

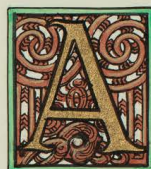
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The TAMATEA

Pat & Hal from
Mother Jan. 1937.

Being an abridged account of the
Maori legend, and the building
of the yacht ——— by
JANE W. NEWCOMB
Lettered and illustrated by
HILDA WISEMAN



ANCIENT MYTH OF TAMATEA

A volcanic Deity and
Mythic Hero — by

W. GIBBS BECKETT.

A powerful mythic hero by name Tamatea-o-te-ra, commonly known as Tamatea. He found his home in the volcanic cones which encircle the Waitemata harbour. Tamatea, was one of the most prominent of Volcanic Deities, who had for his consort Wairaka, familiar to Aucklanders in the ancient name for Mt. Albert's mutilated cone — Owairaka. On his return after one of his mythic visits, he found his consort had been carried away by another deity Hau — the wind. His anger knew no bounds, so he took his magic dart (teka) and with a mighty throw, cast it high in the

air, it hovered a moment then sped Southward, Tamatea then knew the direction Hau had taken. With gigantic strides he followed it. The dart fell and embedded itself in the northern slope of Mt. Egmont (Taranaki). After recovering the dart he sat awhile resting on a prominent mound and here he played his flute, which delayed the Hau. "Te Taumataokiokingawha katangitangihangakoauaua Tamateaotera" the longest word in Maori, simply means, "The mound upon which Tamatea resting played his flute." Once more Tamatea threw his dart in the air, it sped southward across the sea of Raukawa (Cook's Strait) and it came to earth at Anaura in the South Island. With renewed energy, Tamatea sprang to the summit of Mt. Egmont and with a superhuman bound leapt across the Straits. So great was the force

with which he left the earth that
his weight pressed out the cone on
that mountainside known to climbers
as Fantham's Peak, and to the Maori
as Rangitoto (blood red sky.) *~~~~~*
Freeing the magic dart at Anaura
Tamatea cast it yet again and it struck
Arahura. Here on the lonely bank
of the Arahura River, his long chase
was ended, for there he found his
bitterly-weeping Wairaka. He also
saw the villainous Hau wading in
the river in quest of that highly prized
form of greenstone known as tangiwai.
So for the last time Tamatea raised
his dart and threw it with all his
might at Hau whom it struck down
and so injured that feminine charms
lost all piquancy for him. *~~~~~*
Tamatea was shaking with great anger
and turning to Wairaka he said *~~~~~*
"Cease thy weeping for that cannot now
avail thee instead wade out into the

sea and find me some paua food
for I hunger. Sorely afraid
Wairaka hastened to do his bidding,
she waded out until the sea reached
to the exquisite tattoo on her chin.
Presently no sign of her remained
but her rich brown tresses floating
on the surface of the sea. At this moment a miracle was
enacted through Tamatea's agency and
from that spot where Wairaka had
gone from sight, a sea rock of rich
brown hue, rose to view and was
there transfixed. And so through
succeeding generations of man to the
present day, the rock has been known
as Wairaka. The Deity Tamatea
must not be confused with the
notable sea captain of the same
name who achieved undying fame by
being the first man to circumnavigate
both the North and South Islands in
a single voyage in his canoe Takitimu.

W. G. B. Baker

THE BUILDING, AND
FIRST RACE OF THE
TAMATEA.

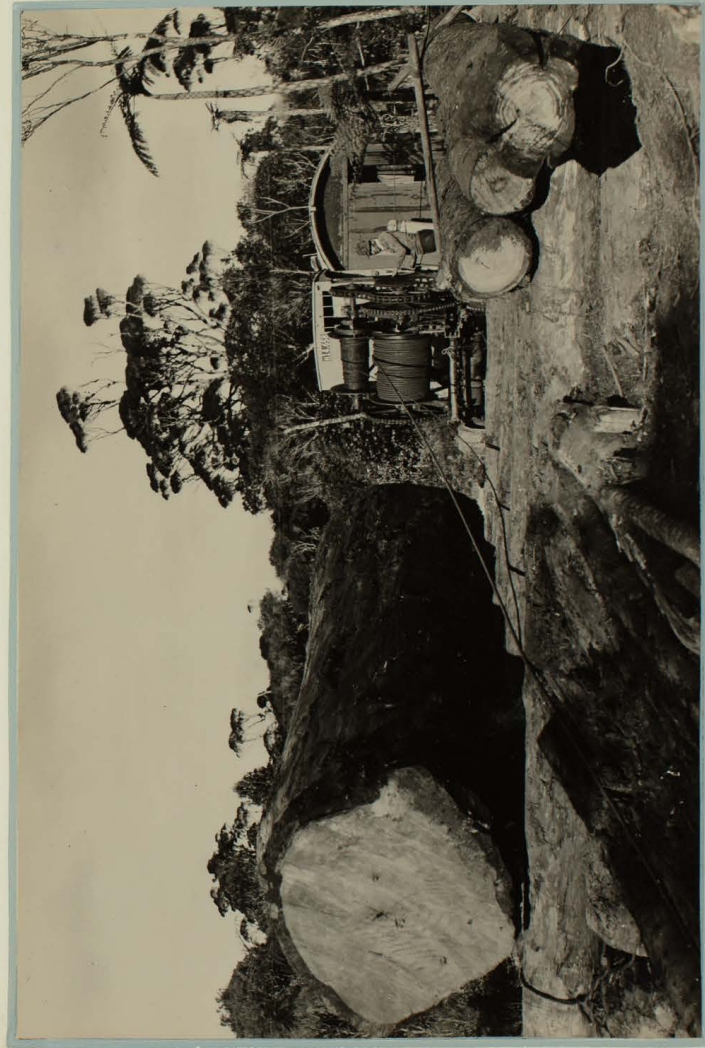




he "TAMATEA" was designed by Mr. A. C. Robb, and built by Mr. A. Couldrey of Northcote where the christening took place in a sequestered cove on Saturday, January 23rd, 1937. The Tamatea was named after a notable Maori sea captain of the same name who achieved undying fame some 20 generations ago by being the first man to circumnavigate both islands in one voyage. On Jan^r 29, Regatta Day, the yacht made her first appearance. The day was marred by appalling conditions heavy rain and mist and Sou' Westerly Squalls. The Tamatea was first over the line sailing under a trysail and sailing wonderfully well under very tying

circumstances. It is interesting to note that the Tamatea was built from a kauri log which was grown on our own property at Waitakerei being a dead one the timber was well seasoned. The log was brought to Auckland harbour by lorry and immerced in the sea before being cut into planks for the vessel. A long cherished dream come true.





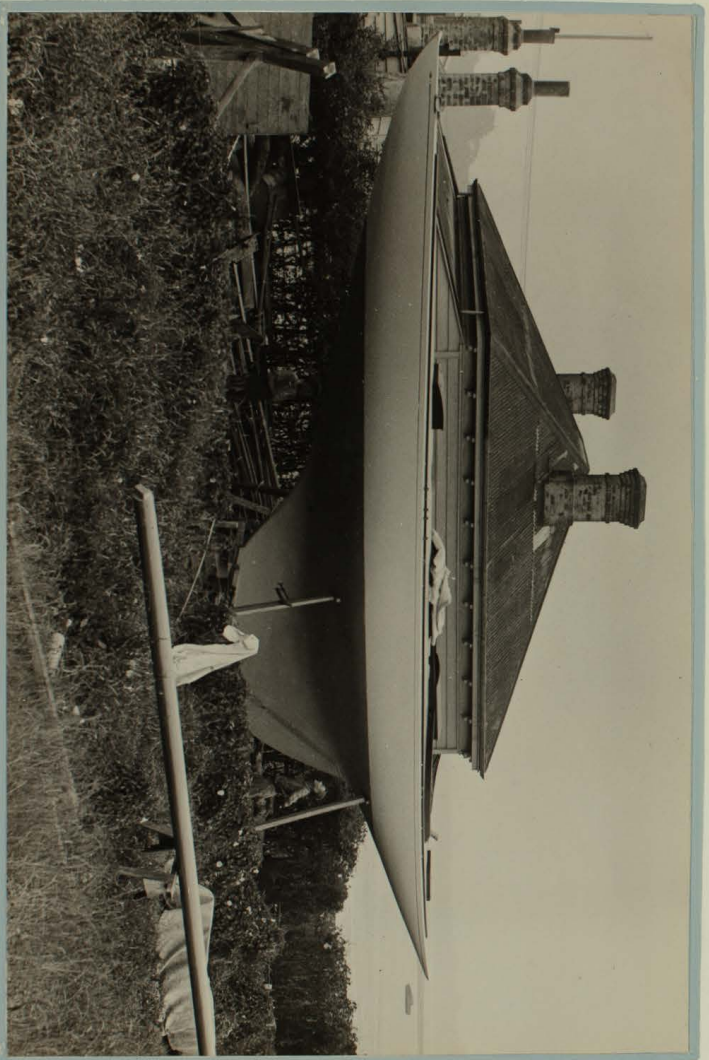
The yacht in the making !



The journey to Town



"Over she goes!"



Ready for the christening ~

Mother
christening
"Tamatea"



Showers of champagne



At the christening

Crew of "Tamatea"

W. H. Hunscomb
 S. J. Harmons.
 R. M. Dacre. H. K. Pittar.
 Roy Craig
 Vernon Ronald
 Cecil Pittar
 Ted Dacre
 Tom Pearce
 Bryan Hughes
 Jack
 Alan Craig
 Curtis Langford
 Geoff Hughes
 Frank Horah

W. H. Hunscomb.



Christening
of "Tamatea"
at Northcote



"TAMATEA"

"WAITANGI"

MODERN & ANCIENT



On Active Service.

PASSED BY



—BUY—
HEALTH STAMPS
—FOR—
HEALTH CAMPS

*N. H. Newcomb Esq.
c/o Neville Newcomb Ltd.
Wynyard St
Auckland C.A.
New Zealand.*



Surgeon Lieutenant C. Pittar
R.N.V.R. of H.M.S Achilles
River Plate Battle, Dec. 1939

NAVAL VICTORY

RIVER PLATE ACTION

EXPERIENCES OF SURGEON

HIGH SPIRITS OF THE MEN

Personal experiences during the River Plate naval action were related by Surgeon-Lieutenant C. Pittar, R.N.V.R., of H.M.S. Achilles, at the annual meeting of the Auckland branch of the Royal Empire Society, held at Auckland University College last night. The president, Dr. E. H. B. Milsom, presided.

"On the morning of the action we had had 'action stations' at dawn and had been dismissed," Surgeon-Lieutenant Pittar said. "I was back in bed and asleep when suddenly the buzzer went. I knew immediately that it was genuine, because the alarm was not preceded by a bugle-call, as is the practice alarm. The rattle went on and on, and I thought there must be something doing."

"I went to my station and reported when I had my men ready. A call came through on the telephone from the commander, who said: 'We are about to engage the Graf Spee.' I told my men and got them to work to get everything ready."

Terrific Din

"I then went up on the quarter-deck and I could see the Spee as large as life, as visibility was very good. Although she was 10 miles away she looked closer. As I looked there was a series of splashes just astern of her. It was the opening salvo from the Exeter, and the shells must have been in the air as I was climbing the ladder. I had seen enough and went straight back to my action station."

"Down below we were kept busy trying to keep things in order. The rattle and din was terrific, the engines were going full out, and the continual gunfire was really shattering. All the ceiling fans fell down and we were trying to keep up a folding steel operating-table. Dirt, paint and dust came down on our equipment."

When the lull came after the main action, Surgeon-Lieutenant Pittar said he went to the forward medical station, and was busy there for about an hour. He was astounded at the high spirits of the men.

Cat Only Case of "Jitters"

"I saw only one case of 'jitters' during the action, and that was the ship's cat," he continued. "A lot of people have asked me how I felt, and whether I felt frightened. I find it most difficult to answer, for I cannot remember how frightened I was. Once we heard we were about to engage the Spee the feeling was like waiting to start in a race or a boxing-match. When the action began that feeling passed."

"In the late afternoon, when the Spee suddenly fired at us, I was in blissful ignorance standing on the quarter-deck right under one of our 6in. gun turrets," he continued. "Before I knew what had happened the guns had blasted off, and I made a dive for the hatch and only touched two steps on the way down."

Surgeon-Lieutenant Pittar said that earlier in the action he was watching from the captain's flat. He injudiciously put out his head just as the Achilles' guns were fired, and his cap was blown off. He managed to catch it, and a petty-officer who was also watching the progress of the fight turned casually and remarked: 'Well held, sir.'

"I feel no doubt that had the Graf Spee been manned by the British, she would have sunk the three small cruisers," he said at the end of his address, in reply to a question.

MAGNIFICENT.

SHIP'S MORALE.

CERTAIN OF VICTORY.

REJOICING AFTER BATTLE.

AUCKLAND DOCTOR'S STORY.

"I was amazed at the wonderful morale of everyone on board, both before the fight began and during the battle itself. Everyone was excited, but no one had any thought but that we would be victorious. The idea that we could be beaten simply did not enter anyone's head."

In these words Surgeon-Lieutenant C. A. Pittar, M.B., B.S., F.R.A.C.S. (Opt.), summed up his impressions of the epic. Surgeon-Lieutenant Pittar joined the ship at an hour's notice during the last fateful days of August, when Achilles left Auckland for an unknown destination. One of Auckland's best-known eye specialists, he was in a position to interpret the feelings that might have been experienced by anyone who found himself a participant in one of the most historic battles of all time.

Surgeon-Lieutenant Pittar was in command of the aft casualty station, and he now he was not called upon to deal with any casualties at his station. All casualties occurred in the forward part of the ship, and when a hull was pierced in the battle Surgeon-Lieutenant Pittar hurried to the other end to assist his medical colleague. On this stage the Achilles was going under a smoke screen.

Praise could be too high for the members of his staff, he said. Their fighting throughout was magnificent. Surgeon-Lieutenant Pittar added that when they went into action there had been no time for breakfast, and when the battle proper was over, and the task of shadowing the Graf Spee began, the crews and others came out on deck in a spell, and for something to eat. The cooks had been busy and the cabin staff did noble work.



Surgeon-Lieutenant Pittar.

As he walked along the deck he was astonished to find that a few short minutes after they had been concentrating all their energies on putting an end to the career of the Spee the men of the Achilles had their banjos, mandolins and other musical instruments out and the decks rang with musical rejoicing. Everyone was elated and showed it.

The worst part of the whole affair, added Surgeon-Lieutenant Pittar, was the waiting outside Montevideo. Each night the ship was ready and the strain was terrific. The idea that the "Spee" would scuttle herself did not occur to anyone, but there was very general relief when the end came.



H.M.S. ACHILLES

c/o C.P.O. Auckland
or C.P.O. London
1 - 1 - 40.

Dear Pat,

I hear that Don has done it at last. If you should get this before he hears from me please give both Pat & Don my very best wishes for a long & happy future.

If you would like to, I should be most happy if you would take & use Bill for the whole of the shooting season if I'm not back by then. I have told Mother I'm suggesting this.

I'm most anxious to hear how "Tarnatea" is getting on this season. She narrowly missed getting some new sails & gear the other day as I

had remembered ^② her in my will.
However I didn't get a scratch in
the scrap & now confidently hope
to be back with you before many
years have passed. The morale in
this ship was simply wonderful
during & after the action (in which
we participated from the first second
- B.B.C. accounts inaccurate). I felt pleased
to be associated with them.

I have been thinking that
it must be about time Jean had
move to look after Stan Shipper. I
hope soon to hear news of a bawling
bald-headed brat in a bassinet
in the N. Harry's household.

I have had very little news
from New Zealand. We got our 1st
N.Z. mail on Dec. 9th - nearly

few months after leaving Auckland.
And this didn't include the earlier
mails so there is no sequence about
them.

Ken is still getting on, I
must write to him some time.

My kindest regards to your Mother - I
hope she is keeping well.

Please remember me to all the chaps

My love to Jean & the Donalds

Yours very sincerely,

Geoff A. Pittar

P.S. I saw a picture in the Christmas
number of the Auckland weekly taken
at Kawau last squadron week-end
in which is "Tamatea" *GP*

SLOOP GOES BACK TO SUVA

Herald — 17/5/67

Boom Breaks In Storm

Press Assn

Suva

The sloop Tamatea, which left Suva eight days ago for Auckland, sailed by her new owner, returned with a broken boom after running into a storm 500 miles south of Fiji.

The owner, Mr R. Cochrane, of Kohimarama, Auckland, and the crew of five are all well.

The storm, which smashed the boom also blew out the storm sails. When it was found more bad weather was ahead Mr Cochrane turned about the veteran 48-foot yacht—well known in Auckland before being sold in Suva 15 years ago—and ran before the storm back to Fiji for repairs.



Hole rammed by yacht Dorothy at Mechanics Bay mooring just after the race on Jan. 29, 1938.





Lieutenant Commander A.C. Robb
designer and architect
for yacht "Tamatea"

