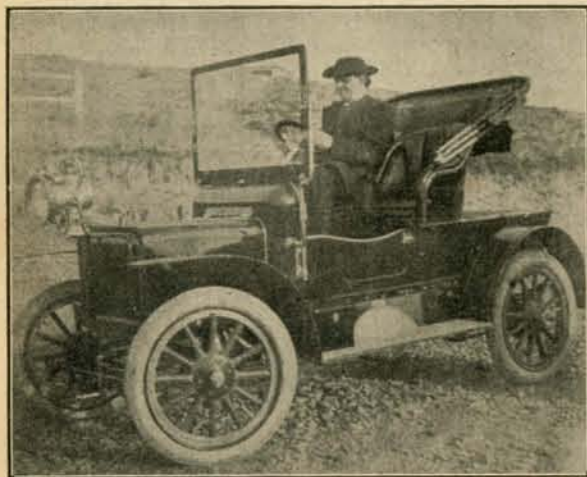


ARCHBISHOP JULIUS CELEBRATES HIS 90th BIRTHDAY

THE DIOCESE'S CONGRATULATIONS.

We have the privilege to offer congratulations on behalf of "Church News" readers to His Grace Archbishop Julius on his 90th birthday, which occurs on Oct. 15. His Grace purposes celebrating the occasion by entertaining Synod at tea that evening.

Born at Richmond, England, in 1847, ten years after Queen Victoria's accession to the throne, he has lived under five monarchs and has witnessed the dramatic change wrought in the world's life by the developments of modern science. For example, he learnt photography when negatives were made on paper, before the use of collodion opened the way to the glass plate and the film. He recalls clearly an occasion when a learned professor took him out to expose a paper-plate. The professor remarked: "A bit dull—we'll give it 40 minutes" and when that time elapsed said "We'll give it another ten minutes"—quarter of an hour either way was neither here nor there! And to-day



The Old "One-Lunger."

the press photographer armed with reflex and flashlamp will take his portrait in his workroom in a fraction of a second, and a film man could record movement and voice in less. The Archbishop's own keenness for photography almost led to tragedy early in his episcopate. While driving the buggy he brought from Victoria on the West Coast he and Mrs. Julius pulled up to camp by the side of a steep 20 ft. gully, and wishing to take a photograph he set up the camera and with his head under the cloth (no hand-cameras those days) he unwisely move the stand closer—the horse promptly backing from the apparition towards the gully edge. By good luck he reached the horse's head in time.

The Archbishop has used in his work every new mode of aid to locomotion as it came in, save the aeroplane which arrived just too late for his active episcopate. (He has been "up"—he went up with Mr. Chichester from Wigram for a cruise over the city and country). He recalls how his father bought for him one of the first seven mechanically-propelled bicycles, invented in France, to come into London—the front wheel was driven as in a boy's tricycle to-day. It was a tremendous advance on the clumsy velocipede which one bestrode and propelled with feet on the ground. Later he rode a "penny-farthing," and for using it on Sunday to give his horse a rest, was called to solemn account by the local clergy. His defence about the horse's rest disarmed the deputation but they murmured something about the wicked "pleasure" he got out of it on the Sabbath. Whereon he blandly suggested that perhaps if he

had a tack sticking through the seat on Sundays —! In Christchurch His Grace was in earlier days a familiar figure as he moved about the city on his modern pneumatic-tyred cycle. When motor-cycles came in, he bought one of the early machines to travel the Diocese with, as speedier when going if less reliable than buggy or coach; but at last disaster befel him. It was then he bought the famous "one-lunger" Rover with its solitary Cyclops-eye lamp projecting goitrously ahead of the radiator but with a windscreen and pneumatic tyres. In that vehicle he chugged his way to every part of the Diocese. Of course he has had since then several cars each more modern than the last, and fitted with many efficient "gadgets" of his own devising. Only recently did he give up driving personally his modern 10 h.p., after someone ran into it broadside on and gently tipped it over, happily without material damage to either Archbishop or car; after the spill he drove it off under its and his



A Characteristic Stance.

own power! Perhaps the toughest vehicle he has ever driven was the lever-propelled "jigger" lent him by the P.W.D. at Kowai Bush when the line to Arthur's Pass was being laid down.

We are happy in being able to report that the Archbishop is in good health; fairly hale and active, still fertile of mind, strong in memory and firm of voice, not looking his great age; though since an illness some weeks ago, from he made a good recovery, he finds walking a distance too trying. His limit, he says, is to the gate of "Cloudesley" and back. But, indomitable as ever he has resumed celebrating at the Sunday 8 a.m. service at St. Augustine's, Cashmere Hills and on Thursdays at 10 a.m. in the Cathedral. The Archbishop is certainly the oldest living prelate of the Anglican Communion and the Senior Bishop in respect of consecration.

And he still smokes his pipe assiduously and with enjoyment. May he live long to do so!



The (Christchurch) Press.
Aug 16. 1947.
Purchase of the Hotel & E. Government.

THE GRAHAMS

A NOTABLE FAMILY

Within the next few weeks, the Graham family, known throughout New Zealand and to tourists and travellers in almost every part of the British Empire and in the United States, will leave the Franz Josef Hotel, South Westland, which they have owned and conducted for many years. The hotel has been acquired by the Government. It is now 36 years since the Grahams took over a small hostel, built on a site near that of the present aerodrome at Waiho. From that year, until the present day, Mrs James Graham has lived at the hotel and taken a leading part in its management. She is a member of the McBride family, well-known pioneer farmers in Westland, and some of her brothers and sisters—there were 10 in her family—live at Waiho, Wairoa, and Greymouth. Her husband, Mr James Graham, was the third of the five sons of Mr and Mrs Graham, sen., whose home was for many years at Okarito. He and his wife and Mr Alex. Graham, whose services were already greatly in demand as a guide, conducted the hotel until the outbreak of the 1914-18 war, when Mr Alex. Graham went overseas in the Army. At that time Mr Peter Graham was making history as a guide at the Hermitage, conducting local and overseas visitors in ascents of peaks in the Southern Alps and himself climbing Mount Cook more than 20 times. Some time after the return to New Zealand from active service of Mr Alex. Graham, his brother James died, after an illness of only a few days. His widow, with her three young children, continued to live at Waiho. She and her brother-in-law carried on the hotel and later were joined by Mr Peter Graham. Under their guidance the business grew, extra buildings were erected, up-to-date amenities were introduced until in recent years thousands of visitors have stayed each year at the Franz Josef hotel.

A Friend in Need

But before the family were known as guides or as proprietors of the hotel, their parents had established themselves firmly in the esteem of the residents of Westland, especially Mrs Graham, who was a true friend in need to many sturdy pioneers of the district. A native of Dublin, she spent most of her early life in England until she came to Australia to live with her uncle, who was a doctor in Victoria, and his wife. Before long both her uncle and aunt died and she entered the Melbourne Hospital to train as a nurse. Some years later she came to New Zealand and was married to Mr Graham, a Scot, who had gone to the West Coast after spending some time on the Otago goldfields. But although it would seem that she would be fully occupied in caring for her husband and family in a country where household equipment was primitive and amenities were few, she continued to use her nursing skill and knowledge for the benefit of others. She was a small woman—five feet and half an inch in height—and her sons recall with affectionate amusement that she never forgot the half-inch, which made her the same height as Queen Victoria. Some of their earliest recollections are of knockings at the door of their home at night when a settler on horseback leading another horse would call to ask Mrs Graham to ride to his home to attend a confinement or give advice and help in case of serious illness. And they cannot remember that she ever refused to go, no matter how stormy the night or how rough the road to be traversed. The last years of her widowhood she spent at Waiho, where she died during the 1914-18 war.

It is interesting to note that three of Mrs Graham's granddaughters have embarked on healing professions and one of them, the wife of a young New Zealand doctor, now overseas as the holder of a post-graduate scholarship, has recently been on the staff of the Melbourne Hospital where her grandmother trained more than 70 years ago.

The two elder brothers of the Graham family settled in Westland, further north than Waiho, where one died a few years ago. Representatives of their families are also connected with the Franz Josef hotel, Miss Margaret Graham, the daughter of one, having been in charge of the office for some years. Friends, far and near, will join in wishing members of this remarkable family long and happy years of retirement and will hope that when they have leisure, they will write their reminiscences, a task that not even their own sons have yet been able to persuade them to undertake.