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Studio: 149 High Street,
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NZ

CHRISTCHURCH
WEATHER
FORECAST

VERSUS THIS WEEK IN 1919

2020/1919

MONDAY

max.temp. 15°C / 14°C
min.temp. 7°C / 6°C
2020 - Scattered Rain. 1919 - Cloudy.

TUESDAY

max.temp. 12°C / 10°C
min.temp. 6°C / 3°C
2020 - Cloud. 1919 - Clear.

WEDNESDAY

max.temp. 14°C / 19°C
min.temp. 8°C / 1°C
2020 - Partly Cloudy. 1919 - Overcast.

THURSDAY

max.temp. 14°C / 11°C
min.temp. 7°C / 3°C
2020 - Partly Cloudy. 1919 - Overcast.

FRIDAY

max.temp. 16°C / 14°C
min.temp. 9°C / 4°C
2020 - Partly Cloudy. 1919 - Cloudy.

SATURDAY

max.temp. 17°C / 13°C
min.temp. 9°C / 5°C
2020 - Partly Cloudy. 1919 - Overcast.

SUNDAY

max.temp. 16°C / 16°C
min.temp. 7°C / 4°C
2020 - Mostly Sunny. 1919 - Cloudy.

TRAM-WAYS TO JOIN THE FIGHT

TRAMS SENT TO FRONTLINES

ADAPTED AND QUOTED FROM:
INHALATION CARS.
published Nov. 23, 1918. *THE STAR*, p. 7.

Tramway services were suspended but drivers still marched dutifully to the sheds behind the Old Gov' Buildings for their morning cup. The huge roller doors were lifted and powerful electric motors resounded throughout the workshop. Engineers were readying the machines for the fight against influenza--14 units in all--fitted with the latest innovation in inhalation chamber technology.

For weeks prior, Cantabrians flocked from all over to a handful of inhalation chambers in the city, to breathe a disinfecting mist of zinc-sulphate. There was, in fact, one chamber set up in our beloved 'Old Government Buildings' (the best one, probably). People were encouraged to attend the centres as regularly as their schedules would permit. Concerns were voiced that centres were too few and too crowded--only aiding the infection--one such centre forcing the queue to wait their turn in a narrow stairwell.

In an absolute stroke of genius, it was determined a tram's compressed air braking system could be adapted to spray the supposed remedy, and mobile inhalation centres were deployed throughout suburban Christchurch. Residents could walk in the front door of the tram, have their "snifter", and walk out the back seamlessly. It is not known if the inhalation procedure had any positive effects.



"...let it be steadfastly borne in mind that the greatest possible public safeguard in the present emergency is a stout heart and a cheerful courage."

deploying over the tea tray, counter-marching upon slices of cake, enfiling the butter, and sealing the jam-pot. Some hoary generals were there--admirals perhaps, were the better rank, from having made many voyages. They are certainly a great nuisance to look at, but at present have really done nothing disagreeable."

James Edward Fitzgerald, another notable passenger--the very same, we all know him well; (debatably) first to disembark from the First Four Ships, certainly the first superintendent of Christchurch; founder of The Press and general good sort--referred to by Ward as "one of the bravest" on-board, he kindly acted as a vital artery for some warmer blood to the other passengers, as the "prime mover" of the Glee Club on-board, and founder and editor of 'The Cockroach'--the larkish newspaper they had printed below-deck.

The first issue of the newspaper made its appearance two weeks into the voyage. The second, "a very full one," included, but was not limited to: the Captain's Log For The Week, papers on Gardening and Colonial Buildings, news of Mr Baker's deceased cat, and an array of poems with titles such as 'A Cockroach's Confessions' and 'Cockroach Meditations'--the latter a commentary on "the personal allusion of witless gossip, something no doubt plaguing the small cabin confines too. It begins:

"I am no less than a cockroach bold,
Creeping and crawling
from deck to hold,
Haunting each cabin
and hammock and hold,
Under the pillow where rests your head,
Under the tablecloth, up the chair,
I run through your sleeves and I crawl
through your hair;
Neither man nor child does the
cockroach spare,
But most I visit the ladies fair."

Aside from some small threat of mutiny by a few of the "single men", idle and deprived of their "grog" and exhibiting some disobedience when ordered aft to work, aside from that, sailing continued on rather swimmingly. There was one baby born, and the wedding of one impatient couple. I mentioned the sad passing of the cat, but most everyone

plodded along without a hitch, until October 12, when big news "spread through the ship like an electric shock." Another ship, the 'Zeno'--"a beautiful little clipper" from Benguela, en route to New York, laden with parrots, monkeys, palm oil, and ivory--was lying near, and would take letters. Nobody expected the chance meeting of two ships in all of the ocean that day, and few had letters prepared. Those who managed to quickly stuff an envelope included our dear Ward--a letter to his mother. And then, "away she sailed with all our loves, hopes and fears on board," he writes. In return they were given by the Zeno crew a bag of oranges, a few bottles of rum, and a jar of preserved ginger.

I loaded a cow into the chamber early on in the piece. "One of the most important of the passengers was his cow," it is said. And, on November 18th, "it treated him very basely," and the incident that occurred I ought to give word-for-word as written in Ward's diary, because it simply cannot be said any better and better not said any simpler. Ward writes: "I had gone into the cow's housing and remained coaxing and petting her on the most affectionate terms--she licking me, and pretending to be the best friend possible. But when I climbed upon the partition to get in front of her, while kneeling thereupon with my rear exposed to her, she, as if sensible of the extreme indignity, ripped up my right leg with everything upon it, including the skin, for about a foot in length. I came down in rage and extreme terror, for I thought that my thigh must have been cruelly laid open. But when I got down to my cabin, behold it was only a scratch, and a torn trouser and shirt was the only injury done. Great laughing at me for the accident by the cuddy folk, to whom even this absurd accident is a godsend."

Wednesday, December 11th, and "the loom of land was an expression on everyone's mouth," but not until 5pm Stewart Island was seen. Five days later, dressed in their "cleanest and best" for Lyttelton, winds be cruel, they would have yet to spend one more night on board. Ward would later settle on Quail Island, and, in less than nine months, drown in the Lyttelton harbour. His cow lived to be very old and prolific.

BEER PROMISING CURE ?

ADAPTED AND QUOTED FROM:
INFLUENZA.
published Nov. 4, 1918. *THE PRESS*, p. 7.

Some weeks into the thick of the 1918 influenza pandemic a variety of remedies and preventatives were doing the rounds. Beer with cheese was one, and a prescription we can all agree sounds none too worse than the disease. Other suggestions floating about, like gargling a draught of disinfectant or brushing your teeth with medical soap, or soaking your feet in hot water with mustard, did not perhaps bid quite as kindly to the good senses. The officially prescribed remedy was a "snifter" of sulfate of zinc to disinfect the airways. It seems the authorities over-looked some good advice given out to The Press by one medical man, declaring that "the yeast from the beer, on amalgamation with the cheese, is sure death to all influenza germs." Coming out of his "buckie-shell to harangue the people," the self-proclaimed practitioner, signing off his letter to the editor as Old Medico, prescribes his most satisfactory remedy, as follows: "Let the patient go to bed and keep warm, avoid antipyrine and all other fever reducing medicines, as well as spirits, but let him drink a small or large glass of beer every few hours ... and if he can stomach bread and cheese along with the beer so much the better". A small or large glass of beer, every few hours. Got it. It is unclear if glass size should depend on age, build, or simply one's partialness to the golden drop. There is also no suggested time-frame the bender should keep within. There are no further orders given. Nevertheless, the remedy proved popular and was put to human testing. Studies concluded that beer with cheese was agreeable and staying home best.

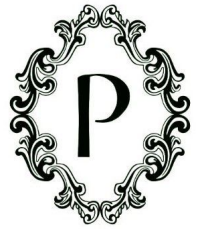
A WORD FROM THE PROPRIETOR

WELL WISHES
TO YOU AND YOURS

A handshake, a hug, a cheers. These are simple acts by which connections are made and how bonds are strengthened. Naturally, there are fears that connecting like this again is a long way away, or that it will somehow not be the norm again once we conquer this thing. But in the words of influential author Napoleon Hill, I say this: "...we must kill the habit of worry in all its forms, by reaching a general blanket decision that nothing life has to throw at us or offer is worth the price of worry. With this decision will come poise, peace of mind and calmness of thought that will bring happiness."

The core values of "The OGB Regular" and subsequent masthead motto: 'Respite, Aspice, Prospice,' translates into: 'Survey the past, examine the present, and look to the future.' With these three degrees of thought in mind

NOTICES



PARLOUR

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We see our collective strength to be timeless, and how embracing fear and worry does not only destroy any chances of intelligent action but also transmits the same deadly microbe into the minds of others. It is therefore more important than ever to put out a positive outlook together and maintain connections made, and that is why we thought it timely to bring back our local paper "The OGB Regular", which took a break from production during some restructuring within Inkstercompany last year.

OGB will reopen and prosper once again as the living room of Christchurch, in the heart of our great city, Cathedral Square. A burning desire to win, succeed, and survive this ordeal together is, I believe, the most powerful state of mind we can personally adopt for the challenges we are facing. Together we will stay strong, will be kind, and will most certainly meet again very soon for a tippie at OGB's fine establishment.

Wishing you and yours all the best,

Nick Inkster

Proprietor, OGB
Inkster Company Limited

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