

Some History of Waioatahe As written by Mrs E.D. DuPont

Cited - Their Greatness

Starting with twenty members, it has gone down at one stage to about fourteen, but is now on the thirty mark. It has proved a wonderful boon to the women of the Settlement and the district surrounding it.

In August 1949, the original settlers (now reduced to eight families), assisted by the newer settlers and others who have been closely associated with settlement activities, celebrated the 30th anniversary of the settlement and perhaps this little history can be concluded with something that happened then. In the "two and a half hours" one of the newer settlers was seen to be holding up for inspection a leg of fowl and saying, "Criees, Bill, I've found another original settler!"

WAIOTAHU

By Mrs E. D. DuPont

The Waioatahi riding of the Otago County comprises roughly that area between the Waioeka and Waioatahi rivers extending from the sea to the confiscation line. But the district usually known as Waioatahi is the valley of that river and Gabriel's Gully bounded on the east by Racraa Ridge and west by a line running southerly from the Rautuna arm of Ohiva Harbour.

The earliest white settler was F. P. Drury who took up the land still owned by the family, in the early seventies. After him came the Chapman brothers, who bought the land now owned by Mr Watson, and later land further up the river now farmed by Mr Vic. Wilson. The Gordon brothers followed, John taking the land at Waioatahe, now McNab's, and Stephen going to Raunana. Waioatahe (red water) takes its name from a fierce battle fought between tribes of the hilltop paths still to be seen behind the McNab homestead. The fighting was so fierce that the stream ran red for days. Later this stream was used as a trout hatchery by John Gordon who spent much time stocking the local rivers

with trout. The Grahams, father and three sons, took part of the land which is now Moody Estate, and Carrie, a French-Canadian horse-breaker, took the land still owned by his children.

Keith Rowe's farm was originally owned by a man named Louis (Dolly), and later passed to the Yeoman brothers of Raunana. Mr Toome's farm was taken up by Richard Kemp, his daughter Marjorie, afterwards Mrs Malcolin, being the first white child born in the valley. One of her brothers had a narrow escape from death when a landslide swept through the small house carrying the child in its cradle out on the crest of a sea of mud.

The lower portion of the valley, comprising the land owned by the Rooney family down to the Ohiva cutting was originally taken up by brothers named Somerville and was afterwards purchased by Mr J. B. Crow. Land adjoining Chapman's upper farm was purchased and opened up about 1900 by the Hon. Ernest Moleworth, the land lower down being owned by a man named Hayes. Another personality who figured largely in the early days was a Mr Hayward, the original owner of Sybton, which then extended from the sea to the confiscation line. He was a rather eccentric and ambitious man but the size of his undertakings and various depressions were too much for him and he left the farm, afterwards running a local paper and still later becoming editor of the "N.Z. Farmer." Sybton was then bought by the Alley family, relatives of Fred Alley and of Jimmie Rewi Alley. Hayward also owned the land afterwards part of Small's farm, (now Eric Looney's) and built the first small house on it, with walls insulated with punice.

The river flats were mainly covered with flax and cabbage trees and the lower slopes of the hills with fern and manuka. There was an area of poor birch land on the hills below Chapman's lower boundary with another area of birch on Hayes, opposite Chapman's upper farm.

But mainly the hills were covered with beautiful bush, of which but small areas now remain as sanctuaries for birds and native trees.

Gabriel's Gully was opened up in the eighties. The first settlers, from Conical Hill Downs were W. Sutton, Dixon, Emmett, G. P. C. Wilkins and the Irwin brothers. There was a good deal of friction over the roads and drainage among the early settlers. The flat land in Gabriel's Gully was deep peat swamp and the extent to which it has sunk and consolidated is shown by the hillocks on Geo. Carter's farm, now Leo. Smith's, which in the nineties were barely three feet above the surface of the swamp.

Mr Drury often told how, when accompanying a party of surveyors up Gabriel's Gully, a Maori with them suddenly cried, "Lie down, lie down," and they saw the almost liquid surface of the swamp rolling towards them due to a severe earthquake. The waves passed their prostrate bodies safely, but they felt sure they would have been engulfed if they had remained standing. The lower left hand side of the river was taken up by Mr Samuel Moody of Opotiki and afterwards given to his sons. Mr Sutton planted the tall fescue in an endeavour to get stock-food on the peat; it was long known as "Sutton's Curse."

Mr George Percival Canning Wilkins was a great character and a most likeable man. The son of a Cornish doctor, his two older brothers being doctors also, there was little money left for the younger son and he decided to strike out and see the world. He was employed on the construction of a lighthouse at Colombo and later came to Gabriel's Gully from gold diggings in Otago. He christened the gully from a fancied resemblance in the shape of the hills to the original Gabriel's Gully. A long standing joke of his was to refer to the settlers as "The Arch-angels." Mr R. J. Brown's farm was first owned by Milner Bros., then by various absentee owners.

The Waioatahi river figured more

largely than is generally realised as a means of transport for the early settlers, the timber for Mr Reg. Looney's house being brought up the river by barge. This was the first real house to be built in the valley, as settlers till then contented themselves with two-roomed whares or shacks. As late as 1916 barges still came up the river to take away the flax from the mill on the beach road, loading from drays on the bank below the present lower bridge.

The first piece of road to be formed and metalled was the stretch from the corner by the upper bridge to the Gabriel's Gully creek outlet so that drays could travel across the swamp to meet whaleboats bringing stores up the river. The lower bridge was not built till 1896.

Before this bridge was opened, travellers from Opotiki followed a dirt track from the Waioeka bridge to Huntress Creek — fordable at half-tide — then winding through the sandhills and along the beach to the Waioatahi river which was forded either at a shallow near Bennett Bros., flood-gate, or at another ford about halfway between the bluegums and the upper bridge. Rough dray tracks were the only roads; indeed, as late as 1913 the entire road from the beach to Kutatere and beyond was a sea of mud all winter. A trip from Opotiki to Kutatere allowing for high tide and heavy going in soft sand, with a good pair of horses and a courtland wagon took three hours. About 1906 the County Council in its goodness of heart raised the piece of road by the mud-flat just past the lower bridge with a filling of three feet of clay in early March. Then came the equinox and for the rest of that winter the road was impassable for vehicles, which had to travel across the mud flat to behind Mr Wilkins' house and across the mud-flats again, a weary and wet trip when the tide was in. However, my brother, when wishful to take his girl out to Opotiki was known to take his horse out of the gig, a light one, lead it over the stretch of clay, return and carry the gig across then harness up again, and

save about 20 minutes' travelling time. The road between the Waiocoka Bridge and the beach was not formed till about 1900. Travelling along the beach was excellent at low tide but very slow in the soft sand when the tide was in.

"I remember my first trip to Opotiki in 1902. We arrived at the Ohiwa wharf in the dawn of an April morning and a coach with two horses was waiting to convey the 6 or 7 passengers to Opotiki as the bar there was unworkable. The coach travelled along the beach to just past the hill cutting (which was not made till 1906) then through the sandhills, where the passengers had to walk to save the horses, then across the mud flats to the river, fording it just behind Mr Wilkins' house, along the beach again and so to Opotiki by the Kukumoa road. Had it been low tide the coach would have travelled the whole way on the beach, fording the Waiotahi at the mouth. Steps were taken to make a road within the sandhills to Ohiwa from the cutting but this was not completed till about 1913. The embankment across the mud flats leading to the cutting was washed out several times till it was protected by planting a double row of salt rushes.

The settlers in the upper part of the valley had even worse problems of road transport. As late as 1908 it was necessary to ford the river 13 times between Chapman's and Molesworth's (later Wilson's). In a buggy one had to traverse 26 chains of the riverbed itself. Naturally, in flood time, with every little creek a torrent, travel was not possible at all.

A story is told of the late George Ross who was with a survey party in the early days. Returning with several companions from a convivial party they had to cross a flooded stream on a log bridge where George missed his footing and disappeared in the flood. Owl-eyed, his friends gazed at the water and said, "Poor old George, he's gone," when there was a commotion by the bank and

George emerged on his hands and knees. Unable to regain his footing he had wisely progressed dog fashion. The road between Graham's and John Gordon's was actually made by the settlers, so that Mrs Gordon could bring her third baby home in a comfortable dog-cart instead of a dray or on horseback. This was in the nineties. Driving down past Graham's in 1902, Mr Ernest Chapman saw a dreadful pothole in the road just by Fred Graham's gate. Mr Chapman hailed Fred and suggested he should put a few shovels of clay in it and we were promptly treated to a marvellous tirade on the sins of the Council. However, in the evening when we returned the hole was neatly filled in.

The old road made by the soldiers, from the Waiotahi to Opotiki was designed to avoid the beach and tidal worries, but was so long and winding, that almost twice the distance was covered. Owing to swampy gullies and the expense of block cuttings it took the easiest line along the hillsides and round swamps thus giving rise to the joking assertion that surveyors were paid by the mile. Meandering through from Gleeson's cutting to Gabriel's Gully and following every contour of the hills it winds up and down the Paerata and Little Paerata and the hospital ridges coming out at Stony Creek and so to the Opotiki Dairy Factory. It is told that the Grahams went to Opotiki for stores on one occasion, a two-day trip, and finding when ready to leave Opotiki at 10 a.m. that Hunter's Creek would be too high to ford till noon, decided to take their dray over the military road. By 4 p.m. they had reached Paerata Ridge, and one son decided to walk home across country. Father and the remaining son travelled on and by 8 o'clock had reached Conical Hill. Fed up, they unharnessed the dray and rode home across the hills by the Tamatea Pa, leaving the dray and stores. They went back at daybreak fearing the Maoris might have looted the dray but only found numerous wekas round it pecking at every bright object.

, At one time a dangerous quicksand formed at the mouth of the Waiotahi river and the County Engineer put up a notice warning riders. Unfortunately the print was rather small and the first passerby, George Hall, rode up close to read the notice. His horse was badly bogged and he had some difficulty in freeing it.

A tremendous slip came down at the Bluff in 1907, forming a hill almost to the river edge and until successive spring tides wore it away, travel to and from Opotiki was made still more difficult. At high tide large rocks and boulders strewed the narrow beach and on several occasions the waves washed over our saddles when passing round the slip; not a very pleasant experience on a dark night.

Between 1900 and the completion of the present concrete structure the Wai-oeka Bridge was the cause of much trouble and several accidents owing to washouts and flood damage. At one time the bridge was unusable for months. It was possible to cross up to half-tide from the line of willows above the bridge to the end of Duke Street, and a boat was kept to ferry folk across at high tide.

Mr Molesworth attempted the crossing when the tide was too high and his horses and buggy were swept away, the horses being drowned and he himself being saved only by the prompt action of the men on the bridge. My brother when fifteen years of age had a similar escape. Stores and cushions were swept from the gig and he nearly drowned trying to free his pet pony from the harness. He succeeded and was himself rescued by the men in the boat. Some of the stores, including eggs, floated down to the bridge on the gig-cushion and were retrieved by the men on the bridge. One item lost was a jeweller's catalogue urgently required by a young bridegroom to-be. This was afterwards picked up at Opotiki bar and returned.

TRAGEDY AND SORROW

Tragedy has touched the valley on many occasions and mystery still surrounds the fate of William Somerville. The brothers had employed a manager who went to Auckland with a consignment of fat cattle by boat and did not return, nor was the payment for the bullocks ever received. One brother had left shortly before on a holiday trip and William Somerville was never seen again by the settlers. There were several theories, one that William Somerville had gone away quietly; another that he had committed suicide in some secluded spot, and the third that he had been murdered and the body disposed of. The brothers did not mix much with neighbours so it was some time before any inquiry was made. In 1902 a bill was still on the Police Station door offering £100 reward for any information as to William Somerville's whereabouts.

Arthur Chapman met a tragic fate. He had gone up the river to their new farm in tending to stay a few days. At the end of the week Ernest became uneasy and rode up to find his brother shot dead on the steps of the cottage. He had apparently been out shooting and it was thought he climbed through the wire fence just outside the door without unloading his gun.

Another brother was accidentally shot while out big game shooting in Borneo on leave from the Army. Frank Chapman who was killed at Gallipoli was over the age for overseas service, but keen to see active service again.

Mrs Wilkins had a trying experience. She was alone with her small children, her husband having gone across the hills to Drury's to make hay, when a neighbour staggered to her door, having attempted to commit suicide. He was seriously wounded and she had to do what she could for him till the men could be fetched by a young neighbour.

EARLY DAYS AT THE PORT

Thinking of the present agitation for a wharf at Ohiwa, it is strange to remember what a large part the ports played in the early days. Until the roads were made to Rotorua, the quickest way to Auckland was by boat. The Ohiwa bar was negotiable for some hours before and after high tide with a maximum depth of at least 14 ft. The Opotiki bar was often too shallow for boats to enter and for some time in the early days and until about 1905 two small tenders were kept at Opotiki, (S.S. Paeroa and Fingal) to unload boats such as the Waiotahi and Terra Nova outside the bar. Later the Ngatiawa and Aupouri frequently unable to cross the bar, were put on the run by the Northern Steamship Co., boats of very light draught, but still both were several times beached at the bar.

In 1902 there was a regular bi-weekly service to Opotiki and if the weather was rough the steamers took refuge in Ohiwa, the Whakatane boat often doing likewise. The trip to Auckland took 19 to 24 hours according to whether a call was made at Tauranga. At that time the overland trip to Auckland would occupy nearly three days. The N.S.S. Co., agitated for a light railway to Ohiwa from Opotiki offering to take up half shares in a company but the offer was refused, as Opotiki feared the town might move to Ohiwa. More farsighted people pointed out that this was not probable, citing Lytleton and Christchurch. The then Chief P.W. Engineer visited Ohiwa and suggested a double line of widely-spaced piles to confine or direct the tide race and prevent the occasional silting which took place, saying that the fierce 6 knot current, directed in this way would mean an even better harbour, but no interest was taken as the older settlers of Opotiki were mainly interested in the land between the Otara and Waioeka rivers.

One cannot remember the coastwise steamer without recalling the genial skipper of the Waiotahi, Captain Hopkins, one of the best known of the

N.S.S. Co.'s captains. He was the soul of kindness and a tower of strength to lonely homesick boys and girls travelling to school in Auckland. As he was full of fun and interesting stories of early days, it was pleasant to sit in his cabin or stand on the bridge and listen. I remember one of his tales of Bishop Selwyn. Before going to sea, Captain Hopkins had worked on a sheep station. One day while helping one of the hands to herd some sheep across a stream near the homestead, they had succeeded in getting the leaders across when a man drove down the opposite bank and scattered the whole flock up and down the stream. Hopkins listened spellbound to what must have been a masterpiece of invective directed at the stranger, who quietly gathered up his reins and drove on to the homestead while the disgusted workers remustered the sheep. Later passing the homestead the shepherd saw the stranger smoking on the verandah with the boss and on going to his quarters was told that Bishop Selwyn was staying at the house. He went up and told the boss he was leaving rather than be sacked but was told the Bishop appreciated the joke and regretted causing so much trouble. Captain Hopkins finished the yarn by saying, "There was a man."

Captain Hopkins was plying to Opotiki at the time of the Hau Hau scares and one day rumours of a war party approaching had taken the men out towards the Waioeka Gorge, leaving the old folks, women and children to learn in panic of Maoris approaching along the coast. Hopkins ordered the cook to wheel him down the street from the wharf at the end of Main Street in a wheelbarrow, with the ship's boy running in front ringing the bell. With quip and joke he cheered and amused the township till the alarm was proved unfounded. He was a fearless skipper and no bad weather kept him from returning to Auckland at the week-end, though he was not averse to an extra

day in the middle of the week in Opotiki where he had many cronies. I remember being on the S.S. Waiotahi when she crossed the Ohiwa bar with waves washing over the foredeck and men stationed among the sheep penned there, to stand them up again when the rush of water knocked them down. We were thankful to get away in spite of a nor'easter as I was going with my brother to his wedding in New Plymouth and a day lost would have missed the West Coast steamer.

A comical incident (from our point of view) took place at Ohiwa when the boat was loading young cattle. One beast escaped the sailors and rushing along the narrow footway round the wharf shed squeezed past a lady passenger to the accompaniment of wild shrieks. Looking at the runaway it was hard to see how the creature could have pushed past without injuring the lady. Two hefty sailors grabbed the beast and returned it to the cattlerace while the horrified lady was restored to the care of the stewardess.

THE MAORIS

Mainly due to the justice and kindness with which men like Mr Drury and the Chapman brothers treated them, the Maoris settled down in friendly fashion with their white neighbours, and there were no hostile incidents, even during the Hau Hau troubles. When all the roads from Opotiki were picketed and no one supposed to leave the town, Arthur Chapman, whose two brothers were away and who was anxious about the stock, managed to slip out by the Waioeka road, ford the river and ride home across the hills, to find everything peaceful and the Maoris they employed working at their usual jobs. There was one occasion when the Maoris, resenting a survey of new land, blocked the Waiotahi Road with logs and creepers and warned the survey party to go back. They wisely did and the trouble blew over.

In 1900 there was a flourishing pah

* Wakataua

of the Whakatohea tribe on the land now farmed by Jack Karana. His grandmother, Mrs Te Whenua, whom I knew very well, was the only surviving child of the old chief. As the old man lay dying, relatives and friends gathered round to receive new names, the name of things he was wearing or touching. Mrs Te Whenua's share was the poro plaster the old man wore on his chest and she became "Te Plahiter." The Maoris of the Tamatea Pa were exiled from Wairoa, partly in punishment for insurrection and partly to prevent their extermination by a stronger tribe. They were given the land at the pa and other sections at the mouth of the river and at Kukumoa and bound over to stay there. In 1931 a flag was given them in recognition of their good behaviour, the Red Ensign, because the Maoris are, or were, a maritime people. It was raised at a big gathering which practically every one attended. During the talks, etc., an old lady, almost the only survivor of the walk from Wairoa, sat at the foot of the flag-pole weeping. Ernest Chapman made the speech on behalf of the white settlers and the Maoris had prepared a great feast.

Te Kooti sheltered at this pah on his flight from Government forces. Many settlers went to see him. On the approach of the police the women parleyed with them while Te Kooti parted the raupo walls of the whare and escaped for the time being.

One of the old Maoris, named Horitiu claimed to have eaten and enjoyed "long pork" as they called human flesh. He was liable to appear in a long white night-dress and top hat, his ceremonial attire, so to speak.

The pretty bluff on the other side of the river at the mouth is an old burial ground and "tapu." We were scolded by an old Maori once when we picniced there and warned of kaiipo bites and many other disasters, but as Ernest Chapman was of the party, the Maoris did not really mind.

TE RANGI PAI

Te Rangi Pai, famous Maori singer of the nineties and 1900's, was the daughter of Colonel Porter of the Maori wars. He stormed the famous stockaded Horoeka Pah which stood near the present village of Maungapohatu, with the aid of friendly Maoris. Later Government forces built the Kohitau redoubt near by. Mrs Howe (Te Rangi Pai) owned a large station near Te Kaha and is buried there, the grave marked by a handsome monument.

CAPTAIN RUSTON

Captain Rushton was a notable figure in this district. He had gained distinction for carrying despatches through country occupied by hostile Maoris. He also fought with Von Tempsky's forces in Taranaki and lived where Mr Gill's house was at Ohiwa.

RUA TAPU

Rua Tapu, from an ordinary Maori employed in draining by the Hon. J. B. Gow on his land in Waiohaki in 1902, suddenly gained prestige or "mana" and organised the Maoris in a remarkable manner. He had 3000 acres at Maungapohatu cleared and grassed, started a commercial bank and had great success as a grazier and cattle dealer. Unfortunately in later years, 1916-17, Rua was fined for sly-grog selling and refusing to pay the fine, retired to his bush stronghold. After considerable delay, an armed force of police was sent to collect the fine. The Maoris opened fire and in the ensuing exchange of shots, Rua's favourite son was killed, also a constable and several others wounded. Rua finally surrendered and served a term in Mount Eden. A great deal of the money in the communal bank was spent on lawyer's fees and Rua's "mana" gradually dwindled.

In 1911 a great stir was caused by Rua leading a large party of Maoris to Gisborne to meet King George V, "who was coming to meet Rua on the sea."

All sorts of rumours of hostility and looting were spread but the party of more than 200 passed quietly through Opotiki. It was quite an event to see them riding along the beach, well-dressed, with their long hair, a feature of their religion, bound up on their heads. Many of the Maoris had sold most of their possessions to get funds for the trip, which ended in disappointment, as Rua refused to walk on the river, the excuse being that King George had cabled that he could not come. For some time, without horses or cattle, the Maoris almost starved.

A great part of the present food farming land of Nukuhou and Waimana was opened up in the early 1900's by milling the good rimu and other timber. Many of the settlers took up land and worked in the mill for cash to build and develop. Previously timber came by boat to Ohiwa or Opotiki from Auckland or Mercury Bay, good heart of kauri costing less than £1 a hundred feet. There was an excellent boat service twice weekly to Ohiwa and Opotiki, the Whakatane boat also calling at Ohiwa quite often and sheltering there in bad weather. On Lord Plunket's visit in 1907, in the Government's vessel "Tutanekai", he was unable to visit Opotiki because of a north-easter and finally the boat sheltered under Whale Island, the party finally coming into Ohiwa for a meal at the hotel. Reg. Looney's first good home was built in the early eighties by Somervilles, timber being brought up by barge.

Opotiki flats grew marvellous crops of maize and wheat was also largely grown. There was a small flour-mill on the Wai-oeka road, also a brewery. One farmer boasted in early days of the century that he had grown maize in one paddock for 30 years without any manure. Rich silt from rivers made the land. During the wars a party of soldiers fearing an ambush attempted to cross the flooded Wai-oeka river in close formation. Hampered by heavy rifles and packs, several were swept away and drowned.

A ferry service was maintained across Ohiwa Harbour until the road through the Waimana Gorge was completed. A row boat was used for years. Gigs and buggies were balanced on it while horses swam behind and at certain times the crossing was long and sometimes dangerous, several lives being lost. Later the council maintained a large punt with an engine, on which both coach and horses could cross.

The opening of Waioatahi Co-operative Cheese Factory in 1904 improved things for many settlers, who previously made their own butter and shipped it to Auckland receiving less than 6d lb for best quality. The first payout in 1904 was about 4½ lb. butterfat and the finances of the new factory rather shaky. Cheese was carted to Ohiwa wharf by settlers sons free of charge to assist finances for a year or so.

Prices fortunately were also low, for £1 would supply most of a family's groceries for a month. 100lb of flour 6/-, case kerosene 4/6, 50 lb sugar 4/-, oatmeal 10d, tea 1/8 lb, and so on.

In 1902 the whole of the present golf-links was purchased for £2/10/- per acre while Paerata land went from 10/- to 30/- per acre. Even so late, the only land regarded as valuable was the river flats.

There was a brickyard in Opotiki for years, and a flaxmill at Waioatahi for several years up till 1916. Large areas of farm land were cleared of flax—the flax on miles of roadside was also milled.

WAIMANA SETTLEMENT

Contributed by Mr B. Sladden

The development of the lower Waimana valley as a farming area under European occupation has followed a pattern common to many such holdings throughout the country, that have been settled under similar circumstances. First came the pioneer, the man with some capital and plenty of faith who vent-

ured his all and lost all, but laid a foundation for a prosperity to come.

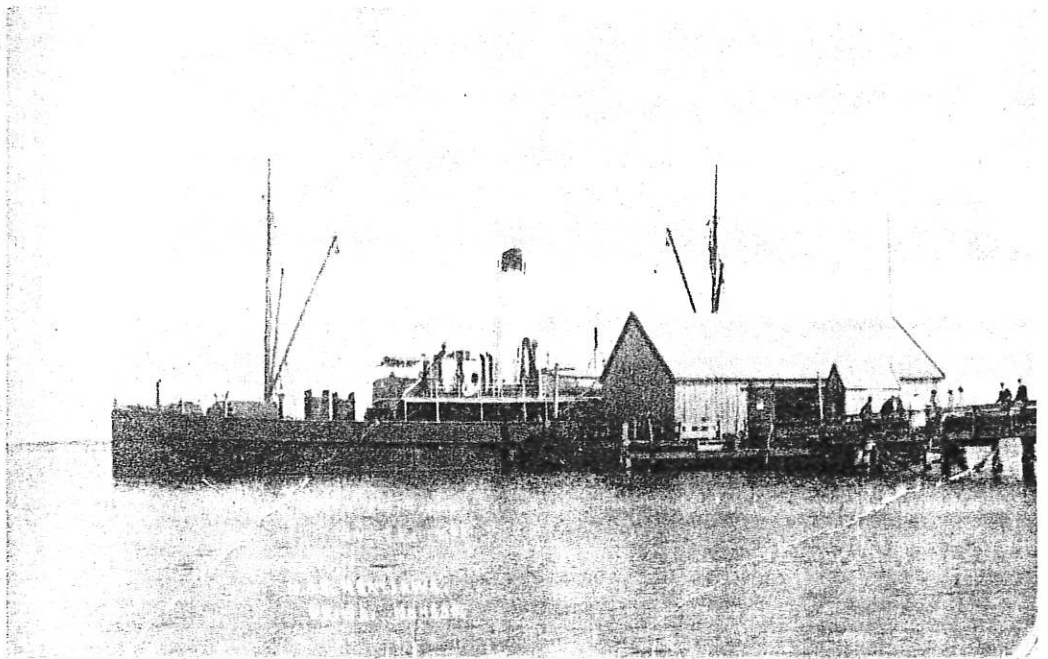
Then followed a period of the Bar in possession. Prices for wool and meat were desperately low, men worked for small wages and often under conditions that were unattractive to say the least of it, but development still went on. Finally, under a policy of closer settlement, the larger estates were broken up and a new era began. The first settlement at Waimana, however, still had plenty of difficulties to face in periods of recurring low prices for their produce before real success was achieved. From first to last, it may be said that all have contributed something toward the outstanding progress of the Waimana district.

In pre-European days, the territory which included the very fertile valley of the Waimana, was part of the tribal lands of Tuhoe, by conquest. At some time subsequent to the War of the '60's and the confiscation of certain land adjacent to the coast, Col. Whitmore and Major Swindley acquired a large area here and began to develop it as a sheep and cattle run. These gentlemen seem to have carried on until 1886 when the great eruption of Tarawera spread a coating of ash over the countryside causing the removal of stock from the localities affected. Farming was precarious enough in those days without this additional setback and it is said that Major Swindley set out for Auckland taking with him a bag of volcanic ash which he handed over to his banker with the remark: "Here, Sir, is your security. I have come to surrender it." The ill effects of the ash covering however, were not lasting and pastures soon began to recover.

The Whitmore-Swindley property had included land on both sides of the confiscation line. That on the north side fell into the hands of the National Bank. This land, comprising several thousand acres was not farmed by the bank, but being sub-divided, was eventually occupied by the settlers. The land on the



CHURCH STREET, OPOTIKI, IN THE EARLY 1900'S.
OPOTIKI HOTEL AND HITCHING-POSTS IN LEFT FOREGROUND.



N.S.S. "NGATIWA" AT OHIWA WHARF IN THE EARLY DAYS