

## CHAPTER THREE

# Our Very Friendly German-speaking Settler Volk

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## THE GERMANS AND AUSTRIANS

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The curtains of the puppet theatre part. A curious wooden clown peers out.

'Hello!' it squawks.

'Hello,' says Tom Appleton, late of Berlin.

'Havarggh!'

'What?'

'You understand anything yet?' demands a little girl's voice from backstage.

'No.'

'Vy not?' she screeches, a harsh mocking edge to her voice.

'Because,' says Tom, 'you have a funny voice.'

Gurgles of approval. A pause... 'Vat's my name?'

'What is your name?'

'I've... forgotten. I'm called Forgotten-my-name.'

The clown disappears. Grandma appears. 'That,' says Grandma, 'was Forgotten-my-name. He never tells lies.'

Croaky old Grandma tells the audience there are fried potatoes and one cut-up shark for dinner. The puppet theatre is performing with growing confidence. Still to come are the King, the Hunter, the Crocodile, Punch and Judy types, an entire mantelpiece of homemade and imported puppets — Tom was getting his brother to send him the real German puppets, until he found he could do as well with his own resources.

Tom Appleton's daughter Noanoa attends a Wellington kindergarten, but she is adept at

puppeteering. She likes doing German accents with the puppets and she understands her father's German. She will play for several hours with her puppets alongside her father typing out his freelance journalism. They do not have television, so when she saw the puppets for the first time on a neighbour's set, she couldn't understand why the puppets didn't answer back, like Daddy's did.

Noanoa goes to the local kindy, where there are lots of Greeks and Indians and other foreign children who don't make fun of her name like the children at the other kindergarten did. She is his New Zealand child. Tom came to New Zealand in 1972 because it was easier than his New Zealand wife trying to get entry to West Germany. He likes it here and sees himself as the advance guard of thousands of young Germans of the eighties who are fed up with the tensions of Europe.

'New Zealand,' he says, 'is a good unspoiled fallout shelter.'

He is spreading the word back home. On a chair is a freelance effort for a German magazine on alternative culture down under. And conversely, he has plans for New Zealand; Bertolt Brecht poems on stage as satiric Komikabaret; a leftwing literary quarterly that will put *Islands* and *Landfall* in their places; the Heinrich Heine Society as an alternative to the Goethe Society, which he believes lives too far in the past and does not protest enough about Nazis past and present. He has already clashed with the head of the German Department at the local university over the virtues of the Demo-



Tom Appleton has introduced his New Zealand daughter Noanoa to the traditional German puppetry he brought with him. He left behind his title of Baron and his German name, and believes he may be the first of a new wave of Germans looking for an escape in New Zealand from their nuclear world. *Evening Post*.

cratic Republic of Germany and the vices of his own Federal Republic — East and West Germany.

Tom is a passionate advocate of a socialist future, but in the New Zealand context he is really a throwback to the nineteenth century, when politically or religiously (the difference is not always obvious) disaffected Germans were welcomed here and contributed to New Zealand's development.

Last century there were no foreigners more popular with the British New Zealanders, and Germanic speakers came to New Zealand from all quarters of Europe — Rhinelanders, North Germans, Austrians, German Balts, Volga Germans, Transylvanian Germans, Sudeten Germans from Bohemia, German-speaking

Swiss, and so on. Of course, not all considered themselves German, and the boundaries of the time made some of them unwilling Germans. The Austrians and the Swiss have always maintained their separate national identities, while the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia have absorbed other German-speaking groups. By the time such disparate elements arrived, New Zealanders lumped them all together as Germans. This chapter will attempt to identify, if possible to untangle, these folk who speak with one voice, German, but who in no wise see each other as blood relations.

'Tom Appleton' is a metaphor for this confusion, being made up according to his own curious sense of humour from a French pun on the word 'alias', *'l'appel'* and *'ton'* or *'style'*, with

Thomas for 'Doubting Thomas'. His real name is Baron Hans Hermann Thomas Gerhard Ulrich von Bassewitz, a name that stretches back to the fourteenth century and betrays his aristocratic class, likely still to provoke laughter in some quarters and a stiffening to attention in others. He also found that a German name in New Zealand could not get work in journalism. But once he adopted his alias and allowed himself to be identified by his American accent as American (the accent picked up from American soldiers in Berlin), then he got work. His real name is a link with those gifted upper class Germans who came to New Zealand in the nineteenth century, also often self-imposed exiles from their own country, their status indicated by the prefix to their surname, as in von Haast, von Hochstetter, von Tempsky. However, his initial experiences as a dishwasher, railway labourer and purveyor of party ice have more in common with the humble struggles of the 10,000 or so peasants and artisans who spoke German and emigrated to New Zealand up until the First World War, making German speakers the most numerous non-British settlers in New Zealand at that time.

The first *New Zealand Times* characterised the first German settlers as plodding, persevering, sober and industrious. Their aim was to assimilate; in the main, the Lutheran churches, little more than humble white wooden cottages with steep roofs, steeple and cross, are all that remain of their origins. The Reverend Wohlers, who settled on Ruapuke Island in the deep south among Maori muttonbirders and the wives of whalers and refugees from Te Rauparaha's raids, wrote of the sturdy German settlers of Nelson in the 1840s: 'The bond of union amongst members was the church; in other relations they were on the road towards blending with their neighbours. Nelson received the nickname of Sleepy Hollow all over New Zealand. Is it possible that the German admixture may have been conducive to the political quiet of the place? At home I have heard people who have never been actual foreigners express displeasure that Germans in foreign countries so soon neglect both their German language and manners and cus-



Inspector Zahn of the North German Missionary Society, 1863, the recipient of the correspondence from the roving Reverend Wohlers, a permanent and invaluable record of life in early New Zealand. *Natusch collection, Alexander Turnbull Library.*

toms and assume both the language and customs of foreigners. That is true in New Zealand, but not only Germans do it, others do the same.'

At the time the Reverend was challenged as to the accuracy of his statement. The following account of German influence in New Zealand should show the quote to be true enough, and merely a fraction of the full picture.

In 1836 German whaling captain George Hempleman was harpooning out of Banks Peninsula. The following year he bought the whole peninsula from Tuhawaiki, popularly known as Bloody Jack, completing the deal in 1839 with the handing over of a boat with sails and jib. The government would not recognise the sale, suggesting that Tuhawaiki's nickname had some validity. Hempleman fought for occupancy up until his death in 1880.

Just after Hempleman took to the land, Captain Langlois clandestinely claimed the same peninsula as part of his Akaroa purchase; the settlement went ahead in 1840, and among those who took the offer made at Le Havre of free passage and 5 acres in Akaroa were six Germans. At Akaroa the Germans were unable to have their sections together and so went up

harbour to what became known as German Bay, until it was changed in the First World War to Takamatua. One of these Germans, Waeckerlie, built the first flour mill in Canterbury.

While the French were developing Akaroa, the New Zealand Company was experiencing problems recruiting British migrants for its grandiose schemes, and thus began advertising where it judged the people were next best, in the German newspapers. As was the case with Hempleman, the Company believed it had legally acquired the Chathams, and thought this just the place for Germans, 'to give useful neighbours to New Zealand Company settlers' in Canterbury, in those days apparently judged to be a neighbourly distance from the Chathams.

The New Zealand Company soon learnt that the Attorney-General did not share its view. He declared that the Company's charter gave it no right to purchase the Chathams, and thus the sale to German interests was illegal. The company had an agent at Bremen, but the government protested strongly against the Company entering 'negotiations with diplomatic agents of a foreign state, having for their objective the creation of a foreign colony in the neighbourhood of British settlers.'

At this stage the Company had actually concluded negotiations: the prospectus of the German Colonisation Company, signed on 15 February 1842, stated that the New Zealand Company had by agreement assigned to the German Colonisation Company the legal possession of the Chathams. Once the British Government stepped in the New Zealand Company cravenly disclaimed the signing as an unauthorised act of its secretary, despite its knowledge of the dealings: a question of saving face.

German interest was whetted, however, and German settlers came anyway, accepting the rule of British law. If the original scheme had gone ahead, New Zealand would have faced a dilemma in the First World War — there might have been an entire German colony on the Chathams to subdue.

One wonders about the New Zealand Company's motives with the Chathams, for its own surveyor had declared them not very fertile. He

just happened to be a German, Ernst Dieffenbach, a political exile, the first German scientist of note to work here. Nowadays he is remembered for his book *Travels in New Zealand*. He helped found the science of ethnology, the study of a culture, and wrote one of the first Maori grammars. He was permitted to return to Germany and take up a post as a professor of geology, but died in London at the age of 44.

Dieffenbach was the first of a galaxy of German geologists and explorers who mapped so much of New Zealand. Paul von Tunzelmann, a German Balt, and an English companion were the first to reach Lake Wakatipu; von Tunzelmann was the only survivor of a West Coast expedition of 1836. Not so fortunate was Dr Schmidt, who died in the Catlins in 1855, on an expedition for the Otago Provincial Government.

In 1842 the Gossner Mission sent out five German missionaries — a musician and school-teacher, a farmer and cooper, a painter, a cabinet-maker, a toolsmith and tinsmith. Wives were later sent out for three of them, and they ministered to the twenty-four Germans among the 115 people on the Chathams. The most celebrated of these Lutheran missionaries was the unfortunate Volkner, who resisted warnings to leave Opotiki and was slaughtered by the Pai Marire leader Kereopa; the Reverend Reimenschneider perhaps balanced this by tutoring Te Whiti, founder of the most powerful hybrid religion this country has seen.

As mentioned above, German settlement in New Zealand would have begun if allowed when the City of Hamburg contracted to buy the Chathams. John Beit of Hamburg heard of the New Zealand Company proposals when he visited London in 1842. The Chathams were not on, but he sent plans for a settlement at Nelson to the Hamburg merchants De Chapeaurouge & Company, who purchased five allotments. The North German Missionary Society purchased another. The tiny sailing ship the *St Pauli*, 380 tons, was chartered and 140 emigrants recruited from all over Germany, on the same terms as British migrants, that the New Zealand Company would find them work three days a week,

and on the other three they would find their own. The *St Pauli* sailed on 20 December 1842, and anchored in Tasman Bay on 16 June 1843.

Among the passengers were the Bensemenn family — Cordt Henry, aged 31, his wife Anna, 31, and three children, Anna, 8, John Albert, 5, and John Henry, 3. A daughter of 9 months died while the family was waiting to embark at Bremen. Cordt was a tall, broad-shouldered man who had served two terms of three years in the Guards Regiment of the King of Hanover. A descendant serves with the New Zealand Territorials.

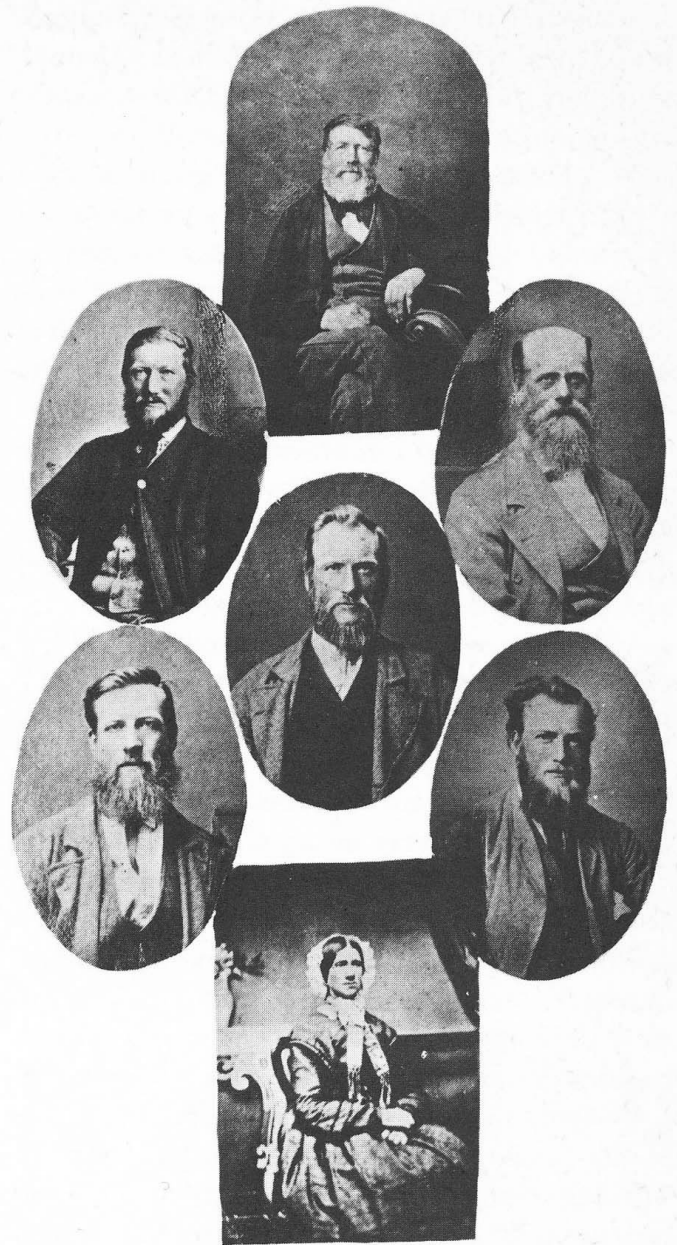
On arrival in New Zealand the men, from the Rhine Valley, went up the hills to inspect the soil, which they found to be good for wine growing. Priorities however were the building of huts and the planting of corn and potatoes. Cordt took his family to live in Halifax Street. As a carpenter he had enough work building homes for the new settlers to keep him busy for several years.

The new settlers had a poor welcome in Nelson, for news of the Wairau Massacre arrived just after them and it was followed by the pulling out of the New Zealand Company. The entire population nearly starved.

The Germans were allotted land in the Moutere Valley. Many went there at once, others stayed in Nelson. After a long trek the settlers arrived in tatters, due to the attentions of the bush lawyer. Men worked from 6 in the morning until late at night, the women picked potatoes all day for sixpence, children for threepence. They lived in huts of manuka and flax, with bullrushes for a roof.

Cordt eventually moved to the east bank of the Waimea River, where the *New Zealand Journal* for 25 August 1849 reported him having five children. 3½ acres of corn, potatoes and vegetables, two cows, a calf, two goats, three pigs, three geese. He also had work as a ship-builder, his wife spun and weaved. They were by the standards of the time well off.

The names of many of the *St Pauli* passengers are still in the area, such as Schroeder, Sigglekow, Lankow, Busch, Lange, Sixtus, Stade, Frank, Haase, Karsten, Pahl, and the missionary



The Bensemenn family arrived in the Upper Moutere area in 1842. Many of their descendants are still there today. Heine collection, Alexander Turnbull Library.

Heine, who came with three colleagues, Reimenschneider, Trost and Wohlers.

The *Nelson Examiner* for 27 May 1843 had applauded the prospect: 'No emigrants are more valued than the Germans and we hail the intended cultivation of the vine by them with unfeigned pleasure.' The newspaper was however premature, for the first settlement of St Pauli failed after the New Zealand Company withdrawal, much of the land being of poor quality, and the floods sweeping away the first year's cultivation. St Pauli, 30 miles west of Nel-

son in the Lower Moutere valley, was largely abandoned by its 140 settlers and four missionaries, a third of them setting sail for Adelaide (many to return in the 1870s).

Word of disaster may not have got back, for a second expedition was mounted by De Chapeaurouge and Count Ranzau, the former buying three allotments, the latter four. All 200 emigrants were recruited from Mecklenburg. They set sail on the Norwegian vessel *Skiold*, the yeoman brothers Kelling in charge.

They arrived on 1 September 1844, and were greeted by their discouraged predecessors; many joined those on the way to Adelaide. This gloomy exodus led directly to the second wave of planned German settlement in the 1870s, and Sir George Grey again played a major role. As Governor of South Australia he judged the Germans to be model settlers. When he moved on to govern the Cape Colony he welcomed the plans of Goddeffroy and Son to send German settlers there; on becoming Governor in New Zealand he approved the same firm sending settlers to New Zealand in the 1870s.

Julius von Haast came to New Zealand in 1858. He had left Germany in that year depressed by the persecution of the liberals, by the designs of the Russians, by the conscription that took up to six years from a man's life and often ruined his career. Haast was born in Bonn, present day capital of West Germany, traditional centre of Rhineland liberalism, birthplace of Beethoven, deathplace of Schumann. He arrived in Ramsgate, England, 'lonely, and broken, like a desolate wreck'. He accepted a commission from the English shipowners Willis, Sann & Co. to report on the prospects of large scale German emigration to New Zealand, where already Germans were noted for sobriety and industry, not forgetting plodding perseverance.

The routes and passes Haast plodded over are now legend. In making the first comprehensive map of Canterbury and exploring the West Coast, he gave a hundred names of contemporaries to such places as Murchison and Franz Josef, as well as identifying his own Haast Pass. He blueprinted Lyttelton tunnel, founded Canterbury Museum, developed an international repu-

tation as a geologist, botanist and zoologist. He was the compleat European, telling Robert Parker of Hobson Street, Wellington, one of the Capital's leading musicians at the time, that he had played the violin under Mendelssohn's baton at Dusseldorf. He had a fine voice, trained under the great Garcia, and was urged to take up an operatic career. Instead, he stayed true to his first love, science, the interest developed at the University of Bonn.

In December 1858 Haast attended perhaps the most brilliant gathering of scientific minds this country has seen. It was at the Auckland home of Dr Karl Fischer.

Among the rocks lies a beautiful garden richly endowed with flowers and juicy fruits. I entered. German tones rang enchantingly in my ears. Soon I felt the grasp of a truly German right hand. We wandered to and fro in intimate talk. German flowers smiled at me, the German vine grew by the palm; all around me were visible German character and German taste. An indescribable joy penetrated my soul at that moment and an inner voice declared exultantly, My Homeland has been restored to me. Here I have found fidelity, a German heart for sorrow and for joy.

The Germans that Haast was so enthusiastic about meeting were from the Austrian frigate *Novara*, here on a scientific cruise round the world under the auspices of Archduke Maximilian, brother of Emperor Franz Josef, head of the Imperial Navy. It was that ubiquitous Governor George Grey, administering the Cape Colony when the *Novara* called there, who encouraged their visit to his old stamping ground to examine the volcanic features of the North Island of New Zealand. He must have been persuasive. Among the scientists aboard were the zoologist Frauenfeld, the botanist Jellinek, and the man the New Zealand Government was seeking to undertake a study of the Auckland coalfields, Ferdinand von Hochstetter, now known as the father of New Zealand geology. The meeting in Dr Fischer's garden in Auckland led to the lifelong friendship of Haast and Hochstetter and to arguably the most beneficial scientific collaboration this country has



Sir John Francis Julius von Haast in his uniform as German Consul in 1886, a giant in the scientific development of New Zealand. *Fritz Meycke photograph, Coln & Bonn, Alexander Turnbull Library.*

seen. Haast certainly had no doubts, for he said that Hochstetter by 'his labours in New Zealand had drawn closer together the bond between English and German colonists' and had made many 'valuable contributions to the history of geology and the cognate sciences' over the last twenty-five years. Hochstetter wrote of Haast's youthful enthusiasm as his 'inseparable travelling companion, the faithful participant of all my toil and travel as well as my pleasures during my peregrinations through New Zealand'.

We can indeed be grateful that Dr Fischer preferred the freedom of the Antipodes to the conscription and militarism of his native Berlin. He founded and was first medical officer of the Auckland Homeopathic Hospital and Dispensary, supported by private aid and by the Auckland Provincial Government, conducting it for no fee. Haast said he was the leading physician in the place; he also named the best sites for scientific finds.

By 1870 there were over 2,000 Germans in New Zealand, not all planned or assisted. From 1860 to 1878 Heinrich Goile of Krondorg led 126 Germans from South Australia to settle successfully at Pukepapa, near Marton, and their farming persists. There were forty German soldiers in the Maori Wars who settled at Waipa, and twenty more on the Hauraki Plains. Hokitika listed 172 Germans during the gold rushes — the West Coast had its German Gullies.

In the mid-1860s the forests of the Waimate area, South Canterbury, attracted a German flourmiller, bootmaker and brewer, serving the foresters of what was called German Town. Some were ploughmen and shepherds. There were fifty-three there in 1878. Fire destroyed the forest, causing some to move on, others to farm sheep.

In the 1870s Germans were recruited along with Scandinavians, Poles, Italians and British, for Treasurer Vogel's ambitious public works



Ferdinand von Hochstetter, the father of New Zealand geology. *Julius Leth, Vienna, photograph, Alexander Turnbull Library.*

schemes, mostly in the South Island (592 Germans altogether, including Austrians and Moravians, by 1874). In the case of Jackson's Bay, deep down on the West Coast, it was a disaster. There were 192 Germans in that wilderness, dumped there virtually to fend for themselves, but doing better than the other nationalities. After completing their contracted stints on rail and road projects, the Germans dispersed around the country, some already intermarried with Scandinavians they had met in Hamburg or on the voyage.

Germany meantime had made it a crime to recruit settlers in Germany. In 1875 Matthies, a Pomeranian, did just this, was jailed, and died there.

By 1878 there were 238 Germans in Taranaki, 130 at Porangahau in Hawke's Bay, 56 in Napier, 24 in Hastings, 220 in its environs, over 100 in the Masterton area working in forests and on the roads. There were 800 in Otago, 240 in Dunedin, 800 in Canterbury, 138 in Christchurch, 108 in Southland, 40 in Invercargill. Many were city folk, so did not care to stay in the bush once their contracts had expired.

There were also the unassisted ones. In Christchurch there were goldsmiths, watchmakers, hotel proprietors, and a gilder. In 1872 the German residents of Canterbury erected a church on the corner of Worcester and Montreal Streets in Christchurch. The Provincial Government voted £200 towards the church in appreciation of Germans as colonists, whether paying their own way or arriving to work the bush at Oxford, Waimate, Geraldine and Marshland. There were 400 at the opening of the church.

While Hochstetter and Haast were busy drawing the contours of New Zealand, an Austrian, Andreas Reischek, was busy from 1877 to 1889 exploiting it. If it was rare and moved, shoot it and stuff it, was this taxidermist's motto. Vienna was the beneficiary of his unscrupulous and enthusiastic pilfering of flora, fauna and Maori artefacts — he did not hesitate to ignore tapu in capturing on film a dead Maori chief in ritual burial garments.

A much more benign Austrian contributor to our nineteenth century culture was Gottfried



Andreas Reischek, an enthusiastic and unscrupulous plunderer of New Zealand flora, fauna and Maori artefacts last century, without whose dedication much would have been lost forever. *Photograph by Adele of Vienna, Alexander Turnbull Library.*

Lindauer, who was born in Pilsen where the beer comes from — it was an Austro-Hungarian province then, but now we enjoy its Czech beer. Lindauer was inspired to come to New Zealand in 1873 by an article in a periodical, and raved about its unspoiled beauty.

Curiously, one hundred years later another German speaker, Hundertwasser, came to New Zealand to pay homage to the 'last unspoiled paradise on earth', where he believed good craftsmanship survived and individual achievement was still possible, where no city psychosis had set in. He did not carry out his plan to settle in this paradise, though he did leave his visions behind in the shape of exuberant and quite expensive prints on a good few urban Kiwi walls.

Another painter to make his mark in New Zealand is probably more celebrated as a military genius or, at least, military adventurer. Gustavus von Tempsky was a Prussian, a member of the Junker class, a rover, a fighter, some say a





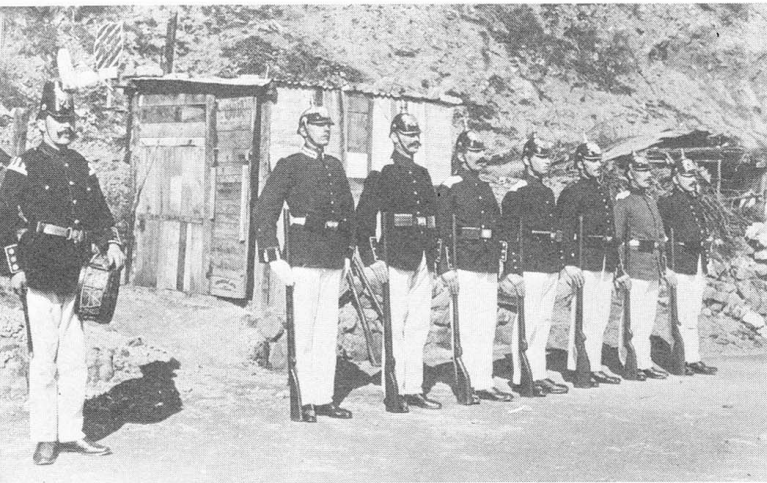
con-man. His Forest Rangers were celebrated for matching the Maori at guerilla tactics, though von Tempsky fell in a skirmish with the Hauhaus. He was said at the time to have elevated New Zealanders from colonial soldiers dependent on Imperial Forces to self-sufficient fighters.

Of much more sedate, predictable and living memory is the Dunedin firm of Hallenstein Brothers, whose founder went on to represent his country in Dunedin as consul, and then to represent Dunedin in Parliament. His son-in-law Willi Fells followed him as German Vice-Consul in Dunedin, and more lastingly as founder and funder of the Department of Anthropology at Otago University. Unlike Reischek, he left his mark behind in the Maori and Oceanic Collection.

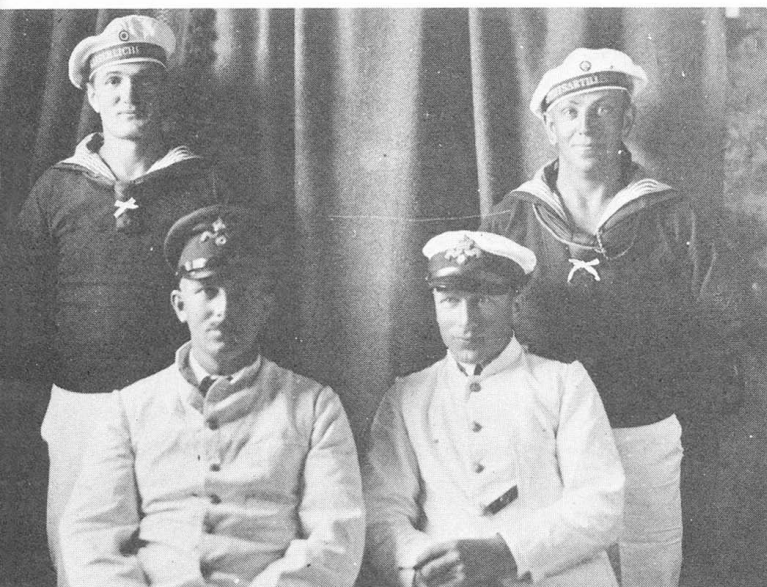
The 1886 census showed Germans in New Zealand peaking at 5,007. Immigration began to taper off during this century, encouraged by the Seddon Government's 1899 Immigration Restriction Act with its educational test for all non-British immigrants (a test British immigrants might have failed in their droves, just as in the 1970s prospective Asian students were subjected to a test of their English most New Zealanders would have failed). The figure of 5,007 would have excluded naturalised Germans, of course; between 1851 and 1866 these numbered 388.

In both World Wars Germans were incarcerated on Somes Island in Wellington Harbour, but our most celebrated German prisoner was separated from his men when they were sent to Somes, and sent instead to Ripa Island in Lyttelton harbour. But then, Count Felix Alexander Nikolaus Georg von Luckner belonged to the realms of chivalry and myth, a dashing seadog of the Errol Flynn image, smiling through a clamped pipe, welcomed back here between the wars as a kind of hero.

Gustavus Ferdinand von Tempsky was considered last century to have shown New Zealanders how to be self-sufficient fighters; this century he is fast becoming both our legendary version of Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone and, in more critical circles, something of a poseur who painted and fought part-time. *Alexander Turnbull Library.*



German internees on Somes Island 1914-18, wearing uniforms they made themselves. Original print loaned by R. Hart, Alexander Turnbull Library.



Captain Count von Luckner, bottom right, with Herman Erdmann on his left, and behind him crew members Permier (left) and Matrose on his First World War raider *See Adler*. The crew were interned on Somes Island, but the Count was considered dangerous enough to warrant solitary confinement on Ripa Island in Lyttelton Harbour. The crew presented this photograph to Mr S. Hart, principal lighthouse keeper on Somes Island 1914-18, and two decades later the Count returned to a hero's welcome in New Zealand. Original print loaned by R. Hart, Alexander Turnbull Library.

Von Luckner escaped from Motuihi Island in Auckland by stealing the scow *Moa*, but was recaptured three days later. S. J. Moore, secretary of the Women's Anti-German League in Wellington, warned the authorities of another at-

tempt to help von Luckner escape, and of the need to incarcerate all aliens. Fortunately for most of the 4,015 Germans the authorities identified, only 380 went into detention on Somes Island, including 23 Austrians, 2 Bulgarians, 12 Dalmatians, 1 Turk, 1 Swiss, 3 Russians, 1 Dutchman, 1 Mexican — all 'Germans' to the authorities.

There was no embargo on Germans in New Zealand after the Second World War. German women came almost immediately as wives of Poles and British ex-servicemen, defined as displaced persons.

In the 1950s the call came once more for German immigrants. John Woodward was working in Geneva with the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees. In the *Evening Post* of 24 October 1953, he was reported as saying that before 'the tidal wave of Asiatics engulfs the country' we shouldn't persist with the 'bottom strata' of British migrants 'while New Zealand ignores the wealth and talent and skills in such countries as Germany, Austria and Italy'.

We didn't. Two years later New Zealand was recruiting 500 West German and 500 Austrian girls. The London *Daily Mirror* quoted the West German Labour Minister Anton Storch as saying New Zealand wanted 3,000 more German housemaids because the first 3,000 sent since the war are now all happy housewives. New Zealand sources corrected the initial 3,000 to 300 and pointed out that some were married before they came.

It was during the 1950s that the present Austrian community was established in New Zealand. In 1953 New Zealand ordered 500 prefabricated houses from Austria and a labour force to come with them. Many found that after their eighteen month or two year contracts were up, they wanted to stay. Most had come, about 190, to Titahi Bay in Wellington, and some are still there. Otto Tiefenbacher has been President of the Austrian Club in Wellington for a quarter of a century. It has about 300 members, many of them Kiwis, some Hungarians and Swiss and Germans. He points out that the Austrians do not stick together in the way the Dutch, Greek,

Italians and Poles do. But the Austrians do like to dance and sing, so there are also small Austrian Clubs in Auckland and Christchurch.

Otto says that his mountainous country has more in common with the Swiss and perhaps the neighbouring Bavarians than the rest of Germany. He likes to relax by going along to a local restaurant run by a Swiss and an Austrian cook, the only place he can get his traditional dumplings with venison — it used to be offered to the Kiwi clientele, but the response was poor and it is now off the menu. Otto also likes the singing that goes on into the early hours in this restaurant, played by a Ukrainian accordion player who knows all the good old German songs. Otto runs a fish restaurant, but he cannot find an accordion player to bring it alive with the sound of German music — he has to rely on the stereo.

In cultural terms he believes the Austrians are between times. His age group is getting too old for the soccer team, the youngsters they have brought up in New Zealand are just beginning to take over. His own children are interested in going home to Austria, and he believes that in the next decade or so there could be a resurgence of interest in their roots. Just now things are quiet.

Whenever he goes to Sydney he feels envious of all the different ethnic European restaurants, Rumanian, Austrian, Greek, Polish, Bavarian, you name it. He knows from going to his friends' restaurant where the accordion is played, how much everybody enjoys it, especially the New Zealanders. The problem is to find the right musician and the right master of ceremonies. He particularly admires the way the Hofbrauhaus operates in Auckland.

The only German Club is in Auckland, but it is a big one, catering for a community of about 700, while the Hofbrauhaus restaurant is packed with people enjoying the jolly tuba and accordion band, mein host in lederhosen leading the singalongs, the waitresses in corn pigtails and pinafores, the foaming steins and the German sausage and the swaying choruses of Lili Marlene.

Wolfgang Leonhardt, district manager of Luft-

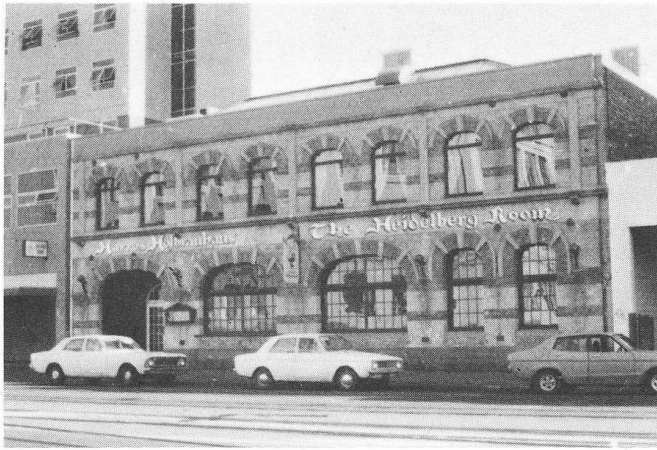


German immigrants at Mangere Immigration Hostel in February 1957, re-establishing the connection with New Zealand's favourite non-British immigrants of last century, broken this century by two world wars. *New Zealand Herald and Weekly News.*



Austrian immigrants arrive in 1956. *New Zealand Herald and Weekly News.*

hansa Airlines in Auckland, is president of the German Association of New Zealand, based in Auckland, at present seeking to incorporate the fledgling Christchurch German club into its fold. Although it has no more than ninety paid-up



The Hofbrauhaus in downtown Auckland not only offers New Zealanders a touch of the boisterous bierkellers of Bavaria, it also provides the only German social club in the country with one of its regular venues. *David McGill.*

members, its customary May and October dances pack 400 into Trillo's or the Tamaki Yacht Club or the Hofbrauhaus.

Such jolliness is not quite Tom Appleton's stein of bier. He feels that New Zealanders are partial to West Germans, and against East Germans, he is disappointed that the Jewish community in Wellington showed no interest in his Heine Society, for Heine was a German Jew. Tom's own mother was half-Jewish.

Some Dunedinites will remember in the early seventies a mad character on 4XO who shot down rock records in a frenzy of machinegun and ackack fire, one crazy Red Baron. That was Tom Appleton. Germans, you see, do have a sense of humour.

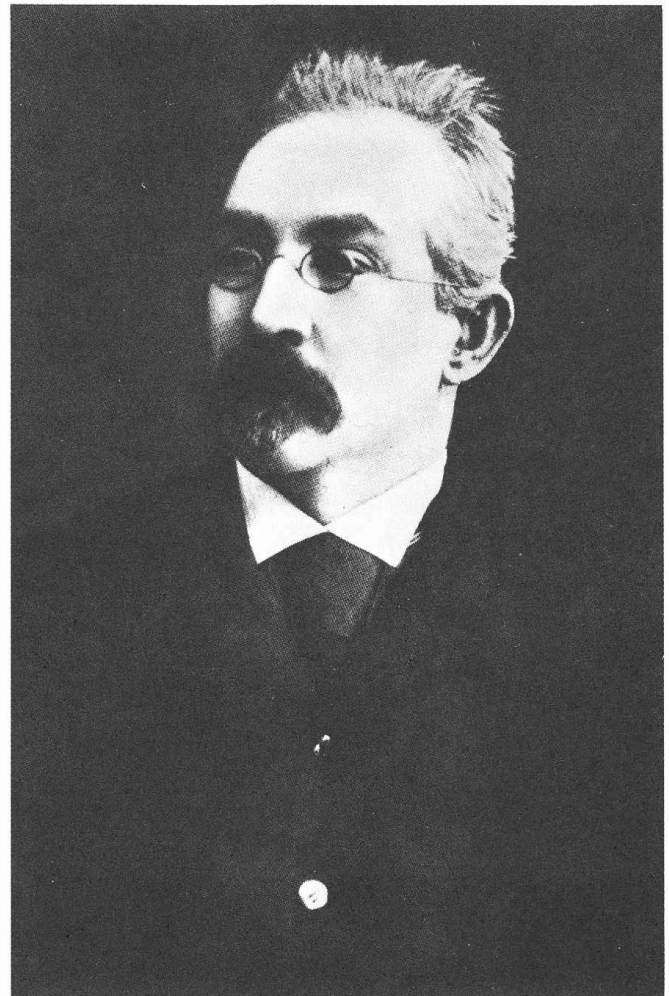
In any case, Tom loves it in New Zealand. 'I like New Zealanders,' he says. 'Here I can sunbathe in peace. I can buy a house, have some chickens, a dog.'

Whatever their shade of political opinion, whatever part of Europe they have come from, New Zealand has generally been a welcoming place for the thousands of German-speaking people who have found their way here. It has benefited from their scholarship, industry and music, and of course their sausages and beers, of which there are surely as many as there are German-speaking nations. Come to that, the best homebrew I ever had was from a Dunedin chap, who got the recipe from a German.

## THE BOHEMIANS

Puhoi, north of Auckland, was the idea of an officer in the Austrian army, Captain Martin Krippner. He came to settle in New Zealand in 1859, was unsuccessful as a farmer, but thought the small-farming people of his homeland could do well in New Zealand. He returned and persuaded eighty-three people from Staab in Bohemia to make the voyage, a decision many probably regretted in those first bitter years in the bush wilderness, abandoned to their own devices and, at times, close to starvation.

The Auckland Provincial Council approved the idea if the adults paid their passage, receiving 40 acres free on arrival, 20 acres for each



Gottfried Lindauer, one of the most distinguished painters of New Zealand last century, was born in Pilsen, Bohemia, when it was an Austrian province. *Alexander Turnbull Library.*



Traditional Bohemian band at Puhoi. The central instrument is the famous dudelsack, as testing a bag of wind as its Scottish relation. *Print loaned by Miss H. McInnes, Alexander Turnbull Library.*

child. The first settlers left Staab, 100 miles from Prague, in February 1863. Father Silk, their parish priest, has written of their desperate poverty. They didn't have enough money to buy a cow for several years, the first year they earned about £15, half the cost of a cow. They felled and burned bush, planted potatoes and wheat. Some young men joined the militia company Krippner formed, and after the war went off to farm 50 acres each received at Ohaupo in the Waikato.

More Bohemians came in 1866 and settled Ahuroa near Puhoi. Others came in 1875. They eventually carved out a solid existence, and were able to abandon their nikau huts and improve their scant diet of wild honey, native pigeon and crops.

The Bohemians became famous in the Auckland region for their wild annual celebration of three days and three nights of dancing in their colourful national costumes. Their simple little church is not perhaps as important as it once was. Today their pub is the focus of outside interest. One of its proprietors was a saddle and bootmaker, and its walls are festooned with evidence of his occupation. The old sepia photographs tell some of the story, a story the locals are proud to present in full. It was all on show at the centennial celebrations, including that quaint national instrument the dudelsack, to the uninitiated a primitive version of the bagpipes that licks its Celtic cousin hollow for murderous wailing monotone.