

GROWING UP IN CARE

Memories of growing up at Randall House
Hawkes Bay Children's Home,
1953 - 1960



Jenny Fountain

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May 2013

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Introduction

In 1992, I wrote a letter to H.M. Swinburn who had been the secretary for the Hawkes Bay Children's Homes when I lived at Randall House, asking for information about the Children's Homes and about girls who had been with me at Randall House. In response, he sent me his recently compiled history,

Providing Care, Hawke's Bay Children's Home Centenary, 1892-1992

In his letter he mentioned that I was the first Randall House girl he had ever received a letter from, and he had not heard about any of the girls I asked about. Whereas they often used to come across France House boys. He also reported that the Centennial Meeting was held on 23rd September 1992, with an attendance of 40 to 50. A number of ladies who had been on the House Committees, along with several ex France House boys, attended.

In early August 2012, when we had a family function in Napier, we took the opportunity to drive along Napier Terrace and into Randall Place, where Randall House had once been. It was not the first time I had viewed Randall Place. On a previous occasion there was still an empty section, and I saw that the old gate between the Randall House Property and Napier Central School was still there. This time I noticed that a house had now been built on this last section.

On 22 November 2012, another significant book was launched. I received a phone call from my sister-in-law, saying,

"Quick, turn the radio on. There is an interview about the Hawke's Bay Children's Homes"

I took her advice and heard the interview with Dr Kay Morris Matthews, who was launching her new book,

Who Cared? Childhoods within Hawke's Bay Children's Homes and Orphanages, 1892-1988.

Well, that grabbed my attention, so I immediately ordered a copy of the book from the Otatara Bookshop at the Eastern Institute of Technology in Napier.

When I read the sections of the book that related to Randall House, I realised that my years at Randall House were not covered. And so I wrote to Dr Matthews commenting on this, and offered to share my personal testimony of my time at Randall House, and the role it had in shaping my life.

Dr Matthews responded, saying

"... there is little in the Randall House files as part of the Hawke's Bay Children's Homes Trust Collection relating to the 1950s and 1960s ..."

and invited me to contribute.

This, then is a record of my memories of growing up at Randall House.

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May 2013

Anzac day, 1953.

Dad packed me and my older sister, Gwen, into his Morris Cowley, and drove us to Napier, to Randall House in Napier Terrace. He dropped both of us off in just the clothes we stood up in, with no other personal belongings. I was 10 years old, Gwen was 13.

Dad's first marriage ended in divorce when I was just three years old. My three older siblings had already spent two years in the Children's Home in Napier while I had been fostered out with other families. In 1948 Dad got a state house in Hastings and got us all together again, along with a housekeeper. However, Dad's second marriage in 1950 did not work out for his four children. As a live-in house-keeper, Margaret had been fine. But as soon as Dad & she returned from the Registry Office with a marriage certificate, the mood changed. When we heard the car return, we went out to welcome her as "Mum", but she responded, "You McKenzie kids will not call me 'Mum'. You will call me 'Mother'. I will be like a step-mother in the fairy-tale stories." The next three years saw conflict and ill-treatment as she turned our father against his own children.

For the two months leading up to Anzac Day 1953, we had been living in the Dannevirke camping ground. My father, step-mother, and her two children slept in a cabin, and my sister and I in a covered trailer. My two brothers had already been separated from the family – my oldest brother, Alex, having been placed in a foster home in the Hutt Valley by the Child Welfare, and Brian, just 18 months older than me, now living at France House, the Boys' Home in Eskdale. Now it was our turn to be sent away from home.

I remember clearly the matron's words to me,

"You would be better to forget your family – this is now your home."

That may be no comfort to someone wrenched away from their family, but still sound advice within the situation. This was to be my home for the next seven years. And, in fact, Dad made just one visit to Randall House to see us after that.

Randall House – The Physical Environment

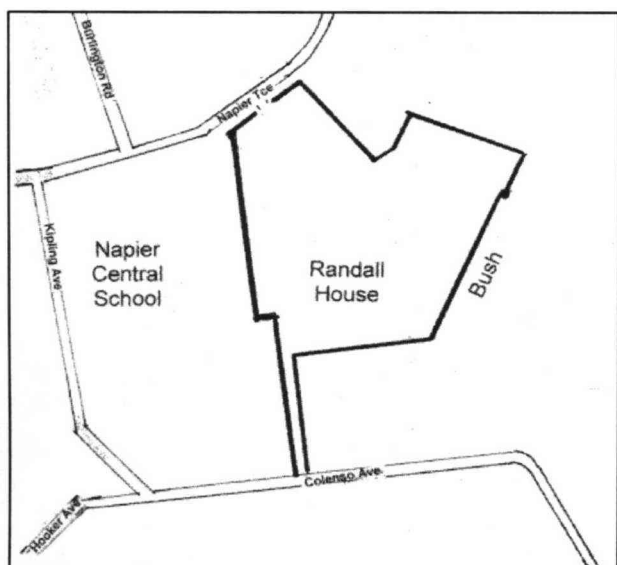


Figure 1: Boundaries of Randall House property, deduced from current properties.

Randall House was situated in Napier Terrace on what was then known as Hospital Hill¹. It had been the home of Sir Douglas McLean². The grounds were large, with gardens and some bush. And it was situated right next to the Napier Central School on the corner of Napier Terrace and Kipling Avenue. We had our own private wooden gate through the boundary fence between Randall House and the school. A narrow strip bordering Napier Central School went right through to Colenso Avenue. We used this strip for making individual vegetable gardens. While there was a trellis fence on the Colenso Avenue boundary, we did not have access onto the street. We had to go through the school grounds to get out.

¹ Swinburn calls it *Napier Hill* p23. Matthews calls it *Bluff Hill* pp xii, 32.

² Matthews: *Who Cared?* p123; Swinburn: *Providing Care*, p22.

As one entered the property from Napier Terrace at the North-Western corner on the sketch map, there was a shingle driveway leading up to the house. On the right of the driveway there was a bank planted in bushes and flowers. On the left was a large lawn bordered by a line of rose bushes. There was also a garden bordering the fence line along Napier Terrace. Further to the left was a neighbour's private residence.

Continuing down the drive, to the left of the house and behind the neighbour's residence there was another lawn extending further to the left into a large vegetable garden.

Through a gate to the right of the house was a large concreted area. This catered for the more domestic side of life, with outhouses and clotheslines. There was also a wooden gate through the boundary fence into the Napier Central School – our own private entrance to the school.

At the back of the house there was a broad path, a long narrow lawn bordered it, with more narrow garden beds, a line of bushes, another path hidden by the bushes along which there was a park bench, and then a fence separating the groomed property from natural bush. While I was there, we discovered a buried garden at the back of the property, which we pains-takenly cleared.

The house itself was really like two double storied houses joined together – maybe one end for the McLean family and the other, above the kitchen, for the servants. Additions included 2 dormitories at the back where most of the younger children slept, with a flat at the end where the Matron slept. Fire escapes went right round the house on the upper level. There were other outhouses including a large laundry, a garage and shed.

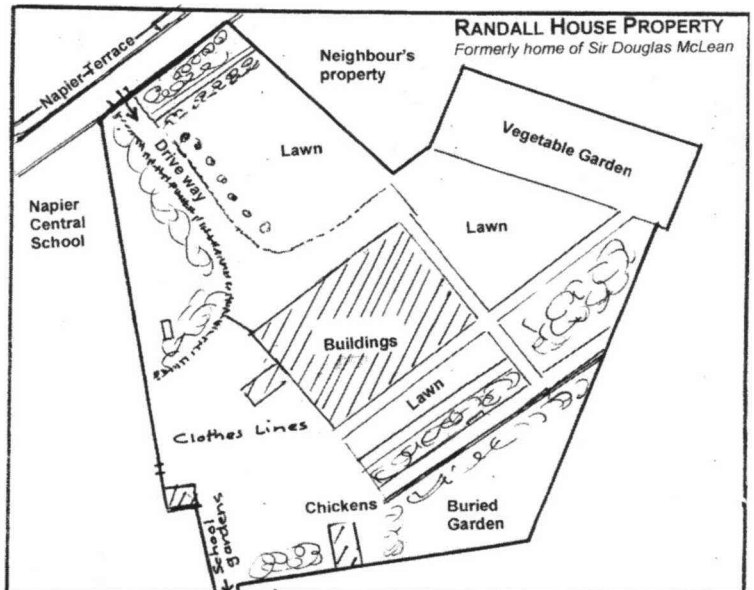


Figure 2: Randall House grounds as seen from Napier Terrace (sketch map from memory – not to scale)

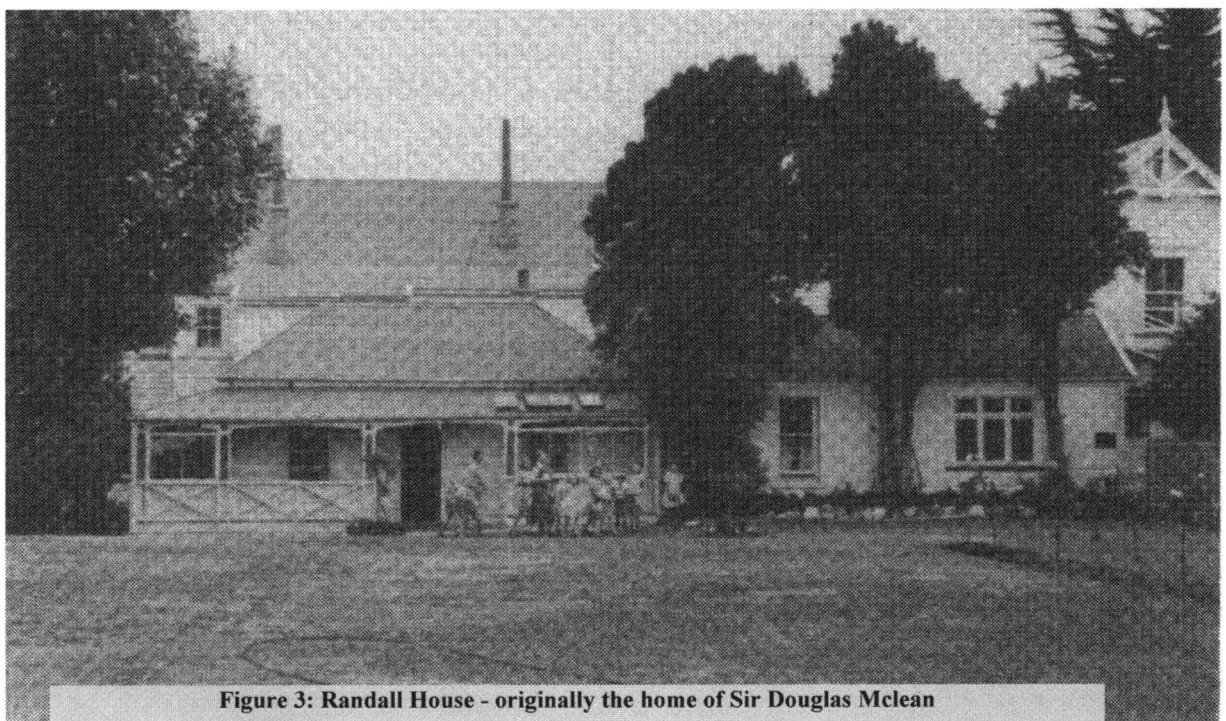


Figure 3: Randall House - originally the home of Sir Douglas Mclean

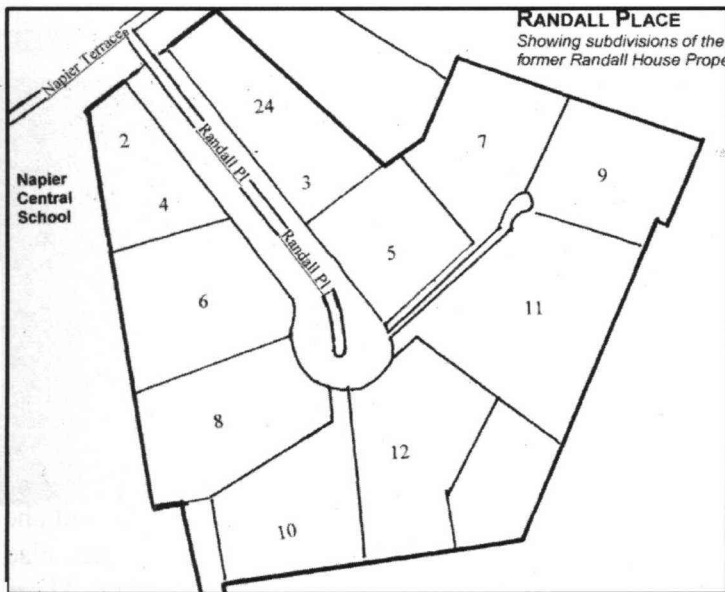


Figure 4: Randall Place in 2013
Showing subdivisions of the former Randall House Property

In recent years, as I have walked down memory lane while visiting Napier, I found that the whole property had been subdivided, and that Randall Place marks the location where Randall House used to be. Before No 10 Randall Place was built, I even located the old wooden gate in the boundary fence through to the Central School. Certainly this indicates the passing of an era – but memories linger on.

The Children

During my time at Randall House the number of children varied from twenty-five to thirty-two, most of whom came from “broken homes” like myself. There were both boys and girls up to the age of 10 years, but at the age of 11 years, the boys transferred to the farm, France House at Eskdale. When Gwen and I arrived at Randall House our brother Brian who was 18 months older than me was already at France House. Girls usually continued in the children’s home until they reached 15 years, at which stage they usually went back to the care of relatives.



Figure 5: Randall House Children in 1955
(from Swinburn, p22)

My sister, Gwen, who was 13 years old when we arrived, left at the age of 15, and went to work as a nurse aide at a rest home. It provided her with both work and accommodation.

Because there was already another girl by the name of ‘Gwen’ when we arrived at Randall House, the matron asked my sister what her second name was. When she answered ‘Elizabeth’, the matron decided she should be called ‘Liz’ so that there was no confusion over there being two Gwens. The name ‘Liz’ stuck with her for many years amongst friends, though she continued to be known as ‘Gwen’ by family.

There were seven of us girls about the same age. From memory they were Marjory Dean, Dora and Gwen Park (twins), Bonny Snow and her younger sister Topsy, and Mary Barber who was Topsy’s age. One male was about the same age – Les Loader with whom I was to meet up in later life in Papua New Guinea. But, according to policy, he moved on to France House at the age of 11 years.

As older girls left Randall House, the seven of us became the senior girls. We enjoyed certain privileges. We were assigned upstairs bedrooms³ first of all in the first wing above the dining room and lounge. Marjorie, Bonnie and myself shared one room. Dora and Gwen shared another room, and Topsy and Mary shared the third. Later we were moved to the other wing above the kitchen. Here I actually had a room to myself. The two wings were completely separate, except for a wooden fire-escape joining them.

I remember on one occasion when it had been particularly hot in Napier, we found the fire escape was the coolest place to sleep!

Staff

The matron during my years at Randall House was Miss Jean Hall. When I first arrived she was assisted by a younger woman as Assistant Matron, Miss Andrew, and there were also some part-time staff from time to time to take responsibility for cooking the main meal. There was also a gardener who looked after the grounds and a large vegetable garden. He lived in a caravan on the property. Later on others took their places, but Jean Hall was there for the duration of my stay.

On one occasion Miss Andrew was putting paper rubbish into the chip heater which heated the water. I think the paper must have been greasy, because flames flared up and burned her in the face. It left a shocking image in my mind – it reminded me of what happens to sausages when they are heated too quickly and split open.

A staffing crisis occurred in 1960. There had been staff changes and the new staff didn't like the way things were being done. When the matron, Jean Hall, took time out for annual leave, the new staff called in the Board of Trustees and complained. When she returned from her annual leave, members of the board met with her, the outcome being that she resigned from being the matron, and took up the offer of an appointment in Raglan, with Bryant Trust Rest Homes.

Perhaps in some ways what they said was right. We older girls had a huge amount of responsibility in looking after the children and doing the work round the place. The workload was tremendous. I continued to dream about it for many years. But that is another story.

We senior girls were staunchly loyal to Miss Hall, and were very upset with what happened. At that stage we left Randall House⁴, with some of us being offered homes in the community. I accepted an invitation to board with Miss Ina Dent in Charles Street in Westshore. She was a retired primary school teacher relieving at the Napier Girls High School. This enabled me to continue with my schooling through 1960-1961 and complete High School. I recall Marjorie Dean being offered a home by the Duckworths, who owned an appliance business in the town.

³ See Appendix 1 on page 18

⁴ Swinburn p31

Pets

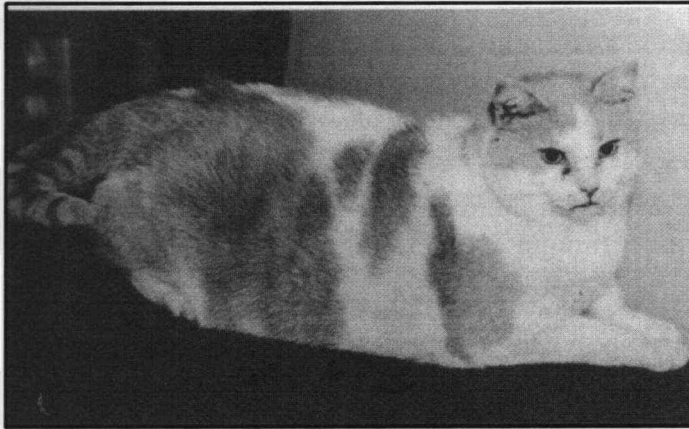


Figure 6: Jan the cat – 26 inches long, 26 inches girth, and 26 lbs weight!

We kept a number of pets at Randall House. Jan was a very large cat, white with ginger patches. She measured 26 inches from tip of nose to tip of tail, and 26 inches round the girth. And she weighed in at 26 pounds. Johnny was a much thinner version with the same colouring.

Jeremy was a green budgie who learned to talk – “Pretty boy Jeremy”.

There was Jigs the dog. Then there were two goats – the black one was Jezebel, and the white one was Jacob. Unfortunately, Jacob came to a sad end because of his tendency to climb trees when tethered.

We also kept hens – some of them bantams – which provided eggs.



Figure 7: Topsy with Jezebel the goat & Jiggs the dog

Daily & Weekly Routines:

After the 6 o'clock wake-up call, it was customary for everyone to have a cold “dip” – just in-and-out of a cold bath and get dried as quickly as possible, and dressed. I assume this was to freshen us up after getting out of bed. And for those who still had the misfortune to wet their beds, it served to rinse the urine smell off their bodies!

Breakfast started with saying grace. Then the porridge was served and we ate the meal in silence. This was followed by “crunch” – bread that had been spread with butter and vegemite and heated slowly in the oven.

Daily prayers were held after breakfast each day. We all stood – maybe sang a hymn, followed by reciting the Lord’s prayer.

We all had duties to do and complete before going to school. When we had completed our daily chores we had to report to the Matron to inspect our work before we were free to go to school.

At morning interval we were handed an apple over the fence opposite the apple house – this was our “play-lunch”. We all came home for lunch, then back to school again. After school,

when we got home, we had to change from our “school clothes” into our “play clothes” so that we kept them clean for the week.

Generally, all the children bathed once a week. One bathroom had three baths in it, and so the children lined up for their turn in one of the baths, with two or even three in the bath at once. As we reached puberty we girls were spared the mixed bathing and had another bathroom which we shared amongst ourselves.

We also lined up on Saturdays for a hair wash, with the matron shampooing our hair in the basin in the laundry, then rinsing our hair under running water from a rainwater tap.

None of us owned our own clothes. They were all pooled, and distributed as needed. Each week we lined up in the anteroom to receive our clothes for the week. Though as we matured, we did have our own supply we took responsibility for, including washing and ironing.

Chores

My chores grew as I matured. They included the following:

- Cleaning the locker/changing room where each child had a locker in which they kept their “school clothes” and “play clothes”. There was also a washroom with five hand basins for washing hands and cleaning teeth, and a footbath for washing dirty feet. In the courtyard close by, there was a toilet which also fell to my lot to clean.
- Sweeping the front veranda at the front door. It was wide and went round the corner. At one end was a table of patio plants, many of which were cyclamen, and they had to be watered. Round the corner at the other end, which was sheltered from the weather, was an old treadle singer sewing machine and piles of mending. Cleaning the many windows was a “Saturday” job.
- Keeping the laundry clean was another task I acquired. It was a long building at the back of the house near the clothes lines. It had work benches down one side for sorting washing and for ironing, plus a “mangle” for pressing the sheets. The plumbing was all on the other side, and included a gas copper, an agitator washing machine, tubs, and a hand basin where we would line up for hair washes. Scrubbing the wooden floor was a “Saturday” job.
- Caring for the younger children – after a certain meal, the young ones had to line up for the toilet, and I had to “inspect” to see that they had obliged. It also involved supervising teeth cleaning, and changing their handkerchiefs. In fact, I had the task of assigning and marking new handkerchiefs with their names.

Some of the older children helped with washing saucepans in the kitchen and washing dishes in the scullery. Others hung the towels out on the line to freshen up, or on the drying racks in the kitchen. Younger children were assigned the task of picking up leaves off the driveway and front lawn.

On Saturday mornings we were expected to “spring-clean” our assigned areas, and complete the task by 10am. Then we were assigned other tasks, such as gardening, till lunch time. I was often assigned ironing as a task.

There are two incidents I remember about ironing. The first was totally unrelated to the task. Ironing is one of those tasks that gives you the opportunity to think about other things as you work. So I didn’t notice the wasp that settled on my leg until – it stung me! The second was when I had been ironing a pile of children’s clothes and took them from the laundry in through the kitchen. The matron actually had visitors at the time, and complemented me in front of them on how well I had done the ironing. This was a boost for my self-esteem at the time.

Rewards & Punishments

The general punishment for misdemeanours was “the spoon”, applied to outstretched hand. I can’t remember now whether it was “the wooden spoon” or a large metal cooking spoon. Nor do I remember whether I was the recipient of it. I’ve heard about how, in previous times, children would get locked in a cupboard under the stairs, but to my knowledge this did not happen in my era.

I do remember clearly one punishment for a seemingly innocent action. A group of us were out in the garden and were pulling up and sucking on “sour-grass” which, I believe now, is a form of the noxious weed, Oxalis. When the matron learned about what we had been doing, she decided to wash our mouths out with soap! The justification for this was that we didn’t know what dogs had been urinating on the grass. We actually had to chew a small piece of soap in the process of this mouthwash, resulting in some swelling because of the caustic property of the soap! It must have been effective because I have never chewed sour-grass since!

I remember on two occasions, I was given a reward. The first occasion was when we were invited to learn and be able to quote Psalm 46: “God is our refuge and strength”. I memorised the Psalm, and was the first to be able to quote it. My reward (my own choice) was a towel – brown with green stripes on. I particularly liked its soft texture.

The second occasion was when I passed school certificate. The matron, Miss Hall, offered a watch to whoever of us passed school certificate. I was the only one out of our group who passed school certificate on our first attempt. My reward was a small gold watch with a dainty “flower” chain. It was a sad day three or four years later when that watch dropped off my wrist somewhere along The Terrace in Wellington.

School:

I was in Standard 3 when I arrived at Randall House in 1953. And so I was enrolled in Napier Central School. From memory, my teacher’s name was Mr Dawber. All we had to do to go to school was go through the wooden gate on the boundary fence, and we were there. In Standard 4 our teacher was Miss Hamlin. She took a special interest in the girls in her class from Randall House, and invited us to her home for a “party”. I can remember we played a game where we were to make as many words as possible from a given word.

From going to the Central School just through the fence, we moved on to Napier Intermediate School for the next two years, 1955-56. It was in Napier South, down the hill by way of Colenso Avenue – Hooker Ave – Faraday Street, then across Carlyle Street, Thackeray street and the railway line – into Jull Street.

The short-cut between Hooker Avenue and Faraday Street took us down a slippery track in wet weather. Sometimes we took a short-cut through the back of a couple of properties to escape it and use a set of concrete steps. I continued to dream about that short-cut for many years. Being a cautious person I found it very difficult to manage the track when it was wet, and at the same time I was reticent about going through private property! We always walked to school and home again. Being driven just wasn’t an option – Randall House had no vehicle.

In 1957 we went on to Napier Girls’ High School on Bluff Hill. Again, it was a daily walk: down Napier Terrace, across the Milton Road Junction, follow up Harvey Road and down steps into Sealy Road, then Shakespeare Road, and up Corry Avenue into the school grounds.

I continued to attend Napier Girls High School after leaving Randall House in 1960, completing a full five years there, 1957 to 1961, and was the head prefect in my last year.

Holidays

Each year we went to Lake Tutira for the summer holidays. Tutira was on the Napier-Wairoa road about 25 miles (40 kilometers) from Napier. We had a permanent camp site at the southern end of the lake, about a mile from the road⁵. France House, the Boy's Home, had their camp site on the roadside, albeit on the opposite side of the road.

The property belonged to the late Guthrie-Smith⁶, sheep farmer and naturalist. It was his wish that a trust be formed and what was once part of his farm "... be held for the enjoyment of the public, and especially to give town children an opportunity to learn and appreciate and to understand 'the best things of life'."⁷

There were actually three lakes. Two could be seen from the road – Lake Tutira and Lake Waikopiro, which we called "the Dead Lake". The third was nestled behind some hills on the other side of the road – Lake Orakai, which we called "the Boot Lake" because of its shape.

Our camp included three bunk houses, kitchen and dining room, and two outside pit toilets. A staff member would sleep in each of the three bunkhouses with the children. Each year, we would do our bedding up in bundles and await the bus which would drive us the 25 miles from Napier to Lake Tutira. We then had to carry the bedding bundles and food supplies the mile round the lake to the campsite.

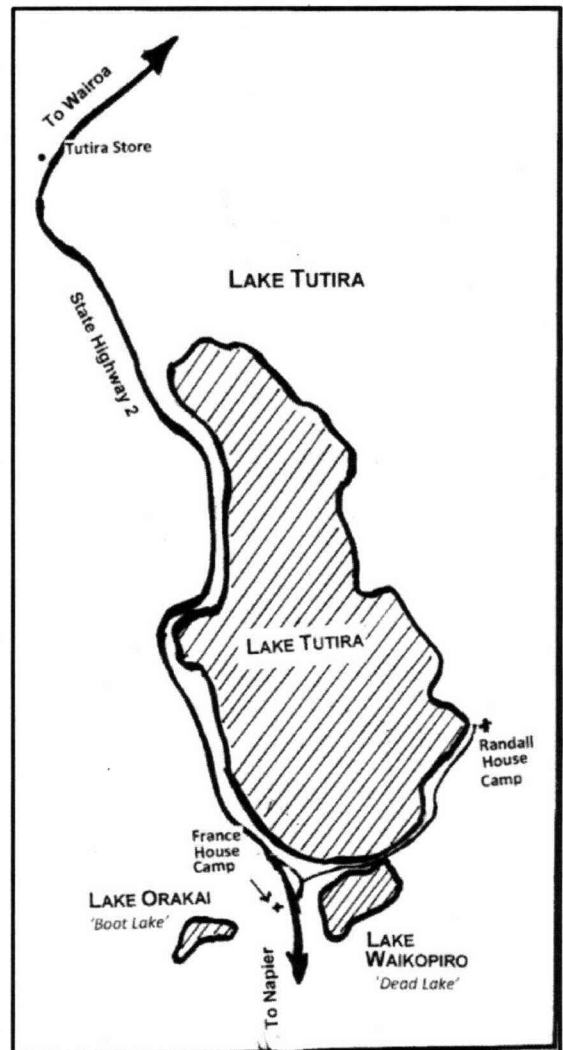


Figure 8: Sketch map of Lake Tutira

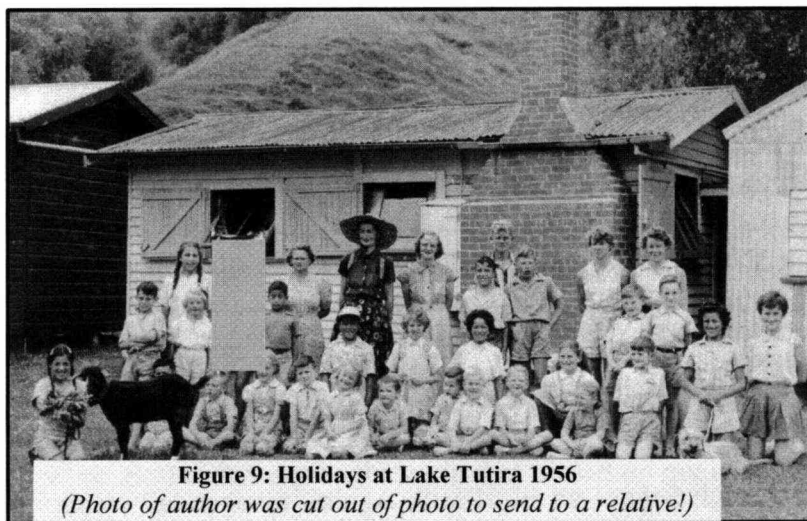


Figure 9: Holidays at Lake Tutira 1956

(Photo of author was cut out of photo to send to a relative!)

We had no power or refrigeration. Some cooking was done on an old wood range set into the bank across the stream, and the rest on the inside wood stove.

Food supplies were kept cool by hanging a safe in the willow tree or by standing a milk can in the stream.

Bathing was in metal wash tubs outside the bunk houses.

⁵ Swinburn: page 25, Woodhouse page 276.

⁶ <http://www.nzhistory.net.nz/media/photo/tutira>

⁷ Woodhouse A.E: Guthrie Smith of Tutira, (Whitcombe and Tombs Ltd 1959) page 276.

Activities were varied. We regularly swam in the lake just in front of the camp site. Those who were more daring used to swim across to the the next point. But the water weed, for me, was a big deterrent!

Sometimes the matron took us eeling at night. We used to sit in branches jutting out over the water, using hook and line. The boys from France House used to go out onto the lake in a dinghy at night, with a torch, and with

gaffs to spear the eels. Our catch would be skinned and cut into sections and fried. Though sometimes the matron preserved the flesh, soaking it in salty water, then smoking it in the chimney of the outside stove.

Sometimes we would accompany the matron on a walk to the only store for supplies. It was a mile to the road then another three or four miles to the store at the northern end of the lake, then back again. Quite a trek!

On at least two occasions we attempted to walk right round the lake, starting from our campsite and going north on the eastern side of the lake. At the northern end we had to make our way to the road through swamp and blackberries, then return to the camp via the western side by road.



Figure 10: Lake Tutira 1956

We would sometimes climb the hills behind the camp, avoiding, of course the cattle (they seemed so much bigger than us!). This has now become Tutira Country Park with walking tracks over these same hills.

While we usually went to Tutira in the summer (January) holidays, one year we older girls went with the assistant matron, Miss Andrews, in the May school holidays. One memory of that visit was the fact that she shared a tin of condensed milk with us in the bunk house at night – greatly enjoyed by us, but later condemned as being irresponsible be higher powers!



Figure 11: Lake Tutira 1960

Activities and Outings

During my years at Randall House there were a variety of group activities and outings as well as the opportunity to follow up personal interests.

- School Gardens
Each of us had a “school garden” – a small plot in the narrow strip adjacent to Central School. Each year we planted silver beet, beans, tomatoes, and beetroot. Tomatoes used to be ripe when we got back from our Tutira holiday.
- Buried Garden
We unearthed a buried garden – with brick paths and a pond – on the level below the bank near the chicken house. It was an interesting “dig”!
- Preserving and Jam-Making
We as a group of older girls used to work alongside the matron in various household tasks. This included preserving and jam-making when we had fruit in season. While apples and peaches were commonly preserved in large jars, we also preserved bananas (with lemon juice to prevent them going brown). But it also extended to preserving eggs! I remember us making quince jelly where the fruit had to be hung in a muslin bag in the laundry overnight to get the juice without the all the pips.
- Making Soap
Because we had whole sheep carcasses donated as our meat supply, we actually accumulated a lot of fat. The matron, Jean Hall, decided to make some soap from it. So she melted the fat in the gas copper in the laundry, added caustic soda to it, then left it to set. I have not personally tried this in my adult years, but the memory of it remains to this day.
- Walks
The matron, Jean Hall, frequently took us out on walks round Napier landmarks. These included:
 - The old Randall House and Gordon House in Priestly Road on Bluff Hill
 - The lookout on Bluff Hill
 - The “Iron Pot” and rock pools of Ahuriri
- Excursions
I went on three trips to Cape Kidnappers to see the gannets, spearheaded by the Naturalist Club. In the days before overland Gannet Safaris, this was a 7 mile walk from Clifton, some of it along the beach so it had to be planned according to tides. Then we had to go in single file on a steep path up the hill and along the top to the gannet colony. Having viewed the gannets, we then had to return the 7 miles, timed to complete the beach walk before the tide came right in again.
- Swimming
At weekends we often went swimming together at the Municipal Saltwater Baths down on the Marine Parade.
- Municipal Theatre
Randall House staff and children were frequently offered free seats at the Municipal Theatre. These included presentations by the Repertory Society, musicals such as Oklahoma, and other concerts and performances which came to Napier.

- Dances
As teen-agers, we attended school dances, and youth dances held at churches and other facilities in central city such as at the Presbyterian Church Hall in Tennyson Street. Those were the days of “ballroom dancing” – Waltzes, Gay Gordans and Quick Step, though some people started doing Rock ‘n Roll in a corner.
- SPCA
We became members of the RSPCA, visited dog shows, and entered a competition for identifying different breeds of dogs.
- Violin & Orchestra
I personally joined a violin class at high school. Mr Bates used to come and teach the class on Monday lunchtimes. Later on he offered me some free tuition. I began by using a school-owned violin. But later someone found an old violin in their attic when they were cleaning up their parent’s home. They gifted it to Randall House, and I became the proud owner of that. From violin class, I then played in the school orchestra, and then later in the Napier Youth Orchestra.
- Girls Life Brigade
We girls joined the GLB company run at the Anglican Cathedral, and led by Captain Mary Tait. I kept on after the other girls gave up, and became a Lance Corporal in the company. We had regular church parades, marched on ANZAC day, and attended some camps. Badge work gave opportunity to learn crafts and other hobbies. The Scripture badge also gave motivation for learning the books of the Bible and the general structure of the Bible.
- Badminton Club
Others in our group were a lot more sporting than me, and enjoyed success in netball (then called basketball). However, I joined the badminton club at the Anglican Cathedral and really enjoyed playing and meeting more people. There I met the Fifields who became mentors to me. On one occasion when I was going through a difficult period emotionally, I actual “ran away”. I cannot remember now just what had led up to this. But I ended up at the Fifield’s home. They took me back to Randall House, and spent time talking with the matron. Their input smoothed things over for me and I was able to face the next day as if it had not happened.

Trustees and Benefactors

The children’s home was not a “church” home. It was known as “The Hawkes Bay Children’s Home” with Public Trustees. There used to be an annual appeal – a “Street Day” when the public was invited to donate financially for the running of the home.

Second hand clothing was also donated. And as we got older, somebody actually made us some special clothes of our own, made to fit – even swimming togs! We were asked what our favourite colour was. My response was “yellow”, not knowing why the question was asked. I was the recipient of a pair of swimming togs, yellow nylon with shirring elastic. All very nice until they got wet, then they were really “see-through” – quite embarrassing for an adolescent girl! That necessitated using an old singlet to line the togs!

APPENDIX 1: Sketch Plan of Randall House

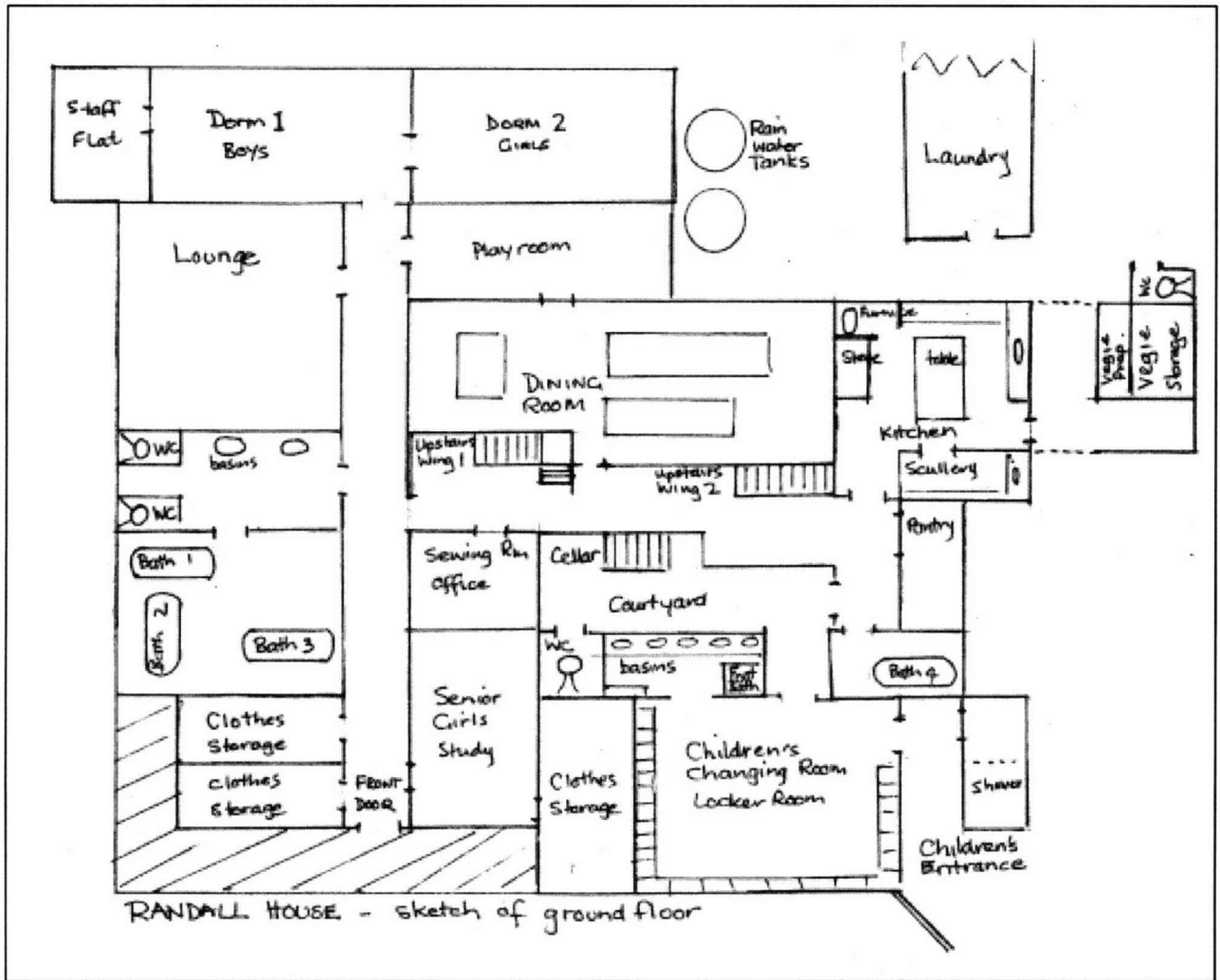


Figure 11: Randall House - Sketch map of ground floor (drawn from memory, not to scale)

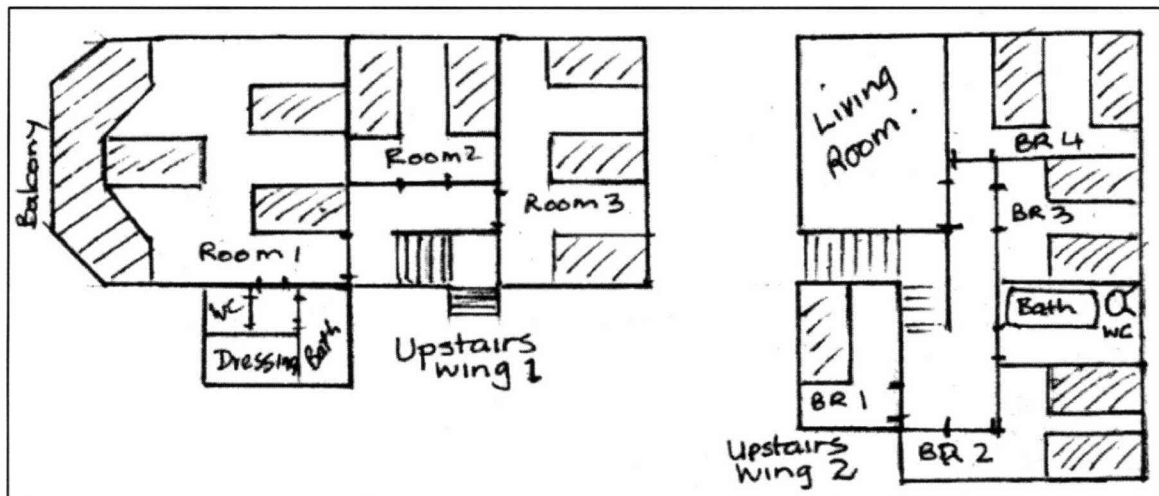


Figure 12: Upstairs wings (drawn from memory, not to scale)

References

While the main source of information in this report are from my personal memories, I referred to the following sources for clarification and details.

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Google: *Lake Tutira*

Google: *Napier Central School NZ (for Map of Napier Terrace)*

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