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THE SECRETARY'S NEWSLETTER

Greetings to all of our members, especially those who have joined us during the last 12 months. The additions and deletions to our membership list just about balance each other and current membership is close to 340. The loss of honoured and long-time members by death is sad but inevitable; then there are those letters that arrive from members (three this year so far) regretfully resigning because of failing vision and other afflictions of aging—I suppose they are inevitable too. Since my last newsletter I have been able to meet some of you and that is always a pleasure—sorry some of you weren't home when I knocked. It was good to spend a pleasant hour in Ohura with Jim Woodhouse at Easter.

SUBS—AND RED CROSSES!

I hope that learning from experience is still within my capability! Those little red crosses I added to many of the news-sheets that went out with the *Lina Jones* Proceeding caused some 'anguish' in some cases and for that I do apologise. It means that in future I have to get my act with treasurer Keith Lawry together a bit better. If anything similar happens again please don't worry as I know Keith keeps very accurate records and it should right itself the next time we send out subscription forms. Then I should also have included a reminder that the sub. for the 1984-85 year had increased to \$8. We have received a great variety of amounts but, again, that can be righted with the next form sent out. It does seem that many of you have lost the subscription form that you received with JOURNAL '84 so I would ask that in future you try not to lose it and to send it with your sub. when you pay. Dare I suggest that prompt payment would prevent most of the misunderstandings? As I noted last year at the time of writing this (23 May), there are still about \$700 worth of unpaid subs for the year ending 30 June.

SOUTH PACIFIC REGIONAL CONFERENCE

Unfortunately mention of the Conference planned for Auckland this month (May 1985) was omitted from my newsletter last year and many who were interested in this have been puzzled at its disappearance. It so happened that for several reasons we found that we just couldn't continue with our planning and would have to cancel or postpone it. Consultation with the World Methodist Historical Society (in U.S.A.) has resulted in the new time of May 1987 being allocated. If previous planning is continued it will be held at St. John's College, Auckland for about a week in mid-May with speakers and visitors from all the South Pacific Area as well as U.S.A., etc. At present we are looking for a convenor for the sub-committee to organise it. Several of our members attended the last South Pacific one in Sydney a few years ago and this will be the first time we have had one in N.Z. Let's hope that we can bring it to fruition this time.

"JOURNAL '84"

You will remember that this was issued last year as an experiment in a new type of Proceeding. The fact that you are now receiving JOURNAL '85 is one sign that it was a success. We thank the many of you who wrote appreciative remarks and hope suitable material will continue to arrive. The fact that this one is bigger is a good sign. If we get too much some can always be held for a subsequent year. We also soon realised that there was an increased demand for extra copies of JOURNAL '84 and hadn't printed enough as there are now none left.

FINANCE

- A. **General:** Our general funds at the moment stand at close to \$2650 which is satisfactory for our basic needs. As each year finishes we must have enough to cover the printing and posting of the first Proceeding of the new year before the next lot of subs starts arriving. The unknown factor at present is the Regional Conference described above. As we don't know how much that will cost or how much finance will become available from other sources, we should try to build up a reserve in case it is needed.
- B. **Special:** By June 1984 we invested \$3000 with the Methodist Trust Association, being the money in hand for the Les Gilmore & Frank Smith Memorial Funds and have since added \$90 from further money received since then. It also includes \$250 earmarked to assist the publication of a life of Rev. Cort Schnackenburg when that is done. At 31 March 1985, this fund had reached \$3565 with dividends, etc. added.

TRAVELS

Our Chairman, Rev. George Carter, is away from May to August on a visit to U.K. via Canada and U.S.A.

Our Editor and Publisher will also be in Melbourne where he will supply in the Preston Parish in July, August, September. He has been busy getting this JOURNAL through the printing stage before he goes.

I have just arrived back from three weeks in Perth, Adelaide and Melbourne on a holiday trip. While in Adelaide and Melbourne I met a leader of the Uniting Church Historical Societies in those states and received a very friendly welcome. I have arranged for reciprocal membership with both in the same way we have had with N.S.W. for many years. Also in Melbourne I met a sprightly 86 year old, Mr Reg Turner, who is the great-grandson of Rev. Nathaniel Turner, one of our earliest missionaries, and a keen student of his life and the family history. Also managed a brief visit to our only member in Melbourne, Rev. Fred Waive.

OTHER SOCIETIES

We now have reciprocal membership with the World Methodist Historical Society, the Wesley Historical Society in U.K. and the Uniting Church Societies in N.S.W., Victoria and South Australia. If anyone is interested in membership of them I can tell you who to contact and probably the sub you should send. We receive their publications which eventually collect on our shelves at Turner St., Auckland. I'm sure that if anyone wishes to borrow any that could be arranged.

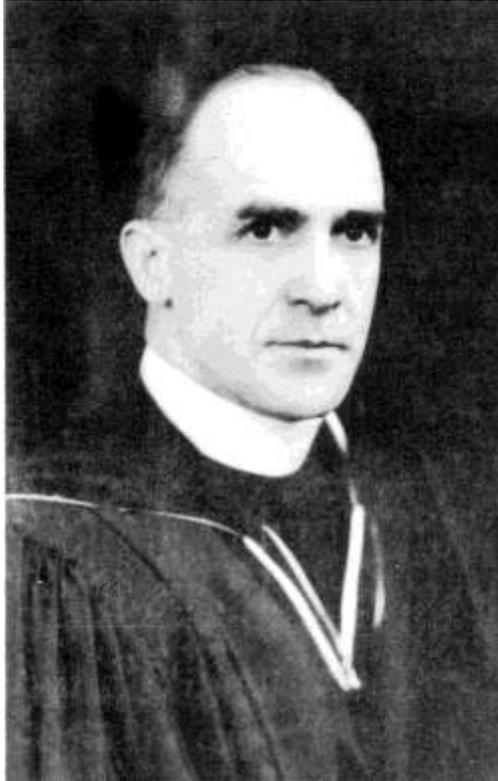
PROCEEDINGS—AND OTHER BOOKS

- A. Since *Journal '84*, you should all have received *Valuable—Beyond—Price*, George Carter's biography of Sister Lina Jones, a truly great lady. Those two represent our output for the 1984-85 year.
- B. This *Journal '85* is our first time issue for the 1985-86 year. I can't be definite about others for this year but from correspondence and conversations I have had I know that material on a variety of topics is being prepared and hopefully, will be in future Journals or as separate issues. Some topics that come to mind are Hospital Chaplaincies, the Heathcote Valley, Rev. Williams Woon in Taranaki, Rev. Cort Schnackenberg, Dr Janus on financial matters, Faith & Order and George Stephenson, and early lay preacher in Northland.
- C. An extra source of income from time to time is from acting as the agent in selling a book from which we get an amount for each copy sold through us. The latest example of this was Rev. Frank Glen's *For Glory & A Farm* published by Whakatane Historical Society through Frank's membership of the N.Z. Military Historical Society and dealing with the Australians recruited to N.Z. in the 1860's and promised farms at the end of their service. It was a limited edition and I only publicised it in the Waikato & Taranaki districts. It is now sold out but I have one copy left for \$12 if anyone is interested. We thank Frank for helping us to add about \$170 to our funds.
- D. However, there are still plenty of copies available of others in this category and can be obtained through me. They are:—
 1. *Samuel Ironside in New Zealand* by Wesley Chambers—\$30
 2. *Of Toffs and Toilers* by G. C. Buckley—\$19.50 plus \$1 postage
 3. *Men of Faith and Courage* (Army Chaplains) by J. B. Haigh—\$18

Dave Roberts
Hon. Secretary

ERIC HAMES CHURCHMAN — HISTORIAN — FRIEND

Eric Wilson Hames, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Fellow of Wesley College died on Sunday 7 October 1984, aged 87. With his passing our Church lost one of its most gifted and beloved sons and our Society a foundation member and distinguished contributor to Methodist history.



Rev. Eric Wilson Hames M.A.
Felloe of Trinity College, Fellow of Wesley College
1897-1984

Eric was born on 31 July 1897 of pioneer Albertland parents. He volunteered for war service at 20 and saw active service in France. He was accepted as a candidate for the ministry in 1919 and trained for three years at Dunholme. He served his probation at St. John's, Nelson and Cashmere, graduating M.A. while at Nelson, with first class honours in history. While at Cashmere he married Miss Mary Wilson, the companion of all his years. They had three sons. After ordination he served in Northern Wairoa, Addington, Roxburgh, Dominion Road, Auckland, and was then called to Trinity

College as Resident Tutor. He was appointed acting Principal in 1941 and Principal in 1945. He led the college till 1963.



Principal of Trinity Theological College

He served the Connexion in many ways, being Secretary of the North Canterbury District, Chairman or Deputy Chairman of the Auckland District for 12 years, Chairman of the Home and Maori Missions and Overseas Mission Boards, Chairman of the Faith and Order Committee, to which he made a notable contribution by helping the church develop a worthy theology of ministry and church and guiding the revision of liturgy. He was President of Conference in 1950, his Presidential address being on 'Methodist Churchmanship' and he attended the World Methodist Conference in Oxford, England.

In retirement Mr Hames continued to teach in the college part-time, and at Auckland University, served on Prince Albert College and Wesley College Trust Boards and continued to serve our Society to the end.

The Wesley Historical Society pays its special tribute to the Reverend E. W. Hames as foundation member for fifty four years, 1930-1984. He was Chairman of the Executive for four years, 1943-1947, having served on it for a total of forty-two years. He became President of the Society in 1947 and continued in that office for twenty seven years, 1947-1974. For a further ten years he served as Vice-President.

He not only gave leadership in the Society but also made a significant contribution to its Proceedings. The Church is much in his debt for his writings on the story of

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Wesley College, the Lawry family, Probert Trust, as well as for his two volume history of the Methodist Church in New Zealand.

1944 Vol. 3, No. 4 "*Wesley College Centenary*"

1967 Vol. 23, No. 4 "*Walter Lawry*"

1971 Vol. 26, Nos. 1-4 "*100 Years in Pitt Street*" "*150 Anniversary Histories*"

1972 Vol. 27, Nos. 3-4 "*Out of the Common Way*" European Church 1840-1913

1973 Vol. 28, Nos. 1-2 "*Coming of Age*" European Church 1913-1972

1979 Vol. 34 "*The Prince Albert College Trust*".

1982 Vol. 39 "*From Grafton to Three Kings to Paerata*" (Wesley College)

1844-1982. 1983 Vol. 40 "*The Saga of the Probert Trust*".

To capture something of the life and spirit of the man we publish three personal tributes, one by a longtime colleague in ministry and the Society, one by one of his students who later served also as Principal, and one by another of his students.

REV. GEORGE LAURENSEN WRITES:

The death of E. W. Hames has removed one of the last surviving foundation members of the N.Z. Wesley Historical Society.

From the beginning of its existence the Society has developed a great debt of gratitude to Mr Hames for his able personal interest in all the activities, and from his pen have flowed a stream of well documented local and connexional Histories. He was essentially a historian at heart, having taken that subject for the advancement of his University studies for his Master of Arts degree. He always urged his students to take a wholesome interest in their 'roots', and his own deep personal interest in the Wesley background of our denomination was extended to the special developments in this country and in our new Zealand commitment to Overseas Missions. He read avidly and widely with a keen eye for trends in our connexional policy and growth, while at the same time giving wise and shrewd comments on issues of the day.

At one stage for a period he was President of the World Wesley Historical Society, an honour that followed his attendance at the Methodist Ecumenical World Conference as a representative of our Dominion Methodism in 1950.

We are particularly indebted to him for his two volumes in the set of 150th Anniversary Histories. These alone would be a massive contribution to our church story, but his painstaking accounts of the work of the Probert Trust and the Prince Albert College Trust Board were an added special bonus. His Handbook of doctrine, *Teaching the Faith*, has been a valuable tool for use in classes for confirmation and has been widely used by Circuit Ministers.

He will be remembered with gratitude for his work as a recorder of history and the ability to inspire his students and his hearers with something of his great passion. When warmed to his subject his humour and his deep sincerity were both contagious and we shall record this tribute gladly to a good man, a Christian brother and a wise and helpful pastor and preacher of the Gospel of the Saviour he loved and devotedly served.

DR JOHN LEWIS WRITES:

"The Methodists are one people". This was a favourite quotation of the Reverend Eric Hames from his mentor John Wesley. To that unity in faith and experience he had made his own continuing contribution.

Methodism was in his blood, son and grandson of local preachers. Another formative influence to which he increasingly referred in his later years was his time in France in 1918 and service with the army of occupation. A year after this, he was candidating for the ministry in New Zealand. Twenty years were spent in significant leadership in Circuits and in various Districts from the Northern Wairoa to Roxburgh. Here he developed his considerable skill in preaching and discovered the value of the Lay Pastorate.

In February 1939, he was appointed Resident Tutor at Trinity College in Grafton. With but two months' notice, he was commissioned by the Conference to tutor in Theology, take charge of the University Hostel, assume responsibility for the Domestic Services, and minister to the Grafton congregation. All this was undertaken without the help of Secretary or Bursar, let alone a credit balance. It became an art to stretch the pound and gain the maximum mileage from it. In that year six new students came with him into the College, which meant that a quite special bond grew up. They were to discover that, with the coming of Mr and Mrs Hames, a new era had begun. They were also to learn that here were qualities and powers that were more than adequate for the developing situation and which went further to put a stamp upon generations of the Church's ministry.

One of the first things he brought was a sense of belonging to the Church of the ages. It came out of his experience through his own family of whom he often spoke, his baptism at the hand of the pioneer, William Gittos, those Methodist roots in eighteenth century England. Like Wesley, he stumbled on things, as need arose, when for instance he accidentally left the Hostel door unlocked at night, treating students as adults. It stayed that way. He added to his already heavy load of teaching the story of the Church, his deft touch with word pictures, his shrewd insights into personality bringing situations to life. "Read the novel," he would say. "You will find your congregation there." He would take an Anthony Trollope with him on a trip to Australia, at other times turn to the ingenuity of crime detection. He opened up the world of Wesley's parish in the context of that Awakening which was both evangelical and sacramental, the Anglican eight o'clock communion being a Methodist contribution, in all the diversity of influences upon Wesley himself, Lutheran,

Moravian, Catholic, biblical, that of Susannah, through all the great stories of Wesley's preachers. He reminded the University of the need to continue the teaching of biblical Hebrew established by Dr Ranston, and stepped in to help. He urged students to take responsibility for themselves and to pursue their own investigations into Christian insight and practice, through essay and thesis, a new approach in those days. He discovered the sustaining influence on the College of the sacramental with the institution of the weekly communion where the community gathered around the one common cup and the broken bread. If 'a Methodist Society', he would again quote from Wesley's Journal, is 'a company of people having the form and seeking the power of godliness', he would also add from the same source the advice Wesley gave to people in the South, 'having the power, do not neglect the form'. Another cherished word was 'Do not trust your emotions to carry you through. Maintain the means of grace.'

A further significant mark was his essential honesty. It came through every facet of his work. "Gentlemen," said Dr Ranston in days before the entry of women students into the College, "isn't Mr Hames preaching well!" He always did. Understanding of people, sensitive pastoral concern, a love for the Scriptures, a desire to get to the heart of things, were all in it. It was enough simply to hear him read from a biblical passage, in his preferred standard version, an enlargement when he went on to speak of 'Wrestling Jacob' or on a phrase from Gordon Rupp 'The Optimism of Grace'. He could never be dull, something he abhorred anyway. He could preach on the humour of the Gospels, in his classes, question the ways of God.

Such integrity of mind made the historian. It cut through the shallow or sentimental and refused to waste time on 'manicuring the minor moralities'. When he spoke, often provocatively, people listened, kept on thinking, then went away to quote him to others. The same is true of his writing, notable for its economy of words and its trenchant comment.

A third quality was his sheer humanity for he was complete, a whole person. Churchmanship took him into Synod, Conference, Faith and Order enquiry, District leadership, on to the Wesley College Board, Probert Trust, and there his personal quality together with great wisdom made it all effective. People noted his breadth of mind and were grateful for his courtesy. They trusted him, savoured his wit, the master of the throw-away line. When he and Mrs Hames were being farewelled to England, and the students gave him a satchel, "Thank you," he said, "it will help to keep my sermons dry!" Yet it was much more than this. In retirement, for the Wesley Historical Society, he once conducted Conference delegates around the Methodist treasures, housed at St John's College, his comments on each a liberal education. Finally he asked what it was that so endeared Wesley to the people of England, "It was the fact that they knew he really cared for them."

E. W. Hames stood in the shoes of Wesley, preacher of good news, teacher, scholar, pastor, one who knew how to lead in prayer. In a significant statement to Focus, in

place of much talking, he advocated 'a new sense of the Divine as a Presence in life and experience.' He regretted the loss of the sense of the numinous in much modern, flattened, translation. He noted that constant reference to brotherhood did not necessarily mean brotherliness. A Methodist firmly within the Catholic tradition, he was not given to using the catch cries of a resurgent denominationalism nor to creating a false antithesis between Catholic spirit and Catholic content. "Apostolic is as Apostolic does".

When students gathered in the last service for morning prayer in the Grafton Chapel, prior to the move to Meadowbank, he accepted the invitation to lead. It was fitting and characteristic that he should speak on the courage of faith.

Above all he taught us to worship. A favourite hymn was:

*"I hunger and I thirst;
Jesus my manna be:
Ye living waters, burst
Out of the rock for me
O living waters rise
Within me evermore".*

REV. FRANK GLEN WRITES:

"There are three essentials necessary in a clergyman, and I hope that all of you will make some efforts to cultivate them. In the first instance he must be a gentleman, secondly educated, and if possible a Christian.

These words rather horrified me. It was our first day as freshmen at Trinity College. My six older and rather more intelligent fellow students all laughed, while Mr Hames chuckled and smiled. At the time I was astonished and possibly a little injured by what I considered to be almost heresy. Like many others, my years at Trinity College were to be testing times, sometimes discovering that the boundaries of immaturity were set too close to ones of ego, and insecurities. E.W. Hames had a way of exposing these, either directly with a ruthless thrust of blunt language, or the wit which required some understanding of history, theology or literature.

He gave his students three fundamental challenges. He challenged them to a deeper understanding of 'The Most High God', a sense of Worship, and to rediscover the Catholicity of Wesley.

His life began, as he described it during one of his ethics lectures. "I was brought up on the odour and sanctity of Northland Methodism". It was in this spirit, along with thousands of others that he went off to fight the war which was about to end all wars. Or so he believed when he went. This experience deeply affected his own personal understanding of the historic times in which he lived. E. W. Hames experienced the turnaround the Wesleyan and Primitive Methodist Churches made following Union in 1913 and which World War I unexpectedly forced upon them. The declining emphasis

of the evangel for the gospel of social justice, when coupled with less determination to continue the middle of the road liberal politics and loyalty to the Empire, had grown out of the social mix following the war. The experience of E. W. Hames within these tensions helped to make him the man he became. He made his choice, and adopted a balanced view, in what is best described as holding the truth in tension. He was part of that era which emphasised higher education for the newly emerging clergy of the Methodist denomination of the early 20's. Trinity College was still in aspirations of the theological fathers of the Church. Among them Dr C. H. Laws, Dr J. T. Pinfold, Dr H. Ranston, Rev. M. A. Rugby Pratt, Rev. William Ready, Rev. William Blight, and others now passing slowly into history. E. W. Hames was among the first post war students to experience the impact of the educational emphasis as it was translated into reality. No longer did Methodists seek to offer a ministry through people who were essentially stipendiary laymen, and so conservative theologically that the realities of the day, both in society, and the world for the most part, escaped them.

The decision to build the new Trinity Theological College in Grafton Road reflected the deep desire by the Church to associate the training of the ministry with the proximity and opportunity of the University. The later decision for E. W. Hames to follow Dr Ranston as Principal reflected the changing theological position of a Church discovering for the first time the roots of its Churchmanship, and the 'reason to be' in a post 19th Century former colony. E. W. Hames was not a skeptic of the evangel; he believed the experience of conversion demanded a response in growth and maturity. He saw it in terms of an apostolic response, like Paul. It had to be decent and in order. His sensibilities of the Holiness of God was reflected in his teaching of worship. He sought at least to sow the seed that the Wesleys appreciated, and used much of the Anglican Tradition within the early Societies. His teaching in this area drew criticism and it remained a disputed point for the period of his Principalship. I recall one minister commenting when I rejected the business of liturgy, "A few years in Trinity College might change your mind on the matter."

"I'm sure that God plays 500". I made this remark amid laughter and smiles at the lunch table. It was a Sunday and we had all returned from morning worship at Pitt Street. My remark had its origins from something that Robert Thornley had made in his sermon. The laughter had barely subsided when Mr Hames, seated at the opposite end of the table made a scathing and cutting reply. "Glen, since you are on such intimate terms with the Almighty, perhaps you might like to tell us what colour pyjamas he wears". Silence settled, and that was my reply. The rebuke has ever been remembered. He taught us that Methodism had in the past, and still could be, most casual about personal relationships with the Most High God.

He was pastor to his students also. I early recognised that certain problems were best shared with E. W. Hames. He quickly got to the nub of them. Early in my career the sight of my name second from the bottom in the terms results forced me to consider my future. "Perhaps I should leave?" I suggested to a smiling gowned figure fidgeting behind that high desk and study full of books. The morning sun shone on the carpet.

"Ah then Glen, look at it this way. Not everyone can come second bottom, and that's where you belong. At least that's something to be proud of. You've found your level for the first time in your life." He grinned and told me that so far as he was concerned I was where he expected me to be. "Run along and have a good term break."

He responded to his students in the years following their graduation and ordination. His active mind and keen interest followed their various careers. His judgement about their future was seldom wrong. "You are a commando Glen, that's what you are, you take the high ground in the face of the enemy. It's up to the Church to hold it, or I'm blessed if I know how Methodism will ever hold you." History might well have proved him correct.

For those students with learning disabilities, and problems with languages, he always persisted with an alternative. One ambitious student with more enthusiasm than intelligence to grasp Hebrew turned up on that bright Saturday morning all smiles and keenness. A Hebrew bible flew through the air, caught with difficulty by the now astonished student. "Well now, there's your Hebrew Bible, get out and get stuck into your other studies boy, you'll do better at them than Hebrew." The student got the message.

English Bible opened the door to many a preacher who lacked the skills of languages, and it is a pity that today this is not pursued as it might be.

A scrawled note wishing the Glens the best as they began their ministry in the outback of Australia arrived amid the heat and dust and the flies. He took time to remember. The note was written on the back of an exam paper.

As a lecturer, it was history, not so much theology in which he shone. Everything had to be viewed in the historic perspective. It was examining the past, that we who now faced the decision making of the present could best be guided. Although he never indicated it, his thoughts were close to the Maori tradition of facing the present. He could make the most boring account of the past live, and seed it with anecdotes of his own experience, or the experiences of others. He chuckled his way through the centuries of Church history, and was especially delightful when relating the selection of missionaries' wives during the expansion of missions into the Pacific.

He left his mark among some of us who believe deeply that history is a sacred tool of preserving for the next generation the foolhardiness or the successes of the past. He taught us personalities make up history, and they must be examined, and be held responsible according to the light of their times.

His interest remained after retirement. He wrote to the same Glen who returned from Australia crushed by the experiences of life and unable to return to active ministry. "Then you ought not allow this adversity to overcome you, there are enough chaplaincies in the country which would exercise your ability. Seek them, and claim them." It took time, but that's what happened.

As he threw open the door to his home to welcome "Holy Joe", as he laughingly reflected, his warmth greeted both Margret and myself. What a time we had that warm October Saturday in 1983. He spoke of the ecumenical movement, and its costliness to Methodism. He also spoke of the Situation Ethics among the leadership in the middle ground of the Church. He had noticed a declining membership and made the observation, "that really started in 1911 when we gave away the class meeting." He talked about the Rev. C. H. Garland who had been Principal of the then Theological College, as the best educated man in the liberal arts and sciences the Methodist Church ever had, and a fine preacher as well. He chuckled when I thanked him for his contribution to my life and my ministry. It was good, he said, to be told while he was alive.

As with every principal of a theological college, there is an era in their passing. E. W. Hames has highlighted that era. I don't think that any of us who trained under him had the slightest idea that the changes and the challenges which have become part of history and 'the now' would have been as traumatic and shaking as they have been. He can be seen now by history to be a man of the middle ground, but no less remarkable because he was in the middle ground. He preserved for my generation the deep sense of the revelation of God, and the lively understanding of our conversation in personal as well as wider social responsibility. He gave to many of us a course to steer in the waters which few of us dreamed would ever have stormed so much. His books and his lectures will one day be read with a new interest as Methodism struggles to regain that ethos lost in the past decade.



Eric Hames in later years

HARRY VOYCE—PIONEER MISSIONARY

The Rev. A Harry Voyce died in Auckland on 28 December last, aged 85. Harry was at the time of his death a member of the Society and of its Executive and was present at the Executive meeting on 11 August last. Our Chairman, Rev. George Carter wrote the following tribute for Pacific Islands Monthly:

Harry Voyce was for over 30 years a noted figure as a pioneer missionary in Bougainville, army chaplain in the Pacific War, and founder of church communities in the North Solomons.

Harry was born in Hobart, Tasmania. When he was nine years old his family moved to New Zealand where he grew up in the central North Island. A strong, vigorous young man, he felt a call to the work of the mission field. Accepted for the Methodist ministry, he was trained at Dunhoime College in Auckland.

On March 17, 1926, he married Miss Beryl Haliday, and the young couple left for service with the old Solomon Islands Methodist District. Harry was appointed to Bougainville and assigned to the inland Siwai area. Up till this time, most missionary work had been confined to the coastal regions of the island, though some Melanesian teachers were stationed inland.

When the Voyces reached their appointed place at Tonu they found they were isolated from the coast by many miles of bush track and turbulent rivers. In the years that followed. Harry and Beryl Voyce explored much of inland Bougainville on foot, contacting village people throughout the area. Harry earned a name as a prodigious and swift walker—the "great Hurry-Up" as the locals called him. Beryl was recognised for her compassion and concern for the women and children.

In 1936 they shifted to Buin on the coast and established Kihili, a mission station that was a botanist's delight with an immense variety of plants— particularly hibiscus and bananas (33 varieties!).

When war came in 1942, the Voyces were on leave in New Zealand. Harry was immediately in demand from the Allied forces for information. He also joined the 3rd New Zealand Division as chaplain. In this capacity he returned to the Solomons. On Vella Lavella he not only fulfilled his ministry to the troops, but also contacted the mission teachers and village leaders.

When war ended the church obtained permission for Harry to make a brief visit to Torokina. That brief visit extended to four years before he took leave. With his usual energy and quickness to see and seize opportunities, he helped to re-establish links between the scattered congregations of the church, and out of the chaos of wartime junk he acquired the material to rebuild the mission stations and get schools and hospitals functioning again. Under his guidance and with the help of the

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Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme, the work was extended into teacher, agricultural and mechanical training, and home science courses were started for girls.

He served on the district advisory council and helped the local Returned Services League branch.

He finally retired at the end of 1958 after 33 years remarkable service. A keen observer of native customs and arts and crafts, and a noted stamp collector. Harry Voyce provided the material for an issue of Papua New Guinea stamps on Bougainville art. It was issued on March 17, 1976—Beryl's and Harry's 50th wedding anniversary.

Essentially a modest, rather shy, person for all his rugged strength. Harry Voyce was always quicker to point to others' achievements than to draw attention to his own. But he will be remembered with respect and affection by many people who lived in the North Solomons Province—missionaries, traders, government officers and most of all by the Siwai and Buin people. He is survived by his wife Beryl, four children, 14 grandchildren and three great grand children.



Rev. Harry Voyce

SAMUEL IRONSIDE IN CHURCH AND COMMUNITY

For the Society's Annual Lecture at the Methodist Church Conference in Blenheim in November last year the Lecturer was the Society's President, Rev. Wesley A. Chambers. In preparing his lecture Mr Chambers drew on British Parliamentary papers and his own definitive work *Samuel Ironside in New Zealand 1839-1858* (1982 published by Ray Richards). Those wishing for further information are referred to that book. The lecture was as follows:

It is fitting that Samuel Ironside should be the topic for this year's annual lecture at the Wesley Historical Society because his first sole-charge mission station was just over the hills from Blenheim at Port Underwood, and because it was from there that he laid the foundations of the Nelson Circuit, from which he did the spadework in the establishment of the Blenheim Circuit. In all, he spent nine of his 20 years in New Zealand in this area.

Instead of retelling the story of his life in New Zealand, I wish to look at his life from the point of view of his involvement in affairs relating to the development of New Zealand and its society. I do this following the lead of the tribute made to him in the Wellington newspaper of 10.5.1897, which at his death reported, 'The Rev. gentleman's activity in religious and social movements has assisted in the establishment of many of the institutions which have grown up in the Australasian colonies'. This was echoed by the Australasian Methodist Missionary Review, which *inter alia* said, 'The deceased gentleman was always active in religious and social movements . . . ' 5.6.1897.

Following that emphasis I shall try to set out aspects of Ironside's involvement in religious and social issues of the day, and leave it to you to read more widely about his life in this country.

The Treaty of Waitangi

At the age of 26 Samuel Ironside was a signatory to the Treaty of Waitangi and was instrumental in getting Tamate Waka Nene to his feet to make the decisive speech that turned the tide of opinion against the signing of the Treaty. However, this involvement in the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi did not happen as a bolt from the blue. Even while Ironside was training for the ministry in the Hoxton Wesleyan Theological Institution, Edward Gibbon Wakefield's advocacy of the establishment of colonies in New Zealand, was being considered by a select committee of the House of Lords (1837) and at a later date, by a select committee of the House of Commons (1840). Since the American War of Independence (1774), the British Government had not been particularly interested in establishing more colonies, but Wakefield's plan brought the whole matter to public attention and drew opposition from the Church Missionary Society (CMS) and the Wesleyan Missionary Society (WMS). In spite of

their somewhat different philosophies of mission, they joined forces for a joint opposition to Wakefield's plans. Those presenting the case for the Missionary Societies were Dandeson Coates for the CMS and John Beecham for the WMS. Their mind was expressed by the Rev. John Beecham:

'When I say that we (WMS) approve the proceedings of H.M. Government in sending Captain Hobson ... I would say we approve of it as the lesser of two evils. If colonization could have been altogether prevented it would have been far more agreeable to the views we entertain as a Missionary Society, but considering the state of things which has been produced, we are disposed to regard this measure as perhaps the best that existing circumstances would admit.'

Asked if emigration should have been prevented, Beecham replied:

'... we look upon the subject as a missionary society concerned for the *welfare of the natives*; and all history and all past experience show that colonization has so uniformly been injurious to the interests of the natives, that we cannot look upon colonization with anything like satisfaction.'

Apart from counteracting the religious aspects of Maori development, the Missionary Society maintained that colonization would also affect their temporal interests. Beecham's reply was prophetic.



Rev. Samuel Ironside

'It appears to us likely that colonization would injure the natives in their temporal interests. We calculate the probable future from the past. All past colonization has been more or less injurious to the aborigines; and the injuries of past colonization do not appear to be incidental but inherent in the system itself. I trace those evils to the inequitable acquirement of lands of the natives, to the neglect of comprehensive,

systematic plans for their instruction and improvement, and to the system of colonial policy which, in the attempt to harmonize the original rights of the natives with the assumed rights of the colonists, becomes little more than a series of varying ever shifting expedients, successively adopted to meet an emergency as it arises.'

In assessing the Wakefield Plan, the Missionary Society was of the opinion that it would repeat the consequences of the past.

First, in response for the benefits of civilization, it was assumed that the Maori would be willing to cede his land 'a portion of which would be restored when he shall have been prepared by Christianity and civilization for its enjoyment.' In the Plan however, there was no provision for missionary activity!

Secondly, the carrying out of the plan was thought to be most unlikely, the attempt to do so was likely to issue in disastrous results, as there was known to be resistance to the sale of any more land to Europeans in Hokianga, even as early as 1837.

Thirdly, from the evidence of the missionary correspondence which came across his table as a Secretary of the Missionary Committee, Beecham believed that the Maori had 'no very distinct idea of the total alienation of their lands; but may cherish the notion of resuming them at some future period under certain circumstances . . . ' though there was no illustration of this up to that time in the WMS history in New Zealand.

Should colonies be planted Beecham inferred that

The English have gone almost far enough in encroaching upon the natives, that the jealousy of the native is getting awakened and that a crisis would at no distant time arrive if a colony were planted; that as the natives are now showing so much jealousy in reference to their lands and their rights, if greater encroachment were made a collision would eventually take place; such is the fear I entertain.'

Such crises would come about because of individual disputes between the natives and the colonists—a colony would mean the interposition of Government to protect the colonists, or it could be activated by disputes between the natives themselves. The Wairau affray and the Puketapu feuds would be examples that arose subsequently to this hearing.

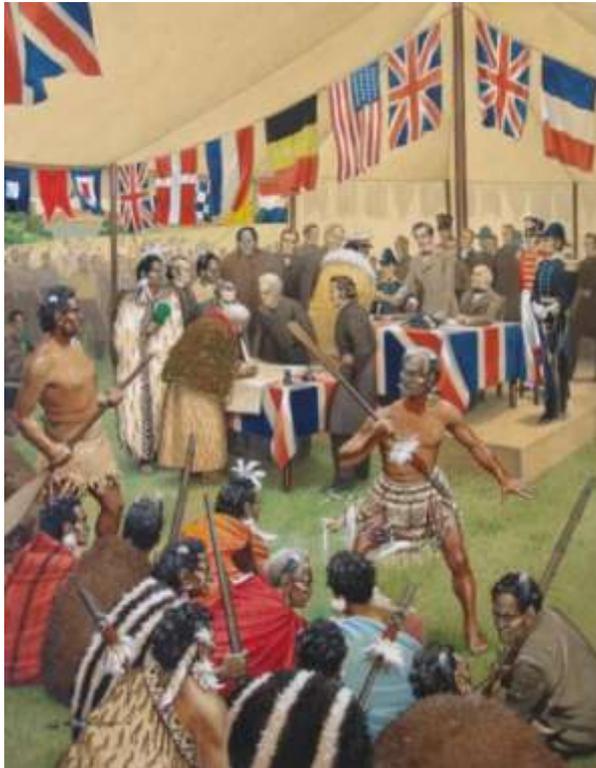
Asked if a colony of respectable citizens would not be beneficial to the Maoris, Beecham had to admit that there could be benefits, but his fear was that such a colony would not be planted as those sent out always contain a vicious element which undoes any good effects.

Summing up, Beecham stated:

I meet with a difficulty at the very threshold of the question. I cannot well see how equitable possession can be obtained of the lands of the natives; but

supposing that the natives would part with their land freely, that the colonists obtained righteous possession of no more land than the natives could spare, and that all these matters were properly arranged, if a colony was then formed of such individuals as have been referred to, I would admit that benefit could result.'

This was the background of the Wesleyan missionary signatures to the Treaty of Waitangi. To permit colonization on the basis of the Treaty was the lesser of two evils fraught with perilous possibilities, but contriving to protect Maori rights and interests. It was feared that it might not work out well for the Maori people, but to help prepare them for the impact of colonization, the Wesleyan Missionary Society decided upon a policy of expanding its missionary activity. Whereas in 1838 there were five missionaries in New Zealand, and they were confined to the Hokianga and Kawhia areas, the Centenary Fund of 1838 enabled the James to bring out John Bumby, John Warren, Samuel Ironside, Charles Creed, and in 1840 the Triton brought out John Aldred, George Buttle, Thomas Buddle, John Skevington, Gideon Smales and H. H. Turton. With this help, it was possible to plant Wesleyan Missionaries down the west coast of the North Island and the east coast of the South Island.



**Signing of Treaty of Waitangi 6th February 1840
Ironside between two chiefs behind table
Painting by Leonard Mitchell. Treaty House, Waitangi**

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Even as these missionary reinforcements sailed to New Zealand, so did the agents and later the people of the New Zealand Company (in 1839) before the issue of its charter of incorporation (1841). Thus settlement began in Wellington (22 January 1840) and Wanganui (18 September), New Plymouth (31 March 1841), Nelson (February 1842). And the fears of the CMS and WMS were not long in being realized with the Wairau affray in June 1843, Hone Heke's rebellion in July 1844, hostilities in the Hutt Valley in 1846, the attack on Wanganui, 19 May 1847, and the Puketapu feud (1854) leading up to the Taranaki war in 1860.

Perhaps it was more by accident than by design that Ironside at 26, and Warren who had been in the country only a matter of weeks, were signatories to the Treaty of Waitangi. Their seniors were busy circumnavigating the North Island looking for suitable sites for mission stations. Ironside and Warren were not acting as individuals but as Wesleyan missionaries subject to the discipline of the Church.

Ever since the Treaty has been under attack, but as long as the Wesleyan Missionary Society had influence in New Zealand affairs it has stood by the Treaty in the interests of the Maori People. When in 1846 Earl Grey assumed the taking of Maori land under the 'waste land' concept, the missionary body stood by the Treaty. When in 1849 he proposed sending convict labour to offset the shortage of labourers in the New Zealand settlements, the Wesleyan missionaries opposed the move on the grounds that it breached the provisions of their understanding with the select committee. In the 1850's Ironside prepared an eye witness account of the proceedings for the Governor, Sir George Grey, and when the Treaty was under attack by interested parties in Sydney, Ironside upheld its integrity in the columns of the Sydney Empire.

Methodism has a long involvement in this issue and still cannot walk away from it.

Samuel Ironside as a Missionary

At 26 years of age, Samuel Ironside's first solo appointment was to Cloudy Bay; more accurately it was to Ngakuta Bay in Port Underwood. At that time Port Underwood was one of the busiest whaling areas in the country and Tasmanian interests were contemplating the founding of a town to service the industry. In most of the bays of Port Underwood there were whaling stations and, in the season, ships from many countries of the world visited the harbour. Ironside settled upon a site at the head of Port Underwood, not because it was the only one left and was unfavourable for whaling, but because the mission station could be at a distance from the busy whaling bays yet have easy access to them and at the same time have ready access to the many Maori villages in the vast network of sounds just over the hill. James Watkin was stationed at Waikowaiti in Otago, and the circuit boundary between them was the Waitaki River. Such was the missionary strategy that practically every Maori village on the east and west coasts of the South Island had its own native teacher or local preacher! These men, often of chiefly rank, though not all, had been won to the faith and trained in it at the head stations and then were sent out to their own or other villages to teach what they had learned. In Ironside's area there were church buildings

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erected at Pisgah Vale, Wékenui, Wairunga, Te Tio and Puhe, Wakakaramea, Purakanui and Puarere, Te Waiopiopi, Mangareporepo, Mokopeke, Oamaru, Pelorus River and Rangitoto—in all fourteen. Two of these sites have been excavated in recent years by the Canterbury museum and pieces of slate, clay pipes etc. found.

The management of such a circuit required constant travelling. With all the Wesleyan missionaries. Ironside was no stranger to this. He had walked overland in winter, with John Aldred and George Buttle, from Kawhia to Wanganui and back in 1840 to select sites for new stations south of Kawhia. He had also walked inland from Kawhia to Marakopa and visited the limestone caves of the area. Now he kept a boat on Port Underwood and another at Missionary Bay in Queen Charlotte Sound, and with Maori crews visited the outlying churches and villages to as far away as Motueka.

Gradually the Methodist polity was put into operation. First he preached and taught for a verdict—then he gathered converts into classes. Emerging leaders were selected and trained as teachers and preachers. Then he instituted a Leaders' Meeting to accept local responsibility for the mission.

It was at this point in the mission development that the Wairau affray took place. It was the missionary natives, principally Puaha, who pleaded for peace, but what began as a 'show offeree' to intimidate the Maoris, became a shooting match and ended in a massacre. Ironside had the melancholy task of finding the dead scattered over the area and burying them in a mass grave on the hill above Tua Marina.

The event was a grizzly realization of the fears voiced by John Beecham to the Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1840.

Fearing reprisals, Te Rauparaha and Te Rangihaeata and their people moved back to north island fastnesses and the Cloudy Bay mission virtually collapsed. Ironside moved from the desolate mission station to Wellington to await direction as to what he should do.



Sketch by Dr Weeks, published in Methodist Times

Of the success of the mission, the following figures speak for themselves:

Baptisms	848	
Marriages	188	of which 8 were Anglo-Maori, 4 European
Churches	14	
Teachers and preachers	12	known

Ironside wrote a full report of the Wairau affair for the Mission Office. This was later included in British Parliamentary Papers.

Samuel Ironside as Circuit Founder

Attention has already been drawn to Ironside's introduction of Wesleyan polity into the work of the Cloudy Bay mission. It was while he was at Cloudy Bay that he laid the foundation of the Nelson Circuit.

The Nelson Settlement was begun on 1 February 1842. Ironside reported this fact to the District Meeting of 16 February and was directed to visit the settlement and report upon it. He paid two visits—from 17-29 June, and in late September-early October. On these occasions he preached to the Maoris but also sought out the Wesleyan settlers and began to establish Wesleyan polity. This did not go down very well with the 'United Christians'—a body composed of Congregation-alists, Baptists, Primitive Methodists and a few Wesleyans who did not wish to see the denominational divisions of the homeland introduced into the settlement. While encouraging the United Christians, Ironside arranged for a Wesleyan service to be held each Sunday in the surveyors' mess using the Wesleyan Local Preachers in the settlement. In effect the Nelson Circuit dates from this visit. The first service so arranged took place on 19 June 1842—four and a half months after the first settlers set foot on the beach at Nelson Haven. A Wesleyan Sunday School was also set up, and he addressed it, he records in his Journal, on 'the nature, prevalency and uses of the priesthood of Christ'!!



Wesleyan Chapel and mission house, Wellington 1848
Painting by S. C. Brees, Alexander Turnbull Library

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It was on this basis that John Aldred, the first Wesleyan minister appointed to Nelson, was to build. Ironside later followed Aldred. This was from 1849-1855 and during that period he aimed to make Nelson financially independent of missionary funding in accordance with the Australasian Conference decisions of 1855 to designate Auckland, Manukau, New Plymouth, Wellington, Canterbury European Circuits and therefore to be self-supporting.

In the meantime, the collapse of the Cloudy Bay mission and his withdrawal to Wellington, meant that he was able to throw in his weight with the Wellingtonians. He immediately took charge of the Maori work in villages at Te Aro, Pipitea, Kaiwharawhara, Petone, Ngauranga, Waiwhetu and on the west coast at Porirua, Te Mana, Waikanae and the Wairarapa. In addition there were the claims of the settlers in Wellington, the Hutt Valley, Karori and Porirua. The church at Wellington was only half big enough for the growing congregation and had to be replaced in 1844 by one that was considered to be an ornament to the town. Another was built at Waiwhetu, and a new mission house was built for the incoming Superintendent the Rev. James Watkin. More often than not he had four, often five services, on a Sunday; 9 a.m. Maori, 11 a.m. English at one of the settlements, 2 p.m. Maori again, 6.30 p.m. an evangelistic service at Te Aro. That Sunday evening service was Ironside's delight.

'The little weatherboard church with its band box gallery above the front entrance, was crowded every sabbath evening. William Fisher was the invaluable choir leader, with his wife, one of the sweetest singers ever listened to, and a congregation of earnest praying people. Night after night there were conversions to God ... no weather could keep the people from the church. It was a long walk from Pipitea and Tinakori Road to Te Aro, yet those who came that distance were seldom absent though they came in the face of a violent south-easter and the drenching rain round the Kumutoto

Point . . . untutored men like James Barb, John Bradshaw, Short, and women like Mrs Kitson and Mrs Waters and others brought down into the midst, the blessed influence of the Holy Spirit.'

Reporting to the Mission Office, Ironside could say 'Our English cause is fast rising from that cold, heartless state which it was a few months back.'

Samuel Ironside as Mediator

Quite apart from successfully building up a European church. Ironside's continued residence in Wellington was beginning to be seen as essential to the well-being of the settlement. He knew the coast Maoris from Port Underwood mission days; he increasingly knew the settlers whose confidence in him had so grown that they petitioned the General Superintendent, Walter Lawry, for his retention in the fear-ridden town. Quite independently, the Wesleyan members presented a separate petition to the same effect.

Wellingtonians were nervous. Indignation over the Wairau affair was running hot. In addition the New Zealand Gazette estimated that in the area to the north of Cook Strait there were eleven thousand Maoris capable of bearing arms. Ironside's contacts with both parties, and his cool head, made him an invaluable intermediary in a delicate situation. When Puaha was slandered in the public press. Ironside, who knew him well as a mission convert and leader, immediately defended his character. This was most important, as Puaha was closely related to Te Rauparaha and Te Rangihaeata, and had offered to bear arms even against his own kin in the defence of the settlement. To slight him was not only unjust to his character as a man and a Christian, but most impolitic for the well-being of the settlement.

With the Wairau affair in mind, the District Meeting of 1843 encouraged the Wesleyan missionaries to use all means possible to promote good feeling between the two races. Ironside and Watkin regularly visited both Maori and pakeha settlements and churches and sought to build up both, and planned combined activities to promote good feeling.

A combined picnic and love-feast marked the opening of the Waiwhetu chapel. The 1845 watch-night service was combined. Such contacts with the Maori people were often seen with suspicious eyes. This was especially the case with a hui held at Porirua from 11-15 July 1845. Primarily, it was held to improve relations between the tribes under Wesleyan influence and also to improve their relationships with the Wesleyan missionaries. In all, 1500 adults attended. On the Sunday, 30 were baptized, the eucharist was celebrated with 120 communicants and a catechetical examination was held on the Monday. In spite of this, the nervous Wellingtonians held the gathering had a political aspect—the missionaries were playing a double game—that the hui was a plot against the settlement!

When hostilities finally erupted, both Ironside and Watkin continued to visit both settlers and Maoris even in outlying areas. Often in dangerous situations they worked for peace, and the History of the Wesleyan Missionary Society by Findlay and Holdsworth records that 'to the influence of Octavius Hadfield and Samuel Ironside, the Anglican and Wesleyan missionaries, bordering the Strait, the settlement owed its preservation'. (269)

The flowering of his European ministry

After the war years in Wellington (from 1843 to 1849), Ironside's years in Nelson were idyllic. Upon his parents' death, he was able to buy a property on the hill at the end of Bronte Street, where he lived and to which he planned to retire. He held the property until he visited England in 1873. (Like most of us he wished to settle where the family was. For him it was to be Melbourne and finally Hobart, Tasmania).

Ironside had always been a participant in public life, and Nelson saw the flowering of his community involvement. In 1848 Nelson was a New Zealand Company settlement of some 2,800 people. In that town he was able to maintain contact with Maori

settlements from Wairau to Motueka and beyond, and also to lay the foundations of the Blenheim parish. During this period also, Nelson was the crucible of some of the social movements that were destined to affect New Zealand as a whole.

These were:

1. State funding for denominational schools
2. The birth of the Temperance movement
3. Attempts to improve the lot of the working man

In all of these Samuel Ironside was involved.

Education

While education on the mission stations was in many respects rudimentary, two aspects have tended to be overlooked. First, the extent of Maori literacy. It is sobering to read through the Canterbury Circuit Marriage Register and to note how many European couples could not sign their names to the register, and to note how many Maori couples could! That is a tribute to the educational programme of the mission stations at Cloudy Bay and Waikowaiti. There were no school buildings as such, but there was a network of native teachers who taught the arts of reading and writing to people even in the scattered villages of Banks Peninsula and the West Coast.

Secondly, the purpose of missionary education was profoundly Wesleyan. The Kingswood School hymn, written by Charles Wesley, embodied this philosophy.

*'Unite the pair so long disjointed
Knowledge and vital piety.'*

That is, education plus the fear of God produced holiness of life. Reading, as an art, gave access to the scriptures, which as a means of grace, had a converting and sanctifying effect. For a denomination that saw Christian perfection, or perfect love to God and man, as the goal of human life, education was to be encouraged as a means to that end.

The same philosophy was applied to European education in the Nelson Wesleyan day schools. Although they were small (75 scholars) compared with almost 600 in the schools of the British and Foreign School Society in the province. Ironside was determined to keep them open although Aldred had decided upon their closure at the end of his ministry. From July 1849, a three-issue debate was developing in Nelson. This involved

- (1) The system of education espoused by the British and Foreign School Society, i.e. a scripturally oriented education, on the voluntary principle, supported by Government grants;
- (2) The continuance of denominational schools supported by Government grants;
- (3) The establishment of universal education on a free and compulsory basis—later secular basis.

The last of these options was raised in a series of newspaper articles by the editor of the *Nelson Examiner*. Up to this point, Government grants had been made to denominational schools. Ironside had benefitted from them from the Nelson Wesleyan schools. He wished to see it continue. In arguing the case for state aid to Church schools, Ironside made the point that it is impossible to teach scripture without interpreting it. Different interpretations of scripture lead on to different denominations. Therefore the British and Foreign School Society was attempting the impossible of trying to please all the parents of children of different denominations. Therefore the subsidies should in fact be paid to denominational schools. This left two alternatives. Either education should be denominationally based or it should be state controlled on a free, compulsory and/or secular base. Ironside jibbed at the 'free' and 'compulsory' aspects on the grounds that the 'voluntary principle' implied a desire for education that provided motivation to learn. Secondly, he viewed secular education as a denial of the essence of Wesleyan educational philosophy. Education without a religious base simply made for clever devils emerging from the educational process.

While he was in Nelson, the Nelson Wesleyan day schools remained open. But when the chief opponent of the free, compulsory and secular system was transferred to New Plymouth, the Nelson Quarterly Meeting quickly fell into line with the Provincial Council's new arrangements which allowed for religious education in state schools outside of the school hours. This was the Nelson System that was to be followed by other Provincial Councils, and eventually nationally. Although he lost the debate, two points remain valid; the motivation for learning and the ingredient of character formation as an essential part of the educational process.

The Temperance Movement

The temperance movement in New Zealand began among evangelical Wesleyan laymen. Ironside was well aware of the detrimental effects of alcohol upon the Maori people, but was a reluctant starter as a member of a Temperance Society. However, in submissions to the House of Commons, Beecham had made the point that in transferring a cross section of English society to New Zealand, there would inevitably be the transfer of a 'vicious' element. The sale of liquor to the Maori people in spite of the law, and his having to bury victims of drunkenness, hardened Ironside's attitudes. The granting of licences for public houses on Haven Road, Waimea Road and Richmond, where there was already one, if not two public houses already, led to his letter to the newspapers rebuking the magistrates who had granted the licences.

'It appears to me exceedingly unwise of our Magistrates (who are, by office, conservators of the peace and morality of the community and who are responsible to God for the proper discharge of their duty), that they should have been induced to open wider the flood gates of intemperance which according to R. Wakefield Esq. is the fruitful parent of all other vices.'

Ironside was not a teetotaler but a temperance man concerned for public order and decency. He was also a Wesleyan minister pastoring a people among whom were

converted drunkards. One in particular, Ben Crisp, and William Hough, were leading figures in the movement. It was essentially a lay movement which began to operate on the house group principle to which friends of the cause were invited, including 'the most notorious drunkards in Nelson and the country around . . . if tolerably sober and well disposed at the time'. Through this means the level of awareness of the problem was raised among local people and leaders of the church. Perhaps the intensity of feeling on the issue can be estimated from the fact that Ironside was presented with a petition from every local preacher on the plan, by several of the class leaders and a number of members asking that 'teetotal wine' be used at the eucharist. There was also the threat of the local preachers to resign 'en bloc' if some arrangement was not made. Such threatened the very continuance of worship throughout the Circuit. It also threatened the harmony of the circuit, for some of his members were hotel keepers, brewers and maltsters! After numerous meetings and many sleepless nights, a compromise was reached—that two chalices would be used, one with alcoholic wine, the other with 'teetotal wine', one sacramental steward preparing the fermented cup, another the teetotal cup.

All went well until the steward responsible for the fermented cup forgot it was Communion Sunday! Ironside had no option but to serve all communicants with pure grape juice! The wry face of his circuit steward told Ironside its own story. The man did not come to communion again while he was in Nelson!

Such issues inevitably put strain upon the church membership, but a strong lay movement was being born—one that was to enlist such men as L.M. Isitt, F.W. Isitt and T.E. Taylor. Like the educational process, it was begun in the church and was taken over by the state, and the wider issues of public order and education have become the concern of agencies like the Liquor Advisory Council. Ironside did not see himself as an out and out teetotaler at this stage. He was concerned about public drunkenness—beer drinking competitions and deaths from drunken brawling—and the too free granting of publican's licences. He was sympathetic to all these aspects and appeared on the public platform for them. Only later did he become more ardently committed to the teetotal programme. In the meantime in Nelson he steered the church through an internal crisis and on the groundswell of lay support he actively promoted the cause of public sobriety and morality.

Opportunity for the working man

The shortage of arable and grazing land led to the Wairau tragedy, but with the purchase of the Wairau Plain from Te Rauparaha in 1847, working men began to see possibilities of becoming small landholders. To assist them the Nelson Working Men's Freehold Land Association was formed. The idea was to issue 6,000 shares at five pounds and four shillings each, to be met by payments of one shilling a week for two years, and an entrance fee of one shilling. This capital would then be used to purchase a block of land of sufficient size to contain at least ten acres for each share. The land was then to be surveyed into as many lots as there were shares in the company.

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Thirteen trustees were appointed. John Newman was chairman; Richard Outridge secretary; W. Travers solicitor; Samuel Ironside auditor. A number of the trustees were respected Wesleyans' The special general meeting of shareholders was called for the Wesleyan schoolroom in June 1851, for a tea meeting to celebrate the taking up of the 100 original shares in the company.

On the same principle, steps were taken to form a sheep association with the expectation of perhaps 80 head of sheep and 30 pounds in money at the end of the scheme. Thus a working man could hope for at least ten acres of land, a small Hock of sheep and a nest-egg of money at the end of the scheme.

On 9 October 1852. the Nelson Working Men's Freehold Land Association was convened to consider an offer of land. What excitement! In the meantime, land prices had soared to such an extent that on 14 December, a special meeting of shareholders was convened to consider winding up the affairs of the company and the repayment of the amounts due to shareholders, (p. 198). What disappointment! But that was not the end of the matter.

Three days before the inevitable winding up of the company. Ironside's name appeared in the *Nelson Mail* among 24 signatures calling for a public meeting to consider the approaching elections for the Superintendent of the province and for members of the general and provincial assemblies. Just above this public notice was another accusing Matthew Richmond, the superintendent, of standing for high priced land, high official salaries, nomineeism, high property qualifications for voters, irresponsible government and absolutism. Frustrated would-be landowners were questioning the use of the power structures of government to protect their rights at the expense of other sections of the community. A week later Matthew Richmond withdrew his nomination and a public meeting resolved that only those candidates who had consistently helped the settlers, and among other things would press for responsible government, the abolition of legislative nomineeism, and for a low upset price of land, would be put forward. In this way, Ironside, along with other forward-thinking Nelsonians, was becoming involved in changing the social and political scene.

He was doing this while at the same time acting as evangelist and extending the Circuit. Wesleyan membership in 1850 stood like this:

Nelson 60,
Richmond 14,
Stoke 11,
Spring Grove 20,
Waimea Village 5,
Appleby 3,
Wakefield 6,
Wakapuaka 3,
Newark Green 5,
Motueka 20.

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In Nelson there was a brick church and school and a day school; a weatherboard chapel, sabbath and day school at Richmond; weatherboard chapels and Sunday schools at Stoke and Spring Grove; chapel and sabbath school for Maoris at Motueka, a schoolroom at Wakapuaka; a community preaching room for all denominations at Waimea Village; and services in private homes at Appleby, Newark Green, Riwaka and Massacre Bay. In 1851 there were 151 full members, two day schools with two teachers and 75 scholars, a Maori school at Motueka with 30 scholars. There were 174 Sunday School scholars in the Nelson area and 300 in Motueka.

From 1852 Ironside began to concentrate upon the Maori villages east of Nelson—Pelorus River, Queen Charlotte Sound and Wairau. With this, the opening up of the Wairau Plain meant that an increasing number of Nelsonian settlers moved to that area, and Ironside felt their need for pastoral care. Among the Wesleyan families that moved in this direction were the Jacksons, Hewitts, Blicks, Hoopers, Hammonds, Averys, Giffords, Dodsons and Robinsons. There were also the Davies brothers who were joined by the Parker brothers from Victoria. It was at William Robinson's home called 'Rose Tree Cottage' at Spring Creek (now called Rapaura) that Ironside made his home while visiting the Wairau area. It was also the venue of the first Wesleyan service among the Wairau settlers on 3 October, 1850. This was the real commencement of the Blenheim Parish. Ironside's visits continued for five years and were only interrupted by the Nelson Quarterly meeting terminating visits to such 'outposts' and distant Maori villages when Ironside left Nelson. These contacts were later resumed at Ironside's instigation from New South Wales! Samuel Ironside as Propagandist

Evangelism is one aspect of propaganda in the best sense. But this was not the only tool used by Ironside to propagate the faith. When in the Maori mission, he was translator to some of Wesley's sermons for distribution among the Maori people. In Wellington and Nelson he conducted public lectures upon Christian subjects. He also contributed lectures upon scientific and religious topics at the local learned societies in Nelson and New Plymouth. He joined with other denominations in the Evangelical Alliance and shared in their series of lectures which brought the faith before the public. At the same time he avoided public religious controversy on such an issue as baptism with a Baptist spoiling for a debate. In the Wellington Evangelical Alliance he pressed for the establishment of the first New Zealand Christian newspaper, the *New Zealand Evangelist* and was joint editor with John Inglis from its inception until his transfer to Nelson in 1849. In South Australia he initiated, and was the first editor of, the *South Australian Wesleyan*.

Philosophy of change

Inherent in all of this is a philosophy of change. Whether he likes it or not, a missionary and a Christian minister is an agent of change in the values, concepts, goals, social structures and mores of the society to which he goes. The CMS and WMS had different philosophies of change. The CMS aimed to civilize the Maoris

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and then Christianize them. Therefore they first sent out tradesmen who were to teach the arts and crafts of the civilized world. The WMS put it the other way round—they aimed to Christianize and then to civilize. Therefore they sent out evangelists to tame a barbarous people and prepare the way for their civilization.

In England the issue was being stated somewhat differently. The power of the environment to mould the individual was being explored and espoused. Thus a controlled environment was thought to produce virtuous citizens. The evangelical revival emphasized the need for individual conversion, the gathering of converts into small and then larger groups where the gospel values were embodied in its ethos, so that the climate of society was influenced by the leaven within it.

Samuel Ironside was no stranger to these issues. It had been debated within his own family. His brother Isaac was the political radical when Sheffield was agonizing through the era of the Reform Bill. He was deeply influenced by Robert Owen, Tom Paine and Jeremy Bentham, and had experimented with the power of environment in the Queenswood community experiment. He opted for politics and political reform as the agents of change. Samuel Ironside, from the change which conversion made to him, preached the transforming power of the gospel and opted for education towards perfect love to God and all people, the power of the small group to nurture and strengthen the changes for good, and of a religious society to change the social climate of the day. Isaac died disillusioned. Samuel died in hope and much of his work remains. Somewhere along the line I think the church needs to come to some clearer understanding of its philosophy of change. For my part I find myself resonating to the balance evident in such a man as Samuel Ironside.



SIR EDWARD SAYERS

One of New Zealand's most distinguished medical men. Sir Edward Sayers, died in May. Sir Edward held many important medical posts in peace and war, did important pioneering work in tropical and other branches of medicine, and received many honours.

What is perhaps not so well known is that in 1920, as a young medical student, he felt called to be a missionary. His local church, Sydenham Methodist, the Young Men's Bible Class Movement and the Methodist Overseas Missions Board gave him encouragement and practical assistance which enabled him to qualify in England as a fellow of the Royal Society of Tropical Medicine, and in 1927 he was commissioned to be our church's first doctor in the Solomons field. There he gave valuable pioneer service, assisted after a year by his wife, now Lady Sayers.

It was one of the tragedies of the depression that both Dr Clifford James and Dr Sayers had to be withdrawn in 1934. However he returned to the Pacific as senior medical officer with the Third N.Z. Division during World War II.

He once recalled how colleagues tried to dissuade him from missionary service, saying he was mad to throw away a potentially brilliant career. How wrong they were!



Dr E. G. Sayers

THE CRUISE OF THE *FAURO CHIEF*

Long after the war was over a Solomon Islander, Dr. Peter Beck, who had been a teenager in 1942, wrote about the flight of the missionaries in the face of the Japanese advance. He used the phrase "mere women became sailors". It was not an expression of contempt for the female sex, but an expression of admiration for the way in which these women, unskilled in the arts of the sea, met the hardships of that voyage. Looking back now, we can see that they were perhaps not well advised, but, having undertaken the voyage, one can only admire the courage of all concerned, both men and women. It is a story that ought to be part of our heritage, for in the stormy seas of the late 20th century we could all do with some of those people's faith, courage and cheerfulness. We can draw inspiration from them for our day and age.

George G. Carter
Chairman, Wesley Historical Society.

In a letter to the Editor Rev. E. C. Leadley says "I don't really think that the voyage deserves it, (publishing), for plenty of people had exciting things happen to them during the war. " We believe that our members will disagree when they read the story. In a letter to his parents written on arrival at Mackay Clarie Leadley gave his own moving account of the voyage and concluded "We have no regrets. We have saved the boat, and we have had a valuable experience of the care and guidance of God. I know that he had us in his keeping, and that he alone brought us through all those difficult times. My faith is stronger and bigger because of this trip, I can tell you!"

A fading duplicated booklet tells the story. Here we publish that record in full in order that it might be more permanently and widely available. The account is entitled: The Cruise of the "*Fauro Chief*" or the tale of the "Gizo Getaway. " It was compiled in Auckland in 1942. The story: The Cruise of the *Fauro Chief*, being a short history of the trip from the Solomon Islands to Australia in the A.V. *Fauro Chief*, belonging to the Methodist Mission, the Head Station of which is at Kokengolo, Roviana, 35 miles from Gizo, the Government Station of the Western Solomons, and 50 miles from Bilua, on Vella Lavella where the Mission Hospital is situated; the account being taken from the Journal of Dr A. G. Rutter and Sister Vera Cannon, and the diaries of Sisters Lina Jones and Effie Harkness, and compiled by Sister Lina Jones.

Personnel:

"Charlie"—Mr C. Beck, retired, and crippled navigator.

"Bert"—Mr A. W. Bourne, (Liapari Estate) the engineer.

"Ernie"—Mr E. Mapletoft of Burns Philp Store, Gizo.

"Doc"—Dr A. G. Rutter, Medical Missionary, Bilua.

"Clarence" (Clarie)—Rev. E. C. Leadley: in charge of Educational work at Kokengolo.

"Monica"—Mrs A. W. Bourne. "Toni"—Mrs E. Mapletoft.

"Grace"—Sister Grace McDonald (Nurse), Kokengolo.

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"Effie"—Sister Effie Harkness (Teacher), Kokengolo.

"Vera"—Sister Vera Cannon (Nurse), Bilua.

"Lina"—Sister Lina Jones (Teacher), Kokengolo.

Two years of war had left the Islands of the Solomon Group scarcely touched, except for the fact that the mails were even more irregular than before. Australian patrol planes, came over occasionally at first causing fear in the hearts of the natives. But as they began to realise they were friendly planes their fear vanished, to return, however, when Japan joined the enemy in December 1941. Then any passing plane was likely to be a Japanese one, and their fear grew to alarm as news of bombings in Rabaul and Bougainville reached us.



The Fauro Chief, Mr Goldie's boat.

Long overdue for furlough Mr Goldie left in January 1942 for Rabaul in order to catch a plane to Australia, and it was at that time that the bombing of Rabaul began. The Australian Government had evacuated all women and children from the Mandated Territory and so our Missionaries' wives and the Sisters were amongst them. The Government of the Protectorate, however, while advising the women and children to leave, did not compel them to do so. But many did leave and amongst them were Mrs Silvester and Ngaire, Mrs Rutter with her two boys, Mrs Metcalfe and Mrs Leadley with her three children. Frank Leadley had been sick since November and Dr Rutter had strongly advised that he go south, hence their leaving.

The collection of buildings on Kokengolo hill would make a good target for bombing, and so we had given the natives warning that if a plane came they were to keep away from the European buildings. On January 23rd and 24th therefore, when planes were heard, the station boys and girls rushed into the bush. Many of the people had built rough houses in the bush and removed all their goods and chattels there. We, too, had made our own emergency plans for the safe keeping of some of our more cherished possessions.

And then our plans were changed in this manner:-

About 9 a.m. on Friday, January 23rd Doc and Vera roused by the news of the Japanese advance, decided to paddle a canoe to Liapari to confer with Bert and Monica about the possibility of awakening a slumbering Tulagi into some activity regarding evacuation or assisting the residents of the Western Solomons to leave the Group. Bert and Doc decided to go to Gizo, and left on the "*Cicely*" (Doc's launch) about midday. On their arrival they found the whole population—white and native—digging trenches. A meeting called for 5 p.m. was moved forward to 4 p.m. for their convenience. Everyone seemed in favour of doing something, though no one was very clear as to what it should be. Our men put forward the suggestion of a rendezvous at Kokengolo to prepare the *Fauro Chief* for a possible trip. Somewhat optimistically they formulated a message to Tulagi to know if the Government intended doing anything in the matter, but our men were emphatic that we should be ready to act without them. Satisfied that something was being done, Bert and Doc came home arriving about 9 p.m.

That same night came the news that Kieta was taken. Doc hearing it at 11 p.m. dashed over in pyjamas and slippers to tell Mr Silvester and Vera. On the track he met a native messenger from Gizo with a note from Mr Miller, the D.O. at Gizo, asking that all white folk from Bilua and its surroundings be at Gizo at 2 a.m. This seemed too indefinite and so Bert and Doc again made the trip. Gizo people, at last aroused, had decided to leave for Kokengolo at 6 a.m. No reply had been received from the Authorities at Tulagi and they had, therefore, no anticipation of help apart from their own efforts. Our two men agreed to this and came back in the "*Loai*" (a Burns Philp launch) to collect the rest of the folk.

Mr Silvester despatched a runner to Mudi Mudi plantation for the Campbell family and the "*Cicely*" went to Sasamaqa for Mr Metcaife and Sister Merle Farland. Mrs MacEachrann (Peggy) and Charlie had been brought from Ozama, a tiny island just off Bilua. As Vera and Monica had used the night in making preparations, little now remained to be done. The Hospital was left in order and at 8 a.m. the "*Loai*" left Bilua for Kokengolo with Bert, Monica, Peggy, Charlie, Doc, Vera and Grace; Mr Silvester staying behind. The feelings of those going could not be expressed here. The natives had been helpful right to the last, and we felt they would carry on the work to the best of their ability.

The trip to Kokengolo was a good one. Lever Bros. launch met us going into Gizo with messages for Gavutu, their headquarters. Owing to a faulty wireless, the men had not heard of the bombing of Tulagi or the fall of Kieta. The man on this launch decided to go back to his colleagues for a conference. We did not see them again but have heard since that Lever Bros. schooner called for them.

The "*Marovo*", another Burns Philp launch, having left Gizo before the "*Loai*" arrived first at Kokengolo. On this launch were Ernie and Tonie, Mrs Miller and Mr Gosling, a S.D.A. worker. Mrs Mi Her and Mr Gosling, a S.D.A. worker. Mrs Miller and Toni

came up the hill at Kokengolo about 2 p.m. taking the folk there quite by surprise because of the nature of their errand. But when those on the "Loai" arrived they found that the preparations for departure from Kokengolo had already begun. Kokengolo folk had previously made preparations to "go bush", but we had not thought that departure was possible. But now it seemed better to depart than attempt to "go bush". Tulagi was being bombed and we all knew that if that town were evacuated, then it would mean no more communications with the outside world no more provisions or medicines or other supplies. We would not starve, but we would be a burden to the native people. They could protect themselves, but was it fair to expect them to protect us as well. We would have to live in the bush in the event of a Japanese occupation of the Islands if we would avoid internment or worse. In a tropical country where rain falls almost every day, the bush is sodden and dank and life for the ladies would have been almost intolerable. Grace and Lina were both sick and they in particular needed comfort and care if they were to recover. It was the chief concern of our men to get the ladies away to safety before it was too late. So with heavy and sad hearts we made our preparations. We had to think of all the different phases of the Station work and make arrangements for this to be carried on as far as possible. Though Grace was better than she had been at Bilua, she was hardly fit to do much packing but Vera and Effie helped her. We had a little longer than the Liapari, Bilua and Ozama people to be ready, but even so, the time was too short for all we would have liked to do. The girls in the Sisters' Home rose to the occasion, though they were very sad at the thought of our going away. Clarence's house boys also were very helpful to him. Monica and Bert came up the hill and being given sleeping draughts were sent to bed to make up for lost sleep.

The "Marovo" and its passengers stayed only a very short time, then left to go on to Batuna, the Headquarters of the Seventh Day Adventist Mission in order to prevent their schooner the "*Melanesia*" from leaving before all the people had gathered there. Provisions from the "Loai" were transferred to the "*Fauro Chief*", plenty of fuel (crude oil) was put on board and the boat prepared as far as possible for the long voyage anticipated. Fortunately, a new engine had been installed in the "*Fauro Chief*" only a few months previously, otherwise the voyage would not have been undertaken. The boat had been bought by the Mission from a trader only two and a half years before, and when the new engine was installed other repairs had also been done, so that it was in good condition.

Our preparations went on far into the night, and we rose early on the Sunday morning to continue, having decided to leave Kokengolo at 9 a.m. We expected Sister Merle to come, but she did not, neither did Mr Metcalfe or Mr Silvester Clarence took Lotu at 7 a.m., explaining the position to the people and giving final instructions to the Station boys. Several women and children came up with tearful eyes, and Sam. Aqarau, who had been responsible for the establishment of the Methodist Mission in the Solomons by his continuously pleading with the Australian Conference, and now an old man, openly wept at our departure. When everyone was ready we made our way to the wharf

where sad farewells were said As we were preparing to leave, John Afu, the Tongan teacher, led the girls in singing "God will take care of you". Then, as we left the wharf, Gina, Nathan Kera and the Station boys began "For those in peril on the Sea", but they broke down in the second verse and could go no further. And we—well, best left unsaid—. When we left Kokengolo the "*Loai*" left also to return to Gizo.

Rounding the point, we passed the native villages, stretched for 2½ miles along the shore. From all these villages mirrors were flashed to us in farewell, and one of our native crew responded for us. Five of the best boat boys went with us to take us to Batuna, and generally assist until we finally left the Group. It was good travelling till after 1 p.m. Some of the ladies took advantage of the good weather to have a lesson in managing the helm in order to be able to relieve the men later on. The boys kept close to shore, saying that if Japanese planes came over and saw us, there would be a better chance to escape than if we were out in the middle of the lagoon! A strong wind and choppy seas prevented us from reaching Marovo Lagoon before night fall and we put into Viru Harbour. Everyone, except Grace and Lina who had succumbed to the effects of the choppy sea, enjoyed a good meal of freshly caught fish. Doc and Vera began typing, thus avoiding having to help with the meal, while Clarence escaped the washing up by tampering with the wireless to such good effect that he missed the news altogether! Sleeping accommodation was arranged—women, aft and men at mid-ships. We turned on the wireless at 10 p.m. though, and so heard the latest news.

Monday, 26th January

To the disgust of some who had not been able to sleep, Vera got up at 4.15 a.m. to make a cup of tea before we left! As all kettle boiling and cooking had to be done on the Primus and matches and various sundries had to be found, it meant no further sleep for anyone! However, the boys and men began to prepare for the trip to Batuna, and soon everyone was up and about. We left Viru Harbour soon after 5 a.m. and so about 9 o'clock we reached Segi Plantation, the residence of Mr Markham, an old islander. He met us at the wharf and taking us to his house, discussed the pros and cons of our making for Australia on our own. He gave us his sextant and some navigation books and a general chart of the Pacific—which, by the way, was the only chart we were able to get. But he was not at all hopeful of our success, saying we might be two months on the way!

As we were about to leave Segi, the "*Loai*" caught up to us. On board this time were four ladies from Faisi district in the Shortland Island, this being the most northerly part of the Protectorate, and about 90 miles north of Gizo, and 80 miles south of Kieta where the Japs had landed. They told us that Jap. planes had been circling above Faisi for three days and nights almost continuously, and that the D.O. there had ordered them to leave. Then they were not allowed to rest at Gizo, but were again told to "go for it". And so here they were. They went straight on to Batuna in the "*Loai*". We went from Segi to Patutiva, the largest of our Mission villages in the Marovo, where a Tongan, Rev. Paul Havea, is stationed. We did not see him, though, as he was away

visiting some of the other villages. We spoke to some of the leading men and asked if they could give us a few native potatoes—and quickly, for we could not wait long. The order was given. Natives' gardens are never in their back yard and when our men said we would have to be leaving, we were afraid the order would miss, but no! the young folk who had gone to the gardens now came hurrying down the hill with potatoes and pineapples-pineapples and potatoes! If any dropped, small boys picked them up and ran following them, till we had enough fruit and potatoes to last for quite a few days. Amongst these scurrying young folk came a woman carrying a bunch of freshly picked white orchids, so dainty and sweet-smelling. We greatly appreciated her kindly thought in "saying it with flowers". As we left the wharf, the folk sang God be with you".

We reached Batuna at 3 p.m. and found the Seventh Day Adventist folk preparing to leave on their schooner, the "*Melanesia*", which is bigger and faster than the *Fauro Chief*. The course they intended taking was different from ours, and one for which they had a detailed chart. At a gathering of all the folk, it was decided that Ern and Tom come with us, as we wanted another able-bodied man and even with Ernie we had only four able-bodied men to manage a boat which usually has a native crew of 8 or 10. Mrs Miller, Mrs McEachran and the four ladies from Faisi went on the "*Melanesia*", making 13 on their boat and 11 on ours. And preparations went forward accordingly. Burns Philp had been generous in the provisions they gave Ernie for the trip, and these had to be transferred from the *Marovo* to the *Fauro Chief*. The Seventh Day Adventist men (all their women folk had left on the last "*Malaita*") offered us various things, and we all availed ourselves of the last chance of a bathroom bath. Then we had a "party" on the *Fauro Chief*, the six women who were on the "*Melanesia*" joining the eleven passenger crew" of the *Fauro Chief*.

Later on we went again to Mr Barren's house and listened to the news After the London news came Australia, and we just tuned in in time to hear "All citizens have been evacuated from Tulagi". That was enough! Our men said, "Let's go and finish packing now" (instead of waiting till the morning as they had thought of doing). And away they went. They were spending the night on the boat anyway, while the ladies were to sleep in Mr Barrett's house, some in beds, some on the floor on our own mattresses. Vera had set some bread and when it was baked, we were able to settle down for the night.

Tuesday, January 27th

Settle down? Well. none of us slept very much. The "*Melanesia*" left about 1.15 a.m. with much blowing of conch shells, not conducive to sleep!

We were all up early, and our boys took our bedding and baggage down to the boat. While the men were busy with further preparations a launch came with the Campbell family on board. We had thought that we might have to take Mrs Campbell and the three little children with us. But Mr Campbell apparently thought it was too hazardous an undertaking for that, and had decided to take them to Tulagi or to Auki on Malaita

to which place, we understood, some of the Government officials had gone. It was a relief to us not to have three babes on board. Mr Campbell also told us that the scorched earth policy had been carried out at Gizo, causing the destruction of a large quantity of aviation oil, of benzine and kerosene and of about 800 tons of copra etc; that Sister Merle would not be coming; that Mr Luxton in going to Kieta to help evacuate people, was most probably caught by the Japs who had landed there; that the D.O. in Gizo had said that we were to wait at Batuna till 2 p.m. that day and then go up to Auki. This was very vague and did not seem a very safe proposition either. It was now only 7 a.m.; to wait meant a delay of seven hours, then a further thirty-six hours to get to Auki right into the danger zone past Tulagi as that place had been bombed again the day before. Our men decided it would be better to adhere to our original plan, and final preparations were made. In passing, it would be interesting to record that on Mr Campbell's launch were two Japanese interns from Gizo. He was taking them to Tulagi (or Auki). He told us that he would not have been able to make the trip to Batuna—about 80 miles from his estate—without their help for they piloted him through the reefs and dangerous passages, he, himself not having done that trip previously. They each had a native wife and each had children. When we shook hands with Mr Campbell, he told us women that he thought we were the pluckiest things he had ever known! We did not know how much pluck we would need before the end of the journey!

We finally left Batuna about 8 a.m. our five boat boys being with us till we reached the Bili Entrance, at which place they left us with tearful faces and voices, transferring to the "*Marovo*" on which they were to return to Kokengolo. They were sorry to leave us and were sure we would not be able to manage the boat without their help! We, too, were sorry to leave them. They had been a wonderful help to us right to the last and must have been tired. We would not take them with us, for we thought that there would be difficulty in getting them into Australia and New Zealand and that even if we could land them, they would be at a loss to know what to do with themselves during the time of waiting. We were truly alone now to begin our journey and whatever awaited us upon it.

The log was put in position and set beginning from 11 a.m.; and our course was set S by W. The men had all sorts of jobs, small and big to do, and the ladies set about putting the Galley in order. Lina bravely made out a time-table of duties for a week for the six ladies. It lasted just one hour! In that time Toni and Grace cleaned kettles, primus stoves etc. Lina acted as deck-steward, and had a good old tidying up of all the oddments scattered about, and washed the decks as far as possible. Grace and Toni prepared the vegetables for dinner, and Lina opened a tin of sausage and then succumbed! For the rest of the day she was useless! Toni soon followed suit and then Grace. This was real ocean sailing now, not lagoon tripping and our boat was no "*Queen Elizabeth*"! She was a schooner, 54 ft. long and 13 ft. broad at midships. She was 16 tons with 19½ tons displacement, drawing 6ft of water. She was fitted with a new 40 horse power Gardner engine. Bert, not knowing the full capacity of the engine,

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did not wish to overtax it right at the start, and so did not let it out to its full power. The sea was not really rough, but none of us had our sea legs, and all of us were tired, and so were not exactly boisterous. Beds were arranged on hatches and deck, and it was early to bed for everyone. Ernie, Clarence and Doc were to do night-duty in 2-hour watches. Effie and Vera would take their turn during the day, but the men would not consent to their doing night duty.

Wednesday, January 28th

Though the boat rolled a good deal during the night, it was fine except for a short shower in the evening. It was dull, but fine all day. We made good time, doing 121 miles by midday. Ernie and Clarence were the energetic ones all day, in between their turns at steering, doing all kinds of carpentering and other jobs.

Effie and Vera took their turns at the wheel, though neither were quite so well as on dry land! Doc also suffered in the same way, while Toni was very sick and miserable. And so the day was not a very bright one.

Thursday, January 29th

During the night we ran into a thunderstorm. Our beds had to be re-arranged, as some were becoming wet with the rain. Consequently four of the women folk had their beds in the one and only cabin. Fortunately the storm was not of long duration, nor was the lightning close at hand.

The day was not a very comfortable one, a head wind and big seas hindering our progress. We altered the course slightly to use the jibs, but even so the log read only 90 miles at midday. Effie seemed a little better and acted as stewardess to the sick ones. Vera and Doc were still not very bright in the morning, but everyone improved as the day went on.

Tragedy came upon us in the evening. Monica and Effie decided to get a hot meal ready. It was not easy in a rough sea. Monica stood in the galley at the aft of the boat holding a saucepan of hot soup ready to serve, when suddenly the boat gave a lurch, and Monica was thrown backwards and having nothing on which to clutch, went overboard. As she was one of the few on board who could not swim, Bert jumped in immediately. But he was our only engineer, and the boat had to be turned about! Doc at the wheel yelled for Clarence to do the engine work.

Clarence who had watched Bert and helped him a little did his best to manipulate the clutches. Charlie issued orders which no one could hear; Ernie for'ard preparing for a bath hastily climbed to get a lifebelt, then ran across the boat and jumped in with it, reaching Bert and Monica just in time, for they were both exhausted. Monica, seeing Ern jump in and not knowing that he could not swim took fresh heart, and with the aid of the lifebelt both she and Bert reached the side of the boat which had been put about, and the others gathered there helped them all on board. Monica, ordinarily very nervy had kept wonderfully calm through it all, while Bert, knowing she could not swim had

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felt the strain tremendously, and was now almost more exhausted than she was. Though later Ern himself and all the rest of us laughed at the manner of his bath, we felt all honour was due to him for his prompt work, especially as he was not a swimmer. Toni alone knew that at the time, which accounted for her great concern for him, and her intense relief when he was safely on board again. We were all very thankful indeed that what , might have been a terrible disaster had ended happily. The whole incident cured

Toni's seasickness, and Grace and Lina also ventured out of the cabin on to deck beds once more. Monica was put to bed and Bert also ordered to rest.

Charlie was in a very bad way in the morning—he got wet in the night (as others did also!); the weather was wrong, the crew and everything was wrong. He said that had there been any whisky on board he would have got drunk! Just as well there wasn't! He was a bit more cheerful by night, though he growled at the men for not listening to him, so he said!

Friday, January 30th

At 3.30 a.m. when Effie should have been asleep, she caught sight of something aft, and went to investigate. It proved to be the flag which, tired of being blown about upon the mast decided to come down, and unfortunately, wrapped itself round the log! It had to be undone, before further damaging itself and the log, though it became somewhat torn in the process. It was a fine, sunny day, and the sea much calmer. Consequently everyone felt much better, and the commissariat department was well patronised three times by all. All the men had shaves, and they even persuaded Charlie to do so.

Monica was upon deck a while in the morning, but was still very nervy, and so she found the cabin more restful. The men talked lightly of yesterday's tragedy, Ern declaring he felt he could never be dignified again! Bert seems to have recovered, though still tired, naturally. To prevent the likelihood of a similar accident, two lifelines were put up all round from midships round the aft to midships on the other side. The lifebelts, which were given us from the "*Marovo*" were also fixed for easy manipulation. The log showed 90 miles again at midday, so we were not travelling fast by any means.

The sleeping accommodation was re-arranged, that we might have better rest for the night.

Saturday, January 31st

Last night was our best night yet, being calm and bright moonlight. This was a calm and sunny day also, so that everyone brightened up considerably, even the sick ones ventured so far as to have as good a wash as conditions would allow. They also ventured to walk as far as midships, and enjoy the sunshine! Monica, however, was

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feeling the strain on her arms and legs from having been buffeted by the waves; and pulled up on to the boat. But she had a good sleep which refreshed her considerably.

It was discovered that the tiller wire-rope had nearly broken through, and it was a long job mending it, as first of all, something suitable had to be found.

The log read 111 miles today, and the opinion was that in four more days we should sight the Australian coast. Many things were discussed, such as, "What is likely to happen to us -when we reach there?. How will we be treated? Kindly or otherwise? Will we be wound round with red tape?—two of us having no passports—What will Mr Goldie say?"—and many other things. A week ago, confused and sad we were preparing to leave the Solomons, now we were about 430 miles from there.

We wondered at tea time why Charlie was not eating his meal for he had enjoyed all his meals so far. Then he offered the information that he couldn't find his dentures! Fortunately, others had seen them, and so his discomfiture was soon ended. It was a glorious sunset this evening, and we sat or lay about enjoying the beauty of it before we retired for the night.

Sunday, February 1st

It was a calm, beautiful, moonlight night. The bed arrangements had been still further improved, and so everyone had a better night, and felt much better this morning. The men were sent for'ard while we women used the aft as a bathroom, managing the best wash we'd had since coming on board.

At 10 a.m. Charlie took the wheel, while the rest of us gathered aft for a short service. We were Church of England, Roman Catholic, Seventh Day Adventist and Methodists, and so we had to choose hymns common to all, as far as possible—"Jesus, Lover of My Soul", "Rock of Ages", "Old Hundredth". Clarence reads Psalm 107, appropriate for our trip, and Doc led in prayer.

As it was so calm and fine, Bert stopped the engine at 10.30 in order to clean the filters, and put in fresh lubricating oil. Clarence as second-engineer helped him. The engine was re-started at 11.45. The log 115 miles, an improvement, with the engine filters clean, we should do better still now.

Charlie tried to "shoot the sun" midday, but did not manage it. However, Bert did it at 5 p.m. He also fixed his wireless, as Clarence's refused to work, for which reason we had not heard anything complete since we left Batuna. We heard the 7 p.m. news but nothing was said about the Solomons, and so we did not know what had happened. It was a beautiful sunset again tonight.

Monday, February 2nd

Still another calm bright night, and our bed arrangement again changed. Vera, Effie and Lina on engine room hatch were disturbed at 4 a.m. while Doc and Ern refilled the fuel tank.

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The log read 144 miles—our record days' run. Charlie and Doc were busy working sums connected with "shooting the sun" and found we were over in West Africa or somewhere being 12 hours out in time!

We heard at the 7 p.m. news that reconnaissance flights were still being carried out in the Solomons and that bombs were dropped near Tulagi.

Tuesday, February 3rd

In the early hours we rocked most horribly and the bed on the engine-room hatch would not stay in position! Effie had begun the night with a sheet as covering, then went and collected a counterpane. Later still she got a rug, and lastly a canvas, for the spray would come over. Before the dawn, the scene was picturesque—the moon in the midst of heavy grey and white clouds, turning them to silvery brightness and shining on the inky blackness of the water, making a bright path in extreme contrast. As this scene changed the light of dawn gave us the reason for the rockiness, for behold! we found ourselves inside a huge reef, with breakers on three sides, and rocks ahead. There seemed to be no way out except by putting about and trying to get out by the way we had come in. For six hours we went back on our tracks, during which time the weather was rough and calm by turns. Rain fell for a time and in the drippings from the canvases we got enough water for a wash, and Vera poured water over Monica's head to help her get out the salt from her surprise sea-bathe last Thursday! We made no progress all day, just going round in a circle to try to get away from the reef, in the process going through vicious tide-rips, which made travelling most distinctly uncomfortable, to say the least of it. By 5.30 we thought we were well out, the log put back and our course re-set to S.E. for what we thought was the open sea. Beds were being fixed for the night, four of us in the cabin, as owing to rain which had fallen no-one could sleep midships tonight. Clarence had been at wheel for about half an hour when he thought he saw breakers ahead, though it was pitch-black and the moon not yet up. He had just called out, when we knew for a certainty that we were on a reef, for we bumped so hard we felt sure the boat was holed. Then there was a scurrying and a bustling, the log was pulled in, Mr Goldie's big motor lamp brought forth and attached to one of the wireless batteries so that by its light we could see that there was plenty of water astern, and that the boat was still whole, for we were not making any water. At the first attempt to go astern, the engine stalled, and we feared we must have damaged the stern gear. The men put down the dinghy to examine the propeller but could see nothing wrong. At intervals during all this time, the boat would scrunch again with a heart-rending sound that hurt each one of us. It was with intense relief, then, that we finally floated clear one and a half hours after first bumping. It was decided to go ahead slowly, then turn in our tracks and go backwards and forwards for the rest of the night, some one being on watch all the time. While Effie and Clarence, under great difficulty, managed to get the primus alight to make a cup of tea, though it was nearly midnight, Toni kept watch in the bow. Some were still drinking their tea, when Toni called, "Reef—go astern", but almost at the same time, we went bump again. Soundings were being taken when the lead-line caught on a piece of coral and

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was lost. Another was made from an old tap. We found we had only about 6-7 ft. of water all round us. The men went out in the dinghy again and found a possible track into deep water. Gradually we bumped our way over the edge of the reef into six fathoms of water where we dropped anchor, as we had no idea where there was a clear course. All the front awnings were taken down, and by this time terrific lightning and thunder accompanied the heavy rain which fell. Hourly watches had to be kept, soundings being taken every ten minutes to see that we were not drifting, and then by the light of a small torch, one fared forth in the rain to see if the anchor was still holding, and if the bilge was filling with water. Vera made a cup of tea at 12.30 a.m. and the women took the first watches to allow the men a short time of rest after their strenuous labours.

Wednesday, February 4th

How welcome was the daylight after the strain of last night. We found we were in a kind of lagoon with reef and breakers around us on all sides. We had not expected to see any reef on our original course, and so we knew now that we were well off our course. Therefore the best thing to do was to stay anchored till we were able to shoot the sun and to work out our latitude and longitude from the reading of the sextant; also till the weather was calm with good visibility. Everyone was tired enough to be glad of the day's rest, and spent most of the day sleeping. It was too cloudy mid-day to get the sight of the sun, apart from the fact that the rolling of the boat also made the job impossible even at such times as the sun did shine for a few minutes. By night the wind was almost at gale force and we were thankful we lay at anchor even in the sparse shelter of the reef rather than be fighting the gale in the open sea. For the first time since we left Batuna, there was no need for any night watch.

Thursday, February 5th

Everyone felt better this morning and as we could not up anchor, busy bees cleaned up the ship—Ern and Effie cleaned brass, compass, engine parts etc. Doc, Vera and Bert cleaned the cabin, and sorted the food-stuffs, cleaning the cupboards at the same time. Ern and Clarie tidied the decks and washed them. Bert presented us with bags to put our clothes in and woe betide if anyone dared to leave clothes lying about again! A sight of the sun was obtained mid-day, though probably not very accurate, because of the plunging of the boat. But our navigator worked out that we were on the Barrier Reef (confirming our suspicions, of course!) probably 100 miles South of Townsville. If only the wind would drop, we would make due west to the coast. We realised, though, that this seeming disaster was for our protection, for we could hardly have faced this strong, continuous wind had we been in open sea.

Saturday, February 7th

Before midnight we had a particularly rocky time. All was safe, however, in spite of the rolling. By 1.30 a.m. it seemed a little better and we all went to sleep. Rain fell also, but it did not stop the wind. All day it blew and the sky was grey. Every now and

again someone would think it was a little brighter, but it was a ca[^] of wishful thinking. By night everyone was tired of inaction, though the wind and the waves were far from inactive! Just to give ourselves something other than wind to think about, we sang and played games and organised a comb band!

Sunday, February 8th

A memorable day indeed for everyone on the *Fauro Chief*. During the night the wind had become stronger still, and everyone felt very restless, though Doc and Vera did try to have a "Sunday morning lie-in", but the others would not let them do so. The dinghy, which had remained in the water during these last four days, now attracted our attention by its extraordinary bucking. It was discovered to be letting in water, the plug having been knocked out of position. Clarence managed to get into this thing, which did everything except actually capsize, bale it out and secure the plug. By 8.30 a.m., having just finished breakfast, the men decided to let out more chain, at Charlie's suggestion. But when they went to do so, they sent back word, "We're drifting". Immediately all mattresses, pillows, books and everything else from the hatches, were thrown down into the cabin, making an awful muddle, especially as one of the mattresses burst, and kapoc was shed far and wide. The engine was set going and the rest of the awnings taken down. By then, the storm was upon us and everyone on deck was soon wet through and shivering in the bitterly cold S.W. wind. Because of the possibility of the dinghy rope catching round the propeller, someone had to hold the dinghy all through the storm. Vera began, but became exhausted. Effie relieved her, Toni helping for a short time. But the pitching and tossing upset Toni. Wet through, she yet refused to go down into the cabin to change, because it would make her sick. She sat huddled on the deck by the cabin door, singing hymns she knew, and trying to persuade others to join her. Vera and Grace, now in dry clothes, lay exhausted in the cabin. Monica, herself afraid, yet spoke cheerily to Vera to encourage her to keep cheery. Ern in a marvellous concocted canvas cape, went to Toni to comfort and be comforted. Bert came to look at Monica every now and then to give her a word of cheer, and also to look at the barometer. Effie held the dinghy till she could hold no longer and called to Ernie to relieve her. Clarence with a wet blanket round him, held on to the wheel in the teeth of the storm. Charlie, wet and miserable, sat huddled in his usual place. He would not go anywhere else. At one stage the whole galley shifted and Ern, in desperation, nearly threw it overboard! But Bert came to the rescue and it was lashed firmly in position once more. Pots and pans and various oddments got mixed up with other things, but no one cared very much. It was enough that the boat was holding its own, when we knew that any minute there was a possibility of our being flung on to the reef as the boat rose on top of enormous waves and fell again into troughs. Toni's hymns were her prayers, the prayers of others were silent ones. Grace and Lina remembered it was Sunday morning and in many Methodist churches in New Zealand prayers would be offered for the Solomon Island missionaries, not knowing the peril we were in. Monica had a strange premonition that at mid-day the storm would cease. She was right. Just on noon came the first lull, and Bert saw with delight

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that the barometer had also risen enough to give us hope of a fine spell coming. Our hearts lightened, and we were full of thankfulness that once more God had saved us from disaster. When it was calm enough the men went to pull up the anchor, and found that two bolts on the windlass had given way under the strain; and when the last of the chain was up, the reason for our having drifted from our anchorage was clear—we had lost our anchor! Fortunately, we had another, not so good, but we hoped we would not have to use it. We were now well off the reef which had sheltered us for four days—we had been bumped on to it, for our protection, we fully believed. It was now time for us to move on apparently, and so we had been flung away from our anchorage, and were in the open sea, though just where, we knew not, except that we were on the Australian side of the reef. We decided to go due west, fully believing we'd hit the Australian coast somewhere, just going very slowly to keep watch for reefs. The wind changed to strong N.W. and we even shipped seas every now and again, but what mattered a little further wetting now? The morning's strain had been enough. It was decided that during the night we go back and forth on our course to avoid reefs in the darkness, for we knew we were not altogether out of them. The four men all went on duty for the night, and the six women were to sleep in the cabin, there being no awnings and no dry places on deck. It was a bit of a squeeze, but what mattered now?

Monday, February 9th

Once in the night we just touched a reef—or nigger-head; but were off again almost at once, fortunately. We put about again and before the next tack was finished, the moon came up, giving just the little extra light we needed, and we carried on till daylight without further mishap.

It was a bright, sunny morning, and so wet clothes, mattresses and pillows were put in the sun. Only the small awning aft, was put up again for shelter. On the lookout, Toni relieved Clarence who had been in the bows or lookout all night. Everyone was up and about, though Monica could not move about much, her legs still troubling her. At mid-day we passed a very large circular lagoon with breakers all round. Toni, on the lookout said there seemed to be a buoy in the middle of it. All day we sailed in and out of reefs and shallow water. The bright sunshine and calm sea enabled accurate readings of the sun to be taken morning and mid-day, and thus our correct position was fixed. Then, there was great excitement in the early afternoon when Grace spied something which proved to be an island—the first land we had seen for 13 days! By 5 p.m. four other islands were also seen, but we knew we could not reach any of them before dark. At 7 p.m. we turned on to a friendly reef and anchored for the night. Everyone was tired after Sunday's experience, especially the men and so we were ready for an unbroken night's sleep.

Tuesday, February 19th

After a really good night's rest we were all keen for what the day might bring forth. We left our anchorage at 7 a.m. making for one of the group of islands now appearing

ahead. Charlie declared one of them must be Percy Island. By studying charts and measuring, the men decided we would do best by making for Mackay, as it appeared to be the only town of any size in the vicinity of where we were, according to sextant readings. Later it was seen that one of the islands had a lighthouse, and so we made straight for it, reaching it about 4 p.m. As we cruised around it, how glad we were to see some men on it! In great excitement, Bert, Ernie and Doc let down the dinghy and rowed across while Clarence and Effie kept the boat moving round and about. When they returned they told us that the lighthouse men had been watching us since early morning, not being able to imagine where we had come from. "No boat has ever come that way before and there's no passage there," they said. They marvelled that we were not dashed to pieces on Sunday morning. When our men told them we had bumped on the reef three times they said, "You'll be all right. Go straight to Mackay, 60 miles due west from here. If you bump into an island you'll go right over the top and down the other side. You'll go sailing right up the main street of Mackay, after the way you've come." The lighthouse was on Pine Island and the men told us where we could anchor for the night. They said there were a few islands on the way to Mackay, but no reefs. Outside Mackay was a flat-topped island where there was a Pilot Station, and we would have no difficulty when we got there. We went round to our anchorage in a bay with a delightful sandy beach. All of us except Charlie went ashore in the dinghy with much light talk and banter. There for an hour or so we had a happy picnic. The only inhabitants of the island were goats who did not disturb us as we climbed and bathed in the fresh water stream or the surf as fancy took us. Back to the boat at 7 p.m. we had a special tea to celebrate having landed on Australian soil, though it was not yet the mainland.

Wednesday, February 11th

Another memorable day for us all! To make sure of arriving at Mackay in daylight, we awoke at 2.15 a.m. to make preparations for our last day's travelling. We struck trouble at once, for though we had anchored in deep enough water, it was now low tide and with the swinging round of the boat also, we bumped on the rocky bottom. We learned later that the rise and fall of the tide in these parts was 16 feet, which accounted for the early misfortune. But by the light of torches, watch was kept for other rocks, and we got out safely past the lighthouse and headed due west for Mackay. We passed a number of rocky, barren islands. Though the day was fine and sunny there was a strong southerly rip. We saw a plane during the morning, but it did not come near us. About mid-day we could see houses on the coastline ahead, and thought at first we had come straight upon Mackay, but a little later decided it was a seaside resort. Again the dinghy went ashore, and our men learned that Mackay was about 15 miles further north. They were given instructions how to get there, and so off we started once more hoping that our next stop would indeed be "our desired haven". Now everyone began to think of looking a little bit respectable. Bert acted as hairdresser to men and women who wanted a trim, a whole basin of fresh water was allowed for each person to have a wash—a great concession indeed, for we had been

very economical with our fresh water. People with electric hot water services don't know the joys of washing dishes in cold salt water or of washing themselves in about one pint of water! Each of us had kept one frock clean for the express purpose of looking more or less respectable when we landed. The men folk told us we did not look like poor evacuees! They remained in their shorts: indeed some of them had nothing to change into even had they wanted to do so. Reaching Flat Top Island we expected some one from the Pilot Station would come to meet us. We cruised slowly amongst the shoals and sandbanks of the river estuary, but saw no sign of life anywhere, nor could we see any way of getting up the river. The only solution to our problem seemed to be a breakwater ahead, over which we could see the top of cranes and the smoking funnel of a steamer. It proved to be a large artificial harbour into which we sailed at 5.30 p.m. No-one seemed interested in our arrival except some wharf labourers who gathered at the head of the wharf. Bert, therefore, went across in the dinghy, and climbing the rope ladder he talked to several men. Later, he came back to say we were in the Government harbour, where it was illegal for us to be! However, as contact had not been made with the Harbour Master, we were told to anchor till called upon. This news was a bit damping, for we had so hoped to go ashore, and the prospect of spending another night on board was dismal, when we were so near! Gloomily we opened tins for another meal—we thought we had finished with them! We had just finished our meal when a call came and Bert hastily boarded the dinghy again and went across to and up on to the wharf. In a short time we saw him hurriedly searching for the ladder, then descending quickly. Why? we wondered, and then guessed when we saw two cars come on to the wharf from which came men to talk to Bert. Back he came to tell us to go round to the pontoon to be cleared. When we had anchored we had changed back into our travel-worn clothes, but now we cheered up again, and the dishwashing had never been accomplished so quickly as it was then, nor had we changed so quickly either. By the time we reached the pontoon, our galley and we were in respectable order. From then on, all was well. The Harbour Master, Customs Official and Doctor came on board, and dispensing with official red-tape as much as possible, soon put us at our ease, and gave us every assistance. The Red Cross had cars waiting to take us to Mackay, about 3 or 4 miles away, where hot baths and beds were awaiting us at the Grand Hotel, so they told us.

We six women went into the waiting cars, while the men stayed to put the boat out at anchorage again, after which all except Charlie followed us. On the way into Mackay Lina mentioned that Monica had been longing for a grilled steak. This must have been passed on to the Hotel proprietor, as we saw later. Arriving at the hotel, we were thrilled with being able to have *hot* baths, with plenty of water; and the sight of the beds with clean white sheets and pillowcases almost made us want to go to bed straight away! About 8 p.m. we were ushered into the dining room, where Monica found her dream was reality, and we all shared it with her, for we each had grilled steak, bacon and eggs *and* bread—oh! joy! after nearly three weeks of tinned food and cabin or *sao* biscuits. After having done justice to this meal, we went round to the Post Office to send various business and private messages, as our friends had no idea we

had left the Solomon Islands. We had just arrived back at the hotel when the sirens sounded for a trial blackout. It was to be for an hour, but we were so tired we just made our way up the stairs in the dark and fell into bed.

Thursday, February 12th

The men spent a busy day attending to matters connected with the boat, the provisions that were left, our luggage and other things. The first business was to have Charlie taken to Hospital. The Ambulance went to the Harbour and got him. On the way to the Hospital it called at the Grand Hotel, thus giving us a chance to see and speak to Charlie, who seemed quite cheerful. We—and he—little thought how short would be his stay in Hospital, for the following Tuesday Bert had word in Sydney that Charlie had passed away. How thankful we were then that he had lived to reach Australia. Red Cross ladies and men called on us to make sure we needed nothing more. The Tourist Department representative came to make arrangements about our being conveyed to Sydney, and the Methodist Minister, Rev. E. Potter, came to invite the Methodists of the party to go to stay at the Parsonage, and also to attend a tea meeting which the Church had arranged for that evening. He put himself and his car at our disposal to go wherever business called. Then, when as much business as possible had been done for the day, he took us all and our luggage to the Parsonage, thus leaving four of our party at the Hotel in charge of the Red Cross still.

At 6 p.m. we were taken to the Methodist Schoolroom for the tea which out of kindness the ladies had prepared to welcome us. It was a delightful tea of ham and cold mutton, lettuce salad, beetroot, boiled potatoes and dressing, followed by apple shortcake and jelly; while in the middle of the tables were plates of cake and fruit; all most enjoyable. About 50 or 60 people sat down with us. Later on, an informal meeting of welcome and thanksgiving was held, about 100 people being present. The two circuit stewards, two young Home Missionaries and Mr Potter himself all spoke words of welcome. It was when Mr Potter spoke that we learned of his remarkable experience at noon on the previous Sunday—on the day of the dreadful storm when it began so swiftly to subside. He told us that as he was about to pronounce the benediction at the end of the service at West Mackay he felt impelled to stop and pray especially for the Missionaries of the Solomon Islands, though he knew none of them, as this district is under the New Zealand, not the Australian church. He followed the impulse and when we arrived in Mackay on Wednesday he knew why he had been impelled to pray, and as we listened we knew why we had been guided to arrive there. Mr Potter also told us that for the previous fortnight Mrs Potter had prayed each day especially for the Solomon Island missionaries, although she, too, knew no one personally. Whose faith in prayer would not be strengthened after hearing of such experiences? We all felt there would always be a bond between us and the Methodists of Mackay.

Doc, Clarence and Lina all told briefly some of our experiences. We were ready for bed that night, all six of us being accommodated at the Parsonage, the two young daughters having been "parked" elsewhere to make extra room for us. The non-Mission folk remained at the Hotel as guests of the Red Cross.

Friday, February 13th

Rain began in the night and all day it teemed with rain, but again Mr Potter put himself and his car at our disposal. With the help of the Harbour Master, the *Fauro Chief* was taken from the harbour to be moored up the river, on the short trip round from the breakwater to the mouth of the river a heavy beam sea pounded the boat and provisions etc. were thrown all over the place. A reliable man was found to act as caretaker for the time being. We went to the boat at its moorings, and took away any of our own things that we needed, at the same time arranging for the safe keeping of the vessel's gear. Some of the party were in need of clothes, and the ladies of the Church provided these, indeed they were desirous of giving us far more than was necessary. The men folk were in greater need than the ladies and their needs were supplied even to the coat of a suit, and socks and shirts.

Mackay will always remain in our memories as a place where kindness was showered upon us by everyone—Government officials. Red Cross folk and the Methodists in particular.

Saturday February 14th - Monday February 16th

We left Mackay by train on the Saturday morning one and a half hours late, because of floods further north. We ladies had a six berth second class sleeping compartment and the men a four-berth first-class one. At Rockhampton we were met by Rev. Tainton, the Methodist minister and by some of the ladies of his church, who had a delightful tea set out on a table on the railway platform. We thoroughly enjoyed this tea and the short companionship of the ladies who so kindly provided it. Their kindness did not end there either, for they supplied us with ample provisions and fruit for the train—in fact enough to last us until we reached Sydney.

At 11.20 a.m. Sunday we reached Brisbane, where we were met by Mrs Rycroft, the wife of a former Solomon Island Methodist Missionary, and representatives of the Tourist Department, who gave us first-class sleeping compartment tickets to Sydney. They also had a char-a-banc ready to take us over to South Brisbane Station to catch the Sydney train which left at 11.50. Doc and Vera stayed a day in Brisbane on business. The rest of us reached Sydney at 9 a.m. Monday where we parted company. Grace went on to relatives in Victoria.

A reunion at which all except Grace and Ernie were able to be present, was held at Cahill's in Sydney on February 20th. We hardly recognised one another at first in our new clothes! We had a happy time together for a little while. Bert and Monica, Ernie and Toni were staying in Sydney; the rest of us, after eight days in that city came on to New Zealand. Maybe we'll never all meet together again. We do not know. But we do know that we reached Australia from the Solomon Islands because of the loving, guiding hand of our Heavenly Father. To Him we give all thanks and praise for our protection. Postscript

The Australian Navy took over the *Fauro Chief* for patrol work in Papua. After the war she was to be returned to Mr Goldie in the Solomons, but instead she was run up on a reef and lost.

"A MAN AND HIS CHURCH"

As you drive out of Otara along East Tamaki Road in the direction of Howick (if you haven't worked it out yet, you are in South Auckland), a small stone church can be seen on a rise to the left. It is St John's and was built in 1860-61 by Rev. Gideon Smales, one of the rare examples of a private family chapel in the North Island. Today it looks rather lonely though surrounded by a rapidly growing industrial area. First, the man . . . Rev. Gideon Smales (1817-94): Born at Whitby, Yorkshire on 26 October 1817, he was ordained into the Wesleyan Methodist Ministry at the Liverpool Conference in 1837. He was one of six Wesleyan missionaries destined for New Zealand who sailed from Bristol on the Triton on 14 September 1839, arriving at Hokianga Harbour on 9 May 1840. In June, the Superintendent of the N.Z. Wesleyan Mission, Rev. John Bumby, was tragically drowned near Auckland. On 29 December, the young Gideon married Bumby's sister, Mary Anna, who should also be remembered for bringing the first three hives of bees to New Zealand.

For the next three years they served at various stations in the north, a period that was marred to some extent by personal strain that developed in his relationship with the new Chairman, Rev. John Hobbs. This led to a move to the Southern District as a result of which he was the minister in Wellington for most of 1843. A temporary church was built and, at the opening in August, he preached at the morning service. Rev. John Aldred (Nelson) in the afternoon, and Rev. Samuel Ironside (Cloudy Bay) in the evening. During a short period to try to establish a station at Porirua, his youngest child died, his wife and older child were seriously ill and he suffered from ophthalmia.

However, the district meeting had already decided that he would be appointed to Aotea Harbour between Raglan and Kawhia. Arriving on 29 January 1844, this became the scene of his most successful mission work until early 1857. He called the station "Beechamdale" after one of the secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in England. Five more children were born from 1844 to 1852. The oldest son, John, later went to England, graduating as M.A. from Cambridge. He died at Whitby in 1869, aged 28. The Aotea children were

- (1) Mary, who became Mrs Samuel Chadwick at East Tamaki, dying in 1871 aged 27;
- (2) Susannah who died young;
- (3) Gideon who was killed when thrown from a horse at East Tamaki;
- (4) Felicia who died in Auckland in 1880 aged 30;
- (5) Sophia who became Mrs Charles Overton. She died at Waipapa, North Canterbury, in 1886, aged 34, the only one of the seven children to have any descendants.

His first task became fund-raising by travelling from Raglan to New Plymouth. He raised £120, the largest donation of £10 being his own. All other donors except three

were Maoris. Eventually the buildings at Aotea were a house, church, school and flourmill. By 1847 he was able to write a lengthy report which was published in the *Wesleyan Missionary Notes* of January 1848 in England. Some quotations from this under its three main headings can be quite revealing.



The Rev'd Gideon Smales

"Progress of Religion" — Religion had been received by the majority of the people at Aotea prior to 1844. A great number, however, still stood aloof; amongst those were some of the most superstitious and degraded in Heathenism. The darkness of their hearts seemed appeared to resist the most convincing appeals of divine truth ... To the praise of the Lord be it spoken, out of those the most hardened and deluded, we have, during the three years, baptized upwards of a hundred souls. And not reckoning "deaths" and "removals" (the latter of which have been numerous, being mostly slaves liberated by their Chiefs and returned to their homes by the influence of Christianity), we have increased upwards of 20 in church membership. Amidst many discouragements, it tends to encourage us a little to know that our labour is not entirely 'vain in the Lord'. This feeling, however, would be mingled with much more of anxiety and heartfelt pity, were we not at the same time led to rejoice in the apparent increase of the vital power of religion enjoyed in the hearts of the people. This has exhibited itself in a greater attention to all the means of grace, especially to public and private prayer; in the frequent and earnest inquiries of, "What must I do to be saved?"; and in an anxiety to walk by the infallible rule of God's word . . .

"Progress a/Education"— In 1844 I was not aware that there was one native in the Circuit that understood the 'multiplication tables'; now have many of our young men learned not only that, but also most of the other 'tables' as taught from the system of arithmetic used in the public schools at home, and work with ease questions in long

division, practice, and so forth . . . There is no doubt that you will not have to wait long before you hear of the New Zealander working the problems of Euclid. Many are learning the English language, which, even two years ago, appeared to them such a profound gibberish of iss-iss-issing that they seemed to think that they would require certain additions to their physical nature ere it could be attempted. Their knowledge of the sacred Scriptures has been and still is distinguished. At our public examination in 1845, a large body of the natives repeated from memory the four first chapters of the Epistle to the Hebrews; and some few even ten chapters. At the examination of 1846, they repeated in the same way the eight first chapters of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans . . . A knowledge of the Scriptures is quite popular amongst the natives; their inquiries after the meaning and import of divine truth are incessant.

"Progress of Civilization" — *Stock* — Two years ago, we had no stock in the circuit. We have now 21 sheep, six horses, a dozen head of horned cattle and a great number of goats. As stock increases very rapidly in New Zealand, it will not be long before the natives have wherewithal to purchase themselves clothes and other requisites, of which the progress of civilization is making them feel the necessity. I hope, too, that the introduction of horses and cattle will soon supersede the abominable practice of treating the female part of the population more like beasts of burden than anything else.

Food — The natives formerly lived mainly on fern and other roots including the kumera. They have suffered greatly in their strength by confining themselves so uniformly to so insubstantial a diet. Wheat and potatoes are now approved of and the prospect is, that the natives will be provided with a stronger 'staff of life' than they have lately had to support them. In 1844, they reaped throughout the circuit not more than 20 acres of wheat; in 1845 about 80; in 1846 about 150; and this year they will reap about 200 acres of wheat, besides a small patch of oats and another of barley.

Water Flour-mill — ... during the past year we managed to erect an excellent little water Hour-mill. This is the first thing of the kind that has been erected for the natives of New Zealand ... The expense of the labour of the mill-wright alone was £80, which amount they paid with an ox and pigs; a large sum for so poor a people. Many of them have had to shiver out the whole winter in their tattered blankets . . . but the result is interesting. It is extremely gratifying to see two or three old veterans in barbarous life sitting for hours near the water-wheel; its brisk rattling noise seems to impart a new life into their stupefied souls; and, as if just awakened from the long sleep of barbarism, the sudden turn of civilization appears to impart a vivacity and cheerfulness to which they have hitherto been strangers. They chat with a new interest and vigour around the machinery whilst the water dashes and foams beneath their feet.

The *Conclusion* to the report lists other advantages of the progress of Christianity such as no cases of infanticide or murder during his three years there; the freedom given to nearly all slaves; the amicable settling of disputes among themselves, mainly about women, pigs or land; the great transformation taking place in their moral constitution,

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etc. The report paints a picture of a Mission that was firmly established and prospering. A second school was built by 1854 by which year the local natives were so satisfied with the work of the Mission and its schools, they ceded to the Queen two large blocks of land to be handed to the Wesleyan Missionary Society for educational purposes.

It was about this time that Gideon began to think of the future of his growing family. The rules of the WMS did not permit him to purchase land or deal in commerce so in 1856 he at last decided to leave the mission service and move to Auckland. By early 1858 he had bought 300 acres of land at East Tamaki and settled to a life of a farmer though he also seems to have worked in the area as an unofficial pastor, having joined the Anglican Church. His "parish" stretched as far as Clevedon and Papakura.

In 1860 he began the building of his church on his property. The opening services were held on 12 January 1862. Smales led the morning service. Rev. John Macky (Presbyterian minister at Papatoetoe) the afternoon. A soiree was held on the Monday evening—tickets were two shillings. Rev. Vicesimus Lush was Anglican vicar at Howick at the time. There was a family vault beneath the church and families in the district had their own pews.

Later in 1862 he sailed for England with his wife, who, sadly, died on the voyage home. In England, he married a second time Miss Mary Ann Baxter, also of Whitby. There were three children who unfortunately all died in infancy. Then Mary died in 1869 at the age of 24.

Soon after he returned to New Zealand, he went to Thames where, realizing that many of the young miners drifted to the hotels because they have nowhere else to go, he built, at his own expense (£4000), a Home Institute for accommodation and recreation. But the miners wouldn't use it and he was a heavy loser over the venture which became known as "Smales' Folly". After the gold rush, he bought some cottages in Thames and had them transported to East Tamaki to form a small village. I haven't been able to discover what success attended this venture.

Late in 1871 he decided to return to England again, this time travelling via U.S.A. and giving lectures on the way. He collected testimonials from a number of prominent people of which this is a typical example:

*"Thames, New Zealand,
21 September, 1871*

To the Rev. Gideon Smales.

My Dear Brother, as you are about to return to England, via America, and in meeting with many strangers, some introduction may be of advantage to you, I have pleasure in stating that I have known you since the year 1840, when you first came to this country, and during the many years in which you were usefully employed among the Maoris as a Wesleyan Missionary, until family circumstances made it expedient that you should return to England.

I regret very much that your enterprize since coming back to New Zealand three years since, has proved so unfortunate. In erecting that large building known as the "Home Institute", at a time when the great "rush" to these gold mines, you believed you could not only provide necessary accommodation for many, but that you would furnish the means for the social, moral and religious welfare of the miners. But the sudden collapse defeated your object and brought heavy pecuniary loss upon you. Still it has, although but partially, answered a good purpose in giving shelter to many a homeless wanderer, and has always been at the service of the Religious Denominations for soirees, public meetings concerts, etc., free of charge: The Episcopal, the Methodist, the Presbyterian, and the Primitive Methodist have all in their turn been indebted to you; as well as Ladies Benevolent Society, the Temperance League, the Total Abstinence Society, and other benevolent institutions. I do earnestly hope that under an improving state of things you may yet be able to recoup the large outlay expended by you, which up to this date has been so unproductive. Wishing you every blessing, together with a "prosperous voyage by the will of God", I have great satisfaction in commending your public services in whatever place they may be desired, and am,

*Yours very truly,
James Buller,
Superintendent Minister of the Wesleyan
Thames Circuit, and Chairman of the
New Zealand (North) District."*

His sojourn in England this time was comparatively brief but long enough to lay the foundation for his third marriage.

He very soon returned to New Zealand, bringing with him his intended third wife, Miss Elizabeth Tayler, who had a beautiful voice and sang in many languages. They were soon married in St. John's by Bishop Cowie. This marriage resulted in another seven children, all surviving into adulthood; in fact four attended a centennial service in 1962- They were Elaine (Mrs Wilkins), Herbert, Alice (Mrs Davis), Adelle (Mrs Cunnold), Beatrice (Mrs Scanlon), Elfrida (Mrs Grant) and Ambrose.

He apparently spent the rest of his life at East Tamaki, raising this third family, until he died, aged 77, in October 1894. He is buried in the family vault. Another interest of this man of many parts was nature and he helped provide data for Sir Walter Buller's famous book on New Zealand Birds. (A son of Rev. James Buller.)

Mrs Smales III, in later years, made one trip back to England with her eldest son, Herbert. She played the organ in St John's until she died in her 84th year in 1924.

The Church

As already mentioned, the church was started in 1860, and opened in January 1862. The volcanic stone came from a quarry on the estate. As there was no concrete, drayloads of shells were brought to the site and burnt to make lime for mortar. Timber was brought up the Tamaki River in scows and hauled to the site by bullocks. He

called the estate Hampton Park. One of his descendants had a framed public notice, advertising the opening, which reads:

St John's Church, Hampton Park, East Tamaki

Sermons will be preached on the opening of the above church for public worship on Sunday, 12 January 1862. In the morning at 11 a.m. by the Rev. Gideon Smales and in the afternoon at 3 p. m. by the Rev. John Macky. After which services there will be no collection. A Soiree will be held in the above church on Monday, 13 January. Tickets are two shillings to be had at the N.Z. Office, Captain Laws, Parnell and Mr Halls, Otahuhu. After tea which will be held at 5 p.m., several friends will address the meeting.

Stones which made the church possible, also solved the problem of fences. One wall builder is credited with having constructed five miles of stone walls subdividing the farm into paddocks.

In earlier years, the Maoris had fought many battles around the area. Smales' Mountain, an extinct volcanic cone, had the Maori name of Matangi-Nui ('The pa which was taken with much crying'). The knoll on which the church stands has the name Puke-o-Tara (The Hill of Tara). Tamati Waka Nene, the old Ngapuhi chief who had been a signatory of the Treaty of Waitangi, was a friend of Smales who had taught him English at Hokianga. He visited Hampton Park and, before his death, he sent Smales his cloak, a copy of the Treaty and a lock of his hair.

At the beginning of the fighting in South Auckland and Waikato in 1863, soldiers were billeted in the church until a camp was established at Redoubt Road. (Smales was in England.) His surviving children were given their lessons in the church by their governess. He had a bell brought from England for the belfry, but when it was found that it wouldn't fit, it was placed in a tree which ultimately grew around it. Later it was hung from a bracket outside the church door.

At his death, Smales bequeathed his chapel with four acres of ground, jointly to the Anglicans and Methodists. His will decreed that it would be administered by a trust of four members, two from each church. The original appointees were Thomas Alien and George Alfred Buttle for the Methodists and David Nolan and William Stephen Cochrane for the Anglicans. This arrangement continues to the present.

When Mrs Smales died in 1924, the six surviving children inherited the rest of the estate but took about seven years and much in legal fees before agreeing on a way to divide it. Gideon's valuable library was sold to help pay the fees. The land was surveyed into six equal farming propositions which were balloted for. Mrs Elfrida Grant drew the lot with the old homestead near the church. This was burnt down during World War II when an English officer was in residence. She built a new one and, when she died, her eldest son Donald, by buying the shares of his brothers and sisters, inherited the homestead property. If you walk over the old grounds of the homestead through the top entrance—now The Garden of Memories—you can

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imagine an old garden containing orange groves, rhododendrons, camelia walks with herbaceous borders and everything you would grow in an old English Garden. On the far side the old gardener's cottage still stands as well as the remains of the stone stables which were gutted by a fire caused by a tramp who was sleeping there one night.

A milestone was the centenary of the church, celebrated on 1 April 1962, with a morning service conducted by Bishop Gowing for the Anglicans and Rev. Albert Jolly for the Methodists. As already noted, four of Gideon's children—Alice, Adelie, Elfrida and Ambrose—were present as well as numerous other members of the family. A buffet luncheon followed in the grounds of Hampton Park.

But the church wasn't to be left in peace compatible with its surroundings. Tragedy struck in the form of three attacks of vandalism which, because of the evidence they left, seemed to suggest the practice of witchcraft. It culminated in a fire which practically gutted it in February 1965—all three attacks happened during the full moon. However, restoration was accomplished by many acts of generosity, e.g. an architect, Mr Sinclair, gave his services free to design a vestry which has been added; Mr P. Hanley designed the altar window free of charge; Mr A. McKerras and his brothers rebuilt the church at cost as close as they could to the original design; many donations from the public and family paid for it. The church was rededicated in February 1968. Mr McKerras has been one of the Methodist Trustees for many years now. The vault was sealed and Ambrose Smales built a memorial recording the family members buried there.

In 1971 another special service was held for the dedication of "Church Avenue", a driveway in an avenue of trees from the homestead to the church, which was given to the trust by Mr Donald Grant. Bishop Gowing and Rev. Eric Clement conducted this service.

When Donald Grant died in 1971, he bequeathed the homestead property to the Salvation Army. The original intention was probably for the S.A. to build a Home on the site but eventually they decided that it was too far away from the city and formulated plans to turn the 25 acres next to the church into a scoria quarry. When the application for this became known, it prompted a petition to the Manukau City Council from family members and local people who didn't want to see any more hills in that area flattened and asking the M.C.C. to buy the land as a public reserve. This took till 1978 by which time the town planning committee declined the Army application. Mr M.J. Hayman, the city planner, said, "With the ridge forming a semi-amphitheatre enclosing a sheltered, low-lying area containing groups of native and exotic trees and stone fences, the site has a potential for a range of recreation activities. The area also has historic value as it was the centre of Maori occupation and initial European settlement in the 1850s. Quarrying would destroy most of the landscape and recreational potential of the site." The council agreed to this, bought the property from the Salvation Army so that today the near surroundings of the church

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can be preserved and developed. It will also prevent the rapidly growing industrialisation in this area from coming too close.

Today, now in the Otara Parish, Anglican services are held there twice a month at 8 a.m. It would appear that, so far, the council has not done anything to develop the 'potential for recreation' though it and the trust have agreements with the Otara Apostolic Church for them to use some of the land for vegetable gardening, which in turn provides work for some of the unemployed as well as funds for the church. The trust continues to concentrate on basic maintenance work on its small income which is mostly from shares in an insurance company which resulted from gifts and bequests from some members of the family. It is interesting to note that one of Smales' descendants, John Grant, is now a student for the Methodist Ministry at St John's College.

SOURCES

The material I have used for the information in this article is from the following sources:

- a) Some Notes on the Wesleyan Mission at Aotea by the late Mr C.G. Hunt of Hamilton in 1958.**
- b) The notes for a talk given by Mrs J.W. Crompton of Howick, a grand-daughter of G.S., in 1983.**
- c) Te Hahi Weteriana by Rev. G.I. Laurenson (WHS Proceeding - 1972)**
- d) Newspaper articles.**

N.B. This could be the first of a series on interesting Methodist Church buildings in New Zealand (whether still in existence or not) and we invite anyone who can supply us with an account of any others to do so.

—Dave Roberts



St John's Church. East Tamaki

PILGRIMAGE TO MANGUNGU

On the first of April, 1985 the Methodist Church of New Zealand re-assumed some management responsibility for the historic Mission House at Mangungu in the Hokianga. A small local committee under the Rev. Colin Milner will receive maintenance help from the Historic Places Trust who still lease the property from the Church and provide a caretakers cottage.

Four days later on the 5th of April, the morning of Good Friday was clear and sunny. A full tide covered the mud Hats and the reflections of the clouds and hills in the still harbour was a benediction. Horeke along the shore quietly basked in the sunshine.

Then the cars began to arrive—from Whangarei to Wellington and from Christchurch they came 45 to 50 visitors in all, making their pilgrimage to Mangungu for Easter. Maisie and Steve Taylor and other local Maori residents welcomed us to the Motukiore Marae, provided comfortable accommodation, splendid meals and a rich time of sharing as they described the joys and concerns of the community. Another neighbouring Marae invited us to a Saturday morning service of Ratana Baptism, followed by unveilings in the nearby cemetery and then a wonderful meal for all the visiting Maori families with ourselves as special guests. We owe much to the Rev. Tohu Cassidy who shepherded us over the unfamiliar ground.

We were an unusual mixture. A retired deaconess, (Airini Hobbs), students, a lawyer, ministers and retired ministers and their partners, lay people from a variety of Churches, our Vice President Joyce and husband Gordon Dey. Some were descendants of John Hobbs the builder of the Mission House and Francis White, blacksmith and lay worker.

Loyal Gibson sensitively led our Easter Services and discussions. Dr Jack Lewis contributed two fine Bible Studies and we listened to a tape recording of early Mangungu stories prepared by Wes. Chambers.

Margaret Exton, archivist and caretaker spoke on the house and its treasures. Joyce Dey planted a Kauri in memory of our visit which was a significant bicultural experience with constant reminders of the Easter Camps which nurtured so many of us. In all a memorable time of sharing,, remembering and growing together was enjoyed by children and adults alike. Tolla Williment, a descendent of Hobbs and the author of a new book on his life was among us and we look forward to the publication of this important piece of writing about the beginnings of New Zealand Methodism.

Geoff Hill

MUFFLE THE FIRE-BELL!

We are indebted to our member, Mr A. H. Harman of Alexandra for the following article which appeared in the Otago Daily Times on 13 April 1985.

'On September 10, 1862, the Volunteer Fire Brigade assembled for its first practice with the Town Board's appliance and the paper recorded their enthusiastic efforts. "Dragging, lifting, hauling the engine over impassable places, up steep ascents and down rapid declivities, appeared to afford the members the most intense satisfaction. Great efforts were made to induce the engine to pump, but without success. It was found to be out of order and choked with mud."

The appliance was cleaned and repaired, but still gave such a feeble jet that the new machine's arrival took on a fresh importance. There was much discussion in the next month over the best site for an engine house with watch-tower and belfry. The first choice was the section adjoining the Wesleyan church, in upper Dowling Street, where the watchman would have a commanding view of the town.

This did not please the pastor of the Wesleyan church, the Rev. Isaac Harding, who sent an agitated letter to the Town Board. If the fire-bell were to sound during a service, he wrote, not only would the service at once break up, but a rush of a most excited and dangerous nature might occur.

The Town Board thought it was up to him to control his congregation's behaviour, and the letter gave rise to some derision. "Old Identity" offered the paper a helpful suggestion: "All difficulty and fear of panic might be obviated by the following very simple rule being observed: Let the fire-bell be muffled, Sir, and then it will neither disturb nor annoy anyone." '