PROSPECT

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My grandfather was the mayor

This is an edited transcript of an interview with ***Mrs Leslie Truscott*** *recorded on 27 July 2011. The interview was conducted by Norma Bush on behalf of the Epsom and Eden District Historical Society.*

My grandfather, that is my mother's father, Oliver Nicholson (1864–1952), was a well known Auckland figure. His family was English. His parents were on their way to Australia, but en route the ship berthed at Mangonui in Northland, and my great grandmother, Emma Nicholson, said, 'I'm not going any further: we're getting off!'—and they did. My great grandfather, William Nicholson, became the postmaster, the baker and the general store owner. He was regarded as the head man in Mangonui.

They had at least seven children, of whom my grandfather Oliver was one. He grew up in Mangonui but eventually shifted to Auckland and became a lawyer. He worked for Russell McVeigh and then formed his own legal office with Mr Gribben. It eventually became Nicholson, Gribben, Rogerson, Nicholson. He settled first in Crummer Road, Ponsonby, and then bought a big home in Horoeka Avenue, Mt Eden. It later became the headquarters of the Epilepsy Association and Sir Keith Park was its patron. My parents were married on the lawn in 1915. However, the next owner of the property built another house in similar style on the lawn.

As a child, I remember visiting the house for afternoon tea every Sunday—in fact the whole family came. The adults discussed what was happening in Auckland, which was always interesting for me. I remember clearly when my grandfather and his friends, who were leading businessmen, went to Dunedin and secured control of the frozen meat business, which they transferred to Auckland. Dunedin business people were furious and called them 'the Kelly Gang'.

My grandfather was mainly involved in business law. He was chairman of the New Zealand Insurance Company, and a director and then chairman of the Bank of New Zealand, among other organisations. Before the formation of the borough in 1906 he had been chairman of the Mt Eden Highway District. He also served as chairman of the Epsom and Mt Eden Domain Board, the body which administered the area that became Nicholson Park and the Auckland College of

Education. He had a finger in lots of pies, knew many of Auckland's prominent citizens, and through his legal work was very well aware of what was happening in the business world. He was a generous financial supporter of the Methodist Church.

He joined the Masonic Order in the 1890s and when the dedication and constitution of Maungawhau Lodge No. 168 took place on Friday 19 November 1909, it was conducted by M.W. Bro. Oliver Nicholson, Prov. G.M. and was held at the St Barnabas Church Hall, Mt Eden. He became Grand Master of the Lodge (1916–18) and in those days that was a notable position. The Lodge was involved in so many good works. He became well known as a philanthropist, for example setting up the Papakura Masonic Boys' Home. Most of his philanthropic work was carried out through the masons, but of course the Lodge was a secret society.

He was also involved in racing, and for twelve years was president of the Auckland Racing Club. He became a race horse owner. He was a great friend of Ernest and Eliot Davis, and he owned a horse called 'Sleepy Fox' in partnership with Eliot. 'Sleepy Fox' won the Easter Handicap four years in succession. Press photographs of Auckland Racing Club meetings of this period often showed my grandmother Annie Nicholson decorating the winners at Ellerslie with ribbons, but she hated the official duties. Strangely enough, my father never went to the races and boasted that he never lost a penny betting.

My grandfather, Oliver Nicholson, became the first mayor of Mt Eden. He was twice petitioned to stand for re-election, and by the time he retired in 1918 after 12 years in office he was known as the 'Father of the Borough'. One important occasion at which he presided was the ceremonial turning of the 'first sod' for the construction of the tramways. The eight-acre reserve, which stretches from Epsom Avenue to Disraeli Street, was later named as Nicholson Park in his honour. It was vested in the borough council in 1922, and subsequently Oliver Nicholson donated funds which helped build the children's playground in 1926. Today this strip is home to tennis courts, bowling greens, a playing field and a playcentre.

I have vivid memories of him and the way he doted on the family. He had a beach house built at Milford in 1905, and it was one of the first erected in the area. We spent every Christmas there.

He died in 1952 at the age of 88 after a short illness, and was still practising law until a few days before his death. At his funeral, nearly

a thousand people came to the Pitt Street Methodist Church to pay their respects. The Reverend Orr took the service. There was a funeral procession of 24 cars to the Waikaraka Cemetery. I remember the funeral vividly.

Turning now to my father's father, Arthur Rogerson, he was brought out from England to be a store manager for Macky Logan Caldwell, a big retail shop in the city. He settled as an English immigrant in Stanley Bay and had two daughters and two sons. When my father Harry Morris Rogerson was twelve, he left school and took a job at the Post Office. He was only there a week when he discovered what the Postmaster General earned, and decided that was not enough and left forthwith. He went to night school in Auckland and later qualified as a lawyer.

One Saturday morning after lectures, he happened to see my mother Mabs (Mabel Olive née Nicholson) in school uniform on a tram; then went home and talked to his sister Madge, who was a boarder at Miss Bews' School, later St Cuthberts. He told her of seeing a girl on the tram whom he wanted to meet. She agreed to introduce him to the girl at the school swimming sports. That was exactly what happened. My father was courting my mother, but she had another suitor. He was determined to win her, so he challenged the other fellow to a boxing match. He hired the top floor of Cucksey's building on the corner of Stokes Road, and they had a boxing match, which my father won. When I asked him about it years later, my father said, 'It wasn't a fair fight, dear. He was very puny, and he's actually a floor walker in Smith & Caughey's.'

Mabs' parents took her to Australia on holiday, and on shipboard she was the object of another passenger's keen attention. On their return, my father jumped the railings to give her a hug and she recorded that 'I was never so glad to see anyone.' When my parents eventually married in 1915, my grandfather helped them buy a section in Albury Avenue. Despite having a new born baby, Harry joined the army in 1916 and spent the next two years in Europe as a lance-corporal. After the war they moved to 47 Epsom Avenue, opposite the site of the Teachers' Training College—what is now the University of Auckland's Department of Education. At some stage my father became a partner with his father-in-law in Nicholson Gribben. I remember a big fire at John Burns, and my father had to go to England to plead with the Privy Council that a layman had mended the fuse and that was the cause of the fire. The

result was that a new law was passed that no-one could mend a fuse in a commercial building unless he was a registered electrician. The John Burns fire was the precedent for the introduction of that law.

I was born in 1923, the fourth of their five daughters. Then the Great Depression came and for many that was awful. Many of my friends' families suffered hard times during the Depression. I had a friend whose father was a music teacher, but one day when I was walking with her to the Normal School, we saw her father chipping stones at the entrance to the Teachers' College. We can see the legacy of these workmen in Nicholson Park itself, in nearby Melville Park and the stone walls around the Epsom Community Centre. My father was never out of work during the Depression, so we were lucky compared with many families. We never really went without.

I have many memories of those early days. I remember the bread being delivered by Buchanan's Bakeries in a horse and cart. One of my most vivid early memories was of the Crystal Palace, where I first went when I was seven, and for many years we went every Saturday afternoon. I remember the scalloped curtains and the great ceiling dome. The first film I saw there was 'All Quiet on the Western Front', hardly suitable for a young child. It was a silent film, and I still remember the shots of the soldiers going over the top.

Most of the family shopping was done in Mt Eden Village, and many of the shops looked just as they do now. I especially remember Miss Dick in the sweet shop, and Ann's Pantry, a big cake shop on the corner. On the corner opposite Ann's Pantry was a big bread bakery. For years, my father would do the grocery shopping every Saturday morning, and Mum would say, "Two smoked fish for 1/6d, please dear. No more than 1/6d now! And a feather cake from Ann's Pantry." Then after a while Mum used to do the fruit and vegetable shopping on a Saturday evening.

Mt Eden had a sufficient range of shops for the family weekly shopping. Mr Trevelyan King was the chemist, and the stationer's shop, which had a lending library as well, was known as Elliot's. Miss Dick's shop was where we bought sweets with pocket money. There was an ironmonger. AMC Meats was on the corner of Essex Road. Opposite was Cornes' Grocery shop. There were some home deliveries, for example the butcher and the grocer both delivered.

My best friend from Normal School lived in View Road in Mt

Eden, and every Saturday I used to love going there to stay the night, especially when I was old enough (aged 9) to walk up and get the tram. This was during the Depression. One day I was looking in the window of the bakery shop, and a man of about 70 years came up and said, "Are you hungry, lassie? Is there anything in there you would like?" He bought me a paper bag full of buns. I didn't feel threatened at all in those days.

The Nicholson house in Mt Eden
Photo: Nicholson family

On a Saturday once a month, my mother used to take us out to Tui Glen in Glen Eden. We used to go out there in the summer and have a meal at a kiosk, but as we only had a modest car, we couldn't all go off in it together. To get into the city we mostly took the tram. Of course on Saturday mornings many people had to work, but I used to get dressed up and go into town to window shop, go to a milk bar in Queen Street, or to the 'Kottage Kake Kitchen' for a treat. I remember the trams running up and down Queen Street. Once a month we went

to the skating rink on a Saturday morning. Initially there was one on the corner of Mountain Road and Khyber Pass, but then that closed and opened further up Khyber Pass. Boys would ask you to partner them in a skating dance, then the music would stop and then it would be trios. We did enjoy it! Sometimes we went to the American Milk Bar in the middle of Newmarket.

Epsom was a lovely place to grow up in. Because the Teachers' Training College was so close, we had music lessons from Professor Horace Hollinrake. Dr Bill Dale was also a well known teacher there. The Model Country School, where I started, was located adjacent to the teachers' college. It had two class levels, and after that I went to the Epsom Primary School. My parents were both on the school committee, my mother unwillingly because she was so busy in the home, although we did have a maid for a while. We never really went without. I stayed at Diocesan School until I was 17. When I left school, I wanted to be a Karitane nurse, but Dad didn't want us to be anything. He just wanted us to stay at home and help mother. My second eldest sister, Mary, got married when she was 19, because her fiancé was going to the war. She stayed home helping mother, which she had done since she was seven, so I always called her 'Martha'. She then worked all through the war years, as a driver and deliverer to the Auckland Laundry. Eventually I did become a Karitane nurse, as did another of my sisters.

On reflection, my family was fortunate to come through the Great Depression relatively unscathed in the well-established suburbs of Epsom and Mt. Eden.

NICHOLSON, Mrs Emma

The death of Mrs Emma NICHOLSON, widow of the late Mr William Nicholson, which occurred on Thursday at her residence Pitt St, Auckland, removes yet another old colonist. She arrived in NZ with her husband, from California, 62 years ago and settled at Mangonui where Mr Nicholson engaged in farming. The family removed to Auckland 60 years ago and Mrs Nicholson resided in the house they originally occupied until her death at the age of 89.

She is survived by eight children—four sons and four daughters—23 grandchildren and 18 great-grandchildren. Two daughters are unmarried and the other two are Mrs H Taylor of Wellington and Mrs W D Buttle of Mount Eden. The sons are Mr W F Nicholson of Mangawhare, Kaipara; Mr Charles Nicholson of Newton; Mr Oliver Nicholson of Auckland; Mr Alfred Nicholson of Wanganui.

Auckland Weekly News 15.08.1918

Elizabeth (Bessie) Kendon née Blomfield

By Muriel Williams

My mother Elizabeth, known as Bessie, was the third daughter of my grandfather Charles Blomfield, the well known early New Zealand artist. After travelling and painting throughout both islands of New Zealand, Charles thought he would try his luck in Australia, but did not have much success there. He decided to return to New Zealand and set up a studio in Wellington, so he wrote to his wife, Ellen:

> I think I might manage if I go from Sydney to Wellington and make a start there. I don't see anything else for it. Only I think if I am to stay there for a good time, one of the girls had better come down and keep house for me. Mary, the eldest, would be the best. If I do go in for teaching there, I believe Mary would soon be able to earn a little in teaching freehand drawing and music. How would it do if you were to send Mary down to me? Bessie too, if you like for a change. Mary would be a great help in getting up a good class of ladies for painting and could learn a great deal herself too.

Only my mother, Bessie, however, turned up in Wellington. Strangely, she couldn't remember the trip down at all, although she thought she travelled by boat to New Plymouth, and she had no idea who was with her at the time, or whether her mother had put her in the care of the captain of the boat.

At the same time, she had vivid memories of Wellington itself, how she went to school on The Terrace, and had to tie her hat under her chin so it would not blow off her head when the wind was very strong; and she remembered the studio very well. Her father had planted a native garden in one corner of the room, situated in a large insurance building in Jervois Quay. During the day there were plenty of people around, with his pupils and also any other customers coming and going. But at night the city grew quiet, and they seemed to live in this huge building all by themselves, and she was a little bit frightened.

However, she soon made friends at school, and one of them invited her to a birthday party. Oh dear, what could she wear? Her best dress was made of an ugly green material, with tartan sleeves, and tartan pieces inserted into the bodice. She hated it but the only other one she could wear was her everyday red dress, which she loved. Her father bought her a new sash to wear with the red dress, and off she went to the party; but the other girls arrived in the loveliest white dresses, all frills and lace, with long pink ribbons. She felt embarrassed in her old red dress, but she just delighted in looking at those pretty girls in their beautiful clothes. When she came home, she wrote and told her mother and sisters all about the party, and described these lovely white frocks.

About two weeks later, on 10 August 1893, it was her 13th birthday, and when she arrived home from school there was a parcel waiting for her from her mother. She opened it up, and there was a white dress! But, oh so different from the ones she had seen. It was stiff and white, made of shirt poplin with a narrow self-stripe, and around the bottom were two ugly tucks. Oh how she hated it, and her mother had been so kind to make her a white dress for her birthday! She turned away, and could not say a word to her father about it. Then, to make matters worse, after tea he left her in the huge building alone while he went to post some letters.

She was so lonely—and the building was so big and empty—and she missed Nellie—and she hated her birthday present! By the time her father returned, he found her in tears.

"I want my mother!" she sobbed.

He gathered her into his arms and dried her tears with his big white handkerchief.

"My dear," he said, "you are such a comfort to me. I have been so lonely in Australia with no-one with me. Please stay and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll teach you how to paint, and then when you come home from school each day, we can do things together."

This really pleased Bessie and, true to his word, the next afternoon he picked a big white daisy ready for when she arrived home from school. He showed her how to draw, how to mix up the colours, and how to paint, getting the shading correct. When she had finished her first picture, he was so proud of it, he had it framed and hung it on the wall of the studio.

"Look what Bessie painted," he would say to his pupils and customers.

Later on, when Bessie had learned to paint really well, she disliked this early picture, and after her father's death, she took it off his wall and burned it.

Charles and Bessie did not stay very long in Wellington, and when they returned to Auckland Bessie had to finish her schooling before being allowed to help her father in his studio in Newton. He was pleased, as she was of great assistance, and was soon exhibiting in her own name. Her father found that she was particularly good at teaching his pupils what she had already learned from him, so he handed all his pupils over to her, while he was able to go into the bush and do his paintings from nature. She was especially good at flowers and fruit, and then found she had a certain talent for painting faces.

The next exciting thing she told me was about Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897. She and her father were asked to paint pictures of the Queen and Prince Albert to be used as transparencies in front of the gas illuminations in Queen Street. They painted them on very fine white calico so the lights showed up the pictures.

As the date was 21 June, I went to the Auckland Public Library and took out the microfilm of the *Auckland Weekly News* of the following Saturday. The descriptions amazed me:

> "The great event has taken place a complete and beautiful triumph." These words, written by her Majesty forty-six years ago, may appropriately be applied to describe the illuminations which on Monday evening, the 21st June, flooded Queen Street and all the neighbouring thoroughfares, and in a lesser degree all the chief arteries of the city and suburbs in a blaze of dazzling light of many colours, and arranged in many unique and beautiful designs, upon which a vast amount of patient thought and ingenious labour must have been expended. No such imposing and magnificent spectacle has ever been witnessed in Auckland before, and the unqualified admiration which it evoked from the great crowds that thronged the streets from an early hour in the evening until late in the night, testified to the complete success which had attended the efforts of those who had so loyally and lavishly contributed to the unparalleled and brilliant display.
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> It is said, and no doubt said truly, that the magnetic influence of London is felt within a radius of fifty miles from St. Pauls.

You step within the magic circle, and immediately you become conscious of the subtle invisible power that is drawing everything into the insatiable maw of the great Metropolis. At the present time Auckland is exercising a similar influence, although on a diminished scale. She is attracting the surrounding country into her spacious folds by the gorgeous garb of jubilant exultation which she has donned in celebration of Her Gracious Majesty's unique and unprecedented reign. And last night this was realised in a very striking manner. Long before darkness set in and Monday was the shortest day in the year—the stream of life for miles around began to flow city-wards as if drawn by some mysterious force. Men, women, and children, the majority on foot, but many in various descriptions of vehicles, poured into the city of light.

Very remarkable, too, was their mood. It was one of intense, if suppressed loyalty. Whether the bright and glorious day, typical Queen's weather, which had come to a close, had raised their spirits to an unwonted pitch, or their excitement had been kindled by the anticipation of the dazzling spectacular displays they were about to witness, or the associations of the occasion had stirred their emotions to an unusual degree, there is no denying the fact that the fervour and strength of the popular feeling on Monday were, if one may say so, a revelation. This feeling was spontaneous and universal.

It is sometimes charged against British crowds that they are apt to be undemonstrative. This is no doubt true to a certain extent. We lack the boisterous gaiety of some foreign nations. We do not boil over with the volatile enthusiasm of the French. But no one could watch and mingle with the crowds in the streets that night without being sensible of the strong feelings of attachment to the Throne which animated the vast majority. With Englishmen loyalty is a principle, but it can on a great occasion glow into a passion; and on Monday the thought of Queen and country—of the Sovereign who has reigned for sixty years over an empire the like of which has never been seen since the world began—must have been uppermost in the minds of those who witnessed the celebrations.

> In the evening vehicular traffic was stopped in Queen Street, and immense crowds viewed the illuminations, which proved to be the finest seen in Auckland. The city looked like fairy land, the many lights of the many buildings showing most effectively. Away on the rise, in the Albert Park, three large arc lamps shone out from the Flagstaff, and near the Grand Hotel, a large crowd, always coming and always going, but not lessening till late, stood enjoying the spectacle. A more brilliant scene could not have been anticipated, though the spectacle tonight will be even better, for enthusiasm seems now to have seized everyone; the gas fitters, too, in many cases were unable to complete the large number of orders in hand; their work is hastened, and tonight every detail should be complete.
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> Last night the view of the city from the harbour was one that will long be remembered by those who looked upon the illuminations from that position. The calm, starlit night, the harbour unruffled by a breath of wind, lying at the foot of the brilliantly-lighted town like a huge mirror in which the stars and lights were reflected, made the scene a picture of beauty. The tall spars of the ships lying at the wharves stood out prominently against the blaze of light that lay beyond, while the illuminations in the immediate vicinity of the shipping, the rows of coloured lights that stretched across the wharf from one end to the other, the handsome arch at the head, with the striking displays made on either side, looked exceedingly pretty. From the harbour Queen Street appeared to be ablaze. The ferry steamers flying to and fro from the city to the various marine suburbs added to the general effect. Above the illuminations in the main thoroughfare, the triangular electric lights in Albert Park, and the coloured illuminations on the summit of the Municipal Chambers, showed up prominently, while the lights from Karangahape Road made a fitting background to the whole scene.

At the relief of Mafeking, three years later, Bessie and her father were again asked to paint transparencies, this time of Lord Kitchener.

Bessie realised that she had a certain knack for painting faces, but decided she needed some drawing instruction, so she asked Mr Goldie if he would give her some lessons. He agreed, and taught her drawing

for over a year, but he had had to spend six whole years in Paris learning nothing but drawing, and was not allowed to start painting until he had mastered the art of drawing. Bessie felt she could not wait that long, and decided to try painting a portrait by herself.

Mr Carr had a second-hand book shop a few doors along from the studio, and Bessie asked him to sit for her. He agreed, and Bessie collected some of his books and placed them on the shelves behind him, and set to work to paint his portrait. When it was finished, she took it along to show Goldie.

"Did you paint that all by yourself?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"You have done very well," was Goldie's comment. "If only you could draw as well as you can paint, there would be no holding you."

She also showed him a painting she had done of red and white roses, and of this he said: "You certainly chose the hardest subject to paint, and did it very well."

Bessie was delighted, and exhibited her roses with some other paintings, but she took 'Mr Carr' home and hung him on her wall. She later painted several portraits, but in each case she gave them to the model.

Of the roses (entitled 'Love's Offering'), the newspaper critics wrote:

> It is with very sincere pleasure that Miss Bessie Blomfield is hereby complimented on two of the finest flower paintings from the brush of this artist the writer remembers to have seen. The most difficult subject, and the one into which every atom of technical skill Miss Blomfield possesses has been lavished, is unquestionably 'Springtime', a wealth of clematis and yellow kowhai painted amidst their natural surroundings in the native bush. It is an amazing piece of work, but whether the choice of the bush as a background, with flowers life-size in the foreground, is a success, is rather a debatable point. In technique, the picture is wonderful, but perhaps on the whole it is more wonderful than beautiful, which is not, one presumes, either the object or the intention of the artist.
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> 'Love's Offering' while showing almost equal technical skill, is altogether and supremely beautiful; therefore, as the poet tells us, 'a joy for ever' to the happy person into whose hands it may fall. The pure white roses are handled with extraordinary delicacy and skill, and the artistic contrast with the rich blood-red blooms with

which they are mixed is as striking as it is artistic. A really notable, and charming work of art.

During 1904, Bessie was invited to Dunedin to stay for an indefinite period with her mother's sister, Lil, and her friend Miss Morrison. Bessie was glad to get away from Auckland for a while, and took her painting gear with her to the South Island.

While there, she and Aunt Lil went for a trip to Queenstown, but oh dear, how it rained while they were there! At last, the day before they were due to return to Dunedin, the sun began to shine, and everything was so beautiful that Bessie decided to paint a picture. What a shame it was Sunday! Her father had taught her never to paint or travel on a Sunday, and she felt she should resist the temptation, but it was such a lovely day, and the last chance she would get, so she sat down and painted a beautiful picture of Lake Wakatipu in all its glory.

She returned to Auckland a few months later, and soon became engaged to William Kendon, a serious young man whom she had met at the Baptist Tabernacle. He decided to go to Australia and make his fortune before they were married, so he went to Melbourne until early in 1908, and they made plans for an Easter wedding.

But this was not to be! Bessie was coming home one Saturday evening, walking along Ponsonby Road from the studio, when she heard the fire siren. She hurried along, hoping it was not a neighbour's house on fire—but as she came down Rata Street, she could see smoke pouring out of her own home! When she got closer, there, sure enough, it was her own bedroom on fire. She could see a hole right through the wall, and the smoke and flames billowing out.

Before long the fire brigade had the fire under control, and when she was allowed inside, she found that it had been confined to her own room. Her trousseau was inside the kauri chest of drawers her Uncle Sam had built, and what was not completely ruined was badly marked with smoke and water. Luckily her wedding dress was being made for her by her next door neighbour, Mrs Urquhart, so it was not in the house at the time, but everything else was either ruined or badly damaged. The pictures on the walls were all burnt, including her painting of Queenstown, and the intense heat had melted the paint off the pictures hanging on the walls of her mother's bedroom next door.

Her young sister, Dossy, was in tears. "I'm sorry Bessie," she wept. "It was all my fault. After my bath, I wanted to take another look at my

pretty dress, so I took the candle to the wardrobe, and peeped inside before I went to bed. Then I saw the wardrobe on *fire*, and I knew I had started it."

'Was it really Dossy's fault?' Bessie wondered. Deep down she felt she had brought it on herself because she had painted that picture on a Sunday, against her conscience.

Everyone came to her aid, making new clothes for her trousseau, and her Aunty Kate took her petticoats home and washed and bleached them until they looked like new again, and were ready to wear for her wedding, which had to be postponed for three months. The house was soon repaired, and the chest of drawers was sanded and re-polished, and no one could tell it had ever been through a fire.

At last, on 29 July 1908, Bessie walked down the aisle of the Tabernacle on her father's arm, to be married to her beloved Will. She carried a bouquet of roses, and the bridesmaids held golden daffodils, while Dossy, the flower girl, had a large bunch of violets. Will was absolutely thrilled! The first time he had ever seen Bessie, she had been wearing a daffodil in her hair, and this was the perfect climax to their engagement. He never forgot, and every year on 29 July, right up until his death in 1966, he brought home a bunch of daffodils and violets for their wedding anniversary.

They moved into a little house in Remuera. She made the spare bedroom into a studio and continued painting at home, but found this to be her downfall, as one evening Will said to her:

"I'm bringing Roy Baker home for dinner tomorrow night, dear. You remember him. He was Best Man at our wedding."

"Oh lovely!" exclaimed Bessie. "I'll make a special dinner for him."

But next morning, after her husband had gone to work, Bessie saw the picture she was painting, and decided to put a few finishing touches to it before she started her work. That was fatal, as she became so absorbed in what she was doing, that she lost all track of time, and while she was still painting, she heard the front door open and her husband call out:

"We're home, dear!"

'Oh my goodness!' she thought. 'What have I done?' For there were all the breakfast dishes on the table, the beds had not been made, the house was still untidy, and worst of all, there was no dinner!

She managed to hurriedly clear away the mess, and cooked up something to eat, but she was so dismayed to think that she had

forgotten this special guest, that she was determined not to paint at home again. She rented a room for herself in the Tabernacle Buildings in Karangahape Road, only painted in her studio, and had several pupils who came there for their lessons.

Once her first child, Nancy, was born, however, she put her paints away and devoted her time and energies to raising her family. As she had six children in nine years, she was kept quite busy without noticing how much she was missing her art.

But in 1923, my youngest sister Lois died when only twenty months old. Mother was completely heart-broken, but her father became a great comfort to her, as he came to our home and persuaded her to start painting again; he knew this would help her in her great sorrow.

The first time he came she cried: "I've forgotten all I used to know." But they went up One Tree Hill, and in next to no time, Bessie was once again enthralled in her painting. She found that she still remembered how to mix the colours and put them on to the canvas, and her first picture was a real credit to her.

After this, Mother continued painting whenever she found the opportunity, and we all have great memories of our Christmas holidays when, as a family, we packed up the car and travelled around the countryside. We camped in the most beautiful spots so that Mother could spend her days with her easel set up and her paint box on her lap, while we played on the beach, swam, or went for long walks.

The older she grew, the more she painted, and when Mr Kelliher held his first competition, Bessie, who was now 80 years old, entered, and although she did not win the contest Mr Kelliher bought her picture (taken from Titirangi looking over the Manukau Harbour to Puketutu Island), and gave it to his daughter who lived on the island. Bessie entered twice more, but as she was now 83, she found the large paintings too much effort.

They were happy days, but we all grew up and went our own ways, leaving our parents in their big home on the slopes of One Tree Hill, until my father became ill and died in 1966. Mother was determined to carry on alone, but six months later she too became ill, and it was obvious that even if she did get better, she couldn't live alone. She sold the house, but then decided she wasn't ready to die yet, and recovered. My sister Nancy, who was teaching at Tamaki College, lived alone in Howick and took Mother to live with her.

Mother soon set up her easel and paint box, and when Nancy came home from school each day, she found her engrossed in a picture she was just finishing.

When she was 98, she came to stay with me and my son Allan, in Onehunga. While there, a friend of Allan's came one day to work in our garage. When mother saw him she said:

"Oh good, you can take me up to Royal Oak to the shops."

"But I haven't got my car, Mrs. Kendon" he replied.

"Well, how did you get here?" she enquired.

"On my motorbike" he answered.

"What's wrong with that?" she asked, and without further ado, she jumped on to the back of his bike and ordered him to take her out. She had never been on a motorbike before in her life.

She continued painting until she was 99 years old, when she suffered a stroke, and was in a hospital in Howick when tragedy struck again. Nancy was on the fateful plane that crashed on Mt Erebus, and we had the terrible task of letting our mother know. However, she took it magnificently and was soon comforting my brother and me.

I decided to give her a big party for her hundredth birthday. I phoned the Auckland Racing Club and ascertained that there were no races scheduled for the weekend of 9 and 10 August 1980, and then I contacted the Ellerslie Racecourse caterers to obtain a quote for a luncheon for about 400 or 500 people, and sent a circular to each of Mother's first cousins and their descendants. But Mother started to get difficult, as she refused to let me invite people to her birthday party and expect them to pay, so I had to be careful how I worded the invitations.

Mother was also concerned that she might die in the meantime, so we assured her that we could still hold a reunion in her memory if this happened. Then with a twinkle in her eye, she said: "I think I'll die the night before the party, and that would really upset things, as it would be too late to put if off!"

However, as the time went on she became more interested in our arrangements, and helped us with suggestions for entertaining the people over the weekend, and we were able to send out a second circular:

> A reminder about the family reunion to be held at the Ellerslie Race Course on Saturday 9 August 1980, from 10 am to 4 pm. We

are making progress with the arrangements, and have had a very good response—over 400 people are coming so far. We may not have everyone's addresses, so please check with your brothers and sisters and married children, to make sure they receive invitations. There will be other things to do while you are in Auckland. As many as possible are invited to attend the Sunday morning service at the Baptist Tabernacle, Upper Queen Street, at 11 am on 10 August. This is Bessie's actual 100th birthday, and is a very special occasion for her. Her mother (Aunt Ellen) helped to turn the first sod and lay the last brick when the church was built, and her father (Uncle Charles) decorated the ceiling and balcony. He was also the Sunday School Superintendent for many years, and led the singing for the Sunday School Anniversaries. Bessie was taken to the Tabernacle from the time it was opened in 1885, and is the oldest living member.

You may wish to visit some of the family graves. They are situated as follows:

Elizabeth Emily Blomfield and Eliza Blomfield, in the Birkenhead Cemetery near the entrance from Eskdale Road.

Alfred Edward and Sarah Wild together with the baby Ann and also Harry Wild, under the Grafton Bridge—about two further on from Governor Hobson.

Charles and Ellen Blomfield, in Hillsborough Cemetery—entrance down Goodall Street.

The house at 40 Wood Street, Ponsonby, is still standing at the corner of Wood and Ryle Streets.

We will have some of Bessie's paintings on show at the Race Course.

We are looking forward to your being with us on this very special occasion.

At last the great day arrived, and although it was the middle of winter, the sun was shining! I had to rush off to the racecourse early, leaving Dennis and his wife Norma to assist mother in getting ready for her big day.

Allan had borrowed a full morning suit including a grey top hat,

and his 1934 Oldsmobile had been polished till it shone like a deep red ruby, but much to his chagrin, as Mother was helped into the car, she exclaimed:

"Why do I have to ride in that old car? And why are you wearing those funny clothes? Are we having a fancy dress party?" However, she climbed up into the front seat of the car, and let him drive her in state to the racecourse, when she made a real entrance, as four hundred voices sang 'Happy Birthday'.

She looked so pretty in a light blue wool georgette dress with a hand woven cream woollen shawl across her shoulders, and her silver-white hair shone like a halo around her head. All her great-grandchildren gathered around her for photographs, and all the other relations waited their turn to come up and speak to her, telling her where they fitted into the family tree.

After a sumptuous lunch, I gave a short talk on the history of the two main families, and then mentioned the changes that Mother had seen—she remembered the first horse-drawn tram car, the first motor car, and of course the first aeroplane. Her home was lit by kerosene lanterns and candles, then came gas lights, followed by electricity, also used in cooking, following the coal range. There were no gramophones or radios, to say nothing of television, or even telephones. She was only 40 years younger than Auckland itself, and had watched a great city grow from a small town, and she remembered many things that had happened during her lifetime, including the Tarawera eruption and Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

I had numbered the admission tickets, and asked all present to keep these when they arrived. Now came a real old fashioned Art Union. When my grandfather was in the Society of Arts during the last century, they had numbered the admission tickets to the exhibitions, then a number was drawn from a hat, and the lucky person received one of the paintings as a prize. So today, we had Mother draw a number out of Allan's top hat, and gave the recipient one of Mother's latest pictures, painted when she was 99 years old. The winner was a distant cousin, who was absolutely thrilled! The second prize was a copy of my book, and the third a painting by my son Dennis.

Then I read out the telegrams from the Governor-General, the Prime Minister, and the Minister of Arts, as well as many other well-wishers. After this, we all filed outside and sat in the grandstand, each in

their own family groups, while we had photographs taken. Then one of the second cousins, Jim Wild, led all the children around the racecourse for games of their own, while the others just kept on meeting more and more of their relations, some for the first time, and others after years apart.

All too soon it was time to take Mother home, as it had been a long day for her, and there was more to come on the Sunday—her actual birthday. At 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, the postal van drove up to my door again, and the lady handed me the telegram we had all been waiting for.

"Is it from Buckingham Palace?" I enquired. She looked at the post mark and answered: "Why yes, it is."

I quickly read it out to Mother, then popped it into my handbag, as I had to finish dressing her ready to be at the Auckland Baptist Tabernacle before 11am. Not only was she the oldest member there, but she was older than the building itself, and this was to be her day.

We had arranged with the minister, the Rev Roland Hart, that members of our family would assist with the service, so my eldest brother Roy was already inside when we arrived, playing the organ, and another brother, Murray, was ready to read the lesson.

The service went on as usual until it came time for the children's address, when Mr Hart told them they had a very special person in the congregation, because she was 100 years old today. Then he read out the telegram which I had surreptitiously passed to the church secretary when we arrived:

> Buckingham Palace
> Mrs Elizabeth Kendon,3 Grey Street
> Onehunga, Auckland New Zealand
>
> The Queen is much interested to hear that you are
> celebrating your one hundredth birthday and sends
> you warm congratulations and good wishes.

After this Roy started up the organ and the whole congregation sang 'Happy Birthday', while the minister's wife presented Mother with a big bunch of flowers.

When the service was finished, we drove Mother to the home of

Elizabeth Kendon (née Bessie Blomfield) aged 97 surrounded by her own paintings, as well as one by her father, Charles Blomfield

Photo: Kendon family

distant relations, Eric and Margery Winstone, who owned a large house right on the beach at Takapuna. We had lunch, and then tried to get Mother to have a rest, because Roy had taken over the arrangements for this part of the celebrations, and had invited Mother's friends along.

He had collected 25 of Mother's best paintings, dating from 1895 to 1980, and arranged these in order around the walls of the main bedroom. This was an exhibition in itself, with early paintings of fruit, flowers, and even her portrait of old Mr Carr, also different landscapes taken around Auckland and when she had been on holiday throughout the countryside.

My task was to obtain the signatures of each person as they arrived, while others of the family had a full time job handing around cups of tea. When at last it was time to count up the names, I found there had been 117 people at the party. This made me smile, as about five years before, when Nancy had suggested giving Mother a birthday party, she had said:

"But all my friends are dead!" And here we had found over 100 live friends, in spite of the fact that Nancy herself had been killed in the air disaster at Mt Erebus.

We did find time for Mother to cut a beautiful birthday cake, which had been decorated by her sister-in-law, and we read out the telegrams again. This time the one from the Prime Minister was very significant:

> Mrs Muldoon joins me in expending warmest
> and best wishes on your 100th birthday
> Regret I cannot be with you and thank you
> For the kind invitation
> R D Muldoon Prime Minister

Rob Muldoon had worked for my father, when he was in partnership with Charles Mills, and was later taken into partnership by that firm of accountants. My father's secretary, Mrs Heath, but always known to us as 'Miss Simmonds', came to the party, as did Fred Mills, the son of Charles, and now the senior partner of the firm. He advised that he had been speaking to Rob Muldoon during the week, and he presented my mother with a letter from the old firm:

KENDON, MILLS, MULDOON & BROWNE
REFERENCE — F.C. MILLS
8th August 1980

Dear Mrs. Kendon,

On the occasion of your centenary celebrations, the partners of this firm founded some fifty five years ago by your late husband, Will, and Chas. K. Mills, join me in congratulating you and wishing you God's richest blessing at this happy time.

It seems particularly significant that we can tell you today (in advance of our public announcement) that as from the 1st October we shall be practising under the National Partnership name of 'KENDONS' and that name will be represented by partners in Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin. We hope that this use of your name will give you pleasure and we can assure you that the high standards set by the founders will be continued into the future.

On behalf of all Partners,

F C MILLS

Mother was glad to be driven back to Onehunga for an early night, as she was rather tired after such a wonderful but exhausting weekend. Unfortunately, not long after this, my mother's eyesight failed and her hand became unsteady, so she had to give up painting. Following a series of strokes which affected her legs, she spent her last years in a private hospital. Her mind was clear up to the end, however, and she died peacefully in her sleep a week after her 104th birthday.

During her long life, she exhibited with the Auckland Society of Arts, Otago Arts Society and the New Zealand Fellowship of Artists. One of her large paintings of Dunedin in 1902 is still housed in the Hocken Library.

The things we take for granted

By Jeanette Grant

Our generation is spoilt. We take for granted things which our ancestors had to struggle to acquire; things we consider basic—such as power, water, drainage and accessibility. Kakariki Avenue is a 'typical' suburban street on the border between Mt Eden and Epsom, with a built up history of just over a century. This is part of the story of how it acquired its infrastructure.

Today, the only reminder that this part of Mt Eden was farmland in the 19th century is the little sign 'UDY RESERVE' under the pohutukawa trees on the north east corner of Mt Eden and Balmoral roads. On 7 November 1902 Allotments #72 and 73, part of the Udy Farm, were sold to Benjamin Hawkins, who dedicated Chamberlain Avenue. (In Davenport's *Street Names of Auckland* the name, also used for other Auckland streets at the time, 'probably refers to Joseph Chamberlain, Britain's Secretary for the Colonies during the Boer War (1899–1902)'). According to a map in the Auckland City archives the original intention seems to have been to call it Highbury Road and the whole area the Highbury Estate. The name Chamberlain was used only until 1938, when it was renamed Kakariki Avenue as part of a programme to reduce the number of duplicated street names in Auckland. Maori names were becoming fashionable and a kakariki is New Zealand's native green parrot.

Unlike a modern subdivision where all roads, footpaths and services have to be provided before actual house construction can start, Chamberlain Avenue began as just a side road off Balmoral Road, 15 chains long and 66 feet wide. Initially it was a no exit street and ended in the south at the boundary of Allotment #74, but in 1924 it was extended through to the newly formed Glenalmond Road. The 1898 regulations stated that a road was to be 66 feet wide of which 12 feet was to be road and 11 feet the footpath on either side, surfaced with scoria ash. Old photos show that this left an untidy unsealed strip between sealed roadbed and footpath. Mt Eden was fortunate in having a ready source of scoria and basalt rock for roading, and the borough's roads were strongly built, formed on a foundation of packed stone or original rock at a reasonable cost, using prison labour. Today the street is fully sealed

with concrete footpaths and is 329 metres long with a legal width of 20.12 metres.

In forming Chamberlain Avenue the road followed the gentle ridge line, and the sections sloped away on both sides. The sections to the east sank progressively steeply into a little valley with a stream which ran to the south. As late as the 1960s, some of these sections still flooded after prolonged heavy rain. The first houses built before World War I typically had coal ranges and septic tanks. The sections on the west sloped down towards Mt Eden Road and as sewerage lines were installed in the 1920s they were placed near the lowest boundaries and flowed south. During the Depression the Mt Eden Borough Council (MEBC) used unemployed labour on the sewerage scheme, which was difficult work as much of the tunnelling was through solid volcanic rock. As in most of Auckland, these were combined sewer/stormwater lines and originally discharged into the sea.

In 1914 the Auckland and Suburban Drainage Board had constructed the Orakei system with an outfall at Okahu Point and storage tanks which are now used by Kelly Tarlton's Underwater World. The growing population, and an awakening of concern about the long-term pollution of the harbours, led to long drawn out scientific and political debate on the merits of the Browns Island sewerage scheme. This controversial scheme was planned in 1932 but, largely due to the campaign mounted from 1945 by future Mayor Dove Myer Robinson, the scheme was abandoned in favour of the Manukau Sewerage Scheme which conveyed sewage from all parts of the isthmus to a single purification plant by Puketutu Island.

During the 1970s and 80s, a large low-lying area of the borough of Mt Eden was declared a 'deferred development zone' by the MEBC, in an attempt to limit the amount of runoff by stopping any increase in the area of roofing and sealed drives, etc. The houses on the west side of Kakariki Avenue were at the head of this problem catchment area. The MEBC was busy laying separate stormwater drains and building an emergency ponding area on the playing fields of Maungawhau School. In October 1989 the relevant property owners in Kakariki Avenue were circularised to get their permission for the council to construct stormwater drains across their property. Unfortunately when the MEBC was absorbed into Auckland City, funding for this work was not seen as a priority and it failed to be included in the city's budget.

In August 1993 funding was finally made available, and property

owners were informed and given a plan of the work as it affected their property. The drains were emplaced, but very few house owners took the expensive next step of actually connecting their downpipes to the new system. Rather than cause a furore by making such an action compulsory, the council notified them in May 1996 that it would fund the cost of connecting private stormwater drainage to public stormwater reticulation. There was no cost to the property owners provided permission was granted by 11 October 1996.The work was completed by the end of the year. In the case of our own property, this involved the digging of 120 metres of trenches around the house, and laying the pipes to take the stormwater out of the drains servicing the kitchen, bathroom and laundry.

In the early years, there was no electricity in the street. The first power pole was not erected in Chamberlain Avenue until 13 July 1923. However, the early residents of Chamberlain/Kakariki Avenue were fortunate in not having to wait for gas and water. Gas in those days was coal gas, not natural gas, and it was stored in several gasometers scattered over the city. I remember one near Symonds Street and one by the Onehunga foreshore.

The first gas pipe was laid in the street in 1903. The custom was to dig a single trench and lay the domestic gas pipe about two feet deep and the water pipe a foot higher. Ninety years later they were still in use but leaks were occurring. The solution was to insert a plastic inner liner in both the mains and feeder pipe to each house. This solved the problem without the disruption of digging up roads and footpaths and replacing all the gas pipes.

The earliest settlers in Auckland depended on natural water supplies, which were soon supplemented by wells and rainwater tanks, but the demand increased steadily. There were no reliable streams in the vicinity. The notorious Ligar Canal, which ran the length of what has become Queen Street, was sluggish and fouled. Better than normal water for the Albert Barracks came from a well on the Albert Park volcano. The years 1848–63 saw a chronic water shortage, with Auckland's wells affected by severe pollution. The council's response was to dig more wells. In 1865, the provincial government installed the first piped water supply from springs and ponds in the Auckland Domain volcano. In 1872, a drought saw water-hawkers selling water in the streets. The council arranged to pump 30,000 gallons a day from Seccombe's Well

in Khyber Pass Road (which was fed from an aquifer below Mt Eden) at two shillings per 1000 gallons. It was stored in a small reservoir on the top of Domain Hill. This early water supply was carried in 4-inch cast-iron mains which inevitably rusted and leaked. In the 1980s these were 'concrete relined'. Most houses have by now replaced their individual cast iron water supply pipes with modern plastic pipes. In the early days, a house's electricity supply was commonly earthed through the water pipes. This no longer works with plastic.

In 1875, after prolonged negotiation, the council bought Western Springs where a free-flowing spring emerged from beneath the Three Kings lava flow. This source was nearer and therefore, for £20,000, cheaper to draw on than any of the others suggested (the Waitakeres, the Hunuas or the Waikato), and this pump station supplied the city for many years. In 1877 the spring was dammed and a steam-driven beam-engine pump installed to pipe the water to a reservoir in Ponsonby 72 metres higher than its starting point. This scheme brought the installation of the triple-pressure zone system that still services the central isthmus from Ponsonby. Water was pumped up to the Khyber Pass reservoir, and from there higher still to the reservoir on Mt Eden. In 1877 the first reservoir was placed on Mt Eden, and others were added there in 1912. Disaster occurred in 1929 during excavation of the site for a new reservoir. The wall of the original tank had been uncovered but could not stand the outward pressure and burst at 5.30am on a Monday morning sending thousands of gallons destructively down the mountain. The only witness was a milkman making deliveries in Hillside Crescent, who thought an eruption had started. Today, Metrowater still has a minor 9000 litre reservoir on this west side above Hillside Crescent, but it is scheduled for removal.

The main Mt Eden water reservoir is buried within the northern slope of Mt Eden and has recently been upgraded, as it is over 80 years old and was approaching the end of its useful life. This was a $6m project carried out over 2010–11 by Brian Perry Civil for Auckland City. This reservoir is made of separate concrete tanks nearly six metres deep over an area the size of a rugby field. New external walls were constructed against the existing, a new precast concrete roof was installed, and all internal columns and walls were replaced. As a result of this work, there are now only two separate reservoirs instead of the previous three. The new reservoirs will be able to store 27 million litres of water, enough to

New reservoir under construction on Mt Eden
Photo: Jeanette Grant

meet local needs for at least 24 hours without being topped up. (The city currently uses 350,000 m3 of water per day.)

The first Waitakere dam, storing 220 million gallons, was finished in 1906 and by 1923 two more dams at Nihotupu were complete, storing 69m and 540m gallons respectively. Dams in the Hunuas have followed, and today the Hunua reservoirs supply over 60 per cent of greater Auckland's water. In 2006 the first of these to be built, at Cosseys Creek, turned 50. Its dam has just had a full refurbishment. Now water may even be drawn from the Waikato in times of need, a notion that had been around for at least 130 years by the time it became a reality in 1994. I see that 8 per cent of Auckland's water supply was drawn from the Waikato in 2010–11, so it looks as though we continue regardless of 'times of need'.

A certain degree of urgency to the search for additional water was given by the drought during the summer 1993/94, which was associated with an El Nino weather pattern. The first public warning of a water supply problem had come on 12 January with Watercare's advertising campaign to promote water conservation, but that had little effect.

Intimations of a crisis surfaced on 26 February with the announcement that water restrictions would begin. Regular news releases of falling dam levels began—43% by 29 March, 41% by 6 April, 40% by 8 April, and so on. Water shortages were also announced for other parts of New Zealand such as Wanganui and the Kapiti Coast. On 13 April a total ban was imposed on the use of water sprinklers in Auckland. By 22 May, dam levels had fallen to 32.7%. Pictures of dried up lake beds appeared in newspapers and on television. On 25 May 1994, the *New Zealand Herald* ran a scenario of what city life could be like without water—queues of people waiting at standpipes in streets, malfunctioning sewage systems, epidemic diseases, severe water rationing and the use of the Waikato River as an alternative major source of water. Finally came the report that water supplies could run out by September or October if consumption was not drastically reduced.

Auckland residents were told 'If it's yellow, let it mellow; if it's brown, flush it down', and many ingenious ways were developed to use household 'grey water' to keep gardens alive. A little light relief was given by the suggestion that the Wizard of Christchurch should be called upon for aid, but after the initial invitation from the North Shore Council was rescinded, he accepted an invitation to Silverdale where he performed his 'magic'. A cloudburst actually ended the drought, and despite objections from Tainui, Waikato water eventually turned from a pipedream to a pipeful—although local residents complain that you can taste the difference.

In 2009 construction of a major $245m project to bring more water from the Hunuas began, with the first stage involving 800 metres of pipeline under the new Manukau Harbour bridge. This is the biggest water pipeline project undertaken in New Zealand for many years, and involves 30 kilometres of 1.3 to 1.9 metre diameter steel pipeline traversing Manukau and Auckland cities from Redoubt North reservoir in Manukau to Market Road in Epsom. It includes the crossing of Manukau Harbour, three motorways, three railway lines, a creek and eight streams. This Hunua 4 pipeline will run through the heart of the city, and a construction corridor will run past the front doors of approximately 5000 properties; final commissioning is expected in 2016. When completed, this project will substantially improve security of water supply to the city's 1.3 million people. The lifetime of the Hunua 4 water main is estimated to exceed 100 years, and its functionality,

design and structural integrity is of significant importance to Auckland and New Zealand.

On Saturday 24 June 2011 the contractors were working in Mt Smart Road, Onehunga, to connect the new Hunua 4 water main to an existing water main, Hunua 3, via a connecting pipe. A section of the Hunua 3 main had been removed in preparation for the connection and a small team with confined space training were at one end of the pipe, working near the entrance about three metres below the surface. When an explosion occurred about 7.30am, 48-year-old Canadian Philomen Gulland was killed and six others injured in a massive blast which blew two of the crew outside. Shortly after the blast, firefighters using gas detection equipment found gas levels in the tunnel were at dangerous levels. Emergency services said they were mystified at how an explosive gas like methane came to be present at the site of the fatal blast.*

In June and July 2011, a certain amount of local disruption was faced when stretches of Watling Street and Mt Eden Road from that intersection to Duke Street were dug up for the installation of a new larger water main. This section is not shown on maps of the Hunua 4 project but would seem to be an ancilliary pipe feeding water to the reservoir on the top of the Big King off Duke Street. There used to be tramlines down this stretch of Mt Eden Road from 1921–56, and while the sides of the road are constructed solidly of concrete, the centre strip is tarsealed. It was therefore much simpler to excavate the new trench up the middle of the road while traffic was able to continue to pass on the sides.

New water main being installed beneath Mt Eden Road

Photo: Jeanette Grant

* In April 2012 five charges were laid against Watercare Services and its contractor Canadian Pacific under the Health & Safety in Employment Act.

MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU

Watercare said "There's a drought!
Your water has almost run out!
You must save every drop
Or the water will stop
And you'll all have to manage without."

The Wizard said "Give me a chance
And I'll do an authentic Rain Dance.
Just send me the fare
And I'll jet right up there
And your dam levels soon I'll enhance."

The Mayors got a terrible fright
At the thought of that heathenish rite.
They said "Stay away!
For water we'll pray
While we plan the Waikato to pipe."

At Silverdale, he made it rain!
But now, it's a terrible shame.
The rain's pouring down
Till the city's 'most drowned
And we don't know which Force is to blame.

M. J. GRANT

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The Mt St John garage

By Gwen Stone

John (Jack) William Stone (1881–1951) was a tram motorman (No 249) doing the Onehunga run. In 1925 he built a small garage in the front garden of his Manukau Road house in his spare time. He even made the concrete blocks and planned it as a rental investment. Unfortunately the Depression came and he never made that extra money.

In the early days it sold a range of petrol brands. In 1948 his son Harold Stone took over the garage and extended the premises. He bought 'Magnolia Cottage' owned by Miss Dudley and later the two storey house on the corner of Kipling Avenue. It then belonged to Dr Crkvenac, and the previous owner had been Dr Reid, the Stone family's doctor.

There was quite a stir in 1952 when it was noticed that the pumps were heating up, and newspaper headlines referred to 'the Hot Petrol Station'. The Department of Scientific and Industrial Research (DSIR) was notified, and a drill was put down and monitored for many years afterwards. Initial fears of an incipient eruption were quietened.*

The Mt St John Garage installed the first car cleaning machine, 'Rub-a-Dub-Dub'. It was so noisy that neighbours complained and Dr Otway, who was then leasing the doctors' rooms, could not hear his patients' heartbeat.

At first, garages closed on Friday nights at 10pm. Six of the local Epsom garages were on a six week roster to open on a Saturday.

This garage was noted for the huge tyre under the new Mobil sign. Our son Gary loved to sit in it and watch the traffic go by. The Onehunga route was the last route to have the trams removed.

Patrick Quinlan was Jack Stone's father and was a Fencible who settled in Panmure. Patrick and family members, including Jack, are buried in the Catholic church in Panmure. Their cottage is in the Victorian Village at the Museum of Transport and Technology (MOTAT).

Harold leased the garage and for two years worked at MOTAT, getting the area and exhibits ready to open to the public. He worked for many years there, even driving the trams, and was made a MOTAT Life Member. In retirement he did a lot of restoration work, including on the hated 'Flying Bomb', donated from the Smithsonian Museum.

Jack Stone's brother Bill owned the fish shop opposite the garage at the bottom of Owens Road. His sister Iris was born in the middle one of the three historic houses on the corner of Mt St John Avenue and Manukau Road. I wonder if Jack lived there too before moving across the road?

When Harold was about eight years old there was a bad storm which blew out the glass in the wash house window. Jack Stone covered the window but left a candle burning, and the house caught fire! Harold was in one of the attic rooms upstairs and his two sisters Iris and Cath were in the other. Fortunately no lives were lost and the house was repairable. In addition, a verandah was added to the front of the house and electric light was installed.

* G L Pearce, *The Story of New Zealand Volcanoes*, states: 'However fears were allayed by the discovery that the tank was situated close to a cave into which a nearby factory had been discharging boiling water.' See also Graham Bush, ed., *The History of Epsom*, p.308 for another explanation. Ed

Auckland Star

AUCKLAND, N.Z., FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1952 (One Shilling and Threepence a Week Delivered) PRICE 3D

"Detectives" Probe "Hot Petrol" Mystery

Investigation into the mysterious source of heat at the Mt St John garage

Photo: *Auckland Star*

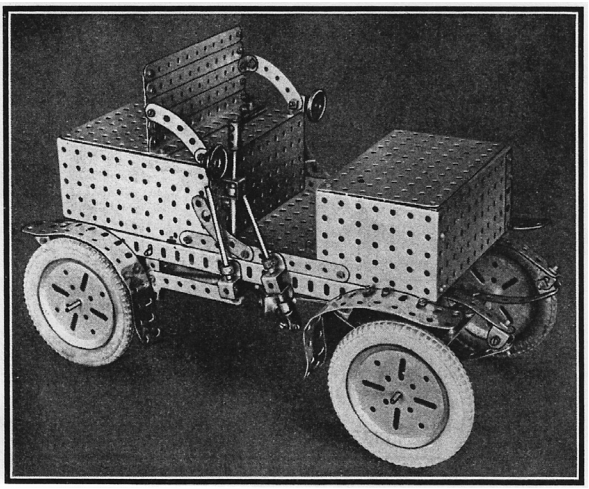
Meccano and Hornby Trains in Epsom

By Basil Hutchinson

Frank Hornby of Liverpool, England, invented the constructional set based on strips and plates (with half-inch spaced holes), wheels and gears, nuts and bolts, for his two sons more than 110 years ago. He patented this system in 1901, but found it difficult to make commercial progress. Hornby's partner from 1906, David Elliott, seems to have played mainly a supporting financial role. However, over the next century the complexity and sophistication of the constructional toy grew enormously. First known as 'Mechanics Made Easy', the system was renamed 'Meccano' in 1907 and became popular all round the world. Hornby introduced his mechanical railways in 1920 as 'Hornby Trains'. Again, this system developed over the years with clockwork and electric trains which grew in variety and size, and there were numerous accessories which could be added to one's model railway. The *Meccano Magazine (MM)* was published from 1916 to 1981 and this must have been one of the most popular boys' magazines in the world, with readers of all ages. I say 'boys' but there were girl readers too, who were welcomed in all the activities and competitions from earliest times, though they formed a small proportion of the total number of enthusiasts.

In reading a 1929 *Meccano Magazine*, I noted Jack Richardson[1] of 45 Empire Road, Epsom, had won second prize in an under 16 competition with a model of Auckland's 'first motor car'; so what part did Meccano and Hornby Trains play in the hobbies of the youth of Epsom and Mt Eden? The first Meccano clubs were formed in the United Kingdom in 1918, and in 1920 Frank Hornby stated that Meccano clubs were 'penetrating into every corner of the Empire'. New Zealand's first Meccano club was established in 1920 in Te Aroha, the second in Invercargill in 1922. There seem to have been few district Meccano clubs in Auckland, and the formation of Wiseman's Meccano Club in 1924 in the central city may have been responsible for this.

Wiseman's Club had numerous members, many of whom lived no doubt in the nearer suburbs, and in 1926 this was claimed to be the largest Meccano club in the world, with 800 members. Wiseman's of Queen Street sold Meccano and Hornby Trains, so it was a shrewd



Jack Richardson's prize-winning Meccano model, 'Auckland's First Motor Car', 1929

business move to encourage youth from all over Auckland to join their club. The club president was Frank Wiseman who lived at 41 Fairview Avenue, Mt Eden, for many years. Other officials were W S Weaver, C S M Edwards (who lived in Watling Street, Epsom) and W Shearer. Models Ltd was the official agent for Meccano and Hornby Trains in New Zealand, and it is interesting that the 1930s manager was Donald F MacCormick who lived in Mountain Road, while T J Kirkup, a later manager, resided in Morvern Road, Epsom.

Returning to Meccano model competitions, Auckland produced numerous prize winners, but often their suburb was not stated. However, the *MM* does tell us that Jack Richardson (noted above), won four prizes in 1929–30. Other Epsom prize winners were Tom Bolton (Arcadia Road) and Alan Lusk (both 1926); P Palmer (1934, Kimberley Road); Mt Eden residents Maxwell Gage (Windmill Road), five prizes in 1924–29; Arthur Davies (Balmoral Road) in 1927; A Keith (1929); E Cooper (1930); M R Ince[1], two prizes (1931); and M J Ring (1949). No doubt these people will be known to some of our readers. There were prize winners in nearby Onehunga and Remuera, and female Auckland prize winners too, but no others, as far as one could ascertain, from Epsom or Mt Eden. All regions of New Zealand produced winners in these Meccano model and other competitions, but there were few from 1939 to 1945, presumably due to young men going to war, the cessation of production of Meccano and Hornby items, and the difficulties of

postal communication between Britain and New Zealand at that time. New Zealand prize winners did appear after World War II but there were never the same numbers as pre-war. New Zealanders also appeared as correspondents in the *MM* and among these were D Ely (1926) and B Y Crilley (1928), both of Epsom, and M Gage (1925) of Mt Eden.

The Hornby Railway Company (HRC) was launched in October 1928 for those more interested in model trains. Local groups were named 'branches' but these did not flourish as well as the Meccano clubs. A number of branches were formed in New Zealand but none appeared in Epsom or Mt Eden. The nearest was a branch in Mt Albert by 1930, with two there in 1940 and a branch in Morningside by 1941. There were other branches in greater Auckland but the first New Zealand HRC Branches were in Nelson and Dunedin in 1929. Meccano clubs and HRC branches sent reports to Liverpool, and these were published regularly in the *Meccano Magazine*.

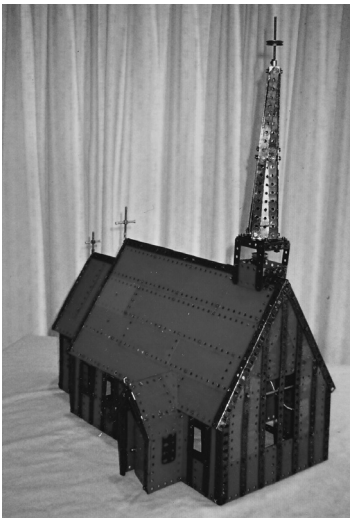
No doubt there were numerous Epsom boys (and girls?) who made Meccano models and ran Hornby Trains, but probably the most famous model railway in Epsom was that of Frank Roberts[2]. With the help of his brother George and friend Bill Stewart, he constructed a large garden railway at his residence in Kimberley Road, Epsom, in the late 1920s. This was featured in the *Meccano Magazine* of April 1934 and functioned until 1950. However, it was largely self-built by Frank Roberts and did not contain any Hornby items. Roy Grainger, an engineer of Atherton Road, constructed a garden railway for his children. This was large enough for them to ride on, but had no powered locomotives. The children took turns to push each other round on the wagons.

My involvement with Meccano and Hornby Trains began in 1937 when, aged 4, I was given my first simple Meccano outfit and a small Hornby Train. Both my Meccano and Hornby Trains grew in quantity and complexity but were largely put aside in teenage years. Career, marriage and family came next, but on our return to Auckland with young children I took up these hobbies again and in 1970 put together my first permanent model railway in the basement of our Kakariki Avenue home. This represented an NZR branch-line. We moved to Liverpool Street in 1986, and a smaller layout which hinged off the garage wall was constructed, following English LNER practice. This was almost entirely Hornby. Our next move was to Fernleigh Avenue and the layout was transferred, but had to be decreased even more in

size; again the baseboard hinged off the garage wall. I have enlarged my Meccano set over the years and since retirement have had time to construct an increasing number of models.

Besides Meccano and Hornby Trains (both o and oo gauge), Meccano Ltd produced numerous other products. Many will remember Dinky Toys and Hornby Speed Boats, but there were also Car Constructor sets, Aeroplane outfits, Kemex Chemical and Elektron Electrical outfits, a crystal radio, numerous clockwork and electric motors with appropriate transformers and controllers, a stationary steam engine, Dolly Varden Doll's House and furnishings plus later, Bayko construction sets, Plastic Meccano and other short-lived projects. Meccano was sold to the Lines Group in 1964, but there were difficulties in later years, and the end came in 1979 when the Meccano factory in Liverpool finally closed.

However, Meccano is still manufactured (in France) and Hornby-like trains continue to appear on the market. Meccano enthusiast clubs construct and exhibit models, while Hornby Trains are collected, restored and exhibited. The Hornby Railway Collectors' Association is a worldwide organisation with a strong New Zealand branch, which has its own journal. Two of its current 85 members live in this area!



A recent model of St Andrew's Anglican Church, Epsom, as it was in 1868

Photo: Basil Hutchinson

Sources and Notes

1 Jack Richardson and Ron Ince were well known to our EEDHS member Jack Baker and I am grateful to him for helping me trace the addresses of other Epsom prize winners mentioned above.

2 Frank Roberts (1882–1963) was a locomotive driver, an inventor and skilled model maker. He made live steam and electric model locomotives for his garden railway and was responsible for the magnificent NZR model railway which featured in the 1940 Wellington Centennial Exhibition. His story is told in the books *Vintage Steam* (1967) by Frank Roberts (Ed. Gordon Troup), and *Steam in Miniature—Frank Roberts and his Garden Railway* (1976) by Joyce Roberts, his daughter. See also the article in *Prospect* Vol 4, 2005, pp.28–33.

Meccano Magazine from 1916 to 1981.

Information supplied by Eric Grainger and Jack Baker.

Pawns of fortune: the Cleghorn family

By Valerie Sherwood

Though Thomas Cleghorn himself was a man of adventure and courage, he could never have foreseen the future he was opening up for his children and their descendants when he first left Scotland to sail with his family to New Zealand. He fits well the description of an 'eighteenth century man', having the broad education and interest in matters scientific deemed to be the widely desirable attributes of gentlemen in that era. Born at Lanarkshire, Scotland, on 30 March 1799 to William and Agnes (née Frazer), Cleghorn just scrapes into the 18th century.

In his youth he spent much time in the company of his uncle, who was employed as head gardener for the Duke of Roxburgh on the latter's large estate in East Lothian. Here were sown the seeds of his great interest in 'scientific gardening' and the passion for trees and parks which was to influence his life. This led to his driving ambition to create great parks that would equal those created by the famous English park landscapers of the 18th century, William Kent and Lancelot 'Capability' Brown. (The latter gained his nickname by telling clients that their properties had 'great capabilities'.) The knowledge and experience Thomas Cleghorn gained gave him the confidence and dedication to pursue his chosen career.

With his close friend Archibald Scott, he set up a business in the centre of Edinburgh. The innovative partners became known as landscape nurserymen and seed merchants. Their premises were very centrally placed in the New Town, immediately below the castle on Princes Street, at the corner with The Mound, and adjacent to the Edinburgh (Waverley) Railway Station. On the northern side of the castle rock, situated in the hollow area where the east end of the North Loch had previously been, the two men began to set out their experimental garden, initiating what was eventually to become the beautiful Princes Street Gardens. There were expectations that Thomas Cleghorn would design full plans and carry out the transformation of the entire area under the auspices of the city authorities.

Thomas married Janet Nisbet, and together they had six children: Alexander Nisbet, John Inglis, an only daughter Helen, Thomas

Davis, William, and Archibald Scott (named after his father's business partner). Fate was not kind, however, for both Alexander and Helen died early, Alexander dramatically, under a train at the Waverly Railway Station, close to his father's nursery. This last tragedy coincided with the downturn in the economic health of Edinburgh which affected that city's ability to fund the partners' planned landscaping project. Thomas and Janet decided that the future of the Cleghorn family lay not in Scotland but on the opposite side of the world. This meant gathering together all liquid assets, realising on all of their possessions: family portraits and art works included. The experimental gardens, which had been created on leasehold land, were handed over to the Edinburgh Council. The well known monument to Sir Walter Scott, of whom the business partners were great admirers, now stands on the site. Today tourists gather at this popular place to watch kilted pipers pacing back and forth as they play their Scottish melodies.

Thomas and Janet, with their surviving children, travelled from London to New Zealand aboard the ship *Jane*, at first setting up their home at Kororareka. Accompanying them was Thomas's sister, Helen. Like many of their fellow passengers, they were part of an emerging middle class, ambitious and resourceful, with skills which could be applied to advantage in a new colony. Thomas was aged 39 and his wife eight years older when they arrived at Kororareka.

Governor Hobson's decision to move the site of New Zealand's capital to Auckland meant a change in plans for many of the residents of Kororareka. The Cleghorn Family made the move down to Auckland in May 1841. The setting up of this new capital promised the well qualified Thomas an opportunity to carry out his long held ambition of developing governmental parklands. Letters of high recommendation from important persons, including Lord John Russell, Secretary of State for the Colonies, were no doubt a strong factor in Thomas Cleghorn winning the appointment of 'Superintendent of Public Works' in Auckland. In this role the 'scientific gardener's' initial endeavour was to oversee the laying out and planting of the gardens of Auckland's first Government House. The collection of seeds of all kinds and plants which he had brought to New Zealand were put to good use. It is believed that several of the trees he planted, including oaks and other exotics, stand in the gardens of the 'Old Government House' to this day, though some were lost when a second Government House was

built on the site to replace the first, subsequent to it being destroyed by fire.

Another project was to originate planning for the layout of Auckland Domain. As superintendent of the domain, Thomas Cleghorn set up an experimental garden on what is now the Grafton Road side of the domain, close to today's Stanley Street intersection where cherry blossom trees now bloom and bowlers play on the green. A nearby stream, complete with a water mill, flowed down from the upper domain providing an ample water supply for the gardens. Dr (later Sir) David Monro who documented his experiences of a journey to Auckland in 1842, was sufficiently impressed with this garden to describe it at length. At the time of his visit the rich, volcanic soil was in the process of being trenched to the depth of four feet. Several Maori were digging and handpicking the fern. Flourishing in the established garden was a large variety of vegetables, flowers, young vines and fruit trees, and several exotic plants, the seeds of which Thomas Cleghorn had imported from Rio de Janeiro and Sydney, perhaps through the good offices of Captain William Powditch, who had sailed to those cities regularly, and whose daughter Rose Anne later married young Thomas Davis Cleghorn. Sir David Monro reported that everything was growing luxuriantly in the dark, friable soil of the nursery.

Thomas Cleghorn had explained to Sir David that his Maori employees worked very well. He had found that it did not do to cross his workers, for with encouragement and enthusiasm they worked with great diligence. Thomas paid the men two shillings and sixpence a day, the same as was generally offered to new settlers. This demonstrates a contrast in style between Thomas Cleghorn, the man of the land, and the afore-mentioned Captain Powditch, the no-nonsense seafaring man accustomed to discipline and respect, who dealt firmly with his employees, and consequently had difficulty in retaining Maori workers.

A financial crisis within the New Zealand administration brought a sudden halt to the planned development of the Auckland Domain. For the second time Thomas Cleghorn saw his vision of creating a great park slip away. A dramatic change of plan saw him put a greater focus on farming pursuits in the young colony.

Several blocks of land were purchased by the Cleghorn family over a period of time; at Epsom, which was purchased pre-1840, and at Tamaki

(St Heliers), Manurewa, Otamatea, Lake Waiatarua near Remuera, and at Onehunga. Land was also purchased jointly by the Cleghorn and Goodfellow families at Wairoa, near Howick. The Tamaki farm, lot 22, of 103 acres, was priced at £1 an acre, which was 7/- less than the purchasers of neighbouring properties had paid. This landholding was given the name Clifton. Consisting of land which is much sought after today, it was a unique area at the eastern end of today's St Heliers Beach. Its geographical features included a headland, a large stream, a lake, a spring, a swamp, and an extinct volcanic hill complete with a crater. In future years, the crater lake became known as Glover's Lake, and later still, when drained, Glover Park. The headland, now Achilles Point, adorned by the private, little sandy cove, then known as Te Kuwata-o-Rangitaua, was given the English name of 'Lady's Bay' (now Ladies' Bay) for the wife of Sir George Grey.

Thomas intended this property to be primarily a dairy farm, and once drained, the stream and swamp provided green pasture in the driest of seasons. A six-roomed raupo house was quickly built, with a double brick chimney, sheds, outhouses and stockyards. It was necessary to exercise extreme care with fire about the raupo house, as such structures were extremely flammable. The farm was quickly fenced and subdivided into fields and plots with hedges, ditches, and post-and-rail fences. Fruit trees were planted and were quick to produce heavy crops, while vegetables flourished. Cattle and produce were shipped off St Helier's Beach, and stores sometimes off-loaded at the little cove where steps had been cut into the cliff for access. Adjacent land leased from Major Thomas Bunbury of the 80th Regt. was farmed in conjunction with Clifton Farm—a total of 430 acres.

The acreage of the Cleghorns' Epsom farm, Kinloch, was comparatively large for one so close to the town. On a map executed by Felton Mathew in 1841 it is drawn as a neat square, formed by the boundaries of Pah Road as it went north almost as far as Greenwoods Corner, and west across what is now Selwyn Road. It then ran south along the eastern side of Three Kings Road, now incorporated into Mt Eden Road, then along what is now Mt Albert Road. Vehicle access to the farm was gained via Cleghorns Road, which later became Cleghorns Drive, and is now, simply, The Drive. The entry to the farm property and residence would have been accessed at a point which is now Rostrevor Avenue, off Selwyn Road.

The majority of the Epsom land was very fertile, and once the fern had been cleared by hand and grass sown, there was good meadow land for cattle which grazed mainly on the high side of the property. Here, on the brow of the hill, originally one of the Three Kings, facing out towards the land on which the Wesleyan School was later established, stood the ancient Mauri stone of Rongo, Te Toka I Wawhiao, sacred to the Maori as a kumara, or fertility, god. It would seem that the Mauri stone brought prosperity to the Cleghorn farm. The crops, at first including wheat and corn, as well as general vegetable produce, especially potatoes and fruit to supply the Auckland market, flourished; as did the cattle which grazed on the green meadows, their cowbells adding an English pastoral charm to the district. Later, in the 1870s, this sacred stone was dislodged from its site, presumably by larrikins, and rolled to the foot of the hill. It was retrieved from the roadside boundary by (Sir) John Logan Campbell and installed on his farm at Cornwall Park. It has since been relocated, still within the park, on the lower slopes of One Tree Hill, overlooking Penrose.

In addition to their own Epsom acreage, for several years the Cleghorns leased grazing land on the opposite side of Pah Road from Logan Campbell and also from William Greenwood, the trained engineer who was at that time fully occupied in his chosen profession as a stonemason. The latter was responsible for the erection of the first St Paul's Church in Emily Place, at the foot of Princes Street. The Epsom Mill at St Andrews Road (then Church Road) was conveniently close to the Epsom farm for grinding into flour the wheat crops, which were highly successful in the earliest years.

Thomas Cleghorn's extensive farm property at Manurewa, though purchased in good faith, proved to be a most unfortunate investment. The original sale of Maori land had taken place prior to 1840, and subsequently it was subject to the jurisdiction of the Land Claims Court (Claims 1171–1172 and 1134). Judgement in the case went against Thomas Cleghorn, who suffered considerable financial loss, an experience which was shared by many other settlers.

The development of the two farms, at Tamaki and Epsom, apparently progressed synchronistically, with the work and development being overseen by both Thomas Snr and his son Thomas Davis, with some input also, no doubt, from son William, and later from the youngest lad, Archibald, who was aged just four years when the family arrived in New

Zealand. Archibald received an excellent education, first attending St John's College as a boarder and later moving to the Wesleyan School at Three Kings. He is known to have received tuition from the Rev Dr Kinder. Thomas Cleghorn was, strictly speaking, an adherent and supporter of the Presbyterian Church. He was a generous contributor to building funds for churches of this denomination, for both St Andrew's in Symonds Street, Auckland, and the church proposed for Gardner Road at Epsom. The family, however, attended and supported the only existing churches close to the two farms, the Episcopal St Thomas' Tamaki church near St John's College, and St Andrew's at Epsom. Thomas Snr was a member of various committees such as the Provincial Committee for the erection of a Wesleyan Native Institution, and the Auckland Agricultural and Horticultural Society of which he was a foundation member in 1843. As a respected citizen he was called on many times to take a public role. He was among those who presented a farewell address to Mrs Eliza Hobson, widow of Captain William Hobson, prior to her departure from New Zealand in 1843, and also an address to Governor Fitzroy. Again in the company of others he gave evidence to the Legislative Council on the financial state of the colony. His name is reported in newspapers of the era in many constructive roles.

For a time the younger Thomas (Davis) Cleghorn took up residence at Clifton, with Thomas Snr making his home at Epsom where the agricultural farming was more intensive. Produce from both farms consistently won awards at the Agricultural and Horticultural Shows. However, the occupancy of the farms is shown to have been exchanged at the time when Janet's health was causing concern. The Rev William Cotton (known as 'Bee' Cotton for his interest in apiary), writes in his journal of a parochial visit made to the seriously ill Janet at Clifton, St Heliers, by Bishop Selwyn and himself, on 12 February, 1844. Cotton reported that 'The Bishop, after a good deal of kind talk to Mrs Cleghorn, administered the Holy Communion to her and her husband.' After the visit the clergymen enjoyed a walk along the beaches before climbing to the ridge above Kohimarama (now Mission Bay) and thence to St John's College. Janet died on 18 June 1844, aged 52, four years after arriving in Auckland. She was buried at St Andrew's churchyard at Epsom.

A cluster of weddings took place in the late 1840s. Thomas Cleghorn took a new bride, a widow named Sarah Ann Cuttell, on 10 March 1847.

The marriage was conducted by Bishop Selwyn. Two months later, Thomas's sister Helen (born 1808) married John Hales, a prominent cabinetmaker, on 1 June, 1847. Both weddings were solemnised in the old stone church of St Thomas, Tamaki. Then the following year, on 29 July, Thomas Davis Cleghorn married Rose Ann Powditch at St Andrew's, Epsom, making history as the first recorded marriage at that church, within which a copy of the marriage certificate is displayed.

William Bambridge, secretary to Bishop Selwyn, referred to the marriage of Thomas and Sarah in a lengthy diary entry. A Mr Steel, the obliging St John's College butcher, kindly took the ladies to and from the morning wedding in his cart. The wedding party consisted of the bride and bridegroom, their immediate families, and the clergy. Even this limited number of persons would have had difficulty accommodating themselves within the tiny church, though the diarist pointed out that the wedding couple themselves were tiny in stature: 'their united height is . . . 10ft 6ins'. He pointed out that they were 'quite advanced in life' and he hoped the bride would have a beneficial effect of relieving the groom's various joints from the horrible intrusions of rheumatism (Thomas was 48 years old). The service was conducted by Bishop Selwyn. On their return trip home to St Heliers the wedding party encountered a group of Native School boys with their St John's College teacher and choirmaster, who were gathering oysters on 'Cleghorn's Reef'. Mr Bambridge encouraged the boys to sing to the newly married couple. They sang two songs, and then gave three rousing cheers. The party then continued on to the wedding repast, an elegant cold collation which greatly impressed Mr Bambridge. The food, produced on the farm, included turkey, duck, ham, beans and potatoes, along with sauces, for the first course. The second course consisted of various tarts and custard with 'cream almost as thick as butter', etc. The third course was of raisins, almonds, grapes, apples, peaches, etc. The feast to both the eye and taste was 'almost too dazzling to be endured'. The toasts included one to 'our dear little Queen'. The formalities over, the party then relaxed with musical entertainment. Mr Bambridge records that the evening ended late—he had arrived home to his raupo house at Purewa by 'about 11.30 pm'.

At about this time the younger Thomas and Rose Anne took up residence at Clifton (the 'Tamaki' farm) and Thomas senior with his new wife Sarah settled at the Epsom farm.

In 1850 Thomas made a return voyage to Edinburgh. During his travels he visited the South Seas and America. He was very much taken with Hawai'i, where he made several important contacts. While in Scotland he attempted to redeem the family portraits he had left with relatives for collateral, but to no avail; his relatives had no wish to part with them. Thomas's son William travelled with him, but chose to remain in California for a time. The New Zealand Cleghorn descendants believe that the lure of adventure led the young man to try his luck in the goldfields.

The historians of the United States branch of the Cleghorn family claim that Thomas Cleghorn was unhappy with the administration of New Zealand under the 'Whig' government. This was at a time when the country was under the administration of Governor Sir George Grey. Reading between the lines of reports published in Auckland newspapers suggests that there was a growing restlessness, or unease, to be detected in Thomas's activities. In 1849, for instance, he is recorded as attending a public meeting about emigration to California, displaying an interest that was apparently shared by other members of the family and taken up by them in later years. When Thomas had visited Hawai'i, King Kalakaua had been impressed with his imaginative descriptions of the possibilities for development of parkland in the Ainahau area of Waikiki, below Diamond Head. The King expressed himself keen to see these plans realised. Back in New Zealand, although both Cleghorn farms were highly productive, the national economy failed to thrive, and Thomas had suffered financially when his land claims were not endorsed. It is probable that his unsettled frame of mind was driven by his innate yearning to design and create public parklands. There was little indication that government monies would be made available in the immediate future to carry out the development plans for the land designated as public domains at Auckland. The major decision was reached that Thomas and Sarah would move on to Hawai'i where he would undertake the design and development of park lands at Honolulu for the King.

The younger Thomas, with his wife and two infants, returned to settle happily on the Epsom farm. Rose Anne's parents, Captain and Mrs William Powditch, lived on adjacent land at Roseville on land apparently subdivided from the Cleghorn farm. The Tamaki farm was offered for auction, but despite the glowing advertisements and its

excellent reputation, there was a dearth of buyers and the property did not sell readily. Though disappointed, Thomas held to his intention of leaving Auckland, and pressed ahead with his arrangements. At the last minute before his departure for Honolulu, a letter from John Watson Bain, Consul for the Kingdom of Hawai'i at Auckland, to R G Wylie, the Minister of Foreign Relations in Hawai'i, acknowledged that although Thomas Cleghorn, with the encouragement of the King, planned to settle in Hawai'i, there was now no guarantee given that he would be appointed to a governmental post as a 'scientific gardener' to introduce exotic plants. Nevertheless, when the British brig *Sisters*, commanded by Captain Clark, put out from Auckland for Honolulu on 15 March 1851, Thomas and his wife Sarah were aboard, with young Archie Cleghorn, now aged 16. Travelling with them were Sarah's sister and her son Thomas, aged three. The Marine Journal in the Hawai'ian paper, *Friend*, reports the arrival of the vessel at the Port of Honolulu on 17 June 1851 after a long voyage of fifty-five days.

Though the King had retained his fervent wish to see Ainahau developed, there was no immediate prospect of funds being available for this. For Thomas, as a victim of rheumatic disease, probably due to or at least exacerbated by exposure to the weather in his chosen occupation, and aware that he was not getting any younger, this would have been an acute disappointment. It was brought home to him that his ambitions to develop great parks were doomed to failure. The promises made variously at Edinburgh, Auckland and now Honolulu, were all wrecked on the tides of the economic crises of these various municipalities. Of necessity, Thomas entered the world of commerce to support his family, setting up a general mercantile business, while Mrs Cleghorn and her sister were appointed to teach at the Chiefs' School. In the following two years Thomas built up a fine reputation. He was esteemed as an intelligent, upright and Christian man. Then very suddenly, he was struck down by a heart attack on 24 September 1853 at the age of 54 years. It was reported that the last hour of his life had been spent attending a meeting at the Bethel (Methodist) Church. He did not at that time complain of illness, appearing as calm and cheerful as usual, but as he made his way home he was overcome by pain and weakness and obliged to call for help at a neighbour's home where he rested on a couch, and where he died about ten minutes later.

Thomas's widow, Sarah Cleghorn, with her sister and her sister's

little son, returned to New Zealand. Archibald Scott Cleghorn, the now eighteen-year-old youngest son of Thomas and Janet, elected to remain in Hawai'i where he was to enjoy a dramatic future. Trained in business as a clerk by his father, the young man continued Thomas's retail dry goods business, though under a bright new sign, 'A S Cleghorn and Co', in Nuuanu Street. Under his direction the company prospered, necessitating a move to more spacious premises at Queen Street, Honolulu. Later still Archibald expanded his business further, with branches on neighbouring islands.

Archibald Cleghorn has been recognised as being the first successful European to prosper in Hawai'i. His property and political interests grew and he became a wealthy merchant. In September 1870, aged 35 years, he married the nineteen-year-old Princess Miriam Likelike, of the Hawai'ian Royal Family, daughter of the King's sister. The young princess found herself stepmother to Rose, Helen and Annie, Archie's daughters from a previous relationship. During the honeymoon, which appears to have taken on more of the characteristics of a royal tour than a romantic holiday and was reported widely in Australian newspapers, the newlyweds visited first Sydney, then Auckland, where the princess was introduced to the family and acquaintances of her proud husband. Leading officials and other eminent persons paid great attention to the visit of Likelike and Archibald.

It was not until 16 October 1875 that the couple's only surviving child was born, a daughter who later became the heiress apparent to the Hawai'ian throne. Breaking from the tradition of adhering to family names, as he had for his first three daughters, Archie Cleghorn endowed this special child with the name 'Victoria' in honour of her royal Godmother, the British Queen Victoria. The fervent hope in the hearts of her parents, and indeed of the Hawai'ian royal family and the islanders themselves, was that this daughter would become queen. From birth little Vicky Cleghorn, who became known as Princess Ka'iulani, was carefully nurtured and groomed for the role of sovereign of Hawai'i.

Archibald Cleghorn had been appointed to the House of Nobles and later rose to be Governor of Hawai'i. He was the first president of the Queen's Hospital, a member of the Privy Council, the Board of Health, the Board of Prison inspectors, the Board of Immigration and the Collector General of Customs. In his recreational hours he was a member of the Masonic Lodge, and treasurer and later president of the

British (later the Pacific) Club. What would have pleased his father, though, was that he had inherited the latter's 'green thumbs'. After his marriage to Princess Likelike, Archibald turned the extensive grounds around his home in Emma Street into a beautiful park. Then he secured a block of land at Waikiki, a dry, dusty plain which he proceeded to turn into a virtual Garden of Eden. The use of artesian wells allowed the successful planting of date palms, hibiscus, mangos, tamarind, cinnamon, rubber trees, crotons (oil producing trees), and many other varieties. He laid out a Japanese garden and artificial lakes with rose-coloured lotus. Surrounding the house was sweet scented jasmine, and under this bright peacocks strutted.

His horticultural success led to Archibald's appointment as the first Park Commissioner, the post his late father had so keenly desired. The first park developed on spare public land was that in Emma Square, just behind St Andrew's Cathedral. Thomas Park followed, a focal point of which was a bandstand. The finance for this enterprise was provided by solicitation of funds from his friends. Although government funding was short, further work went ahead. King Kalakaua commissioned Archie Cleghorn to develop the grounds of the palace and the government buildings, taking special pride in the palace gates which he had designed. With the further assistance of friends, the Kawaiahao Church grounds were planted and enhanced. English skylarks were introduced from New Zealand. Charmian Kittredge London, widow of writer Jack London, noted in her memoirs the 'celestial carolling of these lovely flying organisms, the skylarks which our old friend Governor Cleghorn, now dead, first imported from New Zealand.' Among other projects, Makiki Park, and the grounds around Diamond Head Lighthouse were developed, and also the grounds of the Royal Mausoleum. Archibald Cleghorn was the driving force behind the development of the beautiful Kapiolani Park which opened in 1877, funded by members of the Agricultural Association. Thus Archie Cleghorn brought the dreams of his father, Thomas, to fruition.

Meanwhile, in her early years the little Vicky Cleghorn, or Princess Ka'iulani, who was to be groomed for the throne, was taught to read and write by her governess, Miss Barnes. At the age of seven her father gave her a white pony and she proved to be a natural horsewoman. A favourite place to play was her beloved banyan tree. At other times her flock of peacocks would come to be hand fed by the little girl. The

house was full of laughter and fun. Visitors, charmed by the vivacious Princess Likelike, Archie's wife, were drawn from far and near. One such was Robert Louis Stevenson who was enchanted with the young Princess and spent many hours in her company.

Misfortune overtook the family suddenly when Princess Likelike, at the age of 37, took to her bed and refused food. There were whispers of a powerful island curse. The princess simply turned her face to the wall. The weeks went by and her condition worsened. Eventually, on 2 February 1887, she died. Archibald Cleghorn realised that his daughter, now 'joint heir apparent' with her male cousin, should be well prepared for her anticipated role. He arranged for his daughter to attend an English school, to be educated and prepared for the time when she would take over the throne. On the eve of Ka'iulani's departure from Hawai'i, at age 13, Robert Louis Stevenson presented the princess with a poem written in her honour.

When King Kalakaua died in 1891, his Queen, Liliuokalani, became the reigning monarch. American influences were persistently brought to bear on the Royal Family which believed, rightly, that it was under threat from that quarter. In an endeavour to strengthen confidence and stability there was talk of an arranged marriage between the young princess and her cousin, Prince Alexander, who had earlier been regarded as the Crown Prince. There was also talk of a Japanese liaison. But Princess Ka'iulani, known to Hawai'ians as the 'Princess of the Peacocks', had a strong popular following and it was hoped that she would eventually be installed as Queen in her own right. She became heiress apparent to her aunt, Queen Liliuokalani.

In an 1895 commentary, the *Auckland Star* points out that Honolulu was a wonderfully advanced city with buildings the equal of anything in Auckland. It was well lit by electricity, and had a telephone system, free hospitals standing in beautiful grounds, and schools of trade and science. Ninety per cent of Hawai'ians were literate, a number far ahead of immigrants to their islands, including those from America.

After an eight year exile studying in England and on the Continent, Ka'iulani was deemed ready to take her place on the world stage. But political pressure had been building up in Hawai'i; the United States had long had its eye on the islands as a strategic base. At this time the greater proportion of inhabitants in the islands were foreigners, that is, of British, American, Chinese, Portuguese and other origins.

The Hawai'ian Cabinet followed a British style of government and was composed largely of foreign subjects, few of whom were American. Queen Liliuokalini desired to have greater Hawai'ian representation in the cabinet. While the United States resented British influence in the islands which they had long hoped to annex, Britain was supportive of the rights of the Hawai'ian people. Indeed, Liberal Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, assured Hawai'ian governmental officers that England and France would not allow annexation by the United States.

Rumours and scandals surrounding Ka'iulani's aunt, Queen Liliuokalani, were elaborated on by local Americans and used against the throne. In 1893 the Queen was deposed and replaced by a provisional government with annexation to the United States as its aim. There was bloodshed as loyal Hawai'ians clashed violently with government troops who were attempting to maintain order. Poised offshore, United States warships threatened with their presence. In January 1895 the Queen was placed under arrest and forced to sign a document of abdication. She acquiesced to stem the flow of blood. In 1896 Princess Ka'iulani travelled to Washington to fight for restoration of the throne and was enthusiastically acclaimed by the American press and public. She sought an audience with President Cleveland who was greatly impressed with the beauty and aristocratic bearing of this young woman. He spoke of his sympathy and support. Ka'iulani returned to England to complete her studies, but by August 1897 she could no longer endure her exile, and sailed home to the largest welcoming crowd ever assembled in Hawai'i. The fervent hope of the princess and her people was that she would assume her rightful role as Queen of Hawai'i. But hardliner President McKinley, despite the protests of both Hawai'i's hereditory rulers and the general population, signed the documents which enforced the transference of sovereignty to the United States on Annexation Day, 12 August 1898. There was worldwide condemnation of the action. Ex-President Cleveland stated that he was ashamed of the whole affair. For the majority of Hawai'ian residents, Annexation Day was not a time of celebration; it was rather a sad, bitter, heartbreaking event at which even the wives of the United States officials were seen to dab their eyes with handkerchiefs.

Immediately afterwards, the palace was ransacked by its new owners, who carried off treasures such as gilt mirrors, antique vases and Royal Family mementos with which to decorate their own homes.

Prevented from stepping into the role for which she had been so carefully trained, Princess Ka'iulani was heartbroken and depressed. She found the American regime in Hawai'i unbearable and took every opportunity to get away. In December 1898 while a guest at a friend's ranch on at outer island for a wedding, she was caught in a sudden rainstorm while riding with a group of friends. Although drenched, she galloped on into the storm saying, 'What does it matter, what have I got to live for?' She took a chill and fell ill. Her father, Archie Cleghorn, hurried to bring her back to Honolulu on a litter. The doctors diagnosed inflammatory rheumatism, complicated by ophthalmic goitre. They were puzzled by her lack of response to treatment. Investigation revealed that her heart had become affected by the fever. Then at 2am on Monday 6 March 1899, the islanders heard her pet peacocks screaming loudly and immediately knew that their beloved princess had died. Victoria Cleghorn, Princess Ka'iulani of Hawai'i was just 23 years old.

Victoria Cleghorn
Photo: V. Sherwood

Following the death of his daughter, Archibald Cleghorn led a less active life. He had remarried and raised another family of Cleghorn descendants. In 1910 he oversaw the re-interment of the remains of his

first wife, Princess Likelike, and of his daughter Princess Ka'iulani in crypts in the Royal Mausoleum. This event disturbed him noticeably, and later that same year he himself died of heart failure at Waikiki, on 1 November.

The Auckland Cleghorns had kept in close contact with their Hawai'ian relatives over these years, and several visits were made by younger family members to the islands. Thomas Davis and Rose Anne had continued to enjoy the farming lifestyle in Epsom until 1876, when a young employee, an Englishman named Edwin Packer, was found murdered on their farm. Six years following this event, in 1882, Hare Winiata, who had worked for the Cleghorns over several years and was a capable and trusted employee, was kidnapped in the King County and brought to Auckland where he was found guilty of the crime and hanged, though he declared his innocence to the last. It seems likely that the association of this distressing occurrence on the farm, and the subsequent trial, along with falling produce market prices, brought the family to the decision to move away from the area. The cold fact was that many town-fringe farms, reduced to offering their produce in the small Auckland market, struggled for financial survival. The sale of small parcels of land, as the town reached out to the suburbs, became inevitable as a necessary source of income.

The last remnant of the Cleghorn farmland at Epsom was offered for sale as residential lots in 1886. Thomas and Rose Anne moved to Richmond Road, Ponsonby. Thomas, a long-term member of the Mt Roskill Council, of necessity resigned from this position, but was elected to the Newton Borough Council on which he served for a number of years, retiring in 1891.

Although the Cleghorn name has disappeared from 'Cleghorn's Drive', a street at Three Kings, Cleghorn Avenue, remains as a reminder of the service given to that borough by Thomas Davis Cleghorn. Rose Anne died at Grey Lynn in 1904, aged 83, and Thomas Davis Cleghorn died two years later, aged 81. Both are buried in the family plot at St Andrew's, Epsom, the church in which they had married and attended for a lifetime.

New Zealand remains home to many Cleghorn descendants, though none bear the family name. William Cleghorn, son of Thomas Davis and Rose Anne, was buried at St Andrew's in 1940, and was the last Auckland Cleghorn of their line to carry the name. To this day there

are several Cleghorn descendants living in Australia, Hawai'i and California, where family ties drew several members who, in successive generations, have proved to be highly successful citizens.

An impressive display featuring the Hawai'ian branch of the Cleghorn family is exhibited prominently at the Bernice Bishop Museum in Honolulu.

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Thomas Sheridan: prisoner of war

By Josephine Power

Tom, his parents John and Christina and sister Nora, lived at No. 19 Woodside Road Mt Eden from 1924. They were the third owners of a house built in 1910. Their home was a beautiful, single fronted bay windowed villa set on the western side of their 748 metre^2 property. A typical villa with wide hallway running front to back, the back of the house was north facing—the wash house, as was common, containing double wooden tubs and a copper. The wood of the tubs had worn smooth over the years. The toilet was in a small shed outside.

The eastern side of their property housed the chicken run and a vegetable garden, and two grapefruit trees dominated the front garden area. Amongst other trees an old Meyer lemon and a persimmon tree flourished in the north facing back garden. When the time came for Nora to marry, Tom's parents subdivided the property straight down the middle. The chicken run and vegetable garden were removed and a smart new house—in California bungalow style—was built for Nora and her new husband. This style of house was modern, complete with wooden shingles, beam and plaster ceilings, wooden seated bays with leadlight casement windows, and timber panelled hallway.

The house, which was built for Nora and her new husband, became No. 17 Woodside Road, and in 1978 my husband and I purchased it for the princely sum of $27,000. (The 2011 valuation has put it at $1,180,000.) We were such proud owners of our first home, in which we were to live and raise our family of two daughters, Hanna and Sophie, and son Rory for nearly 30 years.

Tom's father died in 1957, aged 88, and his mother followed in 1962, aged 91. The house was left in undivided third shares to their three children—Jeanie McKenzie, Nora Gollop and Thomas Sheridan—and in 1970 Tom became the sole owner. Nora was then living in Parnell. Tom purchased one of the home units at No. 21 Woodside Road and in 1974 sold his old home to the Hansen family, Rod and Penny, newly returned from their overseas travels with their boys Tim and Keir. Wilfred was born after they moved in. Once again the villa at No 19 became a happy and fully occupied family home.

In the late 1970s I was at home with our first child Hanna, and got

to know Tom quite well. I had noticed that he would always take a walk each day, sometimes twice a day, well dressed in his brown, fine striped, double breasted suit (slightly out of fashion by this time) but nevertheless very smartly turned out, shiny shoes, a hat and his briefcase. Tom would walk up to the dairy at the top of the road where Joanne would make him a freshly sliced ham sandwich and Tom bought his daily newspaper. At that time, dairy owners would have a large ham on the slicer ready to make fresh sandwiches on request. Tom would politely doff his hat to me when he walked by my gate.

Neighbours would often comment on Tom and his daily constitutional—little did we know the reason for this. Many neighbours took a liking to his quiet gentlemanly ways and I can remember Penny from No. 19 making him fresh barley water, sandwiches and home-made vegetable soup when he was unwell.

Tom, ever the gentleman and immaculately turned out, spent more and more time talking at my gate, patting the head of our now chatty, blond haired, blue-eyed two-year-old daughter Hanna. When she called his name down the street Tom appeared quite chuffed and responded with a huge smile. One day he told me his story . . .

For the Sheridan family their world would change dramatically with the declaration of World War II.

Tom (born 10 October 1907) was then aged 32, and worked as a foreman /steelworker at D Mount Ltd in Newmarket. He was also a wireless operator. A pleasant looking young man of average height and fair complexion who kept himself very fit, Tom walked to work from Woodside Road on a daily basis.

He volunteered for active service overseas on 27 December 1939 and embarked on 1 May 1940 on the troopship *Empress of Britain*, formerly a passenger liner. I'm sure it was a time of mixed emotions for his family. In January 1942 Tom was declared 'Missing in Action'. In March it was found that Tom was indeed alive and a prisoner of war in Italy. By the beginning of 1944 Tom had been transferred to a POW camp in Germany—STALAG 344.

In those days his parents would have been notified by telegram that Tom was 'missing in action', a terrible time in any parents' lives—their only son missing! Some weeks went by before his family was to know what had become of their beloved son and brother. They must have just lived for news, any news.

Tom related to me how one neighbour, who lived at No. 15 Woodside Road, owned a home-made crystal radio set and late one night in March of 1942, whilst listening to an overseas service, he heard Tom's name read out as a POW! The neighbour excitedly rushed down the street in the dark, and banging on Tom's parents door at No. 19 yelled, 'Tom's alive, Tom's alive!' I can only begin to imagine the joy his family must have felt.

Tom was a POW from 10 January 1942 to 12 May 1945, and finally returned home in November 1945. He was reported as having a 'good attitude'. He told me he returned to a big bank balance—money accumulated whilst a POW—he had enough money to do anything but the only thing he wanted to do was to go to work and work hard: to be occupied and have something to do each day. His days as a POW had been ones of mindless boredom and now he just wanted to work and occupy his mind as much as possible.

As for all prisoners, life was very harsh, letters and parcels from home few and far between. Those letters in themselves must have been so difficult for the families to write and even harder for prisoners to write back to their families. It wasn't as if you could say you went for a walk, or had a drink at the pub with a friend, saw a film, or met a nice young woman. Nor could you comment about delicious food. According to many accounts, POW life was extremely difficult both physically and mentally.

Tom told me that his young friends, upon his return said, 'Take a holiday Tom, you have the money', but the only thing Tom wanted to do was to keep himself occupied. And this he did, getting himself into a good pattern of hard work. He didn't enjoy holidays as he found that being inactive made his mind wander back to the harsh times in the POW camps, and caused him distress. He enjoyed the long hours of work and a good routine. His daily walk to D Mount Ltd in Newmarket continued into his retirement. He would also walk to his sister Nora Gollop's home in Parnell for lunch. Nora would send Tom home with leftovers for his tea.

Tom lived a long and happy life, working hard, never marrying, nor having a family, but he was always very affable and friendly, and when you got him talking, very interesting. He became unwell in his later years after suffering a stroke. I visited him in Greenlane Hospital, (now the Greenlane Clinical Centre) reassuring him that he would be home

soon. Upon leaving I bent to kiss his cheek and he whispered to me—'Gotta get a routine, gotta get a routine.' This was how Tom, a young man thousands of miles away from family, friends and home, survived the harsh and cruel conditions as a POW.

RIP Tom Sheridan No. 307128—Died 2.11.1983,
late of 19 Woodside Road, Mt Eden.

The 1984 Queen Street riot

By Reay & Jeanette Grant

'The "Thank God, it's over" concert took place [from 4pm] on 7 December 1984 at Auckland's Aotea Centre. Promoted as a summer celebration of the end of the academic year, this free event was to feature performances by top local bands Herbs, DD Smash and The Mockers. After the set by Herbs and shortly after DD Smash took the stage, the power went off. While waiting for it to be restored, some of the 10,000-strong audience started throwing bottles at police. There were a few arrests, and more police arrived, outfitted in riot gear. Damage caused was in excess of $1 million. The government ordered a commission of inquiry to investigate what had happened. [Dave Dobbyn was charged with inciting the riot, but he was eventually cleared of all charges.]' — *NZ History online*

The following account was written by my 16-year-old son Reay Grant, as soon as he managed to get home from what should have been a quiet evening in town with friends at the end of the school year. Reay had gone in on the bus in the late afternoon and about 9pm we had a phone call from one friend's mother to ask if he was all right. We had had no idea until then that there was a problem of any kind and we spent a very worried few hours until he made it home safely. He and his friends had to walk all the way from town as the buses were not running.

As I discovered the following day, an 18-year-old nephew from Taupaki had also been in town and was actually sitting in the bus in Victoria Street waiting to go home when the trouble erupted. There was no way the bus could leave, so the driver locked the doors and asked the passengers to sit on the floor so it looked empty. They sat there for over an hour, uncomfortable but unharmed, until the bus was able to depart.

Reay was very shocked by what he had seen, and wrote this brief account while it was still fresh in his mind.

Jeanette Grant

Arrived at Venue at around 7pm. Venue was closed so I walked down to Aotea Square to listen to the free concert and meet Simon and David down there. Listened to the concert till about 7.30. Saw about 30 or so police on the right side of the road being abused by people on the other side. (Eggs, cans and shoes flying.)

Riot police arrived and tried to close down Queen St, but only succeeded in stirring up a riot—*you couldn't get away from Queen St because the police would force you back into the middle.*

Those who caused the riot had apparently already left so virtually the only people being pushed around were bystanders. Most people were just watching. I saw one man with several of his children. When he saw the riot police charging towards him, he left the children and ran! I saw one of them later with a badly cut leg.

I managed to get around the riot by walking around a long block and helped some guy fix his car before the police moved down to that end. Saw shop windows being broken and cameras etc being souvenired. All buses had apparently been stopped (ie along Queen St and Symonds St) so it would have been difficult for some people to get home.

The main impression I got was that if the riot police hadn't arrived, very little would have happened, as most of the abuse was centred around them, and the bottles were only being thrown at them. They didn't succeed in stopping the riot anyway.

Reay Grant

Jean Batten living in Epsom

By Valerie Sherwood

Jean Batten
Photo: *Wikipedia*

The biography *Jean Batten: the Garbo of the Skies* by Ian Mackersey of Epsom, a writer and documentary maker, reveals that the aviatrix lived in Epsom at one time. The period of interest is early 1919 to late 1920, in the years when she was aged ten and eleven.

Jean's father, Frederick, returned from World War I a month before the armistice, and early in 1919 the family moved out of the shabby flat in Devonport which had been their home, and into a rented house at 5 Bracken Avenue in Epsom. An important convenience was that a good bus service along Manukau Road afforded Fred easy access to the city, where he re-established his dental practice. Maori patients would travel a considerable distance to be treated by a dentist who shared their heritage. Jean's mother, Ellen, assisted her husband in the role of dental nurse/receptionist.

These would appear to have been important formative years for Jean, who recorded in her diary that she would ride as a pillion passenger on her father's motor cycle into the Waitakere Ranges. 'Through this I first discovered the intoxicating effect that speed had on me.' She went on to write that with the wind tearing through her hair and the breath blown back into her nostrils, she experienced a wonderful feeling of exhilaration. On the mud tracks of the Waitakeres Jean, aged 10 years, had her first navigation lessons, using her father's prismatic compass and maps. He would challenge her to pinpoint their position and then tell him how to return home. Her father told his wife that Jean had a good flair for map reading and a sense of direction—almost a 'sixth sense'.

At the same time her mother Ellen had a library of books, with a strong bias towards travel and biographies of heroes and explorers, which were eagerly read by Jean. Favourites were stories about Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale, and also her brother's Boy Scout manual from which she taught herself the semaphore code. Rather than traditional feminine role-modelling, her mother encouraged her to follow conventionally male pursuits and interests. Ellen had earlier gone out of her way to take her daughter to Kohimarama to watch the flying boats of NZ's first flying school, and in 1919 showed her the newspaper stories of the first non-stop crossing of the Atlantic by Alcock Brown, and later, the story of the first flight from England to Australia by the Australian brothers Ross and Keith Smith. Returning to the flying school with her brothers Harold and John, the young Jean had been invited to climb upon the shoulders of a pilot so that she could gaze around the cockpit at the deep metal seat, the rudder bar, the control column and the round dials of the few instruments. 'Had I but known it,' she wrote, 'I was looking at the pattern of my own future.'

Although Jean's life at this time was apparently full of interest and activities, stresses within the family would not be have been conducive to a happy situation. Her brother John, when commenting on his parents' marriage, said there was a fundamental incompatibilty between Fred and Ellen. "Mother was a bit of a gypsy in spirit—a very beautiful, very thwarted woman who should have been an actress—she was definitely theatrical in temperament. Dad, on the other hand, was the good looking, good physique, phlegmatic, easy-going man married to a temperamental woman who was always striving to do something with her life—things that women just didn't do in those days. Which is why, I believe, she eventually had to live out her hopes and ambitions through Jean."

When the Battens' marriage broke up, Ellen walked out of the Epsom home taking Jean to live at Howick. Fred went, with his son John, to live next door to his dental practice in Queen Street. Son Harold had left home previously.

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A 2012 critical review of the evidence in regard to 'New Zealand's First Stone House', 753 Mt Eden Road

By Martin Thomas

This article is a response to John Stacpoole's address on Stone Houses published in the first edition of Prospect. *It is best read in conjunction with p.p. 27–28 of that article. (Bibliographical references are shown in parentheses.)*

Introduction

I first became aware of the existence of the old stone house at 753 Mt Eden Road when I was growing up in rural Waikato. The stone house was for sale in 1974, and there was an article in the *New Zealand Herald* featuring it because of its historical interest ('Coldicutt House 1974'). My mother showed me the picture that accompanied the article and told me that this was the house that her grandmother had grown up in when she was young. Her grandmother was Esther Coldicutt, and Esther's parents were William and Sarah Coldicutt.

Descendants of William and Sarah Coldicutt, down through seven issuing branches of the family, have always known that it was William Coldicutt (1807–62) who had built the house (Rasmussen 1992) and a family celebration was held to mark 150 years since the Coldicutt family arrived in New Zealand. Several hundred descendants attended, and many walked from the festivities in the church hall down Watling Street to visit the embellished Georgian-styled stone house at 753 Mt Eden Road that their common ancestor had built.

A historically recent controversy

Since first learning of that stone house I have had an interest in stone houses. So, when I recently came across reference to an article on the stone houses of Epsom and Mt Eden on the internet (The Epsom and Eden District Historical Society Incorporated n.d.), I was very interested to read what it had to say.

The article was the text of an address by John Stacpoole as presented to The Epsom and Eden Historical Society in 2001 (Stacpoole 2002). It

New Zealand's first stone house, 753 Mt Eden Road
Photo: Jeanette Grant, 2012

was a very interesting and informative article. But I was very surprised to read that, according to Stacpoole, someone named Murdoch Welch had claimed that his grandfather[1] Donald Sinclair had built the very same stone house sometime around the year 1863, and that Stacpoole had believed him. This made no sense to me at all. The implication of this was clear—if Welch's claim was true, the stone house could never have been the Coldicutts' stone house, as that date was after William Coldicutt had died.

I was also surprised that Stacpoole suggested that William Coldicutt was still living in a raupo house at the time of his death. That statement, if true, would have implied that the Coldicutt family had been living in a raupo house for no less than two decades, initially with up to ten family members, as they had eight children. Again, this made no sense.

This presented a real conundrum. How could John Stacpoole have got this wrong? Or else, how could the members of different branches of the Coldicutt family all have got it so wrong for more than a century-and-a-half?

Since reading that article I felt obliged to better research the matter

and to shed a clearer light, based on evidence and good information, on who actually did build the stone house at 753 Mt Eden Road, and when. As family members we knew it was William Coldicutt's house, but now it seemed we needed to objectively prove what we already knew.

Unfortunately, there is no original documentation making specific reference to the construction of the stone house at 753 Mt Eden Road, thus causing it to be referred to by the Mt Eden Borough Council in 1974 as 'the house that isn't there' ('Records Show No Trace' 1974). However, lack of official documentation from the 1840s does not imply that the house did not exist then. In fact, it is more likely to be the evidence that the house was built in the 1840s, before official systems had become fully embedded.[2]

The research task then required a combination of reviewing the facts: identifying the origin, timing and credibility of recorded comments, and reviewing interpretations that had been made by others based on these.

I first studied the text of John Stacpoole's article and compared this with research notes prepared by Jack Diamond for the NZ Historic Places Trust (Diamond 1974), and I believe the latter document to have been the primary source of Stacpoole's information.[3] However, Diamond's notes are inconclusive whereas Stacpoole's more recent address statements are not.[4] What I found was that an erroneous conclusion had been made, based on presentation of both incorrect and partial evidence.

Facts re-examined

Despite the Diamond source, which is generally well researched, some errors of fact have crept in between Diamond's research notes and Stacpoole's address article. Stacpoole had stated that 'William Coldicutt came out [to NZ] in 1844 in the *Osprey*'. The *Osprey* actually arrived in New Zealand with the Coldicutt family aboard on 7 May 1842, two years earlier, as part of the early Manukau Company venture at Cornwallis (Scott 1979).

Stacpoole also states that William Coldicutt 'bought in 1845 the property on Mt Eden Road'. However, William Coldicutt had signed the deed of purchase on 11 January 1844 and ownership transferred to him on 18 June 1844 (Rasmussen 1992). This is significant, as 1844 is also the year set in the lintel above the front door of the stone house at

753 Mt Eden Road. By incorrectly stating that Coldicutt bought the property *after* the date set above the door, Stacpoole misguidedly casts doubt on the credibility of that date as being the valid construction date.

Stacpoole also notes that 'Coldicutt is described in electoral rolls of the 1850s as occupying a raupo house', and, 'Curiously William Coldicutt was listed at Cabbage Tree Road in 1855'. What he probably was not aware of was that William Coldicutt's eldest son was also named William Coldicutt and that he was married on 23 May 1855 (Rasmussen 1992). It would seem that William Coldicutt *the son* was very likely to have been the one to have been living in the raupo house on Cabbage Tree Road.[5]

The confirmation of William Coldicutt the father's correct address is that all the family public announcements (weddings and deaths) in newspapers of the period refer to his residence as being at Manuka Grove—that is, at 753 Mt Eden Road. Not one family announcement refers to Cabbage Tree Road in respect of William Coldicutt.

Now to Welch's claims. There is one very significant fact, the relevance of which appears to have been completely overlooked by both Jack Diamond and John Stacpoole—perhaps because neither had researched it further. The date of c.1863, when Welch asserted that Sinclair built the house at 753 Mt Eden Road, was during the period that followed William Coldicutt's death on 30 October 1862. That was precisely during the two year period when the property was under the control of the trustees of his deceased estate. The property at 753 Mt Eden Road was not sold by the trustees to a George Nairn until October 1864 (Diamond 1974), and it reverted to them in 1868.[6]

The point being overlooked here is that it is inconceivable that trustees of a deceased estate would commission work to commence on the construction of any new house. Alternatively, if the house was to have been built *after* this period of trustee control it would have clashed with the time period when Sinclair was claimed by Welch to have been constructing Upperhampton Villa at 710 Mt Eden Road. Also, it could not have been built by Sinclair *before* this time, as he had not then arrived in New Zealand.

A lesser point, not unrelated but still worth considering, is that the two stone houses—the one at 710 Mt Eden Road and the other at 753 Mt Eden Road—are built in completely different styles. They are, I

believe, unlikely to have been built by the same stonemason in the same time period as had been claimed by Welch.

In Stacpoole's own observation the stone house at 710 Mt Eden Road is 'a very plain house, not a pretty house at all' while on the other hand the stone house at 753 Mt Eden Road 'is both more traditional and better proportioned': the former with a Regency-style influence; the latter vernacular Georgian.[7]

Analysis of historically recorded statements

Over the last one-and-a-half centuries there have been many newspaper articles published in reference to Coldicutt's stone house at 753 Mt Eden Road. In fact, it had become referred to over the years as the 'Coldicutt House'.[8] To my knowledge there has never been any published mention of Donald Sinclair in connection with 753 Mt Eden Road prior to a self-promoting letter to the editor of the *New Zealand Herald* by Donald Sinclair's granddaughter in March 1974 (Brown 1974)—certainly none to which Welch had been able to point (Diamond 1974), and none that I have been able to locate without any leads.

The earliest of the known newspaper articles appeared in the *Auckland Star* Saturday 8 May 1909 on the sixty-seventh anniversary of the arrival of the *Osprey*. The article appears to have been written by Henry Brett, historian, journalist and newspaper proprietor ('A Leaf of History—of which the Schooner *Osprey* was a part—Anno Domini 1842' 1909). Much, but not all, of the article was based on information sourced from a manuscript written in a school exercise book by Philip Cooper the ship carpenter's assistant on the *Osprey*[9] (Cooper c.1892). The relevant text reads:

> Not less interesting is it to know that Mr. W. Coldicutt superintended the building of the first brick [sic] house erected in New Zealand, which is still to be seen near the Three Kings by those interested in the early history of things in Auckland.

A letter to the editor by one of William Coldicutt's many granddaughters[10] in the Monday edition of the *Star* two days later on 10 May 1909 corrected the error, 'The house that Mr William Coldicutt had built was of stone, not of brick.'

Brett's article also contained another factual error in the statement: '. . . the sole survivor of that voyage [of the *Osprey*], Mr. J. Coldicutt . . .'.

There were actually three members of the Coldicutt family that had arrived on the *Osprey* who were still alive and living in Auckland when the *Star* article was published in 1909, and who had all grown up in the stone house[11] (Rasmussen 1992). This error was also corrected in the same letter to the editor by the unknown granddaughter.

An important point to note here is that none of the *Star*'s readership, including Donald Sinclair or his relatives,[12] at that time, was moved to 'correct' either of the following assertions had they been wrong: that the house was the *first* brick (stone) house erected in New Zealand, and that it was W. Coldicutt who superintended the building of the house.

The reason this is significant is that the comments went to print and were widely circulated via the *Auckland Star* among a population for whom the existence (or not) of the local landmark house would have been within their living memories. As there is a two decade discrepancy between the claimed construction dates of c.1844 and c.1863 the truth, or falsity, of the public statements would have been fairly easy to spot by people who'd lived in the Epsom area during the mid-1840s to the mid-1860s (the article's publication being only 46 years after 1863). There did not appear to be any outcry.

Diamond had surmised that the preceding 1909 comments reported in the *Star* had originated from annotated comments by 'S.C.' on Philip Cooper's manuscript. He then appeared to have discounted all subsequent published comments on this basis—probably without having fully understood who 'S.C.' was, beyond simply identifying that it was an 'S. Coldicutt' (of which there were no fewer than eight related possibilities at that time).

My research shows that Diamond's assumption about the timing of the annotation is also not correct. The handwritten comments by 'S.C.' which read:

> Mr Wm. C. built his residence in stone on his farm Manuka Grove in the early 1840's. It is now known as No. 753 Mt. Eden Road.

were dated 14 November 1939—thirty years after the *Star* article was published.

So, who was the 'S. Coldicutt' who made the 1939 annotation? He was identifiably Sydney Coldicutt, a grandson of William Coldicutt. He was also the son of Job Coldicutt,[13] who was the youngest member of the Coldicutt family to have travelled to New Zealand aboard the

Osprey (Rasmussen 1992). Therefore, Sydney was a credible source information as his father, Job, had grown up in the stone house from the age of about five to seven until he left home.[14] Job would clearly have been the primary source of the information contained in 'S. Coldicutt's' annotation.

Further, the statements made in the lengthy 1909 *Star* article seem unlikely to have been written by Sydney Coldicutt, as had been conjectured by Diamond, as the article contained some fundamental errors relating to the non-existence of his uncle and aunt, which it is hard to imagine any nephew could have made. As stated already, the article appeared to have been written by historian/journalist Henry Brett,[15] later Sir Henry Brett.

Sydney Coldicutt was also a member of the official 'Early Settlers and Descendants Sub-Committee' of the Auckland Provincial Centennial Council.[16] The Auckland Provincial Centennial Council prepared official publications to mark the centenary of the Treaty of Waitangi[17] (Members of the Early Settlers and Descendants Sub-Committee 1940). Clearly, Sydney Coldicut was a respected member of the Early Settlers community at that time and would well have known the factual detail of the stone house at 753 Mt Eden Road.

There are also several more newspaper articles that refer to the Coldicutt stone house during the first century of its existence. All are lengthy articles focusing on the 1841–42 voyage of the *Osprey* and include a brief statement on William Coldicutt's stone house. One was published in 1941 and appears as a clipping in one of the Finn Scrapbooks held at the Auckland Museum Library (Finn Scrapbook n.d.).What newspaper it is taken from is not identified, but the date is quite explicit: the ninety-ninth anniversary of the arrival of the *Osprey*—which therefore pinpoints a publication date of 7 May 1941.[18] The article concludes:

> Mr. W. Coldicutt took up a farm near Three Kings, in Auckland, and called it Manuka Grove. The stone house, which he built, still stands at 753 Mt Eden Road, and is a well-known landmark in that suburb.

S. Coldicutt is also referenced in this article as being William Coldicutt's grandson.

Two other articles were published a year later on the centenary of the

arrival of the *Osprey* on 6 May 1942. One was published in the *Auckland Star* ('Historic Voyage: Schooner Osprey—One Hundred Years Ago' 1942). The other was published in both the *New Zealand Herald* and the *Daily Southern Cross* ('Early Settlers—Osprey's Company—Centenary of Arrival' 1942).

The *Herald* article stated, under a subheading 'Stone House Survives', the following:

> One permanent landmark resulting from the arrival of the *Osprey* is the stone house at 753 Mt Eden Road, the first stone house erected in New Zealand. This was built by Mr. W. Coldicutt, who took up a farm at Three Kings which he called Manuka Grove. One of his grandsons, Mr. S. Coldicutt, has been associated for over 30 years with the Auckland Old Colonists' Association, of which he is the secretary.

There was undoubtedly a good measure of self-promotion by Sydney Coldicutt. This was due in part, I believe, to the fact that formal celebrations of Auckland's Early Settlers had tended to either under-acknowledge or overlook completely the settlers of the Manukau Company venture whose arrival had preceded the passengers of the celebrated Auckland's 'First Fleet' of the *Duchess of Argyle* and the *Jane Gifford* ('Pioneer Colonists—The Jubilee Gathering—A Brilliant Success' 1892).

There were clearly politics at play during that period, more important apparently than historical precedent. I believe that this was the context in which Philip Cooper's manuscript on the voyages of the *Osprey* and *Louisa Campbell* was originally written[19] and perhaps why Brett's article appeared in 1909 on the sixty-seventh anniversary of their arrival (an unusual number of years after the event).

Political suppression may finally have come to a head with a changing of the guard at the Old Colonists' Association, or it may have been the recent passing of Philip Cooper. Or perhaps it was because John McLachlan had died in 1909 and had willed the ex Manukau Company land at Cornwallis to the city of Auckland to become the regional park it is today. The reason for publication in this particular year is not made explicit in the article. But politics and self-promotion do not change the reality of historical fact.

Contrary to both Diamond and Stacpoole's view, it is of little

relevance whether the various newspaper articles had S. Coldicutt as a common source or not, as the 'common source' speculation, even if true, certainly does not invalidate the truth of the statements made. As mentioned, Sydney Coldicutt was a member of the Early Settlers & Descendants Association and a most credible source of information in reporting on his own father's direct experience.

In the absence of being able to locate a defining official document the real issue lies with both the credibility of the sources of information, and the multiple opportunities for critical scrutiny by members of the general public in regard to widely circulated statements made at a time closest to the events described.

Interpretations reconsidered

Stacpoole stated that the date of 1844 impressed above the door of 753 Mt Eden Road was placed there by a more recent owner, John Waldie,[20] sometime after 1959. This may well be so, as embellishments were certainly made to the house at this time, but again that does not imply that the date of 1844 is incorrect.

John Waldie was a well known Auckland antique collector and dealer (Fenwick 1970). It might be expected that he would have researched and been sensitive to historical accuracy if he was the one to have added a permanent date to the stone house more than a century after the fact.[21]

As stated earlier, 1844 was verifiably the year that William Coldicutt bought the property at 753 Mt Eden Road, documented by the sale and purchase agreement. That date would also be consistent with the claim that the construction of that stone house was the first stone house to have been built in New Zealand.[22] Had it been built in the 1860s, rather than the 1840s, it certainly could never have been considered to be the first stone house in New Zealand, as had been reported in the *Star* in 1909.

Further, a piece of 'missing' information that seems to have unduly bothered and influenced Jack Diamond, and consequently John Stacpoole, thus providing superficial credibility to Welch's assertions, was that William Coldicutt had not specifically mentioned the stone house in his will.

However this can be very simply explained. William Coldicutt's will made reference to 'real estate' to be sold for mortgage investment

and distribution of interest to the beneficiaries. The term 'real estate' then as now, includes both land and buildings. And, the real estate to be sold was explicitly expected to realise far in excess of £1000[23], most likely also well in excess of £2000. The real estate of the will included properties at 753 Mt Eden Road, 710 Mt Eden Road, and two smaller properties at unidentified locations. As an indicator, in 1862 £2000 was rather a large sum of money (in the order of $2m by today's standards) and signposts that not all the land was bare land, but rather that the improvements were considerably more substantial than just a raupo house. The only improvement known to have existed on any of the properties in 1862 was the stone house at 753 Mt Eden Road.

It is also particularly worthy of note that there was not ever specific mention of the stone house in documents relating to any subsequent owners of 753 Mt Eden Road either ('Records Show No Trace' 1974), yet the stone house is indisputably still there. Clearly, this is absolute proof that not to have mentioned the existence of the stone house is not evidence that the stone house did not exist, as both Diamond and Stacpoole had allowed.

By complete contrast, neither Diamond nor Stacpoole point to either any objective or publicly verifiable evidence in support of Welch's claims (that it was Donald Sinclair that had built the house) other than Murdoch Welch's own 1960s unverifiable captions in his family albums.

Discrepancies reconciled

Two questions still remain. How could both Jack Diamond, a respected West Auckland historian, and John Stacpoole, a respected NZ architectural historian, have been mistaken? And why did Murdoch Welch believe that his great-uncle Donald Sinclair had built the house at 753 Mt Eden Road, in the first place?

I believe the answer to the first question was due to a combination of factors. First, there were some pertinent errors of fact inadvertently made by John Stacpoole in his article. Second, there was an absence of the availability of certain critical pieces of information, mainly comprising verifiable facts contained within Coldicutt genealogical records, which were not available to Jack Diamond at the time he compiled his research in the 1970s (and which clearly had not been

more closely researched by John Stacpoole when he put together his address in 2001).

And thirdly, too much weight had been placed on either irrelevant information or misinformation. At the same time, the relevance of other more significant information had been overlooked. This was possibly due to the influence of Welch's proactive personal contact with Jack Diamond in March 1974,[24] and especially, the impact of his four impressively well-presented family photo albums.[25]

In respect of the second question as to why Welch claimed that Sinclair had built 753 Mt Eden Road, it is possible that Sinclair built Upperhampton Villa[26] at 710 Mt Eden Road, although I have not researched this. Welch had apparently learned through his research that Donald Sinclair had built a 1½-storey stone house shortly after arriving in New Zealand in 1863. And Welch's second cousin, Sinclair's granddaughter, had mistakenly believed that Donald Sinclair had owned the stone house at 753 Mt Eden Road,[27] having 'built it for his bride' (Brown 1974). However, during this period the property was verifiably owned by George Nairn until 1868, since being sold to him by the trustees of William Coldicutt's deceased estate in 1864 (Diamond 1974).

It is of course possible that Sinclair had built some other 1½-storey stone house, perhaps in Eden Terrace (where there is evidence he was living), that had since fallen victim to the developer's bulldozer.

Clearly, under scrutiny, the weight of evidence and other information that exists points to William Coldicutt either having built or superintended the building of the stone house at 753 Mt Eden Road late in, or soon after, 1844. The stone house was certainly completed prior to 1849, as Esther Coldicutt and her husband Reuben Stokes were known within our branch of the family[28] to have lived at home (in the stone house) for some time after they were married (Stokes 1995),[29] probably on account of Esther's young age. They were married in Epsom in 1849 when Esther was barely 16 years old.

On the other hand, it is absolutely certain that Sinclair could not possibly have built the house in or about 1863, as had been claimed by Welch. The trustees of a deceased estate would never have been a stonemason's client. At least Welch's claims have ensured that the research in respect of 'New Zealand's first stone house' has been more rigorously conducted than at any time in the past half century.

Conclusion

The presentation of verifiable evidence and other credible information appears to be unbalanced. To rely only on captions in family photo albums that are based on non-specific statements without official documentary support, as in Welch's case in regard to Donald Sinclair, can lead to problematic interpretations. It is problematic, too, that Welch's insistence[30] had caused amendments to be made to official records in the 1970s to have Donald Sinclair's name noted as the builder of the stone house at 753 Mt Eden Road, and also to have the same recorded with the Historic Places Trust ('Auckland Scrapbook 1973–74').[31]

Based on extensive documentary evidence, which any reader is at liberty to check, it is clear that the origin of the stone house at 753 Mt Eden Road remains as it always had been, the Coldicutts' Stone House at Manuka Grove farm. This house has been known as 'Blink Bonnie'[32] since being named by John Waldie in the 1960s. The date of the original construction is perhaps a little less certain, but it was clearly in the mid-1840s, somewhere between 1844 and 1848—and more probably built across the period 1844–46—with the Coldicutt family living in a raupo house on site while the stone house was under construction.

John Stacpoole concluded his address by cautioning, 'Don't just believe what you are casually told about them [stone houses] but check the facts.' Having checked the facts, and carefully reviewed the available information, I agree on that point.

To put it simply, if William Coldicutt owned the stone house at 753 Mt Eden Road, as we in the family know he did, then Donald Sinclair certainly did not build it as he had not even arrived in New Zealand prior to William Coldicutt's death.

Interested readers are invited to study the referenced material, consider the various salient points and form their own judgements as to the truth of the matter.

The author would appreciate hearing from anyone reading this article with further new evidence of any sort. <martinthomas@xtra.co.nz>

Sources

1. Welch stated that it was his great uncle (P'toe man reveals history of 'house that isn't there' 1974).
2. This is a very rare example, as other houses built in the 1840s (but not of stone) would simply no longer exist in order to provide concrete evidence that their documentation also did not exist.
3. I hold a photocopy of J.T. Diamond's notes with John Stacpoole's name handwritten on them.
4. 'Well, we believe him [Welch] that his forebears built the houses [710 & 753 Mt Eden Rd] and may have occupied them under construction and shortly afterwards . . . .' (Stacpoole 2002).
5. The modern day Sandringham Road was named Cabbage Tree Swamp Road during this time period, and perhaps this was the road referred to rather than Broadway as Stacpoole suggests.
6. Probably due to failed mortgage repayments.
7. Historically, Regency style came at the end of the Georgian period.
8. It has never been known as the Sinclair House (only by the names of some of the subsequent owners e.g. Joughin House and Waldie House).
9. It was believed by Diamond that Philip Cooper wrote his manuscript about 1860. However, because Cooper specifically refers to 'the famous Tichborne case', the case must have been well in the news and connected with the *Osprey* prior the time of writing, which would place the date no earlier than 1875, but more probably sometime after the article in the *Auckland Star* on 19 November 1884 ('The Tichborne Case' 1884). I believe it was most likely written as a response to being under-acknowledged in the 50th Jubilee Celebrations during 1892 where the focus was on the 'first' settlers who arrived on the *Jane Gifford* and the *Duchess of Argyle*—there was no mention of the *Brilliant*, the *Osprey* and the *Louisa Campbell* which had all arrived in New Zealand before the acknowledged First Fleet had even departed England's shores (McCarthy 1978).
10. Which granddaughter it was who wrote to the editor is not identifiable—William and Sarah Coldicutt had 53 grandchildren.
11. Charles Coldicutt 77yrs, Mrs Sarah Lawrence (née Coldicutt) 75yrs, and Job Coldicutt 71yrs.
12. It is to be noted that the Sinclair family was claimed to have moved away from Auckland, to buy a farm at Kauri, in 1868.
13. Two of Sydney Coldicutt's younger brothers were Dr Claude Coldicutt, a well known Auckland medical advisor, and Norman Coldicutt, an Auckland surgeon dentist.
14. Job Coldicutt had not married when his father William Coldicutt died in 1862.
15. Author of such historical publications as 'Brett's Auckland Almanac', 'Brett's Colonists Guide', 'White Wings', and 'The Albert-landers', among others.
16. The Early Settlers and Descendants Sub-committee members included a number of recognisable names: Mr J. B. Johnston (Chairman), Mesdames A. Kidd, A. Wilson, Miss M. Spicer, Sir Cecil Leys, Prof J. Rutherford, Messrs F.

C. Buddle, S. Coldicutt, Forbes Eadie, G. J. Garland, G. G. Grant, L. D. Nathan, O. Nicholson, A. Rosser, A. M. Samuel, T. U. Wells, and M. H. Wynyard, with Norman R. Chapman F.C.I.S. as Hon. Secretary.

17. The introduction to the publication is signed 6 February 1940.
18. It was interesting to see in Diamond's notes that he had assumed the Finn scrapbook article to have been written c.1963—an error in timing of 22 years! (Diamond 1974).
19. Interestingly, there was also no mention of the *Brilliant* by Cooper, either.
20. John Waldie was unrelated to the Coldicutt family.
21. Fenwick's 1970 *Star* article states that the stone house was then 126 years old, i.e. constructed in 1844.
22. Marginal handwritten notes on the published articles specifically refer to 'residence'. The stone store at Kerikeri is older (1832–36), but it is not a residence.
23. £1000 represented 15 to 25 times a working man's annual income of the time. The interest on £1000 invested in mortgage lending was sufficient to pay for permanent adult care at in perpetuity at Seafield View, without the erosion of capital. (Consider the costs associated with modern day full care rest homes.)
24. There is no evidence that Jack Diamond had ever communicated directly with any members of the Coldicutt family.
25. Jack Diamond commented, 'I have not seen a set of family photo albums so well documented and captioned.'
26. William Coldicutt had never owned the stone house at 710 Mt Eden Road. He had owned only the land before Upperhampton Villa was built. Therefore, the name 'Upperhampton' would not likely have been Coldicutt's place of origin as Stacpoole had surmised. The Coldicutt family actually originated from Birmingham.
27. Donald Sinclair, stonemason, was recorded as living in Eden Terrace (not 753 Mt Eden Road, Epsom) during the mid-1860s.
28. This information is sourced from a different branch of the family to that of Job Coldicutt. Esther Coldicutt was Job's eldest sister.
29. Page 105.
30. Welch, in his own words, 'took exception' to the fact that Donald Sinclair's name had not been recorded on official documents during a meeting that he'd called with the chief reporter of the *Herald* on 11 March 1974.
31. As an aside, another problematic interpretation that I discovered was the twice-published quote (one by Welch) in respect of William Coldicutt's will where it was quoted that he left '. . . the black man in my possession to my wife'. This suggests that William Coldicutt was an 1860s slave owner. The reality was that 'the possession' was actually his horse, the mode of transport of the time—the black mare in his possession!
32. Perhaps just coincidentally, Blink Bonnie was a famous 19th Century English thoroughbred racehorse and broodmare which won the Epsom Derby and the Epsom Oaks, and died in 1862—the same year that William Coldicutt died.

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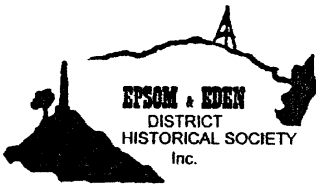

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