

Boys delve into family history

Following on from a pilot essay competition launched with Hereworth School, Havelock North, in 2017, this year's competition (2018), has again been adopted with enthusiasm by staff and students. Implemented and designed by Kath La Rooy and Paddy Bayley of Founders Branch, Hawke's Bay, Years 7 and 8 boys were required to research and write on the history of their ancestors and their emigration to New Zealand. They read their essays to an appreciative Founders audience at the Ellwood Function Centre, Hastings, in August 2018.

The first prize (\$100) for the best essay was shared this year with a first-equal result and a Highly Commended prize was also awarded. The boys were asked to support their work with references and appropriate accompanying documents and photographs. These are not reproduced here owing to space considerations.

My family — A new life in New Zealand My grandfather

by Pete O'Shaughnessy

In the beginning ...

My grandfather, Dr James Joseph (Joe) O'Shaughnessy, was born in August 1918 into a country in the midst of a great conflict, the Anglo-Irish War of Independence which was fought between Irish citizens and the British Army. The Irish were seeking self governance, free of the rule of the British.

Joe was raised in a small market town in County Mayo in a west of Ireland (Eire) town called Ballinrobe. Joe was one of seven children born to Kate and James. My great grandfather James fought for the US Army in the 69th Regiment, better known as the 'Fighting Irish.' My great grandfather died when Joe was only thirteen years old.

His mother sent him to school when he was only three years old, mainly to avoid him being injured by the British armoured vehicles driven by the 'Black and Tans' which sped through Ballinrobe. Joe was a very smart boy and he was sent to a Christian Brothers school in Dublin where he studied all his subjects in Irish Gaelic. After finishing school Joe spent two years studying to be a priest at Maynooth, a seminary just outside Dublin. However, Joe decided against the priesthood and he enrolled to study medicine at University College Galway (UCG). After graduating UCG, Joe worked in several hospitals in England as a House Surgeon and became a fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons and a qualified surgeon. During this time Joe was also a member of the Irish Army Medical Corps at a time when Eire was a neutral country during WW II.

The Journey ...

In 1948 Joe was eager to see the world and much to the sadness of his mother he got a job as a Ship's Surgeon on a passenger ship called the *SS Atlantis* run by the Royal Mail Line. Joe never saw his mother again. This ship's job was to carry immigrants from the northern hemisphere to southern hemisphere countries like Australia and New Zealand.

In 1949 his first encounter with New Zealand was entering Wellington Harbour on the *SS Atlantis*. Joe was impressed with the beauty of this new country and promised to return. In 1950, he did return. He got off the boat and did not return.

A life In Hawke's Bay ...

In the early 1950s Joe was looking for a change and accepted a position at the old Napier Hospital as a House Surgeon. It was here that he met a young nurse called Pat Sugden and they quickly fell in love and got married.

Joe was keen to continue his surgical work, though a very conservative New Zealand medical system at the time would not recognise his Irish qualifications. On the advice from a Napier Doctor, Tony Foley, Joe established a general medical practice in Taradale. The next fourteen years were a very busy time for Joe and my grandmother Pat. They balanced seven children of their own, a large obstetric (babies) workload and a general practice of several hundred patients, including the students and priests of Mount St Mary's seminary, St Joseph's Maori Girls College

CONTINUES ON PAGE 20

and large Maori communities in Moteo, Fernhill and Waiohiki. Joe retired from medicine in the 1990s.

Even though Joe went back to Ireland only once, in 1972, he never forgot his true Irish roots. The family home in Taradale and the bach at Kinloch were full of Irish literature, music and history. Joe was equally tied to the Catholic Church and his nationalistic beliefs. He strongly disliked the British occupation of Northern Ireland.

Joe and Pat died in 2010.

Epilogue

Joe's love of Eire rubbed off on his children. In 1992 my dad, Paul, while studying in Ireland, met a beautiful Dublin girl called Linda. They too fell in love and the result was me and my brother Tom.

Joint Founders essay competition winners, from Hereworth School, Pete O'Shaughnessy (Year 8), left, and Jackson Reynolds (Year 7) with NZ Founders National President, Paddy Bayley (left) and Kath La Rooy.



My family — A new life in New Zealand

by Jackson Reynolds – Mihi

Tena koutou katoa

Ko Jackson Reynolds ahau: Ko Tom Reynolds toku matua; Ko Kate Reynolds toku whaea;

*No Turanginui A Kiwa; Ko Hereworth toku kura;
Ko Ruapehu te maunga;*

Ko Whanganui te awa; Ko Ngati Tuwharetoa te iwi

Here I am in 2018, but honestly that's boring. Instead, I can go back hundreds of years, in fact all the way back to 1699 when my 5x great grandfather, Nowel Cribb, was born in Dorset, England. He married twice and was the father of eleven children. I don't have very much information about Nowel Cribb except he worked as a shoemaker.

Eighty-four years later his grandson Henry Cribb was born, also in Dorset, England. He started his adventurous career as a coachman, today's equivalent of an Uber driver. In 1805 he became a Military Corporal of the 11th Regiment Light Dragoons in Leeds. He and Mary Hatfield were married and were the parents of ten children including my great, great grandfather John Hatfield Edward Cribb.

John Hatfield Cribb was a seaman, then later became a captain of the Royal Navy. He married Frances Annie Stephens in 1840 and they had eleven children, 2 of which died before birth.

One of John's nephews, also John Hatfield Cribb (my great, great uncle), boarded the *RMS Titanic* in Southampton, England on the 10th of April 1912 with his 16-year-old daughter, Laura Mae, enroute to New Jersey, USA. Disaster struck on the 15th of April 1912 when only Laura managed to get to safety as the *RMS Titanic* sank.

My great grandfather Frederick William Cribb was born to John and Frances in 1855 in Hampshire, England. Sixteen years later Frederick and his brother Alfred embarked on a journey to Australia on the sailing ship, *Salisbury*. Via their father's navy contacts they received transportation to New Zealand. Frederick learnt the native language, Maori, (which was probably from his first wife) and became a Maori language interpreter and a surveyor

CONTINUES ON PAGE 21

for the government, while his brother Alfred became a clothes tailor.

In 1896 Frederick was part of a group of Engineers and Surveyors that went up the Whanganui River and the Tangarakau River by canoe to see if they could use steam ships to transport cargo. There were no roads and the river was important to grow the community and improve civilisation. Their mission was a success and they started building steam ships immediately.

Frederick had two wives and six children before he met my great grandmother, Waikauri Toi Te Huatahi, in 1909. Waikauri was a full-blooded Maori and could not speak English. Frederick had to communicate with her in Maori. Frederick and Waikauri had 16 children including my Nana, Maude Clever Cribb, who was born 27/06/1921 on the family farm in Otangiwai, Matiere (near Taumarunui).

Nana Maude had three partners, first a Chinese man she married and divorced three years later. She then met Alec Percival (Prim was his nickname) Reynolds and they had eight children. In September 1962 Prim Reynolds was struck by lightning and killed while working on the railway. My Poppa,

John Douglas Riddle, was a plumber for the railway houses and Prim's best mate. He stepped in to take care of his friend's family and he and my Nana ended up having two more children, my uncle John and my dad, Thomas Jackson Reynolds.

In 1975 Nana Maude did the Maori Land March with Dame Whina Cooper. My 10-year-old dad and his brother came home from school and found a note saying 'Gone out, back soon.' For two weeks the boys looked after themselves until their sister-in-law saw Nana marching on TV and wondered who was looking after them, this was when they went to live with Poppa John. In 1978 Nana Maude was arrested at Bastion Point.

Nana Maude died 26/08/2002 and Poppa John died on the 02/04/2003.

Prior to meeting my mum, dad had three children, my sisters, Jay and Cassie and my brother. Cody.

Mum (Kate Scott) and dad married the same year I was born, 2006.

In line with my forefathers I am excited to venture to uncharted territory where I will settle with my three wives and 26 children.

Postcards — a brief background — with reference to New Zealand

by Bruce Isted & Geoff Potts, members of the New Zealand Postcard Society

The information presented here formed the basis of a talk to the Wanganui Founders Branch by Bruce and Geoff, in May 2017.

Background on early postcards (1869-1894)

Austria was the first country in the world to publish postcards – in October 1869.



Front view of New Zealand postcard, 1897

Other major countries quickly followed:

- Great Britain in 1870
- America in 1873
- New Zealand in 1876



Back view of New Zealand postcard, 1897

CONTINUES ON PAGE 22