



Rough going: Mark Wilson's picture of the ship ploughing through heavy seas on the way to Samoa.

Not all beer and skittles taking a pub to London

This is the first of an occasional series from **Mark Wilson**, the Southlander sailing the Speight's pub to London.

DATELINE: August 1
The day dawned murky but calm, and for the first time during our epic voyage we had a full muster for breakfast courtesy of Paihia Bombers, which have revived the seasick lads from their green-eyed haze. Bacon and eggs was on the menu, which definitely reminded the boys of home.
After breakfast captain Peter dished out the orders and the boys were elbow deep in grease, dirty rags and duct tape. After the chores, which involved redistributing some of the ship's supplies to the second hold, we were allowed a break, then it was back to the grind.
After the fumes cleared from the forecandle and Jamie emerged looking significantly greener than when he went in, we were relieved from duty for some much needed lunch. The afternoon was marked by the rain beginning to fall and flying-fish



Mark Wilson

spotting on the deck. Retreating from the gloom we descended to the hold for some cricket and a touch of pumping iron.
We planned a quiz night in the bar along with a few cold ales but the weather once again conspired to ruin the fun. We have been hit by yet another storm and have had to retreat to the sauna — otherwise known as James' cabin — for some gaming therapy.
The boys are all a bit deflated about missing quiz night but we have been planning our assault on Samoa. Despite the fact we are missing our key piece of equipment (a loud-hailer), we are determined to enjoy our first taste of land for a while and invite any lovely young lasses who are in Samoa this weekend to join us and enjoy the great atmosphere of the Great Beer Delivery.
Till next time
Mark Wilson
w When Mark wrote the column on Wednesday, the ship was travelling between 16kmh and 20kmh and was positioned at 25.26S, 175.43 E. The ship is making about 450km every 24 hours, and is due to arrive in Samoa tomorrow morning where the group will stay until Monday evening.

Frederick Burdett Butler collected stuff. **Helen Harvey** reports.

NEWSPAPERS, magazines, books, records, sheet music, antiques, photographs, peanut-butter jars, you name it, the late Frederick Burdett Butler saved it.
When Mr Butler shifted, it took him five months, making 11 trips a day, to transport all his treasures, he told the New Zealand Woman's Weekly in March 1970.
He even took the family home with him.
Mr Butler was born in New Plymouth in 1903. In 1923, the family moved into a new house on Gill St.
When he moved to Sentry Hill (about 1960), the Gill St house was cut in half to move it and when it was put back together, a large section was added to the middle.
There was an old church and three houses on the property.
Two of the houses were chocka, Mr Butler's cousin Frances Burton says.
"One of them was just sort of a little cottage and it was full of magazines and papers and things like that."
Mr Butler collected things because he did not want them to be lost to time and forgotten.
"He would say 'the things of today are the history of tomorrow' and 'keep two or three of these peanut-butter jars because in 20 years' time, they will not be like this.'"
He would buy every book that was printed in New Zealand or had a New Zealand author or was about New Zealand, Mrs Burton says.
"A book collector once said to me that it was the largest private book collection in New Zealand." Mrs Burton, who first met her mother's cousin in 1972, when she and her mother came to New Plymouth to visit him, says Mr Butler would go to an auction and see a book that he wanted and if it was in a box of books, he would bid for the whole box.
"But he wouldn't throw away the books he didn't want — he'd use them for scrapbooks."
And it is the scrapbooks, which he began in 1926, that are making Mr Butler famous 25 years after his death.
Artist Ann Shelton has photographed the scrapbooks and is showing the photographs in

an exhibition called *A Library to Scale*. Mrs Burton says Mr Butler made scrapbooks so that, in the future, people would find it easier to access information.
He had been trying to do research and found it difficult to get the information he needed.
So he started what Mrs Burton describes as an early kind of internet.
"Instead of a Google search, it was Fred Butler search."
Each cutting is cross-referenced on about 20,000 small cards.
The cards are in alphabetical order and each card has the number of the scrapbook, the page number and in some cases the column where the reference can be found.
He kept them in various boxes but the cards now take up five drawers in a cabinet especially made for them in the public space of Puke Ariki, a research centre.
Some of Mr Butler's scrapbooks are in a display cabinet at the research centre, including one of his weather books.
In the weather books, he meticulously detailed the direction of the wind and the velocity (on a certain day) and different coloured pens are used to denote the severity of the wind and the speed.
Red was for a light breeze, green was for a little more than a breeze, purple signified moderate winds and this month's tornadoes would have been marked in black.
The research centre also has a collection of Mr Butler's handmade quilts.
The quilts date from 1914 and are regarded as nationally significant. Quilters like them because they are made out of fabric that isn't available now, Mrs Burton says.
Which proves Mr Butler's point about ordinary things being valuable or interesting in the future.
Mr Butler had only quarter sight in one eye and the other eye was artificial. He once lost the eye in New Plymouth — a woman in front of him getting on a bus had an umbrella under her arm and it stuck in his eye. He got an infection in it and eventually it had to be removed.
"All brilliant, misunderstood people are thought of as eccentric. And this was the case with Fred."
"If you don't do what the mainstream does, then you are thought of as an eccentric," says Mrs Burton. — Fairfax (Taranaki)



Remembered: Frances (right) and daughter Sereena Burton looking at a quilt from the Fred Butler collection.



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