

1928, Mr. TREVOR TAYLOR and his wife Phyllis (nee Proust), Ranolf St., came to Rotorua with three young children, Beryl and June, (still in Rotorua), and Doug whose leg was badly affected in polio epidemic. The Depression had forced him to leave Mamaku in search of work.

His career began in the Dept. of Agriculture Wellington, having gained his Diploma in Levin. He joined the Army W.W.I, but on his return he found his job taken by someone else, so he searched for work.

At Mamaku he was lucky to procure work at Gammon's Timber Mill. They were lucky to be able to live in Mamaku township itself, as his wife's mother helped finance the house with 7 acres of land.

Later he had his own timber mill at upper Otoroa Rd. several miles from Mamaku and opposite Muir's farm. They became great friends.

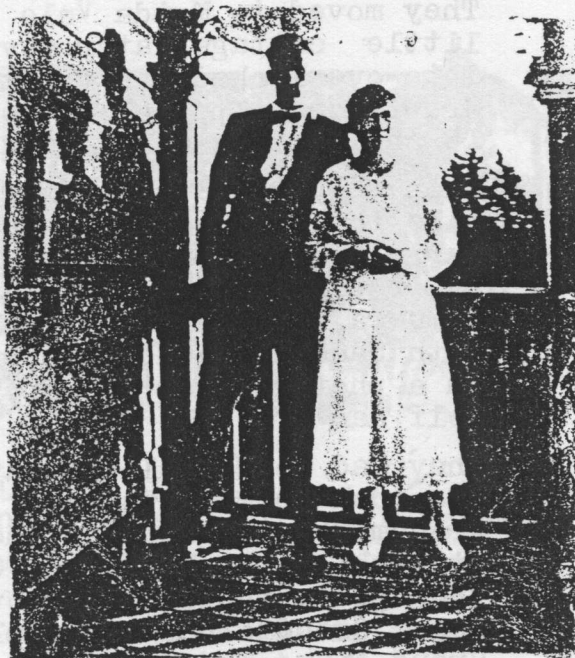
1928, he could no longer make a living there so moved to Rotorua. Arapuni Dam project for the Hydro Power Station on the Waikato River near Cambridge was the nearest work available. He stayed with that project for about 4 years, his children attending Rotorua Prim. Sch.. Beryl and June remember his comings and goings with his great heavy boots and thick leather gloves for protection from handling hot tar.

1934, Mamaku became home once more, returning to their house, as Dr. Bertram recommended high altitude climate for June's chronic bronchitis which was affecting her schooling. During the change over they stayed 2 years in Elizabeth St.

JUNE TAYLOR, born 1921, married Brian WILLS, educated, with a career in the Waipā Mill office. Lives 70 Otonga Rd. Her sister BERYL JARLOV, 50 Eliz. St. recalls early incidents with June ;

They lived in tents for 3 months between leaving Mamaku for Rotorua. Their father leased a Tarawera Mill for 3 months to supply a timber order to a Rotorua Furniture Firm, only to find when completed, that they would not or could not pay him. His solicitor managed to get him a token amount which helped him move into Ranolf Street's rented house. This was opposite the Devon St. shops.

June's highlight here was a prized birthday doll's pram which she paraded out on the footpath. Peter Bexley, the shop-keepers teasing son whizzed it about in glee with June screaming. She was soon in great trouble from her strict mother for going outside the gate! Another time, this wee pram was lent to the friendly neighbours, Mr. & Mrs. Mason who needed wheels to transport a heavy parcel to the railway station. Their daughter Joyce, now Cresswell, is still a great friend of June's.



TREVOR & PHYLLIS TAYLOR, relaxing after their wedding.

Mr. Taylor had a wonderful young mare called Star which the family loved as their father had trained it from a foal. It had a wonderful temperament, was reliable and adaptable in riding situations and work. June recalls one day, while living in Elizabeth St., that Star refused to behave. Olga MILLET, daughter of family friends from Mamaku and now Quarry Rd. off Fairysprings Rd., was a keen hunts-woman. This particular day her horse was playing-up so badly, refusing to be ridden, that she called in to ask to borrow Star. Incredibly, Star was the same!

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Unbeknown to Olga at that same time, up the rough covered scrub slopes of their small farmlet bordering George Ford's farm, (now called Selwyn Heights) an amazing disturbance was going on in the bird world with such a cacophony of bird calls as from quail and pheasants in particular, that George, working near, was bewildered! It was realized later that these creatures and the horses were well aware, before we humans, of the earth's disturbance that day which caused the disaster of the Napier earthquake, flattening the city, the after waves reaching Rotorua with severity, making a verticle crack in the front wall of the Boys' High Sch. and evacuation of pupils—1931

Star became a most treasured help and companion to Mr. Taylor in his bush work when, in 1934 he returned to Mamaku, working with the big State Mill for a time till he was able to establish himself in a successful post and batten business, supplying the Auckland firm of Rosenfeld and Kidsons who sold to the increasing numbers of farmers for fencing. This pony would pull sledge loads of posts split by Mr. Taylor, out through the bush to the loading base. Here he loaded them on Gammon's flat waggon which was hauled in the early days by horses bullocks, to the Railway Station, but later by a bush locomotive—'LOKI'. Before the timber left the bush, a Forest Ranger assessed the amount for paying royalty to the State owners of the bush. When pony Star, had pulled out her last sledge-load for the day, Mr. Taylor would give her a 'Well-done' slap on the rump and say, "Home", while he rode on the waggon. Star always found her way back through the bush.

One day, Mr. Taylor, on arriving back home, pulled from his pocket just a new born piglet, a wild Captain Cooker which his son Doug adored and nurtured so well that at times he was allowed to feed it from a plate on the hearth. Even his mother tolerated this until she found that she needed to wear boots to protect her ankles from its rough affection. One day when piggy was big, the children all went for a picnic and there-after could not understand what had happened to their pet, even when bacon became plentiful for breakfast!

When June started school at five her father had his Otoroa Mill near the main road turnoff a few miles from the Mamaku school and just past Tarukenga Maori Marae and its few railway houses. Because of her bronchitis, permission was given for her to travel on the bus for Maori children. In blackberry time it also helped Maori women to and from their picking areas with their 4 gallon kerosene tins. It took these to the railway, freighting the berries, for hot and tired women, to Thompsons & Hill in Auck. for jam. It was hard but well paid work.

Mrs. Taylor was a delightful and talented musician so the family had a happy social life as communities made their own entertainment in those days. Mrs. Taylor loved her beautiful grey cat which frequently caught small birds, then presented them to her to pluck before it would eat them. Over the years she kept all the softest feathers. When Beryl married and had Taylors' first grandchild, the crib and pram mattresses were of this cosiest down.



BERYL TAYLOR's wedding day, JUNE, her sister, bridesmaid.