



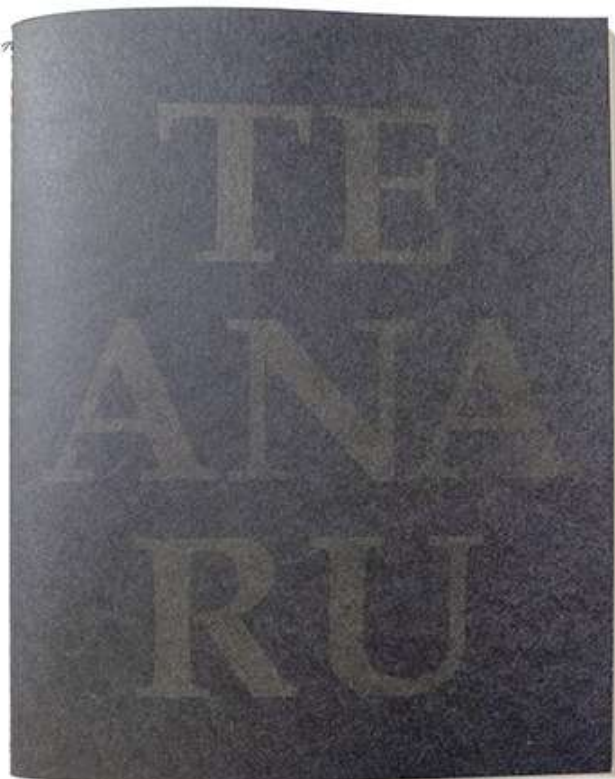


# *Eugene Hansen and Jenny Gillam*

Auckland Council Parks Artist in Residence programme, Barr Cottage 2019







# *Te Ana Ru – The Ballroom Cave*

Photo: Jenny Gillam

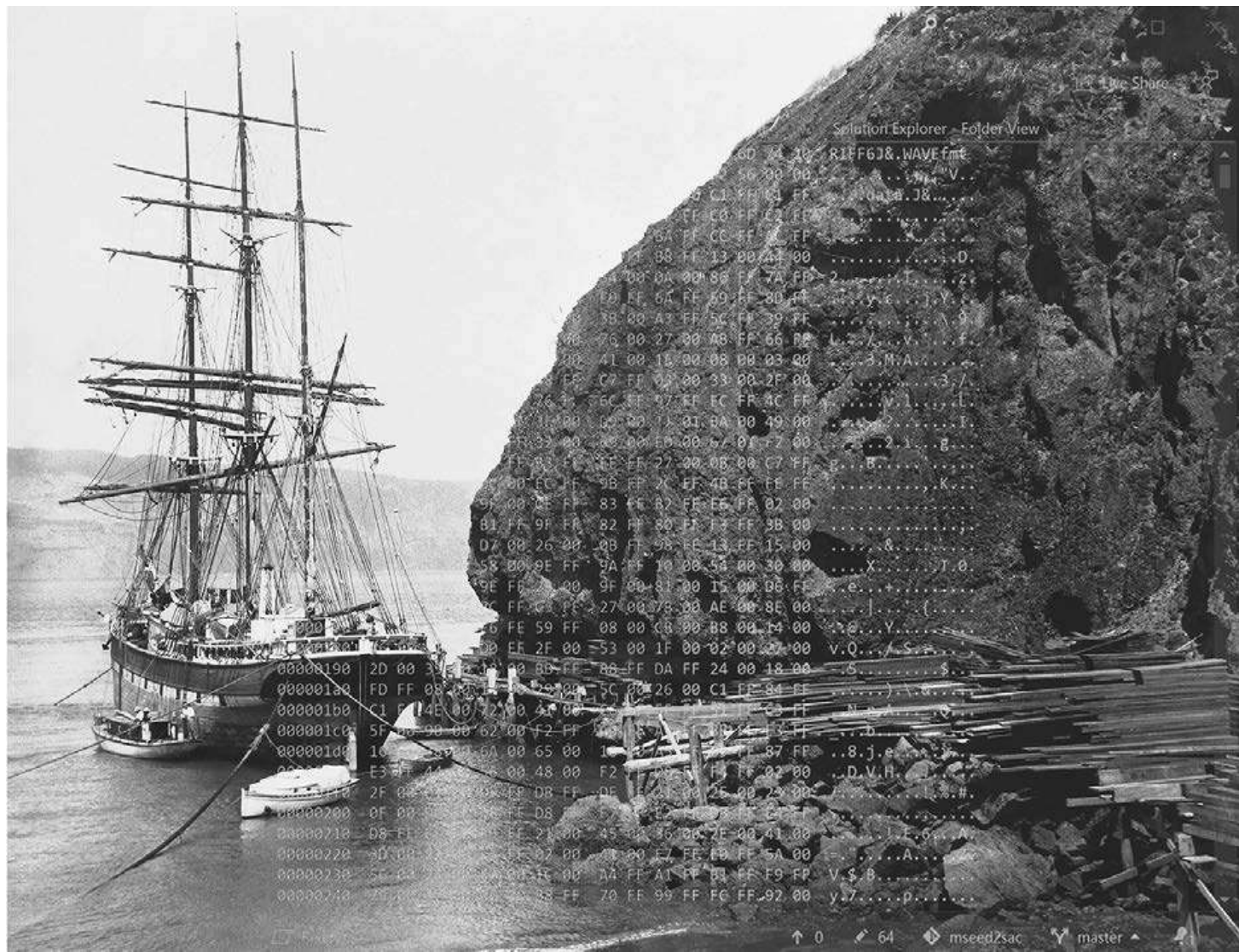




# 'Te Toa' leaving Whatipu, 1920

Photographer unknown, Auckland Libraries Heritage Collections JTD-19M-02934

With seismograph data overlay by J. Gillam



# *Tramping Club on launch at Whatipu wharf, c. 1930*

Photograph: Charles Cecil Roberts, Auckland Libraries Heritage Collections JTD-06M-04966G



Dear Dot,—I am going to try to describe the part of the world where I live. Well, for a start, our homestead is situated in a valley on the West Coast, near the Manukau bar. It is a very isolated place. Rough rocks are to be seen jutting out into the sea, some of which are entirely surrounded by water. Just imagine, Dot, how grand it is to see the angry waves dashing against the rocks and falling in white spray. The names of two of the rocks which are surrounded by the sea are the Cutter Rock (because it resembles a cutter at sea) and the Ninepins. A short distance round our beach are some very large caves; one is so large, in fact, that my brothers put a floor in it, so that we could be able to have a dance. I suppose you will smile at the idea of dancing in a cave? But when it is lit up with coloured lamps and decorated with ferns it looks better than any ballroom. There is one cave here, Dot, that is miles long. I have been in it as far as a candle would burn, but no farther. As we leave the caves, and look towards the west, we can see nothing for miles but a white sandy beach, which is all for riding on. I shall now leave the romantic scenery of the coast, and say something about the bush. As we advance up the valley from our home, we behold the forest in all its beauty. The dark and sombre trees, hung with mosses, form a striking contrast to the paler green fronds of the graceful tree-ferns, and the blossoms of the clematis and kowhai brighten the whole scene. While walking through the bush in the early morning, you will sometimes hear the birds singing together in a perfect concert of sweet music. Presently the forest grows silent, each songster having gone off on the ordinary business of the day. I cannot describe the scenery any more, unless Rimbecco comes to my rescue, and she will "pull me through." Oh, I did envy those L.F. who went and had their photos taken. I think Boy was the best in the whole group. We Whatipu L.F. are not going to let the southerners out do us. So the next person who comes along with a kodak we are going to get him to take a snapshot of us. Kauri Gum is the only boy L.F., so if he gets between two pretty girls, like Nobody Knows and myself, won't he be "all smiles," eh, Dot? Oh, little folk, little folk, do hurry up and send along your autos. I have only got four as yet, and every week I am looking out for more; but, alas! none ever come. I should like very much to correspond with Daisy Primrose, Cooco, Pandora, and Rimbecco—will you correspond with me, girls? With love to our soldier Boy, Mr Editor, and Dot,—Yours truly,

E. D. N. A.

P.S.—Kia-ora to Dum Dum, and may he live to be a celebrated poet.—E.

[What a glorious dance that must have been if your brother's floor proved a success, E. D. N. A. I am sure there are many of the D.L.F. who would have been only too delighted to have taken part in it.—DOT.]

## DOT'S LITTLE FOLK.

Dot invites short letters from her little friends throughout the colony on matters of interest to themselves, incidents connected with their pet animals, descriptions of anything they are interested in, of the district in which they live, of their school and home life, holiday trips, &c. The letters are to be written by the little folk themselves, and addressed "Dot, care of Editor Witness," and to be published in the pages devoted to "Dot's Little Folk."

Dot's Little Folk's Badge, obtainable on application to Dot. Price, 1s, in penny or half-penny stamps.

# Otago Witness, 1901

National Library of New Zealand collection

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# *Riki Bennett playing taonga pūoro*

(Ngāti Pikiao, Ngāti Whakaue, Te Arawa and Ngāti Porou)

Photo: Jenny Gillam



# *The thrum of the tide*

Te Uru, 20 February – 6 June 2021





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