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Poetry Notes

Quarterly Newsletter of PANZA

Welcome

Hello and welcome to issue 13 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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Michael O'Leary on early Māori women poets and waiata

Aotearoa writer and publisher, Dr Michael O'Leary discusses Māori women's poetry and waiata of the early and middle period of the 20th century.

In this essay I discuss the Māori women poets and songwriters and their virtual non-existence in the New Zealand literary world before the 1970s, when Patricia Grace of Ngāti Raukawa, Ngāti Toa and Te Āti Awa published her first work, *Waiariki*, said to be 'the first book of stories written by a Māori woman'

(Gregory O'Brien, *A Nest of Singing Birds*, 2007: 71). Until the late 1960s and the early 1970s Māori writers in New Zealand were scarcely mentioned in the annals of New Zealand's national literature. The names of Hone Tuwhare (Ngā Puhī), Witi Ihimaera (Te Aitanga-a-Māhaki, Ngāti Porou), and Rore Hapipi aka Rowley Habib (Ngāti Tūwharetoa), are the more obvious male writers who began to be noticed. However, there were also Māori women writing during the 1940s to the 1970s period, none of whom appeared in the major poetry anthologies of the time.

No Māori woman, no cry

Neither Curnow's *A Book of New Zealand Verse* (1945) nor *An Anthology of New Zealand Verse* (1956) edited by Robert Chapman and Bennett, included any Māori women poets. Some Māori women writing at the time may have been composers of waiata, pōwhiri, and other traditional forms of verbal expression, and although their works may not have reached beyond the Marae and the local tribal areas where they were written and performed during this period, they should have been acknowledged in these major anthologies as weavers of the word in Aotearoa New Zealand.

Erihapeti Murchie

One composer of waiata and poetry is Erihapeti Murchie, a rangatira me wahine toa of Kai Tahu, Kati Mamoe, Waitaha and Ngāti Raukawa. Born and raised at Arowhenua, near Temuka, her work encapsulates the definition given above and she is a good example of a

Māori woman who wrote about living in the Pākehā world and Te Ao Māori, and who had achievements in both, beyond most people's ability to succeed in only one. While at Christchurch Teachers' College Erihapeti met and married Malcolm Murchie, a Pākehā from Whanganui. Together they had ten children and both shared a common interest in politics, the arts, conservation and social justice, attending rallies against apartheid in South Africa and the Vietnam War. In an unpublished memoir titled 'What I Believe' Erihapeti stated:

My attitudes and my hierarchy of beliefs have filtered through from the ancestral past of a largely dispossessed takatā whenua (people of the land – the Māori) ... my people will retain their status as kaitiaki o te mauri o te whenua (custodians of the spirit of the land) ... shaping of a culture distinctly Aotearoa New Zealand that blends Polynesian with other European elements (Murchie, private papers: unpublished).

Along with her Ratana religious beliefs these kaupapa underpin Erihapeti Murchie's life. She did much to help her people both formally and informally. When her family moved to Dunedin she was instrumental in obtaining the site for the urban marae, Araiteuru, and her whānau would awahi many young Māori students living in the predominantly Pākehā city of Dunedin in the 1960s and 1970s. Among her many official positions she was National President of the Māori Women's Welfare League, 1977 to 1980. During this period she completed a Māori research project, Rapuora Health and Māori women, and she was active in getting government policies changed in Māori health, te reo Māori, and education. In 1989 Victoria University conferred on her an Honorary Doctorate in Law. Coupled with these outward achievements, Erihapeti Murchie also composed and taught waiata to her whānau to ensure they understood and remembered their ancestral links to Kai Tahu and Kati Mamoe. When she died in 1997 the Kai Tahu whakatauki 'Whaia ki te tei tei' (reach for the

highest peak) was given to her whānau in recognition of her achievements. One of Erihapeti Murchie's waiata shows her talent for composition on the spot. At the tangi of Kai Tahu leader Tipene O'Regan's father there was no song for his poroporoakī so she was able to sing this waiata atāhua, 'Papaki te Tai', which she composed spontaneously:

Papaki te tai ki uta ra
Whatiwhati te waka, tere iho ki raro ra,

Tumokemoke te iwi ki raro e,
Te korowai o te Aitua, o kaa roimata e,

Takihia mihia poroporoaketia
Haere hoki e te wairua ki kaa tupuna e

Waihoa matou hei whakawhiriwhiri
Te ara tika mo kaa mokopuna
I tēnei Ao hurihuri e

Here is her English translation of it:

'Waves crashing'

Waves crashing against the cliff,
The waka is broken down below,

The iwi sit in sadness under,
The cloak of the Aitua, and tears

We've wept, mihied,
The spirit has returned to the tipuna,

And we will remain to seek
The right path of the mokopuna
Within the changing and turning world
(Murchie, private papers: unpublished).

A poem, 'Awarua (Te Hura Kohatu)', written at Arowhenua sees Murchie in a reflective mood, thinking about the impermanence of life and her interpretation of and affinity with nature:

I have a passion here
For quiet waters brooding deep
In the curve and sweep of a narrow
trough meandering
Through willowed banks,

And languid in its flow
The white dressed cress is haunt
To the water crabs and speckled trout
That taunt the dragon flies

Skimming the stream
And slim black eels within,
Aloft in trembling flight
The flick flack tiwaiwaka
Pirouetting its delicate haka
And the Little White Bridge
Triumphant stands still
To spring floods,

But life is ever changing
With voices stilled and the richness
That the tidal flow is witness to
Has ebbed – and Awarua
No more chatters
Free from the bridge below.
(Murchie, private papers: unpublished).

Māori researcher, historian, and composer of waiata, Charles Royal, has written about the aspect of Mōteatea that Murchie evokes so well. Whilst Royal is talking generally about the art form in an historical context his words could equally apply to her writing. Royal writes:

Clearly Māori did and do create poetical compositions which might be described as literature, particularly oral literature; yet the term fails to capture the entirety of the tradition. For example, most writers in the West have since the Renaissance intended their works to be represented on the written page. Mōteatea [Māori song or poetic composition] composers on the other hand conceive their work essentially for performance, while the 'literary' quality of the texts cannot be denied (Royal, in *Oxford Companion to New Zealand Literature*, 1998: 346).

Maewa Kaihau

Another example of a Māori woman writing, this time early in the 20th Century, is Maewa Kaihau, who wrote the words to the tune 'Now is the Hour' which began as a modified Swiss lullaby for the singing of 'Po Atarau' to farewell Māori World War One soldiers. In 1920 Kaihau wrote a 'This is the Hour' verse, and in 1935 she again adapted the 'Po Atarau' verse. This became the 'Haere Ra' waltz song, which was sung when steamships were departing New Zealand

for overseas. English wartime singer Gracie Fields learnt 'Haere Ra' on a visit to New Zealand in 1945. Her version of it, known as 'Now is the Hour', became a world-wide hit in 1948. The first and last verses became extremely popular, and Kaihau claimed that all the words and tune were her own work.

Kaihau's words were not copyrighted until 1928 and more recently Dick Grace has claimed most of the words as the work of his family. In those days before radio and before locally-made recordings, the lyrics of this song were probably being changed constantly according to circumstance and memory, and Kaihau's genius was to mold a version whose words could be understood and appreciated by both the Māori and Pākehā communities:

Perhaps the chief factor contributing to the success of *Now is the Hour* as a representative New Zealand song is its reflection of the Māori/English amalgamation fundamental to the national fabric (Annabell, folksong.org: 2007).

in much the same way that Te Rauparaha's haka 'Ka mate ka ora' is nowadays.

Tuini Ngawai

The following excerpt from an editorial in the April 1956 issue of *Te Ao Hou* indicates how highly literary prowess was held in Māoridom, but also shows how little was known of the flourishing Māori literary scene in the wider literary world, and the fact that many writers and poets were women, as demonstrated by this article about Tuini Ngawai:

The publication in this issue of the winners of our first successful literary competition is a landmark for *Te Ao Hou* ... There have been Maori writers since the alphabet was introduced. Many of the beautiful stories published in Sir George Grey's *Nga Mahi a Nga Tupuna* were originally written by Maori historians ... Fine examples of Maori writing are found in magazines like *Te Waka Maori*, *Te*

Hokioi, *Te Wananga*, *Te Pipiwharau*, *Toa Takitini*, *The Polynesian Journal*, and so forth. Much of the best writing by Maoris today is in English ... [however] the preservation of the Maori tongue depends on its continued use for literary purposes, as in song and oratory. As there are only a limited number of people who reach a high standard in literary Maori, they do a great service by publishing their work so that their example can be more widely followed ... writing is a very important activity and Maori writers do a great service to their race. Most Maoris think a good deal about their people and the things that affect them. To a great extent, the future of the people depends on how good that thinking is ... [they] may describe how a meeting-house was built, or how the old people used to live, or what it feels like to live in a town, or to own a taxi business ... The subjects need not be practical. Family life, love and death, have been subjects for writers and poets from time immemorial.¹ People like to tell stories and people like to listen to them (Anon, *Te Ao Hou* No. 14, April 1956: 1).

Tuini Ngawai was descended from Te Whānau-a-Ruataupare ō Ngāti Porou. Her teaching career ended in 1946, when she took on the leadership of shearing gangs. Ngawai expected strict standards from her workers, and won the women's section of a shearing competition. Many of her songs commemorating Māori shearing gangs are still sung on the East Coast. From 1946 she also became involved with the Kotahitanga movement, which sought to restore Māori pride and identity through cultural revival. She assisted the tohunga Hori Gage in his healing ministry, and she was involved with efforts to achieve greater recognition for the Treaty of Waitangi.

Ngawai voiced her deepest feelings through the words of songs such as 'Te Kotahitanga ra e' and from the mid 1940s to 1963 Tuini put to use her versatility with a number of instruments, especially the saxophone, by leading a six-piece band she named the ATU

Orchestra. Most of her songs were set to popular tunes because, for Ngawai, their vital message lay in the words rather than the music, and the performers had to learn the songs by heart as quickly as possible for each new occasion. From 1953 Ngawai entered her senior cultural group from Te Hokowhitu-a-Tu in the Tamararo Māori cultural competitions held in Gisborne.

Ngawai trained and entered two youth groups and most years these three groups represented Tokomaru Bay in the annual competitions. She wrote many songs for these events, including 'Piki mai kake mai', to commemorate the ancestor for whom the competitions were named. Ngawai and Te Hokowhitu-a-Tu sang her song 'Te Tiriti o Waitangi' before Queen Elizabeth II during her tour of 1953-54. Another famous song of the 1950s was 'Nau mai, haere mai', written to welcome the 1956 South African rugby team to Gisborne. Anaru Takurua writes of Tuini:

She was a perfectionist with an unrelentingly high standard, although she allowed for individual style and did not insist on a rote-learned unison in cultural performances. Although a Ringatū she assisted other churches with their choirs, in combined worship and in Māori cultural activities. Her greatest contribution to other churches was in leading a Mihinare (Anglican) culture group at the all-Aotearoa Hui Topu Māori held at Tīrangawaewae marae in 1962. For this occasion she wrote 'Matariki', one of two songs she penned to acknowledge her King movement hosts (Takurua, DNZB website: 2007).

In the *Te Ao Hou* No. 14 issue there was an article on her as a poet/songwriter Ngawai:

The first person I met on Makomako station was the manager. He seemed rather surprised to hear that to-day's leading Maori songwriter was at that moment working in his shearing shed, but at the name 'Tuini Ngawai' he showed recognition. Yes, she was there. But, he added, to

see her in the shed, you wouldn't believe she had composed any songs (Anon, *Te Ao Hou* No. 14, April 1956: 46).

The author of this piece in *Te Ao Hou* is an unnamed Pākehā writer who wanted to translate her songs and is overwhelmed by this Māori song-writer whom he finds has 'a consciousness of the hidden depths of the mind that is in general more typical of writers than shearers (Anon, *Te Ao Hou* No. 14, April 1956: 46).'

This did not surprise me, however, as I have worked on many labouring jobs. Whether it was laying tracks on the railway or digging drains I often found more kindred 'poetic spirits' among labourers, particularly Māori and Polynesian and those of Irish descent, than I encountered in the 'career conscious' atmosphere of university or intellectual circles. The *Te Ao Hou* article noted that like many poets, Ngawai has had words dictated to her by something outside her consciousness, 'in a dream,' she says.

For example, 'Arohaina Mai' which she regards as her best song, took only a few minutes to compose but like many writers the words come from subconscious thinking over many years and experiences; like the English Romantic poet William Wordsworth's definition of poetry, 'experience reflected in tranquillity'. And the politics behind much of Ngawai's works are clear. The Māori people, she said, were still wonderful singers, but actions for the songs were often poor due to the words not being understood fully or even at all. She thought that teaching action songs in schools would be unrewarding unless the language was also taught. Ngawai said that she liked the shearing routine and liked to live for a while with young people and to keep in touch with how they felt. The author finished his *Te Ao Hou* article in a pertinent fashion:

After my visit to Makomako we travelled back together on the shearer's truck. In the middle sat Tuini singing. Twenty voices joined in with gusto. Someone offered her a guitar but she turned it down. She just continued singing. With the next

song she had changed her mind, she now wanted the guitar and took it. Strumming this guitar, she was completely part of her people; as they were singing her songs she could see how they experienced them, what feelings were stirred. After thousands of years of civilization European poets are still dreaming of rediscovering this lost unity with the people (Anon, *Te Ao Hou* No. 14, April 1956: 48).

Ngawai died on August 20 1965. At her unveiling hui in 1966 the dominant theme of the sentiments expressed was that she was a genius, unique, and that her like would never be seen again. Her great contribution as a composer of around 300 songs would live on:

many of which had become classics, and the stories behind them were retold and relived during the hui. Her compositions comprise action songs and songs of lament, love, war and comedy (Anon, *Te Ao Hou* No. 55 June, 1966: 38).

In *The Oxford History of New Zealand Literature in English* Jane McRae, writing on Ngawai, says that:

an account of her life and texts of many of her waiata are to be found in Ngoi Pewhairangi's *Tuini. Her Life and Her Songs* (Te Rau Press, Gisborne, 1985), a book compiled and published by her tribe who wished to preserve her work for future generations (McRae, 1998: 19).

Apart from Patricia Grace and J.C. Sturm, both of whom contributed to *Te Ao Hou* during the 1960s, there was not much evidence to suggest that Māori women made any impact on the New Zealand mainstream 'literary' scene during the period of this study. However, Grace had work published in the 1960s in the *School Journal* and along with Ihimaera signalled a shift in the way Māori were to be seen in the literary world. It may seem odd that Sturm was not among the regular writers for the *School Journal*, as her husband, James K. Baxter, was on the

editorial staff. But as she said in the film 'Broken Journey' in the 1950s and 1960s she felt she was 'not a poet' as she thought she was not in the same league as her famous husband and his literary friends. As Gregory O'Brien notes in *A Nest of Singing Birds*:

While the 1948 series *Life in the Pā* and the 1960 Māori Issue of the [*School*] *Journal* had been largely produced by Pākehā [like Margaret Orbell],² the significant shift during the 1960s and early 70s was the upsurge in Māori contributors. During that period, Witi Ihimaera and Patricia Grace became prominent names in the *School Journal*, their writing deliberately setting out to fill the void they had personally felt as young Māori reading the *Journal*. Both contributed first-hand accounts of Māori experience in the contemporary world (O'Brien, 2007: 71).

Notes

¹ It is interesting to note that 'family life, love and death' are not considered by the editor to be 'practical' subjects. It is highly likely that this particular editor is a man rather than a woman for in the Māori world, and many other worlds, these three things are definitely 'practical' things to be taken care of by the women in that particular society.

² Margaret Orbell contributed many retellings of Māori legends to the *School Journal* during the 1960s. She was also editor of *Te Ao Hou* from 1961 to 1965, and in 1978 she edited a book *Māori Poetry: An Introductory Anthology*. Another Pākehā writer, Barry Mitcalfe, had preceded Orbell by producing a book of translations, *Poetry of the Māori*, in 1961.

Michael O'Leary is a Paekākāriki-based bookseller, writer and performer. This article is an extract from his PhD thesis on NZ women's writing from 1945-1970 at Victoria University of Wellington's Women Studies Department. Part of the thesis appeared in book form as Wednesday's Women (Silver Owl Press, Paekākāriki, 2012). Michael is also the co-founder of PANZA.

Classic New Zealand poetry

This issue's classic New Zealand poetry is by Marie R Randle (1856-1947).

Last year Rowan Gibbs produced an excellent bio-bibliography of this early New Zealand and Otago songstress aka "Wych Elm". Randle is not very well known, seemingly missed by anthologists, but proves to be a fascinating source for biography and for understanding the lives of our early 19th century poets and settlers.

Her most known poem remains 'Herdin' the Kye' in Scots dialect, which appeared in Alexander and Currie's anthology *New Zealand Verse* (1906). Rowan's booklet enticed PANZA to feature some of her poems from her only published collection, *Lilts and Lyrics of New Zealand* (1893), introduced by Canterbury cricketer, poet and politician William Pember Reeves. The Poetry Archive of NZ Aotearoa has a copy of it.

For those interested in finding out more on Randle and her publication history, Rowan has produced a first edition of 50 copies for sale titled "*A Bird of Our Clime*": *Otago's Songstress: Marie R Randle ("Wych Elm"): A Bio-bibliography*. Cultural and Political Booklets, Wellington, New Zealand, published the 72-page booklet in A5 format. You can purchase copies direct from Rowan at

rowan.gibbs@paradise.net.nz

More of Randle's poems not in *Lilts and Lyrics* can be found on Papers Past.

Poems by Marie R Randle

HERDIN' THE KYE

The wild snaw-clouds were driftin'
 Athart the wintry sky,
 As thro' the gusty gloamin'
 I went to herd the kye,
 I row'd my plaidie roun' me,
 An' shiver'd in the blast;
 When o'er the knowe cam' Jamie,
 An' clasp'd me close an' fast!

I saw nae mair the snaw-clouds,
 The sky seem'd bonnie blue,
 Refleckit frae my lad's e'en,
 That thrill'd me thro' and thro'.
 That nippin' blast nae langer
 Could do me ony skaith,
 For luve was in my laddie's clasp
 Eneuch to warm us baith!

Frae aff my lips sae blae-like
 He kiss'd the cauld awa,
 I' faith, that bleak grey hillside
 Semm'd sunny to us twa!
 Why, then, should winter fash me,
 Hail, rain, an' snaw thegither?
 As lang's my laddie lo'es me,
 'Twill aye be Simmer weather!

SONG OF THE FROSTFISHER

When Luna bright, on frosty night,
 Illumes the air so still,
 And Vesper, high in cloudless sky,
 Peeps smiling o'er the hill;
 With footstep free, beside the sea,
 Till break of day I roam,
 To catch the frostfish, lightly toss'd
 By sportive breakers home!

The story goes, that Venus rose
 From out the sea one day,
 With rosy grace, her lovely face
 Veil'd in a cloud of spray.
 It may not be *our* fate to see
 A goddess in the foam;
 But, faith! will we contented be
 To take a frostfish home!

What sight so rare, as can compare,
 On such a night as this,
 With Luna's ray upon the bay,
 That quivers 'neath her kiss?
 And it doth seem that every gleam,
 Sharp-glancing thro' the foam,
 Must be a fish, to bless our wish –
 Borne by the breakers home.

I've join'd in sport of many a sort,
 Upon both sea and land;
 But give to me the ramble free,
 Upon the moonlit strand!
 Let Somnus steep, in slumbers deep,
 The drones who hate to roam;
 I'd watch all night to earn that sight –
 A frostfish struggling home!

THE AWKWARD MAN

Ye soft and sympathising hearts,
 wherever you may be,
 That deign to feel for trifling ills and
 petty misery –
 (Compassion of the "tuneful Nine" I
 shall not dare invite;
 My pinions are too feeble far to scar
 Olympus' height), –
 I pray you listen to my lay, and pity, if
 you can,
 The sorrows of that wretched being
 styl'd an "awkward man!"

From earliest infancy my limbs were
 always in the way,
 And how I ever learn'd to walk I know
 not to this day;
 For sundry scars, the sight of which
 would wring a tender heart,
 Still testify my sufferings in practising
 the art.
 My nurse, in tears and trembling, would
 my clumsy movements scan,
 And say, "The awkward child is father
 of the awkward Man!"

My boyhood was a hideous dream – a
 nightmare of disaster;
 At school I always was in scrapes, alike
 with boys and master.
 I smash'd the windows with my ball, I
 bruise'd my shins at cricket,
 The football bounc'd into my face
 whene'er I tried to kick it.
 An evil fate pursu'd me from the time
 my life began;
 It haunts me still. I'm doom'd to live
 and die an awkward man!

My books were always dog-ear'd, and
 fam'd for soil and smutch –
 The jugs and basins chipp'd and crack'd
 beneath my magic touch;
 The boys, in racing, tripp'd me up and
 left me in the lurch;
 I'd choking fits at dinner-time and
 sneezing fits in church,
 I trod upon my master's corn with
 weight of Pickford's van;
 He had no mercy on me; he was not an
 awkward man!

My riper years have brought me even
 greater ills than these:
 My clumsiness gives dire offence
 whene'er I try to please;

The cats and dogs of maiden aunts view
my approach with dread,
For on their inoffensive tails I'm pretty
sure to tread,
'Tis perfect martyrdom to me to hold a
lady's fan;
Its fate is seal'd when in the hands of
such an awkward man!

I went last Winter to a ball in pumps
and palpitation,
And by my clumsy antics there created
a sensation.
By supper-time I had become so
nervous and so fluster'd,
I sat upon a pigeon pie and overturn'd
the mustard
Into a lady's satin lap. Imagine, if you
can,
The with'ring look of wrath she turn'd
upon the awkward man!

My friends are few and far between, and
seem to be in fear
Of some explosion taking place
whenever I appear.
I'm getting quite a human owl; but stay
– 'twill not avail
To tire your patience any more with this
lugubrious tale –
So let me make my shuffling bow, and
end, as I began,
By asking you to pity – not condemn –
the awkward man!

(Poems from *Lilts and Lyrics of New Zealand* (1893))

The Ladies' Guide to Cricket by A Lover of Both c1883

AN ACCOUNT OF ITS PRESUMED AUTHOR W E OUTHWAITE (1847-1900), A 19TH CENTURY AUCKLAND THEATRE CRITIC, POET AND BARRISTER

New Zealand cricket literature can seem like rare pickings at times. Yet occasionally it turns out curious and unusual gems. One such book is *The Ladies' Guide to Cricket* printed in 1883 in Auckland.

A comic guidebook, an almost antiquated text, highlighting cricket watching to women (which is somewhat patronizing now) was written by a Lover of Both – a fine and witty pseudonym. It features a fictional match between “Shooting Stars” and “Paragons” (told in the form of a play script) and encouraged women to take an interest in the sport as well as challenging male preconceptions of their interest in the game.

The author is presumably William Eugene Outhwaite, an Auckland barrister, whose father Thomas Outhwaite (1805-1879) the first Registrar of the Supreme Court of New Zealand was ‘probably a father of music in New Zealand’.¹ Bibliographers Rob Franks and A G Bagnall give William Outhwaite as a Lover of Both. Bagnall’s National Bibliography entry says: ‘Possibly by William Eugene Outhwaite, d. 1900’. The book also includes two cricket poems, which I included in *A Tingling Catch* (2010) and introductory dialogue verses. Adrienne Simpson first used one of these poems ‘Ten Ways to Get Out’ (in a misprinted or edited form) in her anthology *Cricket* (1996).

Recently, I started digging around for more information on Outhwaite. 19th century names are hard to find in histories as they come from a neglected era of the Kiwi literary psyche. Perhaps post Colonial guilt and political correctness shies away from discovering more on our early European poets and writers. A fair amount of derision has met them in the past for their alleged inauthentic ‘New Zealandness’; they are the archaic pioneers who came out from European countries in search of God’s Own Country; their verses have looked silly to baby boomers and others compared to recent constructions of Kiwi identity. Search tools, however, now bring up surprising results. It’s a researcher’s paradise for those still interested who continue to find early writers.

A number of details are traceable on Outhwaite’s life. His official death is 10 April 1900 aged 53. He was born in Auckland, New Zealand, in 1847. Some of his early child life was in Paris and London, and when he returned he was

‘an excellent marksman with the rifle’² so signed on for the New Zealand Wars as a teenager at 15 (under the appointed age of 16) but did not see action. He received a BA, Oxon, and was back in London according to the English Census of 1871 aged 24. He returned to New Zealand after he became a Barrister-at-Law of the Inner Temple, and in Auckland became a barrister of the Courts of New Zealand (admitted in 1890).

His painful rheumatism developing after an accident as a young man before heading for Oxford eventually prevented him from playing sport and athletics. An unsuccessful operation produced further stillness. He travelled to hot baths in New Zealand like Te Aroha’s waters in the mid 1880s as further restorative care and appeared either on crutches or in a wheelchair at some stages of his middle life.

There are in fact references to him in New Zealand newspapers playing cricket as a batsman and catcher in the mid-1860s for United Cricket Club at the Domain (alongside C Outhwaite and future first class Auckland cricketers Frank Buckland and Will Lankham) prior to England. Outhwaite also appeared for the Civilian XI v Auckland Garrison XI, one of the most interesting matches of the 1865/66 season; his brother C Outhwaite excelling as a bowler. At Oxford, he was in the Oxford First XI as a student.

An obituary from the *Observer* gives an account of his life, some brief facts and notes his paralysis after a *break* (a light-carriage) accident that led to his eventual, untimely death, his body unable to recover from the shock:

We regret to chronicle the death of Mr. W. E. Outhwaite on Monday last. His figure was for very many years a familiar one at the Choral Hall and Opera House, and also at athletic sports, and his many friends in both the journalistic and dramatic profession, will mourn his demise. Mr. Outhwaite, although trained as a barrister, had, for a number of years, devoted his principal attention to literature, his unfortunate infirmity precluding his practising in court. As a writer, he

was best known under the *nom de plume* of 'Orpheus', and his kindly criticisms will long be remembered by theatrical people. He took his degree at Lincoln College, Oxford, and while there, contracted rheumatism, which eventually developed into ossification of the joints. Although a great sufferer, he was invariably cheerful. He was a great lover of sport of all kinds, and would watch a cricket match or a horse race with as keen an interest as anyone present. Some few months back, he met with an accident, a bus wheel running over his leg and fracturing the bone. He never recovered from the shock, which was finally succeeded by paralysis [from bronchitis], the immediate cause of his death. (From *The Observer*, Volume XX, Issue 1111, 14 April 1900, Page 5)

A member of a prominent Auckland settler family, Outhwaite's sister, Isa, was a well-known artist. She exhibited in Auckland from 1875 until 1900 and the family appears on Wikipedia with a note about William from the 1902 *Cyclopaedia of New Zealand*: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Outhwaite_Family,_Auckland

It is also stated on Wikipedia that William with other members of his family was interred in the Catholic section of Waikaraka Cemetery, Onehunga. Besides Outhwaite's presumed authorship of *A Ladies' Guide to Cricket* and his work as a theatre critic under the name of 'Orpheus' in *New Zealand Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic Review*, Outhwaite wrote poetry and a libretto for the cantata 'Art and Mind' (at the opening of the Free Library and Art Gallery in Auckland, *Auckland Star*, 19 October 1888). A poem, a sonnet by Outhwaite 'To Auckland', appears in his considerable obituary in *New Zealand Illustrated Magazine* (1 June 1900) along with a photo of Outhwaite and his dog "Koko". The obituary states: 'as a poet and ardent lover of art — the beautiful and good, the witty and piquante in women, the innocence of childhood — drew many a sonnet from his pen.' The

sonnet below is an example of his work suggesting Outhwaite wrote a good deal more:

AUCKLAND: A Sonnet

Queen of the Ocean, Valley, Hill and
Wold!
Thou sit'st enthroned, in Nature's garb
arrayed,
A verdure-robed, clematis-girdled maid;
Thy bosom nursing blossom-gems, to
braid
Bright tresses, spun from out the heart
of gold
Thou bear'st within; the while thine
eyes behold
An everlasting Spring in plain and
glade,
Yielding health, plenty, peace, and joys
untold!

Who once hath clasp'd thy gentle,
loving hand,
May view the wonders of an older
world;
May linger long in many a distant land:
But aye his spirit, wheresoe'er he roam,
Will restless burn to see those sails
unfurld
That quick shall waft him back to Thee
and Home!

This text given here (found by Niel Wright with more accurate punctuation) is in fact from *The Observer* (8 July 1882, p. 265) where the poem was unsuccessfully entered in an Auckland poems competition.

There is also in the *New Zealand Illustrated Magazine* obituary a lively description of his affinity for sports like cricket:

Heroic in his manliness and patience, he took all his trials as God-sent. As a keen lover and patron of all sport, he extended a wide and popular influence; no more familiar figure than that of Willie Outhwaite with his dog "Koko" was known on the cricket ground, while often to his room would throng young athletes for friendly chat or advice. Delighting in whist or billiards, ready always with guitar, song or story, his wonderful spirits, flow of language,

and inexhaustible store of information, made him an ever agreeable companion.

A reference is made to his early cricket playing days:

As a young cricketer, picked to play in the best matches, he carefully practised and cherished the noble game, and would carry home his bat only to take up his cello, his special instrument, for some rehearsal or concert.

Outhwaite on his return to Auckland was associated with meetings in the late 1880s till late 1890s of the Gordon Cricket Club, the Grafton Football Club and the Auckland Cricket Association (as a Vice-President). Professor Carl Schmitt (who wrote the music for the cantata 'Heart and Mind' to which Outhwaite contributed his libretto) was also involved with the Gordon Cricket Club as a Vice-President. The Gordon club was 'evergreen' and a senior championship winner in Auckland cricket (*The Press*, 6 October 1894). As to the *Ladies' Guide* itself, I would call it a mixture of non-fiction, reference material and play script. Most of the references in it are English. The main story of the match between "Shooting Stars" and "Paragons" on a Saturday at the Green Acre cricket ground is in the form of a play with the following cast:

- Mr Stanley, captain of Shooting Stars Cricket Club;
- Mrs Chester, a widower of Captain J E Chester;
- Miss Linton, younger niece of Mrs Chester; and
- Mr Lover, a gentleman spectator.

The story unwinds with Mr Stanley outlining the start of play to the two women. The next two chapters feature Mr Lover commentating on the match, describing the finer details to the two women as well as striking up a love connection with the beautiful Miss Linton. A scorecard for the "Shooting Stars" innings follows and a postscript notes the eventual marriage of Mrs Chester and Miss Linton to Mr Stanley

and Mr Lover respectively – duly married by a Rev. Canon Blossom no less.

Preceding the play is a short ‘preliminary canter’ outlining the necessity for the book to impart useful knowledge for women’s understanding of the game, particularly those with no previous knowledge of cricket. Despite their eagerness to learn, the ‘average lady spectator views the finest cricket pretty much as Peter Bell

[Wordsworth’s creation] regarded the beauties of nature: “A primrose [by a] river’s brim / A yellow primrose was to him, / And it was nothing more.”³

Giving reasons for women’s continued involvement in the sport, it also notes that the controversial introduction of ‘round-arm bowling’ came about from the actions of a woman. ‘A Miss Willes ... found her flowing skirts very much in the way when delivering the ball in under-hand fashion’. After the play ends, there is a chapter on ‘Cricket at Ladies’ Schools’ and a full glossary of cricket terms and slang.

On evidence although we can’t be sure that a Lover of Both is Outhwaite, it does seem plausible for Bagnall to see Outhwaite as the possible author of *A Ladies’ Guide* for the following reasons:

- Outhwaite was a distinguished and witty theatre critic knowledgeable of written drama;
- Outhwaite was a poet publishing in Auckland in 1882 anonymously as seen by his poem ‘Auckland’ above;
- Outhwaite was a well-known follower of cricket in Auckland and England where he had lived for a number of years as a young man.

The Alexander Turnbull Library copy, which I have read (a red hardback first edition of 1883), came from ‘Goodson’s London Arcade ... the great emporium in Auckland for watches, jewellery, and fancy goods’. W W Robinson, the Auckland and UK poet and sportsman, possibly sold it on at the time. There are two more copies in New Zealand at Auckland Libraries (donated by Sir George Grey) and Auckland War Memorial Museum Library (‘obituary and signed photograph of W.E. Outhwaite tipped in; also an obituary of

his mother Louise Outhwaite’, suggesting it was Outhwaite’s personal copy and the strongest evidence so far for Outhwaite as creator).

I take it, from the recent sale price at auction at Christie’s in 2006, that it is indeed a very rare item:

Price Realized £2,160

Sales totals are hammer price plus buyer’s premium and do not reflect costs, financing fees or application of buyer’s or seller’s credits.

Estimate

£700 - £1,000

Sale Information Sale 5073

The Guy Curry Cricket Library

4 May 2006

London, South Kensington

Lot Description FREEMAN’S

JOURNAL, publisher

The Ladies’ Guide to Cricket by a Lover of Both

Auckland: Freeman’s Journal

Office, 1883. 12mo., 35, [5]p., with

errata slip at end and advertising

slip before title (title browned at

margins), original printed wrappers

(rebacked and repaired with losses

to extremities), green cloth

portfolio. *Provenance*: W.W.

Robinson (pencil signature at head

of text; extensive pencil notes in his

hand; another half-erased pencil

signature on front wrapper) --

Henry Edward Platt,

Wellingborough (bookplate on title

verso). VERY RARE, inscribed

“only known copy”. Padwick 447.

Rowan Gibbs, who recently republished W W Robinson’s *Rugby Football in New Zealand* (1905) with an introductory biography on Robinson, sent me these auction details and also notes that ‘Platt was headmaster of Wellingborough School (where Robinson coached sport after his return to England) from 1879 to 1906.’

A review by “Argus” of *The Ladies’ Guide to Cricket* (the title perhaps a nod to popular books like Sylvia’s *Ladies’ Guide to Home-Dressing and Millinery*) appeared in the *New Zealand Herald*, 22 December 1883:

I have to thank the author of a very interesting and useful little book

entitled “*The Ladies’ Guide to Cricket*; by a Lover of Both”. This little work is evidently a labour of love, and is written by one well conversant with the subject. It is simplicity itself, and might well be called the ABC of the best of old English pastimes. The description of the match “Shooting Stars” v.

“Paragons” is most naturally drawn, and any “lover of both” will no doubt have answered most of the questions himself more than once.

The chapter dedicated to cricket in ladies’ schools carries out what from my own experience I have found to be the case, viz., that with certain modifications in the game ladies can indulge in this pastime as they do in tennis and other recreations.

I remember well when a boy playing with a golden-haired fairy on a garden lawn, and though I was a left-handed bowler of some promise to the third eleven of a large public school, still the little lady, now a clergyman’s wife, could always hold her own against me. But I take it that the author’s principal aim is to make the game understood by the fair sex generally, so that instead of going to a match and coming away wearied, because possibly Stannie or Charlie has had to field all day, instead of basking in the sunlight of her eyes beneath the shade of her pretty parasol, as with half-closed eyes he watches the game, and whispers soft nothings into her shell-like ear ---

Hold on “Argus,” you’re getting out of your depth. But, seriously, I mean ladies by thoroughly knowing the beauties and technicalities of the game, can enjoy it for itself alone; therefore I think many Auckland ladies will often thank “The Lover of Both” for his thoughtfulness in placing before them his glossary of technical terms, cricket slang, and laws of cricket contained in this handy little volume.

Here are Outhwaite’s presumed two poems from *A Ladies’ Guide to Cricket* included in *A Tingling Catch*, a lasting legacy to the game he obviously loved and played as a young man:

William Outhwaite (c1883)

TEN WAYS TO GET OUT

“Careful and clever that batsman must
be
Who wishes to tot up a century.’
Ten different dangers hedge him about
By any of which he may be put out,
First ‘bowled’, *second* ‘caught’, and
third ‘leg before’,
A fate that most batsmen dislike and
deplore,
The *fourth* is ‘run out’, deemed very
bad cricket;
The *fifth* if he clumsily ‘hit his own
wicket’.
Stumped is the *sixth*, the *seventh* we’ll
call
Foolishly touching or handling the ball.
Eighth is the striker ‘should hit the ball
twice’
With malice prepense – a pestilent vice,
Ninth if he purposely spoils a fair catch
While running – and *tenth*, the last of
the batch,
When jacket or hat, propelled by the
gale,
Touches the wicket displacing a bail!”

‘FAIR LADIES AT A CRICKET MATCH’

Fair ladies at a cricket match
Your gentle presence bliss is;
For even though we *miss a catch*,
We yet may *catch a missis!*

Whilst in your sunny smiles we bask.
Our *form* goes all to pieces:
You *draw us out*, then sweetly ask,
Where are the *popping creases?*

Notes

- ¹ *New Zealand Illustrated Magazine*,
1 October 1899.
- ² *New Zealand Illustrated Magazine*,
1 June 1900.
- ³ Misquoted as “on the river’s brim”.

(Sources: Emails from Rowan Gibbs
and Niel Wright; National Library of
New Zealand catalogue; Papers Past;
New Zealand Herald; *New Zealand
Illustrated Magazine*; Wikipedia;
Auckland War Memorial Museum

Library catalogue; Auckland Libraries
Catalogue; *The Observer*; and *The
Ladies’ Guide to Cricket* by A Lover of
Both, printed at The Freeman’s Journal
Office, Auckland, c1883)

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

Comment on George Clarke

PANZA member Mark Pirie recently
came across the following poems by
George Clarke, an article writer for the
New Zealand Engineer 1924-1937?
Clarke lived in Auckland, where he was
presumably an engineer and contributed
to this monthly engineering periodical
published by Pitts Pub. Co. also based in
Auckland.
Clarke was at other times a fiction writer
who won an *Auckland Star* short story
competition for his story ‘The Dancer’ in
March 1924. More of his fiction
appeared in the *Auckland Star* in 1925.
He has no record of book publication yet
Clarke had the habit of appending poems
to his articles for the *New Zealand
Engineer*, such as the two poems
reproduced below.
The discovery of Clarke’s poems widens
the scope for poetry publication in New
Zealand periodicals. Other specialist
trade publications may be places worth
checking for New Zealand poetry in the
future.

George Clarke

UP THE POLE

There are men who go in bands
To the frozen northern lands;
Having no place for their goal
Save the e’er elusive Pole;
Seeking ever there to find
Something useless to mankind.
If they should get there some time
Will they be amused to climb
Up the Pole?

There are others who e’er seek
To reach Everest’s tall peak;
Toiling through each dreary day,
Cutting out a narrow way,
Climbing higher in the air,
Finding when they get up there,
Nothing on the topmost crag
But to run their country’s flag
Up the Pole.

Yet we calmly dub as cranks
Others who play foolish pranks:
Just because they have a fad,
We assert that they are mad.
These we ever try to calm
Lest they do themselves some harm,
For their peril is most dire.
Are these people really higher
Up the Pole?

EPITAPH ON BAD PATHS

They took a little gravel,
And took a little tar,
With various ingredients
Imported from afar;
They hammered it and relied it,
And when they went away
They said they had a good path
To last for many a day.

They came with picks and smote it,
To lay the water main,
And they called the workmen
To put it back again;
To lay the city drains
They took it up once more,
And then they put it back again
Just where it was before.

They took it up for conduits,
To run the telephone,
And then they put it back again
As hard as any stone;
They tore it up for wires,
To feed the ’lectric lights;
And then they put it back again
And were within their rights.

Oh, the path’s full of furrows,
There are patches everywhere;
You’d like to walk upon it,
But it’s seldom that you dare.
It’s a very handsome path,
A credit to the town;
They’re always digging of it up,
Or putting of it down.

(Poems from *The New Zealand
Engineer*, 1927)

Comment on the *Stratford Evening Post*

Not all New Zealand papers are available online at Papers Past. One very interesting paper is the *Stratford Evening Post* in Stratford, which started life as the *Egmont Settler* in 1890 until around 1903 when it changed its name to *Stratford Evening Post*. It became the *Taranaki Central Press* from 1936-37.

The *Stratford Evening Post* was an occasional publisher of local poetry. PANZA member Mark Pirie was reading through the paper 1913-17 and found some poems of interest by local Taranaki writers.

During the First World War, the paper published occasional overseas poems by poets like Robert Service along with local verse. Local authors wrote on subjects such as Mount Taranaki and offered portraits of country-life as well writing patriotic war satire. Some of the poems found are reproduced below.

THE COCKY'S GATE

There's a plague in Taranaki,
It's a curse upon the land,
It's a horrible monstrosity,
And should everywhere be banned.
It's a snare for the unwary,
And it's right now out of date.
This piece of old barbarity
Is called the Cocky's Gate!

The design is complicated,
It's old barbed wire and stabs,
Filled in with bits of rotten log,
Of broken posts and slabs.
The fastener will be rusty barb,
Your hands will be the bait,
You'll find you've lost a bit of flesh
When you've finished with that Gate!

It's an ancient wire entanglement
That's used by now the Huns,
It dates from pre-historic days,
It bars the way to duns;
It has caused more litigation
Than the celebrated Thaw.
It has made some handsome fortunes
For the members of the law!

It has caused more bitter curses
Than anything on earth,
It has caused more grief and sorrow,
It has done away with mirth.
It has caused some cruel vendettas,
It has caused eternal hate,
This old bit of wire and staples
That's called a Cocky's Gate!

When you get up in the morning,
Find the cows are in your Swedes!
You want to keep some pedigrees—
Some old bull has mixed your breeds!
Your pigs are in your neighbour's
place—
Your neighbour is irate
And he threatens law and lawyers
All through that Blooming Gate!

When you get up before daylight
And bustle on the fire,
When your milk is ready on the cart—
Find your horse is in the wire!
When at last you reach the factory,
And find out you are too late,
Then you call down bitter curses
On that Blanky, Blanky Gate!

If your paddocks are divided
Into areas fairly small,
Just say you've got from eight to ten
And barbed wire gates on all;
If you calculate the wasted time,
You would find it pay the rates.
For you waste about a week a year
In fiddling with Those Gates!

You find your stock has strayed away—
It's nowhere to be found—
It costs you half a dozen gates
To get them from the Pound!
You poor short-sighted Cocky,
I must leave you to your fate,
My last prayer and benediction
Is "Get Strangled in Your Gate!"

NEUCHAMP, Stratford, 2-8-1915

(*Stratford Evening Post*, 6 August 1915)

MOUNT EGMONT

The following poem first published nearly twenty-seven years ago, is forwarded by a contributor. It is well worthy of reproduction:

Defeated monarch of the fiery zone,
In solitary grandeur situate,
Undaunted rearing still aloft thy crown
Bedecked with snowy gems perpetuate.

For Ruapehu's love in ages past,
With envious Tongariro thou did'st wage
Prodigious war, while nature stood
aghast,
In trembling terror at thy frightful rage.
By thy dread foe's artillery o'ercome,
Defeated, baffled, bowed to his decree,
Thy thunderous voice eternal stricken
dumb,
An exile thou for all futurity.

Vanquished but not o'erthrown, thy
power imbound,
Thy fiery heart subdued, thy wrath laid
low,
Thy yawning caverns, where did'st once
resound
Such direful thunders—all are silent
now.
Adown thy scarred sides where once did
roar
The ruddy cataracts of writhen fire,
Bright purling springs of limpid crystal
pour
Their grateful tears o'er thine
extinguished pyre.

No more the solid plain which bears thy
base
Shall quake and shudder at thy mighty
will,
The lichened ridges which thy sides
embrace,
Thy mossy clefts and ravines now are
still,—
What though thy soul terrific now has
flown,
And Tongariro's vengeance pacified,
Thy wondrous beauty still remains thine
own,
Majestic mountain! Taranaki's pride.

J. W. K., Wellington, September 1888

(*Stratford Evening Post*, 20 March 1915)

DER STAIN

(By a Stratford Girl)

As Kaiser Bill sits on his throne
And says, "Drink to the Day,
I want the world for all my own
And I shall get it, Ay!"

Not while our men are able;
Nor while our hearts are true
For the dear old Mother Country,
There is work for us to do!

Now listen to my query, Bill:
You've slain brave Britain's men;
Was it only just for glory, Bill?
And to enlarge your German den?

Ah, no! He does not want to kill!
Though the sight of heroes slain
Will not disturb his mind one bit—
If it be but for his gain.

"It is mein rightful cause," he said,
"And it I must not shirk—
As I am God and Man and Might:
Those Britons are but dirt!"

And as you'll read, O, Kaiser,
Of your German soldiers' zeal,
Their hearts may ring of metal,
But ours ring true as steel.

I'll say no more, Herr Kaiser,
Tho' the fight's by no means o'er,
I know who'll come out top, sir;
So what need is there for more?

England's the grand old Empire,
Generous and free from blame;
Who started shedding blood, sir?
On you shall rest the stain!

(*Stratford Evening Post*, 21 December
1914)

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