The Macphersons of the Far North of New Zealand

Reynold Macpherson, 5 January 2012

Alfred Sinclair Macpherson, 1895-1968

Eric Gordon Macpherson, 1907-1979

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Introduction

My earliest memory is of Queen Victoria’s breasts, although at first I assumed that they were Papatuanuku’s. At the top of the Mangatoetoe (plume grass stream) Valley where I was raised are a pair of rounded hills (see right). A.W. Reed reputedly claimed in Place Names of New Zealand that they were “Named in honour of the Great White Queen, The Breasts of Kuini Wikitoria,” to which a leading historian of the Far North observed dryly that “it is doubtful whether she would have appreciated this honour done to her by her Māori subjects.” (Ramsey, 2001, p. 2)

Like most New Zealanders, I learned early the Māori creation myth which explains that the Earth Mother, Papatuanuku, nurtures humankind under the gaze of Ranginui the Sky Father. Ranginui sometimes weeps at being separated forever from his lover by their children; the gods of the forest, sea, weather, peace and war, and their descendents, people. This showed that when I first ‘situated my appreciation’ of the view from our lounge room window, instead of ‘appreciating the situation,’ my early imagination was already shaped by a blend of Anglo-Celtic and Māori perspectives. With this context of largely unrealised and ongoing interculturalism in mind, I will now explain how Macphersons came to be in the Far North of New Zealand, not knowing if they were related to the McPhersons, living plural lifestyles in a Polynesian paradise, and integrated with many other families of British, Māori and Dalmation descent.

What we have all benefitted from is Papatuanuku’s bounty; a profusion of protein. The name of the main town in the Far North, Kaitaia, is appropriate; it means food in abundance.

Three people led the Macphersons into the Far North; Frank McPherson (born about 1874 died about 16 February 1922), Alfred Sinclair Macpherson (left), and his brother Eric Gordon ‘Gordon’ Macpherson (right). Alfred (born 20 April 1895 died 20 February 1968 aged 72) was the eldest son of Henry ‘Harry’ Macpherson and Lily Halliwell of Headingly Hall in Leeds. Gordon (born 1 June 1907 died 24 January 1979 aged 71) was their

1 This title refers to all Macphersons, McPhersons, MackPhersons, MacPhersons, McFersons, MacFersons and McPhearsons, whatever the spelling of their surname. The spelling of our surname has varied over the years, to the point where spelling can’t be used to confirm or deny a relationship. In this chapter, I will use the exact spelling as used by each person and family I have researched. In any case, these many spellings of our surname all mean the same thing in the Scottish Highlands; son of a parson. A parson was a local administrator of a church and its lands, not the priest. A parson was a secular leader of a church community, not a religious leader. A parson was appointed by the community with the office often being passed on from father to son. Priests were appointed from afar by the Church. Finally, priests were expected to remain celibate while parsons were not; which is fortunate for all Macphersons, as this chapter well demonstrates.
fifth child. Another chapter in this family history, The Macphersons of Leeds 1834 to 2010, explains that Henry and Lily had a family of eight children born between 1895 and 1917. Another chapter explains how they lost their fourth child on 14 October 1917; Henry Douglas Macpherson, a fighter pilot in the First World War. Another chapter reports what is known of the life and descendent of Frank McPherson

**Alfred and Gordon Macpherson, World War One**

As explained in the Macphersons of Leeds chapter, Alfred and Gordon were both sons of Henry ‘Harry’ Macpherson. He was an industrialist who helped his older brother William Walker Macpherson manage the Wellington Foundry in Leeds that made textile making machinery and tools. They attended Sedburgh School (2010, April 2), a famous boarding school in Cumbria, in the North West of England near the border with Scotland. They attended Sedburgh Preparatory School (see right) for their primary education and then the main school for their secondary education.

Sedburgh School has a long and distinguished history as a private school. It was founded in 1525 by Roger Lupton, Provost of Eton College. It is famous for its rugby teams, ‘outward bound’ activities, scholarly achievements and dignified cloisters that record the names of all pupils and teachers known to have died in the two World Wars. In Alfred and Gordon’s day it had a reputation for Spartan routines, cold showers and early morning runs with physical punishment common. These practices ended by the 1970s, although they reappeared in Alfred’s treatment of his own children in New Zealand in the 1920s and 1930s. The school enrolled its first young women in 2001 and today admits 13 to 18 year olds from the English and Scottish upper middle class. It provides an Anglican curriculum that stresses a well rounded preparation for leadership in private enterprise or in public service.

Alfred proved a moderate scholar at Sedburgh, excelling at swimming. He was there for five years, from 1909 to 1914. He then started training as an engineer’s draughtsman in the family business; Fairbairn, Naylor, Macpherson & Co. Ltd. The company had been co-founded in Leeds by his grandfather, Alexander Sinclair Macpherson, Henry’s father, who had moved down from Fife in Scotland soon after 1855 when his mother had died (see The Macphersons of Leeds chapter).

The 19 year old Alfred enlisted soon after World War One was declared on 28 July 1914. His father Harry intervened and had the enlistment cancelled. It may have been because Alfred was under 20 and he did not have his permission. Alfred would have had to wait until 20 April 1915 to turn 20 but his discharge record indicates that he served in France from October 1914 (Ancestry.com., 2008a). This suggests that he must have gained his father’s permission within a month or so and enlisted again, although not in the East Yorkshire Regiment, where he could have expected an almost automatic commission in the family regiment. His younger brother Bertie (Herbert Alexander Macpherson, born 4 August 1896 died 5 June 1976 aged 79) joined the East Yorkshires and was immediately commissioned and rose to become a Brigadier General. Instead Alfred enlisted as a private in the Royal Army Medical Corps, Regimental Number 45 (see right), and served as an unarmed stretcher bearer in the trenches of France.

Alfred was discharged from the British Army in 1915 due to “ill health contracted on service” (Sedburgh School, 1925, p. 65). As far as I know he never spoke to anyone about his time in the trenches but it was probably an horrific experience. The mortality rate and mental illness suffered by stretcher-bearers was particularly high (Devenish & O’Meara, 2010). While Alfred was extremely lucky to survive it is most unlikely that he did not suffer from mental illness. Many decades later, the form of
mental illness commonly suffered by war veterans was given a clinical name; post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD). To clarify, Lindorff’s (2002) study of veterans found that the “most frequently reported problems [were] with concentration, sleep disturbance, nightmares, flashbacks, intrusive thoughts, and emotional distress.” Veterans typically did not want to talk about their war time experiences, they had no access to psychological medicine to help diagnose or treat those with PTSD, and they and their families simply had to live with their emotional damage, less obvious than physical injuries and scars. This may help explain why Alfred often drank to excess and seemed unable to appreciate the hurt he sometimes caused others, even decades later.

About the time of Alfred’s discharge for ‘ill health’ he met Margaret Louisa Kendall of Leeds (born 19 June 1895 died 15 September 1974, aged 79). She would have radically different ideas about military service than Alfred would have heard in his home and school, where duty and sacrifice to God, King and Country were sanctified. I will come back to Alfred and Margaret’s relationship and their move to New Zealand below. In the interim, it is important to note that Alfred’s experiences in WWI probably affected his relationships and behavior for many decades.

Gordon, who was 12 years younger than Alfred, had been too young to serve in the First World War. It appears that he did very well at Sedburgh Prep but then had a setback when he caught rheumatic fever during his secondary schooling. He recalled later in life having gone home to bed for three months. It became a family joke that, during his convalescence, he had briefly attended Leeds Girls High School (RMS Dunn & Dunn, 2010). He apparently recovered, did very well at Sedburgh and won a place at either Trinity (Northland Age, 1945) or Pembroke College (Banks, 1979), Cambridge University. Whatever, he read theology, history and psychology at Cambridge, which is one of Britain’s most prestigious universities, for a Bachelor of Arts degree that automatically converted to a Masters degree in time.

After graduation Gordon returned to teach at Sedburgh Prep with success to the point where he was ‘shoulder tapped’ to lead the school. However, according to family oral history (RMS Dunn & Dunn, 2010), when the headmaster decided to delay his retirement, and Gordon’s proposal of marriage to Ines Hilda Bennett (born 23 January 1905 died 24 August 1985 aged 80) on a bridge in Sedburgh was turned down, Gordon and a friend purchased a preparatory school in the Ngog Hills, near Nairobi, Kenya. This school turned out to be a financial disaster and was sold in 1935. Gordon then decided to visit his brother Alfred in New Zealand with every intention of returning home. In the meantime, Alfred’s life had taken two big turns.

Alfred and Margaret Macpherson, 1916-1925

Margaret Louisa Kendall

Soon after his discharge from the British Army in 1916, Alfred announced to the family that he wanted to marry Margaret L. Kendall (see right aged 21, 1916). Alfred’s father Henry conducted enquiries. He probably found that Margaret’s parents were Alfred Sunderland Kendall (a draper born about 1864 in Ossett, Yorkshire, died 23 August 1936, in Yorkshire) and her mother was Fanny Gibson, born about 1873 in Cleckheaton, Yorkshire. Margaret had one younger brother, Guy Gibson Kendall who was born December 1898 (FreeBMD, 1898) and died in 1916 in Leeds, aged 18 (Ancestry.com., 1916b). The cause of Guy Kendall’s early death is not known. My father William Guy Macpherson probably got his middle name from Guy Kendall and it may explain why he was always called ‘Guy’.

Henry apparently concluded that Margaret was ‘unsuitable’ for his eldest son. Under the rules of primogeniture, Alfred would have normally inherited his father’s properties and businesses, as well as the responsibility of looking after his mother and siblings. We can’t be sure why Henry made the ruling but there are many possibilities. Two possibilities are that Alfred was not considered ready or the most appropriate to inherit the family property and leadership.

Another possibility is that Margaret was an unmarried mother. Hamish Kendall had been born in 1915 in Hartlepool, Durham, England (Edwards, 2010). Since Hamish is Gaelic for James, he was known as ‘Jim’ until
he reverted to being ‘Hamish MacPherson’ when he later achieved minor fame as a sculptor and industrial designer in England. Efforts to trace him have proved largely futile. My brother Gilbert Peter gained the impression that he did not wish to revitalize New Zealand family connections. I will write more about him in the coming chapter on his mother.

Henry and his older brother William Walker Macpherson (below right) were both graduate engineers and clearly valued higher education. Margaret was a university drop out. She had been an external student of St. Andrews University in 1911 and 1912 but did not finish her Lady Literate in the Arts (LLA) Programme. Her changes in address, as recorded by St Andrews University, suggests that she was quite mobile at the time.

Another reason may have been her radical politics. In her later writings, Margaret explained that she had long been a campaigner for women’s suffrage, that is, until the outbreak of WW1 when all such campaigning stopped. It is widely believed that it was the competence of women workers during WW1 that led to women in England over the age of 30 getting the right to vote in 1918, if they could show that they were householders, married to a householder or held a university degree. Universal suffrage for all adults over the age of 21 was not given in England until 1928, that is, 35 years after New Zealand women had given such rights in 1893.

Henry and his brother William Walker Macpherson were both staunch Anglicans and may have been particularly concerned that the Kendalls were Quakers (the Religious Society of Friends). Margaret had attended Lyndon Villa Quaker School in Leeds (Green, 2007). Quakers believe that ordinary people can have a direct experience of ‘the eternal Christ’ and that Christ should become known through their actions and their public testimony. Some Quakers meet for silent worship with no leader and no fixed programme, while others have services led by a pastor with Bible readings and hymns. In earlier times Quakers were prominent in the anti-slavery movement, and in Margaret’s formative years, in the women’s rights movement. Some Quakers have refused to participate in war. Others have promoted social justice and equality. Some wear very plain dress. Others use ‘thee’ and ‘thou’ instead of titles to treat everyone with equal respect. Others refuse to swear oaths, giving allegiance only to their saviour, Jesus Christ.

Anglican ‘High Church’ worship tends to stress the priestly, liturgical and ceremonial aspects of worship, as well as accoutrements, such as vestments. Quakers are ‘Low Church’ Christians who minimize the emphasis on the priesthood, the sacraments and ceremony, often to emphasize evangelical principles (Bratcher, 2009). Hence, the radical Christian pacifism of Quakers, their ‘low church’ attitudes to worship and their unwillingness to recognise rank would have been sharply at odds with the Anglican values of the Macphersons of Leeds, especially those of Alfred’s Uncle William Walker Macpherson, ‘The Major’, as explained in an earlier chapter.

Whatever the Macpherson of Leeds’ concerns were, Alfred and Margaret decided not to accept Henry’s ruling, eloped and married 9 March 1916 in Blandford, Dorset (Ancestry.com., 1916a). According to their marriage certificate, Margaret was a 21 year old forewoman in a munitions factory. The endorsement in Alfred’s Passport indicates that they left for New Zealand from Tilbury Docks on or about 14 April (HMG, 1916, 6 April).

Why New Zealand? Alfred may have heard positive things about the country relayed from his grandfather’s sisters Alison and Agnes who migrated to Dunedin, Otago in the 1850s. Margaret would have been aware that
New Zealand had long given women the right to vote. The immediate result of their decision to defy Henry, however, was that Alfred was ‘cut off’ from his inheritance and remained estranged from his father and family for nine years, that is, two years after he had divorced Margaret in 1925.

**Alfred and Margaret Macpherson in Kaitangata, Otago**

When they arrived on the South Island of New Zealand in 1916, Alfred and Margaret Macpherson settled for a period in the province of Otago. They were accompanied by Margaret’s son ‘Jim.’ They had four boys of their own and then moved to the Far North of the North Island. This section draws heavily on the oral history provided to me by Alfred and his second son, Guy. Alfred found work at the Kaitangata (man eater) Coalmine, near Milton in the South Island (see right). The underground mining with picks, shovels, gelignite and donkeys was cold, wet and dangerous. The miners took risks because they were paid by the number of truck loads they got out of the mine. Injuries were common. It must have been difficult for Alfred, a privileged public school boy, to work in such conditions, although it may have been marginally safer than being in the trenches in France.

The living conditions were equally primitive. They rented a one-room miner’s cottage infested with rats. It had a coal burning stove and walls made of sacking nailed over a wooden frame. Nevertheless, Margaret gave birth to four more boys in three years; Herbert Pemberton ‘Boeuf’ (the spelling that appears on his tombstone at Waipapakauri Cemetery) or ‘Buff’ Macpherson (born 28 November 1917 died 7 November 1976 aged 58), William Guy Macpherson (born 3 December 1918 d. 13 August 2001 aged 82), and the twins Peter Marryatt Macpherson (born 22 October 1920 died 17 August 1942 aged 21) and John Anderson Macpherson (born 22 October 1920 died 18 August 1942 aged 21). The twins were named after the apostles Peter and John and the two midwives in a nursing home near Milton; Miss Anderson and Miss Marryatt.

Family life in Kaitangata was marked by hunger, privation, interpersonal tension, Stoicism and physical punishment for misdemeanours redolent of Sedburgh. Guy recalled little joy and his parents having many bitter yet polite arguments in a ‘terribly English’ way. Margaret added to their savings with occasional feature articles written for the Labour Party broadsheet Māoriland Worker under the pen name of Wahine (Woman). They saved to escape.

The family left Kaitangata about 1922 when they had purchased a black model T Ford with ‘flappy sides’ (see right). They drove to Picton and crossed Cook Straight by ferry. Alfred, Jim, Herbert and Guy then drove to the Far North on the partially gravelled roads. Along the way they were given a calf that rode in the tin bath and was kept as a family mascot for many years, despite being a poor milker. They had to be towed up the muddy south side of the Mangamukas by a large white horse ridden by a small Māori boy who was paid £5.

Margaret took the twins, who were still at breast, on the coastal boats to Houhora where they were met by Alfred and sons. Margaret’s arrival was announced deliberately on 11 October 1923 in The Northlander, Colonel Allan Bell’s newspaper (M. L. Macpherson, 1923). Her next article entitled ‘The Winterless North’ (M. L. Macpherson, 1924b) declared her support for Bell’s version of British progressivism and was written at Waiharara. After a short spell at Waiharara, the family shifted to Kaitaia and then back to Awanui (big river).
**Alfred and Margaret Macpherson in the Far North**

Kaitaia was at an early stage of development in 1924, smaller than the busy ports of Awanui and Mangonui. Work was hard to find and accommodation expensive. The family soon shifted the six miles back to Awanui where Alfred could more easily find fares as a taxi driver, although his taxi business remained based in Kaitaia. Herbert and Guy attended Awanui Primary School.

Margaret became ill to the point of frailty. It was apparent to others that she badly needed help with her children. May Russell, a local girl, was invited to move in, and from then on, was closely involved in the raising of the boys. Margaret gradually regained her health and turned back to her writing. May recalled that when she moved in the boys were skinny, sickly and would eat raw potatoes if given them (K. S. Macpherson & P. Macpherson, 2010). They were also deprived of emotional support and would today be regarded as neglected.

Alfred and Margaret were an odd couple in other ways. Guy recalled that his mother insisted on being called Margaret, a Quaker trait, and that she was an accomplished pianist. She supplemented Alfred’s uneven earnings by providing *ad hoc* accompaniment to the silent movies shown at Evan’s picture theatre in Awanui and by writing special features for local newspapers. Guy also remembered the erratic family economy also meant sudden moves to stay ahead of the rent collectors; “We stayed in more places than any other family we knew.” Alfred was not a consistent provider, sometimes turning to drink, increasingly putting the marriage under pressure. These behaviours are not inconsistent with untreated PTSD.

Alfred and Margaret’s marriage lasted nine years. They were married 9 March 1916 and divorced 27 April 1925. In sum, their family in Kaitangata, Waiharara, Kaitaia and Awanui comprised

- Hamish Macpherson, known as ‘Jim,’ ‘adopted,’ born 1915 in Hartlepool, Durham, England as Hamish Kendal, died in Monmouth, Gwent, Wales as Hamish MacPherson. Hamish was educated at the Elam School of Fine Arts, University of Auckland, won a scholarship to St Martin’s College of Art and Design, London University, became a moderately famous sculptor and industrial designer and taught for many years at St. Martins after WW2 at (see right)
- Herbert Pemberton Macpherson, variously known as ‘HP’, ‘Boeuf’ or ‘Buff’ born 28 November 1917 died 7 November 1976, aged 58, a timber miller at Kaingaroa, near Awanui
- William Guy Macpherson, known as ‘Guy’, born 3 December 1918 died 13 August 2001, aged 82, a farmer in the Mangatotoe Valley, Fairburns
- Peter Marryatt Macpherson, twin, born 22 October 1920 died 17 August 1942, aged 21, 27th (Machine Gun) Battalion, off Greece, WW2
- John Anderson Macpherson, born 22 October 1920 died 18 August 1942, aged 21, RNZAF, off the Danish coast, Mentioned in Despatches, WW2.

The straw that finally broke the marriage’s back was probably Alfred’s philandering. According to family oral history, Margaret became suspicious about Alfred’s occasional fishing trips up the 90 Mile Beach. The story goes that she hired a competitor’s taxi and caught him camping at Hukatere with two beautiful girls.

Margaret left Alfred’s children (Herbert, Guy, Peter and John) on the steps of the Reid sister’s boarding house in Ahipara (once an orphanage and today a backpackers lodge, see right) and took Jim with her when she moved to Kaitaia.
Margaret found work in Kaitaia as a full-time reporter, feature writer and then editor of Colonel Allan Bell’s weekly broadsheet *The Northlander*. This publication promoted the development of the Far North and the Colonel’s real estate and political interests between 13 March 1922 and 21 July 1933, when it finally ceased publication. It was published in the premises of F.B. Rowe & Co. (seen centre right in the Northwood Collection photograph below taken in the late 1920s, courtesy of the Far North Regional Museum).

During this period Margaret lived with John ‘Jock’ Johnson, a swamp dredge engineer. Her divorce from Alfred came through on 27 April 1925. There is no record of a marriage to Jock although Margaret gave birth to Jock’s son, John Mario ‘David’ Johnson (born 11 June 1925, Mangonui Hospital, died 27 December 2005, Hamilton, aged 80), and, according to one unverified source, two more girls with the second dying in infancy.

Margaret’s job at *The Northlander* involved writing feature articles often highly critical of opponents to development. In one article she criticized Dalmations who repatriated some of their earnings to Dalmatia instead of investing in the Far North (M. L. Macpherson, 1924b). In another she attacked the anti-development conservatism of the missionary families (M. L. Macpherson, 1924a). She also wrote feature articles reporting the Colonel’s publicity stunts that romanticised life in the Far North, such as the ‘imminent’ filming of the *Riders of the Red Manuka* (M. L. Macpherson, 1926a, 1926b); the subject of a recent exhibition of woodcuts in the Far North Regional Museum by Faith McManus (2010). The detail from a publicity shot (see right, courtesy of Don Hammond and the Far North Regional Museum) shows Margaret on location.

The wider shot has Margaret posing demurely in front of the horse carrying the imperial Colonel Allan
Bell who is wearing the largest sombrero that another cowboy brought to the shoot (see below, no. 149 in the Northwood Collection). Another cowboy linked to the Macphersons is Karena Wiki ‘Gandy’ Karena, tenth from the left on the rails, who married Anna McManus, youngest daughter of ‘Sis’ Russell (explained below).

Margaret finally left the Far North of New Zealand about 1933 for Auckland. She abandoned her child (or children) by Jock Johnston, taking only her son Hamish or ‘Jim’ with her.

David Johnston spent some time in an orphanage before being adopted out. He married Isabella Wishart Morwood on 15 December 1951 in New Plymouth, New Zealand, and had three children; Joanne Elizabeth Johnson born 1 July 1952, David ‘Mark’ Johnson born 19 September 1953 and Robyn Johnson born 4 May 1964. Two have in turn married and produced children of their own


Once David was made aware of his half brothers he visited Kaitaia. He met with Guy and borrowed materials about his mother and started to piece together his early years. He and Guy could have passed as twins. He retired to his yacht in New Plymouth, moored in Nelson for a few years, and died in Hamilton on 27 December 2005, aged 82. His wife Isabella lives in Hamilton near her grandchildren.

From Auckland, Margaret moved to get work in Australia, England, New York, and then back to England. She eventually returned to Auckland and then to Kaitaia, where she died 15 September 1974. Her life is the subject of a national biography (Green, 2007) and, as noted above, will be examined more fully in a separate chapter. While in Australia she partnered with William Thomas ‘Bill’ Albert, a journalist from Alice Springs who worked for the Bulletin. They were on route for England when they had a son, Cluny Michael Macpherson, who was born 26 June 1938, in Ajaccio, Corsica. They were crossing France when the Germans invaded in 1939 and managed to escape to England. Margaret and Cluny were repatriated for safety to New York when Bill Albert later joined them. There Margaret and Bill joined the literati of New York and socialised with such as Walt Disney (see overleaf). It was during this time that Margaret won the famous O’Henry Prize for a short story and edited a newspaper.
Margaret and Cluny were baptized as Catholics in Peconic, Long Island, New York in 1949. Cluny attended numerous Catholic schools and started studying to be a priest in 1952-1953 in the Don Bosco Juniorate in Haverstraw, NY. He had read a book by Thomas Merton during that time, The Seven Storye Mountain, and wrote to his mother that he was so inspired by that work, that he wanted to enter a monastery, and become a Trappist Monk. Margaret told him that once he entered the monastery, she would never see him again, so would he come home for the summer? He did join her and she was working as a school librarian in a local high school. He takes up the story (C. Macpherson, 2010)

Once I saw all of the pretty girls there, any thoughts of becoming a priest quickly disappeared! I used to ‘hang out’ at a friend’s house. Jerry had two sisters, Margaret and Collette, who were always in the house when I visited, but I only noticed them in the background, never really paying any attention to them. On day, a friend of Margaret and Collette visited them, and I didn't pay any attention to the girls then either, until a friend of mine dated the new girl! "Boy, she's really a pretty girl!" I asked her out three times before she would date me! I wore a black leather motorcycle jacket at the time, and she was not impressed! At any rate, that was over 55 years ago, and Mary Ann and I are still together!

Cluny enlisted in the United States Air Force on 10 October 1956 when he was 18 and rose to the rank of Senior Master Sergeant. He earned a Bachelor of Science degree in 1975, while on active duty, attending classes weekends and evenings. He completed two tours of duty in Vietnam in Globemasters. He qualified as a Federal Aviation Association (FAA) licensed aircraft mechanic prior to his retirement from the USAF, in September, 1977. He was then hired by Trident Technical College, Charleston, to start an Associate Degree program in Aircraft Maintenance Technology, leading successful graduates to earn FAA Airframe and Powerplant Mechanic certificates in order to service civilian aircraft in the USA. The program also awarded Associate Degrees to students who completed the additional academic work in Maths, English, Science, and related study areas.

Cluny earned his Masters Degree from Webster University in 1978, again by attending school nights and weekends. He continued to teach at Trident for 11 years, serving as Associate Dean for Industrial Technology, supervising the Industrial programs of study at the college in Aircraft Maintenance Technology, Automotive Technology, Auto Body Repair, Diesel Technology, Machine Tool Technology, Airconditioning and Refrigeration Repair, and Welding Technology. Prior to his retirement from Trident in 1988, he had earned 27 credit hours towards an EdD (a practitioner’s doctorate of equal status to a PhD) from the University of South Carolina.

In the late 1990s and early 2000s I and my youngest son Angus visited Cluny. He still had special access to the local USAF base. Angus and I were both treated to fascinating tours, including through the giant C17 aircraft (see a C17 in flight right and Angus in the pilot’s seat, although not at the same time).
Cluny’s early retirement was caused by an aircraft accident that left him severely body and brain damaged. His recovery since then has been one of astonishing progress, strongly supported by his wife and children. Cluny had married Mary Ann Jones, a nurse (born 31 March 1939 in Monmouth, New Jersey) on 25 June 1960, in Goshen, New York. They had children in three different USAF postings; Kathleen Michelle Macpherson born 13 July 1961 in Holyoke, Massachusetts, Elaine Marie Macpherson born 10 October 1962 in Honolulu, Hawaii, and Michael Steven Macpherson, born 16 July 1964, in Ewa Beach, Hawaii. These children have married, settled in South Carolina and had children


Cluny and Mary Ann are very close to their children and grandchildren and often go on holidays together. The photo below was taken Christmas 2010. The back row comprises Joseph Thomas (21), Savannah Humphrey (18), Cluny Macpherson (72) and Luke Macpherson (15). The front row has Ian Macpherson Thomas (15), Caroline Macpherson (17), Mariah Humphrey (15) and Mary Ann Macpherson (née Jones) (72).
Alfred and May Macpherson, 1925-1939

May and Doris Russell
Recall, Alfred and Margaret were divorced 27 April 1925. Two months later, on 20 June 1925, Alfred remarried, this time with May Cecelia Russell (born 2 April 1894 died 22 June 1984 aged 90). They were married at St Joseph’s Anglican Maori Church (established 2 May 1887 in Awanui). Alfred was 30 and May was 31. The photo of May right was taken about 1914.

Both brought children from prior relationships to the marriage. May brought a daughter, Doris Edna Russell, then seven, born 17 January 1918. Alfred brought Herbert aged seven, Guy aged six and the Twins, Peter and John, aged four. They then had three children of their own; Kenneth ‘Ken’ Sinclair Macpherson, David Macpherson (still born) and Gordon Ross ‘Wink’ Macpherson. This section focuses on May’s daughter Doris and May’s background and events in her marriage with Alfred over the 14 years they were together, from 1925 to 1939. May’s granddaughter Tracey takes up the story (Andrews-Smith, 2010)

May was from the Waimanoni (Bitter sweet water) Marae north of Awanui where her people held substantial title. May’s whakapapa [genealogy] was from the old rangatira (chieftain) lines of the Ngai Takoto, Ngati Kuri and peoples of Te Paatu. When her mother remarried, Doris did not move out with her to Mangatoetoe and was raised by her two grandmothers Taipara Hiria Aperahama (see right) and Caterina Russell (below) in Waimanoni.

Doris attended Queen Victoria School in Auckland, from 1937 where she matriculated and was head girl. She later married George Stanley Andrews, a mechanical engineer born in Thames 19 May 1911 and working at the Station Hotel, now part of the Elam School of Fine Arts. Doris and George raised two children in Auckland; Carole May Andrews born 14 May, 1940 and Joan Mary Andrews, born 19 January 1943. Carole first married Stuart Erskine Smith a successful textile Australasian merchant. The Smith and McLelland families are of MacDonald descent in Perthshire and Aberdeenshire. The family held stations in Howes Landing, Otago and Baynam, Nelson. The couple were separated in 1979. Her partner now is the architect Robert Railley. Carole and Stuart had three children; Tracey Jane Andrews-Smith born 5 June 1963, Sarah Caroline Andrews-Smith born 29 March 1965 and Jessica Elizabeth Andrews-Smith born 25 June 1970.

Following Doris and George Stanley’s inspiration, Jessica achieved a Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Fine Arts from the University of Auckland. Tracey obtained a Bachelor of Arts, Masters of Business Administration and a MCM (Engineering) from the Auckland University of Technology. Sarah is a successful New Zealand exporter with The Aromatherapy Company and her daughter India is currently reading law at Victoria University and holds the Greenbank and Russell McVeagh Scholarships.

Given the importance of whakapapa in Māori culture, the increased availability of scholarships for children of Māori descent, and the steady impact of cultural blending in the family, May’s whakapapa and significant contribution to the Macpherson family are now summarised. I acknowledge here the help of my father William Guy Macpherson. I also received help from Pera-Rose ‘Bell’ Cassidy and Anna Karena (née McManus) when compiling whakapapa for a Russell Family Reunion a few years ago, although their research may have since moved on. Such work is never done and I welcome corrections.

May Russell’s Genealogy

May was christened Mei Poro Hiria Rahara at St Joseph’s in Awanui in April 1894. She was the eldest child of twelve born to Albert Thomas Gilding ‘Fred’ Russell (see above right) and Caterina (Catherine) Pererika Hoani Tiwhi (born 1875 died 19 December 1940 aged 65). Eight of Fred and Caterina Russell’s twelve children survived childhood:

1. May Cecelia Russell, born 8 April 1894 died 22 June 1984, aged 90, married Alfred Sinclair Macpherson 20 June 1925. They had three children; Kenneth Sinclair ‘Ken’ Macpherson, David Macpherson (still born) and Gordon Ross ‘Wink’ Macpherson.
2. Rihi Ngawini Russell, born 18 March 1896 died 6 December 1896, 10 months old, buried at Matarau.
4. Frederick (Whereri) Watt (Riki) ‘Fred’ Russell, born 30 December 1898 (see right) died 20 February 1962 aged 63, timber miller, Fox Glacier, died in car accident. Married Phyllis Evelyn Parish from Grancy, Westport, and there were no children.
5. Robert Pretoria ‘Bob’ Russell (Rapata Piritoria Rahara) (Russell, 2010), born 5 September 1900 died 19 October 1986 aged 86, Railway Battalion, 2 NZEF (see right), married Eileen Elizabeth Dunn born 27 May 1916 died 1990 aged 73. They adopted David Arthur Russell, Peter Thomas Russell and Nona Russell, who between them had seven children. Like his father, David is a widely respected veteran soldier. He is a market gardener in the Takahue and close to many in the Macpherson family. He married Kathryn and has a son, Dean, and a daughter Kathryn. Peter and Nona moved south.
6. Sarah Russell, born and died 17 September 1903, lived one hour.
7. Cecily Ruby ‘Sis’ Russell, born 4 July 1904 at Waimanoni (see right), died 26 August 1979 aged 75. Sis married Hugh ‘Barney’ McManus born 10 August 1898 died 21 December 1976 aged 78. They had six children; Lorna Kathleen McManus, Cherry Agnes McManus, Flanagan McManus, Myra
Merrill McManus, Hugh Robert McManus and Anne Shirley ‘Anna’ McManus, who, between them had 26 children. Lorna (who taught in Herekino), Myra (with George Udjur her husband, a champion rose grower) and Anna (teaching at Boradwood) are well known to many Macphersons.

8. Te Waikokapua (Crystal) Russell, born 22 February 1908. Married George Williams (see right), left for Australia and lost touch with the family.

9. Alice Maud, born 1910 (see second right) died 8 October 1976 aged 57. She married 7 December 1929 to Herbert Ringer Martlew, born 2 June 1907 died 21 April 1943 aged 39. They had twins; June Lily and Shirley Ada, both married and each had five children.

10. Hare Kingi Riki Russell, born 1 October 1911, died 1915 aged 3.


Driver for the CO of 18 Bn. 2 NZEF. Married Jean Wallace and had two children; Keith Richard Russell and Johnny Russell.


An immediate implication of May’s marriage to Alfred for Herbert (aged 7), Guy (aged 6) and the Twins Peter and John (aged 4) was stabilisation in their home life. Another was that they acquired eight auntsies and eight uncles, 29 first cousins and over 50 second cousins. Guy recalled “It was if, overnight, I suddenly had dozens of new relatives. Having lost Margaret I loved having all these kuia [aunties]. They taught me all sorts of things.”

May’s father Fred was not at the wedding. He had disappeared 14 months earlier in dubious circumstances. He had served in the Royal Navy and became a storekeeper in North Awanui. Fred, aged 27, and Caterina, aged 18, were married 26 April 1893 in Kaitaia by the Rev. H.V. Paerata and the Rev. Joseph Mathews. It was a terrible shock to Far North society when Fred suddenly filed for bankruptcy 5 March 1924, sold Lake Ngatu, which had been a wedding present from Hiria to Caterina (Andrews-Smith, 2010), and then disappeared. He left his wife to raise their eight surviving children. Attempts to trace him proved futile.

Fred Russell’s mother was reputedly Lady Sarah Watt (see right) who once visited Awanui from her home in Sydney, Australia, where some consequently believe her son fled to. It seems unlikely but Fred’s brother is believed by some to be Bertrand Russell, the famous English philosopher, whose son Conrad was educated at Dartington, Eton and at Merton College Oxford University before becoming a history professor at Yale University, and then in 1987, becoming the fifth Lord Russell. Similarly, Fred’s grandfather is believed to be John Russell, a Whig Member of Parliament and Prime Minister of England.

It is more likely that Fred’s father was Henry Russell, born November 1834 and christened 26 November 1834 in Melcombe Regis, Dorset, England, by his parents Thomas and Elizabeth Russell (Ancestry.com., 2008b). Thomas may have been born in 1800 and might be related to John Russell, a Whig Prime Minister, but I await confirmation from Russell family researchers.

May had auntsies whose families were also known to Alfred, Herbert, Guy and the Twins. Caterina’s father was Hoani Tiwhi (Johnny Steven) (born 1838 died 28 September 1892 aged 54) (see right) who may not be of Te Rarawa; his whakapapa is just not known (Andrews-Smith, 2010). He married Taipara Hiria Apirahama (Abraham) of Ngai Takoto (born 31 August 1852 died 10 April 1941 aged 88) and they had had three daughters; Wehi Hoani Tiwhi, Caterina Pererika Hoani Tiwhi (May’s mother) and
Harata (Charlotte) Hoani Tiiwhi (born 2 November 1891). Wehi is known to have married and had two children; Rahu (Ralph) Hoani who married a woman from Te Hapua and had a child Tui. Tui married Steve McGrath and had a child named Delia, who in turn married a Cook and gave birth to Alex Steve Cook. The beautiful Harata (see right) married Haramete (John) Karepa and while she had no children of her own, raised two whangai children (children given by relatives); Mere Karepa, who married a Henare, and Hilda Karepa.

May’s family is particularly distinguished on her mother’s side. Her maternal grandfather was Aperahama Taiawaru, a highly respected teacher in a ‘native school.’ From there her ancestry traces back to the earliest known members of Ngai Takoto. Current research by Carol and Tracey Andrews-Smith is clarifying this lineage with greater precision that I have been able to achieve. It was not by accident that May was described by her daughter-in-law, Nancye Macpherson (née Mills), as “a real Māori princess;” she was of tuakana (senior) descent.

May’s connections across the Far North don’t end there. For example, her maternal grandmother was Erana (Ellen) or Hera Aperahama, also of Ngai Takoto, who provided May with many uncles and aunts. Six of Erana’s eight children are known to have reached adulthood and had children; Herora (Harold), Karaihe, Hare, Erana, Hiria (Tai Hiria, Caterina’s mother), Euari Eruera, Tepora Ngaropi and Keita (Katie). The point is that when Alfred married May he married into one of the largest and oldest Māori families of the Far North that help form the backbone of three iwi; Ngāti Kuri, Ngai Takoto and Te Paaatu.

Dorothy Cloher and Merimeri Penfold (Cloher, 2002) have provided a bilingual explanation of how Ngai Takoto initially prospered after their arrival on the canoe Kurahaupo from Haiwaiiki (the homeland in the Pacific) and later how they generously hosted Te Aupouri (the smoke darkened current) who were forced to migrate north from the Hokianga. Waimanoni was long Ngai Takoto’s tuakana marae, along with Houhora and Te Make (Sweetwater). Waimanoni is central to Rangaunu Bay (Awanui Harbour) which is rich in baby sand sharks. It is a day’s walk across the peninsular to the West Coast and the 90m Mile Beach which is rich in seafood (see the Russell family harvesting toheroa right, courtesy Tracey Andrews-Smith). Ngai Takoto was blessed with many waterways for its canoes and had some of the most extensively irrigated vegetable gardens in pre-Pakeha New Zealand. Their name, Ngai Takoto (to lie down), dates from when their most famous ancestor Tuwhakatere laid down and died from grief in his old age when his beloved club footed grandson Hoko was killed in battle. Such is the love that Ngai Takoto have for their mokopuna.

In the 1830s and 1840s, when Ngai Takoto was badly decimated by epidemics and emigration, they lost most of their extensive and largely unoccupied lands during Panakareao’s guardianship to non-Māori ownership (Waitangi Tribunal, 1997). “Lately, however, despite their relatively small number, Ngai Takoto has experienced a moral if not material resurgence.” (Cloher, 2002, p. 52) It will be shown below that Macphersons, Alfred and May’s grandchildren, are emerging today as part of the new generation of leaders on the Waimanoni Marae, replacing the old wharehui (meeting house) Wikitoria with new facilities, challenging water allocations from the aquifer under Ngai Takoto land and communicating with their diaspora claimed to be up to 5,000 strong (Ngaitakoto.com, 2007).
**Alfred and May Macpherson in Awanui**

The day after Alfred and May Macpherson were married, on 22 June 1925 at St Joseph’s (see right), Guy recalled that they moved their instant family across the road from the Waimanoni Marae and a few hundred yards towards Waipapakauri to board with the Joe Karena and his wife. Uncle Joe often carried a Bible and was from Te Aupouri whose lands are around Te Kao. Until they resumed their rent hopping, Guy recalled sleeping on the floor in traditional Māori style using the sleeping mats woven by Caterina.

For the next 14 years, from June 1925 until 1939, when they began enlisting for military service in the Second World War, the Macpherson boys were raised by May. Caterina became their dearly beloved ‘Granny Russell.’ She and May inducted them naturally into many aspects of Māori culture. Guy, for example, remembered being taught to use a starfish to loosen a paua’s grip when diving and how to plant kumara sprouts in top soil loosened only to depth of a hand span, and then only one year in three on the same ground. He and his brothers also learned to rotate the collection of sea food to guarantee its sustainability and that a tapu put on a beach by a tohunga (priest) after a person had died there both honoured the deceased and helped the living with the grieving process.

There was one exception (K. S. Macpherson & P. Macpherson, 2010). Although Caterina was verbally fluent in Te Reo Rangatira (the language of the chiefs, Māori), her husband Fred Russell decided against any of their children being taught Māori in the belief that the language would soon disappear and, indeed, that it was best for Māori to assimilate. He could not have anticipated the Māori Renaissance in the 1980s and the reciprocal effects of cultural blending widely evident in the Far North today. May could understand but was not verbally fluent in Māori and attended the Māori Land Court to protect her interests for periods when she was at Mangatoetoe.

When they were five, Herbert and Guy started attending Awanui School. Alfred irregularly tried alternatives to taxi driving, such as gum digging just north of Lake Ngatu and milking cows at Alec María’s farm, near Awanui. Guy remembered that “It was a hand-to-mouth existence.” The breakthrough came in 1927, ten years after Alfred had been ‘cut off’ by his father, perhaps encouraged by the divorce from Margaret in 1925. Alfred’s father Henry commissioned the Guardian Trust and Executors Company of New Zealand in Auckland to invest Alfred’s inheritance as capital in a viable business to be nominated by Alfred, if it gained his approval. The terms of the bequest specifically prevented access to the capital as cash.

Alfred nominated Stephen Oxnam’s property which was then for sale (see right); Section 102, Mangatoetoe Road of the Parish of Katiaka, about 11 miles south east of Kaitaia in the foothills of the Maungataniwha Range. Henry’s approval came through, and on 27 January 1928, the Guardian Trust became the owner of Section 102 from (LINZ, 1998a), on behalf of Alfred, but not, as it transpired, on behalf of Alfred and May.

In a young country where some of the early land sales (Waitangi Tribunal, 1997, pp. 53-104) before the Treaty of Waitangi (Orange, 1987) violated any reasonable sense of the word ‘sale’, precipitated New Zealand’s Land Wars and are still sometimes subject to challenge, it is important to note who the original Māori owners of the ‘Mangatoitoi Valley’ were and how the land was sold. “Rutene, Hare Rewiti, Karaka, Reihana Matiu, Rapuhana Toho, Tohora and Wiremu Pikahu” (Ramsey, 2001, pp. 2-3) had the Katiaka Block surveyed in 1865 and put it up for sale to the Government. The block also included the Te Puhī area at the top of Mangatoetoe and parts of Victoria Valley. The original spelling (and current pronunciation) was ‘Mangatoitoi’, meaning a swamp of toitoi (plume) grass, what we called ‘cutty grass’ because of the effect it had on bare feet.
By 1865, all sales of Māori Land had to be made through the Government. Under the terms of the Homestead Act of the 1870s, the Government could then give free grants of land to approved settlers. Les Foster explained (1976, p. 4) that a male settler was given either 50 acres of ‘first class land’ or 75 acres of ‘second class land’. A settler’s wife doubled this entitlement, with a smaller additional acreage given for each child, to a maximum of 200 acres of first class land to a family, or 300 acres if second class land. They had to pay to survey fees and make improvements within a specified time. Hence, the 120 acres (48,562 hectares) of Section 102 in Mangatoetoe Road, Fairburns came into the Macpherson family, albeit initially under the auspices of the Guardian Trust. With a small area of river flat at the front and shallow soils over a limestone ridge, the section was classified as ‘second class’ or ‘marginal’ farming land.

**Alfred and May Macpherson in Mangatoetoe**

Alfred Macpherson and his sons Herbert, Guy, Peter and John moved out to the Mangatoetoe farm in February 1928. May was not with them for the first few months. She had just given birth to Kenneth Sinclair ‘Ken’ Macpherson (born 5 January 1928) and stayed on with her mother ‘Granny Russell’ before coming out to the farm (see right).

Guy recalled their inauspicious arrival. The truck with their belongings “just made it across the rickety bridge” beside the cowshed “but broke through the culvert leading up to the Old House.” The household goods had to be manhandled the final 150 yards up the hill. Nevertheless, they felt particularly welcomed when a little old lady, Mrs Mary Switzer, Claud Switzer’s mother, walked over from the neighbouring property with a big billy of tea and half a dozen apple pies.

Alfred and his sons initially learned farming by trial and error. Having been given an English public school education for boys, Alfred lacked the basic knowledge, skills and attitudes needed to farm successfully in the Far North of New Zealand. Reuben and Mary Switzer helped them to understand soils, fertilisers, cattle, seasons and the basics of veterinarian science. Alfred’s practical farming skills (draining, fencing, ploughing, cropping, etc.) were greatly enhanced with the help of his new brother-in-law, ‘Bob’ Russell and his mate Ted Baker. Bob was later a railway engineer in the 2NZEF and, like Ted, was a master of all farming crafts. Alfred also learned from other relatives acquired by marriage, such as Lorna McManus and Gerty Hamilton who taught the Macphersons how to milk and separate cream by hand.

The first project undertaken, as recalled by Guy, was to set up a pit saw, where the calf shed is now, to saw logs and extend the first cowshed built by the Oxnams. The result was a four-bail walk-through shed for hand milking with a calf shed alongside. Prior to that, as Guy put it, “Things were pretty rugged.”

The next project, supervised by May, was to clear tall titree (scrub) by axe and spade to plant a kitchen garden on what later became the site for a new house. The third was to increase the farm’s pasturage by gradually draining the raupo (bullrush) swamps that ran up the valleys from the Mangatoetoe creek, cutting the tall titree off the hills fronting the road and clearing the bracken and blackberries that competed with new grass. The fourth was to build a boundary fence along the road frontage to hold the bulls across the river, then up and over the limestone ridge beside the Switzers, across the back of the farm, and then down again to the front boundary on Mangatoetoe Road.

The fifth project over many years was to actively manage the pastures, by subdividing paddocks within the boundaries, clearing unwanted regrowth and weeds, and reseeding and fertilising the soil. Low cost manual methods had to be used. Axes, wedges and mauls were used to split puriri and totara logs into posts and battens.
Horses were used to pull a single plough over cleared ground and transport goods by sledge. Axes, scythes and slash hooks were used to clear the bracken, blackberries and titree.

Ken Macpherson (2008) recalled that Alfred used two horses to mow the fern that grew through the pasture each year. May used a large hand-made rake, just under a metre wide made from a piece of 3x2 with wooden prongs, to rake the cut fern down to the bottom of the hills into rows for drying and burning. Spades and long handled shovels were used to dig out stumps, drains and roads. Although Alfred had learned to use gelignite in Kaitangata, Guy recalled that he was either reluctant to use it or unable to afford it in those early years on the farm. Ken also recalled that once Alfred had learned to plough, he contracted out his services to neighbours to add to the farm’s cash flow.

The boys attended Fairburns School, ate well, started to grow and were taught to box (see right, Herbert and Guy). Later, in the Army, Guy was Battalion Welterweight Champion for a while and was given the nickname ‘Basher’ as remembered decades later by the Evans Family, as explained below.

In 1928 Alfred’s younger brother William Stuart ‘Bob’ Macpherson visited Mangatoetoetoe. As explained in the Macphersons of Leeds chapter, Bob was later Chaplain to the Fleet Air Arm in the Second World War, served on the aircraft carrier HMS Indomitable and then went back to his career in the Anglican Church and retired as the Very Reverend Dean of Litchfield. Bob’s photographs documented Alfred’s family and the development of the farm, possibly for his father Henry. The photo right shows Guy, twin Peter, Bob with twin John in front and Herbert.

Oral history in the family (K. S. Macpherson & P. Macpherson, 2010) confirmed that May had a second and stillborn child in 1930, David Macpherson. She slipped and fell onto a stump outside the back door of the Old House when she was well advanced in her pregnancy, apparently injuring herself and the unborn child. She had to wear a girdle for support when pregnant with her third and final child, Gordon Ross Macpherson. Hence, Alfred and May’s three children were Kenneth Sinclair ‘Ken’ Macpherson, born 5 January 1928, David Macpherson, stillborn about 1930, and Gordon Ross ‘Wink’ Macpherson, born 26 April 1932, died 27 February 1976 aged 43.

The Depression hit rural New Zealand hard in 1932. Herbert was 16 and starting his third year at Kaitaia District High School. Guy was 14 and starting his first year there. The twins were 11 and at Fairburns Primary, with Ken four and Gordon newborn. Calves were worthless so they were killed and fed to the pigs to keep the farm solvent. The Depression also ended any chance of further secondary education for the two eldest boys. Herbert and Guy had to leave school and get work to help the family survive. Another key factor to survival was the transfer of farming knowledge and skills from Bob Russell to his brother-in-law Alfred Macpherson and his brother Gordon. The third photo above was taken in the mid 1930s and shows Gordon Macpherson, Alfred’s Gordon behind, Eileen and Bob Russell, and May and Alfred Macpherson with their Ken behind, at the Honeymoon Valley homestead.
After a few years working with Mr Pearson, Herbert switched to cutting and delivering titree firewood and set up a distribution depot in Kaitaia. His hard work, open personality, entrepreneurial flair and partnership with his younger brother Gordon and Selwyn Parker (later his son-in-law) steadily achieved success, especially in the decades after World War 2, until undermined by health and industrial crises, as I will explain below.

Guy worked for and boarded with the Pearsons for two years earning 7/6d a week. When he switched to extracting logs with Maurice Fisher from Snelgar's bus using bullocks and timber jacks his wages jumped to £4.10.0 a week.

In about 1937, Alfred and Gordon planned carefully to build a new house at Mangatoetoe from timber extracted from the bush in Honeymoon Valley. Ken (2010) recalled that George Thomas was contracted to haul the logs. Stills from Gordon’s cine films (see right) shows that the logs were split using a pit saw, trucked to Eric Webber’s timber mill on the Victoria Valley to Peria Road, and then used to build the new house on the site of May’s first garden at Mangatoetoe. Careful calculations ensured that the extra logs milled paid Alfred’s brother Gordon for the trees, for Webber’s milling, for Sid Christianson’s cartage using his Diamond T trucks, and Bert Brott’s contract of £1,000 to construct the house and install all fixtures and fittings.

Alfred always said that “the new house was built for May.” The evidence today is that the work benches in the kitchen are suitable for shorter people but less so for those of later generations who have tended to be much taller. The fifth photo right shows Ines and May at the front gate of the new house about 1940 with the twins to the right.

When the Snelgar’s contract ended Guy found work as a factory hand at the Awanui Butter Factory. He was selected by Bert Raffles, First Engineer and First World War veteran, to train for steam and automotive engineering tickets, despite the absence of any secondary education. He boarded with Maisie and Horace Switzer in Awanui, studied for matriculation by correspondence by night, worked by day in the boiler room, all the while studying under Bert. He recalled how his quick decision to enlist ended his engineering apprenticeship.

I say I nearly got through because war was threatening and I didn't quite finish. From about 1938 on it was clear that Germany was rearming and beginning to threaten the Empire. The crazy part about it was that they didn't either want to believe it, or they weren't prepared to believe it, but as youngsters we seemed to know that they were rearming, and almost wished that there would be another
war. Why, I don’t quite know. We had heard all the stories about the First World War. And it was the only way that we were going to get to travel around the world.

An opportunity was suddenly offered. Suddenly they were yelling for men. They were yelling for a Special Force. “Can you serve anywhere in the world? Can you stand up and be counted?” Well of course we could stand up and be counted. To go anywhere in the world. Believe you me, that was really something. So I enlisted. Then I went home and told Dad. He said that either I could follow through or come home and milk the cows. Blow that. I spent my final leave back on the farm in 1939.

The photo right was taken during Guy’s final leave and shows Gordon in front of John, Guy, Ken in front of Ines, and Peter, with Alfred, May and Janet (explained below) in the background.

Gordon and Ines Macpherson, 1935-1939

Alfred’s younger brother, Gordon, arrived from Kenya in 1935. He was so impressed with New Zealand that he bought a cattle and sheep farm in Honeymoon Valley the following year for £1,000. This picturesque valley runs from Peria in the fertile Oruru Valley to the foothills of Maungataniwha (mountain of a mythical monster), the highest point in the Mangamuka (nikau palm stream) Ranges. The entrance to the valley is precipitous with the road snaking along the face of sheer drops off the east face of Pukekiwi (hill of the kiwi), with many shallow fords, until it opens out into a wide rolling landscape of rising foothills.

The Mangamukas at the southern head of Honeymoon Valley are the range of bush clad hills that traditionally form the southern boundary of the Far North, although not of the Far North District Council today which reaches further south. Gordon named the conical hill at the high west end of his farm Mount Sinai, although adopting other prior names like The Sugarloaf for the saddle leading up to Pukekiwi that overlooks Peria from the west side of the entrance to Honeymoon Valley.

The house at Honeymoon Valley was already old and rather run down when Gordon bought the farm in 1936 (R Dunn, 2010) (see right). It had two main rooms. Gordon and his brother-in-law Bob Russell lived in one room and filled the other with potatoes to eat. They worked on the roads to pay their way and began developing the farm.

Three years later Gordon was visited by Ines. Recall, Gordon had proposed to her on the bridge at Sedburgh buy she had turned him down because she did not feel ready to marry. He apparently made it very clear at the time that he would not be proposing again!

Ines was a very determined person. She was a niece of the famous Dr. Agnes Bennett OBE (born 24 June 1872, see right, died 27 November 1960, aged 78) (Hughes, 2007, 22 June). Ines had been visiting Australia to help with some research. Before going home she was persuaded by her uncle to visit New Zealand, catch up with Gordon and try again. She stayed with Peg Stansfield (née Jacenthal) and visited Gordon in Honeymoon Valley.

Matters between them were resolved satisfactorily, although they did lose concentration at one point and crashed Gordon’s truck over a bank near Taipa, gashing Ines’ leg. Ines and Gordon were married a fortnight later, on 20 December 1939, although only with time for a 10-day honeymoon. And then Ines was suddenly alone on the farm while her new husband went off overseas for four and a half years. She bought animals, chickens and pigs and started a kitchen garden, not knowing if she would ever see her new husband again.
Herbert and Guy’s Second World War

Herbert’s War
World War Two started on 1 September 1939 with Germany’s invasion of Poland and declarations of war on Germany by France and most of the countries of the British Empire and Commonwealth. Gordon, Herbert and Guy were first of the Macpherson men to enlist, with Alfred and the Twins Peter and John soon to follow.
As a married man with children, Herbert was not allowed to serve overseas (see right with Gerty). Instead he was trained as an infantryman with his unit preparing to repel an expected Japanese invasion of New Zealand. South East Asia fell and the Japanese started bombing Darwin.
The threat of invasion eased after 4–8 May 1942, the Battle of Coral Sea. American and Australian naval and air forces intercepted and destroyed an Imperial Japanese Navy invasion fleet heading for Port Moresby in New Guinea and Tulagi in the south eastern Solomon Islands. A month later, and six months after Japan's attack on Pearl Harbour, another Imperial Japanese Navy fleet was ambushed by the Americans at the Battle of Medway 4–7 June 1942. The main reasons for these successes were that the Americans had cracked the Japanese radio codes and quickly assembled superior naval and air forces. These two battles effectively prevented any further expansion of Japan’s ‘Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere.’ The bitter recovery of the islands began. By the time of his demobilisation, Herbert had been promoted to the rank of Sergeant.

Guy’s War
Guy, with Deb Coulter and many other single men from the Far North, were posted to the 27th (Machine Gun) Battalion at Trentham Camp near Christchurch and trained on the Vickers belt-fed machine gun. While on leave there Guy met a milkman’s daughter, Janet Maud Elizabeth Boswell (born 10 October 1919, died 11 March 1996, aged 77). As noted above, she came to the Far North for Guy’s final leave and left engaged. Janet recalled being met off the bus by May, being introduced to everyone in the family by May, being chaperoned everywhere by May and finally being put back on the bus by May; “a lovely lovely lady.” Janet and Guy are pictured right with Mrs Murphy, a chaperone, and wrote to each other regularly throughout the war.
Guy served with distinction in Greece, Crete, and North Africa, also rising to the rank of Sergeant. His first action was at the Battle of Kleidi Pass in northern Greece, trying to stop the invading German Army. They dug in to provide fire support to three infantry battalions preparing to hold Kleidi Pass against a reinforced German Division. Together, the 1st Rangers of the King’s Royal Rifle Corps, the 2/4 Australian Battalion and the 2/8 Australian Battalion faced odds of about 3 to 1, plus tanks.
Snow fell early on 10 April 1941 and the day dawned crystal clear. Guy’s 1 Platoon colleagues (see right, Guy at the right end of the second row with a sloping helmet) had a bird’s eye view of the Germans approaching Kleidi Pass. Coming
down the road past Palaistra and Sitaria was the battle-hardened Leibstandarte SS ‘Adolf Hitler’ Division of elite mountain troops. They were supported by tanks from the 9th Panzer Division but had briefly outstripped the reach of the Luftwaffe. After an artillery duel the Germans probed the Kleidi Pass defences night and day, suffering badly from 1 Platoon’s machine guns firing on fixed lines by night (see dispositions right, 10 April 1941). The next day they hooked left and occupied the village of Vevi. They then attacked using another left hook at 8.30 am on 12 April in heavy fog, driving between the Ranger’s right flank and 2/8 Australian’s left flank towards the high Point 997. Heavy machine gun fire support had to be limited to planned fire lanes.

Shrouded by the fog, the Rangers, Australians and the SS troops were locked in bitter, close quarter fighting for over two hours. Had the Germans made a right hook, that is, up the slope used by the modern day road to skirt south west around Kleidi Pass, they would have advanced over 1 Platoon’s gun pits.

From 11.00 am on the 12th, as the fog lifted, all of the New Zealand machine gunners were able to select targets, stop organized attacks, and provide covering fire as the surviving Rangers and Australians withdrew to reserve positions. Despite already having taken horrendous casualties, and without having actually taken Point 997, the German Divisional Commander then decided to launch his main attack at midday against the 2/4 Australian’s exposed left flank, once again accepting heavy casualties from the 5 and 6 Platoon machine guns on Point 997. Slowly the Panzer tanks crept up into firing positions, impervious to machine gun fire, pinpointed defence positions one by one on the forward slopes, and with main gun and machine gun fire, neutralised them.

The price paid by the Germans in their left hook assaults to capture Kleidi Pass was appalling. Between the 10th and the 13th of April, the point battalion of the SS ‘Adolf Hitler’ Division alone lost 37 killed, 98 wounded and had 2 missing. On the other hand, it was claimed, with grim justification, that this “bold attack to open the door to the heart of Greece paved the way to final victory in Greece.”

From then on the New Zealanders and their allies fell back from ambush position to ambush position, increasingly and then constantly harassed by the Luftwaffe. By 20 April the British troops had fallen back over a hundred miles to the Thermopylae Line sited across the narrow neck of land that provides access to the Athens peninsula. The main road south to Athens branches at Lamia. One road goes up the Brallos Pass. It was held by the Australians. The other leads down the narrow coastal route through Molos held by the New Zealanders. The Anzac Corps was back together again and inspired by the setting.

It was at Molos that Leonidas (see right) and his 300 Spartans, 700 Thespians and 400 Thebans held a narrow road between the cliffs and the sea for three days against over a million men of Xerxes’ invading Persian army. The Battle of Thermopylae in 480 BC ended when they were outflanked by Ephialtes’ treachery and destroyed to a man. Although sitting over the centuries had since extended the road into a five-mile wide coastal plain, the New Zealanders now stood where the Leonidas’ patriotic army of freemen defending native soil had gained immortal fame. Interestingly, they were also outflanked, not by Adolf Hitler’s finest SS mountain troops and Panzers, but first by the Luftwaffe and then by a political decision of the Greek Government to surrender.

Molos is where Guy recalled that the Anzacs were cured of their fear of the blitzkrieg (German for ‘lightning war’); an all-mechanized
concentration of tanks, infantry and artillery initiated by the concentrated and overwhelming use of air power. The aim of blitzkrieg strategy was to break through enemy lines, ignore the flanks and keep the enemy off-balance through constant motion, making it difficult for them to respond effectively before the front moved on. Guy tells his own story:

A fellow used to come on the radio every morning. Lord Haw Haw. One of the first broadcasts I heard was at about 10 in the morning. He said "Today is April the 20th. It is our Fuhrer's birthday." Well, it was Dad's birthday as well. I felt that it was pity that Dad couldn't hear the fellow as well. He went on, referring to us New Zealanders directly.

“We have a special surprise for you to mark his birthday. There will be a raid at midday. You won't believe this, but 700 dive bombers will personally deliver our glorious Fuhrer's birthday present. By the way, the HMS Hood was sunk by the first salvo fired by the Bismark. She went down with complete loss of life.”

We thought that he was having us on. We knew the Hood was virtually invincible. We had been told that and we believed it. And here was this coot saying that it had gone down. But the realisation soon came that he might be right. Soon after this we heard this sound like droning bees. And he warned us that 700 aircraft were coming. They don't have 700 aircraft, we thought. They couldn't have, or we would have been told about it. We weren't. Anyway, this drone got louder, and then it got darker, and help me God, as far as the eye could see, right across the horizon, were these damned planes.

They arrived like a mob of sheep. And dead on 12 o'clock, so precise that it was astounding, even to this day, these sheep, that looked like dots or black specks, turned and came into line and came through this gate and ... turned down, straight down. And there were seven or eight of them at a time. And as they turned down they turned on this scream. You have never heard such a sound in all your life. My Godfather! (see right, Ju 87s or Stukas, from Sturzkampfflugzeug 'dive bomber')

And for the next period of time they bombed the Christ out of us. I don't how long it took for each of those groups to go through us. Each of those planes had three or four bombs, and they let all of these bombs go to scream their way down. There was no doubt in our minds after that why the people of Poland and Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Romania had just walked away. With this bloody screaming, it was a form of psychological warfare that we had not been warned about. We were trained troops but no one told us. But they did one good thing for us. When they had finally finished with us nothing could really ever scare us again. Not really.

When we got to Crete they had another go at us. So what. They couldn't scare us anymore, so without them realising it, they had made us into an extremely disciplined group within a couple of hours. They had aircraft over us all the time.

Mind you, if we had a go at them with the Vickers, one of our boys would say "If you have another go at them I am going to bloody well shoot you!" And they meant it. The more you shoot at them, they said, the more you are likely to attract their attention. They had a point though, with Stukas and Dorniers upstairs waiting for targets, and Meshies [Messerschmitt Bf 109s, see right] flying by at ground level looking for us. So we moved by night or slept and ambushed by day.
The New Zealand machine gunners were evacuated off Porto Rafti, Greece by the Royal Navy and taken to Suda Bay, Crete. Against orders, Guy carried his gun’s tripod on board, reasoning that, without it, they were no longer a gun team. Once ashore at Suda Bay his team was quick to cobble together guns, tripods, equipment and some ammunition and prepared to defend the island. On 20 May 1941 his team’s Vickers machine gun was sited to fire across and down the face of Point 107, the rounded hill that overlooks the Maleme airfield (see right, today). Guy recalled

The battle for Crete was as savage as any I knew. The German paratroopers, the elite of Germany’s manhood were well trained, well armed and thoroughly organised for their mission. Firstly the Luftwaffe had bombed and strafed, strafed and bombed anything that moved until it seemed that they had absolute control of the air space above the island.

Right to the second in timing of the operation, the formations of troop-carrying planes arrived over their appointed ‘drop’ areas. Suddenly the air was filled with white mushroom shaped objects at the base of each floated a dark shape that flickered as it descended. The roar of the Junkers troop carriers now changed and gave way to the staccato of the fast firing guns that the parachutist sprayed the ground below in his attempt to land safely. Because of our elevated positions we had a commanding view of the whole operation. The nearest planes of each formation flew within a hundred yards of our Vickers and Bren machine gun sites and about a hundred feet above us. It was carnage. (See right, the German view of Point 107 from the airfield).

Every twenty minutes new squadrons of troop carriers were over the drop area disgorging their complement of human cargo. The occasional stutter of the extremely fast firing guns proved that at least some of the paratrooper had survived their landing. Some planes dropped multi-coloured parachutes. These carried heavy weaponry, light field guns, spandaus and cartons and cartons of ammunition. And the parachutists kept dropping.

A new element emerged. Spandaus, with their distinctive fast firing chatter, became part of the cacophony. Worse, the spandaus were firing explosive bullets. This use was legitimate against aircraft but to use them against ground troops was verboten. What sympathy there was for the futility of the paratroopers’ objectives very quickly evaporated at this abuse. The dropping of paratroopers went on and on. Their losses were unbelievable [and yet they kept attacking Point 107 for two days, see right].

When Guy’s team finally ran out of belt ammunition, and they lacked clear orders, he took up a Bren gun and he and most of the other machine gunners fought their way clear. They walked back to Suda Bay, then through the
Imbros Gorge and the Royal Navy took them off what they called SFarkia (actually Hora SFakion). In 2005 Kirsty and I found Guy’s gun pit site at Maleme, walked the battlefield and the withdrawal route, and agreed with his analysis.

The Germans buried 4,465 on Point 107, mostly aged 18 or 19, and then counted a total of 6,580 men dead, wounded or missing after the Battle of Crete. Hitler was so shocked by the losses that he never allowed General Student to use his paratroopers again in an airborne assault. Churchill studied the battle carefully, identified the German’s tactical errors, and then ordered the formation of an airborne army of 5,000 paratroopers that he used successfully in the invasion of Europe.

Once back at Maadi Camp in Egypt, the 27 (Machine Gun) Battalion received reinforcements from New Zealand, including Guy’s younger brother Peter. They trained for the Desert Campaign against the German’s Afrika Corps, eventually coming to revere its leader, General Erwin Rommel (see right).

From November 1941 until March 1943 Guy was involved in the Battles of Sidi Rezegh, Sidi Azeiz and Gazala, Minqar Qaim, Ruweisat Ridge, El Mreir, The Breakout from the New Zealand Box, El Alamein, and Tebaga Gap, including a spell as a prisoner of war in the Bardia Camp until released by the South Africans.

It was at one of these battles that Reynold Evans, a deeply respected unarmed stretcher bearer in Guy’s unit, was captured by the Germans. Reynold suffered so badly from asthma that he was not expected to survive captivity. To commemorate Reynold’s low key heroism, Guy named his second child, the author, after him.

Years after the war, Reynold appeared at a reunion, called Guy by his nickname ‘Basher’ and explained that his PoW camp had been in the Black Forest where the pine fragrance had eased his condition. Sadly, like many returned servicemen, Reynold Evans died prematurely, although Nicki and I have maintained the link with his son Willy Evans and his wife Marie who farm on the Waiotu Block Road, Hukerenui, Whakapara.

With victory in Africa declared, the New Zealand Division was stood down and departed 15 May 1943 to drive 2000 miles back to Maadi Camp in Egypt. They reached Maadi on 1 June 1943 to be told that the 6,000 men in the Division with the longest service records were to return to New Zealand for demobilisation. Guy’s war was over.

Guy must have then written to Alfred to express interest in buying the Mangatoetoe farm in the knowledge that he would be eligible for a Rehabilitation Loan for returned soldiers. Alfred must have agreed and instructed the Guardian Trust to proceed with the sale. Ken recalled May receiving a letter indicating that the farm was going to be sold and they would have to vacate the farm by a specific date. Guy must have also written to Janet Boswell to propose a date for their marriage, because when he reached New Zealand he was a Sergeant, and on 11 April 1944, still in uniform, he married Janet in Levin in the Marriage Registry.

Five days later, on 16 April 1944, May Macpherson “at Mangatoitoi” hosted a local “welcome to Sgt. Guy Macpherson and his bride.” A “jolly time was spent in games, competitions and cards.” Speakers congratulated the guests of honour. A posy and “a well filled envelope” were presented to the guests of honour before “a dainty supper, which included generous portions of wedding cake, was served by the ladies” (Northland Age, 1944).

Guy looked gaunt and ten years older than his 25 years. Decades later he read Alison Parr’s book Silent Casualties (1995) and discovered that he was still suffering from PTSD. It was a collection of stories by veterans about their war and post-war experiences. There were, he said, remarkable consistencies between the reported effects that war had on veterans and on their relationships, and with his own experiences. He also came to the conclusion that, when he had returned to New Zealand, he was “totally unsuited to being a father.” The marriage ended 23 years later in divorce, my Mother, brothers and I having scattered.
Alfred and Gordon’s WW2

Alfred’s War
The photo right, taken Christmas 1940, shows Peter, Alfred and John behind Gordon, Herbert and Ken. By then Peter, John and Herbert had enlisted in the Territorial Army for basic training and Alfred was suffering from alcohol induced stomach problems. Within months May Macpherson, the 12 year old Ken and the 7 year old Gordon were left to milk about four dozen cows and manage the MangatoetoToe farm. Alfred’s enlistment (see left) was delayed by illness, probably due to excessive drinking and possibly a consequence of PTSD. Ken (2008) recalled that his father had been hospitalised for a few months after collapsing in the cow shed with bloody urine from an ulcerated stomach. He was put on a white meat diet and his sister-in-law Ines Macpherson at Honeymoon Valley nursed him back to health. From there Alfred enlisted in the Home Guard in Peria, never again returning to the MangatoetoToe farm. There was a coastal observation point at Peria, possibly on Pupekiki. Alfred spent WW2 in the New Zealand Army, driving troop and supply trucks. Like his two eldest sons and one of the twins, he rose to the rank of Sergeant.

Gordon’s War
Alfred’s younger brother Gordon had a very different war. When he enlisted for WW2, aged 32, he was posted to 21 (Infantry) Battalion of the New Zealand Army. His maturity and leadership stood out during training and he was promoted to Sergeant before leaving New Zealand. He sailed for Maadi Camp in Egypt in the First Echelon, New Zealand Expeditionary Force, under the command of Major-General Bernard Freyberg. He was commissioned at Maardi and the official history of 21 Battalion records that “2Lt. E.G. Macpherson” (Cody, 1953, p. 112) was posted to lead a platoon in C Coy for the Libyan Campaign (see right). He was very lucky to survive. On 22 November 1942, 21 Battalion advanced on Bir Gheirba, with C Company providing fire support with a section of Bren gun carriers and a section of machine guns from Hafid Ridge. The battalion’s objective across flat ground was an 800 yard deep position of what appeared to be wire defences in front of enemy transport. 21 Battalion’s A Coy was then pinned down 800-1000 yards from the objective by intense machine gun and tank fire. A heavy rain squall enabled B Coy to get within 300 yards of the wire until they were also stopped by machine gun and mortar fire, reporting that there was a minefield behind the wire. At 5 p.m. C Coy, including Gordon, was ordered to attack on the left of A Company where there was no wire. Displaying incredible courage, they penetrated into the minefield until red and green tracer bullets showed that the enemy had at least thirty machine guns covering his front. C Company found patches of dead ground in the muddy desert and probed the defences while awaiting further orders.
By nightfall 21 Battalion had suffered 13 killed and 65 wounded. During the dark and cloudy night the wounded were evacuated and preparations made to attack at dawn, until new orders arrived for them to break off the engagement. It had been realised that “21 Battalion, with inadequate support, had been given an impossible job .... In actual fact the battalion was trying to capture the headquarters position of the Italian 55 Savona Division, defended by tanks, artillery, and machine guns firing from concrete pillboxes.” (p. 118)
The new orders for 21 Battalion were to join 6 Brigade on the Sidi Rezegh escarpment in defence of the narrow funnel through the deep minefields surrounding Tobruk (see right). They moved out of the frying pan into the fire. In a quick reorganisation of survivors, Gordon was moved from C Coy to A Coy of 21 Battalion, and once again was very lucky to survive, although his chances were enhanced by a smart tactical decision not to follow orders.

On 28 November 1942 A Coy was badly stretched over rocky ground and overrun by German troops with submachine guns closely supported by heavily armoured Panzer III tanks, mortars and artillery. They had also been confused by rumours of being joined by Free French and Polish troops, ‘orders’ to cease fire from the rear and last minute changes in position. Cody (p. 377) reported that

Second-Lieutenant MacPherson says it was ‘an almost impossible task’ to dig in on a flat bed of rock under heavy fire, and when the other platoons moved he kept his where it was. A Company of the 21st had three officers, Ferguson, MacPherson, and Second-Lieutenant Hutchinson, but there were no NCOs at all and in a very short time no more than twenty men, the others having been killed or wounded by fire which swept in from the south-west, south and south-east. ...

It was all over. MacPherson says that as a ruse some of the enemy in front put up their hands shortly before the end; this coincided with fresh shouts from behind to cease fire, and in the uneasy pause which followed Germans appeared among them.

Gordon spent the next three years in an Italian Prisoner of War (PoW) Camp and then in a German PoW Camp. He was released by the Americans but was so emaciated due to near starvation that he was repatriated to England for six months treatment until he was considered well enough to travel to New Zealand. He ended his war service as a Captain (Northland Age, 1945). As with Guy, Gordon’s war experiences had effects that lasted decades.

To explain, when Gordon returned from the Second World War, he and Ines renewed their vows (see right) and they were given up to a year of free train travel by the Government. They decided on a second more leisurely honeymoon.

On their return to Honeymoon Valley their first venture was to set up a small dairy farm with about 20 cows. They gradually achieved relative success with a mix of cattle and sheep farming. It was noted decades later (RMS Dunn & Dunn, 2010) that the farm was always under stocked, and when chivvied about this by stock and station agents, Gordon would respond firmly; “No, no. I know what it is like to be hungry.”
The Twins in WW2

Peter’s War

The Twins enlisted as soon as they turned 20, in October 1940. Peter Marryatt Macpherson (born 22 October 1920 died 17 August 1942 aged 21) was posted to the 27th (Machine Gun) Bn., Army No. 62519. In brief, he arrived in Maadi Camp in Egypt as part of the reinforcements that arrived after the withdrawals from Greece and Crete. He was wounded prior to being captured by one of Rommel’s famous tank attacks in the Western Desert and held for about a month with Guy in the Bardia prisoner-of-war camp in Benghazi. The camp was described (Edge & Henderson, 1983, pp. 141-142) as

a heavily-barbed-wire slum set in a bare and windless rocky valley, hot as an oven and lorded over by unsanitary trigger-happy Italian guards. Here some 3000 to 4000 mosquito-and-fly-plagued semi-starved captives (at times Benghazi held more than 14,000 men) were crammed into one compound or partition of two acres. The dirty rocky soil (not sand) swarmed with fleas and industrious red-backed ants; watery-coloured lice crouched in the seams of the scanty clothing the prisoners were captured in. “I felt like a bloody football field” – Gordon Cleveland of Levin. Dysentery raged. Sanitation? None. Men slept in the open, wherever they could find a spot to lie down in the dirt. Some 400 had groundsheets, or a bit of canvas, to make travesties of tents …

Benghazi’s daily ration: 100 grams of Italian tinned meat (jellied horse?), 225 grams of bread, a cup of thin, soupy rice, and a mug of ersatz ‘coffee’, allegedly from burnt acorns …. PoWs suffered scurvy, desert sores, black-outs, dysentery; humiliation and helpless, doubled up with dysentery. There was no provision for latrines except for rough pits, four trenches about a metre deep which were soon overflowing … (see right a photo Guy took illicitly in Bardia)

The Italians strutted. Several men, their escapes foiled, were hung by their thumbs from the barbed wired to their toes just brushing the dirt. Unimpressed, the Kiwis fashioned a tail of empty tins, and in the night hung this from the barbed wired and tugged. The enemy opened fire in all directions …. The longest month of a lifetime passed in unimaginable squalor.

The PoWs were then told that they were to be transferred to Italy. Cards were handed out allocating them to two ships; a blue line meaning the Nino Bixio (see below right) and a red line the Sestriere. Peter’s card had a blue line and he filed on board the Nino Bixio on the morning of 16th of August 1942. The Nino Bixio and the Sestriere sailed at 3.08 pm from Benghazi bound for Brindisi, Italy, escorted by two Italian destroyers, the Da Recco and Saetta, and two torpedo boats. Both PoW ships were unmarked, without the red crosses and horizontal stripe of hospital ships or the large white PoW letters normally painted on prison ships. The Nino Bixio and the Sestriere were cargo ships that were moving troops and war materials from Italy to support Rommel’s campaign in North Africa, and, on this trip, back-loading PoWs. By the rules of war the unmarked cargo ships were legitimate targets. Their human
cargoes on this occasion would not have been known to the British submarine commanders patrolling the Mediterranean.

Lieutenant Commander John 'Tubby' Linton, VC DSO DSC, commander of *HMS Turbulent* (see right), was described as “a rare and boisterous character” who “played rugby for the RAF as a prop forward. He was short but weighed 17 stone and ‘his appearance in North African nightclubs was viewed with apprehension by the management’ (Edge & Henderson, 1983, p. 11). The *Turbulent* (see below, outside mooring) sank 81,000 tons of enemy shipping in the Mediterranean during WW2, including one cruiser, one destroyer, 20 merchant vessels, six schooners and two trains. She was lost in early 1943 off Maddalena, NE Sardinia in the Tyrrenian Sea by the depth charges dropped by Italian MAS (Motor Torpedo Boat) escorts. Since Linton's VC was not 'gazetted' until May 1943 (Royal Navy, 2007), it was awarded posthumously. On the 17th of August 1942, however, *HMS Turbulent* was at its most deadly (p. 139).

Lt. Cdr. ‘Tubby’ Linton was on patrol at periscope depth in HM submarine *Turbulent*. Linton was 8 kilometres [south] west of Methoni [south west Peloponnese, Greece] when he sighted a convoy of two large enemy cargo ships and four naval escort vessels coming up fast from the southwest. Some men might have hesitated to attack ships whose escorts circled their charges like dolphins playing a deadly game of tag, but Linton was one of the Royal Navy’s greatest submarine commanders. He dived under the screen of speeding warships to reach his intended target.

When Linton brought *Turbulent* up to periscope depth for a final ‘look’ he had the fine new 8,000 tonne *Nino Bixio* squarely in his sights at close range. He hit the big cargo ship with two torpedoes before turning away to run *Turbulent* through the gauntlet of depth charges that exploded all around her. By a seeming miracle, the *Bixio* survived her double torpedo strike, but many of the 2900 British and Commonwealth PoWs she carried in her spacious holds did not.

The prisoners in the Nino Bixio were in conditions that were only a marginal improvement on the Benghazi POW Camp. There were 2,921 PoWs crammed on board with a few Italian troops. Peter Macpherson was in the forward hold with at least 300 other men. Despite the sweltering heat, only three or four were allowed up the single ladder to the primitive latrine, a wooden trough washed by seawater. The helmets and drums used for toilets in the hold could not cope and filth was soon everywhere.

Peter almost certainly died suddenly at 3.35 pm on the 17th of August 1942, at latitude 360° 36’ longitude 210° 30’. Eye-witness accounts capture the horror of the event (Edge & Henderson, 1983, p. 143):

One of HM Submarine *Turbulent*’s torpedoes strikes *Nino Bixio* with colossal violence and explosion. It tears right through the forward hold, cramped and batten down in fetid darkness, packed tight as a swarm of bees, an estimated 200 are killed, 30 seriously injured, 30 left walking wounded, and, incredibly, 30 to 40 escape more or less unhurt.

From a great jagged hole the size of a double-decker bus, a wall of seawater sweeps into this carnage, to hurl and to drown. The hideous oil drums overflowing with ordure disintegrate or are flushed away. So too the steel helmets humiliatingly used as emergency chamberpots. Hatch covers weighing a hundredweight each and steel deck-beams crash and pile in tangled confusion, with dead and broken men pinned under them. In the bottom of the hell hold almost all of the wounded and concussed prisoners drown.
Those dazedly attempting to escape through the second hole blasted in the other side are slashed or skewered by the ragged edges as the water surges. Swirling bits and pieces of bodies. Screams. Terrible cries for impossible help …

Regaining consciousness, ‘Kruger’ (J.K.) Newdick finds himself pinned beneath a girder with a bellyful of salt water, right leg useless, ribs broken, left lung punctured, and bleeding at the mouth and nose. Three mates hoist him to the deck, a rope tight around his tormented ribs.

A Dunedin man, mutilated to the point of death, is blown through two decks and 13 metres up to the crane deck! Pronounced dead, he will fully recover and return to New Zealand.

‘Two hundred men in that section are gone, killed, missing, drowned, massacred in one tragic moment’ – Tankie Bill Russell of Liverpool.

The second torpedo from the Turbulent hit the engine room, destroying the Nino Bixio’s engines. It lost way and slowly drifted to a halt over many kilometres. The bottom half of the sole ladder into the forward hold had been blown away by the first torpedo. Working groups were organised with ropes to haul up prisoners unable to climb. These heroes lowered themselves into the shambles to collect the stricken and dying, offering first-aid to all nationalities, all the while not knowing if the ship with its sides torn would sink or be hit by another torpedo. The wounded, the concussed and the dying were laid out in rows on the deck, to suffer even more when their wounds grew stiff and cold in the night. They were wrapped in blankets, sheets, greatcoats, anything that could be found in the crew’s quarters.

Not all of the PoWs behaved well in this situation. Many, especially the Indian troops, were terrified of being taken down by a sinking ship, and started leaping like lemmings from the decks. Other Indians turned to looting, infuriating the Italians who beat them up and threw some of them overboard. The sea behind the gliding Nino Bixio soon became full of the bobbing heads of soldiers struggling to survive on make-shift rafts and debris. The two Italian destroyers zigzagged through this wake, with their propellers killing some of the PoWs, firing depth charges that killed others in a vain attempt to sink the Turbulent. One destroyer later trailed ropes and rescued a few PoWs, although to do so in submarine waters was near suicidal bravery.

The captain of the Nino Bixio, Antonio Raggio (see right), was a powerful man, then with a square red beard. He remained at his post throughout the attack, and his calm and composed leadership during the afternoon gradually ended the panic. He made brief visits to the wounded and first-aid workers, and that evening, successfully took on a towing cable from the destroyer Saetta. They then made slow and steady progress to the nearest harbour.

The first priority on arrival was to bury the dead, including Peter Macpherson. It was done with care and reverence. Captain Ian St. George, one of the New Zealand officers onboard the Nino Bixio, wrote to Bob Wilson’s bereaved mother to explain that “We, who were lucky in escaping serious injury did our utmost to get all the wounded out of the hold onto the deck. The ship did not sink but was towed to Navarino, in Southern Greece where we cleared the bodies of our comrades from the hold on to a barge - the lads were buried ashore - a quiet spot near the sandy bay of little Navarino Harbour. I hope that your son and nephew have been spared and may be in some out-of-the-way place in Greece, but on the other hand, if they were killed, you can rest assured that they are resting where I have just stated put there by their comrades. As for the ghastly happening, I will say nothing Mrs Wilson if you don't mind.” (Montgomerie, 2005, p. 57)

The Nino Bixio was also met at Navarino by German aid teams and a propaganda unit. The former worked systematically to treat the wounded, move them ashore into the local hospital, and then on to the Italian hospital ship Toscana for moving on to Italy. Those considered unwounded were then forced, on occasion at bayonet point, back into the hold of another cargo ship for transportation, via Corinth, to a PoW Camp near Bari in Italy

30
(Rootsweb, 2007). The two-man German propaganda team sought out every detail and photographed the havoc caused by the British torpedoes for their newspapers, to the point where they offended Captain Raggio and were physically kicked off the ship.

Captain Antonio Raggio was born in 1904 and died in 1959 at Chiavari, Genoa Province, Italy. Edge & Henderson recorded why Captain Raggio will long be remembered with deep affection (1983, p. 148)

He will visit the wounded when they are carried ashore into hospital, pausing by their beds with little gifts of cigarettes, a biscuit, a few grapes or sweets, sympathising and deplored in uncertain English, but pointing out that war is war, and he too has lost good men. He will send a band to play outside, to help the stricken ones forget their plight and suffering for an hour or two. Sixteen of his own crew are dead.

After the war, the Commonwealth War Graves Commission disinterred those buried at Navarino Harbour and moved them to the Phaleron War Cemetery in downtown Athens, Greece (CGWC, 1942). Peter’s namesake, Guy’s third son, Gilbert Peter Macpherson (born 4 September 1947, known as Peter), and his wife Vyvyen found his Uncle Peter’s final resting place, in Plot 13, Row B, Grave 3, in Phaleron (see right). Others in the family have since visited the cemetery and paid their respects.

**John’s War**

John Anderson Macpherson was a Sergeant Wireless Operator and Air Gunner in the Stirling Bomber numbered W7618/V of 218 Squadron, RAF (see right). This squadron had a short history (RAF, 2010). In June 1940, after having hindered the German advance into France by bombing the enemy’s lines of communications and troop concentrations, 218 Squadron was evacuated to England and re-equipped with Bristol Blenheim bombers. Five months later, it was re-equipped with Wellington long-range aircraft and its targets ranged from industrial centres, railways, V-weapon sites and gun batteries, to the Channel ports, oil and petrol installations. The squadron had been again re-equipped with Stirling four-engine bombers in December 1941 by the time John was posted to the Squadron (see below). These Stirlings were replaced by Lancasters in the summer of 1944.

John’s biography (Martyn, 2008, p. 314) and service record (Hanson, 2001) confirm that he was born in Milton 22 October 1920, educated at Fairburns School and was a labourer prior to joining the Territorial Army in Kaitaia for a year. He joined the RNZAF on the 19 January 1941 and started initial training at Levin, New Zealand, as a Wireless Operator/Air Gunner. He embarked on the SS Awatea for Canada 27 February 1941 and was attached to the Royal Canadian Air Force 16 March 1941. He passed 3 Wireless School 18 March 1941 and 7 Bombing and Gunnery School 1 September 1941. He won his Wireless Operator and Air Gunner Badges and was promoted to Sergeant 29 September 1941. He then embarked for the UK and was attached to the RAF 12 October 1941. He passed 2 Signals School 23 December 1941 and then joined 11 Operational and Refresher Training Unit, with his first bombing operation to Bremen in a Wellington bomber on 3 March 1942.

When John was posted to 218 Squadron RAF, it was based at Downham Market airfield, Norfolk, part of 3 Group. His second operation was on 7 July 1942. He died on his third operation on 18 August 1942.

John died the day after his twin Peter was killed by a British torpedo. Since his body was never recovered to be buried with appropriate honour, he was commemorated on Panel 117 of the Runnymead Memorial and confirmed as the son of Alfred Sinclair and Margaret Louisa Macpherson (né Kendall),
RMD, Kaitaia. The Runnymede Database (2010) also confirms that John was Mentioned in Despatches for meritorious services.

John’s fate was described in more detail by Errol Martyn (1998, p. 238) and Colin Hanson (2001). The raid on Flensburg submarine pens was made by 188 aircraft. Four were lost, including John’s Stirling 1 W7618/V. It took off at 2107 captained by Pilot Officer I.G. McDaniel, RAF, and was shot down by a night-fighter, crashing into the sea off the Danish west coast. Two of the crew were buried in Germany and the bodies of two others, including John, were never recovered and thus commemorated on the Runnymede Memorial. Flight Lieutenant McDaniel, wounded bomb aimer Sgt C.A. Powell RNZAF and one of the air gunners, Sgt W.N. Wilkinson RAFVR, survived to be picked up by a Danish trawler after drifting in their dinghy for three days in rough weather. All three were taken prisoner of war when the boat was later stopped by a German patrol vessel. The 218 Squadron (2004-2008) website confirmed the crew list as follows in Table 1.

Table 1: The known fates of the crew of Stirling W7618 that ditched in the North Sea, 18 August 1942

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Service No.</th>
<th>Airforce</th>
<th>Role</th>
<th>Target</th>
<th>Date taken PoW</th>
<th>PoW No.</th>
<th>PoW Camp</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>C.A. Powell</td>
<td>Sgt.</td>
<td>403290</td>
<td>RNZAF</td>
<td>B/A</td>
<td>Flensburg</td>
<td>18.08.1942</td>
<td>26878</td>
<td>887 Stalag 344 Lamsdorf</td>
<td>Adrift for 3 days in dingy.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W.N. Wilkinson</td>
<td>Sgt.</td>
<td>1028136</td>
<td>RAFVR</td>
<td>Ag</td>
<td>Flensburg</td>
<td>18.08.1942</td>
<td>27747</td>
<td>Stalag 344 Lamsdorf</td>
<td>Picked up by Danish vessel E28 Danai.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ernest Norman Galloway</td>
<td>Sgt.</td>
<td>1546101</td>
<td>RAFVR</td>
<td>Ag</td>
<td>Flensburg</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>died 18.08.1942</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Anderson Macpherson</td>
<td>Sgt.</td>
<td>41597</td>
<td>RNZAF</td>
<td>WO/Ag</td>
<td>Flensburg</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>died 18.08.1942</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

An undated and anonymous letter was sent to the Macpherson family from the National Patriotic Fund Board New Zealand. It provided an informed but unverified description with some inaccuracies:

August 18th 1942. 90 [188] Bomber raid on Hinesburg [Flensburg] over target attacked by night-fighters, rear gunner killed. John sent back to release the flares and as he was doing so was wounded in left arm. Called out that he had been hit. Engineer dressed wound which was not serious and John said he was quite all right. Went back to his radio set. Short while later was very badly wounded in the back. They did what they could for him and gave him a shot of morphine. He was conscious. Plane badly hit but decided to try and make England. Lost height 40 miles off Danish coast forced to land in the sea. Pilot to managed to rescue Powell and engineer but impossible to get John out of cabin and he went down with plane. Thought likely that John was dead before plane landed on water. The three of them were four days in boat and picked up by Danish fishermen, Germans boarded boat and took them prisoner.

John very popular indeed with the crew and they had all been together for some time. They had carried out a number of raids together. Powell spoke very highly of him as a wireless operator. He would unquestionably have very soon had his commission.

On the night he was killed Povill found him repacking all his kit. Asked what he was doing John said that if anything happened to him he wanted everything tidy and he wanted his photographs to go to his Aunt in England (presumably Eileen).

He had been very popular in Canada and made many friends over there.

John was awarded four medals; the 1939-1945 Star, the Aircrew Europe Star, the War Medal 1939-1945, and the New Zealand War Medal. He was also Mentioned in Despatches in the King's Birthday Honours in 1943 (Papers Past, 1943, 17 June) and recorded in the London Gazette as J.A. McPhearson (1943, 2 June).

May Macpherson was profoundly affected by the loss of the Twins in 1942. She had adopted and raised them as her own from 1925 when they were four. Her despair deepened two years later when Alfred did not return to
the farm after being demobilised. Instead, he settled in Kaeo, a small market town at the head of the Whangaroa harbour on the east coast south of Mangonui. Ken recalled (K. Macpherson, 2010)

As the war was coming to an end we received a letter to say that Guy would be returning and that we would have to vacate the farm by a certain date. This was a real kick in the guts, just coming out of the blue. I knew that this was going to be a bigger challenge than my earlier years. This had been my home for fifteen years and I knew every stick and stone on the place and now it was all over with a heap of new and different responsibilities.

It was also about then that we received a telegram to say that my half brother John had been shot down in the English Channel and had not survived. This was just about the last straw, especially for Mum. We got in touch with Dad to see if we could take the car, seeing that we had paid it off over the last four years, but this was also turned down as it was part of the deal and it went with the farm.

... we received another telegram to say that Peter had been drowned when the prisoner of war boat he was in had been sunk. I am afraid that this was just about the last straw for both of us. Mum was very close to the twins as she had brought them up from babies .... I also had a bit of a breakdown at this time and nearly ended it all right then. It was just the fact that I still had Mum and Gordon to think about that brought me around.

Alfred’s actions split the family. The split was still apparent 20 years later when Guy and his family were not invited to May’s 70th birthday celebrations in 1964 (below). Present in the back row were Charley Hutley, Bob Russell, Herbert Macpherson, E. Gordon Macpherson, Ken Macpherson, George Udjur and Gordon Macpherson. The second row includes Charlie Russell, Selwyn Parker, Eric Kitchen and Kelly Switzer. The third row comprises Myra Udjur (née McManus), Christine Willis (née Macpherson), Maire Parker (née Macpherson), Barney McManus, Gerty Macpherson (née Hamilton), Eileen Russell, Pat Macpherson (née Geddes), Ines Macpherson (née Bennett), Nancye Macpherson (née Mills), Joyce Switzer (née Macpherson) and Patsy Kitchen (née Macpherson). The fourth row was Warren Hudson (Lorna’s son who died in 1970s), Johnny Russell and Keith Russell (Charlie’s sons), Rhonda Macpherson, Lorna Hudson (née McManus), Cecily ‘Sis’ McManus (née Russell), May Macpherson (née Russell), Elizabeth Berghan, Hazel Paul and Nona Russell. The front row was Mark Kitchen, John, Michael and Sari Macpherson, Deborah Hudson, Fiona Parker, Karen Macpherson and Sheena Parker.
Alfred and Ivy Macpherson, 1945 – 1968

After the sale of the Mangatotoe farm in 1945, Alfred had the Guardian Trust buy a Nash Rambler car through a Kaikohe agent to run a taxi business in Kaeo. He subsequently asked the Trust to purchase upgrades every few years. It became a tradition in the family that he provide the bridal car for each of his nieces’ marriages.

It is believed that Alfred never owned and rented a two-storied house on the Kaeo flood plain owned by the Neshits, a large family in the area. His partner was Ivy Myra Nesbit (born about 1902 died 27 December 1955 aged 53), a nurse at the hospital in Kaeo (see right Nacey, Ivy and Alfred Macpherson). Her beautiful pink granite tombstone in Kaeo Cemetery records her as the ‘beloved wife’ of Alfred, although no record has been found of a formal marriage. There were no children. Instead, I became Ivy’s surrogate child and spent many happy holidays in Kaeo.

Ivy was an enthusiastic pianist. I spent many hours on her knee enjoying her boisterous rendition of the popular songs of the day. The joy dissolved when she suddenly sickened of an inoperable brain tumour. I was nine when the music stopped. My own parent’s marriage then started to run into sand, relatives started demanding that I take sides in the conflict, I was abused for refusing to do so and my childhood was over. Although my father Guy eventually acquired Ivy’s piano for $200 from her sister, and passed it to me (as originally promised by Ivy but who died intestate), it awaits a musically gifted child in my family.

Alfred lived another 13 years in Kaeo after Ivy’s death, visited regularly by Gordon’s wife Nacey (néé Mills) and her daughters Rhonda and Karen Macpherson (see right). He took Herbert’s wife Gertrude ‘Gerty’ for a tour around New Zealand in the early 1960s.

There was a family gathering in Kaeo for Alfred’s 69th or 70th birthday in 1964 (right), although ‘the split’ was still evident with the absence of many Russells. Standing in the back row are Guy Macpherson, Ken Macpherson, Maureen Matthews, Nacey Macpherson (néé Mills), Gilbert Peter Macpherson, Alfred Macpherson, Douglas Macpherson, Gordon Macpherson, Herbert Macpherson, Kelly Switzer, Neil Willis and Jonny Matthews. Kneeling are Fiona Parker, Sheena Parker (by the table), Pat Macpherson (néé Geddes) holding Wendy Macpherson, Brett Switzer standing in front of Gerty Macpherson (néé Hamilton), Patsy White (néé Macpherson), Maire Parker (néé Macpherson), Joyce Switzer (néé Macpherson), Christine Willis (néé Macpherson) and Meg Matthews (néé Macpherson). Seated at the front are Mark Kitchen, Terrence Matthews and Stuart Macpherson.

Alfred died in 1968 of prostate cancer. Despite the best efforts of the New Zealand Army, I arrived in Kaeo the day after the funeral to pay my respects. Alfred had been buried beside Ivy against the right hand boundary of the cemetery, equidistant from where Ivy’s tombstone was later erected in the Nisbet family area and from Alfred’s plaque in the Returned Servicemen Association’s section. Alfred’s plaque reads No. 802784 Sgt. A.S Macpherson, N.Z. Military Forces, died 6 March 1968 aged 73 years. Since other records have his death as 20
February 1968, he may have met his Maker three weeks earlier. Whatever, come Judgement Day, neither Alfred nor Ivy will rise from under their respective monuments!

**Herbert Pemberton ‘Buff’ Macpherson after the War**

**The Far North Timber Company**

When Alfred’s eldest son Herbert was demobilised he went back to delivering firewood and then gradually expanded his business. His first timber mill was in Okahu Road on a cramped section that was soon enveloped by the expanding Kaitaia. By 1956 he was employing three hard working people close enough to be family; his brother Gordon, who managed the extraction of logs, Johnny Matthews, who drove the log truck (later a son-in-law) and Selwyn Parker, who learned to manage the milling (also later a son-in-law). Herbert, Gordon and Selwyn then designed and then, with Willy van der Sluis (another son-in-law to be), built a new mill out at Kaingaroa near Awamui. They moved operations to the new site in 1958. The photo of Herbert right was taken 1 February 1958.

At about the time of the move to Kaingaroa, Herbert sold half his shares to Gordon and Selwyn. They got 25% each and paid them off from their share of annual profits. They cut native timber until it started running out about 1968, switching to pine. At first they treated pine sap wood with boric. After about six years the demand for tantalised posts and battens accelerated. They installed chain peelers and a treatment plant in 1963 (see right below Unknown, Herbert and Gordon), although the dangers of tantalising did not become evident until much later. At its high point, in the early 1970s, the Far North Timber Company was employing 15 men, although with such complexity came industrial troubles.

Herbert had his first heart attack in 1974 when he was 57. Finding that he was unable to work, he sold his shares in 1975 to Gordon and Selwyn. Sadly, the very next year Gordon was killed in a vehicle crash, in February 1976 aged 43. Hence, when Herbert’s second heart attack in November 1976 killed him, Selwyn became the sole owner and manager of the mill.

Increasingly plagued by industrial problems, Selwyn sold the mill to Adda Hammond in 1983, continuing on for a year as manager until the relationship deteriorated. He then returned to farming until demand by farmers with private timber to cut encouraged him to buy a mobile sawmill with Ian Goble. The Macpherson’s connection with milling was finally broken in 1987 when Selwyn returned to share milking for five years for his daughter Fiona and her husband, Joe King. Maire (née Macpherson) and Selwyn then built the Foreshore Lodge at Ahipara, much of it in beautiful heart rimu, running a bed and breakfast business there for 11 years. They retired to their Cable Bay home where Maire’s health gradually worsened and she died 23 February 2009. It is now important to turn back to Maire’s mother and Herbert’s wife, ‘Gerty’.
Gertrude Macpherson’s Children and Parents

Gertrude Ellen ‘Gerty’ or ‘Neta’ Hamilton (born 4 November 1915 died 9 July 1986 aged 70) (see right) married Herbert Macpherson in 1935. They were rejoined by Maire Fiona Macpherson (born 1 July 1933 died 28 February 2009 aged 75) who had been born to Gertrude two years earlier and raised by her mother ‘Piko’; that is, Apikera (Abigail) Hopa (Job), born 8 May 1890 died 13 March 1956 aged 65. Piko is pictured right below in 1943 with Gerty and her six girls; Patricia ‘Patsy’ Abigail Macpherson (born 24 June 1938), Maire, Neta Ellen Macpherson (born 17 July 1939), Christine (born 10 November 1940), Joyce Cecilia Macpherson (born 4 February 1936), and Margaret ‘Meg’ Rose Macpherson (born 10 April 1937). Piko provided a large number of descendents and connections for the Macpherson girls that I will come back to below. All six girls went on to marry and have many children between them, as clarified below, although it is important to first record their mother’s talents and impressive ancestry on both sides.

Gerty was taught piano as a child by professors organised by her father, Douglas George Hamilton (born 26 April 1887 died 1959 aged 71). She also had a phenomenal memory concerning family, as did her brother-in-law Guy Macpherson and son-in-law Johnny Matthews (2010), who together inspired and helped me to organise and record this part of our family history.

Gerty’s parents, Douglas George Hamilton and Piko Hopa, had a dairy farm on the rising ground to the right at the end of the first straight coming from Pukepoto towards Kaitaia. George was described by Guy as a tall, thin Scotsman that spoke with an English accent.

Douglas and Piko parted after their son George Douglas Henry ‘Sonny’ Hamilton (born 11 November 1916, died 1939 aged 22) had succumbed either to meningitis or consumption (tuberculosis). Sonny had just enlisted for military training in the Territorial Army with the Macpherson twins, Peter and John, and seemed to be fit and strong. His death came as a terrible shock to everyone. Piko held her husband Douglas responsible for Sonny’s death, believing that he should not have been sent out to milk the cows when he was sick.

After their separation, Douglas and Piko gave their farm to Herbert and Gerty, with Piko continuing to live there before going out to Victoria Valley to care for Ross White’s parents, Maire moving with her. She then went to Mangatoetoe when she became Claud Switzer’s house keeper for many years (see right below). This explains why Maire started school at Victoria Valley and later walked daily over the Wallace-Panther Road from Mangatoetoe to continue her attendance.

Douglas Hamilton moved south to Te Teko (Texas) near Whakatane in the Bay of Plenty where he worked as a bushman. He married again, to Lucy Karena, the ex Mrs Griffiths who had two children Phena and a boy, who died accidentally with his father of poisoning with sheep dip. She was from Te Hapua and once the cleaner of the Maria Van Dieman Lighthouse. Lucy and Douglas had two children who were siblings to Gerty; Conway Hamilton and Anne Hamilton. Anne married a Beattie from Wairoa, who died about 1999, after they had had five children, one named Christine (Matthews, 2010). Christine Beattie married John ‘Jock’ Ross, an ex-All Black who stood over six feet, and they had two equally giant sons, Isaac and Adam. Adam married a Busby and had two children. I will return to the Hamiltons below.
Gertrude Macpherson’s maternal ancestry

Gerty’s mother, Piko Hopa, was the second child of Tomia Hopa’s third wife Erina (Ellen) Piauta of Te Rarawa. Since Tomia and Erina had twelve children, and Tomia’s first wife Mereanna Kiwikiwi Taha had nine children, it is important to clarify the wives and mokopuna (descendants) of Tomia systematically, with the kind help of Johnny Matthews (2010), Sam Hobson (2010) and Jim Job (2011).

Tomia (Thomas) Hopa (Job) (see right, born 13 June 1823 died 28 February 1928 aged 105) was of Ngapuhi descent. Ngapuhi nui Tonu (Greater Ngapuhi) is New Zealand’s largest iwi (federation of tribes) and traditionally held Northland south of the Mangamuka Ranges down to the Brynderwyn Hills, their southern border with Ngati Whatua. The Brynderwyn Hills reach from Mangawhai Heads on the east coast nearly halfway to the eastern arms of Kaipara Harbour on the west coast.

Tomia farmed in Puketara near Kaitaia on the farm now owned by Moses Yates who bought it off Toamia’s 20th child; Fred. Toamia was an active member of the highly regarded Puketara Primary School, directing his many children and grandchildren to attend. He had a bach (rudimentary hut) in the Puketara bush so he could graze his cattle there in winter.

When Toamia died he was buried among other distinguished Māori leaders in the Tarakaka Urupa at St Stephen’s Anglican Church at Pamapuria, about six miles south of Kaitaia (see left). Meg Matthews recalls being shown his gravestone by her Aunty Emma who wept at such a big man having such a modest stone.

According to Jim Job, Toamia Hopa’s father had the same name, Hopa Toamia. This Toamia Snr, was born about 1780 in Pukewhau, baptised 20 November 1836, became a native school teacher, took a wife called Hera (Sarah), and when he died 5 August 1846 about 60 years old, he was buried at Puketara.

Toamia married his first wife Mereanna Kiwikiwi Taha on 14 June 1860. While awaiting inevitable corrections, I understand that their nine children and well over 107 mokopuna (grandchildren and other descendents) were

1. Maraea Hopa, who married a Heta
2. Rina Hopa, who married a Hona or Honi, with either Maraea or Rina lived in Kareponia near Awanui
3. Mata Hopa, who married Neho Popata and had 13 children: ‘Jacko’ Neho (who married Mary Subritsky and had 13 children); Peter Neho (who married Puhia Nathan and had two children), Waiatai ‘Tuba’ Neho (who married Mary Moses and had two children), Lucy Neho (who married Herbert Clarke and had a child Dennis); Bill Neho, Kingi Neho (who married and had six children); Mary Neho (who married Buster Henare and had children); Roger Neho; Maro Neho (who married Stan Brown from Te Hapua and adopted one of Kingi’s daughters Sandra), Dollie Neho (who married John Brown of Te Hapua and had four children); Parry Neho (who married Millie and had six children); David Neho (who married Josephine Harris and had three children); and Jenny Popata (who married Graham ‘Crunch’ Bradley and had two children).
4. Kete Hopa who married Haare Rogers and had one child, ‘Dome’ Rogers who married Maryanne Job
5. Pene (Benny) Hopa who married Mereana Teua and had two children Ngahi Hopa and Wahapa Hopa, and then married again to Emaroa Hobson and had five children; Noble Hopa, Ben Hopa, Bill Hopa, Simeon ‘Sam’ Hopa and Heta. Heta and Sam died young, Sam of bee stings and Heta as a teenager. Bill, a bushman, was known as Pirimona Hopa, and his daughter Margaret Job (born 16 February 1937) married Sam Hobson (see below).
6. Hemi (Jimmy) Hopa
7. Emere Hopa who married Muripaenga ‘Muru’ from Te Hapua and had five children: Huia Hopa (who married Morgan Nathan and had a child Aileen who married Herbert Petera); Tau Te Rangi Hopa (who married Alec Robson of Puketara and had many children); Selwyn Hopa; Ted Hopa (who married Wiki Williams and had many children); and Pat Hopa (who married Mary Matiu/ Matthews)
8. Dick ‘Riki’ Hopa who married Maki (Maggie) Hohepa (Joseph) and had three children: Norton Hopa; Sarah Hopa (who married George Stensness and had eight children; Joan, Hilda, Harold, Ken, Joy, Faye, Raye and Keith), and Francis Hopa (who married Rahere Taniwee (Stanaway) and had six children: Bill Hopa (who married Roma Shelford and had eight children); Joe Hopa; Henry Hopa; Bob Hopa (whose wife gave him nine children); Maggie Hopa (who married an Edwards and had two children, one called Reg Edwards, a painter at lived on Pukepoto Road); and Annie Hopa

9. Maki ‘Maggie’ Hopa (see right) who married Wiremu (William) Robson and had six children: Winnie Robson; Queenie Robson; Jessie Robson; Nettie Robson (who married Frank Harrison, a Minister) and Wiremu (William) Robson (whose wife gave him at least five children; Sennie Robson, Wallie Robson, ‘Dullie’ Robson, Jimmy Robson and Annette Robson.

Toamia Hopa’s second wife was Maraea or Mereina Te Whi Whi. They had no children.

Toamia’s third wife was Erina (Ellen) Piauta of Te Rarawa (see right with Toamia and unknown child) (born 1861 died 29 November 1939 aged 78). Their twelve children and at least 47 mokopuna were

1. Tipina ‘Ettie’ Hopa who was the first wife of Hore (George) Raiti (Wright), an Anglican who became Methodist Archdeacon in the Waikato (see below). They had six children; George Raiti, Annie Raiti, Ted Raiti, Minnie Raiti, Fred Raiti and Cathy Raiti. Ettie died when she was 32 and is the grandmother of Samuel Job ‘Sam’ Robson (born 11 June 1927) (Hobson, 2010)

2. Apikera (Abigail) ‘Piko’ Hopa, born 8 May 1890 died 13 March 1956 aged 65. Piko first married Edward Masters and had two children; Charlie Wellborn Masters and Augustus ‘Gus’ E. Masters. She then married Douglas George Hamilton and had two children; Gertrude Ellen Hamilton (who married Herbert Macpherson and had six daughters as noted above) and George Douglas Henry ‘Sonny’ Hamilton who died in 1939, aged 22

3. Merana (Marian) Hopa, the second wife of Hore (George) Raiti (Wright) (see Merana right on her wedding day attended by Maata Popota and Tipena Raiti). Merana and Hore had five children; Gladys Raiti, Edna Raiti, Iris Raiti, and the twins Henry and Joyce Raiti. Archdeacon Raiti died in his mid 40s when being considered as the next Maori Bishop of Aotearoa

4. Waata (Walter) Job, who married Selina/ Erina Murray and had twins after waiting eight years, three boys in total

5. Ropata (Robert) Hopa who married Julia (Huria) Latimer and had two children; Mary Hopa and Takiti Hopa

6. Robson ‘Robbie’ (Ropihana) Hopa who married Florence Smith and had three children (see Erina, Daphne and Hinemoa right); Hinemoa Hopa born 13 July 1913 (she married a Renner and had a son Gordon who married Diane and had a son Adrian who married Robin Gemmel to have a son), Daphne Hopa (who has a daughter Mary) and Erina Hopa (born 1920 and who married Peter Salle to have a son they named Peter)
7. Henare Hopa, a soldier who died at home of wounds from Gallipoli
8. Mary (Ngahemo?) Hopa (see right) who married Japeth Larkins of Oturu and had thirteen children: Robert Larkins; Dan Larkins; Sam Larkins (who married Eliza Walters to have five children; Ninia Larkins, Daphne Larkins, Maire Larkins, Puti Larkins and Charlie Larkins); Reuben Larkins, Ford Larkins, Norma Larkins who married Bob Stevens from the Hokianga, Gordon Larkins, June ‘Patsy’ Larkins who married Ike Harrison and had a family, Ray (died in the Thames); Lionel Larkins, Ben Larkins, Clarke Larkins and Charlie Larkins
10. Hugh (Tehu/ Teha) Hopa whose first wife Renee Blundell gave him three children (Henry Hopa, Bettie Hopa and Madge Hopa) and his second wife, possibly Annie Bassett, who have him another son, Alex Hopa.
11. Fred Job who was a taxi driver who also ran a billiard saloon. His first partner was Cathleen Pene who had a boy; David ‘Chookie’ Pene who married a Lazerus from Te Hapua. Fred then married Agnes Busby without issue. His second wife Jean gave him two children; Stephanie Job and Malcolm Job.
12. Emma (Erina) Job (see second right) was born 1905 and died November 1996 aged 91. She first married Howard Wilson and had three children; Peter Wilson, Michael Wilson and Jill Wilson. Her second husband was ‘Hooey’ Allan and they had one son, Bob Hooey Robert Allan.

Gerty and ‘Aunty Em’ (Emma or Erina Job, Piko’s youngest sister and Tomia and Erina’s twelfth child) told the Macpherson girls that, when Governor Sir George Grey’s wife Eliza Grey went back to England, he took a Māori consort. This consort was widely reputed to be the mother of Toamia Hopa (Matthews, 2010), although the photos right of Toamia (near right) and Sir George (far right) at a similar age do not suggest paternity. On the other hand, if this claim is proven using DNA, then Gerty Macpherson’s six girls are the great great granddaughters of Governor Sir George Grey.

What the whakapapa above does demonstrate is that Gerty’s grandfather, Toamia Hopa, had 21 children and over 150 mokopuna of Ngapuhi and Te Raraaw descent. It also provides Herbert and Gerty’s six girls with a huge number of relatives in the Far North, in addition to the Hamiton of Dannevirke who have distinguished Scottish ancestry, which will now be summarised.

Gertrude Macpherson’s paternal ancestry

Gerty’s father Douglas George Hamilton had been born in Dannevirke, the youngest son of Captain George Douglas Hamilton (born about 1835 died 19 November 1911 aged 76, see right). Captain George’s biographer (McGibbon, 2007) explained that he was the first European to settle permanently in southern Hawke’s Bay, residing first at Waitahora and leasing about 13,000 acres from 1861. He was one of the first settlers to negotiate and manage large sheep stations in consultation with local Māori. From 1863 until 1873 he was in partnership with John Wilkinson, obtaining a 21-year lease to 30,750 acres in 1867 in Mangatoro.

During the Land Wars he joined the local militia as a volunteer and skirmished against Ngati Hineuru adherents of Pai Marire at Omarunu, near Napier, on 12 October 1866. He was then commissioned as an ensign in the Napier Militia in 1869 to search for Te Kooti, later claiming to have captained Te Arawa and Ngati Kahungunu contingents. The rank stayed
with him as he became very active in post-Land War developments. He was widely trusted, to the point of assisting local Māori to divide up the £16,000 paid to them for the 250,000-acre Tamaki block in 1871.

Captain George returned to Edinburgh briefly, and on 10 March 1873, married Gertrude Helen Alicia Gwendolen Hughes (born about 1853 died 20 September 1914 aged 61). They eventually had a total of three sons and four daughters (McGibbon, 2007)

1. Gilbert Conway Hamilton (born 1875 in Dannevirke, died 2 March 1951 in Hastings)
2. John Douglas Hamilton (born 1875 and died 9 April 1945 in Dannevirke)
3. Mary Gertrude C Hamilton (born January 1878, Dannevirke, died 1965, New Zealand)
4. Irene Gertrude C Hamilton (born 21 October 1878, Mangatoura, Hawkes Bay, died 30 January 1952, Dannevirke)
5. Gwendolen A C J Hamilton (born and died 1880, Dannevirke)
6. Gertrude Laura G Hamilton (born 20 August 1881, Dannevirke, died 7 August 1952, Hastings), and

When Captain George returned to Mangatoro in March 1874, after marrying, he was encouraged by the Bank of New Zealand (BNZ) to borrow and launch large-scale developments with a promise of a 40-year extension to his lease. By 1884, however, he owed £44,000 and the BNZ became concerned about the depression and shifted its position on his leases. In 1878, New Zealand ran into a severe depression. The BNZ demanded repayment, took possession of the property and in 1890, bought it at auction for an undisclosed sum when there were no bidders and then fired Captain George. He and his wife had to beg for assistance from friends to rehouse their family at Tiratu, near Dannevirke. He was declared a bankrupt in 1896, although he may have received assistance from family in Scotland.

The BNZ’s tactics were described in the New Zealand Parliament as ‘disgraceful’ and as ‘one of the worst blots in the history of New Zealand banking’ (McGibbon, 2007). Captain George’s many petitions to the Courts and Parliament failed until the second Parliamentary Commission in 1910 concluded that he had indeed suffered a ‘serious wrong’. Nevertheless, the government of the day decided to set aside the Commission’s recommendation that he be compensated, allegedly because it was frightened of creating a precedent (McGibbon, 2007). It appears that political venality displaced justice.

In his closing years, Captain George stocked the rivers of Hawkes Bay with trout and its bush with pheasants, developed farmers’ and racing clubs, and got the Government Printing Office to publish his authoritative *Trout-fishing and sport in Māoriland* (Hamilton, 1904). He died of heart failure at Dannevirke in 1911, three years before his wife died in 1914. There is a room respectfully devoted to his activities at the Dannevirke Museum. His children scattered, bereft of their considerable inheritance, no doubt embittered by the illegal dispossession engineered by the BNZ and how national politicians failed to rectify a proven and substantial injustice.

It was, therefore, hardly surprising that Captain George’s youngest son Douglas deliberately nurtured Gerty’s extraordinary memory of family matters. Neta recalled visiting her grandfather Douglas George Hamilton in Te Teko with her father and mother, before he died in 1959 (W van der Sluis & N van der Sluis, 2010). At that meeting Douglas gave his daughter Gerty maps of the lands in the Dannevirke area they held before the BNZ intervened, indicating a continuing sense of grievance, along with a copy of his father’s trout fishing book. From then the connections with the Dannevirke Hamiltons have faded, with one rather odd exception.

**The Imposter Hamilton**

Gerty’s girls met a man in Auckland who introduced himself as George Douglas Hamilton (W van der Sluis & N van der Sluis, 2010). He and his wife Rose lived with their family in a huge old house in 17 Murdock Road, Grey Lynn, Auckland. He had a biscuit tin holding correspondence from the Queen showing that he was her distant relative. Neta introduced him to Gerty who was interested in her family links with royalty.

The Queen then kindly invited Gerty and George to dine with her when she next visited New Zealand. Herbert made it clear that they could not afford to attend such events and then reciprocate. George was humble and very plausible.
Gerty must have then realised that the fellow had written to the Queen purporting to be her long dead brother, George Douglas Hamilton, Sonny. When she challenged him he admitted privately to not being Sonny but an Oakley and a Hamilton on his mother’s side. This George Douglas Oakley must have found out that Sonny had died in 1922 and that Captain George’s forebears were Scottish royals related to the House of Windsor (see Lord George Douglas-Hamilton and Lady Gertrude Douglas-Hamilton right). He had changed his name to George Douglas Hamilton, stolen Sonny’s identity, written to the Queen and had been recognised as her distant relative.

The imposter continued to meet Gerty until he died, always with suitcases of evidence. He visited Willy and Neta in Birkenhead with his son and all he wanted to talk about was his royal connections. He had apparently fought in the Second World War and was possibly a train driver. He spent all of his money on his royal obsession rather than on his wife and children - they were dressed quite poorly while he was always dressed well in a tweed suit with a long tweed scarf.

The imposter and his wife continued to pass themselves off in Grey Lynn as Hamiltons with royal connections. And it seems that he fooled his wife to the end. When he died, Rose telephoned Gerty to ask, in all innocence, if he had told them where he had buried his biscuit tin with their family savings, his medals and his correspondence with the Queen. Gerty had to disappoint her.

Maire Macpherson

Maire married Selwyn James Parker (born 24 May 1934) on 19 June 1954. The Parkers are well documented as one of the Far North’s most extensive families (K. Parker, 1997). My older brother Douglas Macpherson served as their page boy dressed in a Red Macpherson kilt (see right).

Maire and Selwyn worked hard all their lives and were blessed with three children and six grandchildren. Some 14 months after Maire died 27 February 2009, Selwyn summarised the story of their family (S. Parker, 2010).

Excerpts follow:

Maire was 17 when I first met her. She used to get around with Doreen, Valma and Bubby Subritzky in Kaitaia. We used to bike into Kaitaia on Friday nights and go to the pictures. She was 17 and ten months older than me. When she turned 16 her father said she could please herself; go back to school or go to work. She first got a job with Rhys Williams, the grocer and baker. When she turned 18 she went down to the South Island hop and apple picking.

I was milking cows and working at home before going to work for Wally Coulter in Te Rore Road, Victoria Valley. I was grubbing gorse by hand for 2/6 an hour, good money then, 1948. I bought a BSA 250 and went down to visit Maire for a couple of weeks. I came home, she followed and we got married when we were both 19, on 19 June 1954.

We went share milking for 12 months for Henry Gibson, Takahue Road, but I was sick of milking cows. I had been milking at home since I was 10. Maire’s father said “Come and work for me at the mill” up Okahu Road, 1955. Johnny Matthews was already driving for him. I started on the Pacific Bench. Buff was putting logs through and I was taking flitches off the far end, stacking as high as the roof, on skids. Then we would bring it all back and put it through a small saw to cut boards. Hard yakka.
Maire and I were married in 1954. We had Fiona in 1956 [Fiona Gay Parker born 5 March 1956 in Kaitaia]. She went OK at College and then went nursing. She met Joe King [Kevin James ‘Joe’ King, born 1 March 1955] who had started in forestry down in Rotorua, so she continued nursing there, mainly in old people’s homes. Jeremy Foley invited Joe down to Stewart Island to dive for paua. He loved it. So Fiona called to tell us that it was a good business and that’s where they were going to live. He made big money getting a ton a day. He kept all the shells. Fiona did all the bookwork and the organising, and liaison with the Departments of Forestry and Fisheries along the way. When the Government brought in quotas for crayfish tails he was already taking one of the largest hauls, and because of this, he was allocated a big quota per year. He was just given it.

During this period Fiona really learned how to manage a business and to negotiate with government people, to insist on their rights. It really made her hard, not to sit back and accept what they give you but get stuck in and insist on your rights. They had Felicity in 1986 in Invercargill [Felicity Ellen King born 13 August]. They then sold their boat and house and moved back up north in 1987. They bought the Church’s farms on the Awanui Straight before moving. I went share milking for them for five years. They then had Leah in 1988 in Kaitaia [Leah Maree King, 12 March]. They kept their quota and leased it out to help finance their farming and development costs. Smart.

Looking back, I was married in 1954. Share milking in 1955. In 1956 I started at the Okahu Mill. In 1958 and 1959 we built and shifted out to Kaingaroa. We were 10 years cutting native timbers. We got into boric treatment from about 1962. Everybody started demanding pine posts and battens. So we got Hicksons to install the tannalising treatment plant and we paid them off over time. By 1969 we were flat out ... The early 1970s were the best for the partnership. Doug Broadbent did the books with help from Maire [Macpherson], Christine [Macpherson] and George Walker. [The photo right was taken in the mid 1970s and shows Selwyn and Maire with Grant, and their teenage daughters Fiona and Sheena].

We did take some time off though. I used to do some shooting with Heta Brass. We went out to Guy’s farm at Mangatoetoe to shoot some pukekos. We went up both sides of the raupo swamp about 30 yards wide between Guy’s and Roy Dawson’s place. My dog worked the raupo. A pukeko jumped up. Heta nailed it and me. Pretty scary. Could have taken my eye out. Janet dug Heta’s pellets out of my face, dabbing the holes with Dettol.

When Buff had his first heart attack at 57, in 1975, he could not work .... In February 1976 Gordon was killed in a crash when he was 43 .... Ten months later, in November 1976, Buff had been down south and called into Kaikohe on his way home to pick up a load of pine trees for us. That is when he had his second heart attack that killed him. No one was there to help him. The trees are still there.

So by about 1981, I had ... the whole business to myself. I decided that I had had enough of saw milling and sold the company. I got sick of the worry, especially jokers not turning up to do an honest day’s work. We had up to 15 men working there and if one fellow didn’t turn up to do his job it buggered up the whole system. You could not afford to have another bloke on standby to stand in his place ....

So I worked on the Church Road farm for 12 months, mostly run off farming. All of a sudden I started getting farmers coming to me saying “I can’t get my timber cut. Nobody is interested in cutting my timber on my farm. The jokers running mills are just not interested in my stands of timber.” .... So I went to Ian Goble who had been doing our logging. He was keen so we bought this portable mill from the manufacturer; Bartage Sawmills, Silverdale. They only had the breakdown carriage and a breast bench to go
with it, so we bought a brand new Perkins diesel engine, and put the whole thing on wheels. We could not keep up with the work; we were flat out every day .... It was great compared to running the mill; only two or three of us but all going flat out.

Joe and Fiona came back about 1987, and the mobile bench was getting too heavy for me, so I was ready to help them with share milking for five years. Never turned back to milling after that. After that we built the Foreshore Lodge at Ahipara. It had two bedrooms upstairs and two below for a bed and breakfast business. The upstairs was lined with rimu, beautiful. We were 11 years there, leaving there seven years ago in 2003. It was a great set up. I had my boat, four wheel drive and all my fishing gear. The only problem was after eight years Maire got sick and I had to run the motel. Not that keen on housework. Making beds, washing and tending to people is not my line of work. We had a bugger of a section, rock just under the dirt, hard work although we got heaps of veggies.

We had some spare cash so we bought the Cable Bay place to rent it out. When Maire got sick we decided to move out here ourselves. Maire got run down and thought she was still 40. Go, go, go all the time. She was one of these people that have to have everything spotless. She would make me come back and do some jobs again until it was perfect. [The photo right was taken in 2008]

This place [in Cable Bay] came up for tender and Fiona and I came out to have a look. She found it in the paper. We came back and talked about it with Maire. We came out again and I would not have got it. Fiona was the one who got it. She is the one who persevered and got it well below government valuation. So we came out here ‘to rest’. Yeah right. We had this huge garden. My boy’s farm is only ten miles up the Oruru Valley so I get to help there. But the work is not as heavy as with a mobile mill, and I can choose my times.

Fiona still manages their farms as a business as well as chairing the Community Board but has stepped back from being on the Far North District Council as well. She has a girl that does her books but she still goes out to make sure everything is being done on time. Joe is a damned lucky man, although he is dead straight, never mucks people about and studies everything carefully before deciding. He works everything out to the last cent before deciding. Fiona only says what she believes in, never talking rubbish or playing politics. Some people never seem to be able to work things out and always go against making improvement. She is one of the quiet ones who get things done, like Mary Jane Harding who tidied up Kaitaia’s streets with planters.

[The photo right was taken at Maire’s 70th birthday in 2003. The back row is Fiona King (né Parker), Leah King, Joe King behind Logan James King (born April 1990), Felicity King, Phil Bayes behind Clint Culpan and Sheena Parker. Seated are Grant Parker holding his daughter Samantha, Selwyn and Maire, and Karen Parker (né Trigg) holding her Daniel. Selwyn explains:]

Sheena Joy was our second child born 1957 [Sheena Joy Parker born 18 October 1957]. Her partner was Desmond Culpan [born 6 November1948, married 17 July 1986, died 30 November 1990] and they had Clint [Clint Desmond Culpan, born 17 July 1987]. Des died of cancer when he was only 42 in 1990, three weeks after he was diagnosed. He was a surveyor who thought the world of his son, working four days a week so he could spend more time with him. Clint really missed his Dad, but he went on and got his tickets for automotive engineering. He works now for Nissan Hyundai in Kaitaia with his own house in Pukepoto and a nice partner, Kirsty, who is going back to university. Sheena has gone on to become a Priority Bank Manager for Westpac in Albany, which means she evaluates business proposals before loans are made. She
decided long ago not to become a bank manager. She is working 12 - 14 hours a day, weekends, but rings me every week like the others. Sheena’s partner is Phil Bayes, a very thorough cabinet maker who loves his fishing.

Our third child is Grant, born 1971 [Grant Selwyn Parker born 3 May]. He married Karen Trigg [Karen Nicola Trigg born 1 March 1973] whose dad Colin Trigg owned a furniture shop in Kaitaia [her mother was Delwin Walters]. Grant manages Tripart Farms in Oruru. He and Karen keep all their Friesen beef cross calves, buy in other beef calves and then bring them all up to 100kgs at about four months. They have 350 acres on the home farm, 50 acres in scrub and gorse and another run off of 300 acres up Fern Flat Road. Their children, Samantha [Samantha Louise Parker born 29 March 2000] and Daniel [Daniel Parker born 18 December 2001], go to Peria School, with 70 odd other kids. It is a great school.

Joyce Macpherson
Herbert and Gerty’s second girl was Joyce Cecilia Macpherson (born 4 February 1936). She was educated at Kaitaia College and then worked at the Telephone Exchange at a time when calls connected manually. She married Kelvin John ‘Kelly’ Switzer in the Presbyterian Church, Kaitaia, on 20 April 1957 (see right). They lived first at the Switzer farm in Victoria Valley. The photo below right of Kelly and Joyce was taken in 1997.

Kelly was born 7 April 1935 into one of the Far North’s pioneer settler families that migrated from Switzerland. One of his first recollections was living in a house behind the Police Station in Mangonui while his father, Gordon Willis ‘Bill’ Switzer build the new wharf with Eddie and Ross White. Kelly worked for Kaitaia Transport boy and man, 1954 to 1999, first as a driver, eventually 34 years as manager from 1965. These 55 years with Kaitaia Transport were broken by two short stints as a builder and selling farming supplies to farmers in the Far North.


Brett joined Kaitaia Precut Homes and completed his apprenticeship as a carpenter. One contract building schools took him to Japan for short periods over a few years with Craig. While Brett was on Norfolk Island for two years he met Robyn. Brett then built many houses in the Far North, including some of the luxury homes at Coopers Beach. He employed up to eight carpenters, specialised in customised beach homes and now works with a smaller team. He bought Bart Parker’s 90 acre farm up Clough’s Road. He built a house and split it off and sold it, and then built another where he now lives. He then bought 90 acres off Frank Matthew’s son Warren, leased it for three years to Walter ‘Poo’ Masters for market gardening, and then used it fatten run stock.

Brett’s son Aaron is a dairy farmer. When he was at Kaitaia College he used to help Dick Radich at his farm of over 400 prime acres behind the old Awanui Hall and was paid with bobby calves. Dick, who is partially sighted and unmarried, encouraged Aaron to start share milking. Brett and Aaron bought a 320-cow herd up from Umawera and continue to lease the farm from Dick Radich. Aaron’s partner is Alana Brien, Dick’s niece.

Haidee is still at school, excels at swimming, and intends becoming a physical education teacher.
Joyce and Kelly’s second boy, Craig, married Gail Mathews on 15 June 2002, at St. Saviour’s Church in Kaitaia. Gail, born 4 February 1966, brought a child by a previous partner to the marriage; Teagan Matthews, born 1990. They have also had two of their own children; Troy Craig Switzer born, 18 August 1999, and Cory Peter Kelvin Switzer, born 11 June 2001, named after his two grandfathers. Gail is a daughter of Peter Matthews and Sue Yates from Awanui, now separated. Taken in the mid 2000s, the photo right shows Craig and Gail Switzer, with Cory and Troy and Teagen absent. Kelly and Joyce Switzer are behind them. Brett and Robyn Switzer are to the right with their son Aaron and Haidee in front.

Craig also did his carpentry apprenticeship with Kaitaia Precut and worked for periods in Sydney, Darwin and Japan. He returned home to marry and continued working in partnership with Gary Wallace, a cousin. Craig and Gary have developed an intense working style that can’t be disturbed by visitors. They built a house on 15 acres up Church Road, part of Len Parker’s farm, and then pieces of Peter and Don Matthews’ farms just outside the stop bank on the south side of Kaitaia. Craig then built his house on the acres on the knoll. He continues in the building business. Teagen is a hairdresser and thinking of going to Australia. Troy and Cory are still at primary school. In sum, Joyce and Kelly’s children are very accomplished and have given them six grandchildren.

**Meg Macpherson**

Herbert and Gerty’s third girl was Margaret Rose ‘Meg’ Macpherson, born 10 April 1937. She was also educated at Kaitaia College and did very well. She was accepted for Dental Nurse training but when she found out that she would have to go to Wellington for training and leave her sisters behind, she refused to go. Her father was so angered by her tears that he insisted she leave school and start as an office girl with his good friend George Walker. She worked there until she married (see right 22 September 1956).

Meg’s husband is Henry John ‘Johnny’ Matthews (born 18 February 1935) who came from one of the original missionary families in the Far North. Johnny is a raconteur with a prodigious memory for names, dates and phone numbers. He gathers young people together for adventures, his grandchildren adore him and he excels at casually directing his ‘garçons.’ His ‘cruise’ attitude to life, he explained, (Matthews, 2010) was due to his parents being elderly and his brother Frank being about 15 years older than he was. This meant that for much of his youth he lacked effective supervision and eventually skipped school in favour of mustering. He picked up work with Kingi Neho and Ken Lewis. He joined the big droves from the North Cape down to the Kaitaia sales and then through to the Moerewa Freezing Works. He later drove for Herbert Macpherson delivering firewood, and then many years for Kaitaia Transport. And in his spare time was a pigeon fancier.

Johnny first met Meg when he caught her and his sister Mary Matthews, both then still at Kaitaia College, trying to steal tobacco from his room. Their relationship nearly started with a boot in the backside. They next met at Meg Morrison’s Dancing Classes where Johnny was already a good dancer. Meg, a beginner, got Mary to tell her brother that he had to dance with her. They married at St. Saviour’s Church in Kaitaia.

Johnny and Meg then moved into one half of Kaitora; Johnny’s grandfather’s homestead near Bell’s gardens. Brother Frank and Maureen Matthews had the other half. Johnny then took over Wiki Peter’s farm in Pukepoto, a farm covered in gorse that was high enough to hide his Fordson tractor. On weekends he cut and delivered titree and puriri firewood with Eric Kitchen, Neil Willis and Ted Chapman. The first two became Johnny’s brothers-in-law.
He put 200 Herefords on lease land on the Herekino Harbour until local rustlers made the venture unsustainable. He then employed a fulltime share milker on his Pukepoto farm, moved to Ahipara, leased a quota and bought two crayfish boats. When the price of the quota rose he sold the two boats, and then fished off a catamaran until arthritis made boat fishing impossible. Since then he has fished the 90 Mile Beach, visited many parts of New Zealand in a motor home and invented adventures for his garçons.

Meg and Johnny had two children. Terrence Neil Matthews was born 22 September 1957 and tragically committed suicide on 25 April 1985, aged 27. Terrence and his partner Lillian ‘Poppy’ Yates had a daughter named Kylie Yates who was born 7 March 1981 and raised by Meg and Johnny (see Poppy and Kylie right, 2010). Kylie and her one-time partner Lee Latimer, a commercial fisherman, had two children; Christian James Latimer born 4 May 1998 and Terrence Lee ‘Terry’ Latimer born 12 September 2000. Christian stands tall; he travelled to Australia with the Te Rarawa Under 13 Team that was only beaten once. Terry is a good scholar and very popular. Both boys excel at computing. Kylie’s partner is now Jeffrey Sayles, a widely respected power board engineer, and they have a girl, Jemma Rose Sayles, born 8 April 2008.

Meg and Johnny’s second child Stephen John Matthews was born 23 September 1961. He is a hard working and successful farmer in Pukepoto. He married Linda Taylor (born 29 July 1962) on 8 May 1982. They have three children; Justin John Matthews born 5 October 1982, Reon James Terrence Matthews born 22 March 1985 and Deanna Maree Matthews born 7 January 1989. Justin, a builder, and his partner Melodie, a show jumper, have a son, Codie Matthews, born 25 September 2007 (see right Stephen Matthews, Justin Matthews holding Codie Matthews and Johnny Matthews). Reon, also a builder, and his partner Emma, an office worker, have a daughter; Chelsey Louise Matthews born June 2009. This all means that Meg leads the Mokopuna Stakes among the Macpherson girls by a considerable margin. She has two children, four grandchildren and four great grandchildren!

Johnny’s other great joy is fishing for snapper. He and his chief fishing buddy Neil Willis have perfected preparatory, set up and food processing routines. They can have the torpedo running their line out within minutes of stopping at any likely spot on the 90 Mile Beach (see right, Neil, Johnny and Jeffrey Sayles). The fish caught are out-sourced to a neighbour who takes his cut for cleaning and filleting. Meg fries the fillets on auto pilot while the men indulge in endless window shopping online for the ideal fishing boat.

**Patsy Macpherson**

Herbert and Gerty’s fourth girl was Patricia Abigail ‘Patsy’ Macpherson, born 24 June 1938. She was educated at Kaitaia College and worked for Bill Hannings, an accountant who played poker with her father, before moving to the manual Telephone Exchange where Joyce was working.

Patsy married Eric Kitchen (see right), a truck driver for Kaitaia Transport from Victoria Valley, who was born 27 January 1934 and died 13 May 2000, aged 66. Patsy and Eric had one child and two grandchildren. Mark Norman Kitchen was born 5 September 1957. After a period on the oil rigs of Australia, India and Brunei he developed a successful cleaning business in Whangarei. He married Carol Foster, born 9 October 1958, on 6 November 1983. They were very close. Carol’s parents
were Gwenth Collinette and Peter Foster.

Mark and Carol had two girls; Whitney Syrita Kitchen, born 8 September 1993, and Stacey Carol Kitchen, born 29 February 1996 (see left, Patsy and Lloyd White, Whitney and Mark, Stacey and Carol). Tragedy then struck. Carol died prematurely of cancer on 23 December 2000, aged 42. Stacey, Whitney, Mark, Patsy and her five sisters were devastated. In spite of this setback, Whitney is now a very able and self assured young lady who may go into teaching after she completes Kamo High School. Stacey is similarly graceful, has just started secondary school and is doing well.

Patsy and Eric divorced. Patsy married again on 4 June 1971 to Lloyd White (born 26 September 1936 and died 5 August 2000, aged 64). Lloyd was a builder, a perfectionist and a keen fisherman. Patsy now lives at Cable Bay, just up the hill from Selwyn and plays bowls regularly. She belongs to a number of clubs; Widows, Tai Chi, Mad Hatters and Golf till recently. Like Joyce, Meg, Neta, she is registered as a member of the Te Rarawa iwi. She is looking to move south to Tikipunga, Whangarei, to be closer to her son and two granddaughters (see right, Mark, Whitney and Stacey).

**Neta Macpherson**

Herbert and Gerty’s fifth girl was Neta Ellen Macpherson (born 17 July 1939). She was fifteen and still at Kaitaia College when she met ‘Willy’, a Dutchman visiting the Far North. It is interesting how they met and how he eventually got permission to marry her (see below right, Gordon, Nancye, Neta and Willy).

Willy, that is, Willhelmus Theodorus van der Sluis, was born 7 July 1933 in Voorburg, South Holland. He left the Netherlands 5 February and arrived in New Zealand 2 July 1952. His parents were Antonius Leonardus Cornelis van der Sluis (born 3 November 1904 in Voorburg, died 17 June 1980 in Dargaville, New Zealand aged 76) and Anna Maria Clazina Van Veen (born 5 October 1906 in Veur Zuid, Holland, and died in Dargaville). Willy has one sibling; a brother, Ton van der Sluis, born 9 November 1928 in Denhaag, South Holland.

Willy’s father came from a huge and well documented family. Willy’s paternal grandparents were Antonius Van Der Sluis (born 9 July 1861, Ter Aar, Holland and died 12 February 1932 in Voorburg aged 71) and Joanna Bosman (born 4 April 1861, died 12 December 1935 aged 74). They had nine children

1. Cornelis Van Der Sluis, born 19 December 1886 in Ter Aar, died 22 March 1918 aged 22
2. Johanna Martina Van Der Sluis, born 1886 in Mijdrecht, Holland
3. Martina Clara Maria Van Der Sluis, born 29 May 1888 in Mijdrecht, died 21 Dec 1958 in Voorburg aged 70
4. Maria Elizabeth Van Der Sluis, born 10 June 1889 in Mijdrecht, died 21 December 1958 in Voorburg, aged 19, married Johannis Timmermans and had a child Antoinette Timmermans born 1910 in Voorburg
5. Elizabeth Van Der Sluis, born 1900
6. Helena Van Der Sluis, born 1901
7. Johannis Leonardus Van Der Sluis born 20 October 1902 in Voorburg
8. Catharina Van Der Sluis born 1903 in Voorburg
Willy’s maternal grandfather was Albert ‘Peter’ van Veen. His paternal great-grandparents were Johannes Van Der Sluis (born 6 January 1821 Leidschendam, Zuid, Holland, died 6 August 1895 in Ter Aar (Corter Aar) aged 74) and Jannetje Geerkink (born 11 May 1821 in Zevenhoven, Wilnis, Zuid Holland and died 6 March 1884 aged 53). They married 7 April 1845 in Ter Aar and had seven children

1. Helena Van Der Sluis born 18 May 1846, Ter Aar, died 23 December 1922 in Voorburg aged 76
2. Klara Maria Van Der Sluis born 18 May 1849 in Ter Aar, died 1912 aged 63
3. Leonardus Van Der Sluis born 5 November 1851 Ter Aar
4. Cornelis Van Der Sluis born 30 November 1853 in Ter Aar, died 13 March 1935, Nieuwkoop, Holland aged 72
5. Gerardus Franciscus Van Der Sluis, born 13 October 1856 in Aarlanderveen, Holland and died 28 November 1857 aged 1
6. Antonius Van Der Sluis born 9 July 1861 Ter Aar, Holland, died 12 February 1932 in Voorburg, Holland aged 51, and who married Joanna Bosman (born 4 April 1861, died 12 December 1935 aged 74) (Willy’s grandparents)
7. Gerarda Van Der Sluis born 18 June 1865 in Ter Aar.

Before we turn to how they met and got permission to marry, it should be noted that Willy and Neta married 1 February 1958 (see right with Willy’s mother, Anna van der Sluis née Van Veen). They subsequently had three children who in turn presented them with five grandchildren.

1. Shane Theodorus van der Sluis was born 20 January 1959. He started as a cabinet maker with Williams and Leslie Ltd. in Browns Bay. After his four year apprenticeship he joined Willy’s business to learn carpentry and became a partner. He specialised in building kitchens. Shane married 27 November 1983 to Jenny Gray (born 3 January 1961), who now helps manage the White Cross Hospital at Glenfield. They had two children. Amy Lauren van der Sluis was born 5 January 1989 in Auckland, has a Bachelors degree in Graphic Design and is planning her ‘Oversea Experience’ (OE). Michael James van der Sluis was born 15 September 1991 and is apprenticed to Shane as a carpenter. After 20 years together Shane and Jenny parted and divorced. Shane’s partner is now Vyvynen Foster, born 6 February 1974 in the South Island, a daughter of teachers.

2. Janie Leanne van der Sluis, known as Leanne, was born 1 March 1960. Leanne was first a hairdresser who worked in England for five years, then travelling extensively as a hair technician for Scharzkopf. She married Gordon Wilson and had Brimley Ellen Wilson, born 3 December 1993. She is now a programme leader at Manukau Institute of Technology. Leanne separated from Gordon and her partner is Phillip Rose, a hairdresser in Takapuna born about 1954. Brimley is at Carmel Catholic Girls’ College, a Sea Cadet interested in joining the Navy as a forensic scientist and already having had work experience with the Manukau Police.

3. Tonya Ellen van der Sluis, born 31 October 1967, was married in Houhora 16 December 2000 to Andrew Poore (born in January 1967, once a hairdresser but now an export manager). They have had two children: Sydney Ellen Poore (born 6 April 2000 and attended St. John’s Catholic School prior to Carmel College) and Hunter Alan Poore (born 4 November 2002 and a keen sportsman).
The photo right taken in December 2000 shows Leanne van der Sluis, Amy van der Sluis, Shane van der Sluis, Neta van der Sluis holding Michael van der Sluis, Andrew Poore, Tonya Poore holding Sydney Poore aged 8 months behind flower girl Brimley Wilson, Willy van der Sluis and Jenny van der Sluis né Gray.

We now turn back to the questions as to why Willy was in New Zealand, how he met Neta and how he got permission to marry her. Willy’s father Antonius had been an engineer in Indonesia in the merchant marine. His older brother Ton had also spent many years overseas. When they both came back to Holland after WW2 it seemed too small with too many people. They had been all over the world and decided to emigrate. They did not know where New Zealand was. They came as a family group; father, mother, Ton and Willy. Ton got work with Turnbull and Jones Ltd. in Taupo.

Willy’s parents brought him north and settled in Dargaville. There he took a carpentry and joinery apprenticeship, in addition to the electrician’s apprenticeship he had already completed in Holland but not recognised here. He became a builder for the contractor who was building the new small schools on the west coast needed to teach the Baby Boomers born after the war. He came to Kaitaia with the team building extensions to Kaitaia College.

Willy met Neta when she was still at Kaitaia College. He was helping build the extensions. Mr Moseby, a teacher, had warned the students that the builders were not to be disturbed and to watch out for their gear. Neta deliberately kicked Willy’s hammer in passing, to stir him up. He growled at her. Mr Moseby saw the incident and said “Neta Macpherson, you are to stay in for an extra hour for a week.” (W van der Sluis & N van der Sluis, 2010) The punishment was apparently worth it and the provocation had the desired effect, although getting permission to marry was another story.

Willy first met Neta’s father Herbert when he delivered timber to the College. After a short period back at Dargaville, Willy returned in 1957 to help Herbert, Gordon and Selwyn build the new mill at Kaingaroa and continued after that as an independent builder. When Neta was 16 going on 17, Willy asked Herbert if they could marry, knowing that her father had already ruled that his girls had to be 21 before they could. Willy put up a special case; he wanted to take Neta back to Holland for a trip so they needed to marry before going. They eventually married 1 February 1958, when she was 18. However, as Neta recalled, “To this day I have never got my trip to Holland” (W van der Sluis & N van der Sluis, 2010).

Shane and Leanne were born 1959 and 1960 when they were living at Kaingaroa. Willy had started on their section by building a 20x20 garage to hold his building gear. He then put in four partitions so they and their two workers could live in the garage. They lived there for about two years while he built their new home further up the section, in between jobs. Eighteen months after they moved in, the house burned down. Neta recalled the event vividly

Willy was building the new toilets at Mangonui, Taipa, Cable Bay and Coopers Beach. He decided that we could come with him and stay at Mrs Thomas’ bach at Coopers Beach. One morning, at 4.00 am, Maire started bashing on our door, sobbing. I thought she said that her house had burned down and we started comforting her. She and Selwyn said that they thought they had smelt a fire. So we said “We have such a big house, we had five bedrooms, there will be heaps of space and you can live with us. Don’t worry.”

It was ages before we realised what they were trying to say, because she and Selwyn were crying so much. They were talking about our house! Hec Freer had apparently rung up Selwyn at 11 o’clock at night and said “I can hear something exploding, like something is on fire but I can’t get hold of Neta and Willy. I think their house could be on fire.” We had already had our workshop on fire one night. We always had something weird happening there. So Selwyn and Maire raced around and there was fire everywhere. The fiberlite under the eaves was exploding from the heat.
Maire said she saw the fire just eating everything up, including my bridal dress. I had brought my wedding frock home the week before. It was laid out over the lounge suite. I had knitted this new jersey on my new knitting machine. I had never knitted anything before in my life. Everything was brand spanking new. New carpets. New beds. We had only been in the place for 18 months.

The fire brigade arrived but they had no water. Selwyn got into the tank to lift out buckets of water. The fire brigade went off to the school to get water from the swimming pool. There was only one bedroom left by then, on the end, Shane’s bedroom. Selwyn got really sick after the fire. It was arthritis from standing for hours in the water tank.

We went to our place the next day. It was just terrible. I will never forget going up there. Everything was smouldering. My new Sunbeam Mixer was just standing there. The kids had a big plastic pig full of money for banking and it had all melted together. Willy had bought this big china cabinet display unit in Mt. Roskill stone and it was full of wedding presents never used, along with the silver from Holland. The silver had melted around the crystal. Willy had bought me a huge glory box when we were engaged and it was filled with Drummoyne linen. We had never used it. Everything burnt. Everything burnt. Except the statue of Mary. She came through the fire untouched.

Shane had been given a Tonka truck for his birthday on the 20th of January and we would not allow him to take it to the beach. He started screaming because the windscreen had been burnt out. We didn’t take any of the kids’ good things because we were going to the beach. So we had nothing.

The Kaitaia shops were amazing. Presswoods gave us an outfit each, including the kids. Reg West gave us blankets and sheets. John Archibald and Mrs Amy gave us boxes of clothes. Everybody was so generous. We were still in shock. I was thinking “Why do all of these people keep giving us things?” But you don’t realise that you don’t have anything.

We lived out at Coopers Beach for another year with Mrs Thomas. They were wonderful to us and said we could just stay on. They came out to help us clean up. We still had the garage full of building materials. After a year or so, we had a big auction and sold everything we had left. We shifted to Auckland.

Looking back, when we first bought the site, we had petrol pinched. One night, when I had to call a doctor out, she was sitting on my bed and suddenly said “Your garage is on fire.” It was roaring. When we first moved there, Mrs Morey, a Māori lady living down the road, said that we were building on a burial ground and it would lead to bad luck. Buff originally bought the land to stack treated posts on it. But when they came in some mornings all of the stacks had fallen over and the posts had rolled down the hill. When the Hassons bought it, their 18 year old son was killed on the road, and three years later, the husband went out fishing and was drowned.

They never established the cause of our fire but said it may have been rats chewing on the electricity cables. Although we had signed up for the insurance, we had not actually paid for it through our accountant Doug Broadbent. A year later the Sun Alliance insurance company decided to pay up. We were very, very lucky.
afford to. He agreed and then revealed that he had only made the authorisation because he was shown a photograph sent by Doug Broadbent after the fire in which Shane and Leanne were wearing mismatching pyjamas. Never before and never since, he said, had he ever made such a payment! And from then on he would only bank his cheques with Neta and, always ‘nice as pie,’ ask her about events in Kaitaia.

Starting again in Auckland was made easier with the help of friends. Some put them up until they bought a house in Pinewood Street in Blockhouse Bay. They lived there 10 years. Another friend asked Willy to help him build some glasshouses in Avondale. As their business expanded, they bought some land in Birkenhead on the North Shore and built some speculative homes. One day, when Neta once again arrived late to pay their workers, she noticed the stunning view across the harbour and the lights of Auckland. She decided that they were going to live there.

At about this time they also noticed that Shane was getting behind in his learning but that his teachers refused to do anything about it, and worse, told Neta to mind her own business. Ross Gregory, who had been at school with Neta in Kaitaia, advised them to change schools. So, when they moved to Birkenhead, Shane and Leanne were enrolled at St. Mary’s Catholic school. The nuns kept them in for an hour every night for a year and they caught up. All of the children were educated there.

They moved back up to Houhora in the Far North in 1995 after Neta’s older sister Meg noticed how stressed Willy was looking. She persuaded them to come up for a holiday. When they watched some locals weighing marlin at the Houhora landing, which caught Willy’s eye, Tommy Bellingham’s wife asked Meg why Willy and Neta were visiting. When Meg announced that they were looking for a house, she volunteered the information that their neighbour, Brian McDonald, brother of Donald McDonald, had the bach next door for sale. Meg promptly organised a viewing.

When they got home to Auckland, Willy announced to Neta that he was going to buy the property and put their Birkenhead home on the market, albeit at a high price. They barely spoke for six weeks, except for Neta telling Willy that they were not dropping their price five cents, hoping that it would not sell. Six months later they settled with a Chinese buyer from Hong Kong on a handshake. An Auckland lawyer had offered a contract with many conditions, even coming back after the handshake with another contract that was open ended on price. And days after settling on the Houhora property, another lawyer came up with an offer well above that settlement price. Both offers were refused. Willy started remodelling the two-bedroom bach at Houhora into a home with a new kitchen and lounge, bathroom, extra bedrooms, garage and workshop.

Their children remained in Auckland and close to each other. Shane, Leanne and Tonya and their partners and children meet most Sunday mornings for brunch at one of their homes. They also often go on holiday together, booking into Houhora and making regular use of Willy’s deep sea fishing boat.

Willy had a serious heart attack in 2005 while on a five-day fishing trip up near the Three Kings Islands. He lay on the deck in considerable pain but insisted the crew keep trolling for marlin. When it was realised that he might die, he was flown by helicopter to Whangarei and then Greenlane Hospital for emergency bypass surgery. I was able to visit him before the surgery. But when I went in two days later the charge nurse said “you are too late; he has gone.” I phoned to offer condolences to Neta only to discover that his bypass surgery had been successful, his chest stapled back together and that he had been flown back to Houhora!

In 2001, the redoubtable Millie Shroj asked Willy if he would run for the seat on the Far North Community Board that represents the area from Awanui to Cape Reinga. He was successful and joined Fiona King (daughter of Selwyn and Maire Parker, neé Macpherson) who helps represent the area from Kaitaia to Ahipara. Willy is now into his third three-year term and enjoys resolving local problems. He has also been elected Chair of the Houhora Ratepayers Association and finds that this role informs his work on the Community Board. He is also Vice Chair of the Whakawhitia Medical Board that runs three integrated health centres and over sees their financial affairs. Neta has helped by evoking her Māori ancestry and building links with New Zealand’s most northerly iwi; Ngati Kuri. This iwi is the guardian of Te Reinga Wairua (Cape Reinga, see right); the place in Māori cosmology where the spirits of the dead leap into the sea on their final trip back to the ancestral home, Haiwaiiki. Huge numbers of international tourists and New Zealanders visit this sacred site each year.
Christine Macpherson

Herbert and Gerty’s sixth and final girl was Christine (born 10 November 1940). She married Neil Willis, a farmer and fisherman born 6 July 1938, on 26 October 1963. They had two children; Natalie Florence Willis, born 25 July 1966, and Kirsten Ellen Willis, 19 October 1968. Natalie and her partner Robert Wigmore had one son; Arama Macpherson Wigmore born 20 February 1995.

Christine is an entrepreneurial and highly successful businesswoman who works all hours. She and Neil purchased a water bottling company near Avarua, Rarotonga and grew it by diversifying into fruit juices and milk to the point where it is a market leader in the islands. Their daughter Kirsten also lives in Avarua and has developed hairdressing and clothing shops.

While Neil slips away to help Johnny Matthews catch fish on the 90 Mile Beach as often as he can, Christine visits less frequently, focusing on her business interests. Nevertheless, in 2003 she was able to get home to Kaiaia and invite everyone in the Macpherson family to her 60th birthday party (see below right). Indeed, from the time that Christine was a toddler in 1943, she and her sisters have been the regular subject of photographic portraiture.

The series right and below straddles the period 1943 to 2000.
Herbert and Irene Macpherson

Herbert and Gerty separated in the mid 1950s. Herbert moved out and lived in his caravan at the mill in Kaingaroa while Gerty stayed on in Tangonge Crescent in Kaitaia (K. Switzer, 2010). They divorced in the late 1960s.

Herbert then moved his caravan out to Waipapakauri Ramp and married Irene Edwards in about 1973. Irene brought two girls to the marriage from earlier relationships; Penelope Nottan, born in February 1963, and Heather Dale Nottan, self nicknamed ‘Feathery Duck’, born about 1968. Herbert and Irene raised Penelope and Heather as Macphersons, and then had a daughter of their own; Ruth Isobel Macpherson, born 18 January 1974. Penelope attended Kaitaia College, left school at 16 to marry a Lithgow boy from Kaitaia and then worked in a chemist shop (V. Macpherson, 2010). All three children are remembered fondly by many in the Macpherson family, although many also recall Irene as a manipulative fantasist. The picture right shows Gilbert Peter and Vyvyen Macpherson, Heather Dale Macpherson behind Heather Macpherson, Douglas Macpherson held by Penny Macpherson, Ruth Macpherson held by Irene Macpherson and Maureen Matthews.

Herbert and Irene first lived at the Waipapakauri Ramp, then on a rural block in Oruru near the upper reaches of the Taipa River and finally on the main road between the Awanui Dairy factory and the Waimanoni Marae (G. P. Macpherson & V. Macpherson, 2010). My brother Peter and his wife Vyvyen visited them from time to time, always finding Herbert relaxed, betting on horse races, fishing and enjoying his business.

When Herbert died 7 November 1976, aged 58, it was noted by family that, try as he might by marrying twice, he never had a son. Curiously, when his younger brother Guy died 23 years later, on 13 August 2001, aged 82, it was noted that, try as he might by marrying twice, he never had a daughter. Gordon and Nancye had two girls and it was only Ken and Pat had a mixed gender family.

Irene then married again, to the Rev. Bill Niles, and they moved to the United States of America with her three daughters, raising them as Niles. Joyce Switzer (née Macpherson) traced Ruth in the USA and they corresponded from November 1997 until May 2004 when her fifth and last letter arrived and nothing more was heard. The beautifully written letters provided a great deal of family news and insight.

In her first letter, Ruth indicated that she was pleased to be traced and explained that her mother Irene had kept a great deal from her about her early life. It was not until she was 12 that Penelope told her that they were not full-blooded sisters, making “Mom ... so angry when she found out that Penny had told me the truth” (Niles, 1997). She explained that “none of us girls communicate with Mom anymore.” She was then living in Storm Lake, Iowa, with her partner of six years, Stacey Rice. They had a highly active two and a half year old son Payton Lane Rice (see above right, born about June 1995) with “fire red hair” who Penny said “looks like our father.” They bought the house that Stacey grew up in from his parents. Ruth had completed high school (see right in 1992) and was working as an
accountant at the Storm Lake Pilot Tribune newspaper.

Ruth also reported that Penny and Heather were doing well. Penny had married Kelly Behrens and had three children; Hali (aged 9, born about 1988), Ryan (aged 7, born about 1990), and Zoë (aged 2.5, born mid 1995) (see Penny right with Zoë, 1997, Kelly below with Hali in 1992). Hali and Ryan were actually the children of Penny’s earlier relationship but their father was killed in a car accident about 1991. This person may be the Lithgow boy from Kaitaia. Penny was then living in the tiny town of Varina, near Storm Lake.

Ruth reported that Heather had married Alan Anderson and had a daughter aged five, Cheyenne [born about 1952], and twin boys Dillon and Dalton, nearly two [born late 1995 or early 1996]. Heather was then living in Waterloo, Iowa, a three hour drive from Storm Lake.

The second letter from Ruth to Joyce dated 12 January 1998 again stressed how pleased she was to be back in touch with the Macphersons. Sadly, she also reported that “Penny and I both need to get in touch with Kaitaia Hospital as Mom refused to give us our birth certificates.” (Niles, 1998b) On the other hand, her sister Penny had recalled Debbie Matthews, her best friend at Kaitaia, turning her into a “babbling stream of memories.” She also confirmed that the older Chinese boy, Leslie Holmes (formerly known as Leslie Edwards), had been adopted by Irene but that they had no knowledge of his current whereabouts. He was recalled with great affection, and later, as having a problem with alcohol. Irene had visited ‘Aunt Dale’, presumably in New Zealand, and reported that he could not be found. Leslie was apparently regarded by Ruth and her sisters as a sibling and finding him could be very important. Her other request was for Marmite!

The second letter also reported that Irene and Bill Niles had just sold up, with Ruth and Penny spotting some of their personal belongings among the items up for auction, such as a doll that Leslie had given Ruth. They also noted significant improvements to the house possibly paid for from “the money-we-never-saw”, that is, Ruth’s inheritance from Herbert. The three other big news items were that Ruth and Stacey were heavily involved in further education, Ruth had just resigned from the Pilot Tribune, and that she was expecting again on 27 May 1998.

The third letter from Ruth to Joyce dated February 1998 (Niles, 1998c) reported a most enjoyable family Christmas with her two sisters and their families at Readlyn, just outside Waterloo, where Heather and Alan had brought a “huge old house” to remodel. On the other hand, she also explained that when they arrived from New Zealand, Irene had manufactured a uniform and passed herself of as qualified Chaplain of the Salvation Army. She has since provided marriage counselling, conducts sermons and baptizes babies wearing a robe on Sundays. Bill and Irene reportedly present themselves in their church bulletin as ‘Pastor William and Chaplain Irene Niles’ although Bill does not let her take part in wedding ceremonies for legal reasons. Penny, Heather and Ruth “all believe, without question, she has some serious mental health problems.” Ruth also warned that she had heard that that Bill and Irene might be moving back to New Zealand.

Ruth expressed huge admiration for her sister Penny. “Six years ago [about 1993], the man she had been living with for seven years [from about 1986] was killed in a car accident. Her two oldest, Hali and Ryan are his. Ryan was about six months old when it happened. Since then, she put herself through school and is now a
licensed practical nurse. Also, about three years ago [about 1995], she married Kelly Behrens. He is a wonderful man and loves Hali and Ryan like his own [Zoe].” Ruth also reported that Penny was running a daycare from her home, had just turned 35, weighed 112 pounds, was still petite, had no grey hair and was looking terrific! Heather, Alan and their family were also doing well although living at a distance that only permitted Christmas gatherings. During one of these gatherings they had raised an interesting question: “How on earth did Meg ever become Heather’s godmother?” (Niles, 1998c, p. 3) The answer is that Heather spent a lot of time on Meg and Johnny’s farm at Pupepoto when she was about six or seven and Irene asked Meg if she would be her godmother.

The fourth letter from Ruth to Joyce dated 11 March 1998 (Niles, 1998a) again stressed how thrilled Penny and Ruth were to be back in touch with the family. They loved the picture of the Macpherson Family Reunion held in January 1988, noting how tall many were. Ruth grew to be 5’11” while Penny reached 5’3”. Ruth was well into teacher training after five years in various jobs, although undecided about whether she would teach at elementary (primary) school level or teach English or Music at high school. She had found a good pre-school for Payton to attend from August. She referred again to land sold near Taipa, her mother claiming to know nothing about it, and yet she recalled signing papers for “a large trust fund set up for me when I turned 21 ... however I never saw it. I am sure that Mom sold it! Coincidentally though, Mom had a large portion of her house remodelled shortly thereafter.”

Joyce Switzer (née Macpherson) attempted to help Ruth with her inheritance from Herbert. She wrote to the Public Trust in Whangarei, dated 10 September 1998 (J. Switzer, 2010), to inquire about the monies held in trust for Ruth until she was 21. The reply from the Trust (Public Trust Whangarei, 1998) acknowledged the existence of the ‘Trust of Ruth Isobel Macpherson’ but “according to our records Miss MacPherson was paid the balance of her trust 26 January 1994.”

The fifth and final letter from Ruth dated 11 May 2004 (Niles, 2004) reported that they had moved to Sioux Rapids in 1999, about 20 miles from Storm lake, when Stacey was offered the head wrestling coach position at the local high school (see right Stacey and Ruth 2003). They took over a foreclosed acreage with one of the oldest homes in the area, over a century old, and started remodelling. They then acquired animals; three horses, three dogs, four cats and “too many gerbils.” Ruth and Stacey’s second boy, Chance Steven Rice, was born 24 May 1999. He also has got bright red hair “and the same obnoxious grin” as his big brother. He attended Grace Lutheran Preschool in Storm Lake. By 2004, Payton was almost nine and very athletic; excelling at baseball, football and especially at wrestling by winning state titles and places at national events. Chance, aged four, was already excelling at wrestling (see right Chance and Payton, December 2003).

The 2004 letter also makes it clear that Ruth was warmly enveloped by Stacey’s family. By then Stacey was teaching at Storm Lake Middle School while also continuing to coach wrestling at Sioux Rapids. Soon after they moved to Sioux Rapids, Stacey’s father Steve and his third wife Cindy moved there too. “Stacey’s brother, Skyler, is 10 and in the 5th Grade. He and our boys are very close.”

Ruth’s older sisters were also reportedly doing well. Penny and Alan’s children were flourishing; Hali (16) “an absolute knockout,” Ryan almost 14 and “good kid”, and Zöe (8) “a nut case. I adore her ... extremely
artistic.” Penny was working in a nursing home in Newell and “I imagine she’ll be there until she retires.” Heather and Alan had divorced and Heather’s new partner Chester Miller had given her a three year old girl; Brandy [born about 2001]. Both she and Chester work at the nursing home in Fonda. Cheyenne (12) and twins, Dillon ad Dalton (8) are with them and they bought a very nice home in 2003. Curiously, Irene and Bill Niles live a few blocks from Heather and Chester in Fonda but there is no contact between mother and daughters.

Finally, Ruth indicated that after 12 years and two kids, and before she turned 30, she and Stacey were married 2 January 2004. Today (see right, aged 36, from her Facebook site) Ruth works as a para educator at Spencer High School. She helps 13-18 year olds with learning disorders. She loves antiques, her paint gelding Wrangler, and genealogy

because I realized I have no clue who my family is. I know the Macphersons come from Scotland but other than that – I’m clueless. As a matter of fact, I don’t even know our father’s complete name. Any info you could give me would be really appreciated. Anyway, I think that is my life in a nutshell! Again, I am so sorry for not staying in touch. Hope everyone is doing well. I’ll round up some photos to send. Hope to hear from you soon. Your youngest sister – (signed) Ruth Rice.

Regarding the Trust, it is recalled in the family that Herbert purchased about a fifth of an acre with an old house on it on the east side of the Taipa River mouth specifically for Ruth, although Irene later claimed that Herbert had bought it for her (G. P. Macpherson & V. Macpherson, 2010).

My phone call to the Public Trust Office in Whangarei (Stanaway, 2010) confirmed that the file of the Trust for Ruth Isobel Macpherson would have been closed when the balance of the trust was paid out on 26 January 1994. The Public Trust Office also noted that the records of the Trust would then have been scheduled for destruction 10 years later, that is, in 2004, according to the Statute of Limitations, unless an inquiry or objection is raised in writing.

Helen Stanaway stressed that the payment would only have been made to an authorised bank account. Her closing question was therefore “Why was no inquiry made?” The question I left her with was “Where did the money go and on whose signature and authorisation?” She advised me to inquire at the Rotorua Public Trust Office to see if any archived records are still available to help answer these questions but she was not hopeful.

In 22 November 2010, Gilbert Peter, Vyvven and I searched the internet for Ruth, Penelope and Heather. We found Ruth and Stacey’s home address in Manson, Iowa, and Stacey’s Skype address. Stacey responded almost immediately by asking us to contact Ruth through her Facebook address. The warm response from Ruth asked for as much information as possible on our family as quickly as possible. She was sent a draft copy of this chapter.

On the evening of 25 November 2010, I had Ruth’s older sisters Joyce, Meg, Neta, Patsy and Christine for dinner, with Rosemary Macpherson. They were all introduced to Ruth via Skype. They planned follow up contacts. Their long lost sister/first cousin had been refound.
Guy Macpherson after WW2

Guy and Janet Macpherson

Guy met Janet Boswell when he was doing final training for overseas service at Trentham Camp near Christchurch. She lived with her parents in Hornby and when she came to the Far North for Guy’s final leave she was chaperoned by May Macpherson at Mangatoetoe. Janet and Guy were engaged before she left and they wrote regularly during his time overseas.

Janet’s father was a gentle and elderly milkman, Robert Boswell (see far right holding baby Janet) who was born in 1872 in Edinburgh, Scotland. I recall him visiting the Far North when I was a child and being photographed at the base of the giant kauri that grew by the road on the ridge east of Chris Dunn’s farm on the Peria Road. Janet’s mother was Olive Maud Schumacher (see near right) who was born 22 years after her husband in 1893, in Woodville, Christchurch. Her maternal grandparents and great-grandparents are not known.

Janet’s paternal great-grandparents were Robert Boswell and Janet McGregor, both born about 1815 in Stirlingshire, Scotland. Her paternal grandparents were Robert Boswell (born 1843 in Scotland, died 1925 aged 82) and Janet ‘Jessie’ Morrison (born 1844, died 1923 aged 79). Robert and Jessie were married 6 February 1863 at the Manse of St. Ninian, Stirlingshire, emigrated to New Zealand on the ‘Canterbury’ and arrived at Lyttelton 10 January 1864. Robert was a stationery engine driver who worked for some years at the Midland Refrigerating Woks, Hornby. Robert and Jessie had eight children; John Ritchie Boswell born 1864 died 1935, aged 71, Jessie McGregor Boswell born 1866 died 1928, aged 65, Kate McIntyre Boswell born 1869 died 1949, aged 80, Robert Boswell born 1871 died 1950, aged 79, James Alexander Boswell born 1876 died 1969, aged 93, Margaret Boswell born 1878 died 1936, aged 58, William Boswell born 1882 died 1919, aged 37, and Ellen ‘Nell’ Boswell born 1887 died 1977, aged 90. Most of Janet’s uncles and aunts settled and married in the Christchurch area and provided her with 22 cousins, 39 second cousins and at least 82 third cousins. Sadly, it appears that she lost touch with them when she moved to the Far North of New Zealand with Guy immediately after he returned from WW2.

Janet had a sister Roberta Jean Boswell (see right, born 1923 in Christchurch) who married Albert William Scarlett (born 1913 and died 1978, aged 65) and had two children; Leslie Barrie Scarlett and Murray Robert Scarlett. Leslie married Patricia Ann McDonald although apparently without having children. Murray married Shirley Annette Castle and had six children; Alan Robert Scarlett, Anthony Craig Scarlett, Barry John Scarlett, Leanne Dawn Scarlett, Murray Robert Scarlett and Sharon Ann Scarlett. Again, there is no memory of Janet maintaining contact with her sister, her nephews or her second cousins in Christchurch after WW2. Instead, she focussed on her family in Mangatoetoe and slowly built a network of friends through the Country Womens’ Institute and the Macpherson family network.

Janet’s marriage was a mix of early joy and growing disharmony. When Guy returned from the Middle East they married immediately at the Levin Registry Office 11 April 1944 and came north to the Mangatoetoe farm. Eleven months later, on 4 March 1945, they had their first child, Douglas Robert Macpherson. One month later, on 16 April 1945, Guy became the sole owner of the Mangatoetoe farm, purchasing it from the Guardian Trust using a Returned Soldier’s Loan. As noted above, in the absence of any provision by Alfred, Guy’s step-mother May Macpherson, who had raised him, and his younger brothers Ken and Gordon Macpherson, left the farm and moved in with their Uncle Bob, May’s brother.

Guy’s business plan for the farm was to breed a pedigree herd of Jerseys under the stud name was Maleme, commemorating the hotly contested airfield in Crete. He showed his Jersey cattle for many years at the A&P Show in Kaitaia, winning many ribbons. However, once Britain joined the European Common Market demand for milk solids fell, the electricity supply proved unreliable and the Awanui Dairy Company insisted he replace
his milking technology with stainless steel equipment and install a new bridge for whole-milk supply. He took the Electricity Board to court over the unreliable supply on 18 September 1974. While he won the case with costs, he was awarded a peppercorn to discourage others from using the precedent. He sold his beloved Jerseys to the freezing works and switched to breeding pedigree beef cattle.

Guy built what became the largest herd of Belted Galloways in New Zealand (see right) under the stud name of Clan Chattan, commemorating the ancient alliance of clans that included Clan Macpherson discussed in earlier chapters.

Guy and Janet had three boys 16 and 14 months apart (see right, Gilbert Peter Macpherson, Reynold John Sinclair Macpherson (the author) and Douglas Robert Macpherson), and then a surprise, 63 months later, Stuart Kendal Macpherson. Guy focused on expanding his Jersey herd and the production of butter fat and pork while Janet concentrated on raising her boys. Aware but not ashamed of his interrupted education, Guy read voraciously and joined beekeeping, acclimatisation, political, educational and public service societies. He learned to debate well, not to win but to learn and to convince others. His driving passion, like many other returned servicemen, was to make New Zealand a land fit for the sons of heroes. This passion had its bizarre outcomes. I recall, at consecutive sales at Mangatoetoeto saleyards, Guy answering other farmer’s questions at lunchtime about flying saucers, Buddhism and Social Credit. If he didn’t know something he said so, researched the issue and reported back at the next sale. I came to admire his perseverance and often wondered how a formal higher education would have shaped his intelligence and insatiable curiosity.

Janet sewed and knitted her children’s clothes, darned Guy’s socks, kept a large vegetable garden and preserved fruit and vegetables, all to make the farm’s modest income stretch as far as possible. Nevertheless, and almost imperceptibly to outsiders, Janet and Guy gradually grew apart and their relationship started breaking down from about 1956. The stress gradually intensified when relatives and family friends took ill informed and judgemental positions and insisted that we boys take sides and provide insider information on the conflict. This destructive gossip and increasingly violent blame game ended in 1958 when Janet suffered what was then termed a ‘nervous breakdown’ and was taken into hospital with a paralyzing combination of anxiety and depression at the realization that her marriage had irretrievably collapsed. She had a few months convalescence in Honeymoon Valley but never returned to Mangatoetoetoe.

While Janet’s departure meant that the conflict largely abated at home, the three older boys were left with little trust in adults, shattered self confidence and massive gaps in our learning. All three soon left school and home. Guy and Janet finally divorced 2 October 1967 (Supreme Court of NZ, 1967). While Guy was given custody of Stuart, then aged 14, he allowed Stuart to leave for Australia with his mother so he could train as a hairdresser.

Janet became housekeeper to Charles Sydney Thompson (born 26 May 1906) who lived in Henderson, Auckland. He was a one-time hairdresser from Campbell Town, Liverpool, Sydney, with various investment properties. On 22 July 1969 Janet and Charles were married by Rev. A.G. Dunn, in Epsom. They moved to Sydney. Stuart moved with them and started his hairdressing apprenticeship. When Charles passed on, Janet moved into a retirement community in the Blue Mountains above Sydney and lived out her days in modest comfort and peace. The photo right was taken in 1990. Three of her four boys were able to be with her when she died of heart failure late afternoon 11 March 1996, aged 77.
**Guy, Amateur Dramatics and Community Service**

Guy became active in the Kaitaia Amateur Dramatics Society in the early 1960s. One of his most striking parts was playing de Surville (see right), the French explorer who rested his crew at Whatuwhiwhi at the northern end of Tokerau Beach until relationships with local Māori broke down. Typically, he researched the role, this time by consulting with Ngati Kahu kaumatua John Tukurere who then lived in the Whatuwhiwhi Hall.

The play proved a prescient study in cross cultural miscommunication. A decade later the Murwhenua Land Report (Waitangi Tribunal, 1997, p. 41) confirmed that when de Surville’s yawl was stranded on a Murwhenua beach, by Maori law it became local property. Since its taking appeared to de Surville as theft, he captured one of the locals, Ranginui, in rejoinder. When Ranginui’s relatives converged on the ship at anchor to protest this outrage, de Surville fired the village, destroying homes, food stores, canoes and the like, the fire spreading to the hills. He left with Ranginui, who was never heard of again by his relatives, but is known to have later died on board of scurvy.

The Maori account, recorded in 1850, nearly a century later, made no mention of the yawl, or the destruction of area, but complained only of the unrequited capture of Ranginui. It was said that the tupua (goblins) had landed ... with many sick people on board who were then nursed back to health by Te Patuu, the local hapu. But the visitors responded by kidnapping Ranginui without cause or reason, and this grave offence was unrevealed. A similar account has been retained to this day as part of Ngati Kahu oral traditions.

Guy continued to immerse himself in community service and politics in the 1970s. By the early 1980s (Northland Age, 1983a) he had served 30 years as President of the local branch of Federated Farmers, 15 years as President of the Far North Beekeepers Association, nine years on the executive and a two-term President of the Kaitaia Chamber of Commerce, four years as Chairman of the Kaitaia Primary School PTA, two years on the Far North Road Safety Council, and helped form the Rural Education Activities Programme and the Far North Regional Development Council.

His engagement in politics started about nine years after he returned from WW2, as his family and dairy farm settled into modest success. He helped found the Social Credit Political League 10 January 1953 which served as the country’s ‘third party’ from the 1950s through into the 1980s but never held more than two seats at a time under the old ‘first past the post’ electoral system. Guy was close to Vernon Cracknell, the third leader after Wilfrid Owen and P.H. Matthews. In the 1966 election, Cracknell won the Hobson electorate in Northland after two previous losses against the National Party’s Logan Sloane. Cracknell performed poorly in Parliament, failed to highlight Social Credit policies, campaigned poorly and lost the seat again to Sloane in the 1969 elections and deprived Social Credit of its only seat. He then lost a nasty leadership contest in 1970 against John O’Brien that damaged the image of Social Credit to the point where O’Brien had to be replaced. Bruce Beetham took over in time for the 1972 elections, although the rise of the Values Party may explain why they failed to win any seats (Social Credit Party (New Zealand), 2010, August 25). Nevertheless, as support for Guy’s candidacy in the old Hobson seat gathered pace in the mid 1970s, Prime Minister Sir Robert Muldoon started promoting his brother Gordon as a National party candidate (see right, Sir Robert, Rhonda and Nancye Macpherson, Lady Muldoon and Gordon Macpherson), until Gordon’s death on 27 February 1976. I will come back to Guy’s political adventures when I have explained what happened to Guy and Janet’s four boys after the family split up.
Douglas Macpherson

Guy and Janet’s first son, Douglas Robert Macpherson (born 4 March 1945), was most deeply affected by the conflict at home, leaving home and school early. He survived by picking up odd jobs in farming and building in the Far North. He and Lois Fleming (see right) were married about 1966 and divorced about 1975. They had two children; Tanya Macpherson (born 1 January 1967 in Hamilton (see below left) who had a baby Ruby Jane Macpherson, see below right) and William Joseph ‘Willy’ Macpherson (born about 1969).

Tanya and Willy attended a forestry school near Rangateiki and moved to South Auckland with their parents. Tanya lived with her partner in a bus in Totara North, and in the late 1990s, managed a dog grooming salon in Clevedon. Willy completed a motor mechanics apprenticeship before taking to the road as a guitarist in a band (G. P. Macpherson & V. Macpherson, 2010). Janet maintained contact with Tanya and Willy Macpherson in Auckland for some years before she left for Australia but little else is now known of their lives.

Douglas did well in the Waikato. He started share milking and gradually built a herd of excellent Friesians from other farmers’ culls. He married again on 5 November 1982 with Colleen Faye Fredrickson (born 12 February 1948), adopting her two children from a prior marriage; John Anthony Macpherson (né Fredrickson, born 6 September 1971, see far right, 1992) and Claire Kay Macpherson (né Fredrickson, born 22 April 1972, one child known) (see near right, 1992).

They then bought a farm at Waiotemarama (tears of the moon), just south of Omapere on the Hokianga Harbour and brought their milking herd up from the Waikato. They then had identical twins, Natalie Francis Macpherson and Sharon Maree Macpherson (born 11 February 1983).

Guy and Douglas’ brothers were very impressed with Douglas and Colleen’s achievements at a family Christmas gathering about 1985. Their farm was a picture of productivity.

In the early 1990s the twins were selected to play minor roles in The Piano, a 1993 New Zealand drama film about a mute pianist and her daughter. It was written and directed by Jane Campion, starred Holly Hunter, Harvey Keitel and Sam Neill and won three Oscars (see a publicity still right).

It was about this time that Douglas significantly developed his carving skills and sold a number of beautifully carved panels to family and tourists, some using Māori decoration while others depicted bush logging scenes. Maire and Selwyn hung two of his most beautiful panels in their home. One of his most complex carvings using pakati decoration was completed to mark a special wedding anniversary and hangs in his own home.

Douglas, Colleen and the twins then moved to a farm in Awanui to train ‘untrainable’ horses to national show jumping standards, run cattle and take bulldozing and back hoeing contracts. In his
spare time Douglas helped manage the Waipapakauri Pony Club and gained a reputation as the Champion Pig Hunter of the Far North (see right). Colleen keeps a beautiful garden and has hosted family marriage ceremonies.

Sharon went to Kaitaia College and worked at Placemakers for about two years. She was a very active member of the Waipapakauri/ Awanui Pony Club, having greatest success on Hercules (see below right). She and her father went on to train many other horses. One standout horse was Rascal who went on to become the Grand Prix Champion Pony of the Year, 2009.

Sharon met Allen Gordon Norman (born 12 November 1981) when camping at Taputaputa Beach with her father. Alan was a Department of Conservation (DOC) Ranger and developed an intimate knowledge of sea food in the Far North. He came to collect camping fees and stayed to hear Douglas’ pig hunting stories and was given a dog, which had to be collected. The relationship developed. Just before leaving the DOC, he was the last person to sleep in the Cape Reinga lighthouse keeper’s house in 16 June 2000.

On 5 March 2002 Allan and Sharon left for Sydney, Brisbane and Cairns for most of a year. When they returned Sharon worked at the Farmers Trading Company for over six years and ended her service running the ‘Big Ticket’ area (furniture and white ware). Allen managed a farm at Waihopo north of Houhora for over three years and drove tourist buses to Cape Reinga. They married 22 October 2005, bought a six acre section of scrub at Kareponia (California) Hill 30 November 2005, and built a home from about December 2006. Their highly active son, Carlos Jack Norman, was born 8 May 2007.

Alan is the son of Gordon Edward Oldfield whose parents were from England and Glasgow in Scotland, and Nellie Norman (born about 31 August 1945). Nellie’s parents were Mike Norman of Ngati Kuri from Te Hapua and Mata Subritsky probably also of Ngati Kuri. Nellie is one of 12 children. Mikes’ father was Henare Romona (Norman) also of Ngati Kuri and Te Hapua. Henare has a brother Thomas. Since his marriage to Sharon, Alan has worked for Harrisons Holdings, increasingly specializing in tourism to capitalise on his engaging personality and detailed knowledge of the Far North, its cultures and its history.

Natalie married Daryl Joseph Morris (born 12 January 1978) and had two children (see third right); Amelia Sharon Morris (born 7 June 2007) and Jared Daryl Morris (born 14 April 2010). Daryl is a deliberate speaking and astute high country farmer at Tutamoe, south of Kaikōhe. Daryl and his father have a reputation for innovative farming practices. Natalie and Darryl have also played a successful role in hunting and fishing team competitions in the Far North.

The winning team in the photo right comprises, Douglas Macpherson, Natalie Morris (néé Macpherson), Unknown, Darryl Morris, Unknown, and kneeling, Gilbert Peter Macpherson.
Reynold Macpherson

Guy and Janet’s second son, Reynold John Sinclair Macpherson (born 25 July 1946), the author, was ‘encouraged’ to leave school at 16 and train as a primary school teacher. Chastised by an inspector for using Māori as a medium of instruction at the end of his first year teaching in 1965, he volunteered for National Service and was commissioned at the end of basic training at Waiouru.

While teaching in Hikurangi in 1967 he met Monica Ruth ‘Nicki’ Grundy in Whangarei (a secretary born 24 May 1946, Leeds). Nicki was on a two-year working holiday from Leeds visiting her brother Michael who lived in Kamo.

Reynold then left New Zealand to visit his brother Gilbert Peter at Rosyth, Scotland. He did supply teaching in Dunfermline while also serving as a platoon commander in A (Black Watch) Coy, 51 Highlanders (V). When Nicki returned to the UK they were married in Leeds 12 July 1969, with bestman and bagpipers from the Black Watch (see right Piper Farquharson, Captain Ron Kennedy, Jean Grundy, Reynold, page boy Jeremy, Nicki, sister Elizabeth Grundy and Piper Cattanach).

Reynold then completed a degree in maths and management with the Open University while helping lead John Hunt of Everest Secondary School, a large comprehensive secondary school in Basingstoke. Close to Aldershot, he was recommissioned into Sp Coy, 10 Para Bn (V), specialised in heavy infantry support weapons and marksmanship (see second right). He was promoted to Major when appointed OC. His final assignment was with 1 Para Bn in Cyprus, on United Nation peace keeping duties, which led to his resignation from all things military on his 30th birthday in July 1976 in order to concentrate on education.

Nicki and Reynold had two girls in England; Kirsty Helen Ruth Macpherson (born 25 December 1973) and Shiona Elizabeth Macpherson (born 20 April 1977). They moved to Western Australia where Reynold taught maths at a senior high school and completed a MEdAdmin by research. He wrote up his PhD research while teaching leadership at Monash University, Melbourne. Ewan James Sinclair Macpherson was born in Jessie McPherson Hospital (18 December 1981) where Nicki started training as a breast feeding counsellor (see third right, Reynold, Ewan, Kirsty, Shiona and Nicki).

Nicki qualified as a breast feeding counsellor in December 1985. Angus Gordon Aynsley Macpherson was born the following year (20 August 1986) in Armidale, where Reynold taught and researched for five years at the University of New England. He then worked at the University of Tasmania as an Associate Professor, Director of Research Development and Head of Department while Nicki continued to serve as a counsellor. They then returned to Whangarei, New Zealand, Reynold commuting for five years to the University of Auckland as Professor and Director of the Centre for Professional Development.
They moved to Rotorua when Reynold was appointed CEO of the Waikari Institute of Technology (see right), a bicultural institution. Since then, Reynold has served as Foundation Chancellor and CEO of the new Abu Dhabi University (see second right), a capacity builder in East Timor helping rebuild the Inspectorate of the Ministry of Education, and is currently evaluating health centres in English schools.

Nicki graduated from Waikari with a diploma in information and communication technology. She works for an agricultural research consultancy company.

Kirsty graduated in medical laboratory science from the University of Tasmania, took first class honours in experimental biology from the Australian National University and then went overseas on a backpacking tour of Europe for eight months, until her savings ran out. On her return she worked on a number of research projects while completing a masters degree in environmental science from the University of Queensland. She is a research scientist who loves fieldwork.

Shiona graduated with a Bachelor of Nursing degree from the University of Tasmania, served as an intensive neo-natal nurse in Western Australia, completed a Bachelor of Science with first class honours in Midwifery at Thames University, London, and then completed a Master of Nursing Science in Child, Family and Community with La Trobe University. On 7 April 2007 she married a Tasmanian farmer Damien Micheal Brooks (born 12 April 1975) that she had met at Gallipoli. Damien has an Advanced Diploma of Applied Science in Farm Management from the University of Melbourne and manages farms near Hagley in Tasmania. They have a very active son, Austin Michael Macpherson Brooks (born 15 June 2008), and a cuddly daughter, Olive Elizabeth Brooks (born 18 November 2010) (see right Austin, Damien and Olive, December 2010).

Ewan graduated in information systems from Northland Polytechnic, built and sold a successful computer servicing company in Rotorua, completed a Graduate Diploma in Business Administration with the University of Waikato, and married Kiyoko Okubo from Japan. Ewan and Kiyoko then moved to Brisbane, Australia to further advance their careers, Ewan recently becoming a CCNA.

Angus graduated in pure maths at the University of Waikato and went on to win a first class honours degree in theoretical algebra. He then started his OE by training as a dealer in a Brisbane casino.

Ewan and Angus co-designed and maintain a fantasy betting site for family and friends at www.betnix.com (see right Ewan, Kirsty, Reynold, Nicki, Angus and Shiona Macpherson, 2007).
Peter Macpherson

Guy and Janet’s third son, Gilbert Peter ‘Peter’ Macpherson (born 4 September 1947), spent nearly five years as an apprentice artificer in the Royal New Zealand Navy at Rosyth, Scotland, qualifying as a Shipwright with Advanced Trade Equivalent. There he met and married Agnes Vyvyan ‘Vyv’ Prain (born 18 May 1941) on 2 November 1968 in Dunfermline.

Vyv has a brother, a father, a grandfather and a great grandfather all named Hunter Douglas Prain. Her father was trained as an electrician and worked as a farmer and mining manager in Rhodesia. He returned to Scotland to make radios and other electrical appliances, and started a newspaper and then owned and managed a printer in Dunfermline. He was a fine sportsman. He was born 2 February 1902 and died 1 October 1998 aged 96. He married Janet Mary ‘Jan’ Wilson (born 2 August 1914 died 20 April 1984, aged 70) (see Hunter and Jan Prain right, 1980).

Vyv’s maternal grandparents were James Wilson, Provost of Kirkcaldy for many years, and Agnes ‘Nessy’ Hastie who died about 1952. Her paternal grandparents were Hunter Douglas Prain (born 1865 and died 26 September 1931 aged 65 in Edinburgh) and Helen Flora Davies. Her paternal great grandparents were Hunter Douglas Prain (born about 1832 and died 1892 in Edinburgh aged 60) and a Mary Lowe who married in 1864 and had five children between 1866 and 1874; Hunter Douglas Prain, Milward Prain, Mary Alice Prain, Nora Prain, and Lizzie Jane Prain. Her paternal great great grandparents were David Prain, a school master in Brechin (born 15 October 1805 in Inchture, Perthshire) and Jean Milward who were married 1864 and had ten children between 1829 and 1847; Eliza Addison Prain, Margaret Dalrymple Prain, Hunter Douglas Prain, Maryanne Milward Prain, James Kennedy Prain, Martin Milward Prain, Jane Prain, David Prain, Jane Milward Prain and Joanna Valentine Prain. Vyvyan has extensive records of the Prains in Scotland and those who came to New Zealand before 1861 and of Mary Lowes’ family and the Trimmers.

Peter suffered a hip injury near the end of time in Rosyth and was repatriated to New Zealand. He spent the next five months in Middlemore Hospital until experimental cortisone injections into the joints enabled reasonable movement. He was then discharged from the RNZN as being ‘Below Naval Physical Standards’ and was subsequently awarded a pension. He then worked in the Devonport Dockyard as an Indented Shipwright in repair work, then Ship Surveying for about three years, followed by several years assessing marine insurance claims for Lloyds in Auckland.

Peter and Vyv then moved north to the Hokianga and developed a farm for milking goats at Umawera. Their two children attended primary school. They designed and built an innovative eight-aside ‘walk up’ herringbone milking shed, a design that was then copied by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. They eventually sold out just before the dairy goat industry collapsed. Peter worked as a stock agent for a period before moving to Memorial Drive in Whangarei and switching to teaching (see 25th Wedding Anniversary in 1993 right, Vyv, Peter, Douglas and Heather).

Peter then used his shipwright qualifications to
gain entry into a Diploma of Teaching Secondary programme, specializing in Workshop and Graphics. He then taught Workshop Technology for about 20 years at Whangarei Primary School. When this facility was closed he took an early retirement option while continuing to enjoy a four-day working week teaching technology at Moerewa Primary School. He and Vyv have a motorhome called Piglyt and have used it to visit all parts of New Zealand, in search of the perfect sunset and the largest trout (see right).

Peter and Vyv’s first child, Heather Meave Macpherson (born 18 June 1970), graduated from Waikato University with a Bachelor of Social Science. After settling in Edinburgh she moved into computer-aided publishing for the Church of Scotland. One of her career highlights was designing the book cover presented by the Church to the Queen Mother on her 100th birthday. Another was doing the cover design and layout for John Lowrie Morrison’s book The Colour of Life, the famous Scottish artist otherwise known as Jolomo (Morrison, 2002). Heather now operates freelance from home.

On 12 May 2007, Heather married a professional photographer; Phillip Stanley ‘Phil’ Dickson (born 31 August 1973). Phil’s father is John ‘Joe’ Dickson born 2 June 1935 in Galashiels, the son of John Kerr Dickson (born 19 December 1902 in Selkirk) and Mary Gray. Phillip’s mother is Norah Veronica Osuchowski born 17 September 1949 in Chippenham, Wiltshire, Dorset/Somerset, the daughter of Stanislav ‘Stanley’ Osuchowski (of Polish descent) and Moira Harte.

Phil started with a Bachelor of Technology and Business Management degree, worked for Sony and then Cannon as their company representative, and was put in charge of product training/retail/management for Scotland and Northern Ireland. He resigned to take Heather on a one-year world trip as their honeymoon. He subsequently worked as a carer to help finance the setting up of PSD Photography, which is now flourishing at www.psdphotography.com They have just produced their first child; Lily Vyyvyn Macpherson Dickson (born 25 May 2010 in Edinburgh).

Peter and Vyv’s second child, Douglas Rory Macpherson (born 1 May 1974) did his apprenticeship and qualified as an avant garde hairdresser, winning Northland and national titles (The Whangarei Report, 1994), then trained as a barista in Starbucks before graduating with a Diploma in Sound Engineering in Auckland. He travelled extensively, particularly in Central America, and while in Mexico, met and later married Rhiannon Gaffney from the beautiful village of Llanarmon-yn-Ial, Mold, near Wrexham, Wales.

Rhiannon has a Masters Degree in Occupational Therapy and today lectures in the subject at Wrexham University. Douglas completed an Honours Degree in Sport Science at Wrexham University and today coordinates the Cycling Safety Training Programme in schools with a staff of about six instructors. They have settled in Llanarmon-yn-Ial and take a full role in the development of the village, living next door to Rhiannon’s live-wire mother, Alma. They have one child; Isla Evelyn Macpherson, born 11 June 2010 in Wrexham Hospital, Wales.

In the photo right, Lily Macpherson Dickson (left) and Ilsa Macpherson (right) are being held by their grandmother, Vyv Macpherson.
**Stuart Macpherson**

Guy and Janet’s fourth son, Stuart Kendall Macpherson (born 1 December 1952) left the Far North with his mother Janet and moved with her to Sydney. Stuart graduated as the NSW Champion Hairdressing Apprentice. He specialised for many years as a ladies’ hairdresser.

Stuart married Roslyn Dorothy Davis of Sydney 11 May 1974 (see right, with Guy Macpherson) and had two girls; Kea Elizabeth Macpherson (born 14 February 1982) who trained in law and real estate, and Janna Melissa Macpherson (born 27 May 1985) who graduated as a teacher and then increasingly excelled as a lead teacher. Stuart and Roslyn separated and divorced in the 1990s.

Stuart then developed a successful landscape gardening business with two assets; charm and a truck with a slogan on the side; ‘Stuart Can Do It’ and his cell phone number. He got a disproportionate number of calls from women. His main business strategy seemed to involve swapping clients’ garden designs and stocks around. In the last six years he has worked for Transfield at their oil refineries and chemical processing plants doing maintenance and overhauls. In his spare time he does the occasional haircut, goes hunting, helps lead a Masonic Lodge and serves on the local volunteer fire brigade.

On 22 February 2006 he married Mary Debono (born 26 May 1958) in Douglas and Colleen Macpherson’s garden in Awanui (see below right). Mary is the fourth and youngest child of Serafino Michael John ‘Sam’ Debono (born 12 May 1909 died 2010 aged 100) and Cristina Attard (born 29 July 1933, died 1 September 2007 aged 74) from Malta. Mary has long worked for the NSW Road Traffic Authority and now spends most of her time training others.


**Guy and Wendy Macpherson, 1977 – 2001**

**Politics**

From the mid 1970s on, Guy focussed on winning pre-selection for the new Bay of Islands seat that replaced the old Hobson seat for the 1978 General Election. There was one exception to his strategy. In 1977, aged 59, he started a new family.

Guy married Wendy Pryce (born 16 January 1941 in Otorohanga) in the gardens of friends in Titirangi on 3 December 1977. Wendy is the daughter of William Henry Pryce (born 6 July 1911 in Valetta, Malta, died 29 April 1989 aged 78 in Melville) and Zena Mary Huse (born 25 May 1909 in Taranaki, died 25 January 1996, Hamilton). William and Zena (see right) were married 10 October 1935 at St. Paul’s, Hamilton. They had four children: Patricia Mary Pryce, born 24
November 1937 in Hamilton; Warwick William George Pryce, born 5 November 1939 in Hamilton; Wendy Pryce, born 16 January 1941 in Otorohanga; Rhoderick Malcolm Pryce ‘Rod’, born 22 January 1945 in Hamilton; and Dorothy Jeanette Pryce, born 2 April 1946 in Arapuni, near Putaruru. Wendy’s paternal grandparents were William Henry Pryce and Dorothy Higgins (born 27 March 1884, possibly Parkgate, England).

Wendy soon joined Guy on the campaign trail (see right, 1978). The political pace accelerated. The Social Credit leader Bruce Beetham won a by-election off National in Rangitikei. He made an impressive start in Parliament and retained his seat in the General Election held later the same year. Guy won pre-selection for Social Credit for the Bay of Islands, and with a strong grass roots team, campaigned very effectively. He reduced the National candidate’s hitherto safe majority to a marginal 800 votes. He and the other 91 Social Credit candidates won over 16% of the popular vote in the 1978 general election.

Assuming that the impetus could be maintained by the same candidate and team, many took the view that the Bay of Islands electorate was very likely to fall to Social Credit at the next election in 1981. Indeed, the 92 Social Credit candidates won on and amassed a record 372,056 votes at the 1981 general election, which was 20.65% of the popular vote, and yet they did not win the Bay of Islands. Why?

Guy explained to me that he was ambushed by Bruce Beetham at a national conference and lost the pre-selection before the 1981 general election, although the trickery backfired badly and another later example of this behaviour led to his downfall. Beetham engineered a vote against Guy as the Bay of Island’s candidate in favour of his own research officer; Leslie William Hunter. He described Guy as ‘Cracknell’s man’ and used unreasonable projections to ‘prove’ that Guy should have won the seat in 1978. The Conference had doubts but saw Beetham as being ‘on a roll’ and let him have his way. Hunter won the pre-selection. Guy withdrew in disgust and switched to local politics.

The old-time Social Creditors in the Far North, however, were so incensed at the treachery that they ran an Alternative Social Credit candidate against Hunter. This split the Social Credit vote and guaranteed the return of the National Party candidate, Neill Austin, much to his surprised delight. This is why Austin represented the Hobson electorate from 1975 to 1978, and then the Bay of Islands electorate from 1978 to 1987, when he retired and was replaced by John Carter.

Beetham then went on to other successes until he shot Social Credit in the foot again with more treachery, this time with politically fatal consequences. Beetham was joined in Parliament by Gary Knapp who had won another by-election off National in 1980. They were highly effective together and polls rated Social Credit as having as much as 30% of popular support, although it was possibly a ‘protest vote’ against the two major parties and this support abated to just over 20% in the 1981 election and did not translate to any more seats.

Support for Social Credit finally crashed when Beetham did a deal with the National Prime Minister Sir Robert Muldoon, promising support for a construction project opposed by most Social Credit members, in return for some political favours. He was then exposed and humiliated when Muldoon reneged on many of his pledges. Sadly, Beetham then suffered a minor heart attack in 1983 and became less energetic, more demanding and less tolerant of questions about his leadership, undermining Social Credit's appeal to voters. He finally lost his seat to the National Party candidate, Denis Marshall, in the 1984 elections. Knapp retained his East Coast Bays seat, and another Social Credit candidate, Neil Morrison, won Pakuranga. Support for Social Credit plummeted to less than 8% by 1984, perhaps due to the New Zealand Party’s campaign against Muldoon's government. At the League’s 1985 conference, the name Social Credit was changed to the New Zealand Democratic Party. It was the end of the dream for the faithful of the original Social Credit Political League.

It seems, in retrospect, that Guy was wise to switch his attention to local politics in 1980. He won the Victoria Valley Riding seat on the Mangonui County Council largely on his Social Credit profile. His platform for his second three-year term (Northland Age, 1983b) had to be more focussed on current and local issues. He called for an end to joint administration of Mangonui County and Kaitaia Borough Councils, a review of rating
borders to acknowledge land ownership by the Crown, local planning and engagement in infrastructure projects - rather than ‘grandiose’ projects favoured by national government departments, the use of evidence-based rather than deficit-based financing, and the need for greater justice in rating. “My philosophy is simply that land is for people to live on” he said, “that they shall be able to live under their own grapevine and not feel afraid.”

Although this ticket proved effective, and he finished his second term on the County Council, his interests had shifted by 1986 to his sons’ educational and sporting activities at Pamapuria School (see right), and to community development through the Rural Education Activities Programme, usually in collaboration with Robin Shephard. When Guy passed on, Wendy took up various voluntary research tasks, assisted with adult literacy programmes and made a significant contribution to Scottish Country Dancing in the Far North (see right).

**Anonymous and Gwilla Macpherson**

Guy and Wendy had two boys; Anonymous (born 28 July 1980) and Gwilla Henry Herbert Macpherson (born 14 August 1983). Anonymous’ career will be summarised in a later edition of this chapter.

Gwilla was a good scholar who indicated early that he wanted to be a farmer. He farmed with Joe King for a number of years, studied towards a Diploma in Agriculture and then leased the Mangatoetoe farm, funding developments with farming contracts with Brian Kitchen. He worked in the United States for five years on a seasonal basis to get ahead, harvesting silage across the great plains of the Midwest, often working 100+ hours a week. He is further developing the pasture of the ‘Home Farm’, Section 102, while also ‘breaking in’ over the back’ - Section 120.

To explain, nine years after Guy purchased the original 120 acres of Section 102 in 1945, he purchased Section 120 Mangatoetoe Road from Mary Switzer (LINZ, 1998b) on 2 November 1955. Section 120 actually more than doubled his holdings since it had 125 acres, one rood and one perch (50.894 hectares). It abutted the southwest or back boundary of Section 102. The mortgages on Sections 102 and 120 were both discharged on Guy’s 60th birthday, 3 December 1978.

Guy cleared about half of Section 120, took timber to build the extension to the New House, but then left the rest of the 27 acres (8.36 hectares) of native bush untouched. The bush, however, was also left largely unfenced which meant that cattle ‘over the back’ were able to wander through and eat out the regrowth. The bush was finally fenced by Gwilla in 2002-2004 with support from the Queen Elizabeth Trust and will continue in perpetuity as a reserve. The titree that Guy largely cleared from ‘over the back’ also came back vigorously but could well be cleared for firewood in return for metal on the farm roads. Improved access and mechanised farming technology will then enable Gwilla to develop the parts of Section 120 not in bush much more quickly than Guy could ever have achieved with horse technology. It is regarded as ‘strong limestone country’ predominately grassed in kikuyu, wet in winter and dry in summer, with typically clay soil ironically deficient in lime (G. Macpherson, 2010).

The most recent challenge has come in the form of galloping capital values and rates. The capital value of the combined properties was $123,000 in 1989, $140,000 in 1992, $230,000 in 1995, $245,000 in 1998, $275,000 in 2001, $367,000 in 2004, then tripling to $1,035,000 in 2007 until challenged and lowered to roughly double what it was in 2004; about $600,000. The hike in valuations and rates reflected the price inflation caused by hobby farm subdivisions in the Valley. The solutions appear to include continuing to lobby for a rating regime that differentiates between hobby farming and commercially sustainable farming, ‘breaking in’ the land ‘over the back’ around the bush reserve, leasing neighbouring properties to get better economies of scale, and driving up returns through more scientific dairy and dry stock farming that also exploits innovative technology.
This would follow the example of previous generations. Under the Oxnams and Alfred, Section 102 carried 14-16 milking cows. In the 1930s the number rose to about two dozen when diesel-powered milking machines were introduced. They rose to about four dozen when electricity arrived, although Guy sued the Power Board for lost earnings when he proved that fluctuations caused the cows to hold back milk. However, he was only awarded costs and a peppercorn to discourage hundreds of thousands of other New Zealand farmers from using the precedent. He added two bails and was able to milk about six dozen cows in the 1950s and 1960s, before switching to growing beef.

Acquiring Section 120, however, meant that he bit off more than he could chew technologically. He was amazed that the BNZ refused to lend him the money to buy a bulldozer to improve access over the back and clear the rubbish. It was, to him, an example of why banks should be forced by law to use social and economic criteria when lending for development (the essence of Social Credit), not just financial returns to the bank. Perhaps this was the very reason why they refused to lend him the money to him; because he may have used the bulldozer to 'prove' his Social Credit argument. On the other hand, the BNZ had no interest in being socialised. And then, as we all do, Guy ran out of time.

Having stirred the pot for so long, Guy finally died at peace in Mangatoeto 13 August 2001, aged 82. He left the farm as he wished; in a box. His six sons (see right, with my two sons Ewan and Angus, Gilbert Peter, Stuart, Gwyn, Douglas and Gwillam.) carried his casket.

He was buried in the RSA section of the Kaitaia Lawn Cemetery as Sgt. W.G. Macpherson, 27th (Machine Gun) Battalion, about 100 metres from his mother, Margaret L. Macpherson, and about 150 metres from May, Gordon and Nanyce Macpherson, in their adjacent graves.

I trust they are all at peace. They will be together for a long time. Peter Jackson (2011), long time Editor of the Northland Age, can have the last word:

I have some enduring memories of Guy, including an after-match function following a county council meeting (very sociable occasions in those days), when he came in some ridicule from his fellow elected members for his assertion that a diet largely comprising, from memory, the likes of nuts and honey, did wonders for one's virility. I have to say, they mocked. But, one by one, they all quietly took him aside at one point or another to check exactly what it was that he was recommending.

He also heard a specified departure application by one Ray Woolf, who wanted to build his house at Peria. He asked him what he did for a living. When the laughter died down he asked again, and was told that he was an entertainer.

"Can you make a living at that?" he asked.

A lovely man and a real character.

**Gordon and Ines Macpherson, after the War**

**Honeymoon Valley**

The staunch Ines ran their farm alone through the war (see right, 1939). As noted above, she started farming by buying in animals as she could afford them, establishing a kitchen garden and learning to milk. Bob Dunn’s uncle, John Pearson was mostly very helpful, although he also taught Ines her first Māori words “which turned out to be extremely rude when she tried them out at a
meeting. She was asked never to ever use any of those words again” (RMS Dunn & Dunn, 2010). This may also help explain why Ines and Gordon never learned Māori or encouraged their daughters to learn the language.

Gordon was not a business orientated farmer but a gentleman farmer who sustained a preferred lifestyle. The strain of Herefords he bred had a very good name amongst breeders and buyers for their size, finish and placid manners. Many of their animals were pets, some taken on fairly picnics to the beach (see right). Ines bred highly regarded Cheviot sheep. Her modest private income also helped them make occasional trips ‘home’ to England. Gordon was active in the Returned Serviceman’s Association and in the National Party.

Their contribution to the Peria community and wider Mangonui (big shark) County proved exemplary (Banks, 1979). They were stalwarts in Peria’s Anglican Church community, on the Peria School Committee and in St. Saviour’s Church in Kaitaia. Gordon served on the Kaitaia Vestry for many years and served as a Lay Reader, a Synodsmen and a Canon of Auckland Cathedral. For over 30 years he led a monthly service at St. Andrew’s Church at Mangonui Anglican Church. Visitors to meals at Honeymoon Valley got used to a number of prayers before the evening meal. Hungry children sometimes became impatient, peeked to see if others were peeking, and, if invited, would use the shortest prayer they could think of. My favourite was in Latin; “Bene dictus, bene decat. Amen.”

Gordon was also a fine photographer, filming farm developments, Agricultural and Pastoral Society Shows and many other public and family events for many years. On one famous occasion at an A&P Show he kept filming as a bucking bull charged right over the top of him. He directed and filmed an adventure movie for children using his own children and many others as actors. He was also very athletic, playing like a porpoise in the waves. His younger relatives recall being taken on his and his brother Alfred’s back far out to sea, to build their confidence in the water.

Gordon was constantly inventing adventures for youngsters and activities for a constant stream of visitors. He and Ines also provided a safe and warm home for children from families in crisis, including my own. It can be assumed that they would have liked to have had a large family except that the war had given them a late start (RMS Dunn & Dunn, 2010).

Gordon was an area representative to the Anglican Synod for many years, strongly encouraging Māori leadership in a context where the New Zealand Anglican Church pioneered bicultural governance to give expression to the spirit of the Treaty of Waitangi. He was probably as well or better qualified in theological philosophy than most. He was well connected with Church leaders in New Zealand and in England. Many of the families of Synod members visited Honeymoon Valley, such as the Prebbles in Auckland.

These connections also led to a gentle form of English parody. Gordon had been a personal friend of Sir Vivian Fuchs at Cambridge University. When Vivian was knighted for leading the first expedition across the Antarctica, Gordon and Ines named a saddleback pig after him. I recall Sir Vivian as being a law unto itself and as having very noisy eating habits. Another pig was named Nasser after the President of Egypt and distinguished itself in Honeymoon Valley by going across the road to Stan Kelso’s shed to suck milk directly from his cows. Stan was not amused.

When Gordon died in 24 January 1979, aged 71, the Ngati Kahu people of Peria requested that he lie in state on their Kauhanga Marae. His casket was half covered by a rare kiwi cloak, a mark of deep respect, with the other half covered by a Union Jack, acknowledging his English origins. The Rev. John Watkins and family friend Rev. Mark Mete then conducted the funeral service, with as many outside the Peria Anglican Church as inside (Banks, 1979). When Ines died six years later, on 24 August 1985, in the Eltham Eventide Home, she was taken north and buried beside her husband in the Māori section of the Peria Churchyard; a position that looks straight up Honeymoon Valley.
**Rosemary Macpherson**

Ines and Gordon had two girls; Rosemary Delaney Macpherson (born 15 November 1946) and Robin Mary Sinclair Macpherson (born 24 August 1949) (see right, 1954). Delaney was the name of the American General who released Gordon from his POW camp.

Rosemary and Robin were home schooled by correspondence until seven when they were considered old enough to travel daily down the still rough Honeymoon Valley Road to Peria School. Once of secondary age they became boarders at Whangarei Girls High School, replicating their parents’ boarding education.

Rosemary emerged as a leader and athlete, and a very determined scholar; she sat three times to pass her School Certificate. After school she travelled extensively, at one time riding down the East Coast of the North Island and around the top of the South Island, with two beloved horses, Sundowner and Smooke. She then returned to mind the farm before going to Massey University for a year to do a diploma in sheep farming. There she met her future husband Don Law (born 2 July 1948) from Taranaki. They were married at the Peria Church, riding by their reception on the lawns of the Honeymoon Valley house.

Rosemary and Don had three stocky giants, including identical twins (see right, Mark, David, Rosemary and Peter). Their eldest is Robert Mark Law (born 7 December 1971) who served in the Special Air Service before qualifying as a helicopter pilot and establishing a tourism and pilot training businesses in Whakatane. Mark married the beautiful Anna Black (born 25 December 1970) from Fielding, on 24 February 2001 on the beach at Ohope. Anna is of Malaysian Chinese descent and had worked in hotel management, as an air hostess for Air New Zealand and as a nurse. She is actively involved in the family businesses. She and Mark have four lively boys; Joshua Max Law (born 7 February 2002), Samuel James Law (born 23 September 2003), Matthew William Law (born 9 July 2006) and Jacob Daniel Law (born 27 February 2008).

Rosemary and Don’s identical twins, David Alistair Law and Peter Andrew Law (born 5 March 1973), both trained as helicopter pilots. They travel together extensively, accepting contracts around the world. On 14 February 2010, Peter married Jessica ‘Jess’, a field drilling supervisor from Loveland, Colorado USA at Oakurakura Vineyard, New Plymouth. Rosemary and Don divorced, Don marrying again. Rosemary moved to an idyllic rural property near Opotiki to be near her grandchildren and help support Mark and Anna.

**Robin Macpherson**

Ines and Gordon’s second daughter, Robin (see right with Bob Dunn, 7 February 1975), found the transition from a small country school of 17 pupils when she was 12, to an all girls school of 800, quite traumatic. Boarding at Lupton House was also difficult. Two years in the Third Form did not help. However she soldiered on until the end of the Sixth Form before leaving school and heading to Teachers College. This proved to be a poor choice.

Working as a live-in nanny for a Remuera family for six months helped her to make the transition to adulthood and to make a better career decision. Three and a half years at Greenlane hospital as a nursing student then set her up with a more satisfactory career.
Following her State final examinations she left for four years OE in the United Kingdom, Europe, Africa and other places.

She returned to New Zealand and married a childhood friend at the Peria Church; Robert Gordon ‘Bob’ Dunn. Bob had been born 4 August 1940 in Lyttelton, Christchurch and raised in Patea, Wellington. He trained and served as a marine engineer, mainly out of the UK with the last year in the Pacific. To come ashore he purchased, ran and later sold a hydraulics franchise, returning to assist the franchise holder along with holding various other jobs. Since ‘retirement’ Bob has maintained his contact with matters maritime by working part-time as a ship’s agent at the port of Whangarei (Dunn & Dunn, 2010).

Robin and Bob have had a number of homes. They lived in Mangonui for a couple of years, then Kensington in Whangarei, in Australia briefly, then back to 10 acres in Glenbervie where they acquired a wide range of pet animals, then Whau Valley and finally Kamo.

They had two girls; Angela Katherine Dunn (born 11 September 1976) and Jennifer Francis Dunn (born 26 September 1978) (R Dunn, 2010) (see right, Bob, Angela, Robin and Jennifer).

Angela explored various work alternatives in New Zealand and overseas before becoming deeply concerned at not being able to help some of her friends who had become drug users. She followed her mother’s example by starting her nursing degree at Northland Polytechnic.

This study program was somehow blended with her marriage to Dean Alldred, who then owned Bogart’s Restaurant. Dean sold the restaurant and trained as heat pump installer, and later still, started an adult apprenticeship as refrigeration engineer. They had three children; Maxwell Alldred (born 21 January 2002), William Alldred (born 2 June 2005) and Eva Jenny-Rose Alldred (born 24 April 2009).

Jennifer spent a ‘gap year’ working and travelling. She took a degree in artificial intelligence with excellent grades at Waikato University. She did a postgraduate year at Foodstuffs in Wellington then moved to London. After selling sandwiches from a bike and trailer for some time she got a job in the IT Department at Lloyds Shipping. She is now working as an IT contractor and travels extensively in Europe. She designs problem solving algorithms and system proofing software and hopes one day to apply her unique talents in systems solutions for handicapped people.
Ken Macpherson after the War

Ken and Pat Macpherson

As noted above, Alfred’s decision not to return to the Mangatoeto farm and sell up impacted most heavily on his wife May Macpherson, then 51, and on their two children, Ken (17) and Gordon (13). On the 16th of April, 1945, on Alfred’s instructions, the Guardian Trust sold the Mangatoeto farm to Alfred’s second son, William Guy Macpherson, who took possession a year after returning from military service overseas (LINZ, 1998a).

May, Ken and Gordon were taken in by May’s brother, Bob Russell. Ken’s story, available on the family website at www.reynoldmacpherson.ac.nz documents the struggle they had to survive, including how Ken built a small house on skids at his Uncle Bob’s farm, in case they had to move again. Gordon was sent to stay with his elder sister Doris in Auckland to finish his education, and mowed lawns and got odd jobs to help pay his way. When he returned a few years later, Gordon borrowed the little truck that Ken had bought, and helped develop the firewood and timber milling business with their older brother Herbert, as explained above. Gordon eventually and briefly became a partner in the Far North Timber Company (see Ken, May and Gordon right).

Ken steadily acquired the skills and became highly effective at ‘breaking in’ land for farming purposes. He and his new wife, Patricia Eunice ‘Pat’ Geddes (born 14 July 1935 married 21 March 1956), were selected in their mid 20s by Lands and Survey (a Government agency) to manage the development of the Taipa Block. It was 2,500 acres of rough ground covered in titree and gorse. Eight years later it was split into four productive farms of about 500 acres and sold. Each farm had its own roads, fences, sheds and homestead. During this period Ken and Pat had four of their five children; Sarina May ‘Sari’ Macpherson (born 29 May 1956), Kenneth John ‘John’ Macpherson (born 27 July 1957), Michael Grant ‘Mac’ Macpherson (born 7 February 1959) and Wendy Patricia Macpherson (born 16 July 1960).

Their next assignment was the Cable Bay Block, about 2,200 acres of scrub with a house built on the silica sand and pan in a bulldozed gap. Washing had to be done off site because the fine silica grit blew through the house. Ken and Pat were seven years at Cable Bay before it too was divided into farms and sold. This is where they acquired their first TV.

They then moved to the Sweetwater Block near Awanui where their youngest child, Judith Robin ‘Judi’ Macpherson was born 15 October 1968. It had nearly 9,000 acres and was very run down with blocked drains and giant bulrushes where grass had once grown. Ken and his staff had to build roads across peat swamps to get access to some of the land.

Ken and Pat retired from Sweetwater to Kaitaia in 1988 when Ken turned 60, and although he returned to build stock yards, they focussed on helping their children’s businesses, taking time off to go pig hunting, golfing, travelling and building opossum traps (see Ken and Pat watching their second son Mac the farrier, 2010). Their children have all flourished and produced a total of 12 grandchildren.

May Macpherson lived with Ken and Pat until her passing on 22 June 1984 aged 90. We now turn to Ken and Pat’s seven children and 12 grandchildren, and await more photographs.
Sari Macpherson

Sarina May ‘Sari’ Macpherson was born 29 May 1956 in Kaitaia Hospital. She was a successful all rounder at school, finishing her Year 13 at Kaitaia College as Dux. She lived for a year with her Auntie Doris (Andrews), her father’s elder sister, in Auckland and then went to America with a friend. They travelled extensively across the US and Canada, attending the Montreal Olympics in 1976. They then visited an athlete friend in Iceland for nearly a year. When her friend left with a boy friend, she went off to England to meet Aunt Mary (Dickinson, néé Macpherson) and her family. She then toured England, Scotland and Ireland. When rejoined by her friend in London, without the boyfriend, they found work but were unable to save. She rang her parents for a loan to get home.

Sari held a relieving position for six months in the Sports Department at Kaitaia College, repaid her parents and then won a job as a receptionist at Kaitaia Hospital. Over about eight years she worked her way up into the Medical Records Department, until the overtime load without assistance drove her to apply for a position as a rates clerk at the Kaitaia Borough Council. The hospital replaced her with three people.

She was promoted steadily through Council administrative leadership positions. When the new District Council formed and separated off the roading operations, she helped set up and became the financial manager of the new entity. When the District sold the entity off to McBreen Jenkins, she went with it as financial manager and accountant. Dick Thorburn of McBreen Jenkins proved an excellent leader, and about 2004, asked her to turn round another McBreen Jenkins company in Kaikohe. And even though McBreen Jenkins itself was taken over by an Australian multinational company, Transfield Services, in 2008, Sari’s team in Kaikohe has continued doing well with considerable independence.

When Sari returned from England she met William Joseph ‘Bill’ Subritsky, born 29 June 1954. They married eight years later when she was 28, on 6 April 1985. William was a hard working ex-Massey University student who became the production manager at the Awanui Dairy Factory. His family’s genealogy has been well researched by Maria Benniston (no date-b). He was the eldest son of William ‘Bill’ Subritsky (born 3 January 1919 in Awanui died 28 June 1982 aged 63) and Theresa Boyd (born 20 September 1932 in Herekino) who had five children in Kaitaia; William Joseph Subritsky, Vivian Hoera Subritsky born 5 August 1957, Harry Subritsky born 17 February 1959, Donna Subritsky born 7 July 1962, and Teina Subritsky born 19 February 1969.

William ‘Bill’ Subritsky 1919-1982 was the second son on Rauna (born 1892 in Parapara, died 13 January 1941 in Awanui aged 49) and Huhana (Susie) Marupo (born 24 March 1897, died 22 June 1971 in Kaitaia aged 74). Pauna and Huhana had 13 children; Marsh, William, Aurther, Thomas, Kate, Henrietta, Charles, Rodney, Jane, Robert, Maria, Florence and David. Rauna was the eldest child of Arthur William Subritsky (born 23 June 1872 in the Subritsky Homestead at Houhora and died 13 March 1952 in Awanui aged 80) and Maraea (Rewiti) Davis born 9 March 1873 at Parapara. They had one other son, Robert Subritsky born 1990 in Parapara. Arthur William Thomas Subritsky was the only son of Heinrich Wilhelm Subritsky (born 18 May 1828 in Luneburg Germany died 24 June 1909 in Auckland) and Mary Jane Smith (Beniston, no date-a)

The Subritskys were an early Polish family in the Far North of New Zealand (Dragicevich, 2009). Ludolph and Heinrich Subritsky came via the goldfields of Australia to purchase land for the family in Houhora (feathers spread out) in 1860. Ludolph and Heinrich established a trading business on Mt. Camel Station, across the mouth of Houhora Harbour, and imported and bred shorthorn cattle. In 1868 their younger brother Johannes ‘John’ Anton sold up and shifted the rest of the family to Duke Street in Awanui in the mid 1870s. He married Elizabeth ‘Betsy’ Hoare in 1851 and they raised fifteen children in Awanui; Sophia, Johannes, Ludolph, Elizabeth, Louise, Henry, Ada Phyllis, Evelyn, Ada Isola, Herbert, Alfred, Eva, Hayward, Charles and Sidney. He established a shipping line, J.A. Subritsky and Sons, and used a number of vessels to service the gum digging and dairying industry. John was nicknamed ‘the Duke of Awanui’.

During the Depression of the 1890s the Government imposed heavy land taxes on estate owners and the family was forced to sell much of Mt. Camel Station. In 1898 the Houhora homestead was sold to Ludolph’s daughter, Louise Wagener. It was recognized as a place of national historic value when it became the Wagener Museum in 1991.

Sari and William had one son, Trey William Subritzky, born 7 December 1992. They divorced in 1999 when Trey was six. Trey continued to live with his mother and yet maintained regular contact with his father. He
took up soccer at four and rugby at 10, and was particularly happy when his father, a rugby enthusiast, took over as coach of his team for three years and they won many competitions.

Trey also proved a fast learner with a flair for leadership and team sports. He was invited by the Melbourne Storm Rugby League Club to join their junior development squad when he was still 15. They were very impressed; he organised and ran a rugby league tournament for primary school children he had been coaching during the year. He was lined up to be Head Boy of their Sports School. After six months training and playing with the Storm, and doing extremely well, he badly injured his knee, rupturing an ACL ligament. The surgeons decided not to operate for six months, until he had stopped growing, so he had to get on with schooling and watch his mates play. Once his knee was reconstructed, however, the playing season was over and he came home.

Trey is now at Mt Albert Grammar doing his final Year 13 in Business Studies, Economics and Sports, hoping to do a Sports Science degree at AUT next year. He has started light training again and will give rugby league another two years. While sport remains his first love, he often tops his classes in business management studies.

Sari married again on 31 January 2004 to Bruce Petersen, a builder with a passion for hunting and fishing, once she got used to the idea that he is 10 years younger than her (see Sari and Pat right, 2004). They were married in a garden ceremony at the home they bought in April 2003 in Kauri Flats, between Waikarara and Awanui. Sari continues to commute four times a week to Kaikohe, a trip that takes 1.5 hours each way.

**John Macpherson**

Kenneth John Macpherson, known as ‘John’ to avoid being confused with his father, worked first for Allied Farmers when he left school, until family calls came. He helped in John Howells’ jewellery business. He drove Uncle Frank Viskovich’s tractor in his vineyard when he had his knee operations. These two jobs meant living in Auckland for seventeen months with his Aunty Doris (Doris Andrews, nee Russell). He then returned to Kaitaia to help his father for a few months. His younger brother Michael, known as ‘Mac,’ who had gone ahead to the Opuawaihia Station on the East Coast in from Tutira, asked him to come down to give him a hand. It was already November and they were yet to get their docking, calf marking or shearing done. They started work at 3.00 am and finishing late. John got home just before the New Year and could not wait to go back down there again.

He finally got away in May the following year and started as a shepherd general with Don Stock at Tologa Bay. Within two months Don promoted him to Head Stockman for the area, on the understanding that he would do it for a year. While at Tologa John met and married Andrea Penelope Cook (born 19 November 1960 and married 10 April 1982) and they had three children two years apart.

1. Genevieve Louise Macpherson (born 14 March 1983) is a science graduate in metallurgy and tests samples from mines in Perth, Western Australia (WA). She is engaged and building a house.
2. Hayley-May Macpherson (born 29 March 1985) has worked as a swimming instructor, dairy farmer, as well as a forestry and Triboard administrator in Kaitaia. She has recently left with her mother Andrea for WA. She has taken her child Zayne Reuben Trebilcock (born 5 January 2005) with her, having separated with her one-time partner, Cane Trebilcock.
3. Ben James Sinclair Macpherson (born 26 June 1987) has qualified as a plumber, works for Apex in Kaitaia, and needs to serve two more years and complete more papers before he can set up his own business. He is interested in completing drain-laying and gas plumbing tickets. Ben’s partner is Elizabeth Catherine ‘Libby’ Perry, a local girl born 8 January 1980 whose mother owns and runs Sandhoppers, a day-care centre at Ahihara School. Ben and Libby have a child of their own, Matthew John Sinclair Macpherson born 20 May 2010 in the Kaitaia Hospital, in addition to Libby’s two children from a previous partner; a girl Ella Joan Hira Murray born about 26 April 1998 and a boy Mikaira Shaun William Murray born about 13 November 2004.
After the year at Tologa, John moved on to Hicks Bay for two and a half years to work for Kevin Baker as his Head Shepherd and Stock Manager. He then went south to Hangaroa and worked for Andrew and Wendy Hanson until appointed Manager of the steep Huia Station belonging to the Tahora Trust. He reported to Dick Cotter for four years and faced intense competition with the neighbouring station, learning more about how to boost a station’s productivity. It was partly about improving his leadership; he turned around a disaffected single colleague, Piko Anderson, by teaching him how to gather flounder, scallops and snapper in down time.

About this time the children were starting school and there were 18 gates to go out to the main road. The farm road that was too rough for a car and required horses or a four-wheel drive. So the children started on correspondence schooling and John applied to Landcorp for a management job at Kerikeri in Northland. They instead offered him a post at Cape View, at Ngataki, just north of Awanui in the Far North. He was there for two and a half years until Landcorp decided to sell the farm. Kahu Harawira and other Māori activists objected to any such sale of ‘Māori land’ and spray painted the buildings and tried to disrupt operations.

Andrea was keen on promotion in Landcorp, so they applied for and got the Sweetwater Block near Awanui. John gradually ran into difficulties when Landcorp insisted on higher productivity without investing in fertilisers, weed spraying, fencing and other improvements. He left and took a job with Murray Greg on Awaroa Station in Herekino for about three years, usually working three days a week, working the rest of the time for Joe and Fiona King - until they asked him to work fulltime. He then ran the beef side of Joe and Fiona’s operations for about ten years; on Bell’s Hill and the Sweetwater and Sandhills run offs. The work included managing the beef animals, fencing, spraying and tractor work, although he came on to the dairy farms when there was silage to be made. It was during this period that John and Andrea split up and eventually divorced 14 September 2000.

John then looked for a change to beef farming. For two years he did the tractor work for ‘Pooh’ and Kelvin Masters, market gardeners, until the unsocial hours during picking times and their supervision style became intolerable. He turned to contracting around the district until he was approached by Kevin Mills at Pekerau to do a day’s fencing which turned into six years, mainly of tractor and digger work, contract spreading and making round and square bails of silage.

John met Karen Harris and then turned up unexpectedly to mix drinks for her 40th birthday party. This made an impression. Karen (née Holland) migrated in 1966 from Cornwall to New Zealand. She has a son Ross born about 1984 from a previous marriage. Ross is an assistant manager and married a beautician at the Polynesian Spa in Rotorua in November 2010. Karen’s family has been long in the Far North. Her father was in the Royal Airforce and then President of the RSA in Kaitaia for many years. Her mother is in a pensioner’s flat in Oxford Street after staying with them for a few years. Her brother Stan works at 90 Mile Motors. One sister lives up Church Road, near Kaitaia, and another is in Wellington.

John and Karen bought their 30 acre block in Mangatoetoe Road at the junction with Wallace Road on 6 December 2002, on what used to be part of John Dawson’s farm. Gerard Ponsonby had bought a number of adjacent properties in the top half of the valley and then had them combined and subdivided into 30 acre blocks. Wade Rogers first built a cowshed for milking on the section and it was the next owner that converted it into a home. When they came out to inspect the property they had to wait until two cock pheasants had finished a fight on the road. This prompted young Ben’s advice; “Buy it! Buy it!”

John and Karen were married 18 March 2005 in Sari’s garden in Waiharara. From about that time John has become increasing engaged with events on Ngai Takoto’s Waimonoi Marae. His interest in taha Māori (things Māori) was initially triggered when Genevieve was getting ready to go to university in the late 1990s. Although his grandmother May Macpherson had been discouraged from speaking Māori and associating with Māori, John and his father Ken had both grown up with and worked alongside many Māori people. He felt confident enough to enquire about scholarships for those of Māori descent and he was successful.

John and Karen started attending events at Waimonoi Marae and were made very welcome when his whakapapa was realized. Once Carol and Tracey Andrews-Smith started tracing where Macpherson’s land once was, and where development grants were coming from, John’s interest further intensified. He is now part of the campaign by Ngai Takoto to challenge allocations of the water taken from the aquifer under the lands where they are recognised as mana whenua (the local people of standing).

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**Mac Macpherson**

Ken and Pat’s third child is Michael Grant Macpherson, known as ‘Mac.’ After returning from managing the Opuawaihia sheep station on the East Coast in from Tutira, he built a leather making, horse training and farrier business in Kaitaia. He has a property up Larmer’s Road near Kaitaia where he has built a horse training facility for pony club members. He has also gained a reputation as a ‘horse whisperer’ and is usually called in when all other attempts to calm horses down and help them learn have failed. He is the Chief Horse Steward of Kaitaia’s annual Agricultural and Pastoral Society Shows and in regular demand at other shows he attends (see right, for example, at the Waimate North A&P Show, 2010).


Katie is a fine horsewoman (see right) and a hairdresser in Kaitaia who has just returned from two years overseas, mostly in England with tours all over Europe. Will was briefly married to Marica Eastwood, divorced, and now manages a vehicle warehouse in Perth, Western Australia. He and his partner Kelly Whitman are soon to become parents. Sandie has a baby girl Tamryn born 20 January 2009. Samantha is at Waikato University. At one point these Macpherson girls plus Douglas and Colleen’s twins dominated the prize winning at local gymkhana.

**Wendy Macpherson**

Ken and Pat’s fourth child is Wendy Macpherson. She has had two children with her partner John Karipa (born 6 October 1958); Riana Te Pora Macpherson-Karipa (born 1 July 1993) and Jason Henare ‘Jay’ Macpherson-Karipa (born 27 August 1997). John went to Western Australia to redecorate the homes in the mining town of Tom Price, while Wendy lives in Perth and works in mining tool outlet. Riana and Jason are doing extremely well at school, Riana topping her class in business studies and Jason winning a scholarship to Guildford Grammar.

**Judi Macpherson**

Ken and Pat’s fifth and final child is Judi Macpherson. She was a secretary before marrying Glen Rogers (born 3 November 1968 married 16 March 1996). They had two children; Harley Wade Rogers (born 21 February 1998) and Tayla Paige Rogers (born 7 October 1999). Glen works for the Power Board and they live on 30 acres up Dykens Road, off Church Road, Kaitaia. Judi works in the Triboard Factory in Kaitaia and assembled her father Ken Macpherson’s writings that were published at the family website [www.reynoldmacpherson.ac.nz](http://www.reynoldmacpherson.ac.nz) (see Pat and Ken Macpherson right, 2007).
Gordon Macpherson after the War

Gordon and Nancye Macpherson

Gordon Ross Macpherson was nicknamed Wink because he couldn’t. He had a sunny disposition. He learned early how to make people relax and laugh (see right, Gordon held by Guy). It was talent born of adversity.

Gordon’s older brothers Herbert and Guy enlisted and departed when he was seven. His twin brothers and his father enlisted and departed when he was eight. Only Guy returned to Mangatoetoe, when he was 12, and when he was 13, he and his mother May and brother Ken had to leave the home farm and move in with his Uncle Bob. A short while later Gordon was sent to Auckland where his Aunty Doris provided him with full board and enrolled him in a secondary school. As explained above, when he returned a few years later he borrowed Ken’s little truck to help deliver firewood with Herbert, eventually managing timber extraction for the Far North Timber Company, and briefly, becoming a partner.

In the early 1950s, Gerty Hamilton arranged for one of her friend’s daughters in the King Country to come north and stay with her to do her nurse training; Nancye Marion Mills (born 28 December 1934 in Rangataua, died 28 August 2009 aged 74 in Whangarei). Nancye was the daughter of ‘Belgie’ and Douglas Llewellyn Mills, born 5 July 1902 in Papakura, and granddaughter of Llewellyn Mills born 1880 in Paparoa and Dairy Blossom Low, born 1880 (see right, about 1952).

Nancye and Gordon took an intense shine to each other and were married 19 December 1953 at St. Saviour’s Anglican Church in Kaitaia. They started their family almost immediately. Rhonda Lillian Ivy Macpherson was born 21 October 1954. Karen Nancye Macpherson was born 5 July 1956.

Nancye had a bubbly personality and a risqué sense of humour. Her modest origins showed in her delight at acquiring new homes. Her treatment of people always exhibited the main professional value of nursing; caring without regard to their standing, ethnicity or religion. She built a strong relationship with Alfred and Ivy, and continued visiting Alfred with Rhonda and Karen after Ivy died in 1955 until Alfred died in 1968. She suffered her greatest loss 27 February 1976 when Gordon apparently fell asleep at the wheel of his Landrover and failed to take the bend down into Kaingaroa, dying instantly, aged 43.

Nancye was devastated, and for some time focused on her two daughters, who had also trained as nurses. She married again, on 5 December 1981, to Terence Alec ‘Terry’ McLaren of Whangarei (born 2 April 1934) (see right). Terry had been Deputy Head Boy at Whangarei Boys High School and a Warrant Officer in the New Zealand Army before becoming a builder. He had four children with first wife, Barbara Lilian Leaming (b.8 July 1939), a telephonist. Their children were Robyn Gail McLaren (born 8 March 1957, married 10 December 1975 to Darryl Hackett with a child, Nicola), Gregory Ross McLaren (born 2 November 1958, married 1981 to Catherine with two children, Joel and Ryan), Diane Sandra McLaren (born 26 March 1961, died 1994 aged 32) and Glenn Charles McLaren (born 16 May 1967). Glenn was raised by Nancye and Terry, did well at school, graduated in electronic engineering from the University of Auckland and won a senior position in Cisco, USA.
When Nancye died 28 August 2009 in Whangarei, she was taken north to St. Saviours for a Māori funeral service organised by her eldest daughter, Rhonda. The coffin was open and waiata were sung after each speech. Some that attended were puzzled by this assertion of Māori ethnic identity as part of the funeral, given that Nancye was of Anglo-Celtic settler heritage and never spoke Māori.

It occurred to me later that, because such ceremonies are to both honour the dead and to assist the living with their grieving, unique intercultural blends of rituals will have to be accepted. And in the interim, as usual, Nancye had the last word. At her request she was buried in the Kaitaia Lawn Cemetery alongside her beloved Gordon and mother-in-law, May Macpherson.

**Rhonda and Karen Macpherson**

Rhonda did her Enrolled Nurse training in 1972 at Whangarei Hospital. For the next eight years she worked in most of the hospitals in Northland including Kaitaia and the Bay of Islands. In 1980 she went to Brisbane, did various jobs as an Enrolled Nurse and started to specialise in psychiatric nursing and this became her niche. In 1986 she joined Nancye and Terry in Perth, Western Australia, where her and her mother worked at a repatriation hospital. In February 1987 she returned to New Zealand, working at the Whangarei Hospital for eight months before going to Dunedin to work at the Cherry Farm Psychiatric Hospital at Waikouaiti.

In 1993 she decided to go back to polytechnic to retrain as a Registered Comprehensive Nurse, at Unitec, Auckland. In 2009 she completed a Post Graduate Certificate in Advanced Mental Health Nursing at Auckland University and achieved status as an Expert Nurse in Mental Health with her Professional Development Portfolio.

Rhonda is currently working as Triage Nurse/ Community Mental Health Nurse and Duly Authorised Officer of the Mental Health Act, for the Mid North Mental Health and Addiction Services in Kaikohe. The area has some of the most acute deprivation data in New Zealand (MOH, 2008).

During her time in the South Island she realised a need to revitalise her Ngai Takoto affiliations and started studying Te Reo Māori. When she returned to the Whangarei Hospital, her powhiri (formal welcome) strongly reaffirmed her Ngai Takoto identity (see right). It has since become a cornerstone of her professional practice.

Karen (see left) has been a nurse for over 20 years in Al Ain, Abu Dhabi, specialising in Arabic nursing. She has achieved fluency in Arabic, developed a sophisticated understanding of Islamic culture and religion, and has gained the confidence and trust of many of the Royal women in the region. She lives just over the Omani border in Al Ain and has two main hobbies; collecting unique stray cats and gold.

In recent years Karen has been studying interior design via long distance with the Sheffield School of Interior Design in New York, hopefully graduating late 2011 and specializing in Moroccan and Middle Eastern interiors. She intends retiring to Kerikeri.

It is interesting that intercultural professionalism has emerged as central motif in both Rhonda and Karen’s lives, and in the lives of many other Macphersons of the Far North of New Zealand.

**Concluding Note**

This chapter has attempted to describe the Macphersons of the Far North of New Zealand by focusing on the brothers Alfred and Gordon Macpherson, foreshadowing research into the origins and descendents of Frank
McPherson (and in recent days, Kelston McPherson). I am indebted to many of their mokopuna as well as the family genealogists acknowledged above for their help in untangling our family trees.

There may well be other MacPhersons living in the Far North, whatever the spelling of their names, that are not descended from these four people. I may have made mistakes in my research, used inaccurate sources in good faith or confused some of the information I have been given. I therefore apologise for any errors and welcome corrections of fact with evidence and advice on matters of interpretation.

It is also a risky business summarising people’s lives, especially the living, and I look forward to considering further improvements. I have respected all requests not to put into the public domain what is regarded as sensitive personal information.

On the other hand, ongoing births, deaths and marriages will soon guarantee that this account will become outdated. I therefore welcome updates that will help the family improve its account of itself as well as preferred photographs. Thank you all. Kia ora tatau.

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