

NEWSLETTER NOVEMBER 2016 NEWS AND VIEWS

ANDY WATSON'S ANZAC VISIT TO FRANCE

Just a reminder that this talk will be at **St. Stephens Hall on Tuesday 8th November at 2pm**, and will be a presentation from Andy Watson on his trip to France, followed by afternoon tea.

This is a joint Marton Historical Society and RSA Womens' Group afternoon.

MARTON MARKET DAY

Saturday 26th November 9 am to 3 pm.

The Historic Society is running a stall at the Market again this year and we really need donations please of:-

Small items of Bric-a-Brac, Produce and Plants, Baked Goods, Books (but no magazines or old paperbacks please), and no clothing or large items. (We only have a 3m x 3m area)

If you have anything please phone either Pat 327 6063 or Kathryn (evenings) 327 8678. We can arrange for you to deliver or we can collect.

Many Thanks

MEMBERS' CHRISTMAS OUTING Tuesday 29th November

This year we have planned a trip to Bulls Museum, with afternoon tea at the museum.

We will be leaving Marton at 1:30, to arrive at Bulls for 1:45 pm. We will be free to look around the Museum and afternoon tea will be served at 2:30. People can then either carry on looking around or maybe visit some local shops.

If you require a lift we will be pleased to collect you from home at 1:30, or just before.

Please phone Maureen 327 6104, or Pat 327 6063 to RSVP, and to arrange transport if needed. RSVP by Sunday 27th November.

We would love to see you there. Bulls Museum has some really good displays, and I know that they will make us very welcome.

CALENDAR OF 2016



ANDY WATSON'S ANZAC VISIT TO FRANCE

Tuesday 8th of November
Where: St Stephens Hall
When 2 pm.

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

Marton Market day

Saturday 26th of November.

Members Christmas outing

Tuesday 29th of November.

To see old newsletters visit our website at:
tinyurl.com/martonhist

Sponsor our newsletter! Only \$20 per issue.

We have made the time slightly earlier than usual so that people who are attending the RSA barbecue that day will have plenty of time to get back to Marton by 4pm.

There will be no charge to members for this outing.

Milestones in Marton

Marton School – 150 years.

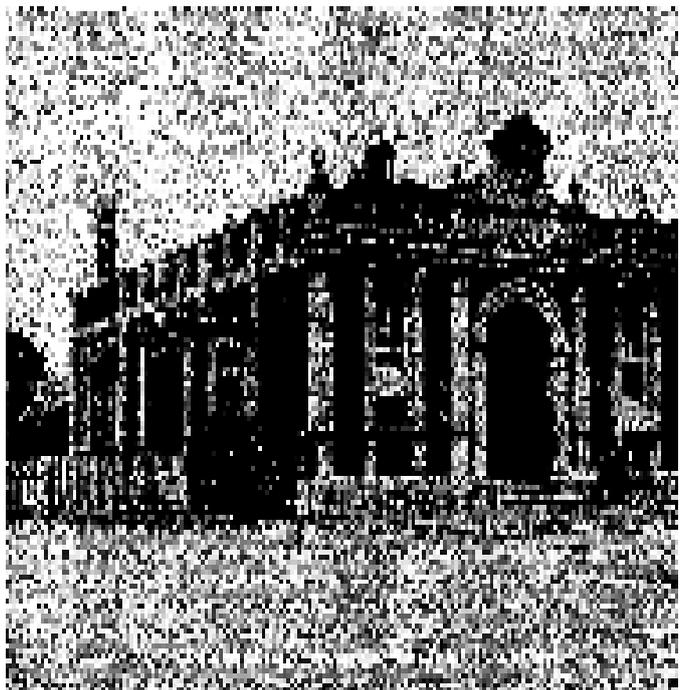
Labour weekend was the celebration of 150 years of Marton School and District High School. Congratulations to the organisers for a great weekend. Friendships renewed and the display of many photos and memorabilia proved of great interest. The oldest pupil to attend was Beryl Gray, 101 years old, of Feilding.

Marton Scouts – 100 years

Marton's first scout group was formed in 1916, instigated by Miss Nancy Wilson of Bulls and has been continuous over the last 100 years. Meetings were held in various locations until 1957, when a long cherished ideal was to build their own den. The scouts worked on raising funds and finally under new leadership of Mr Percy Bending, a builder, and voluntary labour, the new scout den was opened in 1960 on the corner of Cuba and Lyon Streets. In 1971 extensions were made to the den under Chairman Mr Wally Elgar. Congratulations to the Marton scouts on providing this service to build self confidence and ethical standards for the youth of this community for the last 100 years.

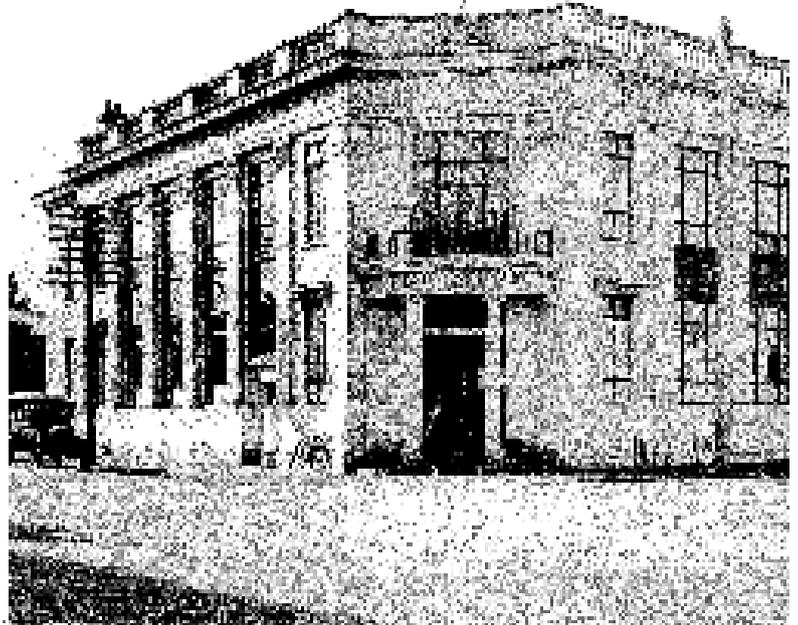
Marton Post Office

Marton's first Post Office opened in 1866, known as the Tutaenui Post in the residence of Mr William and Sarah Henderson on Wellington Road and Kensington Rd Corner. Mail arrived twice a week by Cobbs coach service and all out mail was stamped with Tutuenui postmark. In 1869 the post office was shifted to Mr Fredrick Bevan's general store on Wellington Rd and High Street corner with the postmaster being Mr F Deighton. In 1870 a post office was built in High Street with living quarters, but was destroyed by fire in 1896 along with many other building in the area. In 1897 a new Post Office, a handsome building was built on the adjacent High St site, with a manual telephone exchange installed in 1899. This post office was of great service to the community until its closure in 1927. In 1927 a grand new Post office opened, an imposing structure on the corner



of Broadway and Hammond Street. This was considered the most up to date Post Office in the Dominion at that time. In 1951 this building was modified and strengthened but was finally closed in 1988. Marton has had several changes since with small Post Shops and next week will be opening a counter service post at New World.

This Post Office Building is the one that stands today, but without the ornate balustrade.



ROD'S REMINISCENCES

Secondary School (Part 2 – More School Rules)

The next move in the introduction of more formal school rules was the allocation of separate play areas for boys and girls — another giant leap backwards, and probably a serious impediment to us gaining the full benefits of attending a co-ed school.

One day when school finished, we wandered as usual towards the front gate to get on our respective buses and came across a massive road-block of teachers. In a blitzkrieg type action, it had apparently been decided that loading of buses had to become a much more formal affair. All the buses were prevented from loading for quite some time that day while bureaucracy sorted out its self-created mess; so everyone was late home that day, including the drivers.

We found out later that we all had to suffer these sorts of silly rules because there had been continual incidents of misbehaviour on the Hunterville bus — an early lesson in being wary about the troublesome effects “out-of-towners” can cause.

When we first moved into the new school premises, the farmland out the back had not yet been transformed into proper sports fields. There was a little stream running through the middle which provided great entertainment in jumping across it competitions. I guess the stream was piped underground when the proper sports fields were created — nowhere near as interesting.

There was one interesting aspect of the transformation though — the clearing of a few tree stumps with explosives. These were on the far side of the paddock, well away from

the school buildings; so we could safely watch the proceedings. It was very educational to note how the bits of tree silently flew into the air and then only after a quite noticeable delay there was a loud bang. Sound really does travel relatively slowly in air.

Chemistry, Physics & Arts

In more technical areas, many of my classmates never really seemed to catch on or take a real interest in what they were doing. In chemistry, it was drummed into us over and over that, when heating stuff in a retort and condensing the vapour, one had to be very careful never to remove the heat source if the condensed vapour might thereby be drawn back to the hot retort. That could cause an explosion.

One day, one of the idiots in my lab team did exactly that. I started jumping up and down trying to get him to put the heat back before we all got blown to bits. No luck — the liquid sucked back and there was much boiling and hissing, but luckily no explosion. Of course the teacher arrived just in time to witness all that. I guess that, because I had been carrying on a bit, he assumed I had been in total charge and delivered to me a good old dressing down for being reckless, disobeying safety procedures and generally endangering the world.

I, of course thought (and still think) that I was the one trying to save the situation. Why bother, when it leads to one getting into trouble? I was so pissed off; I stole a test-tube and took it home.

After the passage of the requisite number of years, I ended up in “Upper 6th form” (now known as 7th form). Our home base was in the physics laboratory in the new B block. This was located directly beneath the Fine Arts room which was the personal fiefdom of one Bruce Rennie. The floor between was not particularly sound proof and from time to time we were mightily entertained from above.

I’d learned about the loud sarcasm sometimes dished out in Rangitikei College art classes when I was in form 3 and achieved the honour of getting second to bottom of that class. I’d leaned back against the wall in a moment of boredom and a picture frame unhooked itself from the wall and neatly framed my head. Appropriately snarky comments were not long in coming. Maybe that’s as close as I’ll ever get to becoming a living art work.

I’ll never acquire any real understanding of how brilliant artists like Bruce achieve what they do, but then I guess many of them would have difficulty understanding some modern technical stuff.

Next time — Playing Soldiers — to be continued