

Charles Towsey of Henley upon Thames in the County of Oxford Gentleman

Mary Harriet Sparks

H. B. Moorhouse

TOWSEY TALES

W. A. Towsey
Sparks, Harriet
Henley upon Thames
Oxon.

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Sparks, Harriet
Henley upon Thames
Oxon.

Edmond Towsey

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Edmond Towsey

NAME: Arthur Charles Towsey
aka Arthur Van Towsey (from 1945)

BIRTH DETAILS: 13 January 1913 Hamilton NZ

DEATH DETAILS: 12 February 1985 Auckland NZ

CHART REF: Towsey Chart A1

MARRIAGE DETAILS: 1st M: mid 1935 Auckland

SPOUSE: Marie Aline Pageau (divorced 1946)

MARRIAGE DETAILS: 2nd M: 17 October 1947 Melbourne

SPOUSE: Peggy Evelyn Knibb

MARRIAGE DETAILS: 3rd M: 19 October 1979 Sydney

SPOUSE: Sylvia Dorothy Smith

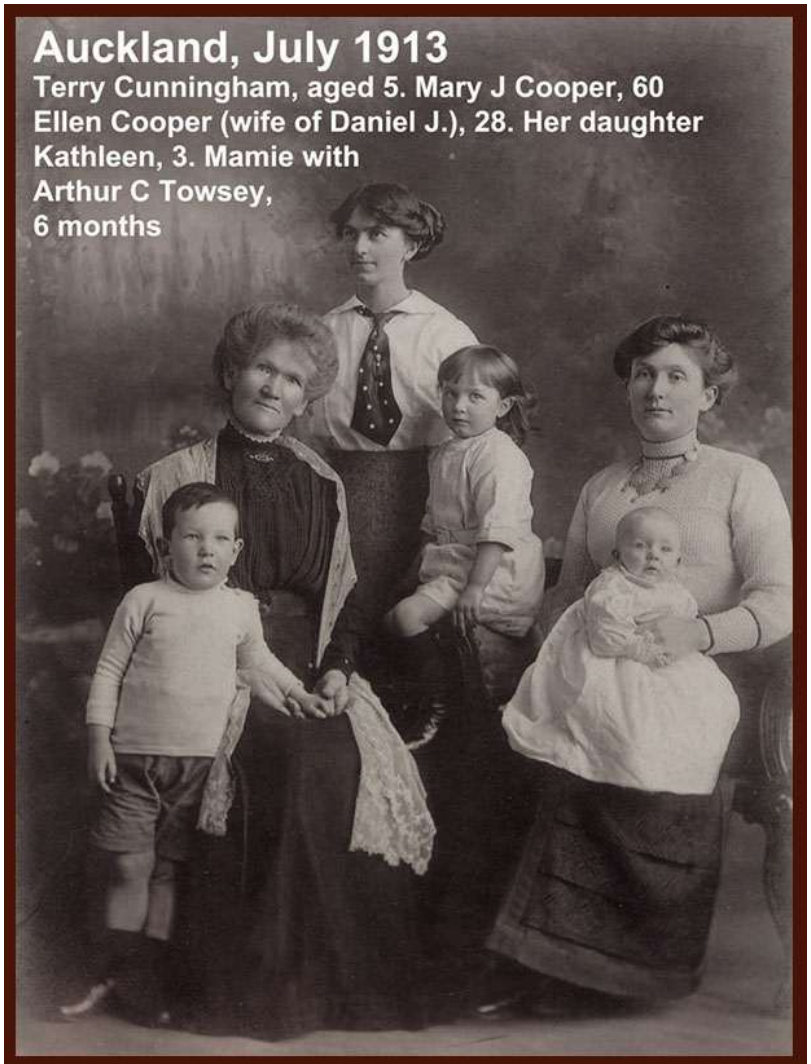
PART 1 OF 5

April 1913



Three Generation: Arthur Cyril, Arthur John & Arthur Charles Towsey

Arthur, the first of the two sons of Cyril and Mamie Towsey, was born whilst Cyril had a musical appointment, as organist at the church in Hamilton, just south of Auckland. The family then moved up to Auckland in 1918. before the birth of their second son, Cyril Patrick (Pat).





The above school photo from when Arthur was 11 years old, begs the question as to whether humanity has taken a sudden giant leap forward since 1924, as some of these boys look; (what's a nice way to put it); "special". It is difficult to believe that some of those dull, middle-aged faces could be so young.

Although Arthur never developed any musical talent, he did have a very good ear for music.

In 1926, at 13 years of age, Arthur was taken to see the great pianist Wilhelm Backhaus, an old friend of his father's, from London, who was touring New Zealand.

After the concert, Arthur was taken backstage to meet the great man. Perhaps he was expressing the naivety of youth, or maybe he was just being a smart alec, but when introduced, Backhaus asked "Well, what did you think of that?" To which Arthur replied "You played a wrong note", to which Backhaus replied; "You're quite right. I did play a wrong note."

Whether Backhaus and Cyril then took Arthur out the back and beat him up, was not stated.

Arthur was at Sacred Heart College for the six years of secondary school, from 1924 until 1929.

In 1924, he came first in Drawing, second in History. In 1925, again first in Drawing and second in Essay. 1926; First in Reading, second in Drawing. From 1927 to 1929; nothing.

It looks like Arthur's adolescent hormones put an end to any sort of scholastic concentration, but we know from the stories that his cousin, Pat Cooper told us as children, that Arthur was by no means inactive.

Just three stories that come to mind:



Arthur had a teacher at one time, who would focus a boy's wandering attention by hitting that boy's desk with some sort of strap.

One day, in anticipation of this, Arthur quietly removed all of the screws so that when the teacher hit the desk, it fell to pieces; much to the amusement of the rough-faced boys whom we have seen above.

Arthur was in fact, expelled twice, but as his mother was a friend of the bishop, he was taken back. One such expulsion apparently resulted from smoking, which sounds like there must have been more to it than just lighting up.

Another stunt worthy of expulsion, must have been the time when he stole a bus.

The bus was apparently waiting outside the school, filled with students, including Arthur, waiting to go on an excursion. They had been waiting for some time for the driver to arrive, when Arthur jumped into the driver's seat and sped off for a hair-raising ride about town, with the terrified children

whimpering in the back. This jaunt included driving through a large park called The Domain and down a flight of steps.

Another incident, but out of school this time: Arthur and his friends would go down to the ferry terminal and jump onto a ferry as it pulled away from the dock. There was one captain in particular whom they would like to annoy by running about the ferry, then when he chased them, they would jump overboard and swim back to the dock.

One day, this captain was swinging a length of heavy rope at the boys when he hit one of them in the head. The boy fell into the water, semi-conscious and the others had to help him back to shore.

That night, the boys went down to the dock, sneaked onto the moored ferry and spent some time drilling holes in the bottom. In the morning, the ferry was discovered, half submerged, sitting on the bottom.

In the end, Sacred Heart College defeated Arthur by the application of shrewd psychology. They made him school captain, thereby giving him the responsibility of keeping all the other miscreants in line.

It was my Auntie Josie who, with the benefit of modern psychological insight and the terminology to put labels to such behaviours, concluded that Arthur probably had what we would now call Attention Deficit Syndrome.

What was becoming clear, by the end of the 1920s, was that Arthur had inherited more of his genes from the rumbustious Cooper/O'Connor side of the family, whilst Pat, who was diligently practicing his piano playing, was following what had by then become the traditional Towsey career path.

Arthur left school in May 1929, which was in the middle of the school year.

His first job was as a junior salesman with Campbell Motors in Auckland.

Apart from Campbell's, over the next two years, Arthur also worked for Moreley's Garage, Gibbon's Super Service Company as a salesman, Reliance Printery, as a Canvasser and various odd jobs for Mr. Singer, a barrister and family friend. He also worked for Checker Express Company as a van driver.

By 1931, New Zealand, along with the rest of the world, was



the Roosevelt
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Why for comfort with a six valve you can get an eight for the same price, an eight that is lighter on petrol, oil and tyre and running expenses than many a six... an eight that for convenience and safety is a most desirable car.

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well into what we now call The Great Depression, so work was both hard to get and when you did, the chances were that the job could suddenly disappear as ever more companies went out of business.

In March 1931, perhaps with no other work to occupy his time, Arthur volunteered to help prepare a yacht called the Rangī for what became the first ever Trans-Tasman race.

Stout hearts braved stormy seas

ALTHOUGH the trans-Tasman races are today regular and highly organised events in the world yachting calendar, the first race — in 1931 — was a pretty informal, hit-or-miss affair.

It all began when a 42-foot Australian auxiliary ketch named Omara and flying the burgee of the Royal St. Kilda Yacht Club (Melbourne) entered Auckland Harbour. Her owner-skipper, Mr. F. J. Bennell, challenged all comers to race to Sydney.

The challenge was immediately accepted by a visiting Norwegian yachtsman, Mr. Erling Tønnes, who was in Auckland during a round-the-world voyage in his sailing craft Teddy, a converted pilot cutter.

Auckland yachtsmen were slower to pick up the gauntlet. At the last minute the owner of the yacht Rangī, Mr. W. A. Leonard, hastily recalled his craft from a cruise in the Hauraki Gulf and rushed her on to the slipway for a 24-hour clean-up and refit. The Rangī, a 37-year-old converted fishing vessel, had been bought by her owner for £100 in 1928.

By working day and night, the crew of the Rangī and volunteer yachting helpers managed to complete the refit job and gut the boat off the slipway

By a staff reporter

only half an hour before the starting gun was fired at 2 p.m. on March 14, 1931.

The Rangī was crewed for the race by four seasoned Auckland yachtsmen, Lieut-Commander W. C. Juler, formerly of the Royal Australian Navy; E. Speegoo, D. Kirkcaldie and A. Clarke.

The Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron would not agree to Rangī's racing as its official representative. The squadron officers decided that the vessel's speed and displacement "did not represent the best that Auckland could offer if larger boats were available."

Despite this, the Rangī flew the Akarana Yacht Club burgee from her truck and was generally regarded as the New Zealand entry in a three-nation race.

Rangī was beset with bad luck throughout the trip, alternately becalmed



Rangī heads for Rangitoto Channel on the start of her long voyage to Australia.

in windless areas and haltered by raging Tasman storms. If this were not enough, it was discovered that her navigational equipment — hastily fitted at the start of the race — was defective.

The Australian boat, Omara, also had a rough crossing, but she got the finishing gun in Sydney at 10.45 a.m. on March 26, after a passage of 11 days and 20 hours.

The sturdy little Teddy crossed the finish-line two

days later.

Not until 5.30 a.m. on April 3 did the Rangī sail into Sydney Harbour. Based on handicap times, the Teddy was declared the winner, with Omara second and Rangī third.

After spending almost a month in Australia, Rangī set sail on her return trip on May 2. Again the New Zealand boat was unlucky. First her radio fused, cutting off all contact with other vessels and shore stations. Then she ran into

fickle winds and calms which restricted her to logging only 20 miles on her first day out. For several more days she contended with winds veering and backing from north-east to south-east.

Finally, Rangī weathered the North Cape of New Zealand and a day later anchored in Russell, Bay of Islands. On the return voyage she had taken 19 days and logged 1620 miles.

Describing the Rangī's

performance in his book, "Little Ships," Ronald Carter says:

"There is no doubt that Rangī was dooped by ill-luck in both the trans-Tasman race and her passage home. Poor navigating instruments, defective wireless equipment, and long calms interspersed with gales and persistent head winds were deciding factors against her putting up a good performance at any stage of the voyage . . .

"Fortunately the Rangī was manned by an expert and stout-hearted company who acquitted themselves in the best traditions of the sea . . .

"The yacht proved conclusively that she was well able to withstand the harsh treatment received while crossing the stormy Tasman Sea.

" . . . This little 35-foot cutter, through the efforts of her crew, has written a splendid page in New Zealand yachting, which will surely be remembered for all time.

"In pioneering the trans-Tasman yacht race, Rangī's name automatically heads the list of those yachts which will undoubtedly follow in her wake through the coming years."

Being at that time inexperienced at sailing, I can only assume that they took the 18 year-old Arthur along on the race because of his enthusiastic ability to talk himself into, or out of, anything.

For some time after the famous race across the Tasman, Arthur regularly crewed on a 20 foot yacht called 'Seahorse', in Auckland local club races.

By the time they returned to Auckland, it was the middle of May and a couple of weeks later, Arthur's 85 year-old grandfather and namesake, Arthur John Towsey, died down in Cambridge.

From October of 1931, Arthur started to keep a diary, in which there are large gaps. He also neatly removed several pages, the implication being that he had described certain romantic encounters which he later thought to be inappropriate or too revealing, should someone, such as his redoubtable mother, manage to accidentally catch a glimpse.

It is worth remembering that Arthur was just eighteen years old at this time. It could be though, that he was lying about his age when seeking work.

We know that at least once, several years later, he had added five years, claiming to have been born in 1908. Ironically, in later life, he managed to subtract five years, by turning the "3" on some birth date records, to an "8"; from 1913 to 1918.

Here are a few entries from that diary:

16th October 1931

Sailed from Auckland on SS Ulimaroa for Sydney. The trip was pleasant; fine weather for the first two days and heavy seas for remainder. Arrived in Sydney. Took rooms at 195A Castlereigh Street.

Tuesday Nov. 3rd

One fortnight since I landed in Sydney. Received first letter from home.

Tuesday 10th November, 1931

Met Norman Wright, received two letters from Mum one containing boat ticket back to NZ. Dear Mum; she is very fond of me. Wrote and sent ticket back home.

Wednesday 11th November, 1931

Went to Agricultural Dept. And saw tobacco expert who introduced me to promoter of new tobacco company. I may get job in Brisbane; let's hope so. Saw Armistice Day ceremony in Martin Place. I am very anxious about my prospects for this job.

Wednesday 18th November, 1931

Met Mr. Hamilton, signed fully the contract, left for Brisbane at 7.30pm. (This company was Tobacco Growers (NZ) Ltd.)

Thursday 19th November, 1931

Awoke at about 3.30pm. Fine day. Perhaps if I had more sleep I would have enjoyed it more. Changed trains at Grafton and went 2 miles on Clarence River.

Arrived in Brisbane at 5.15pm. and went to Canberra Hotel where I met Laurie Power.

Friday 20th November, 1931

Went out and inspected land with Mr. Power. Finally selected piece. Went back to hotel and fell asleep in the bath. (The land that they selected for the tobacco plantation was just a short drive west of Brisbane).

Saturday 21st November, 1931

Took one of the trucks out to the land and then pitched my tent.

Sunday 22nd November, 1931

Went around the road to see Mrs. Powers' brother. Had a look at his seed beds (2) and gave a little advise. Slept on the grass inside tent.

Monday 23rd November, 1931

Spent rotten night last night. Started a man on the ploughing. Slept on grass again.

Tuesday 24th November, 1931

Mr. Powers came out and we went to see Mr. Bishop about some more harrowing.

Wednesday 25th November, 1931

Bishop starts harrowing. I directed his progress. Still sleeping on ground and by Jove it's hard.

Thursday 26th November, 1931

Bishop still harrowing and I started carting sawdust from the timber mill for burning off the seed bed land.

Friday 27th November, 1931

Carted more sawdust. Saw Mr. Tulley and others castrating a couple of horses.

Saturday November 28th, 1931

Spent morning carting timber and sawdust. In afternoon Laurie Power's brother brought me out three men. They were all half tight still. They'll sober up when we get to work.

Sunday 29th November, 1931

Mr. And Mrs. Tulley went to Brisbane in the truck and I walked around and had talk with Bishop. When I arrived home I find that Sam is missing. Mr. Crump and I waited until 11.30. When Sam arrived he'd lost his way in the bush. We (Mr. Crump and I), then salted down some of the beef killed on Saturday afternoon, etc.

Monday 30th November, 1931

Started the three men working. We worked till 6.15pm and finally had about 12 to 16 good fires going then down came the rain. I'm afraid that we will have to poison the land. Burning is practically impossible.

Tuesday 1st December, 1931

Started the men digging up the beds ready for "boarding in". Much time lost through rain.

Wednesday 2nd December, 1931

More beds dug. I went around to Mr. Power's brother's and brought back Mr. Edward's rotary hoe. Worked this for one day.

Thursday 3rd December, 1931

Took rotary hoe back to Mr. Edwards. Had much trouble with the truck. This evening Dave gave in his notice so the other two followed suite in sympathy. I am now left with no men until Mr. Power sends out more.

Friday 4th December, 1931

No sign of Mr. Power so I started stacking some timber then I dug three drains and prepared a place for the engine. Mr. Franklin, the saw-miller, told me that two of the men wanted to come back but unless Mr. Power brings them out I will not have them on the job.

Saturday 5th December, 1931

Rained fairly hard all day. In the morning Mr. And Mrs. Tulley and I went in the truck about nine miles to hear mass in Mr. Brenham's house. There were only a few people there so Father said mass in the living room. After mass we all talked and had a large breakfast of eggs, meat, pie etc. When we arrived home I went across and worked for the rest of the day.

Sunday 6th December, 1931

Rained all day. Mr. Tulley and I rode over to Mt. Pleasant to draft some steers and fat cattle. After riding about 18 miles we got home where Mr. Power was waiting to see me. He had very little news.

Monday 7th December, 1931

The men did not turn up so I rode around the district and engaged a couple of new men. I got home in time to see Mr. Tullet castrating and branding a few head of cattle! The weather has been showery and hot.

Tuesday 8th December, 1931

Rained very hard last night. This morning the ground was flooded as far as I could see. Started the three men on draining and fencing.

Wednesday 9th December, 1931

Still flooded and is now boiling hot. Can see heat shimmering off the paddocks. Work went on as usual.

Thursday 10th December, 1931

Damnably hot. Sweat running down legs and filling my sand shoes. Finished fence, had swim in warm water and then went and collected several things that came out from Brisbane.

Friday 11th December, 1931

Started building a humpy as Mrs. Tulley will not be able to keep me any longer. She has several relations coming out. Several leeches are in the water hole and one clung to my leg.

Saturday 12th December, 1931

Ground still flooded. The tall dead trees look weird standing up in the water. Sun very hot now. Worked on draining and humpy today. Bugged truck this evening. Saw a few black snakes on a log in the swamp. Many varieties around now; Black, Green, Copper, Carpet, Red Bellies, Brown Bellies etc. The Death Adder is fairly scarce now.

There is a sudden break in Arthur's diary at this point, most likely because Tobacco Growers (NZ) Ltd. suddenly went broke in mid December, 1931.

Although the exact circumstances are not recorded, it is most likely that Arthur then went to the Queensland outback, where he worked as a boundary rider. This is someone who spends possibly days or weeks on end, riding out along the boundary of a large cattle station, checking and repairing the fences. It is a romantic image of a cowboy, alone with his horse, sleeping under the stars. A mouth organ is usually part of this image but is not essential.

Arthur was then called back home because his father was very sick.

The diary continues:

No time to finish diary. Arrived back in Auckland on Marama on 19th Feb. Everyone very surprised and glad to see me.

The next diary entry is from April, 1932 and mentions nothing of what had transpired in the meantime, which was as follows;

The health of Arthur's father, Cyril, had been in decline for some time, probably from cancer and he had had an operation in December, 1931, performed by a surgeon who was an old friend. The procedure had not gone well and Cyril had been very concerned about the situation.

Arthur commented that after he arrived back in Auckland, he noticed a rapid deterioration in his father's health with a corresponding loss of weight.

On the evening of 17th March, 1932, Cyril had been playing at the radio studio with the orchestra as usual. He regularly finished there at 10pm, but on that evening he left early.

At about 10.20 that evening, Arthur was riding his motorcycle along Quay Street, which runs along the ferry terminal, when he saw his father walking briskly in the opposite direction. Arthur turned around and rode up to his father, who responded to his greeting by saying that his mother should be finishing a singing engagement at the Town Hall at about that time and that Arthur should go and accompany her home.

Arthur said that Cyril seemed to be in his usual frame of mind.

Arthur went to the Town Hall, but his mother had already left, so he returned home.

At about eleven o'clock, James Melling, the Town Clerk, who had known Cyril for many years, was boarding the ferry to Stanley Bay, when he noticed Cyril also boarding. He approached Cyril and, believing that he actually wanted to go to Devonport, suggested that Cyril was boarding the wrong ferry. Cyril agreed that he must have made a mistake and returned to the dock.

That was the last time that anyone ever saw Cyril.

Over the following months, there were numerous reports of citings of Cyril across New Zealand and as far afield as China, but all proved to be false.

In a Supreme Court hearing seven years later, a police officer stated that from the experience of a number of past cases, if Cyril had gone into the harbour at night, on an outgoing tide, it was most likely that he would have been carried out to sea and never seen again.

For Arthur, life amidst the privations and uncertainties of the Depression continued without much time for mourning.

Just under a month later, Arthur went to have a look at a demonstration in the city, by the frustrated unemployed.

One of the strongest characteristics of Arthur's personality that stays in my mind, was his individuality. One would never think of him as being a part of a group. In fact as a child I was always aware that whatever the social situation, Arthur seemed to hold a view that was broader, more enlightened than the accepted, popular opinion.

Some of these views tended towards the outlandish, but they came from a loosely defined socialist sympathy; a belief in justice for all. At the same time though, Arthur's family background, amidst the middle class that controlled New Zealand, meant that he also believed in law and order.

He might go out of his way to help those in need, but Arthur never had any time for the mindless rabble or those who just whinged about their lot in life.

As he explained it to me, during the demonstration, the criminal and loutish elements started to riot. Arthur noticed a group of policemen surrounded by rioters, where one of the officers was knocked unconscious to the ground. Probably without a lot of forethought, he rushed in, picked up the policeman's baton and started beating back the rioting hooligans.

The first entry in his diary, since his return to New Zealand states;

Riot in city. Received £10.10 for service as special policeman. I was the first Special in Auckland or rather NZ April 24th to May 14th, 1932

Sergeant of the guard at the gaol and magazines. July, 1932

Went to Huntley as engineer in the Renown Mines during the mining strike. We were volunteer labourers and ran a certain amount of risk from the striking miners. 27th November, 1932

Since mine strike, very little excitement. Have spent several weeks trying to find a vacancy on some ship.

Came to Putaruru about three weeks ago and have bought Lawrence's hack for £3.10 A very sound gelding piebald. Am preparing to ride down the East coast to Hawkes Bay. (This is the farm of his cousins, Laurence and Terry Cunningham).

(Analysis) 27th November, 1932

At this stage in my life my mind is in a constant turmoil of desires and ambitions. I am constantly thinking of my father and as time goes on the loss appears greater. My poor mother causes me much anxiety. Her spirit and courage are only equalled by her ability to face odds which would break me altogether.

Pat now 14, is rapidly developing his own ideas which I suppose I am not in the position to judge; his ability and confidence at the piano make me regret my lost opportunities. Music is more than an entertainment to me and unfortunately I can find no phrase to cover my appreciation of this art.

WINDOWS SMASHED AND LOOTED HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE HURT SEQUEL TO A DEMONSTRATION

(By Telegraph.—Special to "Evening Post.")

15 April 1932

AUCKLAND, This Day.

Riotous scenes without precedent in Auckland were witnessed in Queen street last evening.

The trouble commenced with stone-throwing by processionists in Queen street. It developed into severe rioting in the vicinity of the Town Hall, where, amid a pandemonium, batons and sticks were used, and it spread over the greater length of Queen street, where shop windows were shattered and stock looted. It was a startling instance of the mob impulse and lawlessness and abandon that is bred of contagion.

For over two hours sporadic raiding went on over a big section of Auckland's main shopping area, amid the cries of excited people and the tinkle and crash of breaking glass.

The police were hopelessly outnumbered, and a naval detachment was sent over to the city from the Naval Base. Special constables were hurriedly sworn in, and at the height of the trouble the Fire Brigade turned out.

Members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade worked at peak pressure to rush the casualties to the Auckland Hospital, and over 200 cases, several serious, were dealt with.

For nearly three hours Queen street was more or less in the hands of a lawless crowd bent on destruction, while thousands of citizens helplessly and amazedly looked on. The grip of authority tightened slowly and effectively, but it was a late hour before the situation was well in hand.

Broken plate-glass windows were a common sight and broken glass was littered everywhere. This morning citizens were shocked on realising the amount of wanton damage that had been caused, and to-day special steps were taken to deal with any further trouble that might arise.

My one consolation is in my youth and I fervently hope that in a short time my wanderlust will be appeased and my ability harnessed in the right channels.

Monday 5th December, 1932

Time is flying. Today has been a very busy one. Laurence, Terry and I drafted sheep and drove a truck load into Putaruru; very dusty and slow. I had Poppy shod and then rode back to the farm. Dairy farming is a very hard grind for any educated city man. Constant milking and the never ending small jobs becomes very monotonous.

Sunday 5th February, 1933

I have two month's incidents to record, so briefly: Having ridden many miles I finally decided to visit home for Xmas. At Hamilton an attractive offer decided me to sell Poppy. I then caught the Limited and arrived in Auckland with one bridle and blanket roll. Two days later I succeeded in securing a position with Amalgamated Theatres Ltd. and was sent to the Plaza Theatre, Queen Street, as Doorkeeper; rather a comedown after some of the positions I have held, but nevertheless I am very grateful to Mr. Moodaby for his choice.

I was informed on Friday last, 3rd Feb., that I would have to stand down for one week as business is very bad. I have offered my services for this week and hope that the staff will not think that I am doing the wrong thing.

Well this has brought my diary up to today.

Sunday 12th February, 1933

My "charity" week has gone and I must say I'm glad; money is a wonderful incentive to work.

Thursday 5th October, 1933

Since writing my last notes, many strange and lucky things have happened. About April last, Jack McBrearty was promoted to manager of the Cambridge Theatre and I was given a 10/- rise and a lot more work. Still this brought me into close contact with my boss Joe Dunn who took a great interest in me and taught me how to write ads. By Jove things were good then. I worked like a nigger and pulled off some good publicity stunts.

It is worth mentioning, that the phrase "worked like a Nigger", was still in common usage up to the mid 1960s. The question of racism never arose in those days, as very few of us had ever even seen a black person, other than perhaps on old Shirley Temple films, where black people were always portrayed as slightly simple labourers.

January 17, 1934. NEW ZEALAND

Boundary-Rider to Box Office

MR. ARTHUR C. TOWSEY'S CAREER.

ARTHUR C. Towsey, advertising manager and assistant to Mr. Dunn at the State Theatre, in Wellington, is a son of Mr. Cyril Towsey, well-remembered in musical circles.

Mr. Towsey, junr., was born at Hamilton, and educated at Sacred Heart College, Auckland. He spent several years in the motor business as a car salesman. Proceeding to Sydney, he gained varied experience in the theatre business, which he was obliged to relinquish for health reasons.

IN BANANALAND.


He proceeded to Queensland, where he became manager of a tobacco plantation. The company concerned finally went into liquidation and Mr. Towsey became a boundary rider on a big cattle station. The illness of his father about three years ago led to his return to Auckland. There, he met Mr. Joseph M. Dunn, of Amalgamated Theatres, and now Wellington provincial manager of the same firm.

An opportunity presented itself for Mr. Towsey to use his Sydney experience in publicity on behalf of Amalgamated Theatres' Auckland houses. Success in that capacity led to his appointment as manager of two Whangarei theatres, and, later, his transfer to Wellington as assistant to Mr. Dunn, the provincial manager.

KEEN YACHTSMAN.

Mr. Towsey is a keen yachtsman, and was a member of the crews of the well-known Auckland yacht the "Rangi" and later the "Seahorse."

Horse-riding and swimming also have claimed his attention. His chief hobby, however, is the study of advertising.



Two pages have been carefully and thoroughly removed from the diary at this point.

The story continues on the Central Coast of New South Wales, north of Sydney, in February or March, 1934.

Well during the past two weeks I have visited the following districts; Macksville, Wauchope, Taree, Wingham. These towns are on the North Coast line and Glen Innes, Walka, Baraba, Tamworth, Scone, Manilla, Muswellbrook and Dennan

Tonight I leave for the far North Coast again and so ends another chapter in my very eventful young life.

God bless us all especially Eddie and Mum.

Monday 26th March, 1934 at Dorrigo

After a very long trip up hills and through timber mills I reached Dorrigo at 4pm. Exactly, 5 hours after leaving Glenreagh which is 46 miles away. Dorrigo is bitterly cold and 3,000 feet above sea level.

I have seen Mr. Wright and have signed him up for £200 worth of pictures.

Tuesday 27th March, 1934

Got up at 6am but missed the damned service-car. So after freezing for a couple of hours I finally succeeded in getting a lift with the bill poster for Perry Bros. Circus and the ride over the Dorrigo Mountains will always remain in my mind. It was an old Morris Cowley Van without any brakes, horn or anything useful and every part of the vehicle was worn out. After nearly hitting a steam roller we reached Bellingen and I visited Mr. Comino but he was absolutely crazy about our prices, so I did not do any business.

Thursday 29th March, 1934

I arrived in Sydney and spent most of the day cleaning up. Thursday night bed at 8.30pm. By Jove I was tired!

Saturday 31st March, 1934

Spent morning at Head Office and have now completed three weeks with Warner Bros.

Sunday 22nd April, 1934

On board M.V. Wanganella

Since my last entry, I have had quite a few changes.

I visited Kandos, Binnaway, Coolah, Dunedoo and Coonabarabran and succeeded in selling a good contract at Coonabarabran.

This was my last trip away for Warner Bros and I was promoted to the Publicity Dept as Special Exploiteer.

About a week ago I again met John Rennebeck and he once more made me the offer of a position in NZ and I accepted, so here I am travelling first class in the Wanganella and going back to my home and friends a success at last.

The weather today is perfect and this ship is very comfortable. Everyone is out on deck playing deck tennis etc., but for some unknown reason those games do not appeal to me. I prefer to sit or walk about thinking or perhaps talking to some sensible person. I sent a cable to Mum last night the cost being 8½d per word. Cigarettes are 4d for 10 on this ship.

Monday 23rd April, 1934

Since leaving Sydney the weather has been lovely and we have had a following wind all the way. The passengers are a mixed lot and mostly very sober. I rather wish I was good at games and could join in the fun.

1st May, 1934 Wellington

More travelling! Here I am in Wellington sitting in the Paramount offices and preparing to go out selling film from Taurauranui to the Bluff. I am Paramount's special and only travelling rep.

After leaving the Wanganella I spent five days in Auckland and had the happiest time of my life.

For the next seven months, Arthur travelled all over the South Island selling films to the local cinemas, arriving back in Auckland in January, 1935.



18 June 1934 Arthur Towsey aboard
"Rangatira", Christchurch to Wellington.



23 July 1934 The road from Queenstown to Cromwell.

Sunday 13th January, 1935

Five months since I left sunny Nelson; five packed months, plenty of variety and no dull times.

I shipped up to Wanganui and spent two days there then back to Auckland and into the Tivoli Theatre as Manager, my duties included writing the ads for 13 suburban theatres with three changes each a week and supervise the redecoration of my theatre. Well after two weeks of this I met good old George Stewart of Campbell Motors and he convinced me that selling Studebaker and Singer cars was more profitable than working night and day in the theatre so, after a week's notice I left the good old firm and started in with Campbell Motors which firm I have been with now for the last three months or so.

I have been having quite a "hot" time lately and I find that a good car is great when parties etc are the order of the night. Needless to say I have given lots of nice girls the pleasure of a moonlight drive and every weekend has been spent at either Kare Kare, Piha, Waiwera or some equally charming place.

Well today is my birthday and a very happy one it has been. Mother, Pat, Auntie Mary, Nancy and Moira came with me out to Kare Kare where we surfed and sun bathed. Before finishing this entry I will just add a note concerning my future plans – I am trying to save up enough money to go to England where I hope to join the Singer Car Works and



1935 Auckland: Arthur Towsey with 1934 Singer 11hp

learn their construction from iron ore to finished vehicle. I have had a wonderfully full life so far and I hope to go on learning and having experiences until eventually I will have seen, heard and done everything worth doing.

Salesmanship is a great line but it keeps one going on and on and I feel sure that general experience is the great thing. Ah well off to bed now and here's hoping that the passage money for England soon mounts up.