THREADS

A memoir of an immigrant family

Joseph La Hood & Cheryl La Hood

Cover photograph is a studio portrait of the parents of the first generation La Hood family with their young adult children. It was taken in the nineteen twenties. The background cover is a copy of a classic Middle Eastern kilm design with a corner of the woven underside revealed to visually represent the 'thread's' metaphor used in the telling of the story.

This is dedicated to the future generations
of the La Hood family so that they may
know from whence they came.

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An outline of the La Hood family's immigrant
experiences in New Zealand.
(This memoir is based on information provided by Joseph (Joe) La Hood - a Dunedin born grandchild of Joseph and Wurdi La Hood Taouk - in collaboration with Cheryl La Hood, the eldest daughter of Frank La Hood, their second son).

"There is no 'the truth' or 'a truth'- truth is not one thing, or even a system. It is an increasing complexity. The pattern of the carpet is the surface. When we look closely, or when we become weavers, we learn of the tiny multiple threads unseen in the overall pattern, the knots on the underside of the carpet…"
From 'On Lies, Secrets and Silences' by the American Poet, Adrienne Rich

All name spelling is phonetic

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INTRODUCTION

When we decided to get on with writing an historical account of the Dunedin La Hood family, we had little idea of what it would entail. Obviously, we would research old documents and interview senior relatives. However, that did not turn out to be the case. We had not factored in that our antecedents, being poor, did not appear in any documentation until well into the twentieth century. From ship's records to residential listings, they were absent. Only then did the realisation dawn that we were initially part of an underclass – largely unmarked and certainly unheralded. At first, we were despondent. To make matters worse, most of the key identities who could have given us the information we needed, were now deceased. If we were to produce anything, we would have to work with what was left, our own memories, however inaccurate and the recollections of relatives still living. It would be a memoir – not a documented history – with all the immediacy and emotion of a much loved story. As for truth, we all have our own and the final word on anything has never been written. We live in an age of revisionism. This story is what we know or have been told at this given point of time, for which we owe a debt of gratitude to the members of all the La Hood families who provided information and encouragement. We hope that you will bring your truth to what we have written and in so doing ponder the accomplishments of those who have gone before you – preparing a path, so that your achievement would be what they could only have dreamed of. It's a story that deserves to be told, not because we are different from other immigrant families but because it is our story.

As a family, thread, in its many forms has been a dominant feature, from the hawkers who sold cottons and fabric more than a century ago, to the clothing manufacturers, tailors, wholesalers and retailers of the twentieth century, to the fashion industry and designers right up to the present time. 'Threads' is a casual term for fine clothes associated with a sense of style which many of us have possessed. More significantly, it also provides an appropriate metaphor for our interwoven lives. This is the story of the underside of the carpet where the threads are arranged and combined to form the pattern on top that is our identity. We are the threads.

BEGINNINGS

Amidst the splendour of snow and verdure
With its seasons of four harvests
Eternal Lebanon enthroned in the sky
… the place where the two conditions
Joy and misfortune forebode …
Eyes and mirrors bent on the horizon of the seas.
Fouad Gabriel Naffah

How shall I go in peace and without sorrow … For to stay, though the hours burn in the night is to freeze and crystallize and be bound in a mould?
Kahlil Gibran

Why was there a massive migration of Lebanese Christians of multiple denominations in the nineteenth century? The mountains had been a place of refuge for persecuted minorities and malcontents for a thousand years, perhaps longer. The people, though often claiming a Phoenician connection, had arrived from many parts of the Levant and even Europe during the Crusades. However, their lofty haven had not long afforded them the security they sought. The Lebanon has been a much contended and occupied

The town of Becharre in Mt. Lebanon. The Home of our antecedents.

piece of land from earliest times. By 1516 it had been subsumed into the Muslim Ottoman Empire where it languished (with its neighbouring countries) for over 400 years. During this time the fortunes of Christian minorities such as the Maronites would wax and wane with the Turks ceding power to the local prince who became their vassal.

The town of Becharre nestled by the famous Biblical cedars, was a typical Christian village populated by a number of clans – including Kayrouz, Jahjah, Fahkry and Taouk. Probably each clan had originally come from a different place in the Levant or further afield. All fiercely proud and tribal, they were to remain a disparate group, highly individualistic, possessing a siege mentality and prepared to bear arms in defence of their identity and their adopted land. They were united by their Christian faith. It was their birthright. Further, their connection with Christ was a close one. They liked to think that He had walked the well worn mountain tracks of their land and met with his beloved mother in sanctified areas. Some even held that the adjacent Kadisha Valley was the site of the Garden of Eden. They alone followed the rule of St Maroon, a 5th century ascetic from the region of Antioch. Originally, to escape persecution from Byzantine emperors, his followers had moved up the valley of the Orontes and sought refuge in North Lebanon in the Kadisha Valley. From there they spread throughout Mt Lebanon.

This event coincided with a time of Arab conquest in the greater Middle East. With the arrival of the Druze (a Muslim sect) Maronite security and primacy in the area had come to an end.

Between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries both populations were expanding and with limited land resources the stage had long been set for conflict. This culminated in actual wars in 1815, 1841 and 1860. The last year witnessed a hideous slaughter of Christians in the Druze district in which an estimated 12,000 were killed and their property destroyed in an act of ethnic cleansing! It was claimed that only the armed intervention of the French had saved them from total extinction. While this might well not be the whole story, there being wrongs on both sides of the conflict, it remains a huge contributing factor behind Christian mass migration. Added to this and of even greater significance was the Nineteenth Century famine (caused by plagues of pests) which killed an estimated 50 000 members of the Maronite population throughout Lebanon. Paradoxically, the drawing up of a new constitution affording Christian Lebanese greater security only made matters worse. It resulted in an actual rise in population placing intolerable pressure on land resources. The mountainous land that was their heritage had to be sub-divided to such an extent it could no longer sustain the growing population. Added to this, even lowland Lebanon was now being settled by waves of Arab immigrants. The Christians had become a small island in an Islamic archipelago. Consequently, the risk takers sought better lives in the new world – the Americas, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. It was an age of expansion from the old world to the new, where opportunities must have seemed boundless. Yusef and Wurrdi, our first

generation antecedents, were part of this Diaspora. So too was Becharre's most famous son, the mystic, poet and philosopher, Kahlil Gibran.

The question of whom and what preceded our forebears remains a tantalising mosaic of incomplete fragments of information. We know that our great, great grandfather was Abud Lahoud Bcher Taouk. He was born in the late 18th or early 19th century into the Maronite Christian enclave of Becharre where he would have endured a subsistence existence – scratching out the bare necessities of life from patches of arable land on the terraced mountainside that were his clan's heritage. He married Melanie and had three sons, La Hood, Gibrael and Nakhle; and three daughters, Hindi, Hanna and Sheheene. All married and had families except for Hanna.

Our great grandfather was Abud's eldest son, La Hood La Hood Bcher Taouwk. He married Wurrdi and had three sons, Yusef (destined to be our grandfather and founder of the Dunedin La Hood family), Habib and Nakhle. There is no record of any daughters though it is likely that there were some. By this generation the ability to eke out a living in the time honoured way had become all but impossible. So the three sons migrated: Yusef(Joseph) and Nakle (Michael), went to New Zealand. They probably chose this country because some of the Fakhry Clan had already made their way to Dunedin, then the most prosperous town in New Zealand because of the Otago gold rushes. Their journey would have been long and difficult (steerage class) but they were young, strong, indomitable and possibly hard on the heels of others from the village – a fact supported by the birthdates of the first Lebanese children to be born here: Neave Isaac (1895), Ned La Hood (1896), Ike Hannah (1897 and Tony Milne (1898).

The third brother, Habib went to Argentina. Sadly, he lost his sight, and returned to Becharre where he and his wife Harita raised three sons(Huna, Boutrous, Mansour) and three daughters (Jamelia, Warde and Adesse). Harita was greatly respected and admired for raising and educating her family and this was acknowledged by the fact that their House did not bear the name 'Beit Habib' after her blind husband (which was the custom), but 'Beit Harita'!

Harita's sister was Khuni (Anne) who married Jhiddi Joe's much younger brother Nakhle (Mick). They were brought to New Zealand as newly weds in about 1906 by Yusef and all of their children were born here. Adjusting well to life in their new home, they were quick to take advantage of the opportunity to educate their children who nearly all (except the two eldest) matriculated from school. This was unusual at the time. All went on to succeed in their chosen areas. Sam, the eldest, joined the merchant navy and later went into business. Jamelie trained as a hairdresser and became a prosperous property developer and the financial backbone of her family, supporting some of her younger brothers through their university educations while housing and caring for her widowed, elderly father until his death. John became a Dental Technician. Frank joined

Family portrait. Front row: Sam, Khuni (Anne), Nakhle (Mick), Frank. Back row: Joe, John, Dave, Jamelie. Insert: Tom (Ned).

the Civil Service and rose to be second in charge of NZ Customs. Tom became a dentist and completed post graduate studies in the United Kingdom. He then returned to New Zealand to set up a practice in Auckland. David became a Pharmacist and opened a much awarded business in Gore. Joe joined the Christian Brothers as a Novitiate but WW2 intervened and he served in Japan – returning home to make the army his career.

Uncle Mick's sons were achievers in the sporting sphere as well. John and David both won their school boxing championships and Frank was the school's athletic champion. It is interesting to note that four members from both La Hood families contested the Christian Brother's Boxing Championships on five occasions! It is self evident that sport was an important factor for the males in both families but ultimately their educational achievements would be more profound in shaping their lives as New Zealanders.

A family tree for Nakhle's descendants has also been included.

This story, however, focuses on our grandfather, Yusef La Hood Bcher Taouk, his wife Wurrdi and their children – how they made their way in this new land and forged a better life; and how their descendants became contributing New Zealanders.

JHIDDI JOE & SITTEE WURRDI

Family tree, page 131.

The battered hulk of a ship limping home from stormy seas gives but a poor estimate of the proud strength and sure swiftness of it at its launching … our dreams of human strength, beauty and grace are more than wishful thinking; they have about them the flavour of haunting memories … of a man and a woman, not as they should be or could be, but as they were.
From My Way of Life by Saint Thomas Aquinas

Yusef La Hood Bcher Taouk, later known as Joseph La Hood (or Jhiddi Joe to his family), was born in Becharre, Lebanon in about 1868. He was the eldest son of Najeeb and Wurrdi (Rosie) La Hood. He had two brothers, Habeb and Nakhle (Michael). There was a large gap between Joseph and Nukhle, so it is likely that there were daughters but nothing is known about them. The traditional practice of the time was that they became attached to the families into which they married.

Little or nothing is known about Joseph's life in Lebanon except that that he married Wurrdi (Rosie) Millan in 1892. We know nothing of her family but her maiden name suggests she may have been a Dayre of the Fakhry Clan. At the time of her marriage, she was certainly still in her teens because records show she was twenty years of age when her first child, Edward/Najeeb (Ned) was born. A story has been handed down that Joseph had seen her interacting with her friends in a public garden and admired her pluck, so he proposed to her – not only marriage, but to go with him to the other side of the world to a land where easy money was to be made. She had the sense of adventure and spirit to take up his offer and agreed. Their photograph shows them to have been strong and good looking. Once married they set sail for New Zealand, planning to make the journey their honeymoon. No doubt, they hoped for a better life, to be able to send money home and eventually to return. The absence of their names on passenger lists of the time suggests that they travelled steerage class – being very likely penniless. The journey must have been nightmarish – dark and cramped, with no privacy, bad food and lack of hygiene.

It is unclear why Joseph chose Dunedin, New Zealand. Probably, because it had prospered from the Otago goldrushes and was still the richest of the cities in New Zealand and it had already been settled by members of the Fakhry clan who also hailed from Becharre.

On arrival (1892-3), Joseph and Wurrdi stayed at 93 Walker Street; known at the time as The Devil's Half Acre, it had many of the qualities of the 'wild west' - crowded cottages, multiple drinking and boarding establishments, the odd brothel and some undaunted Lebanese and Chinese immigrants. But it hummed with enterprise born out of necessity and the determination to survive. Our grandparents bore that same desperate determination and remained there until 1920. Most of their children were born at this time starting with Edward (Ned) in 1896 and Shuffiha (Sophie) in 1898. After a short break probably through Wurrdi's miscarriages, their other five children were born – Murion, Jamelie, Frank (Francis), Jack and Fred (whose twin sister was stillborn). Their life in Walker Street would have presented many challenges. This was the cheapest residential part of Dunedin and viewed by the general public as the 'red light' district. Drunkenness was endemic and some Chinese immigrants ran opium dens, mainly set up as an 'escape' from drudgery and prejudice that was their lot in New Zealand at that time. Most Chinese were not permitted to bring out their wives so they

turned to prostitutes operating in the area. These were often girls who had fallen out with their families or had a drug or alcohol problem. So tragedy was writ large here.

The Lebanese families who lived in the area learned to adapt to its colourful, frontier character without being involved in the vice. They lived communally as they had in Becharre, constantly visiting each other, sharing the upbringing of their large families and being united in trials and tribulations. With few amenities, they kept their homes clean and open. Hospitality was huge as it had been back home, leaving no room for boredom or loneliness. The Lebanese housewives were well treated by the Chinese retailers who sold them only the best produce and their children often frequented the cook shops and delighted in playing 'tricks' on the tolerant shop owners. If there was wild behaviour in the street, it was ignored. It was not part of their world. They inhabited their own world and nothing from the outside was going to deter them.

When Joseph joined their number, he was barely literate in Arabic and unable to speak English. Yet he still mustered the strength to follow the lead of several Lebanese predecessors and go hawking small goods. With thousands of years of Phoenician trading as his birthright, he might well have believed 'it was in his blood'. He would have begun with a couple of suitcases (busters) full of knick-knacks (buttons needles and thread etc.) which he would take by train to a certain area and work it on foot. Up until the birth of their third child Wurrdi worked with him.

Joseph (Jhiddi Joe) standing. Wurrdi seated, and their first two children Shuffiha (Sofie) and Ned.

Their living conditions in Walker St. would have been Spartan to say the least. The cottages were shabby and extremely drafty, with few, if any amenities – not even running water. That had to be obtained from an outside tap! Their struggle must have been relentless but they were young and they had no other choice but to make a go of it. This was exacerbated by Wurrdi's difficult pregnancies. Despite this, they both had to continue to scratch out a spare living, selling what they could. Initially, their first two children were occasionally left in the care of a Chinese family, remembered as being 'kind' by Shuffiha, in later years.

Hawking in a 'foreign' country must have been a bizarre experience both for them and for those startled individuals on whom they called, but most people were welcoming. So they succeeded and were eventually able to upgrade to a horse and cart. However, the strong racial prejudice of an influential group of New Zealanders could not be denied.

The New Zealand establishment of the 19th century was not a welcoming one. Lebanese hawkers (known as 'Assyrians' in the parlance of the time) were viewed with suspicion and even hostility. In 1894 W.H. Reeves, Minister of Labour, presented a *Hawkers and Peddlers Bill* to Parliament, in an effort to deny a hawking licence to those who were not British subjects by birth or naturalisation. It narrowly failed, but was followed in 1895 by his *Asiatics and Other Immigrants Restriction Bill* which sort to exclude Chinese and Syrians along with lunatics, criminals and the disease ridden. It too failed but demonstrated the common attitudes of the time that impacted on lives in the Community. In 1899 the *Immigration Restriction Act* succeeded and saw a sharp decline in Lebanese migration, which continues to the present day. Indeed, both Chinese and Lebanese residents were not given the vote until the term of the first Labour Government led by Michael Joseph Savage in the 1930s.

Like many Lebanese immigrants, Jhiddi Joe and Sitti Wurrdi's initial aim had always been to return to Lebanon, but they became convinced of New Zealand's rich potential and instead brought out younger brothers, Habib and Nakle, and their wives, Harita and Anne Jahjah. Harita and Anne were sisters. Habib ended up opting for Argentina, but Nakhle and Anne arrived in Dunedin in about 1906. They were to create another successful line of the La Hood family in New Zealand.

As their family grew, Jhiddi Joe had to continue hawking alone. At times he was away from home for three or four months on end. This meant that Sittee Wurrdi was left by herself to care for their children, eventually numbering seven, three daughters and four sons. It must have been a huge challenge requiring ingenuity, stamina and courage, especially given her problems with child bearing. She is purported to have suffered at least nine miscarriages at a time of little medical intervention.

By 1920 they were able to buy their first home – 4 Waverley Street in South Dunedin, basic but nearly new. They remained there for the next ten years and their presence in the country was finally recorded in Stone's Otago Directory. Their improving prospects are indicated by Jhiddi Joe's occupation being officially changed from 'Hawker' to 'Commercial Traveller'. They must have felt they had 'arrived'.

In appearance, the La Hood children were light complexioned and hazel, green or blue eyed. Their light eyes were a dominant feature - Fred's startlingly so. Generally, they were judged to be a very good looking family, a fact supported by their family portrait.

Houses in Waverley Street, South Dunedin. The first house Joseph and Wurrdi owned in their street would have been identical to the ones shown here.

Family portrait. Front row, left to right: Jack, Jhiddi Joe, Wurrdi, Fred. Back row, left to right: Murion, Frank, Jamelie, Ned, Shuffiha.

The daughters, Shuffiha (Sophie), Murion and Jamelie, were all raised in accordance with Lebanese tradition, to be wives and mothers. They were, however, strong minded individuals destined to hold undisputed authority in their future households. They deferred to no one!

While the sons had shared characteristics, they all had a large degree of individuality. Ned was the diplomat of the family. He was of serene disposition, with a strong sense of responsibility and a dry wit. Frank was an avid reader and an outstanding sportsman. He commanded attention and would accept nothing less. A natural athlete, his prime love and the one in which he would win amateur titles, and contest nationally, was boxing. Highly articulate, his public speaking ability belied his meagre formal education (Standard 3). Jack also boxed but his particular achievement was to become a builder and acquire the mathematical skill to draw wonderful building plans without the benefit of formal mathematical instruction. Despite being barely literate when he 'escaped' from school, Fred would become a legendary publican with a gregarious gift that is still remembered. Their shared qualities were a wicked sense of humour, a strong commitment to social justice, a hatred of sham, great generosity, family loyalty, courage and a fierce tendency to volatility. Ned, of course, was never volatile.

(From Olga Facoory's account) There were other Lebanese families living in Waverley Street at the time. It was a narrow, gas lit thoroughfare where children from all the households were welcomed and the rule of open home prevailed. This was a working class area of Dunedin and hard labour was the norm. Women battled poverty and solitude to raise large families and toiled literally from dawn to dusk. It was, however, Sitti Wurrdi's first home, her first taste of ownership and it was also 'near new'. Though a very humble dwelling, it would have given her pride of possession and a sense of achievement. In reality, it was only a plain worker's cottage, consisting of a narrow central passage way that led to a 'front room' used as another much needed bedroom, two actual bedrooms and a kitchen. The kitchen was the hub of the home where everyone congregated and the business of living took place.

Facilities were spare. All cooking was done on a coal range which also had a compartment for heating water. There was only one cold water faucet per household, no bathroom

and only an outside toilet. However, this did not mean that there was a lowering of domestic standards. Like most women of her generation, Sitti Wurrdi's home was her world. She constantly cleaned, washed and cooked – veritable banquets for her ever growing family. Lebanese children were always well fed on wonderful Middle Eastern cuisine adapted to the local availability of ingredients and substitutions when ingredients could not be obtained. Out of this a hybrid cooking style developed and remains to this day. It is uniquely kiwi. Neither did it mean a low standard of personal hygiene. In fact, the males of the family were Spartan enough to administer a cold shower each morning, using an outside hose in all weathers – winter or summer!

Spare time was rare and spent sewing items that either she or her husband could peddle as did her Lebanese neighbours. People were united in their need and had a strong sense of community that included most of their Anglo -Celtic neighbours who shared their hardships. They looked after one another thereby managing to survive and prosper in this new land.

By 1930, a strenuous workload and a provident lifestyle allowed Jhiddi Joe and Sitti Wurrdi to accumulate enough money (with the help of their eldest son, Ned) to purchase Garden Terrace in Carroll Street. The timing coincided with the Great Depression. Possibly property values had slumped allowing them to take advantage of a favourable purchase price. This Georgian style building featured a three storied spacious house in front with a solarium on one side and seven terraced houses behind, in a 'step' formation. It was stylish and a tangible way of showing what they had achieved. It also afforded them a source of income on which they could quite comfortably live. The property left their grandchildren with indelible memories of wandering through its many rooms, gazing out at large expanses of the city of Dunedin and playing a small selection of 78 vinyl records (including the Lebanese National Anthem) on their wind up phonograph. They also listened to other recordings lauding the achievements of heroes of the time like Charles Lindburg. Perhaps this was part of the fabric of early experiences that made them an aspirational family.

A sketch of Garden Terrace, Carroll Street, Dunedin. By artist, Shona McFarlane in the 1970s. The property was demolished to make way for the Palmyra redevelopment.

The boys typically often got up to high jinx. One such incident was when Milkham

Lettoof, the stern patriarch of the Lettoof family, was observed by a local policeman peering through the front window of Garden Terrace. When questioned, he protested that he was a family friend. On seeking to verify this with one of the boys inside, he was assured that this man was a complete stranger! Milkham was at the point of being hauled off before the prank was exposed.

Years later, Garden Terrace would be the subject of a sketch by a well respected local artist, Shona McFarlane. Also, the author Janet Frame stayed in Number 8 for a time with her aunt and uncle, an experience immortalised in her book 'To the Is-land'.

Jhiddi Joe in his senior years.

Jhiddi Joe's nature remains something of an enigma with some remembering him as fiery and explosive while others found him gentle and possessing a dry wit. He often took his eldest Dunedin grandson, Joe, for walks and was always patient with him. Joe's mother, Mary, confirmed this with him years later, though others expressed a contrary view, pronouncing him intolerant and bad tempered. Some even held, not completely in jest, that Jhiddi Joe's horse, Blacky, bolted when it saw him approaching. The story is probably apocryphal. Joe's memories (and those of his mother) support the favourable view, though there is no doubt that he was volatile when provoked. It is generally held that he was not a man to be trifled with. Joe recalled an incident when Jiddi Joe was babysitting his brother Gordon and himself. Like most males of the time he possessed a multi-purpose pocket knife. Having used it to scrape his dentures, he proceeded to peel and slice an apple. When he presented Joe with a slice, he naturally refused, but Jhiddi Joe insisted, so he acquiesced. Not so his brother Gordon, who was a spirited child. He ducked under the table but Jhiddi Joe was not to be deterred. He lifted the table, grabbed Gordon's head and shoved the slice of apple into his mouth. Joe had no memory of being frightened at the time. He only recalls it as being funny!

Jiddi Joe well appreciated the value of education. He always referred to Joe as 'Hakim' (doctor) – perhaps his way of planting the thought in his young head. He would be highly gratified to know that his direct descendants have gained nearly fifty degrees or tertiary degree equivalent qualifications to date.

Another occasion Joe recalls was when his brother Gordon's spirited disposition featured again. They were playing ball against the wall of Garden Terrace and Jhiddi Joe emerged from the gate, saw them, and called Joe over to give me a shilling. This was a reasonable amount of money in those days and meant for both brothers to share. Gordon did not realise that he was included. So he waited for Jhiddi Joe to get about ten yards down the

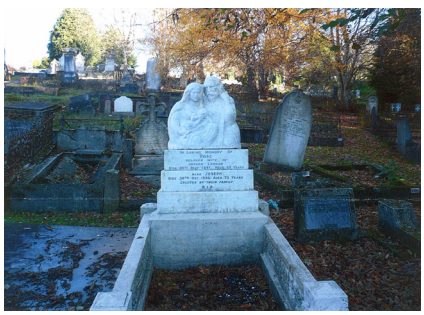
road, before shrieking a string of expletives after him. Joe remembers thinking that his brother was severely at risk having exhibited this behaviour and held his breath for a few tense moments. At first Jhiddi Joe looked stunned, and then he saw the humour and, smiling to himself, continued on his way. He was still smiling when he relayed the incident to their father later on.

Wurdi in middleage.

There is little doubt that Jhiddi Joe became more volatile with age and infirmity. He lost his temper often with his teenage sons when they were idle but they probably well deserved it at the time. His 'short fuse' could be humorous when he would blame inanimate objects if he lost his footing and let fly a string of curses and expletives in Arabic, much to the amusement of his grandsons.

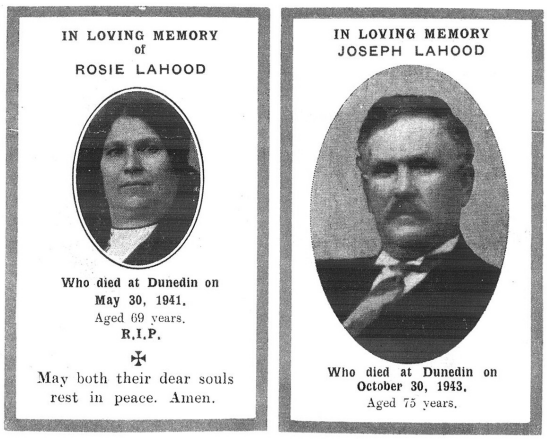
Joe can still visualize his grandmother, Sitti Wurrdi. Strangely, he cannot remember the sound of her voice even when he recalls her sending him to the dairy for a message. Although she was only sixty years of age at the time, she appeared very old to him. She had endured a hard life, standing side by side, grafting with her husband and coping with sixteen or more pregnancies, seven of which resulted in live births (probably home births). In later life, her hair was tied back in a sedate bun and she wore black probably because she was in semi-permanent mourning for various bereavements. Never really well, she sat in her favourite wicker chair most of the time, directing her burly sons with her eyes and body language. No words were required. Now she appeared stern and had developed a prominent goitre which had weakened her heart. Joe remembers being only six years of age when Sitti Wurrdi died in 1941, yet it had such an impact that he can still recall the details of her passing. She was seated between his mother and father in their Ford V8. They were on a shopping excursion to town. His brother Saba, who was approaching school age at the time,

Wurrdi seated, surrounded by her sons, left to right: Jack, Ned, Frank and Fred.



The tombstone in Dunedin's Southern Cemetery, marking the grave of Jhiddi Joe and Sittee Wurrdi. The sculptor Robert Field was commissioned to create this nativity scene.

was also in the car. Saba remembered the comment, 'winter is upon us' spoken in Arabic, after which Ned noticed his mother was unresponsive and seemed to be leaning on him. At first, he thought that she had just dozed off and asked her to give him more room to drive. When she failed to respond, he realised that something serious had occurred. In a state of shock and some panic, he drove to various destinations to obtain help before eventually establishing that she had in fact died. On reflection, and with the distance of time, it was a pleasant 'way to go', but a dreadful shock for the family. The incident was thought to have exacerbated Ned's Sugar Diabetes. For Joe, this was his first experience of a death in the family and as such, it left a lasting impression. She was laid to rest in Dunedin's Southern Cemetery and the sculptor, Robert Field was commissioned to carve a large headstone depicting a nativity scene, an unusual subject for that purpose. Among other things, it demonstrated the importance that was placed on family.



Memorial cards for Sittee Wurrdi and Jhiddi Joe.

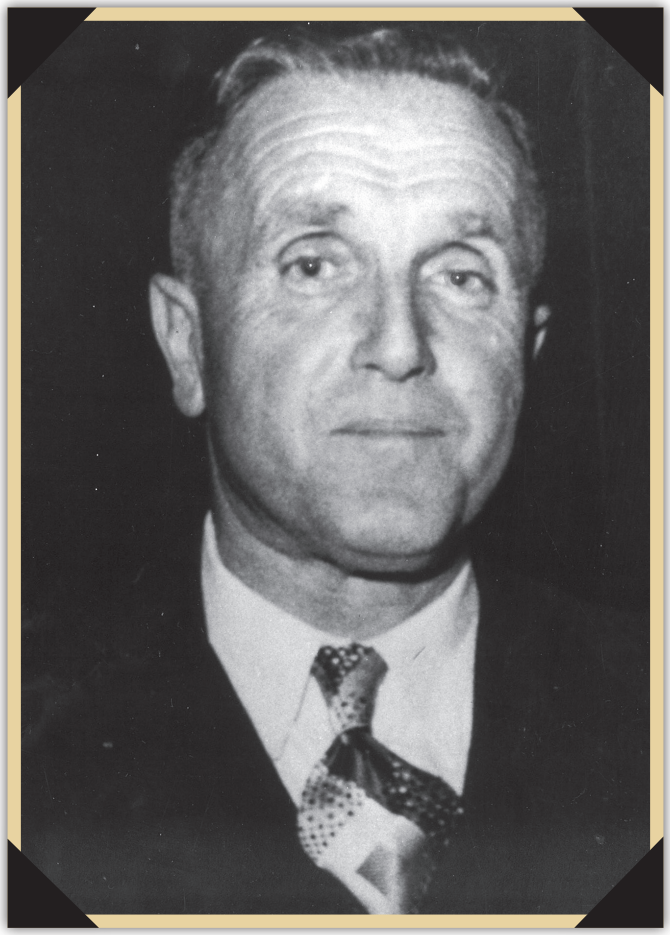
When Jhiddi Joe died suddenly outside Garden Terrace just two years later, in October 1943, he was buried with his wife. The effect of Jhiddi Joes's death on the family was profound. Garden Terrace never seemed the same again, even though other members of the family continued to live there for many years.

As was the custom, the women of the family did not feature in Jhiddi Joe's will. They were expected to inherit through their husbands. Nevertheless, Ned tried to get his brothers to agree to include their sisters in the inheritance. Being much older, he was a father figure to them and they all agreed except Uncle Fred – surprising in the light of his normally generous nature. Needless to say this upset the daughters of the family for some time.

Ultimately more enduring were Jhiddi Joe's words to his grandson and namesake, words that Joe has passed on to his own children - 'This is a good country. God blessed our family by sending us here and we should make the most of His gift'.

The oldest hath borne the most: we that are young
Shall never see so much …
From 'King Lear' by William Shakespeare

Edward (Ned) Joseph La Hood



Family tree, page 132.

… to do right and live honourably and be just, whether or not anyone knows what manner of man you are …
From The Republic of Plato

Ned, the eldest son, did well at school and succeeded in his Proficiency Examinations. As a young man he suffered a serious attack of Rheumatic Fever, and then developed a goitre that was surgically removed under less than optimum conditions. There being yet no antibiotics, he was left with a wound that would not heal for months. When it eventually closed, he ascribed it to the power of the Almighty because it coincided with his he completion of a Novena to pray for a cure. He had matured into a fine looking, refined young man with a fair complexion, blue eyes and a tall appearance. His serene disposition was evident right from the start and he was well respected. At first, he accompanied his father on his selling trips to the country thereby receiving his training 'on the road' but before long he set up in his own right. Ned married Mary Farry, the sweet and petit granddaughter of the indomitable entrepreneur, Sheriffie Coory and they started their married life in Garden Terrace.

Christian Brothers School 1904. Ned La Hood third row from front, fourth from right.


Mary La Hood (Farry) (portrait).

In previous generations it might have been unusual for a Toatee man to marry a Fakhri woman because of tribal prejudices. However, their grandmothers, Sittee Wurrdi and Sittee Sheriffie were firm friends and with the passage of time these old barriers had been eroded. Mary could


Ned and Mary wedding at St Joseph's, 1932.

be spirited at times but mainly shared her husband's serene disposition and it enabled her to adapt to living at Garden Terrace. Generally she was made welcome, especially by the brothers. Their first two sons were born during this time, Joseph Edward (Joe) on 19th December, 1934 in the Queen Mary Maternity Hospital, Dunedin, followed by Gordon (Gabriel Norman) two years later. Her stay in hospital was for a two week plus duration, a level of care that would be unheard of today.

Gordon & Joe in the Octagon.

Joe and Gordon were beautiful children with their mother's Mediterranean colouring, large expressive eyes and rich brown hair. Naturally they were adored by their aunts and uncles. They gave them money and took them on outings. Joe has a vague recollection of Uncle Frank giving him his first bicycle and taking him for rides on it. Already he possessed a thoughtful disposition and learned quickly. However, he was not the first grandchild in the family. That distinction belonged to Aunt Shuffiha's children. However, they lived in Hawera which made contact considerably more difficult at the time. So for Joe and Gordon it was a windfall!

They resided on the third level of Garden Terrace and Joe still has memories of the place and of Jhiddi Joe taking him by the hand as a small child to view progress being made on what was to be their family home in Maitland Street. He remembers the clay and the rough appearance of the building site, soon to contain their tidy brick bungalow.

Left to right: Gabriel Farry, Joe, Tony Farry, Saba, Gordon, Tom Williams

The lane in Maitland Street started off as a wilderness that was used by four households but had been concreted over by the time Uncle Ned's family moved in. It was the boys' adventure playground and much fun was to be had. Mary told her son Joe that moving into her own home in Maitland Street was one of the happiest days of her married life. She was more than house proud; fanatically hygienic, she exhibited occasional obsessive behaviour. For example, she wouldn't let her children's clothes or bedding touch the floor and it would be laundered immediately if did. When an elderly female relative who came to stay with them requested a bedpan for the night, and accidentally spilled some of its contents the next morning, Mary adamantly insisted that the entire house be re-carpeted!

She was the gentlest of women but equally possessed a steely resolve. However, she was also forgiving. Gordon remembers one occasion when his mother gave him a half crown (25c in today's money but with the purchasing power of at least $25 today)' to buy fish and chips for the family evening meal (an unusual treat). On his way home from school he stopped to buy an icecream which cost threepence. He enjoyed the icecream so much that he decided he'd buy another and reaching into his pocket for the required three pennies, he inadvertently pulled out the half crown. The money was duly taken without the store attendant being aware of the error. By the time Gordon got home he had realised his mistake and had to confess. He pleaded for his mother's forgiveness, promising he would polish the floor and perform other chores in recompense. His mother readily forgave him though he didn't get to polish the floor. The next day was a school day and he frequently got out of going by using chores as a bargaining tool, but not this time. Because of Gordon's school phobia, Mary had the most highly polished floors in the neighbourhood!

Joe remembers starting school at St Josephs when he was six years of age, having contracted chicken pox when he was five. At that time, the school was a second rate place viewed as appropriate for immigrants and the children of poor Irish families, though Mary and Ned would not have been aware of this. There was no social promotion in those days; consequently a number of children in the class had been there for years. He was taken to school each day by Theresa Michael and Nancy Langston whom he remembers as being always up to pranks. Thankfully, he was removed from St Josephs after about six months and sent to St Dominics – a much better school. Joe is proud to say that he taught his mother to read and write in English. They did his homework together and in that way both benefited. His task was made easier by the fact that she was already literate in French and so had the Latin alphabet. She could also write in Arabic.

Mary developed a serious eye complaint when the boys were young and Ned was away hawking. Consequently, Joe spent a lot of time in Jiddi Joe's company. He remembers being bought ice-creams and gently taken by the hand. His was a very happy childhood – one in which he was well loved, cared for and every need met. Then he and Gordon caught Diphtheria from the Winghams, a family who went to High Street School where there had been an epidemic. The Winghams were among their playmates. Sharing everything meant childhood diseases as well unfortunately. The brothers were consigned to the isolation hospital at Logan Park where the treatment involved injections which rendered them paralysed for half a day after receiving them. Luckily it worked, and they survived and thrived.

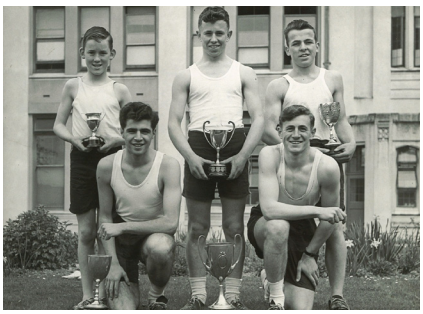
Although he was never demonstrative, Ned was a highly involved father who took his paternal role very seriously as he had done with his younger brothers. He made sure that he came home from selling in the country for weekends. Although he normally left for

Ned & Mary with their family in Gore. Richard in front, Saba behind, Mary, Joe, Gordon, Ned

work early in the week, when Joe was sick with Chicken Pox he didn't go. Instead, he took his son to St Clair for hot milkshakes and sea air till he rallied. Similarly, when Joe broke his leg playing football, he arranged for a taxi to take him to school each day and return him home. Gordon has similar memories of his father. Ned's involvement in his sons' rearing was unusual for those days.

Also unusual for a La Hood, he rarely lost his temper. This is illustrated by another incident that occurred when Joe was thirteen and had the flu. His father was adamant he shouldn't play in the sevens tournament that Saturday. Being desperate to be there, Joe defied him and managed to stall him by locking him in the shed and sneaking out to play. In the course of the game he broke his leg and had to be taken away in an ambulance. That evening, Ned arrived home 'breathing fire' at Joe's defiance but as he came through the door and saw his son injured, the anger totally and instantly dissolved. The injury featured in the Star Sports that week.

Ned never pressured his sons to achieve at school but gave them an attitude that made for success. Joe recalls on one occasion telling his father the name of the student who had come first in his class. Ned listened quietly, then asked, 'And is this boy better than you?' It was a simple response but it awakened in Joe a sense of his potential and a determination to compete.



Christian Brothers Athletic Champions 1951. Joe front left.

All Ned's sons attended Christian Brothers Secondary School. It was there that both Joe and Gordon experienced the sharp blade of racism from some of their fellow students and sadly, some of the brothers who were their teachers and should have known better. The result was markedly different for each of them. It made Joe more determined to prove himself and show his competitive edge, a fact born out by his school reports in which he is highly praised for his overall excellence and outstanding achievement (100% in maths, algebra and geometry and well above the class average in all other subjects). This impressive standard also applied to the sports arena where he excelled in track and field events. He won all the events in the intermediate section from the 100 yards to the half mile and established a new record for the short sprint that stood for twenty-six

years! During this competition, Joe remembers seeing his father's face in the crowd of spectators. That really spurred him on. Then, characteristically not wanting to make a fuss, Ned made a quite exit without knowing he had been spotted. When he arrived home that night, his father didn't make mention of having been there. This was typical of Ned's understated approach and one his sons would come to appreciate later in life.

In contrast to this positive experience, Joe remained excluded from the normal social events that generally accompanied sporting success because of his Lebanese ethnicity, like being included in after match gatherings. He was able to use the slights to spur him on to greater success. Conversely, such racism had the opposite effect on Gordon. It drove him away from formal education and left him with a lingering resentment.

Ned's diplomacy and restraint made him a good poker player. He also loved a game of pool. Yet he wanted better for his sons. When Saba was caught playing pool during school hours. Ned managed to warn him against such misconduct not by berating him, but by telling a story from his own youth. He had been playing pins, a form of pool, in Winton and one of the locals had commented that he was a good player and what a waste of his youth it was. The story achieved its intended purpose. Saba never again wagged school or did anything to jeopardise his education.

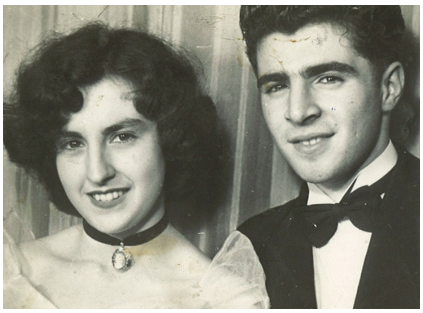
Ned at Wingatui Races.

It still amuses his sons that top in the approval stakes with Ned was not Saba's Dux of Christian Brothers Award (which he expected him to get) but his winning the school boxing championship, which he missed out on narrowly by a questionable decision! Joe, Gordon and Saba were all keen boxers and Ned always attended their fights.

In those days entertainments were limited but life was full. People visited each other and the 'front' room was set aside for receiving them. Joe remembers receiving visitors most nights of the week. Some families had pianos and several people learned to play. Among them was Gordon who became quite adept and probably could still play if he chose to.

Ned giving the key to Joe at his 21st party.

As already indicated, Ned had always been a dedicated and caring elder brother. He had



Margaret Farry & Joe at debutante ball, Gore.

taken his younger siblings to school to ensure they got there, though they often sneaked out the back entrance after he had left. He introduced them to boxing and was in some ways more of a father figure. Unlike himself, the boys were of fiery disposition and fiercely wary of unfair treatment. Because of this Frank, Jack and Fred all rejected Irish Catholic school discipline and the racist attitudes that went with it. Consequently, they grew up largely unschooled. This did not deter them. They were naturally intelligent and their 'education' was gained in other ways. They each became autodidactic, finding their instruction in separate areas.

The next generation would be presented with different challenges. On completing his secondary education, Joe La Hood considered doing Medicine but he remembers accidentally missing the enrolment deadline and running into his cousin, David La Hood who told him that there was a position available in Grants Pharmacy if he was interested. Thinking of the money and eager to impress the girls with his white pharmacist's coat, he applied and was duly employed. Posing aside, Joe found that he really enjoyed the job's blend of professional skill in 'making medicine' (there was still a strong element of botany in pharmacy at that time) and engaging with the public. Being an empathetic person, the latter was extremely satisfying. Thus he decided to train as a pharmacist and gave away any thoughts of Medical School. With hindsight, it was a fortuitous decision – one that has given him a rewarding and satisfying life.

Joe at Burnham M.C. 1953.

Throughout the years, Joe has been an active member of the Cedar Club. In the late 1950s, as secretary, he attended a meeting of the Lebanese Community in St Mathews Hall in Carroll Street, along with the rest of the committee, the purpose of which was to raise funds for the creation of a community centre. Much discussion ensued – a lot of heat but little light like many such gatherings. The committee knew it could rely on the support of the older generation. Wanting to get substantial amounts donated, they primed Fred La Hood to offer a hundred pounds at the outset; but before he could utter a word an exasperated Rudder Reid cried out 'Put me down for a hundred quid!' That set the ball rolling and ended in over two thousand pounds (a large amount at the time) being pledged that night. Lest they forgot their pledges, Frank Coory, Joe La Hood, John Milne, John Farry (a student at the time) and others called on each pledged contributor

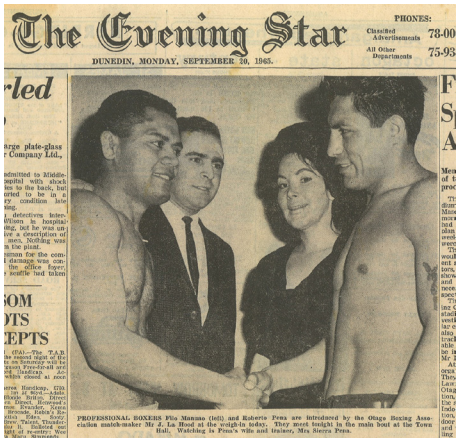
in the intervening weeks. With the ball set rolling, other offers came in. So the money for the purchase of a location for a community centre became a reality. Joe continued to take an active part in the development of the Cedar Club until the purchase and renovation of the Shacklock home as a permanent venue. In 1995, at the request of the then Chairperson, Marlene Turnball, he became Treasurer to help sort out financial difficulties.

As a young man, Joe went to Auckland because he was still uncertain as to where he would settle. There he had an offer of a shop in Te Atatu and wanted his father to look it over and give his opinion. Ned said that he couldn't fly up just then but he would ring Joe back directly. He must have immediately started investigating likely business opportunities in Dunedin because he rang Joe back only three days later to tell him that Grants Pharmacy, in the Dunedin Stock Exchange building, was on the market. In the interim, he had also sought Gordon's intervention to persuade Joe to return home to Dunedin. However, it was the availability of Grants Pharmacy that did the trick because Joe knew it was a good business. It was a big step at that stage of Joe's life and Gordon often jokes about his brother needing multiple attempts at correctly writing the cheque for the deposit.

The first day Joe actually opened his pharmacy, his Uncle Frank came rushing in to express his pride at seeing the La Hood name exhibited on the sign above the premises. No doubt, it was a tangible way of showing that the family had gained entry into the respected and respectable classes, something he and his siblings had spent their lives and even their health achieving. Probably there was more wisdom in his father Ned's advice to maintain anonymity where business was concerned, though it would take some time before others in the family would arrive at the same conclusion. Joe 'modernised' the pharmacy and greatly increased retail stock. It was a great location. He was surrounded by doctors and prescriptions flowed in. This continued for nine years. Then, in 1969 it transpired that the Stock Exchange building was to be demolished. Unconcerned, Joe felt sure he could reopen in a commercially popular section of George St. (the main retail area in the city) and take his customers with him. Surprisingly, this did not occur. It took him some time to build up his client base all over again; but this he did.

La Hood Chemist, George Street.


Helena & Joe with Adam & Edward.



The Evening Star

DUNEDIN, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1965.

PHONES:
Classified Advertisements 78-00
All Other Departments 75-93

PROFESSIONAL BOXERS Flo Manuao (left) and Roberto Pena are introduced by the Otago Boxing Association match-maker Mr J. La Hood at the weigh-in today. They meet tonight in the main bout at the Town Hall. Watching is Pena's wife and trainer, Mrs Sierra Pena.

Cutting from Evening Star of Manuao, Pena fight, promoted by Joe La Hood for O.B.A.

140 years of pharmacy

PHOTO: OTAGO DAILY TIMES

Joe La Hood with some of the old bottles he has collected.

One of the oldest pharmacies in New Zealand has shut its doors for the last time.

La Hood's Pharmacy, on the corner of Moray Place and George St, Dunedin, started trading under an unknown name in 1852, just two years after the opening of what is now the oldest existing pharmacy in the country, Wilkinsons Chemist, also in Dunedin.

La Hood Pharmacy is in the Trust Bank building and the bank is not renewing the lease as part of development plans for the site.

During its 140-year history the pharmacy has operated from several different sites. Its original home was in Princes St in the Stock Exchange Building, but when this was demolished it moved to George St, and then to its present site in 1972.

Joe La Hood who bought the pharmacy in 1960 has owned it longer than any other proprietor. Before he learnt that his lease would not be renewed he had been planning to expand. Now he intends taking a holiday before opening another pharmacy.

Cutting from pharmacy journal regarding closure of La Hood's Pharmacy.

Obviously, Joe was considered a very eligible bachelor and was consequently pursued by many of the local beauties. When he finally married at the age of 35 it was to Helena Hannah, a Hastings's beauty of Lebanese extraction, a factor that he believes, tipped the scales in her favour. They made their home in Waverley, a prosperous Dunedin suburb, and had a family of two sons, Edward and Adam. The marriage lasted nineteen years and was, in the main, a successful union.

Joe purchased a successful, suburban business in Waverley in 1994-5 and ran it for a further fifteen years. This was the most enjoyable time in his professional career.

For much of Joe's adult life, he has taken an active interest in the administrative side of horse racing. He has been a Member of the Otago Racing Club since 1960 and the Forbury Park Trotting Club since 1963. He served as Deputy Steward of the former for two years. He has also been a member of the Racing Owners and Trainers Association from 1968 – 1988. He has raced horses since 1966 (mostly in partnership with his brother Gordon) during which time his horses have won thirty-four races. He has also been involved in the breeding and selling of horses since 1974. His winners include Shewetta, Najeeb, El Towk and Bazicta.

Joe has given considerable service to the sport of boxing. He was an executive member of the Otago Boxing Association from 1961 – 66 and Match Maker for Professional Boxing Bouts from 1962 – 66 during which time he organised some quality events like the Nikora v Findlay

(NZ Middleweight title)and Manuao v Pena which drew a huge audience.

A skilful card player, Joe has been a member of the Otago Bridge Club since 1974 and still attends regularly. He also relishes a good game of poker.

Because his success in business has afforded him a comfortable lifestyle, he has always given voluntary service, like being a member of the Chamber of Commerce from 1965 – 87.

He has owned his own pharmacy and dispensed medicine from 1960 – 2010, a fifty year duration, acknowledged by the New Zealand Pharmaceutical Society as being a rare achievement.

Through the years Joe employed many of his young cousins in the retail side of his business and has been a mentor and advisor. These include Cheryl and Stacey. In fact, it was on Joe's suggestion that Stacey became a Pharmacy Technician that led to her pursuing a highly successful career as such in both New Zealand and Australia. Joe remembers her as being great to work with, loyal, industrious and intelligent.

At this time, Joe also was involved in many collaborative business ventures with his brother Gordon and others. They set up a night club called The Manhattan which was popular with the public but struggled because of the restrictive sale of alcohol laws in the sixties which prohibited their obtaining a liquor licence. Never-the-less, they were able to make a tidy profit when they sold it to Brian Murray, a caterer. In all his business ventures, Joe has brought a steady head and a critical eye. He has been conservative in his judgement and this has served him well.

Joe has a very strong bond with his sons, Eddie and Adam both of whom have made their homes close to him. Like their father in his youth, they are good sportsmen. Eddie is a skilful and highly sort after Ophthalmic Technician. Adam completed a B.Com. and Grad. Dip. in Accounting, from the University of Otago & ANA. During his OE in London, he was a Tax Accountant, a position he handed on to his cousin, Justin on his departure. Back in New Zealand he became Financial Controller NZ for Oceania Gold. Eddie has called his son Joseph, after his grandfather, in line with what has become a family tradition for the eldest male child in La Hood family. Adam married Joanne Ramage in 2008. They have two sons, Ashton and Johnson.

At the Manhattan Cabaret. Left to right: Joe La Hood, Tom Williams, John Farry, Gordon La Hood.

Joe has always provided the younger La Hoods from all the families, with support in a variety of ways. He keeps in touch, his home is always open to them and they rely on his advice. He has become an overall benefactor who is always true to his word and cares – a person worthy of trust, a man for all seasons.

Joe La Hood and his son Adam.

According to all accounts, Gordon, Ned's mercurial second son, hated school. Wiry in build, and resembling a young Al Pacino, he possessed a magnetic personality, fearless disposition and dogged determination. As a boy, it was already apparent that his path through life would be unconventional. His unenlightened treatment at the hands of the (some would say ironically named) Christian Brothers might have been a major contributing factor. In later life he often joked that he came 26th in a class of 25 students and was outraged to be told that the boy who came 25th had failed while he had passed because he was 'capable of better'. When his fifteenth birthday was approaching he saw a sign in Martin Justices for an apprentice tailor so he applied and got the job. Such was his determination to leave school, he took the precaution of telling the Brothers of his plans prior to telling his father. Ned did not oppose his decision, much to his surprise. He must have realised that for Gordon this was by far the best option.

He took to tailoring like a duck to water and could not learn fast enough. So he 'stole' the bespoke tailor, a Dutchman called Ben Hertog, with whom he later went into business and from him received proper training in the trade. Gordon also persuaded his father to leave commercial travelling and join him in setting up a retail business. Ned purchased premises in Princes Street for a menswear shop which they called Acme Tailors. Before long, it was extended and Gordon quickly made it the 'in' place for young males to purchase 'the look' that was in vogue throughout the western world in the affluent Fifties. Gordon knew his generation had more disposable income than ever before and they wanted American led fashions. So he catered for this market - the colours and styles of the so-called 'Teddy boy' era. The other more staid Dunedin menswear establishments were too slow off the mark or risk averse to do so. Consequently, Gordon prospered.

Ned continued be to a guiding and steadying presence at Acme Tailors throughout the fifties and into the early sixties. He did not impose himself but allowed his talented son to call the shots. However, if he had serious concerns about any venture, his word

went. In the fifties he embarked upon building a new family home in Melville St. and relocating the family. In many ways it was a family venture though Mary had a keen eye for what she wanted and she had the final say. Ned knew by now that Gordon was more than competent to run the business so his role became more and more peripheral. However he never actually retired. Everyday, he would rise early and leave, suited and ready to potter around in the shop, wherever he was needed.

From the outset, it was obvious that Gordon had a special talent for business and an eye for the main chance. His success was dizzying and it won him plaudits and respect from his uncles and others that had eluded him to this point. He knew when to take chances – like when he secretly ordered 3000 pairs of brightly coloured socks unbeknown to his father and quickly sold the lot. It was a big risk, even foolhardy, but he had the stomach to pull it off.

On the back of this success, he persuaded the Canterbury manufacturers to show him their shirt range for the following year. He then returned to Dunedin and made several copies for immediate sale so that he would be ahead of the game.

When the Rep. for Ivy League shirts and trousers told him he had sold 500 sets in Dunedin (he was probably exaggerating) Gordon told him to cancel the orders and offered to take a 1000 sets right away and 500 sets a month for the next three months provided he was given the sole agency. It was a huge risk and other family members quietly hoped that the deal wouldn't go through. It did, and a huge demand resulted that only Gordon could meet. Every college boy wanted Ivy Leagues. So he made a killing. He was only twenty-three years of age at the time. Consequently, his deals became bolder and more daring. Like when he went to Christchurch and bought $12,000 (a huge sum at the time) worth of suits that he could retail for roughly $19.95 in today's currency. It was such an audacious deal that Ned insisted that he give two thirds of this stock to his uncles, Saba and John, to sell in their businesses. As it turned out, Gordon had no trouble in moving the remaining stock. It took him one week! Once again his instinct had proven right.

With such deals he made Acme a stunningly prosperous enterprise. They bought the building and opened further branches in George St., Green Island and Mosgiel. By the age of twenty-eight he had earned the equivalent of a million dollars and developed a heart condition.

Acme tailors George Street store.

Gordon was fortunate in having married Beverley, the adopted daughter of Tom

Beverly Dale's debutante portrait.

and Nazheeha Dale (nee Coory)when they were both young. Steadfast, calm and well grounded, this undoubtedly attractive woman possessed the very qualities of character and personality that would enable their marriage to endure. She would remain his refuge.

In 1966 Joe and Gordon went away on a race horse buying trip. Ned loved horses and watching them race but was not a gambler. So his sons wanted to buy him a horse and race it in his name. At the sales they were advised that one particular horse would win races but they had limited themselves to 1500 guineas and thought they couldn't afford it. As things transpired it went for 1000 guineas and they were able to buy it, even though it was a filly and a sprinter – neither of which they had planned to buy. Prior to their return, Ned read about the purchase in the newspaper and announced to his wife 'Mary, I've bought a horse!' As fate would have it, three days later he was dead from a heart attack. He was sixty-nine years of age. It was some small consolation to his sons, Joe and Gordon that he at least got to hear about his racehorse before he died. They called the horse Shewetta and it did indeed go on to win many races.

Gordon & Beverly's wedding.

Their sons Garry & Paul.

By this time Gordon and Beverley had adopted a son, Garry and soon they would adopt another son, Paul. Then tragedy struck. Paul died of cancer at the age of only five and a half years. Gordon, who had acknowledged no boundaries to succeeding, was powerless. He went to extraordinary lengths to find a solution, eventually seeking the help of the notorious Dr Milan Brych (later exposed as a fraud) who claimed to have an unconventional treatment that succeeded where conventional methods had failed. At first the doctor claimed to be too committed to his Auckland patients to come down to treat Paul, but when Gordon offered to pay off his sizable mortgage, he agreed. Brych's treatment did indeed destroy the child's cancer but at the same time did such damage to his small body that he lost his ability to walk. There was nothing anyone could do. More salt was rubbed into the wound when, shortly before Paul's death, Gordon asked his son if there

was anything in the world he wanted. The boy replied, 'Dad, do you think you could make me walk again?' This was a blow from which Gordon would never fully recover.

Incredibly, Gordon's business acumen never faltered. Now resident in Auckland, a move partly necessitated by his son Paul's illness, he continued cutting deals and opening successful businesses. The menswear shop he opened in Wellington with his cousin, Ted Sheehen, proved to be very successful as did Bevages in Auckland, which also had a branch in Hamilton. Bill Baylis, the accountant who accompanied him during its purchase transactions, described this as the best deal he had ever seen negotiated.

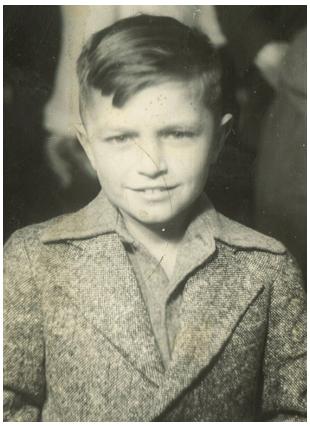
Gordon arriving to surprise Mary at her 80th birthday.

Gordon was riding high – wheeling and dealing with substantial stakes. He was in free fall so it was probably inevitable that a rough landing was looming – both for himself and those closest to him. In his own words, he was in it 'for the game', the cut and thrust of pitting oneself against opposition in the world of business. Gordon had become a victim of his own success – addicted to the adrenalin rush of the venture. At the end of the trek, however, there would be redemption.

He emerged from his ordeals with a more steadfast grasp of reality and a renewed appreciation of what really mattered, his indomitable wife and son, his family and closest friends. But business remained in his blood and it was not long before he had set up another venture. He had gone full circle and returned to his initial interest, tailoring – 'Just to keep himself interested and get himself up in the morning.'

Ned & Mary's four sons at Richard's daughter Jane's wedding. Back: Saba, Gordon, Richard (seated), Joe.

Today he resides in Dunedin with his wife Beverley. Under the watchful eye of his son, Garry, he has time to enjoy his grandchildren, Hariette, Ruby and Tomas. Wistfully, he will occasionally recall his 'days of action'. His magnetic personality persists and still draws people to him but one suspects that most of the time he is happy to consign all that to another time, another life. For now, he has all he wants.



Saba as a young boy.

Ned's third born son named Saba (probably after his maternal uncle Saba) was also known as Fred and for most of his childhood was expected to remain 'the baby of the family. His start in life suffered a major setback when he turned five in 1943 and was due to commence school. As earlier mentioned Joe and Gordon had contracted Diphtheria and were to spend time in the Fever Hospital at Logan Park. At the time the doctor had told Ned to be prepared for at least one sibling not to survive. Luckily, both boys did. Now Saba contracted the disease and Ned, believing that this time he would not be so lucky, would not allow him to be taken to the hospital. As the boy ailed, his desperate parents struggled to cope – but to no avail. Then his uncle Jack arrived on the scene and typically took charge of the situation. Ignoring Ned's protestations, he wrapped Saba in a blanket and rushed him to hospital. There, he was isolated for weeks – even from his parents. When he was shifted from Isolation he cried for 24hours because he feared his parents would not know where to find him. As painful as the hospital experience was, it probably saved his life; but left him nervous and insecure with a deep seated fear of abandonment that was to persist for years to come.

The diphtheria interlude caused his schooling to be delayed until he was six. Once there, he was a nervous and undistinguished student, deeply fearful of featuring himself in any way. Though always feeling vulnerable, he could not isolate the cause of his fear. His brothers protected him from any bullying and he did not experience the racial slurs that had been a malignant presence in their school lives. Yet there he was, bottom of his class and unable make any sports team – even E grade rugby! The turning point came when, in his absence, Richard Davies as a prank, entered his name for boxing sessions with Alf Goodman, the coach. The La Hood family's reputation in boxing was already well established but Saba had never seen himself as a competitor in the sport.

On his return, however, he was too nervous to remove himself from the list. Once training began, to his amazement he at last discovered an innate flair – the La Hood instinct for boxing – its rhythms, timing, strategies and manoeuvres. What was even more striking was how this new self belief impacted on the other parts of his young life. In his third form year the transition began that took him from the bottom of his class to the top! It culminated in the glittering prizes, Dux of the school. Capt. of the 1st fifteen, Best Loser Boxing Award (the opposing contender, Pat Samson, had been knocked down for the count but was amazingly not counted out), Inter-schools Impromptu Speaking Award and the South Island Catholic Schools Bishop's Shield for Debating (the first and only time the Christian Brothers managed to acquire it). At the school

prize giving ceremony Brother McManus had remarked to Ned, "You must be proud of your son" to which he replied 'I would have been happier if he'd won the boxing!' Ned was well aware that the Dux and Boxing Award combination had never been achieved when he made that comment but to others it became an endearing, though inaccurate insight into his idiosyncratic scale of values.

Christian Brothers First Fifteen with Saba as captain.

When Saba finished school in 1956 having scaled the heights of secondary educational achievement, he had matured into a ruggedly handsome young man, in the 'Brando' mould – light complexioned and hazel eyed - a typical look for many of the La Hoods. When it came to choosing his career path, a casual comment about the need for more Catholic doctors by Brother Smith led to him deciding he would study medicine. It was as haphazard as that.

Christian Brothers Prefects with Saba sitting at left.

In choosing medicine Saba was breaking new ground. He knew nothing of the costs involved or the academic requirements. As it transpired, the costs were minimal. This was the sixties and university was relatively free. As for accommodation, he could live at home. That left books which were a manageable expense. The academic requirements were not as easily solved. Saba had dropped mathematics after the fifth form but needed senior maths for the Chemistry required for entry to the Otago School of Medicine. He also required Physics which he had not studied prior this. Despite these hurdles, he did remarkably well, only missing first year admission by not performing well in a physics practical. This continued to rankle with him, though he later acknowledged that the advice meted out to him by Dr Dodds to 'take a year off to do other things and not worry', was excellent; but he was too driven to achieve and couldn't see it at the time. So, like most of his friends and family who followed the same path, he gained entry on his second attempt.

Christian Brothers Boxing. Saba 2nd row, 3rd from left.

Saba as a teenager.

Once at medical school, Saba coasted his way through. It was hardly a challenge, and he thoroughly enjoyed being a 'med. student'. However, he felt ambivalent about being a doctor. He certainly had never been pressured by his family to follow this career path. However, once he had graduated and his father and elder brothers gifted him with a brand new car, he gratefully accepted it.

After several locums, Saba set up practice in Dunedin. From the first, he had strong misgivings. When he applied for New Plymouth, Ned had quipped 'Can't you find a job in Dunedin?' But the fears that had hovered around him since his childhood diphtheria episode persisted. Places associated with that traumatic event were to be avoided. So he applied for a position in Napier and understanding his son's feelings on the matter, Ned acquiesced.

Gordon's wedding Groomsmen. Left to right: Saba, John Farry, Joe, Gordon. In front: Richard.

At this point, Saba's career flourished. He did well as a House Surgeon and was informed by the head of Surgery, Owen Alexander, that he had been the best house surgeon they had ever had and should forego general practice for the more challenging surgery. Saba was flattered but explained that he had to return to Dunedin because his father, who had diabetes, was going into hospital and would be put on insulin which he had a morbid fear of. Ned needed his support. Owen Alexander's reply was that Ned had lived his life. Saba was appalled by this comment and returned to Dunedin forthwith. Ned was actually in heart failure when he arrived and died soon after. Now Saba felt he couldn't leave. The ties were intangible but they were strong enough to determine his future path. He returned to Napier briefly and toyed with the idea of surgery, actually securing a job which he failed to turn up for. Although he stayed in general practice he continued to harbour persistent misgivings.

Saba married Marie Polson after eight years of friendship. He had met her during his third year as a medical student. She was studying Physical Education and residing at Dominican Hall. Marie was petit, and pretty, with considerable academic potential (later to be more fully developed). It was an intermittent but intense association, though they had dated other people. Eventually, in the sixties, it blossomed into a committed relationship and so it would remain.

Saba's first forays into general practice had not dispelled his vocational insecurity. His eventual partnership with Dr Chin in the prosperous new suburb of Waverley, did. At last, he came into his own and was highly respected by his patients for his thoroughness and judgement, promptly referring those in need of specialist care. His patients were very loyal and still talk of his professional commitment. However, an unexpected responsibility had attached itself to him – that of being the personal physician to the extended family. In these situations, he could not achieve the necessary detachment. So it proved emotionally debilitating and relentless. At first he denied that it was a problem; but eventually the strain became overwhelming.

The crunch came when he developed diabetes, became hyperglycaemic and had to be hospitalised. It was a fortunate crisis because he was given treatment that would start the process of at last dispelling his demons, persistent insecurities and a fear of abandonment stemming from his childhood diphtheria episode. Armed with a new self-confidence he embarked upon a next phase in his career, working with drug and alcohol patients in the purpose built facility in Hanmer, which he loved. In some ways this was a case of 'physician, heal thyself'. Administering to others provided an opportunity for him to work through his own conundrums. It became the most vital, productive and rewarding time in his professional life. The many patients whose lives he changed for the better remain his most laudible legacy.

In grappling with the threads of his life, he had found his own place to stand – his *turangawaewae*. Other answers came from friends who asked him if he had ever considered that he actually had everything a successful man could hope for and that this was as good as it got! The comment 'rang the right bells'. He made peace with himself for the first time.

They moved to Wellington where Saba again took up General Practice. Concurrently, Marie had gained a Masters in English Literature. Together they raised their four children, Melissa, Dale, Justin, and Greg, all of whom became practising lawyers – two in London and two in New Zealand. Two of their daughters-in-law are also lawyers. No doubt their six grandchildren have been a source of great enjoyment. Dale(LLB), married Megan Ball (LLB) and they have two sons, Vincent and Joel. Justin (LLB & B Com), married Cathy McAndrew and they have a daughter, Chloe and a son, Zac. Greg (LLB & B.Com) married Joanne Leung (LLB) and they have a daughter, Saffron and a son, Tristan.

Mary with four sons at 80th birthday. Standing: Richard and Saba. Sitting: Mary, Joe, Gordon.

La Hood family at Farry family Centenary. Left to right: Justin, Edward, Joe, Garry, Gordon, Beverley, Saba, Marie, Melissa, Greg.

Sadly, Saba passed away on the 2nd of May, 2012, during the writing of this memoir. For Marie, his children, brothers and cousins, whose lives benefited from his wise, gentle and loving care, this has been a devastating loss. This beloved physician administered to this sick right up until the day he died!

Some consolation can be derived from the fact that his last years were a time of great contentment. During his interview, he acknowledged the role that chance has played in his life – from his marriage, to choice of career, even boxing: – but he liked it that way and saw it as a continuing force in his life. He counted himself as fortunate and who could disagree.

Hanging on the wall in his Waverley surgery was a copy of 'Desiderata' by Max Ehrmann, taken from a 17th century poem written by a priest in a Baltimore Church. It is tempting to think that he endeavoured to live his life according to its dictums:-

Go placidly amid the noise and haste.
And remember what peace there may be in silence.
… Speak your truth quietly and clearly;
And listen to others,
Even the dull and the ignorant;
They too have their story.
…Take kindly the council of years,
Gracefully surrendering the things of youth.
…You are a child of the universe,
No less than the trees and the stars;
… and whether or not it is clear to you
No doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

Memorial photo of Saba.

Ned and Mary's youngest son came as a surprise. His three elder brothers were already teenagers and the family was thought to be complete when Mary was surprised to find herself pregnant. Once they had adjusted to the news, no doubt, they were delighted. Richard was born on the 24 February, 1951, a beautiful, blonde child, highly intelligent and possessing his father's serene disposition. His brothers were more like extra fathers to him so in this area he was well provided for. Most of all he gave Ned another opportunity to really enjoy the paternal role at a time when he could dedicate himself fully to the task. So Richard became Ned's 'little shadow', a fleeting, fair haired presence that was never far away and an enormous source of fun. Richard, for his part, enjoyed Ned's dry sense of humour and possessed the intelligence to understand it.

Ned & Richard at Wingatui Races.

He was a 'golden' child for whom things seemed to come easily. Inevitably, he was indulged. Mary and Ned soon learned that their baby son had a mind of his own and would not be dissuaded once he had made it up, like when he loved his new raincoat so much that they had to agree to let him wear it to bed! His brothers, in fun, asked him to choose winning numbers for race horses and amazingly, he proved very successful! The word got around and Leslie Joseph, a local character, arrived at 8am one Saturday morning thinking he would try his luck but Richard refused to co-operate.

Growing up in this household meant a gregarious daily routine that arose from being part of the Lebanese community, still clustered in the Maitland and Carroll St. area. He played with Lebanese children and was given a sense of his situation being 'special' even though he didn't quite understand why. All this was to change when he grudgingly started school. Ned had to remain with him for a few days until he settled. However, this would mark a happy time of his life. He had many friends and seemed to exude a quiet confidence that commanded respect.

Then Ned died and though Richard had long been aware of his father's health problems, this first close bereavement would have cut him deeply, a fact of some concern to his older brothers.

Richard continued to be an able student at Christian Brothers High School, with a preference for mathematics and the sciences. He managed to excel despite expending minimum effort which he now claims was because of his 'examination technique'. This seems highly unlikely. The facts speak for themselves. His school reports attest to his being a clever child. By the time he had reached the sixth form he was eager to leave

Richard at 1st Communion.

school, maybe because one of his friends was going. Although he has no memory of ever doing homework or extending himself in any way and no one ever made an issue of it, he was accredited with University Entrance (because of his good marks, not his diligence). When other boys rang home with the good news, he felt obliged to follow suit. His mother asked him if accrediting was good or bad. They really had no idea of what it all meant.

Richard's science teacher wanted him to stay at school to complete his bursary year. He told him (wrongly) that any career involving the sciences was out of the question if he didn't do so. This left Richard seeking an alternate career path and that proved to be Law. However, the choice was casually made. He was in no way driven in that direction. At university he maintains that he continued to do a minimum of work – but his results were generally good. When he was about halfway through he began to realise that good grades would probably be beneficial, so for the first time in his scholastic life, he did some work. The result was that he was invited to do Honours. It had been set up as a one year course; its brevity was a large part of its attraction for Richard. Although he had found he actually could study, he hated it and was disappointed with the course. Halfway through the year, having been recommended by his professor, he obtained a job with a law firm(Hanan & Arthur) in Invercargill and was eager to go. A large factor in this was, of course, his future wife, Mary Langford who was attending Dunedin Teachers' College at the time and came from Invercargill. So, as soon as he had completed his LLB (hons.) he headed south. Within two years he had been made a partner, his stay in Invercargill extending to a decade.

Being a small city, Invercargill did not offer the challenges of a larger centre. However, it did afford him the opportunity to build his reputation in the profession, hone his skills and create a home and family with Mary. Towards the latter part of their time there, their daughter Jane was born and their son, Ben followed. The children's future university education which would have inevitably taken them back to Dunedin and Richard's need for more challenging work led him to seek employment there. Also, he had been working long hours and hoped for some improvement in that situation. Eventually, he was offered a job by National Insurance in Dunedin, gained surreptitiously so as not to cause rancour with his Invercargill partners.

Now his career took a giant leap forward. It involved multi-national deals, the skills for which he would have to acquire 'on the job'; but his employers were supportive because they were obviously impressed by what he was achieving. National Insurance

was a job for life but within twelve months the Managing Director had been sacked and another appointed. The new appointee selected Richard as Company Secretary, in those days, a rare appointment for a lawyer. The position usually went to an accountant. This new director was also highly approving and prepared to guide him when necessary. Obviously he too could see his ability. After a short interval a company called McConnell Dowell bought a stake in National Insurance and determined to shift their main office to Auckland. Many were laid off and others required to move north. Richard was among those asked to make the move to Auckland and even sent up there, all expenses paid, to persuade him. Once there, he and Mary were taken care of by their cousins, Frank and Nina La Hood who were enchanted with the young family and pulled out all stops to make them welcome. They assisted them in finding a desirable house and McConnell Dowell offered him an interest free loan! So it was not long before the decision was made to move.

Mary, Richard, Ben, Jane.

With the sacking of the Managing Director of the Auckland office, Richard assumed all of the functions of his position. His performance must have been exemplary because he was so well treated – even courted by the hierarchy! However, he had learned the brutality of corporate life at this level. His sheer skill at his job had insulated him to this point but he realised that his luck could run out. He therefore decided to negotiate a deal to protect his future and that of his family. This he did with great success.

When McConnell Dowell was taken over by Tower Insurance, it decided to shift yet again, this time to Sydney. Richard was plied with tremendous incentives to move with them. Malcolm McConnell had cause to be grateful to Richard for favours he had delivered and was minded to make the shift very advantageous for him. However, Richard decided to return to Dunedin. On learning of this McConnell quipped that he had lost able employees to many centres of commerce in the world but never to Dunedin! Richard's generous exiting package, negotiated some years prior to the event, meant that financially the move was very beneficial, but leaving their home in Auckland proved an emotional wrench.

His next employers were Wilson Neill in Dunedin. After a period with that firm, a new manager was installed with the brief of brutally reducing expenses. His 'scorched earth' approach saw multiple layoffs. When Richard's turn came to be interviewed, he took exception to certain comments being made and immediately offered his resignation. This was not meant to happen as Richard was seen as indispensable. Their approach had backfired

and they were forced to offer him yet more incentives to entice him to stay. So Richard's career remained in corporate law where it continues to this day.

Richard and Mary have been outstanding parents to their children – dedicated and inspiring - though it should be acknowledged that this has been a strength of all the La Hoods. Their daughter Jane is a creative person who has completed an Arts Degree and has chosen a career in design. She married Thomas Walsh in 2011. Her brother Ben is an impressive scholar, already possessing a list of outstanding accomplishments including the 2001 Class Act prize for outstanding academic achievement, presented by the Prime Minister, Dux of Bayfield High School, Dunedin, First ranked entrant into Otago University Medical School, Otago Medical School Prize in Anatomy, O.U. Prestige Scholarship in Medicine, the Mary Shaw Prize in Surgery O.U., the JAD Iverach Prize in Medicine, O.U. and the John Parr Prize in Ophthalmology, O.U. In 2007, he graduated MBChB (Bachelor of Medicine and of Surgery), again top of his class; In 2011 he again graduated with a Postgraduate Diploma in Ophthalmic Basic Sciences with distinction.

Further awards followed; the Francis A. Billson Award in Ophthalmic Physiology from the Universities of Sydney and Otago; the Dr Adam Locket Award for Ophthalmic Anatomy from the Universities of Sydney and Otago; and the Anthony Molteno Award for Ophthalmic Optics from the Universities of Sydney and Otago, the first ever candidate to be awarded all three prizes!

Ben is currently training to be an eye surgeon in Dunedin. He recently became engaged to Ashvini Kahawatta MBChB. Richard and Mary continue to enjoy life and maintain a full involvement in their children's lives. They are true soul mates whose main satisfaction arises from their family and from being together.

Shuffiha (Sophie) Sheehan nee La Hood

Family tree, page 133. *Tony & Shuffiha's wedding.*

One is not born a woman,
One becomes one.
From 'The Second Sex'. By Simone de Beauvoir

Married at the tender age of sixteen to Tony Sheehan, Shuffiha was forced to face the vicissitudes of a complicated start to her life as a wife. With courage and determination she left for the North Island with her new husband. From this testing beginning, one would hardly have guessed at the powerful influence she would become in the lives of her family. At first the couple lived in New Plymouth, but Tony saw an opening for a drapery with manchester items in Hawera so that was where they made their home for the rest of their lives. Tony's business prospered and he and Shuffiha had a comfortable lifestyle.

Tony, Ruby, Shuffiha at Ruby's wedding.

Shuffiha's first child was a daughter, Ruby, born in 1917. Ruby grew up to marry Victor Farry, a gregarious and popular owner of a fruit, vegetable and grocery store in Carroll Street, Dunedin. They had two sons, Fred and Ricky. Years later they all moved to Wellington.

Ruby & Victor's wedding. Left to right: Joe Farry, Esme Sheehan, Gordon, Judy Sheehan, Victor Farry, Ruby, Anita Mack (Farry), Victor, Pauline Farry, Jack La Hood.

After Ruby, Shuffiha had four sons. She called the eldest Richard (Dick) born in 1918. He married a Dunedin girl, Esme Arib (Farr) and they made their home in Hawera where Dick worked in his father's business. They had a son, Anthony and two daughters, Sandra and Anne. In 1939 Dick was conscripted when war broke out and saw service in North Africa and the Middle East. Consequently, he was the first descendant of Joseph and Wurrdi La Hood to return to Lebanon.

Tony & Shuffiha with family. Left to right: Ruby, Dick. Front row: Ted, Victor (baby).

The second son, Victor, also worked in the family business in Hawera until he later moved to Wellington with others in his family. He never married.

In 1925 a third son, Edward (Ted) was born. On maturing, he too went into the family business before shifting to Wellington with

Dick's wedding. Left to right: Frank La Hood, Ruby, Jack La Hood, Frieda Inidd, Dick, Esme, Terese Sheehan, Ted, Rona Farry, Gordon.

Ted's wedding. Left to right: Peter Moran, Gordon, Victor, Ted, Barbara Moran, Sandra Moran, unknown, Helena (La Hood).

Ted & Barbara with family. Left to right, back: Darryn, Barbara, Ted, Ramon. Left to right, front: Denise, Sophie.

Left to right: Mary La Hood, Jamelie Farry, Gordon Sheehan, Ruby Farry, Victor Farry, Angelina La Hood, (squatting) Joe Farry.

Seated, left to right: Barbara, Judy. Standing, left to right: Ted, Anthony (Dick's son), Dick, Gordon.

other family members where he established a business of his own. Ted married Barbara Moran, a Wellington nurse from a well regarded Lebanese family. They had four children, two sons, Ramon and Darryn and two daughters, Denise and Sophie. All have successful careers in the professions.

Gordon, Shuffiha's fourth son, was born in 1928 and was the first in the La Hood family to gain a tertiary degree. Having first completed a BSc, he progressed to an MbChB. He furthered his studies in London where he completed an FRCOG, enabling him to practice in Obstetrics and Gynacology. Returning to New Zealand, he gained his FRNZCOG and set up a practice here.

Gordon married a nurse, Judith Manza; they had five children; two sons, Paul and Richard; and three daughters, Mary Anne, Margaret and Angela. Gordon's son, Paul also achieved a family milestone. He was the first descendant of Joseph and Wurrdi to receive a PhD. and is currently a professor at a Melbourne University.

However, Shuffiha's branch of the family was separated because of the difficulties of distant travel. Even in the fifties Hawera remained quite isolated. To reach there from Dunedin was quite an undertaking. It involved an overnight train trip to Picton, a ferry crossing of Cook Strait, a train journey to New Plymouth and a bus trip to Hawera – a four day ordeal! Joe remembers making the trip with his Aunt Murion when he was fifteen – his first venture beyond the confines of Dunedin. Although he enjoyed his stay and remembers being doted on by his Aunt, his late return to school meant he had difficulty in catching up on schoolwork in order to sit his School

Certificate examinations. Shuffiha impressed him with her strength of character and personality. She too possessed the La Hood female 'pluck'.

Family Gathering. Left to right: Gordon, Dick, Ruby, Victor, Ted.

Like other members of the family, she suffered from goitre which no doubt contributed to her early death some years later, through a heart failure. Her nephew Joe La Hood remembers her fondly as being kind and generous to a fault, giving him anything he fancied without hesitation. By this time she had successfully raised her family and wielded an enormous influence on them. She obviously valued education and encouraged her children to excel, which many of them did. To date (2012) fifteen of her descendants possess tertiary degrees or diplomas ranging from Dip. Teaching to BCA, BA (Hons), B.Sc, MBCHB and PhD – a distinguished record of achievement.

Shuffiha died in December, 1965 at the age of 68, leaving a bevy of descendants to mourn her passing.

Murion Coory nee La Hood

'She recognised no barriers in calling things as she saw them.'

The second sister, Murion, appeared a raw and robust woman but was perhaps the most tragic of the sisters. She married the dashing and educated John Coory, also at a young age. It should have been a happy and successful union but Murion, like her mother, suffered from goitre which weakened her heart and left her bereft of children, the fulfilment she longed for. At a time when a woman's worth was often calculated on her success in achieving motherhood, an attitude to which Murion herself subscribed, fate had dealt her a bitter blow. She endured five miscarriages all occurring in the advanced stages of her pregnancies! Her undoubted suffering made her very abrasive and cynical. She recognised no barriers in calling things as she saw them, often causing great distress in doing so.

Murion's wedding. Left to right: John Coory, Murion, Ned, Jamelie, Ike Hannah, Mary La Hood, Frank, Jamelie (Uncle Mick's daughter). Children: Lila Farry, Tony.

For example, she ruthlessly attacked her brother Fred's young girlfriend, Shirley, in an all out campaign to stop him marrying 'out' and caused much embarrassment to her nephews in their vulnerable teen years. Often irascible, her temper tantrums were legendary and indiscriminate.

However, she was also disarmingly nurturing and kind, with a wonderful wicked, earthy sense of humour. Her brother Jack became her child substitute and returned her devotion. She always cooked fish on Friday because 'Jack liked it'. It mattered little that her husband, John Coory hated fish. Jack came first. Not surprisingly, her marriage faltered on occasion. She was not about to pander to his needs. Once, when she was lifting corn beef out of the pot, it slipped off the fork and skimmed across the floor landing on her husband's lap. He wasn't happy. She thought it hilarious and ignored his displeasure.

Her home remained a place of sustenance where her nieces and nephews could always find snacks on hand to replenish their ever growing appetites. Murion doted on them and loved to have parties for them, entertainment outside the home being limited in those days. Her nephew, Gordon remembers a gathering in the front room of Garden Terrace, composed of his brothers and some cousins, including Pauline and Margaret, mere teenagers at the time, as well as some friends. They would

Family picnic. Back, left to right: Ned, Jack, John Coory, Frank, Fred, John Farry. Front, left to right: Sittee Jamelie, Biddi Farry, Joe Farry, Jamelie, Mary La Hood, Murion, Settee Sheriffie, Sittee Wurrdi.

play the small number of records (including the Lebanese National Anthem)on an old phonograph and there would be singing, dancing and much laughter.

When Margaret was trying to decide whether she would open a Modelling School in Dunedin, it was Murion who encouraged her and gave her the determination to go ahead. Years later Margaret would become a local icon in the fashion industry.

Even in the hard times, there was an element of humour. Once, when Murion was having yet another miscarriage, her younger brother Frank, refusing to have anything but the best of treatment for his sister, rang the gynaecologist, Dr McMillan, insisting that he come immediately because it was a matter of 'life and death'. The specialist duly arrived and did what he could. On leaving he was obviously irked and commented to Frank, 'I left a waiting room full of patients for this! It was hardly a matter of life and death,' to which Frank replied 'Oh yes it was - your life or your death!' The situation perfectly illustrates the La Hood mindset. It shows their loyalty to one another, sense of social justice and entitlement.

Murion was the first of this generation La Hood siblings to die. She was only fifty-two years of age.

Jamelie Farry nee La Hood

Family tree, page 134.

'She possessed a composed exterior and a passionate pride in her family.'

The youngest of the three sisters, Jamelie, was the beauty of the family. Tawny haired, blue eyed and classically featured, she possessed a composed exterior and a passionate pride in her family. She also had a fine, though untrained, singing voice! From an early age, she showed a real sense of style and hankered after the fine things in life. Being part of a struggling household, these were often well beyond her reach. Even as a child she hated wearing the hobnail boots that were commonly worn by poorer children and persuaded two of her friends to drag her up and down on the rough gravel road to wear them out! In her teen years she grew into a slender and beautiful young woman.

Jamelie in her teens.

Joe Farry, was a young local man born in New Zealand but raised in Lebanon until the age of 17 – as yet a hawker by trade, but with prospects. Jamelie took his eye at a Christian Brothers' dance. This led to a courtship and engagement in 1929. Marriage would have to wait two years owing to a new business venture with his brother, Saba. Meanwhile, he still continued on the road, working diligently, day after day, week after week, breaking the ice on the water some mornings in order to wash. He and his brother eventually decided to concentrate their attention on selling in Southland which had proved to be the best yielding area. When they judged the time right for some risk taking, they daringly embarked upon establishing their own clothing factory in Dunedin, with the aim of handling both the wholesale and retail trade. This required them to travel and look after the factory in turns. It was hard work but they gave it their best and were duly rewarded.

Jamelie and Joe's wedding. Back row, left to right: Ned, Murion, Joe Farry (the groom), Jamelie (the bride), Mary, Saba Farry. Front row, left to right: Joe Mansour, Shuffiha, (seated) children.

Joe and Jamelie were married at St Josephs Cathedral in 1931 in a traditional wedding followed by a feast and celebrations lasting three days, as was the custom at that time! In their wedding portrait Jamelie's facial expression is one of either dejected resignation or exhaustion. Was the thought of married life daunting for her? She needn't have worried. Joe would prove a devoted spouse, spending the rest of his life providing her with a lifestyle that would remove any doubts she might have harboured. Indeed, the fulfilment of her dreams became his mission. So theirs proved to be a happy marriage, though not free from trials.

After a honeymoon in the North Island, they lived with the La Hood family in Garden Terrace for about a year. This was not the ideal situation for a young married couple and Jamelie was thrilled when, with help from Jiddi Joe to supplement their savings, they were able to purchase their first modest home in Stafford Street.

Saba and Joe's clothing business was prospering and the future looked promising. Then in 1930 the Great Depression hit! Like many others engaged in business ventures, it spelt disaster for the Farry brothers and a time of uncertainty for their wives. With bankruptcy a real threat they managed to sell the factory and hold their creditors at bay with the promise of drip feed payments earned from a return to selling on the road. Southland had always been good to them so they grudgingly settled their increasing families in Gore and struggled on. Within a year a shop in George Street, Dunedin became available, so they moved back. Jamelie loved Dunedin and was well pleased to return to her home in Stafford Street. However, disaster hit again (as outlined in The Hawkers by John Farry & Dr D. Page). As a consequence, Joe continued his country run till 1938.

Around this time Jamelie's fighting spirit would come to the fore with far reaching consequences She had gone to St Dominics Convent in Dunedin to enrol daughters at the College and was asked by the presiding sister 'Wouldn't your girls be 'happier' with their own people (i.e. at St Josephs)?' Whether the nun had meant this as it was taken was a mute point. She had made a serious misjudgement of character. Jamelie was furious and stormed out in righteous indignation, threatening to boycott all things Catholic and take the whole Lebanese community with her. 'Uncle Scrim* for us from now on,' she uttered as she exited. True to her word, that was precisely what happened. As a result, all the families acted in concert (the only time they ever did) and sent their children to state schools.
**Colin Graham Scrimiger was a very popular lay preacher and broadcaster in the 1930s.*

Bishop Whyte was forced to intervene (obviously fearing a drop in Church revenue) and met with the Community representatives in Garden Terrace. Jamelie's younger brother, Frank, then his late teens or early twenties but already persuasively articulate, was the chosen spokesman for the community. His words have been relayed several times. He

said, 'My Lord, didn't Christ instruct his apostles to go forth and teach ALL nations?' The Bishop replied, 'Mistakes have been made my son, and they will be put right.' With that, the discrimination in its most obvious form ended and most of the children in the community returned to Catholic schools – though some never did! From then on, St Dominic's was for all. Why did most of them capitulate? In the final analysis, they were genuinely devout and it was their religious conviction that helped them weather the rough times.

Jamelie resplendent in fur.

In 1940, New Zealand celebrated a century as part of the British Empire. The occasion was to be marked by a great Exhibition in Wellington. It was hoped that it would prove the financial bonanza that the 1926 South Seas Exhibition in Dunedin had been. This meant a shift to Wellington. Joe and Saba joined forces with Ned and Jack La Hood in putting money into importing various novelty stalls – clowns with mouths gaping to receive well aimed balls, a racing game and competing climbing monkeys – and everyone shared the labour of setting it up. Jamelie had to work too and this meant sending her two daughters to the Catholic boarding school. They rented a house at Haitaitai, a fourth shift for her in the space of a few years, which can't have been easy. Harder still was that the Exhibition failed to deliver the expected return because of the outbreak of War in 1939. People stayed away in their thousands.

With the birth of their first son John, the family faced a further and greater crisis. He refused to feed to the point where there were fears for his survival. Doctors were unable to diagnose the problem, the blame fell on a harsh child minder they had been forced to hire. In desperation, Jamelie took her infant son to St Mary's Church in central Wellington to pray for a remedy at the alter of the Virgin. As she knelt before the statue an idea crept into her mind to strengthen him to by feeding him soft grape pulp in tiny amounts. It worked and gave her an unshakable faith for the rest of her life. Johnny, however, remained a fussy eater throughout his childhood, stressing his mother to the point where, on one occasion, she 'crowned' him with his meal when all else failed. She was a La Hood after all!

Some years later, when her son arrived home in tears because he had been bullied by another boy, Joe took him aside and gave him a gentle lesson on 'turning the other cheek'. Jamelie, listening close by, soon interposed, exhorting him not to listen to 'St Joseph'. She thrust a white handkerchief into his hand demanding that he return it to her 'stained' with the culprit's blood! While Johnny probably didn't accede to his mother's demands on this occasion, he certainly became a very good boxer in years to come,

Fun in the sun in the garden of Joe and Jamelie's Gore home. Back: Gordon La Hood. Centre: Patrick Farry. Front: Cheryl La Hood.

winning a Varsity Blue during his student years at the University of Otago.

The family soon returned to Dunedin. Financially, the venture north had hardly been a success. So the decision was made to continue south to Gore. Joe's brothers had already made the shift and the Southland people had been welcoming. This was not free from sadness for Jamelie. Because she loved Dunedin, she always sang joyous songs when returning and doleful dirges when leaving. However, her place was with her husband and he would make sure that she would be given every enticement for doing her 'duty'. Thus he eventually built her a stylish Art Deco house and filled it with all the accoutrements of middleclass prosperity. She had a strong sense of what she wanted, even when post-war austerity made it almost impossible to acquire. For example, she insisted on floor to ceiling leadlight windows, a very difficult commodity to access, a folding partition between the living room and lounge, panelling in the hallway, a baby grand piano and much more. They lived in William Street as did Saba Farry's family; so it became a kind of secure enclave. It was a happy home with a succession of visitors like Uncle Ned La Hood and Uncle John Coory, who was something of a scholar though hardly given his due respect in those days. This was reserved for money makers and tough guys – not for the effete who cultivated the mind when they should have been concentrating on being better bread winners. On one occasion, when Ned and John Coory were sitting at the Sunday dinner table having consumed a traditional roast dinner, the latter responded to an ill considered comment by quoting Kahlil Gibran, 'Those who are ignorant should not speak'. The response almost developed into a fist fight - the two having to be restrained. At times there were family rivalries but these were minor and well overshadowed by a fierce loyalty that bonded the group.

A happier event was the birth of Patrick, Jamelie's second son and fourth child, on St Patrick's Day – hence his name.

Another trial would test Jamelie and Joe's Catholic faith. Jamelie's last pregnancy actually threatened her life and Joe was advised by the doctors that she should have a caesarean section. This would have been three months before the required full term had been reached. The couple were duly informed by the Catholic Chaplain that this should not proceed because it would certainly result in the death of the child – the child's survival taking precedence over the mothers, according to the Roman Catholic Dogma of the time. Joe's response was firm. 'I have four other children but only one wife!' Sadly, the inevitably happened and the little girl died. She was reported to have looked very like her sister, Margaret.

The shift south had definitely proven a positive one for Joe. He had established and operated many businesses including The Midland Bar which was changed from a normal alcohol selling outlet to a cafe (Jamelie's daughters became experts at making sandwiches, a skill that would stand them in good stead for life) with confectionery sold at the front; a Concrete Products Works and (just prior to the Korean War) a 200 acre farm near Riverton. Later he sold it in order to buy a 560 acre block at Wendonside. His son John learned to do all kinds of farm work as a result – fencing, shearing, crutching and other such 'delightful' activities all of which he still vividly remembers.

Portraits of Joe Farry and Jamelie in their senior years.

Jamelie developed into an accomplished cook, lauded by all and her family banquets set the standard for local Lebanese hospitality. Her desire to be 'the best', could be a two edged sword. It would drive her own family and influence her siblings, to commit themselves to ever greater exertions. On the positive side it no doubt motivated her children to become high achievers.

Jamelie & Joe's family gathered at foot of steps to St Joseph's Cathedral.

In the late 1950s, with their children reaching adulthood and Pauline marrying Tom Farry, Jamelie and Joe returned to Dunedin to live there permanently. They built a fine house in Stafford Street, commanding a grand view of the city. They also undertook a trip to Lebanon during which Joe suffered heart problems and both returned home with some relief only to find that Jamelie's brother Frank, had died in her absence. This would mark the beginning of the vicissitudes of age that would blight their final years. However, Jamelie lived to see all of her children make their mark in the world. How proud she must have been.

Wedding photo of Pauline and Tommy Farry.

Pauline (Sheriffie), her eldest daughter, married Tom Farry in 1956. Although they both bore the same surname, they were not related. They proved to be a well suited couple, equal partners in building a succession of highly successful businesses starting with a superette (grocery/fruit/dairy store) in the prosperous Dunedin suburb of Waverley, then progressing to Wains Hotel which they developed into the premium tourist hostelry in Dunedin. Here, Pauline exhibited the best qualities that her mother had instilled. She worked in every area of the business from the kitchens and servicing, to front of house. Wherever there was a need or a short fall, there she was, side by side with her staff and they loved and respected her for it. Both Pauline and Tommy were always busy, literally running to keep up with what needed to be done. Once, when asked by a member of the staff why she never took the lift, Pauline replied that it was too slow!

Wains became a monument to Pauline and Tommy's creativity and dedication and would never be the same again after they sold it and went on to built the Gardens Tavern (with other members of Pauline's family), the first of its kind in Dunedin. This was to become an icon in Dunedin's student precinct and years later the University would buy the building for student accommodation. Following this, the family built and operated the Downtown Tavern (now the Lone Star) in Central Dunedin, another success. Pauline did not work in the taverns but teamed up with Tommy again when they bought Martins, an exclusive furniture/furnishings emporium which they eventually refurbished, relocated and renamed Peacocks of London Street.

Pauline and Tommy's four children on the occasion of the conferring of Mathew's doctorate. Back row, left to right, standing: Liane, Matthew. Front row, left to right, seated: Tracey, Marcel.

Throughout their business ventures Pauline remained superb wife and mother to their four children, Marcelle, Liane, Tracey and Matthew. Her home became the 'heart' of the wider family and as her father aged it was she who mainly nursed him until his death in 1988.

Tommy and Pauline were also generous and opulent entertainers whose family weddings and other

celebrations were unforgettable. Like her mother, Pauline kept an open home where she plied visitors with food and hospitality on an almost daily basis. She and Tommy had built a large house in Alva Street in the seventies, designed to accommodate their ever increasing family needs.

Pauline's eightieth birthday celebration. She is surrounded by her grandchildren. Back row: Khadiesa, Mohommad, Jamal, Samir, Nathaniel. Front row, left to right: Aya, Amal, Pauline (seated), Samara, Amane.

Their children have done them proud, Marcelle as a Psychologist, writer, social and political activist, the latter shared with her husband, Gerald Periera; Liane, with her husband, yachtsman, Richard Allen, are improving lives through using their vessel, the Ranui to bring desalination plants and mobile medical units to Vanuatu, Ambrym and other islands in the Pacific; Tracey with her husband Zeke Bay, are entrepreneurial restaurateurs; and Matthew with his PhD in Anthropology, and the support of his wife, Jeanette El-Kaddissian, has been and continues to be involved in an academic career both in Lebanon and New Zealand.

In 2008 Pauline and Tommy moved to Auckland to be with their children. Sadly, Pauline was widowed in 2009. In all areas, she has more than lived up to her mother's expectations and now rightly takes her place as the family matriarch.

Jamelie's second daughter, Margaret, the loving and generous beauty of the family, had been raised by her mother to be a loving homemaker and wife, which indeed she became; but her achievements were to go well beyond this. Even as a teenager, she enjoyed taking her young cousins to town and buying them Christmas treats – a gesture that demonstrated her generous spirit – a quality that would remain with her. For example, later on she surreptitiously paid for the floral arrangements in the church she attended.

Margaret, the model.

While still in her early twenties she went on a holiday to Wellington with her cousin Jimmi Farry. They stayed with Jimmi's Aunt Lily, who suggested they both attend the Delahunt School of Modelling that had recently started up - just as an interesting diversion. The Delahunts originated in Australia and were in the process of establishing branches in New Zealand. Therefore they had an eye out for the right type person to head their venture in the other main centres. Margaret had the required qualities in abundance. However, their offer came as a complete surprise to her and she hesitated at the prospect, despite gaining her parent's support.

The impetus to take the leap came from am unlikely source, her Aunt Murion Coory (nee La Hood), usually a stickler for the old ways. So Margaret decided to 'test the waters' and put an advertisement in the local newspaper, calling for interested persons to apply. She had worked out the number required to make the venture viable. By the end of that weekend she was not only fully subscribed but had compiled a waiting list. Then events gathered momentum. Her father found her premises in Barton's building, which were converted into her first large studio; there would be others in the course of her career. There was no holding her back. The school went from strength to strength, providing not only a programme for aspiring models but a 'finishing school' for the young women of Dunedin and further afield.

Margaret illuminates the catwalk.

Margaret continued to extend, working directly in Dunedin High Schools, where her reputation soared. She opened a popular fashion outlet and renamed her entire enterprise Vanity Walk after a beauty and fashion arcade she had visited in Melbourne. This was successful branding at its best and its founder was well on the way to becoming a Dunedin identity. Margaret took great pains to remain conversant with the latest developments in catwalk culture and her models were always cutting edge. For her, there would be no southern 'cultural cringe'. Some went on to international careers earning millions and being sought after for lucrative endorsements. Three were crowned Miss New Zealand. She always made sure that her diploma awards were memorable occasions, marked by a dignified presentation by the mayor, formal dress and effective publicity.

Throughout this time, Margaret gave generously to many charities - about twenty or thirty a year. Her only stipulation was that the retail outlets involved, each donated $100 to 'Save the Children Fund,' her favourite charity. The models in the parades took no fee for their work and Margaret covered most operational expenses, though much was donated. For example, she organised a very large fashion show and art auction in the 1980s, for which artists such as Ralph Hotere donated pieces of work. It was called 'Parade in Aid'. Ultimately, her efforts over the years yielded substantial sums to many worthy causes.

Margaret's success was due, in large part, to her school's broad base. Her motto was 'With confidence you can do anything' and to all who came to her. More and more, she realised that the greatest good to be done was not the launching of the occasional 'catwalk star' but the solid building of self esteem in the average girl/woman. Age did not matter. Looks did not matter. Classes were offered for all sectors of the community – and they worked. Her clients could see their metamorphosis from pale, shy, inadequacy to personal empowerment, revealed in their 'before' and 'after' photographs and more importantly, in their lives. Under her gentle tutelage anyone could be persuaded to stand tall and present themselves to their very best advantage.

Wherever Margaret went she drew attention with her graceful demeanour and highly fashionable attire. In Wellington she actually stopped the traffic when crossing the road, an occasion depicted pictorially in the Dominion of that day!

She often visited fashion schools in Australia to keep up with current trends and on one such occasion was approached by yet another husband and wife team who were running highly successful modelling schools, to lead their planned expansion into New Zealand. This would have been nationwide and extensive and they were adamant that Margaret had the qualities they were seeking. She was stunned by the offer but did not commit herself, instead returning home to consider the deal. Always a home girl at heart, she decided to go with what she knew and so she continued to put her energy into her own school.

Wedding photograph of Margaret and Tommy Williams.

By the time Margaret embarked upon marriage she was well established. Tommy Williams, a ruggedly handsome Otago representative rugby player and builder by trade, encouraged by his mother, had long set his sights on her. His constant support while remaining in the background and his protection from any unwanted attention that threatened her (there were stalkers) developed into an abiding love. They married in 1965 in a ceremony that resembled a royal wedding. Crowds of spectators lined

the thoroughfare leading to St Josephs Cathedral, hoping to get a glimpse of the bride. She arrived resplendent in a gown of Gypure Lace, modestly high necked and demure. The wedding breakfast was held at Wains Hotel where Pauline and Tommy oversaw an opulent spread followed by an evening of dance and entertainment at the Savoy. It was an unforgettable event.

Family photograph. Front row, left to right: Tommy, Margaret (seated). Back row, left to right: Lisa, Jami, Tara.

Vanity Walk continued to develop and prosper long after Margaret's marriage. However, she still found time to be a dedicated mother of her three children, Lisa, Jamelie (Jami) and Tara. It is perhaps the greatest tribute of all to Margaret that her daughters, all of whom became university graduates (Lisa in Law, Jami in Marine Biology and Tara in teaching), have now joined forces to establish the Vanity Walk franchise in Auckland.

Family photograph of Lisa, John, and their son, Jackson.

Margaret's contribution to the Dunedin community has been exceptional. When 1990 was declared the 'United Nations Year of Women', the event was celebrated in the Regent Theatre in Dunedin by various presentations, after which a screen, emblazoned with the names of local female icons, was revealed. Among others, it featured the name 'Margaret Farry'. She has claimed a special place in the hearts and minds of the thousands whose lives she influenced in the course of her career. This, more than anything else, is her legacy, one that will last and mark her out as an outstanding New Zealander – something her forebears would have enjoyed.

John Edward Farry, Jamelie's elder son, was imbued from the start with his mother's need to stand out from the crowd – to make his mark. Perhaps it began during his fraught infancy, where simply feeding him was a constant challenge for her, a situation that persisted throughout his childhood. This boy would meet every obstacle head on in his quest for achievement.

John attended St Mary's convent school in Gore where he first learned to grapple with bullies and take a stand at an early age. He was Dux and already marked to succeed. His secondary education was at St Kevin's College, Oamaru, a well respected Catholic High School where he boarded. Unlike many of his contemporaries, John fitted in well, took advantage of all it had to offer and enjoyed his time there.

Wedding snap of Tara and Krishnendy.

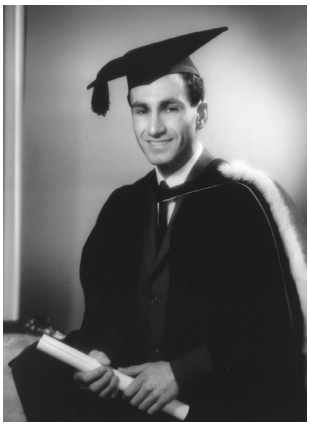
When it came to deciding on his future path in life, like some of his cousins, John committed to law in a rather casual way. He had always thought of himself as the 'tenth Farry sibling' taking into account his male and female cousins as well as his brother and sisters; while the girls did not even consider a university education an option at that time, he knew, being male, he was expected to enter a profession. Being a competent debater, he chose law.

Group photograph from Lisa's graduation. Back row, standing, left to right: Tommy, Jami, Lisa (robed). Front row, seated, left to right: Latiffee Kallil, Joe Farry (senior), Margaret. On floor: Tara.

As a young man John possessed a Cassius type persona – with the 'lean and hungry look' that Shakespeare ascribed to that character. From early on he had a crusading mentality, driven to make his mark in carving out a better society both locally and perhaps nationally.

Understandably, his attention first settled on the Lebanese Community to which he felt a strong commitment from a very young age. From the time he first came to Dunedin as a student aged seventeen he had already committed to memory the names of everyone in the Community from going to picnics and from the steady stream of visitors to their Gore home. It seemed that he had the equivalent of a hundred uncles and aunts though he was still keenly aware of those with a blood connection. So the 'Carroll Street' ethos was still there even though it was at the tail end.

John's memory of his La Hood aunts and uncles is still vivid. He recalls his Uncle Ned's dry witticisms. He often quipped, 'If you're out after midnight, you're not doing anything good!' When Saba and John used to moan about having to study he would say, 'Why don't you get a couple of cases and go hawking!' In truth, they were enormously proud of the academic success of their children and fully supported them. Even without total understanding of tertiary education, they instilled in their children a hunger for what was good and admirable. This indirectly led them to pursue professions.



John Farry, the graduate (LLB).

As with his time at High School, John made the most of the advantages offered by a university education. He did well academically as well as being awarded a Blue for boxing. Graduating with an LLB in 1961, his first legal employment was as a Law Clerk for four years.

This was a learning time to John but it was to be brief. He was ambitious and a risk taker. So he courageously embarked on a solo practice in Dunedin in 1964. Later, he formed a partnership with John Hansen (now Sir John and a High Court Judge) and the firm bore the name 'John Farry and Hansen'.

In 1966, he had also briefly dabbled in politics just prior when he was asked to stand for the National Party in the Dunedin Central Electorate. Mounting a polished and dynamic campaign inspired by the style of the charismatic John Kennedy, he addressed large, lively audiences and made a considerable impact; one that had his opponent in this normally 'safe' Labour seat, rattled. However the forces against him rallied. Labour held the seat, but with a substantially reduced majority (down from 7000 to 2200). However, the experience was extremely valuable. It convinced John that his future lay elsewhere and sharpened his skills in areas that would serve him well in future endeavours.

Pamela. The model.

At this point significant developments were taking place in his private life. John believed that he was an independent thinker. Around this time, his relationship with Pamela Duff, a graceful and stylish local girl of Irish and Swedish extraction, who had achieved success as a model in Sydney, developed. It was obvious that she was 'the one' but it took deliberate action and courage for both of them to publicly commit to each other. Once they did so, she was warmly welcomed into the family. In point of fact the La Hoods of John's generation had become integrated into New Zealand society more strongly that any residual sentiments they might have harboured for Lebanon.

Their wedding was elegant and traditional – a successful union that would stand the test of time. Pamela enriched John's life in many ways, particularly her eye for quality and design which she utilized to great effect in all of the homes they established. Instructed by her Mother in Law, she became an expert in preparing Lebanese cuisine. She had an interest in the Arts and developed this facet of his awareness. Most of all, she was vigilant

in her concern for others, generously attending to social responsibilities and etiquette while always manifesting the qualities of an excellent wife and mother.

Pamela and John. A wedding photograph.

The law practice prospered and grew. Through a number of mergers involving Farry and Gowing, Baylee, Brunton and Mitchell and Webb Brash Ward and Co, the firm Webb Farry was formed with offices in Dunedin and Mosgiel.

John's stature in society has arisen from his tireless service to the people of Otago, the dominant theme of his life. His endeavours require a book of their own to begin to do them justice. Perhaps his eldest daughter, Emma Farry, a published author in her own right, may one day undertake such a project in years to come. What follows is the barest outline of his activities.

Community involvement for John began early on in the 1964 when he was barely out of Law School. He chaired various charitable appeals for Corso and UNISEF. As well as being convenor and chairman of the Stock Exchange Re-development Group, he was also publicity officer for the Dunedin Opera Company Appeal for the purchase of the Mayfair Theatre. One decade after his Mayfair involvement he was called on by the Dunedin City Council planning office to chair and co-ordinate the Roslyn Village redevelopment, a task which he completed successfully.

Service has extended to his sporting interests. These include rugby and boxing in particular. His boxing during his student days gained him a O.U.S.A Boxing Blue 1956, followed by his NZ Universities light - welter weight boxing titles at the University Tournaments of 157-9 . He was involved in boxing administration for many years, two of them as held President of the Otago Boxing Association. He was appointed ringside announcer for the Commonwealth Games in Christchurch in 1974 and Auckland in 1990. In later years, his interest in sport continued, though in an administrative role as serving on the committee that organised the Otago Sportsperson of the year award dinner 1990-97 and the Halberg Awards.

John has continued to Chair and often initiate Community Projects of ever greater dimensions. Some of these include the Otago Development Corporation 1981-3 set up to promote employment opportunities in the region; the 'Save the Train Appeal' of 1991 to make local rail a recognised vital element in Otago Tourism's infrastructure; the chairing of the Taieri Gorge Railway, responsible for the governance of the heritage train – another DCC appointment; and he chaired the Otago Museum Re-development

Appeal which raised funds in the vicinity of $12 Million for the upgrading and extension of this facility.

Much of John's work has been focused on his church. In this regard, he chaired the St Joseph's Cathedral Restoration Appeal from which almost $3 Million was raised and expended in the upgrade. He also chaired the St Joseph's Cathedral Restoration Committee and the Catholic Development Fund – the latter virtually a bank for the Otago Southland Catholic population, holding deposits of approximately $13 million used to finance the restoration, maintenance and development of Church and school buildings throughout the diocese.

As a Board member of the Catholic diocese from its inception in 1976 to 2008, John has served his church well. He chaired the Diocese Board in Dunedin till 2008 and was a coordinator of the St Jude's Trust which operates homes for the severely handicapped. Obviously, he was a most worthy recipient of a Papal Gold Medal "Benemerenti" given by Pope John Paul 11 and presented to him by Bishop Len Boyle in November 1999 for services to the Catholic Church. His contribution has been truly outstanding.

Pamela and John's entire family, including husbands and children.

The grown-up family. Left to right: Emma, Claudia, John, Olivia, Pamela, Joe, Annabel.

Equally impressive has been John's work for the Otago Community. He has been a visionary finding ever new ways to promote and serve the region. He was the founding Chairman of Radio Otago Ltd in 1971, a listed public company which eventually owned and operated seventeen radio stations in various parts of New Zealand, prior to merging with Radio Pacific and Energy FM in 1997 to form Radio Works (NZ) Ltd. The Radio Otago brief was to fully and unashamedly promote Dunedin and Otago. He was Co-developer of the Rialto Multiplex and Hoyts Cinema

and several other ventures. Having chaired a multiplicity of private and public companies, John has experienced the highs and the lows that of steering them through difficult times.

John and Pamela. A recent snapshot.

On retiring from his legal practice, John has continued to be involved in community projects and has served two terms (eight years) as a trustee of The Otago Community Trust – five years as Chairman. In business he has retained a number of directorships and pursued his major interest in property investment and development.

Like his sisters, he has been persuaded to maintain a base in Auckland where his children now are resident. He and Pamela have a family of four daughters and one son. They have all distinguished themselves academically. Emma (BA Dip.Grad. is a published author; Joseph (Joe) holds a Masters degree in Arts as well as a BSc; Annabel BSc. B Mid.Wif., (Lecturer at Auckland University of Technology); Claudia, BA LLB. has followed her father in choosing the Law; Olivia holds a BComm. In marketing and Dip.Grad.

When in the 2000 New Year's Honours List John was awarded the New Zealand Order of Merit – (formerly the MBE) for his services to the community, it was an acknowledgement hard won and genuinely deserved.

Having inherited his mother's drive, his commitments have been long term and predominantly to the South. This remains his turangawhaiwhai just as it was hers – the dominant influence in his formative years. In life she demanded the very best and that is what he gave of himself. She would have approved.

The youngest of Jamelie's children was Patrick, so named because he was born on St Patrick's Day 1944, a robust and ruddy, beautiful boy. Being born into the 'Sergeant Pepper' generation, he exhibited its energies and the occasional excess. From the outset he possessed a sunny, gentle disposition and a caring nature.

Like his brother, John, he attended St Kevins, Oamaru and Christian Brothers in Dunedin. While a student at the University of Otago School of Medicine he found his life calling – General Practice – in 1972, after a brief foray into surgical training. However, his contribution was to be a trail blazing one that would focus on rural

Patrick and Sue. A wedding portrait.

medicine and create an as yet unheralded role for the rural general practitioner.

By this time he had met and married Suzanne Flight, a physiotherapist, who would prove a loyal and dedicated life partner with whom he would share his dream. Together they embarked on building and developing 'Punatapu', on the Glenorchy Road. . They built ponds, irrigation systems, planted native trees and cared for animals. Thus was their piece of paradise snatched from scrub and gorse. The home they built was in the style reminiscent of a Spanish monastery; Sue ran it as a home stay where she offered hospitality to a bevy of New Zealand's most creative people. More significantly, it was a magical home for their three sons, Simon, Benjamin and Jude.

Family snap. Left to right: Ben, Sue, Simon, Patrick, Jude.

Having set up practice in the resort destination of Queenstown, he quickly became aware of the pressures that were part and parcel of rural general practice. Much of what he gleaned went into teaching students and registrars in the town Medical Centre which he established – one of the first of its kind in New Zealand. He was also in the forefront of developing a service for ski field injuries and their prevention.

Patrick with his granddaughter, overlooking Lake Wakatipu.

Inevitably, Patrick became more and more involved in the politics of medicine, serving on the Southland District Health Board for two terms in the 1970s during which he lobbied for improvements and better funding for rural medicine. In this pursuit he knew no fear and would face any challenge.

He became a lecturer in the Department of General Practice at the University of

Otago in 1980. By 1990 he was elevated to a Senior Lecturer. This culminated in his being appointed regional director of the NZ College of General Practitioners and a distinguished Fellow in 2006.

The striking thing about Patrick was that throughout these successes and acknowledgements he never lost his simple love of people, his real empathy with them and his distain for sham. That is probably why his students and colleagues loved him. It mattered little to him that he had feet of clay and had erred at times in his youth in minor ways. It prepared him for what would be his life's work – knowing and serving people. His political achievements were only a means to this end.

Airport shot. Left to right: Kerienne, Georgia, Sue, Simon, (at front) Sofia.

Patrick and his family were well travelled, having visited China where he learned about acupuncture, the USA and a great many other countries. All these experiences enhanced his work in New Zealand. He became a founding director of the University of Otago Te Waipounamu Rural Health Unit for the education of rural doctors; and founded the Matagouri Club for undergraduate students with an interest in rural medicine. In 2006, the New Zealand Doctor magazine awarded him the 'Buzz Lightyear Award' for GPs who go 'to infinity and beyond' in the line of duty! He went on to develop the first one-year Rural Medical Immersion Programme for NZ medical Students. By this time he had been appointed rural health director for the South Island – a position that enabled him to lobby further for improved funding and services for health practitioners and their communities. In this role he wrangled increased funding for recruitment and retention of GPs which went a long way towards retaining important medical personal in the sector.

In 2007 Patrick was awarded the Peter Snow Memorial Award for his tireless advocacy which had brought major change to rural medicine and 2009 he was further recognised in the Queens Birthday Honours List for his services to rural medicine by receiving the New Zealand Order of Merit.

A rural idyll. The family in relaxed mode. Left to right: Anusha, Jude, Simon, Kerienne, Ben, Anne, Patrick, Sue.

Throughout his demanding career Patrick was always on hand to administer tirelessly to the health needs of his family. Despite a heavy burden of responsibility, he never opted out or complained. When he died suddenly in October, 2009, it came as a great shock to all. Some solace was taken from the knowledge that his final day was spent doing what he loved- caring for rural people -while working as a locum at Twizel. He was buried at his beloved Punatapu where the hundreds of tributes and obituaries reflected the devotion of not only his family but his town, his colleagues and especially the students involved in his Rural Medicine Immersion Programme. This last group presented his family with a 'Compilation of thoughts and memories from Pat's 'rural children', all of whom felt it a great privilege to have known such an extraordinary man.'

Patrick (centre) with his 'angels'. Left to right: Anusha, Anne and Kerienne (front).

Patrick is survived by his wife and his three children; Simon, who married Karienne Hill with whom he has two children, Georgia and Safia; Benjamin, who married child,Anne Kulonen; and Jude who married and Jude who married Anusha Ganeshal-Ingham, and has one child, Amia Indira Frances. Patrick's three sons are all university graduates.

The following three excerpts are selected from the twenty tributes comprising a 'Compilation of thoughts and memories from Pat's 'rural children', all of whom (felt) it a great privilege to have known such an extraordinary man.'

I look back now and it is obvious the Pat's impact was subtle, yet powerful. It's the same magic that has woven its way into the hundreds of lives of those educated under Pat's tutelage. It's a legacy that will never be quantifiable but one from whom countless people will benefit… All this from a man who had a passion, a dream and a dangerous twinkle in his eye.

Daniel Allan

Words like medical hero, champion of rural medicine, visionary… they have all been used to describe Dr Pat Farry time and again and they all fall short. (I'm sure Pat's shaking his head at me as I write this praise.) I only knew Pat for a short time (the last four years) and he has certainly left his mark on me. I have had a particularly difficult year during my time in RMIP and Pat made sure I had all the support I needed and more, including concerned phone calls in airport lounges, hugs and warm words while in transit to some appointment he was no doubt late for.

When I first heard the news of his passing, I thought of quite a few things; It can't be real. How will anyone full the void he left? I guess I'll have to get that that Distinction he was asking for in the exams this year, don't I… I also thought of all the young doctors and medical students who wouldn't have the privilege of experiencing his passion, wisdom, generosity or his relentless drive for rural medicine, education and of course, patient-centred medicine. I doubt that anyone will ever fill the gap Pat has left in Rural Medicine and Rural Medical Education, but I challenge those of us who have been touched by Pat's passion and caring to hang on to that passion and care for others as he cared so deeply for us…

I want to thank Pat's family for the time he gave us in pursuit of his vision. We have been truly privileged to have learnt from him … and we are all immensely better for it …

Kiyomi Kitagawa

In Memory of Dr Pat – the Father of Rural Immersion
I would just like to say what a pleasure it was working with Pat last year. He had a way of dealing with us that put us at ease and motivated us to work at the same time. As his rural students we felt a great sense of loyalty to him. His principles and training have had the biggest impact on my education of any one person – from correcting my IV cannulation technique to developing a therapeutic relationship with elderly patients…

Pat was a role model GP who served others and contributed enormously to his community. He has earned a great deal of respect in the Queenstown area and it was quite common to be asked on the chairlift if I was one of 'Pat Farry's Students' or to hear what a nice man he was from patients who had known him over many years… He will be remembered.

Mike Tolmay

Sue and Patrick.

Pat made an enormous contribution to rural medical education and it is fair to say that he not only helped in its revival, but possibly its very survival. In his memory and in recognition of his dedication, family and friends established the 'Pat Farry Rural Education Trust' to commemorate his achievements and to further develop and maintain his vision. Further, a Chair of General Practice was established at the University of Otago Medical School. If Rudyard Kipling's mark of a man is to 'walk with kings - nor lose the common touch' Patrick was indeed the best of men, one whose legacy will indeed linger.

For all her children, it was their mother, Jamelie's personality that initially propelled them to embark on journeys way beyond her comprehension. She was an ever - potent presence in their lives. In 1980 Jamelie was admitted to hospital with suspected heart failure. It was decided that a pacemaker be installed which resulted in a debilitating stroke. Even at this point she remained in charge. For one year she struggled to recover, subjecting herself to various therapies. When she decided that it was in vain, she refused all further medication. Jamelie died peacefully in 1981 surrounded by the family which had been her life's work.

Francis (Frank) Lakhdi Joseph La Hood

Family tree, page 135.

In the clearing stands the boxer, and a fighter by his trade
And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down or cut him
Till he cried out in his anger and his shame
I am leaving, I am leaving, but the fighter still remains
From 'The Boxer' by Simon & Garfunkel

His school photograph shows him to be a fair haired, robust lad with a confident demeanour and a hint of bravado in his facial expression and body language. Frank, second eldest son of the La Hood family, possessed from the outset a self confidence that belied his humble beginnings. Little is known of his time at St Joseph's School except that it was unsatisfactory and brief. Like his siblings, he was gifted at sport and spirited in the classroom, not a recipe for pleasing teachers. He left in Standard 3! With this unpromising start he could have drifted into a life of petty crime and inconsequence – but nothing could have been further from the truth.

Frank, aged ten, taken from a St Joseph's primary school photograph.

Probably because Frank possessed a strong sense of self, he was competitive and highly ambitious, driven from the outset to make his mark. Even in his unsympathetic school environment the brothers noticed and commented on his sporting prowess and pride in the way he presented himself. They flattered him, saying that he was not like 'the others', and he responded to this questionable enticement. Having opted out of formal education early, he became an eager self-learner, reading avidly from a wide base. He also acquired public speaking skills which he would often be called upon to use, at the same time gaining a fine sense of social justice which he would retain for the rest of his life.

Like his brothers, Frank detested sham and hypocrisy, and sought to expose them through humour, parody and a fine sense of the ironic. Growing up in the deprivation of the early years of twentieth century New Zealand required something of a frontier's mentality. When words failed, it was fists that decided issues and a 'real man' needed to be able to defend himself and those closest to him. In this he excelled. So, in his teens it was boxing (the poor man's game of chess) that attracted him and gave him a focus for achievement. He competed in the lightweight division and showed courage, determination and flair sufficiently impressive to still be remembered a generation later. His daughter Cheryl recalls Professor Ross of the Department of History, at the University of Otago, praising her father's boxing skill, during an interview she attended some thirty years after the actual event. This would suggest that he was indeed gifted in this sport.

A teenage Frank, with fellow boxers, building a reputation in the sport.

All of the La Hood uncles were 'giants' to their nieces and nephews. They believed

implicitly everything they told them (regardless of how far- fetched) and were enormously proud of them. This was particularly true of their Uncle Frank's boxing achievements. The fact was that many of the La Hood boys were good boxers though only Frank competed for local and national titles and secured a lasting reputation for his pugilist skills. The boxing code however, was to become a motif for how he would conduct the rest of his life. 'You need to hold out till the 11th round, that's what separates the men from the boys!' he would say in testing situations. Understandably, his fights were the cause of great anxiety to his family – his mother sitting at home saying the rosary for the duration of the bouts and his sister, Murion being denied access to the events because of her inappropriate and emotional responses! So he was eventually persuaded to forego the sport for less physically dangerous pursuits. Maybe the most influential voice was that of his fiancée, Angelina Johns (Angie), a beautiful young Karouse girl who had caught his eye when she was barely into her teens. Frank had associated with many of the stylish 'flappers' of the time, emancipated women who had emerged after the First World War. He had purchased a Model T Ford (private cars were still a novelty in local circles) and was quite the man about the town. But times were tough for young men of Lebanese ethnicity and often they became the victims, sometimes deservedly, of violence and even police brutality.

On one such occasion, Fred, the youngest La Hood brother, had been allegedly kicked in the stomach by a member of the force, suffered peritonitis and had to have emergency surgery. His brothers were outraged and Frank harnessed his fury and pugilist skills to take on six members of the constabulary single-handedly when a fight broke out in Carroll Street. It took all six to restrain him. At the time Angie was a teenage girl returning home from school. A large crowd had gathered to watch the fight because Frank had quite a reputation for being able to 'look after him'. Young though she was, Angie already knew how it felt to be considered foreign. Watching Frank La Hood physically challenge that mindset so powerfully must have been an empowering experience for her. Little did she realise that he too had also noticed her. From then on he began to leave his smart friends and strike up a conversation with her whenever their paths crossed. Then he began to visit her home and spend time playing cards with her father. She wondered if he had his eye on her beautiful elder sister, Julia, who was in his age group. When Wurrdi and Jhiddi Joe called on her parents (Rachid and Affifi Johns) to ask formal permission for Frank to court her, it came as a complete surprise. Both families were delighted.

Angie was just sixteen years of age when a large public function was held to celebrate their engagement. She wore pink and silver and they played the appropriate popular song of the time, 'She was sweet sixteen, little Angeline' as she entered the hall and was formally presented with a jewelled pendant and engagement ring. It should have heralded a forthcoming happy courtship and marriage – but the way forward was destined to be painful and rocky. Their ensuing courtship proved stifling for Angie. Where she was concerned, he became ultra conservative and over-protective. She had a youthful zest for life and longed to spread her wings. Pursuing a career as a tailoress and designer, she found

she had natural ability that brought her success; but she did not feel fulfilled by the work and the stress was telling. Her health began to suffer and finally she was diagnosed with tuberculosis, probably contracted at her workplace as no other member of her family was affected. At this time it was incurable! Her parents were devastated and called the engagement off. They sent the ring and pendant back to Wurrdi and Jhiddi Joe, with their regrets and that should have been an end to it – but it wasn't.

Angie was sent to a sanatorium and there she recovered in the company of other young patients in similar predicaments. It took two years during which time Frank refused to let her go. Many cautioned him against continuing in the relationship. 'She is a sick girl,' they said – 'Hardly suitable marriage stock.' He answered them by travelling regularly to see her more often and struggling to restore their relationship. Slowly she relented and within a few years after her full recovery, they were married in a quiet private ceremony. Theirs was not the conventional white, 'meringue' dress and veil occasion. It was war time; ostentatious celebration was frowned on and austerity reigned. So their wedding photographs show them stylishly impeccable in tailored pin - striped suits. They project a sense of confidence, of being able to grapple with reality but there is also a tinge of sadness. Rachid and Affifi, Angie's parents, owned a Terrace (where they lived) and the couple rented one of their houses, 63 Carroll Street. They furnished it in the Art Deco style popular in the 1930s and throughout the war years of the 40s. In the next decade they had three children, all daughters, Cheryl, Lois and Avonne.

Frank was enterprising and ahead of his time. The post war years were set to see the New Zealand economy boom. He was eager to participate in the new prosperity. Typically, he thought 'big,' and with his instinct for business, force of personality and determination, he was eager to give his ideas a go. While still a bachelor, he had opened billiard rooms and had enjoyed some success for a time. Now, to acquire sufficient capital to finance a more serious foray into business, he worked on the waterfront. Farming dominated

Frank and Angelina on their wedding day, outfitted in matching tailored pinstripe suits. The war made traditional white weddings less popular at the time.

A more relaxed wedding portrait.

Angelina in the 1950s with her three daughters. Left to right: Lois, Avonne and Cheryl.

post war New Zealand and he calculated a likely demand for agricultural machinery; so he opened a retail business dealing in such items and included a hiring service that predated the establishment of 'Hirequip' by about thirty years. It did not make him the hoped for fortune but honed his business skills and strengthened his resolve.

Everyone knew of the success of the Callil family in Melbourne, long established clothing manufacturers; so Frank was inspired to take on a smaller but similar venture in Dunedin when the opportunity arose. His premises were located in what was then Broadway (Manse Street) in central Dunedin. He must have had some success because he soon relocated to the larger and better equipped premises in Moray Place. He called the business Modern Soft Goods Ltd., outfitted it with the best of everything and created a 'showpiece' workplace. While it was his pride and joy, it was to cause him huge stress and cost him his health. It would also bring out the best in him – giving him plenty of opportunity to show his 'eleventh round' courage and humanity. Having quite a sizable staff of female machinists, often solo providers for their families (there was no Domestic Purposes Benefit at the time), he took an active interest in their wellbeing. By all accounts he was a good and caring boss. He believed his role to include protector, adviser and supporter and took it seriously.

Modern Soft Goods was carefully maintained. His cleaning lady, Mrs Button, made sure that floors were polished and windows gleamed. Quality machinery and good staff facilities set a new standard, one that should have gained him the success he sought. It didn't. There were sizeable orders from government departments and large manufacturers like Lane Walker Rudkns. However, enormous competition in clothes manufacture was on the increase from several areas, both national and international – namely Hong Kong and China. Fabric, buttons, zips etc generally had to be imported at a time of crushing import restrictions and tariffs in this country. A large staff meant a large and ongoing weekly wage responsibility. Also, the time lapse between finishing orders and getting paid was crippling. On several such occasions, when his back was to the wall, it was only the loyalty and kindness of close friends and a couple of relatives – namely his brother Jack and his much loved nephew, Gordon, who intervened to save him from what he feared most, bankruptcy. In a more cynical age his sense of honour seems quaint and ill placed, but in its time it marked him out as having character.

His increasingly ambitious ventures, culminated in a partnership with two local professional men, one an academic. The business was expanded into three sections – the factory managed by Frank, a warehouse with a marketing function and travelling sales representatives. The latter sections were managed by his two partners. As time progressed, only the factory operation proved successful. A meeting was called to decide on the best course of action. All, except Frank, wanted to escape debt responsibility by declaring bankrupsy. He could only avoid this course of action by taking on the complete arrears burden himself. It was a horrible situation and his erstwhile partners were probably

right to seek escape; but it was the mark of the man that he chose the harsher path over dishonour and what he would have considered dishonesty. This was his 'eleventh round'.

On his side he had the support of a nurturing and dedicated wife and family, and being deeply religious, he would have believed he was doing the 'right' thing. At this point, another saviour appeared on the scene in the form of a new forewoman, Mrs Glanville. A retired Matron from the Health Sector, plain, and sturdy in appearance, this highly principled, superbly organised and uncompromising woman became his 'avenging angel'. As forewoman, she put things right and made the factory hum with enterprise. It took a few years but with her intervention, Frank was able to pay off creditors and return his business to health. Then, as suddenly as she had appeared on the scene, she announced that she was now able to leave with the intention of setting up a private hospital with her husband in what is now Corstorphine House.

Frank continued running Modern Soft Goods but times were becoming increasingly difficult. Even with the help of Angie, who very competently took over as forewoman, impossible external forces were being brought to bear on his situation. Clothing manufacture was cheaper and more efficiently conducted in the third world countries of the east, notably China, where sweat shop conditions and subsistence wages were the norm.. Even a partnership with the Sew Hoy brothers proved only a temporary solution.

Angelina and Frank photographed at one of the many functions they attended in the 1950s.

Some years earlier Frank had branched out into the building trade, creating a business called Lodge Construction. He employed a master builder, and made him foreman, overseeing a staff of tradesmen and effectively running the operation when he was otherwise occupied. They built a street of houses in one of the new suburbs and the venture prospered for a time. Frank also used his builders to fully restore a large family home he had purchased in High St. It took them six months! The finished product was impressive. For Frank and his family it was a tangible sign of accomplishment. Some celebrated his success but not all. For some it incited envy and even denial that it had been, in fact, obtained with his money. It was a harsh lesson for the family to learn.

They had not been resident in the High St. home long before ill fortune struck. Frank's car, a small Austen Van, skidded on ice and overturned, leaving him with a severely bruised ear and a broken leg. He struggled to run his businesses from his recovery bed. As ever, he could rely on the dedicated care of his wife though he proved a difficult patient. On returning to the factory, he found problems of cash flow and securing substantial orders

had increased. In addition, his construction business was proving too taxing to run as an extra interest and had to be wound up. All of this coincided with Frank's three daughters reaching their teen years and this in itself was making huge calls on his time, patience and stamina. It was the sixties – and the attitudes and social changes that were being experienced world wide were visited upon this little family too. There were new battles, not to be settled with old platitudes, religious dogma or physical force – not even with determination and character.

People wondered how Frank's own daughters would cope with his conservative attitudes regarding appropriate female conduct with his reputation for paternalistically 'looking out' for the moral well being of younger members of the Community. Many a time he would call on the local parish priest to give spiritual guidance to one of his employees experiencing personal problems – an amazingly presumptuous interference seen in the light of today's attitudes. Yet his own family quickly learned to negotiate around his more extreme demands.

Attending a Cedar Club picnic in the 1950s. Left to right: Lois, Cheryl, Angelina, Avonne.

It was inevitable that his daughters would attract the attention of young admirers, the bravest of whom actually visited the house. One of their number described the experience thus; 'Frank sits there like a lone bull seal. He roars and his daughters flutter around ignoring him!' His enormous love and affection for his offspring meant he could never effectively chastise them. The girls quickly learned that his 'roar' was as far as it went. The second eldest daughter, Lois, remembers the following incident from when she was still quite small. She had noticed a wad of cash in the handkerchief pocket of one of her father's suits hanging in the wardrobe. It was a sizable amount of money so she thought that he wouldn't miss a ten shilling note (a considerable amount in those days) and peeled it off. Then she made a bee-line for Victor Farry's superette where she purchased a carrier bag of sweets and proceeded to eat her way through them on the front doorstep of her home!

Meanwhile, Victor had smelled a rat, so to speak and contacted Frank who confronted his indiscreet, little daughter. Lois believed her very life in severe jeopardy and began to run with her father in hot pursuit. However, she did not relinquished her stash of sweets, but clung to them while she ran in and out of the entrances to the house, under furniture, into the neighbour's property and then back home where she hid under a table. When he finally had her cornered she fell to her knees and cried 'mercy'. He laughed so much that he quite forgot to reprimand her; but one repercussion was that she gained a new nickname from her agile manoeuvres – 'fora/jirrdone' which we understood to be Arabic for 'mouse'.

So Frank definitely had a soft heart where his children were concerned. He loved to buy them treats and would arrive home with cases of huge cherries, nectarines, peaches, grapes from Victors, and soft caramels and chocolate roughs from the Queen Anne Milk bar. His girls always had a new wardrobe of clothes custom made at his factory twice a year. Angie's love of education and refinement meant the girls were sent to extra tuition classes in speech, singing, piano, modelling, ballet and art because only the best was good enough for their children.

A family portrait in the 1950s. Left to right: Avonne, Cheryl, Angelina, Lois.

This was also a traditional Catholic family where regular religious practises were observed. Everyone was expected to rise early on Sunday mornings to attend 7am Mass and Communion. The Rosary was recited most nights and the children took it for granted that their father would always kneel and pray alone for over an hour late at night, in the darkness of their lounge.

But life was seldom solemn. Frank loved being a clown and making his children laugh. He was, by this time, burley in build and would pirouette round the room in mock imitation of a ballerina, extending his misshapen pinky finger. This never failed to elicit peels of laughter. Dinner times were always memorable – occasions for lengthy debate and discussion – as well as the best of food. Angie was a stylish and creative cook, ahead of her time with her appreciation of lightly cooked vegetables to preserve their nutritional value. They were generous parents, showering their children with money for whatever entertainment was on offer (usually movies) and buying every mechanical toy that came on the market (Frank often broke the mechanisms by winding them too vigorously). A room in the basement was designated a 'playroom' and filled from ceiling to floor with toys. Another on the top floor was devoted to books and was designated the 'reading room'.

There would be dark times too and these became more and more frequent. As business pressures took their toll, Frank became more and more volatile. His La Hood anger exploded into thunderous over-reactions to petty family misdemeanours. The children got adept at secreting themselves away until the 'storm' passed. These episodes became clouds threatening their daily wellbeing and heralding approaching disaster.

A social gathering showing Frank and Angelina in early middle age. Left to right: Frank, John Farry (his nephew), Gloria Smith (Angelina's sister), Angelina.

Inevitably, Frank's daughters grew up possessing all of their parents' individuality and pluck. Consequentially, there was conflict. In itself this was neither tragic nor unusual. However, Frank's untimely death just short of his fifty-eighth birthday coinciding with this most challenging stage in his daughters' lives was a devastating blow. It had not allowed time for the mending of perceived grievances and bridge building, let alone winding up old businesses and fully developing the new one. Provision for the future of his family without him was a work in progress.

Frank's last business venture had been in real estate. He joined Land Sellers early in the 1960s after liquidating Modern Soft Goods. Some observed that it was here that he had found his true calling. It was, ironically, the 'last round' of his life. The new venture had enjoyed a dramatically promising start. After years of struggling he had found his niche. Having negotiated a sizeable deal, he told his friends at the Cedar Club that night that he felt well enough to race one of them round the block. The next morning his youngest daughter found him dead, his body having fallen back as he sat on the bed. Angie was, as ever, calm and methodical. She instructed her daughters to ring for an ambulance while she attempted to revive him. For the first time the girls fully felt the hollow ache of bereavement. It was a devastating blow, one that would continue for years to come.

It was equally devastating for Frank's siblings. His sister Jamelie was holidaying in Lebanon with her husband, Joe. There was nothing she could have done; so it was decided not to tell her. On her return she immediately observed Frank's absence from the 'welcome home' group at the airport. Once informed of the bereavement, her grief was all consuming.

For the daughters, this marked the end of childhood. The generosity and indulgence that they had taken for granted had run its course. Angie, still in her mid-forties – was left a young widow, accustomed to playing the traditional 'supportive wife' role that had been expected of her. Now, put to the test, she would prove her metal and manage what funds she had providentially, to provide for her daughters and maintain their home. Devoid of self pity, she became a pillar of strength, selflessly using everything she possessed to support and advance them. She never remarried nor entertained the idea of another attachment. She had been the love of Frank's life and she now stated discreetly, that he had been the love of hers.

Frank lived his life like he had played his sport. He would never 'throw in the towel'. If success is to be gauged in simple monetary terms, his life had not delivered its promise; but if judged by his enterprise, breadth of vision, courage in the face of adversity and open hearted generosity, it shines. Frank never did anything small and his influence and memory still resonates with those whose lives he touched.

Cheryl was at the end of her eighteenth year when her father died. Being the first born, her arrival just after the Second World War had been a great joy to her parents. Unlike the majority of his generation, Frank had always wanted a daughter. He had sentimentally described a scenario involving a happy threesome family in a letter to Angie during their courtship. He named her Rosalie(Wurrdi) after his mother as had been the custom for first daughters for generations (though she would be known as 'Cheryl' which was seen a more fashionable name) and given an lavish christening function held in a hall and catered – more like a wedding breakfast. Most members of the Lebanese Community attended. One of the 'old school' guests asked Frank why all this fuss was being made over a daughter to which he replied, 'Are you enjoying yourself?' The reply was an enthusiastic, 'Yes'
'Then just continue enjoying yourself' he smiled.

Cheryl as a baby. A studio portrait.

Cheryl's childhood was blessed. This much anticipated child was pampered by both the La Hoods and especially the Johns family. Her maternal aunts, Julia, Gloria and Greta, themselves on the brink of marriage and eventual motherhood, treated her as their own. Consequently, she was the focus of attention. They taught her to sing and dance and made much of everything she did. Greta was a highly popular and fun loving young aunt. She and her friends had turned a basement room into a private little nightspot called the 'Studio' where all the Lebanese teenagers could congregate and jitterbug to the latest pop songs played on a windup record player. She covered the walls with silver stars and pictures of movie stars. Her mother, Affifi, would bring down large pots of mahshi malfoof which were quickly devoured and three year old Cheryl would be instructed to 'Say goodnight to the boys' which she duly did. Also, at the age of three she started learning singing and piano. It was a full life for a little girl.

Cheryl (aged four) with her mother, Angelina, resplendent in fur.

When she started school it seemed restrictive. At home she had been encouraged to talk on all issues. She was listened to and made much of. There were no kindergartens or play centres in the Carroll St area so she had remained in the insular environment of her extended family, with few boundaries hindering full self expression. Sometimes this freedom to roam had caused problems – like when she became friendly with a middle-aged spinster called Christina, who lived a solitary life and was thought to be a witch by the local children. Cheryl liked to converse with her and became fascinated by her stories. One

Mother and five year old daughter. Note the St Dominic's uniform; at this point manufactured at Modern Softgoods Ltd.

day she found herself inside the little cottage that was Christina's home. She had become so engrossed in the stories she was being told that she quite forgot the passing of time. It was not until the police were doing a house to house search for her and knocked on the door that she and her new 'friend' realised how late it was and returned to her distraught parents. Now that she was at school her roaming days were over. She had to remain silent, learn by rote and feign Irish Catholic humility. It did not come easily.

Modelling portrait of Cheryl, aged fourteen.

However, Cheryl flourished at intermediate and high school. Her best friend in her senior class was Aquinas Stevens, half Lebanese, buxom, ebullient and brilliant. She had arrived from Hokitika in her sixth form year having just achieved the top aggregate mark in New Zealand for School Certificate. They were inseparable, working jointly on school projects and competing jointly for various sport trophies to make a 'good showing' at the end of year prize giving ceremony.. Aquinas generally had the better of it, though Cheryl's forte was in performance. She generally got the lead roles in all the school productions, the result of years of speech and drama training.

It was obvious that Aquinas would be Dux of St Dominics College but as the time approached she was asked by the mother superior to forego the award in favour of a student (who was actually fourth in the class) because her mother was dying of cancer. Aquinas acquiesced, but it rankled with her. When Cheryl met up with her twenty-five years later, she mentioned the event with a mixture of humour and resentment, quipping that after all that, the woman didn't even have the good grace to die!

Having gained university entrance through accreditation, one of the few who did that year (Frank was thrilled when his mates at the club congratulated him on his daughter's success) Cheryl took it for granted that she would complete a degree. It was the dawn of the sixties and girls were largely still pigeonholed into nursing, teaching or secretarial work. Of the sciences, only Nutrition and Biology had been offered at the convent so she was pretty well channelled in the humanities. To this point, only the males of the La Hood family (or indeed any other family in the Lebanese Community) had attended University in Dunedin. So, although she didn't know it at the time, she was breaking new ground as the first female. She was welcomed by her Lebanese male cohort, given admission to their

group and protectively observed. They included John Dell, Kenneth Kallil, Peter Turnbull (who showed her how to register on her first day) and Joe Betro. Cheryl also noted that several Jewish boys attached themselves to the group from time to time.

Cheryl, aged eighteen. A casual snap.

University was a challenging and exciting place to be, one that demanded every bit of ability and discipline that she could muster. It also encouraged self expression which, at this time manifested itself in 'hippie dress' and 'flower power' pretensions. Many dabbled in hallucinogenic drugs. Cheryl did not though she enjoyed making a 'flower child' fashion statement from time to time. Her interest in fashion had been awakened by her cousin, Margaret Farry, whose modelling school she had attended in her teens.

Although it ran counter to her flower child image, Cheryl grudgingly agreed to be presented as a debutant at the Catholic Charity Ball. She discussed this with her cousin Patrick who was encouraging and kindly offered to partner her for the occasion. Her mother and father were pleased with her decision. When the occasion arrived she wore a beautiful, traditional white gown. Patrick, looking impeccable in his tuxedo, flawlessly led her round the Town hall dance arena in the Destiny Waltz while the family watched from the balcony above. Despite her initial misgivings it proved to be an unforgettable occasion.

Studio portrait of Cheryl as a debutante.

The joy would be short lived. A year later, her father would die, causing her a profound experience of loss and a quick change of the family's circumstances. No more indulgence. From now on she would have to work to support her studies, though her loving mother's support and guidance remained. She duly completed a bachelor's degree and starting thinking about a career.

Against prevailing advice, she married a young teacher and acquired an interest in pursuing a similar path, even though she had rejected the idea of Teachers' College years prior to this. The first teaching job that Cheryl secured was at King Edward Technical High School – seen as an institution designed to prepare children from working class backgrounds for trade apprenticeships. She saw it as a short term measure to tide her over until she got an opportunity to enter journalism. At her interview when asked if she was prepared to stay at least two years with the school, she replied 'yes'. She was dissembling but she wanted the job. The irony was that this inauspicious start would blossom into a life's work. In

Cheryl at Joe and Helena La Hood's engagement party.

the sixties, teachers were inspected at regular intervals and graded. Cheryl was terrified on her first inspection but her confidence grew. By her third inspection she was fully engaged and it resulted in her receiving the highest grading in the South Island. There was some rivalry over this, a few older colleagues unfairly quipping 'the shorter the skirt, the higher the grade!' Her next Inspector was female. She told Cheryl that she was no ordinary teacher and got her to join forces with Neil Spenser, the male HoD Art at Kaikorai Valley High School (then the most prestigious state secondary school in Dunedin with Neil's professional reputation at its peak) to found the Otago Secondary Schools Art Association, which has gone from strength to strength right up to the present day.

Having completed Trinity College Fellowship studies, she now used her skills to produce several plays at school. The aim was always to involve as many students as possible; so these were massive exercises involving hours of work, but there was great satisfaction to be gained from seeing how students grew in confidence and became competent actors. It was also the best way to get to know them.

Debating also delivered these results with students and had quickly become a major involvement. She trained some highly successful debating teams for the Jaycee competitions, interschool competitions and cultural exchanges and the University Debating Club. She also had many students succeed in public speaking competitions such as the Antony Eden which her students won on several occasions. Out of public speaking came an interest in Whaikorero and the Nga Whakataetae Mo Nga Manu Korero O Nga Tuarua National Speech Contests, festivals which were just beginning to gain prominence and which have since grown into nationwide annual events.

In academic regalia.

It was a busy time filled with new challenges and excitement. Cheryl decided at this point to continue her studies and complete a master's degree. She chose to do it in History. So began the happiest time she experienced at University, a time of researching and writing. Professor Angus Ross was her Advisor of Studies and proved an effective mentor. On the strength of her dissertation she was asked to present herself for orals, used at this point for allocating honours. It proved an interesting and quite successful experience, during which she was encouraged to continue writing.

With the end of her marriage, Cheryl expected to

concentrate on her career. Despite her intentions, she had become friendly with many young men along the way but only one stood out. His name was Ron Alexander, and he was refined, gentle and quietly self-assured enough to be humble. Far from standing in her way, he encouraged her to embark on her first world trip. She was farewelled by her mother and her aunt and uncle, Jamelie and Joe Farry. Ron was also there and he pressed a wad of American dollars into her hand as she left.

Cheryl's travels took her through SE Asia, India, Iran (where she was interrogated for not having a visa – but granted a temporary one probably because the unshaven custom's officer was impressed by her miniskirt (she completely lacked any cultural sensitivity at this point)' and on to Egypt,(where her mother called her with a warning not to go to Lebanon because of the war and the curfew. Greece, Spain and the United Kingdom. There were experiences (some hair-raising) throughout.

Snapped in Athens during her first world trip.

On returning to London, she received a toll call from New Zealand. It was Ron telling her to cancel her plans for travelling in the USA. He had organised everything and would meet her in Washington. He did. She had never been drawn to the USA. and was genuinely surprised when this proved to be the most magical part of her journey during which their commitment to one another was established. This trip would be the first of many excursions abroad.

While in London, Cheryl had also heard (via her mother) from Pat Harrison, the redoubtable Principal of Queens High School, offering her a temporary position on her return. She agreed.

The next decade of Cheryl's career would be the pinnacle of her achievement in terms of professional growth and contribution. During this time she would work with hundreds of students in drama productions, write multiple teaching resources many of which would be published, train student teachers and oversee professional development programmes.

Public service and community involvement became a concurrent focus of Cheryl's energy. She had been raised with the La Hood sense of social justice and a desire to stand against oppression. This demanded professional development in many areas which she first gained by agreeing to be Otago regional secretary for the Post Primary Teachers' Association in 1996, a position she held for eight years. This was the time when feminism flourished throughout the developed world and Cheryl was actively involved in the movement. In 1990-93 she was the convenor of SEAC (Gender Equality Action Committee) for New Zealand and had to commute regularly to Head Office in Wellington to chair meetings.

In 1989 she was Convenor of the Otago Southland Women's Conference and served on multiple planning committees. She represented teachers on The National Council of Women throughout the 80s and 90s and was PPTA Representative on CTU for over two decades. Cheryl was also selected to sit on Div C Teacher selection panels for a number of years.

In the 1980s she judged the time right to seek promotion, and applied for HoD positions in a select number of secondary schools throughout the country. However, just when things looked very promising she collapsed in class one day and was immediately hospitalised with a serious SLE flare up. This rheumatic condition had been diagnosed in her twenties; for years she had been in denial that there could be a recurrence. Now the unthinkable had happened and in its most serious form. She had to be treated with huge amounts of steroid medication to get her through. The inevitable side effects, a swollen face and loss of hair, dealt the final blow to any vestiges of vanity that persisted. The unconditional love of her mother Angie, who kept a vigil by her bedside every single day of her during her seven week stay in hospital, got her through as well as the total devotion of Ron.

Knowing that the longer she was away from the classroom, the greater the damage to her hopes of advancement would be, she returned as soon as she was steady on her feet, her 'no-hair' head swathed in a scarf. Strength came from somewhere, perhaps her own survival instinct. Her students appeared not to notice her rather startling change in appearance. Typical self absorbed teenagers, she thought and was relieved by their detachment. She made sure that their learning was of the highest standard – this at least would continue as before. Months passed and slowly, as her medication was reduced and withdrawn, her appearance returned. Her hair grew back and her body became slender again. One day when she came to form-time, none of her students were there! Then she noticed on her teacher's desk a beautiful terrarium full of exotic plants and beside it a card signed by all of them. The message read 'From those who could not find the words'. It was an unforgettable experience, one that would remain with her for the rest of her life.

This time her foray into extra-curricular activity became more circumspect. She slowly regained her energy enough to become a NZQA Facilitator, providing professional training in evaluation systems for teachers. This involved flying round the South Island presenting seminars on standards-based assessment to groups of teachers. She was also appointed Regional Moderator, a labour intensive position that involved over seeing a standardised system of marking Unit Standards for senior secondary students in Otago/ Southland. After two years of heavy responsibility in this area she was well ready to vacate the position.

Her next challenge came in the form of her appointment to the Otago Polytechnic Council. She had been voted into this position at a CTU meeting. It had meant addressing a large and cynical audience of union activists. The incumbent had just stepped down from the

podium having regaled them with the burdens involved in being a councillor. Cheryl did not challenge his expertise. Instead, she commended him. She then went on to 'talk from the heart' about her commitment to children - the work of a lifetime. If she were to be voted to council she would see the job as an extension of her work in the classroom. It would be watching out for her students' next stage of development. When the result of the vote was announced, she found that she had emerged the winner.

Working on the Polytechnic Council was not Cheryl's first experience of being one of the few women in what had been a male preserve. Most of her committee and panel work had long ago initiated her. She had learned how to lobby to gain support for pet projects, listen critically and articulate a concise and persuasive point of view. Slowly she formed alliances with other councillors of like interest and was gratified to support the development of new degree programmes in Nursing, Hospitality, Tourism and Information Technology. The maximum tenure for a councillor was supposed to be four years. Cheryl served for twelve!

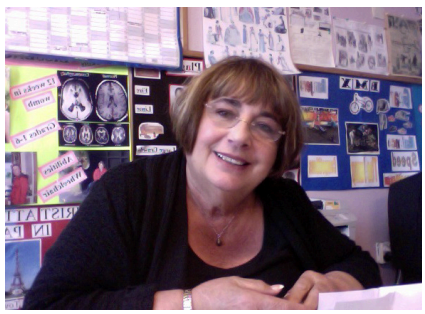
Cheryl's last five years of teaching were dominated by administration arising from departmental responsibility. The days were long. She arrived at school at 6am and worked through to 5.30pm. Lunchtimes were brief and interrupted and often there were evening duties – student performances, parent-teacher meetings or school functions she would be required to attend. Her students remained the bright point. Their significance grew exponentially with each passing year. Concerns that getting older would remove the link she believed she had with them proved baseless. With the dimming of her youthful ego there was more room for genuine connection with them.

It was at this point that her mother Angie's health became a serious issue. She had suffered from angina for some years and it was now reaching crisis point. Several times she had had to be rushed to hospital with acute pain leaving her daughters devastated at the prospect of losing their mother - the heart of the family, a steely support and influence for good. Like all great mothers, her love had been unconditional and enduring. When she died peacefully in her sleep, Cheryl held her mother in her arms and wondered how they all would cope in a world that had suddenly become a colder and more threatening place.

A family snap showing three generations. Left to right: Jacob (baby), held by his Uncle Devon, Cheryl, Terry (Jacob's father), Angelina (Jacob's great grandmother).

Her mother's death made Cheryl starkly aware of the brevity of life, She had given most of her own life to her career but there were so many other things that beckoned and certainly it was better to make a life change while she was still at the top of her game. Something

needed to happen to verify that. It came in the form of an ERO (Education Review Office) inspection which she had not been expecting. Returning examination papers to a year 13 class, she proceeded in the manner she always did – giving them model answers to the various questions they had faltered on and explaining concepts they had found difficult. She used humour and parody to instil crucial pieces of information. Amidst much hilarity she hardly noticed when the inspector had arrived, watched and then quietly left. A day later the Deputy Principal told her that she had been rated the top teacher that she had seen. Cheryl remembered experiencing a similar result as a young teacher some thirty years before. This definitely was the right time to go.



Cheryl, recently snapped.

Cheryl now moves into the third stage of her life, one devoted to further study, writing and her family. There is also a space for teaching there – but it will only be a small part of a much more varied existence. She is still pursuing and enjoying the opportunities that have come her way, like writing this family memoir with her cousin, Joe La Hood, as a gift to future generations of the family. When asked about how she views her life so far, she recalls the words of 'A Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy' author, Douglas Adams who observed, 'I may not have gone where I intended to go, but I've ended up where I needed to be.'

Frank and Angie's second daughter, Lois, was destined to have to face some extreme highs and lows in her adult life. Her story and that of her family is taken up at this point by her eldest son, Terry Middleditch.

My parents' adolescence coincided with an extremely interesting time in history - post World War II; the so-called 'baby boomers, comprised the second and third generations of the Lebanese community. By this time, they enjoyed a comfortable middle class lifestyle in 1960's Dunedin.

They were the beneficiaries of the work of their antecedents to varying degrees. However, as is the propensity of each generation of teenagers, they had to challenge the values of the preceding generation, kick off perceived shackles and forge a new identity.

The melancholy of the 40's and 50's music dominated by Vera Lynn, Frank Sinatra and others of similar ilk had been superseded by the Beatles, Rolling Stones and 1960's psychedelia. It was a cultural revolution and my parents were part of the burgeoning Dunedin manifestation of this global phenomenon.

Lois and Terry navigating the subterranean circuit of music gigs.

This was the scene that brought my parents together during their senior high school years. There would have been a great attraction for each other and for Lois, a chance to escape the buttoned up, regimented world of St Dominics' College which she attended. Mum still relays, with horror, stories of harsh treatment by some of her religious teachers – whose methods seem medieval by today's standards. Little or no allowance was made for individuality, cultural, behavioural or cognitive. Despite this, she demonstrated a talent for the humanities and sport. But Lois, being of a strong willed disposition, could not flourish in a 'my way or highway' institution. For someone possessing the genes of a champion boxer the only way out was to leave.

A happy event. The birth of Terrence Junior, their first child.

Lois and Terry Middleditch senior, having found each other, must have enjoyed navigating the subterranean circuit of music gigs that comprised the fledging 1960's Dunedin music & social scene. With his capacity for invention and his knowledge of Electronics, Terry filled a void in the Dunedin music scene where garage bands sought to emulate the sounds of Jimi Hendrix and Jimmy Page – the Ear-bleeders from far away seas. His early contribution was to manufacture guitar effects pedals which eventually progressed to guitar amplifiers and concert-scale sound mixing desks. Previously, these tools of the rock and roll trade were simply unavailable to budding musos because of import restrictions - a final vestige of New Zealand's economic protectionism policy.

So my parents' generation spanned the gap between protectionism and globalization and the advances in technology from manual labour to knowledge based industries.

Their lives also mirrored a general societal shift in attitudes towards the role of women, and the institution of marriage. Their 'intermarrying', though still uncommon at the time, would become the norm in today's pluralistic society.

Lois and Terry drew from the strength of their love and were determined to marry, which they did. With amazing speed they established a comfortable home. When their son was born they called him 'Terry' after his father, evidence of the commitment which marked the beginning of my life. My second name was, of course, after Mum's father, Frank La Hood who had died two years earlier.

Lois holding Terry on the balcony of their St Clair flat.

From a personal perspective, having heard so many great stories about my grandfather and his achievements, it is immensely disappointing that I was never able to know him. One such instance was when I absentmindedly positioned Uncle Jack's trench coat where his arms could not reach the holes as I stood behind him. Oh the fear of God he put into me that day over what I thought was a minor infraction! When, now and then, I catch myself over-reacting I inwardly smile, and correct the behaviour.

Looking back, I admire my parents' considerable achievements. For them to raise a child in their late teens, buy a house, complete an apprenticeship in electronics and eventually start a business are all difficult at any time.

Five years later, Terry and Lois had a second son, Aaron who, incidentally, very much resembled his grandfather, Frank La Hood, but the early 70's suburban idyll in Dunedin was not to last for long. My last memory of the home that Terry and Lois created in Barclay Street, Pine Hill was the harrowing noise of ambulance sirens and gyrating red and blue lights puncturing the icy blackness of that nocturnal Dunedin sky. Aaron passed away as a result of a collapsed lung, aged only 18 months. It was a harrowing, life changing tragedy for my parents and the entire family. On one of our many regular visits to Aaron's

Family photograph with Santa Claus. Left to right: Aaron, Terry (senior), Terry (junior), Santa, Lois. Tragedy was soon to strike.

grave at that depressing cemetery in Anderson.s Bay (which is perfectly positioned to capture the icy winds from the Antarctic), my father Terry observed, with tears welling up, that "everything changed" after that fateful day. Lois refused to ever return to 'that house', so the three of us went to live with my Nana, Angela La Hood, in High Street.

I enjoyed my time there; they were good years. I was raised by three very strong women in the house that 'Frank built', Nana (Angela), my aunty Cheryl and of course Mum. Living in close proximity to the wider Lebanese community, I got to know my cousins, aunties and uncles and frequented the Cedar Club often with my peers. Many good memories of that era at the Cedar club stand out. The glamorous gatherings at night time was a real life example of what Hollywood might look like and watching 'King Curtis' and others battle it out on the TV wrestling show 'On the Mat' on Sunday's on one of the only colour TV screens to be found in Dunedin at the time. Of course sneaking up stairs and watching the old generation play cards and speak Arabic brought further life to the old black and white photos Nana used to regularly share with me.

Family gathered in High Street garden for Christmas celebration. Left to right: Devon, Terry, Lois (mother), and grandmother, Angelina.

Like all in her generation, Nana had an excellent flare for cooking and was generous with it too. She could also make limited resources stretch a long way. For example she could elevate to the sublime the humble sausage and would always cook more cabbage rolls (Mahshi Malfoof) or a greater volume of spaghetti bolognaise that was required. Firstly, in case anyone popped by unexpectedly but mainly (although she never let on) she knew my brother and I would regularly wear a path to the stove for 'afters' having already taken samples through the cooking process while she was in other parts of the house. All this was factored into the equation.

My continued love of cooking comes from that era and I learnt much about what ingredients work with what –picked up by osmosis like a semi-conscious sponge. It was only years later that these lessons led to tangible outcomes for my own family's eating enjoyment.

While trying to cope with the loss of their son and attempting to reorganise themselves, Lois and Terry considered moving to Australia. Terry's considerable skill in electronics

could have led to a number of lucrative job opportunities in the fledgling electronics industry. Due to the invention of the transistor & silicon chip this was about to reach dizzying heights. But family and community ties were strong and Nana Angie's loving support kept them in Dunedin, where Lois was surrounded by a bevy of life-long friends. Instead, they purchased land in Portobello.

Father and son at home in Portobello, still a work in progress.

At that time most Dunedinites were accustomed to travelling a handful of blocks to work, live or play. The 20 minute drive from the CBD seemed to them like taking a trip to Mars. "Why are you moving so far away?" they would ask. Like many things my parents chose to do, they were ahead of the curve as properties overlooking water and particularly on the Otago Peninsular are now very fashionable and sought after.

A man with a 'can do' attitude, who could turn his hand to virtually anything from electronics, to plumbing, building, carpentry and mechanics my father also demonstrated vision and innovation with their house design, executing complex angles and positioning it to avoid the southerlies and capture maximum sun. To this day, some 35 years later, the house still it remains a 'work in progress' to all our chagrin; but it remains a house that inspires most who visit it.

Lois and her eldest son, Terry, now resident in Australia.

My mother, Lois, had matured into a beautiful woman who possessed the practical, organisational skills with our finances and attempted to hold the family budget together. She also supplemented the family income substantially by taking on a succession of jobs, many in the retail fashion industry – she had always possessed a great sense of style. So when Terry came home in a TR2 sports car one day which left no money for necessities like groceries and mortgage repayments, it was Lois who saved the day. On reflection this anecdote does illustrate the tensions between vision and immediate practical realities we all grapple with at some stage. Few have the courage to choose the former over the latter. Nevertheless, I can say, I was always

well fed and provided for, while the car is now a serious collector's item.

In the post Muldoon era during the 1980's and as an antidote to the near bankruptcy the country was facing, the incoming Labour Government of the day floated the dollar as a means to slow the southward economic trend. The situation resulted in interest rate rises eventually escalating more than 20 percentage points.

Understandably, around this difficult time, economic pressures also came to bear on my parents. While many families lost their homes and businesses but Lois and Terry held it together. Lois worked at two jobs and Terry laboured day and night in his electronics business. Nevertheless, this added considerable strain to their at increasingly tempestuous relationship.

The birth of Devon Fletcher Middleditch in 1976 brought great joy to all in the family but eventually my parents separated. The chasm that Aaron's death had opened up had never really been bridged. Despite this setback, my parents devoted themselves to their own careers and interests, providing all the means and support necessary for Devon and I to continue our education during and beyond school.

Lois entered the banking sector and received the training that was to be the basis of her future career direction. She eventually moved to Sydney where job opportunities were much greater and better rewarded, away from the painful reminders of her son's death and with the benefit of a more benign climate. However, her return visits to Dunedin were regular and often. During one such visit her mother Angie, died. Despite her overwhelming grief, Lois remained her practical self and took on the task of sorting and organising the family property and only departing when all was in order.

A snap of Angelina in her twilight years, with Terry, holding Jacob on her right and her daughter, Lois, on her left.

At this point, she took an unusually ambitious step of travelling the world alone and visiting many exotic places including Lebanon, where at one point she tells how she paid tribute to her parents Angela and Frank by depositing the key to their Dunedin home in the Mediterranean Ocean. Lois relished her time in the land of her ancestors. She

felt at peace and had a sense of belonging in a way she had never before experienced, no doubt embellished by the unequalled warmth and hospitality of our relatives there.

Neither of my parents remarried but Lois went on to carve out a career in the corporate sector in Sydney, Australia and Terry Senior transitioned into a senior electronics engineering operational role at Dunedin's Allied Press.

Devon and Kirsten on their wedding day.

Both Devon and I now live in Australia. At the time of writing this Devon is the technology manager for K B R Asia Pacific CAD, a global engineering company that delivers significant infrastructure projects on behalf of governments. He is married to Kirsten Gianta who has a BSc and a Masters in Environmental Planning. She is employed as the Principal Communications Consultant for a global engineering company called A.E. Com. They both reside in Sydney.

As for me, I ended up spending most of my adult life in Australia and married to Susan. I have a Post Grad. Degree in Governance and Public Policy (QLD), an undergrad. Degree in Secondary Education (NSW) and an honours degree in Fine Arts from the Otago Polytechnic School of Art. I was HOD Visual Arts at Naenae College, Wellington for 7 years during which time I was elected to the National Executive of NZPPTA. Following a career in the Australian Union movement, I moved to a general management position in Strategic Relations for a Queensland government department. Susan has a Bachelor of Business degree. She majored in accounting and is a member of the Certified Practising Accountants, Australia and is an honours graduate of the Australian Institute of Company Directors. Currently, Susan holds the position of Group Executive, Business Operations and Chief Finance Officer with the Queensland State Government.

A recent photograph of Terry and his wife, Susan.

Like most people we are fully involved in our careers but the main part of our lives remains our combined family of four children, Ashleigh, Jacob, Rachel and Brooke – all attending High School. We call Brisbane home.

Despite the geographical spread, the four principals in this story continue to get together regularly and at times of celebration, whether on a fishing trip in Central Otago, in each of our homes or perhaps in a foreign locale. We all enjoy listening to both Frank Sinatra and the Beatles and of course Lebanese food is normally at the heart of it.

All our children show and will continue to show great interest in their family history. The detail provided in these pages will enable them to make greater sense of what has gone before. I hope it gives them a stronger sense of who they are and strengthens their connection with the family I have always loved and of which I am extremely proud.

Frank and Angie's youngest daughter was born on 21 July, 1951 in Queen Mary Maternity Hospital in Dunedin. Angie called her Avonne because it seemed to suit her. Dimpled and possessing blonde curls, she was the perfect 'baby' of the family – made to be petted and preened. However, her sharp powers of observation and strong sense of self quickly asserted themselves. Being close in age to her sister Lois, they played together in the unkempt garden in Carroll St, climbed fruit trees and roamed freely through the terraced houses. These were carefree days but they were cut short when she attended St Dominics College. It seemed a cold, dark place where nuns were remote and punitive. Avonne was a highly imaginative child and this institution operated on regurgitating dogma and testing only one intelligence – that of memory. So she did not flourish in this environment. Conversely, her home-life was full of experiences to be savoured – family banquets, hilarious games with her sisters, fittings for new clothes at regular intervals and Saturdays when they were 'allowed' to go to the movies. She would always defer to Cheryl because she was the eldest and Avonne knew too well the powers that went with that position. Cheryl would look after the money – allocating it fairly and evenly – for 'good' theatre seats, ice-creams and bags of lollies at the Interval and milkshakes at the Kemra Milk Bar on the way home.

Avonne also remembers the mealtime discussions and debates. This was a house of constant verbal combat. The girls were raised to question everything and being able to express a coherent and convincing point of view held high status. At this point the family were shifting into a new home in High St and it was very exciting. Avonne and Lois were to share a bedroom painted daffodil yellow, with a custom made child - sized dresser and four poster beds. The girl's teenage excesses were kindly tolerated by their parents and they were permitted to 'paper' their bedroom walls with pinups of the Beatles. It was a time of optimism and anticipation. Everything was possible.

Still, some things were to endure rather than enjoy, like the Sunday drives into the country

where they all got car sick and getting up at six o'clock on Sunday mornings to attend 7am Mass.

Yvonne pictured with other Karitane nurse graduates.

Then there were the highlights, the weddings and community celebrations that still took place though the guest lists were, of necessity, becoming more selective. Weddings no longer lasted three days as in earlier times but they still involved a full day's involvement, the church (invariably St Joseph's Cathedral), the wedding breakfast and a dance and supper at night. She expected this golden time to go on forever but all would be cut short by the sudden death of her father. In fact, it was Avonne who discovered him on that dreadful morning. She and her sisters were stunned in a way that only a first bereavement experience can do. No doubt their pain was alleviated by the optimism of youth. However, hard times were ahead. Angie was a relatively young widow left with three teenage daughters to raise by herself and she would do a sterling job. Gone was the indulgence of bygone days. Avonne, like her sisters, had to find holiday jobs to pay for extras and many of these happened to be in hospitals. Not surprisingly, when it came to choosing a career for herself, she looked to the health sector. She became a Karitane Nurse, graduating in 1968. Then came 'Casing' – being sent to various locations to care for mums and their infants. She was good at her job and highly respected. She particularly enjoyed working in the country with farming folk whom she found to be 'the salt of the earth.'

With both of her sisters married she now set her sights on travel. Because she was young and a novice at this, Angie encouraged her to go to Australia to get her confidence first. Once there, she briefly stayed with her cousin, Gloria Cherote and did some waitressing work. However, before long she returned to her area of expertise, working in nurseries and childcare centres. She also took the opportunity to travel round Australia and spend some weeks in Broken Hill with her Aunt Matilda, Angie's eldest sister. It was an exciting time, one in which she made many friends and began to cast her eye further afield, to the United Kingdom.

It was the seventies and young people seeking overseas' experience mainly travelled by ship to Britain. Avonne sailed on The Chandress Line and shared a commodious cabin with a sea view with three other young women, one of whom was her friend, Helen Appleton. By all accounts, they had a wonderful time enjoying the shipboard activities, entertainment and banquets – and making plans. The route was via the Pacific Islands and the Azores, the Panama Cannel, across a turbulent Atlantic Ocean, finally docking in South Hampton. Avonne had planned to stay with her friend Helen's family but on arrival, she was so excited she decided to go directly to London where she set about finding somewhere to live and a job. This was quickly accomplished. She worked in a recruitment agency for a while but there

was a high demand for her Karitane Nursing expertise. So, with the help of an agency she was assigned to various jobs with mums and toddlers in homes or in kindergartens.

She found the weather 'similar to Dunedin' and this helped her to feel at home. For weeks she roamed the streets, hardly able to believe she was actually there, surrounded by the history, the famous landmarks, the museums, art galleries, theatres and trendy shops. Coming from a small antipodean city she was beguiled by the fashion, from Carnaby Street to Saville Row, the luxury stores like Chanel, Dior, Louis Vuiton and iconic Marks and Spercer among others. The famous departmental pavilions like Harrods and Sainsbury held endless fascination. At times she would sit alone in her room, gazing out at the endless stream of passersby from every corner of the world. It all seemed totally gripping and captivating. However she was not so blinded that she didn't see the class system with its the sharp division between the wealthy and powerful and those who scraped out a living on welfare or inhabited the world of squatting.

Yvonne with kindergarten charges in London.

This life made her feel free to remake herself. She altered her first name to Yvonne to avoid the association with the 'Avon' brand name, a cause of some embarrassment, and made plans with new friends to travel to Europe. She relished planning the best way to go – back packing and staying in youth hostels or the conventional tour. They opted for the former option and set out for Spain. Once there Yvonne found she was attracted to seeing the art, particularly in Madrid. Again, she was appalled by the poverty and discrepancy in standard of living of certain groups like the Gypsies. She continued on to Holland and Belgium. On future trips she took in much of France, Portugal and Greece including some of the Greek Islands. This was an introduction to ancient culture that would hold the same fascination for her as for millions of other visitors.

This was Yvonne's life for six and a half years. During which she had matured into a self-confident young woman. Now she was homesick and decided to return to New Zealand. But what she would find here did not fill her with the satisfaction she sought. Dunedin seemed light years away from her life in London. Everything about it seemed slow, old fashioned and disappointing. Small things seemed to irritate her and she longed for her own space, her independence. She had tried to go back but there was no going back.

It was at this point that she met Tony Denhardt, a young Englishman doing his OE in the opposite direction. On her return, Yvonne had attracted much interest from potential male suitors but Tony was different. He shared with her the same world view and sense of humour. There was something inevitable about them coming together and so it was they married in 1981. Tony already owned property in Dunedin and they decided to work

The Denhardt family, almost complete. Left to right: Kesia, Yvonne, Oliver (the baby), Cerise, Coral.

Tony feeding the infant Oliver.

The 'three graces'. Left to right: Cerise, Coral, Kesia.

A cherubic Oliver.

Thomas. His arrival completed the family.

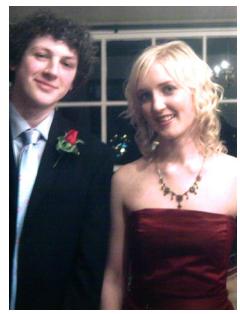
for a couple of years and enjoy married life. Yvonne had fond memories of her single days in London and longed to recapture some of the magic. So, after a year and a half they returned to Britain for a time. . This time round, she went with Tony to some of the loveliest areas of southern England including Bath and Lime Regis and many historical destinations in the north. Yvonne remembers them visiting France as well. However, home beckoned and Tony in particular was drawn to New Zealand. Yvonne would have preferred the excitement of a larger city like Sydney but eventually agreed. So it was they settled in Dunedin. Yvonne vowed that if she was to be domiciled here, she would make an art of it and indeed it became her life's work.

This very individualistic couple who loved freedom and adventure, embarked on their greatest challenge – settling down and raising of five children. It was all or nothing. Yvonne was a stay at home mum who worked tirelessly from dawn to dusk, to make sure her children got the best – in health care, hobbies, education and extra-curricular activities, while still snatching time for property management and further study. She expected the best of her children and they generally gave it. Coral, the eldest, completed an BA (hons) degree and is working for Channel 7 in Melbourne, Australia; the twins, Kesia and Cerise (the first set of twins to be born in the La Hood extended family since those of Wurrdi and Jhiddi Joe)also gained degrees. Cerise has gone on to graduate in Journalism, while Kesia is both a Sociologist and practising Lawyer in Auckland; Oliver, the elder son, has majored in History and Classical Studies as well as being near to completing a degree in Commerce, majoring in accountancy and economics; and Thomas, the youngest in the family, is a Bachelor of Architectural Studies and is well on the way to completing his Masters.

Yvonne and Tony now enter the third stage of life. Their children have flown the nest though they remain strongly bound up in their lives. They are setting about making new plans that include further study (for interest), more travel and perhaps another stint living abroad. Angie and Frank would have been well satisfied by the accomplishments of their youngest daughter. Only Angie lived long enough to enjoy their grand children. She often expressed regret

Thomas hugs his twin sisters during their graduands' parade. Left to right: Kesia, Thomas, Cerise.

Coral and friend illuminating their school formal.



Oliver and friend attend ball.

Coral in recent times, looking blonde and beautiful.

Thomas graduates with his masters on his way to complete his degree in architecture.

Thomas in more informal mode, looking rugged.

All grown up! The Denhardts celebrate in café. Left to right: Thomas, Cerise, Coral, Kesia, Oliver.

that Frank did not get the pleasure of seeing the next generation who all bore some level of resemblance to him. But such is the nature of our existence and it is enough to know that what was best in them lives on in their descendants. The thread continues.

John (Jack) Joseph La Hood

Family tree, page 136.

Jack La Hood as groomsman.

'Jack had many personas - the rugged kiwi bloke, the fearsome street fighter and the refined and dapper man about the town. He donned each one convincingly, which indicates his complexity'.

Jack was the second youngest son of Jhiddi Joe and Sittee Wurrdi. He was spare in build and spirited in personality. Despite his unsuccessful school experience which again was characterised by its lack of sympathetic teaching and empathy from the Irish Catholic teachers at St Josephs and consequent brevity, he went on to demonstrate a high level of intelligence. He successfully trained as a builder and was able to provide his mother with the first unit fitted kitchen she had ever possessed. However, his talents were only beginning to emerge. He would prove an astute businessman who operated a highly successful building and joinery company. He trained himself to master the complicated mathematics involved in drawing his own house plans to meet the needs of a burgeoning market. It was the 1950s and New Zealand was the farm for the United Kingdom. Consequently, its economy was booming and the upsurge in the building industry made many wealthy. Jack was among them. A rebel in his own way, he possessed the wonderful dry La Hood humour and never lost the ability to cut through social sham. Absolutely fearless, he was a good boxer and if provoked, showed no mercy. Like most of his siblings, he did not suffer fools well and had a fearsome temper. This unfortunate family characteristic is still evident in the younger generation though it has been somewhat moderated. In Jack's case, fortunately he could control his anger if there were strangers present.

Jack had many personas – the rugged kiwi bloke, the fearsome street fighter and the refined and dapper man about the town. He donned each one convincingly which indicates his complexity.

Humorous stories abound regarding paradoxical utterances that Jack was often heard to make in response to situations that he found himself in. He was probably not really meaning to be funny. That was when he was his most hilarious. Like when he found himself stranded out of town in his beat up old truck devoid of a working headlight. Approaching him from the opposite direction was a fair boy on a bicycle. He hailed the child down and is reputed to have said 'Little English boy, please let me borrow your headlamp. I promise to give it back. I'll not keep it like the English kept India!' What the boy made of that encounter we do not know but he must have been extremely puzzled. Those of us, who have the benefit of knowing the implications of Jack's quip, are not.

His sister Murion was really the 'mother figure' in his life till he was well into his thirties. Being unable to have children, she focused her full maternal attention on her younger brother and he certainly flourished as a result. She indulged him in every way, cooking special treats and being a nurturing presence long after Sittee Wurrdi had died. Some even felt that her husband, John Coory, took a definite second place to her adored brother - a situation he accepted with equanimity most of the time.

Gordon remembers another occasion when Jack informed Ned about being offered Chicks Hotel in Port Chalmers and suggested he invest in it. Ned wasn't interested in

the hotel business but agreed, much to Gordon's consternation because he thought he would have another set of books to do; however, it was not his place to enter into the exchange. About a week later Jack returned and asked Ned if he would mind if he took Fred in with him instead 'to settle him'. Naturally, Ned agreed and so it was that Fred found the situation in which he would excel and prosper. Yet again, Jack emerges as the caring and protective sibling that he most certainly was.

A girlish Valerie snapped at Chinese Grauman's Theatre in Los Angeles.

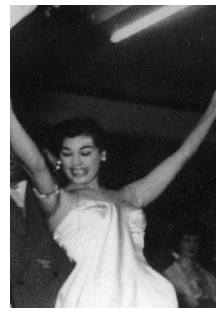
After craftily completing renovations to Chicks hotel, Jack stayed on for a time. The attraction was probably Valerie Cleary, Shirley's artistic half sister, with whom he had met and started what would be an enduring relationship. This was an unlikely pairing because Jack had been violently against cross culture marriages and had made life very difficult for his brother Fred in this regard.

Jack was the problem solver in the family. This role proved central in many a family crisis. Like his decisive action in ignoring Ned's protestations and taking his seriously ill son, Saba, to hospital and his intervention on behalf of his brother Frank when a meeting had been called by his creditors. Also present were Gordon La Hood, John Farry (as the lawyer). Jack arrived, resplendent in his builder's 'clobber'. There meeting was immediately high-jacked by one of the creditors who was particularly vociferous and indignant. Gordon remembers that he could see his Uncle Jack's jaw twitching – a sign that he was getting more and more riled and was about to explode, and Gordon feared what would transpire. Suddenly, Jack leapt to his feet and commenced an interrogation of their ring leader. "Who's that 'fella' over there?" he demanded. "What firm do you represent? What are you owed? Well, consider yourself paid! Now shut up and sit down!" Not another word of discord was heard. This incident serves to illustrate the calibre of the La Hood uncles and Jack in particular. They seemed heroic and unstoppable to their nieces and nephews. In this simpler age, they were strong, decisive, principled men who could look after themselves and cope with 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.' They had substance.

There is no doubt that Jack held his big sister Murion in high regard and treated her place as home. He purchased a two storey house in Carroll Street for her and extensively renovated. On its completion, he resumed living with her, as did her husband. These were to be the final years for this reconstituted family and they were happy ones. John tended a wonderful vegetable garden, Murion enjoyed the luxurious new abode that she was now mistress of and Jack was the recipient of all her nurturing administrations. It was not to last long. At the age of barely 53 years Murion was found apparently snoozing

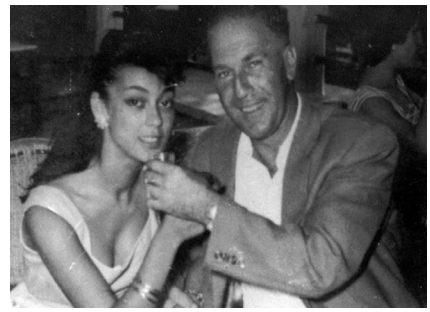
on her couch. On closer inspection it was evident that she was dead! Hers was the first family death in that generation and it had a devastating effect. The idyll had ended. Jack had reached his early forties with his domestic life a prolonged adolescence. The loss of his sister was cataclysmic. Hard on its heels he decided he would accompany his bachelor mate, Ike Hannah, to Lebanon.

In Lebanon, Jack was able to embrace the culture of his antecedents. He was generous and popular with the Becharre folk, especially those who were related. He brought a New Zealand perspective to the situations he encountered where attitudes to the division of labour, as old as time itself, had not been influenced by twentieth century attitudes. When he saw old women carrying heavy loads, he assisted, as a good Kiwi boy would. If carpentry jobs needed doing he took up his tools and did them. If someone needed to pick up the tab, he would not hesitate. Consequently he was popular and viewed as a 'good catch' in the marriage stakes.



Nuhad dancing at Lebanese function.

Nuhad & Jack wedding portrait.



Nuhad & Jack on early date in Lebanon.

It is fascinating that Jack, who had always lived his life conservatively, chose this point in his life to take his biggest risk. He had come to know an exotically beautiful young dancer in the eastern tradition. She was called Nuhad and possessed all of the glamour, fascination and sophistication associated with that part of the world. She also loved him, enough to follow him to a young and still raw country which would have seemed very alien to her. When they arrived in Dunedin they were met at the airport by the entire extended La Hood family. From the outset, Nuhad set upon enchanting an entire community. Once in her own home she held open house, regaling guests with tales of dancing for kings and acting in Middle Eastern movies and plying them with Lebanese sweet black coffee. At gatherings she danced gracefully before admiring throngs and even entranced the local Anglo-Celtic community with her warm hospitality, dynamic personality and sense of fun. She was always aware of the underdog and continuously took people she deemed to be in need of emotional support, under her wing. She exuded an air of excitement wherever she went and her natural sense of fun overcame the reserve of the stolid conservatism and suspicion of the Dunedin community which made her their own.

Jack & Nuhad with their first-born child, Marion.

Jack built her a stylish and sturdy brick house in Stafford Street with a panoramic view of Dunedin. They were obviously expecting a long and prosperous married life together. She was many years his junior, but Jack believed that if he left her well provided for all would be well. They had four children, one of whom, Antony, died soon after birth. The other children were called Murion (after Jack's much loved sister), Raymond and Janine.

Jack, no doubt, had times of difficulty adapting to his capricious, fun loving young wife but the darkest cloud on the horizon came from an unexpected factor, her deteriorating health. It transpired that Nuhad had been a sickly child. This had been caused by vascular damage through elevated cholesterol. At first it was misdiagnosed as Rheumatoid Arthritis. When the right diagnosis was made there was no effective treatment. Statins were yet to be developed. Typically, Nuhad made the most of her situation. She pursued fun wherever she was which was often in hospital. She was placed in the care of Dr John Hunter who referred to her as 'my eastern princess' and had her placed in wards where the morale was low, knowing that she would lift it. She made light of her illness and others took their lead from her and also often misjudged the seriousness of her condition; but the end was near and inevitable. She had been admitted to Dunedin hospital with symptoms of heart failure some days before Christmas and signed herself out so she could be with her children during the festive season. While decorating the Christmas tree with her children she suffered a heart attack from which she did not recover. She was only twenty-nine years of age.

Val, Raymond, Janine and grandmother (Nuhad's mother).

Jack's children, Marion, Janine and Raymond.

The news of her death went viral. Everybody gathered at the home to keep a stunned vigil. One woman was heard to say, 'She came and went like a storm!' Jack was about to face his greatest challenge ever. This had not been the turn of events he had expected and duly planned for – his own eventual demise. Yet he appeared outwardly calm. In a resigned tone he was heard to mutter, 'What can one do?'

What he did do was to cope, employing child minders, house-keepers and a variety of helpers to raise the children. Needless to say, members of the extended family and multiple friends also did their best and more. The answer to the problem was unexpected because of the level of generosity of spirit and enduring commitment that it required. Valerie Cleary came back into his life, they married and she undertook the raising of his children to the best of her considerable ability. It was a daunting task but Valerie dedicated herself to it.

There were many good times. Jack built his family a substantial holiday house in Albert Town. Valerie sent the girls to St Hildas Collegiate, a highly respected school for girls and Raymond was given every support available to ensure that he succeeded in his education. Jack was fun to be with. He gave copious amounts of love and affection to his children, actively attended to their needs when they were little and was generous to a fault. This is born out by his grandnephew, Terry Middleditch, who observed years later -

'When I lived with Uncle Jack La Hood during my own rocky early adolescence, I did get many insights into the La Hood male world view, generosity and attitudes. Uncle Jack was my grand uncle in a family comprised of aunt's. Adolescent boys sometimes need a male figure slightly removed from the direct family experience, to look up to. For me, that was Uncle Jack. He set me on the right path even if the full benefit of that learning did not emerge until many years later.

When I motor around Dunedin, I still marvel at the many houses, schools and dwellings of various types and sizes that Uncle Jack and his team built. For his generation, cooking was essentially a woman's job but we would cook together Ejah Eggs (Arabic omelettes) accompanied by vine ripened tomatoes from his glass house. I will always treasure the memory of us, standing side by side at the kitchen bench, eating. Uncle Jack seemed to me 'cut from the same cloth as the Earnest Hemmingway generation, men who stand at a bench rather than sit, as this represents purpose and labour.

He also taught me how to make Kibbeh Nayee. On one occasion, while Mum and Janine were away shopping for the accompaniments, we made, and then devoured 2kg of this exotic dish just prior to their return. When they came back, they greeted us with "ah look at dem" in a tone of good natured consternation and sarcasm as we lay back, side by side, with hands clasped across our distended stomachs, watching a western on television.

On the negative side, I also inherited an impatient disposition from the La Hood's, where even a very minor irritation can provoke a disproportionate response, an

impulse I work on curbing everyday.'

Valerie, a woman of substance in her own right, was also a generous benefactor who developed genuine love for Jack's children and them for her. Nevertheless, the marriage ended; but not before the children was well into their teens and Murion, eager to fly the nest.

Valerie had maintained a strong involvement in the Dunedin theatre scene from when she joined Repertory as a sixteen year old in 1946, to her retirement. During this time she worked in every part of production from set design to directing, producing and costuming. Possibly her most lasting and valuable contribution has been in Children's Theatre which reached its zenith in the 1980s. Her productions include 'The Snow Queen', 'Alice in Wonderland', 'Puss in Boots', 'Jack in the Beanstalk' and 'Wind in the Willows'. For this work her name is memorialised in a brass plaque at the Playhouse Theatre. She also gave five years of work to Penguin Productions. However, her greatest legacy is the generations of children whose lives she enriched through their theatre involvement.

Janine.

Raymond's daughters, Alysha and Isobel.

It seems unfair that Jack's last years were darkened by tragedy. He and his devoted cousin, Sam La Hood shared the daily vigil of living through his decline into Alzheimer's. His ability to master the mathematics involved in calculations for complex drawing plans without any formal training were no longer even a vague memory His once fearless disposition and sharp sense of irony had also vanished - replaced by childlike fears and insecurities. The one bright light that illuminates this sad time was the dedication of his children, Raymond and Janine, mere teenagers who gave their all to care for him and provide every support, both practical and emotional. They never wavered. Now and then, the fog would lift and glimpses of the old Jack would momentarily return. Like when a visitor heard him comment that he better get out of bed for a meal that day to break the monotony!

Jack died peacefully on 21 March, 1989.

He had lived life on his own terms and made things happen. In accordance with his value system, he had righted wrongs when he could and held the line when he needed to. Perhaps most of all he had known how to be

faithfully committed to those he loved when they required his assistance – his children and his siblings. His fierce family loyalty and pride never wavered. He was a man of his times, for his times – the best.

Raymond & Joanne.

Jack is survived by his son Raymond, and his daughters, Murion and Janine. Raymond now has two daughters of his own, Aleisha and Isabel. Marion resides in the United States but visits New Zealand frequently. Raymond trained as a French Baker and for many years ran a successful business. Janine qualified in Fashion Design and has been runner up in the Dupont Lygra Awards. She has since moved on to interior design, where she is establishing a fine reputation.

Frederick (Fred) Anthony La Hood

Family tree, page 137. *The host!*

'Fred remains in memory a lovable rogue who projected a type of energy and masculine charm that drew people to him'.

Fred was the youngest La Hood sibling. Born a twin in 1916, he alone survived. As the 'baby' of the family he was largely indulged and doted on by his elder brothers and sisters. By this time Sittee Wurrdi had ceased to perform the daily hard graft of raising the family. Her health was in decline because she had developed goitre and her daughters had taken over. Despite Ned's best efforts to get Fred to attend school regularly and play a paternal role, his young brother proved an insurmountably challenge. Ned would drop Fred off at the entrance to St Josephs School each morning only to have him exit shortly after from the rear entrance. Consequently, Fred reached his teens relatively unschooled but far from untalented! This did not prevent the family worrying about his future prospects. Their concern was exacerbated by some of the company he inclined towards, so they sought ways to assist him in finding a socially acceptable path. However, Fred was gaining useful social skills along the way. Blessed by good looks and a disarmingly affable personality, he often worked with his brothers in casual ventures like when they decided they would run two stalls as part of the South Seas Exhibition in 1926. One stall consisted of a row of open mouthed clowns and the requirement was to drop a ball through the clown's mouth in time for it to fall into a prize bearing slot. The other was a monkey stall. Dunedin at that time had a population of about 65,000 which swelled through the influx of 1,500,000 visitors. Consequently, both stalls were successful and Fred found his strength – an ability to deal with the public – especially when that public was the 'man in the street'. In his late teens, he went with Sam La Hood to Central Otago to do labouring jobs because during the 1930s Depression young men could only get the dole if they worked at government projects. During this time, they were forced to live under canvass during a bitter Central winter. Fred lasted six weeks and became very ill. He had an epileptic seizure and never attempted physical labour again. Then doctors suspected that he suffered from goitre like many other members of the family but that it was growing internally, affecting his ability to swallow. They operated and found nothing.

Sam & Fred mining in Central Otago during the depression.

So Fred became adept at living off his wits, bookmaking and running clandestine gambling events; though he never worked in the conventional sense he was certainly highly active, and it was a source of personal pride that he could make his way without being part of the nine to five employment treadmill.

His 'streetwise enterprises' could only have operated during the post WW2 years when policing and public regulation was in its infancy. People were poor and survived anyway they could. Nevertheless, there was a price to pay in the form of a considerable amount of police harassment culminating in a brutal beating which landed him in hospital with

a ruptured appendix. His very survival was at stake and his elder brothers, Frank and Jack started their own personal vendetta against certain members of the Police who they believed to be culpable.

Paradoxically, the La Hood men had a poor opinion of Lebanese immigrants. Uncle Fred would state categorically, 'They're not Lebanese. The Wellington ones are not Lebanese. Only the Carroll Street ones are!' So their world view in this regard was rather prejudiced and narrow if they were to be judged by their utterances.

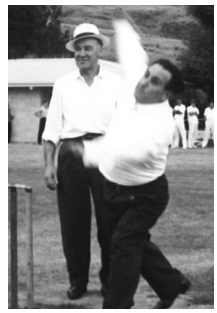
Nevertheless, while still in his early twenties, Fred became enamoured with a strikingly attractive teenage girl who had a penchant for the theatre. He learnt that she enjoyed roller skating on weekends and developed a sudden interest in the activity in order to make her acquaintance. Her name was Shirley Froggatt and she matched him perfectly with her devilishly wicked sense of humour and pluck. It was a real love match but some of the family didn't approve, especially Murion and Jack. Like many in the Community at this point, they still clung to their Lebanese identity, believing marriage 'outside' was out of the question. They saw it as a form of cultural suicide and viewed Anglo -Celts with suspicion and distrust. So Fred and Shirley had to fight to be together but happily love won out. They were eventually married quietly in 1950 at Wyndham with the elder John Farry (the elder) and Val Cleary as their witnesses. Sadly, in truth, none of Fred's other siblings opposed the marriage according to their memories of it years later, and even Jack would completely reverse his opinion.

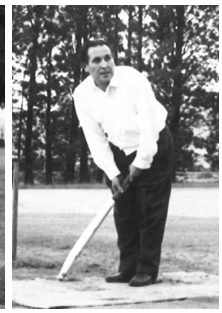
Fred & Shirley's wedding portrait.

Fred's brothers now decided that he needed to find a 'respectable' career for himself. An opportunity for his brother Jack to buy Chics Hotel in Port Chalmers provided the solution. It was going cheaply and Jack had the building skills to renovate it. Eventually, they would go into partnership. Jack had the business experience and the money and Fred had the people skills and large personality to make it succeed, and succeed it did. Fred had found his niche and he never looked back. He was an excellent publican – generous, dynamic and innovative. He was also kind to the struggling, sometimes too kind. It was the nineteen fifties, the time of the infamous 6 o'clock closing. Like most publicans of the time, Fred evaded the law and landed himself in the odd bit of strife which he called on his

Fred at his best, the magnanimous publican.

nephew, John Farry (the younger), a newly practising lawyer, to get him out of. In fact, he boasted about having the most convictions for after hours trading in Dunedin. He wore it as a badge of honour!





Fred demonstrates cricket prowess.

The cloud on the horizon for Fred and Shirley was their difficulty in having a family. There were several unsuccessful pregnancies and no doubt, the pain of disappointment must have been severe. So Shirley threw herself into a theatrical career and dominated Dunedin's Repertory scene for well over a decade. She had prepared herself carefully by studying under the well respected founder of the Repertory Society, Bessie Thompson. Shirley proved a natural comedian and as such quickly gained a reputation and following. In 1968 she played 'Mabel' in 'The Pyjama Game'. A multiplicity of further productions followed including – 'Oklahoma', 'Guys and Dolls', 'Desert Song', 'White Horse Inn' – and later – 'Kiss Me Kate, Grease and Annie. Among the revues she directed was 'High Jinks'. She also starred in many Operatic productions including 'Call Me Madam'.

Shirley & her repertory colleague, Mary Troup, in process of directing a play.

Celebration of Craig's christening.

In the sixties, despite her involvement in the theatre, Shirley eventually decided it was time for them to adopt the family they longed for. They were approaching middle age so she said she would be a grateful mum to any child they were offered. 'Give me the ones no one wants' she quipped. Eventually, when she did get her three children, they turned out to be the most beautiful and desirable babies that anyone could desire. She called them Stephan, Craig and Stacey and both she and Fred raised them with total commitment and unbridled joy. In good times and in trials their devotion never wavered. Fred was often to be seen in the late afternoon waiting in the car park of Logan Park High School for their daughter to emerge. He referred to her proudly as 'my Stace'.

By 1966 Shirley had been appointed Vice-President of the Dunedin Repertory Society and President by 1983 – in time for its 50th Jubilee celebrations. She held this position for many terms.

Throughout, Shirley's theatre involvement continued and by 1986 she had become a household name, her most recent productions of 'Move Over Mrs Markham' and 'Bob's Your Uncle' having sealed her popularity. She now directed 'Chicago' which also proved highly successful. Although lauded for her penchant for comedy, she proved her dramatic acting ability in a production of 'House by the Lake' with Erin Joyce as her leading man. At first the audience had believed that they were in for a night of hilarity with Shirley in the main role. It took some excellent acting to have them accept her in a serious part but she succeeded. This meant she had to overcome her audience's expectations of her being a comic in order to accept her in such a role. It is a tribute to her that she succeeded. Arguably her most demanding part was the starring role in 'Auntie Mame'. This demanded the learning of huge amounts of dialogue which she achieved, and giving a virtuoso performance. Shirley also appeared in television productions including 'Music Hall', 'After five' and "A Joke's a Joke'.

Stacy's christening. Left to right: Shirley, Fred, Shirley's father, Gordon La Hood, Pauline Farry holding Stacy. Front: Stephen, Craig.

Meanwhile, Fred (and Jack) had sold Chics Hotel and bought The Waterloo Hotel. It too, was highly successful and afforded its proprietor an iconic status among his peers and patrons.

Fred's last publican venture was the Excelsior Hotel in Princes St. At this point he was in his late sixties and ailing with the dominant family killer for his generation, coronary heart disease. In addition, the hotel was proving to be a financial burden. Even so, it is the mark of the man that he hesitated in selling it when the opportunity presented itself because he didn't want to saddle a young couple with it. No doubt his recompense came from his children who, thanks to the loving care and dedication of their mother following his death in 1983 at the age of 67, became worthy citizens who continue to make a valuable contribution to society. Stephan, now based in Auckland, became an Ambulance Driver. He has three children with his partner, Mary-Anne Woodnorth, PhD in psychology (Auckland); Suki, born 30/9/06 and Freddie and Mimi (twins) born 27/1/08. Craig completed a BCom and has headed large companies. He married Charlotte Grater, a Registered Nurse. They also have three children, Sophie born in 1/9/03, Alexander born in 1/2/5/06 and Gabrielle, born 20/8/08. Stacey became a Pharmacy Technician and went on to hold senior management positions in a national pharmaceutical company in Australia. She married Carl Kilpatrick

PhD(Christchurch) in 2009, now a professor of pharmacy at Monash University in Melbourne. They have a daughter, Jorja born 1/12/09.

The children have a strong bond with one another and with Fred and Shirley. Being proud members of the La Hood family they have never felt the need to seek out their biological parents. This family building was Fred and Shirley's greatest achievement.

Shirley died on 12 September, 2010 at the age of 85. By this time her sight had failed but no doubt her memories remained vivid.

Shirley's 80th birthday. She is surrounded by her family. Standing, left to right: Mary Ann, holding Mimi, Stephen holding Fred, Craig, Stacy, Carl holding Jorja. Front row, left to right: Suki, Shirley, Alexander, Sophie. Crouched: Charlotte, Gabriel.

As for Fred, he remains in memory a lovable rogue who projected a type of energy and masculine charm that drew people to him. But he was much more than this. He was loyal, loving, generous to a fault, and a champion of his children, nieces and nephews. He knew no fear in defending their honour (often physically and even well into his sixties) and spared no effort watching out for their welfare. Like all of his generation of La Hoods, his life exemplified what it meant to be a man and he was true to the standard he knew.

Shirley on her 80th birthday.

After Thoughts

Life and death are one thread, the same line viewed from different sides
Tao Te Ching

The story of this family is one to be celebrated. When, many years ago Jhiddi Joe told his six year old grandson, Joe La Hood that God had blessed us by bringing us to this country, he had glimpsed future possibilities. No doubt, he would be elated to see how right he was.

Looking back, certain aspects stand out. From the beginning the ingredients for success were there – though often well hidden, determination, courage, self-belief, loyalty, generosity and perhaps most importantly, a hunger for respect. The dead still exercise their shadowy presence. They tell us that what we have was hard won and should never be squandered. The patterns they bequeathed have served us well. It is the task of each new generation to continue these patterns in its own way.

We could not have completed this outline without the generous trust of every family represented here. At least one member of each has graciously given their time to be interviewed, some extensively. Sadly, some have died in the interim but lived long enough to tell their tale. Many have been disarming in their honestly, their acceptance of all facets of their lives. They are probably the most inspiring.

While we all share much, this is a family of strongly individual people. Some have been very private in their daily lives while others have sought the limelight and enjoyed a public profile. In this we probably reflect the general population.
However, our connection to our roots is probably greater than most.

Predominantly drawn to fabric, our parents and grandparents' generations have taken us from 'hawking' clothing products, to importing, retailing and manufacturing them; we have been tailors, designers and dominant forces in the fashion industry. From here, many have launched themselves into the professions – Medicine, Dentistry, Law, Accountancy, Architecture, Pharmacy, Teaching and Academia. With the urge for social justice always paramount, some of us have worked in Unions or for Social Welfare. Others have become Journalists or Public Servants.

Every generation is shaped by the events, attitudes and outlook of its time. How we buy into these things might well be determined by our ancestral genes but is there more

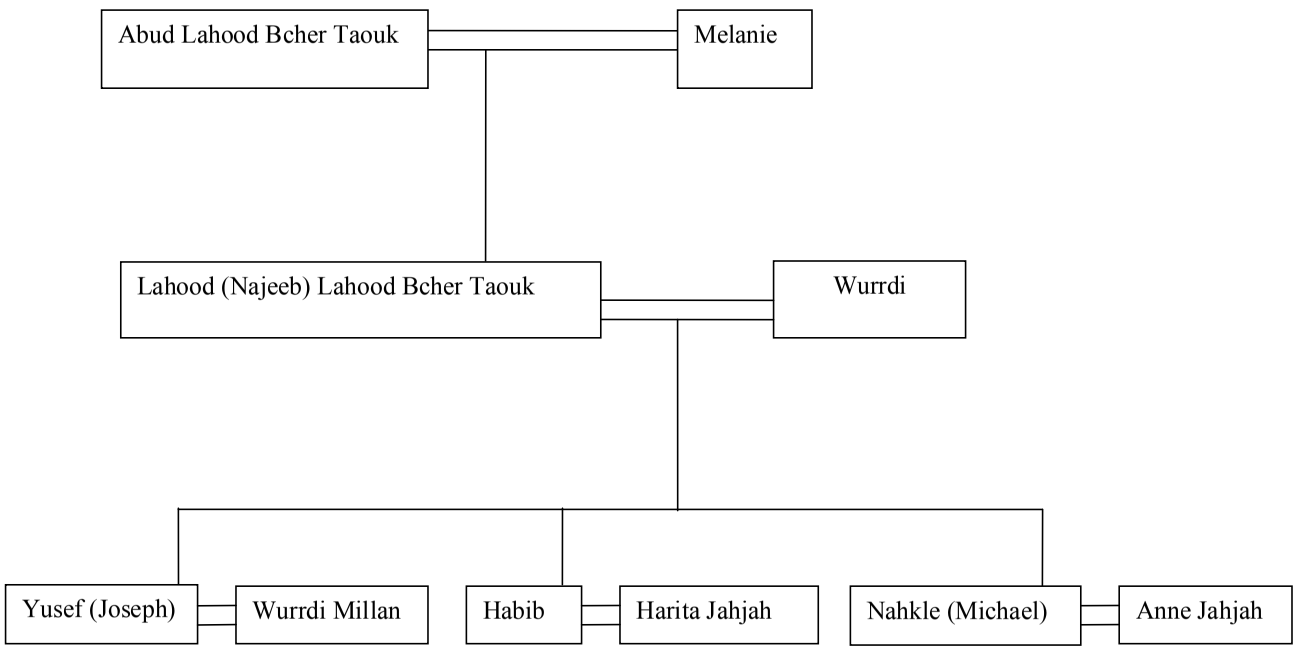
to it? Do we share with other creatures inherited knowledge or instinct? It is fortifying to think we do; to believe that we never stand alone but at the present end-point of a long line of other lives. We owe it to them and to future generations that our part of the pattern is created with care and that ours is a thread of value.

You are the bows from which your children are sent forth. The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite, and He bends you with His might that His arrows may go swift and far. Let your bending in the Archer's hand be for gladness.
From 'The Prophet' by Kahlil Gibran

Family Trees

Lebanon Roots

Descendants of Abud LaHood Bcher Taouk and Melanie

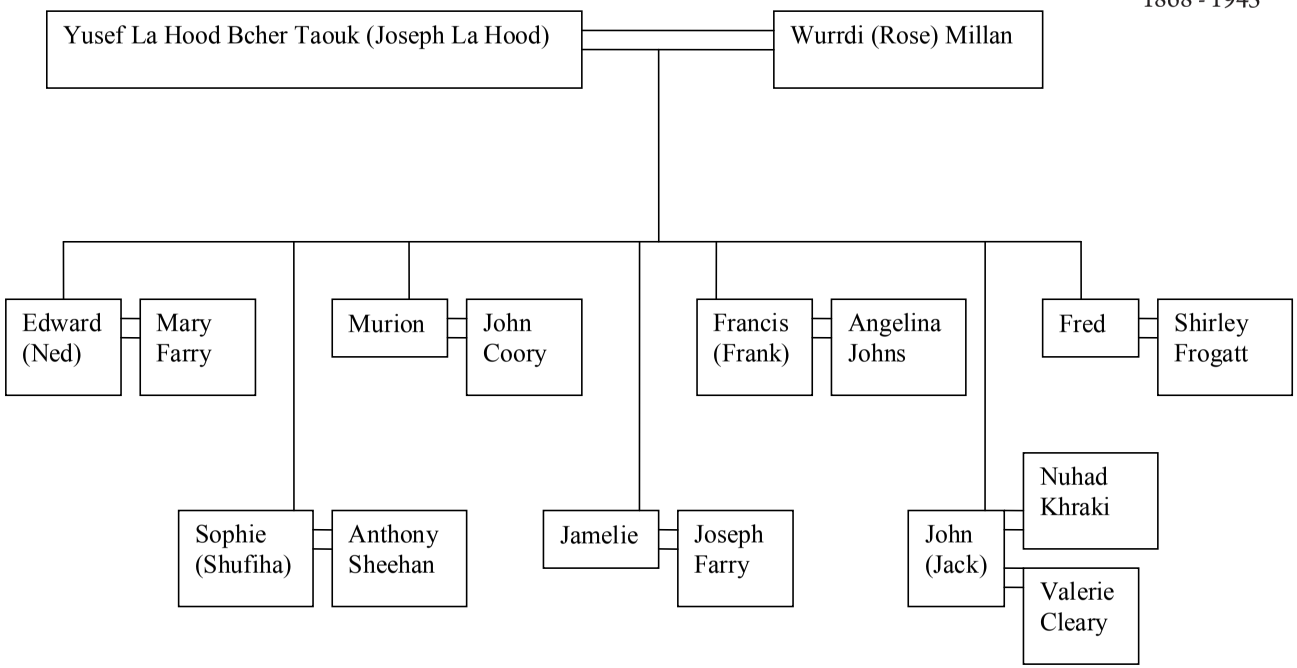


N.Z. Roots

Descendants of Yusef La Hood Bcher Taouk (Joseph La Hood) & Wurrdi (Rose) Millan

1868 - 1943

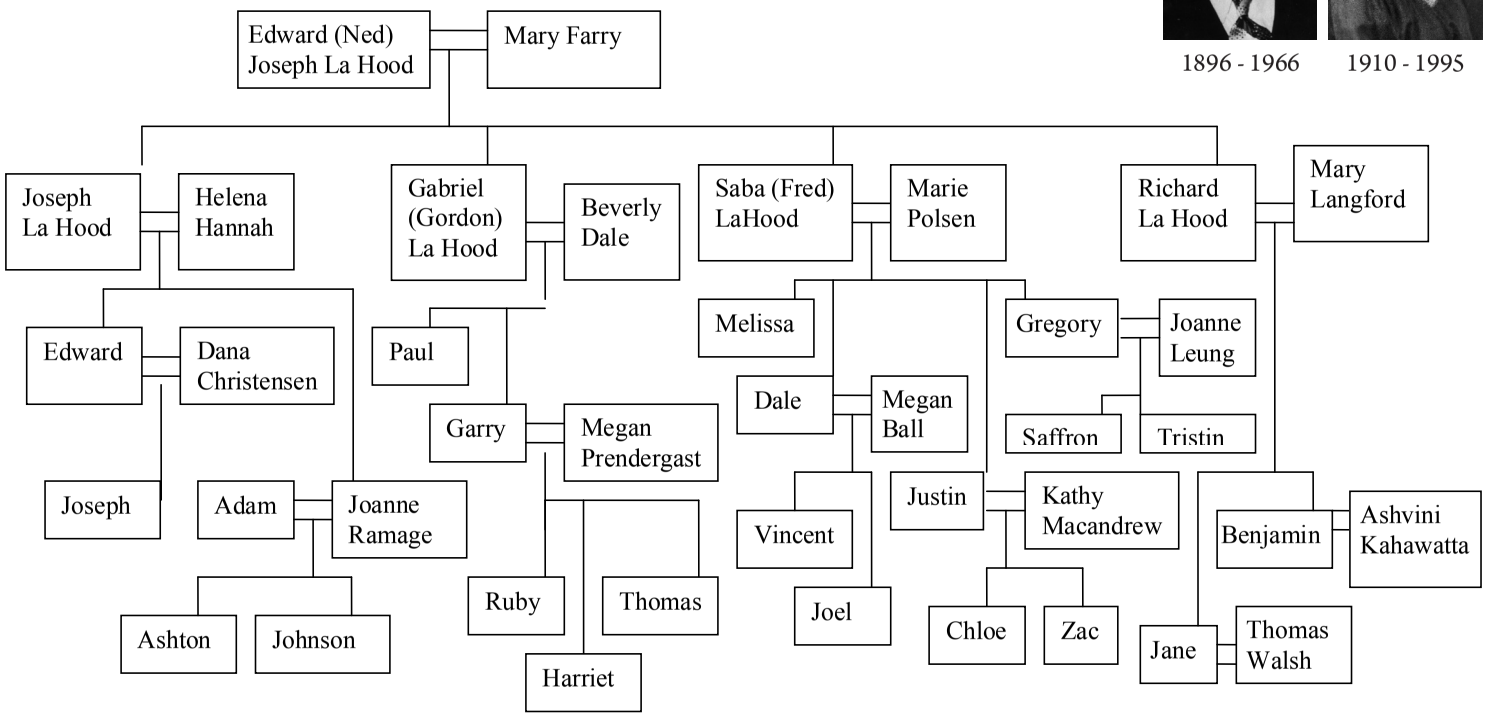
1872 - 1941



Descendants of Edward (Ned) Joseph La Hood and Mary Farry

1896 - 1966

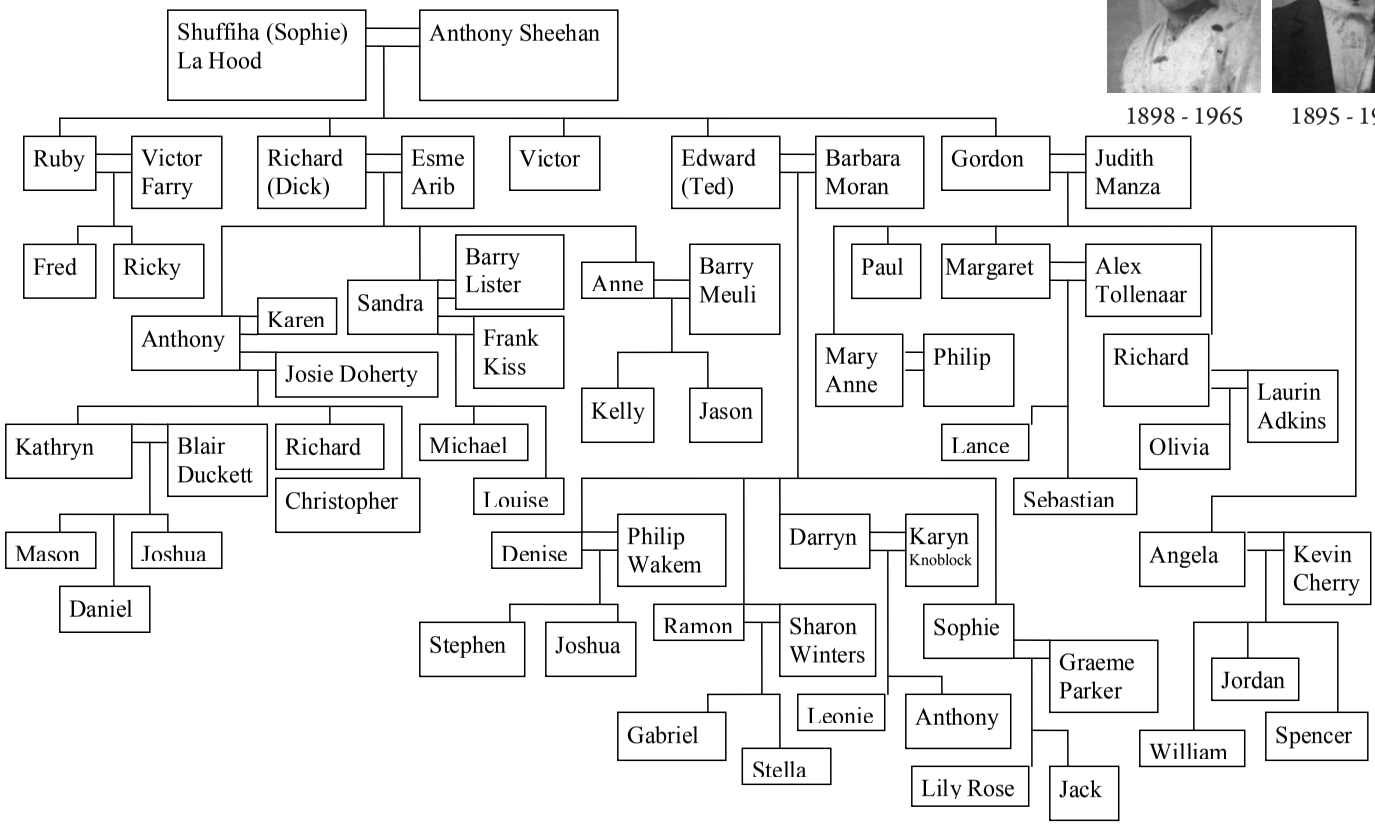
1910 - 1995



Descendants of Shuffiha (Sophie) La Hood and Anthony

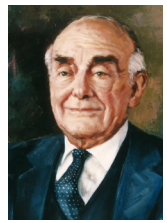
1898 - 1965

1895 - 1969

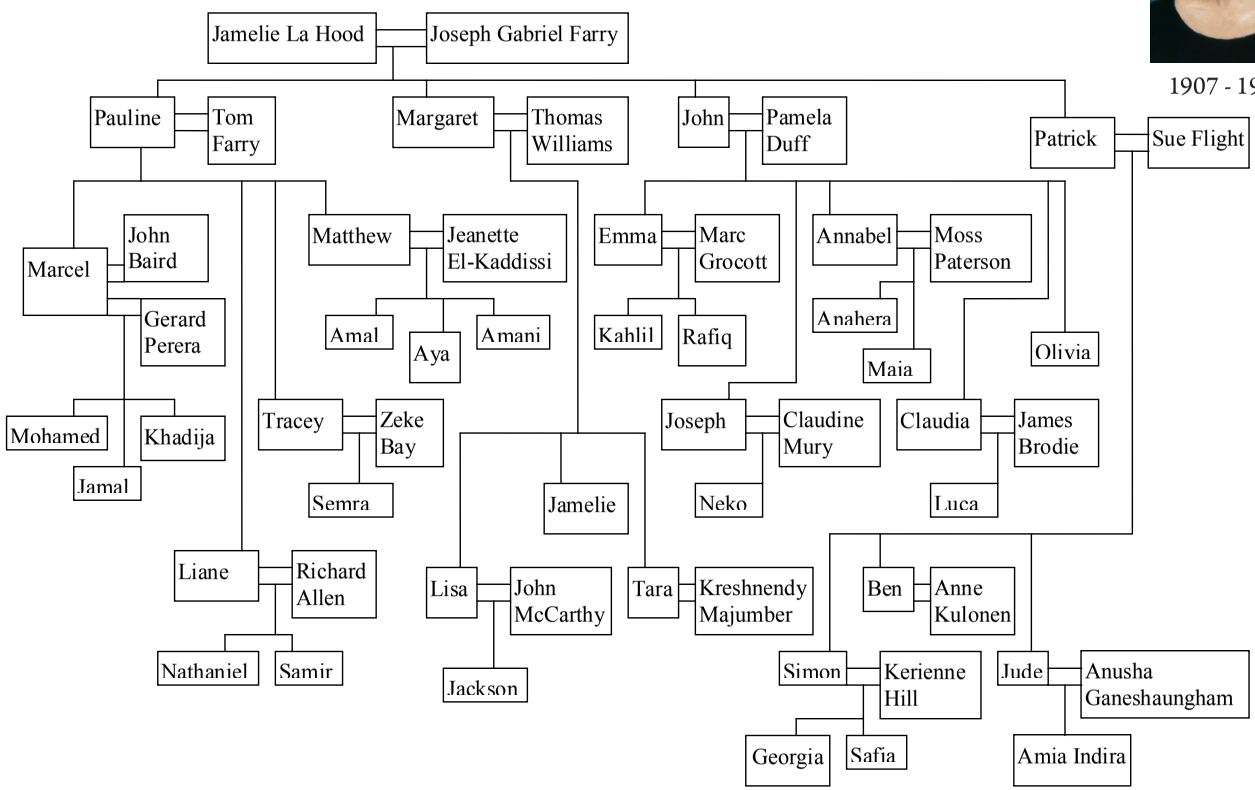


Descendents of Jamelie La Hood and Joseph Gabriel Farry

1907 - 1981



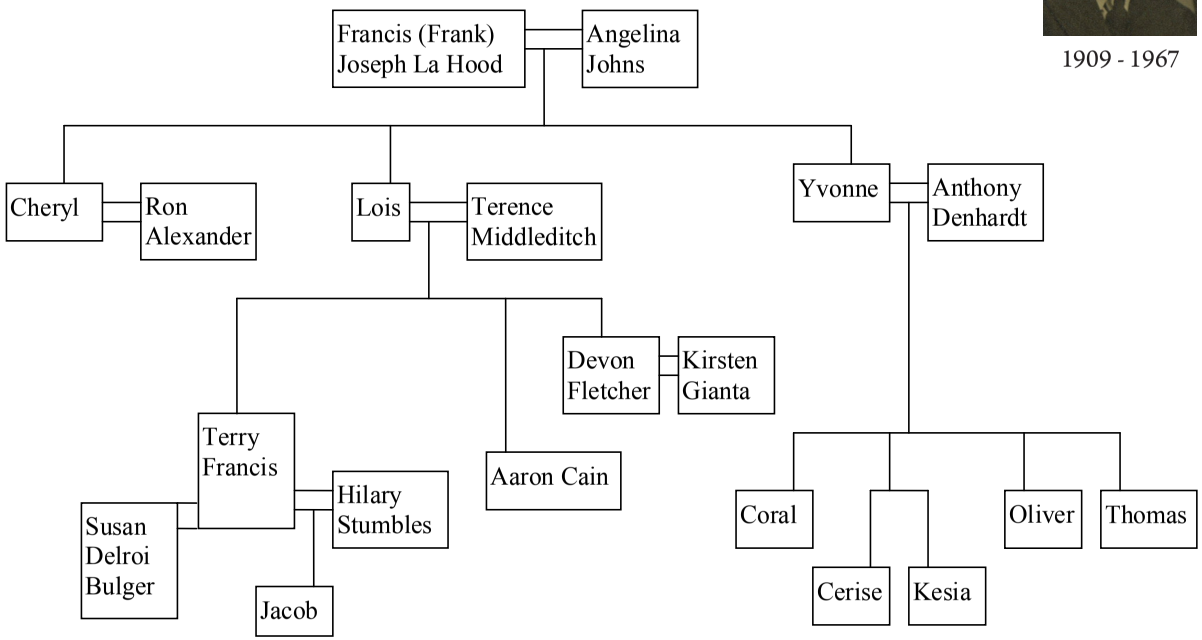
1905 - 1990

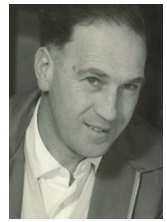


The Descendants of Francis (Frank) Joseph La Hood and Angelina Johns

1909 - 1967

1919 - 2000

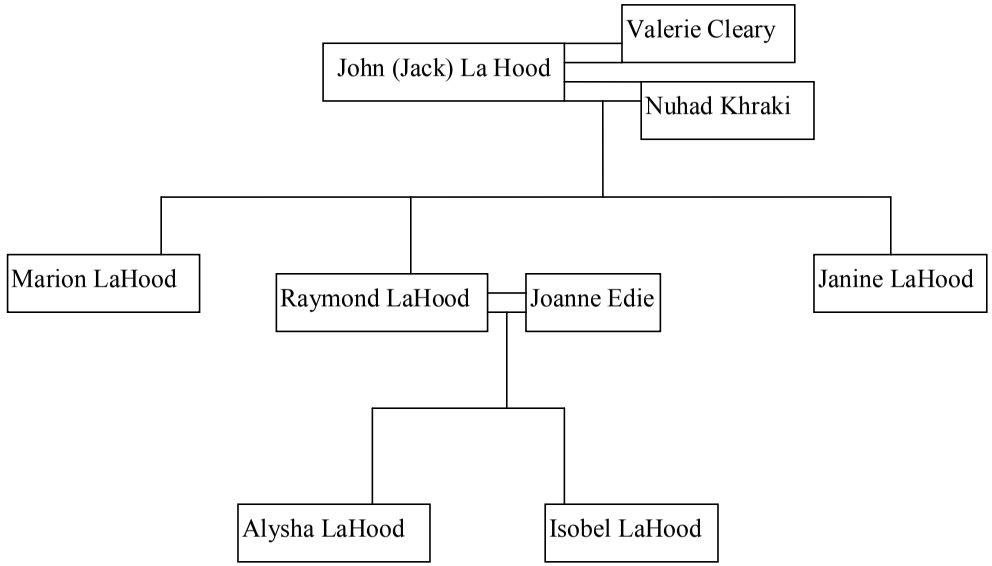




1912 - 1989

1938 - 1967

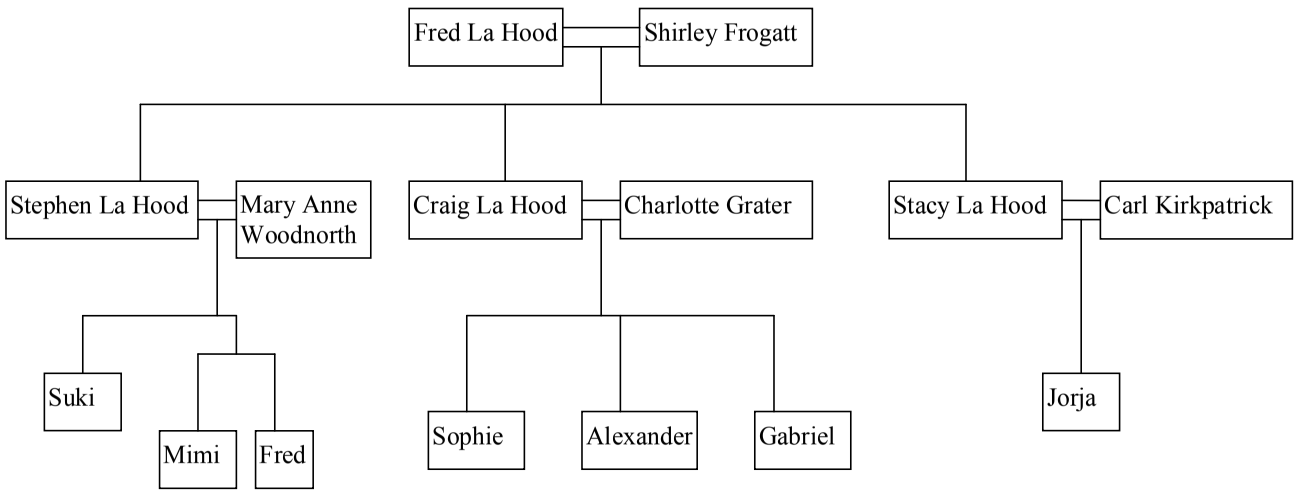
Descendants of John (Jack) La Hood and Nuhad Khraki



1916 - 1983

1925 - 2010

Descendants of Fred La Hood and Shirley Frogatt



Descendants of Nakhle La Hood Bcher Taouk (Michael LaHood) and Anne Jahjah