

101 377  
P.O. Box 8  
Havelock  
New Zealand

The  
**BEE FAMILY**  
from  
**NOTTINGHAM**  
to  
**NEW ZEALAND**



*St Lukes - Havelock N.Z.*

**REUNION MAY, 1986**

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**Front Cover**

**St. Luke's Anglican Church  
Havelock North**

**Original Portion Built By George Bee, 1874**

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## *Garden of Peace*

If we sow flowers then flowers will grow  
To gladden the summer hours,  
But a thorn will grow if a thorn we sow  
And thrive with the summer showers.

The seed of the rose grows only a rose,  
The seed of a pine a fir,  
If we mix the seed of flower and weed  
The Great Gardener does not err.

Remember this when the world is freed  
And tyrants all laid low:  
If we sow the seed of hate and greed  
Then hate and greed will grow.

The plot we sow will our children know  
Choose the seed with care;  
Sow justice, tolerance and peace  
To scent the summer air.

Harry Bourke  
(The Poems and Writings of Harry Bourke)



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**Bee Family Reunion Committee**

*Back: Ian McRae, Lesley Dalton, Margaret Wilson (Secretary), Wendy Bee (Treasurer), Roger Bee, Beverly Pawluk  
Front: George Bee (Organiser), Mita McRae*



May 1987

As we have been putting these notes together we have become involved with our forebears, names we had only heard before have become very real. There are strong family traits which run through these stories like a common thread, tying us together.

A love of the land has been a strong force in our family's past and is still evident in us all today. Most Bee descendants are keen gardeners and are blessed with a 'green thumb'. Many of our family are farmers as the early Bees were.

Anyone with the surname of Bee certainly needed a sense of humour — they all seemed to have that. There are many tales of practical jokes which have been handed down! They were very close families, something for us to learn from today perhaps.

Most of all they were not afraid to take a chance. The early settlers needed courage to make the journey to New Zealand. Today their descendants still love to take a chance — this was evident at the Family Reunion Committee meetings where the purchase of lottery tickets sometimes became more important than the business at hand!

We would like to thank those who have contributed their memories to this book. They will be enjoyed by all and treasured in the future.

Our family is one we can be proud to belong to — they were able to keep smiling through the toughest times.

It was said — "They deserved the best and got the worst".

George Bee (Greenmeadows, Hawke's Bay)  
Lesley (Bee) Dalton (Taradale, Hawke's Bay)



**Cutting the Reunion Cake**

*George Bee and Ellen McAuley*



## *Memories of the Bee Family Reunion May, 1986*

I write these memories while the happenings are still fresh in my mind so that future generations may know what a wonderful time we all had in the year 1986 when the Bee reunion was held.

We had planned this reunion for the past year and the meetings down in Napier had been just a foretaste of what was in store. As the year progressed and we met every month or so we became so much more at ease with our relatives and things were brought up and discussed with ease and in some cases laughter. Although on some things we did not agree, the meetings were well run and it was what the majority thought that counted.

On Friday May 16th I was up at about 7 am as I was travelling to Napier that day to help with the decorations at the Race Course for the following day. The phone rang - "Is that Margaret?" a voice said. "Yes" I answered "Well this is Glenda ringing from England to wish you all well for your reunion. I can't make it over there so we thought we would ring you up and wish you luck." I had been corresponding with Glenda over the past year after she had replied to my advertisement in the Nottingham paper seeking Bee relatives in that area. She said her Mother could remember hearing of these relations immigrating to New Zealand one hundred and forty four years ago and Glenda even contemplated coming over for the reunion. What a thrill it was to hear her voice.

Jenny and I set off at 9 am with two children securely strapped in the back seat. Arrived at Bev and Roger's for lunch and then out to the Hastings Race Course where already preparations were under way. George was putting up posters, Lynn Eyles was arranging photos, and Wendy and Roger were putting the Family Tree in place on two large tables. Pam and Meta arranged the flowers while others did all sorts of jobs. We heard that 400 were expected. In the kitchen the caterer Mr Buscke (who later discovered that he was a Bee relative!), was busy with his helpers preparing food for this number. There was an air of excitement which I am sure was felt by the children and adults alike as we added the final touches to the decorations. By four o'clock we all made our way home knowing that tomorrow was a big day that we had planned for so long.

Bev, Roger, Chrissie, Sandy, Chris, Jenny, the children and I arrived around nine the next morning to find that things had already started to move. At the entrance a flag of bright yellow with a big Bee and **Bee Reunion 1986** printed on it was the first welcoming sign that greeted the visitors. People were filing in, receiving their name tags with the colour of their family, writing their names and addresses in the book. Some were greeting each other with hugs and kisses while others had to be introduced to their own relatives. The Family Tree with 1200 names was a major attraction as were the photos and other mementoes set out on the tables. Posters of Nottingham and a large Nottingham sign were also on display.

A cuppa was served while people talked happily. The children seemed to find jobs for themselves, some sold small motifs and tiles of our emblem (the Bee), while in another corner T shirts could be purchased and screen printed by Chris Wilson on the spot.

A welcoming address was given by George Bee and our M.C. Buddy Beachen gave a word or two, firstly to tell people to be sure to sign the book and secondly to caution parents that some of the children were picking flowers in the gardens. (I bet they were my grandchildren!)

After more talking a barbeque lunch was served and as the weather was so lovely, this was most enjoyable outside.

In the afternoon the crowd thinned out a bit and we were able to relax a bit before getting changed for the dinner that night. In the afternoon we had been honoured by the presence of our oldest relative, Dora Bourke (aged 95 years). She had been brought to the reunion by her sister Ellen McAulay and was able to talk to some of us although she could not face the whole crowd. Who could at 95? However she was included in the family photograph for which we are indeed grateful. Three other people attended from that generation - Nance Hallett, Jack Newman and his wife.

The part which I enjoyed was to sit and watch the people arriving for the dinner and dance. Some were dressed in costumes of the last century. Wendy and Roger Bee made a very handsome couple - Wendy in a long frock with a bustle and Roger in a frock coat and bowler hat. Small girls in frilled frocks, older girls in evening gowns all delighted me. Grace was said by our cousin Rev John Malcolm and dinner proceeded. This was a very nice meal which we all enjoyed. The cutting of the lovely beehive shaped cake (made by Ivy Bee and iced by her daughter Yvonne) was another highlight of the evening. Ellen McAulay and George Bee had this honour. Then Jim Balfour proposed the Royal Toast, Brian Bee a toast to foundation members of the Bee Family in New Zealand, and Bernie Peacock a toast to absent friends. The dancing then began. This went with a swing as soon as the music started - the band was very good. Wendy and Roger started the ball rolling with a snowball waltz. Other dances followed. As the evening progressed we did the Gay Gordons, the Bird dance, the hoki tokis and of course the usual twisting and twirling. I particularly enjoyed what turned out to be a floor show by Judy Pregram and her







cousin Roger Trafford - it was a joy to watch. Our cousin Michael Cox sang two songs. At twelve we sang Auld Lang Syne and I am sure that the feeling in our hearts as we joined in a very large circle was in tune with the words of that song.

We made our way to our respective beds for a sleep but as far as I was concerned sleep was far away! When I closed my eyes I kept seeing a throng of happy people dancing and singing. Around four I did managed to sleep but at 6 am I was awakened by my three year old grand daughter Bessie. "I found you Gran, I looked in all the beds until I found you." Such is being a Grandmother.

No time to dilly dally this morning as we are going to church - and the amazing thing was they did go to church!

St. Lukes in Havelock North which was built by our Great Grandfather George Bee in 1874 was filled on this day in 1986 with his relatives. I hope some how he was able to see this.

After church once again to the race course for a barbeque lunch. As I had five children, their spouses and nine grandchildren at the Reunion, it was a mini family reunion for my family at the same time.

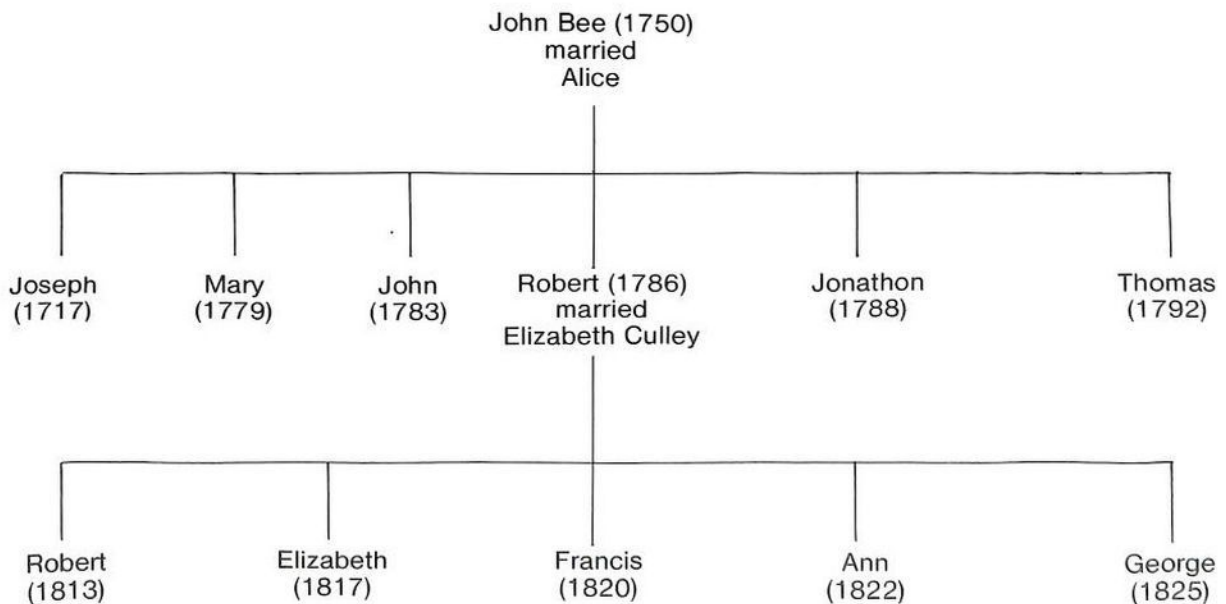
We had several guests, these being Mr and Mrs Tom Haliburton, Mr and Mrs John Haliburton, Miss Belle McKenzie and Miss Hamlin, Mrs Jean Thomson (nee Haliburton) and Mrs May Newman. These people were very old friends of the Bee family and we enjoyed their company.

After lunch the pageant was held and I must say that this was extremely successful. Pam McPhail had acquired dresses of the last century and the younger girls with the slim waists modelled them. It started off with a young couple dressed as Francis and Anne Bee could have been dressed when they arrived in 1842, their little girl (Ellen) by their side. Later we had children dressed in pinnies, maids working, babies and brides. Most enjoyable. The children sat on the floor and at this stage were given a chocolate - Bee shaped of course!

Another cup of tea, farewells and it was all over. However George announced that a Family Tree would be sent to everyone in time and also a meeting place within the next two years where we could all gather once again.

Collection of all photos, removal of flowers etc and it was all over. I am sure we all returned home elated that we are part of such a large and happy family.

Margaret Wilson  
Wairoa



**Early Part of Family Tree (Nottingham)**  
*from Latter Day Saints record, Hastings*

# PART ONE

## Chapter One

### *Francis and Anne (Harrison) Bee*

Francis Bee was born in Nottingham, England in 1820. He married Anne Harrison of Nottingham born in 1822. They sailed to New Zealand on the sailing ship "London" and arrived in Wellington 1st of May 1842 with their baby daughter Ellen. Francis was a baker and flour miller by trade and assisted with the baking on the "London" during its voyage to New Zealand. He also brought two mill stones from Nottingham but these later got washed into Wellington harbour during a flood.

For a while they lived in huts and tents on the Petone beach but eventually they shifted to Thorndon where Francis started a bakery using the millstones that he had brought from Nottingham. Later he brought the Nelson Inn and about this time he took a voyage to Bendigo Australia and took part in the gold rush there. He left his wife Anne in charge of the Inn. By this time they had four children — Ellen, Anne, Frank and George. Francis did not make a fortune on the gold fields but Anne did quite well at the Nelson Inn and it was shortly after Francis' return that he decided to take up a sheep run on the East Coast of Hawke's Bay. He drove the sheep (merinos) up the coast arranging for a lease of the Waipuku Block from the Maoris. Anne and the children arrived on the "Salopian" in January 1853. Five more children were born while they lived in very primitive conditions on the Waipuku run. Unfortunately one son, Frank, was drowned at the age of thirteen at Ocean Beach (H.B.) when he was washed out to sea while crossing a stream in flood.

In about 1863 the family shifted to Havelock North and shortly after this in July 1864 the other branch of the Bee family arrived on the "Rangoon" from England.

At the time of the Land Wars Francis and his son George 'Shardy' were members of the militia. George fought at the battle of Omaranui just out of Napier. He was second Lieutenant while his father, Francis was a Private! Francis, Anne and their children (except for Ellen, who by this time had married Gavin Peacock) shifted at about this time. The unrest in the country and the threat of Hau Haus made land values drop and Francis took the opportunity to buy land and increase his flock of sheep. They first settled at Mangaharuru (H.B.) and later leased Mohaka and Springhill stations. Later still George purchased Putorino and Kakariki stations (H.B.)

The family was at Mohaka at the time of Te Kooti's raid but unlike some other settlers in the district, they did not sell up and shift to safer quarters, but stuck it out. George 'Shardy', who was but a lad in his teens at the time, was often camped in the back country and it is said that he always slept with his pistol nearby in case of attack by the Hau Haus.

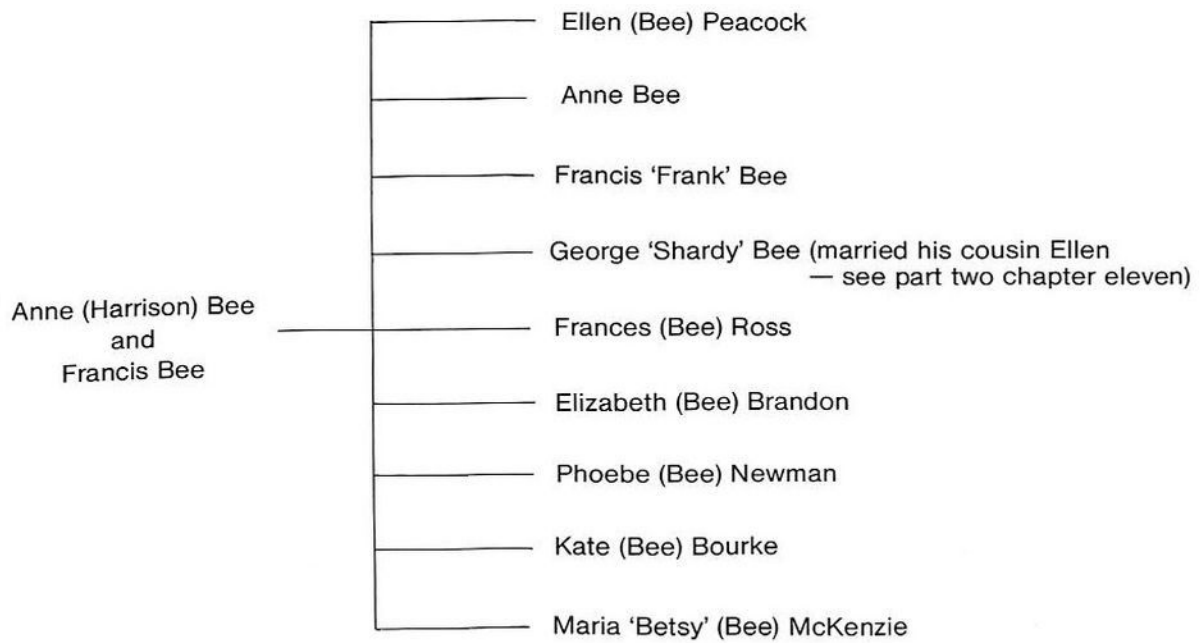
When peace between Maori and Pakeha eventually came in 1873, George married his cousin Ellen (Nellie) Bee with whom he had fallen in love when he first saw her on arrival from England. They were married at Havelock North and rode by horse to Mohaka after the wedding. They set up home at Springhill station where ten of their eleven children were born.

Francis and Anne shifted to Poverty Bay and lived there until their deaths in 1902 and 1920 and are both buried at Patutahi cemetery. Two of their daughters remained in the area and there are many descendants in the area.

George Bee  
Greenmeadows (H.B.)

The following chapters tell the story of their children as remembered by their descendants.





**The Bee Sisters —**  
*Daughters of Anne & Francis*



## Chapter Two

### *Ellen (Bee) Peacock*

This is a pen portrait of my grandmother, Ellen Peacock (nee Bee) as I knew her in the latter years of her life, and of recollections of events narrated by my father.

She was the eldest child of Francis and Annie Bee and journeyed to New Zealand with her parents at the age of ten weeks on the sailing ship London in 1841/42. Her early childhood days were spent in Wellington under fairly rugged pioneering conditions. From there her family moved to a sheep farming situation in coastal Hawke's Bay. Schooling must have been a problem there, as it was a remote location, and so is up to the present day. Never the less a tutor was engaged and to my recollection she was well read and well informed on many matters. According to records, Ellen could not have attended any school until the family went to Havelock North in 1862, and by then would have been twenty one years old and approaching her marriage to Gavin Peacock, an event that took place in 1863.

According to her sister, Ann, Ellen and Gavin took up a lease of Maori land at Te Apiti station, about fifteen miles south of Waipuka station, Ocean Beach. The homestead was as primitive as that endured by her mother at Waipuka. The nearest neighbours were the Williams family at Mangakuri, fourteen miles south. A church service was held at Mangakuri every Sunday, which they attended, having to travel by horse back along a rough coastal track and across a tidal river. Gavin Peacock was instrumental in forming a road along this coast from Te Apiti to Kairakau Beach, and although time and tide had eroded much of this road some traces of it can still be seen to this day.

From Te Apiti the couple moved to Meeanee in 1866 where Gavin's brother Jack Peacock owned a property. I do not know the location of that place, but it must have been low lying, as my uncle, Frank Peacock, (Ellen's eldest) told me about massive floods. On occasions they had to rescue stock by swimming them over fences. The next move was in 1874 to Wharerangi, where they purchased "Brooklands" station of two thousand acres from the Hutchensons. The property had a good ranch styled homestead, and I suppose Ellen would be a proud hostess of such a locality within twelve miles of Napier. Travellers passing along this road to Puketitiri and Patoka usually made a visit or stop over there, and they would be always made most welcome.

Ellen's family had increased to six by 1875. Frank (Francis) born 1863, Gavin Graham born 1866, William Irving born 1869, Florence born 1871 (married H. Woolmer), Evelyn who married J.I. Cato, the youngest, Hutton Richardson was born in 1875.

Unfortunately Gavin Peacock died about the year 1881, and Ellen was widowed with a family of six, and a property of two thousand acres to manage. She enlisted the help of her sister Anne, and the eldest son Frank, then aged nineteen, who took on the responsibilities of management under Trustee supervision for a number of years, but was not equipped for the job, and times were not favourable. About 1894 William Irving Peacock and my father Hutton took over the management and Frank went to Argentina. The property consolidated and prospered until 1907 when Ellen and her sons decided to sell "Brooklands". Ellen purchased a nice two story home at Korokipo along side the Napier Golf Club at Waiohiki. It was here about 1918 at the age of six that I came to know my grandmother, then a woman of seventy five years, and I formed a lasting impression of her character. A Matriach of the family, she was kindly and with the aid of a housekeeper ran an efficient house and ten acres of land with fruit trees and cows. She had a very down to earth approach to life and did not appear to be sentimental with her grandchildren, but encouraged them to be independant. During early 1920 Ellen sold "Korokipo" and lived for a few years with her daughter Evelyn Cato at her home at Poraiti, before purchasing a house in Napier in 1925, where she lived out her life with her sister Annie Bee as companion.

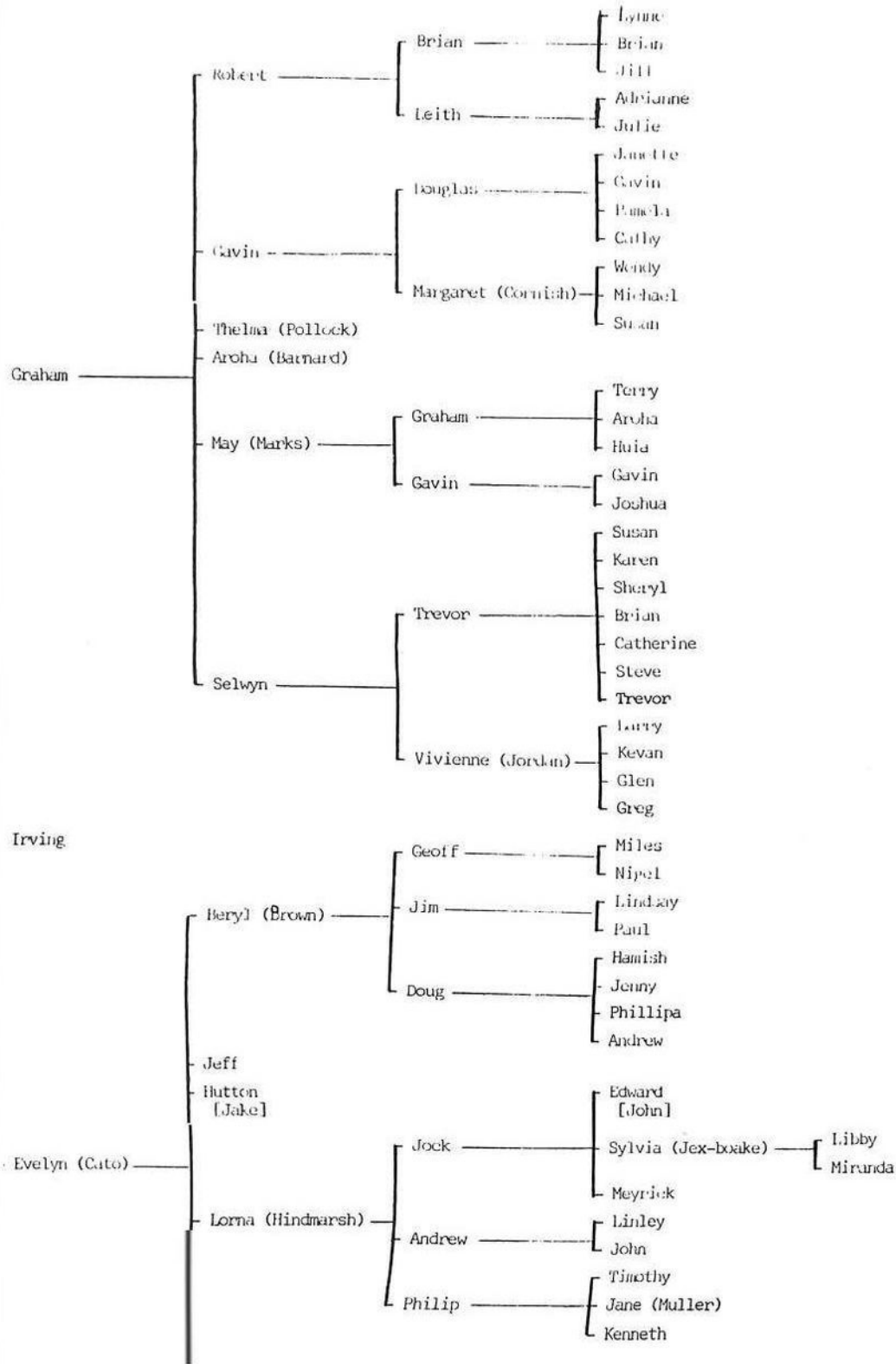
H.B. Peacock

Ellen Bee, Born 1841, Died 1929.

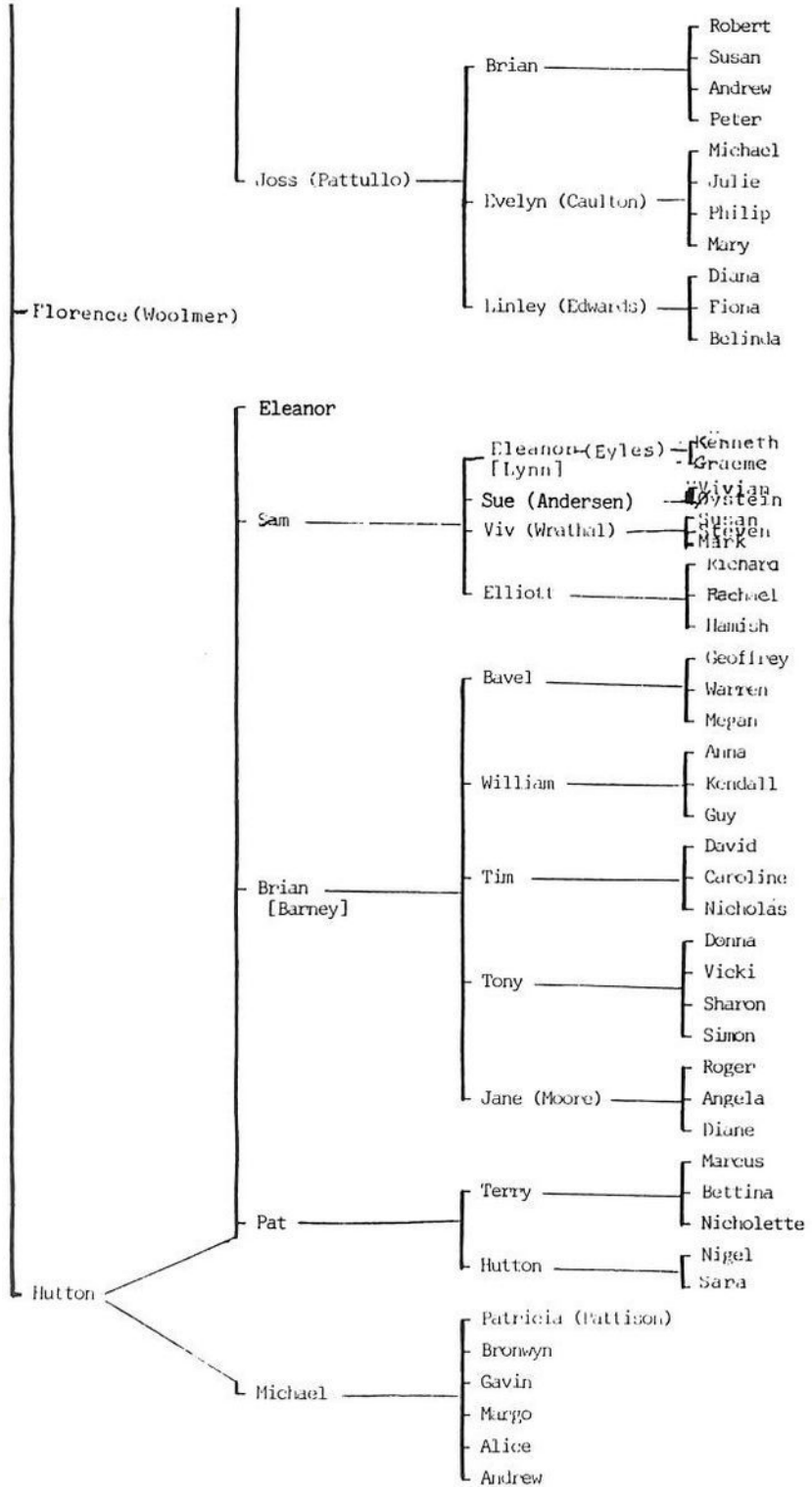




*The Peacock Family*







# Chapter Three

## Anne Bee

Anne was born in England, 1859 the fifth child of George and Mary of Nottingham, England. On 4th December, 1863 she sailed with her family on board the ship "Rangoon" to start a new life in New Zealand. The "Rangoon" had a collision in the English channel and had to put to Ramsgate for repairs, sailing again on 13th January, 1864. After a long and very rough journey the "Rangoon" sighted the Three Kings Islands off the north coast of New Zealand on 10th July, 1864.

Anne and her family landed at Napier where they were met and welcomed by other members of the Bee family who had settled in New Zealand in 1842. The family soon made their home in Havelock North, where Anne spent most of her life. She was a Pupil Teacher at the Havelock North school. The school buildings had been built by her father George Bee who was a builder. Although very deaf she was most talented and was well known for the excellent needle work that she did. For a time she was Housekeeper for her nephew, Cecil Bee. She lived the latter part of her life with her sister Bessie Sutherland in Te Aute Road in a house next to the old fire station.

Anne never married and was always called Little Aunt Anne to distinguish her from her cousin Anne, who was known as Big Aunt Anne.

George Bee  
Greenmeadows (H.B.)

### PUBLIC SCHOOLS, 1878 Schools in Hawke's Bay Education District for Year 1878.

County or Borough (the latter distinguished by the letter B following in brackets.)	Pupils	Schools, all which belong to one School District (connected by brackets).	Teachers Names, including all Teachers and Pupil Teachers on the Staff at the end of the year.	*Positions in the School.	Annual Salary and Allowance at the rate paid during the last quarter of 1878.
					£ s. d.
COOK	8	Tologa Bay	Parker	M.T.	29 0 0
"	254	Gisborne	G. Maberley	H.T.	215 12 0
"	"	"	Mrs. G. Maberley	F.T.	90 0 0
"	"	"	J. Brown	A.F.T.	50 0 0
"	64	Ormond	F. E. Shepherd	F.P.T.	30 0 0
"	79	Matawhero	A. Baker	F.T.	144 0 0
WAIROA	31	"	E. Bolton	M.T.	149 5 0
"	94	Fraserstown	M. Batty	F.P.T.	20 0 0
"	"	Wairoa	F. Taylor	M.T.	100 0 0
HAWKE'S BAY	60	"	L. Gosnell	F.T.	157 9 0
"	"	Clive East	F. Peakman	F.P.T.	20 0 0
"	"	"	S. W. Hardy	M.T.	150 0 0
"	62	Clive West	L. Hardy	S.M.	12 0 0
"	"	"	J. S. Ballantine	M.T.	136 16 0
"	57	Hastings	Mrs. J. Ballantine	S.M. & F.P.T.	18 0 0
"	"	"	W. O. McLeod	M.T.	152 10 0
"	82	Havelock	F. Dooney	F.P.T.	30 0 0
"	"	"	E. Bissell	M.T.	149 15 0
"	"	"	Mrs. E. Bissell	S.M.	12 0 0
"	"	"	A. Bee	F.P.T.	20 0 0
"	53	Meaneo	A. L. Corney	F.T.	144 0 0
"	370	Napier	G. Wright	M.T.	219 16 0
"	"	"	Mrs. G. Wright	F.T.	90 0 0
"	"	"	F. Guah	M.T.	219 16 0
"	"	"	Mrs. F. Guah	F.T.	90 0 0
"	"	"	E. Bobottom	A.F.T.	45 0 0
"	"	"	J. Monteith	F.P.T.	20 0 0
"	"	"	F. Reed	F.P.T.	20 0 0
"	"	"	G. Walker	M.P.T.	20 0 0
"	"	"	Mrs. Mass King	F.P.T.	20 0 0
"	"	"	E. Harrison	F.P.T.	20 0 0
"	"	"	M. Cowell	M.P.T.	20 0 0
"	"	"	M. Annett	F.P.T.	20 0 0
"	"	"	M. Herlihy	F.T.	20 0 0
"	39	Port Ahuriri	A. Hamilton	F.T.	147 18 0
"	24	Petane	F. Oliver	M.T.	100 0 0
"	26	Puketapu	P. Wilson	F.T.	100 0 0
"	8	Tarawera	J. Smith	M.T.	100 0 0
"	112	Taradale	J. Keenan	A.F.T.	174 4 0
"	"	"	E. Frame	F.P.T.	60 0 0
"	"	"	A. Hunt	S.M.	20 0 0
WAIPAWA	35	Ashley Clinton	C. Morton	M.T.	12 0 0
"	32	Danevirik	A. P. Tennent	M.T.	100 0 0
"	42	Hampden	A. McLeod	M.T.	141 0 0
"	"	"	F. Vincent	M.T.	142 0 0
"	41	Kaikoura	W. Thompson	S.M.	12 0 0
"	84	Norsewood	E. Thomson	M.T.	141 0 0
"	49	Ormondville	F. Gundrie	F.T.	152 15 0
"	22	Patangata	F. Maning	F.T.	110 0 0
"	35	Porangahau	E. Doria	M.T.	100 0 0
"	20	Tamumu	J. Stewart	F.T.	100 0 0
"	34	Te Aute	W. Lysnar	M.T.	56 0 0
"	15	Te Onga Onga	E. Smart	M.T.	100 0 0
"	60	Waipawa	W. Waite	F.T.	52 10 0
"	"	"	J. Waite	M.T.	152 10 0
"	49	Waipukurau	J. Poole	A.F.T.	35 0 0
"	"	"	Mrs. J. Poole	M.T.	150 5 0
"	"	"	G. W. Crawford	A.F.T.	35 0 0
"	65	Woodville	M. Crawford	M.T.	151 15 0
"	"	"	"	S.M.	12 0 0

Note: HT — Head Teacher. MT — Male Teacher. FT — Female Teacher. A — Assistant. PT — Pupil Teacher. ST — Sewing Teacher.



## Chapter Four

*Frank Bee*

“Anne sat on the verandah of their homestead looking over the beach and the beautiful blue sea, her baby on her lap. Nearly ten years had gone by since they had first shifted to Ocean Beach (Waipuku run). Ten years had taken their toll of Anne. Her hair was beginning to turn white at the temples and their were times when her mouth had a slightly downwards turn instead of the smiling expectancy of youth. She shifted her gaze to the hills in search of Francis coming back from mustering. They had indeed prospered, their flock of sheep now exceeding one thousand and their cattle numbering nearly one hundred. Her lifestyle had improved a little as the long promised house had eventually materialised. Little Annie and Ellen were now young women and she supposed that before long they would be getting married and making a grandmother out of her. Presently she discerned a cloud of dust on the horizon and then the bark of dogs. A flock of sheep came over the hill followed by Francis and young George.

Anne thought back over the years when Frank had also been with his father and her eyes filled with tears. Frank was no longer with them - there was no changing that. She had been warned of that day a few years back when Frank had been drowned as in her dreams of the previous night her Mother, long since dead, had come to her and said, “Annie watch for Frank” and then Anne had dreamed of a surging mass of water and great waves roaring and taking Frank out to sea. She woke in a cold sweat from the nightmare and as she lay trembling she heard the call of the morepork - three times it called. The eerie sound haunted her as she remembered that the Maoris believed the morepork’s call was the forerunner of death. She had told Francis of her dream and he had laughed at her saying, “Don’t worry so much, old girl, don’t you know Frank is almost a man and can swim like one of those dolphins out in the bay. Frank drown? Hardly likely!”

So she had watched Francis and young Frank ride their horses down the hill to muster cattle. Frank had turned and waved to his mother, a smile of youth on his face.

The sea was roaring, the creek was in flood but Francis had quietened her fears a little. She told herself that she was being silly and set about doing the daily tasks, but all day long she felt uneasy.

Later in the day, from her vantage point on the hill she had seen the party return and her heart missed a beat as she had counted the distant figures and found one missing.

As they came nearer the house Anne could see the look of dejection on Francis’ face. When he was in calling distance he shouted “Anne I don’t know how to tell you - we’ve lost Frank.”

Her stomach turned over and the blood rushed from her face leaving her deadly white.

“Lost Frank — how could you?” she screamed.

“He was washed out to sea when we were crossing the Waingongoro Stream - it was very high. Frank was holding on to his horse’s tail as it swam across and an exceptionally big wave came right up the stream and washed him out to sea. There was nothing we could do - he is lost, gone forever.”

Anne stormed at him losing her temper in the first shock of her grief. “You fool, you fool, why didn’t you look after him better? You just didn’t take enough care” but as she saw the look of mortification on Francis’ face she could have bitten her tongue for uttering those condemning words. “It must be twice as bad for him, knowing he was responsible”, she thought.

Francis groaned, “My God Anne - it just happened so quickly - we crossed the usual way holding on to the horse’s tail. It was a damn freak wave that took him and he didn’t have a show. We searched for him but the undercurrent would have taken him right out to sea. I know it was my fault, I should have been more cautious.”

Anne put her arms around Francis and the tears of them both flowed freely as they thought of the son they had loved so much, who was lost to them for ever.”

from “Smoke Across the Bay”

Margaret Wilson  
Wairoa (H.B.)

Frank Bee was born in 1845 and drowned at Ocean Beach about 1858.



## Chapter Five

### *Frances (Bee) Ross*

Frances seemed to flourish in adversity and was respected by all. In this day and age she would have ranked with the best of the feminists in matters of law and equity.

The Maori's knew her as "Whani" and sought her help in the settlement of many disputes. Her decisions reflected fairness and a profound understanding of life and people of early colonial times in Northern Hawke's Bay. On many occasions life must have had more than its share of sorrow, solitude, loneliness, hazards and near poverty.

Perhaps we begin to glimpse her early philosophy. It's reflected on the headstone of her first born "Maud Ross - only child of David and Frances Ross — died April 21st 1878 aged 1 year and 4 months — 'If thou shouldst call me to resign what most I prize it ne'er was mine. I only yield to thee what is thine. Thy will be done'."

After a long illness Jack died young. Then Frank was killed at Passchendaele. The minds of Frank and Frances bridged the present and infinite. Frank described in detail the San Francisco earthquake from the hearth at Willow Flat as it happened. Frances knew of the moment of death of Frank at Passchendaele. There were many unbidden fey happenings.

The Kotemaori - Willow Flat road was put through, the Mohaka bridged solely through her determination. Frances strongly influenced the drafting of the Mortgagors Relief Act of 1931 and the Mortgagors Tenant Relief Act of 1932. These acts were to confer jurisdiction to grant relief of mortgagors in certain cases: to propose the exercise of powers of sale by mortgagees under existing mortgages in certain cases.



*John Tait, Francis Ross and George Sim. Taken at Willowflat, in the late 1930's. They had been young people together at Mohaka from the 1860's to the 1890's.*

*Taken by Tom Haliburton.*



My recollections of Frances are enduring and endearing. The excitements of packing and departure for summer holidays to Willow Flat were great indeed. A count of heads and a mother's question of "All serene?" saw the Service Car of the Hawke's Bay Motor Company get underway. Only then did enthusiasm dim. Dust, fumes of petrol and oil found their way through floor boards. Sudden bends, descents and laboured climbs soon took toll. Faces paled, stomachs revolted, mouths lost the happy smiles and fixed themselves in the uncertain mould of motion sickness. As we debussed at Kotemaori other passengers were delight to see the last of us.

From there on life was filled with uncertainty. Sometimes Hori (George) Bee packed us into the Nash. Other times we simply walked the nine miles to Willow Flat. The older dragged the younger. Mother carried the younger in "blanket on back" style. The cavalcade stretched two miles and progressed in a croc of disorder. The big land marks were the Tin Shed at six miles and Bob's Basin at eight miles. Considering everything, nine miles in four hours wasn't too bad. The road could be best described as two seemingly endless ruts flanked by crumbling pumice banks riddled with the burrows of the giant pumice worms one side and a drop away on the other. Hills were covered in a riot of bracken, tutu and manuka. The view from the summit of the last long hill took our breath away. A syncline stretched upward from the Mohaka in a sheet of vivid green. Beneath us nestled the homestead and outbuildings. Some distance behind stood a majestic limestone cliff topped with massive kanukas. In front a boulder strewn slope a mile or so stretched to the river. Our imagination could neither conceive the power in the river which created this land form nor the flourishing massive metropolis of crustaceans of aeons ago.

The place captured the imagination. A mantle of mist occasionally shrouded the distant beech, matai and rimu bush of Maungantaniwha. It preserved that mystical and ethereal mood of the Ureweras, and of the primordial into which we seemed intruders. It was in the medium this spirit of soul of Frances Ross had free-way.

As children we know of the depression of the 1930's. The effects it had on the hill country farming were never discussed. The Anglican minister visited and held a service whenever there was a fifth Sunday in the month. More than once his wife was trapped in the outhouse by a pet lamb grown up smart enough to take on anything that moved. He could work out the exits too. Bread was baked Monday, butter churned Wednesday. Occasional visitors came for meals. The owner of the Last Roundup arrived on horseback, complete in dinner suit with shirt collar and tie missing. His barrel chest was covered with a pink button-up woollen singlet - didn't seem at all strange. Two acres of lucerne kept the house cow and horses in hay, a vegetable garden and two orchards provided fruit fresh and for storing in firm covered cribs. Butter was stored in the tree shaded hole deep in the ground. Someone rode 12 miles for the mail every week or ten days.

Pasture species were native grasses (Danthonia and rats-tails). Tall fescue was broadcast. A mistake by the seed merchant as I understand it. Fresh growth for the sheep sprouted once Bryant and May's wax vestas had done their job and rain had fallen. Farming life continued this way. The advent of giant discs, aerial top dressing, seeding and better wool prices changed all that.

Candles and tilly lamps gave night light. Cards and books fill most evenings. Sometimes table-rappers took over. Entertainments were simple. With Gran Ross leading we headed for the river or the limestone creek. Deep eddies behind the rocks yielded the silver bellied eels, those same places served for swimming in high summer. Heads were always counted and instructions on the dog-paddle, part of her trade. I suppose we exhausted her. Every now and then she would send us off with lunch and a chuckle, to look for Mare's nests.

Memory failed as time went on. Sometimes she would push her glasses beyond her forehead and bury them in her luxurious hair. The search would then be on in earnest.

Her mortal remains lie in a grave beside Jack and Melville Ross at Willow Flat. A cairn overlooks the Mohaka. It is in my mind a memorial to the travellers and early settlers of Maungaharuru, Enowra, Putorino, Waikare, Maungataniwha, Mohaka, Putere, Moiangangi - names with lost meaning but sheer music to the ear.

"The Rosses, like the Taits, the McMillans, and others, had been known by Marion and James in Mohaka. Frances Ross was a sister to George Bee. She and David Ross had been at Willow Flat, up the Mohaka river, since 1902. The bridle track from Willow Flat met the coach road near the Glenfarg homestead, so the Haliburtons sometimes saw them, coming and going.

Frances was tall, slim, and very active in her seventies. Very hospitable, she was a keen orchardist, rider, and reader. The Haliburtons would ride out to Willow Flat, to gather fruit from the numerous fruit trees there. When the road finally reached the top of the hill at Willow Flat in the 1930's, it was being made by relief workers, and she would ride up to supply them with fruit, and books from her large library.

She was very forthright. Once, when the men didn't supply the firewood, she put the mutton chops on





The Ross Family



the dining table with an axe, as a hint that firewood was needed before food was cooked. Another time her sister was having trouble with her husband, who was spending time with the women in the shearing gang. "Shoot him", was the advice.

One memorable episode is recounted by Jean.

"There was a time when she was doing the washing, and as she rubbed on the washing board, a needle, that had been left in one of the girl's blouses went straight into the palm and wrist of her hand. There was nothing to see except the thread that was on the needle. So Mrs Ross had to get on her horse, and ride alone the 12 miles out to the main coach road, hoping to get the coach going down to Mohaka, and Wairoa the next day.

However, when she got to the old tin shed where the coach stopped, she found the coach had already gone. So she came along to our farm, which was about a mile in the opposite direction. It was quite late and dark, and she knocked on the door. So father said, 'Come in, what's the trouble,' and she told them about this needle, and asked father if he could take it out. 'Just cut it out with the sheath knife, and it will be alright', she said. And father said, 'Oh no, all that I can see is the thread, and I can't see any sign of the needle. I think you'd better go to the doctor.'

So I can remember mother bustling about to get a meal for her, and a hot cup of tea, and to make her comfortable for the night. Then by seven o'clock the next morning, she was up and away on that coach, to go 50 miles (80 km), to a doctor to have it taken out. I remember that she came back with her hand bandaged, and did the ride back to Willow Flat a few days later."

Marion and Frances Ross had the isolation of backblock life in common.

"Mrs Ross spent many evenings walking up and down the riverbank, wondering when the men would come home from felling bush away across the river. And mother did exactly the same, she sat with us little children each side of her, many an evening, listening for father coming home down a track."

Jean

Both the Ross sons, John and Frank, were dead by 1918, but there were three daughters, Daisy, Elsie, and Phoebe.

"I think the Ross girls might have been the most active of the local women, outside on the farms. They were great riders, and their country was very extensive and very rough. But it wasn't a general thing, only if there was illness or in emergencies, and the men were laid aside, then the women could tackle anything.

But the isolation was so great that we didn't see what the other women were doing, we only used to hear bits here and there about something they had done."

Jean

from "Glenfarg 1908 - 1937"

George Thomson

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Frances was born at Ocean Beach Waimarama in 1855 and on 11.10.1875 married David Melville Ross of the Armed Constabulary. Died 1947 aged 92 at Clydebank. There were 6 children:

**Maud** - Born 1877, died 21.4.1878.

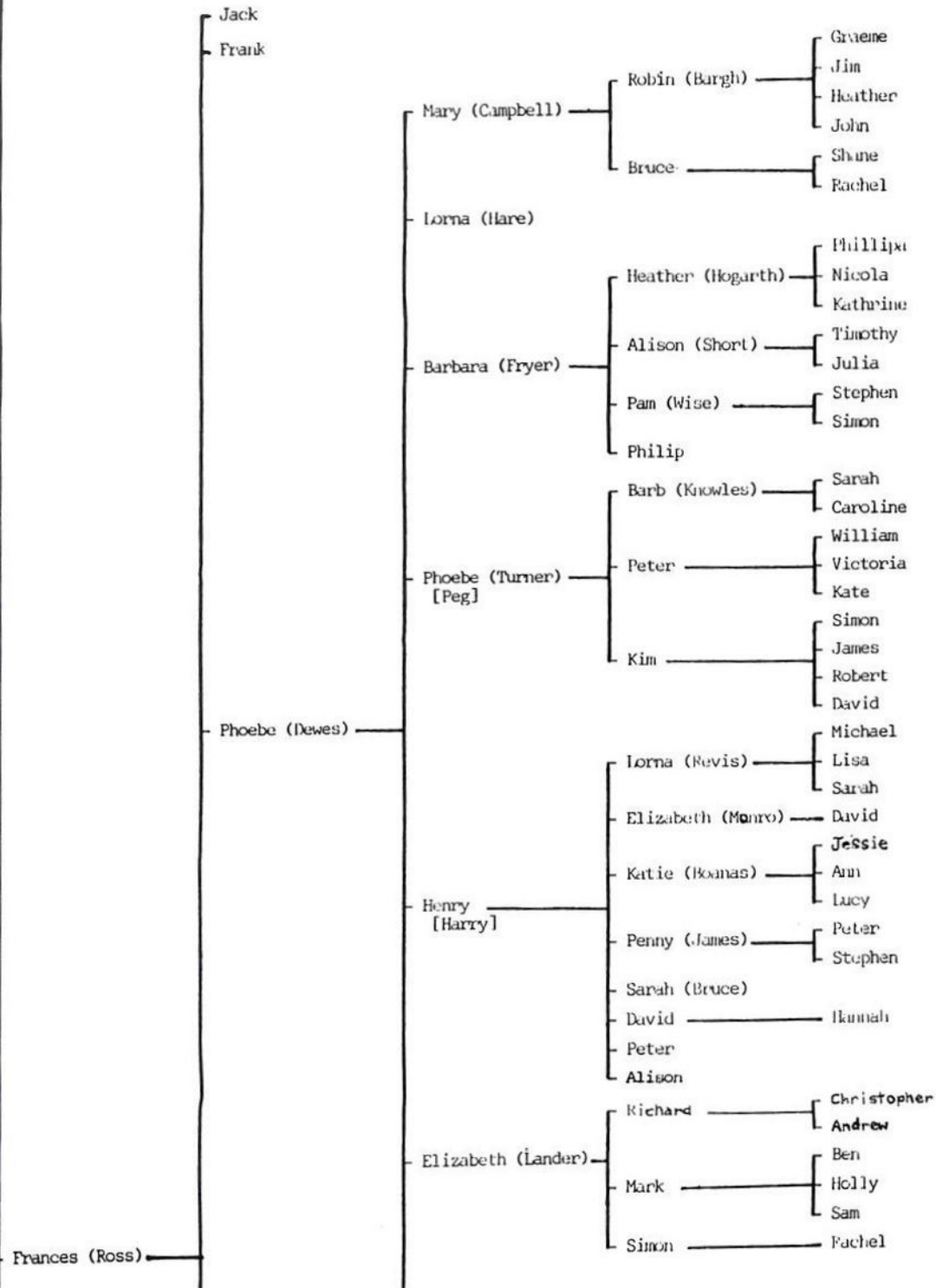
**Phoebe** - Born at Ormond, Gisborne, raised at Mohaka and Willow Flat, married H.H. Dewes of Napier. They settled at Taradale, then farmed at Petane until the Esk Flood of 1924. Ruined financially, moved to Napier. Set back again by the depression and earthquake of 1931. Lived in Napier for the remainder of her life. Generous, anxious for the well being of all, pleasure through entertaining the lonely and genteel, a rollicking sense of humour and a strong sense of fair play carried us all through times that never looked bleak but must have been. Issue: 5 daughters, 2 sons.

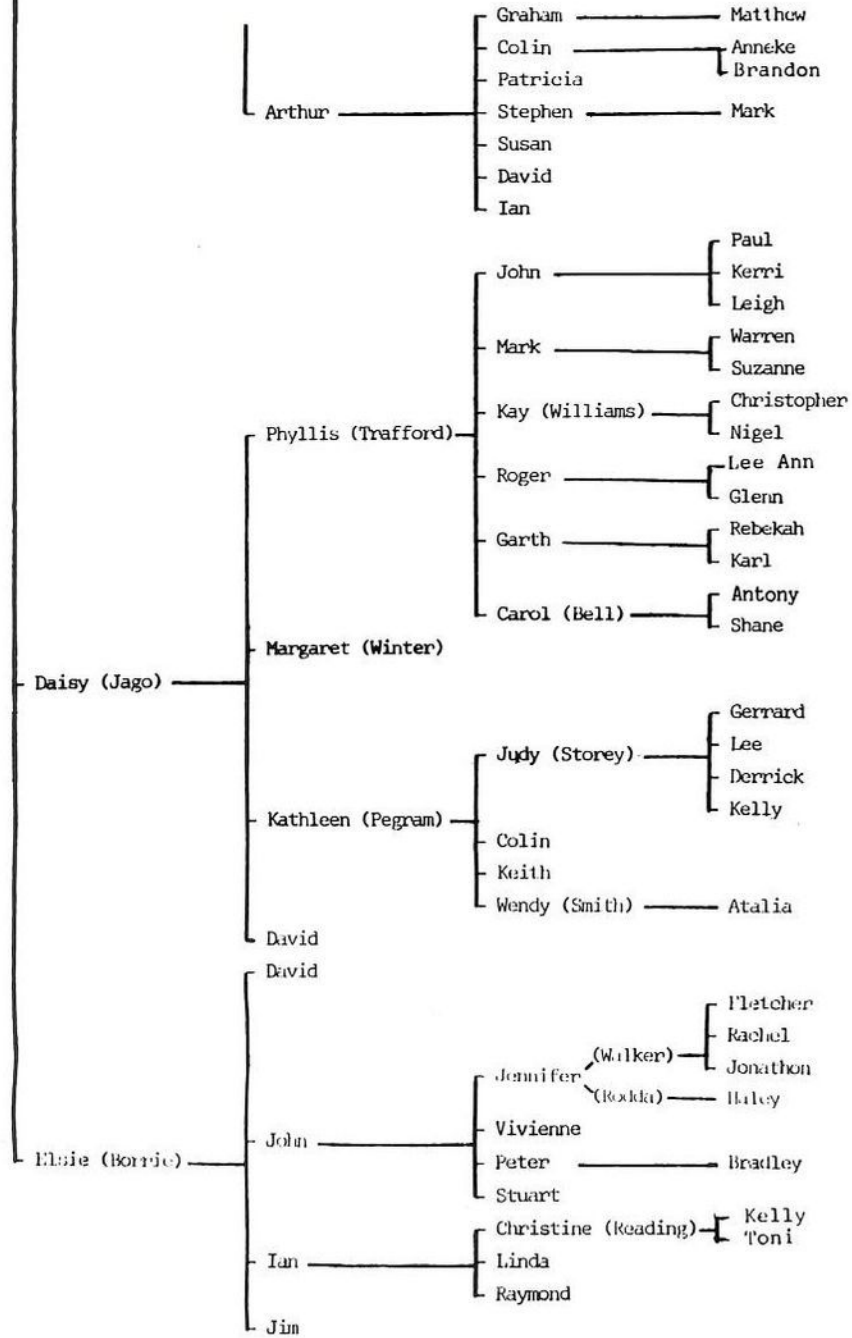
**Frank** - Born Mohaka, lived and worked at Willow Flat until the outbreak of World War I. He left New Zealand with the XXI Reinforcements N.Z.E.F. and was killed at Passchendaele, France 1917.

**Jack** - Died after a long illness aged 27. Both were extraordinary shots and worked solidly at the development of Willow Flat.

**Daisy** - Born at Ormond. Moved to Mohaka, almost adopted by the Maori's who wanted to give her a moko. She spoke Maori fluently, married Harry Jago and settle at Otane. Much of their life was spent at









Mangaharuru and Willow Flat. In her later years life was spent at Frasertown. Daisy was exceptionally gifted at gardening and floral arrangement. Issue: 4.

**Elsie** - Was born at Ormond in 1895 and schooled at Napier, Iona and Wanganui. After marriage to John Borrie, lived and farmed at Eskdale, Mangaharuru, Matawhero, Willow Flat and Oamaru. After John Borrie's death Elsie lived at Hineroa and Onga Onga until her death 19.8.78. Imaginative and skilled in handcrafting bark from native trees and fibres, Elsie also had the gift of telling a tale with drama and laughter. Issue: 4 sons.

Like so many in that age, the family fell victims of circumstances. What prospects there were in farming faded with the death of 2 sons and the great depression. They had telepathic powers and extra-sensory perceptiveness, and all flourished in adversity. The children of the daughters were raised to be respectful, self-reliant and law abiding. Career opportunities began to open up for the grandchildren and increased dramatically for the great-grandchildren. Though these generations may not acknowledge it, the influences of Frances and her family have reached the present and contribute immeasurably to the success and stability of her descendants.

Dewes Family



*Barbeque lunch at reunion*





*The Brandon Family*



## Chapter Six

### *Elizabeth (Bee) Brandon*

Elizabeth Bee married Chris Brandon at Patutahi in 1880. She went with her husband who managed various properties that had been taken over by the bank. They went to Brooklands (Puketapu) to manage for her sister, Mrs Peacock, where her daughter Cathie was born.

For six years Chris was in partnership with George Bee — they lived at Petane (H.B.). They took up the Petane block of 15,000 acres in 1903 when their daughter Cathie was 13 years old. She had a governess and was joined some of the time by her cousin Daisy (Ross) Jago. This was the first attempt at European education in the district. They were hardy pioneers with 14 miles of bridle track into the station.

Elizabeth was the matriach of the area. She left Petane in 1916 and lived in Wairoa while her husband farmed Pihanui and then Pokanui.

The Petane block was later divided into eight soldier settlement farms.

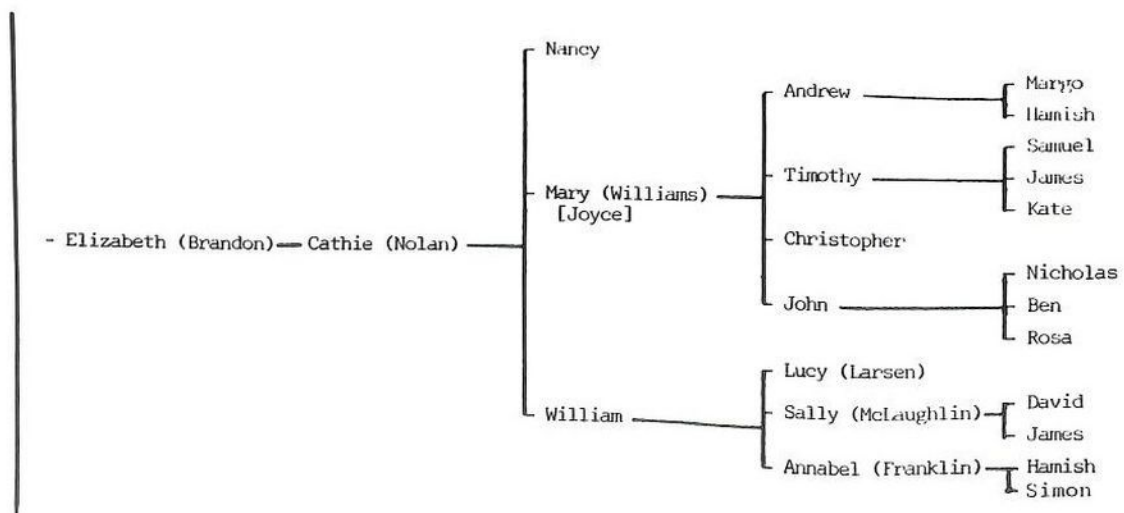
Cathie (Brandon) Nolan was an expert horsewoman, well known all over Hawke's Bay. She married A.G. Nolan in 1913 and went to his grazing run Puhoro in the Ruakaturi Valley which is still owned by the family.

There was eight miles of bridle track into the property at that time — another hardy pioneer. She came to Wairoa to live about 1918 where she interested herself in various local affairs — Red Cross (President), C.W.I. (President), Maori Womens Welfare League (Adviser) etc.

Nancy Nolan  
Wairoa (H.B.)



*Elizabeth Brandon and niece Nell*







*The Newman Family*



## Chapter Seven

### *Phoebe (Bee) Newman*

Like her sisters, Phoebe Bee was a woman of strong character, a stalwart of her time. But this strength was tempered by amiability and a genuine interest in those whose lives touched hers. She lived in the country district of Ormond, Gisborne for fifty seven years, fifty one of those years were as the wife of Albert Newman who was fifteen years older than herself. Phoebe was born in 1855 at Ocean Beach, Hawke's Bay, the fifth daughter of Anne and Francis Bee. The hard experience of the family in her early years must have helped to develop her strong regard for family ties and her great capacity for 'mothering' others, especially of course her own family of nine children, five sons and four daughters, which were born to Albert and Phoebe. Phoebe also took a careful interest in the development and administration of their farm which she named 'Homebush'.

It's situation was difficult — a block of land at Ngakaroa near Ormond, which had access only from a crossing of the large Waipaoa river. The freehold was registered in Phoebe's name and was transferred from one Katerina Tawahi in 1901. At this time its hills would have been covered in cutty grass and its flats in swamp.

Because of the difficulty of living upon it with small children, Albert and Phoebe established themselves at "Riverford" a ten acre block near to Ormond School, St. Lukes and to other settlers. Here they built a fine big house, an extensive garden and tennis court and enjoyed a simple but enthusiastic social life. "Homebush" was in time farmed by Phoebe's two eldest lads Bert and Geoff, who bached there.

Phoebe has a passionate interest in gardening. Two large camellia trees still stand on the former Riverford home site, (now occupied by the Ormond School) which were presented to her for her birthday by her two sons.

In appearance Phoebe was tall, raven haired brown eyed and olive skinned. Her quick wit and outgoing nature and calm demeanour made her a popular figure with her friends and extended family circle. She was well educated at a private school for some years.

Entries from a diary kept by Ivy, one of her daughters, during Ivy's girlhood years, are typical. Everyday at 'Riverford' there were visitors, outings to town, to church or tennis at neighbouring homes or their own.

"Thursday 6th March 1913

"Queen" (Graham) came down to lunch and she and Ella rode and Mum and I drove over to the Maori hui at Te Aria. Miss Craighead came in this evening. Ada went to the hui from town and we all enjoyed it very much.

Saturday 5th April 1913

Marion drove over and she and Ella, Mum and I drove over to Grahams for tennis. Mum came home before tea and Ella drove Annie and Miss Craighead up for euchre (cards) in the evening. All had a grand time. Two dances to finish. Cold rain commenced in the evening so the girls stayed here."

But hard years were to come. A World War was to see their second son Geoff and many friends leave for France, and in 1920 the sudden death of Bert, Phoebe's eldest son. Throughout these sorrows Phoebe remained the calm consoler of her family, and all members comforted and kept in touch with the others.

An entry from a diary kept by a family friend Alick Trafford (later to become a son-in-law) reads as follows:-

"December 13th 1920

I rode up to 'Homebush' to tell Geoff and Jack the sad news (of Bert's death - no phone contact was possible). Geoff recognised me coming from afar and knew what to expect . . . . . I can sympathise in his sorrow, knowing too well what the loss of a brother is. Geoff went immediately to 'Riverford' while I stayed to keep Jack company . . . . . I am very sorry for Mrs Newman. This is the break in her family. It is wonderful and beautiful how the family 'pull together'."

There were also the joyful occasions for Phoebe when her daughters were married, always from 'Riverford' with many guests and family attending and staying there. As the daughters had grown up Phoebe was freed from domestic chores and this enabled her to become the complete diplomatic matriach to whom all looked for comfort and guidance — truly a 'Queen Bee'.

Her grandchildren in turn became very aware of their 'Homebush Grandma' and often stayed at 'Riverford' on school holidays joining in the family life and being warmly received by their uncles and aunts.

Phoebe did not believe in 'smacking' children, but a firm verbal reproof in her impressive contralto voice had its effect.



Many a merry evening was spent around the fireside, roasting chestnuts from the big trees on the property and joining in a concert, initiated by Phoebe where each one had to 'sing, say, or penny pay' and were accompanied on the fine old English piano. The lovely matured garden with its masses of flowering azaleas arched and grown together held delight for small children as they played 'hidey' in the tunnels formed by the branches.

Children sensed the utter security given by Phoebe's presence and her calm words 'Wait-a-bit, wait-a-bit' in the face of their impatience had a wondrous effect. The loss of her own son Frederick in infancy had no doubt given her a sense of the unique and special value of each child.

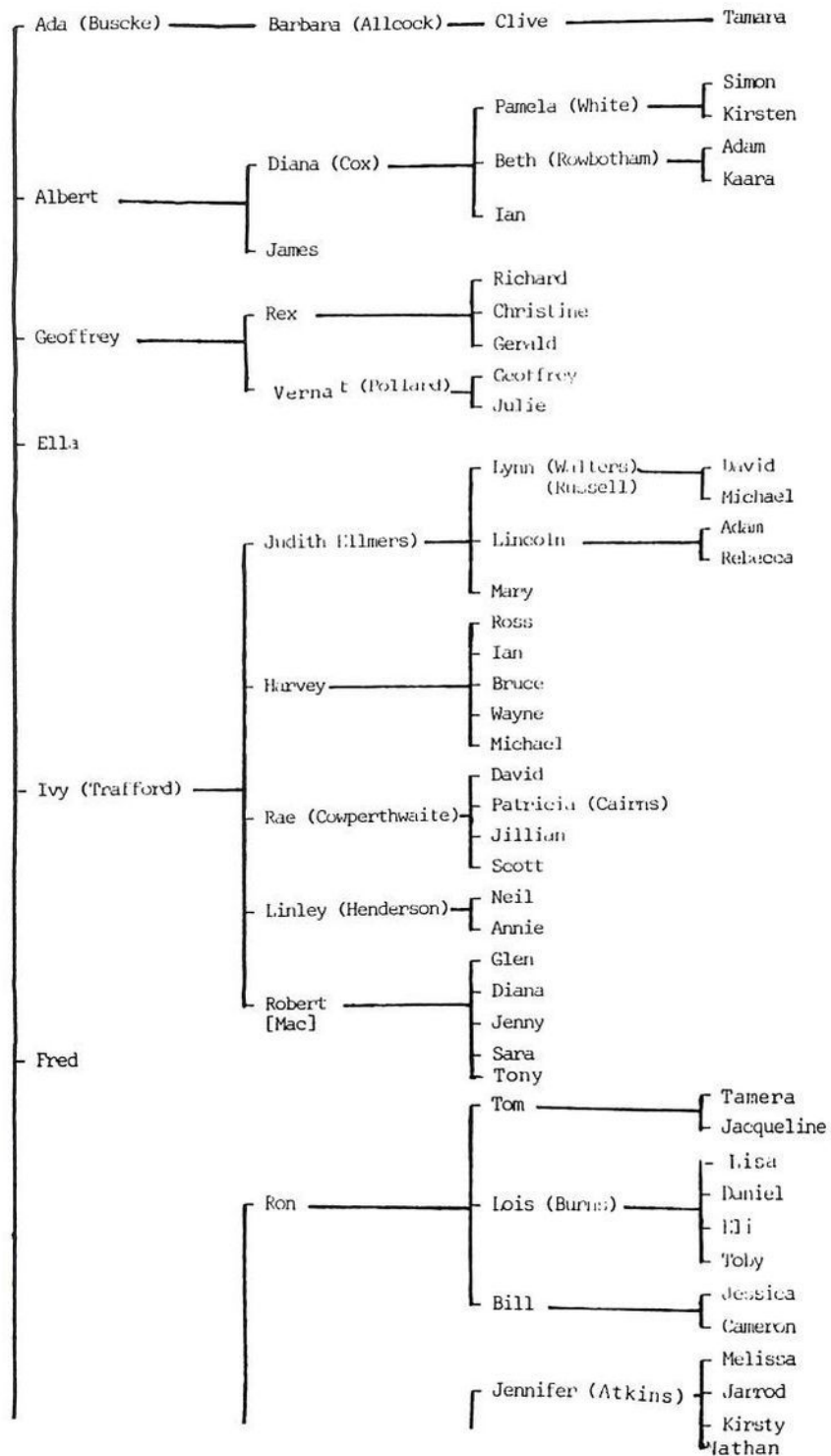
Judith Elmers (Gisborne)

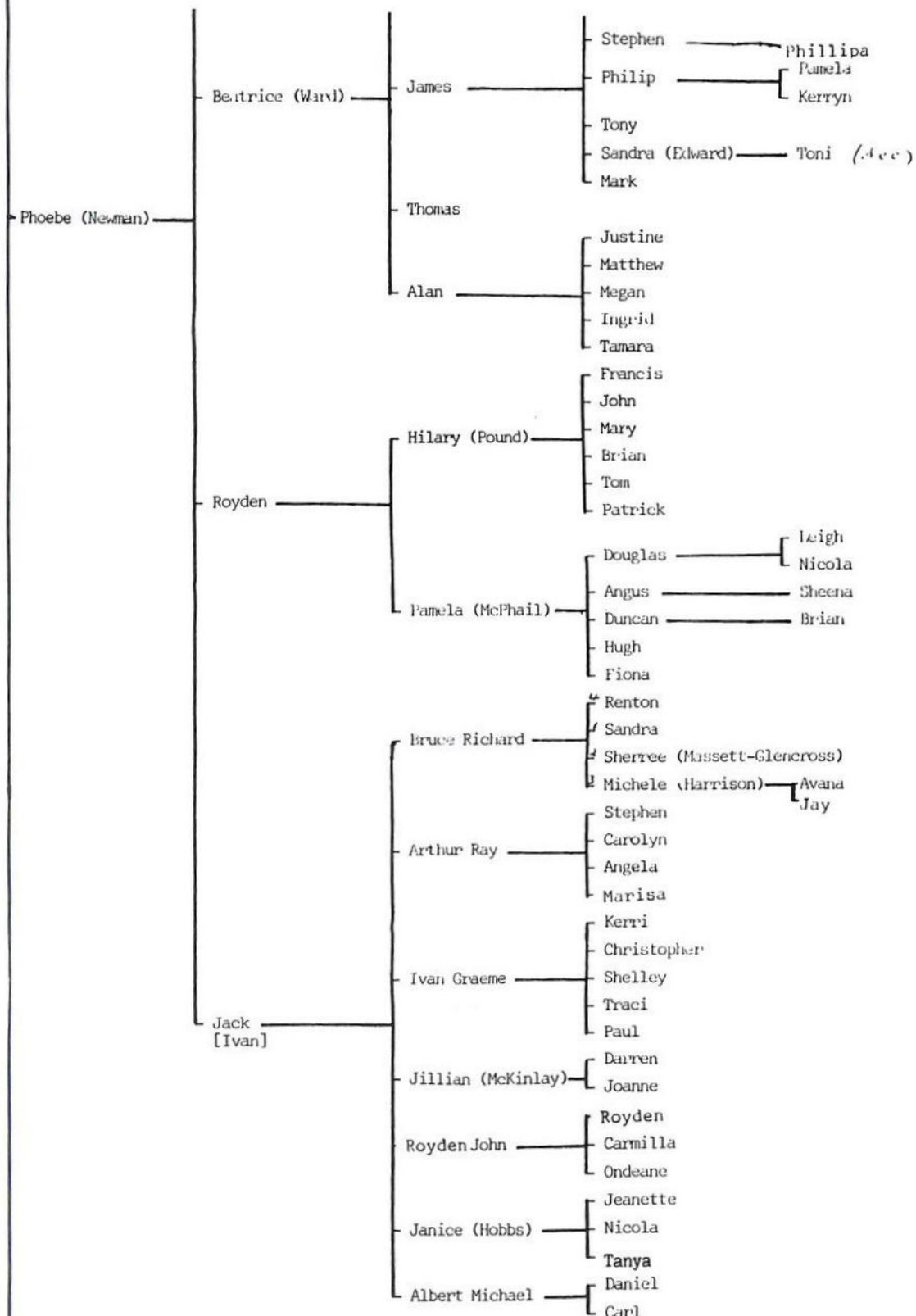
*Family Reunion  
Nancy Bee and children in  
the period dress parade.*



*Elizabeth Beachen  
Holding reunion flag.*









## Chapter Eight

*Kate (Bee) Bourke*

Born at Waimarama Kate was just a little girl when Francis and family shifted to Havelock North where there was a school to educate the children. Ann and Francis were my grandparents.

Kate (I will refer to her as Mother), was interested in all that went on there. She told us about her school days, which were limited, the headmaster was Mr Bisell. Some of the pupils she remembered were the Chambers boys and also a family of Coopers.

The first Hawke's Bay A & P Show was another incident. It was held at Havelock North. They all went along to Denver's paddock to enjoy the day. Remembered being sorry for a pig being so fat he couldn't see. From Havelock the family moved up the coast to Mohaka. That was the end of Mother's education, but as she was an avid reader, education never stopped. Charles Dickens was her favourite and she would read his works well on into the night by the light of a slutch lamp (tin of fat with a wick down the middle).

Gathering wood off the beach was a favourite occupation. They had an old horse, Toby, and a sledge. Each piece of wood they knocked to free the Katipo spiders. Even bare feet they were never bitten.

A very frightening time for the family when Te Kooti was on the war path. Maori people were their friends but all were scared of Te Kooti's threat. Mother would always have a weapon under her pillow, a broken bottle on a string, to ward off the attackers and also to comfort her younger sister, who was very scared. There was a round house (see note) built near the river mouth for refuge. The girls gathered shells from the beach and put them all around so that footsteps could be heard.

Time passed — Francis and Ann getting on in years when they moved to Gisborne. Mother and Maria were still single, enjoying their young life together. Both had red hair and by all accounts were very attractive. Maria married John McKenzie and had one son and six daughters.

Mother married Charles O'Donel Bourke, farmer of Gisborne. His parents of Irish descent came to NZ during the Maori wars with the British 65th Constabulary. They landed at what is now Corunna Bay and were in military camp there. Later Peter Bourke (father of Charles), was Napier's first Post Master. His wife was Dorothea Fitzgerald. From Napier they moved with their family on a bullock wagon to Te Aute where Charles was born. There they ran a store, which still stands today. Finally they moved to Gisborne where their graves are.

Kate and Charles had two children when they left Gisborne for Hawke's Bay Harry and Dora. Their destination was Pakowhai to live beside Mother's brother, George 'Shardy' Bee and his family. There they experienced the 1896 flood which wrecked their home and possessions. Father was away at the time and arrived home to find Mother and her brood on the table surrounded by water. Mother with an axe to cut a hole in the roof if necessary. He got them out on to a stop bank where they spent the rest of the night, watching the water rise to danger point. By daylight they saw the raging river begin to recede. Father's description of cleaning operations is vivid in my memory. He was a stockman and was away from home at times.

Dannevirke was the next move where Father had a butchery business and fertiliser business. Harry was able to help by then and life was a little easier until tragedy struck. We lost two sisters, Molly and Nancy in a drowning accident.

Our parents were devastated.

Not long after that they were successful in winning a land ballot in Hawke's Bay, so we duly shifted north to a rough section of land eight miles from Eskdale, up the Esk River. The road from the Esk Valley was up the river bed, not negotiable by any means but horse-drawn vehicle or horse back. It was part of the old coach road to Te Pohue and on to Taupo. We loved it there and put in a lot of hard work. The boys made us a tennis court, with the provision that we maintained it, which we were happy to do.

There were plenty of horses, lots of tennis and the river to swim in. To go to dances we rode the eight miles down the river to the Eskdale Hall. To quote Moana Andersons "the river ruled our lives". There were certainly many tales to tell.

The 1914-18 war was in progress by this time so both Harry and George enlisted and went to serve their country. That left Father, Mother and us girls to carry on. Both boys returned but had been severely wounded.

Some years later Harry and his wife Maud took over the farm ('The Island') but in due course it was sold.

\* Note — the Mohaka Round House is still standing today.



Harry and Maud retired to a small holding in Meeanee where Harry built their home. At one stage Harry had a sawmill out at Moko Moko. He was a character, he drove an old Model T Ford, pretty well the worse for wear. I remember him saying on one occasion - 'It looks like rain, I'll just put the hood up'. The cover produced had the large letter PWD printed on it! The Public Works Department was building the East Coast Railway at the time. Harry was a grand chap, full of good humour and kindness itself. He died at the age of 93.

There were four children in that family — Peter, Marg, Pat and Rita. Maud still lives on in the Dannevirke Hospital.

Our brother George, on the other hand, was precise and methodical. Although he was a country boy, he was particular about his appearance. He married Maud Frame and they had one son, Garry, who married Doreen Tiplady from the West Coast. They live in Christchurch and have two lovely daughters, Kim and Jackie.

I can remember George showing us how to ride a young horse. The thing took off up the hill, under the clothes line, George came off head over heels off its tail. Much applause and no sympathy. He lived alone at Greenmeadows for the last years of his life.

Dora was our oldest sister. She was a very capable person and must have played a big part in helping with the younger ones. Mother must have depended on her a great deal, for she was a good cook, dressmaker and general house-keeper. During the second world war Dora completed a course in St. John, riding to evening classes on her hack Ginger. She was a good horsewoman. Later on Napier Hospital engaged her nursing in St. Mary's ward. Finally she came to live at Church Cottage, Eskdale, and kept a horse, and cow, chooks, and pet lambs, as well as some cats. She was very happy there, open house for all the nieces and nephews who loved her.

Mother joined her later — that was a great combination. We all took a turn in caring for Mother until her death at 100 years plus.

Dora helped the Eskdale Pony Club and belonged to the WFFF, where she was a life member. Happy years passed and finally, even with lots of help, she could no longer live alone. Finally she fell and broke a hip which put her into hospital where she died at the age of 95 — a much loved sister.

Kitty and I were mates as we grew up together. As a girl she played lots of sport — hockey and tennis, and was an excellent horsewoman and fond of all animals. A terrific tease as well. I remember in frustration tipping a bottle of ink over her head. Another time we were marking the tennis court, I had a bucket of sludge, she copped the lot. Another incident I remember our telephone went out of order — she and I set out to find the fault. It was a bush line at the best of times. We found the line broken, the thing was to meet it again. Not to be outdone we tied one end to a tree and then twisted the other end round one of the horse's tails and got him to pull it up so we could join the wire. Served the purpose till the boys could make a better repair job.

Part of my life was spent with cousins, the Peacock family at Waipukurau. There was Aunt Annie\*, Hutt and the boys, Sam, Barney and Pat. Many happy times were spent there, I loved them all. Hutt remarried later and I went home to 'The Island', where Gordon McAuley came courting and he won my heart. After serving with the New Zealand Rifle Brigade in Egypt and France for four years, he returned to his home in Elsthorpe (Hawke's Bay). He later won a ballot block of land on the Kaiwaka soldier settlement.

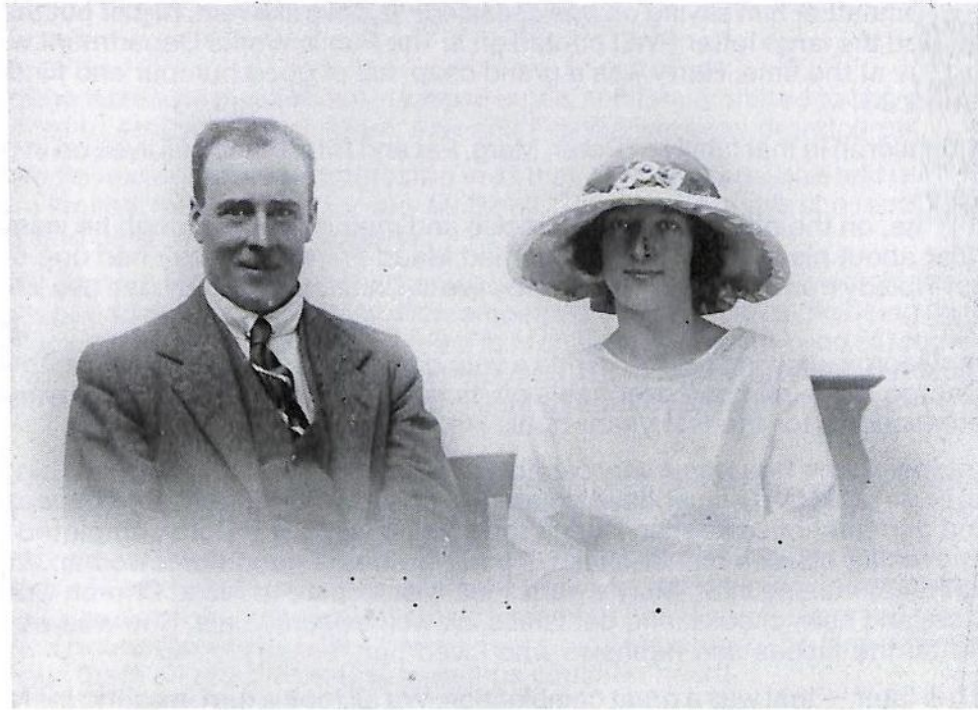
We were married in 1927. Life was pretty tough but happy. The depression of the 1930's hit us hard, the earthquake in 1931 was a disaster, and as well stock losses and floods took their toll. We were poor but survived well enough. Gordon was an excellent provider so there was always plenty of food. Horseback was the only means of transport at that stage, so we didn't move around much. As time went on we bought an old Rover car for £30.00, that was indeed progress. We brought up three children — Bob, Anne and Dora May. By this time there was a school at Kaiwaka South so the children were able to ride the three miles. We sometimes spent holidays camping at the beach and there were always plenty of picnics, going out to where Dad was working. Family life was happy.

Bob didn't turn out to be a farmer, he took up engineering instead. He married Tessabel Jones and had two daughters Kathy and Christine. Kathy has two boys and Christine a girl and a boy. Bob and Tess had a business in Taupiri where there was plenty of work on the power site at Huntly and around that area. They live at Huntly now and are busy building a home near the beach at Whangamata in view of retirement.

Anne was born in 1932. She was a placid child who grew up loving farm life. Both she and Bob found boarding school difficult — coming from a small country town into crowded classrooms and living away from home. Anne married Rimu and Olive Sutton's son Nick. Their wedding day in April proved to be

\* "Big Aunt Annie" — daughter of Francis and Ann and sister-in-law to Hutt Peacock.





*Maude and Harry Bourke*

during a flood. We did get to the Eskdale church on time, but only just. They have two children, Maxwell and Joanne, who in turn have two children of their own, Max a girl and a boy, Joanne (James) two little girls.

Dora May was born 13 years after Anne so was brought up more or less on her own. By this time the school had closed so May was on correspondence until standard 2 level. After three years secondary education she trained at the Napier Hospital as a nurse. She got her medal in 3 years and put in a 4th year before going to Britain for further experience. There she married a Scottish boy, David Wilson. We hadn't met David until later when they returned to New Zealand where he fitted into our family circle to become a valued in-law. They now live at Meeanee and have a vineyard there. They have two children, Stuart a 7th former, and Shona in the 6th form at Taradale High School.

The time came when our working life at 'Dunvegan' (Kaiwaka) was coming to an end. Gordon and I were thinking seriously of retirement. This was the time Nick and Anne were looking for a farm to settle into. After much consideration and debate we decided to join forces, Nick and Anne to become partners in 'Dunvegan' and Gordon and I to retire. This turned out to be most successful. Gordon was happy to go and help on the farm when needed, but very soon Nick and Anne were self-supporting and Gordon put in his time at our home, Rogers Road, Bay View, very happily.

An extensive aviary was Gordon's main interest. He kept a variety of birds, which he showed successfully, taking a New Zealand Championship with a red canary, along with many other prizes over the years. He was also a keen gardener as well as putting in much time fishing off the beach, he was never idle. We had 16 years of happy retirement until Gordon died suddenly at the age of 76.

Life for me was lonely now, but I soon got into activities to keep me busy. Taking meals and helping at Day Care and the Hospital. The WDFP and CWI are organisations I enjoy.

Also play outdoor and indoor bowls and find the companionship helpful. As well I play a poor game of golf. The highlight of that was when I played the perfect shot at Maraenui on No. 5 in 1984, much jubilation. Happened to be the oldest woman to achieve that, in that year, so was well rewarded.

Life is slowing up a bit now. Am proud of our family, we were all happy together.

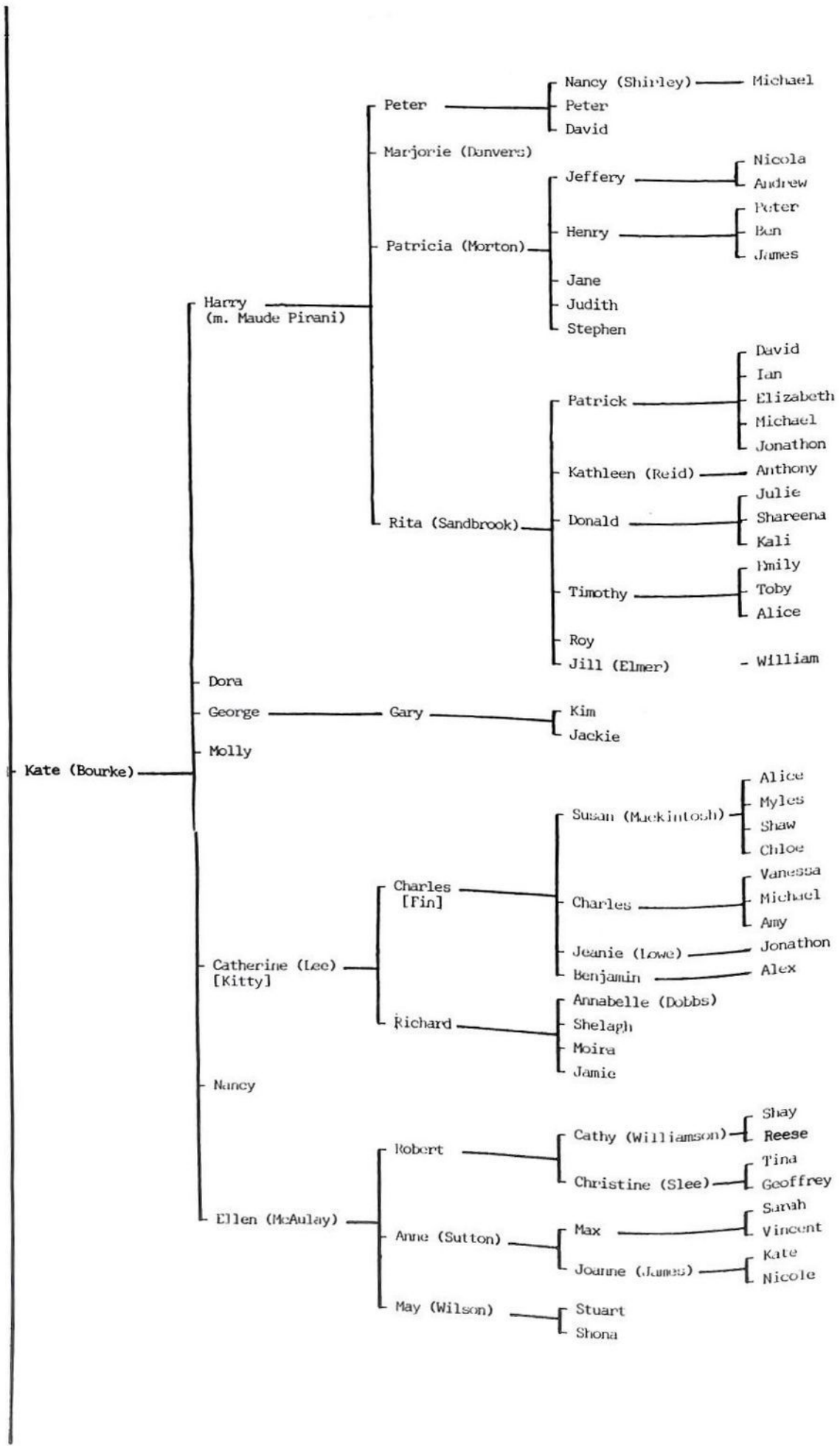
Ellen Frances (Bourke) McAuley  
Bay View (Hawke's Bay)





*The Bourke Family*





## Chapter Nine

### *Maria "Betsy" (Bee) McKenzie*

Maria was born at Mohaka in 1859. She was the youngest of Anne and Francis Bee's children. Her greatest friend was her sister Kate, a friendship that was to remain all their lives. They were a lively pair and were well known for all their tricks and pranks. Maria was always very nervous of the Maori people, probably due to her early memories of the Hau Hau uprising. She used to tell us how she and Kate used to go down to the beach and collect shells which they spread around the house to act as a warning should unfriendly Maori's be about.

In later years Francis and Anne with their daughter Ann to look after them went to Patutahi to live on about 10-12 acres of land. This was probably before either Phoebe or Maria were married as both were married from the Patutahi church.

Maria met John McKenzie and married him in 1884. He had a property at Patutahi of about 900-1000 acres, mostly flats, which he called 'Burnside'.

After Francis died Anne and her daughter Ann went to live with Lil Bilham as Maria was looking after Jane McKenzie, John's mother at the time. After Jane died Anne and her daughter went to live with Maria and her family of one boy and seven girls until she too died.

The McKenzies had a big old house with the family kitchen and dining room at one end and a drawing room at the other. When visitors came they always used the drawing room and often the children had to parade before them, being asked to play the piano or sing before being sent outside. Maria was full of fun. Nona says when she was a child and Maria was baking often she would steal a scone and Maria would chase her around the kitchen, often throwing some dough at her!

After her husband John died the family moved to town while they build a house at Hixton. There was nobody to run the farm as their only son Alan had died two years previously. They sold most of the flats but kept about 200 acres called Mantle Hill. Some of the land they sold and left portions of the money in as mortgages. This they later lost in the Mortgage Relief Bill in the early 1930's.

However they built a lovely house at Hixton where they had about 10 acres and they called it 'Braeburn'. Maria set about to make another garden and a big orchard. They had their own generator for power and on the farm had a few fowls, a pig and a cow. The cow caused much hilarity in the family because each daughter had to take a turn at milking it, although Nona was the one who seemed to do it the most often.

In 1924 Maria and her family shifted to Nanui Road, Gisborne, where she lived until her death. Here too she made a lovely garden where all her grandchildren loved to go and play. It was here too that her daughter Nell came with her children to live after her husband Sid Newman had died. Nona, Kate, Marion, Ann and Joan were all married from Nanui Road.

Maria really loved her garden and her flowers. I remember her on many occasions when she was well into her eighties pottering around and picking flowers. On one occasion I recall, she had been ill and Aunty Nell who had looked after her had suggested that she went inside in case she caught a chill — Maria's retort was "If I want to die in the garden I will — I can't think of a better place".

We, all her grandchildren, loved to call and see Maria. She never lost the twinkle in her eye and never lost interest in us and all the things we were doing. In fact it wasn't only us who loved to see her — all the children in the street called her Granny McKenzie.

**Alan Brandon McKenzie** was born in 1885. He was the first born and the only son. He was much loved by all the girls, was great fun and an awful tease. He was a very good footballer and played for Poverty Bay. He was only 26 when he died and it was only a few months before his marriage to Jean Watts.

He died of peritonitis after being incorrectly treated for an ulcer. In 1913 there was no operation for appendicitis. A short time later King Edward was operated on for appendicitis and survived. The girls used to say if Alan had been a king he would have survived.

**Ellen "Nell" McKenzie** was born in 1887 and like her brother Alan was educated at Patutahi School. Nell then went to Miss Reese's School in Gisborne. She was the only one to be married from 'Burnside'. On the day of her marriage to Sidney Newman the creek was flooded and the groom and best man were thoroughly wet while trying to cross it. Nell's father John, thinking he was giving them wine to warm them up, gave them mushroom ketchup and they wondered why it was full of cloves and their throats were burning!

John and Max were born to them while they were farming at Kanakania. From there they went to





The McKenzie Family



Waimata where Sid was notorious for driving his car all around the hills whether there was a track or not. It was here that Margaret was born. Finally they went to 'Totara' Station which is between Whangara and Waimata.

After Sid died Nell and her children went to live with Maria at Nanui Road. In later years Nell was a great comfort to her mother and looked after her till she died. Her final shift was to Tyndal Road where she went to be near Margaret and her children.

She too loved her garden and her grandchildren were a great joy to her. She was wonderful at sewing, loved doing flowers and seemed always to be there to help any of her sisters should the occasion arise. I remember her with great love and affection.

**Jess McKenzie** was born in 1889. She was educated at Patutahi and then a private school in Gisborne. She then took a job as a governess to the Broadhurst family. She was the only daughter to be married from 'Braeburn' when she wed Rev. Douglas Malcolm. Their first parish was at Porangahau where Marie was born. They went from there to Paramata and then to Hawera where they stayed for many years. Both Alan and John were born there. Their final parish was Haitaitai. Jess was a great help to Douglas as a minister's wife. She was a talented painter and singer and also, like the others, loved her flowers. Everyone loved Aunt Jess.

**Annie "Ann" McKenzie** was born in 1891 and was educated at Patutahi school and then to a private school in Gisborne. She trained as a shorthand typist and worked for Buscke Accounts Firm in Gisborne where they considered her very quick and good at her work. She boarded in town and used to bike home to Hixton each weekend. For one so quick and bright she was always doing dreamy things. One day when it was her turn to milk the family cow she let it out of the bail still leg-roped to the door. The cow, of course, bolted out into the paddock taking the door with it. Every time anyone tried to get near it the cow would bolt again and the door would come up from behind and hit it again. Eventually they caught it but the poor cow was impossible to get into the bail for many weeks after that episode.

She married Charles Bull, an accountant and though they had no children she took a great interest in all her nieces and nephews and in fact all her relations. She took great care of Anne Bee, who in her turn had spent many years caring for mother (Maria). Ann Bee lived with Ann and Charlie for the last two years of her life when she was slowly dying of cancer.

Aunt Marion used to tell me how tidy Ann was and how untidy she, Marion, was. As they shared a room this used to infuriate Ann, who finally put a chalk line down the middle of the room and claimed the tidy half.

Ann was very wiry and active all her life. She loved golf and flowers and people. She had a large lovely garden on the river bank behind the family home in Nanui Road and this she was still maintaining well into her eighties.

Charlie died after 15 years of marriage and Ann then set herself up as a florist and both grew and arranged the flowers herself with the help of Connie Stafford in the floristry side. She had a great sense of humour and was always trying to do things for others. I remember her often helping out when my mother was ill and for that our family will be forever grateful. She had a very soft spot for those who cared for her. In later years her memory failed and she died when she was 89.

**Marion McKenzie** was born in 1893 and educated at Patutahi School. She trained at Cook Hospital as a nurse and was spoken very highly of by both staff and patients. She was a very good looking girl and had many admirers. After nursing at Cook for several years she went to England with her sister Kate. She and Kate both nursed privately in England. Marion loved and admired her family. She once told me the story about when she and Kate went walking down the streets of London and how people would turn and look at Kate because she was so vibrant and healthy with her black hair and black eyes and red cheeks. It made me smile as I had heard the same story from Aunt Kate only the people were looking at Marion because she was so lovely!

On the boat on the way home she met Alan Campbell, a solicitor who lived in Orange (NSW). At that time she was 35. She came home and married him. They had one daughter, Barbara, who followed in her father's footsteps and was a very talented solicitor. They lived in Orange in a lovely old stone house with a most beautiful garden until she died. She specialised in growing iris which she imported from all over the world. She was very smart and dressed with great flair, was full of fun, most artistic and had that lovely generous nature that all Maria's children seem to have inherited.

Now at 90 she lives on her own at 9 Stevenson Lane with her little garden and her faithful cat Whiskers. Her only request to us is to bring her flowers and her little place is always full of them. She, like Anne, had no children of her own but finds time to show her love, generosity and interest in all her relations. She too enjoys a joke, even if it is against herself. She has a great capacity to make the best of life and her comment after I had gathered the facts about her life was 'so far so good'. She is a very special person to us and we are all glad she has come back to be with us.



**Kate McKenzie** was born in 1899. She too was educated at Patutahi and then at Iona College. She went to Wellington Hospital to train to be a nurse. While Kate was training the family moved to Oriental Bay to live for about six months to be near her. While at Wellington Hospital she met her future husband, Alfred Slater, who was to become a very prominent anaesthetist. After finishing her training she went to England with Marion. Kate too was a very good nurse. Alf's first practice was in Otaki and Kate was his nurse. Nona was with them when they set up their first practice. She said they got everything ready and then had to sit and wait for somebody to come. When the doorbell eventually rang Kate said "Don't hurry to open the door, pretend we're busy". From Otaki they moved to Island Bay, Wellington. After the war Alf took the job of anaesthetist at Bowen Street Hospital. While Alf was at the war Kate lived at Paraparumu and it was then she adopted David who gave them much joy. When Alf came back they went to a lovely home in Wellington and finally to Khandallah where she again made a lovely home and garden. She was a vivacious and active person who made many friends. She loved trout fishing, spinning, weaving, arranging flowers and was a great golfer. She was on a handicap of three or four. She played in the Russell Grace Cup twice. Once when she and her sister Joan were staying with Nona in Rotorua for a golf tournament they drew each other in the first round. There was so much banter that Hoddie suggested the winner should stay at the hotel after the match. History doesn't recall who did win.

Kate was full of fun, a very generous person who was close to us all.

**Joan McKenzie** was the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter which was supposed to be very lucky. She also went to Patutahi school and then to Iona where she was a prominent hockey player. She was in fact playing for her school in Gisborne when she first met Dawson Chrisp later to become a solicitor and her husband — some ten years later.

Always a keen sportswoman and one of the top tennis players for many years at the Kaiti courts, it was however golf which attracted her and in which she was to excell for many years. She was the champion of the Poverty Bay Golf Club. She was also chosen to represent the North Island and would most certainly had the honour of representing New Zealand but for the misfortune to have in the early 30's contracted a chest disease which limited her involvement in the game and finally was to cause her death. In spite of this however she still managed to play to a 3 handicap.

Joan and Dawson had a very welcoming happy home in Nanui Road with a lovely garden and tennis court, which they enjoyed building up together. We four children — Michael, Suzanne, Philip and Elizabeth, recall many happy hour playing tennis, cricket, fishing, or just being at home with them.

Joan was very artistic. She could paint and was renowned for her work with flowers at weddings, floral festivals and in her own home. She was a much loved mother and wife, full of fun and energy and lived in close contact throughout her life with her children and grandchildren.

Joan had a great way with her. Perhaps learning this at a very early age after discovering that if she had a tennis party when it was her turn to milk the family cow, some chivalrous male would offer to do it for her!

She managed to teach us as many of the true values of life and pass on many of her skills to us, but she never managed, to her disappointment, to produce a golfer of any sort!

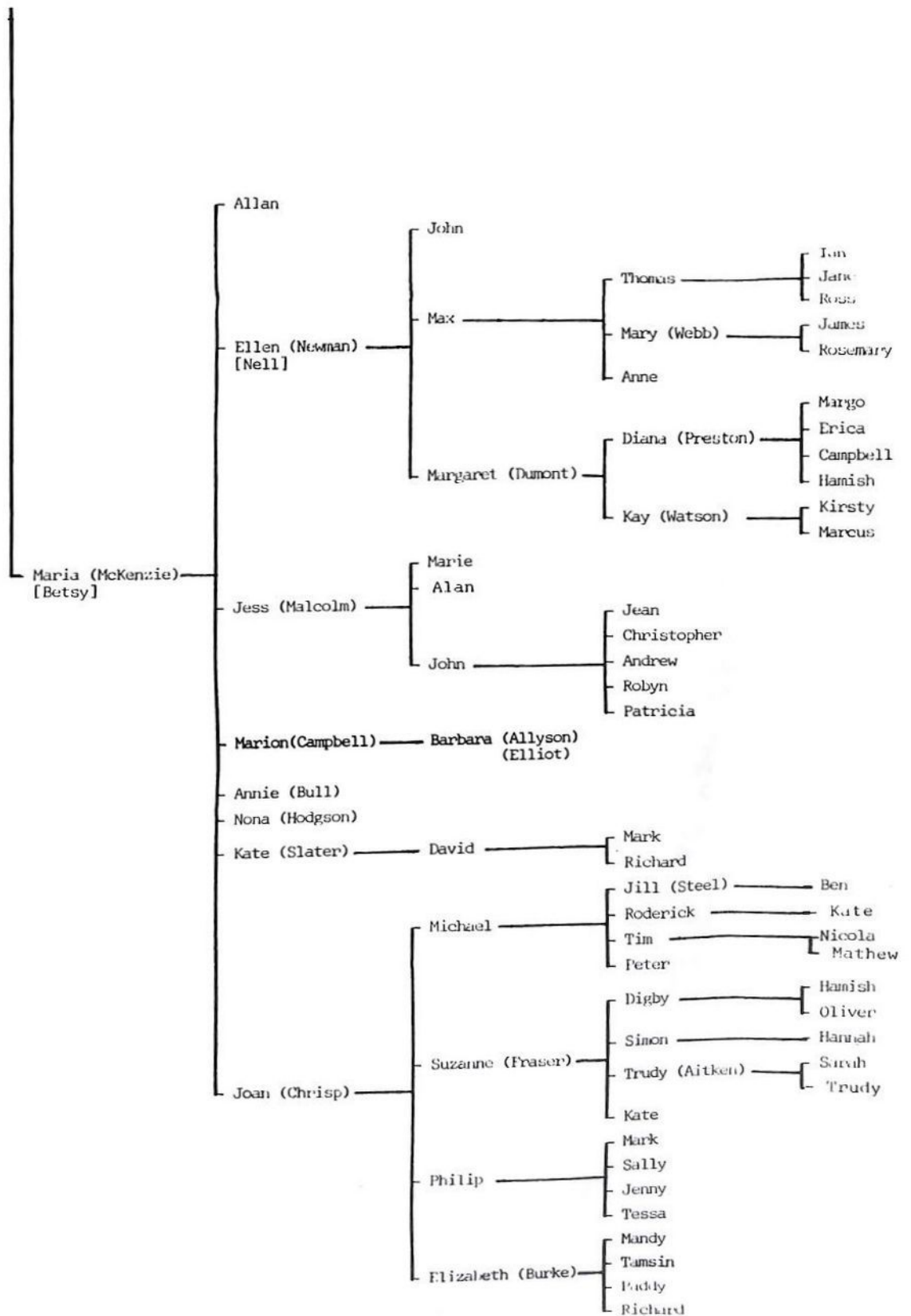
Sue Fraser and Nona Hodgson

**Nona McKenzie** was born in 1896 and was educated at Patutahi, then Miss Hoggs school in Gisborne and then at Woodford House. She rather wanted to be a Karitane Nurse but Maria didn't want her to leave home. She was a great home lover so she stayed.

In 1925 she married Reginald Hodgson who had been a missionary in Melanesia. Hoddie, to all who loved him, was born in Yorkshire and never lost his delightful Yorkshire accent. Wairenga was their first parish then Rotorua for 20 years and finally after five years at Mt Maunganui he retired and continued to live there until his death in 1966. In each place Nona too made a lovely garden. At the Mount where the soil was sandy there was always a riot of flowers. I loved it best when all the lillies were out. They just seemed to be everywhere. Over the years she was a great help to Archdeacon Hodgson by teaching Sunday school, singing in the choir and doing more than her fair share of duties that clergymen's wives undertake. She made many friends, many on the golf course. She loved golf and her handicap was 12.

After Hoddie died Nona continued to live at the Mount amongst her many friends keeping up her interest in the church, her golf, her garden and doing what she could to help people. In 1984 she decided it was time to come home to Gisborne.

Sue Fraser (Gisborne)





## PART TWO

### Chapter Ten

#### *Mary (Pottinger) and George Bee*

"I'll see you in New Zealand!" shouted young George Bee to his brother Francis and his wife and family as they left the docks at Gravesend, London, bound for a long slow journey to a new life far from their homeland.

George, who was only fifteen years of age, was keen to be sailing with his brother, but was told that he had to stay behind in Nottingham and finish his carpentry apprenticeship.

George, true to his word, sailed from London with his wife and family on the sailing ship "Rangoon" on the 4th December 1863, bound for the 'Land of the Long White Cloud', twenty one years after Francis had departed.

The Rangoon had not gone far before it struck trouble, colliding with the barque 'Lord Maidstone' and had her bows stoved in, besides other damage. She was eventually towed to Ramsgate for repairs and sailed again on January 13th 1864. After rounding the Cape of Good Hope very rough weather was encountered and after battling fierce storms for days the 'Rangoon' put into Sydney for repairs. Rough weather hampered the voyage once more and the journey was one of the longest yet for immigrant ships. On the 10th July 1864 the 'Rangoon' sighted the Three Kings Islands as she battled her way down the East Coast of New Zealand. The roughest weather was experienced off the East Cape when the 'Rangoon' was struck on the port beam by a freak wave which smashed life boats and washed everything moveable overboard.

Eventually Hawke's Bay was reached and the two brothers, George and Francis together with their families were reunited, after twenty two years.

The 'Rangoon' was the first sailing ship to sail direct from London to Napier.

George was born in Nottingham (England) in 1827 and married Mary Pottinger who was also born in Nottingham in 1830. They had eight children.

They settled in Havelock North. George, being a builder, was kept busy. Several houses that he built are still standing in Havelock North today. He also took a contract to build the Church of England (St. Lukes Church) in Havelock North. Much of his fine craftsmanship can be seen in this magnificent building. He took an active part in the affairs of Havelock North, being a member of St. Lukes vestry and the Mechanics Institute.

Both George and Mary are buried at the Havelock North cemetery. Many of their descendants still live in Havelock North and the surrounding district.

One day, as George was getting older he met the Anglican minister who said "I haven't seen you at church lately, Mr Bee". George replied "It takes me all my time to reach the pub these days Vicar", forgetting that the hotel was beyond the church and further to go!

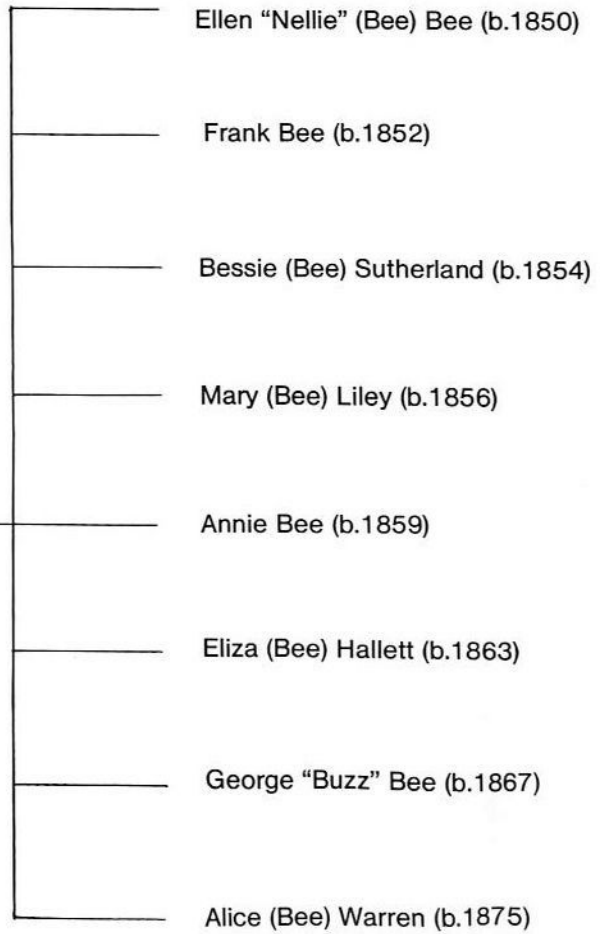
George Bee  
Greenmeadows (Hawke's Bay)



*Children playing at the reunion*



Mary (Pottinger) Bee  
and  
George Bee



**A typical pioneer family. Mr and Mrs Geo Bee ("Shardy and Nellie") with their 11 children. (Photo: Mrs M. Wilson).**



## Chapter Eleven

*Ellen "Nellie" (Bee) Bee*

*and*

*George "Shardy" Bee*

Ellen "Nellie" Bee married her cousin (son of Francis and Anne Bee) George "Shardy" Bee. They were married at Havelock North in St Lukes church.

Before their marriage Shardy helped his father farm at Waimarama, then at Mohaka, Springhill and Maungaharuru when the family shifted north.

After their marriage in 1874, Nellie and Shardy rode by horseback to Mohaka. Francis and Anne shifted to Gisborne where they lived for the rest of their lives.

Ten of their eleven children were born at Mohaka. Kate, Bessie, Laura, Fanny, George and Nell attended school at Mohaka. Also their cousins Daisy, Phoebe, Jack and Frank Ross — between 1880 and 1890. Molly Bourke attended between 1902 — 1912. The Bees were living at Whakapouri, near Raupunga, most of the time and the children had to be rowed across the Mohaka River in a boat and then walk four miles across the hills to get to the school. (No school buses in those days!)

Wool was shipped from the Mohaka beach to Napier. There was a small wharf on the river bank and coastal boats of the Mohaka and Wairoa Shipping Company used to cross the bar and sail up the river. Later wool was to be shipped from "Kakariki" Station. Surf boats were used to take the bales of wool out to the Richardson Shipping Company's ships which were anchored out off the beach. The wool was conveyed by wagon from "Kakariki". Fishing was combined with the shipping of the wool and everyone had quite a picnic, sleeping on the wool bales at McIvors wool shed.

Shardy and Nellie finally sold up their properties at Mohaka and Maungaharuru and shifted to Pakowhai to take up farming there. The property was called "Oakleigh" and the old shearing quarters are still standing.

The family left Mohaka for Napier in one of Richardson's coastal ships and the children were most excited when they entered the Iron Pot at Napier and saw all the small boats and activity. This was the first time they had been away from home. They spotted the coastal boat "Fanny" and this pleased them very much as one of their daughters was named Fanny.

The family withstood the biggest flood on record in Hawke's Bay (1897) but were almost ruined as they lost all their stock. Fences were silted out of sight. They took shelter in the loft of a shed. Shardy took his horse at one point during the flood to try and shift some stock and the family were dismayed when his horse returned without him. They thought he must have been drowned but he arrived safely back later.

The family left "Oakleigh" after the flood and moved to "Fairfield" near Onga Onga. They also farmed at Bayview and Eskdale. Several of the children including Chris, Mary, Elizabeth "Liz" and Nell attended the Eskdale School.

Shardy was also farming 'Orua Downs' (near Palmerston North) and owned a Flax mill with his cousin Frank Bee near Foxton. He also had a farm in the King Country and was part-owner of Sutherland and Bee, sawmill, which was in the King Country.

Shardy helped many people by guaranteeing their accounts and helping in many other ways. He was known for his generosity and willingness to help others.

He visited the Chatham Islands, the Pacific Islands and Australia. We do not know whether Nellie accompanied him.

Shardy was the member for Meeanee Riding on the Hawke's Bay County Council and also a member of the Hawke's Bay Hospital Board.

Nelly and Shardy lived in Hastings (Davis Road) when they retired — Nellie was in ill health.

One day Shardy went to an auction sale and on the spur of the moment he bought a Napier car and had to find someone to drive it home for him as he couldn't drive himself.

Nellie died in Hastings and Shardy spent his last few years at the new homestead at "Kotemaori". He died in 1922 and is buried in the Hastings cemetery next to Nellie.

(There was no school at Pakowhai when the Bees moved there. The first school was held in a loft on



"Oakleigh" until Shardy gave land for a new school which was built by his father-in-law George Bee. "Hori" (George, Arthur, Nell, Liz, Bessie and Fanny attended school here Miss Alice Balfour was the teacher and lived at the back of the school with her sister.)

George Bee  
Greenmeadows (Hawke's Bay)

The stories of their eleven children are recorded on the following pages.



*George "Shardy" and Ellen "Nellie" Bee*



*Arthur Bee*





*The Bee family*



**Anne Mary “Tickie” (Bee) Pirani** was called after both of her grandmothers. She was always known as “Tickie”. She was the eldest of Shardy and Nellie’s family and was born and went to school at Mohaka.

She married Arthur Pirani and they lived for some time at Takaka in the province of Nelson, where Arthur was Postmaster. They later moved back to Napier where Arthur became Postmaster at Ahuriri. When he retired they lived in Wellesley Road, Napier.

They had the following children — Harold ‘Koi’, Marjorie (Chrystall), Betty (Cox), Maude (Bourke), Elsie (Marrett), and Rita (Price).

Koi served in the Middle East, Greece and Crete during World War Two. He was taken prisoner and spent some time in a prisoner of war camp.

**Laura (Bee) Gemmell** was the second child was also born at Mohaka and went to school there. She married Jack Gemmell who was the manager of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile stock and station firm in Wairoa. They lived most of their lives in Apatu Street, Wairoa.

They had four children — Jack, Maurice, Molly and Arthur. Jack worked for the Bank of New Zealand finally being manager of the Wairoa branch. He married Miss Osler and had four sons and one daughter — John, Bruce, Angus, Ian and Laura.

Maurice served in the Middle East, Greece and Crete during World War Two. He was taken prisoner-of-war and the Germans found him a hard person to keep imprisoned. Maurice escaped three times and was recaptured each time. For some time he lived with the Italians in the hills. The first time he escaped his cousin Koi Pirani was with him.

Arthur, although very young at the start of the war, also served in the army and reached the Middle East with the last reinforcements.

**Kate (Bee) McKenzie** was born at Mohaka. She was the third child of Nellie and Shardy. Very little is known of her — apparently she had no sense of humour, which is unusual for a Bee. For some time she kept house for Arthur and Hori at “Putorino” Station. She married Mr McKenzie and they farmed in the King Country. There were no children.

**Bessie Georgina (Bee) 1 Murty 2 Kennedy** was also born at Mohaka and went to school there. She helped her sisters to keep house at “Putorino”. Bessie married Harry Murty, who worked on “Putorino”. They had one daughter Nellie, who was born shortly before Harry died.

Bessie later married again — William Kennedy. They had one daughter, Margaret (Wilson). Bessie and Bill took up a 1,000 acre farm adjoining “Kakariki” and were assisted by Shardy. The farm was registered in Bessie’s name. During the 1929 depression they had to abandon the farm, “Kaituna”.

Bessie and her daughter had a cake shop in Gisborne. They gave this up to come and help Hori at “Kotemaori” when his wife died in 1930. Bessie lived in Wairoa for sometime until her death there. Her daughter Margaret Wilson still lives in the same house on the Marine Parade.

Daughter Nellie went to the Putorino School and Kotemaori School, where she was a first day pupil. Margaret also attended the Kotemaori School and later Raupunga and Wairoa District High School.

Nellie married Bill Beachan and had three children — Pauline, William “Buddy”, and Betsy.

Margaret married Percy Wilson and had five children — Barry, Beverley, Christopher, Dawn and Jennifer.

Extract from “Glenfarg” by George Thomson

“On the north side of Glenfarg lay Kaituna, or “The Thousand acres”, which was usually run in with Kakariki. The neighbours there changed from the Ryders at kakariki homestead, down by the Mohaka, to the McMillan sons at Kaituna, to the Bees, and then the government.

The most notable of these were the Bees, who had previously had the lease in the 1880’s. After George Bee took over Kakariki in 1916, his daughter Bessie bought the lease of Kaituna, and tried farming it herself. Her husband, Harry Murty, had died in 1915, and she had a young daughter, Nell. The Murty’s soon moved over to live with her family at the new Kotemaori homestead on Kakariki, but about 1921 she married Bill Kennedy, and they moved back to Kaituna. Another daughter, Margaret, was born in 1923<sup>2</sup>.

The Kennedy’s were one of Glenfarg’s closest neighbours from 1922 until 1928. It was an easy walk down the five kilometres to their house by Kiwi creek. In 1928 Bill went to work for the Public Works Department and in 1929 they left for Gisborne. When they returned to the area in 1930, they lived at Kotemaori.

Kakariki, at over 18,000 acres, stretched from Kaituna and the Anoura stream to the Mohaka river. The Bees were a large and cheerful family, and their new homestead was less than an hour’s ride from



Glenfarg, down in the valley. The sons, Hori and Chris and daughters Bess and Nell, lived at Kotemaori, with George Snr. until his death in 1921. Chris moved to the old Kakariki homestead after his marriage to Mary Stainton in 1923. Hori and his wife Olive Pufflett stayed at Kotemaori, and Nell married a McRae of Frasertown.

The Haliburton family, including Marion, sometimes visited the Bees, and the twins would occasionally get a ride in old Mr Bee's gig.

"When we were going to school at Putorino, we had to walk through the Waikare gorge, because our parents thought it was much too dangerous for us to ride through. Many a time old George Bee would link up with us, driving his horse and gig up to Kotemaori, the new place he had taken over. So we were only too glad to hop up beside him, and listen to his stories as we went along very comfortably in his gig. Stories about the farms he'd had, and how rough the new farm at Kotemaori was. It was a wilderness when they took it up.

The tougher things were, the more cherry and bright they would be. They always had a joke, and were great on practical jokes amongst themselves."

*Jean*

Chris Bee was a locally renowned shot, taking pheasants from the hip as he rode. He and Hori could be recognised miles away by their relaxed, jaunty way of riding. Mrs Olive Bee died in 1930, and soon afterwards Kakariki was sold to the government.



*Back: George "Hori" Bee, Bess (Bee) Kennedy, Bill Kennedy  
Front: Laura "Molly" Gemmell, Laura (Bee) Gemmell (holding grandchild)*



*Wairoa 1943, Margaret (Kennedy) Wilson, George "Hori" Bee, Liz (Bee) Fookes,  
Bess (Bee) Kennedy, Bill Kennedy.*



**Frances “Fanny” (Bee) Balfour** married Thomas Balfour, a farm worker of “Fairfield”, Onga Onga. Their two sons George and James (Jim) and a daughter Joan were born before they moved to a leased farm at Takapau in 1920. Their fourth child Mary was born there.

In 1931 Thomas died of pneumonia so Fanny moved her family to a farm at Wilder Settlement, Porangahau, which still remains within the family today. Frances ran the farm aided by sons George and Jim. George married Peggy Hall in 1937 and bought the farm next door

Frances lived the rest of her life on the farm with Mary and Jim and died in 1963. Mary and Jim remain in the old family home and have devoted their lives to their family and maintained a consuming interest in horses and all things equestrian. Mary also has a special interest in Red Cross.

George and Peggy have lived their married life on their farm and have three children — Jennifer (Reynolds), Anthony, and Michael. Joan married Alick McKenzie and had four children — Robin, Annette (Hagan), Lynaire (Spilman) and Susan (Buchanan).

**Francis George “Hori” Bee** was the eldest son of Nellie and Shardy. He was named after both his grandfathers and was always known as Hori. He went to school at both Pakowhai (known as Papakura in those days) and Mohaka.

Hori helped his father farm at Pakowhai, Mohaka, Longburn, Petane and in the King Country.

He married Olive Ethel Pufflett in 1913, the youngest of a family of nine from Napier. They had two sons — George Dixon born 1917 and MacIntyre (Mack) born 1919.

Olive died of pneumonia at the age of 34. She is buried at the Eskdale cemetery in the Pufflett family grave. She was always a very athletic person and represented Hawke’s Bay in hockey.

Hori died at the age of 96 years at Waipukurau and is also buried at Eskdale.

Hori and Arthur took over the farming from their father Shardy, and farmed “Putorino” and “Kakariki” stations. “Putorino” was sold to the government during the first world war and later cut up into Returned Servicemen’s farms. Hori and Arthur did well out of “Putorino” but “Kakariki” was an uphill struggle what with rabbits, scrub and the depression.

The new main road was also put through the property and had to be fenced on both sides. Arthur was killed during the war (WWI) and his share was left to the rest of the family. Chris also helped at “Putorino” and “Kakariki”. The station “Kakariki” was finally sold to the government in 1930 and cut up for Returned Servicemen’s farms. Bee and Bee finished up by just managing to pay off their debts.

Hori, Arthur and Chris were all good gun shots and took part in shoots at the Putorino Clay Bird Club and at other competitions in Hawke’s Bay.

George and Mack lived with their parents at the old “Kakariki” homestead up the main road at Kotemaori. The new homestead was built to be the home of Arthur Bee when he returned from the war.

George and Mack both attended Kotemaori School which was built for the railway construction workers’ children. They were both keen on sport, especially rugby. Mack was a member of the Napier Boys High School 1st XV in 1937.

Mack was a Pilot Officer in the RNZAF during the war and was killed in a plane crash at Whenuapai Air Base.

George served in the Engineers with the 2nd NZEF in the Middle East and Italy. On return to New Zealand he joined the Ministry of Works at Wairoa and later the Railways at Napier where he was Senior Engineer Assistant on the Wellington District Engineer’s staff.

George married Miriam Howell of Wairoa and they had two children — Lesley and Allison.

Lesley (Dalton) trained as a nurse at Cornwall Hospital, Auckland. She met Ray there and they were married in Sydney. They have one son Nicholas George.

Allison (Bennett) met Jack while working on a neighbouring cattle station in Queensland. They live on Jack’s station “Glen Robin” and have two sons — George and Lindsay.

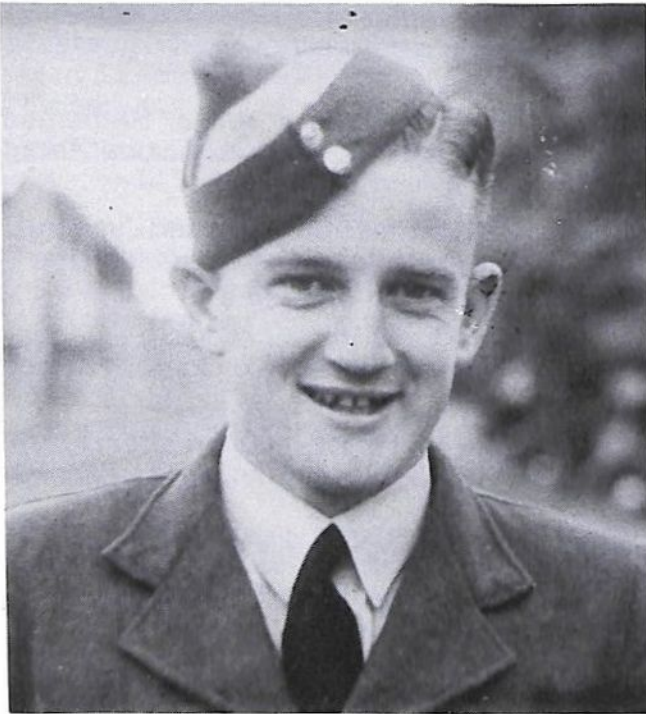
**Ellen “Nell” Bee 1 McRae 2 McKenzie** was born in Mohaka and was the seventh child of Nellie and Shardy. She too went to Mohaka and Eskdale schools.

Nell married Sandy McRae, a farm manager at Rere. They had two children Ian and Janet. Ian married Meta Wilson and is farming at Tutira. Like his father he is a keen dog trial man.

Janet married and lived in Dunedin. She died shortly after her marriage.

Sandy McRae was killed in an accident and Nell later settled in Wairoa where she met Donald McKenzie, a farmer from Clyde Bank, Wairoa, and they were married.





*Morris MacIntyre Bee, Pilot Officer RNZAF WWII*



*Wairoa Christmas 1942. George "Hori" Bee, Mrs Beachen, Bess (Bee) Kennedy, Nellie (Murty) Beachen, Margaret (Kennedy) Wilson, MacIntyre "Mack" Bee, Percy Wilson, Bill Kennedy.*

Nell died in Wairoa and is buried at the Patutahi cemetery, Gisborne.

**Arthur Bee** was the seventh child of Nellie and Shardy. He too was born at Mohaka and went to school at Eskdale. He did not marry. He was killed during the war in France, 28th December, 1917.

He and his brother-in-law Mick Bignell, (husband of Mary), were in the same company and were on the same Lewis machine gun crew when Arthur was killed.

He was a very athletic person and a good rifle and shotgun shot, being a member of the Putorino Gun Club with his brothers Chris and Hori.

"He was a partner of Bee & Bee, the owners of "Putorino" and "Kakariki". George (Shardy) had received a shock when he had visited his solicitors and discussed Arthur's will. It seemed that Arthur had left his share in the properties to his eight sisters which was only what George would have expected him to do. However, under these circumstances, a fair sum of death duties would be payable the solicitor had told him. When George had been confronted with the actual figure of ten thousand pounds he had been



thunderstruck. According to the Government his son Arthur had been a part owner of a large property. The value of this property had increased greatly and was much higher. The death duties were accordingly based on that valuation."

from "Smoke Across the Bay".  
Margaret Wilson.

This was the last of many blows from which the family really never recovered.

**Elizabeth "Liz" (Bee) Fookes** was the ninth child of Nellie and Shardy. She attended both Pakowhai (Papakura) and Eskdale schools.

She was a very cheerful person and always ready for a joke. She married Ted Fookes, who, with his brother emigrated from England. Their father was a clergyman in the church of England. Ted Fookes used to tell the tale of how he landed at the Port of Napier with five pounds in his pocket and not knowing a soul. He and his brother took up farming in the King Country. Ted served in the New Zealand Forces during the first World War and on his return drew a Returned Serviceman's section which had been part of "Putorino", and was 1000 acres. They called their farm "Piney ridge". They farmed there until after WW II when they sold out and retired to Wairoa, later shifting to Westshore, Napier.

Ted died in Napier — he is remembered as being a dour sort whose passion was cricket. Liz died in Havelock North and both are buried at Wharerangi Cemetary, Napier.

**Mary (Bee) Bignell** was born at Mohaka and attended Eskdale School. She married Mick Bignell of Wanganui. They farmed in the outback of North Taranaki at Awakino. Later they shifted to Wangnau where Mick worked with his father's building and construction company. He later took up a farm at Whangaehu and called it "Fairfield" after the farm at Onga Onga.

They had three children — Peter, Judy and Barbara.

Peter was a fighter pilot during World War Two and was killed over Yugoslavia.

Judy married Jeff Anderson. They farmed at Whangaehu until they retired to Wanganui. They have four children — Robyn (Belton), James, Timothy, and Jennifer (Charleson).

Barbara married Brian Bonnifant. They have four children — Peter, Prudence (Bennett), Jane and Susan.

Mary Bignell suffered for years with arthritis and although it crippled her she was always cheerful. She and Mick both died at Wanganui.

**Christopher Curtis Bee** was the third son of Nellie and Shardy, and their youngest child. He was born at Pakowhai and attended Eskdale School. Like most of the Bee family he was a farmer and helped his brothers Hori and Arthur farm the "Putorino" and "Kotemaori" stations.

He served in the New Zealand Expeditionary Force in the First World War and was wounded in France. On his return from the war he competed in the North Island Clay Bird Championships and tied for first place.

Chris married Mary Stainton, a nursing sister who had come to nurse Shardy at "Kotemaori". They had three children — John, Molly and Dorothy.

John married Ivy Chitterden and they have three children — Yvonne (Evans), Brian and Nancy.

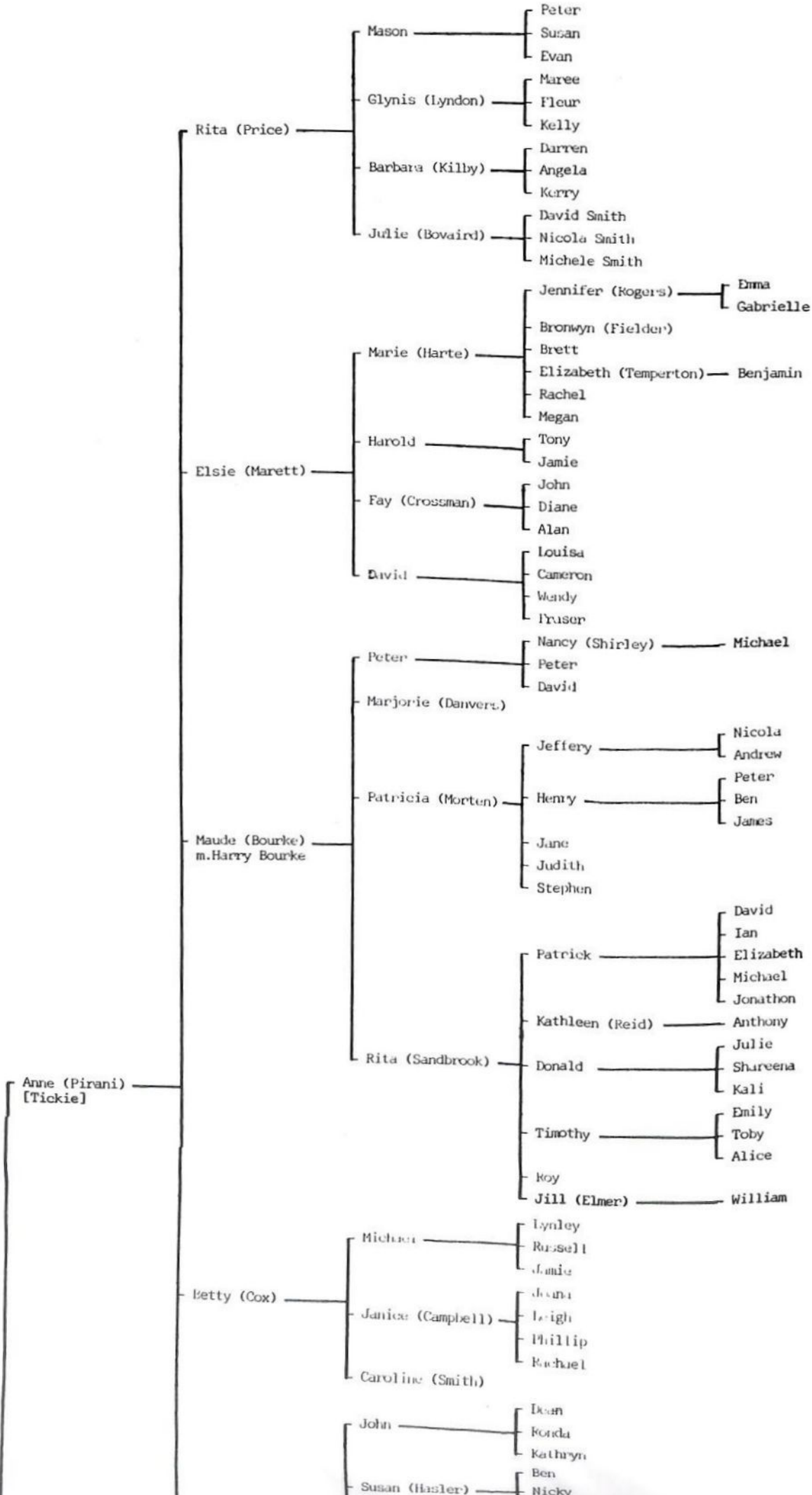
Dorothy "Bubs" married Barry Sinton and they now live at Whitianga. They have seven children — Warren, Allan, Dianne, Craig, Vonee, Trudy and Anne.

Chris and Mary both died in Napier and are buried at Wharerangi cemetary.

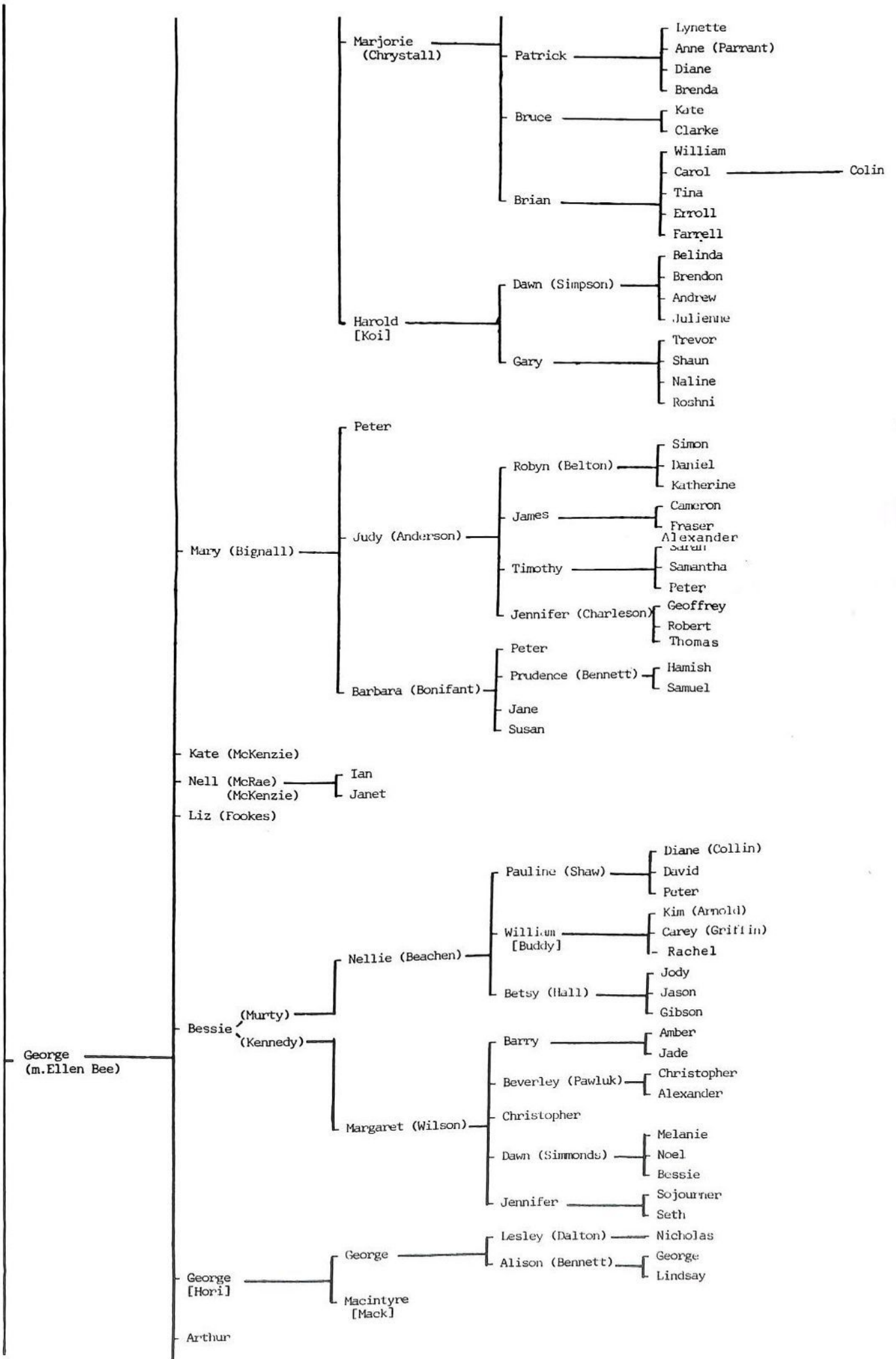


Anne

Francis  
[Frank]









Wanganui 1939. Peter Bignell, Barbara Bignell, Mick Bignell, Mary (Bee) Bignell.



Wellington Exhibition 1939. George "Hori" Bee, George Dixon Bee, John Stainton Bee



John Stainton Bee



Christopher Curtis Bee



## Chapter Twelve

### *Frank Bee*

My grandfather, Frank Bee, was interested in coastal shipping and the fishing industry.

My father, Frank Cecil, was educated at Heretaunga College (now Hereworth). He took a keen interest in sport and was associated with the Pirates Rugby Club during the Brownlie era.

On leaving school I commenced work at Richardson and Co, Port Ahuriri (Napier). At a later date I went into the importing field.

My son, Frank David, is married and works with Direct Transport.

Shirley, my daughter, is married and has twin daughters.

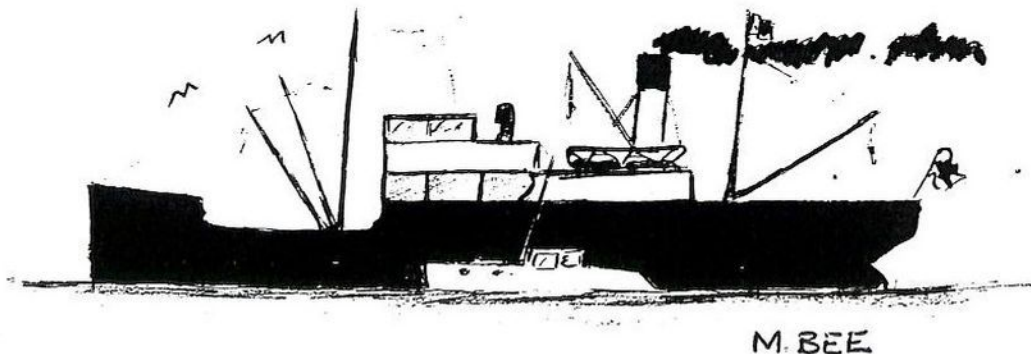
Frank Bee  
Auckland

The Richardson Shipping Co., was registered as a public company in 1899 with a capital of £30,000. The Directors were F.W. Morris, G.M. Morris and F. Bee. Frank Bee was appointed Managing Director, he had bought the shares of Mr Richardson in 1895.

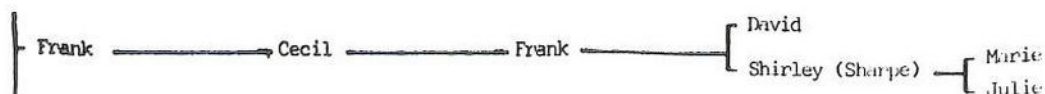
At this time the company's fleet was comprised of the following ships — Toaro, Kahu, Fanny, Weka, Fairy and the lighters Maid of the Mill, Why Not and Agnes Martin.

Mr Frank Bee retired from service in 1907. He continued to serve as a director until his death in 1912.

George Bee  
Greenmeadows (HB)



*Richardson Co Coastal Ship, Pukeko*



## Chapter Thirteen

### *Bessie (Bee) Sutherland*

A schoolgirl's memories of her Grandmother — 1922 to 1937.

My granny was 'the sweetest little English lady you could ever wish to know' so said my mother of her mother-in-law many times. My earliest recollection of Granny was the day my brother John and I skipped along the footpath to the Maternity Home to see my mother and the new baby. I was four years old. Granny and Aunt Ann had come to look after us. Granny was dressed in black from head to toe and wore a veil on her face — to hide the wrinkles she told me. Aunt Anne wore brown. I remember them both as if it were yesterday. Sometimes other members of the Havelock relations would come with her to our place. They loved having their tea cups read. My mother used to say it was all nonsense, but they thought she was pretty good. On August 19th it was Granny's birthday. Mum would cook a lovely dinner for her. Afterward the birthday cake with numerous candles would be lit. Granny's white hair would shine in the candle light. When I was nine years old I was given a bicycle. This enabled me to accompany Dad to Havelock North on Sundays after lunch to see Granny and Aunt Ann. They lived in a modern bungalow with a large back section. The largest walnut tree with the biggest nuts grew there. Sometimes I would see Nancy Hallett picking them up. I think she used to keep an eye on the old ladies. Next door was the village fire station with a vehicle containing pump and hoses drawn by horses when in action. After afternoon tea Dad would give Granny some pound notes for her to put in the pocket made especially in her corset. I think this idea must have been the forerunner of the travellers money belt of today.

On two occasions I accompanied Granny and Aunt Ann to Taihape to see my Aunt Isobel, Granny's only daughter. We left Hastings at 7am in an open tourer with side curtains flapping. The car bumped up and down on shingle roads until mid-day when we stopped at a very pleasant farm house where tea and fresh scones were served. It was good to stretch our legs after the long drive but worse was to come. We forded a stony river, crawled around Gentle Annie and in the glaring sun crossed the Blow Hards. We were all very pleased to see Gordon Durrant waiting for us at the cross road. The return journey to Hastings did not bear thinking about that evening.

After the 1931 earthquake it was decided that Granny and Aunt Ann should give up their home and part company, Aunt Ann to Alice Warren's and Granny to our place. It was a big break for them but Granny was getting very forgetful. She was then 81 years old. She enjoyed good health and enjoyed her meals but could not be left alone. We had a gas stove to boil the kettle. She liked making a cup of tea between meals and wouldn't turn the tap off properly. If my mother was in the garden she would wonder what the old lass was up to. She wasn't interested in handwork as was Aunt Anne, so I guess the days seemed long for her. Granny was 88 years old when she died — she had lived with us for seven years. She was an unassuming old lady, was very rarely "vexed" an old saying of hers when she mislaid her glasses. Her husband, Johnnie Sutherland, whom I never knew, was buried in Palmerston North so that meant a long ride in the hearse, which unfortunately broke down at Waipukurau. Another hearse from Hastings was called for making the burial arrangements an hour late.

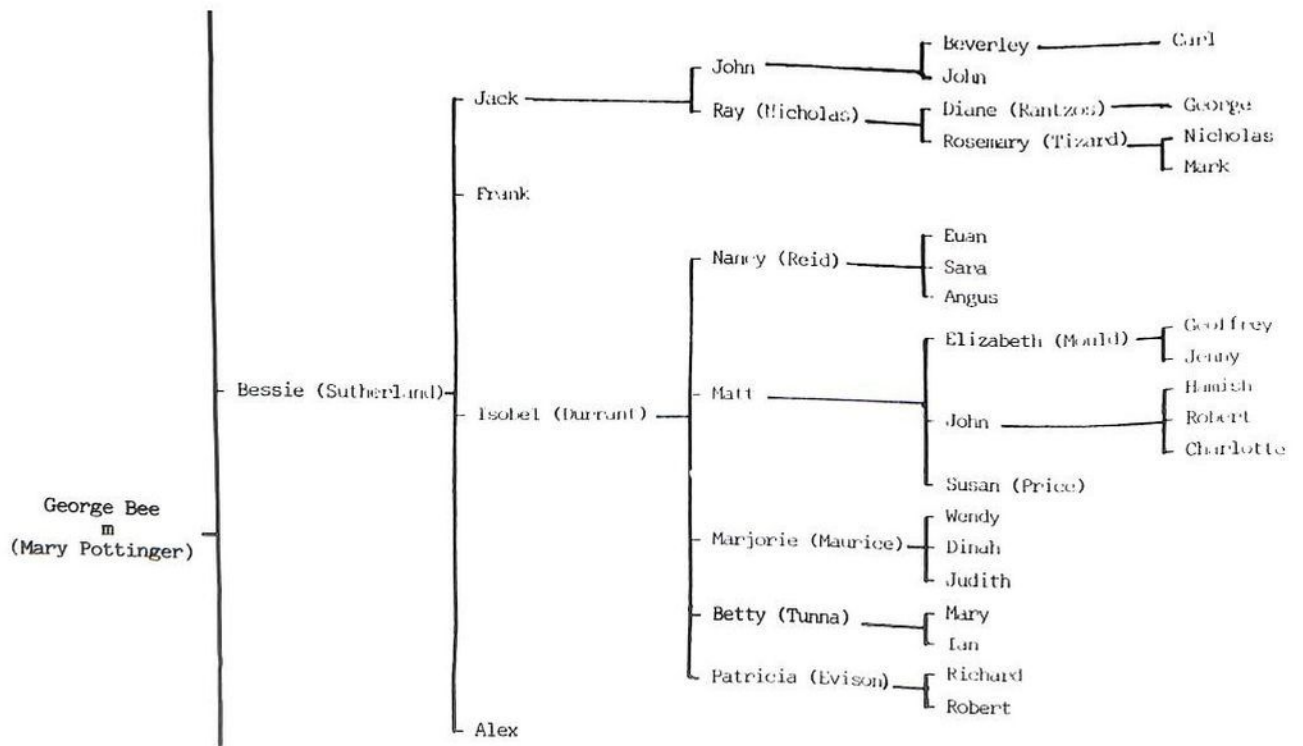
We all missed "old Gran", the little white-haired old lady who loved to stand at the front gate and pass the time of day with whoever might have time to stop.

Ray Nicholas  
Te Awamutu





Alec Sutherland



## Chapter Fourteen

### *Mary (Bee) Liley*

The Liley family were very much a Havelock North family and along with many of their Bee relations were involved with all the sporting activities of the village. It could be said that for many years Te Aute Road (Havelock North) was really Liley Road. The old Liley home still stands in Te Aute Road, built by Harry (Henry Eli) in 1899 after their earlier home was burnt to the ground. After their marriages Ethel, Bert, Fred, Syd and Alice all had their homes and brought up their families in Te Aute Road. These houses also stand with two still being the homes of the descendants of Bert and Alice. Ralph and his family lived only a mile away in Te Mata Road while Les and Ruby and their families settled in Hastings.

Mary, the seventh child of George and Mary Bee was born in Nottingham on 28th November 1858. She was five when she came to Havelock North and lived there until her death. On January 1st 1878 she was married to Henry Eli Liley, a carpenter, who was born in London and had emigrated in 1874. At the time of their marriage Henry (Harry) was working for Mary's father, George Bee. He was later a builder on his own account in Havelock North.

Henry died on January 3rd 1911 and Mary on 19th May 1931. They had ten children.

**Ethel Jane (Butler)** was born August 27th 1878 and died March 6th 1957. She married Thomas Butler 5th August 1908. Tom was a racehorse trainer and they lived at Makaraka, Gisborne, for a short time before settling in Havelock North.

**Albert Henry** was born 1st June 1880 and died 22th February 1945. He married Annie Quick Duncan on 3rd October 1923. Bert was a carpenter and he served in the army during the First World War.

**Frederick George** born 6th February, died 16th June 1928. He was married to Winifred Anderson. Fred, a plumber, was in business in Havelock as a partner in Liley and Ferguson. He died in an accident on Frederick Street level crossing in Hastings.

**Sydney** born 6th May, 1885 and died in 1958. He was married to Maria McDonald on 19th January 1910. Maria's brother Duncan married Gin Hallett (a cousin). Syd worked as a carpenter and was a very keen sportsman.

**Alice** born 8th May 1887 and died 9th August 1969. She was married to Frank Redpath on 27th August 1913. Frank was in business as a tailor in Havelock, on the corner of Te Mata Road and Joll Road. During World War I he was the Grocery Manager at Trentham. He was District Secretary of the Forrester's Lodge in Napier for many years.

**Cyril Charles** born 22nd October 1890 and died 22nd March 1897.

**Jessie Isobel** born 14th October, died 24th November 1893.

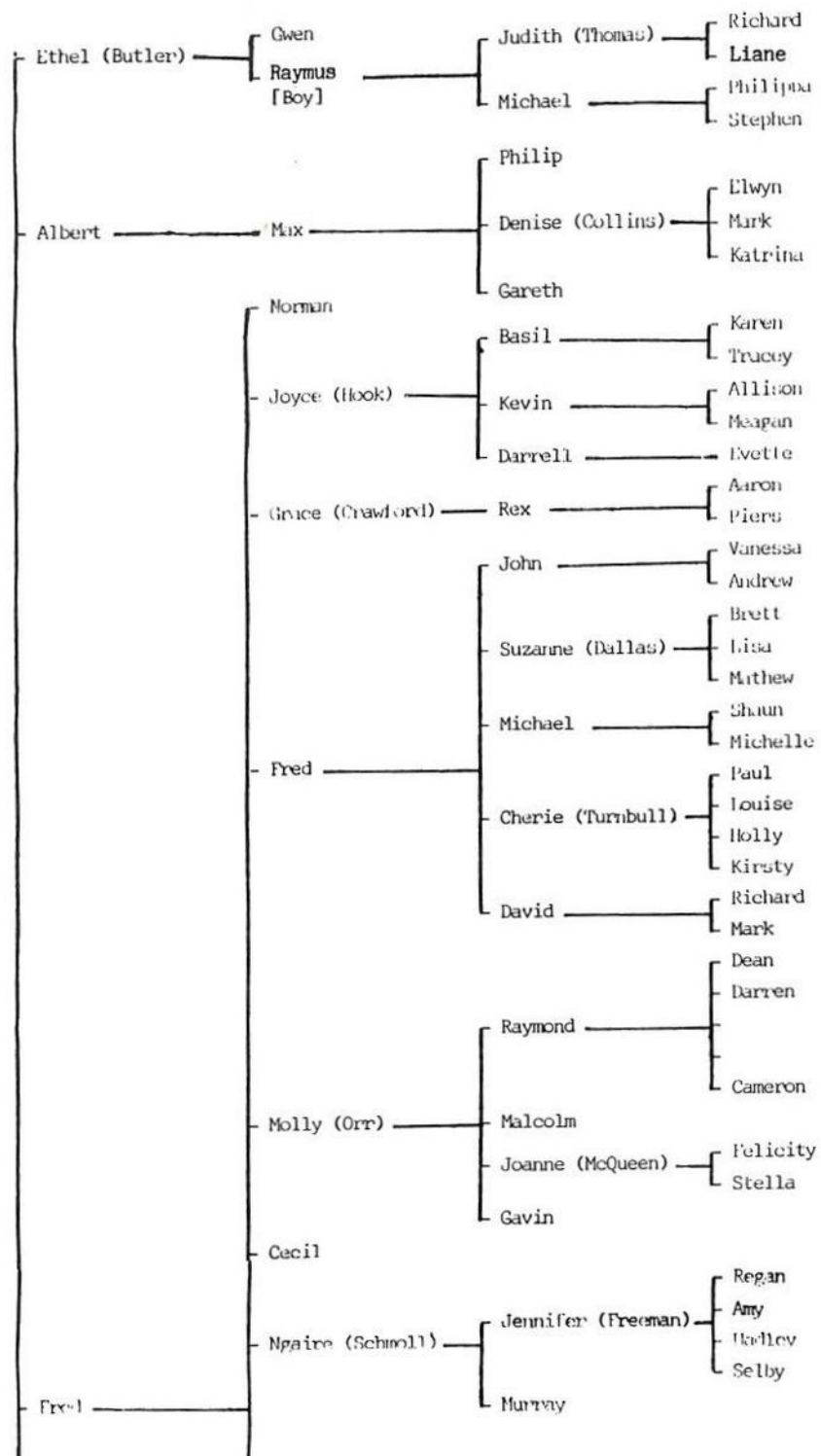
**Leslie** born 29th July 1894, died 30th June 1952. He married Alma Masters 3rd September 1924. Les was also a plumber and was in business in Hastings as a partner in Liley and Horton.

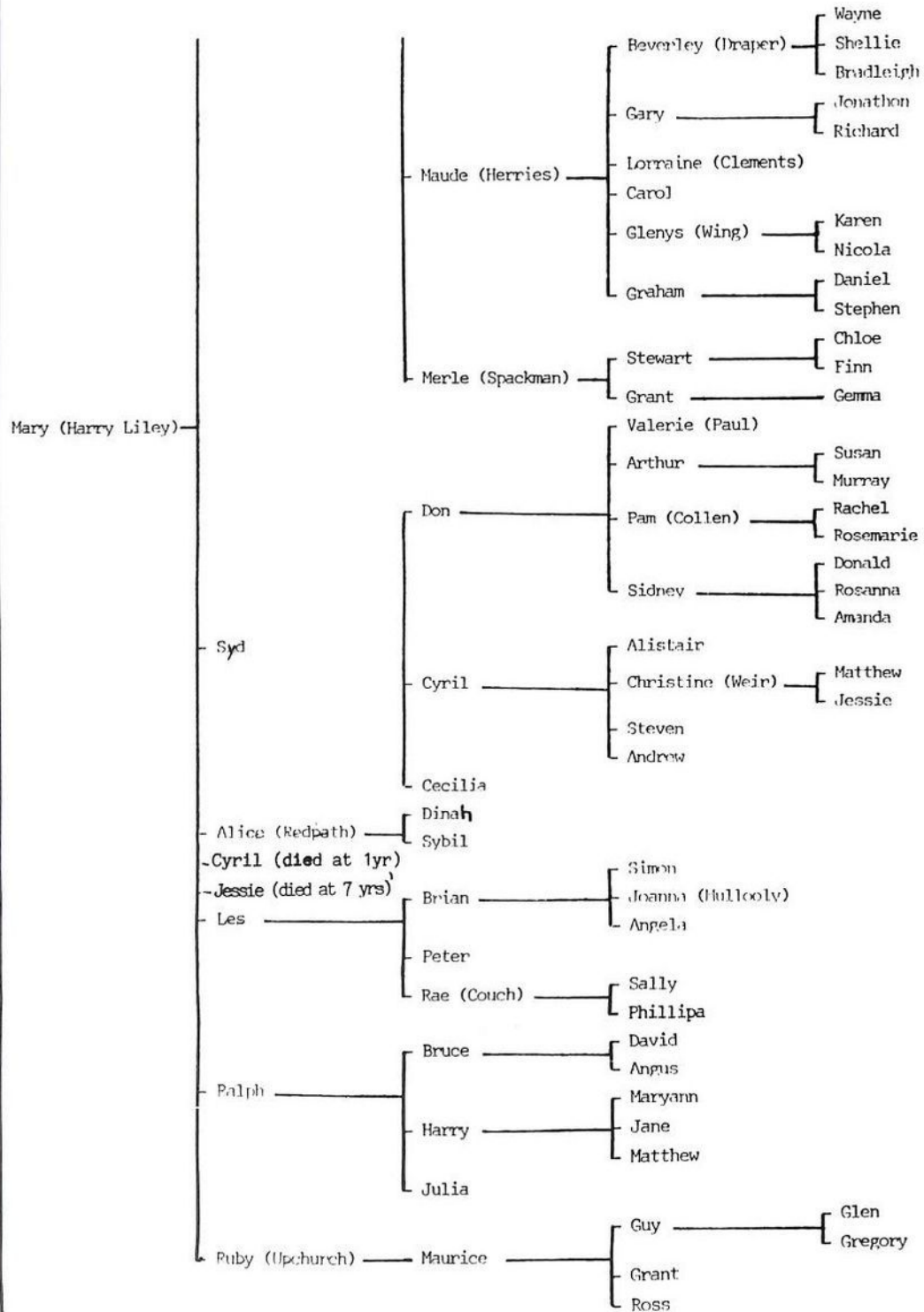
**Ralph Warren** born 18th August 1897 and died 10th July 1976. Married Flora MacPhee on 9th November 1926. Ralph originally worked for the Post Office, then after service in the army World War I, work for his brother Fred for a short time. He was then Works Clerk for the Tourist Motor Co in Hastings, for over thirty years.

**Ruby Thelma** born 21st July 1902, died 25th July 1976, was married to Horace Upchurch on 3rd October 1927. Horace was a car salesman for H.B. Farmers in Hastings. The last few years of their lives were spent in Gisborne.

Julia Liley  
Hamilton











The Liley Family



## Chapter Fifteen

### *Annie Bee*

No chronicle of the Bee family would be complete without a biography of one of the most colourful members of the family — namely Annie Bee. (known within the family as 'Big Aunt Annie' her cousin Anne being known as 'Little Aunt Annie').

The second child of Francis and Anne Bee, she endured all the privations of the early pioneers and devoted her life to the care and attention of her immediate family.

Always a bridesmaid — never a bride. She was a tremendous strength to her mother in caring for younger sisters and brothers under primitive conditions of pioneering days in early New Zealand.

As the rest of the family grew up and married, Ann devoted her attention to the care of her parents in their retirement at Patutahi, near Gisborne in 1893 until the death of her mother in 1910.

She then spent her time with either of her two Gisborne sisters, Phoebe (Newman) or Maria (McKenzie), occasionally with Fanny Ross at Willow Flat, George Bee at Mohaka, Kate Bourke at Eskdale, Lizzie Brandon at Nuhaka and Ellen Peacock at Poraiti. Although having no children she had a host of children in all her nieces and nephews.

The year 1916 saw Annie devote her care to the next generation of great nephews, when she came to Waipukurau to take charge of her nephew's household (Hutt Peacock) after the death of his wife.

It was at this stage that my acquaintance with my Great Aunt Annie commenced, and my impressions of her character formed. A person of infinite love and understanding, and very capable of running a household, milking the cows, harnessing the horses into the buggy, driving to town to shop for provisions. Visiting neighbours and attending church.

A tremendous sense of humour always came to her aid in a predicament she directed the lives of my two brothers and myself during the formative times of our growing up. She retained this responsibility until 1927 when my father re-married. From thence she went to live with her elder sister, Ellen Peacock, who was then living in Napier, and when Ellen died in 1929, Annie went back to Gisborne to her sister Maria McKenzie, who died three years later in 1932. She lies buried next to her parents, Francis and Annie Bee, in the Patutahi cemetery.

H. B. "Barney" Peacock  
Taupo





BEE FAMILY  
REUNION  
HASTINGS 1986

*The Hallett Family*



## Chapter Sixteen

*Eliza (Bee) Hallett*

“Eliza Bee Born at Sea”

Eliza Permain Bee was born at sea on board the sailing ship, Rangoon, while the family was journeying to New Zealand. Her second christian name, Permain was in honour of Captain Permain of the Rangoon. She was the sixth child of George and Mary Bee from Nottingham. They arrived at Napier in 1864 on the Rangoon, which was the first ship to sail direct form London to Napier.

Eliza, her parents and the rest of her family were met at Napier by Francis and Anne and their family who had settled in New Zealand in 1842. The family settled in Te Aute, Road, Havelock North, where Eliza lived most of her life. Her father, George, was a carpenter and builder by trade built the St. Luke's Anglican church. The superb craftsmanship to be seen in this building today is a fitting memorial to George Bee. He also built many other buildings in Havelock, including public buildings such as schools and halls. Among many other activities, Eliza sang in the choir of St. Luke's.

After Eliza grew up she met Enoch Hallett, who had come from Devon and arrived with his parents, James and Elizabeth, on the ship “Gertrude”, in 1841. The Halletts settled in Havelock in the 1860's. Enoch and his brother became surveyors and travelled on horseback from Havelock North to Taupo on numerous serving trips.

Eliza and Enoch were married in Haveock North and had a family of five daughters and a son who were named Beatrice, Jane, Olive, Doris, Eric and Nancy. The family lived in Wairoa for a period, where the eldest three children use to ride to a Country School at Frasertown. They later moved back to Te Aute Road, Havelock North, where Enoch died in 1911. Eliza was faced with the task of bringing up the youngest three children, having had a struggle, but with sheer grit, determination and her pioneering spirit she managed, and proved to be a splendid mother. She died in 1941, leaving behind six children, eleven grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

Phyll Scott  
Havelock North



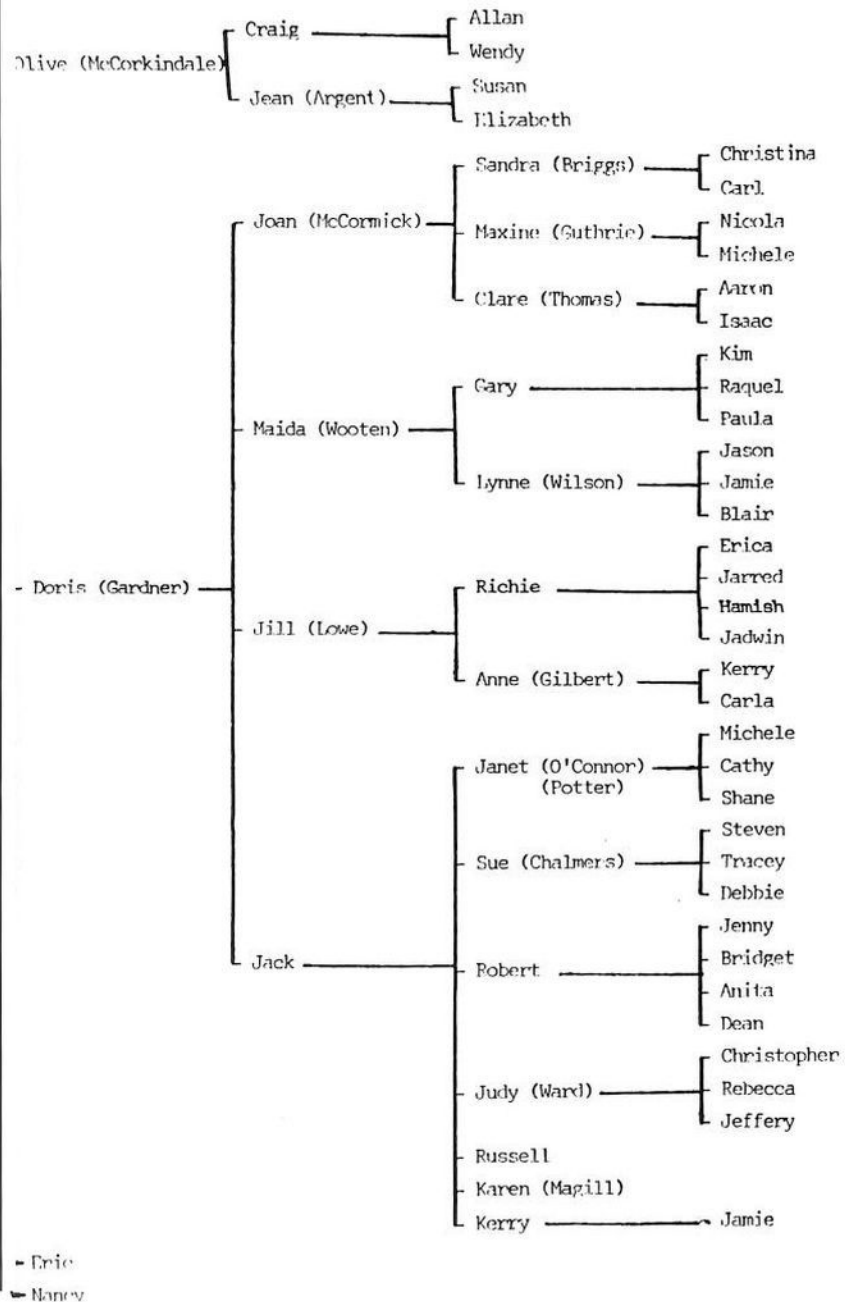
*Four Generations  
Back Row: Jane MacDonald, Phyl Scott  
Front Row: Duncan Scott, Eliza Hellett*



*Eliza Hallett  
Te Aute Road 1937*











The Bee Family



## Chapter Seventeen

### George "Buzz" Bee

It's not until you sit down to write about the preceding two generations of your family, that you realise how little you know. And unfortunately those who could have filled in the gaps, George and Ada's children, are no longer with us. So from childhood memories, and little tit bits here and there, here is our story.

It seems George was one of the 'red-headed Bees' early on in his childhood, and that probably helped identify him, given the number of George Bees around.

His roving as a young man took him to Foxton, where he invested in a flax mill with his cousin George 'Shardy' Bee. That wasn't successful. He was also known for his keen interest in horses, and apparently ran a few racing nags at one time, while living in Shannon. George met and married Ada Kennedy, one of a large family, who I believe came from Napier.

George and Ada were to have five children — Majorie, Frank, Jack, Fred and Alice. Freddie was to die very young, the result of a diphtheria epidemic.

During this time the family moved to Takapau, in Factory Road, Otawhao. George had drawn the 145 acre property in a civilian farm ballot. Some years later George died in his fifties, leaving Ada or Mater as she was known to her children, to bring up the family.

The reasons for George's death are obscure — the most ambitious tales say he was drowned in a creek on his way home in the horse and buggy from the Takapau Hotel, one stormy night. However, other family sources say he died of a heart attack while out fencing the farm following a grass fire. My father, Frank, would never talk about his father's death, only that it was a shock to the family, with the children still young.

Ada was no more forthcoming about the early years of the marriage and this seems to have been a trait — not passing on the family history.

Their eldest daughter Marjorie married Jim Seed and they had a son, Leslie, living most of their lives in Hastings. Marj worked for many years in a dress shop in Heretaunga Street.

Frank married Betty Logan, whom he met while on active service in the Guadalcanal during World War Two. Frank was known as 'The Bishop' to his sisters and brothers — we have no idea why. He trained as a teacher at Christchurch Teachers College and spent time teaching in Tutira, Masterton, Nireha, Mangamarie and finally Havelock North. Frank and Betty had four children — Ailsa, Roger, Vicki and Sharon.

Frank's younger brother Jack married Jeanette Boyd and they had two sons Russell and Nelson. Jack was a plasterer by trade and did his apprenticeship in Havelock North. He worked in the Rehab Office following the war, helping in farm settlements and the Maori Affairs Office. Jack worked for many years in Wellington and Takapau, before taking over the family farm at Otawhao, which had been leased out for 30 years.

Alice, known to us all as 'Bink', was to remain single, although it's said she got her nickname from a boyfriend 'Binkie' who was a jockey. Bink was born with a deformed hip and had trouble walking in later life.

Bink was Ada's companion and the two lived for more than twenty years at 76 Te Mata Road in Havelock North — a wonderful old villa bought for them by Frank. Bink worked at Minor Parcels in Hastings for many years before retiring and taking over full time care of her mother. Frank always referred to them as 'the girls', but our generation of seven cousins always knew them as Gran and Bink.

Ada lived well into her nineties and remained a strong and independent woman till the last, still mowing the lawns with a hand mower at 91. I remember one tale she used to tell of life on the farm at Takapau with George. It involved a serious grass fire which swept across hundreds of acres of farmland. Ada wrapped up the family dinner set and china in an old sheet and lowered it down the well on the property, before leaving the farm for safety. I remember drinking out of one of the dinner set cups and being told the story of their history. It's a pity we didn't ask more about the exploits of the family itself.

Nelson Bee remembers the story of Ada feeding an escaped prisoner, when living at the farm. A swaggie turned up at the door asking for food late one afternoon. Ada said he could have a meal, as long as he chopped the pile of wood outside the backdoor first. She gave him the axe and sent him to the woodpile. He did the job, had a meal and left. The village constable arrived on horseback a short time later asking if Ada had seen a stranger, fitting the description of the 'swaggie'. It turned out that he was an escaped prisoner locked up on a murder charge.



Our side of the Bees have some identifiable characteristics though. George and Ada's children all had a strong interest in the racetrack and putting some money on the horses. They had a keen sense of humour, a wonderful wit and a deep feeling for the land.

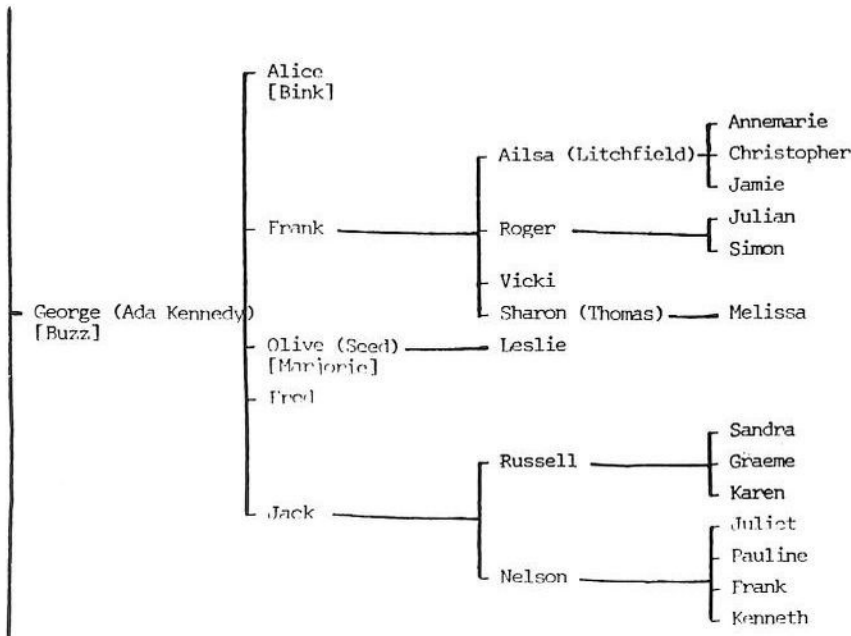
As the grandchildren of George and Ada, we have fond memories of the family get-togethers at 76 Te Mata Road — the toys behind the screen in the fireplace in the spare room, the not allowed to go into the lounge 'rule' or the rocking chair that Gran would sometimes let you rock in, if your behaviour was up to scratch.

On the wall of the lounge hung two very old pictures, one of them said to be our grandfather George 'Buzz' Bee, the other thought to be Nellie or Mary, at the time our only link with a family we have since re-discovered through the re-union.

Ailsa Litchfield  
Blenheim



Frank Bee



Marjorie (Bee) Seed  
Jim Seed



## Chapter Eighteen

### *Alice (Bee) Warren*

Alice Bee was the youngest daughter of Mary and George Bee. She was born in Havelock North on the 13th December 1870.

She married Robert Warren and on the 15th September 1892 they purchased town section No. 49 in Havelock North for the sum of £65.00. Here they built a house and bakery business.

In the following years they also opened a tea-room and catering business in the main street of Hastings. They purchased the section at 303E Queen Street where the family home was built.

Alice was widowed in 1916. She carried on the tea-rooms for several years and lived in the Queen Street home until her death in 1955 at the age of 85 years. They had four children.

**Robert Nigel Warren** who was known to family and friends as Nigel. He was the eldest son and was born in Havelock North on 23rd April 1896. After attending Central School, Hastings, he served his apprenticeship at his father's bakery until the death of his father in 1916 forced him to leave. He then worked at several other bakeries, eventually ending up back in Havelock North at his brother Gordon's bakery.

A succession of fires bought about the selling of Gordon's business which saw Nigel being employed at his sister's cake shop in Russell Street, Hastings. He worked here for 26 years until his retirement.

He was married to Elsie Moss and they had four children — Robert, Velma, Ronald and Noeline.

**Charles Dudley Warren** was the second son of Alice and Robert Warren. In the 1920's he drove the New Zealand Railway buses between Napier and Hastings and in the 1930's worked for the family owned bakery, delivering bread all over Havelock North.

During the Second World War he worked as a cake finisher at his sister's cake shop. After that he worked at Dunlop NZ Ltd, Queen Street (Hastings) until his retirement in the late 1950's.

He married Ellen Susanna Bevan and they had three children — Joy, Ola and Bevan. He died in 1961 at the age of 64.

**Clarence Gordon Warren** was the third son of Alice and Robert Warren. He worked in the clerical field in Hastings. He re-established the Havelock Bakery where his brothers Nigel and Dudley worked for him until it was destroyed by fire in the 1930's.

He managed the Stortford Lodge Hotel and later purchased 'Ayres' Hotel in Westport, where he stayed until his retirement. He was a GP of the Buffalo Lodge in Hastings.

He married Doreen O'Reilly and they had one daughter — Lynn Ellen Warren.

**Pearl Mavis Warren** was born on 15th September 1908. She was the fourth child and only daughter. She attended Havelock North Primary School and Hastings High School. On leaving school she worked for some years as a shop assistant in several local businesses and then purchased the 'Cake Kitchen' in Russell Street Hastings. She operated this business in conjunction with her brothers Nigel and Warren.

On May 24th 1941 she married Thomas Taylor, an orchard worker from South Africa who also joined them in the business.

After 26 years in the cake shop they retired to live on a small orchard in the Longlands area.

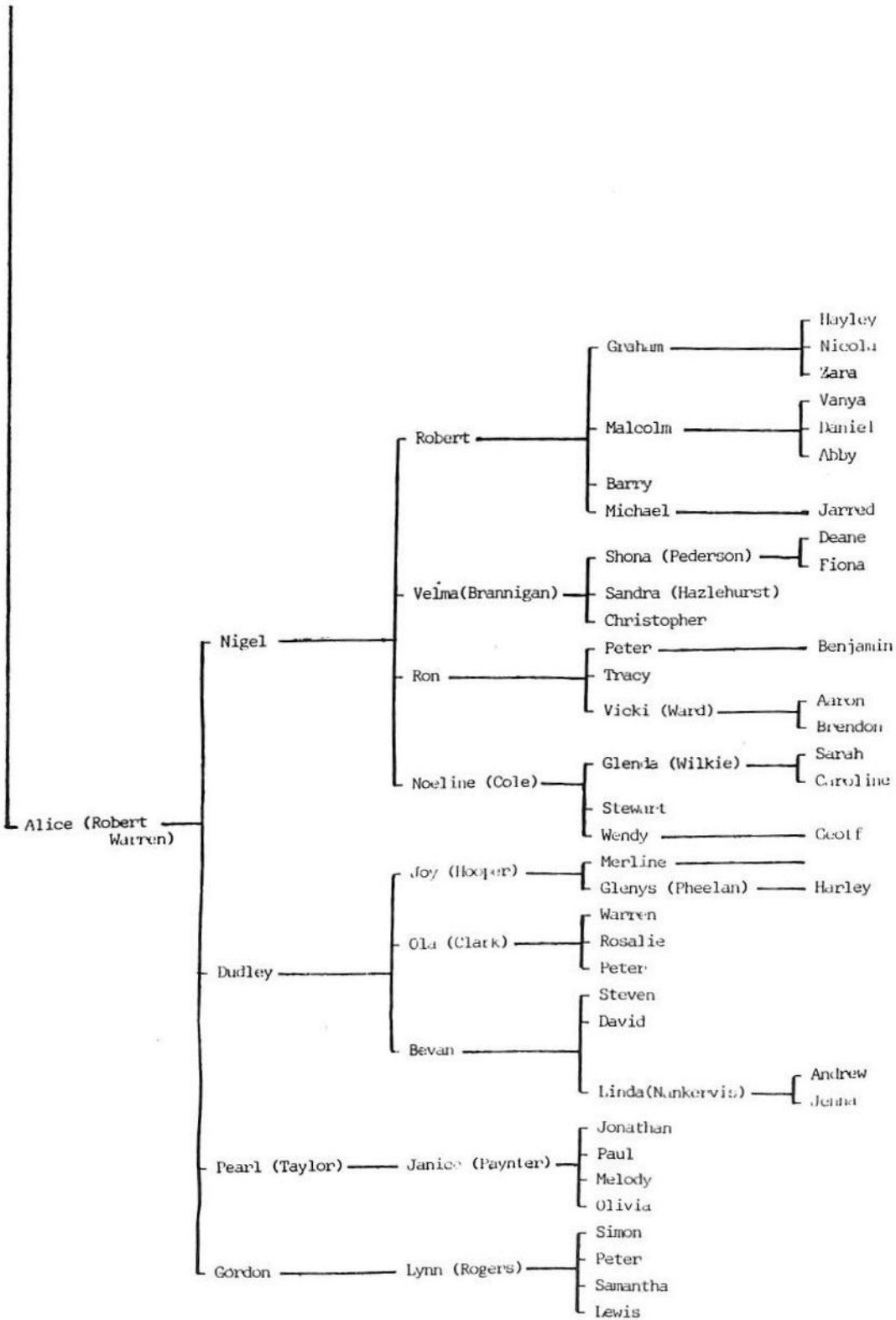
They had one daughter — Janice Ann Taylor who married Maxwell John Paynter. They have four children — Jonathan, Paul, Melody and Olivia.

Velma Brannigan





*The Warren Family*





## References and Further Reading

Smoke Across the Bay	Margaret Wilson
Tutira	H. Guthrie-Smith
Early Stations of Hawke's Bay	Miriam MacGregor
Coaches North	Len Anderson
Pioneer Trails of Hawke's Bay	Miriam MacGregor
The Poems and Writings of Harry Bourke	Harry Bourke
The Call of the Tui	Maud Bourke
Glenfarg	George Thomson
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Kotemaori School — Golden Jubilee	Jubilee Committee
Richardson's of Napier History of Coastal Shipping 1859-1959	Sydney David Waters
Petticoat Pioneers	Miriam MacGregor
The River Rules Our Lives	Moana Anderson
The Wairoa County Council The First Hundred Years	Compiled by R. C. Wilson