

Winter 2014
Volume 5, Issue 2

ISSN 1179-7681

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Poetry Notes

Quarterly Newsletter of PANZA

Welcome

Hello and welcome to issue 18 of *Poetry Notes*, the newsletter of PANZA, the newly formed Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa.

Poetry Notes will be published quarterly and will include information about goings on at the Archive, articles on historical New Zealand poets of interest, occasional poems by invited poets and a record of recently received donations to the Archive.

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The newsletter will be available for free download from the Poetry Archive's website:

<http://poetryarchivenz.wordpress.com>

Niel Wright on George Bouzaid

Wellington poet, publisher and literary critic Niel Wright discusses the translated diary of Lebanese immigrant to New Zealand, George Bouzaid, who also wrote poetry in Arabic.

George Bouzaid was the patriarch of the Aotearoa family of Bouzaid. He immigrated to Aotearoa towards the end of the 19th century and over time brought out many of his kin from his and their homeland Lebanon. Besides the *Diary of George Bouzaid* the family has also published a *Family History*. A summary of the life of George Bouzaid

based on his *Diary* is given in the *Bouzaid Family History* (1993) by Tony Bouzaid (pages 12-18). While the summary gives the facts, it of course does not reflect the attitudes of the *Diary*.

The two documents provide much information about the family's activities in Aotearoa. But I want here to discuss George Bouzaid's *Diary* from one angle only. I draw attention to George Bouzaid's *Diary* and these specific remarks as relevant evidence.

George Bouzaid came from a society (rural Lebanon) where family and social ties were strong. What he found in Aotearoa he describes as much different. But what he says about it is perceptive and perhaps revelatory though brief. I don't wish to put my interpretation on what he observed and described, though that would be possible of course.

The passage in question appears on page 46 of the *Diary of George Bouzaid*. He is describing conditions around Wellington in the 1880s, when he was peddling goods from village to village:

I was on my own in those places with no one to chat with; neither a relative nor one from my home country. The people in this country are European and like to be left alone; even if one wanted to talk to them they would converse only with whatever is necessary to say, as everyone is busy doing his own thing. If he is delayed a little this delay would affect his situation, and most people get their money by working hard for it. Those who have property can live on what

the land will give them, but those who do not own land have to work hard for a living, and when they finish their work they would go to their dwellings and read a newspaper or a book, as they are not interested in talking to anyone. (Translated from the colloquial Arabic of George Bouzaid by Suzanne Nesbitt.)

That is an honest, accurate and percipient description of New Zealanders in the 1890s. So what is going on? I will offer a very wild speculation.

R G Collingwood in his *History of Roman Britain* notes that Celtic culture was submerged under Mediterranean culture during the Roman occupation of Britain, but resurfaced following the withdrawal of the Romans. It has to be supposed then that Celtic culture went underground in Britain for three or four centuries. What is the social mechanism for this process?

What I suspect is that we see in Aotearoa a similar process, whereby a popular culture is submerged beneath an official culture. Indeed I see the popular culture as what I call Peripheral Civilisation and the official culture as the tail end of what I call the old Western Civilisation.

In the case of Aotearoa the mechanism by which the Peripheral Civilisation survives underground is what might look like social atomisation: the individuals appearing untalkative and home-loving and pursuing their interests in private. That is what in fact I think was going on.

In my book *Eeyore's Defence Concerning Certain Matters* Volume 2 I discuss at length the contrast in Aotearoa of pseudo intellectualism (ie the tail end of the old Western Civilisation) in public and intellectualism (ie the Peripheral Civilisation) in private.

The truth of the matter is that this dichotomy seems characteristic of much intellectual life in Aotearoa. Many of the literary writers present themselves as totally alienated from the official society: Janet Frame and Sylvia Ashton-Warner are prime examples. As I have noted I am also an example, deliberately

shunning public exposure while being a prolific author and publisher on the QT. I have reread (1997) the *Diary of George Bouzaid* from page 59 to the end, and I have been further impressed how fine a literary work the *Diary* is and how revelatory of the ethos of migration.

Also in my review of the *Diary of George Bouzaid* I refer to mumbo jumbo offered by George Bouzaid's uncle as advice in a crisis. The passage is in the *Diary* as pages 101-104. On second reading, I am inclined to view the uncle's comments with much more sympathy.

In effect the Lebanese of the late 19th century saw and believed that the Ottoman Empire was about to collapse, and hoped that a European power would take over in Lebanon (as the French did in 1923).

But what I see as particularly significant is that George Bouzaid's uncle (an Aotearoa resident at the time) saw the current events of the 1890s in the Middle East in apocalyptic terms. He wrote to George Bouzaid (page 103):

I say to you that the measure of the Turks has overflowed, and their offences have multiplies, and this is a sign of their departure. The Greeks would then take power, as this was previously their land. When power goes from the hands of the Turks to the Greeks and they become rulers, and when the truth appears and the discord appears with the rest of the kingdoms, you must know that this is the beginning of the Day of Resurrection. I believe that, no matter what, our country shall improve before the return of our Saviour and will thrive and prosper as it has been when He first came. (Translated from the colloquial Arabic of George Bouzaid by Suzanne Nesbitt.)

This is a passage from a letter written on 17 December 1897 from Reefton on the West Coast of Aotearoa by an elderly (Maronite Christian) Lebanese El-Hajj Elias. (In those days Lebanese were known in Aotearoa as Arabs and in the Middle East as Syrians.)

The views that El-Hajj expresses not only agree comfortably with my own

apocalypticism, but – the point I wish to make – they are in effect identical with those presented by John Liddell Kelly in his booklets *The Last Days* (serialised in a newspaper and published in a booklet in 1913) regarding the same events in the Middle East in the last 1890s. I have since reprinted Kelly's booklet in my book *Heine and the Apocalypse*.

J L Kelly was a Scotsman, a journalist, newspaper proprietor and editor in Aotearoa in the 1870s and thereafter, a poet and literary critic, dying in 1925. Yet he shares the same general views as El-Hajj Elias. Kelly is correctly identified as a British Israelite.

The Diary Of George Bouzaid (autobiography)

My copy was given to me by a grandson, Tony Bouzaid. The review on page 121 by Archimandrite Boutros Abu Zaid is fair enough. George Bouzaid's writing is distinguished by his trust in providence, and his filial piety. But the Archimandrite misses the literary quality of the work, which was written in Arabic and translated in 1991 in a way that preserves some Arabic as opposed to English idioms. (A few words are misused, such as 'begot' for 'befall'. These should be corrected. There are very few misprints.)

For an autobiography, the book is surprisingly indifferent to domestic concerns. George does make his relations to his father, his uncle and his brother central to his narrative, and he does refer to many relatives and acquaintances. But the book is really about his experience as a migrant and marginally as a tourist.

The book was written apparently about 1906, at least the narrative ends at that date, and seems to represent the culmination if not resolution of a midlife crisis (that being his 50th year). The book is printed on A4 paper, so would run to about 250 pages A5. It is therefore quite a substantial work. It is however in structure slight and economical. It is essentially *The Four Voyages of Sinbad*. George takes a tourist's interest in the Middle East and Australasia and points between. He also remarks and records certain practical

issues. There is an awareness that the Turkish domination of Syria must shortly conclude. The uncle suggests that the Greeks will take charge of the Levant once more. George believes European suzerainty would serve the region best. George is aware that the Levant (Palestine and Syria including Lebanon) is holy territory so dear to his heart. But he contrasts the holy land seen as the world's middle region with Australasia seen as the ends of the earth, a contrast much to the advantage of Australasia.

The essential concern of George Bouzaid is migration from the Middle East to Australasia. He addresses the reasons for his reluctance to migrate and for his compulsion to do so. The midlife crisis which overtakes George is faced in terms of this migration. The crisis is brought to a head by the death of George's father of something like a broken heart arising from the death of a son and the emigration of other family members. George believes he sinned whenever he goes against his father's wishes, as he does in travelling abroad and in failing to keep promises to return to Lebanon. The book is definitely structured around this problem. It begins with a rapturous idealisation of Lebanon. It ends with George's final departure from Lebanon (taking with him further family members). George writes with considerable flair as a storyteller. He does not give a chronicle of his own life and experience. He omits detail that would merely be repetitive, and he concentrates on three key episodes. So he is a story teller working within a clear structure with intent to address a clear problem.

The first episode, the finest in the book, tells how George in 1875 at the age of 19 made a trip to Alexandria, deceitfully without advising his parents what he was up to. He makes a startlingly good story of it.

The second episode narrates a series of adventures in the Australian outback, and contains some powerful if subliminal eroticism. This episode is well managed.

The third episode tells how George suffered a breakdown in midlife. The narrative is complete, but somewhat

disjointed and casual. Pressed by his father to return to Lebanon with his family, he sets out, only to turn back on insufficient grounds. He then feels guilty, and seeks counsel from his uncle how to overcome depression into which he descends. His uncle responds with mumbo jumbo (in effect), which George cannot bring himself to apply in practice. In the end George has to come to terms with being an emigrant, though he never manages to be honest with himself about this.

So in effect George tells three quite different stories that bear on his problem.

George travels in the era before passports. Port Said is the focal point of opportunity. He makes his way across the world as a typical Lebanese pedlar in effect. He is driven to seek a better socio-political environment for his extended family. It is within his reach, but can only be grasped at the cost of breaking up the traditional culture of his family. His family is forced to migrate maugre the cost in the end.

The trip to Alexandria is quite moralistic. Because George has failed to get his parents' approval, he suffers misfortune. The narrative draws a grossly negative picture of the Middle East as a violent, unsalubrious region. It couldn't be painted in harsher tones. In fact, in the year 1875 the actual political conditions are relatively good. They become much worse thereafter down till today. George is fortunate in finding a generous benefactor without whose care he would not have survived this trip.

George's first trip to Australia has his father's blessing and the trip is consistently fortunate. The story George tells is at pains to show how law-abiding and generous to outsiders the Australians are. This deliberately contrasts with the situation in the Middle East. One can challenge the moralism, but George has the facts to prove his points. Aussies are as he depicts them, believe it or not.

Emigration to New Zealand (the third story) brings heartbreak to George's father and breakdown to George himself in effect. He has a certain amount of commercial bad luck. The simple moralism of the first two stories will not stand up. He has won his father's

approval, but bad luck still dogs him. In Sydney and Wellington things are no way so paradisaic as in the Australian outback. No longer do effective benefactors save George's bacon.

Lebanon can be idealised as the most wonderful land, the apple of God's eye, but George nevertheless brings more of his kin away with him to the Antipodes. I have dwelt on the parts of this book in order to bring out the sureness and subtlety of George Bouzaid's treatment of his theme. But in fact the parts are integrated into a whole and belong with that whole. The book works overall, the parts are better for the framework in which they repose. This is a brilliant bit of story-telling. It owes something to Sinbad the Sailor and the Arabic stories generally. It also owes much to *The Bible*, particularly the Book of Genesis. A couple of passages that deserve note are the account of hashish users in Alexandria and the characterisation of New Zealanders as untalkative and home-loving (page 46).

Bibliographical Note

Since I have drawn attention to the *Diary of George Bouzaid*, here is some bibliographical information.

Diary of George Bouzaid by George Bouzaid, 1856-1933. Wellington, NZ; Bouzaid Family Reunion Committee, c1992, 122p, 3p of plates; illustrations; facsimile; genealogical tables; map; 30cm. "Translated into English from a handwritten book of Arabic... by Suzanne Nesbitt."

Libraries known to hold copies of the published book are:

- National Library of NZ;
- Alexander Turnbull Library;
- Auckland Public Library;
- University of Canterbury Library;
- Hocken Library, Dunedin;
- Victoria University Library, Wellington.

I (Niel Wright) also have a copy, but I do not currently have authority to republish.

The original Arabic manuscript plus the translator's transcript are held in the Archive Section of the Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.

Classic New Zealand poetry

This issue's classic New Zealand poetry is by the late Christchurch poet James (Jim) McCallum Tocker (30 November 1920-3 May 2008).

Tocker was a Canterbury chartered accountant with Nicholls, North and Nicholls and was prominent in business circles in Christchurch. As a former secretary of the New Zealand Society of Accountants, he lived in Wellington, 1947-53, before returning to his old firm in Christchurch where he started his career before the Second World War. From 1969-70, Tocker was President of the Canterbury Chamber of Commerce (*Building Mainland Business*, 2009). In 1980 he was made a Life Member of the Chamber and in 1991 he was made a Life Member of the Chamber of Commerce & International Trade (Canterbury).

Tocker's own father, Professor Albert Hamilton Tocker (CBE 1952), was heavily involved with the Chamber of Commerce too as a former President. Tocker senior edited the Chamber's *Economic Bulletin* for more than 25 years and was Professor of Economics at Canterbury University College from 1924-49.

Jim Tocker published his verses in the form of song lyrics. They are in rhyme and metre using traditional forms. His only lyric book *Songs of a Cricketer* (a songbook consisting of cricket songs, prose, cricket verses and a few non-cricketing verses) ran in to several small run editions in 1983, 1991 and 1999. The non-cricketing verses indicate he travelled abroad regularly to places like the UK, Nepal and Africa.

The book was mainly for fellow club members of the Old Collegians' Club in Christchurch and the songs (set to popular tunes) performed at club evenings/functions with the aid of a team choir, which included three choristers of the Christchurch Royal Musical Society. Tocker includes a brief note on himself during a run-down on his own club team:

J.M. (Jim) Tocker (mid '50s to 1980s – chartered accountant). I include

myself among the names to make the list more complete. I was the regular wicketkeeper for about 20 years until the mid '70s and also a top-order left-hand batsman. I always enjoyed my cricket fully, not only for the game but for the companionship of many fine people. It may encourage younger players to know that I reached my batting peak at age 42, when I scored my only two centuries on successive Saturdays.

During his Old Collegians' playing days (1954-83), his President's team won their grade once in 1964.

Some of Tocker's songs were anthologised in the anthology *A Tingling Catch: A Century of New Zealand Cricket Poems 1864-2009* (2010). They also received some recognition through overseas performance. With names and places slightly altered, Sir Frank Callaway, retired Professor of Music at the University of Western Australia, arranged Tocker's songs for professional singers and performed them at a Western Australian Taverners dinner. PapersPast searches at the National Library of NZ show that Tocker trained as a pilot officer in the RNZAF during WWII as well as being a promising cricketer. Tocker completed his air force training at Wigram in 1941. As a young man, he played for the Canterbury Colts vs Ellesmere in October 1939. He passed Accountancy at Auckland University College in 1942, while in service. He had commenced his commerce studies at Canterbury University College in 1937. His early education was at Elmwood School and Christchurch College.

Tocker's funeral notice in *The Press* gives him as 'RNZAF Flt Lieutenant Reg # 412765'. He served in the Pacific, documented in his *Press* obituary by Mike Crean on 31 May 2008 and in his non-fiction book, *Not So Pacific*.

Tocker married Dorothy (Peg) Margaret Warren in 1945 and lived in the suburbs of Riccarton and Fendalton after the war. The couple had four children.

Jim's other interests included skiing and mountaineering, and in his youth, he was a boxing champion at Christ's College. He was a member of the Canterbury Mountain Club and published a song

'The Lay of the Last Mountain' in the *Canterbury Mountaineer*, 1988, No. 54. Tocker's burial in 2008 was cremation aged 87 years.

Peg Tocker donated copies of Jim's songbook to PANZA and the NZ Cricket Museum via Mark Pirie in 2010. Libraries in New Zealand also hold copies from the author.

Jim Tocker

MY HOMELAND

Land of lake and mountain peak,
Bellbirds by the forest creek –
Here I find the peace I seek.
New Zealand is my home.

Brown men found it long ago.
Canoes they came in, long and low.
Here their sons could live and grow,
Here they made their home.

Ages later white men came,
Seeking fortune, farm or fame.
They set out the land to tame,
Here they tilled the loam.

Brown and white are one today,
Whether working or at play.
That is why I'll always stay –
I'll no longer roam.

Land of sheep and cattle sleek,
Land for both the strong and weak –
Here I find the peace I seek.
New Zealand is my home.

1973

AFRICA

To Africa we're going
To see the rolling plains,
Where animals are growing
In the tropic sun and rains.

The wildebeests migrating
In thousands shall we see.
Together we'll be waiting
To watch them running free.

I'd like to be a leopard
Sitting in a tree,
While antelopes intrepid
Passed right under me.

I think I am a lion,
Stalking in the grass.
Without a sound I'll spy on
The zebras as they pass.

A lion's often lazy,
Eating only twice a week.
I'm sure I would be crazy
A life like his to seek.

Giraffes grow past the ceiling.
They eat the tallest trees.
I wonder how they're feeling
Way up there in the breeze.

We may find a tiny dik-dik
Concealed in grass knee-high.
He'll flit away so quick-quick
As silent as a sigh.

There's a dark shape in the river,
As big as half a bus.
It makes the surface quiver –
It's a hippopotamus!

An elephant enormous
Is pulling down a tree.
Perhaps he will inform us
How his trunk can get his tea.

You'll never see him scurry –
He just ambles to and fro.
He never seems to hurry
But he's gone before you know.

A camel is so lumpy.
He struts across the sand.
His burden makes him grumpy
From here to Samarkand.

And now at home I'm sinking
In an armchair after tea.
Of Africa I'm thinking
And its animals are free.

1983

SKI FEVER

I must go upward to ski again, to the
open snow and the sky,
And all I ask is a pair of boards and a
slope of powder dry,
And the tow's hum and the snow's
schuss and the keas' harsh crying,
And the bright sun on the snow's face
and the bright clothes flying.

I must go up to the snow again, for the
call of the mountain crest
In a bold call and a clear call that will not
let me rest,
And all I ask is a friendly wave from
gunners flashing by
To take the face in a short-swing run that
makes the powder fly.

I must go upward to ski again, for a last
run down the gut
In the creeping dark and the deadly cold,
to drop to the forest hut,
And all I ask is a beechwood fire and a
dish of piping stew,
And a sleeping bag that's warm and snug
to dream of mountains new.

1975

DOWN WITH AUDITORS

Music: 'Men of Harlech'

With our balance almost over
We should really be in clover –
Profits up from here to Dover –
But there is a snag.

Auditors will bring a team up.
They will have a head of steam up.
What new questions will they dream up
Just to be a nag?

They will be ticking –
On us they'll be picking
Before they go, for all we know
A dagger in our back they will be
sticking.

Must we really have an audit
When we know we can't afford it?
If you scrap it we'll applaud it –
Down with auditors.

Every year they bring new crazes.
They ask questions that amaze us.
They can go to crimson blazes –
Down with auditors.

Watch the men from Coopers
They're the super-snoopers.
A Prices bunch (at least till lunch)
Will shake our office out like stormy
troopers.

Ask Deloittes to do it cheaper
We hear Peats are often steeper
We don't want to get in deeper –
Down with auditors.

*(Sung at the summer conference of the
Institute of Chartered Accountants in
England and Wales at Cambridge
University, July 1981)*

THE HAT TRICK

Our spinner bowled three Sydenham
men
With three consecutive balls.
He led us to an outright then
And a place in famous halls.
And if he never plays again
Or if the sideline calls,
He can say "I bowled three Sydenham
men
With three consecutive balls".

For it's his forte on a shiny day with
three consecutive balls –
Yes – to hear the crack as the stumps go
back with three consecutive balls.

1972

**After English cricket poet Norman
Gale's 'The Church Cricketant Here on
Turf'*



Jim Tocker, 1941

Comment on business poetry

BUSINESS POETRY IN NEW ZEALAND by Mark Pirie

*We think it proper to chastise
Small boys who tell Outrageous Lies;
But bigger boys earn fame and fees
In Advertising Agencies.
- Sisyphus, Mercantile Gazette,
27 March 1963*

While researching family history to do with my grandfather's business career, I came across various examples of New Zealand business poetry. It's a genre of New Zealand poetry that you won't find mentioned in our academic histories yet there seems to be a fair amount of this verse published.

It's worth recording that the *Accountants' Journal* in New Zealand and the *Mercantile Gazette of New Zealand* were publishers of local and overseas verse and prose humour. In a previous issue of *Poetry Notes*, Summer 2013, Volume 4, Issue 1, we noted that the *New Zealand Engineer* in Auckland was also a publisher of local verse. It's fair to say that a number of our professional trade journals from the 1960s and dating back to the turn of the 20th century may have published verse at various times dependant upon the enthusiasm of their individual columnists and editors, who were looking for something to entertain their readers and subscribers with.

The December 1962 Christmas issue of the *Accountants' Journal* for example includes business verse on the subject of accounting, and another earlier issue in February 1961 includes a local Canterbury accountant-poet's song done to the tune of English entertainer Lonnie Donegan's 'My Old Man's a Dustman', a popular hit of 1960. (It's plausible that this was an early song in verse by Jim Tocker, the Christchurch accountant-poet featured in this issue.)

Elsewhere the *Mercantile Gazette* had a regular columnist called Sisyphus who began his articles with an epigram or clerihew. Usually these were trite or scribbled in a hurry but occasionally he

had a good turn of wit. There was, in the early 1960s, a resident poet at the *Mercantile Gazette* called Cyclops, and his and various other anonymous verses were published, including Cyclops' series of advice verses from father to son on what not to be: ie don't be a farmer and don't be a plumber. Cyclops was a popular versifier who kept in touch with the everyman's thoughts. His poems include 'The Well Bred Man' and 'The Stranger and the City', two satires on New Zealand life published in the early 1960s. An example of the *Mercantile Gazette's* anonymous verse is 'Giving 'Em Beans', a satire on import licensing in New Zealand.

Other business verse in New Zealand history might include competitions like the *Ellesmere Guardian's* 1921 rhyming competition for Bernard Brown's grocery store, or the short rhyme competitions (The Guinea Poem) regularly held to find rhymes to advertise various products in early New Zealand newspapers, e.g. Woods' Great Peppermint Cure, Flag Brand Pickles, Puritan or Sapon for the tub, or Zolak, the Great French Skin Food. These prize-winning verses were usually four-line poems printed on a Saturday. Then there are poets like R D Brown, the Hastings accountant-poet, Len du Chateau and John Ansell (who wrote advertising copy). Ansell's poems (using the word 'Shell', then New Zealand cricket's sponsor) were ads for Radio NZ Sport in 1992 and cast presenter Jim Hopkins as the voice. Len du Chateau was a partner in an advertising agency that he wrote for. My own grandfather's agricultural implement firm Booth, MacDonald & Co Ltd used rhymes in their advertising in the 1940s: 'North. South. East or West a BOOTHMAL WINDMILL is the BEST'.

These are just a few of the poets operating in this mostly unrecognised genre in New Zealand literary history. I'm sure there are plenty more New Zealand poets dating back to the 1900s who have written commercial jingles, advertising copy or used commercial signs, computer software products, technology and sponsors in their verse. Robert J Pope's 'The Stricken Advertiser' (1940s) or my own 'The

Highlights' (2001) about Photoshop software come to mind. Sam Hunt and David Eggleton have appeared on TV ads and New Zealand poets have read for the Saatchi and Saatchi agency recently. Leigh Davis's *Willy's Gazette* in the 1980s and his poetry-art owe something to commercial practices.



Boothmac ad, 1940s, from NZ Farmer

To conclude, here are some examples of business verse in New Zealand:

Anon

"GIVING 'EM BEANS"

(The U.S.S. Co. vessels—Karamu, Kowhai, Komata, Karitane, Kaitawa, Konini and Karamiro—were tied up in Auckland through the refusal of crews to sail before new coffee percolators were fitted in messrooms.)

"We must have percolators
For the coffee in our mess."
The Spartan Crews in Auckland loudly
cried.

"We like our coffee hot
And we like our coffee fresh
For stormy seas our ships are wont to
ride.

"We like to see our coffee
Well-ground inside the glass
And hear the upward gurgle of the
brown.
We like to sit and watch
As the top fills slowly up
And then comes slowly drip, drip,
dripping down.

“Why should we just have tea
Or cocoa, milk or beer?
Instead of rich brown coffee from Brazil
Or beans from Congo soil
Six thousand miles away
For fluid that protects us from the chill.

“They say an import licence
Stops flasks from coming in.
We’ve waited – and so many weeks
have passed
Let’s hold the ships to ransom,
Push the cost of living up
—And see that every K ship’s tied up
fast.

“Four Hundred Pounds is little
For each ship’s idle day
Tom Shand and Walsh can’t argue now
for toffee.
The K fleet will remain
—And never sail again
Till percolators percolate our coffee!”

Contributed poem

A whimsically inclined reader passed
me the preceding piece of doggerel,
which may entertain readers this week.

(*Mercantile Gazette of New Zealand*,
4 April 1962)

Betty Budget

THE JOURNAL

It’s just a year ago today
I joined the firm of Knight and Day.
The mysteries of loss and gain
I dared to probe—alas in vain.
One thing I’ve learned, a book they call
“The Journal” is a cure for all.

A client from a flour mill
A bag of mash forgot to bill.
To find the one who’d had it free,
We invoiced six—five sent their fee!
To fix the cash and make stocks true,
We put a journal entry through.

The office boy was loud and brash.
He took ten bob from Petty Cash.
His mother with six children more
Wept and pleaded at the boss’s door.
His heart was touched, his nose he blew,
“I’ll put a journal entry through.”

A machine before me stood, one said:
“Debits are black and credits are red.”
I pressed the buttons, the monster
groaned.
Just then my boy friend telephoned.
Two hours thence the mechanic said,
“Coo,
It won’t even put a journal entry
through.”

The auditors were here today.
They’ve ticked the books in pink and
gray.
Our simple system they don’t find
So simple to the master mind.
I heard one say, “Chaos infernal!
These blinking entries in the journal!”

(*Accountants’ Journal*, December 1962)

Cyclops

THE WELL BRED MAN

“I tell you how well a man is bred
By what he laughs at,” Goethe said,
With which this low-brow would agree
(Aware of what amuses me)
But in my brief experience
A better yardstick than a sense
Of humour is how one reacts
To paying Land and Income Tax.

Now there’s a test of character
Which, to the poet’s, I prefer
Confronted with a tax demand
One man will say “well I’ll be darned”
And calmly take his cheque book out
As though it were his turn to shout.
“Since income is the test,” he’ll say,
“I wish that I had more to pay.”

Another man will curse and swear
And literally tear his hair:
“It’s highway robbery,” he’ll exclaim,
“The ruddy welfare State’s to blame.
They won’t let me depreciate
My assets at a higher rate
And yet unless the tax rates fall
I’ll have no assets left at all.”

While yet another man will curse
And well aware it could be worse,
“It could be better,” he will say,
Which is of course another way
Of saying, with a nasty leer,
“I’ll beat those so and sos next year.”

So, as the poet Goethe said,
“I tell how well a man is bred
By how a well bred man reacts
To paying Land and Income Tax.”

(*Mercantile Gazette of New Zealand*,
10 April 1963)

Public Accountants’ Social

Representatives of the B.M.A., the
Canterbury District Law Society, the
Inland Revenue, and the Christchurch
City Council were among the guests at
the annual social of the Canterbury
Public Accountants’ Association held
recently.

Doubtless inspired by the presence of
the English entertainer Lonnie Donegan
in New Zealand, a local public
accountant was moved to express in
verse his views on current problems of
his profession. The result was the hit of
the evening, and by poetic licence is
reproduced below:

“MY OLD MAN”

Music: “My Old Man’s a Dustman”

Now here’s a little story
To tell it is a ‘must’,
About an unsung hero
Who tried to earn a crust.
Some people make a fortune,
Working till they’re dead;
My old man don’t earn much,
In fact he’s in the red.

Oh, my old man’s profession
Is one of which he’s proud,
He keeps accounts for clients
Who round about him crowd.
He wants no fixed employer,
The thought it makes him cross,
But now he’s just discovered
That ev’ryone’s his boss!

His balance sheets are pretty,
They’re typed in red and black.
If typists make an error,
They’re sure to get the sack.
He spends such time upon them,
It is a proper nark
That no-one ever reads them
But some assessment clerk!

Winter 2014

Yes, my old man's quite perky,
A letter's made him proud:
It's from the tax collector,
With praises long and loud.
The seventh of September,
It was the final day,
My old man got *ten per cent*
Of his returns away!

The income tax assessments
Are simple as can be,
My old man can grasp them
Just like his ABC.
His clients understand them,
When there's a credit due.
But when there is a Debit!! (frantic
pause)
The air it just turns blue!

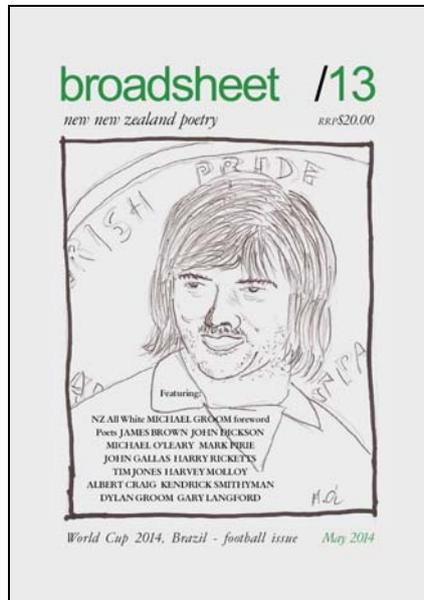
The company he's floated
Would nearly fill a book,
The trouble that they cause him
He really does go crook.
His companies get started,
But you will all agree
My old man does all the work –
The lawyer gets the fee!

Yes, my old man's profession
Is one of which he's proud,
He keeps his wits about him,
Yet mingles with the crowd.
He very often grumbles
And threatens something rash,
But still he wouldn't change his job
For that of Walter Nash.

(*Accountants' Journal*, February 1961)

Mark Pirie, author of this article, is a
New Zealand poet, editor, publisher and
archivist for PANZA.

Manchester United vs Auckland 1967 in verse



PANZA co-founder Dr Michael O'Leary recently contributed his drawing of Northern Irish footballer George Best (above) and a poem on the 1967 Manchester United visit to New Zealand to a special football issue of *broadsheet: new new zealand poetry*. The issue edited by PANZA member Mark Pirie comprises a selection of football poetry from 1890-2014, focusing mainly on New Zealand football by New Zealand poets. Others who've contributed include Gary Langford, Harry Ricketts, James Brown, John Gallas, John Dickson, Bill O'Reilly, Grant Sullivan, Harvey Molloy, Tim Jones, Dylan Groom and Pirie himself. Former New Zealand All White Michael Groom has written the foreword.

The Night Press, Wellington, has published the special issue to coincide with the 2014 World Cup in Brazil. It will be available from May online as a free download pdf as well as in a limited print edition. We reproduce Dr O'Leary's poem here.

Michael O'Leary

MANCHESTER UNITED VS AUCKLAND 1967

In 1967 the football club Manchester United played a game
Against an Auckland Eleven they were
expected to tame
And although they did in the end win
eight goals to one
Seeing 'The Beatles' of the football
world was great fun

For as a teenager I had always preferred
the round ball code
Rather than the rugger that 'everybody
else' in New Zealand chose
And watching the 'Beautiful Game' in
that 'Summer of Love'
Brought music and sport together as if
to finally prove

That a show in front of more than
26,000 at Carlaw Park
Watching Soccer could be like a rock
concert where the spark
Of enthusiasm is ignited by an ultimate,
primal, human desire
To belong, as in olden days when
people gathered around a fire

Thus, the world's most famous and
celebrated sport was seen
In Auckland at a time of love and music
and the world of dream

Notes

DB NZ Soccer Annual 1975:
'Manchester United came to New Zealand, hammered both its opponents [Auckland 8-1 and NZ 11-0] and introduced soccer supremo George Best to the country. That United team had all the stars: Best, Charlton, Law, Stiles, Stepney, Aston, Foulkes, Crerand, Kidd ... the list seemed endless.' Charlie Dempsey was the director of tours for the NZFA and the AFA.

Bibliography of *Ellesmere Guardian* verse 1921-1922

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ELLESMERE GUARDIAN VERSE 1921-22 by Mark Pirie

In 2013, I produced an issue of my poetry journal *broadsheet: new new zealand poetry* devoted to the *Star* poets of Christchurch, 1922-1926.

Some of this group of little known and forgotten Canterbury poets began publishing in the *Ellesmere Guardian* from 1921-1922.

The *Ellesmere Guardian* was published in Southbridge. It commenced from 1880.

The verse publication in 1921 began through a local competition for short poems advertising Bernard Brown's grocery store, which printed results on 12 and 19 March 1921. The winning verse by T F Owens, of Leeston, was printed on 6 April. Thereafter poems by local and overseas poets were printed, presumably under guidance from a poetry editor and possibly drawing from an overseas magazine, collection or anthology such as the *Windsor Magazine*, *New York World*, and the *Courier Journal*.

Of these poets, a few are local [given in bold in the bibliography] such as Bessie L Heighton, T E L Roberts, O.G. of Fendalton, J.O. and H H Heatley. Some local verses are printed anonymously. The rest are overseas poets from the UK, Australia, India, China and America. Predominantly they are modern, Georgian and Romantic with a few well-known names like William Wordsworth, Walter de la Mare, John Masefield, Robert Louis Stevenson, Charles Kingsley, Edna St Vincent Millay and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Afterwards, some of these local Canterbury poets continued to publish their verse in the *Star*. It's thought that T E L Roberts (1873-1952) or Bessie L Heighton (1884-1959) may be the editors of the group for both the *Ellesmere Guardian* and the Christchurch *Star*.

In Roberts' published memoirs of places like the Hurunui, he had a habit of editing other poets' work for inclusion in his histories. This suggests he or Heighton was the poetry editor of the poetry columns in the two Canterbury papers in question.

The interest in verse in the *Ellesmere Guardian* seems to have died away by February 1922 after Heighton's 'An Evensong' appears to have been reprinted following a misprint in January. Was she the editor? Afterwards, Roberts and H H Heatley (1868?-1946) published again in August that year before they moved on to the *Star* where Heighton or Roberts had perhaps been made the poetry editor.

The following is a bibliography of the *Ellesmere Guardian* verse 1921-1922.

1921

March-April

THE BEST RHYMES.

Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XXIV, Issue 425, 12 March 1921, Page 3.

A POPULAR SONG. By J.O.

Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XXIV, Issue 427, 19 March 1921, Page 3.

RHYMING COMPETITION.

Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLI, Issue 5161, 6 April 1921, Page 3.

June

AUTUMN. By O.G., of Fendalton.

Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLI, Issue 5180, 11 June 1921, Page 4.

KIDNEY BILL. By T E L Roberts.

Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLI, Issue 5182, 18 June 1921, Page 3.

TO A SNOWDROP. By William Wordsworth.

Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLI, Issue 5182, 18 June 1921, Page 3.

July

WHEN FATHER TOOK A SPELL. By Emma Upton Vaughan.

Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII, Issue 5187, 6 July 1921, Page 5.

ASPHALT. By Conrad Aiken.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII, Issue 5187, 6 July 1921, Page 6.

HOME, SUITE HOME. By Paul Hand.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII, Issue 5187, 6 July 1921, Page 6.

SOUTH SEA FANCIES. By Judd Mortimer Lewis.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII, Issue 5187, 6 July 1921, Page 6.

SUNSET. By T E L Roberts.

Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII, Issue 5192, 23 July 1921, Page 5.

BETRAYED. By Whitelaw Saunders.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII, Issue 5192, 23 July 1921, Page 6.

August

MY HERITAGE. By E W Miles.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII, Issue 5195, 3 August 1921, Page 5.

IF I FORGET THEE. By Sarah N Cleghorn.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII, Issue 5195, 3 August 1921, Page 5.

THE FOREST TREES. By F M Hallward.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII, Issue 5197, 10 August 1921, Page 6.

"SPRING EVER RETURNING."
[WWI]
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII, Issue 5197, 10 August 1921, Page 6.

UNDER AN UMBRELLA. By Richard Atwater.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII, Issue 5201, 24 August 1921, Page 3.

THE PRETTIEST THINGS. By Camilla Doyle.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII, Issue 5201, 24 August 1921, Page 4.

THE GOLFER'S DEFIANCE. By James J Montague.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII, Issue 5201, 24 August 1921, Page 6.

TO MY BRAIN. By Adelaide Kennerly. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5201, 24 August 1921, Page 6.

OFT IN THE STILL-Y NIGHT. By Will Leighton. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5201, 24 August 1921, Page 6.

LITTLE BOY BLUE. By S Gordon Gurwit. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5202, 27 August 1921, Page 5.

THE CHANSON OF PONCE DE LEON. By Glenn Cook Morrow. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5202, 27 August 1921, Page 6.

TO BACCHUS (FROM A CELLAR). By Richard Atwater. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5202, 27 August 1921, Page 6.

MY CREED. By Alice Carey. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5203, 31 August 1921, Page 5.

THE RETURN. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5203, 31 August 1921, Page 5.

THE BUILDERS. By George Sterling. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5203, 31 August 1921, Page 5.

THE BUCCANEER'S BRIDE. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5203, 31 August 1921, Page 6.

A BYSTANDER'S VIEW. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5203, 31 August 1921, Page 6.

THESE SHALL PREVAIL. By Theodosia Garrison. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5205, 7 September 1921, Page 6.

THE SAIL. By Cyril G Taylor. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5207, 14 September 1921, Page 3.

DREAMS. By Charles McMorris Purdy. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5207, 14 September 1921, Page 3.

INVOCATION. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5207, 14 September 1921, Page 6.

WHEN DAISY DANCED. By John Russell McCarthy. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5208, 17 September 1921, Page 5.

THE CAR WINDOW CITY. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5208, 17 September 1921, Page 6.

I AM WAR. By Alter Brody. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5208, 17 September 1921, Page 6.

THE GRIP. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5208, 17 September 1921, Page 6.

THE VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE. By William Gilmer Perry. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5208, 17 September 1921, Page 6.

IN MEMORIAL. By Virgil Geddes. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5209, 21 September 1921, Page 6.

APRIL. By Harold Vinel. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5209, 21 September 1921, Page 6.

KARMA. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5209, 21 September 1921, Page 6.

WHO? By Walter de la Mare. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5209, 21 September 1921, Page 6.

SPRING IS COMING. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5209, 21 September 1921, Page 6.

THE "OLD, OLD SONG." By C Kingsley. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5211, 28 September 1921, Page 3.

TIME'S WAY. By Hortense Flexner. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5211, 28 September 1921, Page 6.

WEEPING WILLOW. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5211, 28 September 1921, Page 6.

October

DOWNPOUR. By Joseph Auslander. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5212, 1 October 1921, Page 5.

THE SONG OF THE SEA. By Kathleen M Grant. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5212, 1 October 1921, Page 6.

CURIOUS RHYMES. By Anon. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5212, 1 October 1921, Page 6.

ADVERSARY. By William Rose Benet. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5212, 1 October 1921, Page 6.

"I WHO LOVE BEAUTY." By Charles Hanson Towne. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5213, 5 October 1921, Page 6.

SUMMER. By Maxwell Struthers Burt. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5213, 5 October 1921, Page 6.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE FANTAIL. By H H Heatley. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5215, 12 October 1921, Page 6.

TO A CLOUD. By Abigail W. Cresson. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5215, 12 October 1921, Page 6.

THE SUBWAY IS LIT. By Oscar Williams. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5215, 12 October 1921, Page 6.

THE HUNGRY HEART. By Edna St Vincent Millay. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5215, 12 October 1921, Page 6.

GREAT DEEDS. By Marguerite Wilkinson. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5216, 15 October 1921, Page 3.

WATER NOISES. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. *Ellesmere Guardian*, Volume XLII, Issue 5216, 15 October 1921, Page 6.

MONOCLES By Alfred Kreymborg.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5217, 19 October 1921, Page 3.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. By Bernard
Raymund.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5217, 19 October 1921, Page 4.

THE LINNET. By Walter de la Mare
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5217, 19 October 1921, Page 4.

ADIEU TO THE CITY. By R L
Stevenson.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5218, 22 October 1921, Page 2.

L'OISEAU BLEU.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5218, 22 October 1921, Page 5.

SPRING. By Bessie L Heighton.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5219, 26 October 1921, Page 3.

INDIAN POEMS. By Rabindranath
Tagore.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5219, 26 October 1921, Page 3.

November

SUMMER MAGIC. By Leslie Pinceney
Hill.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5221, 2 November 1921, Page 3.

A STARLING'S MIMICRY.
By T E L Roberts.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5222, 5 November 1921, Page 5.

SEAFARERS.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5222, 5 November 1921, Page 6.

SPRING.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5223, 9 November 1921, Page 6.

NATURE'S MOODS.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5226, 19 November 1921, Page 6.

THE FUTURE. By Michael Strange.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5227, 23 November 1921, Page 3.

THE WALL BETWEEN. By Katherine
Tynan.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5227, 23 November 1921, Page 6.

IN AN OLD STREET. By David
Morton.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5227, 26 November 1921, Page 3.

LOST FRIENDSHIP. By Good
Housekeeping.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5228, 30 November 1921, Page 6.

December

A CHILD'S LONE GRAVE.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5230, 7 December 1921, Page 3.

THE UNRETURNING. By Clinton
Scollard.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5230, 7 December 1921, Page 6.

THE LOST.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5231, 10 December 1921, Page 2.

THE ENGINE. By Ella Wheeler
Wilcox.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5231, 10 December 1921, Page 5.

**JAPANESE EXILE'S SONG OF
HOME. By Bessie L Heighton.**
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5231, 10 December 1921, Page 6.

SCENERY. By Charlotte Becker.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5231, 10 December 1921, Page 6.

THE PASSING STRANGE. By John
Masefield.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5232, 14 December 1921, Page 5.

TO A SKYLARK. By William
Wordsworth.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5233, 17 December 1921, Page 6.

THE MIRROR. By Clinton Scollard.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5233, 17 December 1921, Page 6.

LEX. By C T Davis.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5233, 17 December 1921, Page 6.

THE HUNTER. By Glenway Wescott.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5234, 21 December 1921, Page 5.

THE LITTLE ROAD. By Ellen Morrill
Mills.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5234, 21 December 1921, Page 6.

SECRETS.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5235, 24 December 1921, Page 4.

THE POET TO THE BIRDS. By Alice
Meynell.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5236, 31 December 1921, Page 5.

A LITTLE CRICKET.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5236, 31 December 1921, Page 6

1922

January-February

LAST NIGHT. By Mary Gilmore.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5237, 4 January 1922, Page 5.

SLEEP SONG. By Mary Gilmore.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5237, 4 January 1922, Page 6.

WORDS FOR AN OLD AIR. By Sara
Teasdale.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5237, 4 January 1922, Page 6.

ROADS. By Henry Bellamann.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLII,
Issue 5237, 4 January 1922, Page 6.

WILD ROSES. By Constance Green.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLIII,
Issue 5238, 7 January 1922, Page 3.

APPLE AND ELM. By Carolyn C Wilson.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLIII, Issue 5238, 7 January 1922, Page 4.

LET US REMEMBER. By Joan Walter
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLIII, Issue 5238, 7 January 1922, Page 4.

VESTIGIA. By Bliss Carman.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLIII, Issue 5239, 11 January 1922, Page 4.

HARBOUR TALK. By David Morton.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLIII, Issue 5241, 18 January 1922, Page 6.

SEE-SAW.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLIII, Issue 5241, 18 January 1922, Page 6.

CHINESE POEMS OF J. WING.
Translated by E Powys Mathers.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLIII, Issue 5242, 21 January 1922, Page 5.

SONG OF GLEE. By Bessie L Heighton.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLIII, Issue 5242, 21 January 1922, Page 5.

A PICTURE. By Marion Couthouy Smith.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLIII, Issue 5242, 21 January 1922, Page 6.

PLEASE. By Dorothy Butts.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLIII, Issue 5243, 25 January 1922, Page 6.

HIGH MOUNTAINS. By Frank Earnest Hill.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLIII, Issue 5243, 25 January 1922, Page 5.

AN EVENSONG. By Bessie L Heighton.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLIII, Issue 5244, 28 January 1922, Page 4.

MY ROOM. By J F Courage.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLIII, Issue 5244, 28 January 1922, Page 6.

INTERIM. By Leslie Nelson Jennings.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLIII, Issue 5244, 28 January 1922, Page 6.

AN EVENSONG. By Bessie L Heighton.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLIII, Issue 5245, 1 February 1922, Page 5.

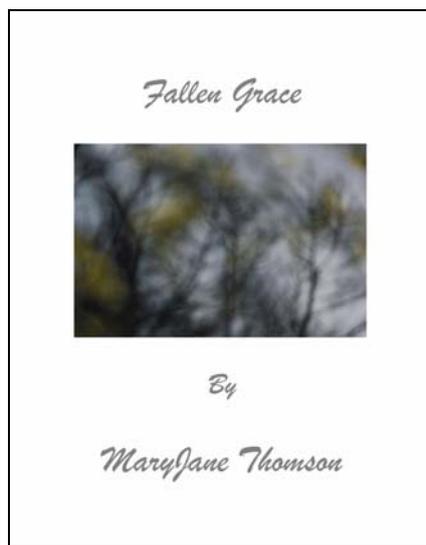
August

IN SUMMERLAND.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLIII, Issue 2600, 12 August 1922, Page 5.

THE PRODIGAL. By H H Heatley.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLIII, Issue 2602, 19 August 1922, Page 5.

TULLY AND THE BOAR. By T E L Roberts.
Ellesmere Guardian, Volume XLIII, Issue 2603, 23 August 1922, Page 5.

New publication: *Fallen Grace* by MaryJane Thomson



The Night Press (a division of HeadworX Publishers run by PANZA member Mark Pirie) in Wellington, New Zealand, which publishes high quality limited edition booklets, has released the debut collection of poems by MaryJane Thomson. Thomson is an artist, writer and photographer living in Wellington, New Zealand. Website:

www.maryjanethomson.com Some of her poems have been published in Black Mail Press. Her first book, a memoir *Sarah Vaughan is Not my Mother* (Awa Press, 2013), was one of the year's best books at Radio NZ and was widely reviewed in New Zealand papers/magazines. Kim Hill interviewed Thomson in 2013. Thomson's book comprises a sequence of 24 poems selected and arranged by HeadworX editor Mark Pirie. These form a selection of her latest poems. The poems, thought provoking and powerful, bristle with energy and evocative lines, richly layered. Thomson works by the process of thought construction, often using opposite images juxtaposed to build her poems. She offers an original insight in to society.

Auckland poet Riemke Ensing has written on Thomson's *Fallen Grace*: "And then suddenly, something very different to what you might have expected, is sent in the mail, and you're caught unaware by what you might call the music of the street - a voice looking for a lost self, trying to make sense of the world - personally and politically. A questioning voice that feels marginalized and frequently alienated from much of the material world as we know it, but not necessarily wanting company either. It's a voice looking for direction, wanting freedom from restraint, yet resorting (at times) to rhyme - wanting to hold on to the familiar without being enslaved. It's an agitated voice, restless, anxious about conformity, about being 'swallowed' into commonality. Sometimes a sense of panic pervades, fear of being self-centered, 'looking out from within ... / your brain the flame' but in the end, the influence that operates is grace - 'the gold in the grey is hopeful' and 'the light comes in'."

Thomson's book will be released in July this year in a limited print run and will be made available as a viewable pdf and free download from The Night Press website

<http://broadsheetnz.wordpress.com/other-publications/> or from Mark Pirie's website under EBooks: <http://www.markpirie.com/ebooks>

MaryJane Thomson

LEAVE IT TO THE SUMMER NIGHT

Once so grand, oh how you stifle,
like summer into autumn, you leave a
non-resurrecting form of matter,
as winter comes (all thanks) it will be
strewn.

To assassinate one's character brings
the folly to bloom,
getting through winter on the whiskers
of a left over fleeting,
not like a minute, more like a second,
when everything you ever thought
stops.

How meanings change, some things just
don't stay the same.

In with spring,
you marvel at the wonderment of how
new life can make you forget,
you let the dark out, the light comes in,
but you didn't know you were stuck in
night,
until you got bored of the star light,
something so bright.

Now you can see the light of dusk,
the thoughts of autumn have water,
bringing you to the depth of
understanding.

Summer comes you acquiesce,
but the waters so high it gives you fear,
fear to say no running back there.

Tribute to Hilary Baxter

The New Zealand poet Hilary Baxter (1949-2013) died late last year. She was the daughter of James K Baxter and Jacquie Sturm and had lived for a long time among the arts community at Paekakariki.

Hilary had been writing poems since the '60s and began writing at age 14. On the back cover of her only published poetry collection, *The Other Side of Dawn*, is the following about Hilary:

She had several poems published in university magazines in Dunedin in the mid-60s. She sees what she has written as recalling many stages of her life to date; moving out from the shadow of her literary background and parentage: – the writer J C Sturm and the late poet-playwright, James K Baxter – into her own creativity.

Hilary is descended, through her mother, from the Taranaki and Whakatohea tribes and, through her father, from the MacMillans of the Western Highlands; she has a strong affinity with these ancestral ties.

Hilary spent time living in Darwin, Australia, as well travelling around New Zealand. She was an 'occasional writer, labourer and traveller'.

Hilary Baxter's *The Other Side of Dawn* appeared in 1987. The Spiral women's collective published it. The poems show the influence of American minimalist and free verse forms of poetry such as the Beat Movement of the 1950s that used Asian forms like Zen haiku and the *I Ching/Book of Changes*. Her poems are notable for their unusual subject matter detailing the junkies of Auckland's Grafton in the '60s and the insider world of 'bikie' gangs in New Zealand. Editors Juliet Raven and Jane Bowron, in the preface to her book, stated that 'Hilary [spoke] for voices that are seldom heard in our community, "the people of the invisible dark".'



Hilary c1987

Fellow poet and PANZA co-founder Dr Michael O'Leary sent in the following poem-tribute to Hilary. It's a moving elegy and reflects the aroha that the author and others that knew her felt towards her.

Michael O'Leary

SONNET TO HILARY BAXTER

Death is so much easier to write about
after the fact
It is living and breathing that makes life
problematic

Complexity and subtle evocations of our
fragilities
The indistinguishable blends of our
interactions

Our loves, whether real or imagined, are
still ours –
So, Jesus, Mary and Joseph existed
alongside your

Whānau, both real, yet the unreal was
easier to deal
With for your illness was multi-faceted,
and held

Sway over your everyday and eternal
longings, which
Your poetry evoked and through which
you sang your

Humble songs of love and frightful
nightmares that rode
Through the dark forest of your
imagination, and the light

Of your Lord leading you towards and
away from the abyss
It's difficult to say, but we all loved you
in our own way ...

Haere ra ki te wāhi rangimarie, e hoa,

nō reira,

haere, haere, haere

Further comment on Donald H Lea

PANZA has been made aware that the World War One digital military personnel file for Donald H Lea is now available for download from Archives New Zealand.

Donald H Lea, a Kiwi soldier-poet, was profiled by PANZA member Mark Pirie in *Poetry Notes*, Spring 2013, Volume 4, Issue 3.

You can download and find Lea's record by going to Archways / Archives New Zealand and typing in his name 'Donald Henry Lea'.

Donate to PANZA through PayPal

You can now become a friend of PANZA or donate cash to help us continue our work by going to <http://pukapukabooks.blogspot.com> and accessing the donate button – any donation will be acknowledged.

Recently received donations

Auckland University Press – 22 titles.

Michael O'Leary – three titles.

PANZA kindly thanks these donators to the archive.

About the Poetry Archive

Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa (PANZA)

PANZA contains

A unique Archive of NZ published poetry, with around five thousand titles

from the 19th century to the present day.

The Archive also contains photos and paintings of NZ poets, publisher's catalogues, poetry ephemera, posters, reproductions of book covers and other memorabilia related to NZ poetry and poetry performance.

Wanted

NZ poetry books (old & new)
Other NZ poetry items i.e. critical books on NZ poetry, anthologies of NZ poetry, poetry periodicals and broadsheets, poetry event programmes, posters and/or prints of NZ poets or their poetry books.

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- Books on NZ poetry and literary history, and CD-ROMs of NZ poetry and literature.

• CDs of NZ poets reading their work.
You can assist the preservation of NZ poetry by becoming one of the Friends of the Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa (PANZA).

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Visits welcome by appointment

Current PANZA Members:

Mark Pirie (HeadworX), Roger Steele (Steele Roberts Ltd), Michael O'Leary (Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop) and Niel Wright (Original Books).

Current Friends of PANZA: Paul Thompson, Gerrard O'Leary, Vaughan Rapatahana and the New Zealand Poetry Society.

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