



# PAPAMOA BRANCH

MAY 2018

The Papamoa branch of the NZ Society of Genealogists meets on the second Monday of the month in the Tohora Room at the Papamoa Community Centre from 10.00 am -2.00 pm

The doors open at 9.30 am. Tea and coffee provided - bring your own lunch

### INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

Convenor	2
DNA Group Information	
A Word from the Editor	3
Port Arrivals	4-5
Serendipity	6-7
Orders of service (funerals)	7
Computer Assistance	
Branch Meeting Info	8
Friendly Group Info	
Almoner	
Book Review	

#### NEXT MEETING:

- **MONDAY 14 MAY 2018**

**NO DOOR CHARGE**

**Branch AGM**

**GERALDENE O'REILLY**

**IRISH RESEARCH**

- **MONDAY 11 JUNE 2018**

**MICHELLE PATIENT**

**THE GUILD OF ONE NAME STUDIES  
(GOONS)**

For branch meeting apologies  
please email:

[papgen@gmail.com](mailto:papgen@gmail.com)

#### UPCOMING EVENTS:

- **FRI JUNE 1- MON JUNE 4**

**NZSG AGM & Conference**

**Christchurch**

*Theme: Echoes of our Past*

[www.genealogy.org.nz/  
conference-20182](http://www.genealogy.org.nz/conference-20182)

Featuring speakers from the UK,  
Australia and NZ covering topics  
from the 17th to the 21st century



#### HANDS ON HELP

Volunteers are at the  
Papamoa library to help  
with your research

**Friday May 25  
10.00am -12.00 noon**

(Remember Betty would  
love to hear from you if you  
can help)

#### **Annual General Meeting of the Papamoa Branch of the NZ Society of Genealogists**

As per the rules of the Society there will be an AGM of the  
Papamoa Branch at the Papamoa Community Centre in the Tohora  
Rooms on Monday 14 May 2018 at 10.00am.

**This is the official notice of this meeting**

Please bring your NZSG number with you as  
we need to record them

## Convenor's Comment

Greetings from the Convenor's Desk!

### April Meeting Review

The meeting began with a recognition of those who served their countries in wartime. The members were reminded to read the list of names of family members of our group who served during various wars. We missed Bill Egerton and his RSA poppies this year and in his absence I gave a brief history of The Ode before all members stood for the reading of same. **We Will Remember Them.**



Joy Edmonds' presentation on the Find My Past 1939 Register was most interesting. Joy was supported by Bev Hodges from Tauranga Library. After lunch Joy told us about her two aunts who were women in WWII where one was a Land Girl and the other worked in a munitions factory in Hamilton. Women certainly stepped up into all sorts of occupations when the menfolk were away overseas. One of my aunts had to work as a postie in Auckland and was provided with a uniform for the task.

### Your committee 2018-2019

Please consider standing for committee at the AGM this month. Nominations from the floor will be accepted on the day if nominee and nominator are both present. Nomination forms will be available on the day to be completed for our records.

In the 10 years I have lived in Papamoa I have been involved in some capacity on the committee for 7 out of those 10 years. This will be my last Convenor's message as I move on to fulfil other commitments this year. I can assure you that serving on committee is a wonderful way to get to know others and make lasting friendships.

### Research assistance

Our next research day at the Papamoa Library falls on Friday 25<sup>th</sup> May between 10.00 am and noon. I will continue to be part of this group as well as the DNA Testers Support group.

### May Meeting

I am really looking forward to welcoming Geraldene O'Reilly who will speak about Irish Research after our AGM concludes. Geraldene is an expert on Irish research so come with all your questions!

Looking forward to seeing you all soon.

**Betty Atkinson**  
**NZSG 17053**

### DNA Support Group Bay of Plenty

Are you struggling with interpreting your DNA results? If so, you are not alone. Consider joining our support group that meets on the first Monday of the month.

**Next Meeting: 7 May 2018 from 2.15 – 4.15pm. \$3.00 door charge**

For further details please contact Betty on 0274 475 448  
or email: [betty.ra.atkinson@xtra.co.nz](mailto:betty.ra.atkinson@xtra.co.nz)

## A Word From The Editor



First of all I'd like to say a big thank you to Betty for the fantastic job she has done as our Convenor. I'm sure everyone agrees Betty leaves big shoes to fill and we all wish you well with the new endeavours and projects you are pursuing this year. As the newest Committee member (by default as the newsletter editor!) I would just like to share that Betty has been very supportive and always made me welcome. Being a committee member is not onerous and so like Betty, I urge you to consider standing if you can.

I have shared one of my (adoptive) dad's pieces of writing this month. Once again there are so many questions I'd like to ask him but I have to be grateful he has left me some stories which shed some insight into his past. He led an interesting life, born in Birkenhead, Cheshire, England and spent time as a Captain's Steward in the Merchant Navy which enabled him to travel widely and learn some great culinary skills, including becoming expert at icing cakes. (When I was a child he was frequently in demand doing friends and relatives elaborate wedding cakes.) Dad and his mate 'jumped ship' in NZ in the 1950s and liking what they found subsequently encouraged their families to emigrate from England soon after. They settled happily on the North Shore in Auckland where I grew up.

Dad trained and worked most of his life here as a schoolteacher but was too scared to apply for a passport or try and leave NZ since he was an 'illegal alien'! His brother and I travelled to Australia with him in 1987 and it was his first time on a international jet. He was 60 then but like a kid in a lolly shop, marvelling at this incredible technology that allowed us to be in Sydney in a little over three hours. I used to think it must have been strange for him staying put, given how extensively he had travelled in his teens and twenties, however it is interesting for me to read how quickly he became jaded by air travel. He was fortunate to see so much of the world 'for free' while a young man in circumstances which suited him better.

Researching his family a year ago, I found his great great-grandfather William Ralston a 29 year old married father of five, died while working on a skyscraper in New York. In the summer of 1854 there was a terrible heatwave and it had not rained for eight weeks. As a stonemason William was likely working outside in extremely high temperatures and he died 25 August. Ironically that night the drought broke and the New York times reported that, "The city was very much astonished last evening by a heavy fall of rain. An event so totally unexpected could scarcely have done otherwise than fill it with amazement..."

*He was too  
scared to try and  
leave NZ since he  
was an  
'illegal alien'!*

He was buried 3000 miles from home in Calvary cemetery, Queens, New York and a month later his wife Ellen gave birth to their sixth child but did not learn of his death until some time after the birth. Sadly she died of typhus four years later aged just 32, leaving her elderly mother, to raise six orphans who ranged in age from three to eleven.

If you feel you need a nudge to begin writing your stories, it's not too late join the writing group run by Anne Briggs "Writing for future generations" which meets on the second Wednesday of the month at the Papamoa Community Centre. Phone Anne for more details: 07 975 1888 or 021 0243 2073.

Thank you Jacqui Ward for "Serendipity". My apologies the hyperlinks for Jacqui & Helen don't work.

**Fiona McAllister: NZSG 26889**

**Email: [fiona@betterwords.co.nz](mailto:fiona@betterwords.co.nz) Ph: 021 855 603**

## Port Arrivals

Jack McAllister (13 March 1995)

I went out yesterday and came home in a violent storm. The rain was so heavy the car's windscreen wipers could hardly keep up with the downpour and driving was both difficult and unpleasant. I decided I must have been stark raving mad to ride a motorbike in weather like this as I often did. At one time I kept a full set of spare clothing; shoes, pants, shirts, underclothing—everything, at school so that I could change when I arrived soaked to the skin (despite wearing wet weather gear) after riding in similar weather and at peak times on the Harbour bridge. During the night the rain eased but the wind blew up vigorously and sleep became difficult due to the bamboo crashing and scraping on the roof and house sides. Eventually it eased at about three in the morning, just as I had decided it was a waste of time staying in bed, and so I slept for a time and then woke to a wet and warm morning with the sun breaking through periodically. I am very glad I don't have to go to work this morning. Old age certainly has its advantages!

While lying in bed I was thinking how modern day travellers have sacrificed so much of the pleasures associated with arriving in a new country for the sake of speed. I have begun to loathe air travel. How I hate the hours of hanging around airports, those ghastly plastic-wrapped meals that are tasteless and eaten with difficulty using plastic cutlery, the cramped seats and the crush that even makes going to the toilet an ordeal. All airports seem to have a sameness about them and even getting to and from them seems to require travelling through areas that don't seem much different from one country to another.

What a contrast to departing and arriving by sea! The excitement was contagious and even the hardened crew would be affected. Friends and relations could see each other off, waving and calling above the music. Ship to shore was joined by thousands of brightly coloured paper streamers—until they broke—but still the waving friends could be seen, although the loud blasts from the ship's horn drowned out all other sounds and voices.

It seems that arriving at an airport has lost all glamour and mystique and it doesn't really feel any different regardless of which country it is. It just doesn't feel like you are arriving in a new, exciting foreign country any more. How is it possible to even attempt to describe the thrill of arriving in say, Naples, New York or Constantinople, or any other port as it is first sighted rising up over the horizon?

I well remember my first view of New York. I had always dreamed that one day I would go there but in those days such dreams were considered to be nothing more than that. Just an unattainable dream. But suddenly there it was—right in front of my eyes! Staring at it I still couldn't believe it.

I doubt if I had ever seen a building over four storeys tall before. The high rise boom for most of the world was still years away and coming from a small town in England, the view of the American skyscrapers soaring up into the clouds was awe inspiring. I had come from the blackouts in England where it was forbidden to even strike a match and all the windows had to be heavily curtained in case of an air raid. To see these magnificent tall buildings with every window shining with light was breath taking. Years later I went back to New York to visit my son Andrew. What a contrast arriving by air and how dull!

Arriving in Naples, Italy was also unforgettable. We arrived with a full shipload of troops fresh out of England and the view was so spectacular they all rushed over to one side of the ship which listed so badly with their weight it was unable to steer properly. After futile and repeated requests for some to move to the other side, eventually the troops were ordered to their emergency stations to redistribute the weight more evenly.

The view was truly spectacular. Mount Vesuvius was erupting at that time and was sending thick clouds of billowing white and black smoke from its crater, which drifted through the deep blue sky, right across the city, which was spread colourfully right around the beautiful bay. Around the base of Vesuvius the vineyards could be clearly seen and overlooking the city was a large monastery up on the hilltop. The buildings all looked so bright and colourful and the Isle of Capri stood guarding the bay which was filled with all manner of small and pretty craft. I'm sure arriving in Naples by air wouldn't leave such a lifelong impression on anybody new to the country.

Constantinople also made a lasting impact on me. It was unforgettable in its sheer beauty. The same can be said of the Greek islands. I believe there is only one way to see these for the first time and that is as they are sighted rising out of the sea. To stand on the stern of a ship on a moonlit and star-studded night, looking back at the fluorescent trail is also a view to be treasured forever. What view from a plane can compare?



Mount Vesuvius, Naples, Italy

## Serendipity

Further to strange 'happenings' or serendipity there occurred an eye-opening event for me while attending the Regional Meeting in Whakatane one Saturday in 2017. It was a great experience being called onto the Marae, being welcomed, singing our waiata and hearing the sad history of a people deprived of their meeting house for many years 1878 to 1996.



We heard how the Government had been searching around New Zealand for a Maori building to send to The Great Melbourne Exhibition (1880) when they sighted the Whakatane building (known as Mātaatua Whareniui). Despite the great reluctance of the local tribe, the Whareniui was dismantled and loaded on to the *Staffa* for the voyage to Australia where it was reassembled and put on show outside, exposed to all kinds of weather never seen in little old New Zealand. However, the building was not returned as previously agreed and was once more disassembled and sent on its way to England where it was again reassembled and put on display there. Unfortunately, the building was not treated well over the years it was in England and despite much pleading for its return by the iwi it remained outside, uncared for, for over 100 years.

In 1996 the Government agreed to repatriate the building and it was with much rejoicing that it was welcomed back to New Zealand and to its rightful place on the waterfront in Whakatane where a very beautiful, well restored and cared for resource can now be admired.

(Serendipity: Continued from page 6)

Now I digress... For many years the family have known through oral history, that my husband's great grandfather owned or was a partner in two trading vessels - the 'Stella' and 'Staffa'. These plied the coastline of the North Island of New Zealand and also traded and transported goods and people up the Clevedon Estuary in South East Auckland, as well as other rivers. Despite much searching and many enquiries, I have found little information about these two vessels.

To my great surprise while sitting hearing the history of this wonderful meeting house, suddenly there appeared a picture of the 'Staffa' transporting the components of the Maori Whareniui en route to Melbourne for The Great Exhibition. I could not believe it and nearly fell off my chair. Whoa, that was awesome and I couldn't wait to share 'my find'. One never knows when something will pop out of the woodwork and this was my 'something'.

**Click on the hyperlink to learn more about this important cultural building**

**Jacqui Ward (2017)**  
**NZSG 16704**

For more info go to:

<https://media.newzealand.com/en/story-ideas/history-of-whakatanes-mataatua-whareniui/>

(Sorry this is not a hyperlink)

## Funeral Orders of Service

**A reminder that you can either bring these to a branch meeting and give to one of the committee or post directly to:**

**NZSG**  
**PO Box 14036**  
**Panmure**  
**Auckland 1741**



Relaxed, friendly and supportive learning  
@ the Library  
iPad ◊ Tablet ◊ Phone ◊ Computer  
\$10 per 30 min session  
To Book Phone: 577 7177

May 14 2018: Branch meeting

AGM

Bring your NZSG number

AND REMEMBER—WE NEED YOU!



**OUR MAY 14 SPEAKER**

Geraldene O'Reilly is the  
Convenor of the NZSG Irish  
Interest Group and is  
considered an expert on  
researching in Ireland.

She is much in demand as a speaker around New  
Zealand and further afield.



**ALMONER:**

Please notify Carole Bridge of  
any bereaved or unwell  
members

Phone: 07 578 1144

Email: [kenrole@gmail.com](mailto:kenrole@gmail.com)



**GENEALOGY FRIENDLY GROUP**

Meet in Mako Room at the Papamoa  
Community Centre on the third Monday  
of the month 1.30 - 3.30pm

**NEXT MEETING: Monday May 21 2018**



Contact: Helen Riddell or Jan Saxton

Phone: Helen 07 542 0895 or Jan 07 544 4182

Thanks Helen Riddell for another useful link  
go to (sorry this is not a hyperlink)

[https://familyhistorydaily.com/genealogy-  
help-and-how-to/find-a-gravesite/](https://familyhistorydaily.com/genealogy-help-and-how-to/find-a-gravesite/)

**Book Reviews: Betty Atkinson—NZSG 17053**

Recently I have been enjoying books by Cynthia Raleigh. These are fictional but with a genealogical twist and feature a woman named Perri Seamore, a genealogist, whose hobby is intertwined with her daily work as a nurse. I read these on Kindle. The three books in this series are "Poison Branches", "Buried Roots" and "Drawing on the Past". If you are interested, go to: [www.cynthiaraleigh.com](http://www.cynthiaraleigh.com) or [www.amazon.com/author/cynthiaraleigh](http://www.amazon.com/author/cynthiaraleigh)

Another favourite for genealogical mysteries is the bestselling British international genealogical crime mystery author, Nathan Andy Goodwin. His books are also available through Kindle.

<https://www.nathandygoodwin.com>

Happy reading!

Betty - NZSG 17053