



# OTAGO SETTLERS NEWS

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

SPRING 2019 ISSUE 142

## CAST AND CREW WORKING AT SHACKLOCKS



Back in Spring 2017 I wrote about a holiday job at Irvine and Stevensons and mentioned that, having left school at the end of 1951, I was looking for a job which would be of interest. One day in February 1952 the ideal job for me was advertised by HE Shacklock Ltd who were seeking a trainee production manager and purchasing officer. I applied, was interviewed and was appointed. I began at 8 am on the Monday at (I think) the start of March. I had been told I would be paid £4 per week with a 10 per cent bonus. No pay at the end of my first week — none at the end of a fortnight. Finally at the end of the month I was handed a cheque for £16 0s 8d (£4 a week, less 1s 6d Social Security Tax). I banked this in my POSB account and then found that I could not draw on any of it for two weeks which had to be allowed to clear cheques. I opened a cheque account at what became the ANZ Bank at the corner of Liverpool and Princes Streets — at the time it was the Union Bank of Australia.

My immediate boss was Ralph Markby who was the Production Manager and did the purchasing. He was pleasant and active — with lots to do. The factory and offices were situated in Princes Street south and parts extended through to Crawford Street. All up, about 300 people worked there. On my first day I was taken on a grand tour of all the departments and

was duly introduced to the various foremen and the occasional leading hand, plus some small service centres such as the 'Engineers Shop,' 'Pattern Makers' and a Production Engineer. When I began, most production was based on cast iron, although some sheet metal parts were made for side panels of stoves and most of the rangettes.

In the foundry the mouldings were made daily for coal ranges (Model 501) and electric ranges (The Orion) with three electric elements. Some were 'up-market' with a thermostat-controlled oven and others were 'standard' with manually controlled top and bottom elements in the oven. The switch bank was down one side of the oven. The foundry cast iron once every day. The pour started after afternoon tea with three men carrying heavy ladles full of molten cast iron to the rows of moulds set out round the foundry. Some of the moulds were created by tradesmen moulders and others were formed using moulding machines. Lesser mortals ran these machines and when the casting was in progress it was they who distributed the molten metal while the tradesmen kept making the really tricky items such as coal range boilers. Because they were hollow the boilers had a 'core' which enabled the hollow part to be made. Two or three men made cores for the boilers and often other items where a hollow part was needed.

The rear of the Shacklock factory buildings in Crawford Street in the early 1960s.

The moulding sand came from Harrison's Pit at Abbotsford and after delivery was rolled and treated until it was fine. The moulds were slightly damp so that the sand held together. If it was wet, great sparks of red-hot iron flew around the foundry. It was fairly hazardous, but human skill and sound supervision meant that things were 'just right.' The following morning the cast objects were taken from the moulding frames and gently tapped to rid them of the sand before they went off to be ground off, ready for either enamelling or fitting on the production line. Not all the product was perfect. Some was melted down again in the cupola blast furnace, and because some was not the fault of the workmen, the result was 'added back' because of the bonus system operating. One of my daily jobs was to go to the foundry at 4 pm and record all of the production for that day. Faulty items were counted 'in' or 'out' depending on whether it was considered the worker's fault or no fault.

It was a dirty, dust-filled, noisy and hazardous place. Very little protective clothing was worn, one exception being the furnace man, who wore a heavy leather apron. I used to wonder how long after retirement some of the workers would live, but they seemed happy enough, especially when they got a good fortnightly production bonus. This was on top of their regular weekly pay. My mother never complained about the filthy collars on my shirts and I did not have to work in that atmosphere.

Mr Baker was the foreman of the Enamelling Shop, where the vitreous enamel was applied after the metal had been well prepared. This entailed different processes for cast iron and sheet metal pieces. Iron castings which were to be enamelled had the rough edges ground on large grindstones and then the rough finishes were 'polished.' The polishing heads were circular and most were near to a metre in diameter. These large 'buffs' were covered with elephant hide which had carborundum glued to the outside. The skilled workmen knew how to get the exact fit and finish, and then the product was sent to the enamelling shop to be 'shot blasted.' No moulding sand or rust was to remain, and the metal (steel) shot created a finish to prepare the items for the enamel to be applied. The shot-blaster looked like a deep-sea diver and worked 12 hours a day, six days a week. Rumour had it that he earned more than the Company Secretary. His rubber suit wore out and had to be patched regularly. Replacement suits were very expensive. The spray operators had to wear masks and work in booths with exhaust fans. Industrial Health Nurses attended regularly and took blood samples because some of the spray material contained lead. Lead poisoning was treated with long stand-downs and drinking lots of milk. Mr Baker the Enamelling Shop foreman was one of those who later got lead poisoning.

The enamel was bought in bags and this was tumbled in revolving containers containing the frit (glass-like material), water and colour. Green stoves of course had green colouring, and others had grey or red to finish. Exact amounts of colouring had to be added so that the finished panels matched. There would be many shades of green, grey or red if care was not taken. Tumbling continued until such time as the watery, coloured material would pass through a sieve. Care had to be

taken because this material was sprayed very evenly over the surface. The product was placed on stands to dry and then if a specked finish was required, as it mostly was, a white frit was applied with little bits passing over the colour base. The pieces were dried again (in drying rooms) and were then ready for firing. Really a coat of coloured glass was being applied, but it had to be burnt on without getting dark spots. The product was loaded onto frames which were then mechanically lifted into the enamelling furnace. Great care was taken with the timing and temperatures. The workers wore asbestos gloves to lift the completed bits which took time to cool. The tops of the coal ranges were not enamelled because heat transfer was an important consideration. The castings on which pots and pans sat were ground and polished instead.

Bert Muntz was the coal range assembly foreman. Quite a bit of fitting (by grinding the castings) was needed to assemble the coal ranges, and 'range putty' specially made by Wrens was used to ensure that no 'air leaks' occurred in the finished product. Stoves that had boilers had these tested for leaks, and the grates, oven shelves and ash-pans were placed in each item — also lifters for the hot-plates. Some had right-hand ovens and some left. The inspector then checked everything, including that the enamel colour matched, the oven door closed properly with no air leaks, and the enamel on the oven door panel was OK. If the item passed, a wooden crate which fitted on the top and front was wired into place. The flue, complete with enamelled cast front, was carefully wrapped in corrugated cardboard and brown paper. The main model was the 'Shacklock 501.' From memory between 25 and 30 stoves were completed each day. I had to record the numbers finished.



The Shacklock 501 coal range.



Sometimes other cast items were made to special order, such as for a Public Works Camp. Black cast-iron stoves had a copper tank and brass tap on the front fitted instead of a piped water boiler. For forestry areas an auxiliary wood-burner could be fitted to

the firebox of the stove. This meant that, instead of coal, large pieces of wood could be burnt. I well remember an 'island stove' being built for the cookhouse at the Roxburgh Hydro works. All of the patterns were found in that stove, and after the castings were made the large item (or it may be that two were made) was assembled. From memory it measured about four metres square and the chimney rose from the middle. It was reputed to be able to cook for about 120 people — with lots of space on top and perhaps eight ovens. The chief pattern maker was John Hermiston, a Scot. He had one pattern maker, Mervyn Heads, working in that small department. They made patterns from wood, which formed the moulds for the castings made in the foundry.

Up to now virtually everything was male workers only and at times labour was difficult to recruit. A notice outside the building indicated 'men wanted' until someone had an idea that some females could probably do some of the jobs. I presume that their hourly rate of pay was at a lower level. I never thought of asking, but I remember some kind of fuss about facilities for women. I don't remember how it was solved, except I think they sat at separate tables in the upstairs dining room.

I remember many people from my time at Shacklocks. I have already mentioned my boss — Ralph Markby. Others include members of the Shacklock family: JT (called Mr Jack) was the Managing Director. HS (Mr Scobie) was an engineer involved in design and problem solving. FO (Mr Frank) was an elderly gent, the father of Jack and Scobie, who was 'retired' but came to work each day in time for morning tea.

Lloyd B Graham (Mr Graham) was a keen cricketer and the Company Secretary. He had a BCom degree and later became the Managing Director (today it would be Chief Executive). Lloyd was a King's old boy and a member of the Otago High Schools' Board when it still controlled King's and Queen's High Schools. Later he became Fisher & Paykel's representative in London, following on from Jack Shacklock in that position. When I began at Shacklocks I asked him what study I should do — he told me not to worry because 'they' could teach me all I needed to know.

Ken Hellyer (Mr Hellyer) was the Accountant, a quiet, efficient man who oversaw the workings of the office. Mrs Wright (May) the Wages Lady slaved away calculating the pay of each employee and used to order from the bank the exact amount needed to make up the pay envelopes. This was in the days of £sd. There were £10 notes, £1 notes, 10 shilling notes, 2/6 pieces, florins, shillings, sixpences and threepences, plus

pennies. Time sheets were handed in on Monday morning and pay was distributed on Thursdays. Every second week a production bonus was handed out to most of the production workers. The white-collar employees, or the 'SAB' (Shiny [posterior] Brigade) as they were called by the workers, were paid by cheque. The rest, including the tradesmen engineers, the electrician and any skilled tradespeople, were paid in cash. There were two shorthand typists; one of them, Lenore Gerry, was full-time and helped out with pay if need be, but spent most of her time taking dictation and producing immaculate letters. She also ran the book-keeping machine, producing the monthly statements. She entered the totals from the main record and the various invoice details were added, so that the statements contained all the traceable details. Lenore was a wonderful shorthand typist, but one day in late 1954 she disappeared and was found dead, at the age of only 23. The other shorthand typist was Nola McMullan, who lived at Green Island and was a marching girl. She later married Eric Woodmancy. Nola helped out the girl (Miss Parsons) who typed invoices. A regular visitor from Barr Burgess and Stewart was HSJ (Horace Samuel Jonas) Tilly, a cost accountant who lectured in this subject to accounting students at the University. He later became a city councillor.

#### Harold Browett

*"I chose a Shacklock '109'. It has 2 ovens!"*

**twin-oven cooking**  
makes the difference!

You'll be surprised at the speed, ease and cleanliness of cooking with the new, Shacklock twin-oven range.

★ **TWO OVENS:** Main oven for complete dinner... Three-quarter size lower oven for slow cooking of casseroles, puddings, pies, cakes. Main oven has automatic thermostatic switch... set it, go away, come back... dinner's ready!

**HIGH-SPEED RADIANT HOT PLATE:** In speed for amazed users.

**SIX-HEAT SWITCH CONTROL** (not 3 heat): Ideal for pressure-cooking, simmering, and steaming. And a host of other important features: Smokeless Griller (slides in and out with oven door), High Clear-vision Switch Panel (away from children), Range-top Venting, 2 Drip Trays (for cleaning purposes). Beautiful gleaming enamel finish.

**Shacklock '109'**  
Immediate delivery — yours for only £68/10/-

See it at your local Power Board, Electrical or Hardware Showroom  
Or at H. E. SHACKLOCK LTD., Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin.

**Top left:** An enameled cast-iron ashtray made at the Shacklock foundry during the author's time. **Bottom right:** By 1954 enameled cast-iron stoves were replaced by pressed-steel models like the Shacklock 109 electric range seen in this advertisement. *Otago Daily Times*, 21 September 1954.



## THE FIRST SERMON

Fifty years since Armstrong took 'one small step'; a hundred since Alcock and Brown flew the Atlantic non-stop; 250 since Cook first visited New Zealand: though anniversaries seem to come thick and fast these days, dodransbicentennials are seldom marked. Yet it will be 175 years on Sunday, 15 September since the first religious service was held in Dunedin, or rather on the site of what was then the prospective New Edinburgh settlement. Frederick Tuckett and his surveying party were in residence when the energetic young Methodist minister Charles Creed popped over from Otakou to see them for a few hours on Friday, 13 September. On the Sunday morning he held a service for a couple of hundred people at Otakou, followed by 22 baptisms and three weddings. 'I then left for New Edinburgh, walked 4 miles, crossed over in a boat and preached to a few Europeans. Spent the evening with Mr Tuckett.' He returned to Otakou the following afternoon.

Creed and Tuckett, a Quaker, knew each other already, as they had sailed in the *Deborah* from Nelson at the end of March 1844 together with the surveyors John Barnicoat and William Davison, and several others. The appropriately named Mr Creed replaced the Revd James Watkin as the Wesleyan Methodist minister at Waikouaiti, and soon came to share his predecessor's low opinion of the morals of the whalers resident at 'Satan's seat.' Meanwhile, the surveyors looking for a suitable site first scouted out Port Cooper and the dry plains, where a few years later Lyttelton and Christchurch would sprout. Tuckett however was choosier than the

Canterbury Association, and headed south until he found the more promising, lush pastures of Otago. After carefully considering sites all the way along the coast as far as Stewart Island, he decided the head of Otago Harbour was much the best place for New Edinburgh. Negotiations to purchase the necessary land from its owners took place in June 1844, but it turned out that the New Zealand Company had run out of cash. Tuckett, fed up, asked to resign, and Davison took his place in November. More than a year later, in February 1846, the main survey party under Charles Kettle arrived and began pegging out the new settlement.

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Typed transcripts of Creed's letters to the General Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missions in London from 1844 to 1851 can be seen at the Hocken (MS-0440/017).

**Top left:** Frederick Tuckett  
**Top right:** The Reverend Charles Creed

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## OSA Essay Competition

Paige Halcrow (aged 14) has been awarded a cash prize and a year's membership of the Association for her essay, a fictional account of the impact of war on a family. One of the judges said 'Paige's essay fits neatly with this year's WW100 theme — "Finding Our Way Back" — and captures the trauma suffered by returning soldiers and their families as they tried to return to "normal life." It is a bleak and unsparing portrayal from the perspective of a wife and mother who cannot recognise the man who has come home, nor understand his violent rage. This reminds us of the difficulties faced by the wartime generation who had to adapt to life after the great conflict with little understanding of post-traumatic stress and few communal means of support to help cope with the transition to peace.' The other judge agreed, thinking 'the strength of this story lies in its spare, uncluttered style and the immediacy of the present tense throughout,' which is used 'to convey a pervasive sense of dread ... The mood of the piece is conveyed simply and sensitively, without unnecessary detail ... In general, Paige's command of language shows maturity and empathy.'



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## ESCAPE BY SUNLIGHT

Her eyes flicker through the street, red-rimmed and large. She sees flicks of hands, the inward-turned eyebrows of concentration, how the children's boots move in twitches even when they stand still. But most of all she sees the tight arms, the red, curled fists, the vacant eyes of men. She pulls the basket towards the lump in her stomach as she pulls the butcher's door open, trying not to look in a hurry. He holds a knife and flicks it up and down like he's making a beat to a song, tearing at the animal's skin with no thought.

Acid sparks in her throat. Her stomach is dropping as she holds it. The brown eyes holding her intelligence are glazed. Her heel turns like clockwork. She watches as the contents of her lunch spill out of her mouth and into the dry gutter. She breathes in the cool air, only to find it catches her throat and pinches her airways. She pulls the basket close; her jacket closer. Her shoes echo on the ground; she runs faster and faster. She suddenly realises that she needs to be home.

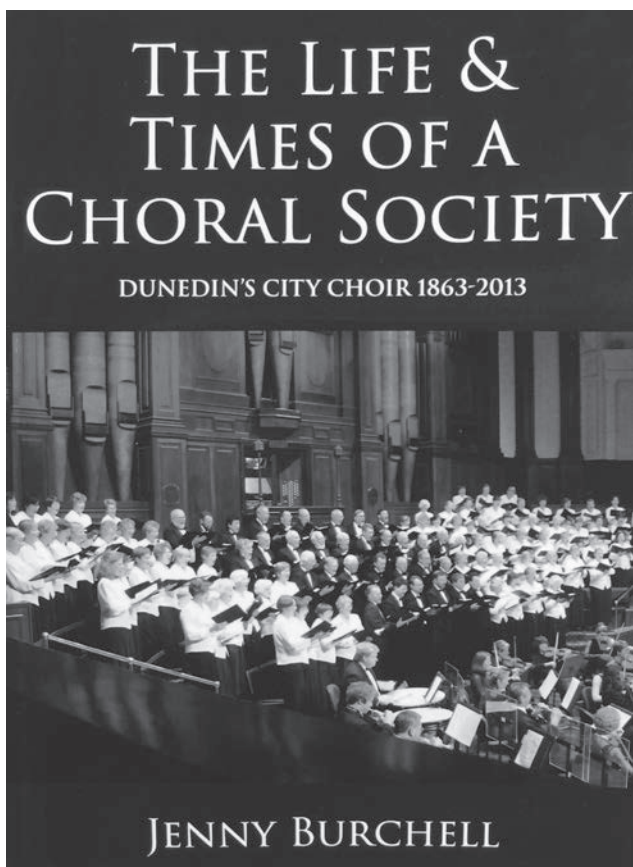
The moonlight guides her soft footsteps through the half-open door. Her shoes slip into her hands and she creeps up the stairs. She can't breathe as she passes the door; not in, not out. She dodges the creak in the wood, the single mirror where she might see her own terror in the reflection. Her child is scooped into her hands and she kisses her cheek with a trembling chin. She lays her back down in a single movement. Her thumb runs over the bruise on her cheek as if she could heal it. She knows she can't. 'Goodnight' is whispered even though it doesn't make sense. It is not true.

She slips into the bathroom and peels off her dress. The lump is growing bigger and rounder. She ties cotton around it. 'Just for today,' she mouths to herself, 'just until he calms down. Until you can tell him about it.' She knows it isn't true. She lives in fear of what will happen when her lies unravel the other way. Then she wipes her tears from her eyes. She puts on her broken smile. Her nightdress is put on with trembling fingers. She lies alert at the edge of the bed. Her eyes don't falter in staying wide as she watches him. She slips out again as sunlight creeps through the gap in the curtains. She has to check he has not wakened. Then she wakes her child. She scoops her into her arms, under her coat. She begins the journey past the bedroom, down the stairs.

She can breathe when she reaches the kitchen. Her arm writes the note but not her heart. It can't be scared or panicked. It needs to be calm and careful and wise, everything she wishes he would be again. It needs to be like he was before the war. And she leaves with the sunlight in her steps. She treasures this moment she isn't in the house, no matter how short it is. She can feel both the child in her arms and stomach next to her. She can feel their hearts close to her body. She can't think about what will happen when she returns home. What anger will grow again in his heart for reasons she can't understand. Instead, she lives in the moment. She does her hair up and pretends she is okay — pretends she and her children can be happy. They can be under the sunlight.

**Paige Halcrow**  
Otago Girls' High School

## Book News



**Jenny Burchell, *The Life & Times of a Choral Society: Dunedin's City Choir 1863–2013*** (Dunedin Choral Society, 2019). 430 pages, paperback. \$45 (With OSA members' 15% discount, \$38.25 plus \$5 packing and postage. Please make out cheques to the DCC.)

After the two cathedral choirs, the Dunedin Choral Society, now known as City Choir Dunedin, is the city's third oldest. Nationally, it is the second-oldest choral society: Auckland's is only five years older. This engagingly written, thoroughly researched and very reasonably priced book follows the choir through its various incarnations, and places it in the context of the musical world of Dunedin and further afield. The choir celebrated its sesquicentenary in 2013 and it has been well worth the wait for this comprehensive history, which examines a great number of performances and personalities, the many changes in musical fashion, occasional dissension among the membership, various levels of administrative competence, and the choir's financial vicissitudes. None of the Society's documentation survives for the nineteenth century, but a huge amount of detailed research in a wide range of newspapers compensates for this, and not just in those newspapers easily accessible via Papers Past. For the most recent period there is naturally no shortage of first-hand information once David Burchell became conductor at the turn of this century. Nonetheless equal weight is given to all periods of the Society's history, which is recounted chronologically rather than thematically.

According to the old German canard, England ist ein Land ohne Musik, but this was perhaps truer of early Dunedin, a town without music. Free Church services rejected choral music, so there was no tradition of choirs from the earliest days as seen in other settlements further north. The public taste was for brass bands and Scotch airs, and a decade passed before the first public concerts were held in Dunedin. Even then, they were largely male affairs as few ladies ventured out at night in the muddy, unlit streets. Yet the new choir showed 'surprising proficiency' at the Dunedin Philharmonic Society's first concert, a performance of Handel's *Messiah* at the Oddfellows Hall in 1863. Sacred oratorios, including Haydn's *Creation* and Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, became a mainstay of the repertoire, but it was much wider and more varied than that. Musical tastes changed over time: the revived and renamed Dunedin Choral Society performed *The Bohemian Girl* in 1872, but the *Evening Star's* critic thought Balfe's music wouldn't last. Social attitudes change, too: in 1880 George West, the conductor, thought he ought to resign as he had transgressed the rules of polite society to such an extent that during a dress rehearsal on a hot day he absent-mindedly took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves.

Some things never change, however: the Society was long hounded by rotten weather for its performances, and clothing has been a recurrent concern: the instruction that members of the audience should wear evening dress was printed on concert tickets until persistent male resistance led to its being dropped in 1903. The ladies of the choir were put into uniform clothing only in the mid-1970s, but a decade on, the once-fashionable apricot shade had become seen as a desperately outdated orange, and rebellion brewed. Though knowledgeable, newspaper critics were, and are, not always tactful: in 1862 the *Otago Colonist* said of Miss Harriet Gordon's singing that her 'intonation at times is bad, and her ornamentation too florid to be strictly in accord with good taste. She forgot she was not singing in a barn.' Though never in an actual barn, the choir has performed in a wide range of venues over the decades. The Town Hall with its impressive symphonic organ opened in 1930, but in the early days the music's pitch rose steadily as the organ's pump drew in increasingly warm air from the auditorium. Few venues were more unlikely than the tram sheds in the Market Reserve where the Society performed in 1911, accompanying a touring English choir. This was the first occasion Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* was performed in Dunedin, and the Society's taste for the composer extended to appointing as its conductor for a couple of years in the 1950s Elgar Clayton.

The many illustrations are clearly reproduced, the more recent of them in colour. A great deal of careful work has clearly gone into the comprehensive appendices, which list the main personnel (conductors and their deputies, accompanists, chairmen, vice presidents, life members), all the performances (dates, venues, broadcasting details, composers, works, conductors, vocal soloists, accompaniment), the repertoire, the main performers, associated performing groups, and the venues; there is also a useful, thorough index.

**E A PHILLIPS.**  
SOUTHERN PHOTOGRAPHER



**EA Phillips: Southern Photographer** (Feilding: D Duthie, 2017). 40 pages, paperback; 17 monochrome illustrations.

OSA member Donal Duthie of Feilding has written this biography of Edward Arthur (Ted) Phillips, who was born in Dunedin in 1882 and attended George Street Primary School. Together with one of his brothers, Ted got into trouble with the law aged 12 for stoning ducks in the Water of Leith. His parents were unable to cope with their three sons, so they became wards of the state at the Caversham Industrial School. Ted's photographic career began as a teenager when he was apprenticed to Burton Brothers at 2/6 week (well over \$100 now). He soon formed a partnership with Fred Lee from Melbourne — Lee and Phillips took photos all over Otago and Southland, carrying their equipment on bicycles, which must have been heavy going. When Lee returned to Australia, Ted went into partnership with his brother Henry, first in Dunedin, then from 1905 in Invercargill. They split up in 1907 and established separate studios there. Ted visited Stewart Island several times and photographed many of its remote spots — the book's appendix lists 114 known postcards of the island.

Ted became a keen motorcyclist, and tried to break the Invercargill to Dunedin speed record in 1911. He made good time, but near Henley his back tyre exploded and it took him an hour and three quarters to repair it. Many of Ted's photos were published in the *Otago Witness* or as postcards.

He started Aristo Electric Pictures in Invercargill in 1910 to show films in Southland and Otago towns, but this led to his bankruptcy in 1911. Ted headed north to recover his finances, opening businesses in Rotorua and Cambridge. He returned to the South Island when war broke out, and by its end he was working as a dairyman at Lochiel in Southland, having had some experience of farming as a child. Ted returned to photography in 1922, setting up a studio in Winton. He came full circle in 1928, returning to North Dunedin to set up a studio on the corner of Great King and Howe Streets. There he specialised in press, commercial, panorama, aerial and flash photography. His studio was at 262 George Street from 1949 to 1959.

The pioneering historian of photography Hardwicke Knight said Ted Phillips was not always a careful photographer. The quality of his work was uneven, and he was a 'take it or leave it' sort of man. He did not always ensure his panoramic camera was perfectly level or even check that all his subjects were at the same distance from the lens, so his clients were sometimes dissatisfied. One of Ted's last big projects was photographing all aspects of the Roxburgh hydro-electric scheme, completed in 1956; he died ten years later.

The OSA office has a copy kindly provided by Donal Duthie, and the book can be obtained for \$30 (including packing and postage) from South Stamps and Postcards, PO Box 20, Wakefield, Nelson (tel. 03 541 8980; [tuiville@extra.co.nz](mailto:tuiville@extra.co.nz)).



**Bottom right:** EA Phillips in 1946 - Alexander Turnbull Library WA-01917-G



## A Grand Day Out

In attempting to date the photograph on the cover of the last issue, the editor was premature by a couple of years. The picture, from the Museum's archives, shows the employees of the DSA about to set off on their annual picnic in a fleet of Corporation buses. This is very likely to have been taken on Saturday, 9 February 1929, when the 'staff, friends, and representatives of the various warehouses' spent a 'very enjoyable' day at Brighton. The clue is the verandah of the Beehive Stores on the left of the DSA, a drapery shop which burned down in August 1928. It was replaced by mid-1929 with a new building designed by David G Mowat which housed three shops, with a tea room behind and offices above. The first-floor facade is still there, above McDonalds, where the only tea on offer these days is iced, with peach flavouring. The ground-floor facade in black Swedish granite has long gone, as has the Plaza picture theatre (radically modernised as the State in 1934) that stood to its north, demolished in 1991. David Gourlay Mowat also designed the Donald Reid Wing for the Early Settlers' Association, the now threatened Maori Hill Presbyterian Church and the Mosgiel war memorial, among others. For the latter, see David Murray's excellent website 'Built in Dunedin': [builtindunedin.com/tag/d-g-mowat](http://builtindunedin.com/tag/d-g-mowat)

## Midwinter Meeting

President Pete Smith opened the OSA's midwinter's eve conversation by welcoming representatives of the Scottish Society of Dunedin who joined us for the evening. Bob Hopkins then introduced some of the traditional board games that had been set out for members to play. Snakes and ladders, he pointed out, originally carried a religious message: players either climbed up to heaven or slithered down into hell. When he was a lad, Bob recalled, 'Battleships' was known as 'Sink the Nazi Navy.' The selection of games included many old favourites as well as a few new to most of us, such as 'Rack-O', a card game little known outside the United States, where it has been around since the mid-1950s. Brains were racked trying to remember the rules of games that had last been played decades ago — even apparently simple ones such as draughts or Happy Families. One advantage of playing games without children was that there were no tantrums or storming out. There was no temptation to cheat, and no one was caught gambling. Our thanks go to Bob and his team for organising the evening and raiding their games cupboards, and to Gemma for helping out as waitress. The evening drew to a close with supper and further conversation.

## For Your Diary

### The 120th AGM

The 120th Annual General Meeting of the Otago Settlers Association Inc will be held from 7 pm on Thursday, 5 September 2019 in the auditorium of Toitū Otago Settlers Museum. Among other business, a resolution will be considered to amend clause 11 of the Association's constitution, replacing the words 'The auditor shall audit the accounts yearly' with 'The auditor will undertake as a minimum a review assignment yearly.' The guest speaker will be Seán Brosnahan, who will talk on the film project about Scottish settlers, the 'Journey to New Edinburgh — The Story of Otago's Pioneers.'



**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@otagosettlers.org.nz](mailto:admin@otagosettlers.org.nz)

 **Otago Daily Times**

*The Otago Daily Times supports Toitū Otago Settlers Museum*

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**Top left:** A detail from last issue's cover photograph of DSA staff and friends about to embark on their annual picnic in February 1929.