

# OTAGO SETTLERS NEWS

AUTUMN 2016 ISSUE 128

OTAGO SETTLERS ASSOCIATION *proud to be friends of* **toitū** OTAGO SETTLERS MUSEUM



## THE DIGGER PRINCE

**Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Cornwall visited Toitū Otago Settlers Museum in the early afternoon of Thursday, 5 November 2015. Accompanied by the Mayor, Dave Cull, and the Director, Jennifer Evans, they met about 40 direct descendants of the settlers who arrived in the *Philip Laing* and *John Wickliffe* in 1848. The descendants stood beneath the portraits of their ancestors in the Smith Gallery, some wearing jewellery inherited from them. The royal couple spent about half an hour in the gallery talking with them before leaving for their next engagements, after which an afternoon tea was provided for the descendants in the auditorium.**

Charles and Camilla's visit came 95 years after the last time a Prince of Wales dropped by. The Early Settlers' Museum had been added at short notice to the already packed itinerary of the future King Edward VIII, Charles' great-uncle. At ten in the evening of Wednesday, 19 May 1920, he was shown round the collections by the Association's President John Duthie, the Vice-President Donald Reid and the Secretary William Paterson. The official history of the royal tour records that 'His Royal Highness inspected with interest and curiosity many of the relics and pictures, and was especially interested in the enlarged photograph of the children's parade which was held in the presence of his Royal parents at the Caledonian Ground in 1901.'

The newspapers reported that Prince Edward showed particular interest in a sewing machine 'of rather ancient design' that had been brought from London to New Zealand

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Cornwall enter the Smith Gallery accompanied by the Mayor, Dave Cull, and the Director, Jennifer Evans – Tourism New Zealand photograph by Gerard O'Brien.



in 1880 by a woman who had sewed for Alexandra, Princess of Wales. The unidentified seamstress subsequently sold the machine, but years later when on a visit from Wellington she recognised it in the Museum. Made by Wheeler and Wilson of Bridgeport, Connecticut in 1873, this is now just one of more than 40 sewing machines in the Museum's collection. Prince Edward was also much taken with another exhibit, the barrel organ brought out by Dr Frederick Hall Richardson in 1851 for the planned Anglican church in Dunedin. The prince 'got much amusement' from cranking the handle and playing several tunes on it, as did his brother Albert (who succeeded him as George VI) when he visited seven years later. These days, visitors, royal or not, are no longer encouraged to play with the exhibits.

The young prince was in town towards the end of his four-week tour of New Zealand, shortly before sailing for Australia. The Australasian tour of April to August 1920 followed a highly successful tour of Canada the previous year. Edward had the common touch and charmed virtually everyone he met; he was a good sport and had the happy knack of saying the right thing. The 'Digger Prince' had served as a staff officer in the recent war so felt a particular affinity with returned servicemen. Officially, he acted as representative for his father and the 'heritage of common aims and ideals' that the throne stood for. For his own part, Edward saw his role more prosaically as 'to make myself pleasant, mingle with the war veterans, show myself to the schoolchildren ... and to remind my father's subjects of the kindly benefits of attaching to the ties of Empire.'



**Top:** The sewing machine which proved of particular interest to Prince Edward during his 1920 visit to the Otago Early Settlers' Museum.

**Above:** Prince Edward presenting a medal to an unidentified nurse at Forbury Park, 19 May 1920.

Privately, the heir to the throne wondered if the writing was not already on the wall, given the recent fate of the Romanovs, Hohenzollerns and Habsburgs. Before Prince Edward even reached New Zealand he wrote in a low moment: 'who knows how much longer this monarchy stunt is going to last or how much longer I'll be P. of W.' After a particularly tiresome day in Rotorua he wrote: 'What a hopeless state the whole world is in just now & each day I long more & more to chuck this job & be out of it ... the more I think of it all the more certain I am that really (though not on the surface yet awhile with Britishers) the day for Kings & Princes is past, monarchies are out-of-date though I know it's a rotten thing for me to say & sounds Bolshevik!'

The prince's doubts were largely dispelled by the reception he received touring through the country. 'New Zealand does seem quite the model dominion that one has always heard it to be & their loyalty is quite amazing ... I don't feel so far from England ... as the people here are so intensely English, more than the Canadians in some ways & certainly more than the Australians!! They are amazingly respectful to the "P. of W." as well as delightfully natural & democratic to me & they always call me "Digger", which is the highest compliment they can give me!' The prince had met many New Zealand soldiers as a staff officer in France during the war. He thought then 'the N.Z.s are really the nicest & most refined of all the colonials'. (He was however closer to the Canadians in France, spending so much time with them that he thought he had picked up a little of their accent.)

To his adoring public, the 26 year-old prince was the empire's most eligible bachelor; in private he had been on intimate terms with Mrs Freda Dudley Ward since March 1918, though this was not known outside their immediate social circle. Their relationship (despite many infidelities) was to last 16 years until Edward dumped her for Mrs Wallis Simpson. On becoming king in 1936, his desire to marry the by then twice-divorced American sparked a constitutional crisis. The uncrowned Edward VIII abdicated in December and the couple married the following year, becoming the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

Back in 1920, Prince Edward wrote regular, lengthy, self-pitying letters to Freda throughout his tour. After his first day in Dunedin (Monday, 17 May) he reported 'We have been to a fearful civic ball this evening ... & I did try & dance a little at the "Art Galleries" tho. we were back before midnight sweetheart ... We've got 2 irritating days here at Dunedin as they've made



a balls of the programme'. The main purpose of the prince's tour was to meet and thank as many returned servicemen as possible, large numbers of them still recovering in hospital. He also met nurses who had served in the war, members of patriotic organisations, and great crowds of schoolchildren. The prince concluded 'It is a rotten way of seeing a fine country ... Returned soldiers & shrieking people & school children are all that I shall remember of my visit.'

Up till after one in the morning writing letters, the prince was woken at eight at the Dunedin Club by a 21-gun salute in the Oval. He began his first full day in Dunedin with 16 holes at Balmacewen before embarking on his official engagements. They entailed 'First an endless civic welcome then a hospital,' where the prince's entourage was 'received a short way from the gates by a number of the students carrying bones, dummy

figures and skeletons, which they waved frantically as they ran alongside the cars.' Prince Edward then visited Port Chalmers and on the way back stopped briefly at Ravensbourne, where for the first time on the entire tour 'God Defend New Zealand' was sung. The mayor of West Harbor 'stood up and made a speech, in which he explained that he was not going to make a speech,' as the prince's cousin Lord Louis Mountbatten recorded. Edward lamented 'Oh! how I have been shrieked & yelled at this afternoon till I could cry sweetheart tho. I know how its ungrateful & rotten to talk like this; I've had a marvellous welcome here as everywhere if not better tho I'm so stale & tired now'.

The prince's Tuesday 'evening's work' was a public reception at the Drill Hall, Kensington, followed by an appearance at the Otago Women's Club Ball at the Art Gallery (now part of the Museum). Edward reported to Freda 'Its been a terrible evening my beloved as there were 10,000 people at the citizens' concert [at the Drill Hall] & I had to say a few words to the multitude which was a gt. strain!! Then the dance at the Art Galleries was worse than last night as it was hopelessly full & dancing impossible & such women & such a band!! Christ! how these "one horse" parties do get on my nerves sweetie, they are far worse out here than they were in Canada as anyway most Canadians can dance!!'

If the prince's letters were to be believed, wherever he went in New Zealand all the women he danced with were both very plain and bad dancers, so no rivals for Freda. His friend the



19-year-old 'Dickie' Mountbatten was much less circumspect in his womanising. He followed a hunt meeting in Canterbury 'in a car with some bits (he's lost a bit of his large heart to a girl ... in Chch) What I think of them all!! Oh!! Oh!!' Clearly the Early Settlers' Museum had no chance of competing with this social whirl.

The prince began his last full day in the city, Wednesday, 19 May, with another round of golf, followed by 'a marvellous school children's parade [at Tahuna Park] & a hospital & then 2 more hours this afternoon a big parade of returned men etc [at Forbury Park] & a football match [Otago v Returned Soldiers at Carisbrook] & miles of yelling crowds to drive thro!! I really think that Dunedin is the most enthusiastic city of all in N.Z. tho they have worked me here ange!! There was the usual sordid [boring or tiresome] dinner at this club to which I had to invite the usual 4 local boring old men as I do each night & then another 10.000 people concert' [at the Drill Hall, Kensington].

That evening, George Fenwick, managing director of the *Otago Daily Times*, was asked to come to Fernhill 'to be knighted.' Mountbatten recalled: 'Mr Fenwick apparently understood this last remark as "tonight," for when he arrived after dinner he knew nothing about what they expected of him ... Owing to Mr Fenwick's apparent astonishment at being sent for, the Staff began to have grave doubts as to whether they had sent the wrong man in, and were contemplating what to do if it were the wrong man.' After a few frantic enquiries settled their doubts, 'all drew a sigh of relief.' It was later that final evening that the royal party visited the Early Settlers' Museum, before 'Yet another dance at the Art Galleries'. The prince was given 'a marvellous send off' the next morning, Thursday, 20 May. As his train set off for Gore and Invercargill, a band played 'Good-bye-ee', and Dunedin began to calm down again.

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Thanks to Celeste Daymond at the Alexander Turnbull Library in Wellington for copies of the prince's correspondence (MS-Papers-8780). An edited version can be found in *Letters from a Prince: Edward, Prince of Wales to Mrs Freda Dudley Ward March 1918 – January 1921*, ed. Rupert Godfrey (London: Little, Brown, 1998).

**Top and middle:** The Prince's motorcade passing under an arch formed by the brigade's ladders and in Princes Street, turning into the Octagon – *Otago Witness* 1 June 1920. **Bottom:** Prince Edward charming some schoolgirls at Tahuna Park, 17 May 1920 – From *Letters from a Prince*. p.26.

# Saved by his Hat



Among the many people taken by surprise at Easter 1916 by the outbreak of a major armed rebellion in Dublin was a Dunedin man, Alexander William Don. A non-commissioned officer in the NZ Field Artillery, he was on leave in the city when he found uniformed rebels were taking pot-shots at him. Don helped defend the strategically sited Trinity College from attack and was presented with a small silver cup for his trouble. This was displayed in the recent 'Dunedin's Great War' exhibition at the Museum, on loan from Hugh Keane.

Corporal Don was one of seven children of the Rev Alexander Don and his American wife Millie, *née* Amelia Ann Warne. Don *père* arrived in Dunedin in 1879 and became the Presbyterian church's missionary to the Chinese gold miners. Himself the son of a gold miner, Don had been born in a tent in Ballarat in 1857, during the Victorian gold rush. He became the minister of New Zealand's first Chinese mission church, founded at

Riverton in 1883. Don moved to Lawrence in 1886, from where he undertook annual summer preaching tours among the Chinese miners. Despite his zeal, he had very limited success in converting the Chinese to Presbyterianism: James Ng points out that many of them found him uncompromising and overbearing, with an unfortunate habit of betraying confidences. The Dons moved to Dunedin in 1889, where Alexander opened the Chinese Mission Church in Walker (now Carroll) Street in 1897. He went on to found the Canton Villages Mission in southern China and on his return to Dunedin in 1913 he became Presbyterian foreign missions secretary.

During the Great War three of the Dons' sons volunteered for the forces, and one daughter served as a nurse at the NZ military hospital in Walton-on-Thames, Surrey. Alexander junior fought at Gallipoli and was invalided out with enteric dysentery, aged 20. He spent a year in a succession of military hospitals in southern England before he was fit enough to return to the fighting. In the meantime, while on a week's leave in Dublin in April 1916, he was to get in some additional shooting practice.

Once the Easter Rising had been suppressed, Corporal Don wrote home to his father in Roslyn: 'I was over in Dublin at the rebellion, and in hospital there in Belfast with enteric before the "fun" started. I will tell you how I got on. On Easter Monday morning I was walking past Dublin Castle, and everything seemed all right, when a couple of shots rang out, and two Tommies, who were in front of me, fell over. I thought I must be dreaming, and went over to where they were lying, and saw that one had got it through the head and the other through the neck. Then I looked up and saw a couple of men in green uniforms and slouch huts, rifles, and bandoliers, regarding me from the housetops. It was my [slouch] hat that saved my life, because it seemed to puzzle them, being so very like their own, although, of course, not green. Then I went on up the street, and I had a couple of shots at them from the nearest corner — I always carry my revolver. That was the first intimation that I and many others had of the rising of the Sinn Feiners, this sniping of unarmed soldiers being a sort of speciality of theirs.

'After going up the street a little way I saw more rebels walking on the [rooftops of the] houses, and only for the crowd would have been shot. Then a lot of women got round me, crying and wailing for the soldiers, whom they had seen shot before. They pushed me into a place, and I got into civilian's clothes, as I didn't want to stay there all day. I then went out and saw the different places held in the town. At the Post Office I saw the Commander-in-Chief, Connelly [James Connolly], standing with folded arms in a doorway. I could have shot him from the crowd, but should have got two or three into me, as rifles and green could be seen from every window.' (The Rising had begun at midday, and Patrick Pearse proclaimed the establishment of an Irish republic from the steps of the General Post Office.)

Don went on: 'I was just turning round to come away when I saw two New Zealanders. They were on holiday. The rebels started shooting at them, so I said to them to come along with me. We were passing Trinity College when one of the porters called us in, unlocking the gates for us. I went back for my uniform, and on returning put it on. That night we kept the rebels from taking

One of the small silver cups presented to those who helped defend Trinity College during the Easter Rising – TDC Library.

the Royal Bank of Ireland, firing from the roof of Trinity College. There were only about 30 armed men in Trinity that night, and as it occupies a whole block it took some holding, and we were right in the centre of the rebels.

'I won't say too much about the things we did, because the whole affair was just about 10 times worse than even the people of England knew. So I suppose in New Zealand you thought it was a very small affair. But from Monday to Thursday one could hear all the time the rattling of rifles in every part of Dublin and the boom of our artillery. I had seven hours' sleep from Easter Sunday night to the following Friday, as we were shooting from the roof the whole time and house-to-house searching. It was very dangerous work, too, and if information came to the officer in charge of the Dublin University [cadets] to the effect that a sniper was on the roofs opposite, the cry was for the "Anzacs" — numbering five New Zealanders and one Australian!

'They even had the church tower opposite [St Andrew's], and were firing from it. I took our fellows over, and we fired a volley through the tower from the back of the buildings opposite. Then we went into the church, crept upstairs to the belfry, and found one of them dead and the other wounded. That was our job, and I left a couple of Tommies on guard while we went on another job.

'On Thursday night I saw the big crowd of rebels in the G.P.O. surrender — about 350 there were. It was a grand sight, the whole of Sackville street being in flames, and the fire flashing on the bayonets of the guards ranged round the prisoners. I met some of the finest people I have ever met in Ireland, and the Irish must not be judged by the "Sinn Feiners."' (Although the insurrection was organised by the Irish Republican Brotherhood and carried out by the Irish Volunteers and the Citizen Army, it was known at the time as the Sinn Fein Revolt.)

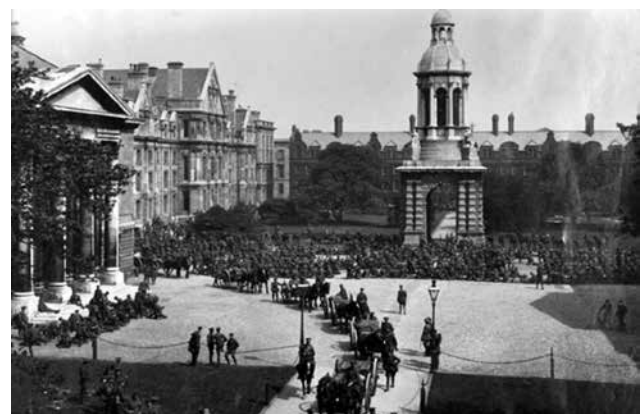
The two New Zealanders Don met in the street were Sergeant Frederick Nevin from Christchurch and Corporal John Garland from Auckland, both medical orderlies from the hospital ship *Marama* who were also on leave. Garland, whose version of events is not entirely to be trusted, claimed to have had a brush with the flamboyant revolutionary Constance, Countess Markievicz in Sackville Street on Easter Monday: 'There were thousands of people in the streets, and all of a sudden a large motor car whizzed past us. In it was the noted countess, dressed in a green uniform. As she went past she fired two shots at us. One went above our heads, the other caught an elderly man in the arm. It seemed to be a signal to the other Sinn Feiners, for bullets started to whizz all round us. As we were unarmed, and had our Red Cross badges on, we went for our lives to the Soldiers' Club.' Corporal Garland reported that 'Several of the chaps from Gallipoli reckon that one had a far better chance of getting off with his life there than in the Dublin riot for the reason that these rebels were posted in twos and threes in almost every house and shop in the city.'

The other New Zealanders helping defend Trinity College were Private Edward Waring (from Auckland) and Lance Corporal Finlay McLeod, who had been born in Milton but who had moved

to Sydney, where he had served in the NSW infantry garrison before the war. The five New Zealanders joined Trinity's Officer Training Corps cadets, university staff and nine soldiers from South Africa, Canada and Australia in manning the college defences until they were reinforced later in the week by regular troops with machine guns. Their presence helped save the surrounding business premises from damage and possible looting, so in gratitude these firms and other local residents raised more than £700 to have two large silver cups made by West & Sons of Grafton Street. These were given to the Trinity College OTC, and 138 miniature replicas were presented to the corps' members and the soldiers from the dominions. Like the others, Don's miniature cup is inscribed 'Defence of T.C.D / Sinn Fein Rebellion / Easter 1916.'

After the suppression of the rising, a New Zealand sergeant was given the task of guarding some of the rebel prisoners in the courtyard of the Custom House. One of them, Seamus Daly, later recalled the 'perky little redheaded sergeant who ran about like a little wasp' and who told them: 'You are bloody fools, but you're fine men. You struck for the freedom of your country. We want to do that in New Zealand too, but we have more savvy. We don't want to do it in the middle of a big war, when England has her biggest army in the field. We'll wait, and we'll do it at a proper time. You Irish never had sense. You always prefer to do the mad thing. However, there's my hand chum. We're friends.'

The only sergeant among the Anzacs was Frederick Nevin, but his army records say he had dark brown hair so he could hardly be described as 'redheaded,' and at nearly 5 feet 11 inches was hardly 'little.' Daly may have miscounted the NCO's stripes, making Don a candidate for the seditious sergeant. He was 5 feet 8 inches tall, but he had 'light brown hair,' which is the nearest to Daly's description of any of them. If it was Don, he went on to show similar disrespect for authority later in the year when he struck a superior officer while a patient in a military hospital in London. He was reduced to the ranks by a court martial, serving as a gunner in France in 1917-18. There he received further punishment for being absent without leave. After the peace he became a teacher in Wellington and served in the Home Guard during the Second World War, but the proper time for the hoped-for New Zealand revolution never eventuated.



Library Square, Trinity College Dublin, 1916 – TCD Library MUN MC 207.



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## Singing of Arms and the Man

Once the technical challenge of getting the sound system to work had been surmounted (by remembering to plug it in), President Susan Schweigman welcomed about 130 people to the Association's Christmas meeting in the Museum's foyer on Thursday, 9 December. She introduced the Flagstaff Community Choir and its leader, Sue Mepham. They sang a selection of songs in English and Maori, some of them with wartime associations. 'In Flanders Fields,' the well-known poem by John McRae, has been set to music more than a dozen times, and the choir performed one of the less solemn versions. This was followed by Sue's own composition '1914,' which had been sung at the centenary Anzac Day service in Queens Gardens. It commemorates the four horses that returned to New Zealand of the more than ten thousand or so that were sent to the fray in 1914-16. Then the thousands of men who did make it home after the next great war were remembered with 'Hoki Mai'. The choir sang the 'Happy Ruatoria' version that was written by Henare Waitoa in 1946, accompanied by Sue Mepham on the guitar.

After this 'stunning start,' as Susan Schweigman put it, the Queen Carnival of 1915 was re-enacted by the ladies of Images of the Past. Women's patriotic societies formed throughout the country from late 1914 on, and raised a total of £5,695,321, equivalent to about \$800 million today. The Queen Carnival was the focus of local fund-raising activities in 1915. It involved many prominent women, among them Dr Margaret Cruickshank in Waimate (the country's first woman doctor, who was to die in the influenza pandemic of 1918) and Nurse Sibylla Maude of Christchurch, whose district nursing organisation, founded in 1896, is still active there. Here in Otago, the most successful fund-raiser was Ruth Herbert Smith, who winkled out £127,000 (now worth about \$18 million), the highest raised by a Carnival Queen anywhere in the country. Queen Ruth was the daughter of James Smith of the once-huge Greenfield Estate, west of Milton. Among her many fund-raising ventures was a performance by a troupe of blackface minstrels, the 'Greenfield Coons.'

Rhondda Martin described the fashionable modes modelled by the 'Queens,' and Jennifer Evans provided biographical details of the patriotic ladies, based on research conducted by Seán Brosnahan. The original 'Queens' were all members of prominent business or professional families. Our own Administrator, Kerry Hendry, played the 'Soldiers' Queen', Mary Anne Hudson (*née* Riley), widow of the biscuit-maker Richard (*né* Daniel Bullock). Thoughtfully, Kerry's gown was brown, so the chocolate stains would not show.

After Susan Schweigman presented each of the 'Queens' in turn with a posy, the choir returned. They began with a gospel song from Zimbabwe, 'Tuma Mweya' and the American spiritual 'I Got Peace Like a River in my Soul'. Then came a more recent song, 'So Far Away' from 1998, made famous by the boy band 'Amici Forever'. To mark the centenary, two soldiers' favourites of the Great War were sung together, 'Tipperary' (1912) by one side of the audience and 'Pack Up Your Troubles' (1915) by the other.

During the spontaneous Christmas truce on the Western Front in 1914 the Austrian carol 'Stille Nacht' was sung by both sides, in French as 'Douce nuit' and in English as 'Silent Night'. (The following year the military authorities did their best to ensure such an outbreak of goodwill would not manifest itself again, and in any case the conflict had in the course of 1915 become much nastier, and attitudes bitterer.) In the spirit of peacetime reconciliation the choir sang the first verse of the carol in German, and all joined in to sing three verses in English. Susan Schweigman then thanked the choir for 'a lovely ending' and invited everyone to the festive supper.

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## For Your Diary

### Otago Anniversary Day

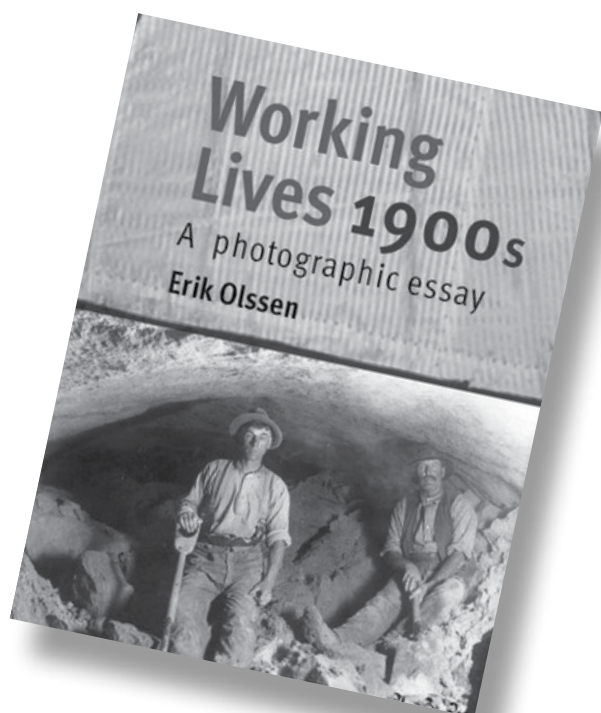
Members are cordially invited to First Church at 10am on Sunday, 20 March to commemorate the 168<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the foundation of Otago. Our President Susan Schweigman will give one of the readings at the service, which will be followed by morning tea.

The Anniversary Day dinner will be held on Wednesday, 23 March at the Dunedin Club. In 1920, the Prince of Wales and his entourage stayed at Fernhill, which he described as 'comfy.' The house shared its name with one near Windsor where Prince Edward and Freda Dudley Ward had conducted their annations: 'The name seems familiar somehow!'

Local writer and poet Annie Villiers will be the guest speaker, her topic 'Thinking Globally — Dunedin as a UNESCO City of Literature.' She was a member of the four-person team who collated, drafted and presented Dunedin's successful bid to be recognised by UNESCO. There are only 11 such Cities of Literature in the world, including our sister city Edinburgh, and Dunedin is the only one of them south of the equator.

Be welcomed into John Jones' gracious home with a glass of bubbly and enjoy a buffet dinner and congenial company, and learn about how Dunedin achieved this important status. Time: 6.30pm, to be seated by 7pm. (A cash bar will operate.) Tickets cost \$55, available from the Otago Settlers Association, PO Box 74, Dunedin, and the Scottish Shop, 17 George Street. Make out cheques to the Otago Anniversary Day Dinner Committee. For further information contact David Humphrey: davidhumphrey@xtra.co.nz or 471 0574.

## Book News



**Working Lives 1900: A photographic essay**  
by Erik Olssen (Dunedin: Otago University Press, 2014).  
167 pages, paperback.  
\$50 (with OSA members' 15% discount: \$42.50 + \$5 post & packing).

Work is the curse of the drinking classes, said Oscar Wilde. On the other hand, this book celebrates the working lives of craftsmen and other skilled workers. It reproduces a great range of photographs showing the nature of work and daily life in south Dunedin about the turn of the twentieth century. These are interspersed with short chapters on the development of south Dunedin, its workplaces, crafts and professions, social inequality, and the growth of the labour movement.

The Flat was home to the country's earliest industrial suburbs, and this 'photographic essay' complements the author's earlier study of skilled workers and the development of industrial capitalism, *Building the New World* (1995).

*Working Lives* reproduces more than 130 photographs, engravings and paintings, a few of them in colour but most in clear, sharp monochrome. They are printed large enough to show the fine detail, and maps help the reader work out what was where. Anyone who has tried to track down old photographs of workplaces will appreciate how difficult it is to find any showing interiors and workers, but Erik Olssen has gathered an impressive range.

Some of the photographers were skilled workmen themselves. One of them was Arthur Godber, a brass turner who worked for the railways at Hillside and later Petone. He took some superb photographs in the old Hillside workshops that were demolished in 1926–27. His self-portrait also appears, Godber standing behind his lathe, surrounded by the shining products of his handiwork, with a small sign reading 'This is my busy day.' Even if you think you know Caversham and the Flat well, there will be many photos here new to you. They come from a wide range of sources from all over the country, including many from the Hocken's collections and the Alexander Turnbull Library in Wellington.

Members of the Association are entitled to a handy discount of 15% on the cost of books and other items from the Museum shop. They also have free access to the archives, and for those living outside Dunedin an hour's free research each year by the Archivist, Emma Knowles.



**Editor:** Austin Gee; **Designer:** Tim Cornelius; **Publisher:** Otago Settlers Association.

This newsletter was produced by the Otago Settlers Association, founder and supporter of the Toitū Otago Settlers Museum. Membership of the Association is open to everyone interested in the heritage of this region. Details of membership are available from the Otago Settlers Association Secretary, Box 74, Dunedin. Phone/fax 03 477 8677, email [otago.settlers.assn@xtra.co.nz](mailto:otago.settlers.assn@xtra.co.nz)

 **Otago Daily Times**

*The Otago Daily Times supports Toitū Otago Settlers Museum*

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