

News & Views

May 2006; 24th Year

Issue 234



Hutt Valley Branch of the New Zealand Society of Genealogists Inc.

Evening Meeting 7.30pm 1st Thursday, February to December
Day Meeting: 9.30am, 3rd Thursday, February to November
Research Evening: 6.00pm, last Thursday each month. Library open
Venue: Hutt Bridge Club, 1 Park Ave, Avalon, Lower Hutt
Postal Address: PO Box 31-024, Lower Hutt
Co-ordinator: Sandra Greig
Secretary: Deb Beban
Treasurer: Janet Ketchell
Membership: Dianne Fitzgerald
Editor: Suzanne Sutton-Cummings ssjsc@ar.net.nz

COMING EVENTS (subject to change and confirmation closer to the event)

04 May: Angela McCarthy - Scottish-Irish Migrants
18 May: Sharon Frederickson - Family History on Video
01 Jun: Michael O'Brien - My family history
15 Jun: Carolyn Lyon / Neil Coup - Hutt Library
06 Jul: Joe & Stefania Zawada - Polish refugee children to NZ during WW2
20 Jul: Alison Underhill - 19th Century Clothing
03 Aug: Joan McCracken - ATL Pictorial Collection
17 Aug: Branch Members - Problem Solving / Brick Walls
07 Sep: TBA
21 Sep: Dr David Collingwood - Old King Cole
05 Oct: Linda (ATL) - Oral History
19 Oct: RGO

04 MAY - EVENING MEETING - ANGELA MCCARTHY - SCOTTISH-IRISH MIGRANTS

Dr Angela McCarthy is Academic Fellow/Lecturer in History (Diaspora) at the University of Hull, and was previously Research Fellow at the Research Institute of Irish and Scottish Studies at the University of Aberdeen. A graduate of Trinity College Dublin, Angela has held the J.D. Stout Research Fellowship in New Zealand Studies at Victoria University of Wellington and was Caird Senior Research Fellow at the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich.

She is the author of *Irish Migrants in New Zealand, 1840-1937: 'The Desired Haven'* (2005) and *Narratives of Irish and Scottish Migration, 1921-1965: 'For Spirit and Adventure'* (forthcoming, 2007), and editor of *A Global Clan: Scottish Migrant Networks and Identities Since the Eighteenth Century* (2006). Angela will be speaking about her current research project: the representations of Irish and Scottish identities in NZ in the 19th and 20th centuries. She would be delighted to hear from anyone in possession of documents (such as personal letters, shipboard journals, and memoirs) written by their Irish and Scottish ancestors.

18 MAY - MORNING MEETING - SHARON FREDERICKSON - FAMILY HISTORY ON VIDEO

Sharon talked about how she wanted to give her son a record of his family history and interviewed various elderly relatives and spent hours editing the final product. She now does this as a business

to record Family History on video. Instead of perhaps recording gg grannies memories on audio tape and then writing it down, wouldn't be more interesting to see her talking and see what she is talking about - i.e. old house etc, whatever prompts her memory.

RAFFLES

There will be a raffle at each of the meetings. Tickets will be 50 cents each or 3 for \$1.

FAMILY HISTORY INTRODUCTORY CLASS

The next Family History introductory class is to begin at Hutt Valley High School on Monday 8 May from 7 - 9 pm. There are vacancies on the course. Although it is set to begin on 8 May it can be delayed a little if that suited people better.

To enrol people can phone 560 1565 or email hvhs.comed@xtra.co.nz

If you require further information let me know (through the editor).

Many thanks
Rachel Brown

NZSG CONFERENCE & AGM, HAMILTON, 2-5 JUNE 2006

Settling the Waikato and Beyond'

At Sacred Heart Girls' College, Clyde Street, Hamilton

Key note speakers are Christopher Pugsley from the UK and Richard Reid from Canberra, with 25 other speakers.

To read more about the speakers and lectures visit the NZSG website www.genealogy.org.nz under 'What's new', conference 2006. A registration form can be downloaded.

Other meetings in the region....

✓ PORIRUA BRANCH

Wed 10 May, 7:30pm Porirua Public Library, Cnr Norrie & Parumoana Sts, Porirua
Topic not advised.

✓ KILBIRNIE BRANCH

Wed 7 Jun 10 May, Kilbirnie Community Policing Centre, Tacy Street, Kilbirnie,
Topic not advised.

✓ KAPITI BRANCH

Thurs 25 May 7:30pm at Kapiti Community Centre, 15 Ngahina Street, Paraparaumu
Topic not advised.

✓ COMPUTER SPECIAL INTEREST GROUP (an integral part of Kapiti Branch)

Mon 8 May 7.30pm in the Paraparaumu Public Library Meeting Room, Rimu Road

✓ WELLINGTON BRANCH

Wed 17 May: 9:30am: St Giles Church House, cnr Kilbirnie Cr & Vallance St, Kilbirnie.
Researching your family using the branch microfiche, CD collections and library resources.

Wed 24 May: 7:30pm: Connolly Hall, Guilford Tce, Thorndon
Alison Scott - Archivist - Hutt City Archives

✓ WAIRARAPA BRANCH

Mon 15 May 7:30pm: Resource Centre 79 Queen Street Masterton
Heather Webber - shipping

Wairarapa also have their resource room open on Saturdays and at various times during the week.

Hi Ho, Hi Ho - it's off to research I go. . .

SPEAKERS' REVIEW – DR STEPHEN HAMILTON

Dr Stephen Hamilton is the Archivist at the Upper Hutt City Library. He talked about the Community Archives generally, sources for genealogists, and their digitisation project.

His focus is on Upper Hutt photos, family histories and documents. He actively collects documents by reading the local rag and is quick to find out when an RSA hall is about to close down or kindergartens are about to be merged. He visits these organisations and negotiates for their records. This is the same with photographic businesses like the well known Revell Jackson who photographed every social event and has left 40,000 negatives.

Current projects include the Trentham race records - a huge volume of papers and other items in very bad condition and Upper Hutt's 40th anniversary of being declared a city which falls on the 28th of May and the celebrations will include archived photos etc.

The resources are not that well served for Genealogy but there are electoral roles, and Wisers directories.

Stephen has spent a lot of time studying what has been written on Upper Hutt and where possible interviews those of the authors and editors who are still alive.

The website can be found at www.upperhuttlibrary.co.nz.

SPEAKERS' REVIEW - JUNE ORR - WILLIAM MEIN SMITH

June bore quite a strong resemblance to her ancestor, William Mein Smith who was New Zealand's first Surveyor General.

William Mein (pronounced 'mean') Smith was also an artist and June has managed to buy up a number of his paintings from local antique shops and they are not cheap paintings!

He was also a farmer in the Wairarapa and also at one stage had a saw mill with Revell. He had a good relationship with the local Maori which saved his life and those of his family members when other families in the area were killed. He is also said to be the only European man to have a Maori carving pole which was done as a gift by his Maori friends.

THE AUCKLAND MUSEUM CENOTAPH WEBSITE.

<http://www.aucklandmuseum.com/databases/general/BasicSearch.aspx?DatasetID=251>

The Cenotaph Database is primarily a roll of honour of those who died as a result of war service, but also includes some personnel who have died since. Besides each extensive personal detail about the life and military career of each person, we add images and links to other related online resources such as the commonwealth war graves commission debt of honour database and the personnel files held at Archives New Zealand.

Cenotaph already consists of 35,000 records, many of which include a portrait taken from published sources or supplied by family members. We draw information from a range of published sources and from the Museum Library's manuscripts collection and references to personal items on display in the Scars on the Heart galleries.

Our end plan is to include all New Zealanders who served in all 19th and 20th century wars, but the immediate goal is to build on the records of those who died, especially those from the Auckland region and regiments. "

I was fortunate enough to find an entry for my Great Uncle James Taylor Mason, who died in Egypt on 15 July 1942. An added bonus is there is also a photograph of him as well. - Carol Ann

Life, liberty and the right to know who our ancestors are

THE NEXT GENERATION OF GENEALOGISTS?

hey sandra,

I'm libby, i am Herbert Pike's great great grand-daughter. (Heathers daughter) I was 13 on march 10th and Daisy my sister is nearly 16.

When mummy told me that she was going to start looking up the family tree a few years ago, i thought she was being really sad! although when she told me about you it got interesting, because you are the only person she's talked about who is alive.

i thought that i should e-mail you so that you can put me at the very end of the tree because i'm the youngest in the whole family!!!!

Mum just suggested i should tell you about me so; my hobbies are: athletics, running, talking, gymnastics, hip-hop dance and other dancing, drawing, art, trampolining, making a mess, tech, football and being with my friends.

hope you had a nice day with your two grand-daughters.

from Libby

LEST WE FORGET THEM TOO

Black November - The 1918 influenza pandemic in New Zealand by Geoffrey W. Rice

I was very impressed with the layout and content of this book as Geoffrey had a black and white photo on nearly every page with many personal stories scattered through-out the chapters. It is very well researched and written.

Geoffrey's father was 9 years old when the 'Spanish' flu pandemic struck and was given the job of checking houses in Tauramanui, where he lived at the time, to see if anyone had died in the night. In those days, no one locked their doors so he could easily look into bedrooms early in the morning. He could tell when someone had died because their body had turned black! After seeing a woman asleep next to her dead husband, he could not take it anymore and quit.

Geoffrey was so fascinated his father's story, that he investigated further. He discovered what appeared to be a media silence on the Black Flu but the huge number of death notices in November and December 1918 showed something major had occurred. Yet strangely, almost nothing was written on this depressing episode in the history books.

Dr. Rice is Associate Professor of History at the University of Canterbury. He spent more than 10 years studying New Zealand death certificates and all the newspapers of the era and collecting stories and photographs. He published the first edition of the book in 1988. The 2005 edition reviewed here, published by Canterbury University Press, has been revised and enlarged with further photographs and interviews of witnesses.

It is estimated that World War 1 claimed over 1600 lives of New Zealanders over a period of 4 years, yet in less than 2 months, during November and December 1918, the flu pandemic claimed half that many civilians. Throughout the world, the toll reached 21 million compared with an estimated 7 million who lost their lives to WW1. It only seemed to hit the fit and healthy by-passing children and the weedy types. A lot of children lost one or both of their parents.

The pandemic hit the Maori communities the worse. Tangis were forbidden at this time as were any social gatherings such as church services and schools had their longest summer holidays ever.

The ship Niagara was blamed for the spread of the flu (returning from overseas with the Prime Minister so wasn't quarantined) as well as the Amnesty celebrations on the 11th of November. However, Geoffrey came to the conclusion that this strain of flu was an earlier strain that had mutated and hit the areas worse where the first strain had missed. The amnesty celebrations did not help and neither did such occasions as Christchurch's Show Day which had crowds of people attending from miles around.

Although there were many claims on life insurance policies, it was after this pandemic that there was a marked rise in the numbers of life insurance policies being taken out.

So after having read this fascinating book, and having my first ever flu jab, I decided it was time to have another look at my family tree at who was born and who died around this time - editor.

A NARRATIVE OF ANCESTRY AND IMMIGRATION BY JAMES ROY

ON LEAVING HOME

Although I had fully made up my mind to leave Scotland, and all old associations and friends, it was not such an easy matter when it came to carry out my resolution. I had to leave all my own family behind, father and mother, sisters and brothers. Also part or rather most of my wife's family. I had to leave the place I was brought up in, and the Church I was a member of, with all its associations - the Minister and his wife, our Sabbath School Teachers, of whom my wife and I were of the number, near and dear neighbours and friends, for these were many. For some years past I had been constantly engaged in seeking to do good among my neighbours and friends for a considerable distance round, and that brought regret and sorrow on both sides, so it was hard parting with dear relations and old and tried friends.

I remember that some of my neighbours would not believe I was going until one Sabbath evening I took as the text from which I spoke "Our conversion is in Heaven". I illustrated this with an emigrants thoughts and actions ere he finally set sail for a foreign country. This settled the matter. One neighbour (our nearest), John Alexander, declared he did not believe I was to go till he heard that address. One may be sure there was much talk, much thought, and much preparation one way and another, ere we could get away. Visitings were the order of the day, both far and near. Presents were bestowed upon us of varied kind showing that we carried with us the hearty good wishes of an endeared neighbourhood. Unless from a strong sense of duty I would not like to pass through the same ordeal again, once in a lifetime is enough.

It was finally resolved that along with me and my wife and child, there should go with us, a brother and sister of my wife: Robert and Jessie Bagrie. Jessie had been an invalid for some time, and it was thought probable that the change would do her good, as it did. I made arrangements with the Robert Henderson Shipping Company to sail in one of their ships, and the one that suited the time of departure was the Grassmere, a comparatively small vessel 600 tons or so, and not a new one either. So on the last day of April 1862 we sailed from Glasgow bound for New Zealand. Besides the above mentioned five, there also accompanied us from our parish, Jane Calder, James Bain and Alexander Wisely.

Our voyage was without any special incident, only that it was lengthy, occupying four calendar months and a week, as we arrived in New Zealand on the 6th September, 1862. Both my wife and I endured a good deal of seasickness, but I was rather the worst. Indeed I was halfway here ere I was free of it. The voyage on the whole was agreeable but for the sickness and the food which was anything but good; at any rate for us who had not been used to food of that description. We had lectures and dances on board, that was after we were all on our feet, and favourable sailing weather. We had also religious services on Sabbath, morning and evening. Our minister, the Rev James Cameron, officiated in the forenoon and James Bain and I in the evening. One incident I might mention that occurred one night of a dance. All, that is, all those that enjoyed that sort of thing were busily employed, even the lookout man was there. I was on the forecastle or side of the ship looking out on the sparkling sea, when I espied a light ahead. It did not take long to call the sailors attention to it, and it now reminds me of another celebrated dance mentioned in song -(the Ball held by the Duchess of Richmond on the night before the Battle of Waterloo). There was a hurrying to and fro, shouting and pulling ropes and turning the vessel clear of the oncoming ship. We just cleared it and not much more. We had no deaths on board, but two births. The health of the passengers was generally good. We had, however, a case of lunacy which occupied the doctor's attention a bit.

I do not think it will be readily forgotten what the feelings were that Sabbath morn, when the cry arose, "New Zealand in sight!" It was a beautiful calm morning and continued so as we sailed nearer and nearer the shore, the land of our adoption and desired haven of rest. Strange that the first sighting we should see was the snow clad peaks of the distant mountains. That, however, gave way to lowlands and sandy beach. We had missed our way, we had gone too far north. Our captain's chronometers (two) had varied and he was not sure which to trust to, and so was out of his reckoning. We expected to arrive at Otago Heads but were as far north as Canterbury. About ship was now the order of the day, and south-west as far as possible. But it so happened that directly south-west was out of the question, as the south-west wind blew, and we must go to sea again.

Before we got to Otago heads we had to encounter the most violent storm of the voyage. But the long looked for came at last, and on the 5th September we cast anchor outside the heads, a day long to be remembered by all on board the Grassmere ship.

The landing was not altogether so joyous as might have been, as my wife was sick, she had taken a bowel complaint and was scarcely able to go ashore, but managed somehow. Whatever other passengers thought, I was fairly entranced with the beauty of the bush and the bay. So new, so strange, so different from anything we had been used to. Scarce a patch of grass or green of any kind, but unvarying, evergreen bush. We, and all our belongings, were taken up to Dunedin on a small steamer and lodged for the time being in the Immigration Barracks. Houses were difficult to get, as there had been a great influx of strangers from Australia owing to the outbreak of the gold diggings a year before. However, we managed by and by to get a small cottage at the top of a very steep brae at 25/- per week rent for four rooms; and thus began our residence in New Zealand.

I did not get a situation at once, but the others, that is the three young men and the young woman who accompanied us, did. Servant girls were scarce, and eagerly sought after. Good, reliable ploughmen were also in demand, and so our three lads soon found a home in the country. James Bain at Waihola, Alex. Wisely at Waihola also, and Robert Bagrie at Tokomairiro, all at good wages, £60 or so. My turn came after three weeks waiting. I had a letter of introduction from the Rev. Dr. John Bonar, the Foreign or Colonial Secretary of the Free Church, to the Rev D.M. Stuart of Knox Church, Dunedin, and through him I got a situation as Catechist to First Church. My duties were to find out and visit members and adherents of that Church, as the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Burns was getting old and unable for much visiting, and by such an influx of strangers as recently took place, it was difficult for Dr. Burns to find the people out.

This situation afforded me, as I thought, the very generous salary of £200 per annum. My master or masters, for I was under both the Doctor and the Kirk Session, were all that I could desire. I had perfect liberty to chose my own way, they never interfered with me one way or another, and if they needed my services on any particular occasion, would ask them as a favour, and be afraid of troubling me or putting me about. I might here record the names of such genuine friendly and generous men as I had to do with. The Rev. Dr. Burns was minister. Our elders were; Messrs Alexander Livingstone Snr., John Hill, George Matthews, James Mollison, John McGlashan, R.A.Lawson, Robert Mackay, Adam Johnston, James Morris and A.W.Morris. I also was chosen as an elder. I will give an account of my work here farther on.

I shall, here introduce two people whose acquaintance and friendship with us deserves to be recorded. Their names are Walter and Mrs Riddell. We were berth-mates on board the Grassmere. Ours was enclosed steerage for which we paid £18 a piece, and in a 6x7 or 7x7, there were two beds, one above the other, and the uppermost one was occupied by those mentioned. They were just newly married on leaving home, and having no children, as I suppose were allotted the upper bunk. As may be imagined, being such near neighbours, we became very friendly, and more so perhaps, when we came to know that our higher hopes were the same. When we arrived in Dunedin, we rented a house together; and after a time, when we thought it was too heavy a rent for all the accommodation, we leased some land, at 10/- per foot frontage, and that only a chain in depth in Smith Street and built a house together. A house with a double chimney and two doors, one each end, with a veranda. There we lived together until our neighbours, having bought some rural land on the Peninsular, left us. Our friends have succeeded and made a comfortable livelihood, and also reared a large family. Mr. Riddell has also established his name and fame as Founder and Manager of the Taieri and Peninsular Dairy Factory in Dunedin, which has splendid reputation for its excellent butter. Our friendship still continues and I trust it may do so.

Before proceeding farther at present with my own history, I shall relate some changes that took place at home, viz. Drumblade and Forgue. My exit had evidently unsettled the minds of our family, so much so that they also came to the conclusion to follow us. When such news reached us, it was a pleasant surprise indeed, and not only did my father and mother, sister and brothers, but my wife's mother, sisters and brother and an aunt and her husband and family all resolved to cast in their lot with us, and come to New Zealand. They sailed from Glasgow to the City of Dunedin on the 1st June and arrived at Port Chalmers on the last day of August, 1863. But it was the will of Providence that they should not 'all' arrive. My two aunts, Mrs Bagrie and Mrs Sangster died ere they reached land. Mrs Bagrie was buried at sea, but Mrs Sangster died at Port Chalmers aboard ship and was buried there. This made it a sorrowful landing for us all. More so as my wife was confined in childbed, only

two days before their arrival. God's ways are not always our ways. Man proposes, God disposes. I have no doubt it was meant for good to us all, and I hope and believe it proved so. But whoever dies, be they the dearest we have, the rest must live, and active life makes us forget our sorrows, as is from the Lord.

The arrivals now landed were; my father and mother, sister Isabella, Jane and her husband, Charles Finlayson, Grace, Christina, and Margaret Cran; brothers John and William; my wife's sisters Christina and May, and her brother John; my uncle John Sangster and his son John and his daughters Christina and Elizabeth, and one grandchild Annie Sangster. Another daughter, Mrs. Horn came later on and one son, Alexander, James having come some years earlier.

When we arrived here the Otago settlement was only 14 years old. Very few of the streets in Dunedin were formed, not even Princess Street all the way, and the salt water came to Princess Street where was also a house for the Maoris. There was only one piece of metalled pavement, that between Rattray Street and Stafford Street. In the country, the roads were only being formed, and very few bridges over the rivers and streams. The larger rivers such as the Taieri and Clutha were crossed by means of punts. There were, of course, no railways. Foreign birds, beasts and fish had not then been introduced, and scarcely even thought of. Road traffic was carried on under great difficulties, through bad roads and want of bridges, especially in the winter. At first sledges were much used for carrying things. The first funeral I attended in a country place, had a corpse carried on a sledge. Bullock teams of 8, 10 and 12, were much used when we arrived and it was a common sight to see them in Dunedin hauling drays or wagons. But as the Victorian and other immigration increased and the need of the diggings required, horses were then used. At the time we came to Wairuna (14 January, 1866) it took us three days from Dunedin, and that in the month of January. There were only patches of metal on the roads here and there up to Tokomairiro, and none farther on. In Wairuna we had all our roads and bridges to make ourselves, with the exception of the Main Road. There were as yet no up-country townships, they were just being formed. A few houses at Waiholo, Milton or Fairfax and Balclutha, none farther west.

At the present period (1905) what a change! Dunedin, for size, miles in extent and electric tramways traversing the streets. Large steamers coming to its wharves, besides on our arrival, it was thought a considerable advance to have small steamboats for the passenger traffic, and only lighters to take the goods from Port Chalmers to Dunedin, and that always depended on the wind. Turning to road traffic in the country, it is now carried on all through or at least to a great extent where settlement has taken place, by well constructed railways. Looking over a Railway Guide today, I was struck with the difference when I counted between 800 or 900 railway stations in the country, that is all New Zealand. Only those who have been in the country from the first can realise the wonderful extent of the progress made. To God be the glory for all His goodness in permitting and enabling us as a people to do what we have done. When would the aborigines (the Maori) if left to themselves, have accomplished so much? It is reasonable to think - never! It is all of God and His goodness to put us in possession of this fair land and to enable us to cultivate the wilderness and raise so many smiling houses and homesteads as are to be seen in town and country. As already stated I had got a situation as a Catechist or Home Missionary in connection with First Church, Dunedin, and was still in it and for more than two years longer after our families arrived. to be continued...

CUT OFF WITH A SHILLING - from *The Cat's Out Of The Bag, The stories behind some everyday expressions* - Readers Digest.

This phrase, rather old-fashioned now, was a favourite of irate fathers in Victorian novels, as was the practice - or at least the threat of - disinheriting a prodigal son ... and occasionally a wayward daughter. A common error is to say cut off *without a shilling*. But, with or without, why the *shilling*? Most probably because of a widespread but mistaken belief that complete disinheritance was illegal in English law - that some token bequest must be made to an eldest child or at least one's eldest son. If that were omitted, it was thought, the disinherited son could invalidate his father's will by alleging that his father was of unsound mind when drawing it up. A shilling legacy was thought to be large enough to make the will legal - and it was certainly, like the traditional farthing damages in libel cases, small enough to be derisory.

WEBSITES

- ✓ Hutt City Archives - For those who haven't yet visited the website try <http://www.huttcity.govt.nz> and follow the various links. The site for the Archives is <http://www.huttcity.govt.nz/history/archives> The volunteers from the Hutt Branch of the NZSG have been working at the Archives for about 11 years. Most recently we have been attempting identify photographs of and date events in the Hutt area. - Jan Walker
 - ✓ This is a story about some of mine who were glovemakers. <http://www.dorset-ancestors.com/cgi-bin/features/archive.cgi?action=display&id=186> - Sandra Greig
 - ✓ Family tree magazine site - <http://www.family-tree.co.uk/phpBB2/viewforum.php?f=22&sid=9e6d3171da754ae4b2989806c221cc4d>
 - ✓ Old Occupations. - includes some stories with the jobs <http://www.rmhh.co.uk/occup/h.html>
 - ✓ For anyone with family in London on the Thames - <http://townsleyb.members.beeb.net/Boatmen/namesg.htm>
 - ✓ <http://www.nzine.co.nz/index.html> - check out the History Section (also more on Geoffrey Rice's book)
 - ✓ Doomsdaybook online - <http://www.domesdaybook.co.uk/links.html#3>
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