

Ninety Years of Going to School

Four generations of Pond children
at Hinuera Primary School 1918--2013



GEN.1 § **Nancy Pond** 1933



GEN.2 § **Claudia Pond** 1951



GEN.3 § **Cameron Pond** 1985



GEN.4 § **Beth Walker** 2009

Synopsis

This is a chronicle of four generations of farm children attending a New Zealand village school in the twentieth century. The recollections document an accord between home life, farm work, and the education curriculum. The rural children responded to the wider metropolitan world by succeeding as farmers, artists, authors, engineers, technicians, teachers, and founders of their own businesses.

J A Pond purchased 1364 acres in the Mangawhara No.1 block in 1908 and named the farm "Warlingham". Cecil Pond brought his bride here in 1910. From the farm homestead at "Warlingham" Ida and Cecil's children went to school in the truck taking the cream to the main road, or on horseback along the Mangawhara stream, or on foot across the paddocks to Hopkins corner.

During four generations, 38 descendants of Ida and Cecil Pond attended Hinuera Primary School. Another seven pupils came from families living on the farm.

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Wendy Rona Pond 1942-

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Copies are available from Wendy Pond, Wyuna Bay, Coromandel 3581, New Zealand, Ph +64-7-866 8581.

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at Hinuera Primary School 1918--2013

Wendy Pond

2017

Settling in the Hinuera district

The Ring family were the earliest settlers on the Mangawhara block at Hinuera. In 1852 Charles Ring had discovered gold at Coromandel, in a tributary of the Whangarahi river, and in 1856 he and his brother received a crown grant in Coromandel where the Ring families became established. Then in 1879 Charles Ring bought one thousand acres at Rangitunuku in the Mangawhara block. This property became the farms of Guy Ring, Bill Ring, Ted Seed, and Geoff Sim. In 1881 Charles Ring's son, William Charles Ring, built a homestead on land that became Jim Gore's farm.

In 1892 Mangawhara school opened in a cottage by the Hinuera railway station with the Ring children, Ethel, Guy, Ruby and William Ring among its 13 pupils under the sole teacher, Mrs Rosa Haberfield.

In 1908, J A Pond purchased 1364 acres in the Mangawhara No.1 block and named the property "Warlingham" after a rural village in Surrey. The Ponds put up a boundary fence, which prevented Rings' cattle from roaming the swamp. This did not create the most cordial relations between the Rings and the Ponds.

Fortunately, in 1951 Miss Ann Bush arrived at Hinuera Primary School to teach classes attended by the Pond grandchildren. Miss Bush married Guy Ring's son and the Ponds and Rings were happily reconciled. Jim Gore took over William Ring's land and became the good neighbour of Ron Pond.

HINUERA PRIMARY SCHOOL



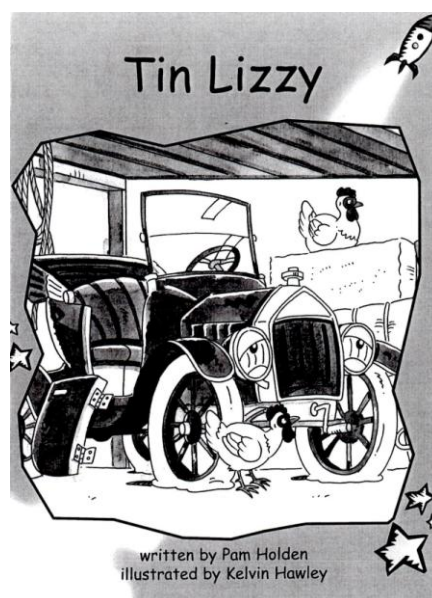
A very early photo of Hinuera school pupils, found amongst the papers of Neville Pond who enrolled at Hinuera at age seven in 1918 and attended until 1924. His brothers and sisters were at HPS into the 1930s.

In 1907 Hinuera Primary School opened in a new school building on a new site with Mrs C

Wade, sole teacher and around 30 pupils. The building was a single room, with a porch where pupils hung their school bags and raincoats.

In 1910 Cecil Pond, homeopathic chemist of Remuera, Auckland married Ida Smith of Onehunga society and brought her to Hinuera to join him in the adventure of breaking in the land at "Warlingham". Four generations of farm children from "Warlingham" attended Hinuera Primary School between 1918 and 2013, surviving times of post-war recovery in the 1920s, depression in the 1930s, world war in the 1940s, urban expansion and prosperity in the 50s and 60s, and from 1965 America's wars of aggression, economic crashes, resource over-use, species extinction, climate change, and environmental awareness.

The second generation of these farming children took their rural skills into many professions. David Callaghan received the Arthur Rutherford award for inventing a water saving device in 1963. Robin Callaghan, Kim Pond, Bryce Pond, Brenda Clearwater *Pond*, and Robert McLaren became farmers. Diana Burslem *Pond* and Jennifer Simpson *McLaren* became Deputy Principals. Pam Holden *Pond* was Head Girl of Matamata College in 1960, became an author, and founded her own publishing company, Red Rocket Books. Wendy Pond navigated a boat to the Kingdom of Tonga in 1967 and became an anthropologist. Naomi Susan Pond became a medical herbalist on her rural landholding on the Ring estate at Coromandel. Claudia Pond Eyley is an artist, author, and film maker. Winston Pond founded his own consultancy company Belbin and Brenda Clearwater Pond Brenda founded a farm entertainment business, Paintball. Annette Langlands *McLaren* became a rep. sportswoman and was still a marathon runner in her sixties. Richard Pond became a truck driver, Beverley McLaren a radiographer, Peter McLaren an engineer, and Helen Pond a health worker. Kath Loudon *Pond* worked at the Sunny Park Dairy Factory in Hinuera, gained a degree in Business Management at Waikato, and became a carer of foster children. Alan Pond became a pilot as a hobby, then a broadcast engineer, working for various stations around the world TVNZ, TV3, BBC, ESPN Singapore, Aljazeera, Sony U.K, Samoa TV.



The poster by Claudia Pond Eyley was commissioned by the NZ Government. The story of "Tin Lizzy" by Pam Holden *Pond*, published by Red Rocket Books in 2005, was inspired by an old car rusting under the trees at "Warlingham".

First Generation at Hinuera Primary School

Children of Ida and Cecil Pond



Ida Pond (1887-1977) with her children born 1910 to 1927 *Clockwise from back:* Olga, Jim, Cynthia, Bert, Ron, Nancy. Box Brownie photo by Neville Pond.

ATTENDANCES AT SCHOOL

Between 1910 to 1927 Ida and Cecil Pond had seven children who all attended Hinuera Primary School. Cecil served on the Hinuera School Committee. However the years of attendance of his children were not the conventional age five to ten of the modern educational system. Neville was born in 1910 in his mother's home in Onehunga and was sent back to his grandparents to begin schooling at Te Papapa. He began school at Hinuera in 1918 when he was seven. The school was a one-roomed class room with a porch and twenty-four pupils.

Neville's sisters Cynthia and Olga were taught at home by a tutor. They began school at Hinuera in 1919 when they were six. In 1921 a second classroom was added to the school and even so, some classes were held in the Hinuera Hall. Jim began school at Hinuera in 1922 when he was five, and then Cecil sent him to Matamata Primary School. Ron began in 1924 when he was five. Bert and Nancy began at Hinuera Primary School in 1932 when Bert was ten and Nancy was five. When Neville started attending Matamata College, he was given a vehicle to take some of his younger siblings to Matamata with him.

From 1920 to 1934 Hinuera school had a female principal, Mrs Wade. If the Education Department rules for women teachers are bona fide as reproduced in the Hinuera Centennial publication, she was required to be at home between 8 pm and 6 am; not permitted to keep company with men; not permitted to marry during her term of contract; not to travel beyond the city limits without the Board's permission; not to smoke; not to dress in bright colours; not to dye her hair; and to wear long skirts with at least two petticoats. At the 1992 Hinuera School Centennial, Mrs Wade's pupils recalled her love for books and poetry, appreciation of nature, skill as a pianist, and her endeavours to give them a wide education.



Left to right: Cynthia and Olga Pond with their home tutor at "Warlingham" ca 1919.

During 1926 a Mrs Potter came to teach at Hinuera Primary School, and then went to Horahora. Emma Lucy ("Lou") Potter was Ida Pond's niece. They were both descendants of William Smith, Ida's grandfather, a Fencible soldier stationed in Onehunga. Mrs Potter's daughter Beth Hall became acquainted with Jim Pond's daughter Diana in 2010 when they were tracing their Fencible ancestors.

GOING TO SCHOOL

The farm homestead was built near the northern boundary of "Warlingham". The farm had a "sand pit" in the old orchard in a deposit of pumice from the volcanic eruptions, and from this resource a sanded farm road was formed from the homestead running north west out to the Cambridge road, the road along the valley from Piarere to Hinuera. Cream from the farm was delivered to the end of the farm road for collection. Nearby a stand of oak trees marked the site of a Maori burial ground. Here the Ponds turned right, following the main highway past Hopkins corner (where Conder later had a service station, and the road to Matamata veered off), over the small bridge with white railings across the Mangawhara creek (the Main Drain through "Warlingham"), and into Hinuera village. Beyond the village, on the road to Te Poi, the road crossed the Mangawhero stream which also flowed through "Warlingham".

The Pond pupils went to school on horseback, on foot, and later on bicycles. The older children at "Warlingham" when walking or riding on horseback, took a short cut from the homestead north east across farmland. Sometimes Neville rode to school on "Prince", sometimes with one of his younger brothers behind him. He recalled that there were gardens between the school and the horse paddock, and then a stile over the fence into the horse paddock where the horses were let loose. Just inside the gate was a shed for saddles. Some kids rode with a sack without even a surcingle. He remembers also walking home through Hopkin's paddock. The cross-country route cut about a mile off the 4-mile route by road.

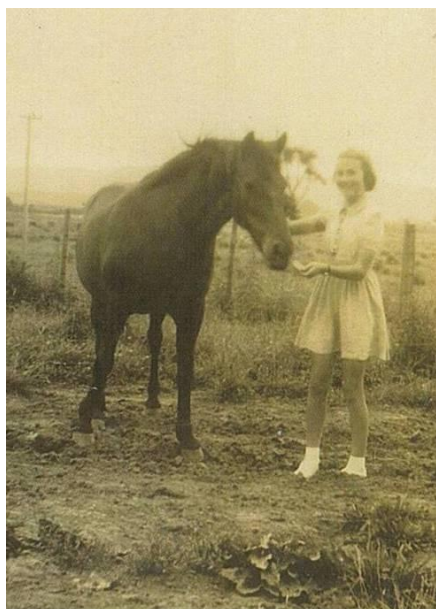
Olga said she and Cynthia doubled on the horse and they came out onto the main highway at the bridge across the Mangawhara creek, so the riding route must have been travelling north east in the general direction of the creek, following the farm's original right-of-way through the swamp. However, the right of way was swampy, crossed by meanders, and covered in tall teatree, and this may explain why the early Pond children walked as often as they rode to school.

Nancy recalled that when they got bikes, Jim used to double her when they went to Sunday School at Hinuera. Ida would put a blanket over the bar for her to sit on. Jim helped Nancy write a letter to their grandfather, James Alexander Pond, thanking him for her bike. Her brothers would shoot a rabbit, skin it, and turn the skin inside out to wear as a mitten for riding their bikes.

Sometimes Cecil would send the Pond children to school in the buggy driven by Jack Scott and they would pick up Cynthia's friend Thorai Wheeler at Deed's farm at the end of the sanded road. Even though the younger Pond children had bikes Nancy still sometimes walked. When she went to Matamata College in the 1940s, she could catch the Matamata school bus at Hopkins Corner. If she walked to the bus she would go through the No. 2 paddock, hop over the fence into Hopkins farm, and walk past Hopkins homestead to get to the bus stop. She wore galoshes over her school shoes for walking across the paddocks.

At Hinuera Primary the farm children went barefoot and it seems the farm children often walked by preference and went barefoot by preference.

The "Herald" used to arrive on the slow afternoon train. After school, the boys would run across to the Hinuera station and wait for the guard to throw the papers off. Whoever delivered the papers to the Hinuera Store got a small packet of lollies. Neville would collect Cecil's paper from the store and the mail from the Post Office before setting off home.



Nancy Pond with Prince ca 1938



Pond child riding over the farm 1920s

1925



From left end. Back row: A Conder - E Swan - T Wheeler - T Hancock - F Germann - L Hayes - E Blanch - G Horan - J Denton - W Denton - N Blanch - J Hancock - D Hayes - M Hayes - N Cannell - N King.

4th row: M Scelly - J Conder - W Collins - L Kernot - T Hayes - E Troughton - C Robinson - G Hawke - Olga Pond - L Bowers - M Brindle - M Cook - R Maffey - M Wright - S Troughton - I Germann.

3rd row: B Carlyon - L Troughton - A Clarke - L Scelly - D Rowe - J Maffey - D Davis - R Tisch - J Brindle - M Troughton - A or NC Beeby - M Hawke - M Germann - Cynthia Pond - N Horan - M Bain - A Horan.

2nd row: C Denton - J Horan - P Magill - A Swan - P Hawke - R Settle - J Beeby - G Sweetman - G Hancock - G Wilson.

Front row: J Magill - W Cannell - F Conder - W Kneebone - L Bethel - V Maffey - R Martin - G King - M Sweetman - Ron Pond - W Brindle - V Cowen - W Bethel. SOURCE: Welsh photo.

My School Days in the 1920s by Neville Pond

GOING TO SCHOOL. After spending my first year of school in Onehunga, where I stayed with my grandparents, I entered Hinuera Primary School at age seven in 1918. Cynthia, Olga, Jim, Ron, and Nancy followed after me, and later my own daughters Wendy and Susan Naomi, and my nieces and nephews.

I remained at Hinuera until I completed Standard 6 in 1924. The following year Matamata Junior High School started taking Standard 5 and 6 pupils. After I started going to Matamata Junior High School my younger brothers and sisters didn't all complete their primary schooling at Hinuera. I took them to Matamata by car.

Sometimes Harry Davis or I drove the school bus from Hinuera to Matamata. Ted Lark's school bus was in fact a Model-T truck, and both Harry and I had had experience of driving Model-T Fords at home.

HINUERA 1920s. My father Cecil Pond used to buy petrol in 4-gallon tins. We had a stool he had made, with an upright spike connected to a hose. We would put the tin on top of the stand, the spike would puncture a hole in the bottom, and petrol flowed through the hose and into the car.

The 4-gallon petrol and kerosene tins were similar, with brand names on the sides: TEXICO, BIG TREE, SHELL, PLUME. In the 1920s there were great numbers of these tins around. They were put to numerous uses, especially as buckets. People would make a handle out of wire. Sometimes they bored a hole through a piece of wood for a hand-grip, and sometimes they coiled the wire so it had spring in it. You would commonly see these tins around people's cowsheds, where they were used for carrying milk to the pigs after the cream had been separated for sale. In the wash-house they were used for putting wet washing in, and boiling up clothes in. From a farming point of view, the petrol and kerosene tins were the household buckets of the 1920s.

Biscuit tins were the same size at the base, but half the height, and they had a hinged lid.

SCHOOL TEACHERS. The Headmistress of Hinuera Primary School was Mrs Catherine Wade. She remains in my recollections as fair and plump and possibly short. Her husband was the Hinuera Postmaster. She had two daughters Lois and Biddy. I think she was an outspoken, strong-minded woman. There were two other women teachers. One, Miss Hardy, married Uncle Scrim of "The Friendly Road". *Colin Scrimgeour, a Methodist City Missioner, who broadcast on 1ZB radio station.* But it is Mrs Wade I remember.

Mrs Wade made me interested in speech. She encouraged us to stand up and recite poems by heart and to make speeches. Some of the narrative poems she taught us I have never forgotten. It was part of our school work. Each pupil stood up and recited a verse. One I still like to recite is "Incident in the French Camp" by Robert Browning.

*You know the French stormed Ratisborn
A mile or so away
On a little mound Napoleon
Stood on a stormy day....
Smiling the boy fell dead*

It was while Mr Wells was headmaster of Matamata Junior High School that my younger sister Olga Pond was brought to our classroom to give a good recitation. Mr Wells also was keen on the oral arts. We were taught very little New Zealand history, but I recall Mental Arithmetic and playing football at playtimes.

The school had its own tennis court, which was constructed while Cecil was on the School Committee. The court was on the Cambridge Road side of the school. The volunteers removed the grass sods and then put sand on the court. The sods were piled up along the back to make a wall to stop the tennis balls, and on top of the sod wall a netting fence was erected. The lines were marked out with cotton tape, as was used on clay courts, and held in place with staples. Tennis was played a lot, at playtime, lunchtime, after school. Members of the community also used the court. I don't remember any coaching. We just seemed to know how to play.

The pupils had leather satchels designed to be worn diagonally across the shoulder, but sometimes the boys slipped their arms through the straps and wore them as backpacks, as children like doing today. My mother Ida Pond used to make us meat sandwiches for lunch, with the pieces of meat cut up small so we wouldn't pull out all the filling in the first bite. I remember the other children ragging me for having cut up bits of meat.

The pupils grew vegetables in the school garden and as I recall, could take the produce home.

At Standard 5 (1923) and Standard 6 (1924) we used to go to "Tech" at Matamata High School once a week, for woodwork and cooking. To do this, we caught the train at Hinuera in the morning about 9 am and returned around 3 pm. The Hinuera and Tirau pupils went the same day. We each got a free season ticket, and there was always trouble about kids leaving their tickets at home. Some kept theirs in a flat cigarette tin and some had it sewn into the hem of their coat. At lunchtime we used to go up-town. Pies were fourpence each.

The Express train from Auckland to Rotorua used to go through Hinuera in the morning. Matamata was an important stop as there was no line to Tauranga. The service cars would be waiting with shovels, chains, and spare wheel tied onto the running board against the mudguards. The service cars were seven-seater Cadillacs, Hudsons, and Buicks. We kids knew each of the drivers. They were our heroes, and stories were told of how they raced to catch the train, dug vehicles out of bogs, and got their passengers over the difficult roads to Tauranga and other destinations. If you wanted to skite about speed you said you were doing 60.

The red clay of the Rangiriri hills was notorious for getting bogged. Sometimes in winter the cars were put on the train at Mercer.

*Neville Pond, age 80
Wyuna Bay, Coromandel
30 September 1991*

My Memories of Hinuera School by Jim Pond

I clearly remember the day I started school at Hinuera in September 1922.

My father drove me in his Model T Ford and first called at the store and bought some licorice straps to keep me contented. I was five and half years old, having been held back through the winter months, as like many other children in those times, I had to walk to school. The distance was three miles and school buses had not been heard of in those days. Some children did ride horses, while we who walked would sometimes be picked up and given lifts in

gigs, buggies, wagons, and Model T Fords by kind folk.

About that era Horahora power station on the Waikato river was being extended and to our great joy we were occasionally given a ride on the big solid rubber-tyred Thornycroft trucks which carted equipment from the railway station. The road to Hopkins corner where Conder's service station now stands, was metalled while from there on up the valley it was sand which never got muddy but always had a corrugated surface. The section to the corner was tarsealed in 1929, but the sand road not done until 1939.

Hinuera was a two-teacher school when I enrolled. Mrs Wade was appointed Headmistress in 1920, and I well remember my teacher Miss Hardy, who was the infant mistress. She lived at Putaruru, and came by train at 9.15 am, returning at 4.15 pm. Also on those trains were pupils from the Okoroire district, those I remember being the Maffey and Taylor families. School began at 9.30 am. I think this was for the benefit of those who came long distances, and the train travellers.

School picnics and train excursions were memorable events in those early days. The first train journey I can recall was to Thames. There was a great thunderstorm, but we all thought it was an exciting experience. Then there was the really big excursion in 1927 to Rotorua. This involved the High School, and all contributing district pupils and their families. What a crowd, everyone happy and jolly -- older folk and children went boating on the lake, many went to Whaka, while we all marvelled at the sulphur smell.

We were lucky to arrive home safely that evening, as on the trip back the train came down the Mamaku at breakneck speed, rocketing from side to side, sending children flying from their seats onto the floor, and it was said, becoming within a hair's breadth of being derailed. It was learned later that the driver and fireman had spent the waiting time during the day drinking.

One year, I think it was 1924, the annual picnic was held in Mr George Conder's paddock, and as well as the usual running races, three legged contests and egg and spoon ladies event, there was a horse race. It was easily won by Gethin Wright on his big black horse, although he had to go hard to catch Jack Beeby on his lively pony. Understandably after due consideration, the School Committee judged the race as being too dangerous, and it was never repeated.

Rugby football was popular then, just as it is now. Even though I was only a primer boy in 1924, I have not forgotten hearing of the day Hinuera went to play Matamata, full of hope. However, to the dismay of the team, Matamata teachers or officials protested that our best player Gethin Wright, looked to be over the 8 stone 7 lb weight limit. So he was taken to the Matamata factory to be weighed, where he scaled 10 stone 21 lbs. Needless to say, big Matamata won that day.

Another memory is of a day when we heard the noise of an engine, and all jumped up to look out the window to see a huge traction engine drawing a wagon loaded with flax from Randrup's farm up the valley. Our teacher was cross with us and delivered a stern lecture on classroom behaviour. But looking back, I think we displayed a natural childish curiosity. The flax was going to be railed to Morrinsville for rope making.

In 1923 it was decided to make a tennis court, so a working bee of residents and parents skimmed the turf off behind the school, and piled the sods on each other to make banks to stop the balls. Sand was spread, and on the free-draining soil a fine court was made. A club was formed, and many happy hours were spent by pupils and residents, until concrete courts were laid down the next year, on land purchased from Mr Germann. A very successful Queen Carnival raised funds which covered the cost of the land and the formation of the first two courts.

One vivid memory was how we would hurry home from school to have a sleep before going to the silent pictures in the hall. These were run by a man who came from Cambridge on a week night. Later, Dougal McIsaac from the store took over and screened the films on Saturday evenings, this being much better for us children. How we did enjoy the Charlie Chaplin comedies, and the cowboy wild west serials. Although these pictures were called "silent" sound effects were usually contributed by junior patrons, and Mrs Wade (or Dame Cath, her title in this role) played appropriate music on the piano, right through the programme.

Part of the playground was fenced off for a horse paddock. Up at the head of the valley lived the Anderton family, and the two sons used to drive a wagon down to the factory (which had been built in 1922) collecting farmers' cream on the way. They would unload the cream cans, then bring the horses and wagon to the school. The wagon was parked in the playground, while the horses were released in the horse paddock, then the boys would rush across to board the 9.15 train, and go to High School, which was then held in one room at the Matamata Primary.

In May 1925, when the American Fleet was in Auckland, Mrs Wade gave us a lot of marching practice. Later we were assembled on the railway platform to see a train filled with American sailors go through to Rotorua. As the train approached, three cheers for the American Fleet. Alas the train did not slow down, and we only had a brief glimpse of a row of white sailor caps. Somewhat bewildered and liberally sprinkled with dust and leaves from the trees, we rather dejectedly marched back to lessons. However, I now admire what Mrs Wade tried to do, especially as some Hinuera families, including my own, were fortunate to visit Auckland in the holidays, and see the battleships in the harbour.

I remember being taken aboard the Colorado. As well there was the mighty flagship, California (later lost at Pearl harbour) tied up at Princes Wharf. One day a salvo was fired from it, using blank ammunition and windows in the Ferry building were broken. Each ship carried two sea planes which were lowered by derricks on the water for frequent flights over the city. At night search lights swept the sky, much to our youthful excitement as we lay in bed at our grandparents' home in Remuera.

Most years school concerts with entertaining items were given in the Hall, these being much enjoyed by old and young alike. Mr Wells and his dedicated staff travelled to all local districts to perform, raising money to subsidise the Education Board bus services.

I realise now that Mrs Wade endeavoured to give us a wide education, and when I was nine years old I was allocated a vegetable plot, close to the hedge, with Joe Horan as partner. We were full of ambition, but what I remember best was the struggle we had with twitch, which grew abundantly amongst our seedlings. Nevertheless it was a learning experience. Maybe that is why I still like gardening and hate twitch.

Looking back over the years I see Hinuera as a good school, with dedicated teachers and very supportive parents. On December the 14th 1934, after my last day at Matamata High School, I went to say goodbye to Mrs Wade, who was retiring. She called me James, and wished me a happy future. I thanked her then walked into the primers room and there on the wall to my joy and surprise were the same colourful pictures of tulips blooming in Holland which had caught my eye twelve years before on my first day at school. Yes, they were good times.

*Jim Pond, age 75
Emerald Hill
Hinuera, 1992*

Nancy, the youngest child of Ida and Cecil Pond, enrolled at Hinuera Primary School in 1932.



Hinuera Primary School A Basketball team, 1937. *Back row from left:* Ellery Dawson - June Groves - Dorothy Huston - Esme Silvera. *Front row from left:* _____ - Doris Knight - June Rawlinson - Margaret De Renzy - Nancy Pond.

During the 1930s depression years Neville Pond brought his wife's sister Ivy Russell to the farm while Bill Russell went north to look for work. Ivy and her daughters lived in the Shanty (NAP family name) or the Green House (JAP family name). The girls had already enrolled at Hinuera Primary School while they lived in the Peria on Scott's farm. Miss Hoffey taught at the school in 1926 and 27. She took the eldest girl Jocelyn to live with her in Auckland for a year.

Neville gave us Olga and Cynthia's bikes to ride. They were too big for us and we cycled by standing on the peddles as far as the end of the farm road, and then we walked to school barefooted like most of the children. Sometimes the Pond boys went past, driven by Neville or Jim, and sometimes the De Renzy boys went past, driven by their father. On the way home we use to steal a swede out of Sweetman's or Cook's swede paddock.

At playtime we went to the football ground. There was a driveway where there were holes in the hard earth. We "fished" for worms by poking a straw down the hole and waiting till we saw the stick moving. The trick was to lift the straw out without the worm dropping off.

I was allocated a little garden right by the front steps of the school. I was going to have a wonderful garden. I got tins of fresh horse manure and spread them over the garden. The stench, right by the front steps! I was so embarrassed.

My eldest sister Jocelyn Russell and Alison and Elizabeth Toogood were good at recitation. They used to recite,

*Ann Jupp's a little girl I know, she isn't very nice,
'cos everything I say I've done - she's always done it twice.*

Lorraine Todd, *daughter of Ivy and Bill Russell. The worms were tiger beetle larvae, called ant worms. The poem is from 'The Littlest One's Third Book' by Marion St. John Webb, illustrations*

by Margaret W Tarrant, published by George Harrap in 1928.

Lorraine Todd recalled that in the 1930s Cecil milked and Jim worked with him. Olga and Cynthia always seemed to be in the kitchen.



"Warlingham" ca 1938. Bert, Jim and Cecil Pond at the cowshed.

Second Generation at Hinuera Primary School

Grandchildren of Ida and Cecil Pond

During World War II (1939-1945) the "Warlingham" household consisted of Ida and Cecil and their two youngest children, Ron and Nancy. They were joined by the two older married girls Cynthia Callaghan and Olga McGirr who had returned to live on the farm while their husbands were away on military service. The two eldest boys Neville and Jim had married and built their own farm homesteads, though Jim and Molly continued to milk cows at the main homestead to maintain farm production. A Chev truck called "Old Bluey" was used to take the cream out to the main road. Ron Pond was left in charge of the home farm.

Jack Callaghan enlisted in 1942 and Cynthia brought to the farm the first two grandchildren, David and Robin Callaghan. Then Jack got embarkation orders without leave. He went to Olga's home in Te Aroha, dressed up as a woman to avoid the military police, took Aunty Karen's bike, and cycled to Hinuera to say good-bye to Cynthia and the two boys. He slipped through the NZ police cordon, but he was jailed for ten days when he reached Noumea.

Olga's husband Carl McGirr enlisted in the Air Force in 1941. Neville went to camp in Tauranga for military training. His wife Nancy decided she had better start a family in case Neville was sent overseas and travelled on the train to visit Neville in camp. Wendy was conceived in March 1942.

Bert Pond enlisted in the Air Force in 1941. He was sent overseas in 1942, was shot down. The family assembled at "Warlingham" received a telegram to say that he was reported missing.



Jack Callaghan in Aunty Karen's dress avoiding police cordon, 1942



Bert Pond leaving "Warlingham" in 1942 to serve in World War 2.
From left: Cecil, Ida, Ron, Bert, Neville, Jim holding Diana, Nancy.

In 1944 there was a plantation along the boundary of the school, where the children played. I used to bounce on the branches at playtime declaring, "I am Squadron Leader Bertie Pond. I'm dropping bombs on Hitler!" *David Callaghan, eldest grandchild, son of Cynthia and Jack Callaghan.*

My first day at school was in May 1946. I was dressed correctly in gym tunic, white blouse, and a navy-blue cardigan knitted by Aunt Cynthia with red Queen's guardsmen marching around the hem. My school bag had that special "new" leather smell. We set off early in the car and were just nearing the village when my mother, the driver, spied a teacher walking to school. She stopped the car and invited Miss Dykens to ride with us. How embarrassing! That wasn't how I imagined it would be, arriving with my teacher "on board". However, all was well when both Miss Dykens and Mum accompanied me to the classroom and I was shown where to hang my bag in the cloak room. It felt important and special. Quite happily I joined the rest of the junior school "on the mat" and of course I can't remember the rest of the day. It must have gone well!

I recall one morning at playtime sloshing through the winter puddles by the flagpole. It was lovely. It began to rain. The Headmaster, Mr Pound, leaned out the window and said. "Hey, girl, come inside!". I replied, "I've got my gumboots on, sir!" I thought because I was wearing gumboots it was alright to be out in the rain.

Mr Pound used to joke about the Ponds arriving late for school and avoiding the main gate by using a side entrance beside the shelter shed. He called it Ponds Private Entrance. This came about because our mothers took turns driving the Pond children to school. Wendy's mother was an atheist and she did not want us to arrive in time for religious instruction. Bible in schools was allowed for half an hour, one day a week, when the school was closed. But Oscar Pound started every school day with hymn singing while he played the peddle organ, then a Bible reading and a homily to give us inspiring thoughts for the day ahead. Then we went on to arithmetic. For years I worried about where Salem was. I couldn't imagine it was permitted to shorten Jerusalem to fit the rhythm of the hymns.



First day at school for Diana's younger sister Pamela in 1948.



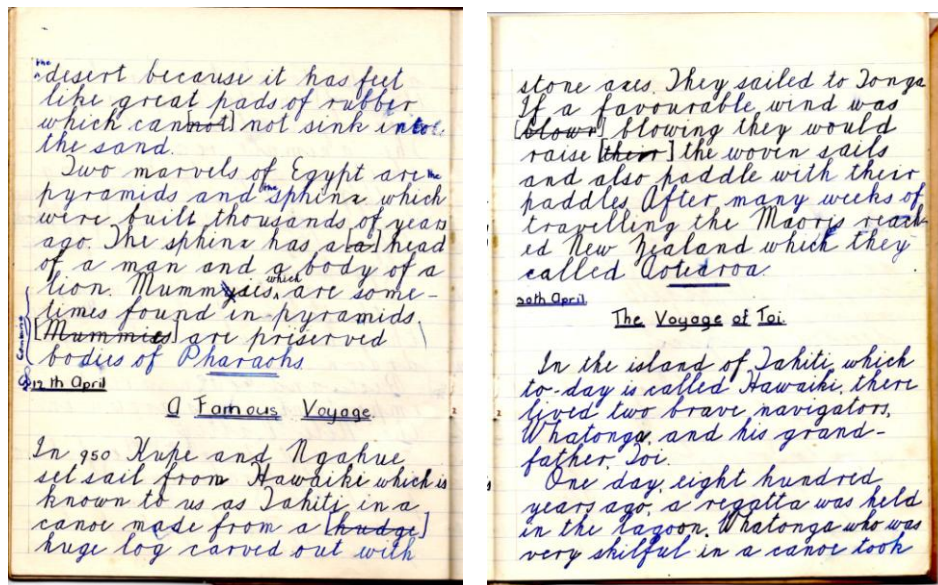
Hinuera Primary School, 1948. Diana Pond is first left in the middle row.

Before school we always had drill in military fashion. It was marching, running on the spot, and doing star jumps. I particularly remember the drill because winter was very cold in the Waikato. A senior boy would hold a stick and we would run around the perimeter of the playing field and jump over the stick. Sometimes the boys would raise the stick, a moment after we had prepared to jump. Oscar Pound was an innovative headmaster. He taught at Hinuera for twenty years and had learned not to take the regulations too seriously.

Following the reign of Oscar Pound, Mr Duggan became headmaster. This was a big change for Hinuera, as Mr Pound had taught our fathers, uncles and aunts. Mr Pound had taught the history of NZ starting with Abel Tasman in 1642, whereas Mr Duggan began with Kupe and Ngahue, then Toi and Whatonga, and then the Great Fleet.

My younger sister Pamela and her cousin Wendy Pond sat side by side in the middle of the front row where they absorbed whatever Mr Duggan taught. Their hands were always up to answer the questions and they were never strapped. Pam would come home to the Jim Pond household and recount Mr Duggan's Maori history of New Zealand at the dinner table. The constant repetition of what Mr Duggan said rankled with me, as I was the older sister, and at Matamata Intermediate School I was not learning any of this.

Nor did I like modern teaching at Intermediate and wished I was back at Hinuera school walking in Mr Pound's native bush. Pamela and I both became primary school teachers. *Diana Pond, daughter of Jim and Molly Pond*



The Famous Voyage of Kupe and Ngahue, and The Voyage of Toi in Susan Naomi Pond's Standard IV exercise book. Dictation by Mr J A Duggan, 12th and 30th April 1954.



The primers with Miss Dykens in 1949.
Pamela, Wendy, and Susan Naomi Pond are in the second row from front.

I started school in 1949, a year after my cousin Pamela because I was too small, so my progressive mother said. I remember Pamela teaching me to read as we sat on the mat with large-lettered readers. My first recollection of Miss Dykens is of her stockinged legs and lace-up shoes as she sat on a chair handing out pieces of coloured felt, while we sat barefoot and cross-legged on the

floor, stitching coloured circles onto the felt, then learning blanket stitch to make the felt into a pouch. I still use the pouch for my sewing kit, at age 74.



Sewing lessons with Miss Dykens in the Primers, 1949. Aprons made from sugar sacks were embroidered by drawing out a thread and sewing along the straight line with knitting wool.

Pamela and I sat side by side all through Primary school. When we had mastered a subject Pamela or I would be told by Mr Duggan to teach it to the Standard 2 pupils. The standards were all in the same classroom. We learned arithmetic by reciting the times table out loud and by adding up in our head as the Headmaster Mr Duggan read out the numbers. At 74 I still do mental arithmetic as I walk around the Supermarket and when I'm waiting for change. After years of note-taking at Matamata College and Auckland University I concluded I had received a sounder foundation in my primary school years.

On weekends, we used to go to the Raparapa stream for picnics. One day, my parents invited the school headmaster, Mr Duggan. I was too scared to run around and enjoy the picnic. Everyone sat on our green farm canvas while I politely offered Mr Duggan a plate of pikelets. They were laughing at me. They said I was handing round the pikelets because I wanted to eat one myself. My father and Mr Duggan kept their shoes and socks on. They sat on the canvas with their knees bent and their feet tilted up at the ankles, talking.

When we started school in the 1940s the farm road ended at the old homestead. The Neville Pond, Jim Pond, and Ron Pond children all lived further away and what's more the Pond brothers had built their houses on high hills. To take us to school our mother had to drive the car sideways down the hillside and through the swamp into the Jim Pond paddocks. One morning the car began to slide and we ended up in Blackberry Hollow. Our father came on the tractor and pulled us out.

Inside the school grounds there was a shelter shed. We used the front when it rained at playtime, but the back of the shelter shed was out of bounds. It was a dark and magical place where boys and girls had kisses. I was small and the older boys carried me around in hand lifts and threw me from one to another. Out of school, I spent ecstatic hours sliding down grassed hillsides on nikau fronds, rolling and wrestling. My sister and I wrestled too. We yelled voraciously until our parents would tell us to stop tormenting each other, but we were yelling to add to the enjoyment.

One day we walked in a convoy to a swamp for nature study. The mud banks were covered in chickweed but there was a small space of clear water in the middle. We filled our jars with brown water so we could observe the tadpoles and backswimmers and mosquito wrigglers. I couldn't understand what was the use of going to such a deadloss swamp. On the farm we had acres of swamp where pied stilts and bull frogs bred, and mallard ducks flew up from the flax, and pukekos nested in the rushes, and creeks where we caught eels and swam and went rafting when there was a flood, and draglines that came and dredged the mud, and bridges built by hauling logs out of the swamp with the tractor and chains. It put me off nature study teachers.

One year when we didn't have a pet lamb for Calf Club Day, I made my sister join me in taking a jar of tadpoles as our pets. Uncle Jim was one of the judges. He was doubtful whether tadpoles were pets, but we got a prize for an unusual entry.



Susan Naomi and Wendy Pond with their "pet" tadpoles, 1952.



Entries in the cat section of Pets' Day 1950. Pamela Pond with pram holding "Joey", a long-lived tortoise shell cat - Diana Pond with "Sammy", a displeased long-haired ginger cat - Gay Oliver - Lyell Collins - Lynette Conder. Pam Pond won first prize. In the pram was Joey the mother cat with her litter. Pets' Days were the occasion for finding homes for Joey's kittens.

My mother Nancy Jones Pond had medals from her own school days, but she did not conform to school regulations. She proudly made all our school clothes for my sister Naomi Susan and me, including our gym tunics. I was embarrassed, wearing a tunic made from faded serge when everyone else had factory pleats that kept their creases. But I loved the dresses she made for us. They had names. We were dressed as twins and one day we went to school in our new "angel wing" smocks. Then one summer my mother sent us to school in striped seersucker rompers. We were in different classes, but the headmaster taught us in one room. Mr Duggan could be as uncompromising as our mother. He made Susan and me stand up in front in our rompers and then he asked the class to say what they thought. He pronounced that coming to school in rompers was not a proper thing to do.



Hinuera A basketball team, 1952. Kay Kneebone - Kay Warrender - Margaret Duggan, - Joan Beverley - Grace Hancock - Gloria Conder - Gay Oliver - Mary Colley, - Shirley Cole - Wendy Pond - Pamela Pond. Susan Naomi Pond in the forbidden rompers.

The School Journal and the School radio broadcasts were important parts of our school day. We acted the plays and recited the poems, and learned how to write our own plays and short stories from the example of the Journal. My mother would not allow Naomi Susan and me to read Enid Blyton, but I got copies from Pamela and at night I would carry on the stories in my head, giving the character new adventures. One day Mr Duggan told us to write a short story, so I wrote a story using Enid Blyton's forest creatures. Mr Duggan told the class my story was not original. He asked Pamela to come up to his desk and tell him if she knew where I got the story from. Pamela said the characters were from Enid Blyton, but I had made up what they did. Mr Duggan announced that I was cheating. When you are young, you allow life to be as it is, and I still have a sense of gratitude to Mr Duggan for his thorough foundation. But my sister Susan was so scared of getting the strap from Mr Duggan that she couldn't concentrate on learning anything.

School was important in our lives because we got to know other children in the district, and our social behaviour was challenged, but we had more fun working on the farm with our parents, and playing at the Hinuera Tennis Club on Saturdays, town planning a city of tunnels and caves in the honeysuckle along the railway line by crawling in the open spaces between the shrubs, under cover of the roof of vegetation; riding our bikes with Gay Oliver, playing in Mr Hawke's pumice quarry on the way home, and climbing the lawsoniana trees in the boundary plantation by the tennis courts. Lyell Collins taught us how to walk out along a horizontal branch and cross over to a branch of the next tree. We would start near the top because we often slid

down when a branch subsided under our weight.



Mrs Hancock with Standards 1 & 2 in 1950, in front of the lawsoniana hedge that features in escapades recounted by David Callaghan, Wendy Pond, Kim Pond, Claudia Pond, Kylie Pond and the outstanding feat of Trevor Potter. Pam Pond (*front, right*) became Head Girl of Matamata College.

Under Mr Duggan's influence we began taking notice of the correct pronunciation of Maori words. I remember that Pamela arrived at school one day and started talking about Putaruru. It was the town we called Pit-tarra-ruu but we had never had reason to talk about this distant Waikato town until now.

I asked my mother why she didn't give us school shoes. She said, because we wanted to go barefoot. I used to wonder at how my father knew all the farmers in the district, but of course they had been to school together, at Hinuera or Matamata Junior High School and Matamata College. *Wendy Pond, daughter of Neville and Nancy Pond*

CHILDREN OF THE FARM WORKERS

"Warlingham" workers' families played with the Pond children, shared their escapades and birthday parties, and went to Hinuera Primary School.

During the 1950s Alice and Thomas Norman Stratton sent two children to Hinuera school, Barry and Shirley. "Aunty Alice" and "Uncle Norm" were beloved by all the farm children. When we played Go home and Stay Home in the evenings, we roamed all over the farms. If we landed on the Stratton doorstep, Aunt Alice would hand us a glass of delicious home-made lemonade. Kim Pond used to play with a young boy on the farm called Chippie (Christopher Tomlinson).



Naomi's 5th birthday party 1949. Diana Pond - Brenda Pelham - Naomi Pond with doll - Wendy Pond - Pamela Pond - Kim Pond - Chip - Margie Pelham - Barry Stratton.



Farm children at "Warlingham". *Back row from left:* Wendy Pond - Judith Jones - Claudia Pond. *Front row from left:* Pamela Jones - Janis Pond - Naomi Pond.
Judith and Pamela Jones enrolled at Hinuera Primary School in 1949.

When we started going to school our father Jim Pond served on the school committee. They petitioned the Education Department for a school bus to pick up pupils in the Totman Road Hinuera valley area. The Government replied that the valley was not in the Hinuera school catchment area and we should be going to Piarere along with the Penitito boys. The Hinuera committee members objected on the grounds that Hinuera was the community of interest and that was where they had gone to school themselves, the Hawkes, Ponds, Settles. So our mothers took us to Hinuera by car.

When I was in Standard 4 there was a classmate, Trevor Potter, who would climb to the top of the lawsoniana trees. He would stand on the top and make a leap and grab the top of the next tree. It was spectacular.

The farm homestead at "Warlingham" was burnt down on 13 March 1953. Our parents were at the school because it was a school athletics day or pets day. Mr Duggan was headmaster. Susan Naomi Pond and I were in the same classroom, but different classes. *Kim Pond, son of Jim and Molly Pond*



Miss Stratford with Standards 1 & 2 in 1953.
Kim Pond is in the back row, 6th boy from left.

Bert Pond returned to the farm after the war in 1945, with his Canadian bride, Gloria Whitmarsh. Claudia Pond was born in 1946 and entered Hinuera Primary School in 1951.

I first went to nursery school in the little Hinuera church across the highway. I was crying so much that my older cousins Diana and Pamela were called out of school to comfort me.

We had hot cocoa at morning play time and we were given plasticine. Pamela rolled the plasticine and made a fence to keep the playhorse inside its yard. At that magical moment I realised the creative possibilities.

Another time I went in Aunty Molly's big black car *This was the 1938 Ford V8*. We used to all go together piled in the back. Diana and Pamela had swaps in boxes. It was another enthralling moment.

When it came time to go to Primary School I remember the nature table which had new things on it each day. There were pussy willow catkins and a white goldfish in a glass bowl.

Every day I used to look at its fascinating underwater world. One day it wasn't there! The teacher said she gave it a little swim in the creek and it swam away, but I think she meant it died.

The little kids were not allowed to go into the native bush area unless accompanied by the big children. We used to collect kowhai pods and juniper pods from the plantation between the school and the tennis courts. Whenever I smell juniper it takes me back to the school. *Claudia Pond Eyley, daughter of Bert and Gloria Pond. The juniper pods were the purplish nuts on the lawsoniana trees. Both trees are cyprus.*

Nancy Pond, Bert's youngest sister, had left 'Warlingham' in 1946 to go to Training College in Dunedin. When she returned to 'Warlingham' she must have taken needlework classes for the older girls after school hours, because Claudia remembers that she had to hang around until Auntie Nancy brought her home.

In 1949 'Warlingham' was divided into farms for the four sons of Ida and Cecil Pond. Cecil said the three girls would be looked after by their husbands, but after Nancy married Hugh McLaren they worked on the Pond farm. Cecil Pond died in 1962 while his grandchildren Annette and Jennifer McLaren and Richard Pond were going to school. Hugh McLaren was Chairman of the Hinuera 75th Jubilee Committee in 1967. Farm children were still going to school barefoot.



Mr Hurliman with Standards 3 and 4. Richard Pond (*front, left*).

In 1966 there were still bare-footed farm children at Hinuera Primary School.

I was one of the school monitors who brought the milk crates in from the school gate and stacked them outside our classroom. The crates contained half pint glass bottles. Every child was entitled to a free bottle of milk.

In the winter we would queue up with our enamel mugs and a roster of mothers would serve us hot cocoa from an urn. *Richard Pond, son of Ron Pond*

The things I had to put up with! A boiled egg and porridge. Pulling my school uniform out of the hotwater cupboard. The silly ties (and boys didn't have to wear ties!). Ironing pleats. Garters to

keep the socks up. Nuggeting my shoes. Swapping my school lunch on the school bus with Shelly Lowe from Puketutu road (my children still do this).

To go to school I biked in a convoy with my older brother Bryce, me at the tail end trying to catch up. It was always a race and a couple of times we had to go back and ask our father to take us in the car to Hinuera. We would race to the bus stop at Conder's Service Station and leave our bikes in the bike shed on the side road at the intersection with Hopkins road. Many times we were drenched on the way to school and we would sit by the classroom heaters to dry out. But we had a great social life of laughing and fighting.

As we got older we moved down to the back of the bus, waving to people out the back window. Sometimes the bus driver would stop and make us stand up all the way to our stop.

In 1969, me, Kath Pond, Rob McLaren, Alan Pond, and Bryce Pond all travelled on the school bus together. As more houses were built along Pond Road, the bus stops moved up from Conder's Service Station to Bert's cowshed, then to Wightman's cowshed, and after I had left school the bus came to our farm gate. *Helen Pond, daughter of Ron and Norma Pond*

I have many fond memories of Hinuera Primary School, especially the latter years with Mr Ron Moles as our teacher and Head Master. There were calf club days, miniature gardens made in jars or on plates, art competitions, chasing games amongst the trees, fantastic excursions including to an ancient Maori pa, hikes to waterfalls, and medieval dress-up day. I am sure there were some basic 3 R's learnt in there also.

I remember the class attending folk dancing outside on the tarmac beside the play equipment. My favourite dance was A Wee Wee Woman and A Wee Wee Man. I think we used to start in a circle and dance around, then break into pairs to perform a clapping ritual followed by a happy swing between partners. I can remember it being a lot of fun.

I remember the day Hinuera School administration block caught on fire. The classes had pot belly fires that were used to heat the rooms. One night the cleaner vacuumed up an ember. In the early hours in the morning it ignited and the administration block caught alight. I can remember Mum and Dad waking us in the early hours of the morning. The smoke could be seen from the homestead on the farm. I remember being very impressed that the Headmaster threw the filing cabinet out the window so that all the student records were saved.

Originally the kids off the farm used to car pool to get to school. Parents taking their turn to do the school run. Then the school bus ventured up Pond Road. Dad converted the end of a workshed into a bus stop and somewhere to leave our bikes. That was fun. From there on we got to go to school on the bus with our cousins and other kids from up the road. At school bell time at the end of an arduous day, we would swim in the school pool while we waited for the school bus to come from Matamata. It was a great primary school and upbringing.

Kath Pond, daughter of Bert and Ann Pond

A few of the incidents of my primary school days. School caught on fire ! Whole of the senior Standard 4 had a day outing when we flew from Hamilton to Auckland, looked around Auckland, and trained back. Freezing school pool and being taught to swim in it by Mr Harris, later my Matamata college English teacher. Going up to a farm in the Hinuera valley, seeing an old Pa site, and signalling with mirrors with kids back at school. Tree falling down on Pond road just below our driveway in a storm. Bus couldn't get up the road so all the kids up Pond road had to climb over the fallen tree to get on the bus. *Alan Pond, son of Bert and Ann Pond. The school fire was in June 1972.*

Third Generation at Hinuera Primary School

Great grandchildren of Ida and Cecil Pond

A third generation of descendants also farmed the "Warlingham" estate. But the days of horse riding, walking, and cycling to school were gone.

In 1976 Jim Pond divided his farm with his son Kim who transported a historical homestead from Tirau, built a new milking shed, re-roaded the farm, and raised a family. Grandmother Pond (Ida) died in 1977 while Kim's daughters Elena and Lisa Pond were going to Hinuera Primary School.

In 1993/4 Ron Pond divided his farm with his son Bryce who converted the farm to dairying, built a new family home and milking shed, and raised a family who went to Hinuera Primary School.

I loved my 6.5 years at Hinuera School, & was convinced that it was the best school in NZ! That was largely because of Mr Dunn, my favourite teacher ever! Being in his class of Standards 3 and 4 for two years inspired me to later become a teacher.

Some stand-out memories at Hinuera School were of action-packed school camps at Ngaruawahia and Waihi beach, calf-club day with our pet lambs, and playing 'tiggy on the tower!' In summer we got to have 3 swims a day in the school pool - morning, afternoon and even a free swim after school! It was a great feeling to grow up being part of a small, close-knit, rural school, where everyone knew everyone's family. *Elena Hood Pond became a teacher and an ordained minister.*

Fierce competition springs to mind when I think of Hinuera Primary. Fierce competition in the annual cross-country (You'll keep, Andrew Duncan!). Brutal rivalry in the speech competitions (You'll keep, Melanie Barron!). Hotly contested swimming races, and mad dashes for the best cricket bat or rugby ball from the drums outside the office when the bell rang for 'little play'. *Cameron Pond became an engineer in the RNZAF, and then flew the Tasman for Qantas.*

So many amazing memories but one that really stands out is being part of the 100 year Centennial reunion in 1992 while I was in Standard 4. We were seniors of the school and I remember feeling very special being part of the ceremonies and dressing in mum's clothes! It was a great celebration.

Also in the earliest years I remember me and my dear friend (still today) Hayley Tucker as she was known then playing in the shelter belt. Making houses between the trees, using our flax brooms that we made to sweep the fallen leaves so we could then create all the different rooms to complete our mansions.

And one more stand-out thing was the novelty of the togs wringer. As you came from the swimming pool there was a standing object that was so foreign to our generation, to wring out your togs before you put them back into your bag! I always enjoyed using it! And experimented frequently with wringing out other objects including my hand once or twice! *Kylie Pond. The togs wringer was known to her grandmother as a mangle.*

Fourth Generation at Hinuera Primary School

Great great grandchildren of Ida and Cecil Pond

In 2009 Jim Pond's grand daughter Rachael Walker brought her family back to Pond Road to live on the farm at "Emerald Hill".

Our family received a warm welcome when we arrived at Hinuera School in September 2009. Our orientation day included a visit to the school library where we found Yvonne Tiddy reading to a happy and attentive group of youngsters. When the story finished and Yvonne found out we were Jim and Molly's family, come back to the district, her eyes sparkled as she hugged us - we felt instant belonging. We were home. *Rachael Walker of Emerald Hill, mother of Ida and Cecil's great, great grandchildren, Beth and Grace Walker.*

My experience at Hinuera School was amazing. Not only did I learn the missing information that I was not taught in school before, but the values of the school and the sense of belonging has shaped me into the person I am today. After being a city girl in a city school I learnt things that I wouldn't learn anywhere else. At my first cross-country day, I asked Mr McDonnell what these piles of haystacks were, he told me they're obstacles but I was meaning, what on earth was that bale of hay? I hadn't seen hay bales before! I also received Champion of Champion at Ag Day with my pet lamb, Flash. My lifelong dream of having a sheep had come true and I was pretty good at looking after him - and I was very good at putting nappies on him and watching TV with him. I felt so at home at Hinuera as I never had before. I had realised that I am in fact a country girl. *Beth Walker, 2009-2013*

I remember swims in the pool before the bus came on hot afternoons - thanks Mr Mac. The 3 R's are still useful to me today - respect, responsibility and resilience. Hinuera School gave me Ag. Day memories, cross country races - that really were cross country, a sense of belonging and lots of sports team fun. *Grace Walker, 2009-2010*



Women are in agriculture!

Brenda Clearwater Pond on her farm at Whitehall, 2016.

Ida & Cecil Pond

Four generations of descendants attended Hinuera Primary School 1918 -- 2013

1st generation. Children of Ida & Cecil Pond

Neville Pond b.1910	Cynthia Pond b.1913	Olga Pond b.1914	Jim Pond
Te Papapa 1915	Home tutor [1918]	Home tutor [1918]	
HPS 1918-24	HPS 1919-____	HPS 1919-_____	HPS 1922-_____

2nd generation. Grand children of Ida & Cecil Pond

Wendy Pond HPS 1949-1952	David Callaghan HPS 1944 (WW2)	Roger McGirr <i>Te Aroha</i>	Diana Pond HPS 1946-1951
Naomi Pond HPS 1949-1953	Robin Callaghan <i>Cambridge 1945</i>	Julie McGirr <i>Te Aroha</i>	Pamela Pond HPS 1948-1952
	TE POI COUSINS Colin Harris HPS 1951- Katrina Harris HPS 1956- Sandra Sadd HPS 1956- Gina Harris HPS 1968-		Kim Pond HPS 1950-1955 Winston Pond HPS 1952-1957

3rd generation. Great grand children of Ida & Cecil Pond

Elena Pond
HPS 1974-1980

Lisa Pond
HPS 1976-1980

Cameron Pond
HPS 1979-1984

4th generation. Great great grand children of Ida & Cecil Pond

Grace Walker
HPS 2009-2010

Beth Walker
HPS 2009-2013

Ida & Cecil Pond

farmed at "Warlingham" (part Mangawhara No. 1A block)

1st generation. Children of Ida & Cecil Pond

Ron Pond b.1919 HPS 1924-____	Bert Pond b.1922 HPS 1932-____	Nancy Pond b.1927 HPS 1932-____	Farm children Joycelyn Russell 1930-____ Lorraine Russell 1933-____ Irene Russell 1934-____
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2nd generation. Grand children of Ida & Cecil Pond

Richard Pond HPS 1961-1966	Claudia Pond HPS 1951-1953	Annette McLaren HPS 1960-1965	Judith Jones HPS 1949-____
Brenda Pond HPS 1963-1968	Janis Pond <i>in Canada</i>	Jennifer McLaren HPS 1962-1967	Pamela Jones HPS 1949-____
Bryce Pond HPS 1965-1970	Teresa Pond <i>in Canada</i>	Beverley McLaren HPS 1965-1967	Barry Stratton HPS 1954-____
Helen Pond HPS 1968-1973	Kathryn Pond HPS 1968-1973	Robert McLaren 1976, 1970-1972	Shirley Stratton HPS 1954-____
	Alan Pond HPS 1969-1975	Peter McLaren HPS 1972-____	

3rd generation. Great grand children of Ida & Cecil Pond

Geoffrey Pond HPS 1983-1988	Troy Maxwell HPS 1982	Michael McLaren HPS 1998-2004
Kylie Pond HPS 1986-1991		Lachie McLaren HPS 2001-2006
		Adam McLaren HPS 2003-2009
		Rory McLaren 2007-2013

38 descendants of Ida & Cecil Pond attended Hinuera Primary School.

The Pond farm sent 46 children to Hinuera Primary School during a century of farming.