

Autumn 2014
Volume 5, Issue 1

ISSN 1179-7681

Inside this Issue

- 1 Welcome
- Michael O'Leary on
A. Stanley Sherratt
- 3 Report on the Hawke's
Bay Poetry Conference
- 4 Comment on John Gallas
- 5 Classic New Zealand
poetry from *NZ Farmer*
1937-65
- 10 Joan of Arc sonnet found
- 11 Colin Meads rugby poem
found
- Comment on Harvey
McQueen
- New publications by PANZA
member and launch report
- 13 Donate to PANZA through
PayPal
- Recently received
donations
- About the Poetry Archive

PANZA
1 Woburn Road
Northland
Wellington

Poetry Notes

Quarterly Newsletter of PANZA

Welcome

Hello and welcome to issue 17 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.

Articles and poems are copyright in the names of the individual authors.

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

<http://poetryarchivenz.wordpress.com>

Michael O'Leary on A. Stanley Sherratt

Wellington writer and publisher Dr Michael O'Leary (co-founder of PANZA) discusses the forgotten Canterbury poet, A. Stanley Sherratt, whose text Polynesian Legends has been published in book form for the first time since 1924, when it was first serialized in the Christchurch Star newspaper.

Alfred Stanley (Sherry) Sherratt (4 December 1891-26 April 1977) is a little known Canterbury-born poet, and his preferred name was Stan. Of the few biographical details researched by Mark Pirie, we know that Stan Sherratt was a

member of a well-known settler family in the Canterbury/South Canterbury region. Most of the Sherratt family were Primitive/Wesleyan Methodists and were prominent as JPs, borough councillors, timber merchants, mill owners, station managers and sheep farmers in the Canterbury/Geraldine area, and the family originating from Cheshire, England, has its own coat of arms.

Stan's own father Alfred Sherratt (d. 1940 aged 78 years, buried at Kaiapoi) was a tenterer at Buchanan's Paddock (1890 Timaru Electoral Roll) and moved the family north to Kaiapoi soon after, where he was a long-term employee of the Kaiapoi Wool Mills. Stan's mother was Elizabeth Ellen Barker (d. 1949 aged 81 years, buried at Kaiapoi) who had married Alfred in 1889 and is the householder at Peraki Street according to the Wise's Post Office directory from the 1890s till her death. The couple had four children (Stan and two sisters, Marjorie May and Dorothy Alice, and a fourth eldest son Alfred died in infancy). In Kaiapoi the family was affiliated with St Bartholomew's Anglican Church, although they may have also had earlier Methodist Church affiliation. Stan was educated in Canterbury at Kaiapoi Borough School (where also was the poet Edith Howes) and Kaiapoi District High School which opened in 1902. Edith Howes' poem 'Kaiapoi' along with her specially written school poem 'School Days' give insight into Stan's earlier childhood days there:

KAIAPOI

Cool willowed walks and poplar's grace
 O green-embowered Kaiapoi,
 Belong to thy remembered face;
 And childhood's tears and childhood's
 joy.

Curved river's call and gleaming oar,
 And summer days in summer fields,
 Where matchless skylarks sing and
 soar—
 Fair visions these remembrance
 yields...

As a school boy Stan won prizes in bugle competitions (1904-05) and a photo survives in the school history of the boy scout cadets with Bugler Sherratt noted for his prize-winning performances. In 1901 he experienced the Cheviot earthquake, which brought down the school tower. After finishing school, Stan seems to have moved to Christchurch to work for NZ Railways at the Southern Cross Hotel, becoming a clerk/official there. In 1916, during The Great War, Stan was called up to the NZEF (*New Zealand Gazette*, 24 February 1916) to be an officer on the recommendation of Railways. He served as 2nd lieutenant, Corps of New Zealand Engineers, New Zealand Railways Battalion (South Island) as a probationary officer but did not pass initial examination. Railways had posted him to Greymouth where he could get little training (according to his service file) and failed his examination having an "insufficient knowledge of musketry". He was noted as a West Coast reservist working as a clerk at the Duke of Edinburgh Hotel in Greymouth (*Grey River Argus*, 9 May 1917). In 1918 he was again called up and passed for service with the NZEF (*New Zealand Gazette*, 6 June 1918) and was transferred from Trentham Camp to the 45th Reinforcements as an NCO engineer (probationary corporal) with the territorial forces. It's uncertain he saw much service before peace was declared in November because he sent a wreath to a railway worker's funeral in Christchurch in October 1918, suggesting he was still in the country.

He resigned his commission from the NZEF in 1920.

After the war, according to the Electoral Roll, he is listed on the Christchurch South Roll 1919, 1925-38 and lived for a while in Invercargill and Kaiapoi between the 1919 and 1925 rolls. In 1919 he had returned to his job as a clerk/official with Railways living in Christchurch at Moorhouse Avenue. On 25 October 1922, Stan married Eleanor Shardlow. The two are living at the same address at Carrick Street on the 1922 Invercargill Roll, with Stan given as 'NZR clerk'. In Kaiapoi, he must have been a clerk at the Kaiapoi Rail office. During his Kaiapoi return 1923-24 he published the bulk of his newspaper poetry. He returned to Sydenham, Christchurch, by December 1924 resuming his role as a clerk/official for Railways; his occupations are given by the Electoral Roll and the Wise's Post Office directory for the years up until the 1950s when he retired from Railways. Stan and his wife Eleanor had two daughters: Eleanor Elizabeth (1928-2011) and Mae Russell. By 1946, the Wise's directory lists him as having moved to Cholmondeley Avenue, Opawa, Christchurch, where he soon retired and eventually moved north with his daughters to Nelson living out his later years at the family's Waimea Road address. Stan died in April 1977 and was buried at Marsden Valley Cemetery (Anglican plot). His wife died in March 1979 and is buried there with him.

Polynesian Legends (c1924)

Sherratt's imaginative interpretations of Māori myths, *Polynesian Legends*, published in 1924 (under the name "Sherratt"¹) during his time spent at Kaiapoi are significant works for his time period. There may be no other comparable work that is as powerful as his in early telling of Māori legends in poetry. The 'Thirty Polynesian Legends' date from February-September 1924 when he serialised the work as a sequence published in the Christchurch *Star* newspaper. Sherratt was the most prolific of the *Star* group

of poets during the 1922-26 period. He also wrote shorter lyrics or individual pieces for the *Star* from 1923-24 outside of his legends. Wellington literary scholar, poet and publisher Mark Pirie has recently produced a book of mostly unknown and previously unacknowledged *Star* poets in his *broadsheet/12* (special issue, November 2013) published by The Night Press, Wellington, as well as republishing Sherratt's *Polynesian Legends* (HeadworX/ESAW, 2013). Sherratt uses Sir George Grey's *Polynesian Legends and Maori Myths* as his primary source text. Grey compiled his collection of Māori myths and legends, *Ngā Mahinga a ngā Tupuna* (also published in translation as *Polynesian Mythology*), with about a quarter of his material taken from the manuscripts of Wiremu Maihi Te Rangikaheke, also known as William Marsh. Te Rangikaheke was a famous chief of Ngati Rangiwewehi, in the Rotorua district. The son of a celebrated priest, he was born about 1820 and died in 1893. In his 1967 book, *Te Arawa*, D M Stafford tells us that Te Rangikaheke was 'one of the more turbulent characters of Te Arawa'. Grey also made extensive use of the works of Te Rangikaheke in his collection of songs, *Ngā Moteatea*. Like J E Ollivant's *Hine Mōa, the Maori Maiden* (1879), A Perry's *Hinemōa and Tutanekai: A Legend of Rotorua* (1910), J McLauchlan's *Legend of the Dauntless Rimu and the Princess Hia Wata* (1912), Charles Oscar Palmer's *Hinemōa: A Legend of Ao-tea-roa* (1918), Marieda Batten's *Maori Love Legends* (1920), James Izett's *Tutanekai and Hinemōa* (1925) and Johannes C Andersen's *Tura and the Fairies* (1936), several writers of the late 19th Century and early 20th Century produced literary works in the English language, both poetry and prose, inspired by Māori myths and legends. Many writers published in the *Journal of the Polynesian Society* as with John McGregor, James Izett and Elsdon Best also adapted, retold and interpreted legends; so too did James Cowan and A W Reed in the 1950s and 1960s. L F Moriarty made a poetry collection of them in his *Verse from*

Maori Myth and Legend (1958). A full list is given by Linda Hirst in her *Select, Annotated Bibliography of Publications on The Myths, Legends and Folk Tales of the Maori* (1973).

Other writers since the 1950s who have written contemporary takes on these myths and legends in poetic form include Adele Schafer, F Wynn Williams, Barry Mitcalfe, Dora Somerville, Hone Tuwhare, Simon Williamson, Richard Adams (UK), Robert Sullivan, Alistair Te Ariki Campbell, Glenn Colquhoun and Apirana Taylor. A careful search of newspapers, books, periodicals and school annuals will no doubt bring up further names.

In Sherratt's, *Polynesian Legends*, he takes the creation story and turns it into a well-crafted and plausible interpretation of the story of Māui. The thirty sections of the book are of different figures and events revealed in the creation story and are made up of stanzas of varying lengths. Each section has its own heading and the stories come from mainly the Waikato and Te Arawa tribal areas.

Like Ollivant and a host of other writers in English, Sherratt is fascinated by the story of Hinemoa and a whole section is dedicated to the love story between her and Tutanekai. In section 27, titled 'HINE-MOA, THE MAIDEN OF ROTORUA', in the first stanza Sherratt predates the '60s rock god Jimi Hendrix:

Out of the purple haze beyond the lake,
Clear and sweet as the sounds the song
birds make,
Breaking the silence where the earth
met sky,
Came the sweet music of Tutanekai.

Sherratt's sequence, however, begins at the very beginning, as they say, with what is the best known of the Māori myths and legends, the creation story. 'LET THERE BE LIGHT' (No. 1) tells how Rangī, the sky, and Papa, the earth, were parted by their children who were being suffocated by their parents' love for each other:

The children of Rangī and Papa
(The offspring of heaven and earth)
Had lived many years in a darkness—
The darkness that shadowed their
birth.

The poet then takes the reader through a *tour de force* of Māori myths and legends before reaching the exciting and climactic story of 'THE SORCERER, KIKI, IS SLAIN BY THE CHIEF TAMURE OF KAWHIA' (No. 30), with the victory of good over evil.

Surrounded by good genii, did he
Come boldly forth to make a victory;
Enchanted the enchanter—freed the
land
Of evil magic's fell, destroying hand.

While there is more than a hint of good old Christian referencing in the telling of these myths Sherratt's work does illuminate and is authentic to Aotearoa's legend telling tradition. His work is powerful and original for its era and is written in a tougher modern epic style to earlier poets such as Blanche Baughan, Arthur H Adams, Tom Bracken, "Roslyn" [Margaret A. Sinclair] and Alfred Domett (most of who appear in *The Treasury of New Zealand Verse* [1926]) or near contemporaries like Mariëda Batten, Johannes C Andersen or James Izett.

Editor Mark Pirie, like Niel Wright and myself and like-minded scholars through our work with the Poetry Archive of New Zealand Aotearoa (PANZA), are dedicated to discovering and bringing back to life these poems and those of other New Zealand poets who have long been neglected in academic and other anthologies for dubious reasons — ignorance being no excuse.

Dr Michael O'Leary

¹The author "Sherratt" later identified himself as "A. Stanley Sherratt" in December 1924, when he came third in the *Star's* Christchurch poem competition.

Sources used:

Sue Coltart. *Thornley & Ella Sherratt: Their Ancestors and Descendants*. Havelock North: 2006.

Kaiapoi Borough School: KBS Jubilee: 1875-1925.

Births, Deaths and Marriages official records.

Archives New Zealand – WWI Personnel file for Alfred Stanley Sherratt.

New Zealand Gazette.

The Star newspaper (Christchurch).

Papers Past – National Library of New Zealand digital archive.

Family history resources – National Library of New Zealand.

The Nelson Mail newspaper.

Nelson Cemeteries – regional council online database.

Report on the Hawke's Bay Poetry Conference

Bill Sutton, poet, scientist, former politician and an organiser of the recent *Hawke's Bay Poetry Conference* comments on its success and aims for the future.

This meeting held in Havelock North on 1-3 November 2013 was arguably the most successful attempt in 70 years to bring New Zealand poets from every region together, to read their poems and discuss poetry issues face to face. The Conference was organised by a committee of the Hawke's Bay Live Poets' Society, with the intention of celebrating the Society's 21st anniversary year by bringing together as many as possible of the poets who had previously been featured guests at the Society's monthly meetings. This initial focus was expanded as more poets from other districts registered to attend. The final programme placed great emphasis on plenary poetry sessions – there were four of these, each session enabling 12 poets to read for 10 minutes. There were also three 1-hour panel discussions on contemporary poetry issues, each with 4-6 panel members. A further 26 poets were able to read for 10 minutes each to small

poetry groups. Other activities included a visit to Te Mata Winery hosted by poetry patron and vintner John Buck; two sessions of a poetry book exchange; and a working lunch, which featured Professor Harry Ricketts from Victoria University of Wellington as the guest speaker, followed by group discussions on possible ways of organising future conferences.

When the Conference registrations closed in mid-August, 107 poets had pre-paid the \$25 registration fee, with most also paying \$15 to attend the working lunch. For the majority of participants who came from outside Hawke’s Bay, travel and accommodation costs would likely have outweighed the registration and lunch fees. Despite there being no financial assistance provided, there was a good level of participation by poets from most parts of New Zealand.

Of the 74 poets who read their poems to either a plenary session or a small poetry group, 17 came from the greater Wellington region, 16 from Auckland, 9 from the South Island and 15 from Hawke’s Bay. All but one of the remainder came from other North Island districts, including Wairarapa and Taupo, the exception being Mary-Jane Grandinetti from New Jersey, USA, who also contributed to one of the panel discussions.

Subjective impressions of the Conference included excitement and steadily increasing enthusiasm evident at the opening session on Friday evening, as visiting poets realised the quality of the venue and the large number of other poets present. The enthusiasm continued on Saturday morning and during the working lunch. Some signs of tiredness were evident on Saturday evening, but there was renewed enthusiasm on Sunday morning, with many poets being reluctant to leave after the closing ceremony, despite this not being part of the advertised programme. Dave Sharp for the organising committee, and Maris O’Rourke for the visitors, gave brief closing speeches at short notice.

A postal survey of participants resulted in 60 questionnaires being completed and returned. Respondents had been asked to give a rating between 1 and 5

to the Conference as a whole, and its various parts, as an indication of how much they personally enjoyed it and whether similar events should be held in future.

The questionnaires, many with comments attached, supported the subjective impressions reported above. The average rating for the Conference as a whole (calculated from 54 responses) was 4.3, with ratings of 4.9, 4.7 and 4.6 for the registration and lunch fees, venue, and catering. Ratings for the programmed events included 4.5 for the Conference opening – which included a karakia, a brief speech, and several new poems read by Vincent O’Sullivan as Poet Laureate – 4.5 for the experience of reading to a plenary poetry session, 3.9 for the working lunch, 3.8 for the panel discussions and 3.8 for the Conference closing – which included a poroporoaki and speeches. The lowest rating was 3.5 for the experience of reading to a small poetry group.

Clearly most poets preferred to read to the whole conference, rather than to a small group. Equally clearly, more than 8 hours of plenary poetry readings approached or exceeded what most people could absorb in a weekend. No fully satisfactory way around this difficulty has yet been suggested. Less than 10 minutes reading time would be insufficient for many poets. More than 10 minutes would reduce the number of poets able to contribute. Splitting the conference in to two groups, or giving some poets more time than others, could reduce the feelings of collegiality so noticeable on this occasion.

During my opening speech I said the first objective of the organising committee would be to ensure the visiting poets felt welcome in the Hawke’s Bay, knew their contributions were being appreciated, and enjoyed themselves. This was undeniably achieved. Secondly we wanted to see the poets talking to each other: sharing their ideas, greeting old friends, and making new ones. I personally saw many poets, including several more famous ones, doing just that. Thirdly we wanted the conference to assist New Zealand poetry and poets to survive and

thrive. It is too soon know if that objective will be achieved. It is however clear, from the questionnaires and numerous other emails and comments received, that most of the Poetry Conference participants would like similar conferences to be held in future, possibly with some improvements, and probably at two-yearly intervals, to allow enough time for new venues to be chosen and for many hours of organising work.

Bill Sutton, Napier, suttb@xtra.co.nz

Comment on John Gallas

REVIEW OF JOHN GALLAS’S *FRESH AIR AND THE STORY OF MOLECULE* by Mark Pirie

I’ve been a reader of John Gallas since 2005, when I bought a copy of his *Practical Anarchy* from Foyle’s Bookshop in London.

Gallas is one of the leading contemporary poets to have emerged from New Zealand on the international scene. Carcanet Press in Manchester, UK, publishes his books, including this volume under review: *Fresh Air and The Story of Molecule*.

I’m miffed, however, as to why Gallas is not in major New Zealand anthologies of poetry. Bill Manhire has done some work to remedy this in recent years. Gallas is to my mind in the same league as Fleur Adcock who has similarly made her home in the UK and regularly appears in our major anthologies.

This collection of Gallas’s work comprises two books in one: the first collection ‘Fresh Air’ gives us a very interesting and diverse sampling of his free verse and modernist works in very contemporary forms, while the other, ‘The Story of Molecule’, delves into his trademark ability to write in narrative sonnet or ballad form with a talent not dissimilar to Lord Byron’s for the loose narrative rhyming form.

His verse novel in sonnet form, ‘The Story of Molecule’, is the highlight of

the book for me. If you enjoy rhyme, you will like this work. I can think of others who have done similar (not in rhyming form but more Modernist) such as Gregory O'Brien and Ken Bolton, Albert Wendt or Stephen Oliver (*Islands of Wilderness: A Romance* published by Penguin Australia). 'The Story of Molecule' is about a boy Molloy Gillies who runs away from home in Nelson, New Zealand. The references are authentic to the place, and Gallas regularly returns to New Zealand. While Molloy is the central focus and hero of the poem, which eventually arrives at a sad/tragic ending, the other characters of the father, aunt, and police chief are well developed in Gallas's narrative. As I've been to the Nelson region, the poem is vivid to me and highly readable. 'Fresh Air' which starts the book is a *tour de force* of Gallas's free style Modernist poetry and rhyming forms, with colourful long poem titles and much humour, e.g. 'A Poem from the Darkling Days of Samuel Beckett, Written in a Hole in the Turf at the Top of Lugnaquilla During Hail'. In one of my breaks at work, I spent time with a notebook deciphering Gallas's 'A Sonnet for my Cat'. These are the opening lines (with my translation in brackets):

Ell ee tee em ee [Let me]
Ess ell ee ee pee [Sleep]

e. e. cummings and these types of word games always appealed to me. Any reader of Gallas knows that he has travelled far and understands many cultures, exemplified by his anthology *The Song Atlas: A Book of World Poetry*. I recommend Gallas's works to anyone wanting to keep abreast of the latest developments in contemporary poetry. Unlike some of the more extreme contemporary poets who lose their readability, Gallas is always easy to dip in to and entertaining. In short, he's a lot of fun. He's a writer I look up to, for having these qualities as a poet as well as the technical nous. There are lovely illustrations included in the book by Sarah Kirby.

Classic New Zealand poetry

This issue's classic New Zealand poetry is by child/teen poets of *New Zealand Farmer*, 1937-65.

PANZA researcher Mark Pirie comments: 'I spent a fortnight at the National Library reading the poetry in bound volumes of the *New Zealand Farmer* periodical, as yet an untold story in literary histories.

I can now see several things in the poetry this periodical was publishing in those years around the middle of the 20th century.

The editorial stance was unquestionably modern and Georgian with occasional free verse of the minimalist type.

Each issue during the 1930s carried a poetry page, 'The Poets' Corner', selected by "Jane" and included on 'The Countrywoman at Home' page in which Georgian and modern poets were reproduced, e.g. the New York poet and wit Dorothy Parker who was known to New Zealanders by the 1940s through her publication in *New Zealand Farmer*. Others included UK poets like Rupert Brooke, James Stephens, Ernest Dowson, W H Davies etc.

Also in each issue was a children's section and after the poetry page had ceased by the early '40s, *New Zealand Farmer* continued its children's section up till the 1960s. It seemed to be still continuing when I stopped reading at 1965.

The child/teen poets received rewards and totalled points for their contributions, some receiving gifts of stationery sent to their addresses.

There were occasional poems reprinted in the paper itself separate from these other poetry pages. In one issue, a sheep dog poet had a near full-page spread on the dog trial page.

While I have only seen two New Zealand poems on 'The Poets' Corner' adult page 1937-1941: 'The Old Bridge' by A R D Fairburn published 1941 (a later poem in his *Collected Poems*) and 'L'Envoi' by Seaforth Mackenzie published 1939 (a rugby poem), the children's section is mostly local rural New Zealand content.

From what I've seen the children's section is the most significant local literary publication in *New Zealand Farmer*. Some of these children/teens under 16 or 17 years were comparable in subject matter and quality with the Caxton Press regional group in the years 1940-65. A few were of very high quality and technical skill. I can reproduce about 20 poems to prove these points. Again, these poems were Georgian and usually short lyrics on animals, changing seasons, aspects of farm-life, the countryside, birdlife and New Zealand's native flora and fauna. These poets/poems have not appeared in anthology form. It indicates how much poetry material remains in historical New Zealand newspapers and periodicals not closely reread.

The *New Zealand Farmer* teen/child correspondents include the following unknown poets: Dawn Simpson, Gwen Gillard, Valerie Harvey, Janet Runciman, Isabel Robinson, Margaret Wylie, Eileen Hartley, Kathleen Bartley, Anita Dickie, Ethel Watson, Isabel Ollivier, Jennifer Penny, Hope Lange, Glenys McGuigan, Marjorie Frear, Audrey Murphy, Suzanne Wainwright, and Nancy Mee. I have not looked into details of their lives or their future married names and book publications, if any.

Remarkably, they are all girls in a period when women's poetry was slim pickings or believed to be.

There were, however, boy poets in *New Zealand Farmer*. I've included just one here (Joe Kwong), and this representative selection is from several hundred poems in those years.

It's therefore important to reprint their material as indicative of the national ethos and rural poetry of its day often not on the radar in academic anthologies of our poetic history.'

Poems from *New Zealand Farmer*, 1937-65

EVENING SPLENDOUR

I stood upon the grey, bare rocks,
One evening as the sun went down.
The gulls were wheeling overhead,
The horizon wore a golden crown.

Autumn 2014

A slight sea-breeze blew back my hair;
A fisherman waited for a bite;
The sky above was pink and clear,
And on-coming was the night.

The dark green and rolling sea,
Swelling from its ocean-floor,
Seemed to breathe; back of me
The breakers crashed upon the shore.

Seagulls skimmed the foamy crests;
With screaming cries they glided round
Or stood and preened their feathered
breasts
Accompanied by the ocean's sound.

Now the wind was rising;
Night would soon be here.
Far off I saw a lighthouse flash—
Its light was bright and clear.

Gwen Gillard age 17

*(New Zealand Farmer, 16 September
1948)*

AUTUMN PASSING

A flight of birds, by some sound
disturbed,
Whirling up to the sky?
No. Just a whisk of leaves, from the
garden trees,
Learning to fly.
The wind, as their master, cries "Faster,
leaves, faster—
Dip low and fling high,
Somersault lightly, swirl and twirl
brightly;
No time to cry."
"My boisterous playing" (the cold wind
was saying)
"No more you'll defy.
Though you dance your best, I'll not let
you rest,
E'en though you try.
Oh, dance and be gay, so short is your
day!
Laugh and be spry.
The tree of your birth is sad at your
mirth,
But heed not her sigh.
A little more flying, and then you'll be
lying
Quite ready to die.

There on the ground, all broken and
brown,
You'll quietly lie.
But soon there'll be others, I'll gather
your brothers
And teach them to fly,
And you'll see them whirling and
twisting and twirling
With me by and by."

Dawn Simpson age 17

*(New Zealand Farmer, 19 January
1950)*

THE VIOLIN

The violin lies in the attic upstairs
By the trunks and the boxes and old
broken chairs.
Poor violin, forgotten so;
Nowadays nobody picks up the bow
To draw it lightly across the strings
And listen to the music it brings.
Once, long ago, it was loved by all
And played merrily at the barn yard ball
Grandfather played it on Sunday night
Beneath the glow of the candle light.

Anita Dickie age 14

(New Zealand Farmer, 2 August 1962)

AUTUMN MAGIC

Today I saw the sunset through a
shower of autumn rain,
And watched the raindrops glitter on the
window pane.
I listened to the restless wind that makes
the willows shiver,
And heard the lonely cry of a bittern
from the river.
I saw the misty ranges in the distance
And watched them as they changed
their fading hue;
I listened as the wind died into silence,
And heard a soaring skylark trilling,
too.
I saw the sky turn golden as the sun
sank,
And watched the gilt-edged clouds
anchored high.

I listened to the whisper of the
raindrops,
And heard a tiny streamlet trickle by.
I saw the sky cloud over shortly after,
And watched the glowing pastel light
grow dim,
I listened once again, but now the
stillness
Was broken by the murmur of the wind.
I wonder if you've seen the world turn
golden,
I wonder if you've heard what raindrops
say,
Have you ever seen a lovely autumn
sunset,
Through a silver shower just like I
saw—today?

Dawn Simpson age 17

(New Zealand Farmer, 21 July 1949)

AN AUTUMN NIGHT

The fiery glow of the sinking sun
Fades over the far blue hill;
The dying day its course has run,
The land is quiet and still.

A small clear stream goes rippling by,
Sparkling like crystal dew,
And the picturesque sunset surrounding
the sky
Is a shimmering, soft pearly hue.

The tall trees sigh in the cool night air,
Their red and brown leaves sadly
falling;
The moon rides on high, so pale and as
fair,
All about is the night wind calling.

The stars twinkle on in the diamond-lit
sky,
They think of the soft wind's croon,
Of the sparkling stream, as it goes
rippling by,
And the paleness of the dying moon.

Valerie Harvey age 16

*(New Zealand Farmer, 1 February
1951)*

MUSTERING

The men, they get up early on a bright
summer's morn,
They saddle up their horses before the
crack of dawn.
They clatter from the stable and canter
up the hill,
Whistling to their dogs and working
with a will.
They chase sheep from the gullies and
out on to the flats,
Looking round most carefully for any
on their backs.
They chase them all together and force
them into mobs,
Then move towards the homestead,
guided carefully by the dogs.
When barking stops and bleatings cease
the sheep all settle down,
And over all the sprawling pens there's
scarcely heard a sound.

Glenys McGuigan age 14

(New Zealand Farmer, 21 July 1949)

THE BUSH FIRES

They journey through the forestries,
Round Taupo and Mokai,
And send their dense black billows
Of smoke high into the sky.

These fires, they travelled rapidly,
And through the forest glades
An avalanche of raging flames
Fought battles with the brigades.

Right through the pine forests
And down by Atiamuri
The angry, licking flames
Flared high in upmost fury.

No mercy, showed these cruel, fierce
fires,
All causing devastation,
Leaving in their perilous wake
A sea of desolation.

Houses were in danger,
And men from far and wide—
Bushman, soldier's, sailors—
Fought until it died.

But many stately pine trees,
Their skeletons revealed,
Are spelling ruination
That will not soon be healed.

How can some careless people
Let the forests we admire
Just disappear before our eyes,
Swept by destructive fire?

Isabel Robinson age 15

(New Zealand Farmer, c1947)

THE TUI

Long, long ago, the minstrel tui sang.
By Manawa-pouri's shore his magic
carols rang;
Like elfin chimes the sweet notes rose
and fell—
The tui rang his silver vesper bell.

Beyond the ivory gate the tui sings once
more,
As long ago on Manawa-pouri's shore,
Rippling and sweet on Dreamland's
misty plain,
The tui plays his silver flute again.

Deep in my heart that vagrant anthem
dwells,
Lilting and falling like sound of fairy
bells;
By dim, blue lakes on memory's happy
shore,
His silver flute enchanted, the tui plays
once more.

Eileen Hartley age 15

(New Zealand Farmer, c1949)

SPRING'S ARRIVAL

She lighted softly on the fresh green
earth,
Deciduous trees burst forth their tender
shoots;
She seemed to grant the countryside
new birth.
The daffodils dance around the blue-
gum's roots,
And once again the brook commenced
to flow,
And birds endeavoured to outsing their
friends.

The lambs did bleat, while cows o'er
calves did low,
And violet peeped down where the
river bends.

Soft, tepid breezes swept the azure sky,
The sun beamed down upon the
glistening dew;
The kowhai trees sent forth a tui's cry,
The lark, from eyries, mounted to the
blue.

Where bees competed races in the
clover
Two new-born fillies ambled down the
lea.
The rain had gone, and all the frosts
were over.
The countryside, from winter's grasp,
was free!

Isabel Robinson age 16

*(New Zealand Farmer, 30 October
1947)*

SPRING'S RETURN

I stood one evening on a grassy hill,
The air was sweet and warm, and very
still,
And as I turned towards the west
I saw the place I loved the best
In all the world.

I saw a valley with a tiny stream,
The willows and the stately poplars—
green?
Nay, like phantoms, misty, grey
They stood, wrapped in the silv'ry ray
The moon unfurled.

Once more I stood upon that grassy hill,
The air, though sweet and warm, no
more was still.

A small breeze wafted gently by;
I felt—and yet not knowing why—
Someone was near.

I turned and saw the valley, still serene.
But now the silent trees were clothed in
green.
As if some herald's trumpet blast
Had wakened me, I knew at last
That spring was here!

Margaret Wylie age 15

(New Zealand Farmer, 29 May 1947)

THE STORM

The sky unfurled her sails of white,
 And waves lashed down upon the shore.
 The seagulls wheeled and screamed with fright;
 The westerly wind blew all the more.

High banks of water, frothed with foam,
 Lashed down on cliffs with a deafening roar;
 The wind in the trees kept up a low moan,
 Yet still skyward did the seagulls soar.

The moon was a ghostly lantern, creeping along.
 Not a star was seen on the milky way,
 Hunched and cold were the cows in the canyon,
 And the rain fell in torrents all day.

Under the banked, blackened storm clouds,
 The thunder roared and the lightning flashed,
 The leaves were torn from the trees,
 And mountains of water on the lighthouse were dashed.

The storm calmed down in two more days,
 Grasses lifted their heads to the gentle dew rain,
 And the sun let down her dancing soft rays;
 The storm-blown valley was itself once again.

Kathleen Bartley age 13
 (*New Zealand Farmer*, 15 March 1951)

CHARLESTON – THE BYGONE

Man has left his mark there—
 His traces to be seen
 By all who pass
 Along the Charleston road,

And proud is the land which carries
 These scars of by-gone days,
 When gold ruled in the Buller
 And Seddon held the seat.

They sluiced away the hillsides,
 Sifted mud and sand,
 Panned all through the gravel
 And grained the yellow grains.

In the city life was lively,
 For men came from afar
 To comb the sands and pakihi,
 To leave as wealthy men.

For some life was not easy,
 Their wealth they never made,
 While others spent their fortunes
 In bars and gambling spots.

And doors were never locked there,
 For one could trust another,
 And the price paid for dishonesty
 Was to flee the place forever.

But no more ships the Nile carries;
 The city it is gone,
 And now the European alone
 Links the present with the past.

The land is mantled in yellow gorse,
 And arum lilies here and there,
 And the sea beats sullenly at the cliffs
 With a sad and lonely roar.

The road is much more wide,
 With sealing here and there.
 Gone are the horses and wagons,
 But trucks and cars instead.

The school no longer is in use,
 A policeman – there is none,
 For the gold began to lessen
 Many years ago.

Ethel Watson age 14
 (*New Zealand Farmer*, 16 Aug 1962)

TE TIRITI O WAITANGI

Captain Hobson rose to his feet,
 Spoke to the Maoris around him,
 Glanced at a certain written sheet,
 And looked at the Pakehas, tidy and trim.

Reverend Henry Williams then
 Translated what Hobson said
 And in this lengthy type of way
 The Treaty of Waitangi was read.

One Maori chief jumped up with a spring
 And faced the tattooed men.
 His voice made the garden ring—
 “Think before you take the pen!”

Loud and soft it rose and fell,
 Emphasized with actions.
 Satisfaction filled his face
 As he watched the men’s reactions.

Murmurs broke out everywhere,
 As the many Maoris talked.
 At last a tattooed chief arose,
 In silence back and forth he walked.

Finally he raised his hand,
 Clapped round a weapon smelling tangy.
 Turning, he walked up and signed,
 Te Tiriti O Waitangi.

Isabel Ollivier age 12
 (*New Zealand Farmer*, 11 October 1962)

THE LIONS

I went to see the Lions play,
 At Wanganui, on that great day.
 O’Reilly, Hewitt and 13 others,
 They played together just like brothers.
 Although they won nine points to six,
 There were some very well-earned kicks.
 When Karatau went over for a try,
 You should have heard the huge crowd cry,
 “Keep going Wanganui, you’re doing fine.”
 Just then Faull went over the line,
 And that try was the winning score,
 And the Lions had won their battle once more.

Audrey Murphy, age 13
 (*New Zealand Farmer*, 18 Feb 1960)

ALAS, TOWN LOVER

Have you, wise fools, ever heard
 The wond’rous music of the bird?
 The happy laughing of the breeze
 Whisp’ring through the golden trees?

Haven't you seen the misty hills,
Touched with delicate emerald rills,
Beckoning at you through the rain,
Telling you to come again?

Oh, fools, fools of a sightless world,
Go, go and see the water curled
In a glittering, tempestuous wave,
A sight which bounteous nature gave.

Have you never stopped to listen
When rain on tree leaves shines and
glistens,
To the beautiful music your God has
made,
The tui singing in a flax-filled glade?

Your beauty is in the flashing light,
Or where hills grow green and bright,
Shining hills and soft sighing trees,
Things of beauty and song are these.

Suzanne Wainwright age 15

(New Zealand Farmer, 2 January 1964)

MOUNT EVEREST

Mount Everest stands towering into the
vast blue and empty sky,
That perilous mountain which has
caused so many to die;
She laughs at those intrepid spirits who
tried to penetrate her topmost peak,
But tried in vain and ended in defeat.

At last another party aimed to scale and
conquer her,
A strong and well equipped party they
proved they were.
They saw the roaring avalanche that
brought the terror,
And each glacier carefully scaled, they
to her peak came nearer.

That same party one day were able to
cry "We have won,
We have done what no one else has
done,
The Mighty Goddess of the World has
not won,
But we ourselves are the victorious one."

Marjorie Frear age 14

(New Zealand Farmer, 3 June 1954)

EGYPT

If in my hands the power should be
To visit any land, and see
Its wonders, often read in books,
I should not choose those homely nooks
Of England; nor the blinding lights
Of New York's gay, unsleeping nights;
I should not think – no, not by far –
Of visiting cold Canada.

But I should choose, in all the earth,
Civilisation's land of birth –
Land of mystery and might,
Land where first there dawned the light
Of knowledge, that in modern days
Our scientists yet freely praise –
Egypt, where in ages past
This wealth of learning, deep and vast,
Was pondered, proved and written
down,
'Ere England yet had seen one crown.

I'd tread with awe over those ancient
sands.

The great sphinx, made by ancient
hands,
I'd gaze at with a reverend eye,
For who can tell what secrets lie
In that stone heart, forever still?
And as the pyramids, I viewed,
I'd think of kings, robed many-hued,
In slow procession passing here;
And poet, bard, soothsayer, seer,
I'd think of how, in unknown ways
The slaves these pyramids could raise,
And how they had to work and toil,
And shuffle through this shifting soil
With heavy loads and straining backs,
With following along their tracks,
Their masters, cruel whips in hands,
While every slave bears deep-marked
brands
Across his back, for trivial things,
A little pause, a fresh cut brings,
A muttered word, or failing power,
And on the sand that slave would
cover.

And yet I'd see some good things, too –
Astronomers would come in view;
Mathematicians, hard at work
With problems you or I would shirk,
And buildings, greater far than we
Have ever built, are there to see
And mummies: if for but one hour
Those mummies had in them the power
To tell us all they'd seen and heard!
But, no, they utter not a word,

Although their fixed, unseeing stare
Does seem to say to us, "Beware,
Do not try to seek for those
Great secrets that our nation owes
Her former wealth and power to;
Now and then have been a few
Who probed our mysteries, and found
A knowledge past all human bound;
But these mysteriously died
Because they found what we must hide.
Let the living be content
With whatsoever life has sent,
And if they let the dead be dead
No curse will come down on their
head."

Egypt, land of mystery,
That's the place I long to see.

Joe Kwong age 14

*(New Zealand Farmer, 1 February
1951)*

THUNDERHEAD

A new-born colt, on wobbly legs,
Stood up beside his dam.
He gazed at the world with wondering
eyes,
At trees, at sky, at land.

Quietly the years passed,
The colt grew strong and tall,
Then one fine day he sniffed the wind
And caught the wild call.

He kicked his heels, and shook his head,
Then galloped off alone.
He was free now, as the eddying wind,
And nowhere was his home.

That night he screamed a warning cry
To all who challenged his name.
He called himself the Thunderhead
That came with the driving rain.

Every time a storm broke out,
With billows of driving rain,
The thunder was his pounding hooves,
The lightning his snow white mane.

Jennifer Penny age 14

(New Zealand Farmer, 30 January 1964)

THE PINES

Standing all in a straight proud row
Are the pines that were planted long ago;
So huge and very dark they stand,
Spreading for miles across the land.

They have sheltered the cattle
Beneath their towering heights,
And they have rested the birds
On their long, weary flights.

Like a ship in a storm,
As straight as a mast,
They have stood brave and strong
In the years that are past.

And the song of their boughs
(Fringed with needles they be)
Is as deep in the night
As the song of the sea.

Hope Lange age 15

(New Zealand Farmer, 2 November 1939)

A GLORIOUS DAY

Green clover lines the fields for miles,
While overhead the sun
Pours out its rays of golden smiles
On each and every one.

Wild flowers grow among the fields,
A vividly beautiful throng,
And the heavenly scent that each flower yields
Inspires the birds to song.

Valerie Harvey age 16

(New Zealand Farmer, 8 June 1950)

OLD GUM

So tall are the branches,
So green are the leaves,
As the old gum sways
In the soft, gentle breeze.

A home for the birds
In its rugged, grey boughs;
Shelter from the sun
For the sheep and the cows.

Many years has it stood
Against the wind and storm—
The old gum tree
So graceful, yet warm.

Janet Runciman age 12

(New Zealand Farmer, 8 June 1950)

NIGHT

Softly the darkness comes over the ground,
Nothing stirs, nothing moves, never a sound.
A bird in the treetops gives a feeble peep,
And the child in the cot is falling to sleep.

Night comes on like a slow-moving train,
One hears the noise of the first spots of rain,
But to the child in the cot it is all in vain,
For he falls to sleep, sleep, again.

A wind springs up out of the night,
And the stars seem all aflame with light,
The ships are rolling out on the seas,
But through the window blows a gentle breeze.

The sun is rising out in the east,
But the child dreams on of the huge ugly beast.
He gives out a wild and piercing scream—
He does not know it is all a dream.

The sun comes up and lights the sky,
The child awakes and begins to cry.
Night is over, morning is nigh.

Nancy Mee age 13

(New Zealand Farmer, 1 February 1951)

EARLY MORNING

The pale grey hills, and the quiet land,
Await the coming morn.
The whispering trees by the night winds fanned,
Are silhouettes against the dawn.

A flush of pink, and a pearly hue,
Creep slowly into the sky;
The land is covered with diamond-like dew,
Which sparkles like the stars on high.
A rosy light illumines the grey,
And through it peeps the sun,
The grey clouds slowly fade away,
And the long dark night is done.

Valerie Harvey age 16

(New Zealand Farmer, 1 February 1951)

Joan of Arc sonnet found

Another poem from *New Zealand Farmer* of uncertain authorship is the following poem by Ailsa Clarke. We present the poem as we found it:

JOAN OF ARC

Alone she faced them, one unlettered girl,
Matched with their pride, their learning and their skill,
Lawyer and churchman, noble, knight and churl,
Together leagued in one malignant will.
But what can malice against simple sooth?
She all alone, by gibe and scoff assailed,
Armed but with mother wit and native truth,
Over their learning and their arts prevailed.
What though, her voice mute, no helper nigh,
One bitter hour she stooped to mortal shame?
The moment passed, she put her weakness by,
And went unfaltering to the final flame.
So like a beacon through the centuries dark,
For ever shines thy memory, Joan of Arc.

Ailsa Clarke

(New Zealand Farmer, 1 November 1956)

A previous poem 'The Brook' sent in by Ailsa Clarke [age 9] in *New Zealand Farmer*, 1954, was a copy of Lord Tennyson's 'The Brook'. This suggests to a discerning critic that 'Joan of Arc' may not be by Ailsa Clarke but by another poet, although the paper has credited the poem to her so it could be by her. We've not found the sonnet elsewhere. If anyone has more information on this sonnet, we'd be happy to hear from you. – Ed.

Colin Meads rugby poem found

PANZA researcher Mark Pirie recently found a poem on Sir Colin Meads, New Zealand's All Black rugby legend. It appeared in a school annual donated to PANZA by Rowan Gibbs.

The poem comments on an incident in an unnamed match during the four Test series between New Zealand and the touring British Lions. The series was Meads's last before retirement from international rugby in 1971.

COLIN MEADS

In one passing rush,
by the Lions,
Mike Gibson, in the centre,
fumbled the ball.

It looked like a knock-on.
No whistle sounded,
he kept on going,
he was tackled,
he went down.

Four or five inches,
from him lay the New Zealand capt,
Colin Meads, also trap't
in the bottom of the ruck.

Spoke up Meads: "What about the
knock-on ref?"
Spoke up Gibson: "I quite agree with
you Colin."
Said Meads, with a big grin, on his face:
"I wasn't talking to you."

By Ben Gnali, Form 4G4, Melville High School, in *Coptic* 1971 school magazine

Comment on Harvey McQueen

The Melville High School magazine *Coptic* 1971 contains an interesting valedictory for the New Zealand poet and educationalist Harvey McQueen. McQueen was a generous donator of his poetry collections to PANZA. We will reproduce his valedictory here as it gives important information about his involvement with the library collection at Melville High School, showing he had a long history of undertaking such collection work:

MR H. J. McQUEEN

Mr H. J. (Harvey) McQueen who joined the Staff of Melville High School in 1966, leaves at the end of this year to become a Secondary Schools' Inspector with the Department of Education in Hamilton. Mr McQueen is an old pupil of Akaroa District High School and Christchurch Boys' High School, and graduated M.A. with Honours from Canterbury University. After a year at Christchurch Teachers' College, he taught at Morrinsville College and (with his [first] wife) at Thames High School, before both came to Melville six years ago. He had been Head of the School's English Department since that time.

Mr McQueen's contributions to the School have been both valuable and various. Besides ensuring that the English Department has run effectively and efficiently, he has been responsible for building up the School Library to its present total of over 6,000 books. He has coached hockey teams, acted as sixth form Dean, and this year produced the highly successful "Pygmalion". He has also been very active in professional matters, and is currently Chairman of

the Waikato Region of the Post-Primary Teachers' Association. Both staff and pupils will miss Mr McQueen very much next year, but we all wish him well in his new position, and look forward to seeing him at the school from time to time in his new capacity.



Photo: Harvey McQueen 1971

New publications by PANZA member and launch report

BOOK LAUNCH REPORT: RUGBY POEMS AND LEGENDS

HeadworX Publishers and Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop released two new books at Quilters Bookshop on Saturday afternoon, 30 November 2013. Bill Sutton, scientist, former politician, Hawke's Bay poet and organiser of the recent Hawke's Bay Poetry Conference, launched Mark Pirie's *Sidelights: Rugby Poems*, while Niel Wright launched A. Stanley Sherratt's *Polynesian Legends* (unpublished in book form since 1924) on behalf of the co-publisher Dr Michael O'Leary (who was unable to attend).

Niel Wright read an excerpt from Michael's introduction to *Polynesian Legends* (reproduced in full below), and spoke about the importance of acknowledging our poetry from the 1920s period. The book he said came with an endorsement by Vaughan Rapatahana, one of our leading cultural

commentators in the area of Māori literature.
 Bill Sutton, speaking about Mark Pirie’s book *Sidelights*, applauded Mark’s continuing efforts to bring sport and literature together. Sutton noted that sport was widely acknowledged to be an important component of New Zealand culture, but was only rarely celebrated in our poetry. He finished by reading one of his own poems about Richie McCaw inspired to do so after reading Mark’s poems in *Sidelights*.
 Mark Pirie thanked the speakers and the printer Tony King who did the cover for *Sidelights* and finished off the speeches by introducing his new book and reading. He noted the unusual fusion of rugby and poetry - two areas of New Zealand society not often connected. He then read a selection of poems from the booklet (available in printed form and online) written between 1993 and 2013, which he said was important to him (his book is dedicated to his grandpa Tom Lawn) allowing him to acknowledge his grandfather’s presence in his life as a former Canterbury representative forward of the 1920s. Mark said one of the best-known traditions/rugby experiences in New Zealand was that of buying a rugby ball for children/nephews/grandchildren/cousins. Mark’s only memory of his grandpa (who died when he was several years old) was of receiving a rugby ball from him:

The Ball

“i remember kicking
 this ball around the yard
 it was a tan rugby ball
 i would spend hours
 running up and down
 the yard chasing
 this ball while
 avoiding those ‘scary hairy’ spiders
 and ‘blood suckers’
 and then one day
 i asked mum where the ball
 had come from

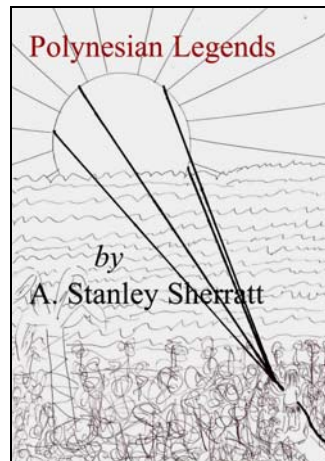
and she said it was from
 my Grandpa

and to this very day
 i always remember that ball

as the only piece of evidence
 that my Grandpa existed.”

An enjoyable afternoon was had by all.

Book information



Title: **Polynesian Legends**
 Author: **A. Stanley Sherratt**
 Editor: Mark Pirie
 ISBN 978-1-86942-141-0
 Price: \$15.00
 Extent: 44 pages
 Format: 148mmx210mm
 Publication: November 2013
 Publisher: Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop/HeadworX

Cover art: *Māui controlling the sun* by Michael O’Leary

About the Book

A. Stanley Sherratt’s powerful early sequence of Māori myths/legends has remained unpublished since 1924, when it was first serialized in the Christchurch *Star*.
 Discovered in 2013 by editor Mark Pirie who has republished the text, this new publication includes an introduction by Māori literary scholar Dr Michael O’Leary, giving details of Sherratt’s life

along with a brief history of Aotearoa legend telling in English.

“Earl of Seacliff and Mark Pirie are to be commended for unearthing this valuable trove of Pākehā representations of Māori mythology and legend, not merely because they have never been committed to print in any sequential book format previously, but more especially because the representations contained within are manifestly without the devious elaborations and misguided romantic capital (Curnow, 1960) of many of Sherratt’s near contemporaries such as Domett. Indeed, Sherratt, for all his iambic pentameter and rhyming couplet, remains true to the Weltanschauung of the original and oral Indigenous élan of these mighty vignettes. Ka nui te pai te mahi kei konei!” – Vaughan Rapatahana

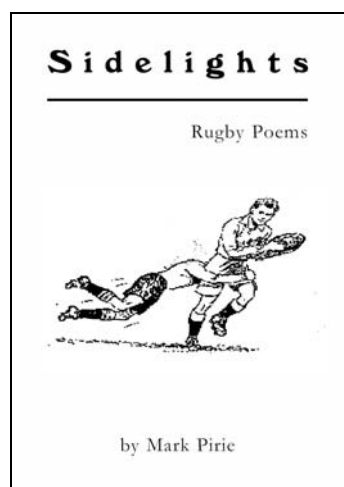
This book is a joint publication between Earl of Seacliff Art Workshop and HeadworX Publishers.

About the Author

A. Stanley (Sherry) Sherratt b. 1891 was a Canterbury Railways clerk/official. He was educated and grew up in Kaiapoi, and afterwards spent much of his working life in Christchurch. Railways posted him to a number of places outside of Christchurch, including Invercargill, Greymouth and Kaiapoi from where he published his *Polynesian Legends* sequence.
 During WWI, he served as a probationary officer in the territorial forces, Corps of New Zealand Engineers, New Zealand Railways Battalion (South Island).
 Sherratt published the bulk of his poetry in the Christchurch *Star* newspaper 1923-24, and was part of the *Star* group of poets 1922-26.
 Stan Sherratt later retired to Nelson with his family.

Title: **Sidelights: Rugby Poems**
 Author: **Mark Pirie**
 ISBN 978-0-473-26483-3
 Price: \$15.00
 Extent: 24 pages
 Format: 148mmx210mm
 Publication: November 2013
 Publisher: The Night Press (a division of HeadworX)

Cover printed letterpress by Tony King at The Printing Works, Cobblestones Museum, Greytown, Wairarapa, New Zealand



About the Book

Featuring poems about the All Blacks, Super Rugby and Mark Pirie's rugby family, this book is dedicated to Mark's rugby playing Grandpa Tommy Lawn.

Contents:

Sidelights [Blues v Hurricanes, April 2013]

The Divided Country

At the Try Line [for Brian Turner]

The Waiting Game

Two Rugby Epigrams

Four Poems on my Grandfather Tom Lawn

My Great Uncle

The Wandering Bard

Five All Blacks Poems [includes Sam Cane, Piri Weepu, Kieran Read, Richie McCaw]

The book's title "Sidelights" comes from a Eden Park rugby column of the

same name in the Auckland *Weekly News*, 1938.

The poems, written between 1993 and 2013, have been widely published in journals, anthologies and newspapers such as Ron Palenski's *Touchlines: An Anthology of Rugby Poetry* (NZ Sports Hall of Fame, 2013), *Under Flagstaff: Dunedin Poetry* (Otago University Press, 2004) and *The Dominion Post*.

The Night Press is a division/imprint of HeadworX Publishers and publishes the poetry journal *broadsheet* and occasional chapbooks/mini books.

About the Author

Mark Pirie is an internationally published New Zealand poet, editor, writer and publisher. In 2010, he edited the successful anthology of NZ cricket poetry *A Tingling Catch* (foreword by Don Neely) and currently writes its offshoot blog *Tingling Catch*. More on Mark Pirie at his website: www.markpirie.com

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

Carole Stewart – *Flower Fairies & Birds of Aotearoa New Zealand* by Carol Paton-White & Carole Stewart.

Anon – *How to Make a Million* by Emma Neale.

New Zealand Poetry Society – Annual Anthology 2013.

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.

DONT THROW OUT OLD NZ POETRY! SEND IT TO PANZA

PANZA will offer:

- Copies of NZ poetry books for private research and reading purposes.
- Historical information for poets, writers, journalists, academics, researchers and independent scholars of NZ poetry.
- Photocopying for private research purposes.
- 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).

Autumn 2014

If you'd like to become a friend or business sponsor of PANZA, please contact us.

Contact Details

Poetry Archive of NZ Aotearoa
(PANZA)
1 Woburn Road, Northland, Wellington
Dr Niel Wright - Archivist
(04) 475 8042
Dr Michael O'Leary - Archivist
(04) 905 7978
email: pukapuka@paradise.net.nz

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.

PANZA is a registered charitable trust