THE HAWKERS

A FAMILY STORY

Dorothy Page and John Farry

... They are those who left Lebanon penniless for another country with hearts fired with enthusiasm and resolution to return with the plenty of the earth in their hands and the laurel wreaths of achievement adorning their brows.

They adapt to their new environment and are esteemed wherever they go.

These are the sons of my Lebanon, the unextinguished torches and the salt that cannot be corrupted.

They walk with sturdy feet toward truth beauty and perfection.
Excerpt from My Lebanon *by Kahlil Gibran*

The Hawkers

A FAMILY STORY

Written for the Farry family

by Dr Dorothy Page, History Department
University of Otago
1990
&
John Farrry

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JOHN FARRY is the son of Joe and Jamelie, and grandson of Gabriel and Jamelie Farry. Born in Dunedin, he attended St Mary's Convent School in Gore and later completed his secondary education at St. Kevin's College in Oamaru. In 1956 he commenced studies at the University of Otago, graduating with an LLB in 1962. Subsequently he has been involved in a legal practice and commerce in the city. He is married with five children.

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For Saba and Joe
Mary and John
for whom —
no sacrifice was too great
no burden too heavy
no road too long
— with love and gratitude

INTRODUCTION

Bull fight critics ranked in rows
Crowd the enormous plaza full;
But only one is there who knows;
And he's the one who fights the bull
Dominico Modigno

It is now almost one hundred years since Gabriel John Fakhry left the mountain village of Becharre in the mountains of north Lebanon to make his way in the new world. He was only 14 years of age when he set out for Argentina. A strange set of circumstances finally led him to far away New Zealand where he set about establishing his new life in the province of Otago. In January of 1899 he married Jamelie Coory at St Josephs Cathedral in Dunedin and soon after the couple had two sons — Saba and Joseph — before returning to Lebanon. While in the land of their origin they had two further children — Mary and John and the family intended to remain in Lebanon. However, when Gabriel died of pneumonia at the tender age of 39 the circumstances of his family changed very dramatically. Ultimately Gabriel's widow and her family returned to New Zealand in 1923. Basically this is the story of that brave widow and the four very special people who were her children.

The family group descended from the children of Gabriel John Farry now total almost one hundred people. Most are resident in the Otago-Southland region but, at the time of writing, members of the younger generation are living in other parts of New Zealand as well as in Australia, England, Japan and the United States. At this stage members of the family remain closely acquainted but as the years pass the close associations will become increasingly difficult to maintain.

While there exists an intimate connection it seemed desirable, indeed essential, to record the origins of the family so that future generations will have a permanent record of the identity, the culture and the background of their ancestors.

This book is not, and was never intended to be, an epic of majestic proportions tracing historic achievements and recounting the magnificent exploits of the Farry family in New Zealand. Were that the intent the story would be even shorter than what the reader will find here. Rather, the intention was to establish a simple record of the family group from Sherriffe and Anthony Coory (the parents of Jamelie) to the present time. The story focuses upon Gabriel and his wife Jamelie and their four offspring — Saba, Joseph, Mary and John. It endeavours to record as accurately as possible the struggle of one Lebanese immigrant family in Aotearoa in the 1920s and thereafter. Some family members may say that the struggle is a continuing one but today's endeavours are very different from those of a by-gone era.

All the characters of this book are precious to members of my generation. Not because of spectacular achievements in the arts, science, politics, religion or business. They are precious as mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, cousins and relatives, whom we love and cherish as part of our extended family. In my view the only significant achievement of this family group is that it has retained its identity in a changing world. There exists a strong bond of love, fidelity and faith which has withstood all the changes, sociological, economic and cultural of the past one hundred years.

Some of the customs and traditions of the mountain village of Becharre have been retained. An open home, hospitality and good food remain important ingredients of family life but we have become increasingly integrated into New Zealand society and that trend will inevitably continue. I fondly hope that this

book will establish a permanent link between the past and the future.

I am deeply grateful to Dr Dorothy Page for her dedication to the task. It seems to me that she must now be regarded as an honorary member of the clan. She certainly knows more about the Farry family than most of its component members could know. Dorothy spent many hours in research and talked to family members at length in order to ensure that she achieved a high degree of accuracy. I am sure that you will agree that she has captured the spirit of the family and faithfully recorded the historic years of struggle. Had Uncle Saba read this text I am sure he would he would have said “I’ll have one witcha” and my own father may have commented “She knows what she’s talkin’ about”. Indeed she does and I know the she has derived some enjoyment from her efforts and from the final result.

The text traces the stories of the four descendants of Gabriel and Jamelie. The factual details of the subsequent generations are recorded in the appendix. Photographs endeavour to trace the family from the Cedars of Lebanon (circa 1910) to 1984 when a family photograph was taken on the steps of the St Josephs Cathedral on Christmas Day.

People have often asked me why no one has ever produced a comprehensive history of the Lebanese people in New Zealand. I fondly hope that one day such a history will be produced for it would be a colourful amusing and exciting tale. For my part it seemed that we had reached a critical point in terms of completing a family record. And here it is. It is not intended to be in any way pretentious and I trust that no one will ever find it so. It is merely a small tribute to those we love and those we have loved.

John E Farry
20 August, 1990

PART I

PROLOGUE: THE HOMELAND

Grain everywhere in the country,
even on the mountain tops,
abundant as Lebanon its harvest,
luxuriant as common grass.
Psalm 72

This is the story of the New Zealand descendants of John and Bridget Fahkry, of Becharre, Lebanon. The Fahkry are members of a very old clan with its roots, so far as it can be ascertained, in that part of fourteenth century Mesopotamia which is today Iraq. The land where the Fahkry clan settled so many generations ago, a narrow coastal strip at the Eastern end of the Mediterranean, then as now, with a string of seaboard towns against a thickly wooded, thinly populated hinterland, has an even older history, to which many peoples have contributed. The contribution was often violent. There is a limestone rock north of Beirut which carries nineteen inscriptions in eight languages, from Egyptian, Assyrian and Babylonian, through Greek and Latin to French, English and Arabic, commemorating military feats in the vicinity, from the thirteenth century B.C. to 1946. Into this land 'rich in time but poor in space' have been compressed, its historian Philip Hitti believes, more historical events of great significance than any other land of comparable size. The result is a distinctive culture in which elements of East and West blend gracefully.

The history of Lebanon, which until after World War One

was part of Syria, has been largely determined by its geography. The Muslim rulers who dominated Syria/Lebanon from the seventh century concentrated their attention on the coastal cities and a few internal trade routes, leaving the daunting mountainous interior, where Becharre is situated, very much to its own devices. When the Ottoman Turks began their four centuries of rule in 1516, they were content to recognise wide powers to a local prince under their overlordship and the Lebanese people, safe in their mountain fortresses, went their own way. They always cultivated any agricultural land available and they always engaged in trade. The Phoenicians, as the Greeks called the Semitic people who were found in the region at the beginning of recorded history, were exporting cedar wood to Egypt almost 3,000 years before Christ and their descendants maintained this tradition of commerce as one century gave way to another.

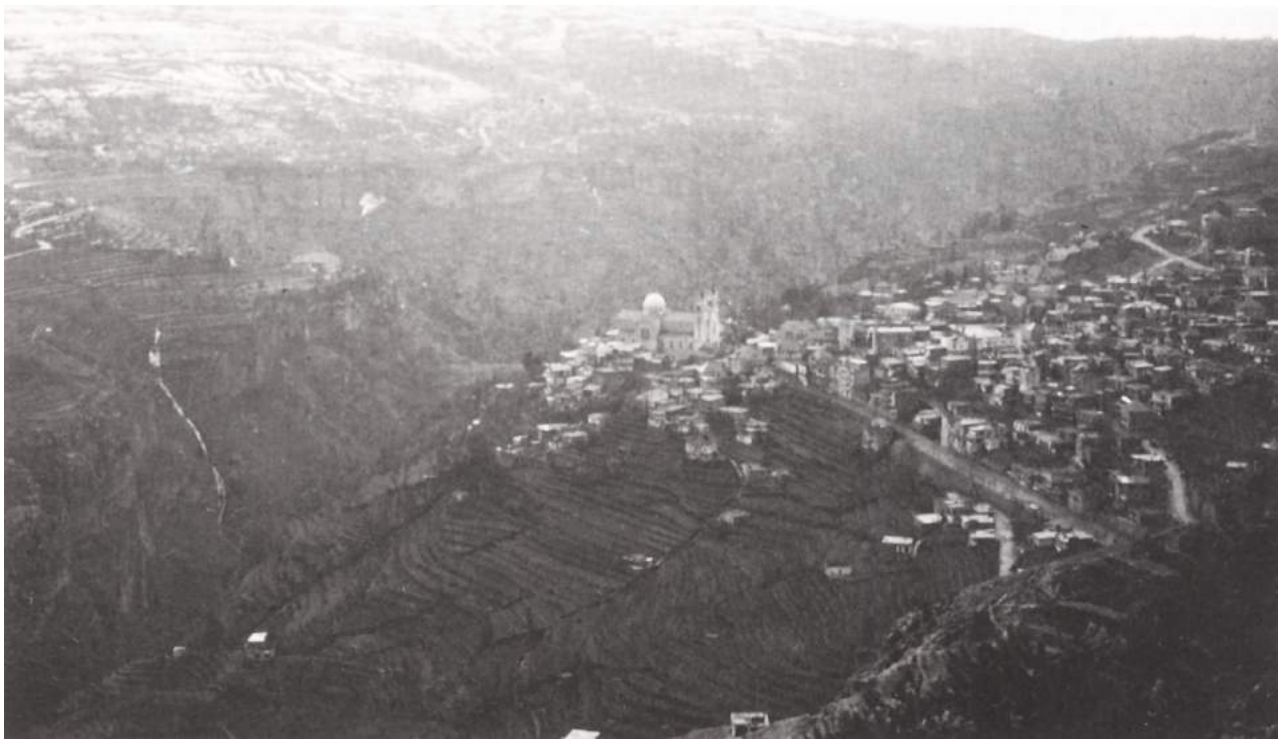
To this ancient tradition of trade, the people of Lebanon added an even stronger tradition of Christian piety. Like other elements of their culture, this too was a blend of East and West. The Maronite Church of Lebanon, named after a local ascetic, St Maro, who died about 410 AD, combines recognition of the authority of the Pope at Rome with direct allegiance to the Patriarch of Antioch and has a Syriac liturgy which is older than those of either the Greek Orthodox or Roman Catholic churches. It also has unusual features of its own, such as allowing married men, in some circumstances, to train as priests. Maronite Christianity is monastic in emphasis and in the early Christian centuries many monks found a spiritual refuge in the peaceful mountains of North Lebanon. The town of Becharre played a significant role in the spread of the Maronite rite; a church dedicated to St Maro still dominates the town. The devotion of the townsfolk was shown during the crusading period: in 1250 AD they greeted the crusader King

Louis IX of France with gifts and many joined him, to serve with distinction in his army. In turn some of the crusaders settled in the area and built monasteries, inaugurating what would be a long association between Lebanon and France.

The Christian Lebanese were not left to enjoy their faith in peace. Well before Louis IX's visit, dissident Muslim groups, infiltrating Southern Lebanon, were coalescing into the Druze community. Indeed the history of Lebanon could be said to find its focus, often a tragic one, in the relationship between Druzes and Maronites. Between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries both communities were expanding, the Druzes moving north, the Maronites south, deep into Druze territory: the way was early prepared for the conflict of the nineteenth century.

The town of Becharre itself is heartland Lebanon. Named by the Phoenicians Becharre, according to one tradition, means milky white, in reference to the cedar covered, snow capped mountains surrounding it. It overlooks the beautiful Kadisha Valley, an old and settled landscape, much loved by its most famous son, the philosopher and writer Khalil Gibran, who wrote about it from far away and chose at last to be buried there. New Zealand Lebanese, returning here to their roots, are struck by the sense of antiquity 'the feeling that there is deep wisdom in the soil, resulting from centuries of continuous habitation', in sharp contrast to the raw and vivid landscape of their adopted homeland.

In the nineteenth century Becharre was a family village, its population made up of a few principal clans, the Fahkry, Kayrouz, Touak, Jahjah. Kinship provided the basic framework of society, the family its most important element. Becharre was not a wealthy place, consisting mainly of subsistence farmers who had always to be frugal, but the home was lovingly and fastidiously cared for and hospitality was viewed as a pleasure



Two views of the village of Becharre, perched on the edge of the Kadisha Valley in the mountains of Lebanon.

and a sacred duty; a guest must be provided for in the most generous way possible, even if his host went without. Becharre people enjoyed each other's company too; villagers passed the time of day together in the leisurely, undemanding companionship of those who have known each other and shared experiences all their lives. The closeness of kin and community was also evident, less happily, in the readiness of one family to bear a bitter grudge against another, exacting vengeance, even after a lapse of years, for a wrong done to one of its own members.

Family, kin, faith: for the nineteenth century Lebanese, individualist though he may have been, these were the priorities. Patriotism on a broader scale came a poor fourth. It may be that this attitude was a preconditioning factor in the great migration from Lebanon in that century, which disrupted this tranquil life and took its people to the most remote corners of the earth.

There were other more direct factors in the migration however, of which religious persecution has been singled out as the chief. By the nineteenth century, with the arrival of increasing numbers of Muslims in Lebanon, the northern mountains were left a beleaguered Christian island in a sea of Islam. Christians became second class citizens in their own land. Worse, conflict with the extremist Druze sect flared tip into devastating wars between Druzes and Christians in 1841, 1845 and 1860. In this last year there was an appalling wholesale slaughter of Christians in the Druze district. It has been estimated that in only three months, over an area of a few square miles, which was totally ravaged, some 12,000 people were killed.

This massacre and Turkish harshness in general, were later cited by New Zealand Lebanese as the reason they left their homeland. In 1894 an article in the *New Zealand Tablet,* the

leading periodical of the Roman Catholic Church in this country, said that the Maronites may well ‘claim the place of a martyr people’, reminding its readers that it was ‘but thirty three or thirty four years since a terrible massacre was made among them by the Druzes . . . and they were saved from extinction only by the armed intervention of France.’ Ten years later George Adess wrote to the Otago *Daily Times* in the same vein: ‘Being all Christians we found life unbearable under the iniquitous rule of the cruel Turks . . . We were practically driven into other lands.’

This was not the whole story, but a simplification of cause and effect. The 1860 massacres shocked Europe and finally brought, through the intervention of France referred to by the *Tablet*, a new constitution and greater security for the Christian Lebanese. As a result the Maronite population of the mountain regions began to rise sharply; an increase which, together with the continued influx of Arabs into lowland Lebanon, caused unemployment in the towns and intolerable pressure on land resources. Lebanon simply had not the resources to provide a living for its younger generation.

At the same time, the opportunities of the distant New World gleamed golden. It was an age of expansion and optimism, when the lure of gold and land in abundance drew hundreds of thousands away from their British and European homelands. In the late nineteenth century a great wave of emigration from Lebanon joined this movement, surging first to the Nile Valley, then to North and South America, to Africa, Central America and finally Australia and New Zealand. Although they were influenced by the memory of persecution at home, the Lebanese migrants were not leaving merely to escape it. They were not refugees, but aspiring migrants, eager to better themselves, with a positive attitude, a willingness to try anything and put up with temporary hardship. Their migration was typically one of young

men seeking their fortunes, who would later call on members of their families to join them in a new land. A small but distinctive group eventually found their way to Dunedin, New Zealand, and among these was the young Gabriel John Fahkry.

GABRIEL JOHN FARRY
1876 - 1915

. . the virtuous flourish like palm
trees and grow as tall as the
cedars of Lebanon.
Psalm 92:12

The year was 1888. In Becharre John and Bridget Fahkry were bidding an emotional farewell to their only son, setting off to make his fortune in the Argentine: not, probably, an uncommon scene at the time, but given special poignancy by the boy Gabriel's extreme youth. He was only 14 years old, and under normal circumstances would not have left home, but his father's sister Anne was travelling to Argentina to join her husband and the opportunity to go with her seemed too good to miss. Still, it was no wonder his parents were filled with anxiety to see so young a boy going so far away and to so uncertain a future. Family tradition pictures the boy looking back at his village, tears coursing down his checks and comforting himself with the thought that he would soon be back. He would in fact never see his two sisters again and it would be 20 years before he would be reunited with his much-loved parents.

As it turned out, even such plans as had been made would be abruptly altered. Gabriel went with his aunt, first to Beirut, nicknamed the Paris of the East, a glittering and sophisticated city which must have been very exciting, and then to Port Said, where their ship was delayed for some weeks. Here he met Letoof and Kallil Fahkry from Becharre who were then resident in Melbourne and was persuaded by them to change his

The studio photograph of the newly-wed Gabriel and Jamelie. Most of the jewellery is retained by family members.

destination. Already well established owners of a clothing factory, they convinced him of the opportunities Victoria offered. Gabriel made up his mind: instead of going with his aunt to Argentina, he would go with Letoof and Kallil to Australia. Thus it was from Melbourne rather than Buenos Aires that Gabriel John “Farry” (as Fahkry became in English) determined to wrest fortune and happiness.

It cannot have been easy. Gabriel was clearly a self-reliant and lively youth, but he had almost no English and was too young to find suitable paid employment. Letoof and Kallil set him up as a hawker. They filled a case with fancy goods —ribbons, safety pins, toilet articles, camphor and so on —which he then sold door to door around Melbourne. Perhaps the long tradition in commerce of his distant forebears was in his blood; probably his youth, good looks, open manner and halting English proved irresistible to the housewives on whose doors he knocked; for whatever combination of reasons he did well, demonstrating a real flair for business, as well as integrity in his dealings and a capacity for hard work. He was able to give some of his profits to his cousin’s wife to bank for him and also, within two years of his arrival, build up a hoard of 100 sovereigns, which he kept hidden in his pillowcase. His relatives were justly proud of him. In three years, by the time he was 15, he was fluent in English and confident in his abilities, and had amassed the impressive sum of 300 pounds.

It was time to move on. He knew several people who had gone to New Zealand and stories of the opportunities in gold-rich Otago enticed him. The days of the actual gold rushes were well past. In the 1880s Otago had shared in the long-drawn-out depression that affected all of New Zealand and there had been a substantial drain of population to Victoria. But the changes which were making Dunedin the most industrialised city in New Zealand had also facilitated the emergence of an elite of

wealthy businessmen there; it was evident there were opportunities to be seized by an enterprising trader. In 1892, when he was 16, Gabriel Farry arrived to join the small close-knit Lebanese community in Dunedin.

This community had not been long established. The 1878 census lists only 14 males throughout New Zealand who had been born in 'Turkey', of whom five lived in Dunedin. The first Lebanese to become a naturalised New Zealand citizen, which required three years residence, did so only in 1892, the year Gabriel Farry arrived. But the numbers had been increasing. During the 1880s a few Lebanese, usually young men, had begun to arrive from Australia and then brought kinsfolk and friends direct from Lebanon in a chain migration that would continue throughout the 1890s. They came from two areas of Lebanon only, the coastal city of Tripoli and Gabriel's own mountain village of Becharre: the Tripoli migrants, Greek Orthodox rather than Maronite in religion, mostly settled in South Dunedin and were rather separate from the Becharre people. Most of the Lebanese from Becharre were members of the Fahkry clan. In Dunedin they clustered in Walker Street (now Carroll Street) which runs up the hill from Princes Street in what was then the centre of the town. Walker Street was notorious. In the 1880s it had been the worst side of a triangle of streets, Walker — Maitland — Princes, which marked the epicentre of Dunedin's redlight district, the site of most of the town's brothels and the location of most convictions for soliciting. Variously dubbed the Devil's Half Acre or Outcast Dunedin it was also known for its Chinese gambling and opium dens. Although the area was improving and would continue to do so, there was still good reason for property prices to be cheap in Walker Street. The Lebanese kept themselves entirely aloof from the prostitutes, gambling dens and derelicts around them, but the fact that they lived in Walker Street probably

helped to separate them from the general community in Dunedin, despite the Caucasian appearance and Western dress which should have aided their assimilation. They were popularly known, not only as Syrians but also Assyrians, gypsies, or more obscurely "skypoos" and were accorded a social status well below what was warranted.

The Maronite Lebanese became loyal members of the congregation of St Joseph's Cathedral where, generally, they found a ready welcome. The *New Zealand Tablet* of the 1890s looked favourably on the Maronites and worked to educate New Zealand Catholics about their faith, reporting at length in January 1896, for example, a sermon preached in St Joseph's on the reunion of Christendom which referred to the Maronite liturgy as 'perhaps the most remarkable of the Oriental liturgies'. In September 1894 there was an exciting event, the visit to Dunedin of the Rev. Joseph Dahdah, sent as a missionary to Australasia by the Patriarch of Antioch. *The Tablet* gave full front page coverage to the mission and an explanation of the Maronite rite. When Father Dahdah preached in Arabic and celebrated Mass in the Syriac tongue in St Joseph's the *Tablet* explained that this was probably the language spoken by Christ himself and further commented on the specially ardent devotion of the Maronites to the Virgin Mary. 'It has been of some surprise,' said the *Tablet* 'to find how many members of our own congregation belong to the Maronite people. With the appearance of some of them in the Church we have long been familiar — but had seen nothing to separate them, in our view, from other members of the community.' This gracious attitude was not always shared by the congregation and there are many stories of hostility and prejudice, especially from Irish Catholics, to the Lebanese.

Gabriel Farry settled in to a small house (it has been described as a hut) in Walker Street, where Carmel Court now stands.

With his 300 pounds capital and a couple of suitcases he set up at once as a hawker, the occupation of most Dunedin Lebanese. He traveled, mostly on foot, into the Central Otago gold mining towns. It was demanding work, over a harsh terrain and in a harsh climate; often a trip would last three months before all the stock was sold and he could go home. Gabriel branched out from the knicknacks of his Melbourne days, adding better class jewellery and on more than one occasion importing goods directly from Australia when he could see a market for them.

For some eight or nine years he traded in this way, earning a high degree of respect in the areas he covered. The youth grew into a man of medium height, dark and solid in build, with a notably determined jaw line; of equable temperament, but dangerous when roused. He was never afraid of taking decisions and once he had taken them he would stick to them no matter what. Although his early education in Arabic had been elementary, he learned to speak English fluently and well. Both imaginative and ambitious, he adapted easily to the ways of the colony. As he matured, he was evidently confident in his own ability: his son Joe described him as “a straight talker who never minced words”.

In June 1894, as soon as he was legally allowed to do so, Gabriel took out naturalisation papers. While this signified a clear commitment to his new country, it may also have been a wise precaution. There was considerable hostility in official circles to non-European immigrants, an attitude Prime Minister Seddon was known to share. In the very year of Gabriel’s naturalisation the influential W. P. Reeves, Minister of Labour, tried to bring in a *Hawkers and Peddlers Bill* to deny a hawking licence to anyone who was not a British subject by birth or naturalisation. The next year he tried again, on a slightly different tack. This time, on 22 August 1895, his *Asiatics and Other Immigrants Restriction Bill* reached the stage of debate in

the House of Representatives, from 7.30 p.m. until almost one o'clock the next morning. The thrust of Reeves' attack was against Chinese migrants, but the Bill also made provision for excluding from New Zealand (as well as lunatics, criminals and the disease ridden) the Syrians. 'I do not hesitate to say,' Reeves asserted, 'that in my opinion the so-called Assyrian hawker is almost as undesirable a person as John Chinaman himself.' He gave his reasons: 'They do not add to the wealth of the country. They do not even produce wealth from the earth as the Chinese do. They simply carry on a retail hawking trade. They do not contribute to the revenue in the way our traders contribute. They do not lead sanitary lives. They are not a moral people. They are not a highly civilised people, and in no sense are they a desirable people.' Most of the rest of Reeves' (very long) speech was about the Chinese and none of the other speakers took him up on his uninformed and inflammatory attack on the Syrians. The Bill was not passed, but that a Government Minister could use such arguments helps explain popular hostility in certain sections of the community at large, at a time when theories about maintaining the 'purity of the race' were current in New Zealand. In 1896 two *Asiatic Restriction Bills* were brought in and a Dunedin MP, Mr Earnshaw, a working man with strong Temperance connections, affirmed of the 'Assyrian hawkers' that 'they are far worse as a race, in their demoralising character and life, than the Chinamen.' Both Bills were thrown out, but in 1899 their purpose was fulfilled by an Immigration Restriction Act. The influx of late 1899 was the biggest for any single year, but Lebanese migration declined sharply thereafter, virtually ceasing by World War I.

Meantime Gabriel was making his way, and proving fortunate in love as well as in business. In 1898 he won the hand of the dainty and elegant 18 year old Jamelie Coory, only child of

Sheriffie and Anthony Coory with their daughter Jamelie. Jamelie was married in 1899 and this photograph was probably taken a year or so earlier. Sheriffie's personality and style are evident in the photograph. Most younger family members have expressed the view that she was the matriarchal founder of the family in New Zealand.

Sheriffie and Anthony Coory, a Lebanese couple from Becharre, who were highly respected in the Walker Street community. Sheriffie Coory was the sister of Letoof and Kallil Fahkry, whose advice had brought the young Gabriel to New Zealand. The Coorys had married in Becharre in 1878 and three years later, when Jamelie was eighteen months old, had emigrated to Australia with Letoof and Kallil, perhaps the first Lebanese to do so. The group settled in Melbourne, where they opened a soft goods warehouse. They were quick to seize any opportunities: Sheriffie told her great-grandson, many years later, about sales trips she had made to Broken Hill in this period, the only woman in that boisterous mining settlement. In 1892 the Coorys sold their share of the business to move to Dunedin. The town was not unfamiliar to them. They had visited it in the course of two months' extensive travel in New Zealand soon after they had settled in Australia, but the precise reasons for the move are obscure. Certainly it was not because the business was languishing. The firm of Letoof and Kallil would, at its peak, employ 1500 people and hold the contract to make shirts and other garments for the huge chain stores of Coles. The impression is that Anthony Coory, who proved less effective and ambitious in business matters than his two brothers-in-law, may not have been an acceptable partner for them. There are also indications that Sheriffie may have quarreled with her brothers.

In Dunedin, the couple soon set up a one-room warehouse, in the present Rugby Hotel building, to supply soft goods to the Lebanese hawking community. They would buy stock from firms such as Ross and Glendinning and advance the goods to the hawkers, who would pay when they in turn had sold them. It was a generous system which ultimately cost them dear. Sheriffie also proceeded to set up, at 61 Walker Street, a workshop where Lebanese women sewed aprons, shirts and so

on for the warehouse: described as ‘soft goods manufacture’ in Anthony Coory’s obituary, this was really a community cottage industry.

Both the Coorys were striking people, but Sheriffie was quite outstanding. She was regal in appearance, ‘an aristocratic Lebanese lady’ someone described her, ‘like a duchess’; another likened her to a taller version of Queen Victoria — which would have pleased her, for she admired the Queen greatly. The Coorys were considered quite wealthy when they came to Dunedin and Sheriffie, dressed always in the height of fashion, could sometimes be seen riding in a hansom cab. People still remember her beautiful and expressive hands. She spoke very good, if heavily accented, English and unlike most of the Lebanese women of her generation, could converse easily and confidently with non-Lebanese members of the community. It was she who had the drive and business acumen of the couple.

Anthony Coory was considerably older than his wife, dignified and handsome, ‘like a general’ to look at, but humble and kindly by nature. He was a devout man whose father had been accepted into the Maronite priesthood after marriage. It was a fine family for Gabriel to marry into; he was clearly seen as a young man with a future. Evidence of his financial standing by this time is that he was able to give his future father-in-law a substantial sum of money to go to Australia and buy jewellery, some of which is still in the family.

The young couple were married in St Joseph’s Cathedral on 18 January 1899. The celebration was shared by the whole Lebanese community. A photo of the occasion shows the sturdy Gabriel, hands set squarely on his knees, staring confidently at the camera, while beside him Jamelie, much more delicate in build, stands dark-eyed and serious, somehow giving an impression of vulnerability. Members of the Lebanese

NEW ZEALAND.

COPY OF REGISTER OF MARRIAGE.

[R.G.—12.]

191___. Marriages in the District of Dunedin

No.	When and where married. [Date, Locality, and Description of Building.]	Names and Surnames of the Parties.	Ages.	Rank or Profession.	Condition of Parties: 1. Bachelor or Spinster (*or as case may be*). If Widower or Widow, 2. Date of Decease of former Wife or Husband.	Birthplace.	Residence. 1. Present. 2. Usual.	Parents. Father's Name and Surname (1), and his Rank or Profession (2).	Parents. Mother's Name (1), and Maiden Surname (2).
5	~~191~~. 1899 St Joseph's Cathedral 18 January	1. Gabriel Hanna Farry 2.	25	Traveller	1. Bachelor 2.	Mount Lebanon Syria	1. Dunedin 2. Do	1. Hanna Farry 2. Farmer	1. Mary Farry 2. Isaac
		1. Amelia Coory 2.	16	—	1. Spinster 2.	Mount Lebanon Syria	1. Do 2. Do	1. Anthony Coory 2. Merchant	1. Annie Coory 2. Peter

MARRIED, after the delivery to me of the Certificate required by the Marriage Act, 1908, by V Murphy, Officiating Minister [*or* ~~Registrar~~].

This Marriage was solemnized between us,

Gabriel Hanna Farry (his mark)

Amelia Coory (her mark)

In the presence of us,

Joseph St Farry (his mark) Hawker Dunedin

Josephine Lakwood (her mark) Dunedin

I CERTIFY that the above is a true copy of the entry in the Register-book of Marriages kept by me at St Joseph's Cathedral Dunedin

James Coffey

Officiating Minister [*or* ~~Registrar~~].

20,000/1/12—834

The marriage certificate of Gabriel John Farrry and Jamelie Coory. The bride was 16 years of age, the groom 25.

community crowd round them and are ranged right up the Cathedral steps behind them. For the first four years of their married life Gabriel and Jamelie lived in a comfortable and well furnished home in Walker Street; there their first child, Saba Gabriel, was born on 5 May 1903.

The year after his birth Gabriel and Jamelie moved to Invercargill. Family tradition has it that one reason for the move was to distance themselves from Jamelie's mother, whose habit of command made her an uncomfortable mother-in-law. In Invercargill the couple lived at first at the back of a shop on Dee Street and then opened a modest gift shop of their own. Jamelie ran this with the help of a girl, while Gabriel maintained his Central Otago run — up through Garston to Cromwell, Alexandra, Nevis and Glenorchy. A second child, Joseph Gabriel, was born on 10 October 1905, in Dunedin, where Jamelie had travelled to be near to her mother at the time of her confinement.

About this time Gabriel learned his father had become blind. His only surviving sister had died since he left home and he grew increasingly homesick and anxious about the welfare of his ageing parents. Letters from Becharre urged him

to come home and see them. After a great deal of thought and discussion, he decided to return to Lebanon. In 1906 he sold everything he had in New Zealand for a total of 3000 pounds and set off with his wife and two little sons — Saba was three

(Opposite page) The wedding of Gabriel John Farry and Jamelie Coory at St Josephs Cathedral, Dunedin January 18, 1899. This was obviously an important occasion attended by all the Lebanese community and by a considerable number of other people. To the left of the bride is Rose La Hood, the matron of honour, and beside her is the mother of the bride, Sheriffie Coory. At the extreme right of the front row wearing a bowler hat is the father of the bride, Anthony Coory.

and Joe eight months — first to Australia and from there on the nine week journey to Lebanon. Unlike most of the young men who had left home to seek their fortunes, Gabriel was to return, a successful business and family man.

The homecoming must have been a very happy one. Joseph Farry remembered his grandparents' home as welcoming and comfortable. His grandmother, who always dressed in the long flowing garments of the women of the Middle East, either entirely in black or entirely in white, was energetic and cheerful; his grandfather, despite his affliction, was merry and outgoing — 'good company, always laughing', Joe said — with a talent for making up songs about members of the family, in the Lebanese style of improvisation known as *Itebah.* As soon as he arrived, Gabriel Farry set about getting specialist treatment to try and cure his father's blindness, but without success.

All the indications are that Gabriel Farry intended to remain in Becharre. The family bought a house, Shewetta, a timeless place made of stone, looking almost as if it had been hewn out of the land. In much later photographs when it was less well cared for, it still appears solid, tranquil and welcoming. They engaged the customary household help. Their capital, invested through a bank at 7%, provided an income of some 210 pounds a year, enough to live on very well. Gabriel made plans to join the profitable silk industry that was then flourishing, planting his father's land with mulberry trees to raise the silk worms. The family prospered and increased: a daughter, Mary, was born on 10 May 1910 and another son, John, in June 1914.

By this time however the wheel of fortune had turned. John Fahkry died suddenly in 1913 and his wife Bridget just a year later. Their deaths affected Gabriel dramatically. The ties that bound him to Lebanon thus sharply severed, he determined to bring his family back to New Zealand. His resolve must have

been strengthened by fears for Lebanon's political and international situation. The hopes raised in 1908 by the Young Turks, who had brought about the restoration of constitutional rule in the Ottoman domains, had been dissipated by the time the Great War began in August 1914 and within a couple of months the Turkish rulers of Syria/Lebanon had thrown in their lot with Germany and her allies. As a British subject in enemy territory Gabriel Farry would have been at great risk.

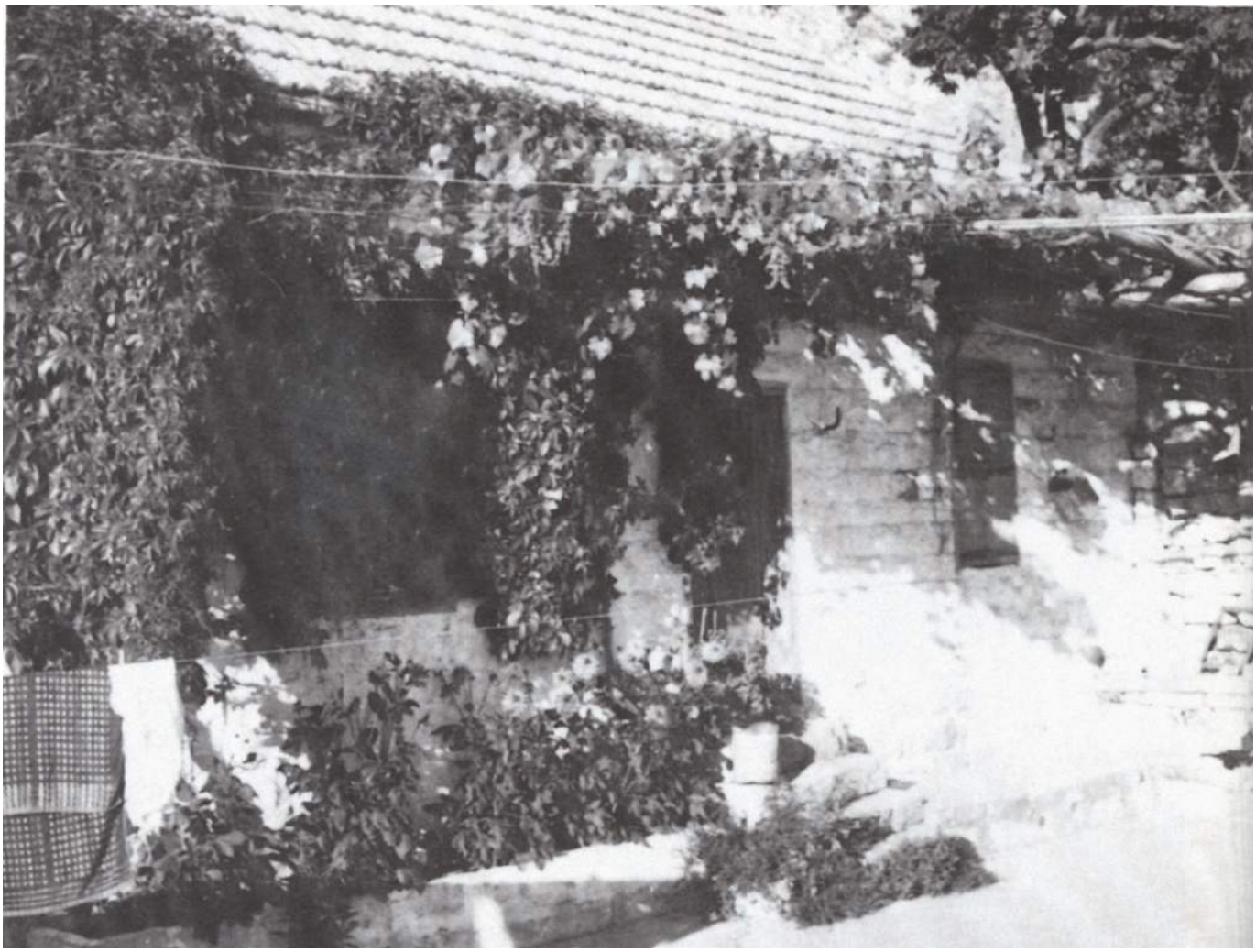
But he was not destined to return to New Zealand. Just a year after his mother's death he contracted pneumonia. He was only 39 years old and in excellent health, but despite the best medical attention available he died after a brief illness of only ten days. It was a tragically abrupt end to a life still full of promise. Gabriel Farry left no will and no one knows today where he is buried.

'A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE FOR HER. . . '
(LEBANON, 1915 – 1922)

Only when you drink from the river of silence
shall you indeed sing.
And when you have reached the mountain top,
then you shall begin to climb.
And when the earth shall claim your limbs, then
shall you truly dance.
Kahlil Gibran

'She cried for five years after my father died', Joseph Farry said of his mother. Indeed Jamelie Farry had ample cause for tears. Gabriel's death left her in a situation far removed from anything her sheltered upbringing had prepared her for. The oldest of her four children was 12, the youngest a baby at the breast and although she had the support of her husband's Aunt Annie and Uncle Mansour and a number of friends in Becharre, she was on the other side of the world from her own close family.

She was also caught up in the tide of war and swept along by events beyond her control. As soon as Turkey had entered the war in October 1914 Lebanon was occupied, ending the autonomy the country had enjoyed over recent years and inaugurating what can only be described as a reign of terror. The historian Philip Hitti believed no other Ottoman province suffered as much as Lebanon in World War One. Military conscription was introduced, goods and beasts of burden were recquisitioned indiscriminately, people were executed for treason on the flimsiest evidence. As a depreciated Turkish currency was introduced and prices soared, starvation stared the population in the face: poverty-related epidemics such as typhoid, bubonic plague and malaria took an appalling toll of



The cottage of the Farry family situated in Shewetta, Becharre. The property has since been substantially extended.

life. An observer at the time described the whole of the poorer classes of society as being wiped out and the former middle classes taking their place in extreme distress. Of a pre-war population of some 450,000 almost a quarter, 100,000, succumbed.

In this situation Jamelie and her children simply had to hold on from day to day. The family's main resources were in cash and especially vulnerable to devaluation. When a Turkish pound note was introduced in place of the Lebanese one, it was claimed to be worth a pound sterling, but rapidly sank in value until its purchasing power was no more than two shillings. At the same time prices rocketed and inflation was uncontrolled. In these circumstances, and also partly because of taking bad advice from people she trusted in financial matters, Jamelie saw her security dwindle to nothing. 'Just keep my children from starving,' she prayed. It was the produce of the various parcels of land formerly owned by her parents-in-law that saved the little family from starvation. With the help of a hired man Jamelie and the older children grew everything they ate, olives, grapes, wheat, potatoes. The work was hard and the fear of starvation always present, but they succeeded.

There were also compensations: the family, which included Auntie Annie and Uncle Mansour, was a close and loving one. Indeed, the anxieties of these years passed over the head of the youngest family member entirely. John recalls his early childhood in idyllic terms; for a six—year-old, running freely in the fields with his many cousins and friends, eating the abundant apricots, peaches and walnuts, it was a marvelous

(Opposite page) The Farry family photographed in the Cedars of Lebanon, circa 1910. From left: Jamelie with John in her arms, Mary, Saba,Joseph,Gabriel.

time. Mary also, although more conscious of the distress around her, remembers the family as being comparatively well-off; she remembers how, at family evening meals, a cluster of beggars would sometimes gather outside the open door and her older brothers, with a truly Christian charity, would share their own food with them. It is likely Saba and Joe were permanently marked by the anxieties of these years. In later life both would always show a keen sympathy to anyone in need. Their love of Becharre remained too: many years later they would have built there a crypt for the benefit of those who could not afford their own burial plot.

There was no thought of ever returning to New Zealand. Living in a country with which her own homeland was at war, Jamelie had no way of keeping in touch with her Dunedin family and for a full five years, during and just after the war, they had no contact at all. At the opening of hostilities she had been able to write to a priest in America who would forward news to her family, but the entry of the United States into the war put an end to even this indirect link. There seemed no point in the children learning English and even the Dunedin-born boys learned Lebanese as their first language and French as their second. Rather than send them to schools under the newly imported Turkish teachers, whose reputation was very bad, (fortunately it was not compulsory) Jamelie had them taught at home for three or four years. ‘It was not a good education,’ Joe said philosophically, ‘but it was better than nothing.’

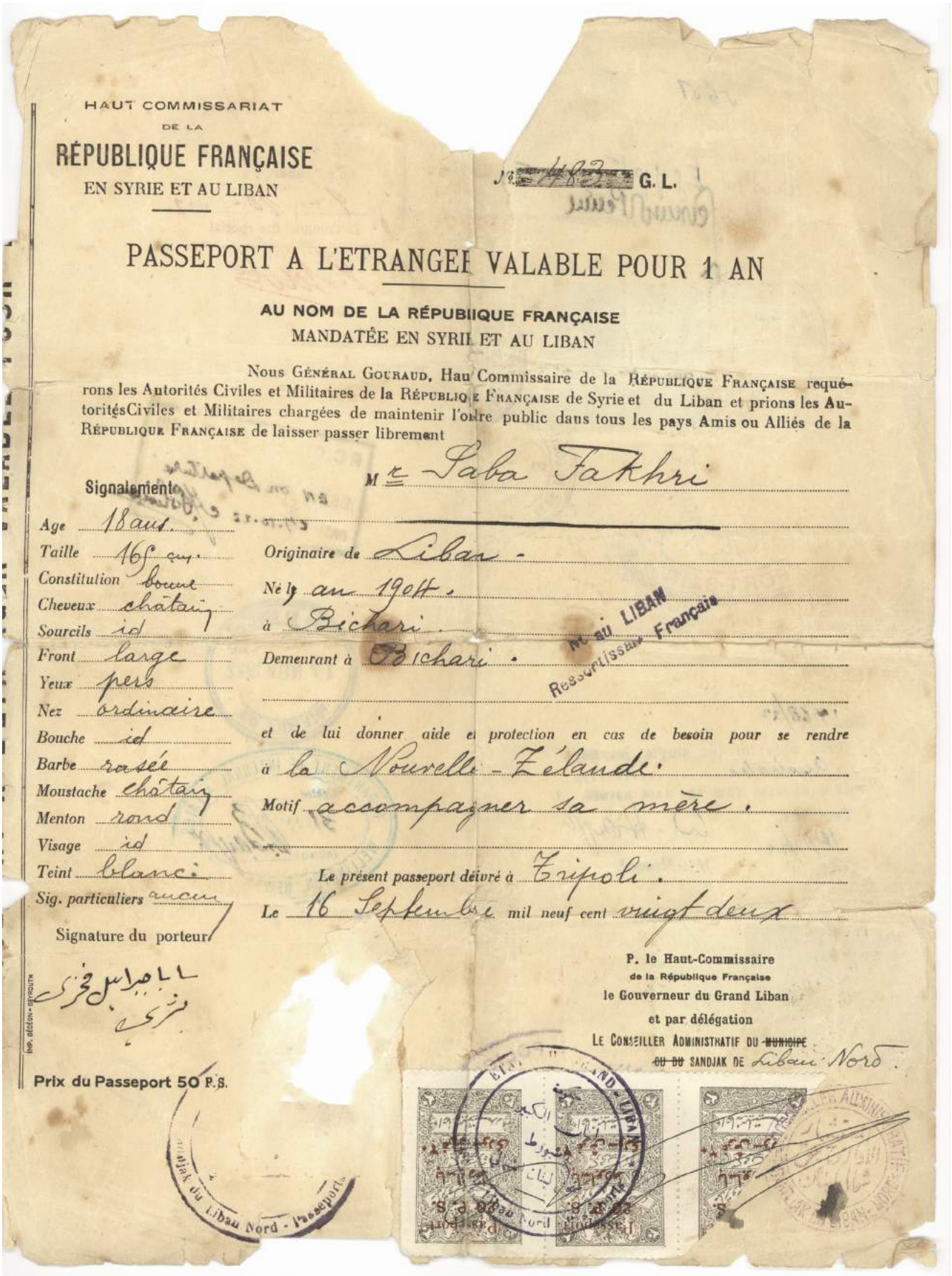
The worst period for the family, as for Lebanon as a whole, must have been in the darkest months of the war, from about 1916 to 1918. Some relief came with the Anglo-French occupation of Syria and Lebanon in 1918, which led to Lebanon becoming a French mandate under the League of Nations in 1920.

It was about this time that a telegram from Dunedin changed

everything and thrust the destiny of the Farry family in quite a different direction. ‘We are desperate to know how you are’, cabled Jamelie’s parents simply. The telegram was too much after so much strain. The young widow could not stop crying. It was the beginning of an exchange of letters: Gabriel’s death, the troubles of the past years were told and eventually Sheriffie and Anthony Coory sent money to bring the family back to Dunedin.

For Jamelie it was to be a homecoming. For the children, especially the two boys now on the verge of adulthood, it was a sad wrench to leave the country where they had grown up and their friends and relatives there. Uncle Mansour had died, but their beloved Auntie Annie must be left behind; they would never see her again. Saba desperately wanted to remain and had to be persuaded that it was his duty, as head of the family, to go with his mother. It was thought wisest not to tell John, the youngest, until the eve of their departure from Becharre; although his mother was evidently thrilled at the prospect of the voyage and described it as a great adventure, the little boy spent an anxious and sleepless night. Mary, four years older, happy at school and with lots of friends, was bitterly upset. She had been seriously ill, with what had been diagnosed as Bright’s Disease; she had been bedridden, her whole body swollen, until a huge abscess on her leg broke. She was still weak and remembers crying all the way from Becharre to Beirut.

There, it seems, excitement about the future took over. Beirut, where they stayed overnight, was huge, bustling, imposing and the sea, which none of the children had ever seen, seemed to stretch away forever. The family went first to Port Said, where they spent two days — remembered by John for shopping expeditions with his mother, who seemed willing to buy him whatever he wanted — and from there took ship in the *Large Bay* for Melbourne. The *Large Bay* was a comfortable



HAUT COMMISSARIAT
DE LA
RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE
EN SYRIE ET AU LIBAN

N° [redacted] G. L.

PASSEPORT A L'ETRANGER VALABLE POUR 1 AN

AU NOM DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE
MANDATÉE EN SYRIE ET AU LIBAN

Nous Général Gouraud, Hau Commissaire de la République Française requérons les Autorités Civiles et Militaires de la République Française de Syrie et du Liban et prions les Autorités Civiles et Militaires chargées de maintenir l'ordre public dans tous les pays Amis ou Alliés de la République Française de laisser passer librement

M^r Saba Fakhri

Signalement

Age 18 ans.
Taille 165 cm.
Constitution bonne
Cheveux châtain
Sourcils id
Front large
Yeux pers
Nez ordinaire
Bouche id
Barbe rasée
Moustache châtain
Menton rond
Visage id
Teint blanc.
Sig. particuliers aucun

Signature du porteur

Originaire de Liban.
Né le au 1904.
à Bichari.
Demeurant à Bichari.

Reconnaissance Français au LIBAN

et de lui donner aide et protection en cas de besoin pour se rendre
à la Nouvelle-Zélande.
Motif accompagner sa mère.

Le présent passeport délivré à Tripoli.
Le 16 Septembre mil neuf cent vingt deux

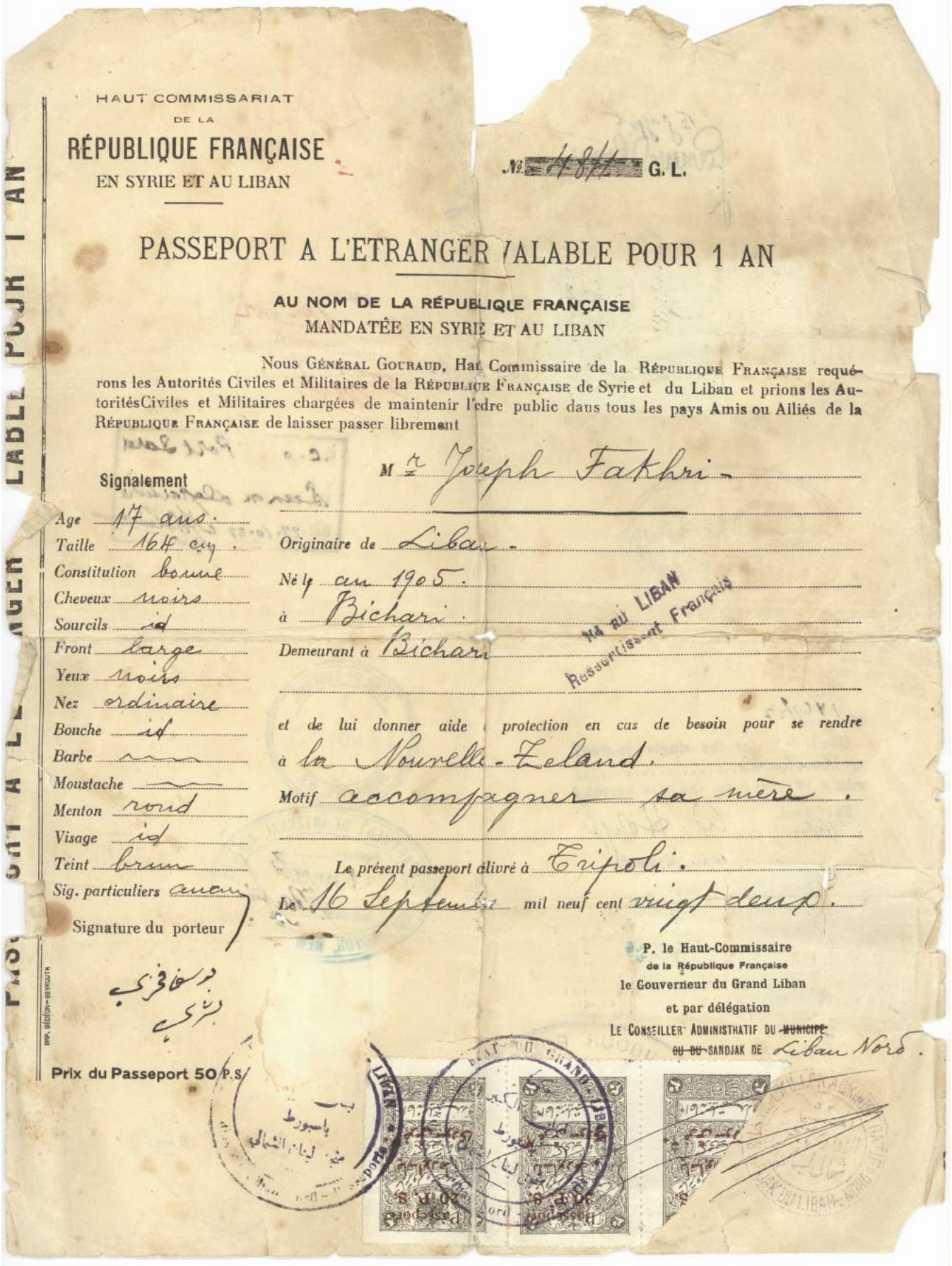
P. le Haut-Commissaire
de la République Française
le Gouverneur du Grand Liban
et par délégation
Le Conseiller Administratif du ~~Municipe~~ ~~ou du~~ Sandjak de Liban Nord.

Prix du Passeport 50 P.S.

Passport of Saba Fakhri (Farry), dated September 16, 1922.

steamer where they all occupied a four berth cabin, except Saba, who was considered old enough to have his own. The children's recollections of the voyage vary. The two younger ones, in that wonderful camaradarie of children that knows no barrier, even of language, found they could join in the ship's games. Mary won a basket in one, to her delight; John felt himself to be 'one of the crowd'. The older boys found the language barrier a serious problem and had to communicate in sign language. They later discovered that the few English words they did learn on the trip were swear words. Still, the six week voyage was an exciting experience with plenty of entertainment, even to a picture theatre. Jamelie appeared very happy and could mingle freely with the other English—speaking passengers.

In Melbourne, on 1 December 1922, they were met by Uncle Kallil and Aunt Moza, Sheriffie's brother and sister. The children had heard about their uncle; he was a wealthy manufacturer and warehouseman, with a splendid house. When he met them and spoke in English with their mother, they thought he sounded excitable, gruff and a bit frightening. The family plan at this stage seems to have been that they would stay with Kallil until Sheriffie and Anthony Coory came to settle in Melbourne. The stay was a pleasant one. Melbourne was a lovely city; the large gardens of Kallil's place were enjoyable to play in. The children helped in the garden too, while their mother helped in the house. Kallil's Sons sometimes gave their young cousins money to spend. However, plans that the stay should be made permanent fell through when a letter arrived from Dunedin; Kallil announced abruptly that Sheriffie had changed her mind and was not coming. The reasons for this



HAUT COMMISSARIAT
DE LA
RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE
EN SYRIE ET AU LIBAN

№ 4844 G. L.

PASSEPORT A L'ETRANGER VALABLE POUR 1 AN

AU NOM DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE
MANDATÉE EN SYRIE ET AU LIBAN

Nous Général Gouraud, Hat Commissaire de la République Française requérons les Autorités Civiles et Militaires de la République Française de Syrie et du Liban et prions les Autorités Civiles et Militaires chargées de maintenir l'ordre public dans tous les pays Amis ou Alliés de la République Française de laisser passer librement

M^r Joseph Fakhri.

Signalement

Age 17 ans.
Taille 164 cm.
Constitution bonne
Cheveux noirs
Sourcils id
Front large
Yeux noirs
Nez ordinaire
Bouche id
Barbe ~~~
Moustache ~~~
Menton rond
Visage id
Teint brun
Sig. particuliers aucun

Signature du porteur

Originaire de Liban.
Né le an 1905.
à Bichari.
Demeurant à Bichari

Né au LIBAN
Ressortissant Français

et de lui donner aide protection en cas de besoin pour se rendre
à la Nouvelle-Zeland.
Motif accompagner sa mère.

Le présent passeport délivré à Tripoli.
Le 16 Septembre mil neuf cent vingt deux.

P. le Haut-Commissaire
de la République Française
le Gouverneur du Grand Liban
et par délégation
Le Conseiller Administratif du ~~Municipe~~ ou du Sandjak de Liban Nord.

Prix du Passeport 50 P.S.

IMP. GÉDÉON-BEYROUTH

Passport of Joseph Fakhri (Farry), dated September 16, 1922.

are not clear. Sheriffie Coory was by this time a considerable property owner in Dunedin and she and her husband may not have wanted to move, but the reason may well go back further, to the breakdown of relations before the Coorys came to New Zealand. Family tradition has it that Kallil simply went ahead and bought tickets to New Zealand for the family to forestall his sister's arrival. There were probably reasons on both sides why neither party wanted to be together again. At any rate Jamelie and her children left for Dunedin towards the end of January in the *Moeralei.*

Unlike the voyage from Lebanon to Australia, this one was far from pleasurable. The Tasman was choppy and John says that he was far too seasick even to look at the cases of fruit and grapes that his uncle had provided for their enjoyment on the journey. They travelled via Wellington, where they were greeted by another of Sheriffle's sisters, Ismored, and a former neighbour from Becharre, Tony Sheehan. At last, early in the morning of 6 February 1923, they steamed up the Otago Harbour to a Dunedin which looked disconcertingly small after Melbourne one of the boys asked his mother if she was sure this was Dunedin, not Port Chalmers — and a welcome from Sheriffie and Anthony Coory. The wharf was crowded with Lebanese, who had turned out in force to welcome these members of a prominent family, safely returned from the dangers of their war-wracked homeland. A new life was beginning.

SETTLING IN AND MOVING OUT

I know how to be poor and I know how to be rich too. I have been through my initiation and now I am ready for anything anywhere: full stomach or empty stomach, poverty or plenty. There is nothing I cannot master with the help of the one who gives me strength.
Philippians; 4:12—14

From the wharf, the Farrys went by car to their grandparents' house in Carroll Street. The children were concerned to see it had only two bedrooms, but the question of where they would sleep was settled when they were shown to another little house nearby. Later, with affectionate irony, they would call this the White House. Although it was only a two-roomed cottage, without a bathroom, it proved comfortable enough; here they would spend their first two years in Dunedin.

For the children it must have been an unsettling time. There were new people to meet, who would come to play a big part in their lives, especially their grandmother Sheriffie Coory. John noticed at once that she had the same daunting sharpness of manner as her brother in Melbourne and his mother had to reassure the youngster that his grandmother 'did not mean what she said', that soon he would realise what a kind person she was. Sheriffie was indeed kind, but she was also formidable. By this time she was clearly the matriarch of the Dunedin Lebanese community, a woman to whom people came for advice, business or personal, and who took responsibility for helping new migrants to settle in. When her husband, who did not have her talent for commerce and was overly generous with credit,

lost everything on their warehouse, she broke with the home-centred tradition of Lebanese women and went on the road to join him hawking with horse and cart. She was still engaged in this trade, and very effectively too, at the time the Farrys arrived in Dunedin. Sheriffie came to own several properties in Carroll Street and people who knew her recount how she would scold women who came to visit her bachelor tenants and send them back home to their husbands. She had a fund of business sense that Saba and Joe could call on when they needed to. Mary remembers her with deep affection, but acknowledges that she was bossy, outspoken and especially hard on her daughter Jamelie, whose nature was gentler and more pliable.

Anthony Coory was more immediately affable. He was by this time 82 years old. He had given up his business in 1915 and took great pleasure in simply being 'Jiddi' to his rediscovered grandchildren. There was always an attractive streak of naivete in Jiddi that gave rise to a fund of stories in family memory. There was, for example, his response to the offer of a 99 year lease on some property: 'you can get renewal after that?' he asked. Once he helped soothe John, who had a cold but was making a fuss about taking the prescribed aspirin, by showing him how, demonstrating on one tablet after another, picking it up, popping it into his mouth ('See John, this way') until he had swallowed some half dozen; he remarked with surprised satisfaction the next morning how well he had slept. He would demonstrate the same iron constitution at the age of 90 plus: John remembers coming home after a night out and cooking up for himself and a girl friend a 2 a.m. supper of chops and sausages. The girl was alarmed to see a piled up plateful taken up to Jiddi's room on a tray and even more alarmed to see the plate returned quite empty. Jiddi would remain a much loved member of the family and in excellent health until his death at the age of 101.

Then there was Carroll Street itself to get to know, the heart of the Lebanese community. There were still Chinese dens there and although much of the sad dereliction of earlier years had gone, (the name change of 1916 from Walker Street to Carroll Street indicative of a new start) the people of Dunedin still tended to avoid lower Carroll Street at least. This did not trouble the Lebanese community who shortly after the turn of the century began buying properties there, steadily moving up the left side of the road from Princes Street then down the right. At the time the Farrys arrived the street was full of life. The houses, typically quite small, opened directly onto it and little alleyways branched off. On the sunny side, in the block between Hope and Melville Streets, Lebanese women could usually be found chatting together; sociably passing the time of day in this way was an aspect of life brought from Becharre. Children roamed freely up and down the street or played in empty sections — bowling hoops, playing hopscotch, tig, skipping, marbles or whatever the current fashion happened to be in games; buying big flaky cakes the size of a saucer from the Chinese cook shop if anyone had a penny; sharing everything, including fruit raided from gardens in nearby Melville Street, or eggs and potatoes which they would bake together and eat as a picnic. It was a highlight for the children when the local Presbyterian Church held a jumble sale: the organisers would give them any leftover clothes and they would play dress-ups, parading up and down the street under the indulgent and amused eyes of their mothers. Described in this way, by someone who grew up there, the former Devil's Half Acre of Presbyterian tradition, becomes a demi-paradise. 'I loved Carroll Street', Jamelie Joseph said simply. 'We were all one, brothers and sisters. I wish I could go back to those days.'

Into this supportive and largely feminine community, where the menfolk were often away on the road for weeks at a time,

Jarnelie settled at once very happily. The sixteen years exile fell away; she could renew friendships made in childhood. Few of the women were in paid work, they kept their homes spotlessly clean, spent time and care on cooking and were often expert seamstresses; their houses were always open to each other. Home and church formed the very core of this small community, a miniature village in the heart of Dunedin.

Up to this time the Lebanese community had remained distinct from the host city. Marriages almost always took place within the group and Lebanese did not socialise very much with non-Lebanese. One woman remembers how she had to 'sneak out' to date local New Zealand boys. But by the 1920s there was little sign of the mistrust or even overt hostility of earlier years. Just after the turn of the century, persistent rumours of slum conditions had led to enquiries into housing in Walker Street and periodic inspections, but these had shown beyond doubt that the Lebanese homes, though primitive enough in some cases, were scrupulously cared for. In 1916 local tensions reached crisis point in what the *Otago Daily Times* described as a 'Battle in Walker Street, Circus Rouseabouts v. Syrians', when some thirty or so circus hands attacked Lebanese residents. Four of the circus people were sent to prison. The aggressors came from outside Dunedin and there was general sympathy for the Lebanese involved.

At a governmental level though there was still discrimination. The hostility to the Lebanese demonstrated in the 1890s had revived during World War One. Technically Turkish by nationality and therefore enemy aliens, the Lebanese in New Zealand suffered the indignities of this status — reporting to the police, not travelling more than twenty miles without a permit and so on. The 1920s would see the reinforcement of discriminatory legislation by which local Lebanese, even if one parent was New Zealand born, were counted as Asiatics, and

The La Hood family.
Seated from left: Jack, Joseph, Rose, Fred.
Standing from left: Marion, Frank, Jamelie, Ned, Sophie.

denied Family Allowances and Pensions in 1926. Only the advent of the Labour government in 1935 would change this.

Still, it was the immediate community that mattered to the family and their first concerns were personal ones. If settling into the little white house was a joyful homecoming for their mother, it was quite the reverse for the Farry children: each had a private trauma to go through before the happiness Jamelie had promised they would find in Dunedin was achieved. The younger children, Mary and John, had to face the ordeal of schools where they could neither understand nor make themselves understood. John found the other children laughed at his attempts to speak English; this both angered and upset him. Feeling humiliated and alien, he kept to himself — finding an empty classroom to eat his lunch where he could, at the same time, do exercises to try and get warm. The weather was particularly bad in the months after the family arrived and to the little boy, used to the 365 days a year sunshine of Lebanon, Dunedin seemed the coldest place on earth. Lessons began badly too. John was put into the ‘babies’ class and given blocks to play with, a stage he had long passed back in Becharre. But the nuns could not understand when he tried to explain this. Being the oldest and biggest ‘baby’ certainly did nothing for his fragile self-esteem. It was a hard lesson in putting up with things.

Mary found school even more traumatic. In Becharre she had achieved well academically and could already read and write French as well as Arabic when the family moved to Dunedin. However the nuns thought the best way to teach her English was to put the sensitive twelve-year-old into an infant class. She could understand nothing and cried incessantly and desperately; she remembers the well-meaning nuns standing in an anxious circle around her. ‘Why did you bring us here?’ she asked her mother again and again. Her distress became so great that there

An early photograph of the Lettoof family.
From left: Jamelie, Jim, Milhem, Bert, Joe, Zahia, Latifie, Bedeia, Lily.

A later photograph of the Lettoof family.
Back row from left: Latifie, Joe, Lily, Bert, Bedeia.
Front row from left: Jamelie, Milhem, Zahia, Jim.

was no option but to withdraw her from school altogether.

Saba and Joe turned their minds to the best way to earn a living without the skills or language of their new country. As the family breadwinners they had not only to make their own way, but to support their mother and younger brother and sister. Paid employment was not easy to find or adequately paid; a job on a dairy farm Joe applied for would have brought in only a meagre twenty-five shillings a week. There was no practical alternative to going on the road as hawkers and after three days settling in, Saba set out with Sheriffie and Anthony Coory in their horse and cart to learn the trade. Joe bought thirty pounds worth of goods, mainly toilet items such as scented soap, bay rum, hair combs, toothbrushes, safety pins and so on, and some towels and pillowcases, men's shirts, pyjamas and pinafores. All this was packed carefully into a tin box with a lift-out compartment, to be carried by a leather strap over his shoulders. He set out with Joseph Milne to serve his apprenticeship, travelling by train and on foot. Both parties went to Southland, a happy choice as things turned out. The Farry boys would generally find Southland people wonderfully kind and helpful.

It was hard going, all the same. Language was a major problem. Joe remembered that they could manage 'Good morning Madam, buy some', but not much more. One of Saba's first calls — urged by Sheriffie — was to a priest in Milton, the same priest who had baptised him in Dunedin almost 20 years before. When the priest offered him "18 pence" for a shaving stick he nervously but firmly stated that he could not take less than 1 shilling and 6 pence. He made his sale to the amused priest, but it was clear he had a lot to learn.

Joe determined to master the English language as quickly as possible. He bought spelling books, which proved of limited use because they did not give the meanings of the words listed and he carefully studied the names on shop frontages, aiming at

absorbing two new words each day. After nine weeks working with Joseph Milne he set out alone, sleeping in sawmill huts or hotels and eating frugally. On the advice of older travellers, he would take bed and breakfast accommodation, lunch off biscuits and cheese and, if funds allowed, buy a substantial evening meal. It was an austere regime for the telling physical demands of walking all day with a heavy load. Joe followed it for six months and resented it — all the rest of his life.

The Farry boys began their hawking careers in early autumn and quite soon the weather became very cold. This bothered Joe much less than the weight of his box of goods. Nevertheless the two brothers conferred together and as winter descended on the South, went into partnership, purchasing their own horse and cart for 100 pounds. From this as a base, Joe worked the provincial towns on foot, while Saba handled country sales. They slept in the cart and Joe would tell his family many years later — repeatedly — of the times he had to break the ice on a pond or creek before he could have a morning wash. The length of time he ‘lived on biscuits and cheese’ may have been exaggerated, but it was true that the boys limited themselves to the bare minimum to provide for the family and put something into savings. Reviewing their assets at the end of a year’s trading, they were justifiably proud of the result. After covering expenses and providing two pounds a week for the family they had each cleared 25 pounds. It was a good start.

BROTHERS IN BUSINESS

> The spectacular rise of the Farry families, descendants
> of Lebanese hawkers . . . constituted the most
> startling developments (of the post war decades).
> Such men on the make . . . were absorbed into a
> business culture in which a man's word remained his bond.
> *A History of Otago — Erik Olssen*

Saba and Joe worked the Southland run with their horse and cart for three years. They learned the art of survival in this hard school of the open road. Putting up with hardship together, working together to support their mother and younger brother and sister, adjusting together to their new country, they developed a wonderfully close bond. Even at the end of his life, when he was in his 80s and Saba was long dead, Joe's dreams would always include his brother.

Although for the most part the people they met were kind, some were suspicious and hostile towards 'gypsies'. The women were sometimes more welcoming than the men. On one occasion, as the pair were driving up to a farmstead at Waikaia the old farmer shouted out to them to keep on going — he wasn't going to buy anything. But the boys then heard a woman's voice calling from the kitchen, that 'they're only boys, let them come in'. Although her husband chose to ignore the lads totally, the wife, whom they remembered as very old and very kind, bought a considerable quantity of goods from them.

A Dunedin woman, who spent her early childhood in

Riversdale, remembers the big Farry covered wagon (yellow, with a romantic air, like a gypsy caravan) that Saba brought regularly to her parents' place. It was always exciting to the little girl, seeing the doors slide open to reveal racks of garments hanging inside, flanked by drawers for smaller items of haberdashery and with a space in the middle for the traveller to sleep. She can still describe a smart brown wool gaberdine suit, with orange braid trim, bought at this time by her mother. Everyone agreed, she said, that it was a great convenience to have a shop coming to the door, especially in hard times when travelling to town was out of the question. Saba would stay overnight by the house, his horse let loose in a paddock with the family's cows. Her father, who was the local baker, would provide him with bread, eggs and milk for breakfast.

Not all contacts were so pleasant. There was always the possibility of group bullying in the pubs along the way. A potentially ugly incident happened in the tough little coalmining township of Nightcaps. It was vividly recalled by Joe: three big fellows came into the bar where he and his brother were sitting and demanded to see what they had to sell. Shown the socks, shirts and so on, the men tossed them from one to the other and then flung them behind the sofa. When Joe bent to retrieve his stock, one of the men punched him in the face. He saw stars and was very scared, but seeing that there was no way out came up from the floor and with all his might punched his assailant in the midriff. As the man doubled over, swearing angrily, one of his friends also lunged at Joe who, in a do or die effort, swung his bag in his face. A melee was developing when the publican came into the bar. He took in the situation at a glance, escorted Joe into his own sitting room and then turned on the trouble makers for picking on a young man who had been minding his own business.

It would be too much to expect that a hot Mediterranean

temper would not, on occasion, meet provocation with fury. In one story that has gone down in family folk-lore Saba did just that. It happened near Edendale. Seeing a woman washing outside her house, Saba climbed through the wire fence to ask if she would like to buy anything. Before she had a chance to reply her husband brusquely ordered Saba off his property; they would not buy from gypsies, he said rudely, and demanded to know why Saba had come through the fence instead of using the gate. Saba walked away, to climb back through the fence at the spot he'd come in. He was halfway through the wires when the farmer kicked him sharply in the backside. It was too much: back through the fence came Saba again, beside himself with rage, to get his assailant. The man by now was walking away and as he set off in furious pursuit, Saba picked up an axe lying nearby and brandished it as he chased the retreating farmer, calling him some choice names as he did so. Whether Saba would really have used the axe no one will ever know, but the farmer's wife certainly thought he would; she began to scream and Joe, thrown into panic by this, climbed through the fence in his turn to run after Saba, who was by now chasing the farmer round his house. Joe caught his brother and reason at length prevailed. One would like to think the farmer was more courteous to passing travellers in future, but who knows?

As time went on Joe's loathing for the tin box with the lift-out compartment reached crisis point. The only way the box could be carried was slung over his shoulders and the leather straps dug in, in a really painful way. Moreover, he had come to the conclusion that the advice of the older generation of Lebanese hawkers was wrong: it was a mistake to carry round knicknacks which sold cheaply and on which the profit margin was proportionately small. Joe was at Tuatapere when he decided that enough was enough. He took his box to the local barber's shop and offered the contents — some 7 or 8 pounds worth —

as a job lot. The barber would not go beyond 30 shillings which Joe, having made up his mind, finally accepted. He then took the hated box to the bridge and ceremoniously flung it, as far away as lie could, into the river below. The moment always remained a poignant one in his memory. Never again, he promised himself; he would move on to bigger and better things.

Joe's chance came when he saw at Mackie Logan's of Moray Place some exclusive women's clothing imported directly from America. Although he didn't have the cash to buy all he wanted, he persuaded the firm to accept part payment in cash, the rest on credit and he left the premises with fifteen frocks and almost as many jumpers. They were all very attractive garments, of good quality; better still, they all fitted into a parcel he could tuck under his arm — and it wasn't even heavy. Even Sheriffie's outburst at his extravagance —'Joe you can't sell those, they're too expensive! Take them back.' — did not put him off. Determination, once he had made up his mind, was probably Joe's prime character trait and this time he was quite sure he was right.

His next stop was Mosgiel, where he showed his new wares to an elderly disabled friend. Unlike Sheriffie, she was convinced he could sell the garments with ease, and she was proved right when he promptly made a sale at a house nearby for 4 pounds 10; formerly this would have been a week's trading. It was a good omen, but only a beginning. Joe's friend had meantime told her daughter about the clothes and arranged for her, and her girlfriend, to come and see them after work: each bought a frock and a jumper. Instead of a few pence on each sale Joe was collecting 6 or 7 pounds. The very next day saw him back at Mackie Logan to buy more.

In 1925 the brothers' entrepreneurial talent found new directions. First of all, they joined with their grandmother to

buy a property at 112 Stafford Street. This was a bold move. The house cost 1200 pounds and they had a mere 100 pounds between them; Sheriffie contributed 200 pounds and the balance was raised by two mortgages which they were committed to paying off at 2 pound 10 a week. But it meant a new life for the whole family. Jamelie and her children could move from the cramped little ‘White House’ to more spacious surroundings, and the Coorys could share the house with them. Mary remembers Jamelie looking after boarders there, as well as her own parents. It is perhaps evidence of the grandmother’s force of personality that the property was widely known as ‘Sheriffie’s house’.

Indeed Sheriffie appears to have been the dominant family character in the early years. It is generally accepted that she provided the enterprise and the business acumen which set Saba and Joe on the path to eventual success. While she appears to have been somewhat autocratic there can be no doubt that she was resolute of will and sound of judgement. Sheriffie had a commanding presence and that indefinable personal quality which can only be described as charisma. Her influence on the emerging family was enormous while her genetic qualities appear to have been passed down to subsequent generations.

The New Zealand and South Seas International Exhibition opened in November 1925, offering the young entrepreneurs a great opportunity. From the time they had arrived in Dunedin the city had been gripped by Exhibition fever. On 27 January 1923 a letter to the Evening Star by the architect Edmund Anscombe — who would later be appointed Exhibition architect — had proposed an Exhibition to be held in Dunedin which would ‘eclipse anything previously held in New Zealand and which would be a symbol of New Zealand’s spirit, typifying the resources, enterprise and progress of the

The wedding photograph of Saba Gabriel Farry and Bedeia (Biddy) Lettoof. A group photograph could not be located.

Dominion and covering industry, agriculture, horticulture, manufacture, the sciences, and products of studio, office, forest, mine, field and stream.' It was something to fire the imagination. Excitement mounted as Lake Logan, a tidal lake which was really part of the Otago inlet, was successfully reclaimed and in an amazingly short time people could watch, rising on the salt spoil of the harbour bed, a series of imposing buildings which covered sixteen acres of a site of more than 65 acres. In the finished complex there were two ornamental lagoons, splendid landscaping which included a continuous border of flowers and trees right round the walls of the site and a multitude of brilliant flowerbeds inside. The buildings included seven massive pavilions, overlooked by the Festival Hall dome which, lit up at night, was reminiscent of the Taj Mahal. A new broad highway was built to take people from the Railway Station to the Exhibition grounds.

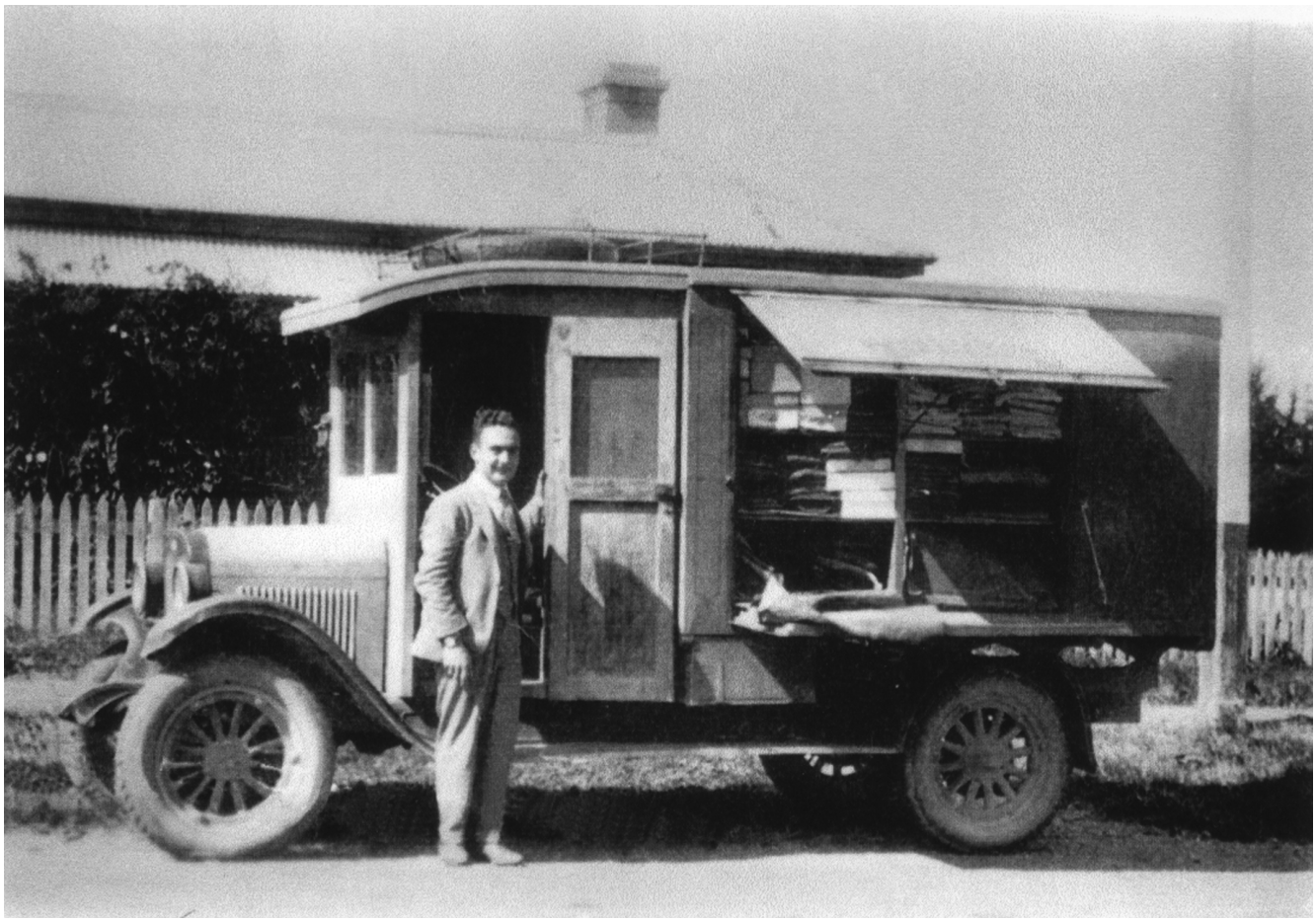
To Saba and Joe it was an exciting opportunity. They paid 160 pounds for a stall at the Exhibition and with the help of a guarantee from their grandparents, imported 2000 pounds worth of souvenirs through Bing Harris and P. Hayman Ltd., cups, saucers, glasses, plates, spoons and so on, all with the Exhibition emblem on them. For six months, Saba ran the stall while Joe kept up the run. The gamble paid off splendidly. The Exhibition was a magnificent success. From its opening in November 1925 — itself the greatest public assemblage till then in the history of Dunedin — until it closed its doors at the beginning of May 1926, over 3 million tickets were sold, twice the population of the whole country. On a smaller scale it was equally successful for Saba and Joe, who cleared a full thousand pounds from their venture.

By this time the young men's minds were turning to other things than business. Indeed Saba must have had his own reasons for watching the mounting profits carefully: he was

planning marriage and according to Lebanese custom he would have to pay for the wedding, as well as the dress and shoes for his bride, a major undertaking for a young man just turned 23 and with heavy family commitments. Saba's fiancee was Badeha Lettoof, a tall, slim, charming and outgoing 18 year old daughter of a Carroll Street family. Biddy, as she was known, liked her independence and from the time she had left school had been self-employed, selling door to door in Dunedin. She was an excellent saleswoman.

The wedding was held in St Joseph's Cathedral in May 1927. It was a great celebration for the whole Lebanese community. Biddy's sister remembers the occasion vividly. The bride was beautiful, but the sun did not shine on her; rain and sleet poured down for the whole day. It was Capping Day at the University and there were boisterous students everywhere. The reception was held at a hall in Jones Street and afterwards there was open house at Stafford Street for most of the week, the traditional series of parties in honour of the newly-weds.

The marriage linked the Farrys with another well established Carroll Street family. Melhem Lettoof was originally from Becharre, a member of the Kayrouz clan, but as a young man he had spent some time in the United States and had been naturalised there. He was a vivid, dominant character. Like most of the Dunedin Lebanese he was a hawker who travelled long distances in his van through Canterbury, Otago and Southland. A good businessman, who at times had a great deal of money, he was also an inveterate gambler, at cards and especially on horses: when he died he left a legacy of thousands of old race tickets. In many ways he represents the old style of Lebanese patriarchy. In the mid 1890s he brought his wife, who was a girl of only 12, to New Zealand on a child's ticket; the marriage had been arranged by him with her mother some years before, but the circumstances of the wedding and departure for



Joe proudly displays his merchandise in the custom-hawkers van designed by his brother Saba and himself.

New Zealand have many of the features of abduction. She later told her own daughters how she would play in the street with the other children when her husband was away and hide under the table, concealed by its red velvet fringed cover, to escape the English teacher he had engaged for her. Barely out of childhood herself, she took it badly (though laughing about it later) when older women of the Lebanese community tried to induce pregnancy by taking her to the Turkish baths and supervising her in a steam bath — seated on a mixture of raw egg and cumin seed. As children, Biddy and her brothers and sisters were given a great deal of freedom by their gentle mother when their father was out of town; when he was home discipline tightened at once, for her as well as for the children.

After a short honeymoon, Saba and his new wife moved in, again according to Lebanese tradition, with Saba's family at Stafford Street, where their first two children would be born. Saba put the 150 pounds he had received in wedding presents — a sovereign was a traditional gift — with Joe's 50 pounds and the two bought a motor truck chassis, on which they built a motor van for travelling. Saba used this to work an extensive run in Central, North and South Otago and South Canterbury, while Joe continued to operate on the Southland run out of the horse and cart. They worked on this basis for a further three years until 1929.

The sudden demise of the horse precipitated further change. The animal died in Southland and the one Joe bought to replace it also dropped dead suddenly in the main street of Lumsden. Suitable horses cost 15 to 25 pounds at that time and although for a while their younger brother John in his turn used the horse and cart, the cost and inconvenience were hardly worth the effort. The brothers pooled their stock, loaded the van with it and did a long run together through Otago and Southland.

Perhaps they had plenty of time to talk things over on their

way; at any rate their business life took a new direction after this trip. They decided to abandon all their other areas and concentrate on Southland and South Otago. More daringly, they decided to open their own clothing factory in Dunedin which would handle both wholesale and retail trade. They proceeded to lease premises on the corner of St Andrew and Great King Street (the Scott Wilson building) and wrote to their uncle in Melbourne for suggestions as to useful contacts for importing goods from overseas; he duly provided them with a list of addresses of local agents. The business was called “S. & J. Farry”. The brand name chosen for the shirts, pyjamas, overalls and plain work frocks they turned out was “Excell”. The operation cost 700 pounds to set up and from a relatively modest beginning with ten machinists, plus four more for special work, the brothers ended their first year of trade with 24 machines, and a turn—over somewhere between 10 and 12,000 pounds. The brothers took turns at travelling and looking after the factory.

Joe must have watched the establishment of the business with special satisfaction. He had been keeping company with Jamelie La Hood for two years when the factory was set up. Asked to a Christian Brothers’ dance, with partner, Joe had invited the dark and graceful Jamelie, daughter of a Lebanese family known to him from the time of his arrival in Dunedin; the relationship had never looked back. The couple became engaged in 1929 and had intended to marry that year but the new business venture meant a postponement. The marriage took place at last in St Joseph’s Cathedral on 24 June 1931; after a wedding feast and celebrations that lasted three nights they went on honeymoon to the North Island. It was always remembered in the family that among the wedding gifts well wishers showered upon them were no fewer than sixteen tea sets.

The wedding of Joseph Gabriel Farry and Jamelie La Hood.
From left: Ned La Hood, Gloria Peters, Marion La Hood, Joseph Mansor, the groom, Lila Farry, the bride Mary Farry, Sophie La Hood, Gabriel Farry, Saba Farry.

Like the Lettoofs the La Hoods were an old established Dunedin family. Joseph and Rosie La Hood had come to New Zealand from Becharre about 1894 as a young couple. They lived in Waverley Street, South Dunedin, from where Joseph operated as a hawker with a horse and cart. He was known to be a man of integrity, hard working and thrifty; he was also very demanding and notoriously fiery of temper. It was said in the family that when he was on the road he vented his early morning bad temper on his horse, which ran away every morning - for fear of the hiding it would get for running away. In contrast, his wife Rosie was gentle and placid, with a warm sense of humour; she was very hospitable — the family still speak of the vast numbers of cabbage rolls she used to make in a huge black pot. She was devoted to her family and it was a great sadness that of her fourteen pregnancies only seven children survived to grow to adulthood.

The year after Joe and Jamelie were married the La Hoods moved from South Dunedin to the imposing Garden Terrace property near the top of Carroll Street (where the Palmyra development is today). Most of the family of seven still lived at home; apart from Jamelie only Shuff (as Sophie was called) was married and the big house was soon established as a lively meeting place for members of the Lebanese community. Very spacious, with a generous entry hall, six or so bedrooms and a living kitchen downstairs, it featured a big lounge upstairs where a record player could often be heard belting out the Lebanese national anthem. The fine Victorian frontage faced directly onto the street, something Melhem Lettoof had cause to regret one night when a passing police patrol saw him peering in the kitchen window to see who was about: when two policemen took him to the door to verify his claim that he knew the owners of the house, Fred La Hood, famous for his practical jokes, said he’d never seen him before in his life, before

acknowledging that he was, indeed, a close friend of the family.

In a family of jokers Fred La Hood was the biggest joker of all, a racy raconteur, an irrepressible mimic who never answered the phone in his own name. In and out of trouble over his ‘social centre’ where the Lebanese community played cards and gambled and which the police insisted was a common gaming house, he moved on, as a hotelier, to accumulate long lists of licensing convictions, which he viewed with equanimity; it was all the luck of the game to one of the family’s most colourful characters.

The Farrys’ connection with the La Hoods would later be reinforced when Mary married the oldest of the brothers, Edward (Ned).

The composition of the Stafford Street household changed at this time. Saba and his young family moved to a house he had recently bought in Patrick Street, Mornington and when they returned to Dunedin from their honeymoon Joe and Jamelie settled in, as custom dictated, with the Farry family. After about a year they were able to purchase a delapidated house further up Stafford Street, at number 130. It cost 650 pounds and they made up the 100 pound deposit half from their own money and half borrowed from Jamelie‘s father. The delight of moving to their own home was sweet indeed.

So, as the 1930s dawned, the present seemed secure and the future rosy to the Farry brothers. They were both happily married, their business was thriving. The long shadow cast by the Wall Street crash on a black November day in 1929 in New York had not yet reached New Zealand. But although they did not know it, the good times were ending.

THE DEPRESSION YEARS

I have learned more from my mistakes than from my successes.
Sir Humphry Davy

In the early thirties the Depression hit Dunedin hard. Unemployment was not new to the city, but in the early 1930s it spread from the young and unskilled to family men, hitherto in respected and apparently secure jobs. By the end of 1931 more than 3000 men in Dunedin had registered as unemployed. Tension mounted dangerously. The Government's attempts to cut costs by limiting unemployment relief roused anger and in April 1932 rioting broke out in George Street. In Otago, as elsewhere in New Zealand, compulsory camp schemes were set up to move the workers out of the cities, but hostility to the camps was intense, single men dreading them, married men often refusing to go. While hardship obviously did not affect all the population equally, the mood in Dunedin was dark, and retail trading was hard hit. Shops which dealt in non-essential items fell into desperate straits.

Inevitably the Farry factory, which had looked so promising, foundered. Sales dropped off sharply and people who had bought goods could not meet their payments. In a single year Saba and Joe attended bankruptcy meetings of fourteen firms which owed them sums varying from 25 pounds to 200 pounds. The dividends they received, between 2/- and 12/- in the pound, were simply not enough to keep them afloat. With bankruptcy staring them in the face, the brothers called a meeting of their

A family picnic in the late 1920s.
Back row from left: Ned La Hood, Jack La Hood, John Coory, Frank La Hood, Fred La Hood, John Farry.
Front row from left: Big Mum, Biddy Farry, Jamelie Farry, Joe Farry, Mary La Hood, Marion Coory, Sheriffie Coory, Rosie La Hood.
The child's head is probably that of Gabriel Farry, the first grandchild of the family.

own creditors. They asked for the chance to try and trade out of the crisis. Debate was sharp, but old Mr Benson of Bing Harris, their biggest creditor, finally swung the meeting in their favour. “I’ll never forget what he did” Joe said almost sixty years later. He promised the Farry boys were to have unlimited credit with Bing Harris, and they could take their time to pay. Secondary creditors, such as Mackie Logan, had to fall in behind: it was a welcome reprieve.

The brothers managed to sell the factory for about 600 pounds, with an arrangement that they should have first call on its production for retailing. They now faced the hard prospect of going back on the road indefinitely. Joe took the area south of Gore and Saba North of Gore and up into Canterbury. At the same time they continued to investigate other options. They had always been their own bosses so the spectre of redundancy did not hang over them, but it was not a good time for business initiative; however they were always prepared to give it a go.

Southland had been a successful area for them, even in the most difficult times, and it was here they believed they could get started again. In 1932, in the depth of the depression, they rented a warehouse above a chemist’s shop in the main street of Gore. Both men now had increasing family responsibilities. Saba and Biddy already had three small children — Gabriel, Tony and Lila — and Joe and Jamelie had their first daughter, Pauline. The two families settled together into a comfortable three bedroomed flat in Errol Street. Biddy and Jamelie helped in the warehouse while their husbands were travelling; Mary also came to Gore for a time to help. The arrangement was never intended to be more than temporary. No one was keen to settle permanently in Gore and besides they were unable to get a shop on the main street. Within a year when a shop in George Street, with a warehouse above became available they all

moved back to Dunedin.

Once again the brothers branched out into manufacturing and retailing their own products, and managed to do so as cheaply as anyone was doing in Dunedin at that time. The George Street shop opened with a flourish, but the momentum could not be kept up. Looking for better premises, Saba and Joe took a lease on a shop which stood where Trustbank Otago now stands, opening it under the name of “Farry Brothers”. They also kept up their country runs. Trade began to improve dramatically. As well as buying from warehouses in bulk for resale, they contracted with a manufacturer for designs for simple frocks and were fortunate in having a very able designer/cutter, a Mrs Blackie.

But, as had happened before, their hopes were dashed and their fortunes took a sudden dive, due to two unrelated misfortunes. Saba had an accident, cutting a tendon in his hand, which put him out of action for three or four months. He could not carry on his country run and the profits from the travelling side of the business were halved. Then Mrs Blackie became ill and had to go to hospital, just when all the winter material for the frocks had come in and the designs had been agreed on. Strict instructions were issued that no one was to touch the fabrics until Mrs Blackie returned; unfortunately these instructions were ignored. Mrs Blackie’s mother took it upon herself to begin on the frocks and about half were actually made up; it was a disaster. The frocks had to be sold off at a loss and there was no money to replace the wasted material. It would have been pointless taking the incompetent, but well-meaning woman to court, as she had no resources to recompense them. The loss simply had to be borne.

Once again the brothers were back to square one. They sold the shop and counted up their debts. These were daunting: after the closing down sale they were left with 1600 pounds worth of

stock, the tail end of trading, which was virtually unsaleable — its real value was perhaps 600 pounds. They owed 2000 pounds. It seemed best to divide the debts, each carrying on in business by himself. They still had a car and a truck, so it was back on the road for another five long hard years. They were working not only to support their growing families but also to make monthly payments to their creditors. Saba's two sons were old enough to go with him sometimes, in the school holidays, and remembered the interminable waiting in the old Chrysler — bored out of their minds — while their father was doing business.

In January 1937 Saba moved his family from the Patrick Street home they had lived in for some six years back to Gore. The children found the shift heartbreaking, "like going to another planet". Gore seemed terribly distant from family and community. Saba had managed to lease a small store in Irk Street and the chance was too good to miss: even in the depth of the depression retail premises had been hard to come by in Gore. The intention was to stay a few years only; in fact Saba and Biddy spent much of their lives in Gore and some of their family stayed on permanently.

Saba opened a drapery store, Farry's Ltd, where he and Biddy worked with single-minded energy to clear the burden of debt hanging over them. Their son Gabriel recalls conversations that went, "This month we'll pay Sargoods 20 pounds, Bing Harris 15 pounds and if we can, a bit to Ross and Glendinning.

Money was not the only problem. The new store was not welcomed by the opposition; Saba was told they'd give him six weeks, then run him out of town. It did not happen, but the threat showed an attitude in direct contrast to his own generous business dealings later, when he was in happier circumstances. The family remember, for example, a young man starting up in the drapery business in the difficult period after the war, when

the whole network of wartime restrictions were still in place; although he was a potential rival, Saba sold him stock at cost price, and gave him some shop fittings to help him along.

Joe and his family were still living at 130 Stafford Street, now made into a comfortable home by improvements of more than its original purchase price. He kept up his country run till 1938, by which time both brothers had paid off all their creditors. It was a remarkable achievement, even in the more buoyant economic climate of the later 1930s. They could look to the future. For Joe, this meant finally quitting travelling. He sold his truck and run to John to free himself for a great new opportunity that was opening up.

In 1940 New Zealand would celebrate a hundred years as part of the British Empire and preparations were early under way to mark the occasion by a great Exhibition in the capital. Saba and Joe hoped it would prove as glowing an opportunity for enterprising traders as the South Seas Exhibition had been in Dunedin in 1926. They joined with Ned and Jack La Hood and a friend, Jack Ginevan to form a syndicate, each contributing equally to a capital investment of 3,500 pounds. Part of this would go into a souvenir stall such as the brothers had run fourteen years before. Also, remembering the outstanding success of the Amusement Zone at the earlier Exhibition, (for which almost two and a half million 3d or 6d tickets had been sold), they imported a number of games; there were — for the first time in New Zealand —clowns into whose gaping mouths people aimed balls, a racing game, competing climbing monkeys. While everyone helped in the setting up the stalls and games, it was over to Joe to manage the whole operation on the spot. The family rented their home and moved to Wellington, where they took a house at Haitaitai.

The Wellington Exhibition was destined to be a sad echo of the Dunedin one. When war broke out late in 1939 no-one was

in the mood for festivity and nothing seemed less appropriate, in the prevailing atmosphere of sombre foreboding, than a celebratory Exhibition. People stayed away in their thousands. Many stall holders were bankrupted and it was only the sale of their souvenirs, which had been purchased at very competitive prices, that enabled the syndicate to recover their outlay and end up square. In personal as well as business terms, the eight month stay in Wellington was an anxious one for Joe and Jamelie. Their son John became ill with an ailment doctors could not diagnose. Eventually the little boy's health returned, but only after many anxious weeks. From Wellington, Joe took the entertainment stalls to the Hamilton Winter Show, but abandoned plans to go on to Auckland and returned to Dunedin. He was just 100 pounds better off than when he had set out.

SOUTH AND BACK

A lot of successful people are risk takers.
Unless you are willing to do that —
To have a go
Fail miserably, have another go, success won't happen.
Phillip Adams

Perhaps the months in the North Island had proved unsettling; perhaps the thought of Dunedin without Saba or his mother did not appeal: at any rate within a very short time of his return Joe had rented his Stafford Street home and prepared to join other members of the family in Gore.

In 1940 he bought the Midland Bar, which would be the focus of a very hard-working business life for the next twelve years. Gore was a dry area, so the bar served only drink with a low alcohol content, rather like a shandy. But Joe's interest was less in this than in developing the bar as a meeting place for friends, a social centre; he kept it open seven days a week, often till eleven at night. The "Midland Bar" comprised several different enterprises, catering to different tastes and age groups. There were tearooms at the back, a fruit shop in front and a milk bar — typical 1940s, with tables tucked into alcoves — where you could get great fluffy milk shakes, piled-up ice-cream parfaits and rainbow-coloured confectionary. Each section developed its regular clientele. As they became established in Gore, first Saba, and later Joe, built houses in William Street; the brothers' families remained close as their children grew up.

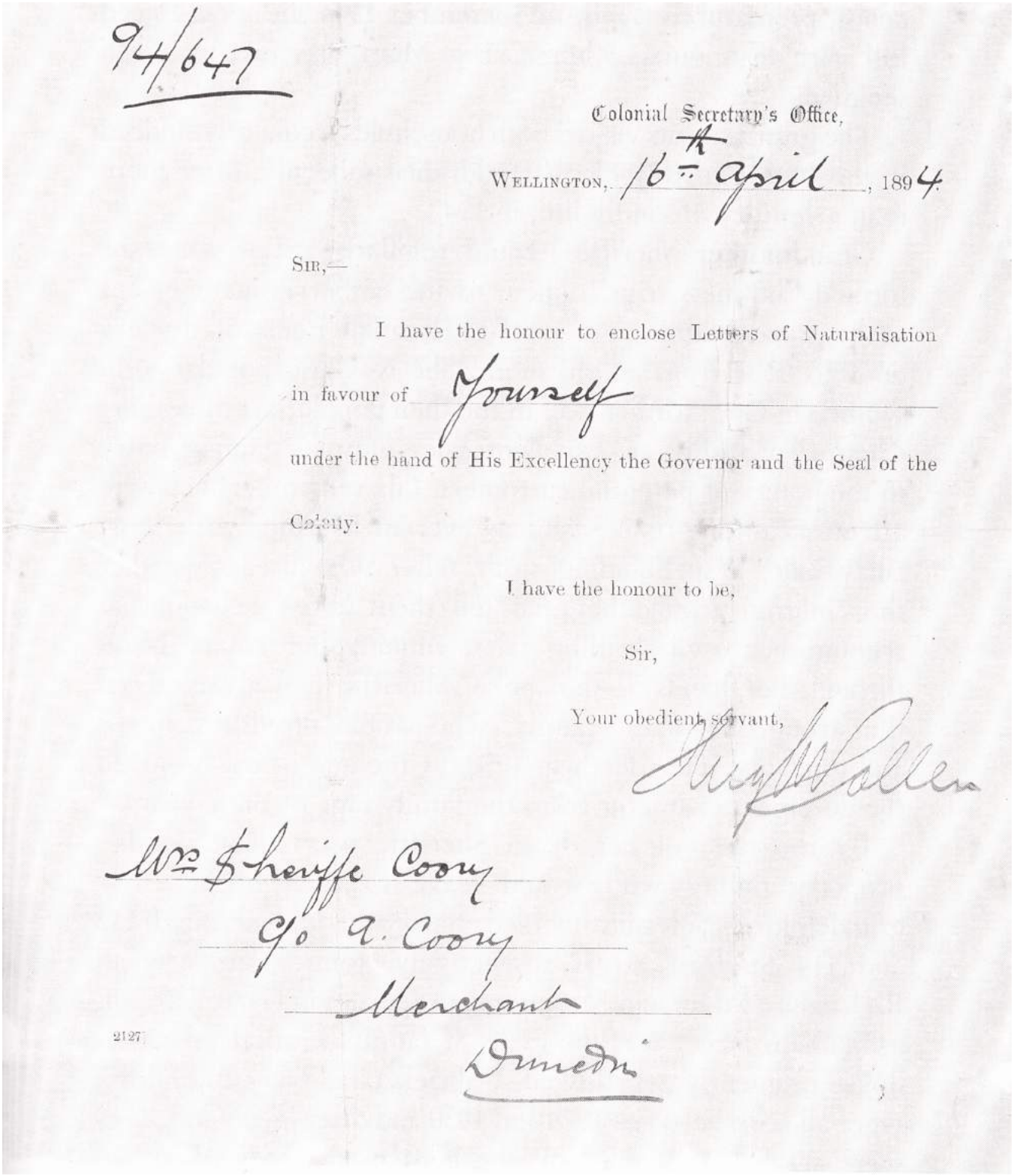
Saba and his family were soon settled, respected and popular

in the community. Saba had always had the common touch; he was now a man of presence as well. Mindful of his own early hardships, he was ready to help others when he could in a very practical way, by guaranteeing the bank loan needed to start a business, for instance. Some time after Saba's death, the family solicitor told Gabriel how his father had gone against his advice to guarantee to one woman the sum she needed to buy a house. He was not moved by arguments of lack of security: "She's a widow", he said, "My mother was a widow and she didn't have many people helping her."

Some of the many friendships in the district dated back to hawking days in the Depression and grew from his generosity. To one family, for example, he had said, "Pay me when you can — and if you can't, well I know you're not trying to cheat me." They became lifelong friends.

Saba's mother was also part of his household. When his children were small, they had spent holidays at Stafford Street with their much-loved 'Big Mum': originally this had been Gabriel's name for her, to distinguish her from both Grandmother Sheriffie and his own mother, but all the Lebanese community came to use the affectionate nickname. Her grandchildren have fond memories of going to the movies with her, then walking back up the hill still laughing at the antics of Charlie Chaplin or Laurel and Hardy. Big Mum had been very happy in Dunedin, but in her later years she developed serious diabetes; the insulin treatment prescribed did not suit her case. She lived with Saba's family and Joe's family in Gore for some years but for a time before her death, prematurely aged, in September 1944 she would need full care in a nursing home. Big Mum was just 62 when she died.

The grandparents visited both households frequently. Indeed it was on a visit to Joe's that Jiddi died suddenly, after more than a century of kindly life, in 1942.



94/647

Colonial Secretary's Office,

WELLINGTON, 16th April, 1894

SIR,—

I have the honour to enclose Letters of Naturalisation in favour of Yourself under the hand of His Excellency the Governor and the Seal of the Colony.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Richd Seddon

Mr Sheriffe Coory
C/o A. Coory
Merchant
Dunedin

2127

A letter for the Colonial Secretary's Office enclosing Letters of Naturalisation for Sheriffie Coory. The letter is dated April 16, 1894

Grandmother Sheriffie would regularly make what she termed "business trips" when, to the embarrassment of her great grandchildren, she would sell small items of drapery door to door from an old pram. She was also popular with women in Gore for her skill in the then popular art of reading teacups, probably an excellent sales ploy in gaining entry to the homes of potential customers. Lila remembers her with affection at this time: regal as ever in bearing, with short curly hair, a spellbinding story teller who used to gather the children around her and tell them about Lebanon, or recount her own thrilling tales, running her rosary beads through her hands as she spoke. Sheriffie had always been the strong one of the family, who would provide firmness and guidance. Her death in 1950, at the age of 88, removed the dominant character from the family saga of these years.

By the time of her death Sheriffie was a considerable property owner who would leave to each of her four grandchildren a legacy in land. Saba and Joe inherited 112 and 114 Stafford Street respectively, John a property in Richardson Street and Mary some properties in Carroll Street.

William Street was the focus of family life. Indeed Saba's house frequently overflowed. Gabriel, Lila, Tony and Gloria were all born between 1928 and 1930 and often, when relatives were staying and when all the beds in the house were in use some of the children had to be put in makeshift beds on the floor. For years, while the children were small, Biddy's sister Jamelie would arrive by train every weekend and help with sewing and mending; both sisters and most of the children cried every time she set off back to Dunedin.

There were always friends as well. Biddy not only worked extremely hard raising her seven children and helping in the shop, but she was warmly hospitable — it's the word her daughter, sister and son-in-law all chose to describe her. Even

Governor.

94/547

To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting.

Whereas Antony Coory
of Dunedin
in the Colony of New Zealand, Merchant
being a person of good repute, hath duly presented to me a Memorial praying that Letters of Naturalisation may be granted to him, and a Certificate as by law is required, and hath since duly taken the oath prescribed by "The Aliens Act, 1880:"

Now know ye that I, DAVID, EARL OF GLASGOW, the Governor of the said Colony of New Zealand, in pursuance and exercise of the power vested in me by the said Act, do hereby grant unto the said
Antony Coory
these Letters of Naturalisation, and that he, the said
Antony Coory
shall hereafter have and enjoy all the rights and capacities which a natural-born subject of the United Kingdom can enjoy or transmit within the Colony of New Zealand.

Given under the hand of Sir James Prendergast as the Deputy of His Excellency the Right Honourable DAVID, EARL OF GLASGOW, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George; Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over Her Majesty's Colony of New Zealand and its Dependencies, and Vice-Admiral of the same; and issued under the Seal of the said Colony, at the Government House at Wellington, in the Colony aforesaid, this 14th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four.

Enrolled in the Office of the Colonial Secretary, in Register No. 31, page 182, this 14th day of April, 1894.

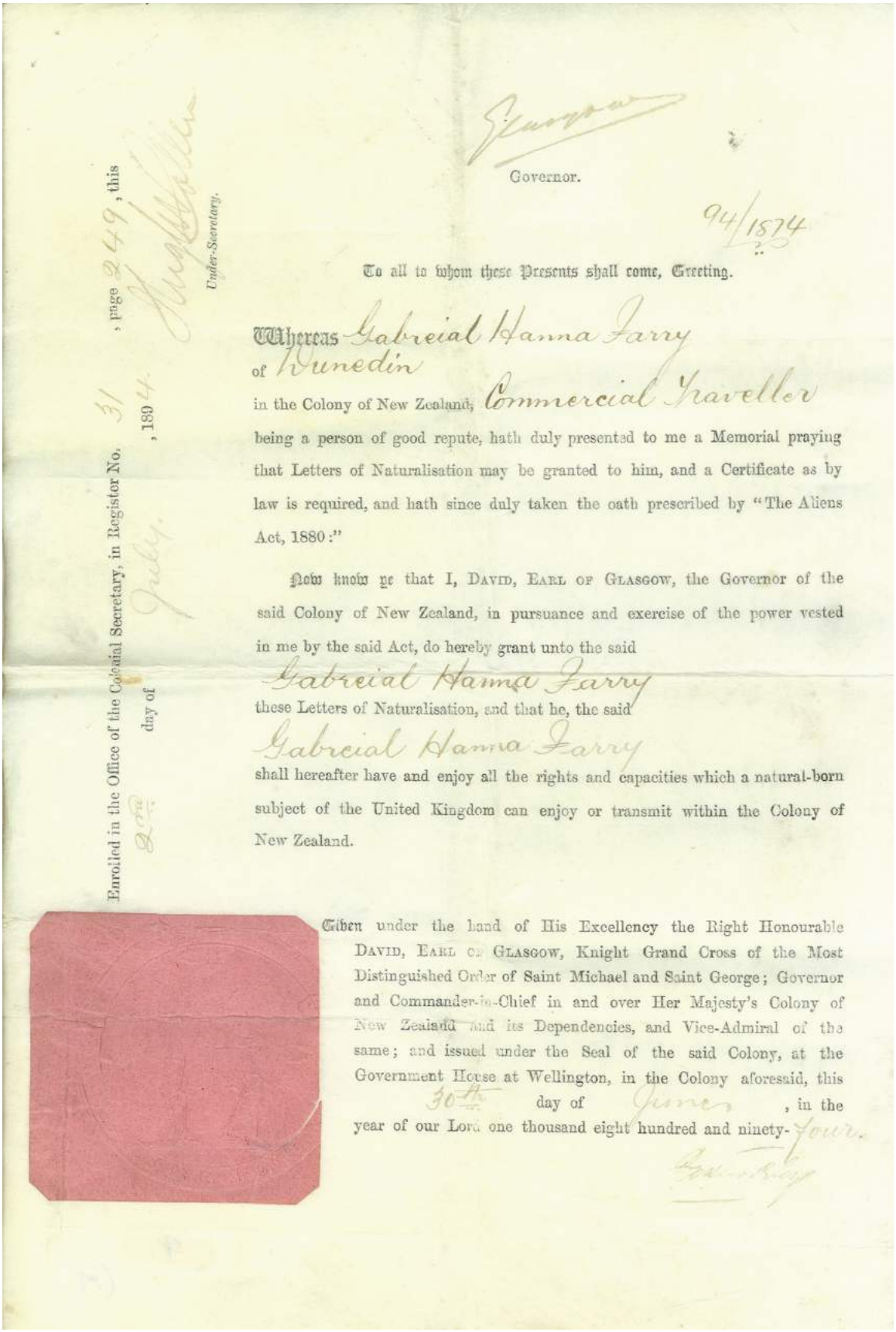
Under-Secretary.

Letters of Naturalisation for Anthony Coory, dated April 14, 1894.

before guests, expected or otherwise, had reached the gate, she would be out to meet them, shouting an exuberant welcome. And there were lots of guests, so that the family remember an almost continuous stream of people. Casual callers received an equally kindly welcome. There were cups of tea for the meter reader and the one—eyed, one—armed man who delivered the coal (grisly, the children thought him and sterilized his cup after he'd gone). There was courtesy for those who overstayed their welcome; Lila's husband, asked to chat with one of these regular callers while Biddy dressed, couldn't remember a more boring hour.

The family made heavy demands. Saba enjoyed playing hard as well as working hard and frequently 7 o'clock on a Saturday evening would see him breeze in from a day at the races with a carload of friends — for whom Biddy would somehow provide a sumptuous meal in half an hour. As teenagers the children would come home after work on Friday night and devour the corned beef or chicken and cake prepared in advance for Saturday's dinner; and on Saturday night would do the same with Sunday's dinner. Biddy never complained. She was, in fact, an adoring mother, and later grandmother, but she nevertheless demanded high standards from her children. Saba also expected a lot from his children. Although he never laid a hand on them and was always a good listener, he was very strict — especially with the girls. Lila, whose relationship with him was often stormy — she says she was sacked every day when she worked in the family business — remembers her resentment, when she and Gabriel were both engaged, to a brother and sister, that he was allowed to join a group for a weekend outing but she was not. In spite of clashes of temperament and rows, there was no doubt that the family was a loving one and Saba and Biddy devoted to each other.

Almost as much as people, Saba loved horses, and as business



Governor.

94/1574

To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting.

Whereas Gabreial Hanna Farry
of Dunedin
in the Colony of New Zealand, Commercial Traveller
being a person of good repute, hath duly presented to me a Memorial praying that Letters of Naturalisation may be granted to him, and a Certificate as by law is required, and hath since duly taken the oath prescribed by "The Aliens Act, 1880:"

Now know ye that I, DAVID, EARL OF GLASGOW, the Governor of the said Colony of New Zealand, in pursuance and exercise of the power vested in me by the said Act, do hereby grant unto the said
Gabreial Hanna Farry
these Letters of Naturalisation, and that he, the said
Gabreial Hanna Farry
shall hereafter have and enjoy all the rights and capacities which a natural-born subject of the United Kingdom can enjoy or transmit within the Colony of New Zealand.

Enrolled in the Office of the Colonial Secretary, in Register No. 31, page 249, this 4th day of July, 1894.
Under-Secretary.

Given under the hand of His Excellency the Right Honourable DAVID, EARL OF GLASGOW, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George; Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over Her Majesty's Colony of New Zealand and its Dependencies, and Vice-Admiral of the same; and issued under the Seal of the said Colony, at the Government House at Wellington, in the Colony aforesaid, this 30th day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four.

Letters of Naturalisation for Gabriel Hanna Farry, dated June 30, 1894.

picked up and the firm expanded rapidly in the post war years,he was able to indulge his passion. In 1948 his Sumra was just beaten at long odds in the Dunedin Centennial Cup; an indication of things to come. He set up his own stables, with Teddy Winslow as trainer, and bred a string of champions. There was Taj, which held the four furlong record for Southland for some years; there were Red Copy, Sweet Lorraine, Golden Chips. Above all, there were the splendid champions Liban (French for Lebanon) and Summer Magic. Both Gabriel and Tony would inherit this love of horses and the race track.

Early in 1955 both Gabriel and Lila married, and soon after Saba and Biddy set off on a trip round the world which included an extensive stay in Lebanon. They were still away when their first two grandchildren were born, a daughter to Lila and a son (who shared a birthday with Saba) to Gabriel. Fifteen years later a second son would be born, on the same date.

In 1960 Farry's Ltd entered a new phase of development. The Rialto buildings, which had housed auction rooms almost from the foundation of Gore, came up for sale and Farry's, the little drapery store next door, bought the building. Farry's would develop into a modern department store, ten times its original size, and featuring innovations Saba had noted on his world tour — such as piped music throughout the store and a coffee bar on the mezzanine floor. As the children grew up, they went into the business, which remained very much a family concern.

Joe's business ventures in Gore and its district were more varied than Saba's, but equally successful. They involved dealings with the rural community of Southland, which he had come to appreciate so deeply in the rigours of his hawking days. He opened a business for the manufacture and distribution of concrete posts and blocks, Central Concrete Products, then moved on to the importing of hurricane wire and corrugated

iron. With a friend from hawking days he went into farm contract work, with two headers and a couple of balers. In 1951, just before the boom, he went a stage further, and bought a 200 acre farm at Riversdale, where there was a branch of the concrete works; he later sold it to buy a 560 acre block at Wendonside. The family continued to live in Gore itself; it was a standing joke that although Jamelie, Pauline and Margaret visited the farm several times by car, none of them ever actually set foot on its soil.

By the late 1950s, with his family growing up, Joe determined to move back to Dunedin. In 1952 he sold the Midland Bar and over the next few years disposed of most of his other business interests. It was perhaps not surprising that Saba should decide to do likewise. Neither Biddy nor Jamelie had ever felt Gore was home, and both were eager to get back to Dunedin.

For a time, Joe kept the farm, under a manager, but operating at such a distance did not prove satisfactory. One manager cleared out; and on another distressing occasion he lost 564 out of 600 newly shorn sheep in a sudden cold snap. John, who had to collect the tags from the dead sheep, remembers well how upset his father was.

It was the interests of some of the younger generation, now pursuing their own careers, that led Joe into a series of new property ventures. Pauline's husband, Tom Farry, had experience in the hotel trade and when the chance came to buy the gracious and traditional Wain's Hotel from its Southland owner Bill Hazlett, John, newly qualified in law, succeeded in negotiating the deal, and Tom and Pauline were installed to manage it. This proved to be the first of several hotel interests for Joe: he went on to buy the land and licence for the Gardens Tavern and purchased a Princes Street site on which he built the

(Opposite page) *Certificate of Residency of Amelia Coory, dated May 14, 1906.*

This is to certify that Amelia Jarry a resident of Walker St alleges that she arrived in New Zealand about twelve (12) years ago. The said Amelia Jarry (together with her husband and two children) is desirous of visiting Syria and intends to return within four (4) years.

Dunedin
14th May 1906

C. W. Chamberlain
Collector.

COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS
15 MAY 1906
DUNEDIN, N.Z.

A Photograph is attached hereto

Signature in English
Amelia Jarry

Age 23 years
Height about 5 ft 4 ins.

The finger prints of Amelia Jarry were taken in my presence.

H. W. Williams
14/5/06

Left hand	Right hand

Downtown Tavern. Later, Wain's would be sold to Dominion Breweries, the Gardens Tavern to Lion Corporation and Downtown Tavern (now George's) to a private buyer.

Saba's business interests also broadened again when he returned to Dunedin. Like Joe he made his home on the hill overlooking the city centre where he had spent his young manhood. He bought property in High Street, building motels on part of the site. He developed further retail clothing outlets: Farry's Ltd opened a ladies' wear shop in Invercargill. At the time of his death in 1968, he was involved both in supervising alterations to bigger, more central premises in Invercargill and in negotiating for a women's fashion store in Dunedin.

That year, on a visit to Lila, who now lived in Invercargill, Saba suffered a heart attack. The family were called. Sitting up in hospital, he seemed to have made a good recovery but this was illusory and Saba died. His death was a heavy blow to the family, which lost its acknowledged patriarch. It also marked a clear break with the pioneering generation.

MARY AND JOHN

Man cannot discover new oceans
Until he has courage to lose sight of the shore
Anonymous

Meantime the two younger members of the family, Mary and John, were also making their own lives. Mary's brief, disastrous experience of school in Dunedin lasted only a few weeks, and after it her life centred on her home. How would she spend her days? There was not enough housework in the little White House to occupy two people and Jamelie did the cooking — which again was not onerous, because the two boys were away much of the time.

But Sheriffie had no intention that her granddaughter should sit in idleness: 'If you're not at school,' she said with typical firmness, 'you're not going to sit and do nothing'. Almost the day after she left school, as Mary remembers it, she produced a parcel of white cotton nightdresses, embroidery patterns and thread. Using the skill she had learned in a distant Lebanese school, Mary would work delicate designs on the nightwear and Sheriffie, would sell them from a suitcase door to door. A close and loving bond developed between the two.

The regime did not change when the family moved to the much larger house at 112 Stafford Street. Mary helped with the housework and worked at her embroidery; her mother cooked for the family — grandparents, her three brothers and herself-

Wedding photograph of Edward La Hood and Mary Farry.
From left: Frank La Hood, Sophie Mansor, John Coory, bridegroom, bride, Marion La Hood, Joe Farry, Mary Bacos.
Children: Lila Farry, Tony Farry.

and often Italian boarders, three or four at a time. It was a busy and interesting time.

When she left school, Mary had had private English coaching for an hour twice a week. She liked her teacher, who took endless trouble with her, very much; she was soon able to speak English and, because she could already write in French, picked up written skills quickly too. She made friends, and the ache of homesickness for Becharre gradually ceased.

When she was about sixteen Mary's skill with her needle earned her a responsible job at Qunn's clothing factory. Quinn's was a substantial business, housed in Moritzons Building and employing over thirty young women as machinists. It specialised in men's tailoring, suits, overcoats and so on, and Mary was employed as a hand finisher. For the two years she was there she enjoyed the lively company, but at the same time — and indeed until penicillin gave her relief much later — she suffered a great deal from sore eyes.

During these years Mary began going out with Ned La Hood. In 1931, the same year that Joe married Jamelie, the couple became engaged. A handsome man, the oldest member of his ebullient family, Ned was a hawker like her brothers. He was thirteen years older than Mary and although she had known him from the time of her arrival in Dunedin, she had regarded him as being of a different generation; when he had come visiting, she had simply gone off to bed. Now the age gap had closed, and the pair enjoyed each other's company on drives, at the movies, at church.

Concerned about the continual eyestrain imposed by her job, Ned wanted Mary to stop work — and set about organising it. Mary had taken time off to look after the household while her mother was on holiday in Hawkes Bay, but at her employer's special request had gone back to help him out. It came as a shock, therefore, when he asked to see her and, very

embarrassed, told her he would have to dismiss her. It soon emerged he had had instructions from Ned. ‘You’ve got a good boy there,’ he said. ‘Stick to him.’ Mary did, her life long. But that didn’t stop her sending back the 10 pounds he sent her the next week to make up for her wages; she took no money from him until after they were married.

Like the other members of her family, Mary had a big wedding at St Joseph’s, with four of her friends as bridesmaids. Many of the guests were the same people who had been at her mother’s wedding so many years before, although this time they were all brought to the church in taxis.

The reception and traditional celebrations were held at Garden Terrace, and it was to Garden Terrace that Mary and Ned returned, after a week’s honeymoon in Christchurch, to spend the first four years of their married life. Here the first two of their family of four sons were born. The La Hoods were kind and affectionate, but Mary never felt at home at Garden Terrace. Of a quiet temperament and very fastidious, she found the constant crowds wearing; even without the endless visitors, there were three girls and a boy, as well as her parents-in—law, in the house and she sorely missed Ned, who was away about one week in three. She longed for her own home, but when she and Ned discussed moving to Mornington Joe La Hood wept at the thought of their going so far away. At last they bought, settled in and renovated a house in Maitland Street. Another son was born within a few years and another a full thirteen years later.

Home and family were the focus of Mary’s life and her pride. Her home gave a welcome not only to her own family but to student nephews who would take their meals there while at University. Gentle in manner and appearance, but with a will of iron, ‘Aunty Mary’, as she became known to everyone, even on the briefest acquaintance, was and is universally loved.

Early in 1955 Ned and his son Gordon opened the Acme Tailors and Mercers at 380 Princes Street (now Farmers Motors). The business flourished and later branches were opened in Green Island and Mosgiel. Mary and Ned built a fine house in Melville Street, but after Ned's sudden death in 1966, Mary left the big house for a small one, still a centre of enjoyment and affection for her children and grandchildren.

Unlike Mary, John stayed on at school, and later went to Christian Brothers', but his education never really developed his undoubted ability. It didn't take too long, after the first harrowing weeks, for his English to improve and for him to become one of the boys. The others would still sometimes make fun of his accent though and if, pushed too far by this, he grabbed his tormentor to wrestle with him in the Lebanese way, he often found the other would respond instead with a swinging punch to the face. Time and again, in his early school career, John went home with a black eye or swollen mouth. Things improved when he made friends with two other Lebanese boys in the school. They invited him home and encouraged him in his English until at last he felt he could handle the language almost as well as anybody else. He found mates and formed friendships that would last through to adulthood.

When John left school, he followed his adored older brothers into hawking, happy not to have to work for wages. Like Joe, he went first with Joseph Milne to learn the ropes on the Southland run. On one memorable occasion he ran into Joe La Hood at a railway station. Joe asked if he had any message for his mother. 'You could ask her to send me some *kibbie'*, said the young man, tired of the bland and frugal diet of cheap Southern hotels. Overcome by hilarity, Joe began to dance and chant, 'Eat Belgian roll! Eat Belgian roll! Why you want *Kibbie?* Eat Belgian roll!'. He was still shouting out his refrain, to the astonishment of the other passengers and John's acute

embarrassment, as the train pulled away from the platform. When Saba and Joe moved from horse power to motor power John took over the horse and cart. When they gave up travelling, he took over the truck.

At first John continued to live at Stafford Street, but after both Saba and Joe settled in Gore, he too drifted South and with a partner, he bought a drapery store in Wyndham: Farry and Forbes (Forbes soon pulled out) was a men's and ladies' wear shop, with the miscellaneous stock of the typical small town store. John boarded with a couple in Wyndham, but it was only half an hour's drive in his Morris Minor to Gore, and he spent much of his time with one or other of the Farry families, always welcome whenever he arrived with his little overnight suitcase.

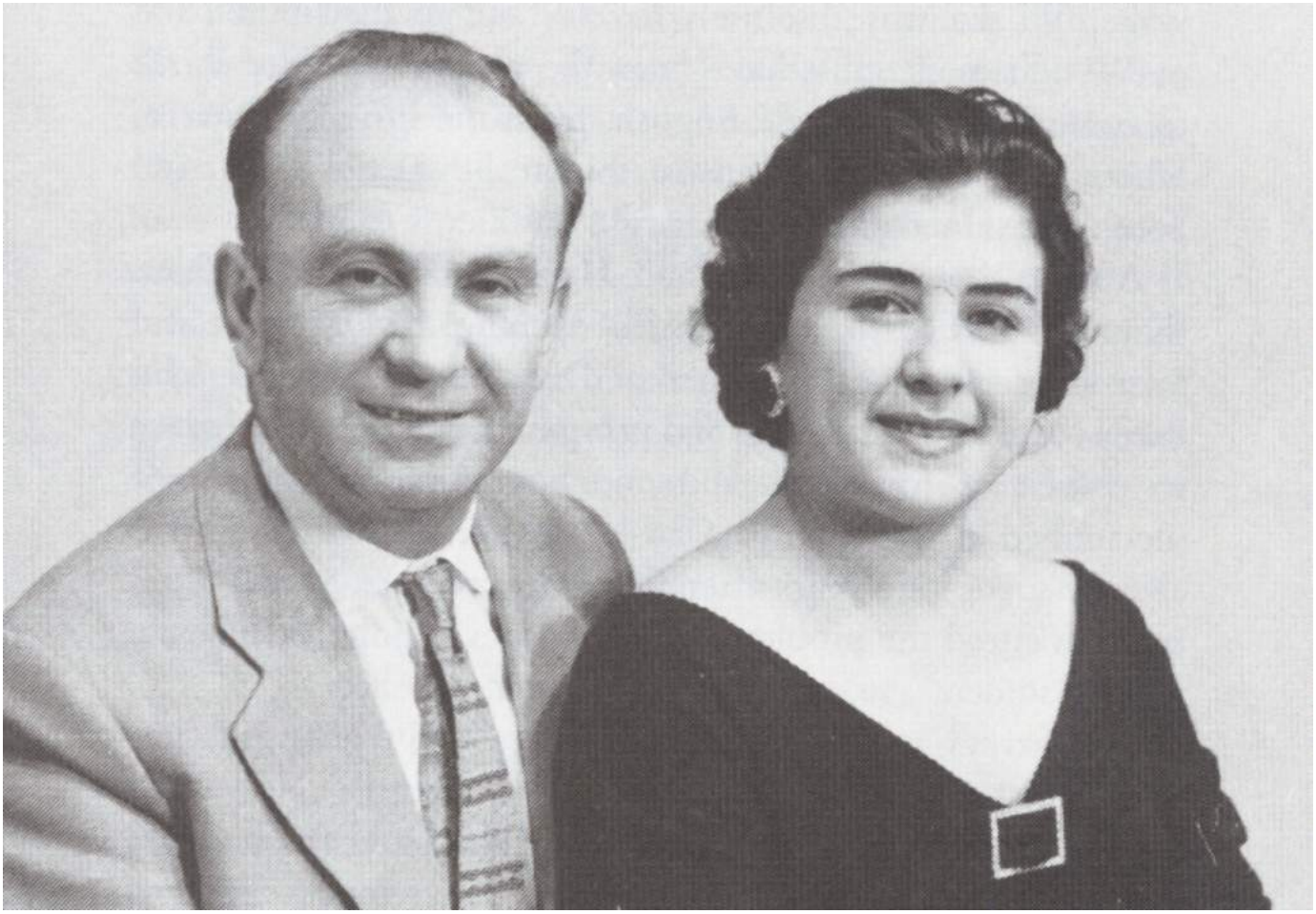
John was a lovable person with a streak of mischief that endeared him to his nephews and nieces. He would, for example, drive Joe, punctilious in his religious observance, to fury by his refusal to go to Mass on Sunday. He would consume, with great relish, a huge breakfast in bed, then claim he was too unwell to move — suffering, as he told Joe firmly, from 'Sunday flu'. John was also notoriously absentminded. Once he borrowed a car from the brothers to pick up a parcel from the railway station. Much later he staggered up to the house on foot, carrying a bulky package and complaining loudly at its weight; he had left the car parked at the station. The family also remember how, when some of the males were preparing a meal for themselves, John, who had retreated to the laundry to produce the salads, oil and vinegar bottles set down beside him, picked up another nearby bottle instead and doused the lettuce in Jeyes fluid. It was always interesting having John around.

His relationship with his five nieces was especially important to both sides. John was like a tolerant older brother. He would take them for memorable weekend trips to Dunedin, his car

piled high with their luggage. On one occasion that has gone down in family history, when he was staying at Joe's, two of the girls (Pauline and Gloria) would not stop talking, although it was well on into the early hours of the morning. At last John emerged from his room, fully dressed and carrying his little suitcase, to announce furiously that he wouldn't stay in the house with lunatics who refused to go to sleep. He set off for Wyndham, in spite of the frost and the desperate pleading of his nieces, who were quite distraught, and never forgot the incident.

With sunny memories of his carefree early childhood, John longed to see Lebanon again, and as a very young man he took out an insurance policy for 10,000 pounds with this in mind. He took his chance when Saba and Biddy were in Becharre in 1955: he joined them. And it was there that he met and married the attractive, highly intelligent young Hauda Kayrouz: the happiest time of his life, John called it. After a few months John brought Hauda back to New Zealand -— to the wild excitement and curiosity of the Gore nephews and nieces (What's she like? What's she like? they pestered Joe's son John, one of the first to meet her, and were told she was absolutely lovely) and to the limited life of Wyndham. It must have been the ultimate culture shock to come, with very little English, from the life of Becharre, where her father was an instructor on the ski fields, to rural Southland. Hauda had some hard adjustments to make.

After a few years John and Hauda sold the Wyndham shop and settled in Invercargill, opening a very successful menswear shop on the corner of Dee and Esk Streets. John Farry Menswear expanded and prospered and the family grew to consist of four girls and one boy. John Farry himself succumbed at this time to a back problem for which he had already spent long years attending chiropractors. Surgery and traction cured the problem, while various of John's nephews,



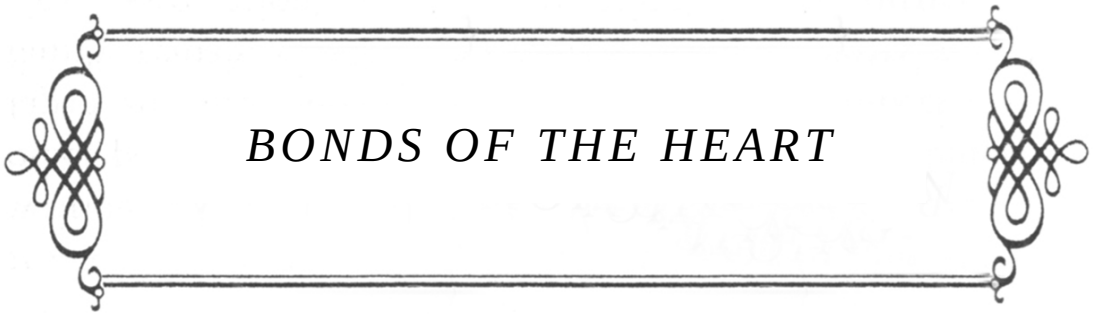
A photograph of John and Hauda, taken shortly after they were married.

now of student age, took turns to help in the shop.

The Farrys spent long, happy years in Invercargill, but when their two eldest daughters went overseas, John and Hauda also felt the urge to move on. They sold the business and moved to Auckland with the three younger children. There, for a time, Hauda ran a furniture boutique in Queen Street, and John a menswear store in Newmarket. After renting initially, they bought a house in Remuera, and then Orakei.

John's health problems however were not over. He developed severe angina and after much deliberation, made more acrimonious because of his hostility to orthodox medical practice, he had a triple heart by-pass. The occasion, and its aftermath, caused a family crisis of the first order. It could be said — and was, by Hauda and all other members of the family — that John, charming, lovable John, was the worst patient in recorded medical history. He had a bad reaction to some medication which brought on a kind of epilepsy. Heavily drugged, he would continually fall over, but could be kept in bed only with the utmost difficulty. He would not tolerate Hauda leaving the hospital. When he was discharged Joe went to Auckland to support Hauda. One day he called her aside and told her that they would have to face the reality. 'My brother has gone crazy.' John eventually recovered, to the relief of the entire family. It says much for the nature of his obstinacy that in spite of a back rectification and a triple by-pass requiring several periods of hospitalisation, he still maintains, with a serene conviction no experience can shake, the superiority of chiropractors over doctors.

Garden Terrace, Carroll Street, Dunedin. The property was demolished to make way for the Palmyra redevelopment.
from Dunedin, Portrait of a City, Shona McFarlane, Whitcombe and Tombs., 1970.



BONDS OF THE HEART

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Sir Walter Scott

From time immemorial people have moved from one country to another, but the permanent, voluntary migration that took place in the latter part of the nineteenth century was something different. Awesome in scale, it transferred labour from surplus areas to deficit areas and was accompanied by large flows which financed industrial growth throughout the world. It was far and away the largest human migration known to history. In this vast movement of people the Lebanese, members of the Fahkry clan among them, played their part.

But looking at migration in this broad way does nothing to explain what it meant in human terms to the young men and women who left the security of family and familiar environment to establish themselves in a new land: a land of economic opportunity perhaps, but also one alien in language and customs, often unwelcoming or even hostile to strangers. How to become part of the society of one's adoptive country while still remaining loyal to one's own ethnic traditions is a personal dilemma for every migrant. Assimilation is by no means an automatic process, or necessarily desired or desirable. The theory that integration occurs naturally over three generations — the migrant generation, the bridge generation,

the assimilated generation— oversimplifies a complex process. More relevant to the Lebanese experience in Otago is the pattern identified by sociologists as chain migration. They see several steps in this process. A pioneer arrives in the host country, sometimes fortuitously, and decides to stay. He then writes to his native village, urging relatives and friends to join him. When some do, the migrants establish themselves in a close group, set up small independent businesses, bring out wives or fiancees. When the children of this generation reach maturity, they achieve positions higher up the social scale. It is still thought to be too early to assess the degree of assimilation of the next, the third, generation.

In the process of the immigrants' adjustment to a new society the role of the immigrant community is a vital one, 'a beach head from which they move with strength,' one writer calls it. By supporting and protecting its members, the community prevents the social disorganisation that can occur when people lose the traditional cultural framework of their lives. For the first New Zealand generations of the Farry family, those of Gabriel and his children, the Lebanese community in Walker/Carroll Street was of crucial significance. Its members shared memories, not only of Lebanon, but of the village of Becharre itself, the way of life there, the people. To the people of Dunedin they might have been Lebanese or Syrians; within the community even tribal differences were still important. Jamelie Joseph, who married into the Fahkry clan, described how her engagement was postponed because one member of her fiance's family would not countenance marriage to a Kayrouz: this was in the 1920s. But more important than what divided the community was what united them. Above all their religion: St Joseph's Cathedral was the focus of religious life for the community, the venue for generation after generation of Lebanese weddings; Maronites easily enough blended into

Roman Catholics. The whole community also shared in the personal joys and sorrows of its members, in the open unrestrained manner of their homeland. At a bereavement, the whole community went into mourning. At a wedding the whole community celebrated — for days, in the Lebanese way. Marriage outside the community was rare.

In the early years there were also bonds of employment. Almost all the men were hawkers who shared the experience of travelling and selling throughout the countryside; they developed a special jargon of the road. When they were at home they would congregate in one house to talk and play cards. When they were away the women of the community, continually in and out of each other's houses, helped and supported each other.

Lebanese customs were maintained. Children, though they may have been indulged in many ways, especially when their fathers were away, were brought up strongly in their faith and with the strictest deference for their elders. Meals consisted of the hot spicy dishes of home, a tradition still largely maintained. Some family members still make cabbage rolls in huge quantities, as Rosie La Hood used to do. But the Lebanese had no intention of trying to remain apart from New Zealand life. It is significant that most families, even in early years, chose to speak English in the home, often bringing in teachers to teach it; for the second generation it would typically be their only language. Some traditional skills inevitably disappeared: the art of the Lebanese male dance, the *Dubke* (rather like Greek dancing) at which Joe Farry was an acknowledged expert, died with him.

Marriages took place, almost without exception in the early years, within the community. Even much later, New Zealand-born Lebanese men would, as John Farry did, marry in Lebanon and bring back wives with them. Marriage outside the

community has only recently become common, outside the faith it is still very rare.

The extent of intermarriage is one of the accepted indices of the assimilation of a migrant group. Another is how far the host society discriminates against it. The 1890s, when Gabriel Farry and most of the Dunedin Lebanese arrived, was a strident, imperialistic decade, when ‘keeping New Zealand white’ and maintaining the ‘purity of the race’ were seen in many quarters as priorities. This is reflected in discriminatory legislation against ‘Asiatics’, a term deemed to include Lebanese. The result was that immigration from Lebanon declined by the turn of the century and had virtually ceased by World War One. The group was thus deprived of the stimulus of continual new arrivals from the homeland, but this did not cause it to retreat into a self—conscious separatism. As well as official discrimination there was also the uninformed prejudice that so easily arises against a group which is identifiably different. Over the years both legal discrimination and local prejudice died away.

By the time Saba and Joe, Mary and John had become adults, the close-knit Carroll Street community was beginning to be dispersed. After 1905, when the first property bought by a Lebanese appears in the rate books, blocks of properties in the street, at first up from Princes Street on the left and then down the other side, came into Lebanese hands. Twenty years later Lebanese families were moving further away; in many cases it was not far — Stafford Street, Maitland Street, Melville Street — but away, nonetheless. Regretted as this was by the older generation, such dispersion is a significant index of integration: an indication that the immigrant community, with its supportive networks, has served its purpose and is no longer needed.

There is a similar pattern of dispersion in occupation, allied to upward social mobility. This economic dispersal in the

community is another of the indices of assimilation. Gabriel Farry's sons, whether one classes them as first or second generation settlers, all broke away from the traditional New Zealand Lebanese occupation of hawking; they also operated in business on a much wider scale than their father. Their sons, in turn, have either expanded further again in business or moved into the professions. In the case of the daughters of the family such moves have been slower. The concept of separate spheres for men and women, public for men, private for women, to which our nineteenth century forbears subscribed, was firmly in place in Carroll Street and few Lebanese women were at first in paid employment, certainly not after marriage. Such a pattern has not been easily changed, but increasingly Farry women have moved into their chosen careers, and now professions.

Among all the changes, love of the Lebanese homeland has remained secure. Becharre draws its people back. As a visiting relative from the United States put it, 'You can take the people out of Becharre, but you can't take Becharre out of the people'. Of Gabriel's children, only Mary has not been able to make the journey to the mountain town where she was born and she considers that to be her only regret. Even in the midst of Lebanon's tragic strife today Becharre remains a timeless and tranquil place. For the descendants of Gabriel Farry, who left its cedar-clad peace a century ago for the bush-covered beauty of Dunedin's hills it is an integral part of their rich double heritage, New Zealand and Lebanese.

PART II

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

Yesterday is but today's memory and tomorrow
is today's dream
Kahlil Gibran

The family story, in the historical sense, has been told but it is impossible to obtain an insight into the personalities of the story without some observations from a family member.

Unfortunately I have very little recollection of any of my grandparents and only hazy memories of my great grandmother. For the stories of Gabriel John Farry of Becharre, North Lebanon, and his lovely wife Jamelie I must rely upon the information and the observations that have been handed down through family folk-lore. However, I have personal recollections of the four off-spring of that marriage, their

(Opposite page) On *Christmas Day 1984, the descendants of Gabriel and Jamelie Farry gathered for Mass at St Josephs Cathedral. This photograph was taken on the same steps as the wedding photograph had been taken 85 years earlier. The attendance was very good, but unfortunately John and Hauda and family are not represented and a number of younger members were unable to be present.*
Similar gatherings have been held on two subsequent Christmases and will be repeated in future years.

spouses and their children which may give subsequent generations a glimpse of their personalities, their values and their respective life styles.

When I look back my mind inevitably takes me to Gore — indeed to William Street, Gore. For it was in that street that the families of Joe and Saba Farry spent their formative years. I can recall every nook and cranny of both the interior and surrounds of 37 William Street as it then was and of 1 William Street during the period it was occupied by my family. In architectural terms I think our home would have been classified as a Spanish villa. It had a flat roof and a parapet to a height of three feet around its entire perimeter. On the back wall there was a metal ladder built into the structure which enabled us to climb up on the roof whenever we felt inclined and sit behind the parapet in complete privacy. I can recall Malcolm, Saba and myself climbing onto that roof to play dramatic games, to hide from household chores or to discuss all manner of earth shattering problems as they are perceived by young boys between the ages of eight and thirteen.

Next door to the house was a vacant section, the only one in William Street, and it belonged to Uncle Saba. On this section David and Gloria later built a home but in those days it offered abundant opportunities for all kinds of boyhood activities and in particular the chance to strive for months on end to dig a hole big enough for an underground hut. This particular hut became something of an obsession and although it was never completed to my satisfaction it provided hours of unpaid toil for young lads with an abundance of energy. I also had a little garden plot of my own on that section and Dad cleared an area and laid a lawn on which we spent hours playing cricket and hours looking for the ball which inevitably became lost in the adjacent tussock.

Our home was comfortable and stylish by the standards of the

day. It was built in the post-war period when there were severe building restrictions and the size of new homes was restricted. It is significant to note that I have vivid recollections of the arrival of our first refrigerator and, later, our first washing machine. These items which are now regarded as essential in any household were virtually luxuries in my early childhood. Still later our Columbus cabinet radio with short wave capacity gave way to a new radiogram which played records at seventy eight revolutions per minute. I have often wondered what became of the huge pile of old records which we accumulated over the years at William Street.

As a child the home of Uncle Saba and Aunty Biddy at 37 William Street was a very special place to me. It was built a few years before our home and I think it was probably a little larger. When I go back to that house now I wonder how seven adult and adolescent children and two parents and regular and numerous visitors all fitted into it. It seems to have shrunk with the passage of time but as a child it was always such a happy and welcoming place to all who went there. It had a large flat lawn on which we played all manner of games and a garage roof which was easily accessible and used for all manner of activities. Both Uncle Saba and my father were keen gardeners and I recall fresh green peas in the garden of 37 William Street and the tasty strawberries and gooseberries which grew so well in our garden.

The two homes are no more than two-hundred metres apart and it was inevitable that the two families would have close connections in almost every way. The seven members of Uncle Saba and Aunty Biddy's family and the four members of my family all attended St Mary's School in Gore. It was within easy walking distance of both homes as was the old Church of the Blessed Sacrament which has now disappeared to make way for a much more modern if somewhat less appealing structure.

At this time Aunty Mary and Uncle Ned and their four boys lived in a little house situated at 110 Maitland Street, Dunedin. I think that my fondest childhood memories centre upon that little house. The rooms were small and it looked out on the splendid garden of Fred Arib and beyond to the Dunedin harbour. Memories of that house evoke the most vivid recollections of childhood activities that one could ever imagine. As children we raced marbles and plasticine horses. We teased, argued and competed in cards, draughts, monopoly and even hopscotch. In later years we argued about great matters of the moment — politics, religion, sex and whatever — throughout many a long night. We never came to blows but I don't know how Uncle Ned and Aunty Mary were able to sleep in their adjacent bedroom.

No random recollection of my childhood could be complete without reference to Garden Terrace. Unfortunately it has long since disappeared from the landscape but when I look at sketches reproduced in this book I am engulfed in nostalgia. Saba and myself spent many hours playing upon that balcony with its view over the central city and the harbour. The glasshouse contained a grapevine as a memento of the homeland. This homestead of the La Hood family was occupied by my Aunty Marion and her husband John Coory as well as by Uncles Frank, Jack and Fred during my early childhood years. It was an imposing place built in the Victorian style with spacious rooms and magnificent views from the upper floors. How well I remember that front door and the entry hall as well as the enclosed yard with a gate fronting Carroll Street.

Further up the street at the end of a lane was the Lettoof house which I visited on several occasions but I cannot claim to have an intimate knowledge of it. I do remember being taken by my parents to visit Aunty Biddy's mother and father in their advancing years. Meanwhile Sittee Sheriffie was still in

residence in 112 Stafford Street but my memories of that property at that stage are somewhat hazy. A little later my Uncle Fred lived in part of the house and remained there for sometime after marrying Shirley.

In those days Uncle John was boarding in Wyndham but spent much of his time in Gore with one or other of the two families. He later bought a home in Wyndham and subsequently shifted to Invercargill where he lived with Hauda and his family at an address in Tweed Street and later in Herbert Street.

These then are the focal points of my recollections. With loving thoughts and vivid memories I will now try to convey my recollections of the four Farrys, their spouses and their progeny.

Obviously the years of struggle precede my recollection but the period from the 1890s to the 1950s is covered in the text. My observations centre on the Gore period of the late 1940s and the 1950s.

SABA AND BIDDY

And before you leave the marketplace, see that no-
one has gone his way with empty hands
For the master spirit of the earth shall not sleep
peacefully upon the wind 'til the needs of the least of
you are satisfied.
Kahlil Gibran

If 37 William Street was a second home to me then it will be obvious that Uncle Saba and Aunty Biddy were second parents. I have no recollections of them that go beyond 37 William Street, Gore, although they did live in a rented property in Medway Street before the house was built.

Uncle Saba was a colourful, imaginative and good-natured husband and father with a very good sense of humour. He enjoyed the company of all kinds of people and welcomed the opportunity of socialising with friends in the racing fraternity and others. His famous phrase "I'll have one witcha" is part of family folklore. I have vivid recollections of his early involvement in horse racing even before he owned champion race-horses of his own. I remember names like "Sal's Pal" and "Sister Sal" and a horse trainer named "Cochrane" whose stables I visited with him on occasion.

The best way of illustrating Uncle Saba's personality is with anecdotes. The fact that he could never be considered a shy man was illustrated in many ways. I recall his visits to St Kevins College when he came to Oamaru for the races. He drove through the college grounds with a total lack of inhibition usually holding a "Capstan Cork" between his fingers. He would send someone to find me and bring me copious quantities of fruit and other goodies and then insist that I go to the races with him the next day. On one occasion he also visited Joe La Hood when he was completing his compulsory military

training at Burnham Camp. The discipline of an army establishment is somewhat more rigorous than that of a boarding school but Uncle Saba was undaunted. With total disregard for protocol he drove his 1953 blue DeSoto directly across the parade ground, waited for someone to come up to the car and then asked if his nephew Joe La Hood from Dunedin could be summoned. Joe saw what was going on and as a sensitive teenage military trainee prayed fervently to God that he would suddenly disappear from the face of the planet. If he had chosen to hide or disappear Uncle Saba would simply have waited for as long as it took to find him because he had come to see his nephew and nothing would stop him from doing so. For him the parade ground was neither special nor sacred.

One of Lila's early boyfriends was a red-headed young man with freckles and Uncle Saba was not impressed. He was nicknamed "Chincha" (Ginger). I seem to recall that Uncle Saba's accent was a little more pronounced than my father's and he had a very mischievous and cheeky smile. When he smiled his eyes disappeared but his face beamed. While he was good natured and good humoured it would be fair to say that he insisted on rigid family discipline and I think he retained the traditional patriarchal attitude with which he had grown up in Lebanon.

Any member of the family would testify that their loving caring good natured father was endowed with quite a temper which was a source of amusement rather than apprehension or fear. It is a family trait to have a blast and get on with life without harbouring any ill will. It seems to me that this is and always has been a great safety valve and one of the most critical factors in enabling the family structure to withstand all the pressures that daily living has thrust upon it.

On one occasion at 37 William Street I witnessed a most amusing and amazing incident. The table was set and there was

much food laid out thereon. Aunty Biddy's father (Jiddi Milhelm) asked Jimmi to get him a glass of water. I was having tea there because my mother was in Dunedin at the time. Jimmi asked Malcolm to get the glass of water and he was distracted and failed to do so. The grandfather muttered some complaint and Uncle Saba became angry that his father-in-law had not been accorded appropriate treatment. In his anger he picked up a plate as if to smash it down on the table and Aunty Biddy, having prepared a beautiful meal, took him to task, picked up a carefully selected old plate and with the taunt "if you want to break dishes Saba . . ." threw it onto the linoleum covered kitchen floor. This simple act triggered an amazing explosion. Uncle Saba broke a great many dishes that night in a brilliant demonstration of Mediterranean temper. As a passive observer of tender age I felt no fear nor any concern for family safety. It was simply amusing and extremely memorable. As I write this it occurs to me that it is impossible to capture the atmosphere of the occurrence. I think the incident serves to illustrate, very admirably, the importance of an absence of inhibition in family relationships. A half hour after the event the whole family, including the parents, were laughing together and continue to do so when the incident is recalled.

One day Uncle Saba was sitting in the same room as the girls when Jimmi (probably about 15 years of age at the time) was heard to say "If I got pregnant I think I would kill myself". Uncle Saba looked over his glasses and said "You wouldn't have to, Deeny".

Uncle Saba was an imaginative businessman who had a meticulous approach to detail. He maintained immaculate records of all his business dealings and while, in some, this may be a boring trait it was not so in Uncle Saba.

He came to Gore because it was the centre of the area that he had canvassed for so long as a hawker and he brought with him

his wife Biddy of whom I cherish many special memories. I suppose that my most vivid memory is of a dedicated wife, mother, homemaker and cook back in Gore in the days of my childhood and youth. Later I recall a striking lady in her sixties walking down High Street or along George Street on her daily jaunt. Aunty Biddy was simply full of life and full of energy and in my childhood memory I think I considered her to be indestructible. I loved her cooking and her overbearing old style hospitality which could not be repressed under any circumstances. This was the way she did it and this was the way she would continue to do it regardless of what my generation may think suitable or adequate in the presence of our friends and contemporaries of non-Lebanese origin. When you went to Aunty Biddy's house you had to eat and drink and be merry and good food would cure any ailment, physical or mental. Photographs testify to her striking appearance and her bearing and style has been passed on to her daughters. Obviously, in my recollection she was an imposing person both in terms of her physical presence and her personality. But above all she was a mother and a wife who saw her role and her place in the world quite clearly. She was a great help-mate to her husband and an exemplary mother to her children. She would have understood nothing of women's liberation for she was totally liberated and would have had difficulty in understanding the term — male domination.

As a child and in the years since childhood I have always regarded Uncle Saba and Aunty Biddy as loving and equal partners who worked hard together through the years of struggle and enjoyed the fruit of those efforts in later years.

After my sister Pauline married and settled in Dunedin and I had decided to pursue a professional career my parents decided that they would sell up in Gore and return to their home town. There was a touch of sadness as final arrangements were made

and I can remember my mother saying that we would have to go up and say goodbye to Uncle Saba and Aunty Biddy before our final departure. We were due to leave in a couple of days and the house was substantially packed. The blue DeSoto pulled into our driveway with a smiling Aunty Biddy in the passenger seat — “I’ve come to say goodbye” she said to my mother.
“Where are you going?” was Mum’s reply.
“You didn’t think that I would stay in Gore and wait for you to say goodbye to me, did you? We are shifting to Dunedin as of now so we will see you there”

And so the Gore era as far as Uncle Saba and Aunty Biddy were concerned virtually came to an end. My parents did all the planning and talking and sold the house but Aunty Biddy had the final laugh and was the first of the two couples to return to her beloved home town.

When I stood for Parliament in 1966 Uncle Saba took a keen interest in my campaign. I don’t think he missed many of my meetings which were quite lively and entertaining. He was always in the front of the hall and when I scored well over a heckler he would grin broadly with great pride and satisfaction. By this time he had suffered at least two or three coronaries but his firm philosophy was that you take each day as it comes. On election day he worked all day at the party headquarters to ensure that his nephew had every possible advantage, of course I didn’t win a place in the House of Representatives and for that I have been truly grateful ever since. Nevertheless, I have cherished memories of the support Uncle Saba gave me and the pride he took in my campaign.

When I visited Lebanon in 1968 and finally saw the land of my forebears, the village of Becharre and the stone house that was “Shewetta” I looked forward with great enthusiasm to being able to talk to Uncle Saba upon my return. I came to

understand why he and my father felt the way they did about the land of their childhood. I came to understand why they always found time to help new immigrants and to provide for the needy in Becharre and in New Zealand whenever the opportunity presented itself. When I returned I found that my beloved uncle was no longer with us and that instructions had been given to keep the news from me until I arrived back in Dunedin. It was sad indeed for I know how much I would have enjoyed talking to him about the old country and the old times. It was a bitter blow to lose such an important family member at the age of 65 but I have many cherished memories of the loyalty, good humour, love and devotion of Saba Gabriel Farry.

At the moment of Uncle Saba's passing I was in Beirut staying at the Phoenicia Hotel and my travel notes contain the following entry:

"After having a swim I returned to my room and was overcome by a strange feeling of depression and home sickness. I felt that I did not wish to stay in the hotel any longer and that I wanted to be with other people. I phoned Hind and Peter and asked if I could come and stay with them as they had been begging me to do for a couple of weeks. Of course they said I was most welcome. I packed my gear very quickly, paid my account and left the hotel in order to escape the feeling of uneasy depression."

When I read the notes some months after my return and put the dates and the times together I wondered about the significance of my feelings at that moment of time. Was it simply a strange coincidence or something more?

JOE AND JAMELIE

If I have all the eloquence of angels but speak without
love, I am simply a gong booming or a cymbal
clashing. If I have the gift of prophecy, understanding
all the mysteries there are, and knowing everything,
and if I have faith in all fullness, to move mountains,
but without love then I am nothing at all.
Corinthians, 13:1—5

My earliest recollections of Gore are centred on a house that was known as 25 Ardwick Street. It was a wooden villa set on a half acre of flat land on the corner of Ardwick and William Streets. We had a huge garden, large trees, miles of space for play and a chicken run. Behind the laundry was the cab of the old motor truck which had been specially constructed for hawking in the old days and we used to play games in it. What a tragedy it is that it was left to rot when we shifted to our new home at 1 William Street which was directly across the road.

My father was like his brother Saba in many ways. He greatly enjoyed the company of his relatives and close Lebanese friends such as Joe Mansor and, of course, anyone from the old country. But he also had a great affinity with the people of Southland with whom he had such close associations for many years. In my childhood I can recall his friendship with Jim and Ron Elder and indeed the whole of the Elder family who lived at Riversdale. Dad and Jim were partners in a farm contracting business and during the years of farming Ron was Dad's mentor. Old Mrs Elder treated Dad as one of her sons and I have happy recollections of the farm kitchen of the Elder household when I visited there with Dad as a child.

Dad retained a strong bond with Becharre and its people until the day he died. The unending conflict in Lebanon was a source of great sadness to him and he listened very diligently to the

news in order to keep track of developments in the land of his birth.

In my childhood and adolescence I used to feel slightly embarrassed when at various functions such as parties and weddings people would prevail upon my father to dance the "Dubke". He was the acknowledged expert at this traditional Lebanese folk dance and when he was young and fit I must confess that he performed the dance with real style. By the time I was old enough to fully appreciate the importance of the dance Dad was no longer robust enough to perform it the way he did in earlier years. How I wish we had recorded his dancing at its best.

The Midland Bar was located in the Main Street of Gore adjacent to Hallensteins. It was a seven day business and an extremely demanding one. It was always a busy place but during Christmas week it was particularly hectic. The curate of the Gore parish was Father Bert Walsh. He and Dad were close friends and in preparation for Christmas he used to come to the shop and hear Dad's confession in the storeroom so that he could go to midnight mass fully prepared for the celebration of Christmas. It always amazed me as a child that my father could have his good friend as a Confessor and I guess it reflected the kind of uninhibited personality which I have described in my observations of Uncle Saba. He was also endowed with a Farry temper and sometimes in rage he would smash a chair or two. On one occasion he brought down a canvas bank bag full of silver from the shop on top of an elegant piano stool and reduced it to splinters. These occasional outbursts never caused me or other members of my family the slightest concern. Rather it was a source of amusement and admiration for my mother who would take the broken items to the joinery factory and tell the foreman that Dad had accidentally crashed into them when backing the car out of the drive-way.

Because I had been ill as a child I was a little spoiled and wilful by the time I reached the age of five or six. I created a terrible fuss the day I started school and Dad had to take me back home in disgust. I had sworn at the nuns and screamed and wailed my protest which must have been terribly embarrassing. I recall that my father uttered not a word nor did he punish me but the next day he took me back and I knew that there could be no further fuss or I would pay the price. He and I used to have confrontations in those early days and I look back on them with great amusement. I would be rude to him or Mum or do something naughty and he would simply insist that I say that I was sorry. I would refuse and he would warn me of the consequences. When I continued to refuse I would receive a smack or two and after a time I would realise that his will was stronger than mine and I would reluctantly mutter “Sorry”. I am sure that the simple discipline imposed was of tremendous importance to my development as a reasonably well rounded human being.

My father was a heavy smoker all his life. No amount of cajoling, nagging or argument could reduce his capacity to smoke cigarettes and eventually he paid a terrible price for his habit. Nevertheless there are many amusing stories concerning Dad and cigarettes. When he went overseas to meet up with Pat and Sue in the United States he took a substantial quantity of Rothmans cigarettes and an equal quantity of Ventolin inhalers. He would argue with a completely straight face that his shortness of breath and terrible cough were totally unrelated to cigarette smoking. Pat obtained an invalid pass for him at Disney Land which enabled him to have a wheelchair and an attendant. Half-way through the day Pat found the chair abandoned and for some moments was in a state of panic. Dad was found nearby quietly puffing on a cigarette without any suggestion of embarrassment. As far as cigarette smoking was

concerned my father was totally irrepressible.

He taught us to work hard and to pray hard. Stories of his childhood in Lebanon and the deprivation that his family suffered there as well as the dark days of the New Zealand depression were often related to us and he would tell us to always “put something aside for a rainy day”.

I think that above all my father was a man of deep Christian conviction. His faith was the very essence of his existence and from my earliest years I can recall him sitting up in bed for at least half an hour reciting his night prayers. Nothing could possibly distract him from his routine and although English became his first language he always recited his prayers in Arabic. His concentration was absolutely intense and the ritual was followed regardless of time and place. When he and I shared a room in the farmhouse at Wendonside I would have to give him a half hour start when it came to bedtime. There was little point in trying to sleep while Dad was muttering his ritual prayers. Only in his last days of serious illness did he forsake his prayer life and it annoyed him intensely that he was not strong enough to maintain his life long ritual.

As a child I recall an incident which occurred at Sunday mass. In those days it was a prerequisite of receiving the Eucharist that one fasted from the previous midnight. One cold winter’s morning the fast proved to be too great a strain for an elderly person who fainted in the seat immediately in front of us. There was quite a disturbance as the person received attention and was virtually carried from the church. Later as we ate our Sunday morning brunch my mother expressed the hope that the person who collapsed in church would recover. It was the first Dad had heard of it. He knew nothing of what had happened because he had been so totally engrossed in his prayers. This ability to pray and to exclude all distractions was probably my father’s most valuable quality. It is certainly the

one I would most like to emulate but regrettably I have come nowhere near achieving his standards.

My father often quoted an Arabic proverb which freely translated means “have time for yourself and give time to God”. He lived by this philosophy and always found time to do the right thing and to assist anyone in need. I have heard many stories from Dad’s contemporaries concerning the assistance which he gave to the needy during the dreadful years of depression.

On a lighter note and to assist the next generation appreciate how different life was in the late 1940s I would like to recall what was involved in having a chicken meal. First my father would go to the market and purchase two live chickens which would be brought home in a sugar bag. He would slaughter them in the garden by cutting their throats and holding the head back to allow the blood to flow. The chicken would be held for quite some time and when released would invariably flap its wings until all nervous activity ceased. The chooks would then be carried inside and soaked in boiling water which resulted in an extremely unpleasant odour. My mother would then pluck the chickens and that was the easy part. When that task was completed it only remained to carry out the most unpleasant task of all — the removal of the innards. It always amazed me that my mother could carry out this squeamish task without difficulty whereas I found it difficult to remain within a radius of fifty feet of the grisly activity. Eventually the feathers and the innards were consigned to a bucket and it was my task to dispose of them. I took them out to the garden, dug a hole and buried the entire ghastly mess with maximum speed. In order to prepare traditional Lebanese stuffing it remained for my mother to cut up a forequarter, hand mince the meat, add rice, onions and herbs, stuff the chickens, sew them up and place them in a large pot to cook. The cooking smell was as pleasant as the

previous smells were unpleasant and the end result was a delicious chicken meal in the finest Lebanese culinary tradition.

I relate this recollection to illustrate to subsequent generations the enormous change in lifestyles that have taken place since my childhood. I often picture my father slaughtering those chickens. I'm sure he found the task rather distasteful but that was the only way his family could enjoy a chicken meal and no sacrifice was too great for his family.

He loved us all beyond measure, spoke his mind without reservation, disciplined us when necessary and made us proud of our ancient heritage. He died in his eighty-fourth year having lived a full and colourful life and having enjoyed immensely the birth and the first years of his one great grandchild.

Everyone thinks that their mother is a special person and I am no exception. Like Aunty Biddy my mother was a hard worker and a great help-mate to her husband. I have vivid recollections of how happy my mother used to be when we were travelling from Gore to Dunedin. She would sing all kinds of happy songs and as we came over the hill at the top of Caversham one would sense a kind of elation as she cast her eyes over her home town. Conversely, on the return trip she would sing Arabic dirges in the very saddest of tones. I can still sing songs like "Burhoon" and "Hey — Hart —Ya — Boo — Zah — Laff' from go to whoa as a result of travelling that road back to Gore. We used to tease her about it but that made little difference. She simply hated leaving her family and relatives in Dunedin and returning to her temporary home in Gore.

Whenever I read of the "new" concept of home birth I recall that my mother decided to have her last child —Pat — at home even though her doctor advised of the inherent dangers. My brother was safely delivered on St Patricks Day in the front room of 25 Ardwick, Gore and was named by the doctor — "a bonny wee Patrick".

My mother always took a particular pride in her home and I can remember that when the house was built in Gore she insisted upon installing leadlight windows which were practically impossible to obtain in the years immediately after the war. She did not surrender easily and whenever I look at that house I think of those leadlight windows as being a tribute to my mother's tenacity. Later she built again at 128 Stafford Street in Dunedin and always took great pride in making her house into a warm stylish and comfortable home.

When we used to recite the family Rosary Dad would sometimes say a prayer in Arabic and Mum would say "God doesn't understand that language" and then roar with laughter. She loved to laugh and when she did you were not left in any doubt that she was amused for Mum's laugh was like a high pitched rolling scream and was totally unique and quite infectious. I can see her mischievous look as she took a breakfast tray into Uncle John on a Sunday morning. My father is hurling abuse for giving his heathen brother breakfast in bed when he had not been to Mass. Uncle John would say "But Joe I've got the 'flu" and Mum would roar with laughter as Dad launched into his brother with a torrent of abuse quite inappropriate for a Sunday morning. I can also see the amused grin on Uncle John's face as he deliberately goaded his elder brother to fever pitch.

I realise that it is the ultimate cliche but anyone who ever tasted my mother's food, either Lebanese or Kiwi, would verify that she was a superb cook who operated a kitchen with incredible speed and efficiency. She enjoyed entertaining and took great pride in maintaining traditional Lebanese hospitality. Labour weekends were a very special time in Gore. Relatives of both families used to come to visit for the weekend and would attend the Gore race meeting on Saturday and Monday. The houses used to burst at the seams on these weekends with

makeshift beds to accommodate the many visitors and always plenty of good food. As a child I enjoyed all the activity and excitement and always felt rather sad when the crowds departed. My mother never tired of having visitors but I suspected that after a busy Labour weekend she needed a day or two to regain her equilibrium. I'm sure that both families have cherished memories of those Labour weekends in Gore.

My mother had a personality trait which I have been unfortunate enough to inherit. She worried about all manner of things relating to her children and their safety. When I was boxing she sewed several holy medals into the inside of my shorts in the optimistic belief that I would be protected from harm by these holy symbols. Perhaps she felt that the clatter of metal emanating from my shorts would distract my various opponents. I used to tell her that they would be of little assistance if I couldn't fight with reasonable efficiency. When she went away from Gore for any reason we were all required to promise not to ride our bicycles in her absence. It seemed that her mere presence in the home would preclude the possibility of a mishap. It was quaint and irrational but we gave our promises and we honoured them in order to save our loving mother from unnecessary concern.

I can only remember my mother from middle age but photographs testify to her youthful beauty. In later years she matured to become an elegant and stylish woman who always displayed excellent dress sense.

My sisters, my brother and myself were fortunate indeed in having such a wonderful energetic intelligent and resourceful mother whose love and devotion prepared us well for life. She too would have been unaware of the meaning of male domination. She was a devoted wife who worked with her husband as an equal in every respect. It would be unrealistic to give the impression of my mother as a sweet and gentle soul

who never raised her voice. Nothing could be further from the truth. Jamelie La Hood was proud, fiery and ruggedly individualistic until the day she died at the age of seventy two.

NED AND MARY

There are those who give little of the much which
they have — and they give it for recognition and
their hidden desire makes their gifts unwholesome and
there are those who have little and give it all. These
are the believers in life and the bounty of life and
their coffer is never empty. There are those who give
with joy and that joy is their reward.
Kaklil Gibran

Some of my most memorable childhood recollections relate to the little house at 110 Maitland Street which was the home of Uncle Ned and Aunty Mary and their four sons. If 37 William Street seems small in retrospect then 110 Maitland Street was minute. But the years which the family spent in that house are crammed full of wonderful memories.

In later years the family built a large and imposing residence at 41 Melville Street, Dunedin, and although I have fond memories of that house as well they are the memories of a young adult rather than those of an impressionable child from Gore.

It seems to me that Aunty Mary is a complete combination of many of the personality traits of her forebears which are mentioned in the text. In the first place she could be described as a gentle person much like I understand her mother to have been. She has, in my estimation, the iron will of her father, the shrewdness of Sheriffie and the delightful personality of her grandfather, Anthony Coory. These qualities all combine to produce the “Aunty Mary” who everybody loves and respects so greatly.

For as far back as I can recall Aunty Mary has been surrounded by males. In her early married life she lived in the La Hood homestead at Garden Terrace and was treated as a

sister by Frank, Jack and Fred who were unmarried residents of the household. Later she was blessed (or afflicted) with four sons so that there was little female influence in her home during my childhood and indeed subsequently until the four sons were married and their spouses were integrated into the family.

My memories of 110 Maitland Street are vivid. I used to love being there because it was great to be in a male environment. Aunty Mary was always busy with household chores as all women were in those days. She washed, cooked and cleaned incessantly for her four sons who argued, played cards and tossed coins to determine who would do the dishes on the odd occasion. Most times they were left to the long suffering mother who concluded that it was simpler to wash the dishes herself than to tolerate the interminable arguments and competitions.

My Aunty Mary brings a new dimension to the word ‘cleanliness’. Mum was a dust chaser and Aunty Biddy was fastidious but Aunty Mary would have to described as a fanatic. She has mellowed a little with the passing of the years but in those days her bedclothes were not allowed to touch the floor or they would have to be washed.

In later years when she shifted to the new house in Melville Street she was delighted to be in such comfortable surroundings but always maintained that her happiest memories were in the Maitland Street house.

When I think of Uncle Ned my mind immediately conjures two images. The first is of an elegant man in a three piece suit and a tie knotted in a way that I have never seen anyone emulate before or since. In my second image he sits behind the wheel of a pre-war navy blue Ford V8 which is filled with cartons and parcels of drapery stock ready to set out upon one of his hawking expeditions. I clearly recall the great thrill I would feel as a child when Uncle Ned’s car pulled into the drive of 1 William Street. It generally meant that he would be

staying with us for a week and that was a source of great joy to all of us and to my mother in particular who loved to see any of her family but particularly her eldest brother. My generation will know but perhaps future family members will not appreciate that Uncle Ned was my mother's brother while Aunty Mary was my father's sister. In other words a brother and sister of the Farry family married a brother and sister of the La Hood family so that the offspring of the two couples are double cousins.

A wry sense of humour and a sharp wit were endearing traits of Uncle Ned's personality. Like my mother he enjoyed a good joke and a good laugh. When we, as youthful students, came home very late on a Saturday night he would look at us with a mischievous smile and say "I can read between the lines. Anyone who is out after 1am can't be up to much good."

In my early years at university after having attended St Kevins College he used to often look at me when I was at his home for a meal almost every night and say "You've lost your Christian look" and he would never explain what he meant. It was simply his way of letting me know that he knew that I was growing up.

When Saba and I used to complain about the amount of time spent at study and our fear of impending examinations he would suggest that it might be better for us each to fill a "shunta" (suitcase) with "doh—ah" (drapery stock) and go hawking. If we had chosen to foresake our studies I'm sure he would have been devastated. He encouraged us to pursue our professional careers because he too was a product of the depression and recognised that there was no substitute for a good education.

He was absolutely opposed to any form corporal punishment as far as his children were concerned but on one occasion he was pushed beyond endurance. Saba was in the sixth form and

had been working during the holidays at an ice cream factory. For the first time he had his own money and felt a great surge of independence. He was having a wonderful time and keeping ridiculously late hours. And then he arrived home one night at 3.30am to find himself locked out. Being a young man of considerable enterprise he was able to pry open a fanlight window, reach down and unlatch the lower window. He was in the process of congratulating himself on his initiative as he climbed onto the window—sill without making a sound. There he was poised ready to climb into the room when out of the darkness came his beloved father who had never laid a finger on him from the day he was born. He would be abused for being so late but that was a small price to pay for the freedom of movement that he was enjoying. Well — it could be said that Saba read it all wrong. His father had been pushed too far and a swift and well executed right cross to the jaw landed a bewildered young lad flat on his backside on the outside porch. He kept more sensible hours from that day on.

One of the great stories concerning Uncle Ned and Aunty Mary also involved the same son. Saba was a good-natured child but when annoyed or angry he became a breath-holder. I must say that I have not heard of this particular syndrome ever since but he would cry and at the top of his scream would hold his breath and one would swear that he was about to explode or expire. It was quite frightening but obviously the moment a person passed out in such circumstances normal breathing would be immediately restored. I cannot vouch for the truth of this story for I was not present but my father vowed and declared its veracity. Saba had a tantrum and held his breath and began to turn blue. Uncle Ned ran out of the front door while Aunty Mary ran out of the back door. It would seem that they passed each other at the half way point and each returned to the house from the opposite direction to find my father ashen

faced with fear and trembling and Saba fully recovered and composed.

In later years Uncle Ned gave up the life of a hawker and, with his son Gordon, opened up Acme Tailors and Mercers Limited at 380 Princes Street, Dunedin. He was actively involved and enjoyed the success of the shop and it's rapid expansion and yet I often wondered whether he yearned for his old car and life on the road. I cherish fond memories of him as a man of dignity, humility and good humour.

Since the loss of her beloved husband Aunty Mary has continued to be the focal point for her own family and the matriarch of the extended family. The very attractive young bride has grown into a very beautiful and wise elderly lady who is respected, loved and cherished by all who know her as "Aunty Mary".

JOHN AND HAUDA

The only people for me are the mad ones: the ones
who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved,
desirous of everything at the same time: the ones who
never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn,
burn, burn like fabulous Roman candles.
Jack Kerouac

My Uncle John probably warrants a book dedicated entirely to him for he is the most unusual, amusing and colourful member of the family. In my recollection he is at once an absent minded professor, a hypochondriac, a loving uncle, a terrible driver, a shrewd businessman with a capacity to make terrible decisions and pick the wrong people, a great raconteur, the worst patient in the history of both the Southland Hospital Board and the Auckland Hospital Board and an incredible survivor. For one so small he has had an incredible influence upon all his nephews and nieces. Perhaps because he was single for so long and was seen as an elder brother or perhaps because, as my children say "he is so cute".

My earliest recollections of my Uncle John are also in Gore where he shared his time between the two households while operating a business in Wyndham. It was always a great joy to see his little grey Morris Minor pull into the driveway at about 6pm in time to have a meal with the family. Sometimes he would stay for the night, other times be would go back to his private board in Wyndham. He used to talk to my mother about his various ailments to such an extent that I was drawn to the conclusion that adults were always in pain. In those distant days he was a regular visitor to a charismatic chiropractor in Gore called Mr McKay. He even persuaded my family that I should go there and I did for some considerable time. Uncle John contended, and still does, that chiropractors are good for

whatever is wrong with you. In his view conventional medicine is totally useless even though he has had back surgery which was completely successful and a triple by-pass operation which many of us thought he would not survive. When he was finally discharged with great relief by the Greenlane Hospital and was taken home by an exhausted and confused Hauda he immediately insisted upon seeing a chiropractor who would cure him of all his ills.

But let us go back to Gore. To the long winter nights sitting around an open fire talking about all manner of things and listening to the great stories from Uncle John's childhood and adolscence. Those stories made our lives seem so boring and mundane for he and my Uncle Fred were mischievous in the extreme.

I also have a vivid recollection of Uncle John sitting at the piano in the lounge of 1 William Street and playing various Cole Porter and Irving Berlin songs by ear for he could not read music. He would croon in the singing style of those days and while he would never have made a cabaret act my recollection is that his efforts were far from unpleasant.

He had a very close and loving relationship with all of us but he seemed to have a particularly close relationship with his five nieces and would often say "How the hell are we going to get them all married?" Well, we did and it didn't prove to be as difficult as Uncle John imagined. He used to take them to Dunedin for a weekend from time to time and he would rant and scream in frustration at the amount of clothing that they would take with them. The more he raved the more they smiled and laughed and eventually they would set out on their happy excursion.

Like most family members Uncle John was a social drinker and even at that level he would only score a three out of ten. When he did drink he tended to be very good natured and

amusing but two incidents should be related. At Gabriel and Rona's housewarming he was performing extremely well until he passed out on the front lawn. Two or three people picked him up to carry him inside and one of those people was Tom Farry who was holding him under the shoulders. When our dearly loved uncle began to yawn in technicolour Tom Farry simply let him go for he has an abhorrence of such a yawn. Uncle John's head landed on the concrete path and from that day on he has blamed his nephew-in-law for most of his physical ailments — particularly the neurological ones.

At my mother and father's silver wedding anniversary the good natured uncle became inebriated and locked himself in the bathroom of 1 William Street. Various people tried to talk him out without success. From out of the crowd came a volunteer who would not be denied. This was my great Aunt Ismored (Sheriffie's younger sister) who was an autocratic and dominating personality of the first order. No— one had said "no" to this matriarch for as long as anyone could remember. She had an imposing presence, smoked roll your own cigarettes through a long holder, attended Mass every day and was used to total and unquestioning respect from everyone. "Leave it to me" she said, "When I speak to Johnny he will come out of the bathroom".

"Johnny — it's Aunty Ismored here — unlock the door and come out now, darling."

"Fuck off you old bitch" was the reply.

These immortal words have gone down in family history. The entire gathering was convulsed with laughter and Philip Callil, who was visiting from Melbourne, was heard to say "I've been wanting to tell her that for years but I've never had the guts".

So these are some recollections of my Uncle John who played such a significant part in our lives during our time in Gore. If he had been married at that time I guess that the

situation would have been different and although we all loved having him around as a single uncle we all fondly hoped that he would eventually marry and settle down to domestic bliss. Eventually he did.

While Aunty Biddy and Uncle Saba were in Lebanon he travelled to the old country in fulfilment of his life-long dream to visit the land of his childhood. While he was there he met, fell in love with and married Hauda Kayrouz.

The newly-weds soon returned to New Zealand and all of us were thrilled with Uncle John's lovely wife. For Hauda however the departure from her home and family and settling into New Zealand constituted an enormous culture shock and it took her some time to adjust to the life-style of Wyndham, New Zealand. We could sense that everything was alien to her and even though the economic circumstances were very different from those pertaining at the time when Uncle John and his family came to New Zealand it was none the less extremely difficult to adapt to a completely new world. Hauda was and is fluent in Arabic and French and with the help of a tutor was very soon able to speak sufficient English to make herself understood. Uncle John bought his first home in Wyndham very close to his shop and as soon as Hauda was able she was acting as a shop assistant in a Southlandtownship which may have well been another planet in terms of the contrast which it bore to Becharre, Lebanon. It is a great tribute to Hauda's courage and tenacity that she settled in so quickly and within a short time became an integral member of the extended family. While she was sister-in-law to both Biddy and Jamelie she was, in age and outlook, closer to the five girls and quickly formed close relationships with all of them. The good news was that Uncle John was happily married. The bad news was that the little Morris Minor did not pull into the drive as frequently as it used to do.

After spending some years in Wyndham Uncle John made a decision to move to Invercargill and open a menswear store in the city which would afford far greater opportunities. The store was located on the corner of Dee and Esk Streets and over the ensuing few years he built up a very successful and substantial business. When the elder children moved away Uncle John and Hauda decided to shift to Auckland. Uncle John proceeded to open a bargain bin type menswear store in Newmarket while Hauda opened a furniture boutique in Queen Street. After a short time both the businesses were sold and after much drama and anxiety Uncle John recovered from heart surgery and retired from business. When he was recuperating and became almost impossible to manage Dad spent six weeks in Auckland to support Hauda and to help to cope with the world's most difficult post—operative patient. Unfortunately Uncle John had a negative reaction to all kinds of drugs and became almost totally irrational at times. He used to tell Dad that he wanted to return to the mountains of Lebanon. Dad was patient for a time but eventually lost his temper and screamed "You stupid bastard. How you gonna go to the mountains? You can't even get to the *shusl'zma* (toilet).''

THE NEXT GENERATION

Trust in God but tie your camel to a tree.
Arab Proverb

The four couples produced twenty one off-spring of whom eleven were male and nine female. The eldest of the clan was Gabriel Anthony Farry (son of Saba and Biddy) and the youngest John Gabriel Farry (son of John and Hauda). Names, dates, spouses, children and relevant dates are set out in the appendix.

One amazing phenomenon of the family is that the five Farry girls who grew up in Gore were all born on the same day exactly 39 years ago. It is intriguing to observe that even though I recall that they were all older than me it would seem that I have caught up and overtaken them with the passing of the years. Even though there exists a photograph of Margaret holding me in her arms as a small baby, my children remain convinced that I am older than she is. Jimmi has taken the unprecedented precaution of arranging for her birth date to be protected under "The Official Secrets Act". On closer examination one would have to conclude that the husbands of these ladies must have been guilty of violating children under the age of fifteen but this is a sensitive area and I will not dwell upon it further. Sufficient to say that I have succeeded in obtaining all the relevant birth dates and for an appropriate fee I could be persuaded to disclose them to all family members or to the world at large. On the other hand the ladies concerned could, for an appropriate amount, ensure my continued silence.

Again my mind goes back to Gore. There were eleven children in the two Farry households. Gabriel was the eldest and Patrick was the youngest. The personalities were diverse but the value systems were very similar. Gabriel and Tony were adults and working in Farry's Limited in my earliest recollections. Gloria and Pauline constituted a duo as did Margaret and Jimmi, Richard and Patrick and Malcolm and myself, even though there were slight age differences. The four La Hood boys were frequent visitors to Gore and later Uncle John and Hauda were resident in Invercargill with their five children who were quite a lot younger than the off—spring of the other three families.

In the days of my early childhood I recall joint family picnics at such places as Fortrose, Otamita Gorge and Croydon Bush. Sometimes we went on a day excursion to Roxburgh to buy fresh Granny Smith apples and other delicious Central Otago fruit which seemed to be far more tasty in those days than it is now.

There was always an abundance of traditional Lebanese food as well as good Kiwi fare as one would expect to feed a tribe of young healthy people. In those days I was very thin but always had the appetite of a young healthy horse. Conversely Malcolm was a picky eater who often refused substantial food in favour of watermelon, cucumber and grapes which provided his staple diet during childhood. As both of us spread laterally with the onset of middle age I have often wondered why our respective mothers were so concerned with our eating habits when we were children.

Shortly after I started school there was an incident involving food which is worth relating. Because I had been a less than robust baby my mother always felt the need to ensure that I ate nourishing meals three times a day. On one particular occasion she had prepared a delicious steak stew which included all kinds of vegetables. She begged me to eat and I simply refused. She

went about her chores and came back to me and implored me to have just a couple of mouthfuls. Apparently I sat there, sullen faced, and totally refused to co-operate. My dear mother's patience snapped. She scooped up the delicious and tasty stew in her hands and in an act of total frustration threw it into my face. My memory of this incident is vague but my sisters recall with great amusement the sight of their screaming little brother with his face covered in gravy, mashed potatoes and vegetables.

It is probably difficult for the current generation to appreciate that our lives were very different in those days. My generation pre-dated the Pill, television, frozen food, credit cards and ball point pens. For us, time-sharing meant time together, not computers, and a chip meant a piece of wood. Hardware meant hard-ware and software wasn't even a word. We were before pantyhose, drip-dry clothes, dishwashers, clothes driers and electric blankets. We got married first and then lived together. We went to Mass every Sunday without fail and we didn't eat meat on Fridays. Girls wore bouffant skirts and thought "cleavage" was something butchers did. We were before television, Batman, vitamin pills, disposable nappies, pizzas, instant coffee, tea bags and even Chinese takeaways. In our day cigarette smoking was "fashionable". Grass was for mowing, pot was something you cooked in. A gay person was the life of the party and nothing more, while Aids meant beauty lotions or help for someone in trouble. We are a hardy bunch when you think of how the world has changed and the adjustments we have had to make. We listened to radio serials with great enthusiasm and apart from that we entertained ourselves with all manner of games and activities.

Gabriel was the eldest of the generation. He was a born trader who left school and went into Farry's Limited. He was a keen sportsman and I recall that he won several sprints on the Southland circuit when I was just a youngster. Later he

developed an interest in local body politics and was for many years a member of the Gore Borough Council. He also became mayor of Gore for three years.

Tony completed his schooling at Gore High School and then elected to join his father and his brother in the shop. He later recommenced business as a hawker using the shop as a base and, with a modern van, he travelled extensively in the Northern Southland area. Tony represented Northern Southland at rugby and also played a few games for the Southland provincial side. He loved horses, as his father did, and acquired and bred a large number of them. Unfortunately he was never blessed with great success but he enjoyed the sport of racing.

These two eldest members of the family were more like father figures to me. When you are a small lad an age different of ten or twelve years is very significant. While they were very much a part of the extended family they obviously had a much wider group of social contacts in Gore and the surrounding districts.

The five girls of the two families constituted the next group. They all went to St Marys School in Gore and Gore High School with the exception of Lila who was sent to St

Philomena's for a couple of years. Any of these ladies could have been candidates for a tertiary education and a professional career but with hindsight I recognise that such options were never given consideration. If any of the girls had indicated that they would have liked to pursue a higher education I'm sure they would have been given every encouragement. But somehow that logical progression had not yet taken place. Lila, Gloria and Jimmi all helped in the shop and assisted their mother with the household work.

Pauline's schooling was abruptly terminated when my mother had serious difficulties with her fifth pregnancy and was rushed off to hospital in Dunedin. Pauline, as the eldest in the family, was required to look after the Midland Bar while the rest of us

stayed in Dunedin during Mum's hospitalisation. My mother had a caesarean section at six months and a baby girl was her fifth child. The baby was named Rose and she survived for only one week.

Neither of my sisters really considered a professional career and even though they have had very happy and fulfilled lives it is interesting to contemplate how their fate may have been different if they had pursued a university degree or some other career.

It wasn't until I commenced writing these recollections that I realised that I am the tenth born of the generation which numbers twenty—one. It is interesting to note that I was encouraged to complete my schooling at St Kevins College and to proceed to university. Within a time span of only a few years family attitudes had changed dramatically and even though my father had, by that time, developed considerable farming and business interests I was given the distinct impression that I should endeavour to complete a university degree.

And so family member number ten became the first university graduate of the generation. Joe La Hood had completed a Pharmacy Diploma but in those days Pharmacy was not a degree course. I was rapidly followed by Saba, Malcolm, Richard Farry, Patrick and Richard La Hood.

It took a further 21 years for Marcel to become the first female university graduate and who could wish for a better exponent of the female cause than my dear niece. She, in turn, has been followed by a whole host of female graduates and a university education is now regarded as equally important for both sexes. It is intriguing to observe in retrospect the ever changing attitudes to everything in general and tertiary education in particular.

My cousin Lila was always something of a romantic and when planning her very elaborate wedding in Dunedin she suggested

to her bridesmaids that it would be wonderful to have a violinist playing on the steps of St Josephs Cathedral as the newly-weds emerged from the church. She fancied that he would play Paganini's "Romance" which would add a whole new dimension to the occasion. It is fortunate that Uncle Saba never heard about this idea or Lila may not have survived to attend her own wedding. However, I can remember my sister Pauline making extensive enquiries over a period of days in order to obtain a suitable violinist.

In Gore Margaret worked in a bookshop called "McDowells" which was at the southern end of Main Street. She was, and is, somewhat claustrophobic and I used to delight in trapping her in the storeroom of 1 William Street which was a completely enclosed room with the lightswitch on the outside wall. On occasions she would go in there to get something for Mum and I would slam the door and turn the key leaving her in complete darkness. Within seconds she would be climbing the walls and screaming but I never let her suffer for too long.

I remember a day when Margaret was working in the house helping Mum. I was outside cutting lawns and tidying the garden immediately outside the sunroom window. Margaret kept throwing all of the household refuse out of the window onto my garden for disposal. I asked her twice to stop doing so and she ignored me. I was working with a big garden shovel so I decided that dramatic action was called for. I heaved two full shovelfuls of soil into the sunroom where she was working and her scream could be heard for miles around.

Gloria had a stubborn streak. One occasion we were going for a swim at the Mataura River. Tony was driving the car and Gloria said that she knew exactly where to turn. We passed the corner and Tony indicated that he thought that was the place to turn but Gloria argued that he was wrong. "Alright," he said "You tell me when we should turn." We drove for miles but

Gloria would not concede that she was wrong and that we had missed the turn. Tony with equal stubbornness would not turn the car around and so we had a long drive instead of a swim but the story serves to illustrate a personality trait of the family.

Jimmi and I used to play together until one day she realised that she had interests other than Snakes and Ladders, Draughts and cards and rejected me in favour of the older girls. To her it was the dawn of a new era — to me it represented the rejection of one of my playmates.

Pauline could warrant an entire chapter devoted to her alone. A constant source of conflict in our household when I was a child involved getting Pauline to go to bed. She always made the excuse that she had to "put her hair in". She was a prolific reader and would read on into the wee small hours while putting a roller in her hair at half hourly intervals. I have such vivid recollections of Dad calling her over and over to go to bed and she responding over and over that she was "nearly ready". On occasion my father's temper exploded in rage and Pauline would scuttle away to bed and repeat the same behaviour pattern the next night.

I remember a period when she developed a couple of phobias. One was that she would choke in the night and as a remedy for that possibility she took with her a slice of bread and a glass of water and kept it beside her bed. Her other concern involved earwigs for which she had a deep seated horror. Every night before getting into bed she would pull back the bedclothes, examine the bed thoroughly, take off her pillowcase, turn it inside out and shake it and then put everything back together before retiring for the night. An added precaution involved blocking both her dear little ears with cotton wool in case one of those dreaded insects should choose to enter there.

Malcolm, Saba and I were close friends who played together as children, studied together as adolescents and finally all

married within a period of twelve months. Our childhood years both in Gore and Dunedin were filled with activity and good fun. We went for bike rides, climbed trees in the gardens, smoked behind the stables where Uncle Saba kept his horses and generally did all the things that make for a happy childhood. Both Malcolm and myself attended St Kevins College while Saba completed his schooling at what was then known as Christian Brothers High School. The late 1950s found us all as students at the University of Otago where we participated in all manner of mischief and mayhem in those distant days. It often seems to me that the current generation (our offspring) labour under the illusion that they were the first to discover the adult world. I would like them to know that we too have been there and so had our parents before us.

No recollections of my generation would be complete without reference to Gordon who was the probably the most memorable and colourful of my generation in our early years. Gordon had a monumental temper and when aroused he was no respecter of age or status. If he became angry he would abuse anyone within earshot. On one occasion we were all sitting around the table at 1 William Street Gore enjoying a family meal and my mother inadvertently said something to which Gordon took exception. He threw down his fork and knife, stormed out of the house and went up to 37 William Street. Later that night we were all playing outside on a balmy summer evening when the whole of Uncle Saba's family led by Gordon came down to raid us and take revenge. They were armed with sticks, water pistols, spud guns and sling shots. I think someone also had a toy drum which was being methodically pounded as they marched through the gate to do battle. On that occasion Gordon's anger was totally defused and we all had a great deal of fun.

I recall an incident in the yard of 110 Maitland Street. While I was holidaying in Dunedin my parents had bought me an air

rifle which afforded abundant opportunities for competition and argument. First we tried to shoot birds but after hours of planning, waiting and watching we were totally unsuccessful. We then discovered that it was possible to fire a tiny dart from an air rifle and so we made a target on the laundry door and proceeded with a shooting competition. In order to load the air rifle the barrel was screwed out and the pellet or the dart was inserted and the barrel screwed back in. It was then necessary to cock the rifle before shooting it. While the gun was in my possession I inserted a dart in readiness for the next shot. I put it down while alterations were being made to the target and Gordon picked it up. He cocked it and aimed it at my head without knowing it had been loaded. I started to tell him that I had inserted the dart but before I could get the words out I felt a sharp thud directly between my eyes as the tiny dart hit me. I nearly fainted and Gordon, Joe and Saba were absolutely incredulous. A half inch would have undoubtedly meant the loss of an eye and that is about as close as I have ever come to a really serious injury. However, there were no serious consequences. I pulled out the little dart which was quite painless and the games continued. I'm sure that Gordon never pointed a gun at anyone from that day to this.

Joe was our organiser when we were children. As little children we used to race around the house using manuka branches or toi-tois as horses. At 110 Maitland Street Joe devised a game which involved racing marbles. The marbles would be held behind a ruler on the upper side of the hearth rim. The ruler would be released and the marbles would race a distance of about 1.5 metres to the kitchen door. Believe it or not some marbles rolled much faster than others and in those days it was an endless quest to obtain a champion. Later we graduated to a much longer race course in the back yard of the Maitland Street house. The plaster was coved up against the

laundry wall and provided an excellent starting barrier for our ever increasing stable of marbles. This course was approximately five metres in length and consequently the races were much longer. We betted on our marbles, argued about false starts and squabbled about all manner of things involving marbles. In today's world toy shops are crammed with all kinds of novelties and games for the amusement of children. During the post-war years there were virtually no toys whatever available and I guess that is why Joe devised all these games. We used to make plasticine horses with jockeys and race them with dice around a specially prepared race circuit. I recently made such a horse and jockey for my grand nephew Nathaneal who has more toys than any child I have ever known. He was more intrigued with my effort than he is with some of the most sophisticated toys imaginable.

And then along came Richard La Hood — the fourth and final member of the La Hood family. Richard was some twelve years younger than Saba and it would not be difficult to understand that being an extremely cute child he was somewhat spoiled by three adolescent brothers and a doting mother and father. Richard used to fall asleep on the sofa before he could be transferred into his cot and sometimes went to bed with six or seven of his father's ties around his neck. During our university years he had grown into an intelligent and cute little boy but I must admit that on several occasions he ran the severe risk of not surviving to adulthood. At that time pop music was relatively non-existent compared to what is available today. However, at 7pm each Tuesday night the commercial network broadcast the "Lever Hit Parade" and as hard working students we looked forward to hearing the new songs and relaxing for half an hour before proceeding to our swot spot at 130 Stafford Street. Almost invariably my darling little cousin Richard found cause to throw a tantrum during the programme and thereby

totally disrupt our half hour of relaxation.

And then there were Richard and Patrick — the babies of the Gore contingent. They were mischievous in the extreme but were subjected to less discipline than all the rest of us who had preceded them.

Richard attended St Kevins College where he showed great promise as a rugby player. We hoped he would be an All Black or at least a provincial representative but he proved to be injury prone and a great career was nipped in the bud.

From the time Patrick was given a chemistry set in about Standard Four he became preoccupied with scientific experiments which he carried out in the garage. He became friendly with one of the chemists in Gore who gave him all kinds of dangerous substances to enable him to pursue his experimentation. Ever since those early days we have never been able to get Pat to the meal table at the correct time. To this day it remains difficult to get Pat to sit down for a meal with everyone else. He was also the first member of the family to have pets. As a very small boy he had several budgies all of which flew to the freedom of the great outdoors leaving my little brother severely distraught on each occasion. He then graduated to rabbits who also escaped to the freedom of the adjacent vacant section. And then it was a beautiful dog named Bimbo which was reluctantly accepted by a family which really had little affinity for animals. It was a colossal tragedy when Bimbo simply disappeared from the face of the earth and we do not know to this day what became of him. And then there was Stormy — another dog related to Bimbo. He was around for some time and I'm not sure what became of him but it is obvious that it was Pat who made the quantum leap from our hitherto pet free lives into the world of animal lovers. He hasn't changed but now has deer and goats as well and lives in the mountains. It is all part of his quest to return to his roots as a

goat herder.

Uncle John and Hauda had five children and they were closer in age to the offspring of Gabriel, Tony, Lila and Pauline than they were to the two Gore families. Toni was the first born and she was followed by Monique. The remaining three children are Hind-Marie, Nicole and yet another John Farry — the youngest member of the generation. They all completed their schooling in Invercargill and Toni and Monique spent some time in Dunedin pursuing further education. They then chose to travel overseas and, at the time of writing, have been out of New Zealand for some years. Hind-Marie is working in Auckland while Nicole is pursuing an Arts Degree and John is hoping to complete a law degree. None of that family have yet married.

The fifteen children of Saba, Joe and Mary were all fortunate enough to find members of the opposite sex who were prepared to marry them and it is pleasing to note that all the marriages, at least on the face of it, appear to have been successful and enduring. It is appropriate that I pay tribute to all the spouses for their courage, forbearance and tolerance over the past thirty-five years or so.

The roll of honour is as follows:

Victor Farr	Tom Farry
Margaret Blackley	Tom Williams
Rona Arib	Pamela Duff
David La Hood	Suzanne Flight
Neale Alexander	Helena Hannah
Lynore Riddell	Beverley Dale
Christine Rowcroft	Marie Polson
Claire Clarke	Mary Langford

May their loyalty be rewarded in this life or the next.

Unfortunately three members of my generation were lost to us

prematurely. First Tony died as the result of an accident and we have also lost Gloria and Rona. Even though we will all follow sooner or later it is a cause for sadness that these three deeply loved contemporaries were cut off in their prime. May they be at peace.

These then are some recollections of my generation. Beyond us there is a further complete generation and at the time of writing there are eight members of a subsequent generation and two more babies on the way. This last group are five generations removed from Sheriffie and Anthony Coory who are my great grandparents. Within twenty years the direct descendants of Gabriel and Jamelie Farry will probably exceed three hundred.

And so it is my fond hope that this historical record and my random recollections will serve to provide the basis for maintaining personal details of the ever expanding family group.

The torch has now been handed to a new generation. That group will know little of immigrants, depressions and hawkers. It will be conditioned by a materialistic environment which has largely rejected Christian values and it will be increasingly difficult for them to retain the faith which has been handed down through the generations for the past 2000 years. Today's youngsters are members of the "me generation" and in contemporary New Zealand they find themselves a long way from the ancient village of Becharre in the rugged mountains of North Lebanon. Nevertheless, I fondly hope that they will retain, through the years, the traditional values, the integrity and the deep faith of their forebears.

FOOTNOTE

When I was completing these recollections my daughter Annabel asked me if I could obtain a character reference for her.
“What is it for?” I asked.
“I’m applying for a licence.”
“What kind of licence?”
“A Hawker’s Licence.”
“What on earth for?”
“I’ve bought a whole lot of second hand clothing from the op-shop and I’m going to sell it on the university campus.” The spirit of enterprise lives on . .

FAMILY TREE

From those to whom much is given,
much is expected.
John F Kennedy

FAMILY OF SABA AND BIDDY FARRY

GABRIEL ANTHONY FARRY

37 William Street, Gore
Born 23/10/27 - Dunedin
Occupation: Retailer/Company Direct
Married —**RONA IMELDA ARIB**
29/1/55 — St Josephs Cathedral
Dunedin
Rona died 21/4/83 — Buried at Gore
Married —**CONSTANCE CLAIRE CLARKE**
7/1/89 — Church of the Blessed Sacrament
Gore

CHILDREN (1) *Saba Paul Farry*
Born 6/5/56 — Gore
Married — Joanne Marie Erceg
28/8/82 — Auckland
Children: Jesse Gabriel Farry
Born 13/6/88 — Dunedin
(2) *Gerard Gabriel Farry*
Born 6/5/71 — Gore

ANTHONY NORMAN FARRY (Deceased)

43 Falkland Street, Maori Hill, Dunedin
Born 21/1/29 — Dunedin
Occupation: Retailer/Company Director
Died — 16/1/80 — Russell (result of an accident)
Married — **MARGARET BETSY BLACKLEY**
2/3/57 — Invercargill

CHILDREN (1) *Joanne Amelia Farry*
Born 19/11/57 — Gore
Married — John Cutler
15/11/80 — Dunedin
Children: Tony Jonathon Cutler
Born 6/11/83 — Dunedin
Matthew Thomas Cutler
Born 22/1/86 — Dunedin
Simon Farry Cutler
Born 7/6/88 — Dunedin

(2) *Victor Gabriel Farry*
Born 2/7/59
Married — Fiona Claire Kenny Heares
2/3/85 — Auckland
Children: Danielle Helen Anne Heares Farry
Born 23/9/86 — Dunedin
Samuel Peter Anthony Farry
Born 20/9/90 — Dunedin

(3) *Nichola Mary Farry*
Born 12/1/62 — Gore

(4) *Christopher Saba Farry* B. Com.
Born 13/8/64 — Gore

(5) *Stephen Anthony Farry* B. Com.
Born 6/12/67 — Gore

LILA BRIDGET FARRY

138 Moana Street, Invercargill
Occupation: Unpaid Business Executive
Married — **VICTOR JOHN FARR** (Retailer)
8/1/55 — St Josephs Cathedral, Dunedin

CHILDREN

(1) *Delia Rose Farr*
Born 8/11/55 — Dunedin

(2) *Michelle Marie Farr*
Born 10/2/57

(3) *Frederick Malcolm (Ricky) Farr*
Born 23/1/58
Married — Brigid Davina Easton
13/2/82 — Oamaru
Children: Kevin James (Jamie) Farr
Born 29/11/84
Thomas Victor Farr
Born 13/11/87

(4) *Malcolm Victor Farr*
Born 16/7/63

(5) *Louise Mellisa Farr*
Born 18/8/67

GLORIA THERESA FARRY (Deceased)

2 William Street, Gore
Married — **DAVID LA HOOD** (Pharmacist)
29/1/60 — St Josephs Cathedral, Dunedin
Died — 17/12/84

CHILDREN

(1) *Mark David La Hood*
Born 28/11/61 — Gore

(2) *Jason Paul La Hood*
Born 13/3/63 — Gore

(3) *Ann Bronwyn La Hood*
Born 7/11/66 — Gore

(4) *Sara Jane La Hood*
Born 27/3/70 — Gore

JAMELIE ROSE FARRY

132 Seatouns Heights Road, Wellington
Born: Date of birth retained under Official Secrets Act
Thought to be circa 1951
Occupation: Interior Designer
Married — **NEALE FREDERICK ALEXANDER**
(Company Director)
18/12/76 — Our Lady of Mt Carmel Church
Hataitai, Wellington

MALCOLM SABA FARRY

169 Forbury Road, Dunedin
Born 28/11/40 — Gore
Occupation: Dentist
Married — **LYNORE ANN RIDDELL** (Primary School Teacher)
11/1/69 — St Patrick's Basilica
Oamaru

CHILDREN
(1) *Yasmin Mia Farry*
Born 23/11/69 — Dunedin
(2) *Victoria Jane Farry*
Born 2/9/71 — Dunedin
(3) *Gareth Malcolm Saba Farry*
Born 2/9/71 — Dunedin
(4) *Damon Gabriel Saba Farry*
Born 15/6/73 — Dunedin
(5) *Sasha Jade Farry*
Born 15/10/74— Dunedin
(6) *Lukas (Luke) Andrew Saba Farry*
Born 16/5/78 — Dunedin
(7) *Alysha Ann Badiea Farry*
Born 31/10/79 — Dunedin
(8) *Samara Gabrielle Maria Farry*
Born 2/11/82 — Dunedin

RICHARD SABA FARRY

"Bishopgrove", 16 Patmos Avenue, Dunedin
Born 10/10/43 — Gore
Occupation: Barrister and Solicitor
Married — **CHRISTINE ANN ROWEROFT** (Registered Nurse)
1964 — Dunedin

CHILDREN
(1) *Paul Anthony Saba* Farry LLB
Born 24/1/65 — Dunedin
(2) *Jacqueline Marie Farry* B.Com
Born 21/2/66
(3) *Kimberley Christine Farry* BA
Born 18/11/68 — Dunedin
(4) *Fahra Bideah Farry*
Born 19/12/77 — Dunedin
(5) *Leila Madeline Farry*
Born 4/10/80 — Dunedin

FAMILY OF JOSEPH AND JAMELIE FARRY

The Moving Finger writes: and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.
Omar Khayyam

PAULINE SHERIFFE FARRY

12 Alva Street, Dunedin
Occupation: Mother and Businesswoman
Married — **ANTHONY (TOM) FARRY** (Businessman)
18/1/58 — St Josephs Cathedral
Dunedin

CHILDREN

(1) *Marcel Marion Farry* BA
Born 23/9/59 — Dunedin
Married — John McRobb Baird
MSc (Psychology)
14/8/84 — Hokitika

(2) *Liane Josephine Farry*
Born 29/11/60 — Dunedin
Married — Richard Vivian Marsh Allen LLB
7/7/84 — St Josephs
Cathedral Dunedin
Children: Nathanael Thomas Vivian Allen
Born 2/11/87 — Dunedin

(3) *Tracey Amelia Farry* BA
Born 28/6/63 — Dunedin

(4) *Mathew Thomas Farry*
Born 4/5/71 — Dunedin

MARGARET MARY WILLIAMS

7 Alva Street, Dunedin
Occupation: Modelling School Director
Married — **THOMAS JOHN WILLIAMS** (Builder)
23/1/65 — St Josephs Cathedral
Dunedin

CHILDREN (1) *Lisa Mary Williams* LLB
Born 13/4/66 — Dunedin
(2) *Jamelia Ann Williams* BSc
Born 5/2/69 — Dunedin
(3) *Tara Jane Williams*
Born 29/10/74 — Dunedin

JOHN EDWARD FARRY

16 Norfolk Street, St Clair, Dunedin
Born: 13/9/38 — Dunedin
Occupation: Barrister and Solicitor
Married — **PAMELA DIANA DUFF** (Model)
19/4/69 — St Josephs Cathedral
Dunedin

CHILDREN (1) *Emma Kathrine Farry* BA
Born 20/2/70 — Dunedin
(2) *Joseph Gabriel Farry*
Born 9/3/71 — Dunedin
(3) *Annabel Rose Farry*
Born 6/5/72 — Dunedin
(4) *Claudia Lee Farry*
Born 22/7/74 — Dunedin
(5) *Olivia Bridget Farry*
Born 11/6/76 — Dunedin

PATRICK JOSEPH FARRY

Cove Farm, Glenorchy Road, Queenstown
Born: 17/3/44 — Gore
Occupation: General Medical Practitioner
Married — **SUZANNE GAYE FLIGHT** (Physiotherapist)
27/2/71 — Whakatane

CHILDREN (1) *Simon Clayton Farry*
Born 3/1/72 — Dunedin
(2) *Benjamin Joseph Farry*
Born 5/7/73 — Queenstown
(3) *Jude Gabriel Farry*
Born 7/9/75 — Queenstown

FAMILY OF MARY AND NED LA HOOD

". . . Be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be. And whatever your labours and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world."
Desiderata

JOSEPH LA HOOD

180 Scott Street, Waverley, Dunedin
Occupation: Chemist
Married — **HELENA MARY HANNAH** (Beautician)
27/11/71 — Church of the Immaculate Conception
Milton

CHILDREN
(1) *Edward Joseph La Hood*
Born 11/4/74 — Dunedin
(2) *Adam Jude La Hood*
Born 23/10/75 — Dunedin

GABRIEL LA HOOD

26 Fernglen Road, St Heliers, Auckland
Occupation: Company Director
Married — **BEVERLEY ANNE DALE**
5/9/59 — St Josephs Cathedral
Dunedin

CHILDREN
(1) *Garry Edward La Hood*
Born 6/7/65
(2) *Paul Edward La Hood* (Deceased)
Born 31/8/67

FREDERICK SABA LA HOOD

13 Cornwall Street, Waverley, Dunedin
Occupation: General Medical Practitioner
Married — **MARIE ANN POLSON** BA B.PhysEd (PE Instructor)
12/10/68 — Catholic Cathedral, Christchurch

CHILDREN
(1) *Melissa Mary La Hood*
Born 20/12/69 — Dunedin
(2) *Dale Robert La Hood*
Born 30/12/71 — Dunedin
(3) *Justin John La Hood*
Born 22/3/74 — Dunedin
(4) *Gregory Ronald La Hood*
Born 18/8/76 — Dunedin

RICHARD PAUL LA HOOD

27 Sandringham Street, St Clair, Dunedin
Occupation: Lawyer/Company Secretary
Married — **MARY ELIZABETH LANGFORD** (School Teacher)
13/5/75 — Invercargill

CHILDREN
(1) *Jane Mary La Hood*
Born 14/4/80 — Invercargill
(2) *Benjamin Richard La Hood*
Born 7/5/83 — Invercargill

FAMILY OF JOHN AND HAUDA FARRY

May the calm be widespread
May the sea glisten like the greenstone
May the summer sun dance forever across your pathway
Maori Prayer

116 Paritai Drive, Orakei, Auckland

CHILDREN

(1) *Antoinette Marie Farry*
Born 9/10/59 — Invercargill

(2) *Monique Amelia Farry*
Born 3/2/61 — Invercargill

(3) *Hind Marie Farry*
Born 22/3/64 — Invercargill

(4) *Nicole Farry*
Born 27/9/67 — Invercargill

(5) *John Gabriel Farry*
Born 1/8/71 — Invercargill