

January 30th 1979
7 James St.
Rotorua

My Dear Cuff

I have this moment received your letter & feel its time the old so-so, put pen to paper — mind you I owe just everybody a letter. The weather here is deadly heat is a killer, but we had 2 or 3 good showers & then dull & COLD need of thicker pants & cardigans & an extra blanket, real South East westerlies from the Nor? I made 2 pots fig jam yesterday the B B B birds leave ~~with~~ weathered empty shells on the tree & cant wait for them to ripen & they are not up to form, drought no doubt, no fruit is at its best this year tho' apples & plums are good. An air gun might help
over

also a shanghai ² & they are so cheeky too
seem ~~to~~ to think the tree was grown
for their delight (Blast them), a few
rattling empty tins and a few
old spuds with feathers poked in
appear to help. I take it you will
not be sending your donation to the
"kindness to our Feathered Friends"
Society this year, better to spend it on
death dealing appliances. Dear me,
dont worry re Haggins findings, we had
ancestors, must have, & we are here
so we belong somewhere no doubt.
& at this stage we can take our pick
you mention Emma Tibford, Tibford
is the ancestral name of Kath's
4 fathers. No doubt the plot thickens
whether these family handed down
stories, articles, etc, are correct or
not it doesn't matter, there must be
truth of them to begin with & as the
generations come & go, these stories get
a bit out of shape &

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a bit battered about, it only takes one or two old dither brained dim wits (like your Auntie Phil) to get things properly crumpled & exaggerated etc but they started from the same fact. A book mabe lent me years ago (it would be available from Library) cant remember who wrote it but Title was something about "Candleford" this depicted the terrible poverty of England at that time. *Dyonsia Pullibank* — good God — I'll be satisfied with what I've got thanks.

The story as I remember was R.P. had a large family, the latest one died, before it was christened, this terrible & unforgivable act, prevented the vicar from stooping into sin by way of officiating at the burial (just why he could not have christened over

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the child after death (I don't know) must
have been a very pissy old parson
This shocking & terrible state must
have made the parents feel like
criminals, however further repercus-
ions were evident & R.P. was made
to suffer boycott from the whole
village. Couldn't get manure for
his potato crops, so helped him
self to seaweed & was rewarded
with a bumper harvest, which I
believe was the means by which he
paid the boat fares & left the country
It would appear that he had no friend
to turn to. (How well we know that
feeling) Just as well you ran
short of reading & got stuck into
Grace's diaries will continue on
next page

5.

Well I spose I don't need to pretend, I think you have summed up the situation fairly correctly. She was not of the motherly type, just didn't possess these qualities — but she was a good mother all the same. The disadvantage was she had been married many years & no family — then when a family arrived she was unprepared (by nature) got past it etc. Yes she used to go out a lot — the only one who provide the music for anything — she was always on call. Chas ability to wander was because they were really not suited, he had around 1/10 the mental ability of Grace & he was never a hundred % of the man he ought to have been. Grace was

a victim of bronchitis⁶ - around ^{10 times} ^{"sick would mean Bronchitis"} a year, of the worst variety - & it could have been more times than this she developed whooping cough one Winter - she was around 37-35? this really killed her - or it should have & she lived a few years after this, The never ending bronchitis is what caused her heart disease. I was in Levin when she died, she had recovered from an attack of bronchitis & was getting about. It was tea time & we were finishing the meal, it would be around 6-30 P.M. we were sitting at the table about to partake of a cuppa. Grace looked at me & said "I am going to faint" I looked at her, and as though a veil had been drawn across her face, the life left her, I stood up & took her hands & Alley held her shoulders, Tina came around, shook her head & she

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alley carried her ^{was} on to the sofa.
during this time I sped up stairs & got
the brandy off Tina's mantelpiece —
but her time had come. The following
days were lived, it was a hell of a
shock to us all & I ^{made} thought it
kinder to take you to Hawera where
new surroundings perhaps would
help. you do not pester me Cuff &
I am willing to tell you anything if
it can ease your mind at all.

Re the photos under the stairs, these would
have been returned to senders — some
& others distributed among family,
some "very few" were destroyed as they
were unknown. Can you remember
any you would have been interested in
Ask Winton — they may be in the
over

roof of garage tho' I think Phyll would
know if they were however this is
all I can suggest — must have a
bite & cuppa-quick like - as June is here
& the 2 great grand children — to go to
the lake — Oh Hell.

my much love — trimmed with ribbons
& lace - to John & you Phil xx

P.S. it was lovely to get such a
pet of a letter — & I didn't deserve it