

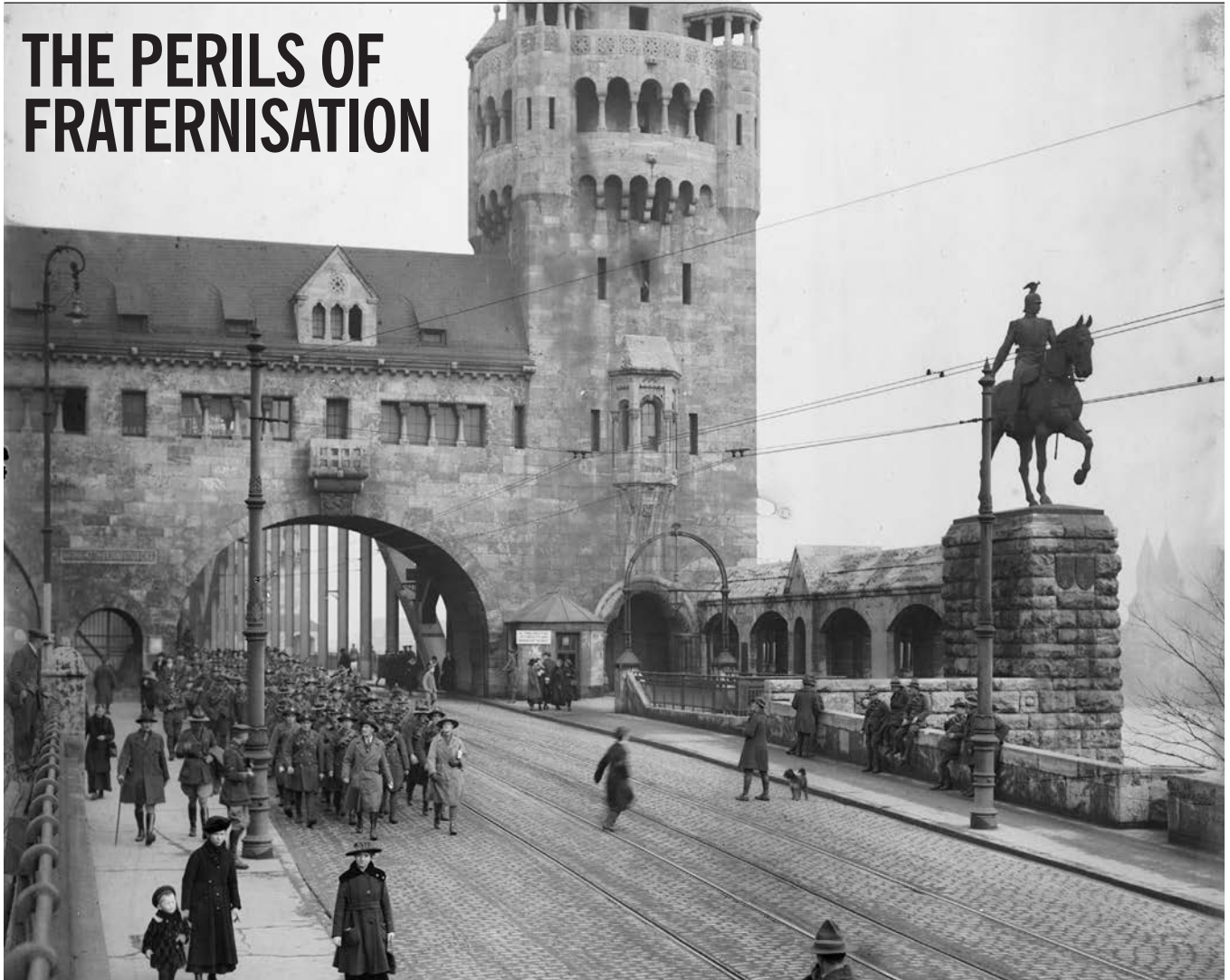


# OTAGO SETTLERS NEWS

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

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## THE PERILS OF FRATERNISATION



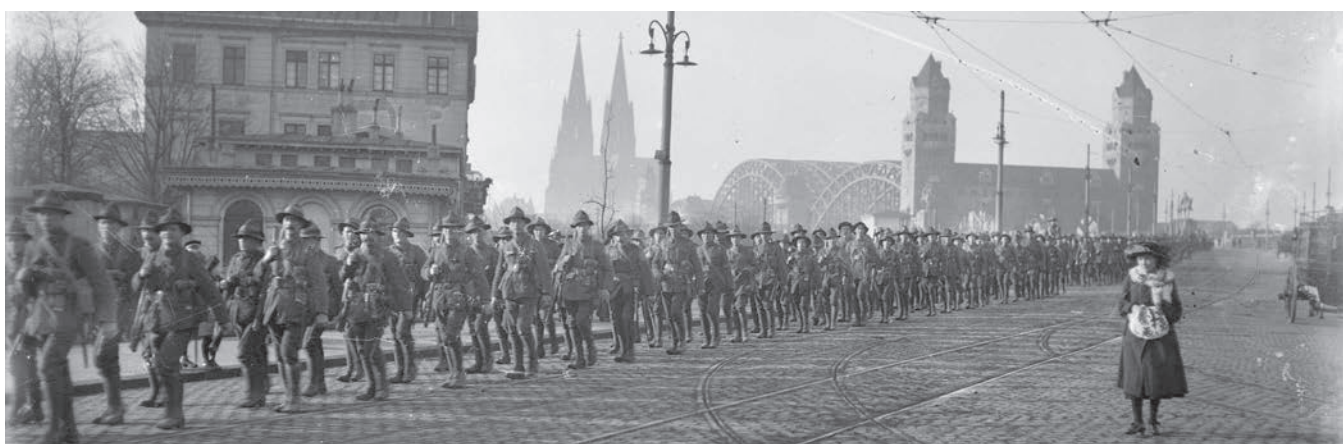
After the defeat of Germany in late 1918 Otago soldiers marched victorious into the Rhineland, but not all of them made it out again alive. After almost four years of near-stalemate on the Western Front, the allied armies turned the tables in August 1918 and German resistance quickly began to crumble. Back home, the government collapsed and the Kaiser abdicated, escaping into exile in Holland. Fearing the spread of revolution, the new government sued for an armistice, and western Germany was occupied by French, Belgian, British and American troops. This rapid collapse enabled the German army falsely to claim it remained undefeated, but instead had been stabbed in the back by left-wing politicians. This delusion was to have many unfortunate consequences for the future.

The New Zealand Division formed part of the British army of occupation in the district around the ancient cathedral city of Cologne. It took three weeks to march there through northern

France and newly liberated Belgium, where they were 'received with joyful acclamation, and everywhere unbounded enthusiasm and hospitality prevailed.' At the woollen manufacturing town of Verviers the reception was particularly enthusiastic since several of the local wool buyers had visited New Zealand many times before the war. The Belgians were well aware of the charitable efforts New Zealand civilians had made since 1914 to raise funds to relieve the distress of refugees, and 'showered favours upon our men.' The troops stayed in abandoned chateaux and were invited to breakfasts, dinners and dances.

Their reception once they reached Germany was rather less effusive, but more positive than they expected. As if to confirm Churchill's dictum that 'The Hun is always either at your throat or your feet,' the local population were widely reported as obsequious and 'deeply respectful. They rise and give the soldiers their seats' in restaurants. Initially many Rhinelanders

Demobilised New Zealand troops leaving Cologne across the Hohenzollern Bridge, March 1919. The statue on the right is of Kaiser Wilhelm II. The bridge was reconstructed after 1945 as a railway and pedestrian bridge only. Taken by Henry Armytage Sanders. Alexander Turnbull Library 1/1-002127-G.



welcomed the occupiers as protection from revolutionary anarchy. The British were at least preferable to the French or Belgians, who understandably were expected to seek revenge for the enormities committed by German forces on their territory since 1914. Neuseeland was not entirely unheard-of: one soldier reported that 'when we marched through Cologne the people could not make out who we were. When we told them we were New Zealanders they were awfully disgusted, as they had been told we were all wiped out long ago.' (They may have been confused with the Newfoundland Regiment, which had been virtually destroyed on the first day on the Somme in 1916.) In Belgium, the men's lemon-squeezer hats had sometimes caused them to be mistaken for American troops. The *Hamburgischer Correspondent* newspaper claimed the New Zealanders 'were at first taken for cowboys.' One of the army chaplains reported that the Rhinelanders had heard that the colonials 'were barbarians and perhaps cannibals.'

The New Zealanders stayed in Cologne until late March 1919, though married soldiers and those who had already served for several years were sent home early. By February 1919 there were only 12,000 left in the Rhineland, most of them itching to get home. The men were issued with a small octavo paper-bound booklet, *The "Digger's" Guide to German*. It reflects what the army expected to be the men's main concerns — 'Gibt es Wanzen in diesem Bett?' (are there bedbugs?) — and contains the usefully passive-aggressive assurance 'Wenn Sie uns gut Behandeln, so werden Sie es nicht be-reuen' (if you treat us well, you won't regret it). Soldiers were advised 'Never mind about grammar at first, but string the words together slowly and you will get what you want,' which is not too far from the age-old practice of shouting slowly in English at foreigners. A Scottish soldier was reported to have entered a tobacco shop, 'kilted and fierce: "Gooterrr morrinin". Ick want ein box matches. Matches! Matches, mon! ... Alleymettes, oui, oui. Ja strike holts [*Streichholz*] ... Verra gut. Wee feel?'"

It was probably for the best that the men were under orders not to fraternise with the local population, under pain of court martial: 'Any man seen walking with a German woman will be arrested.' One of the army chaplains reported this was 'a great act of self-denial on the boys' part, for many of the girls are very attractive, and have been making eyes at our soldier lads.' Even so, one Dunedin soldier, perhaps drawing

on personal experience, thought the lads wouldn't have got very far without knowing some German: 'In my opinion, it is quite useless to make up to a fraulein if you have to rely on your powers of gesture as your only means of conversation.' Cigarettes and chocolate were much sought after, however, and the 'Tui' concert party joked that the best way to catch a fraulein was to 'Walk along the road and make a noise like a piece of chocolate.' The troops began to be demobilised in early 1919, and 'at the railway station there were crowds of weeping German girls as each section of the New Zealanders left for Blighty.'

Most Kölner were however 'frigidly polite' and affected indifference to the occupiers, though curiosity about the kilt worn by members of Highland regiments broke 'down their mask of indifference and they cannot hide their smiles at its strangeness,' reported the British war correspondent Sir Philip Gibbs. A few English-speaking German ex-soldiers were happy to exchange reminiscences of battles with their former enemies. As for the monoglot British soldiers, 'the German language beats him altogether. He finds only one blessed word in it which helps him at all. It is the word "bier".' One publican turned out to have been a barber in Auckland for four years before the war. The 'little Hun ... used to shave lots of our very best citizens without cutting their throats.'

The soldiers were initially surprised at the general air of prosperity in Cologne, though the effectiveness of the allied blockade meant food was scarce. There was a ready market for the Division's old horses, which were butchered for their meat. Many soldiers were affected by the sight of hungry children, one Auckland officer writing: 'I thought that after all the German brutalities, I should think nothing too bad for the whole German nation, but little children, with big eyes and gentle ways, do hurt one a bit ... They will grow up without militarism, I hope, and make decent folks, for I believe the present generation of men is hopelessly bad for the most part. They seem selfish, greedy and sordid. The women seem, and are, downtrodden and broken, not by the war, but by their life conditions.' The New Zealanders became known for forcing 'fat Fritzes' on trams to give up their seats to women passengers, taking 'a great deal of pleasure in teaching the swine manners.'

When not in army education classes or on guard duty, the New

New Zealand soldiers marching through Cologne, late 1918. The twin spires of the cathedral and the arches and towers of the Hohenzollern Bridge are in the background. Taken by Henry Armytage Sanders. Alexander Turnbull Library 1/2-013770-G.





Zealanders took the opportunity for sightseeing in the city and along the Rhine, and packed the cinemas and opera house: 'Of course we do not understand what is said or sung, but the music is beautiful.' The main duties of the troops' *Wacht am Rhein* involved keeping the peace, which entailed preventing trouble during the election of a national assembly for the new republican democracy, as well as warding against industrial unrest and potential Bolshevik-style Spartacist revolutionary insurrection.

One Dunedin-born soldier, William John Thomas of the Machine Gun Battalion, together with a couple of his comrades, added to the lawlessness in January 1919 by twice holding up groups of German civilians and robbing them. He was subsequently identified by one of his victims, and in resisting arrest was shot dead by a German policeman, Ewald Rosselbruch. As there was only Schutzmann Rosselbruch's word for it that Private Thomas had pulled a knife on him, the military authorities took the dead soldier's side. They concluded however 'in this case it is not thought that any useful purpose could be served by starting criminal proceedings for manslaughter against the German Police concerned. It would be impossible to present to the Court evidence upon which it could reasonably convict ... no further action should be taken.' The death was recorded as 'accidental.'

The worldwide influenza pandemic had reached Cologne in October 1918 and many members of the occupying forces also caught the infection during a further outbreak in February 1919. Among them was a military chaplain, the Revd Frederick Rands, carried off by the flu on St Valentine's Day. Originally from Christchurch, he had studied at Otago University and was a well-loved member of the North East Valley Methodist Church. He was considered 'one of the most promising of the younger men in the Methodist ministry' and from 1908 to 1910 he was the minister of the St Kilda Methodist Church. There he was 'very popular, especially with the young men of the church, being prominent as an athlete.' He founded the parish's harrier club and was a proficient long jumper.

The euphoniously named Benedict Leander Petherick also succumbed to pneumonia in Cologne, March 1919. A grocer's traveller from Dunedin, he had joined the Otago



Infantry Regiment and was sent to the Western Front. He became a company runner with the highly dangerous task of carrying messages from the front-line platoons to company headquarters, at times under heavy machine-gun fire. In late October 1918, 'for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty,' Private Petherick was awarded the Military Medal (equivalent now to the Military Cross): 'his cheerfulness under the most trying conditions had the greatest effect on all whom he met.' The hero got his classical middle name from his uncle Leander Pavletich, a Dunedin publican of Croatian descent.

A young Dunedin bookbinder however met a more unexpected fate while stationed in the Rhineland. One evening about eight in February 1919 Lance Corporal Cyril Cromar was canoodling with a young lady in the moonlight under the trees by the snowy riverbank when he was shot dead by an aggrieved local. Cyril was sitting with Maria Esser, 'a girl of very attractive appearance,' on a park bench, while his mate Private William Clark was getting to know her friend Melanie Kerber on another bench about 30 yards away. Meanwhile in a cafe elsewhere in Cologne a group of German men in their early twenties, 'workmen of a low type,' were discussing cutting off the hair of any girls they found consorting with troops of the occupation forces. Setting off along the Rhine embankment to look for some, the gang of about a dozen came upon Cyril and 'adopted a menacing attitude.' He told them 'Go on, get out of it,' and whistled to his friend. Cyril called out 'Bill, come and help me shift some of these Huns,' and his friend came running to help. One of the gang, Franz Swaboda, had been a soldier in the Austro-Hungarian army. He told Maria she should have not have anything to do with British soldiers, then pulled a gun on Cyril and shot him in the chest at close range.

Curiously, at the time little was reported of this incident. Corporal Cromar was reported to have died of wounds, the subject of a military enquiry. A casual reader would have concluded he was the victim of an accident, like Private Richard Wilde of the Otago Infantry Regiment, who had been accidentally shot through the heart in January 1919 while performing rifle exercises. He too is buried in the Südfriedhof in Cologne. Yet a few years later the scandal broke. Cyril's killer had made a clean getaway but made the mistake of returning to Cologne in 1925. He was arrested, but the German police initially refused

**Left:** New Zealand troops marching through Belgium on their way to Germany. Taken by Henry Armytage Sanders. Alexander Turnbull Library 1/2-013768-G.

**Right:** New Zealand soldiers learning about motor mechanics, Mülheim, March 1919. Rubber tyres were scarce. Alexander Turnbull Library 1/1-002102-G.

to hand him over to the British forces for trial. Eventually a special British military court heard the case. The Dunedin RSA had interviewed Bill Clark and convinced the Minister of Defence to get the government to pay for him to return to Germany. Clark's eyewitness evidence 'really clinched the case.' In his defence, Swaboda 'explained that he was war-worn and under the influence of drink,' but he was found guilty and sentenced to death. The sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, but the German authorities let him go as soon as British forces left the Rhineland four years later. The New Zealand newspapers were understandably outraged, thinking his release showed the lack of 'even a primitive sense of decency'.

What went unremarked at the time was that Cyril's mother Annie had been born in Germany, into a Polish family. Danzig, now Gdansk, was then part of Prussia, and Anna Teresa Krefft's family emigrated when she was only six. They arrived in 1872 and ran a dairy farm on Pine Hill. Annie's husband William came even further, from St Petersburg in Russia. He was a seaman, and worked on the run between Sydney and various New Zealand ports in the 1890s before settling in Dunedin. Both their sons went to war: Cyril was 21 when he died, and had arrived in France only a month before the war ended. His older brother had joined up eighteen months before him. Orrel Cromar, a cabinetmaker with Scoullar & Chisholm, was a gunner with the NZ Field Artillery. In the last month of the fighting he suffered a head wound which brought back his childhood stutter with a vengeance. He returned home with what the army medical board described as 'War Psychosis.'

An eight-minute silent film survives of the New Zealanders in Cologne in 1919, including scenes from a rugby match and horse racing: see [www.youtube.com/watch?v=i\\_G45acGy7Y](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i_G45acGy7Y)



## OSA Essay Competition



The inaugural OSA essay competition attracted a gratifying number of entries from both intermediate- and secondary-school pupils. The judges were Associate Professor Alexander Trapeznik of Otago University, who is the History Department's representative on the OSA Committee, and Helen McDermott of the School of Occupational Therapy at Otago Polytechnic, who is also a Secondary Educator for the Museum's 'Learning Experiences Outside the Classroom' programme. They were both favourably impressed by the standard of the entries, Dr Trapeznik commenting: 'It was a great pleasure to read all of the entries ... all were of a high standard and clearly demonstrated the writers' passion for local history – long may this interest continue. Frankly, I was astonished at how lucid and eloquent many of the entries were. All the authors should be proud of their endeavours. Given the high calibre of the entries it was an extremely difficult and challenging task to come up with the winning entries. My congratulations to them.'

The competition was for an Otago immigration story, fiction or non-fiction. From among the 29 entries, first prize was awarded to Sara Hall. She received \$200 and a year's membership of the OSA. Second place was taken by Jemma Gordon and third Sophie Orchiston. In addition, essays by Hanzhe Lyu and Sarah Issa were Highly Commended.

**Left:** Lance Corporal Cyril Cromar.  
**Right:** Sara Hall, recipient of first prize in the 2018 OSA essay competition, pictured with her father.



# From Spain to New Zealand: An Immigrant's Story



The wind whirled around me as I ran, one foot after the other. Thud, thud, thud. Then a second pair joined me — faster. They were after me.

Ducking and diving through the alleyways of Mahon, the capital of Minorca, an island off the east coast of Spain. The harbour was near, and I headed towards the water. 'Francisco!' a booming voice yelled. Men from the Spanish Navy were after me. With their footsteps close behind me I realised that I couldn't keep outrunning them. I made a few sharp turns and ducked behind some barrels of olives. I prayed that I would not be found. I had run away from some of the most powerful men in Spain. If they caught me I would be forced to join the Spanish Navy.

The smell of wine and olives surrounded me. At that moment I made the decision. I would sneak on board a trading ship. I watched men loading the various goods, people yelling orders to each other.

When no one was looking I picked a ship and headed towards it. I

tried to blend in and walk with a sense of purpose so it looked like I was meant to be there. I climbed aboard the ship, moving quickly but being careful not to trip over the coils of rope that were laid out over the deck. Soon I settled into a good hiding spot behind many barrels of wine and attempted to get myself comfortable. It wasn't long before I heard sails being hauled up the masts and the ship started to move through the water. I knew it wouldn't be long before the Mediterranean, my home of Minorca and my two sisters and parents would be far behind me.

The ship was pitching and rolling now. We were well out into the Atlantic and heading west. I was getting hungry so I crept out of my hiding place onto the deck, preparing myself for what I would say to the crew. I started to shake in my boots and then I started to think rationally. I remembered that these were civilians, merchant sailors, not men sailing with the Spanish Navy. 'What do you want here?' someone asked. I stuttered, 'I'm Francisco Juanico and I'm seeking to escape from Spain.'

'All right,' he said, and then he proceeded to tell me that the ship was headed for North America, to the port of New York. I relaxed; they wanted me to work. I was fine with this: my uncle owned a shipyard and I felt at home around sailors and the sea. I had trained as a sailor and I was happy to help out on board the ship in any way I could. After almost six weeks we sailed into New York harbour. We started unloading the barrels and boxes onto the wharf. I must have looked terribly rough because someone on shore gave me clean clothes and a bowl of hot soup. I had nothing to my name, just the clothes on my back. I sat and thought about my situation. I had no money and no possessions. I knew that it wasn't safe for me to return to Spain. I had heard that the American merchant ships were always looking for sailors to head out into the Pacific. So that was what I decided to do. I worked on the barquentine *Splendid* as the ship's carpenter and made two trips into the South Seas. The voyages were long; it took months to reach what seemed to me like the ends of the earth.

One morning in 1874 I woke up to new sounds. We were almost at our destination, a port in the southern part of New Zealand. The captain called 'all hands on deck.' The little town looked welcoming as we slid into Port Chalmers. I stood on the deck and looked at the sprinkling of houses.

The captain had been a hard man to work with and on that day as the *Splendid* sailed into Dunedin I made a huge decision. When no one was looking I slipped away and walked alongside the harbour into Dunedin. This was a very different place from New York.

I was 24 with my life ahead of me and my past behind me. I headed to Taieri Mouth and found work as a carpenter, and five years later I was married to a lovely lady called Margaret Shearer.

**Francisco Joajin Juanico (1850–1935) — my great-great-great-grandfather.**

**Sara Hall**

[Francisco Juanico anglicised his name as Francis Johnson, and his story, together with those of his many descendants, can be followed up in Betty Taylor's book *The Johnson Family 1879–1984* (Dunedin, 1984).]

Francisco Juanico.

## More than Just the Vote



Only 138 years after the Corsican republic (in theory at least) had granted women the right to vote in 1755, New Zealand did the same. Another quarter of a century later, and women were even allowed to become MPs. To commemorate the quasiquintennial of the Electoral Act of September 1893, the men of the Museum (in conjunction with a reference group of wise women) have created a temporary exhibition. It goes well beyond the suffrage debate to examine the campaign for women's rights and social reform before 1893, and takes a wide-ranging look at what has happened since then. The displays are organised in six main themes: education, employment, sport & recreation, clothing, health & reproduction, and home & leisure.

The introductory section explores social reform from the beginnings of the Otago settlement in 1848 and the important personalities of the period leading up to 1893. They include the politicians Sir Robert Stout and Sir Julius Vogel, both Dunedin men who supported the campaign, but also Henry Fish, MP and Mayor, an indefatigable opponent of female suffrage. Otago was at the forefront of higher education for women: the Girls' High School, founded in 1871, was among the world's first state secondary schools for young ladies. The same year, classes began at the new Otago University, open to undergradettes from the start (Robert Stout was the first male student to sign on). Campaigning organisations such as the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the franchise leagues, and trades unions such as the Tailoresses' Union, also feature in the exhibition. Social reform campaigns

are illustrated by objects such as a racecourse totalisator, which some groups opposed because they saw gambling as a source of wider social ills.

The suffrage banners created for the 1993 centenary commemorations are displayed in the entrance, along with a new panel to mark the 125th anniversary. A large map of Dunedin is on show with individual marks to indicate the number of women who signed the 1893 petition in each street. There is a great variety of objects in the thematic displays, reflecting the range of women's activities since the 1890s. Such objects as a telephone switchboard are used to illustrate the changing nature of female employment. Women increasingly encroached on formerly all-male occupations in such areas as medicine, policing, the armed forces and the churches, as well as the literary and artistic worlds. Dunedin famously was the see of the Right Revd Dr Penelope Jamieson, consecrated in 1990 as the first female diocesan bishop in the worldwide Anglican communion. OGHS has lent some of the medals awarded to its most famous Old Girl, the former Governor General Dame Silvia Cartwright.

Less restrictive clothing and modern fabrics have made a notable difference to the lives of women over the years. A selection of bathing suits, underwear and — gasp! — trousers is here exposed to public view. In the sports display, the special streamlined suit the Dunedin cyclist Alison Shanks wore at the 2008 Olympics is on show. Technological changes were important in changes in life and work at home, and some of the appliances that played a part are displayed.

Will McKee has conducted many interviews for the exhibition, excerpts of which are played on audio-visual displays. An information station provides 40 biographies, and there is a timeline of significant events in the development of women's rights. There is even a film of a recreation of the daily walk made in 1878 to the university by its first woman student, Caroline Freeman, from her home in Green Island seven miles away.

'Suffrage & Beyond: 1893–2018' will run from 8 September until 28 July next year. There will be a special event for prominent dignitaries on 28 November to mark the anniversary of the first general election at which women voted. (The centenary of the passing of the Women's Parliamentary Rights Act falls on 29 October.)



Women going to vote at the Garrison Hall, lower Dowling Street, Dunedin, 1902. *Otago Witness* 3 December 1902





Samuel Johnson, touring the Scottish highlands with his young friend James Boswell in 1773, reported: 'The highlander gives to every question an answer so prompt and peremptory, that skepticism itself is dared into silence, and the mind sinks before the bold reporter in unresisting credulity; but, if a second question be ventured, it breaks the enchantment; for it is immediately discovered, that what was told so confidently was told at hazard, and that such fearlessness of assertion was either the sport of negligence, or the refuge of ignorance.' Descendants of those highlanders among the membership of the OSA may have been tempted to try the same approach to the midwinter quiz, but they wouldn't have got very far.

The Midwinter Meeting was held on the clear, mildish evening of Thursday, 28 June by the light of a full moon. Bob Hopkins had done a huge amount of work behind the scenes to devise a set of challenging but not impossible questions that were well suited to a range of ages and interests — which is a much more difficult task than it sounds. Some questions Bob had thought would be easy turned out to be rather more difficult than anticipated. For instance, only two teams knew that Dunedin Airport is in the Dunedin South electorate. No one knew that Spain is the world's largest exporter of wine. On the other hand, every team knew at least two things about the former Spanish colony, Cuba: it is the setting of Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* and the place where (along with China and North Korea) the anti-capitalist board game Monopoly is banned. Everyone, too, recognized Annabel Langbein, and knew that the late Robert 'Evel' Knievel rode (or flew) a motorbike.

Four of the teams were baffled by the link between the Czech Ivana Marie Zelníčková, the American Marla Ann Maples and the Slovenian Melanija Knavs. One thought that they were tennis players, while another concluded, not implausibly, that they were all Playboy bunnies. (They are, respectively, the first, second and third Mrs Trump.) Some of the other answers seemed obvious, but only in retrospect: when the meaning of the cryptic sequence 'P, R, N, D, 1, 2' was revealed (an automatic gearbox selector) there was an audible groan, at which Bob allowed himself a wicked smile.

One of the contestants later told Bob it was the best quiz he had ever attended. Kylie Darragh distributed chocolate fish as brain food from the final batch produced in Dunedin by Cadbury's, donated by Eleanor Leckie. It was a close result, only one point separating the winners from the next two teams. The victors were Belinda Leckie, Peter Miller, John Jensen and his granddaughter Justine Schep. The Museum's exhibition developer Will McKee was the nattily dressed master of ceremonies. Afterwards, he thanked all those who had helped organise the successful event, saying the OSA is 'a stellar organisation.'

Alix Lucas-Fyfe and sons, Vice President Pete Smith and Benjamin Nichols.

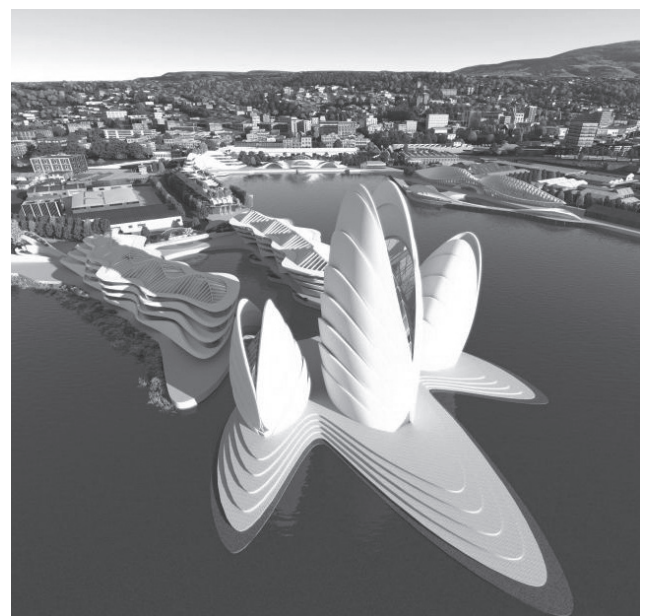
## To Fame Undying Through the Dying Years

If you do not possess a copy of Seán Brosnahan's excellent history of the OESA, *To Fame Undying: The Otago Settlers' Association and its Museum, 1898–2008*, there are still some to spare. Call in to the OSA office to pick one up; alternatively, a copy can be posted to you for \$4.

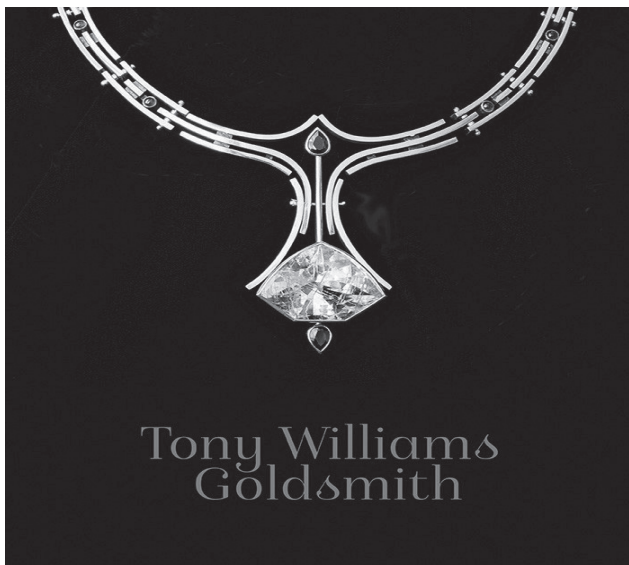
## For Your Diary Annual General Meeting

The 119th Annual General Meeting of the Otago Settlers Association Inc will be held at 7 pm on Thursday, 6 September 2018 in the Auditorium at Toitū Otago Settlers Museum, Dunedin. The doors will open at 6:30, when tea, coffee and sweets will be provided. The business to arise will comprise the presentation of the Annual Report and Financial Statements for the year ended 30 June 2018; the election of officers; and the report of the Director of Toitū Otago Settlers Museum. Please send your recommendations for committee members to the Administrator at the OSA office as soon as you can. Nominations will also be accepted at the AGM.

Following the business of the evening, our guest speaker will be the architect Damien van Brandenburg, designer of the Calatrava-esque Waterfront Vision for the Steamer Basin in Dunedin, shown below.



## Book News



**Tony Williams: Goldsmith** (Dunedin: Tony Williams Gallery in association with Potton & Burton, 2018) 176 pages, hardback. Price: \$79.99 (With OSA members' 15% discount, \$67.99 plus \$5 packing and postage. Please make out cheques to the DCC.)

The works of the prominent Dunedin goldsmith Tony Williams show such a variety of styles and range of specialised techniques that you might think his works come from a whole guild of jewellers rather than just one talented individual. This lavishly illustrated book explores Tony's work over the past half-century, including many specially commissioned pieces. His jewellery cannot be pigeonholed as either traditional, historical revivalist, art nouveau, art deco or contemporary. The objects illustrated range from dragonfly brooches with translucent enamel wings to a jewelled serpent, from a choker of ruby-eyed bats to little bee brooches, among a wide variety of exquisite necklaces, elegant earrings and magnificent rings. There are finely modelled characters from the Wizard of Oz stories, popular among American visitors to Australia who found themselves in the real land of Oz. Lucrezia Borgia

herself would be proud to wear the 'poison ring' that has a secret compartment concealed under its hinged jewel. Only the most po-faced Kropotkinite would not be tempted to pin on one of Tony's tongue-in-cheek badges proclaiming himself 'President' of the Anarchists.

Virtually all the photographs are in colour and were specially taken for this publication. The stages involved in the creation of some notable pieces are set out, and Tony's captions explain the origins of the commissions, the thinking behind the designs and the specialised techniques employed in the making of the objects.

Tony Williams grew up in Wellington and attended the renowned Birmingham School of Jewellery, where he learned skills that have since become increasingly rare. He worked for leading London firms, including the society jeweller Andrew Grima, doyen of modern jewellery design. Tony returned to Dunedin in the mid-1970s and established his own workshop, which quickly built up an extensive clientele in New Zealand, Australia and Britain. He taught at Otago Polytechnic and until recently had an elegant gallery in Moray Place.

The first section of the book, by the Dunedin poet and novelist, editor of *Landfall*, Emma Neale, describes Tony's life, career and opinions, while the second part, by the art historian Rigel Sorzano, analyses his work, designs and techniques. Shorter chapters describe Tony's work by period, and he includes an informative appendix on the methods and materials — precious metals and stones — employed by bespoke jewellers.

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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 [admin@otago.settlers.org](mailto:admin@otago.settlers.org)

 **Otago Daily Times**

*The Otago Daily Times supports Toitū Otago Settlers Museum*

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