

NEWSLETTER FEBRUARY 2020

Welcome to 2020. - Decision time for the Marton & District Historical Society.

The first Members Meeting for the year will be on Tuesday the 11th of February at the Village at 2pm.

This meeting will be to discuss the future management of the Village Museum Buildings and Archives.

Presently, our Membership consists mainly of people of advanced age, in their late 70s, 80s and beyond, many of whom have done their bit for the Society and now wish to just relax a little and enjoy the social contact that we offer.

During 2019 seven of our members who, in the past had volunteered so much to our group, passed away.

Now, if we are to continue with the maintenance and the running of this Historic Village together with the care of our very extensive and invaluable collection of Archival Records, we need people to form a new committee, with a view towards the future.

A Brief History of The Society.

Our Society was formed in 1965 under the leadership of the then Mayor – Mr. Ted Calkin with the view of preserving Marton's history.

By 1973 the group had acquired many historic items, and a vast amount of memorabilia, which was stored in many sheds and garages around town.

At this time they were offered a farm homestead from an Upper Tutaenui farm and this building was shifted to its present Council site here in Wellington Road.

This cottage was opened in April 1978, after five years of restoration by local tradesmen volunteering their time, with business donations and grants to cover material costs

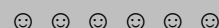
It was named "Cook's Cottage" after Captain James Cook, whose home was in Marton, Middlesbrough in England.

CALENDAR OF 2019



Members Meeting

Our next meeting will be to discuss the future management of the Village Museum Buildings and Archives. It will be on Tuesday the 11th of February at the Village at 2pm



To see old newsletters visit our website at:

tinyurl.com/martonhist

Our E-mail:

martonhist@gmail.com

QR CODE FOR WEBSITE



In 1990, The Marton Police donated their old Jail Cell Block, which was then re-located next to the cottage. Then in 1990, we received the offer, from Mr Max Morrison of Fern Flats, of an unused “farm barn”, which was originally Mr Snellgrove’s furniture factory. This was transported to our site where it was fully restored.

Then in 1992 the addition of a stable, was built onto the jail, to house the old “Frederick Wagon”.

2002 – Now a much needed building was required to store all of the records of Rangitikei’s history and so the archive section was established.

Today these records are constantly being researched, with enquiries coming in from all around New Zealand as well as from overseas.

Files covering Early Family Settlers, Churches, Schools, Businesses. Railways, Entertainments, Clubs and Community are all available.

To keep this village open and to run the Society, we urgently need a number of people with a variety of skills, as well as the ability to put them into practice, together with an interest in Marton’s history.



During the Holiday break, two of our valued members Peter Saywell and June Pullman; both life long friends from their school days; passed away.

Peter and June will be sadly missed within our Community.

Pat Hayman, our secretary/Treasurer is now residing at “Summerset On the Coast” in Paraparaumu, after having had an accident back in 2019.

Her contribution on the Committee, as the administrator and organiser of us all is greatly missed. “Thank you Pat”.

Then to add to our woes - President Rod Smith, unfortunately had an accident during the holiday period, and is out of action for the immediate future.



Now for the good news. Recently the society received a generous donation from Marton Christian Welfare.

A big “thank you” to them, we are very grateful for this donation to our Society. More about this presentation in a later edition.

ROD'S REMINISCENCES

Dangerous times.

I guess we tended to live in physically more dangerous times back when I was young, before the days of ACC rules and regulations — although the dangers of mental and psychological harm occurring to our young people seem vastly increased these days — possibly from the frustrations of having to live in virtual protective bubbles all the time — along with the apparent extinction of the species formally known as “Common Sense”.

Many other children I knew when I was young, seemed to have been through an episode of a broken arm or leg — it almost seemed normal. I never had one of those (at least not until much later in life), but there were a few significant narrow scrapes.

Farming hazard: My Father was moving a pig-house from one small paddock to another, pulling it with the tractor (the houses were all mounted on skids so they could be towed easily). My Sister and I were riding in the house for a bit of fun. We were looking out the doorway to see where we were going and leaning on the door posts to maintain balance.

Unfortunately the gateway between the paddocks was a bit too narrow for the house to easily fit through and it jammed tightly between the gate posts. Even more unfortunately, from my point of view leaning out the door, the gatepost suddenly came past the opening like the blade of a scythe. It presumably knocked my Sister (at the front of the doorway) back into the house, but I was at the back of the doorway— essentially at the cutting edge.

When the post jammed up against the side of the house, I was caught between it & the house. I presumably screamed and Dad jumped off the tractor and came rushing back to see what was the problem. He thought at first that half my chest was caught and tried to push me out of the situation, but my clothing (and, it turned out, a big chunk of my skin and flesh) was caught tight. He rushed back to the tractor and reversed it into the pig-house. This moved it enough to release me.

Dad rushed off home on foot to get our car, into which I was dutifully loaded and rushed off to a Doctor's office in town. There it was ascertained that I had a “flesh wound” — nothing actually broken and no blood either, just a large very black area of crushed skin. I was bound up in copious quantities of bandage and, it being far too painful to walk, I was consigned to being an invalid for a week or more.

I still have the scar. Doctors often ask if I had some sort of operation there, but, no, it was just an accident. I've always thought of it as a good unique identification mark.

Bicycle: My Aunty Dec took me for a ride on the carrier on the back of her bike. I think we were heading in the direction of the flour mill, possibly to buy some wheat for the chooks. Of course there were no foot rests or anything for a child riding astride on the carrier. At some stage my foot brushed against the spokes of the back wheel. It was caught and dragged in between the spokes and one of the back forks.

This brought the bike to a sudden stop. Meantime the fork had peeled a nice strip of skin off the side of my foot — more doctors' visits and another week or so that I

could not walk. However, I could still ride my tricycle, as most of the pedal work could be done with the other foot; so I only had to crawl around when I was indoors. I could see evidence of that scar for many years, but it eventually became practically unnoticeable.

Boiling Water: Our house had a fairly modern small fireplace for heating our dining room, but it had a little pot stand that could be mounted on the corner of the grate. My Mother used to boil pots of water on that when the fire was going in the Winter — presumably to save electricity. Also, in the Winter, on cold weekend days when I wasn't at work, I would sit in an armchair reading a book with my feet out towards the fire.

One day, my Mother picked up the pot of boiling water from the fireplace and it proved too heavy for her wrist, which “gave way” and a lot of the water cascaded over one of my feet.

I, of course, immediately peeled my slipper and sock off. The trouble was, a huge chunk of skin also peeled off, like a sort of second sock.

It was getting late in the day and daylight was fading. Following Murphy's law, the old fluorescent tube in the main dining room light chose that day to refuse to start; so while my family members were trying to perform first aid, I had to give a quick verbal lesson to them on how to jinx the light to get it to go.

Regular visits to the doctor lasted many weeks after that, including “back to square one” from a severe fungus infection, just when the scald injury was almost healed.

I was puzzled, at the time, that I never seemed to get a bill from the doctor — and we didn't tend to do “cash on the spot” in those days. I figured out later that probably my Mother discretely paid all the bills behind my back, for perhaps obvious reasons.

Building an Immune System

When young, I often had bad “tummy aches”. These were really painful and most unpleasant, but were apparently just a normal part of life at the time — everything is normal to the very young. Luckily I don't tend to get such things now, although the prospect of much worse ailments is always present.

Many years later it suddenly occurred to me what might have caused those tummy aches — quite possibly our raw untreated, unfiltered water supply collected from the house roof and stored in a tank — maybe dead birds and all.

I believe I may have developed a reasonably good immune system as a result though.

That's all folks. —The committee

The main part of this newsletter was kindly typed by Barry Rankin