

NEWSLETTER MAY 2015

NEWS AND VIEWS

Visit to Bulls Museum

On Saturday 18th April, several Marton Historical Society members were fortunate enough to attend the opening of the Mounted Rifles & WW1 Display at Bulls Museum. What a fantastic display with Bess proudly watching over it.

Congratulations Bulls for a very enjoyable and interesting morning, and an extremely good display.

And we must not forget the morning tea which was very happily received.

Thank you for inviting us.

Rangitikei Weekend

The weekend of 16/17th May was Rangitikei Weekend, where we saw all of the museums that make up the Rangitikei Heritage Group open. This includes Bulls, Marton, Hunterville, Mangaweka and Taihape. We were open from 11 to 3 on both days and had a pleasant flow of visitors welcomed and shown around by a team of members.

We estimate that we had about 50 visitors over the weekend and received some really good feedback. Several people called in especially to see the "Homesteads Display" which had been created by Maureen Velvin. Locals were pleased to see their own homes on the display and then be able to research its history.

Thanks to everyone who made this weekend such a success.

Remembering Soldiers

Our Society is collecting information on any WW1 soldiers from Marton for a display in August.

Archives

Archives are open on Tuesday mornings from 10-12.

CALENDAR OF 2015



Bi- Monthly gathering
Tuesday 16th of June

Where: MHS Archives Room,
Wellington Rd, Marton

When 2pm

Guest speaker to be confirmed

If anyone needs transport
please phone Maureen
3276104, Rod 3276099 or Pat
3276063.

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Pukeahu National War Memorial Park



In early May, your President and Treasurer visited the new ANZAC War Memorial Park that has been created in front of the Carillion tower in Wellington.

Buckle Street used to be a main road to and from the airport. It has now been put underground so as to leave a large open space in front of the War Memorial Carillion tower.

From a distance the main feature of the park appears to be several huge piles of red bricks, but closer inspection reveals a very Australian gift to the park. To anyone who has ever visited the Outback in Australia, it is immediately obvious that the huge columns of “bricks” and the accompanying artwork, actually represent the rock forms of the outback and the legends of the Dreamtime. A plaque shows the various military campaigns that ANZACs have been involved with together.



The memorial under the Carillion tower was open and we decided it was worth the effort to tackle the many steps to get up to the entrance door. The memorial chamber was rather more interesting than usual because, being just after ANZAC day, all the wreaths from various nations and military services were on display. I found it particularly interesting that, for example, there was a wreath from South Korea — very nice of them. I

didn't go to look at a second row of wreaths that were there; so I apologise if I haven't mentioned others that might have been impressive.

Plaques around the walls show the various military units (land, sea, and air – including Merchant Seamen) that we have been associated with. There sure have been a lot over the years! Other plaques show various military campaigns that we have assisted with, starting with South Africa. Some of these, I think, we tend to forget about – e.g. Malaysia and East Timor — oh yes, and South Korea as well.



ROD'S REMINISCENCES

Living in Wellington Road

When I started primary school, there was no school bus came closer than a mile from our farm and that mile was a shingle road; so I was packed off to live with my Grandmother during the week. From her place, just south of the railway bridge, I could get myself to school on my tricycle. I usually travelled on the East side of Wellington road between Marton school and Station road at which point I had to cross Wellington road to get to the only footpath that ran past where the fire station is now and under the railway bridge. Obviously, there is no official crossing at that point, but presumably it was good training in traffic dodging, as I'm still here.

I think that sometimes I had enough foresight to cross to the West side footpath at the pedestrian crossing outside the school, but not always – besides – the East side footpath was much more interesting. One could stop and look at the mysterious goings-ons at the gasworks. This was a fascinating place – a veritable Hades with its ovens emitting fire and smoke.

Sometimes the door to Holder's soft-drink factory might be open and, with a bit of luck, the bottling machine might be running. The machine had two "heads" prominently visible, going up and down like a little steam hammer. One head put a squirt of flavour into each bottle and the other pressed on the crown cap. It took quite a lot of repeated observations to notice that as the bottles travelled around the back of the machine between these two operations, they were filled with soda water.

My Grandmother's house was quite a grand affair for its time. It had electricity installed from the start which means it had to have been built in the late 1920s or possibly the 1930s. It was new enough to have bathroom facilities inside (not in a separate outhouse), but old enough for those facilities to be at the back of the house, about as far away from the Master Bedroom as it was possible to get. The main toilet had a genuine "pull-the-chain" flushing mechanism. This had to be pulled with a certain skilled finesse and rhythm, otherwise nothing much happened.

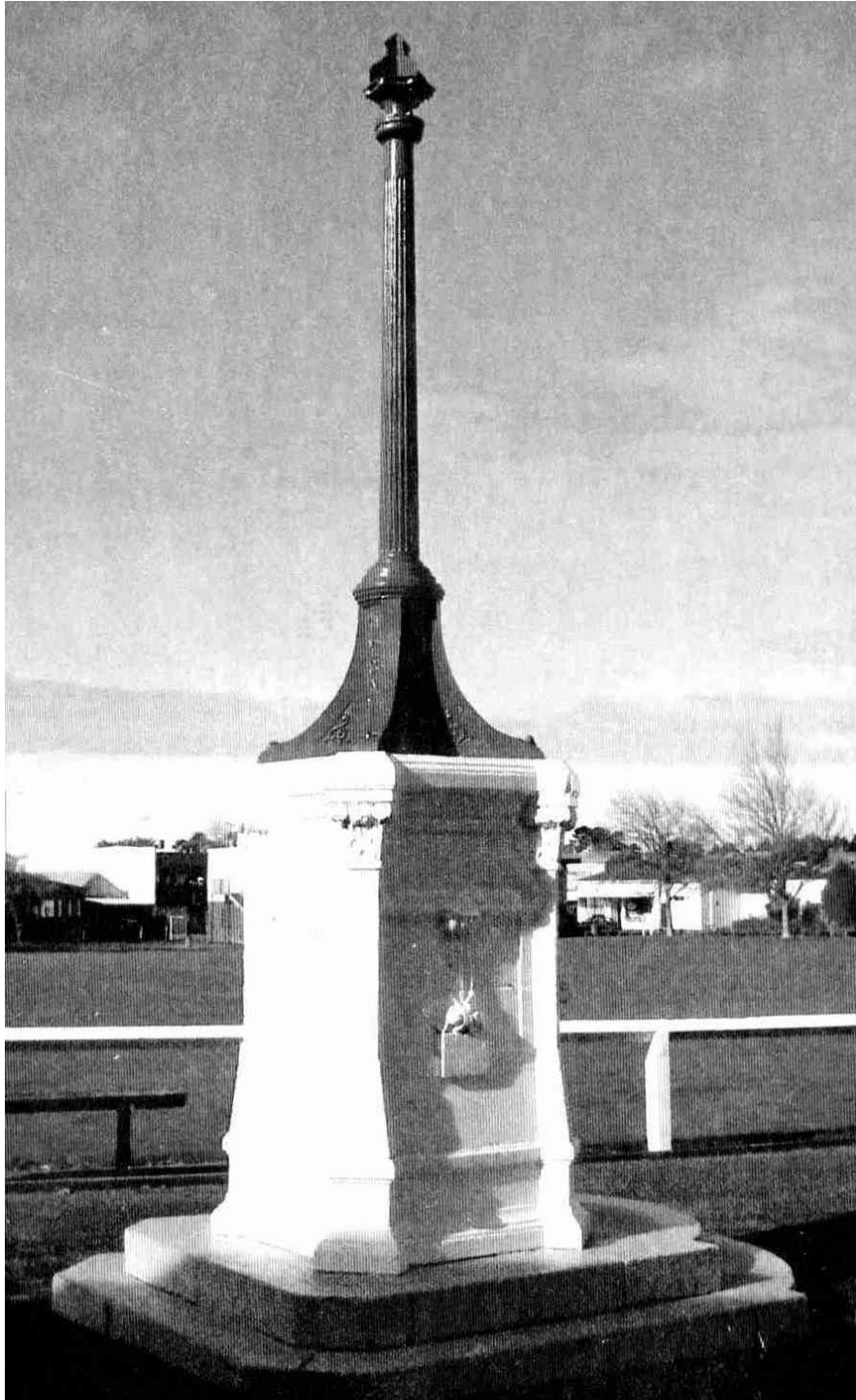
A window seat in the main living room covered the inner part of a wood-box which protruded from the back outer wall of the house. Wood and "carbonettes" could be loaded into the box from outside, and extracted through an inner door to feed the adjacent fireplace.

On the mantelpiece above the fireplace stood a pendulum clock — the family's main timepiece — which had to be wound every week. Occasionally it would stop and refuse to run. The accepted solution was to place a piece of rag, liberally soaked in kerosene, inside the wooden cabinet. Presumably that worked, although I can't really see why.

The kitchen had a "safe" external to the kitchen wall for keeping food at least slightly cool. Its access door matched other cupboard doors in the kitchen. The house never had a refrigerator, although there was an "Ice-box" that had presumably been used at one time. I suspect that deliveries of ice had come to a halt with the advent of the Second World War.

The house had one very unique property. As the roof cooled off at night time it sometimes made very loud popping and banging noises. Anyone living in the house soon got used to this, but visitors could easily become quite alarmed. On one occasion some school age relatives were staying the night and came rushing out of their bedroom at one stage seeking adult solace from the terrors of they knew not what.

To be continued



Trooper George Hyde Memorial

The memorial in the centre of Marton Park was erected in memory of Trooper George Hyde No 734 who served at the Boer War. He was killed in action on the 29th of November 1900, the only Boer War casualty from Marton. A soldier with the NZ Mounted Rifles 'the Rough Riders', his headstone is at Donkerhoek, South Africa. George came to Marton as a child. The year prior to the Boer War he was contracting with the settlers Still Bros at Tutaenui. He volunteered for service and having taken his horse with him he was immediately accepted for service. After sterling service in a long campaign he sadly fell when the war was near its end. Recently a descendant of G Hyde from Nelson visited his memorial in Marton Park, researching his story.