference, a Mr Maunsell of Taranaki, manufactured with a partner, Hansell's Essences. He spoke at length on his subject and one thing that I clearly remembered was his school motto that had stood him so well during the difficult years of the depression. It was "Don't squeal!" In other words, take it on the chin, and get on with the job!

We ourselves, Ken and I, saw a motto on a school building once which we found most helpful. It was "He who endures conquers!" We seem to have had our lives guided by mottos and slogans we have observed on our way through life, and no advice has been ignored. In fact I can recall an instance when we were experiencing a particularly lean time. We were unpacking stores and came across a large bag of corks. "Now the old ship won't sink!" we said and it didn't!

King George V had just died and the funeral was being held in London during the time we were at the Chateau. The conference decided to hold a memorial service in the lounge and I could never have anticipated such a sincere and moving service as these men achieved.

There is a large window at the end of the lounge, which practically frames the snow-covered mountain Ngauruhoe. It was magnificent. The prayers, Bible readings and address were all touching, being rounded off with a man who sang "Holy City" — a big burly man who moved us to tears.

There were trips round to points of interest, up the mountain to build a snowman from which I arrived back with swollen ankles. Some even made it to the crater lake on Ruapehu. We took a motor trip to the point where the railway line from the

south and from the north met and saw the historic plaque which marked the spot. We crossed the Matatoke viaduct, the highest railway bridge in New Zealand, all very interesting and instructive.

On the final evening we had an impromptu concert, and Reg Barker said he had a song, a parody on Excelsior. Could I play for him? This song jumps from one old tune to another — "Egg shells I saw" — great fun. If possible I must purchase a copy of the words some day.

Coming home by train I sat with Mr Woods who must have been nearly 80. He asked what school I had attended in England. "Just school", I replied. "Yes, but which?" he asked. "Public school, very public school, council in fact. Why?" I asked. "Well, you could hold your own with anybody," he said. I felt highly honoured at this comment, but must pass the credit to our headmistress who always endeavoured to teach us to speak the King's English — that is, English without any accent, so that it could not easily be detected from which part of the country one came.

This education has been of great assistance to me during my 20 years as postmistress, telephoning all telegrams in clear speech. I have also had years of practice in making myself audible to my husband whose deafness, aggravated by his service in World War I with heavy artillary, was steadily increasing. Fortunately, an operation later on relieved this distressing disability for him.

This experience at the Chateau showed me how to look at things in a different perspective and view some of our problems from a different angle, and life became more interesting. By mid-1936 our pattern of life changed considerably. The cream contract expired and the BIG FARM became available, but that is a story in itself.

ACQUIRING THE BIG FARM

Polkinghorne's farm, the area of 133 acres situated between our home of 10 acres, and the 32-acre block we had acquired down Ladies' Mile, was a delightful block of land. The centre half was flat, and surrounded on three sides by gently rolling hill country, mostly still in rough scrub. The road — Ladies' Mile — was only a grass track and a drain cut right across the middle half-way down the road. This drain was almost a swamp, about a chain wide, and in heavy rain was often flooded making the road impassable until the tide went down and the beach outlets could operate again. Our solicitor was firmly opposed to our buying this land, as he felt that we could never cope with it and it would ruin us.

The local people were also convinced that this would be financial suicide and that we were certain to go bankrupt. However Ken was equally emphastic that he could contend with it, and inspired us with his enthusiasm. The Bank of New Zealand was approached with a view to financing the project and was most helpful. Our achievements in the nine years we had been in Whangaparaoa were the deciding factor.

Negotiations were entered into with the Polkinghorne trustees, and a price eventually arrived at which was acceptable to the bank. Matters were not to run smoothly however, for one of the trustees began to sell of various items that were part and parcel of the farm, such as the windmill which used to pump water from the well and other dairy equipment. We protested and the sale fell through.

The property was offered again at a higher price which we declined to play. Two of the trustees however, were still anxious

to sell at the original price and came out to see us at the store to discuss the matter. We asked them in for a cup of tea but as they had a taxi waiting, with charges ticking up, they declined. So we offered them soft drinks, but they couldn't take anything fizzy (people got car sick in those early days). "But", said one of them, "I would like a boiled sweet." So I put up a bag full — approximately threepence worth, and they were so delighted they said they would go to work on the third trustee and see if they couldn't bring the deal off as originally planned.

That threepence worth of sweets really bought our farm, for within a short period their solicitor telephoned to say that he had the three trustees in his office, in one frame of mind, and if Mr Hopper could get there within one hour the farm was ours.

It so happened that the Europa petrol wagon had just delivered a supply to us and was about to pull out. Ken jumped aboard and was on his way. I flew back into the kitchen and opened the window wide and gazed out upon this most desirable block of land. "To be or NOT to be ours!" How was I going to exist until I knew?

That afternoon I was to give a demonstration (paper flower making) at the local Women's Institute. They all wanted to known what on earth was the matter with me — my neck was the colour of beetroot — but I couldn't give any explanation at the time.

I was back at the store in time to receive a 'phone call from Auckland. "All is well, signed up, deposit paid, and now we go ahead" he said, so we were to achieve our dream at last!

Next morning Ken and I went down the road surveying the land and when we opened the gate and I put my foot inside I will never forget the thrill. It may sound ridiculous but it really was thrilling in the real sense of the word. I was dwelling on the romantic side of the situation while my hubby was visualising the practical and I'm afraid I must have seemed a real nit-wit to him.

Comments from the local inhabitants were anything but encouraging. They were certain we would go broke over this, our

farming knowledge being so limited. However, Ken talked it over and tackled the whole thing with his usual farsightedness, and time has proved him right.

We had no thought in those days of the Peninsula ever becoming urban. Its very remoteness was its charm.

The period of transition between signing-up and taking-over involved many problems. Polkinghornes were milking 36 cows. These had to be sold and a clearing sale was duly held. Meantime we were buying more stock and hand-milking was becoming heavy going, so after Polkinghornes had milked their cows ours were put through their shed morning and evening.

Their yards were in a deplorable state and the cows would be body deep in mud after stepping out of the shed. A new shed was the first requirement and the dairy company advisers were called in for consultantion. A site was chosen on the opposite side of the road and a six-cow plant installed. The new shed area was pegged out with sandstone from Arkles beach broken up to make foundation. Concrete mixed with shells from the beach was added, poured on and grouted into sandstone.

Calamity was preached over this unorthodox method of concreting stockyards, but they are still good after 30 years.

We drilled for water and an adequate supply was located, while an automatic pressure pump supplied the whole farm, 3,000ft. of piping being laid, with troughs in every paddock.

Just where to start with the general improvement took some working out. Should it be new pasture or should it be new fences? If grass was first priority it would provide feed for the cows which in turn would supply revenue for other work. Grass improvement won the day, but not without many problems. Experience has since proved that fences should have won the day, as we did not realize the unstable condition of those existing. However, the Department of Agriculture came to our aid with helpful suggestions ready to hand as usual.

Meanwhile the building of the new shed was under way. Ken was determined to make this a MUD-LESS farm, and laid down

large areas of concrete yards — both in and out yards — and metalled out to the road, which was by now also metalled. The road ran through the middle of the farm and each paddock opened out on to the road, so that before and after milking there was a parade of cattle up or down the road.

As the holiday population increased this became a matter of great interest to some people, a terrifying matter to more nervous people, an annoyance to motorists. And I, being the accessible one of the family, became the target of all these complaints over the store counter. However, in no time at all these daily parades became the accepted thing and of no consequence any longer. We planted our first crop of pumpkins down here and they flourished. We cut hay and the pastures improved until we were able to increase our stock very considerably.

In 1937 we discovered another addition to our family was on the way, and young Willian Selwyn was born on 14 November. As this was a time so near our Christmas trade, we decided that I should go to a nursing home in Birkenhead instead of having the nurse at home as previously.

As I had at one time taken a local resident through to a ONE ONLY Nursing home, and had fallen in love with the place. I communicated with her and arranged that I should be confined there.

They were an English couple and had a picturesque garden and made each patient a personal friend. It was a delightful prospect, until the actual time arrived, and I'd phoned to say I'd had my warning signals and was on my way. "Oh, but you can't come," she said. "I've already got two patients here and I'm only registered for one. One is too soon, and one is too late, and here I am already in trouble."

She undertook to find the doctor and make other arrangements for me. After what seemed like hours of waiting she rang to advise that a Sister Drury in Birkenhead who had also a ONE ONLY hospital would take me in, so away we went and arriving at Birkenhead. There we enquired for a Nurse Drury and nobody

had ever heard of her. At last one intelligent soul said perhaps we meant Nurse JORY, which could have sounded similar on the 'phone and sure enough there she was waiting for me.

By this time young Bill had decided to cling to his mother for a bit longer and by Sunday morning he still had not arrived.

Ken arrived with the family. He was taking them to an air display at Mangere, something fairly new here in those days, and off they went, leaving Mum to have a nice rest.

It was not until after lunch that the young blighter decided to get a move on, and he was born about three o'clock. All was well with us and when Ken arrived about a quarter of an hour later, off the three o'clock ferry he was startled to hear a squeak from the cot. He couldn't get over the fact that I had just given birth to a son and now, only a quarter of an hour later, I didn't look any different. I said, "Well you've got another son!"

He was too flabbergasted to tell the children on the way home, and it was not until a customer was asking him next morning how I was that Barbara knew I'd given birth to a son on Sunday. When tackled about it, he replied that he hadn't said anything because he thought I would like to tell them myself.

Then of course, there was the parade to see their new brother and decide on a name. I suggested a dignified name such as Selwyn, after our first New Zealand Bishop, because the baby had been born on a Sunday, and I, myself had been born on a Sunday. "Give him a lad's name," said his Dad, "Billy Boy". So we compromised and settled for both, William Selwyn, commonly known as Bill. He thrived and so did I, for I was a healthy animal in those days, and I found that nursing a baby and running the business worked in well. Customers naturally adored a baby, and as I'd had four born there in the period of nine years we became a store where families were supplied.

It was at this time that electricity was being supplied to the district. The Electricity Department had made arrangements for us to guarantee £2 to cover the settlers' reticulation and paying their quota. It was a great business mapping out the route for the

power poles, and quite a problem arose when they decided to cut across our farm with their lines. Farm loads, particularly hay, could have been in danger if they contacted a sagged line, and we were relieved when the poles were spaced alongside the road and were safe from that hazard.

The coronation of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth was to take place on 7 May 1937, and we were promised that we would have the power connected by that date. No such luck. There we had this great big radio — silent — just waiting for the vital power, and no chance of hearing the coronation broadcast. I was so desperately disappointed that Ken said, "Don't let it worry you, we'll take it along to where the power IS connected."

This we did, and heard and enjoyed every moment until four in the morning.

There was another thing in relation to this wonderful electric power we were to have — we could sell ice cream. So, having a dairy herd and milk for all the ice cream we could ever need, we had an ice cream cabinet specially built, to provide one part for ice cream making, another for storage, and another compartment for ice-block making, with its storage space. All this in addition to the usual refrigeration unit for butter and other goods.

This equipment arrived and took up nearly half the shop. It hadn't been there long before we detected a leak and the firm had to come out and pump out the offending fumes and replace the refrigeration fluid. "Teething troubles", they called it. Shopkeeping during this performance was hazardous. Eventually we installed the refrigeration in the prescribed places, and we began to look like business, but even Christmas came and went without power. February would be the earliest they said.

The great day finally arrived and brought many trials and tribulations with it, the biggest disappointment being that the ice-cream maker which we expected to be installed as part of the order had not arrived and a separate outfit had to be purchased for this purpose. This never came to pass as we decided in the finish to buy our requirements from a firm called "ELDORA"

who made a delicious product. They were most obliging, so we could finally include ice cream as part of our trade.

Ken was in the bank one day when he heard a voice nearby so unmistakably Yorkshire that he went over and had a chat with the man. He said he had come over for the good of his health and had no definite plans. "If you ever get stuck, give us a ring and come and stay with us" said Ken. He mentioned this when he came home. Some time later a man phoned — "Wilson speaking."

"Who's that?" I asked, not knowing anybody of that name.

"Your husband asked me to come and stay with you. Will it be all right?" I had to do some quick thinking and said, "When do you want to come?"

"This afternoon's bus" was the reply.

"Well, I'm afraid you'll have to accept a shakedown, but we'll fix you up somewhere" I said.

When the bus arrived he had a lady with him as well whom he introduced as his wife. As I have mentioned before we had built a billiard room down at the bottom of the garden, and it had some big seats that could easily serve as temporary beds. So they were comfortably fixed up in there.

But this woman was forever in tears, and one day confessed that she was not his wife, so we arranged for her to return to some friends of hers in Auckland.

Mr Wilson said he would like to stay for six weeks and made himself useful about the place. He would sometimes go down the farm with Ken and help to pick up sticks on an area we were clearing and had already burnt off. But he also made us some concrete paths from the house to the billiard room, and also around the house, so he earned his keep.

He was a jovial fellow, full of conjuring tricks and amused the children immensely. He had no family of his own and was thoroughly enjoying ours. His people were in the textile trade in Bradford and his brother Maurice had been of an adventurous nature and had taken up flying. He wanted to fly over Everest but

when he reached India his 'plane was confiscated and he was refused permission. He was not to be deterred and set off on foot, needless to say never to return. His body was found in 1936 by the Eric Shipton expedition. He was in a sitting position looking out over the hills. All his papers and the effects in his possession were sent to his mother in Bradford and Vic Wilson who was with us had newspaper cuttings which I still possess.

Over Easter Mr Wilson went to stay at Warkworth with some friends who were mutual stamp collectors. On his return he said he must have overeaten and had indigestion. This proved to be more than indigestion and on the following morning he complained of not feeling well. It was early, about six o'clock and Ken and I were going to town so he said he would come as well and see a doctor.

But during breakfast he was obviously ill and I 'phoned the District Nurse. Before I could get her, Ken said to call Dr Dudding as he thought Mr Wilson had passed away. Sure enough he had risen from the table and dropped dead. Dr Dudding covered 25 miles in no time, and made all the necessary arrangements. The funeral was a pathetic affair, his lady friend, Ken and I being the only mourners.

Breaking in the hillside known as No. 14 was proceeding. We ploughed in a crop of turnips in two places and another of millet for green feed in a third patch. When later the land was in grass the area where the millet had been in the centre knoll, always stood out as much less green than the rest which flourished very well.

We decided to take the herd after the milking season on to some fresh country and had the grazing at the Silverdale lime works. This served very well except that there were two or three waterholes as well as the big dam, and we had trouble with some of the cows getting into difficulties, so we finally abandoned the idea. However, as mentioned earlier we did profit from the great number of pine seedlings we transplanted from there. Taking the cows to Silverdale and fetching them back was quite a job, and I

recall on one trip I drove the truck and Bob Moore — the farm helper — and the dogs managed the cows. Bob suddenly said, "I guess you are very proud of this herd". There were 95, mostly Jerseys. I had never thought about it but decided it was something to be thankful for.

We later had the lime works offered to us as the owner wanted to sell it. We could not take it on single handed and tried to pursuade other farmers to join in, but without success. Our solicitor was strongly opposed to our taking it on our own, so we tried the dairy company but all to no avail. Those works were just dismantled and sold as scrap. Tragic, really.

Mention must be made here of our purchase of a tractor, a "CASE" and the wonderful work it did for us. Naturally the boys were thrilled with it and the machinery that it would operate. We always received generous help from the Agricultural Departmental officers, Mr Cooper the stock inspector, Mr Symes the land advisor from Warkworth, and also a Mr Tattersal from the dairy company, and the others who followed. Whenever we were in doubt about anything we only had to ask.

We later decided to trade in the "CASE" tractor for a larger one, and as it was hay-making time the firm allowed us to keep the second machine until all the hay was in. Mr Symes happened to call one day and find us busy as bees, both tractors going flat out, a mechanised stacker lifting the hay up on to the stack, and in general a busy scene. He was so impressed the called in a photographer and our efforts appeared in the New Zealand Journal of Agriculture.

When war became imminent we bought 50 acres from Mr Herman Pfister to break in as a holding farm for horses, bulls and dry stock. This was a formidable task but the boys — Tony was operating the tractor by now — managed exceedingly well. The other boys also worked the tractor, proving very helpful. They all helped to milk. But now we had 130 cows and the new shed and the 12-cow plant really got through the job. The cleaning up and

feeding of calves was also a labourer's job but many hands made light work.

When war was declared it meant men moving on, and many and varied were the men who came to work on the farm, mostly for a short period. We had acquired an additional area of 15 acres on the Arkles cliff, and part of it, nine acres, was on the opposite side of the road adjoining our farm. Our object in buying this was to have the house on it for additional staff.

The first residents were Dick Lea and his wife. They were a delightful pair, and he was a professional cricketer, much to Dad's delight. However, when the milker's cottage became available they moved across and made a cosy home and an attractive garden there.

The next tenant was a tall youth also with a young wife, who was pregnant. I had the task of tearing into Birkenhead to take her to the nursing home — only to find that it was not her first and could easily have been born in the car if I hadn't hurried! They didn't remain long; he was of the wandering type. He later fell from a launch and was drowned.

Then we had a Dalmatian family, father and son both being employed on the farm, but with plenty of other children to fill the house. Dick Lea was taken ill and ordered away from the sea, so they went to her parents in Taranaki and this other mob wanted to move into Dick's cottage. We refused, but they won, for one morning we discovered their house in flames so there was no option.

Fortunately the house was insured, but re-building was not permissible at the time, so we had to bring in more of our own family temporarily to get on with the jobs. Next, Dalmatian refused to milk at Christmas so we said he could go, as if we had to do this extra at our busiest time we would manage without him altogether.

I've missed out one who was the pearl of the lot. He had diplomas in pig rearing. So we set up a special pig branch and he was to take charge and also help with the milking. Well — he

took charge all right. Dead pigs were lying all over the place. How he did it we never knew, but nearly half our pigs were lost. So he was sacked.

One Friday, the busiest day at the store, we noticed a man with sandwich boards with big writing in red, white and blue — slandering us — but few people read it in case it meant taking up War Bonds or enlisting or something of that nature.

This man was taken on by Mr Herman Pfister and given the use of a house on the small portion of Mr Pfister's property adjoining the area we had so recently bought from him. However, this man used to open the gate at night at let out all the cattle.

After this had happened a few nights I 'phoned Mr Pfister at half past one in the morning and asked him if he would care to do something about it. He was very sympathetic but didn't dare dismiss the man in case he performed his sandwich board parade act outside Mr Pfister's jewellery shop in Queen St. Auckland. He bought another small farm in Silverdale, sold us the small piece he had previously retained, and moved the offending man and his family to manage the Silverdale farm.

So life went on with never a dull moment! One of the slogans we had earlier adopted "The harder you are hit, the higher you will bounce" was still working out for us, and often helped us to bounce over the rough patches.

The war continued, commodities became more and more difficult to acquire and we had to develop the system of "local customers first" and allocated their regular supplies of certain goods under the counter. Even this had its hazards. In the "good old days" we were so proud of the selection of goods we carried to cover any need a customer could possibly require. In the medicine department we could cater for upset tummies with "Hardys", or help a baby along with either Gripe water or Milk of Magnesia. We could cheer up jaded nerves with Clements Tonic, or cure a headache for twopence with a "Shac" wafer which contained phenacatin. I have even removed a fish hook

from a finger by clipping off the barb, possibly a most painful procedure for the patient.

It seemed as though these days of picking and choosing were over for the time being, but we were grateful to get such stock as seemed to be our quota.

There was a local branch of the Home Guard formed, and a local man Mr Garroway who had been a subaltern in World War 1 was made Captain, and later, Major Garroway. Our staff member was Corporal Tanner. They went through the usual training. We also had an E.P.S., and I being the only one with a 'phone, "Communications Bloke" became my role, and I had to round up the other Emergency Precautions Personnel as, and when, required.

One night there was a great fuss. Mr Tanner came in and demanded the use of our car to go through to Silverdale for some ammunition. There was supposed to be a Japanese submarine in Stanmore Bay. The whole army from the Fort and all the Home Guard were called out, and things looked serious.

I wondered if it were real or just a practice so got in touch with the head of the E.P.S. at Silverdale and asked if I should round up the other personnel. He said, "Oh, I don't think you need". I asked him if it was real or just a practice, and was told to just "leave it and guess the rest".

Later Mr Tanner came back in his uniform of Corporal and once again demanded the use of our car. Dad was in bed sick at the time, and he said that no one else was going to drive his car — let the Army fetch over its own ammunition. But the Army was not available, so Ken said that if they had to have the car, they must let Tony drive it.

Tony would be about 15 at the time, so off they went to the depot at Silverdale and found nobody there. An officer eventually turned up and wouldn't give them the ammunition until Tony had been sworn in, registered, insured, and issued with a tin hat.

The Home Guard by the way, had been issued with rifles full of grease and they had never fired a shot. On the way back the

car had to be left on the roadside at Stanmore Bay as there was no bridge to take them across, and walking along they were challenged with a gun in their ribs, "Friend or Foe"? Tony giggled and wanted to say "What do you think?" but he was curtly pulled up by Corporal Tanner and given his first lesson in military deportment.

They patrolled all the beaches along the north side of the Peninsula and at about 2.30 a.m. the Army returned leaving the Home Guard in charge.

At Manly the only man on duty was 80-year-old Mr Chalmers, who had no ammunition but had to parade — on his own — with his rifle. He went absent without leave shortly after and went home to bed.

At Stanmore the headquarters was held on the verandah of Mr Besky's farmhouse, which adjoined the beach. About 7 a.m. a weary Tanner came in and said that they were dispersing as all now seemed safe.

These happenings happened on a Tuesday night. On the following Friday Mr Burns came into the shop and told me about this submarine scare. He was supposed to be Chief Warden for the E.P.S. and had not heard anything at all of this event until three days later. Just as well. He would have had us all standing on our heads.

It will be of interest to record our signal system. At various intervals along the neighbourhood, poles were placed and from them were hung brake drums from old cars. These were to be struck by a stone, stick, or metal bar if available, and the sound of one was supposed to carry to the next one and so forth. Needless to say it wasn't exactly a howling success, and eventually a siren of the type of a drum with handle attached was installed, which when wound, emitted a piercing noise.

With the development of the underground fort out on the end of the Peninsula, Whangaparaoa became known, but there was still no social provision for the soldiers stationed there until they built a Y.M.C.A. hut. We arranged for refuse from the fort

for our pig feed. We suggested to the Camp Commandant that we locals should give a surprise party for the troops and the idea was gratefully accepted.

We took our piano down on a truck and all the girls we could muster and had a great time. We were invited to repeat this and did so. We also received invitations to films and any visiting concert parties. We put on cricket matches for them periodically. They would bring sandwiches and we supplied sausage rolls, jam tarts and sponge cakes.

During the war there were various loan appeals made, but when the Victory Loan was launched, we of Whangaparaoa post office decided to make a special effort. Several customers asked if we had a target to work for, so we appealed to Auckland and were given the target of £500 which seemed just about possible. We acquired a Union Jack, attached it to a piece of galvanised piping and fixed it to our fence to show that the loan project was open. We also had a barometer made to show progress takings. By the end of the first day the amount was fully subscribed, so we raised it to £1,000. This also was promptly met, and we again raised it to £1,500. We finished up with £2,000, which was achieved by local people only, when they transferred savings and investments. So we felt that the old flag had really done its duty.

On the farming front there was a demand for tomatoes for the "J" Force troops. We had enquiries from a market gardener at Pukekohe, and arrangements were made to grow tomatoes on our flat at Manly. Mr Coyle employed a number of Maori for the purpose of cultivating the plants, and much excitement occurred when they were down here in numbers for the picking season.

The war with Japan ended suddenly and the tomatoes were not required. A firm took them for sauce making but the profit was negligible. These were followed by a crop of cabbages which were also not profitable, and we were left with the task of re-grassing the area.

The war in Europe was brought to a head by the invasion of combined forces who fought their way to the German surrender

which took place about 8 May 1945, and history was made. It altered the lives of people all over the world, the people of New Zealand and even the people out on the Peninsula where we lived. The change here was tremendous. The fort diminished, but is still there, occupied chiefly by the Navy now. The thousands of men who came here for their period of training opened up the future of the Peninsula, for where we had been remote and unknown, we were now discovered, and this led to eventual demand for sections here.

WE SOLD THE STORE

In June 1946 Barbara was married and there seemed little reason for me to carry on with the store. It had stood us in good stead all through the time we were raising the family and developing the farm. But it was with a big heart-ache that eventually we sold to a returned soldier and his wife around Labour Day weekend in 1946, and we planned a trip to Britain.

Berths were very hard to obtain. We planned to take the three youngest children, Bill, Tricia and Guy, but it was not possible to get accommodation on any ship.

My father had died and my mother was not well, and a cable from my sister prompted us to try for a single berth for me to go alone. This was done and I managed to obtain a cancellation berth and sailed on 7 March 1947, arriving in London Tilbury Docks on Anzac Day. My sister met me at the ship and we went back to Hull by train, through a sodden countryside, just emerging from floods which followed a particularly bad period of snow. However the weather decided to be kind and within two weeks the hedgerows were wearing their spring green, and flowers bloomed in profusion.

I found Mother very frail but very cheerful. Doris was married and her husband had a car and took us for innumerable drives. All this was very pleasant but my chief worry now I had seen Mother was how to return to New Zealand. After a great deal of effort in many directions, I secured a passage on the "AKAROA" just newly coming on the run after re-fit.

It was a wonderful trip, and I arrived home the day I had previously arranged to leave Liverpool, 9 August 1947, after spending 10 weeks with Mother. There was a family gathering awaiting me on the wharf, the boys with their little truck all decorated with coloured paper which unfortunately got wet in a shower.

It was good to be home again, even though my arrival was not quite as timely as the family had planned. They were in the process of having the house re-decorated and the walls of two rooms were stripped bare. We soon had one of them papered and the other was draped in sheets to give a white wall effect which lasted until we got round to the necessary job.

Plans then went ahead for us to go to England the following year — 1948 — taking Tricia and Bill. Finally accommodation was fixed up for May 1948 on the "Tamaroa". Arrangements were made to separate the farm into two blocks, each with its own herd, thus facilitating the work and seasonal duties.

Plans were made in February for a man and his son to take over the smaller area. They had sold their farm, and would be providing their own herd for their portion. As June is the beginning of the dairy season it was arranged that they should come in May before we left. However, in the meantime they obtained work at the freezing works. They found that they earned more there than by running their own farm and so turned us down at the last moment. We were forced to cancel our plans, and made fresh sailing bookings in October.

We were fortunately able to catch that boat, which sailed from Wellington. We spent two days in Wellington and then went across to Melbourne where we had three weeks. Bill had his

eleventh birthday there, which we celebrated by visiting Worth's Circus.

It was not at all to the general liking living in a city and we moved to a guest house at a place called "The Ferns" at Healsville about 30 miles outside Melbourne. This was set in bush country with the township about two miles away. We enjoyed this period. Each evening there was dancing and occasions when items were performed by the proprietor or his first mate, and some of these were very humorous.

We went on some motor trips and saw quite a bit of the country. Then the ship sailed for Perth where we spent a whole week, and once again enjoyed seeing some of the countryside of Western Australia. The place that captured my imagination was a little place about 70 miles from Perth where the Young Australia League was carving out of the bush a park as a commemmoration to the man who gave their lives in the war. The most imaginative creation was a waterful, where streams trickled down a series of stone ledges, and a plantation of upright cypress memorial trees planted in the shape of a lyre, the water representing the music of the strings. Small gardens were planted in appropriate places on this slope and the whole effect must be wonderful as the years roll by.

From the ship which was our home during our stay in Fremantle we made several trips into Perth, a beautiful city. The zoo was one of the highlights where the only monkeys I have ever seen in water, were screamingly funny. There was a bungalow built on the bank of this lake with windows, doors, a wide chimney and a springboard on the verandah from which the monkeys leapt on to a trapeze in the lake. One could watch their antics careering round this bungalow, in and out of doors, windows and chimney and finally leaping out on to the trapeze, or into a boat. The boats were like those on swings at the fair, with a seat at each end.

The ship then left for Cape Town where we only had part of a day, but having chummed with a South African school teacher

who had been on exchange in New Zealand for a year, we were given an itinerary of places we should endeavour to see. As soon as the ship arrived a taxi was hired and we had a most interesting run of about 70 miles, visiting the zoo, which was huge and contained acres of animals running free instead of being cooped up in cages. We visited Rhodes Memorial which impressed us very much, and then went on to Groot Constanyia, Governor Van der Stel's residence, an old building maintained as near as possible in the original manner. Then we drove through the countryside returning by way of Devil's Peak which looks like a slice cut off from the top of Table Mountain. We had not been allowed to go up Table Mountain owing to the mist on the top which hung over it like a tablecloth.

Our next call was at the Canary Islands where we had a similar experience with a taxi taking us for a 70-mile run around Las Palmas countryside. There we met an amazing assortment of transport from the latest American cars to a donkey with loaded panniers being led by a dog on a chain. No human being was around them, so evidently it was a usual practice and the dog new where he was going. Returning, we passed what to us was a most depressing sight, caves in the hillside in which villagers lived. Some boasted front doors but most were just holes in the hillside. We were assured that they made very comfortable homes but we did not venture to inspect them.

Returning to the ship we found crowds of natives selling wares of every description from walking dolls to the finest Madeira embroidery.

After leaving there, where the ship had loaded tomatoes for Britain, we struck stormy weather in the Bay of Biscay, but finally arrived at Southampton where we entrained for Birmingham to say with Ken's sister and family. Having ordered a Vanguard car from the makers in Coventry, Ken went to collect it next day, only to find that we required an import licence to bring it back to New Zealand before it could be delivered to us. This took some time and meantime we acquired a used car and

travelled up to Hull where we stayed with my aunt, my mother having died a few days before we actually left New Zealand.

It was early January and cold, wet weather provided quite a contrast to New Zaland. Getting the children enrolled at school was another problem, because after leaving the Whangaparaoa school where the roll was only about 26 total, Bill was enrolled at a school with 1,000 pupils, not at all to his liking.

Tricia too had problems as we had wanted to settle her in at a High School but the regulations were too difficult and we eventually enrolled her at St. Mary's Convent School. We finally acquired our Vanguard car, later buying a trailer and tent and did extensive camping trips seeing quite a lot of country we had not previously visited ourselves.

Our tour took us into Wales where we bought a small picturesque farmlet with an old stone house. It had great possibilities but was in a very run-down state. However, we bought it with the idea of making it a kind of United Kingdom headquarters where we could spend some months each year reviving the old place.

This was not to be, for on our return to New Zealand we found very changed conditions. The Land Sales Act had been repealed and our area had been declared urban instead of rural. Neighbouring farmers had subdivided their land and small holiday homes were built everywhere, about 500 of them.

At that stage building was restricted to 300 sq.ft. and no new materials were permitted. This naturally resulted in many eyesores, which fortunately the years have erased.

The valuation of our farm had increased so enormously that we were also forced into sub-division but were determined to make it something rather better than elsewhere. We had loved our farm; our plan was to have an overall design that could be gradually built up. The plan was then valued by the authorities and ten per cent of the value was taken as reserve adjoining the beach at Manly. This has eventually been added to and an area of about 20 acres finally resulted and was made into a delightful

public reserve. Many trees were planted and will in time to come be things of beauty.

The adjoining area was surveyed into sections to be serviced underground so that the place would not be disfigured by miles of poles and wires. We had much trouble in getting the Waitemata Electric Power Board to undertake the underground wiring but it finally consented to give it a trial. It has proved so successful that the whole district is now being serviced underground.

Sewerage was another problem but that has been temporarily overcome by the use of septic tanks. Arrangements could have been made for small plants for each area but this would have resulted in the effluent being discharged into the nearest beach, and that, although after the necessary treatment it would have been accepted by the department, was not acceptable to the public who felt that the beaches would have been polluted. Therefore that part of the programme is having to wait until the entire Peninsula scheme is finalised and this encounters many problems.

When the surveying was commenced, I had the privilege of hammering in the first peg at Manly. Plans were made at first to subdivide a block of 64 sections adjoining Manly Beach, but this was taken over by the reserve, and only sections along the existing road — Ladies' Mile — were permitted. As these were sold we planned a shopping arcade to service these sections and the Manly Park Arcade was built. It was rather premature and took some time to come into full use. However, a coffee bar and grocery were begun and gave good service to those who had become permanent residents.

Much could be written about the frustrations of subdividing, but these were gradually overcome, the main problem being that Ken and I were growing older and less able to plan our overseas schemes. We continued to farm the inner part of the land, and after dairying problems we changed to beef and ran Shorthorn cows more than Jerseys as we had previously done.

Then we tried milk suckling, raising calves on the cows, with some success. That has become quite a general practice now all over New Zealand.

The area designated by the authorities for the town centre was situated at the corner of the Wade River Road and we engaged the services of a firm of architects to create something worth while. Every time a plan was presented to the county council there was some alteration required, and this meant repeated plans having to be drawn up at considerable delay and expense. People were anxious to secure a section in the town centre but we were unable to sell until a plan was approved and we could carry on with surveying. Later several of these people complained to the county council and that resulted in the council finally buying approximately 40 acres and planning the town centre to its own liking.

At the same time it re-zoned the main road frontage of the Arkles Bay subdivision and made it commercial. As these sections were already surveyed with 60ft frontages that permitted three shops to be built on each section, this naturally postponed the urgency for the extensive work to be done on the area designated town centre.

Meanwhile the old original post office store closed down, the post office being transferred to part of the new Whangaparaoa hall, the petrol pump service having already been sold to a garage proprietor elsewhere. That old building has remained as a residence ever since but will no doubt eventually be replaced by some more modern building.

In the early 1950s we had a bright idea to build a Tudor house, and after describing it to a retired building inspector, he suggested that we put the idea to the present building inspector. This we did and were somewhat appalled to learn that he couldn't accept the idea. How did we propose to built it, he asked.

"With beams and bricks" we replied, "like centuries-old houses in Britain."

"But how would you hold it together?" he asked. "Show me one!" He finally suggested that he build a brick house and put boards on it to represent the beams. "That would be a sham!" we replied and the house was never built.

Meantime we had bought a block of country in North Auckland with extensive groves of totara and other native timbers which we had planned to use. Later we offered as much totara as would be required in the building of the Anglican Church in Auckland. That totara must have been fated, for the Dean eventually advised us that the totara would not be required as the tender for the building of the Cathedral was so much less than anticipated. We were somewhat disappointed over this and eventually the farm was sold.

Meantime three more of our family were married and Tricia had joined the Air Force, thus reducing our household drastically.

Ken also went off to the North farm for a week or two. This sudden change in our household made me realize how very lonely people could become if they had no family. Discussing this with Ken on his return we decided to do something about it. We engaged an architect to design a retirement complex which we proposed to call "Avalon", that being the name of the house where the Hunters had made us so much at home on our arrival in New Zealand.

A design was reached in conjunction with an officer of the Waitemata County Offices, this to comprise groups of flats — twelve one-person, or single flats, and eight flats to house couples. In addition there was to be a central lounge where they could foregather for companionship. Also there was to be a workshop provided in the basement for hobby work. Trial and error eventually produced an acceptable plan. A few days later the building inspector arrived and I said how delighted we were that our "Avalon" scheme had gone through.

"What's that?" he asked, and said he hadn't heard of it. The officer concerned had been in another field at the Waitemata

County Offices and had not mentioned it to him.

"Come and be brought up to date" I suggested. He came over but said, "I couldn't allow that number on that area at this stage — you'll have to wait until we get sewerage!" The most annoying part was that the area contained seven sections on each of which we would have been granted permission to build a house. Assuming that there would be four occupants to each house, that would only have amounted to the same number. But he was adamant, and we never did build that complex. However there are now a great many sections on which blocks of flats are erected, but even so that doesn't provide for a central lounge where occupants could meet for companionship, which was the foundation of our scheme.

Another bright idea which never came to fruition was for a road to extend from the Silverdale Road, circling through our farmland and coming out near the Wade River Road. This was considered to be the future main road with a bridge across the Wade River and linking again across the Okura River, thus vastly decreasing the distance to Auckland.

Tony and Ian were by now operating a D4 tractor on roadwork, and overheard the Road Board people say they planned to cut off 75ft. of portion of this proposed road we had offered to the county. Prior to this we had planned to build a block of shops on the upper part of this road-to-be, and had received consent from the county to go ahead. This was verbal and we were unable to get it in writing so the shops were never started.

One day an assistant engineer came to our cottage with a document he wanted signed authorising him to take the 75ft. of land the Road Board required. They had a plan to re-align the main road and had men and machines waiting to start.

"But that inner road is under offer to the county" we told him.

"They don't want it" he replied, but they had not advised us of this fact. After all the frustration we had suffered over the

beach reserve we finally gave our signature. Compensation was promised but none was ever received. All our lovely trees along the road front were chopped down and the new alignment was made at enormous expense. They certainly did rebuild us a new fence but it was a real set-back to our plans.

Subdivision went on slowly, the family undertaking the roading and drainage construction, and then they began to purchase blocks of land on their own behalf. They gradually acquired areas of land throughout practically the whole length of the Peninsula, combining their efforts and achieving successes that eventually enabled all the boys, with finance from Manly Park, to purchase an area on the Coromandel Peninsula, named PAUANUI.

These boys of ours have been successful because 'they know the land'. This has been their heritage, instilled into them at an early age. As they worked hard on their home farm, instead of gaining years of higher school education, their father insisted that there was always a market for the best of everything, be it a cow or an acre of land, and the only way to acquire it, was to get out and at it, and keep at it, always making sure that the work was of the best quality. Ken firmly believed that "unity is strength" and it was to his great delight to see his sons unite, the birth of "PAUANUI", the successful launching of their project and that they had endured and conquered. The boys have not always seen eye to eye with their father, because he saw no substitute for hard work, and . . . he . . . was . . . right.

PAUANUI 1967

This project they have created from scratch, the property being sand dunes covered with pine trees and scrub. The Thames

County Council has been very helpful in its co-operation and amenities now provided have resulted in a magnificent beach resort, each year a further area of sections being developed, and bringing a large number of permanent residents.

Amenities now provided ensure something for everyone, from the youngest child to the oldest resident. The experience gained in developments at Whangaparaoa has been invaluable, and the early shortcomings of the Peninsula have helped them to anticipate and provide facilities for which we in Whangaparaoa are still striving.

I understand that this tract of land was once spelt "Pawanui" by some, surely with little imagination or knowledge of the Maori language. The area now being landscaped and developed is surely deserving of its correct Maori name, "PAUANUI"

After "PAUANUI", what? . . . There will always be something round the corner, waiting for willing hard-working hands to shape into something of beauty, useful as well as ornamental.

* * * *

Our two daughters are both on the land in North Auckland, the elder one farming, and the younger one now an orchardist.

REFLECTIONS

Sitting alone in my old age in my little corner, I reflect on the evenings, not so long ago, when Ken and I would quietly muse on our activities since we arrived in New Zealand in 1920, with but £50 to our name. I recall all our ventures, some good,

some not so good and how we tried to observe Mr Maunsell's motto, "Don't squeal". We loved our home, our children, and always tried to see the funny side of things. We invariably ended up each evening with the marvel of the £50 we had in our pocket on arrival. Who could have believed that this meagre sum could have snowballed into what it covers today . . . from the tiny acorn.

I further reflect on the past and recall my incidents I have previously omitted to jot down. I knew we had to experience the dark sides to appreciate the good. This little verse is ever before me:—

"Not till the loom is silent and the shuttles cease to fly,
Will God unfold the canvas and show the reason why;
The dark threads are as needful in the Master Craftman's hand
As the thread of gold and silver in the pattern he has planned."

* * * *

I should have made mention of the names of the various District Nurses who came to our aid. They were invaluable as our nearest doctor, Dr Dudding, was 25 miles distant, and when trouble was brewing, my first thoughts flew to the District Nurse to secure her aid and advice on our problem. What confidence they inspired in anxious parents when their little ones ran a temperature or cut their foot etc.

I'll never forget how glad I was to see Sister Bates when the horse kicked me and knocked all the stuffing out of me. This Nurse Bates, Marianne Elizabeth, was something of a character to remember. Although a spinster, she specialised in adopting unwanted babies, and they finally totalled six. However she had a further string of others who came and went as circumstances demanded. She brought up these six children, and one and all they held her in high regard.

Once she made application to have a brick house built out on the Peninsula, to house her brood as her bach there was showing signs of wear and tear and quite inadequate. The house was to be completed in the February, and out comes Sister Bates and her brood, and there was nothing there. Nothing daunted her she had her belongings unloaded at the bach and announced that she had "landed in" and promptly gave her home that name. She knew of a place in Wales, and she said there was 'nothing there' so "LLANDDWYN" it became, quite oblivious to Welsh pronounciation or spelling. She was well liked and respected, but has passed on now.

Then we had Sister Faithful, Sister Bracewell, Sister Ellen Munro who later became Mrs Frank Craig. Mrs Craig still lives around the district. All these women were very capable and fine at their work, but now they have the doctors of the district at their call.

I remember when the school roll numbered nine, and three of these were Hoppers. The present school numbers will soon reach 1,000 and since it has been built, at least 20 Hopper grandchildren have passed through its portals.

Further reminiscences . . . I was always in great demand at the piano, and my party piece would always be "REMEMBRANCE".

. . . I still play it . ..

It has just come to my mind that when we sold the store in 1946 we went for a little tour in a caravan just to have a complete break after all the years in the shop.

We wired to advise the date of our return, but unfortunately the wire was never received and we arrived home two days later than expected. This caused much consternation of which we were completely unaware for our friends and customers had prepared a "Welcome Home" and we did not turn up. Jo Shakespear had prepared a Welcome Speech and had gained courage to present it, the first in her life! There was also a letter of apology from W. Shakespear, because he was not able to attend.

The people had gathered together and collected for a presentation, in the form of a beautiful purse, a most handsome gift, containing the surplus funds of £17 and the welcome letter Joe Shakespear did not have to read out in the finish. There was also a list of subscribers, and I will set them out below, so one many be able to compare the names of the householders in 1946 as against those when we first came to the shop in 1920 —

Axon	Mrs G. Bell
Mrs Benn	Miss Bates
Miss Belworthy	Mrs Beaver
Mrs Brooks	Mrs Craig
Mrs Cochrane	Mrs Chamberlain
Mrs Claydon	Mrs Doughty
Mrs Eade	Mrs Garroway
Mrs Hale	Mrs Hobbs
Mr Hobbs	Mrs Harvey
Mrs Jackson	Mrs Bolton
Mrs Jenkins	Mrs Jenners
Mrs King	Mrs Matthews
Mrs McLead	Miss Macey
Mrs Osmond	Mr Roberts
Mrs Rippon	Mrs Stokes
Mrs Swann	Mrs Snow
Mrs Saunders	Mrs Silich
Mrs Soden	Mrs Woaf
Mrs Mainland	Miss I. Gray
Mrs Dixon	Shakespear's

Some of the old names are still there, but most have gone to see their fortunes in other fields.

I must mention here that we bought a croquet set with the £17 and enjoyed many pleasant hours pushing the little ball around.

There should have been more record kept of early sports activities and the Church. Although I led such a busy life, at

times when I thought that the occasion warranted it I found time to write a letter or two and had the joy of receiving answers from one or two V.I.P.s. These letters are among my prized possessions. I look back on the innumerable hours I have spent seated at the piano, at home with my family, at various functions, socials or charity affairs, always a pleasure to myself as well as my listeners, and the countless times I have officiated as organist at our little local church St. Stephen's.

EARLY SETTLERS

We arrived in Whangaparaoa and opened the store there on Monday 12th September. 1927. It had first been owned and operated by Mr Wm. Polkinghorn. He commenced a store there in a room in his cottage, this building on the Main Road being commenced around 1916. He had also built a cheese factory which proved superfluous, and this was demolished and used to extend the store building, which incorporated a large storeroom, a small butchery, a small sitting room and another bedroom. The store eventually catered for a large variety of country needs from medicines to stock feed, supplies being brought in at first by launch or steamer and later overland via Silverdale. At the time when we took over the store, names of the householders in the district included:

Viponds Snr., with Leigh; Burns; Besky; Mark Vipond & Family; Percy; Tom Arkle; Duncan; Sheffield: Daisy Shepherd; Craddock; Poll; Powley; Kirkcaldy; Frank Smith; King; Dunwoodie; Gardner; Benn; Swann; Hair (Ladies Mile); Wilkins; Darach; Blomfield (Ladies Mile); Hobbs; Shakespear; Clayden; Stan. Jackson; Mrs McGill; Pointon; Wilson; Lovey., who were milking on the Polkinghorne farm;

McGill on 3,000 acres across over the river with Grahams two houses.

* * * *

In 1927 there were only three cars on the Peninsula. Shakespears had a Ford, Hobbs a Buick and Burns also had a car but I do not remember the make.

Bob Hair had a chariot! A solid wheeled sledge with boxed in sides and drawn by a racehorse.

Jack King had a sledge which was drawn by a mule and a horse.

Benn's had a sledge.

Besky and Dunwoodie had a cart and horse.

Swanns had a four wheeler.

To a stranger arriving at the store around mail time, what a conglomeration these vehicles would have presented.

If the store and post office attracted a variety of vehicles, it also presented a variety of tasks and requisitions over and beyond the normal call of duty. One farmer brought his income tax demand along and asked how he should fill it in, as his farming showed no income left after expenses, so I suggested that he state that on the form. This he did, sending in the return demand saying "Got none!". For this he would undoubtedly receive a sharp reply from the department.

The old age benefit was available at my post office, where applicable. There were some of the old residents who were too proud to admit that they were drawing this, and two or three of them used to ask to come inside the office to receive this in privacy, the post office being part of the shop with customers looking on. On another occasion a young man came in with his enlistment notice and asked for help in meeting the requirements of the form. As he was a farmer with adaptable ideas, and had done quite a bit with machinery I suggested that he enter this fact, and this resulted in his being drafted into the mechanical branch of the Army.

Another recollection associated with the post office was the telephone linesman. He had a delightful voice and sang old ballads. As a rule he stayed for a meal, but always had to sing for his cuppa.

One day a stranger came to the shop and asked to be directed to Longfellow's. "I said we haven't got a Longfellow here, only Shakespear and Burns, they are our only poetic residents." But he insisted that a Mr Longfellow had bought some land out here, and so it was.

As I seemed to have a sequence of babies who all thrived, I was often asked for advice on others' babies. There was no Plunket nurse in those days so I organised a baby board, on which I could weigh their babies and keep a record on this board. All was fairly satisfactory until one baby failed to gain weight and the mother remarked, "Oh well, if she dies, she dies!" One of the customers overheard this and reported it to the District Nurse who arranged for a call to be made at their home — a caravan. The husband stormed into the shop and said he was going to put his lawyer on to me. It transpired that he was unaware of the situation and the baby was later cared for by a neighbour.

It is almost depressing to recall those early days. How we survived goodness only knows. I do recall that one day our total return was 7½d, one loaf of bread! All the same we did have the advantage of milk and butter from our couple of cows, and meat from an occasional sheep or lamb, and there was always fish available. When the heart is young and the health good, it is remarkable how one takes these things in one's stride. Also there was always plenty to do, making clothes for the family and even repairing broken windows. I became quite a proficient glazier.

Another recollection is of how easy it is to start a rumour. It was the time of the Napier earthquake and news was unobtainable except at the post office phone. A doctor came into the shop and having heard that a warship was being sent down from Auckland, he volunteered his services. On 'phoning through to advise Auckland of this offer, I was told the 'Dunedin' had gone

down already. What was overheard was taken by someone to mean that it had been sunk, and they were very busy spreading the news, which was promptly corrected. This gave me a clue to a remark made by one of our boys. "I saw the launch go down!" "What a fib!" But the above comment rather explains that he saw it — go down — the river.

From an early age members of our family grew up close to nature, and were always unaware of, and interested in, anything that happened in the great outdoors.

I feel that it is worthy of placing on record the entertainment provided by one lone hen. A neighbour had sent us a hen, intended for the table, but sent alive so that we could kill it when needed. The hen went round doing a good deal of cackling, and we thought she was putting on a big act to save her neck. But, a nest was discovered with two eggs in it, and then the dear old hen laid her daily egg under the kitchen window exactly at eight o'clock with the family "checking".

One morning after four of them watching the hen 'on duty', Tricia rushed inside and looking at the clock said with expression "Ten minutes!" The hen had been ten minutes late. Then one evening we heard a scuffle and squeak and next morning we discovered feathers everywhere and a dog's feet marks in the garden soil. Just for the record, Ian compared the footprints with those of our dogs, and found that they did NOT compare, and laid the guilt on a neighbour's dog. Later they discovered the carcase of the poor old hen, and operated on it and removed that morning's egg — and broke it! So ended that.

There were once two guest houses on the beach, at one time run by two members of the Arkle family. A dividing fence was erected down to the beach, making it difficult to visit from one house to the other. How long this situation lasted we do not know, but in the end, one was sold, one was burned down, and now the affair has just merged into past history.

EARLY SPORTS

The sports section should include the formation of a gymnasium, run chiefly by Alan Coates who lived at Shakespear's. This club was well received and it was a wonder where all the equipment came from, rigid rings — parallel bars — vaulting horses and mats, they all appeared as if by magic. Club swinging became very popular from small boys to adults, and one ingenious member affixed lights to his clubs, which were very effective in use.

The account of the creation of our first tennis court sounds today, too ridiculous to be true. There being no organised recreation at that time, we were granted the temporary use of an area being listed on the survey plan as 'road'. We were given the services of a group of relief workers to do this job with shovels. How very different from the present-day methods.

Finance to meet some the work was raised by dances, and records show an unbelievable picture. The old hall (now the Scout's den) was the venue of the dances, and expenses show: 22nd October 1932.

Rent of hall	7/6
Supper	8/3
Lighting	1/0
Prizes	1/9
Total	18/6

Our first balance was £2-10-6

These functions, with donations, and always the inevitable "ladies a plate" proceeded in similar pattern until it was time to purchase the netting, posts, etc.etc. and we were in action.

All this sounds so ridiculous at the present time, but it was the event of the moment in those depression years. We never did have sufficient returns to meet all expenses, and we ended up owing the contractor £3 which he took out in goods at the store and left us to meet this amount.

Later, when the Settlers' Association was formed, which included some holiday residents, some sections were purchased on Manly Beach at £30 each, and on these were finally constructed a bowling green and decent tennis courts.

The original supporters, or users of the first court, gradually left the district, and the place fell into disrepair, and the netting went to some farmer for his fowl run.

* * * *

I have a letter written by a Mrs C.E. Gilbert in my possession in which she expresses flowerly admiration of Whangaparaoa and environs as she saw it in 1930. She refers to "The Maori Redoubt at Wade Heads" as an historical marvel and says "We New Zealanders are not sufficiently enthusiastic about the natural wonders of our country. We accept all as a metter of course and smile complacently when there is published a glowing description of one of our many beauty spots . . ." There is much more in her lengthy letter, and I can only think that when she viewed the Peninsula, she was seeing it out of my eyes, as I stood on the hill that first day and marvelled at the sight I saw.

LETTERS FROM V.I.P.'S

If you ever have an urge to write a letter to anyone, DO IT NOW.

If not it will never be written and you will miss some memorable occasions.

The first time I did that was on 11 November 1939, when Queen Elizabeth, now the Queen Mother, talked on the radio for the very first time. She addressed herself to the Women of the Empire, and talked of the war. She sounded as if her heart was very full, and I wondered if she ever got any response from the piece of metal, the microphone she was talking into. Suddenly it occurred to me that I was one of the Women of the Empire, so why wait for someone else to acknowledge her broadcast.

At this time I was storekeeper and postmistress of Whangaparaoa, so I went into the office and wrote, I don't know what, just what came out of my heart by way of the pen. Then I put it into an envelope and addressed it to Queen Elizabeth, Buckingham Palace, London and popped it into the mail box. I admit to feeling a big guilty at my presumption but thought, "There's always the wastepaper basket". Anyway it was in the mail box now, and was now King's Mail, so it went.

The following February my daughter was sorting the mail and said "Here's a funny looking thing for you. It hasn't got a stamp on, only a silly squiggle". I couldn't possibly guess who it could be from, ripped it open and gasped, "I've got a letter from the Queen". The shop was full of people so I read it aloud:—

Jan. 4th 1940. Sandringham, Norfolk.

Dear Mrs Hopper,

I am commanded by Her Majesty the Queen to thank you very much for your letter, and to say how delighted Her Majesty is to know that the broadcast came through so well. Her Majesty sends all good wishes to you and your family.

I am, Yours sincerely,
Delia Peel.
Lady in Waiting.

It took me a couple of days to come back to earth after that. This letter was shared by all and sundry, one man asking if he

could take it to his wife who was in hospital, and he's sure it bucked her up.

My next inspiration came in April 1942, when I heard via the grape vine that Sir Cyril Newall, Governor-General, was to come out to the Fort for lunch. I enquired from Government House if this was correct as I'd like to arrange to have our rural children on the roadside to see the official car. I later had a 'phone call to say that His Excellency would be through Whangaparaoa at 11 a.m. that day and returning about 1 p.m. and also that His Excellency would be pleased to stop and have a word with the children. This he did and endeared himself to every child by having a personal chat with each one, asking each one's name and picking out which was sister or brother to whom.

He had missed them going out to the fort but sent a despatch rider from the fort to say he would definitely stop and have a word with them on his return. The teacher found it something of a problem to keep the children occupied in the meantime, and hit on the idea of the children writing a message to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, and each signed his or her name. His Excellency was delighted and promised to send this document on to Buckingham Palace.

Our next inspiration came from my husband on V.E. day when he sent a cable to Mr Churchill, "Well done old War Horse". Thousands of telegrams had been received and we received a letter from the High Commissioner thanking us and saying how impossible it was for individual acknowledgements. Later in 1945, when he was deposed, we just couldn't bear it and sent him another message "Make the most of this period of respite for they will need you to pull them out of the mess" . . . to which we received the following in his own handwriting. *"I thank you sincerely for your very kind message to me which I have received and read with great pleasure. Winston S. Churchill"*

In the 1950s Beverly Baxter used to write a weekly article in the New Zealand Herald, giving items of news of interest to expatriots. So we wrote asking him to include some news of

Churchill of whom we were hearing very little. In his reply Mr Baxter said, "I am glad indeed if my articles give you some contact with the beloved but much troubled homeland. As far as Winston Churchill is concerned I am afraid that age is taking its toll. He is very shaky on his feet and does not take an active part in the house, but in conversation he is still amusing and sometimes inspiring".

Another inspiration we had was when the "Achilles" came to Auckland after the Battle of the Plate. We wrote to Captain Parry and offered a farm holiday to any English boy who had no friends or relatives in New Zealand. This resulted in four boys coming to stay with us for two and a half weeks, and we had an hilarious time.

In 1949 and 1950 we were in England with our two youngest children aged 10 and 14 years, during which we went to see the Trooping of the Colour. There was quite a crowd there and at the closing of the ceremony, a window opened in an adjoining building, and there sat Queen Mary with two small grandsons. You could almost feel the admiration the crowd had for her.

In 1953 when Queen Mary was so very ill we felt very concerned and wondered if a letter from a humble expatriot would be of interest to her. So, once again, acting on impulse I wrote a lengthy screed telling of our visit home, and our aims and aspirations. However, I didn't post it but carried it around in my handbag for a couple of weeks. Then came a headline "Queen Mary critically ill", so I posted it, always with the knowledge that there would be a wastepaper basket handy. In the next few days we heard she had died, so that was that, but airmail travelled quickly enough for her to receive it in time, and we received a six page letter in reply to which she said how very interested she was to hear of our exploits and wished us success in our efforts. Her Lady in Waiting actually knew Whangaparaoa having lived in New Zealand when her father — Ranfurly — was Governor General.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH WHANGAPARAOA

Ever since the first day I arrived at Whangaparaoa, I have been a loyal and active member of St. Stephen's Anglican Church. The church has been a pillar of strength for me to lean on, and has always given me great comfort and joy. In fact my whole life has been guided by its teachings, and as I mentioned earlier, I also imparted the rudiments of religion to my children when they were at a very tender age, believing that the seeds once planted would remain with them for always.

My association with St. Stephen's has been a very happy one, I have often been seated at the organ, have been present at countless functions in connection with church activities, and over the years I have witnessed the young ones being baptised, attended their confirmation, and later still played the Wedding March for them.

Records of St. Stephens
Dedicated on 19th December 1917
Fifty people present.
Land given by Mr Wm. Polkinghorne . . . local farmer.
Finance donated by an Aunt of the Vicar, Rev. Ronald MacDonald.
Labour . . . Mr Soden and others.
Staunch support given to management and maintenance of the Church by the Shakespear family of Te Whanga.
Mrs Pointon & her niece Miss Macey. Mrs Dunwoodee & her daughter. Miss Christine Clark etc. etc. . .
Furnishings given as memorials include:
LECTERN . . . memory of Col. Shakespear, given by fellow officers of the Indian Army.

FONT . . . memory of Col. Shakespear given by Shakespear family.
St. George Window . . . Memory of Col. Shakespear by Miss Ivy Shakespear and others.
ALTAR RAILS . . . memory of Helen Shakespear.
ORGAN . . . given by Interdenominational Sunday School, conducted by Mrs Dorothy Purdon.
ALTAR CROSS & CANDLE STICKS . . . given by Rev. Collard Scruby in thanksgiving for family.
CARILLON . . . given by Mr & Mrs J. Ginever in memory of their parents.
TREES . .. planted in memory of:
Ethel Shakespear . . . Oak at back of section.
Col. Shakespear . . . Oak at front of section.
CYPRESS TREES . . . Alan E. Coats . . . R.N.Z.A.F.
Selwyn S. Thomson R.N.Z.A.F.
Laurence Abercrombie . . . R.N.Z.A.F.
Bryce Oxenham R.N.Z.A.F.

EXTENSION . . . 1961 DEDICATION SERVICE 26-3-61

A church extension Fund was established by a bequest of £100 from Miss Ivy Louise Shakespear.

Architectural Design and Plans for extensions were drawn up by Mr J. Ginever etc.

Erected by voluntary labour of: J. Ginever; G. Ginever; N. Ginever; A. Becroft; E. Bindon; B. Freeman; C. Goldsboro; N. Shaw; Rodger. Assisted by ladies of the church.

OREWA PAROCHIAL DISTRICT CREATED 1-4-53

As I recall my old slogan "Onward and upward" it takes me back to England 1919, just prior to my wedding. There being a rail strike on, it was necessary to CYCLE all the way to Northallerton to say that our Banns were being read that day. Now, over 50 years later, we have certainly pressure ONWARD far beyond the CYCLE stage. Our sons fly their own 'plane and are literally going UPWARD, and their children are being born in THE SPACE AGE . . . what next? . . . but STILL ONWARD and UPWARD!!!!!