
RAY Q REMEMBERS



Photo credit for the following pictures belongs to the writer's daughter, Ruth:-

Page	4	Scythe, and horse works.
"	5	Axe
"	30	Quinney children holding sections of their great great grandparents rose and wistaria
"	31	The great creeper
"	32	The old willow tree
"	36	Hay dump rake
"	80	French hen

RAY Q REMEMBERS

Ray Quinney

Written and published by
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MOTUPIKO
NELSON

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Typesetting and layout prepared by Progressive Printing Services.
Printing by Stiles Printing Limited.

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PREFACE

Just why do we write books, adding one more to the millions there must be around? Putting to paper what has been stored in the memory over the decades. Doubtless for different reasons. Notes for this one have been jotted down for years, my thanks and appreciation to wife Marjorie for not growling at having the end of the table a bit littered, and seeing husband scribbling during a meal! Chewing does sometimes aid the memory.

My apologies for appearing so often in script and picture, but it is not very easy to take a person out of a photo and leaving it neat.

When not sure of the exact date, I have often used the word "about" hoping that that will not detract too much from the actual happening recorded. A life long friend, Mr Jeff Newport has accurately put dates for the history of the area in his admirable "Footprints" books.

No doubt some readers will mutter, "Well, there is nothing there worth writing about." And, "He hasn't got that right." Well, the writer appreciates that any farming operation spoken of here is but ordinary - or was ordinary everyday work at that time, but may be of some interest to young people.

Rodger Quinney now has the farm the first settler William Quinney took up about 1862, I have the farm next door that grandfather Brewerton owned, "The Grove" or Quinney's Bush as it is now often called.

Today many have cameras and take many pictures, and what good historical records they are, but I'm sorry that in some cases no picture was taken of some of the activities described in writing this book they were just ordinary everyday things at the time - not worth taking a picture of them!

On the front cover is a picture never to be repeated, a travelling photographer in a horse and gig - only professionals had cameras then - wanted to take a picture - "But we do this every day". However the photo was taken, later I think hand painted, and shows a big Rimu log coming to the sawmill, the actual place near Tunnickliff's Gully, William Quinney, (senr) standing, others left to right, Sam, John (my father) and William (junior). Horses names Sam, Luce and Kate, dog Chips.

Writer understands that junker was backed over log, shafts lifted high, chain put around log, shaft being pulled down lifted log above ground, for the back a winch lifted that end of the log. Today, 100 years on, big machines lift several such logs in minutes onto big trucks and take them to the sawmill at 90kms an hour.

DECIMAL EQUIVALENTS

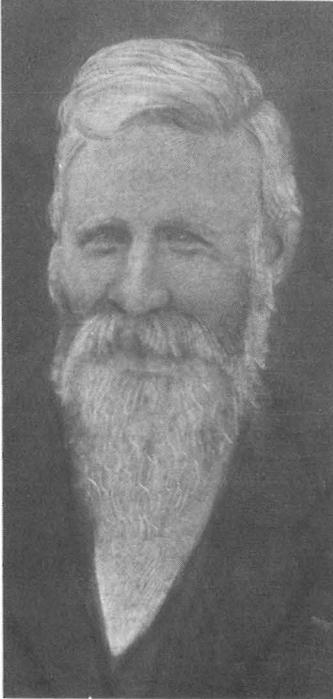
1 inch = 25.4 mm
1 foot = 30.5 cm
1 yard = 0.914 m
1 mile = 1.61 km
1 acre = 0.495 ha
1 mph = 1.61 km/h

1 oz = 28.3 g
1 lb = 454 g
1 ton = 1.02 t
1 hundredweight = 20.40 t

£ 1 = \$2
10 shillings = \$1
2 shillings 6d = 25c
1 shilling = 10c
Sixpence = 5c
Threepence = 3c
1 penny = 1c

CHAPTER 1

EARLY HISTORY



Grandfather Quinney, born Preston on Capes, Lancashire 1834, died 1895, buried Mararewa. It was said, "Everybody loved him".

My grandfather, William Quinney, born Preston on Capes, England 14/8/34 arrived in Nelson on the ship EMMA COLVIN 1856, with the very modest capital of 1 shilling and 6 pence (15 cents) in his pocket and all his goods in a bag on his back. I understand he would take any job going, scything, road making, pitsawing timber. He married Sarah Brewerton - sister of F M Brewerton, and shifted from Spring Grove to Motupiko about 1862.

A big strong man from a farming background in England, he was very good with the scythe and pitsaw. A scythe is not an easy thing to use at all, especially the long bladed type used in cutting hay and grain. He had been known to walk five miles in the morning, mow an acre of oats and five miles home and all for 5 shillings (50 cents). To pit saw timber a log was placed over a pit, a chalk line was drawn along the log and with one man on the log and another underneath a heavy saw with big rip teeth was worked along, what would such men say about the modern sawmill? As with so many of man's inventions, if one knows no better than scythes and pitsaws, you would use them without too many complaints. But to return to them would be sure to arouse curiosity! And tired muscles too!

Yet grandfather moved with the times, and so introduced some of the then modern inventions, for cutting hay and grain crops and milling timber.

What a boon it must have been to have a platform behind the cutting bar of the mower from which sheaves were raked off, but it took about eight or ten persons tying these with small handfuls of the crop to keep ahead of the machine. Later, a side delivery raked the sheaves off itself. I have seen one of these working, the big rakes sweeping down and raking the sheaves off at intervals. Then came the so familiar reaper and binder machine, cutting and tying into sheaves - I have used one for many years, and they are a fascinating machine to use, requiring a constant shifting of levers in uneven crops and ground. From the flail - this was simply a heavy stick tied on to a handle with which the heads of the corn was hit on the floor - grandfather moved to a cylinder - almost the same as on a modern header - to thresh out the grain, but the straw had to be forked away and



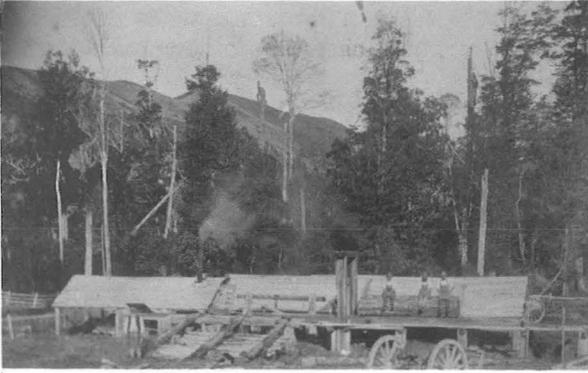
Cutting oats on side of slope, fourth horse out of sight, was not easy to drive a leader as well as look after the machine. Because five horses on the farm needed 10 acres of oats, we had to go up on the foothills sometimes.



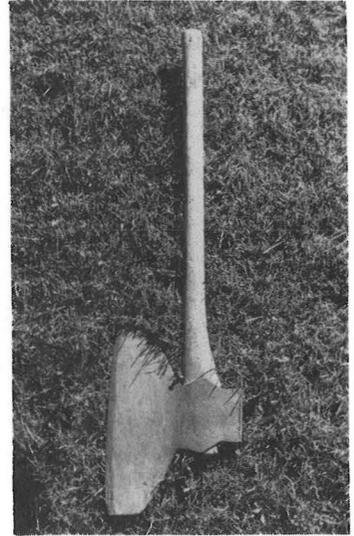
Sharpening the scythe, this is same as grandfather used, he would have to sharpen it many times a day with stone like this, but occasionally on a grindstone. Scythe required a swinging motion, not a chop with this long blade. Rather fascinating to use on smooth ground - for 10 minutes only!



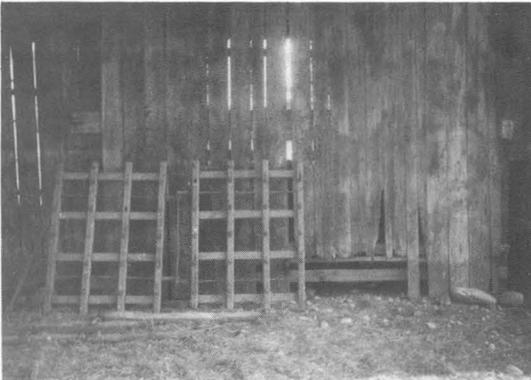
Horse works, now installed Quinney's Bush. They were usually installed near shed, with pulley inside having belt to chaff cutter up loft. Two horses, inside one had rod to centre of works. Two to keep going round in circle.



Quinney Sawmill (L Krammer 1989) note post and rail fence at left, posts had to have big slotted holes through them to take rails as posts were put into ground, (labour intensive but no cash required, early settlers short of that) mill roof weather boarded, size of log, men's feet well above floor, vertical breaking down bench now installed, junker in foreground.



Squaring axe, 12 inch face, handle bent away from log. Before breaking down bench installed this axe with chisel edge used to flatten log enough to saw - today a chainsaw would be used.



Grandfather's wooden harrows, pulled on angle to prevent tines "tracking", these with one furrow handle plough, scythe and possibly log roller were the only "plant" first settlers had. Leaves of harrows hinged in middle. Three horse swingle trees in front.

the grain with dust and husks put through a hand operated winnowing machine. Horse works, a machine whereby two horses went around in a circle and drove a pulley - similar to the one in Quinney's Bush - were used to rotate the cylinder. In grandfather's day any spare parts likely to be needed for next year's harvest had to be ordered from England many months ahead! To get the grain from say an eight acre crop in grandfather's day would require about 10 persons to cut and tie and stook the crop in a day, then when dried a team of about six to cart and stack it, then later a team of about six for a day to thresh it, a total of about 160 manhours! Even a medium sized header today would do the whole job in about six hours, one man. But there was quite a bit of fun and fellowship in the hay and harvest field of yesteryear which is of course lacking in the one or two man modern hay making or harvesting machinery.

Somewhere about the 1880s grandfather - with his sons Will, Sam and John (Tom was the builder) - built a sawmill first a one saw, then later a "vertical" breaking down bench - coincidentally this saw worked in a similar way to the pit saw, but was driven by a "portable" steam engine. This saw mill was on site of L Krammer's house 1989. Later a timber dressing mill was set up in a shed at Motupiko built in a hollow so as to get water for the steam engine more easily. Still standing near the Motupiko church 1989. The price of timber undressed was I think six shillings (60 cents a hundred super feet). For building the Motupiko church 1892 the timber was sawn, stacked to dry then dressed and put on the site for 11 shillings (\$1.10).

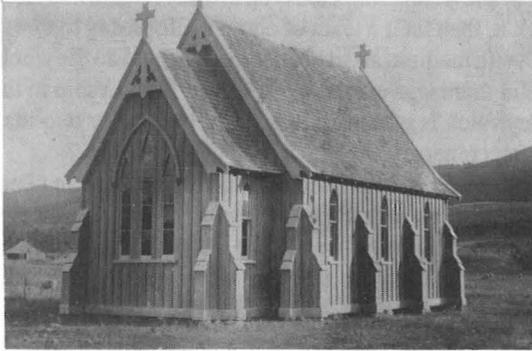
Grandfather would plough with two bullocks or two horses, one furrow, the grain was broadcast on the furrow, then harrowed in with heavy wooden harrows pulled on an angle so as to keep the widely spaced steel tines from "tracking". Even if rolled with the log roller, the paddocks would not be smooth to scythe over. Chemical fertilisers were not known of. I think "blood and bone" came in about 1920, superphosphate soon after, 12 bags to the ton.

Was this man tough? He never wore socks, just a bit of calico rag around his toes Winter and Summer, smoked one pipe a day, brewed his own beer and had one glass a day only. It was said of him that he seldom smacked his children - ten of them - but was seldom disobeyed by them - what was his secret? I have been told that everybody loved him. My father told me that when a neighbour apologised for cheating him and could he forgive him? he replied: "Of course I forgive you, I wish I could say I'll forget all about it." Are we not the same today if someone deliberately wrongs us - how good for us that God's "forgettery" is more effective than mans when sins are confessed! (Jeremiah 3 34).

Roger Quinney, a great grandson, now owns the original W Quinney farm. In perfect handwriting - so different to his grandson Ray's - in the front of his Sunday School register William Quinney wrote, "The fear (reverential awe) of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom". This register is still preserved in the Diocesan office. One Sunday he was "preaching", I think this would be in the Wesleyan chapel at Upper Motueka Valley (Mararewa). But I understand he joined in worship with the Church of England too. After breakfast he read a chapter from the bible every morning and no one left table till

he had finished. A big family bible he gave to his wife is still in the writer's possession, it is written in the King James and Revised versions in parallel columns.

The centre at Upper Motueka Valley was the first this side of Spooners Range, comprising a cemetery - the only thing left - the Church of the Ascension (C of E) over the road, Post Office, Store and Library and later a School and Chapel. A record of the



Motupiko church just built, shingled roof, many many hours work, and had to be replaced with iron in 20 years. Boards at bottom of cross had to be cut away as they encouraged birds to roost thereon.

opening of the Church has been preserved, it was similar to the Motupiko church, but first roofed with shingles. However without telephones, was the opening date delayed a few days owing to floods? The congregation lived on both sides of the river. What a credit it was to the early settlers that within a few years of taking up sections of land this fine church was opened in May 1865. But centres soon developed at Tadmor, and Motupiko - Maniaroa, (Tapawera) came later with the railway opening - and the buildings at Upper

Motueka Valley became unused, the iron was taken off the church roof, the stained glass windows out - a few panes are now in a small window in Motupiko church porch - and by the bishop's orders it was burnt about 1905. I understand that the flooring had become unsafe with borer - I presume the early settlers would not know that white pine would get borer and I suppose it would be easier to saw with the pit saw.

William's youngest son John courted Adie from next door farm. When mother (Adie) saw John jump the fence by the church she got ready to meet him. Their son Ray took a certain District Nurse, Majorie Ackerley, up to sit under the same tree he knew his mother and father sat under many years before! When the little girl Adie's mother died Mr and Mrs F M Brewerton took her in on a temporary basis. But the relationship became a permanent and deeply caring one. The Brewertons had no children of their own, but I understand that the home always had children in it for it was well known in the district that in a situations where children were not very convenient it was, "Take them to Brewertons, they will look after them". I'm happy to say that John and Adie Quinney and Marjorie and I have also carried on that tradition at times. A similar position has prevailed with the local church, grandfather Brewerton was churchwarden for many years, likewise my father, likewise me. Grandfather Brewerton gave the section on which St Georges church was built in 1892. And the timber came from his property three miles up the valley - I still have this property as well as the homestead one.

FIRST SECTION OF LAND

As a general rule the first settlers took up a front section and built a home on it - I think the first ones would be sod or clay ones - the clay was mixed with straw - perhaps two rooms only. This section would almost surely be on a Crown Lease basis as they had little money, then later they often took up another section farther back. On the Tadmor side of our hill Grandfather Brewerton saw from the Lands and Survey map that it was not taken up. My present neighbour over in Tadmor is Basil Hodgskinson. His grandfather saw the same situation, but my grandfather got in first. That 93 acre section - on the old survey - but probably several more acres on a modern survey which I understand goes down into the gullies - was all in native bush. This was chopped in one block, a good fire and because this side of the hill was ferny the sheep went over there more and so kept the fern from coming in so quickly as it usually did on a bush burn. The ryegrass and cocksfoot thrived on the bush burns for a few years, the charcoal may have been healthy for the sheep but I don't think the present day wool buyers would like it, but as the fertility of the humus dropped these English grasses petered out and fern took their places.

Grandfather Brewerton bought the front 80 acre section of the top place for 80 bushels of wheat, from a neighbour. That was all in bush as was all the Motupiko valley from Quinney's Bush up. The Tadmor, Korere and Stanley Brook valleys were also in heavy bush. The hills from Pinchback to Tapawera were probably burnt by the Maoris, the fire would sweep over the gorges which still have bush in them.



Grandfather Brewerton's house (showing in snowstorm picture) usual style, 4 rooms ground floor, front room (right front) behind that, living room with brick oven showing right, left front, parents bedroom, behind that storeroom, bathroom etc (but bath taken in tub filled with water from outside copper and pump) upstairs two bedrooms with landing in between. Writers grandparents on left, mother with lamb.

boiled the kettle, roasted the dinner and baked the bread, warmed the room, AND heated water in a cylinder, so that for a bath all one had to do was turn on taps over the bath!

FIRST HOUSES

The old houses were usually of the same design, four rooms below, living room-kitchen with open fire and brick oven alongside, "front room" next and parents bedroom, and a general storeroom bathroom etc, upstairs were two bedrooms, with a "landing" at head of stairs. Dishes were washed on table, kettles always over fire for hot water, roast meals cooked in "camp oven", baths in tub in front of fire or in store room, hot water from kettles or outside copper. Water pump usually near back door. What a boon, and an eye opener it was to get a stove in 1923 which

CHAPTER 2

ELECTRICITY

What changes there have been in just my lifetime! I suppose electricity has been one of the greatest benefits to man. Mr Robert Ellis an early settler in what is now Kohatu had an inventive turn of mind, and did he have money to employ labour to construct a big ditch to bring water from the Motueka river near Norris Gully, down about 1/2 mile to a man made pond which filled over night, then it dropped onto a waterwheel about 20 feet below to turn machinery, including a sawmill and flaxstripper. I can remember hearing the stripper going about 1930 and seeing the flax fibre drying along the fence. Mr Ellis weaved cloth out of the fibre, made himself a pair of pants - they were so stiff they would stand up even when he was out of them - comfy?! - and "suspension" was simply a strip of flax between the legs and over one shoulder. He also made the bricks for his house, and for "Boscobel" over the river. When fixing machinery a favourite saying of his was "A bit of wire, by gollies you can fix anything with a bit of wire."

Was electric power known before 100 years ago? Yet it was always there was it not, waiting for man to discover! How do we know what other power there is waiting for man to find? I well remember the first hand torch Dad got about 1930, replacing the old kero lantern. Dad marvelled that just two little batteries gave a good beam of light for hours. Will man ever be able to "bottle up" the energy of the sun, and preserve it for future use? Children today think candles are "neat" - it was not always so neat on waking up in the dark to find a candle to light. Elderly folk did not find the old kerosene lamp easy to read by, what an improvement the Alladin lamps were, a small flame illuminating a white mantle, but alas how fragile it was if a fly went down the inside of the globe!

About 1938 Dad bought a house lighting set, a small petrol engine with a generator on the crankshaft and six heavy two-volt batteries. This also worked as a self starter. It had to be near the point of most use - the living room, so was noisy. I found that by increasing the size of exhaust pipe and putting that into a 12 gallon drum underground, then a pipe up to the roof top the noise was much less and the efficiency of the motor not affected. After ordering this set, the Power Board had a meeting at Tapawera, the Chairman expecting power to be on around here in a year or so. Dad went to Nelson to explain and cancel the order, but that day the man came and installed the set. The firm kindly said, "Well keep it in the meantime, when the power comes we will allow you a fair price for it". But the war came and the little set had to be coaxed a bit to keep going till the power came about 1952.

Can young people today comprehend a world without motors, cars and electric power? When fixing the old horseworks in Quinney's Bush, actually the same one used on this farm many years back, I explained to my children what it had been used for. One said, "Why didn't you use the tractor?" Tractor was many years away. Another, "Why didn't you switch the power on?". Power was more years still away. About 1920 Dad bought from the Farmers Trading Co. Auckland, a 5hp oil engine for, I think, £79 (\$158). It started on petrol and then ran on kero, had a "trip" magneto. What a boon it was to

saw wood and cut chaff. Put on a sledge it did the rounds for the neighbours too. Before that wood was either chopped by axe or sawn by hand. Incidentally the first "paid" job my Dad had was to cut the school master's wood for three pence a week, no engines then! With his first four weeks pay he bought a purse to keep the rest in!

CHAPTER 3

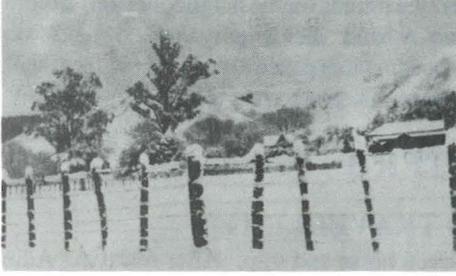
CARTING AND TRAVELLING

My first recollection of travelling is with a horse and trap. After marrying Adie Brewerton in 1905 Dad took up land at Glenrae, the place on left over the Tadmor River bridge, his brothers Will and Sam farther on up the valley. It was all bush then of course. On the flat some of the Matai and Rimu logs he could just nicely look over after felling them - and that with axe and crosscut saw - none of your noisy but most efficient chainsaws then. By this time Quinney Bros had shifted their sawmill down to this place and as well as farming were milling timber and delivering it around the various valleys. At first with a heavy two-wheeled cart, one big shafter and three leaders - usually only two horses were used as leaders. The Stanley Brook hill then had sharp corners - as Spooners did of course and only one way roads too - well pulling up on a corner Uncle Sam could put the outside leader over the edge to get the cart round - couldn't do that with a motor truck! - but so different in the bends where the shafter could not hold the load out against the leaders coming round and having to pull hard - result, outside wheel sank in culvert, tail of timber came on ground, had to be unloaded and cart pulled out, then reloaded.

When delivering timber for a "fluming" to bring water from a stream at Matariki (Orchard Creek?) to wash away small hill looking for gold, two more horses were hooked on - six on one cart, to get load up swampy foothills. (Now, 1989, a gold dredge is working near here). When delivering timber with the four-wheeled waggon - got later - into Matariki (was that for the gold dredge at Blue Rock?) in Winter he had to leave at 6.00am, getting back at 6.00pm. "Shall we put the load on now or leave it till morning?" When it would be frozen together most likely! At Motupiko, logs had been brought to mill by junker - picture - once when starting down a long bank the shafter dropped dead - the writer had a similar experience - and the breeching with load pushed him to bottom. Uncle Sam said he had driven a dead horse!

At Glenrae a wooden tramway was made on the terrace to bring logs to edge of cliff where they were rolled over, sometimes going down end on and having to be "felled" again - no bull dozers then to pull them out! Quinney Bros never had a serious accident, but one narrow escape was when Dad, who was bringing a load of logs down a slope on the tramway - the horses were turned to the side at the top of the slope unhitching from an L-shaped hook - the logs came off in front when a wheel collapsed - the logs slipped forward just stopping a foot away from crushing him.

From about 1880 to 1910 Quinney Bros supplied the timber for many buildings around the valleys, including railway stations at Kohatu and Tapawera, Druids hall,



A six inch snow fall in 1930, heaviest winter has known here although there is several times a winter a dusting on hilltop.

polythene pipe and a mole plough it is so easy and quick. But as the water is "hard" with lime in it the pipes are still sound, 66 years on. Yet when put through a creek over the road, they rusted through from the outside in about 12 years!

most of the schools around, many houses. When the writer's house, a fairly big one - was built in 1922 the timber was brought by horse waggon from Stanley Brook, the timber for dressing sent by rail to Nelson. Timber cost £200 (\$400), roofing iron £200, Joinery £200, Wages £200, and sundries £200. Water was laid on from a big spring up gully, 49 chains away, galvanised iron piping only then in 20 feet lengths - what a picnic screwing them all together, now with the

CHAPTER 4

COACHES AND WAGONS:

Dad often spoke of Newmans coaches - most people stopped work to see them passing. Four high spirited horses, well fed and groomed, heads held high, manes and tails flying, harness well oiled, buckles shining bright, and horses always all the same colour, not a mixture of say blacks and greys in the team. Stage here was from Kohatu, where John Ellis' house now is, to Clark Valley. Procedure for starting was, passengers seated, driver got up in seat, hostler brought out polers, handed reins to driver then hooked traces and pole, boy brought out leaders, same procedure, then horses had to be let go which they did with vim, on hind legs and into top gear in a few yards. Newmans often bought chaff from Quinneys, they would hold a handful and blow - if not enough oats left they would refuse the chaff.



Three horses and load of manuka wood being taken over to railway station, this was from old river bed when it changed course. Wood sold, after being cut by axe into 7 feet lengths.

Then, as now, travellers were a mixed bunch, one rather arrogant chap made fun of the hostler's straggly beard. He replied with, "Ere Newman, hold these horses while I fight the b..." Sometimes the driver would rub the horses rump with his silk handkerchief, if he got dust on it the hostler got ticked off. Would a silk hanky find any dust on Newman's coaches today?! Today many motor trucks of many tonnes carry many different kinds of loads at



Now not much manuka left, so Commer brings load of pinus slabs from Wakefield mill.

around 90 km an hour on our two way roads. But till about the early 1920s it was horse waggons where the rail did not go. Then, as now, drivers got “under the influence”. But horses had one advantage, they kept to the road, usually. About halfway up the Belgrove side of Spooners there used to be a bit with an easier grade, dubbed “Beer flat” where the team was given a spell, and the driver had what gave the place the name. Near here one driver had obviously had too much, saw two roads and took the wrong

one, result, team of six horses and waggon down in gully. Onlooker’s comment was rather dry, “Nice little nest”! Today a nine ton boiler would be just a piece of cake, but with horsewaggons it was a major job. Waggon was stripped of any unnecessary weight, and nine horses hitched on. I have heard that overnight the weight made the wheels go slightly oval. The writer has driven four horses and waggon, but just taking wood over to the railway station, so easy, except when the ugly train engine came along belching steam and smoke - and whistle. If grazing near the railway, horses took little notice of it, but they could take some holding in otherwise. One early settler died after falling from a trap when the horse bolted as the whistle blew.

CHAPTER 5

THE RAILWAY

As each section of railway was completed an excursion train was put on, the section through the tunnel under Spooners was a great event. A big train was made up, three engines the biggest one in front, and all the rolling stock, mostly open waggons. But the drag up to the tunnel was long. A man has been known to win a wager in later years that he could carry a 70lb bag of sugar from the guards van to the engine. With no “walkie talkie” and no prearranged plan to stop and get up steam, the main engine just managed to drag the train over the rise in the tunnel. The smoke and smell of sulphur was such that many passengers preferred to walk back over the hill to Belgrove. With the smoke and fumes coming in the cracks of the carriage doors and windows from only one engine was not at all pleasant in that 3/4 mile tunnel.

With the railhead at Motupiko about 1900 - renamed Kohatu later to avoid confusion with two Motupiko post offices - the coaches and waggons - and passengers - had an easier route. When the terminus was at Belgrove I remember my Dad saying that if a horse was available he would ride over to Belgrove, about 15 km, but if not it was nothing to walk over to catch the early morning train to Nelson, and walk back at night carrying the days “buys”. In grandfather’s day with bullock cart it was a week’s job to go to

Nelson, at first via Golden Downs and Reay's Saddle, to get supplies, I suppose that would only happen a few times a year.

Especially during the Winter months young chaps would push bike over to Kohatu just to see the train "come in". At the correct time the station master would pull a lever dropping the signal about 200 yards up the line, but the train could be up to half an hour late, then with sparks coming off the iron wheels from the brakes, and the station master waving his lantern and calling out "Kohatu" as each carriage passed, the train stopped.



A very common sight until about the 1940s, two horses and cart, both shafter and leader are pulling well.

There could be 50 or more passengers and of course about ten waggons on a train. Fare to Nelson was 7 shillings (70 cents) return. One local "saved her pennies" and paid the fare in pennies, 84 of them. The train crews, driver, stoker and guard were always obliging. To anybody not living close to a station, they would slow the train allowing passenger to get on - same thing coming home to get off. I saw some tons of manure unloaded at Mararewa into

farm drays while the train waited. One passenger who often travelled on the train was seen to fall off - somehow the message was got to the driver - perhaps at the next station - and he reversed to pick the man up - out of a blackberry patch! Did the beer deaden the pain of the prickles?

When the stationmaster at Kohatu was dropped there was no easy way to know if a waggon in the yard was ordered or not unless a note was put on it. During the later years of service the train crews got most obliging, I once took over a bale of wool, when the train came in the guard said, "Yes, put it in that waggon". I bumped over the siding lines and was not right on to the waggon door, so the guard waved the driver to push the whole train back a few feet! Service! But the train had to keep to its rails both for loading and unloading, so its demise was inevitable about 1953.

CORRECT TIME

With no TV, Radio or phone to check by, how would you know the correct time? Well I understand the guard of the train checked his watch by the town clock and so was often asked, "What is the right time?" While railway crossings were always a bit of a hazard, the combined road and rail bridge at Tapawera was a special hazard. The driver was originally obliged to cross at walking speed, I understand, but somehow the walk got much faster, and the train could be half an hour late. Especially if meeting it, what

to do? Wait perhaps 20 minutes or risk meeting it with a horse which could be very frightened and you could not turn around with a cart and go back. I saw the aftermath of a collision by the train and a general storekeepers four-wheeler - what a mess. One dead horse, one badly hurt, sugar, butter, eggs, drapery etc scattered along the bridge and on the riverbed. Fortunately, the man himself got through the bridge to safety. The train crew were not sober and were so erratic that a man had taken his racehorse off at Tadmor to keep him safe!

MORE TRAVELLING

I can still remember how pleasant it was to go driving in a horse and trap - if fine but it was anything but pleasant if nasty and cold and wet and windy. On Sundays we always came back from Glenrae to the "old place" for church and dinner - I think we were often late for church at 11.00 am. I suppose the eight miles would take about half an hour or more, depending on the type of horse. Dad had one horse, Jumbo who was very high spirited, so much so that it was a risky start! We all had to get seated while Dad held him, then Dad jumped in as the trap went past. Getting the doctor meant quite a long time, before Dr Hudson came to Tapawera (Mrs J Wadsworth's home 1989). I suppose a phone call would make sure the doctor was home at Wakefield, then it was usual to drive over there, get a change of horse from the "stables" drive back to patient, then take doctor home and collect own horse. A day's work? But this horse Jumbo was so strong he could go there and back without even a spell. The writer several times took the heavy dray to Glenrae to get a plough, it took almost a whole day for the 16 miles - today an hour with a motor truck? Whatever do we do with all the time we save today?! But we do get through about three times as much and with much less labour.

Imagine going out to an evenings fun in the Winter with a horse and trap. Usually it was wise to take the horse out of trap shafts, perhaps unharness him and let him go in a yard. Then later it would mean finding him, and perhaps the unusual surroundings may make him hard to catch, then harness him, put in between shafts, hook up and drive home in dark with perhaps a lantern swung below the axle for light. Arrived home it was, take horse out, unharness him, put cover on and feed him. Not as easy as driving into the garage and switching off the motor, to say nothing of the time taken to get there and back. Most horses were quiet and would stand contented even without hitching up to a post. But there was always the risk something may startle them and they would bolt. That was nasty and they could never be trusted again, to stand. Chaps usually got attached to their horses, whether heavy work ones or saddle and trap horses. And when the time came to "put one down" a neighbour was called in to do the job.

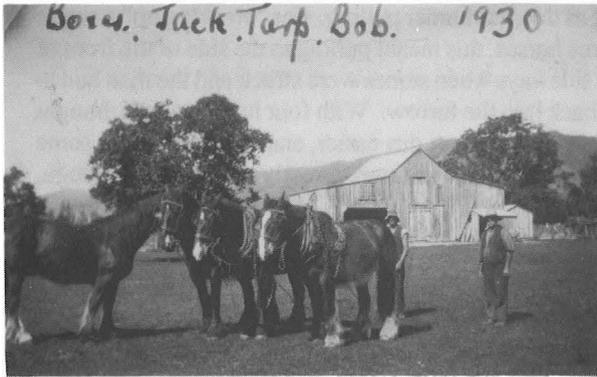
CHAPTER 6

WORKING HORSES

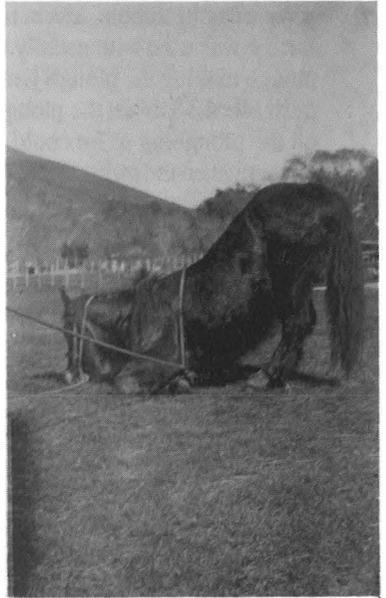
Horses had different natures and temperaments, and we got to know them. We had a heavy work mare who produced a highly strung good “free” worker, so much so that he could not merely walk along the road, but “Shigshogged”. How strong he was to pull out a stump, but how risky to hook the chain on as he was itching to get going all the time. We called him “Turp”. The same mare had another foal by the first stallion’s father, and he was just the opposite, usually concerned with conserving his energy, his name was “Boxer.”

As mentioned above, horses were different. In a team, if the lazy one was put to one side he tended to drag the team around his way, needing constant pull on the other horses rein to keep the team going straight. If put in middle he could let his swingletree back so that it rested on the front of the master one and his chains could go slack. One could overcome that a bit by making the ends so that it was not so easy to “connect”. For most work, swingle trees were used, they had a similar action to a seesaw. But each horse had his own tree, three feet wide to which each chain was hooked at the end, this tree was hooked to the end of a two horse tree, three feet long, the other horse hooked to the other end. With three horses, the usual master tree four feet six inches long was used, the one horse on the long end, he would have two thirds of the seesaw, the two horses only one third. It was so easy to give a lighter or older horse an “advantage” by shifting the pin so that he had over his share of the seesaw. Swingletrees were no good for pulling out stumps as the first horse to move pulled the others back.

Most farmers fed their horses with chaff all year whether working them that day or not. In Winter it was feed them in morning, take their covers off if day fine, at night feed them and put covers back on - how much easier and more convenient tractors are! In Winter when not doing much work they got very “soft” and so when put to work ploughing in Spring they would puff and sweat and shoulders quake alarmingly even if given plenty of spells. After a month or so they could do the same work without any trouble! But the time taken up with looking after them. If wanted for work that day, get them in stable about 6.30, tie them up, feed them about 1 1/2 four-gal tins of chaff, after an hour or so, (breakfast) harness them, if for such as ploughing it was, first, bit in mouth, then “winkers” over head and do up chin strap, collar on and do strap up on top, hames in niche of collar and do strap up tight, then chains over back, untie and let horse out for drink, repeat this for each horse, then assemble in team and put reins on and drive to plough, hitch each horses two chains up to his swingle tree, then it was “Get up”! Come dinner time, unhitch chains, drive horses to water trough, unhitch couplings and reins. I forgot to mention coupling up, let horses have drink, open stable door, horses would go into each stall, take winkers off after tying horse up by rope around neck, give feed of chaff then have your own “chaff”. After midday meal it was repeat as for morning, come knock off time at night, unharness, feed, then turn out after putting covers on if Winter or early Spring. Three horses with a double furrow plough could do about two



A three horse team going off to plough, names from right, Bob, Turp, Jack and Boxer having a day off - he would appreciate that as he was a bit lazy.



The horse first had to be "broken in" here young horse is having a rest, he's not biting the dust or kneeling to pray. One front leg is pulled up to his tummy - now we can pat him perhaps rattle a tin over him to get him used to noise. Taking each leg up, in turn will make him easier to shoe later on. After a few lessons like this he is harnessed and pulls a very light load.



Grandfather Brewerton tries out his new double furrow plough with three horses. Note paling fence at back, very good fences, but though only needing 4 wires, they were labour intensive, splitting posts and palings, then erecting same.

acres a day in stubble, less in turf as this was harder pulling. For “breaking up” a single furrow was used with usually three horses, this meant pulling to the side of the front of plough making the plough jump sideways when stones were struck and the man had to push like mad to get the plough back into the furrow. With four horses, a half draught on the ploughing as he could get over the loose dirt easier, and especially with some advantage on the swingle tree (seesaw) the pull was more directly in front of the plough, so much easier.

“BREAKING UP” - FIRST PLOUGHING

I think we were the first around here to try ploughing the poor looking ground rising

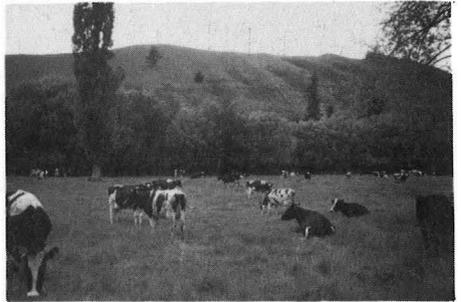


Auto header picking up heavy crop of clover - first settlers thought this stoney ground would never grow good grass at all. Although three bags to acre, not now a very payable crop - in the 1960s it would have been.

into the hills, almost all stoney and growing scrubby fern and native grass. A good practical farmer said we were silly - it would never grow anything, my Dad was doubtful about it too. But when, after much hard work ploughing and many days on the boring job of picking up stones by hand - what today mechanical stone pickers would do in hours - but albeit with far more noise! We sowed that paddock down in perennial ryegrass and red clover, (almost the only mixture sown in the 30s) and we were all surprised at how it grew. “Just look at that clover growing on all those stones” Dad said. Growing good pasture on poor looking ground



Very stoney Motupiko riverbed - would it ever grow grass?



Well 40 years back this was the riverbed, course of river changed by bulldozer.

has come a long way since then! Now with eight tonne rollers such paddocks can be made smooth for haymaking. Later the Bush and Bog heavy discs came in and are much easier than the plough for rough stuff, also probably better as they do not bring up so much of the sour sub soil. Some years back I extended the above paddock using the tractor and four furrow plough. Unable to plough up the grade owing to wheel spin, I went quickly up to the top and ploughed down - HOW EASY it was! My mind went back 50 years to the horse days, they are fine animals, but I prefer the tractor thank you very much! If horses were hitched to something high, such as the shafts of the cart, it was necessary to use a belly band under the chest, tight enough so that the strain of pulling did not cause the collar to rise up and cut off the horses wind, later collars were made with a V at bottom to avoid this happening.



Silent working bulldozer? 8 ton stumping jack, could lift from foot or push from top, but needed extra under bottom or it would push that into ground and not lift stump. Resting against black birch post still sound after at least 70 years.

CLEARING VIRGIN LAND

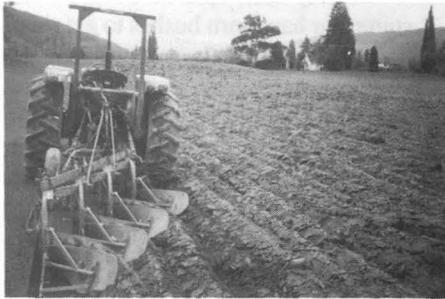
Usually such land had some trees, stumps or hawthorn bushes to get rid of before ploughing. Sometimes gelignite was used, to blow the stumps out. Until bulldozers came about the late 30s the old stumping jack was often used. It required a good "foot" or it would simply push itself into the ground instead of lifting the stump. But it was a clumsy thing to use. We worked out a system of using wire rope in blocks, with a double block at the stump end and a single one at the anchor end we got a four to one pull. Using three horses that meant 12, which could pull out quite a solid stump, certainly a big hawthorn bush, as this would "give" a bit making the horses pull harder still. On an old bush clearing there would be many logs and stumps to drag off, the roots made excellent firing, almost like coal.



Four horses and lever plough, only single furrow here but would be opened out to a very wide furrow. This would keep plough from sliding downhill and also as furrow turned easily downhill a very wide furrow, say 20 inches could be made. Heavy discs would have been better, but they had not yet come around.



Ploughing with Fowler crawler and four furrow trailed plough - but compared to the mounted plough the trailed one seemed much harder to pull.



But ploughs mounted on tractor hydraulics are so much easier to pull, and can be lifted and backed.

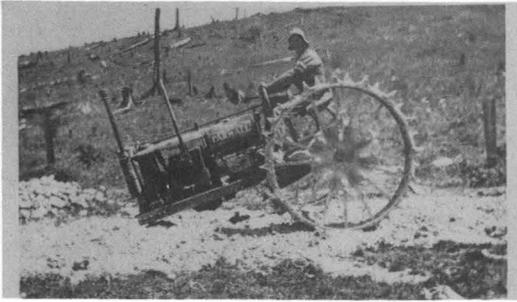
simple to accomplish sometimes, the horses always seemed to want to race along. But jobs that would take a day with horses can now be done in a couple of hours, with even a medium sized tractor.

CHAPTER 7

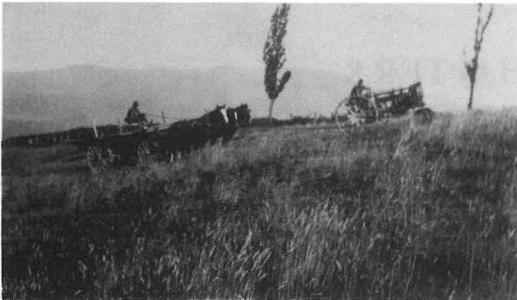
TRACTORS

In 1936 Dad answered an advertisement from International Harvester for a Three Wheeled 12 hp tractor on steel wheels for £197.10s (\$395). The horse went crazy seeing this shining red thing around, but after some months they got used to it and somehow cottoned on that it was a help, as we sometimes used to hook them together. But whether in front or behind the tractor they were reluctant to move till the tractor did! The "spade lugs" were changed to rubber a few years later for £80 (\$160). This dear old tractor was pretty simple, just engine (I think the 12 hp would really rate about 30) three gears, 2 1/4, 3 and 3 3/4 miles an hour! One good thing was the belt pulley which was on the

Walking behind the plough was not altogether boring, indeed it was fascinating to see furrows turn over, and it was especially fascinating to look ahead to see if a thistle would get chopped in half by the skeith (rolling coulter). And one got much help from hanging on to the plough handles, also it was usually fairly smooth walking in the furrow. Not so by any means was it smooth walking after the harrows. Dad got a harrow cart, which hooked onto the front of harrows and had crossed steering rods which steered the cart around corners. When Dad first got it, a wag said he should get two donkeys to pull it. Dad replied "And put you in the seat to make three!" Which reminds me of a story. A woman leading two donkeys was accosted by a cheeky lad who said, "Good morning Mother of asses". She replied, "Good morning, my child". I suppose the only place where horses may have been better than wheel tractors was in very rough steep and swampy places. One disadvantage when ploughing was that for a "finish off" which was not too



The three wheeled Farmall was suitable for pulling a single furrow plough to make a ditch. Manufactured for row work, back wheels could be adjusted from about 4ft 6 to 7 feet wide.



Tractor helping horses get waggon up slope, they had found it to be a friend and were now not frightened of it.



And with spade lugs tractor helps hold load back.

side making it so easy to “lineup” for belt work. We never wore it out, it got obsolete. Especially without a self starter. The slow “road gear” was useful when pulling the threshing mill around if a cold day, it was possible to walk alongside and steer by the rod above the motor! I once took both the threshing mill and clover huller over to Matariki with the F12. Had to pull them up the Tadmor hill one at a time, but hooked them together to go down. What a fright I got to see frozen road behind where H Hancocks house now is, but no sliding!

The modern tractor is a far cry from the tractors of yesteryear, not least in price. However, as the gross income of the farm in 1936 I think would be only around £600 for the year, no wonder Dad was a bit worried about being able to meet the PN (promissory note) of £40 every six months. The advertisement carried a further inducement to buy - the engine could be renewed, sleeves, pistons and bearings for £10!

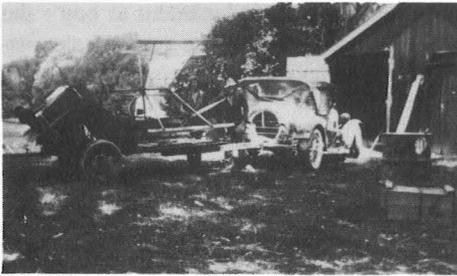


1924 model Dodge 4 tourer car on Takaka hill. This car was the first car sold by Ingrams Garage (D Y C Nelson 1989) and we went back there for cars for 49 years.

CHAPTER 8

BUYING A CAR IN 1924

How different to 1989! I think garages got a new model at the start of the calendar year, I know they used it for demonstration purposes and then sold it at the end of the year at a reduced price. But they would travel around the district, calling on any possible purchaser. "No obligation to buy, just come for a drive up the road a few miles." Remember that many people had never had a ride in a car at that time. But in answer to one invitation Dad said, "Well, I want to go to Nelson next week". "Then I will bring a car out to take you there". Thirty-five miles to Nelson. In the meantime another salesman had called. Dad explained that he was being taken into Nelson. "Then it would



be only fair if you let me bring you home!" Outcome, Mr Vining of Montgomery's garage (Montgomery Square 1989) arrived one cold frosty morning at 8.00 am to take Dad to Nelson as a demonstration, in a Chevrolet car. In Nelson he saw Mr Arch Nicholls of Ingrams garage (DYC 1989) who said, "Well, I'm taking you home" and he drove around into enemy territory to collect Dad's parcels. Dad could see that the heavier Dodge was better to ride in than the lighter Chevrolet but around the tea table he drove a bargain. "It was cold with the

Car to tow binder to Tapawera for cutting oats there using that farmers tractor. As binder was about 14 feet wide in working position, machine was "jacked up" by winding main wheel down, then inserting travelling wheels and pole - (or tow bar) in end of platform and pulling binder sideways for gateways or on road - about 20 minutes work to change.

wind around the sides of the windscreen". Mr Nicholls would fit side screens. "How will I know if the motor gets too hot?" (Dad had been in charge of the steam engine in the saw mill!) Mr Nicholls agreed to fit a thermometer on the radiator cap, the three extras costing £5. He would like a deposit to clinch the deal, the £5 of the £405 purchase price would do. So he went off with the £5 cheque and a few days later I was running home from school for lunch and a shining black car pulled up. The car had come over on the ferry boat from Wellington that morning, slung off, no roll on then - and Dad's nephew was engaged to deliver the car and stay for a few days teaching Dad about the car and to drive it! Some elderly horse men found difficulty in driving a car, they would say, "Whoa" instead of putting on the brake, but Dad managed it easily. Petrol was, I think, about 2/- (20 cents) a gallon. Apart from a piston break, the skirting fell off, but we got another piston for I think 7/6 (75 cents) and put it in ourselves with a Crescent spanner. We had no trouble with that wonderful old car except for the flat fan belt, which was a pain - what a difference V belts have made! But it was usual to grind the valves about every 8,000 miles and at 25,000 to fit new rings. But then the roads were all dusty and those old cars did not have the filters that modern cars have. In the 1920s we used to allow two hours to go to Nelson, 35 miles. Spooners Range was second gear at about 12 miles an hour, and then tooting the horn on every corner as it was a one way road. Indeed I think it was only a one way road to Stoke, where the road was two way, but a mass of potholes. Dad had made a trailer, but hitched it with a simple pin. Those pot holes lifted the pin and the trailer became unhitched, but fortunately went to the hedge.

CHAPTER 9

STREAMS AND BRIDGES

In the 1920s there were in wet weather eight streams to get through between Korere and Spooners Range. At Korere, Arnold creek, Tunnicliffs Gully, Porthouse creek, one near Jim Porthouse's, two near Quinney's Bush - only about 300 yards apart, and two in Norris Gully. The lower one in Norris Gully was almost impossible for cars when flooded, in those days the catchment area was mostly in clean native grasses, so the runoff was so different to what it is now when planted in pines. But a Mr H Biggs who lived nearby would pull cars through with a horse for 10 shillings (\$1). But if the driver went in and got stuck he charged a £1 as then he had to get wet hooking up.

The County built narrow bridges at the side of some of these streams. There was one at the stream near P Cropps (1989). Horse traffic and trucks were to go through the stream. But especially at night cars would be coming down the straight and be suddenly confronted with a bridge on the side of the road. Result, some put two wheels over the side and the car tipped over sideways into the water, up to two feet deep. I got an awful fright one dark night, biking up the road and seeing a car like that in the water. I spoke, no answer, I got over and felt around and Horrors, I felt a woman's dress. Hurriedly getting a light, we found the cold body was that of a wild pig enclosed in a calico flour bag! What relief! A horse was usually used to drag such cars sideways and then tip them

upright. I remember one man going off without even saying Thank you to Dad!

In the early days of motoring it was considered almost an insult to let another car pass you, and if the car in front did not move over it was risky to try and pass on a dusty one-way road. Of course such action on the part of the front driver did not make for happy relations with the driver following! What a different picture it is with today's sealed two-way highways!

In the early 20s I think there were only about six cars this side of Spooners Range. What a job it would be to count them today! And how much more comfortable the modern cars are, and how much more pleasant to drive. Before syncromesh gears came in, it was necessary to avoid a grating sound when changing down to - push clutch in, shift gear into neutral, let clutch out, speed motor, push clutch in, shift gear to lower and then let clutch out, seven movements! And when going uphill one had to be quick about it.

CHAPTER 10

SOME COMPARISONS IN TRAVELLING OVER THE YEARS

As mentioned earlier, grandfather went to Nelson I suppose about three or four times a year with the bullock cart which would take him about a week. Today we may go several times a week and that in a few hours. Men thought nothing of walking, perhaps many miles, to work or on business or pleasure. My father had a "penny farthing" bike with which he used to travel from the old place at Motupiko to Glenrae. Those bikes could tip over frontwards, giving the rider a nasty spill. When light horses became more plentiful they were used for riding and/or pulling a trap of some sort, but in no way could they be compared favourably with a modern car. In the traps legs were enclosed in rugs and hands in "Muffs". And HOW unpleasant in heavy rain! Apart from the novelty of it, I cannot imagine many people today preferring that way of travelling in all weathers, but then when there was no other way it was accepted.

Today men and women may commute perhaps 50 miles every day to work, how uneconomic that appears, but they may not be able to get a job any closer to home.

When men from Motupiko were travelling the road around the 1920s they camped when the work was only three miles from home. But that would have taken them almost an hour to get home with the dray horses. They were paid 24 shillings a day (\$2.40), 12 shillings for the man, 6 shillings for the shaft horse, 5 for the leader and one for the cart. And the gravel was shovelled on by hand too! How slow that would be now after using a front end loader!

Push bikes soon became popular and motor bikes too. How thrilled we were at around 12 years to get a push bike. It would get polished and shedded every night. The Farmers Trading Co, Auckland offered push bikes at £9.19.11 (\$19.99). I remember seeing a family of boys from Korere drive a horse and cart down to the railway station to collect a bike like this, they covered it with a cover as it was raining, but every few yards they lifted the cover to marvel.

CROSSING FLOODED RIVERS

I suppose it was almost inevitable that in the early days before bridges that there would be drownings, and there were. A muddy coloured river can be most deceiving in depth and current too. A light trap would easily float - and so capsize - tipping

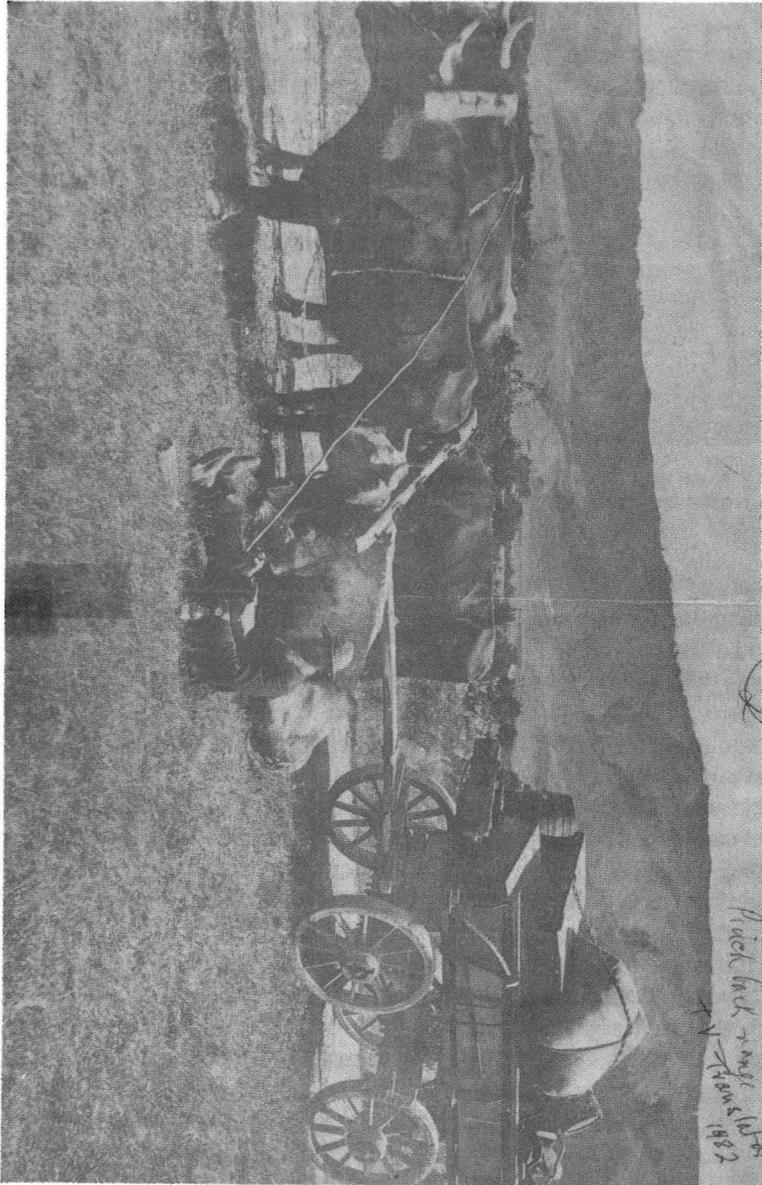


Unveiling memorial Kohatu 1921, note hats, umbrellas, only one car?, bridge on left. Bishop Sadlier.

occupants into water, sometimes under the trap. When crossing a flooded river at Motupiko this happened and the mother lost hold of her baby, but the man just managed to snatch the little one as she was being washed away. Story goes that when the Member of Parliament for Nelson, Mr Kerr of Lake Rotoiti, was crossing the Motueka river, he got washed out of the trap Getting to the Kohatu Hotel in a not very pleasant state of mind he declared that he was going to "get a bridge

over that river." One report was that he sat on the desk of the Minister of Works and said he was not going to move until he got a promise of that bridge. Being a big heavy man probably helped in getting the promise!

Driving piles was not always an easy job, and building that bridge there is the story that contractor asked County overseer if 10 bob (\$1) would shut one eye? The answer £1 (\$2) would shut both and while he was spending that at the nearby hotel the piles were driven in till they became hard and then cut off - much quicker! But with the first big flood a current washed out one set of piles completely leaving bridge suspended by the straggled nailing of the decking. Newmans coach went over the bridge like that, but I expect they would ask the passengers to walk as they were always careful. Quinney Bros were engaged by the Council to drag two long Rimu logs stretching all the way over the suspended span - they must have been long. While doing this a local man came from the hotel showing very clearly what he had been drinking. "How long are they?" he asked. "You step them and find out." Which he did, over and over again as he was told, "No, he was not quite right" - Imagine a chap in that condition accurately stepping a long distance?! But the exercise kept him long enough so that he should have got a better reception when he arrived home! When driving railway rails for the footbridge at Glenrae with a 50lb hammer only one man on the job was strong enough to use it. Of course with all our fine bridges in 1989 floods still sometimes stop traffic, and occasionally a car is washed downstream drowning any occupants who cannot get out of the vehicle. For the long bridge over the Motueka river at Tapawera, I understand that the timber for the trusses was of Kauri, but Quinney Bros supplied the timber for the decking.



Bullock wagon near Kohatu hotel. Yoke over shoulders had U of steel under neck and pin through yoke kept pair together, pull was from top of shoulder, no reins like horses, but guided by prod with whip and "Gee" (turn right) and "Come" (turn left). Usually not excitable as horses can be. A bullock cart had only two wheels.

FROM KOHATU TO GLENRAE BY BULLOCK CART

Now the seven miles from Kohatu to Glenrae could be travelled in 10 minutes. But you would never realise that in the earliest days of settlement the road had to cross the Motueka river three times. Because then the river ran close into the cliff near Kohatu Hotel, actually it cut off an island from the property that John Kyfuik now owns, and at Mararewa it ran close into the cliff on the other side of the valley, and there was no road up the bank near the hotel. Well an early settler, Mr Stanley of "Tadmor Lodge" (Sid Phillips 1989) arrived at Kohatu with four bullocks and load of stores from Nelson to find the river in flood. Decided to risk a crossing so put bullocks into river, soon they were swimming and then cart floating - this could well be dangerous not having a keel like a boat it could easily capsize and pin men underneath. So with a "Can you swim" to his man, "No!". Then with a sincere "God help you then" Mr Stanley plunged in and swam to the far bank. But as the current swept the bullocks around they took the cart out the same side as they entered. Result, Mr Stanley drenched and with no stores, his man still perched on top of load but recovering from fright and with all the stores nice and dry! I suppose Mr Stanley could walk home over the foothills leaving his man to look after the bullocks for a few days till the flood receded.

FLOODS

One has heard stories of big floods, but without knowing how high, or low, the banks of the rivers were then how do we make sure they were the "biggest"?

Near many river crossings there was an hotel whose licensee had a ferry punt to put people across. About 200 metres on the Southern side of Tapawera School there used to be the Ferry Hotel. The writer remembers a County Pound being near too. Well in a big flood somewhere around 1880 the flood waters got so high that a man in horse and cart was unable to get to the hotel from the hillside, the water was so deep. The water was running over the bar counter, the family having retreated upstairs and the man was making himself a raft to get out. But the waters went down.

My father spoke of flood waters being all over the flats below the Motupiko hall. On one occasion some grey ducks settled on the water, an elderly man had the bright idea of riding his horse out to within gunshot and so shooting the ducks without getting wet. But the horse did not think much of the idea at all and when the gun went bang, she jumped high unseating the rider into water. On looking around he announced "Ah, ducks be gone!" The same man had a mare called "Darling". When he fell off from the saddle and had a foot caught in the stirrup - the horse playing up had caused him to fall - he said so soothingly, "Whoa Darling, whoa darling" till he got his foot out and was standing up, then it was "You brute!" But then of course riders still fall from their mounts. The writer remembers the terse comment of a girl who fell off into water during Winter - she was asked, "Was it cold?" - Her reply, "Not when I hit it". She must have been raving mad at the indignity. On several occasions flood waters from the Motupiko river have been high enough to strand motorists in the Motupiko hall from some hours,

the local ladies providing cuppas and food, till the water went down. In 1974 the Motupiko washed an embankment away a mile or so south of the Motupiko hall and there was much water over a long stretch of the road. Tractors were used to tow cars through.



Motupiko river broke bank in big flood 1974, cars being pulled through near Mortons 1989.

CHAPTER 11

SOCIAL EVENTS

While people have always gathered for social occasions and I suppose they always will, what changes there have been over the years.

I understand that race horse meetings were held on the flats near John Wilkinsons at Mararewa about the 1890s - no doubt there were far more light saddle horses around then. And "Sports Days" were held too, I think on the same paddock, with running, biking events predominating. And some contestants had special "runningshoes". One young man was so anxiously looking for and enquiring for his running shoes - the race was about to start - when somebody asked him, "What is that you are wearing on your feet?" Yes, he did have them on, but was so excited about running that he had forgotten. But when travel was not so easy, local events were well patronised. The advent of the motor changed many things.

Although in country areas there has always been, and still is to a certain degree, a strong community spirit, we do not know everybody today in our particular valley. Whereas when I was young I knew everybody around, now one can go to an evening's entertainment and look around and over half of the people are strangers. And apart from

the actual townships which have sprung up, the total population of country areas must still be about the same as 60 years back, in fact in some areas it could be less as smaller farms have been amalgamated to make a more viable holding.

Sixty years ago, if a "Social evening" was put on in the local school, with a programme of a few items and dancing, a good crowd would attend and a very happy evening would be had. The writer well remembers parish socials, each part of the parish being responsible for an item - what enjoyable evenings they were, with an attendance of about 80 people. And a "film evening" would attract a big attendance just to see a film with anything but perfect picture and sound, and comfortable seating!

Up till about the 1930s when a local girl was being married, a "kitchen evening" would be put on and almost everybody would attend - "Our Susie is being married", so of course we will all go to her evening. But now although the goodwill may still be present, the attendance at such an evening would be chiefly the girls own particular friends.

CHAPTER 12

TREES

If there is no end "to the making of books" surely the same could almost be said of trees, shrubs, plants and flowers.

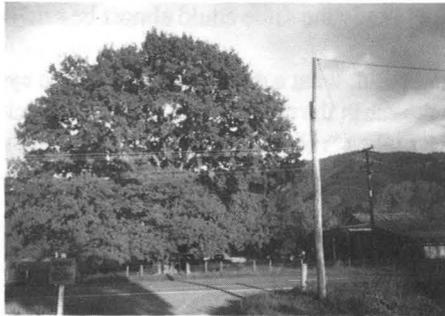
While not bowing down and worshipping them, what a delight they are to the eye most of all, but also to the nose and yes, to the ear in the case of such as the delicately hung big leaves of the Black American poplar when "rustled" by a breeze. But on the calmest day these leaves can still be seen trembling because the heavy leaf is attached to the branch by a long slender stem on edge. If it was a flat stem the leaf would simply hang down, but it sways from side to side with apparently no wind at all. So on the calmest day there is movement among those leaves. An old legend says that when Our Lord Jesus Christ was crucified the aspen leaves trembled out of sympathy and have been trembling ever since and surely the same could be written of the poplar leaves. Moreover what a rustle it makes to walk through a carpet of these dry leaves later.

But Spring brings so many colours among the trees, first the buds, then the actual leaves and flowers. The buds of the pussy willow which take all Winter to come out in so many shades of colour and with a gloss to them. The jet black buds of the ash which become such a mass of stamen like "flowers", the queer looking "flower" with the reddish centre of the elm, the myriads of minute black slots on the brick red of the lawsoniana, the light green "whiskers" of the mulberry and though one is inclined to use only the commercial eye for the pinus, the "buds" of this tree can have many shades of nice colours. But the sycamore has many clusters of green flowers.

It is so easy to understand how the early settlers wanted to have the trees of the homeland and so brought so many varieties with them. Deciduous trees of which New Zealand has so few and so they make for a "balance" with our native trees. I suppose



Grandmother's riding stick. Lombardy poplar between pinus and Black American (spreading) poplars - how did they start growing in all that shingle as it was then?



Oak tree with 100 feet "spread" opposite Quinney's Bush, yet a branch has never broken off.

the fuchsia must be one of our few native trees which annually loses its leaves, rather an untidy thing of little beauty, but it does have pretty flowers which later produce a sweet fruit. How very pretty the red and yellow leaves of the big leafed beech trees are in October. The mulberry does not get its leaves till November and is most unusual in losing them. The thick stem is hollow at the base, and if rain clears overnight and then a frost, the ice in the hollow stem forces the leaves off soon after sunup - indeed the tree can go from fully clothed to almost completely bare in an hour! Do pinus trees really grow twice as quick here as in the Northern Hemisphere?

What delightful shades of green there are seen in October from so many of our roads blending with them so many colours of flowers on shrubs and in gardens. If all these shades of green were glaring red or gloomy black what a trial that would be for the human race! Did the Creator create so many shades of green because He knew they would be restful for the human eye? Yet among all the lovely shades of green it is so nice to see a different colour - in Winter the golden stems of the golden willow and the red of the barberry leaves. The many shades of the young emerging leaves of the walnut, the poplars and the prunis plum. How the red leaves of the red robin stand out in October. We live in a beautiful country indeed. But the God of nature is not the personal God Who has revealed Himself to us in His Son, The Lord Jesus Christ.

Then almost as intriguing as the colours to the eye are the smells of the

different timber to the nose. Surely most bushmen blindfolded could tell by the smell which kind of tree was being sawn and some timbers retain their peculiar smell for many years. The smell of the silver pine, for instance, can be easily detected by the smoke from its burning 50 years after the tree had been cut down.



Great grandchildren holding sections of wisteria "trunk" left and right, and centre, climbing rose which went up in high cherry tree, was cream colour, lovely scent. Centre Melanie Quinney, left Timothy, right Daniel, second from right friend Henry.

My grandparents were married in Wakefield and rode horseback to their new home, and that was the honeymoon! On one occasion when Grandmother Brewerton was visiting her folk at Wakefield she had a poplar switch to help the horse along, turning the horse out into the gully she poked the switch in the ground in the paddock - and away it grew, into a real big tree. Eighty years on it was still called grandma's riding stick. What lovely golden leaves it had in the Autumn, but the nasty poplar rust and old age finished its life.

The poplars of the Motupiko and Korere valleys were well and truly admired and photographed up until the poplar "rust" came along about 1970. What a gorgeous sight they were in their golden Autumn colour. But now the leaves start to get a bit of colour and then turn a rusty brown and fall off. However the lemon-gold of the bitter willows are taking their place a bit, but definitely not so "high in the sky".

Near the entrance to Quinney's Bush is an oak tree that grandfather must have planted about 1880 or even earlier. It now has a "spread" of almost 100 feet (about 30 metres). How tough the branches must be, because although they lean out so far, and must have a big weight of leaves, I have never known a branch to break off. Near the "old School Road" is a grand Redwood tree that has been big as long as I can remember it.

The early settlers wanted everything as they had it in the "Homeland". Perfectly understandable. But not always quite so good. Barberry and Hawthorn seeds were planted for hedges. But what a pest they have become in areas where the land is not closely grazed and/or ploughed, as birds carry the seeds and they come up in prickly profusion. Painting the stumps, after cutting with the noisy but most useful chainsaw, with 245T and diesel kills them fortunately. Some early settlers paid boys 3d (3 cents) for a baking powder tinfal (2 cupfuls) of these berries with which to establish hedges. Evidently the birds which carry these berries do not fly high, as I have seldom seen any hawthorn or barberry trees high up the hill.

In a patch of native bush on the writers farm is a native "creeper" which has gone up alongside a white pine. It is over six inches in diameter and hanging from the pine

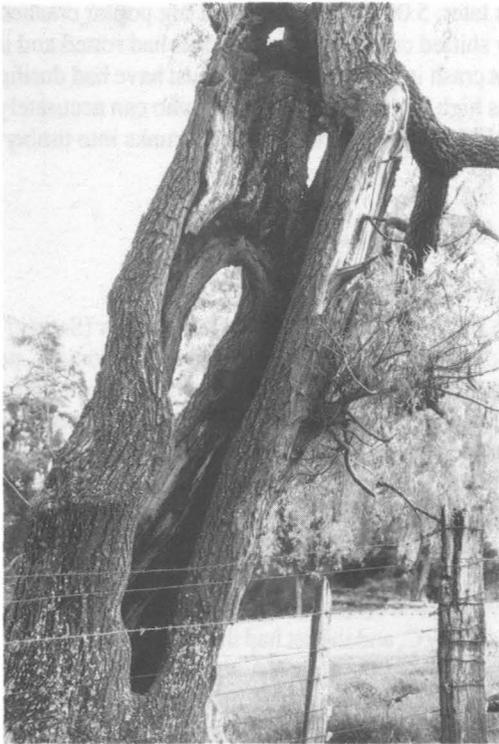


A "Creeper" native, has gone up along side a white pine tree, although over 6 inches thick, stem can be made to wriggle like a snake. Called the snake, probably a bush lawyer?

branches some 40 feet (12 metres) above, it is most fascinating to make it wriggle and writhe like a snake. It has a leaf as big as a man's finger with small curved prickles on the back of them.

The straight Lombardy poplars evidently started as a "sport" or sucker from a spreading tree in Italy. The spreading poplars, I'm told to call them Black American, have big leaves on a slender knife edge stem, which gives them the "tremble" even on the calmest day. There are several big spreading poplars just up the gully here, I don't know how grandfather got them to grow on such shingly ground. They are fascinating with the "seed pods" which form before the new leaves, then open out in December and shed a white fluffy stuff, if no wind it forms like snow on the ground. Interesting comments from visitors seeing it, "Is it frost?" "Is it the feathers coming out of the birds?" But it can fall into the picnickers' lunch too.

Kowhai trees look so lovely and golden when in full flower, perhaps because they lose their small leaves as they flower. So many Northern hemisphere trees are deciduous, is the rather scraggy fuschia almost our only native deciduous one? How fascinating to observe the flower buds of the pussy willow starting to appear in May, but



This old weeping willow has been hollow for years, a man can stand inside it, yet it keeps on living.

their many glossy shades of colour do not fully come out till August. The honey bees like them, as they do too the wretched heath flowers, pretty but better to see on the neighbours. There always appear to be some gorse flowering, so is that why men say it is the "kissing season" when the gorse is flowering? The early settlers planted elm trees, there are many on the old Quinney farm opposite the Motupiko hall, but what a nuisance the suckers can be in a garden. About 30 years back I pulled a big sucker out of the garden with the bulldozer, dragged it up the gully, dug a hole and pushed it in with the dozer and away it went, now a nice tree.

As I first remember this farm, there were only three pinus trees on it, one of them up on the hill, naming "One tree hill" on the map. I think before the turn of the century Mr John Arnold of Korere planted some

wattle trees near the Motupiko river. The seedpods float easily, which is perfectly obvious as there are now wattle trees all down the river to Motueka, some 30 miles. At flowering time, August, it is so easy to see from where they started. They are also growing on roadsides where river metal has been used. Although fairly quick growing, the timber is closely grained, hard and heavy.

How long do weeping willows live? There is one here which must have been planted near 100 years back, its centre has rotted away so that a man can stand inside it, yet it still looks good enough for many years to come. When I first planted some pinus trees about 1936 there were so many hares about that I had to enclose the area with chicken netting. As a young man Dad helped plant Black American poplars on the river bank in what is now Quinney's Bush - actually at that time the river ran where the toilet blocks are - in 80 years they had grown into magnificent trees, how the delicately hung leaves rustled in the breeze, and glinted with gold in the Autumn. But about 1976 one fell, narrowly missing a man camping in a tent, smashing his bike. I put up a notice "Unwise to Camp under these Trees". But soon after a party of young chaps were under them in a tent. "We will be OK boss, we were here last year." Their logic did not fill me with admiration. A few mornings later, 5.00 am, dead calm, a big poplar crashed missing them by 10 metres - then they shifted camp! The tree's roots had rotted and it did have a slight lean but why did it not crash in a wind which we must have had during the months previous? It was 35 metres high with a heavy top. But who can accurately foretell what an old tree might do? But I had them all cut down, the trunks into timber, the branches into chips.

CHAPTER 13

BUYING A "WIRELESS" ABOUT 1928

When building a stack of wheat in February about 1928 Mr McPherson (Scotty?) called. "Mr Quinney, I would like to demonstrate a wireless in your home tonight, no obligation to buy." Dad said, "Alright", and "Would you mind if I invited a few of your neighbours to come to your house and listen too?" As it was Summer, warm nights, Dad said yes. Well they went up Korere and down to Tapawera - a 10 mile radius and 70 people turned up! Just to hear a "wireless" as they were called then. I think many of them must have biked, perhaps came in horse and trap, but some cars. In 1989 the radio stations are on air 24 hours a day, in 1928 it was two hours, from 8.00 pm to 10.00pm. Without electric power, the set had three sets of batteries, a "wet" battery (A), similar to a car's which had to be sent away every few weeks to be recharged, three 45 volt dry batteries (B), hooked together, and a little dry C, and the set had three tuning dials which had to be set separately. I think there were just the four YA stations then. But how fascinated we were to be able to switch the set on and get music, speeches etc, the correct time - but no parliament! One make was called "Fada" and occasionally it ran true to name, fading away.

I remember hearing the American president talking to Admiral Byrd at the South

Pole but the speech was not crystal clear.

Now we are well used to TV with its many and varied features from all over the world, and how many of us could possibly get to see, and hear, condors feeding their chicks in the Andes, and Prince Charles marrying charming Di? We won't mention the ads! For a start a local club erected a "transmitter"(?) on the trig of Pinchback, using my track for most of the way to get the heavy battery there. With the neighbours permission I extended the track for them.

When the NZBC came on the scene they wanted permission to go through my property. I bargained for the equivalent of the annual licence fee as rental. They widened the road and graded it too, making it much better, and contracted with me to keep it in order for payment. But Moutere Gravels are very stable country. yet they engaged a couple of young chaps to "trundle" a wheel all the way from the main road, checking and marking on a map, every grade and corner - all the 3 and 1/4 miles of it - to make it easier for me to pinpoint a major slip, they said. What would grandfather say to see a big mobile crane going up the hill to erect the high transmitter? In the early days of getting TV channel 2 a separate aerial had to be just in the right spot. I hooked up a long covered wire to the set and got our lad to walk around the garden. "No good, get up on the roof." After moving about and me observing picture and sound I said: "Put the old bike wheel down and come and have a cuppa". Well that happened to be just the right spot, so there it was fixed!

CHAPTER 14

TELEPHONES OVER THE YEARS

When we first rang our daughter in America with the new automatic push button phone it was a bit eerie. After pushing the right dozen or so buttons, I looked at my watch, how long will it take for Jen to answer - it was just three seconds! Nowadays children of five or six years answer the phone correctly and courteously so often. When I was their age I was mystified and a bit afraid of that thing hanging up in the Post Office. Our first "connection" by phone to a Post Office was about 1930, I think. A wire on manuka poles or convenient trees. And several neighbours on the same line, and having different morse call sign. Indeed we remained on the "party line" system till about 1984. As there could be up to 10 on the one line - it was far too expensive to have a separate line when the Exchange was miles away - there were some "moments". Some were very interested in their neighbours welfare, understandably, and so when the neighbour's ring went, they lifted the receiver too! But they could be "discovered" at times. Hearing a clock chiming gave the legitimate listeners a clue - only one person on that line had a chiming clock! Perhaps arranging a date for a meeting, the two would hear a voice chip in with, "No, that date wont suit me". But if a baby was expected and the neighbours ring went at 2.00 am; "Well, I hope that Mrs Smith has the boy she wanted". And the system did have its good moments. A distraught wife was trying to get a neighbour with nursing experience, in a crisis, but failed to wake her. Another partyliner, hearing the insistent

ringing sensed an emergency, answered the call and drove several miles to awake the needed person. That could not happen on the private line system. But one was wise not to have any confidential conversations on the old "party line". And it did take a bit of changing when picking up the receiver not to ask "Working" before ringing. With 10 persons on one line it often was working too. "Will you be long?" was the thing to say if one was in a hurry to put a call through.

But with all the imperfections the old "party line" gave pretty good service. It was often the thing to do if one was to be away for the day to ask a neighbour to answer and "take" any calls on the phone. In good fun neighbours sometimes called each other "beautiful" or some such endearment ... to commence a call it was often, "Hullo Beautiful". Well, chap called neighbour, as receiver lifted he said as usual, "Hullo Beautiful". Silence for a moment then the neighbour's phone answerer's voice came haughtily, "Now just who do you think you are talking to?" It's moments like these you need Minties! When the real beautiful came home she was accosted with "You and your boy friends!" Story goes that outback and rather simple minded mother on being connected with phone and told, "You can do anything on the phone", hung a pair of new boots on the line for her son. Next morning they were gone. She hoped her son would like them.

When the automatic phone came it it took some time to adjust to not have to call exchange and to hear the so familiar "Number, Please" and, yes, somehow it was a valued friendliness which we missed, for they were always so obliging and I suppose it was inevitable that they would get growled at occasionally. But how easy it is to get used to such easy and quick "communication" with others far away! Whatever would our grandfathers have said to be able to simply press a dozen buttons and in a few seconds hear the voice of a loved family member they had left on the other side of the world? And the voice so unmistakably clear too. How much more can man accomplish? In 70 years time will my grandchildren be saying, "Poor old grandad, he hadn't seen much had he?" Who knows? But of course Jesus Christ could return before then.

CHAPTER 15

HAYMAKING OVER THE YEARS

I do love the smell of new mown hay, the townies say - and many country people too. And of course the delightful fresh smell is just as nice in 1989 when all the hard work has been taken out of haymaking as it was in the days when it had to be cut with the scythe. But what changes there have been in the methods of making it! My grandfathers' cut it with the scythe - I don't suppose it would be many acres a year, although I remember Dad saying that he and two brothers "pulled" the scythe over 16 acres one year - how many man hours? When dry it would be forked into heaps - or possibly with a rake about one metre wide with six inch wooden tines - and then "pitched" up onto drays. When the horse mowers came in the method of getting the hay in would still be the same, raking together and pitching onto a cart, then taking it into shed or stack and



The tractor and reel mower cuts as much hay in 5 minutes as grandfather did in a day with the scythe.



Hay dump rake, bought about 1910 (?) the first work saver in gathering hay. A stamp with foot brought tines up and let hay go, then dropped of own accord. Then taken along rows leaving hay in heaps.



A cart of hay, very common sight till about 1930s. Best part was ride, loose hay soft to sit among, unlike bales!

pitching it off - and you always seemed to be standing on the forkful you were trying to pitch up! I doubt if anybody who has not spent days pitching hay with a fork really understands what haymaking is! Recently I met a Honda executive who had pitched hay as a youth - immediately there was a bond between us!

I think that about 1910 the "dump" rake came in - long curved tines - many of them spanning 10 feet wide, dragged along and then "tripped" when the rake was full, a great labour saver about "gathering" the hay. But it was still pitched onto the cart, the load starting at about five feet and going up till too high. About 1930 "sweeps" came in. The first I saw was a "tumbler" sweep pulled by one horse. About six wooden tines with handles on the side, as the

sweep got full by bearing down on the handles the points would clear the ground and load was pulled into stack, then points could be dug into ground and load left. But hay still had to be forked onto stack, or into shed. With motors a bigger but similar sweep was fixed onto the bumper bar and that was not too bad at all to get the hay into the stack, but still had to be pitched onto stack!

But lazy farmers do use their brains sometimes! By making a U trench out from the stack, it was so easy and quick to push the sweep load over that and then bring another rope over the stack and so pull the sweep load onto stack by a horse. As the stack got higher, long poles were used to take the hay up, if the hay was long and tangily this method was not too bad at all.



Pitching hay onto stack, hard work - one often seemed to be standing on what one wanted to lift up - big stack being topped. Then it would be thatched.

Just spreading the hay out on the stack was the only actual hard work. To protect the stack from rain it was either thatched with rushes, or a cover made of used fertiliser bags, as these were fairly big, 12 to the ton, this method was often used in preference to spending a day getting rushes to thatch the stack. Thatching was not too bad, if there was someone to fork the bundle of rushes up to the thatcher. Each layer of rushes was held in place by a string fastened to pegs pointing up into the hay, the row of pegs being staggered so as not to leave a depression into which the rain would go.

But stationary hay balers soon came along, the hay was swept to the baler, forked into it and bales tied with two wires, not too bad but requiring about six men - and then having to cart bales into shed by hand. Then mobile balers came, quite a break-through, and with them the side delivery rakes to leave the hay in long rows for the baler. Now very efficient rakes are about which stir hay up to dry and then by changing tines and drive put it into rows for the baler.

Front end loaders and hydraulic lifts on tractors have really taken so much of the hard work of lifting out of haymaking. For with a juggler towed behind the baler, leaving the



Stacking 8 bales at a time with the front end loader and impaler is so easy and quick, son Peter with loader, son Mark relaxing.



If really dry the Allis Chalmers baler could take in a big wad of hay. Photo, Guy Evans.



Round bales waiting to be picked up. Photo, G. Evans.

some years we had an Allis Chalmers roll baler, which actually rolled the hay into bales, and these could be left out in rain without getting spoilt, although the damp would seep up from underneath. In some ways they could be fascinating to use, but having to stop the tractor to wrap the string around every bale was a bit of a bore. Also they could be a bit of a headache at times, but then most machines are like that. Now big round bales have come on some farms.

And there have been other methods of getting bales in, elevators to lift them up onto the load, and into the shed but still big sheds are required to store much hay. Will a method ever come whereby the hay will be cut, dried mechanically, compressed into small bales and all by one machine? Or perhaps the silage making will become more popular still, now that there are mechanical means of making it and feeding the heavy stuff out. Or will man ever be able to “develop” an animal which will be capable of eating enough in the Summer to last it through the Winter?!!! Perhaps hibernating?

Sixty years back the feeding out - to about 10 cows and a few other cattle, was done before breakfast. Now on the average farm of 1,000 ewes



A big load of Allis Chalmers round bales of hay, in some ways they were easier to handle than square bales. A bale loader attached to side of truck lifted bales up to about 8 feet, but bales not too easy to stack while truck moving.



A breakthrough with loose hay, pitching load on big sledge (low pitching) then using grab pulling load up with car or horse - no tractors yet. But loose hay consolidated (settled) and was hard work cutting it out with hay knife to feed out.

an animal which will be capable of eating enough in the Summer to last it through the Winter?!!! Perhaps hibernating?

Sixty years back the feeding out - to about 10 cows and a few other cattle, was done before breakfast. Now on the average farm of 1,000 ewes and 100 cattle the job takes about half a day. Although it is rather a satisfying job to see the animals come and eat their feed.

For some years we used a high mast and boom, the boom leaning towards the stack, and a "grab" after loading the loose hay onto a big sledge. A horse or car was used to pull the grab load up, then it swung over the stack and a sharp tug on the trip let the load go - it was fun to try that over one of the stackers heads! With stacks of loose hay compressed and having to be cut out by a big knife to feed out, that was not easy to do.

CHAPTER 16

THRESHING GRAIN OVER THE YEARS

As with haymaking there have been many changes in the way by which we have got the grain of wheat, oats etc. Grandfather scythed the paddocks, possibly knocking some grain out with the flail, then cleaning it in the strong wind, and somehow perhaps grinding it into flour? Early in the history there was a flour mill at Mararewa, driven by water wheel but up until about 1930 we grew some wheat and sent eight bags down to



Three horses with reaper and binder - the usual till tractors and then headers came along. Fair crop of wheat, writers father with stook.



A cart of sheaves being taken to stack.

the Richmond flourmill, getting back five bags of flour, two of bran and one of pollard, the two latter being fed to animals. The five bags of flour would last us all year. I can still see mother making bread - what a job - but then until the bakers came along what else to do for the "staff of life?"



Four horses with big load of wheat sheaves being taken up to stack. These sheaves would be handled nine times to get wheat in bag. Stooking, pitching onto waggon (or cart), stacking on waggon, pitching off waggon, to "crow", crow to builder, then at threshing pitched on to combine to bandcutter who handed it to feeder. With header only grain is handled if bagged, or not at all if in bulk.

As mentioned earlier, grandfather threshed the grain with a cylinder driven by the horse works, then cleaned the grain with a hand turned winnowing machine. Quite labour intensive! Then came along the "combine" or threshing mill pulled around the farms and driven by a steam engine. And sometimes by tractor. Until about 1935 almost all the wheat, oats and peas were stacked, then threshed some months later when it was "fit".



The stack is built, unlike hay, sheaves were not so easy to build into a stack, indeed they could slip out if not built well, method not easy to explain. Stack would be thatched and left some months for threshing mill (combine).



Combine with traction engine has threshed stack, straw stack at back, bags of grain in front, they were heavy to lift onto cart. Cattle chewed at straw stack, next year it made a good pumpkin bed.



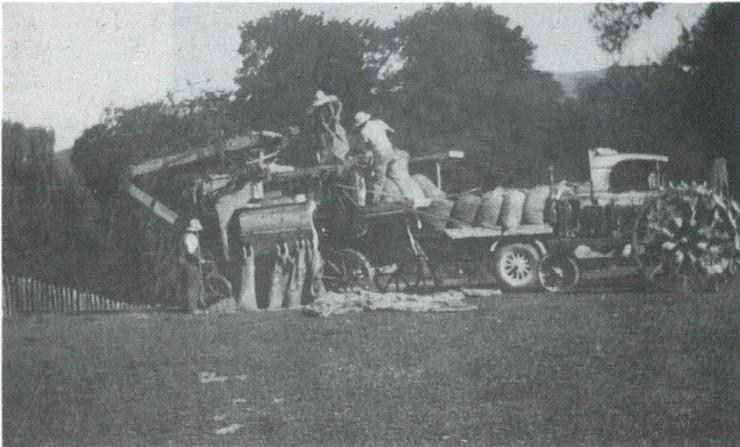
Pitching a load of oat sheaves into shed for cutting into chaff during year, unlike hay, sheaves were all one weight so easier to pitch, but wheat sheaves could be heavy. Stored for months in the loft, these oats attracted many mice, they sometimes chewed the heads of oats off.

But especially about the late 1930s it was found that it could be threshed from the field, after a bit more drying, thus saving all the work of stacking. The steam engine was so fascinating - still is - but it was not a very fascinating job to take the 400 gallon tank out to the river on a frosty morning to fill it by bucket for the engine's day's work. And even when the fire box was still warm from the day before, the fire had to be lit several hours before power was wanted. And they spun their wheels so easily on wet grass without the "cleats" on the wheels - if only a couple were put on, the wheel would race around

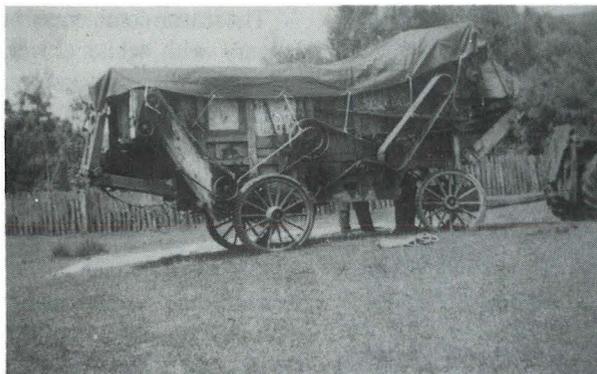


Cutting a very heavy crop of Garton oats, note stooks as tall as man, machine "extended" to cope with tall crop - reel up high or it would tangle oats, knotter well back and butter forward to put string band round sheaf nearly half way up - if too near bottom not so good to stook, tractor now pulling binder, made easy work of it. It was usual to sow grass and clover seed with a cereal crop - only one cultivation - crop usually smothered young grass - very much so in this crop of course, but recovered and gave heavy hay cut next December and then a good yield of clover seed in April. In a heavy crop like this the knotter worked almost continuously but in a light crop it could go 10 yards to get one sheaf.

till the cleat struck ground then with a lurch the massive thing would go a couple of metres. When wood was used for getting steam up, sparks could set fire to the stack of straw. The team required was about two feeding sheaves after cutting bands, two pitching sheaves onto platform, two building straw stack, two weighing and sewing bags (for wheat 303 lbs, three and one-third bushels and three lbs for the bag) and the engine driver looked after the machine, and engine. Ladies please note, the nine men had good appetites for morning and afternoon tea and dinner! Nine cooked meals and 18 snacks a day! Do you think the one man header is much superior?!



Cleaning the oats gathered from loft floor, with Andrews and Beaven combine. No straw so elevator on left not out.



Clover huller. Heavy belt drove second cylinder.



52R header getting red clover seed.
Photo, G. Evans.



International 52R header in barley paddock.
Photo, G. Evans.

We got our own threshing mill, an Andrews and Beaven, about 1938. It had an unusual way of separating the chaff from the grain - as it all fell off a shelf the wind was sucked in, to give it more "suction" the window was narrowed. A similar action was for the recleaner. It also had a "polisher" - the grain being pushed through a cylinder which had revolving spikes set close to stationary ones, this was an irritation if the grain was damp as it would block and the belt come off. What marks the old flat belts could be, compared with the V belts of headers! I also got a clover huller, similar to a mill, except that it had a second cylinder, concave and cylinder face both with small "spikes" like a horse shoeing rasp, but no open bars. Even so, not all the seed was got. In 1949 I bought a new 52R International header for I think about £500 (\$1,000). We did quite a lot of work with this small 5 feet cut machine. In fact about the 1960s we did 250 acres in one season, around the valleys. Motupiko, Korere, Tapawera, Stanley Brook, Tadmor, Glenrae, Sherry River, and Kiwi, and one year Hiwipango without ever working on Sunday.



Cutting a heavy crop of oats on table and two extra horses to pull machine up.



Crop cut and stooked - two men would hardly keep up with binder on crop like this with the stooking, unless binder had breakdowns. This crop would take about a ball of string to the acre.

The season commenced in January with white clover, ryegrass, then cocksfoot, barley, oats and wheat, then red clover. With the bagged grain we did not have to worry about the moisture content, so it was possible to head standing crops much earlier after rain than is the case today with bulk storage. In fact, if rushed, we sometimes took the pickup of - from doing a crop on the ground - to straight heading, even for one day, while the cut stuff on the ground was drying out. Two hours of knuckledusting work to get in a day of straight heading, and next day change back again! Does anybody enjoy changing from "straight" heading to pickup work? Without a self starter what little wretches the motors on these headers could be to get started again after getting "clogged up!"

I got a second header exactly the same, and what we learned in having two headers in the same paddock, in threshing red clover. The second one was fitted with the small pulley on the cylinder, driving it about 1600 revs a minute. Well it got 1/4 more seed than the old header with the cylinder speed of 1200, so we soon fitted the fast pulley on that one too. But the faster speed seemed



Bringing a load down the hill, waggon had brake but sledge load behind to help hold. This waggon could be altered to a two shafter - more breeching power - or a single shaft type with two outriggers as in other pictures.

the dew would be setting again about 4, making for a very short day's work. Except when the wind was the wrong way, these trailed headers were not as dusty as the auto ones where the driver is sitting above the platform, even so, especially when doing red clover it was a filthy job.

In a good yielding crop like barley, the chaps sowing the bags did not have a very easy job, and then the bags had to be picked up somehow from the ground. But when the bulk headers came in the manpower needed was reduced to a driver only. But poor returns from cropping have reduced the amount done - where in the 1970s there could be 100 acres grown, now it is about 10! One year the huller was trucked over to Takaka to thresh three stacks of clover. How frustrating it was and still is of course, for it to commence to rain before the paddock is finished. This was especially so in the case of the horses, or the slow old tractor, when they were miles away from home and they were needed at home for some other work. Now modern tractors with the fast road gears are so different.

Would the cylinder of a threshing machine ever "blow up"? Well one did, in the days of rotating it with the horse works. The horses could get slow unless there was a driver right near them, this would reduce the speed below what was needed to thresh out the grain. One rather exasperated uncle got down from the shed to give the horses a stir up, and perhaps they went really fast around, the cylinder was not having any sheaves fed into it, so Dad was on the way to do so when a big "bang" and pieces flew in all directions - he was lucky not to have been any closer! No ACC then either! One old mill had a wooden cylinder with the bars bolted onto it, well if one side of the cylinder got wet, that set up a big vibration.

I suppose man will always want grain for his food. Moses gave instructions that the ox which trod out the grain was not to be muzzled, the horses liked to snatch a bit in passing, but the header simply takes no notice.

to be more likely to damage the seed, giving an abnormal growth "test". Indeed even when the stuff was "crispy dry", and essentially a fine hot day, it was not a simple matter to get the maximum number of bags of seed with the minimum damage to the actual seed. Sometimes with a wet Autumn the red clover harvest went right into Winter, then with short days and heavy dews - or even frosts, the stuff would not be dry till about 2 o'clock and

CHAPTER 17

SHOOTING EXPEDITIONS

Nowadays, 1989, there is not much of any game around to go shooting for, around Motupiko. Just a few rabbits, hares, quail, grey ducks and pigs. But that was not always so.

Dad spoke of shooting native kakas, they were for the pot. He and two brothers went over the Tadmor side in the then bush, had spent almost all their powder and shot for the muzzle loaders, and were boiling the billy before carrying the game home - no thermos in those days. When a kaka cheekily came and settled on a branch just above them. By dusting the three powder flasks into one barrel, and with some shot, they got enough of a "charge" to make him squeak and fly off. About the 1920s there were many rabbits and hares around. In a small paddock over where Quinney's Bush now is Dad had to put chicken netting around to be able to get some swedes, he left a hole then at night blocked it up and got in with dogs and sticks for a big "catch". For some years about that time it was common on a damp afternoon in Winter, or early Spring when the pasture on the hill was so poor, to see hares in the paddock 100 yards from the house. We often crept up behind a paling fence and waited until two were close together, hoping to get two in one shot. They came into the paddocks much more after dark. A motor bike carbide light gave a fairly good light, and we tramped the paddocks for hours getting perhaps dozens of hares, and a few rabbits.

But everything was getting speeded up, and so the car was brought into the picture, first along a very quiet hill road, then around the paddocks. What fun we had. But with only two wheel brakes on grass the skidding to a stop took some time, and then the hare may have dodged aside. We sometimes got 20 or more a night. Occasionally we got stuck in mud, once we had to go catch a horse - no tractors yet - harness her, pull the car out and all without disturbing the household at 11.00 pm.

We usually saw deer on both hill properties when mustering, if one had a gun shy dog it was a choice, take the rifle and risk the dog clearing out, or being taunted by a deer. On one such occasion I saw a deer running along the fence towards me, I crouched behind a big stump, intending to hit it over the head with a fence batten, but popped up a split second too soon, the animal's spring from trot to landing was 15 feet. What proud fine animals they looked in the wild, coats shining, and alert to the slightest sound or smell. Twice I saw a deer dropped with two shots from a shot gun at at least 30 metres, one side on, the other running away. I suppose the pellets would not go past the skin, but would several hundred of them be sufficient to kill such a highly strung animal, because they were almost dead when we got to them. But now with helicopters and trapping I have not seen a deer around Motupiko for 20 years.

About 1975 I heard of a hill side paddock being fenced expensively hoping to ensnare some valuable deer - and not many miles from Nelson city. After months of looking, at last some deer were in the big "trap" - but by this time there were some weak spots, so the chaps went cautiously around hanging an article of their clothing on the

weak spots so that the deer would not try to escape there - I forget if it was Winter time to come home in the undies! But they got the deer after leaving them in the "trap" for some days to calm them a bit.

Dad had a Martini Henry rifle, a big heavy bullet, fired by black powder - on a damp day it could not be seen if one had hit the target until the smoke cleared.

As for wild pigs, one hears of big and even bigger pigs, two of the most outstanding ones I've heard of, one was so big that he had to go up to the main ridge to turn around.

Another was shot in most remote country, impossible to bring such a monster out for body weighing, so the shooter took a photo of him, the negative alone weighing 6 1/2 lbs! We suppose that negative has since been lost! So sadly impossible to verify the story!

CHAPTER 18

SWAGGERS AND HITCH HIKERS

Whereas today we have hitch hikers "hitching" a ride from A to B - and beyond sometimes, till about the 1940s we had "swaggers". Men who walked around, some hoping to pick up a job, their goods in a swag and billy hanging on to it usually. We seemed to get plenty of them, "Plenty of sheds, should be room in one for me". "Close to the church, might be the vicarage, so we should get a shakedown". Some were fine chaps, some were "characters". We were happy to have some of them help with work if any work was going. One fine young chap helped us cut wood for weeks, how strong he was. Another helped pick up potatoes, and returned at the same time next year. "Any spuds to pick up?" One chap was reputed to be an ex-boxer, and to have all his money sewed into his coat seams. He worked for me, but I never saw him far away from his coat. Same chap came back under the "influence" one night, wanting a "shakedown" in the haybarn. I had to help him up the ladder, he wasn't capable of making it in the state he was. I thought it necessary to ask for his matches, he could have set the shed alight in his stupor. He didn't have any. "How did you light your pipe then?" I lit it with the last match I had". I took his word, but next morn found him smoking. I showed him the gate and said, "Don't you ever come back here". And he never did.

Often they wanted a mug of tea, we always gave them a bit more than that. One decent old man of 80 came in one very cold frosty morning. "Could he have a cup of tea?" he had slept under the hedge that night, as one man had abused him when he asked for a shakedown. We pressed him to come in and eat by the fire but he would not. Many were interesting characters. One chap, much travelled of course, had spent some years in this place and some in that. I noted the years and worked out that he was 150 years old, yet he looked about 40! Another had eaten grapes in Spain so strong that they caused intoxication even in the raw state. Mother sometimes thought they should do something for their "tucker" so asked them to split some wood, but most of them didn't appear to appreciate the chance of using an axe, the heap of split wood being quite modest.

But now those walking on the roads are almost always “hitching” a ride. Some just from one place to another a few miles away. But many from overseas getting all around the country. If we have room we usually pick them up. I keep some copies of the Quinney’s Bush leaflets in the car, they have the Gospel in them, what a privilege to pass on to others a statement of what The Lord Jesus Christ has done for us all - and them. They are of all types of course. But we have met some fine persons through picking them up for a ride. Off to Christchurch once, fairly well loaded up, we passed a couple. “We just haven’t got room”. But it was raining, so I relented and went back. We squeezed them in, they were from overseas, she a nurse, so Marjorie and her had chats, he was I think a teacher. How polite they were to us. Marjorie was Ma’am, I was Sir. Respect for years and grey hair?!

One Christmas somehow we were on our own. I picked up a couple and invited them in for Christmas tea. They were pleased, so were we. A Japanese lass who stayed the night in our house left a note - “If another Japanese come you give him/her one night.” This was after a broken English note thanking us for our hospitality to her.

One dark night, knock at door, two girls, Australians. “Could we give them a bunk in a shed?” I looked at them and invited them in. The elder explained how nervous she was, she had undertaken to look after the younger girl, and here they were on a country road after dark, how would they get a bite and a bed, which we were happy to give. For some years they sent us a Christmas card. Not long ago I picked up a couple on the road, and they came in for a cuppa, then left, but came back. “Could we put up with them for a couple of days as they would like to see more of a NZ farm”. We enjoyed their stay, and they said they did too. And there have been many more. While scenery may be so interesting, even awe-inspiring, what can compare to putting one’s feet under another’s table? Especially when that person is from another country.

I have many “hikers” camping overnight at Quinney’s Bush, some have got through the North Island in a few days, but rides not so easy to come by in the South. They don’t appreciate that here we have but half as many people - and cars, so not as much chance of getting rides. Some have taken all day to come from Nelson, 54km. “There is a bus in the morning”. “But I like hiking, I meet more people, see more too”. “And I have plenty of time, but not plenty of money!!” Girls get rides quicker than chaps, but one had not. Had she thought of wearing a dress so that drivers could more easily see that she was a girl? She had worn one the other day and had waited seven hours for a ride! Some rather foolishly expect a food store to appear out of the “blue”, not realising that they could be up to 100 km apart. Quite a long way to walk on an empty tummy, but most seem to carry some light but nourishing food. What a variety of tents they have, and some of their “stoves” could be put into a big pocket!

CHAPTER 19

MARGINAL LANDS, PANEL MEMBER, 1956-1983

In 1956 I was appointed by the Minister of Lands to be the Panel member (farmer) of the Nelson Marginal Lands Committee. The Marginal Lands Board had been set up a few years earlier to assist those farmers - of all types of farming - who were unable to secure loans for development, or additional land, or farm equipment, or buildings etc from other sources, usually because their equity was not sufficient to take such a risk.

One requisite for an application was that they had been turned down by all other landing agencies, including the Rural bank. Accordingly we got applications from some who were not successful farmers by any standard, and from those who wanted to get ahead but could not without loan finance, the farm in its present state simply not good enough to generate enough income for development.

So we set out as a committee to see how we could help many types of farmers! Some good, some ordinary, some - yes some - no-hopers, but we went through all the motions for each type. Indeed when the Minister of Lands wrote thanking me when the Marginal Lands was incorporated into the Rural bank in 1983 - I was on my last appointment anyway at 72 - part timers did not have to retire at 65 - I was very happy to be able to reply that in all those 27 years I could not recall one applicant whom I did not think had got a fair hearing in his application.

In those 27 years I "survived" five Commissioners of Crown Lands, Messrs Jack Peterson, K Arres, E Young, G Rowan and L Russell, finishing with Mr G Muirhead. The Committee consisted of the Commissioner, (chairman) a farm advisory officer from the Agriculture Dept (now Maffish) and myself, with a Field officer from the Lands and Survey Dept in attendance. This field officer had previously spent some time on the property going over farm accounts and production and any project for improvement, and gave his recommendation whether to accept or decline the application. We were guided by his decision, but made our own assessment and decision nevertheless, usually before we parted for the day. In the first years all our decisions had to be sent to the Marginal Lands Board in Wellington, and I suppose that the Board agreed to our recommendations to decline or accept, in about 70% of applications. But in the last few years the local Committee had the power to accept or decline applications up to \$5,000.

In the first years the Marginal Lands loans were not available to purchase the first farm the chap had to get it somehow and stick it out for a year, then apply for assistance. Later this policy was liberalised somewhat.

My first "inspection" was in a nearby valley, when we came to a stream, Commissioner Paterson simply waded in with his boots on, so I followed likewise. I remember we declined the application but not because of no bridge!

My Marginal Lands "area" extended from Takaka Hill to French Pass to Station Road Maruia and all in between, and on average I suppose we had about a meeting a month. We always took our lunch but accepted invitations for a cuppa, often in order to meet the wife and "assess" her "suitability" - quite important because if the

proposition was a bit risky and the wife was not 100% behind her husband the chances of success were not so good. Indeed, the personal factor was a big one for the success - or failure - of any project.

On going onto a farm we would note the general appearance of the yard and house, the vegetable garden, were perishable things under cover, the pastures, fences, stock condition and farm buildings, also if the chaps boots were laced up! Such things as building improvements, painting or papering impressed us if well done by the applicant and/or his wife - such persons were likely to make good use of a loan. If the farm income was low, a boat or caravan did not incline us to recommend a loan. And we noted personal expenditure - if high, was there some special reason for that? And did the applicant have a definite idea of what he wanted to achieve, could he manage the extra stock, would the project generate sufficient extra income to meet charges of the loan, and eventually repay it, this repayment was usually done by instalment. The interest was the same as the Rural Bank. I often thought that the interest should be lower for the first years, then increased for the later years when the project was producing, and initial periods of concessionary rates of interest did become a feature of both Marginal and Rural Bank development loans over the latter years of the scheme. So much for the outline of the scheme, now some interesting cases.

One such was a dairy farmer whose farm was in a rather wet little valley, far too wet for Winter feeding out, he had got a loan in the early years when the economics of farming were not taken so much notice of in an application, surely. If a farmer was unable to meet his interest charges the committee met him to see if we could help him, so we saw this man fairly often, usually every six months. Early in the piece I noticed that he did not have much equity - the balance of assets over liabilities - in the property, then looking over the page I saw a dose of unsecured debts to different firms and companies, adding these to his other liabilities he was virtually bankrupt. Well the Field officer negotiated with these creditors - what would they settle for? Some said half, some more. We put this application up to the Board and they granted a loan to clear the debts.

Then the house got burnt down, and over the road on higher ground - and drier for Winter feeding out was a newish house, on about 20 acres up for sale cheap - them were the days! The Board again said yes, then later for some house improvements for the family, again yes. But as the man never appeared to me to appreciate what the taxpayer was doing for him I told the other Committee members that I would not vote yes again. However soon after more land, again cheap and close, came on the market, and again this would greatly improve the loan security, so almost against my will I again voted yes - and the Board granted. Then a nearby house with a few acres was for sale, the son and his wife were living in it and so were a help on the farm and the price was so low, so once more I relented - and the Board granted. Before this time the farmer had been put on "budget" the income going to Lands and Survey who paid the bills, after some years farm property prices improved greatly, the man sold out, the taxpayer got all his money back and the farmer some too - would any private money lender have been so patient and accommodating?

Another farmer had bought a property, rather an unattractive one and certainly not an economic unit, either without or against expert advice - I think he and his family just wanted the farming lifestyle, a Trading bank providing finance which was to be repaid in five years. We inspected the property but delayed on a decision as we could not see how we could help this man who had to sell capital stock to meet interest and repayment every six months, as he just did not have the stock numbers to generate enough cash to meet these demands. I think he had to buy in stock at the next sale to get some wool and lambs to sell. Any applicant could go to the MP for the electorate if he did not think he was getting a fair deal, and one day when I happened to be in the Lands and Survey office I was called to the phone. It was Mr (later Sir) Bill Rowling, enquiring about this man's application - and he accepted that we were still thinking about the position. Well, the Field Officer went to that Bank Manager and persuaded him to alter the five year repayment terms to a ten year which greatly improved that farmer's position - cheers for that Field Officer - though the farmer later sold out.

Another farmer always had difficulties, including his wife's health, to face, we made an inspection to see if we could offer any help. Invited in for morning tea we expected to see a frail little wife, but lo a big strapping one who could have thrown any one of us over the fence - and the table was well laden - but with bought cakes - we would have been far more impressed with home made scones. We were somewhat relieved when this man sold out soon after, as we were in several other cases too. We sometimes suggested selling when the position looked fairly hopeless, but never pushed a sale against the farmer's will, though we had the authority to recommend this course of action to the Board.

One farmer on a big place did some costly clearing of land, it had many really big boulders which he bulldozed into "windrows" - we suggested over-sowing but he did not think much of that idea till the Ag officer did some trials which in that 50 inch a year rainfall were not likely to fail - and by that method much flat land and hill was brought into good pasture relatively cheaply. This man had financial difficulties but hung on and when prices for wool and meat improved he cleared his debts and later sold out for a big sum.

It often disappointed me when we had, by recommending a loan, enabled a farmer to get ahead and develop his farm, for him to sell out for some reason other than ill health or such like, but of course they were able to do this, providing loan charges were met.

On one isolated property two professional woolclassers applied for a loan. To get cash for development they took turns to go back to the wool store for periods. One wife was a school teacher so she taught the children in one of the farm houses. A lake teemed with eels so sheep carcasses were tossed in to feed them. I understand the professional eel "harvesters" got a good "crop". A helicopter crew was resting when we were there - no good going after deer till evening or early morning, but on our return about 3.00 pm, we saw two running along the beach - I suggested the young chaps in the party give chase - I was the oldest man. An inspection of Denniston hill, for a Lands Settlement case,

looked difficult, so we hired a plane, but the job had to be done on foot next day, however the panel member had left!

The farm was a very isolated one, the farmer had sold a business in town to start farming. I noticed an organ - did the wife enjoy playing? - she was going to learn. I imagine she had bought the organ to counter the solitude through loyally following her husband. We could not see our way clear to recommend a loan. The Board never liked granting a loan for refinancing another loan only, so we usually put up a development project as well. Of course the interest rate was usually lower than what most farmers were paying from the private sectors of lending. Interest rates varied depending on the purpose of the loan, and of course they were susceptible to change through budget decisions of Government. The loan rate in 1979/80 was 6%, in 1981/82 7 1/2%. These were concession rates for the first three years of the loan, after which they increased by 1 1/2%.

One farmer included deermeat in his farm income, but we thought that a risky one to rely on. In some isolated valleys it was sad to see abandoned homes, sometimes only daffodils, flowering currants, scrubby old fruit trees and chimneys. Had the former owners found the solitude and the low income too much to struggle with? Had they set up home in high hopes, but left in despair? No doubt each such abandoned home had a history. We often had great admiration for the wife who had loyally followed her husband from the bright lights of the city to a backblocks farm, cheaper because of its isolation, the only kind he could buy with the money available. We really tried to help them.

Of course the job had its moments of mirth, such as when the farmer was being very vocal, then he paused and said that we had the advantage of being three to his one - I could not help remarking that so far I could not see that he was much disadvantaged by that. We often had jokes amongst ourselves, vacating the front seat when I was being picked up at home, the Agriculture Officer kindly said, "Take the suicide seat Ray!"

Often a farmer's son said he wanted to stop on the place to help Dad and eventually take over the farm, but unless he had had a few years of being there, we felt it wise to be cautious. Youth's aspirations could so quickly get dimmed when he saw the higher wages his town cousins got for less hours of work - and more feminine company!

We got loans for many things for many types of farmers, sometimes part-time farmers, and many of the men said they would never have got ahead without the loan assistance, so I am happy to have had some share in their achievement. I know that the men were happy to see in the inspection team a fellow farmer who had had to work as they were expected to, and I certainly liked meeting them, especially those who really wanted to get on. Yes, I look back with no little satisfaction for the 27 years I had with Marginal Lands.

CHAPTER 20

LAND SETTLEMENT COMMITTEE

On the death of Mr Arthur Harwood I was appointed as panel member of the Nelson Land Settlement Committee.

Much of the work was similar to the work of the Marginal Lands Committee. But I suppose the renewal of the various Crown Leases was most often on the agenda. The Nelson Land Settlement area consisted of all the Collingwood area, out to French Pass, Ria Valley down to Westport and all in between. Some of the Crown Leases that came up for renewal had been on a term of 66 years, so for some years past they had really been on a "peppercorn" rental, but I often thought that a nip of whisky should have been included with the notice of the new revised rental. Because it could rise from say \$5 per annum to \$500 if that particular lease had not been renewed for 66 years! I asked the Commissioner if these leases could not have been reviewed earlier. He replied, "Ray, when the Queen makes an agreement it sticks!" Good on the Queen! But now almost all Crown leases are reviewed every 11 years.

Many of the Westport houses are on Crown Lease sections. The leasees could freehold most of the properties if they wished, and quite a number of them did this. It worked out best for them to do this when the lease still had about a third of its term to run, because then the amount of goodwill was in their favour.

There was seldom any hassle over renewing a lease to the same person, and almost without exception the same person got his lease renewed, but of course usually at a rental more in keeping with the present day value of the land. These renewals were usually done in the office, seldom was an inspection made of the property, a Field officer had any data the Committee needed.

But the most interesting work of the Land Settlement Committee was in regard to the settlement of the Land and Survey blocks that came up for ballot. The bigger blocks were at Rosedale, Nelson, and near Westport. The Committee inspected these blocks from time to time, deciding which blocks were more suitable for dairying or sheep, where subdivisions should be, the sites for homesteads and wool sheds or cowsheds. We listened to the suggestions of the farm manager in siting a homestead. He knew the prevailing wind directions - it may have been calm when we were there.

What a variation there was in the different types of soil and the amount of rainfall. Rosedale could dry out in Summer making it more difficult to get stock through Summer than Winter. Some of the West Coast blocks were on Pakihi land which required heavy drainage. One place had to have two feet of "topsoil" removed before putting metal on for a road, or it would just have disappeared. On my first inspection I followed in the steps of District Field Officer Houghton - he was a heavy man and I thought if the soft "soil" held him up I should be OK! Drainage was a must on many of these blocks, some places were so soft that the heavy digger worked off a platform, the operator simply lifting one around to his front every time he wanted to move. In another place two bulldozers worked together, one to pull the other out when stuck - they had to be careful

not to both get stuck at the same time. One farm manager declared that the Black Poll cows never got bogged and could even calve in a bog.

Generally it was found better to fly the fertiliser, lime and seed on as the trucks got stuck too much. Oversowing, without any cultivation, gave very good results on this type of land, no doubt the heavy rainfall was a dominant factor in this. And this land, which looked like wet moss in its natural condition, grew very good pasture when drained, and moreover, much to my surprise did not show up any deficiencies in the soil tests for animal health. The ash from the furnace of the Cape Foulwind cement works caused an imbalance in the soil, too much lime, and this had to be rectified. On the foothills of one of these blocks there were many rhododendrons, what a tangle they were. On another a mass of little silver pine stakes, a hazard for tractor tires.

But the ballot days were the really great days! The blocks which the Lands and Survey Department had developed over several years and were now ready for ballot were advertised widely, the more desirable ones attracting many enquiries. These men we liked to be under 40, after that they should have been able to get their own farm their own way. They were required to have 10% of the property value, (land and improvements) plus 25% of the value of the stock and plant. But this did not have to be all in cash, assets of plant and stock qualified in part. However a loan from Dad or any other source was not allowable if there were strings attached for repayment or interest payment. The Committee were more impressed if the applicant had saved the minimum deposit from his own efforts, and some had so obviously worked hard and saved to do this. Good on them!

Well each applicant had spent perhaps several days on the block, drawing up a budget, how much stock it would carry, how much fertiliser he would put on etc and this we studied together with his work history, any testimonials from employers, then he was invited in. Although the Chairman, the Commissioner, always tried to put them at their ease some so obviously were not! One chap twisted his feet in a corkscrew under the table. We studied them carefully; were their hands showing signs of hard work, and we "fired" questions at them, studying the answers. How would they improve Nelson's often not a very high lambing percentage! And many others. This took about half an hour and after they withdrew the members of the Committee gave verdicts. If not very impressed it was such as, I give him 49%, another I give him 51%. But in most cases we agreed easily on whether to admit to ballot or not, calling them back in to hear the "verdict."

We considered it important if the applicant had had experience on similar types of farms in similar rainfalls. I remember we declined an applicant from a high rainfall area in his application for a low rainfall district, likewise an applicant from an irrigated cropping background to a heavy rainfall grazing farm. The applicant's wife could attend too. Was the house good enough; did she think she might get lonely in that rather isolated district? But of course it was the man whom we had to be satisfied about going "into the ballot."

Now a few typical cases. One was for a farm not so very far from Motupiko. The applicants were to appear at half hourly intervals. The first one, a local chap, impressed us, although he only just had enough for a deposit. Later in the morning there was a lull. We waited. I suggested to the Chairman that if the applicant had been advised of the meeting and had not sent any explanation that he be declined. The Chairman did not agree. Later a phone call ascertained that he had not got the letter telling of the ballot.

We carefully studied the data about him. He was certainly suitable for going into ballot. Then another lull. Later a chap came puffing in. He had but flown in from the North Island a few hours earlier and had made a hurried trip out to the farm. We should have excluded him as he did not produce a budget. I did not like him, or his wife, but we had to decide on his farming experience and ability. So we let him in.

The actual drawing of the marble is quite a moment. Any applicant, his wife, bank manager, the office staff or others can attend and see it "done". The box is shown to be empty, the marbles are numbered and applicants name noted for that marble. Then what a rattle they make in that box! Most often a staff member was invited to reach up and put her hand in and pull out a marble. Whose is it?! We always took three marbles as the applicant could pull out after more consideration, but he was not allowed to go into another ballot for a year if he did. Well, who should get the first marble but the chap we should have excluded; the second the man who had not appeared, the third was the first applicant we all liked. However after further inspection and sitting on the field officers desk for days the first man withdrew (cheers) and after realising that his wife wouldn't have a good nursing job in that locality the second man withdrew too, so the third person whom we favoured got the place and he has done well.

A house property in a small seaside township near Westport came up for ballot, and we sat in Westport. What a diverse bunch of applicants they were, some from Christchurch. Were they looking for a cheap seaside holiday house? One of the applicants was asked to draw the marble. When he saw it was not his he threw it on the table in disgust and it bounced noisily over to the wall!

A very desirable farm near Nelson attracted 75 applicants! From all over New Zealand, almost. The Commissioner pruned the number down to 50 for reasons such as not enough cash for the deposit. Three days were set for the hearings. We got well behind on the first day, even sitting till 8.00 pm - some of the poor chaps with their wives had been waiting for hours, and as I passed them outside the room they looked so serious - of course they had all set their hearts on THIS farm, but managed to smile when I asked them if they were dreaming of marbles.

Some of these applicants had for years been travelling over much of the country looking at these desirable farms that came up for ballot. I well remember seeing one man, so obviously a first class farmer by his management record and testimonials, walking away so dejectedly - he had been in 10 ballots and had not drawn a winning marble, but how else could these sought after properties be handed over to purchasers except by the "draw" of a marble?

A small pocket of land, about five acres, had been cut off a section when the road was realigned over a new bridge. It was offered to the three adjoining farmers, each of whom applied for it. So the committee sat as a "court", the three applicants and their wives being present and they could engage a solicitor to plead their case, which one man did. But they were not allowed to cross examine each other, though of course we asked them many questions. After hearing them we inspected the three farms, deciding that none of them really required this bit to make his farm an economic unit, so we gave it to the one who had the most common boundary with it.

The Committee for the ballots was: The Commissioner of Crown Lands (Chairman), the Rural Bank District Appraiser (Mr W Marshall), the District Field Officer of Lands and Survey (Mr P Houghton), Mr R Hately (Dairy Farmer of Westport) and myself. When developing these Land and Survey blocks, care had to be taken to preserve any historic aspect such as a "ditch" to train water for gold sluicing, or a gully which harboured any birds which were the few remaining of their species, in that area.

As with Marginal Lands trips in the car, we had some fun - getting into the Commissioner's car at home I drew attention to a spider on the roof rack - on getting out of the car in Westport it was still there, clinging well. We hoped that Mrs Spider did not alert the Search and Rescue concerning hubby's disappearance from home.

Driving the Committee around his farm the owner was extremely vocal over what he had done, sitting behind him I imitated winding up a gramophone, the front seat man trying to keep a straight face. That farmer had done a very good job, it was the way he was putting it over that "impressed" us!

I am happy to be able to say that, as in the Marginal Lands loan scheme, the same in Land Settlement - I cannot recall one real failure, though we were rather happy when several sold out of their own accord. In the early days the panel member's pay was about £8 (\$16) a day, the last year it was around \$40 a day of part thereof. If I had to use my own car it was paid for at Govt rates, but we always travelled in one car if possible.

I hope that all those whom we decided could go into ballot - and were lucky in the draw - have done well on their farms and are happy where they are living. One sometimes hears criticism of "Those Government Departments" but after 27 years, albeit part time, with the Lands and Survey Department, I am happy to be able to write highly of them. Now that name has disappeared into the Department of Conservation and under other names.

CHAPTER 21

FENCING

Will man ever be able to train domesticated animals to recognise the neighbour's boundary fence line? I doubt it, nor will he be able to keep a hungry cow from leaving her pasture in favour of a field of cabbages, without a fence of some kind.

The writer's first memory of fencing is of going into the narrow gully with the axe and crosscut saw in the Winter time. First "sounding" a brown birch - these trees had



A "two man power" saw, very quiet running (except for puffing) just swish swish - it would take about 3 hours to cut this big tree down, power saw 1/2 hour?

faithful horse to where they could be split and put into a cart, then put along the fence line if that was on the flat.

But hill fencing was a different kettle of fish. Sometimes near a hill fence line there were logs from bush fallen many years back, and these could provide posts. Before bulldozed tracks were made on hills a half draught horse was so useful here. To get up the hill one man could ride him, the other hanging onto his tail, tools were hooked onto the horses hames, and he could "snig" the posts along the line. The posts were usually driven in with a 20lb hammer, if water was near it made such a difference in driving them if the hole was filled with water and left to soak. But it was fun to get a new chum to give the post a big hit immediately - he got a face full of dirty water! Bulldozed tracks up hills have made such a difference - taking an elderly neighbour up to repair the boundary fence he arrived on the job "feeling fresh instead of half fagged out with the climb." Now Waratah (Y) standards and a fence line bulldozed level together with mechanical post drivers to put the strainers in, has made fencing of this kind so easy.

Some of the birch posts lasted but 10 or 15 years, but the better quality ones more like 30 - indeed I have seen some old posts which must have been put in the first fence some 70 years back. With the brown birch the best lasting posts came from the outer rim under the sap, the centre heart did not appear to last long, but the black birch is so different, both in colour and the lasting quality of the centre heart. However black birch burnt so readily, not so brown, so it was not wise to put black birch posts where a fire was likely. Now most farmers use the treated pinus posts, and can have the fence job done in the same time it took to go into the bush and get the native posts. Will more and more electrical fencing be used? It is so easy and cheap to erect, and hot for the animals to touch? The writer understands that black birch is not easy to cut into timber, it seems inclined to warp and twist as it is cut, loggers have been known to deliver a black birch log to a bench man not used to it, and then smile at his mutterings!

a brown bark and a leaf as big as a teaspoon, with serrated edges, the heart timber being a dark red - but the older trees were often unsound in the middle, so the axe "sounding" treatment was applied. When hit hard with the back of the axe the sound was "dull" if the tree rotten in centre, but "sharp" if timber sound. It would take about an hour's hard work or more to fall a biggish tree. The sound of the axe and the "swish swish" of the crosscut saw was pleasant in the native bush. Also the back and forth motion of the six foot saw had a certain rhythm with two men used to that work, but I think the rhythm would soon lose its fascination for a "chainsaw" operator! The tree was sawn into post lengths, and these "snigged" out with a

CHAPTER 22

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

The writer was appointed a Justice of the Peace in 1968. Some people think a Justice has all sorts of authority - he/she has taken an oath before a Magistrate to "Serve the Queen and Her people without fear or favour" - but the Ministerial part of the office gives him/her authority only to witness signatures etc. The writer years ago heard of the newly appointed justice who thought he had powers of arrest and chased a lawbreaking motorist, but was himself "nabbed!". The office must never be used for any personal advantage, of any kind. A Justice is appointed not to profit, to serve. He/she should not put those letters JP after the name unless it is benefitting some other person, they should not be put after an advertisement seeking votes or business. Those who sit on the Bench are allowed lunch and petrol money only, so must save the taxpayer many dollars. When it was bus fare they found it was not altogether pleasant riding home on the same bus with a man whom they had fined that day!

How does one become appointed a Justice? Not overnight! A name is put forward to the local Member of Parliament, preferably through some local organisation, the "candidate" must be of good standing in the community, not too young, not too old, as now they are likely to be put on a retired list after 70, though retaining the status, and then the name is "screened" by the police, the local Justice of the Peace Association and the Wanganui computer before being submitted to the Governor General.

One rather satisfying "job" which came the writer's way was to act as a Trustee for a ward of the State. This little Maori was never any trouble, but evidently not able to manage his Social Security benefit. This money was paid to me - incidentally there was never any check on how it was spent - I appreciated the trust - and I paid it into a "Trust Account" - at the time I was responsible for four other trust accounts as well so I had to be careful which one I used and for what. I was responsible for the ward's complete living expenses. Fortunately a truly motherly soul, an honest person, boarded him, so it was pretty easy. She got all he needed and handed the accounts to me for payment. But the income was more than the payouts. No, the woman looking after him - and I understand she had "mothered" about 20 others in her time - did not want any more for board, and he just wanted a big wheelbarrow extra. The chappie did not keep the best of health. One clause in my "instructions" bothered me a bit - in the event of death of the ward, I was to arrange the funeral, and I knew nothing about a "tangi". But from a trip to Northland I got a call on the phone. "Mr Quinney, Bobbie has died of pneumonia." However the practical woman made all the funeral arrangements and sent me the accounts. I noted that there were such quantities of bread, butter, sausages and sauce etc, but nary a drop of alcohol. But quite a balance of funds was left. I got advice it was to be paid over to the Public Trustee for distribution to the ward's nearest relatives. But first I paid that motherly woman a substantial "bonus". She deserved it!

Sometimes a Justice gets an awkward request. A well known friend, Tom Brown, signs a declaration and then sends it along by his wife for the justice to "witness" his

signature - "he knows me and my writing". But no, sorry, I must actually see Tom Brown write his name.

BIRDS

Has that little grey-brown bird, the sparrow, a bit cheeky and certainly cunning, gone right around the world? But I don't think there are as many of them in this valley now as there were around the 1930s. Because then the first few yards of a grain crop was virtually stripped of any grain in the heads. Moreover when in the stooks and so more easily stood on to peck at, some of the sheaves were stripped of grain, much of which fell off to the ground as the sheaves were pitched onto the cart.

One farmer gave them credit for "forward planning and feeding!" And by laying a rectangle of grain it was possible to get about 20 or more in one gunshot using fine shot pellets. The writer caught many by leaving a hole in the grain shed, letting them have free will for days, then putting a tunnel out from the hole and with a heavy plate of glass they stunned themselves on the glass as they flew out frightened, then falling into a bag. Their numbers had to be reduced somehow, and they were too cunning to readily take poisoned grain. There are still yellow hammers among the sparrows. The nicely speckled thrushes take a few hops and then "listen" for a worm? But how well they sing and how do they know when Spring is approaching? For there is a different "note" to their song as Winter gets well on. Black birds have always been around to get into fruit, they love cherries. About 1960 I saw - and heard - a bunch of kakas screeching in a birch tree on the hill top. I don't think there are as many native woodpigeons now as in years gone by. Although I often see about 8 or 10 sitting motionless in the sun on a frosty morning, always with the big white chest to the sun, the head with its red eyes and red beak sunk well down into its neck, even as a horse tends to put its tail end into the cold wind and rain. What an untidy nest they make, it is a wonder that the eggs do not fall through. There have always been plenty of tuis when the kowhais are in flower. I once reckoned there must have been about 150 in one big tree. Why had they concentrated in one tree when there were many others in flower, because they appear to like to quarrel? One thinks of swallows around buildings, literally "sticking" a nest on a narrow ledge and leaving an unmistakable "trademark" on the wall below, so I was most interested to study a pair on the hill top this Winter. How aimlessly they flew, now down to earth then up 20 feet and around, never straight for more than a metre, in this similar to fantails, were these birds catching insects which I could not see? What a vast difference there is in the songs and flights of our birds! The thrush opening its mouth wide, singing and sitting on the topmost twig for an hour doing so, the mocker(?) making notes somewhat like a tui while it constantly flits from branch to branch, the "kiss my toe" of the quail, the "morepork" of the owl. The newly hatched quail can almost hide under two blades of grass, but when grown it can both run and fly fast and straight. The rather frightening flutter of the startled pheasant - there have never been many of them around this valley. Since about 1960 there have been plovers in the paddocks; song is a rather harsh screech, and though but shades of gray in colour, they can look very nice as they land. Why can

a hawk slowly glide around for so long with its “motor feathered”? Does it have a bigger wing span in comparison to its body weight than other birds of that size? There have always been some gray and paradise ducks around, I understand the paradise mate for life, they are almost always in pairs, but do they “kick” their teenagers out from the home base? For on the top farm there always seem to be a pair, I have seen them with young ones up to the flying stage, then but the old pair is left. How fascinating it was to see the little “bobby” (bush robin) come within a few feet to gather up a bread crumb, does he still come when the noisy chainsaw stops for lunch! How the rather pretty pukekos can run and hide in the rushes, but why do they twist a dozen stalks of grain into a knot? Paradise ducks are often seen flying high up in the hills, sometimes perching on top of a hollow stump, why? If nesting, how do they get their young down to water, on the back or in the feet, or walk them a mile to nearest pond? Evidently the eagles of Deuteronomy 32 II taught their young to fly by pushing them off the cliff ledge and then flying below them to rescue them, but surely the young ducks would want to swim before they were so well grown. Once I found a paradise duckling up the hill all on its own, just a few days old, how had Mum lost it? By the way, men, Why is it that in the bird world the male of the species is sometimes so glamorous, while the female is, is, well you know without my saying!

About the 1920s there were quite a number of shags around the rivers looking for trout, the Acclimatization Society paid half a crown (25 cents) a head, so it was worth while to shoot them. Chappie had a little bivvy on top of the cliff above the river where shags came to roost and look down for a fish, he sat there with his 22 waiting for the shags to come and made fairly good wages for a wet day!

CHAPTER 23

BULLDOZERS AND FRONT END LOADERS

However did we manage farming without bulldozers and front end loaders? To make a road around a hill the horses and plough could be used for the first part, then it was pick and shovel for many days. Bulldozers came around in the late 1930s. How fascinated my Dad was to see one working! “Look at the dirt that thing is moving!” And it was but a 50hp one. I bought a Fowler in 1954, at that time quite a good dozer for a farmer, and made a few miles of tracks around the hills. With differential steering only there was no “finger tip” control at all! The engine is rather unique. Single cylinder horizontal piston, 2 stroke diesel, dry crankcase, drip oil feed for all bearings, heavy flywheel which had to be turned into the “right” position for starting. A wick, blotting paper soaked in salt petre would do, was inserted alight into the firing chamber, then a cartridge the same size as a 12 bore shot gun but full of powder was put in and hit with hammer, “Bang”, “pom pom pom ...” Very economical on diesel, was cheaper to let it run for an hour than have to use another cartridge. With a high and low gear box, speeds ranged from about one mile an hour to about six. If left unused for weeks and the fuel bowl leaked diesel into crankcase this caused engine to race uncontrolled from about



Fowler bulldozer pulling drill with grass seed in, sowing track it had made up to top of hill.



Fowler bulldozer makes sure the truck does not slide. Photo, G. Evans.

The same could be said for ditch diggers of different types, how hard it was to clean out a ditch full of rushes with a spade or shovel.

A similar situation prevails with dipping sheep. With the old way plunging the sheep into a dip how the older sheep tried to dodge their annual bath - "whether they needed it or not" as I understand Royalty has spoken. But now one man can effortlessly squirt a teaspoonful of "dip" onto the backbone of 1,000 sheep in half a day. And even granny sheep don't know what they are getting so accept it gracefully!

CHAPTER 24

"QUINNEY'S BUSH"

To start with I did not give it that name - other people did and I had to fall into line. I always knew I had an asset there, but in 1960, Boxing Day, I met my sister from Collingwood on top of Takaka Hill for a picnic. Lazing under a tree and watching the many holidaymakers go past I got an idea - they were all going "someplace" to camp.

QUINNEY SKID TOW THRILLS



The not so young appear to enjoy bag rides.

And we were raising funds to build a new vicarage, so why not invite them into the "Motupiko picnic ground and camp site?" But after posting an advertisement to the "Nelson Mail" I got concerned at the thought of fire - we must have had an early drought that year. So a ring to the Mail cancelled the advert. But then I read in the news section that a "Picnic ground and camp site was to open at Motupiko". A Mail reporter was most obliging! Being a Christian I have long since realised that it was the Holy Spirit of God telling me to "get cracking". Hurried makeshift "toilets" and notices were erected. One man came in disgruntled with all camps - they were "just out to get my money". But he stayed 10 days and left me \$10, a big donation then. Later the old pit toilets had to be replaced with flush toilets and showers. A system for hot water was worked out which has proved most effective, simply putting a copper cylinder inside a pumice copper, which retains heat, and feeding cold water into the bottom, out to taps from the top. The Quinney's Bush leaflet printed below does not tell of the fun we have here, and how I love it around New Year when there are about 400 campers, and visitors extra, the colours of the caravans and tents among the green trees and grass, the happy sounds of the children - and adults - on the amusements. The 10 flying foxes (some visitors look for furry animals!) provide lots of fun, but the best fun comes from the "bag rides". These are nine bags with some hay in and undergirded with sheet steel with turned up edges so that they slide sideways easily when the tractor does a figure 8 turn. How the children - and adults too - love these rides and I love giving them, looking back and seeing all the happy expressions ... am happy to be able to say that I have given thousands



Nine young riders waiting, "hurry up Mr Quinney"



Now we are off - its good fun.



But one has fallen by the wayside.

of rides with never a serious accident. When most campers are present around New Year I get two adults to work out teams of nine so trying to ensure that everybody gets two rides an evening. But a boy has been known to have one ride, run back to his caravan, change his clothes and come back a "new" boy! Enterprising! But sometimes the kids get mixed up and so get more than two rides, then I just go on till I reckon they have all had at least two rides and unhitch tractor. One time a father was holding his son crying that he had only had one ride so I hooked up again and gave him another. Soon after I had to have a little surgery done, "How much?" "No charge today Mr Quinney". I then recognised the father of the boy who had almost missed his second ride! If wet, puddles form which look impressive from the tractor to see the riders go through. One such evening some teenagers pleaded for another ride. I went through all the puddles, they looked somewhat muddy so had to wash their clothes and themselves! I can usually tell if a rider has not had a ride before, the expression is a bit apprehensive, but as the tractor moves it gives way to a big grin! I have known women simply fall off with laughing! Fancy, the very idea of "stately dames" being dragged around the paddock!

I often meet parents who tell me that they want to take their children to Quinney's Bush because they had such happy times camping here themselves. Now children are coming whose grandparents came when the place was first opened. I'm happy that I seldom



The 75 metre flying foxes, one rider coming down, one taking fox back for another ride. "Mr Quinney, couldn't you make it so that we had a ride back too?"

have to growl at anybody and vandalism seldom occurs more than a mirror getting smashed - I just suppose the chap did not like what he saw so smashed it! We are happy that our son, Mark, plans to carry on with the place when I am no longer around in the flesh.

Many pictures have been taken of the bagrides, but none really show up clearly what it is all about. To get all the nine bags and tractor in the shot is a long one so none of the interesting expressions can be picked up. But how keen the children - and many adults too - are to have a ride! One morning I said definitely only one ride - I would give them more in the evening. But a Dutch grandmother did not understand English so sat on the bag a second time - the look on the faces of the kids as they complained "She's had one". But granny "heeded not" - Ignorance is bliss.

When an unseated rider goes to sit on again there is a second when he/she is not secure - if clutch is let out quickly that person sits backwards - I have often done that to a cheeky boy. Once I did it to a lass - she so demurely prepared to sit again when the wretched bag moved quickly, the second time she came up shaking her fist at me! Two grandmas watched enviously. I suggested they just sit on and I would move off slowly, if they held up a hand I would stop - but the hand did not go up! Doing a figure of eight at 10 miles an hour is far more fun with a 22ft spread of bags than twice that speed with only a few bags just behind the tractor. A V of sheet steel with rolled up edges is best under the padded bags, tin does not last long.

Children camping like to see me milk the cow - and have a try to get some milk - I

suggest they open mouth side and I will squirt some in, but of course it goes all over the face.

I get requests for donations from various organisations and persons. I try to respond to those requests where the Christian gospel is preached, taught or practised, or where compassionate love is shown to the handicapped in life. A group of Fijians had visited - later I got a very touching request in pidgin English after a cyclone had blown down their church, the appeal concluded with "Make it good and make it quick!" They got some help.

Over the years many children have apparently enjoyed themselves at this place. Many have written to thank me for having such a place - I try to answer every letter, and I have kept a selection and treasure them, how candidly honest children can be.

For some years Forms 1 and 2 from the Kaikoura school came for a week's educational course, going around places of interest they did not have in their own district. How they loved the bag rides in the evening! Having a half hour left in Nelson they went to a most impressive building - "Could they have a quick look through?" "But we have to get back to the bag rides at Quinney's Bush!" Would the directors of that grand building be flattered to know the kids preferred bag rides?

When I had camping the commandant of a prison he kindly told me that if ever I became one of his "guests" he would see that I got good treatment!

Over the years I have met many most interesting persons such as the Englishman who for many years was head of a big Borstal institution. Checking each new "entrant" to see where he had gone off the rails he could not recall one who as a boy had had sound Christian teaching together with Godly discipline coming before him.

The chappie who somehow managed to keep calm and talk nicely to the big bear who from a few yards was eyeing him up and down - what else could he do, no tree to climb!

Often messages come for campers, how sad to be the bearer of a message of a fatal accident - much nicer to be able to tell an elderly couple they have a new grandson.

With no booking into a numbered site it is not always easy to find a Mr Jones even though he may be in a white Holden, when there could be 400 campers, or more.

However I get much happiness out of that place and I'm glad I don't find it difficult meeting people and getting a smile out of them. Moreover it is rather satisfying to pay over the donations, especially so when they are going to help unhappy people.

About 70 cords of wood are got in from local saw mills to heat the water in the coppers and so that campers may have a fire to cook meals - sausages appear to be a favourite, but I reckon I have seen them all colours when cooked(?) - damper on sticks, or just to sit by in the evenings, trying to dodge the smoke. Sometime I must try and work out how many kilometres of toilet paper the place goes through in a year and ladies do like a disinfectant used in the toilets that smells nice. The actual cost of the materials used only is charged against the donations. Of course considerable time is spent there, but that is all part of the Christian's privilege in telling others about The Lord Jesus Christ. Well treated Christian literature racks are a feature of Quinney's Bush.

QUINNEY'S BUSH

MOTUPIKO NELSON

Perhaps you may be wondering what this place is all about? Well, it is part of a privately owned farm, and it is given over to commending the Lord Jesus Christ, and what He had done for all of us on the Cross. A notice reads, "This private property is open to you, and these amusements and amenities are made and maintained for your use and enjoyment as a testimony to the wonder and reality of God in Christ. I can recommend Jesus Christ to you as personal Saviour and Lord. I am an Anglican and live across the road."

Jesus Christ means so much to me that I long that others may know the ever increasing peace and joy which He brings into the lives of all those who accept Him as personal Saviour and Lord, thus becoming true Christians. Some people think that the living of a reasonably good life, occasional contact with the Church, and the doing of good works makes them Christians. This is not what the Bible teaches. A true Christian is one who realises and admits to God that he is a sinner (Romans 3:23); he believes that God gave His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to die upon the Cross in order to save all who believe in Him (John 3:16); knowing that Jesus rose again from the dead and that He is alive in the world today, he receives Him into his own life (John 1:12); Revelation 3:20); helped by regular Bible reading, prayer and worship together with others he goes on to live for Christ day by day and to serve others with good works (Titus 3:8).

As one cannot really understand what parenthood means by head-knowledge or observance of other parents, so one must experience the Lord Jesus Christ to know what being a Christian means (2 Cor.5:17). Becoming and remaining a Christian is more a matter of the will and heart than it is of the head and hands. Also it is quite possible to be a full Church member without being a committed and rejoicing Christian. But it is not possible to be a committed Christian and be outside of God's Gracious Promises in Christ.

Dear Reader, if you do not know the wonder and joy of following the Lord Jesus Christ, and would appreciate further information, enquire of some mature Christian or Minister who, having for years believed in and known Jesus Christ as the Son of God can thereby testify convincingly of a personal faith in Him; or feel free to come and talk to me. Why miss out on the best of life - the acceptance of God's Gift to you (Ephesians 2:8,9).

SPECIAL FOR CHILDREN - How I love seeing you enjoying yourselves at the Bush, and how I hope and pray that you go away wanting to know more about JESUS, who can make life wonderful for you.

MAY GOD BLESS YOU

Yours Sincerely



Ray Quinney

A COMMENDATION FROM THE BISHOP OF NELSON

The story of Quinney's Bush is inseparately related to the story of redemption. The owner wants you to share more than the natural beauty of the bush and the amusements. He asks you pause by the roadside, to consider your relationship with Jesus Christ, the way, the Truth and the Life. I share his joy and prayer that you may know that blessing of peace with God, the joy of walking with Christ as your personal Saviour.

BISHOP PETER

98,000 of these leaflets taken by visitors in 18 years.

Amenities include flush toilets, showers h.w. taps with sinks and c.w. handbasins' c.w. taps in ground, 5 power points near road, 30 tables with seats, swimming in river, 14 trees named etc.

Amusements include 10 flying foxes (Nearly all different) 2 roundabouts, 1 giddy wheel, 1 upside down wheel, shaking ropes, horse works (used by pioneers) etc. Bag rides (skid tow thrills) on afternoons of special holidays, in evenings for campers, and by arrangement, Sundays excepted.

Sundry: Please ring 34249 Tapawera when arranging large group picnics or camps. Suitable unclaimed clothing found in grounds sent to Salvation Army. There is no thought of commercialising this place. Stock is shut out from Christmas to June, but area must be grazed for rest of year. It would be appreciated if those who could do so, came to camp at some time other than the 'peak' - Boxing Day to Jan. 10th.

Area	-	14 acres plus large river bed.
Situation	-	34 miles from Nelson on main road to West Coast.
Most Campers	-	180 parties Jan. 2 1981

Donations all given to Christian work, the cost of materials for maintenance and improvements only being deducted.

DONATIONS BOX HISTORY

<p>1961</p> <p>\$42 Motupiko Parish Vicarage Building Fund</p> <p>1962</p> <p>160 Whareama Chapel Building Fund</p> <p>1963</p> <p>180 Motupiko Parish Vicarage Building Fund</p> <p>122 Whakarewa Boys Home</p> <p>1964</p> <p>108 Tapawera Guides and Scouts</p> <p>138 Intellect. Handicapped Children's Soc. Nelson Opportunity Workshop Bld. Fund.</p> <p>1965</p> <p>366 Mission to Lepers-U.F.M. work in Papua</p> <p>1966</p> <p>446 Nelson Cathedral Building Fund</p> <p>200 CORSO - Wells for India</p> <p>1967</p> <p>358 Motupiko Parish Projector Fund</p> <p>680 I.H. Children's Society, Nelson Opportunity Workshop Welder Fund</p> <p>1968</p> <p>701 British & Foreign Bible Soc. to publish gospel in Murle Language of Sudan</p> <p>500 Tapawera Guides and Scouts equipment</p> <p>1969</p> <p>362 Materials for Con. Block/Water Supply</p> <p>520 Stoke YMCA Building Fund</p> <p>1970</p> <p>520 Richmond YMCA Building Fund</p> <p>600 Wycliffe Bible Translators to publish gospel in Buang Language of New Guinea</p> <p>1971</p> <p>500 Save the Children Fund</p>	<p>500 Motupiko Parish Car replacement Fund</p> <p>500 Andes Evangelical Mission</p> <p>1972</p> <p>500 CORSO Pakistani refugee relief</p> <p>500 The Open Door, Christchurch</p> <p>700 Christian Commune, 144 Collingwood St. Nelson</p> <p>1973</p> <p>300 Child Evangelism Fellowship</p> <p>300 Methodist Church Nailawa, Fiji</p> <p>300 Church Army Camp, Helen, Auckland</p> <p>500 Bible College (B.T.I.) Auckland</p> <p>580 Materials for 2nd toilet block</p> <p>500 CORSO African Famine Relief Fund</p> <p>1974</p> <p>500 Salvation Army Bethany Home equipment</p> <p>500 Sudan Interior Mission Leper Work</p> <p>500 World Vision to sponsor orphan child in South Vietnam</p> <p>500 Ch.Ch. City Mission, Mt Grey Downs Rehabilitation Centre</p> <p>500 Motupiko Parish Outreach Fund</p> <p>583 Leprosy Mission work in Bhutan</p> <p>1975</p> <p>500 "Life Line", Nelson</p> <p>500 World Vision Famine Relief, Bangladesh</p> <p>500 Lake Rotoiti Chapel Building Fund</p> <p>500 Anglican Girls Home, Sava</p> <p>357 Materials to complete 2nd toilet block</p> <p>500 World Vision, Ethiopia Famine relief</p> <p>500 World Vision, Orphan Babies' Home Ghana</p>
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- 1976
- 500 Green Gables Home, Nelson
500 Bible College, Auckland
500 Motupiko Parish Car replacement Fund
500 Child Evangelism Fellowship
300 Greymouth Samaritans
500 Radio Rhema, Christchurch
500 Save the Children Fund
500 Anglican C.M.S. Sindh
- 1977
- 500 Salvation Army Home, Nelson
500 Titoki Healing Centre, Whakatane
537 Motupiko Parish Car Fund
500 Overseas Missionary Fellowship, Leper work in Indonesia
500 International Needs (Christian)
500 Scripture Union
500 World Vision to sponsor child
- 1978
- 500 Andes Evangelical Mission
500 Gospel Recordings
500 International Needs (Christian)
500 Girls Brigade
500 United Maori Mission
300 Southland Flood Relief
500 Church Army Camp, Auckland
- 1979
- 500 Christchurch City Mission
500 The Evangelical Alliance Relief Fund
500 Child Evangelism Fellowship
500 International Needs (Christian)
500 I.H. Childrens Bronte St. School
500 Christchurch Drug Educ. Centre
500 Nelson Womens Emergency Centre
500 Nelson Marriage Guidance Council
630 Christian World Service Projects
500 World Vision Kampachuan Refugees
500 Above Rubies, Christian Magazine
- 1980
- 500 Intell. Handicapped Workshop, Nelson
500 Underground Evangelism, Comm countries
500 Youth for Christ
500 Whareama Home, Nelson
500 "Good News '80"
500 Motupiko Parish Outreach Fund
500 Uganda Refugee Relief
500 Multiple Sclerosis Appeal
500 Far East Broadcasting Co. (Christian)
- 1981
- 500 Riding for the Disabled
500 Motueka Day Nursery
500 Motueka Marriage Guidance Council
500 World Vision, Uganda Relief
500 World Vision, to sponsor child
500 Bible Society, Bibles for Africa
500 Overseas Missionary Fellowship
- 500 Bible Society, South Pacific Mission
500 Church Army, Capt. Taylor's work. Auck.
500 International Christian Aid, Uganda Orphans (Mrs Newman)
500 Leprosy Mission
500 International Christian Aid, Somalia Relief Famine
500 Intell. Handicapped Childrens Workshop, Nelson
- 1982
- 700 Motupiko Parish Outreach Fund
500 Philippines Childrens Bible Crusade
500 African Inland Mission (Gladstones)
500 Salvation Army, Chch. "Bridge Programme"
500 Child Evangelism Fellowship (Mosterts)
500 The Evangelical Alliance Relief fund
500 Child Evangelism Fellowship, Chch
500 Scripture Union
500 Paraplegics (NZ)
500 N.Z. Foundation for Blind
500 Christchurch City Mission
500 World Vision to sponsor child (Julie)
500 Radio Rhema, Nelson
- 1983
- 500 Nelson Bible College
500 W.D.F.F. Wells for Ethiopia
500 Whareama Home, Nelson
500 World Vision to sponsor child (Innichai)
500 Nelson Womens Refuge
500 World Vision Ethiopia Famine Relief
500 Marcus Arden, Jesus Centre, Ch.Ch.
500 Youth for Christ, N.Z.
500 Nelson Marriage Guidance Council
500 Sudan Interior Miss. (Andes area)
500 International Needs (Christian)
500 Scripture Union
500 Y.W.A.M. Ship Anastasis
500 Telethon Appeal (Elderly and Disabled)
500 Christchurch City Mission
500 African Enterprises (Ted & R Newport)
500 Radio, Rhema, Nelson
- 1984
- 500 Bible Society
600 Motupiko Parish Outreach Fd
500 Anchorage Healing Haven, Hamilton
500 Cancer Society, Nelson Branch
500 India Christian Ministries, Henry Nerella
500 Tract Ministry, Bolivia, Ron Randell
500 Far East Broadcasting Co (Christchurch)
500 Evangelical Alliance Relief Fd, (Africa)
1200 Prison Fellowship ChCh & 5 others shared this
800 World Vision, African famine
500 Open Air Campaigners
500 Church Army (Wendy Woods)

1985

- 500 Brother Paul, Anglican Youth worker
- 500 World Vision to sponsor child
- 500 International Needs (Christian) mother-child care clinic India
- 500 Anglican Bd Missions, Fiji cyclone relief
- 500 International Needs, Zambia work
- 500 Evangelical Alliance, Famine relief
- 500 Radio Rhema, Nelson
- 500 Overseas Miss. Alliance, Japan, Gillepies
- 500 World Vision, famine relief
- 500 Chch City Mission, Social work
- 500 Evangelical Alliance Relief, Home for unwanted children, India
- 335 Several shared Christian projects
- 1986
- 300 Shared, Bible Society, Prison Fellowship, Chch City Mission
- 500 South Canty Flood relief
- 350 Mission to Lepers
- 200 Christian Broadcasting Association, Auck.
- 500 World Vision, to sponsor child
- 500 Foundation for Blind, Auck, talking books
- 500 Asian Outreach Church, Philippines
- 600 Motupiko parish, Outreach fund
- 600 Bible Society, several projects
- 500 World Vision, to sponsor child
- 500 Chch City Mission, social work
- 500 Nelson, Christian Interim Trust Lodge (Emergency stay)
- 600 Salvation Army, Chch
- 1987
- 500 Youth with a mission
- 500 Church Miss. Society, Dodoma, Africa
- 500 Bible Society, Chinese Printing Press
- 500 International Needs (Christian)
- 500 Nelson Womens Refuge
- 500 African Enterprise Mission, Kibera
- 500 World Home Bible League, Bibles for Brazil
- 500 Navigators, a christian organisation
- 500 Christian Far East Broadcasting Co
- 500 World Vision, sponsor for child
- 500 Christian Broadcasting Ass., Auckland
- 500 Overseas Miss. Society, Japan, Whites
- 500 Mission to Lepers
- 500 Radio Rhema, Nelson
- 500 Whakatane Earthquake & 3 others shared this

1988

- 500 Save the Children Fund
- 500 Salvation Army, Chch, Youth Hostel
- 500 Youth for Christ
- 500 Mission to Lepers
- 500 Nelson Womens Refuge
- 500 Zambia Mission, Ted Blakemore
- 500 Motupiko Parish Outreach Fd
- 300 World Vision, Ethiopia Famine relief
- 750 Cyclone "Bola" East Coast, Relief (2)
- 300 Evangelical Relief & 2 others shared this
- 500 Red Cross, Nelson
- 500 Christian Broadcasting Assoc, Auckland
- 500 International Needs (Christian orgn)
- 500 Womens Christian Temperance Union
- 500 World Vision, to sponsor child
- 500 African Inland Mission, Gladstones
- 500 Radio Rhema
- 250 Pacific Island cyclone repair fd
- 500 World Vision, Bangladesh Flood relief
- 500 Mayor of Greymouth, flood relief fd
- 1989
- 500 Youth with a Mission
- 500 World Vision, to sponsor child
- 500 Wakefield Medical Centre
- 500 Salvation Army, Social work
- 500 Chch City Mission, social work
- 500 Roger Dalberry, Christian work, Manila
- 500 Far East Broadcasting Company
- 500 International Needs (Christian)
- 500 Christian Broadcasting Ass., Auckland
- 500 Motupiko parish Outreach Fd
- 400 Overseas Miss. Fellowship, W Payne
- 425 Sundry contributions for Christian work

104,000 To Feb 28 paid over to Christian work, except materials for Toilet blocks and water supply 1969, 73, 75 \$1,299

\$ 38,451 Materials (mostly firewood & toilet requisites etc bought for maintenance and improvements.

\$142,451 Total donations to Feb 28 1989

CHAPTER 25

THE PRIVILEGE OF BEING A CHRISTIAN

Though one realises that God has no grandchildren whatever what a priceless privilege it is to be born into a Christian home, one where Jesus Christ is honoured, and where all go to church regularly. Moreover the grandparents were all Christians. Such was the writer's privilege, together with dedicated Sunday School teachers. Doubtless partly because of the thorough preparation, my confirmation was a real experience for me, at 16. Soon after I was asked to be hon. secretary and treasurer of the Motupiko parochial district. I determined to accept those privileges out of love and gratitude to The Lord Jesus Christ for all He had done for me on the Cross. In small country parishes one does not get pushed out of jobs very quickly, so I was treasurer for some 56 years, and have now been peoples warden since about 1942.

A Lay readers licence has five bishops signatures on it, having been first issued by Bishop Sadlier in 1933. Sunday School superintendent and Bible class leading has also been among the privileges, and a term as Synodsman, but the latter was not my "cup of tea." Since about 1940 schools, church services and social events have been "centralised". But the writer has taken services at Motupiko, Korere, Tapawera Golden Downs, Stanley Brook, Tadmor, Kiwi, Tui, Sherry, Matariki. At one hall many many blowflies had found their way in but no exit, fortunately a broom was found. Though not particularly over fond of meetings one must have attended many over the years. Indeed, sometimes one thinks it would be so heavenly not to have to go to meetings! Before Post office Saving cheque account systems came in about 1960(?) parish monies had to be sent to the Diocesan Office by Money Order. Usually we had a Money order office at Motupiko, but I do remember biking over to the Kohatu railway station to send this money and being ticked off for "bringing all this small stuff along just at closing time."

Now with the Rural Delivery being so satisfactory it is so easy, the NZ Post supply a canvas bag, one counts the money into different denominations, fills in the deposit and sends it along by the mailman, much easier than waiting in the queue at an office. Now we travel so easily to church services in comfy cars on good roads, I well remember pushbiking over to Stanley Brook, about 10 miles to take services, and those bikes did not have gears on them either.

Yes, I certainly do count it a privilege to have been able to give over 61 years of continuous honorary service in the Motupiko Anglican parish, mostly as treasurer, churchwarden and conducting services. In earlier years Lay Readers were required to "read" others' sermons - not too satisfactory unless they were "after ones own heart" but now we make our own - the preparing is good for us. During the 61 years I have known 22 ministers, but some were on a short temporary appointment. Sometimes the Lord Jesus tells His servants to do "things" - four years ago He told me to give each of the 270 men in the parish a goodwill phone call during the long evenings each year, enquiring after their health, work, children and, unless it seemed unwise to do so, witnessing to them about what a wonderful Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is. HE SURE IS THAT!

CHAPTER 26

“A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN IS RELISHED BY THE WISEST MEN”

Shakespeare? According to a book by E I Fripp, “Master Richard Quyny” (the name was then spelt in a dozen different ways, but none as it is today) Richard’s son Thomas married Shakespeare’s daughter Judith, but though Richard probably an ancestor of this writer, he sadly cannot claim any grand literacy ancestry - the two children of the union died young. Story goes Thomas did not get on well with his father-in-law - Quinney querulousness?

Young son had been suffering from dysentery for a day or so, fond mother passing toilet enquired nicely, “Are your bowels still moving?” Reply was emphatically affirmative - “Everything’s moving”!

Bachelor had trouble with rat in pantry, as a last resort he blocked rat in small room and got in with stick and candle, rat almost flew around trying to escape then any “port” in a storm - up a trouser leg - candle and stick dropped, rat gripped hard around upper thigh, grip kept strongly until hairy tail ceased fondly stroking knee.

Good-hearted man was apt to act rather hastily on sudden decisions. Push-bike chain kept coming off, so bike was thrown over bridge.

Straw hat kept blowing off in wind so a match was struck and hat burnt.

Cow persisted in going to toilet in bail - most annoying. But rifle had been taken into cowshed and cow warned, cow still lifted tail so was taken out to river bed and shot - that cured her!

Over the years many motors have been reluctant to “start” - one hears of a new boot having been kicked to pieces and then an empty petrol tank discovered! Above good-hearted man took spark plug out and smashed it on the anvil - that cured it.

Same man saw his car being illegally taken from garage, grabbed 22 rifle in rage, thumbed down passing motorist to chase convertor, but that poor man not having found car keys had crossed wires so that horn was blowing at times, so was caught up with and with threatening gestures from rifle escorted to Police station - a “refuge” for him?

Mother told little boy to go to toilet and do “poodies” - Reply, “No, poodies had not made himself yet.” Some 20 years later same lad won a Doctorate in Philosophy - writer understands that same doctorate proves the holder knows how a job SHOULD be done, but not necessarily that he can do it.

Husband very jealous of his pretty actress wife, hearing noise near house one night he quickly opened door and saw man jumping over fence, so shot at him, next morning he found that he had “peppered” with gunshot a good sheepskin hanging over the fence.

Same man’s wife was pregnant, she found country life a bit dull, so persuaded hubby to let her go to town in plenty of time for birth, but he got tired of batching, so went and brought her home in horse and trap, but ride brought on pangs, so then he had to go quick for local “midwife”.

Elderly storekeeper was not too jovial, customer had purchased two torch batteries and put them in torch - holding old ones he solemnly asked storekeeper, "How much would you allow me on these as a "trade-in"? Then exploded at other man's expression.

Around 1930 a mail ordering store sent out catalogue for year's sales to be - farmer was not sure of actual cost so made cheque out for a bit "Extra" - with instructions: "If there is any change send one or two mousetraps." Well there was some change - 2/- (20 cents) and with the traps at a penny each (1 cent) he got 20 traps!

Farmer and daughter were going along nicely in horse and trap when lo - one wheel decided that it had gone far enough, so dropped off.

About 1940 baker delivered bread, but customers were asked to leave a note at gate stating requirements, two batchelors' note read the same for months - 1 1/2 loaves.

In the early days, say about 1890s wild cattle roamed Newports flat Korere (Ian Eyles, Eddie Newport 1989). Two men from Wakefield drove up looking for Winters meat - it was cured in brine in a keg then - they shot and wounded a young bull which then "retreated" into some bush, neither man was game to go in looking for him, but they wanted the meat so "camped" up a tree all night, one man remarking he "wished he was home in bed with his Liza" - next morn they found the very dead and very stiff bull.

In the days of building stacks of wheat or oats it was not easy to estimate how many sheaves would be needed for the top, well this time there were enough over to build another but little stack alongside big one, neighbour laughed at it, but builder said, "Well most big things have little things" but other man laughed, "Yes, not not quite so soon!"

Young chaps gathered in country store on Friday nights, storekeeper's son a wag. He inserted a chilli into a jujy lolly and then handed the packet around and watched the faces to see who got the hot one.

Vicar in mufti visiting men at back of parish who were on a road job described himself as the "minister" - was surprised to see men get to work with energy, then after a while he spoke of religion, they spelled and laughed, "We thought you meant the minister of Public Works".

On icy road car with Bishop and Dean, stopped on edge of big drop, recovering they mused, "What a relief for the pension fund."

One wet day in town father took little son into pictures, during a passionate embracing scene little boy's voice was heard, "What are they doing now Dad!" Dad was pleased the theatre was darkened.

Little sister complained to mother that her brothers had "weeded" into the open windows of her dolls' house - "it's the right colour". Tackled by mother with the alleged offence, smaller brother volunteered, "A bird done it" - some bird, clever.

Mother, trying to instill good habits into young son, "Don't you want to grow up a gentleman?" "No, I want to be a man like me father".

Little boy was impressed by shearers talk in shed, about eating well. As soon as grace was said at dinner table with distinguished guests present he said to them, "Now stuff it into you, it's going to be a hard winter."

Although old dog had got to know Hydatids officer and he was kind to dogs, this one did not like the occasion. He would take the bait easily through the kennel netting, but if out he knew the car and would hide in bushes, coming out as soon as car left.

A good cow has enough milk for four calves, I had one which I had to milk only her front teats to get enough milk for us, so I fostered two black and whites on to her, but she hated them and so they had to go to the back where they got the two full back teats, her own having the two empty front ones, the procedure always the same.

Killing a sitting pukeko when mowing hay, the eggs were put under a hen. She looked really puzzled as she later heard the unusual "chirps" at hatching.

The solid marble walls were so strong but Dean pleading for completion of building of Cathedral was worried about vandalism. Wag remarked that there could never have been any children in Egypt or the pyramids would not have been left standing.

Children were being coaxed to eat their porridge - it was so good for them. Said one to single auntie, "That's why you don't have babies, you don't eat porridge."

Wife at last got night shift worker husband to attend church. But sermon was long and he dozed off, then aware of talking he sleepily remarked, "Shut up can't you".

Sorry writer cannot vouch for truthfulness of following.

On TV Dog Show we see well trained dogs working sheep, but man claimed he had a dog so good he would drive a woodhen and eel up the gravel road - I think the eel would have to take to the grass verge at least to get along! And what would the woodhen be doing?

One has heard of mighty marksmen and mighty rifles. One man shot the tail off the evening star. Another shot his deer at distance of 1400 yards, running, in the neck so as to spoil a minimum of meat. Strange that, because they were easy enough to miss when standing at 100 yards.

Country girl was to be married, was very nervous about ceremony, went to vicar who showed her marriage service in prayer book. Afraid she would be unable to find the place again she biked home with finger in page, but had spill off bike, book came open at catechism, which she learned well. On fateful day when asked, "Wilt thou have this man for thy lawfull wedded husband?" she replied, "I renounce the devil and all his works".

Mother-in-law lived with son in law but was no favourite with him. One evening she failed to return from her usual walk along the beach. Police alerted, and after dark son-in-law answered knock, local constable, "We have found your mother-in-law, in the tide and when we pulled her out there were six crayfish hanging on to her. Now what do you want us to do with the body?" "Let's share that catch and bait her again tonight".

Much travelled man was trying to convince country lad that in a certain place in Africa they had two windmills, but not enough wind for two so had to take one down.

In days long gone one side show had a miraculous flea killer, absolutely guaranteed to kill every flea as long as the directions were followed, price 2/6 (25 cents) a bottle. Only way to get your money's worth was to watch the expression of next buyer as he read directions which were: "First catch flea, squeeze gently between thumb and

forefinger till flea opens mouth then pour one drop into mouth" (Writer understands this was really done).

Trying to belittle another's integrity opponent described him as "Only having enough integrity to half fill the navel of a flea".

Little boy was really puzzled, "Why is it that when we bite we make a hole, when a flea bites he makes a lump?"

As kind parishioner was helping sanctimonious vicar on with his overcoat he said, "I often wonder, how, when I get to the pearly land I will be able to get my coat on over my wings". Parishioner's reply dispelled his wonder. "What you need to worry about is how you are going to get your trousers on over your tail". Does Santa Claus sleep with his whiskers under or over the sheet?

Aged vicar had set Old Testament reading for service later, boys glued two pages together which meant that reading went from a description of a woman to a description of the ark, so vicar read, "Sarah was 120 years old (then turned over page), she was made of gopher wood and lined inside and out with pitch" He turned the page back to check then said, "It just goes to show how fearfully and wonderfully she was made."

Story goes that Hitler was bitten by dog, gave orders to have dog examined for rabies, when assured that dog was clean he ordered it to be shot. One wonders what would have happened if Hitler had bitten the dog?

Boy was instructed to knock on bishop's door at hotel and when asked, "Who is it?", reply, "It's the boy My Lord." But when soft knockings got no response he got nervous and on finally hearing "Who is it?" replied "It's the Lord me boy!"

Wife was away when Bishop asked churchwarden if he could stay the night. When wife returned she found that Bishop had been put to bed between two of her starched tablecloths. And in winter time.

CHAPTER 27

SNIPPETS, SCRAPS AND SUNDRIES

Farmer had caught a little wild pig, fed it for months - they are slow growing - then let it out of pen to run around and eat grass etc but after a few months he foolishly told pig, "You will soon be big enough to make into bacon". Well pig took the huff and cleared out to hills.

District nurse had just learnt to drive, had misfortune to put car on side in concealed ditch when meeting bachelor driving cattle. Man got car out, romance blossomed, in speech on wedding day groom was able to say, "Romances have many and varied beginnings, ours began in a ditch" (not gutter). Described "happening" and then said, "If I may be allowed to alter scripture a little - "What man seeing an ox or an ass fall into the ditch shall not pull it out - and looking at my bride I cannot see much resemblance to the ox" No mention of ass!

Wag of farmer took would-be water diviner over well covered well and asked "Any water here?" Not a drop the chap replied after testing.

Two bachelors, vicar and stationmaster were invited out to dinner, having to wade river they saw and caught a fish which they proudly presented to their host. Later they learned he was an honorary ranger for Acclamatisation Society.

Admittedly on back-country road, but farmer left signed cheque book open on living room table for contractor to fill in amount - owner of book had gone off to town - but that was about 1960, not 1989. Would he do that now?

Certain camp's collection of beer bottles was left near woodshed of owner, visitor passing big heap remarked, "I didn't know that chap drank that heavily". Actually chap is teetotalter, but visitor did not know the brownies came from camp.

Elderly man being sight tested for drivers licence edged up closer and closer then asked, "The top one is 0 isn't it?" Doctor could not pass him for sight.

Fastidious gentleman had seven tooth brushes in a row - one for each day of the week.

In the days before fridges visitors were asked in for cold lunch, but the meat safe had obviously had a hole in it and blow flies are keen workers. One visitor left "inmate" in bit of meat but the stupid fellow came out and hung onto edge of plate and wagged his head around. Visitors did not know hosts well enough to make joke of it.

Boy knew about different breeds of sheep but was not too hot on spelling so he announced to class when reading aloud that "His father was a merino" (Mariner).

In the days when customers asked shop assistant for items, one customer shut her eyes tight when trying to remember what she wanted. Wag of assistant ducked down behind counter out of sight.

All was very quiet in schoolroom when suddenly boy jumped up with a big Oh and holding his bottom - Reason? Boy behind had jabbed pin in his bottom. All eyes including master's were upon him as he slowly emerged from under desk.

Biking to Glenrae one evening Dad saw a man on side of road with rope over branch of tree, stopped and spoke to man, who was obviously under the influence - Yes he was going to hang himself, his wife had cleared out to her father's nearby but he would just go in and say Goodbye to her for the last time. Evidently when father-in-law answered the knock and was told the story he said, "Best thing you can do lad, I'll cut you down when you are cold". Would-be hanger changed his mind then.

When the notice concerning the bestowal of an honour arrived on a father's birthday he was able to write to his children, "The Queen sent me a medal for my birthday.

Sometimes when cutting with the reaper and binder a rabbit would suddenly jump up onto the platform canvas, the writer once had one such which stopped there and went over to knotter and got a string around his middle, even his head was facing the same way as the head of the sheaf, however just as the knot was being tied he struggled and got away.

When contracting on the Korere road one truck driver had the sudden inspiration to drive at speed right into the dining room of the hotel - then selling alcohol - then backed out letting the wall drop behind him in a cloud of dust, much to the amazement of those at the bar, and the amusement of a neighbour watching.

With spaghetti knees and hammering heart the elderly man was receiving an award from Her Gracious Majesty's own hand, not hearing just what she said he lapsed into his usual "Sorry dear" - but I suppose that was better than "Wot yer Say?"

Farmer was charged with shooting his neighbour's bull, Magistrate asked him, did he shoot the bull in self defence? "No, in his bottom going through the fence".

My Dad had sawn up big native logs into timber, was still thinking of their size when seeing pinus being sawn - "When we were milling we would have fed those logs into the engine to make steam."

Just confirmed Down Syndrome girl on receiving communion bread from Bishop, "Thanks honey" and after wine, "Ah that's nice." Bishop remarked he had not been called that before.

Muzzle loading guns could have a delayed explosion on wet days, making it necessary to hold gun on target for several seconds after pulling trigger. When this happened elderly man put stock on ground to look down barrel - he was used to loading it that way - when shot went off - up through the rim of his hat, always a man of few words his comment was, "Ah, very close."

About turn of century a sharp division arose concerning local school teacher, some wanting him removed, some to keep him. At annual meeting of householders disorder arose, Chairman ordered "clear room", pickhandles used in this, big man attempted to carry little man out, but little man slipped down between big man's legs and reversed the "direction", finally order restored, when a voice was heard, "Open the door in the Queen's name", the constable at Wakefield had been alerted and was staying over at Kohatu hotel, but when he arrived all was quiet and orderly. Rival school was set up in loft above store, when certain one-legged man was resting on horseback just under the verandah roof, naughty boy emptied his slate water bottle into corrugated iron, exactly down man's neck, comments unprintable came from said man.

Middle-aged townsman saw farmer putting cows and bull together, how many cows? 50, and how many bulls? Just one. then with look of amazement at masculine prowess he asked, "And will he manage all those tonight?" Keen bull, cooperative cows, concentrated calving?

Chappie was a bit inclined to exaggerate, describing chasing hare in car on road - "at 40 miles an hour he was kicking stones as big as hens eggs up on the windscreen."

Time was when Royalty went from Nelson to Glenhope by special train - well people had gathered on the station at Kohatu to try to catch a glimpse of the Duke as he sped by, but little boy reversed the matter by asking, "Did the Duke see me?"

He was a most meticulous gardener, measuring between plants by ruler and watching every lettuce grow by day. After some weeks he exclaimed that one of the so tenderly cared for lettuces was a dock!

Nowadays most houses have an inside flush toilet, but the little building down the garden was not so convenient, especially on a dark night. Well the lighted torch was left on the seat but rolled, yes, down the long drop and remained - a beam of light gleaming in the gloom.

What a variety of writing “tools” there are today. Could today’s children possibly envisage 60 years back when there were but chalk, lead pencil, a pen which had to be dipped into ink for every dozen words and a fountain pen which had a bladder of ink inside.

Axemen felling bush on steep hills did not cut each tree right through but starting at bottom they cut the back only working uphill and a big one at the top sent the others down like dominos. Writer has been told that a bush fire generated terrific heat and raced along as fast as a horse could gallop.

Some horses became “jibs”, they refused to budge, but I think that could be because of the way they had been handled. Well, driver lit a fire under jibbing horse, but horse moved enough to get fire under cart, so fire had to be put out. Writer has heard of the horse with trap which stopped in river and refused to move, much to the chagrin of those in trap.

Man was intrigued to see mother saying grace with reverently closed eyes and hands held over her plate, how nice, but he learned that son was in habit of passing his unwanted greens on to his mother’s plate during grace.

Man quietly told his promised bride that he wanted several children - “Did you say seven?” Well they got six.

Today stock watering troughs are old baths, concrete or metal drums. My Dad adzed one out of a Matai log.

Until about the 1940s quite livable houses in the country went begging, now they are eagerly sought after, the men sometimes travelling 40 miles to work.

The Chairman of Directors of the Dairy Factory did not like the factory butter - his wife had to churn some home-made butter. But she got a pound of factory butter and did it up in little rounds (my mother made these too, they looked cute). Well, comment was, “What a good lot of butter you have made this week. Make some more like it”.

Another husband did not like white shelled eggs, they did not have as nice a flavour as the brown shelled ones. But his wife boiled some white shelled ones in tea and they were nice! “O woman, that fair and fond deceiver, how wont are striplings (husbands) to believe er, and gladly plight the willing troth” - but perhaps we could change the words to “gladly gobble the painted egg and doctored butter!” Sorry Shakespeare.

What a difference there is in the kind of toys children have today. I had building blocks - my grandsons have “construction sets” with which they make so many trucks and bulldozers etc. Dad made me a wheelbarrow which I remember wheeling under the table, after that a “billy cart”. Today’s children have motorised gocarts. And radio-controlled gadgets they can steer, tip upside down and whatever besides - will they soon be using computers to make them keep a record of how many times they went around the room and at what speed? But how good those things must be for developing the mind, to cope with so much technology.

Stock sales by auction. Years ago we never saw a woman at them, now they attend and bid along with the men. As bidders usually like to “hide” their bid with the slightest nod or even wink, I asked one woman if she liked fluttering her eyelashes at the

auctioneer. Reply, "Well it could be expensive if he knocked the pen down to me".

Up until about the 1940s there were many Colemans, Gibbs, Meads and Quinneys in Motupiko, and it looked as if that would continue, but now Quinney is the only original name left.

Up to about the 1940s we knew every family in the valleys, now we can go to a gathering and look around - we know about half of those present.

Now quite big buildings are shifted many miles on "transporters" on wheeled platforms pulled by big trucks - Grandfather Quinney shifted the first school - I suppose a building about six metres by three - from the Old School road to the present hall site by horse and winch - it got burned down I think. Coleman brothers shifted a bigger school from Upper Motueka valley (Mararewa) to Tapawera, near the medical clinic by traction engine. Same school was shifted by bulldozer to site of present school - I think it was destroyed by fire. All these buildings shifted on "skids" - How big a building will future helicopters be able to move?

Up until about the 1950s people could go off for holidays without locking the house in the country, now they lock up if going out for an hour.

Mustering the hills was a big hard job years ago, getting up before daylight, and so being on hill top for sunrise was beautiful. Now with tractor roads up the hills it is so easy and quick.

Selling a big fat steer to butcher about 1950 he said, "He is a good beast, I had better do you pretty well for him - what about £8 (\$16) - today, October 1989 same steer would bring \$800.

Today good wool brings 500 cents a kilo or more and daggy pieces about 70 cents. I can remember Dad being offered threepence a pound (about ten cents a kilo). He replied, NO, ship it to England, where it brought about twice that months later.

The front axle of the tractor with the loading bucket for the aeroplane was not built to carry so much weight so periodically broke. It did on our airstrip at the top of a slope, tractor capsizing, wheel made off down the strip unnoticed for direction. We searched and searched on ground and from air without success, except for slight mark on top of fence. Months later after a flood I saw it - it had gone down one slope, jumped the fence, up grade, down a steep hill, jumped another fence, possibly a third one and came to stop among rushes.

Today, 1989, we go to Nelson for say a month's stores in a couple of hours perhaps. It was a week for grandfather with the bullock cart. I understand he went up Golden Downs and over Reays Saddle - was that before Spooners Range road made? - although bullock carts came down spurs into Norris Gully.

Quinney Bros took their steam engine - it was not a traction engine and so had to be pulled by horses - down to the Anchor Foundry at Port Nelson for repairs before the rail tunnel was built. I suppose it would take two days there and two days back, then repeat the travelling when the repair was done. I remember Dad saying they had to give the horses their chaff bags on the footpath!



This farm has always had “French” hens - most unusual in that crossed with “straight” breeds some chicks are really curly, some straight, but NEVER a little bit curly.

When Bobby Ellis cleverly made his own electricity at Kohatu from his water wheel power, the “switch” was a wire at the back door which opened or shut the water coming into the wheel 100 yards away.

In the days of the railways, how fascinating it was to see the train from the hilltop go down the Tadmor Valley - to see the jet of steam and then hear the whistle seconds later at the railway road crossings, and about half an hour later see it pulling in to Kohatu, up the Motupiko valley.

We still have the same breed of “French” hens with curly feathers. Crossed with straight feathered birds the chickens are ALWAYS either really curly or really straight, never a little bit curly - so unusual when crossing breeds.

Today pressing wool is so easy, many presses even having a little engine, electric, to do the hard work. But the early settlers did not have presses, but slung the bale up somehow and a man got in with a spade and stamped it down, sometimes having a big stone on the other side of the bale to keep that side down. Well, somehow this stone got forgotten, was sewn in and shipped to England. But the buyer there did not appreciate such solid “wool” and returned it, freight forward, to the grower!

Story goes that elderly man, known to procrastinate, was so busy that he could not do anything but sit down all day thinking about how much he had to do.

How sad it is to see the manners and curtesy of some men today. Couples on the footpath with the man on the inside, the chap pushing in front of the girl going through a door, not opening the door for her, greeting a woman while still having a hat on his head, not giving up his seat to a woman in a bus, but we hope that if an obviously pregnant woman or mother with a baby got on a crowded bus that half a dozen men would offer her a seat.

When the clocks were advanced an hour many years back, with the word, "More daylight saving" an old lady was so glad "Her tomatoes would get another hours sunshine".

With a three year olds wisdom little boy was impressing on his mother the gravity of the situation - "You will get into trouble so deep that you will have to wear your togs".

True tales abound from the lambing paddock - Father was explaining to son - the first born in his family - how, if she had to be assisted with her first lambing, a ewe would bolt if not restrained. Little son solemnly asked his mother, "How soon after I was born did you get up and run away?"

Little boy, studying ewe's anatomy as uncle delivered a lamb said, "There is another one in there too." As uncle delivered second lamb he asked, "And how did you know?" "Of course, she's got two taps!"

Five year old son had been in on a balloon bursting spree. Seeing a lamb born quickly he told his mother, "The sheep just went bust and there was the lamb".

Elderly man's dentures were not comfy, so between meals he carried them in his hanky. But driving sheep to railway station - the usual up to about the 1930s - he had occasion to use hanky forgetting teeth therein. Finder replied to lost advertisement with, "Found your teeth eating my raspberries, fined a bottle of beer". Loser collected straying falsies with, "My conscience wouldn't let me buy you a bottle of beer, so I brought you a cake instead."

Keen eared dog heard footsteps on path of Braille collector and barked loudly. Just as collector was about to knock, dog's owner opened door to kick dog out with "Go to b....y!" Collector calmly replied, "Not till I've got your money, Bill!"

He was but a small size but declared he could box the biggest fella in the district - he did too, sometimes working through the night making their coffins to size.

Boy asked by teacher to spell kitten replied, "I'm too big for kitten, try me on cat".

About the 1920s Dad noticed that there was "ryegrass growing where he had fed hay out to a horse up the gully" - while grass seed was sown broad cast on bush burns so well, fancy it coming through the native grass!

Asked if he was enjoying sitting out at the country old time dance the rather toffy chap replied, "I'm just watching this stampede."

"There, that will teach you not to go back in there again" said little boy as lamb bleated when farmer slapped him to start breathing after a difficult delivery.

"Come, see a donkey with his head where his tail should be" shouted the chap at the

side show, tail was too, in feed box.

Shepherd and bishop were speaking of their respective "flocks" - on hearing the bishop had 20,000 in his "flock" shepherd exclaimed, "I bet you are busy at lambing time."

Knowing cow made nightly trips over several fences to turnip paddock, but committed grave indiscretion going in daylight - farmer gave chase on horse back - "I'll teach you" - cow cleared two fences, but collapsed against third.

Owner of Quinney's Bush trying to console lady failing to walk the shakey rope, "A few more men can walk it than women, they seem to have better balance" - reply was quick - "Only in their feet!"

Man with big appetite described a goose as a "Fool of a bird, too much meat for one, not enough for two!"

Little boy walked right under big horse, but yelled blue murder when pet lamb grabbed his finger to suck.

Man lit fire to dry cannibus, but smoke attracted visit from fire brigade.

Little children learn much by asking question, but busy exasperated father exclaimed impatiently, "All these questions". After a lull boy had one more, "Dad, what's questions?"

Story goes that mean man was going to get his horse used to living without eating, but he just got him used to that then he died.

Young lady was not going to speak to man again, he had cut her pet lamb's tail off, but she did - with "I will", at the altar.

Writer well remembers Murchison earthquake with waves three feet high going across level paddock, seems impossible but trees clashed together then opened out.

A Mrs Fox was the first camper to try out the first flying fox at Quinney's Bush - coincidence?

Love is a tickling of the heart where you cannot scratch it, and kissing is a smack at headquarters.

Holidaying son requested dad's help in poem form with telegram, "No mon, no fun, your son" - reply came back, "How sad, too bad, your dad".

A tremendous amount of research has gone into producing better and still better grasses - why cannot some bright chap come up with a grass for lawns which keeps green all year, but never needs cutting? And does not get invaded by ryegrass. Then I suppose the lawn mower people would complain.

Nowadays many gates into the farm yard are left open - it is so much easier than getting out of the car to open them - but around the 1920s they had to be kept shut, as some farmers turned their stock into the "long acre" to get a feed.

Today in the food stores there are so many different kinds of biscuits to tempt the purchasers palate, 60 years back I remember very few kinds, such as the hard old cracker, arrowroot, tins of broken biscuits, and then came, yummy, chocolate fingers!

Until about 1910 Quinney Bros milled fine rimu logs and dressed the timber, but

would not sell a board with a knot in it - second grade - today walls done with knotty boards are quite a feature.

Doctor prescribed a pill and a nip of whisky a day, patient reported next week, "I'm a wee bit behind with the pills, but I'm three weeks ahead with the whisky."

Writer understands that at one time early settlers were very short of food - perhaps the sailing ships were delayed by contrary winds - they had to dig up the potatoes they had planted, peel them and replant the peelings.

Town children were quite impressed with farmer having a black cow, she ate green grass, but gave white milk.

Children complained dad's writing was not easy to read in fortnightly letters, he got typewriter, now he types letters, holding 8 fingers and thumbs in reserve, and any mistakes are speed wobbles.

Churchwarden took "School boy yarns and howlers" to try and cheer up rather staid elderly vicar who was unwell. Gift accepted but with a "Fancy bringing me that stuff" look. However roars of laughter later came from sickroom with, "Mum come and listen to this one!"

Did Solomon get so much wisdom because of many wives to advise him?

School boy, told anecdote meant a little tale was asked to make up a sentence using that word. He did with "The terrier ran along the road with a tin can tied to his anecdote."

Standing above the cylinder of the threshing mill feeding in sheaves of grain one could get hit by odd grains flying hard out of the cylinder mouth unless a constant stream of stuff was fed in, peas hit hard - the same thing could happen when threshing grain with the old flail. Story goes that one farmer promised his helper that he could sow on his farm for seven years every grain he caught in his mouth that year - he caught seven - hired man must have looked after the first sowing well because the seventh sowing nearly ruined the farmer with so much of his farm taken up keeping his promise!

Wife had gone off on holiday without telling hubby of hen sitting on eggs. When she came back little son solemnly told her, "Dad cooked me an egg with a chicken it!"

CHAPTER 28

HOUSEWORK OVER THE YEARS

"Come on girls, washing and ironing, baking bread and churning butter, pig killing and visitors coming!" Of course that did not happen on every day though. Today many housewives have automatic washing machines, dishwashers, microwave ovens, electric blankets, foodmixers and how many more? As with all the farmers "work aids" - what do they do with the time they "save?". Yet somehow I don't think farmers' wives have any difficulty filling in time!

As I first remember my mother and sisters doing the housework in the 1920s, it was so different to today, although there were meals to prepare and cook, clothes to wash and house to keep clean. But what a job the weekly - or thereabouts - baking of bread was!

I think some “barm” had been kept from the previous baking, what a series of rollings the dough was put through, then left overnight to “rise” before baking in the oven. Mother usually aimed to bake bread near the weekend so as to have fresh bread on Sunday.

Washing clothes was usually done by boiling up the copper, for ironing the irons were heated on the stove top, the one handle clipped into each iron as the used one got too cold. With no refrigeration neighbours shared killing a sheep, even so it was not easy to keep it fresh in the hot weather - the nose was the “tester” - yes, it is time it was cooked, with onions. Enough butter was churned and salted into stone jars for the Winter.



Churning cream into butter, about 1925. Sometimes butter was loth to come, trying the patience, but when it actually started - a thump thump - then it was butter in a few minutes.

Summer fruit was preserved into jars much the same as today in some cases. But pudding was so often apple pie - or blackberry or whatever - with rice, tapioca, and such like. Never any icecream! What would today’s children say to that?! In fact I think that when icecreams first came in, they were sold only in Summer. A fat cattle beast was killed, shared with neighbours, and preserved in brine in a big wooden keg - would dry salting have done as well, as is usually done today with bacon? I think if a fresh egg floated the brine was strong enough - three months old eggs were not tried!

Today there are so many different kinds of bread in the shops - and all so nice. But in the 1920s there were but two kinds, white and brown, and the latter was usually “heavy”. Of course we were told it was better for us.

As well as all this work there was the job of keeping the children healthy, a “cureall” for so many “ailments” was castor oil. How we loathed the stuff! If mixed in tea it was full of bubbles, but tasted as bad! It came in deep coloured blue bottles, but that did not make it any more pleasant to take. By itself a tablespoon full of the stuff was a normal

dose, the spoon was afterwards left in hot ashes to take away the smell - enough said of castor oil! Would our grandparents be surprised to know that today we manage to get by without the stuff?

Blackberries fruited well in those days, my sisters picked kegs of them and they went by train to Kirkpatrick's jam factory in Nelson. Today they are cultivated, the wild ones not fruiting well. In the early days they were introduced into the area with cuttings at 2/6 each, but got out of hand.

Time was when a special train was put on for those who wanted to travel up the line looking for blackberries to pick - it was a picnic day!

CHAPTER 29

LIME AND FERTILISERS

"I would like 8 tonnes of lime put on the 8 acre paddock by the road" would be a typical phone call to the topdressing contractor in 1989. And apart from paying the account for same and perhaps opening the gate that would be all the work the farmer would do! But it was so different in the 1920s for example. Then the 8 tons would come by rail, freight free I think, and it would entail 5 trips over to the railway station with two horses and cart, getting 32 of the hundred weight bags at a load, dumping them in a corner of the paddock. Then get the lime sower and lift all the bags into it, 5 at a time, doing about an acre an hour - with carting two days not very easy work. Price of lime from the Kaka works was I think £1 a ton, now it is \$25 a tonne, freight extra.

A similar situation obtains with fertilisers, just a ring on the phone and contractor will arrange special mixtures at little extra cost, and now with the pelleted manures which spread widely and do not waste so much in flying dust, he can do in a minute what took an hour with the horse and 8 feet wide sower! What a difference it has made having the lime and fertiliser in bulk instead of bags, though the latter can still be bought in bags at extra cost.

Some farmers have their own truck and sower, but many rely on the contractor with the hydraulically driven spinners, also a side one which can blow the pellets about 50 yards to one side, quite useful over a bank.

"There is ryegrass growing where I fed hay out to this horse up the gully" Dad observed in the 1920s. Now we can see hills brought into good pasture by aerial sowing with seed and fertiliser without any cultivating at all, but grandfather ploughed some of the foothills with the hillside plough - grass seed must have a prepared seed bed he thought. Of course with all the complexities of soil types, fertilisers, and rainfalls who would be so foolish as to declare this method will always be satisfactory, that one never will be?



And petrol did come in wooden cases containing two four gallon tins. Packed by "Vacuum Oil Company" and on other sides and end of case, "Pratts Motorcar Spirits", "Standard Oil Co of New York", "26 Broadway New York, USA." "From Pratts Works Office 26 Broadway New York" and it was "Highly Inflammable".

FUELS

In 1989 many farmers have their own petrol tank, under ground, and diesol tank above, these being replenished by oil companies as requested. But in the 1920s much "benzine" (petrol) was bought in a case containing two 4 gallon tins. The tins made useful buckets and the wooden cases were used too - can a wooden case be had today? Plenty of cardboard like cartons and plastic containers, though! Later petrol, power kero (the F12 ran on kero when hot) and diesol came in 44 gallon drums, companies charging a deposit on the drums which was refunded on their return.

No 1802 WAKEFIELD, June 1929

M Motupeko Church

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May 21	20 benzene 1871. (1 Gallon)	58	14
29	1823	2	14
		4	8

Proof that petrol really was 2/4 (24 cents) a gallon in 1929. And one had three months to pay before interest at 6% charged. A discount of 2 1/2% if paid by 24th of month following purchase.

CHAPTER 30

“LET US HEAR THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER” (from the world’s best seller)

What changes one has seen in the 70 years that are fairly clear in the memory! Whatever would our grandfathers say if they could see 1989? Or even our fathers? Would they ever be able to get off to sleep? “Is it really the same world I lived in?”

Conversely, what would be the reaction of the girl at the checkout counter of a supermarket if she had to get each item the customer asked for, cut a wedge out of the big cheese, weigh a couple of pounds of sugar from the 70lb bag, two pounds of broken biscuits from the big tin, climb a ladder to get something from the top shelf, go to the back of the store for something else, then add the items without a calculator, all the while smiling because the customer is always right. Then wrap the purchases up in brown paper and tying same with string. However could we manage now without plastic bags, cellotape and rubber bands? How men and women have used their brains to be able to do so many things quicker and easier! Apart from the customer preferring to “Get what I want myself, thank you” how much dearer would groceries be if assistants had to be employed to get every item for those wanting to buy them?

In so many avenues I suppose it would be novel to go back 70 years, but I guess that if it came on to rain heavily and blow hard we would be happy to climb out of the horse and open trap and into a closed warm car - and get to the journey’s end much more quickly!

Yes, what tremendous changes in the last 70 years, indeed was wireless known about 100 years back? Now, is it correct that man can get a picture back from Mars in a matter of seconds? And he can send a message around the world in the time it takes to snap the fingers? How do we know that there are no more “energies” out there for man to discover. How many islands are not yet discovered? Indeed can man ever throw away his L plates in anything?

In the science of the soil too so much has been discovered this century, even so I’m thinking that our grandchildren will be saying, “Poor old grandad, he didn’t know much about dirt did he?”

Yet in living things, animals, birds, men and women - has there really been change? Surely a sheep is still a sheep with sheep sense no matter how much improved pasture we feed it on. Men and women? Study the personal relationships of men and women in Genesis - they did fine noble things and they did nasty mean things to each other - have we altered one scrap? With all our modern culture and knowledge?

Man has brought about tremendous changes in 70 years by using his brain, but what comes from the heart is an entirely different matter.

Adam and Eve sewed fig leaves together for clothes, in 1989 we have wonderful sewing machines to work for us, but at heart we are not one iota different from the first men and women we read of - the utter unchangeableness of God - PRAISE THE LORD!



Youth's Aspirations

In contrast to front cover, William's great grandson John looks set to work with horses energised with power kerosene not grass and chaff.