PROSPECT

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CONTENTS

Auckland Grammar School through seven decades

Seven memoirs

As AGS is celebrating 150 years in 2019, it seemed appropriate to contribute a collection of past pupils' impressions of the school over the past half century. Ed.

1) Wartime at Auckland Grammar

by Bryan Boon, 1942-1945

I started Grammar in February 1942, just two months after the Japanese bombing raid at Pearl Harbour, Hawaii. Until then the United States had remained neutral, but they immediately declared war on Japan, and we soon realised that conflict would now occur in our part of the world and not only in Europe and northern Africa.

Having attended the local primary school, then served by a succession of fairly uninspiring teachers, I now found myself in a school where excellence was aimed for in every endeavour.

The school roll stood at about 900 against 2500 today. Zoning was simple: the dividing line was Mount Eden Road and those who lived west of it attended Mount Albert Grammar. The whole area to the east was Auckland Grammar territory, and boys came from as far away as Glendowie, Onehunga and Mt Roskill.

A few of the younger masters had enlisted and were away, but there remained behind that famous and dedicated brotherhood of 30 or so, many of whom were to complete 25 or more years at the school. Most notable amongst them was Henry Cooper, who had all of his secondary education at Grammar, was then away for a few years at university to complete a degree, then returned as a full-time master and sports coach, and finished up as its headmaster. (See back cover for details of teacher W.J. Bishop.)

On reflection, the war had not had any severe impact on day to day school activities. We all automatically became members of the cadet corps which had always existed, but we took part with renewed enthusiasm. There was regular military drill on the upper playing field and an occasional route

march down Mountain Road. A cadet Air Training Corps was formed, which I joined and took my first ever flight over Manukau harbour. On important occasions those masters who had qualified as officers appeared in the appropriate uniform, and we were suitably impressed.

The Japanese had attacked and bombed Darwin in Australia, and there was the very small possibility that they might do the same in Auckland. If it were to occur during school hours we were required to immediately vacate the building, proceed directly across Mountain Road and go through the opposite properties (with the owners' permission), then scramble down to a small valley below, to shelter unobserved under the trees.

Our mothers were to sew and provide a small pouch to be carried at all times, containing a cork to bite on and cotton wool to stuff in our ears. I think that this was to remind us of the percussive effects of an exploding bomb. Thankfully it never occurred.

Nothing brought the war closer to home than when at least once a week at morning assembly we all stood in silence while the headmaster read the most recent names of the old boys who had paid the supreme sacrifice, 353 in all. One in every 30 New Zealanders who died was an Auckland Grammar old boy.

Scholastically it was a time of transition. In 1944 the matriculation exam (which was the qualification for entrance to university) was replaced by School Certificate in the fifth form, and then University Entrance a year later. Few boys stayed on for a fifth year unless they had failed UE. All of the textbooks were well outdated and had been written and published in England long ago. They had to be recycled many times in the school bookstore. The only exception was a history of New Zealand.

On a personal note there are still five of us left who were in the same sixth form in 1945. We get together for lunch regularly.

Bryan Boon is one of the founding members of the Epsom & Eden District Historical Society (2000). See also his article 'May to August 1945: a schoolboy's recollection' in *Prospect* 9, 2010, pp.51–54.

2) AGS — Per Augusta, Ad Augusta

by John Puttick, 1961–1965

My years at AGS are amongst my happiest. Out of zone, I was expertly prepared and recommended by Faulkner Bush, Mountain Road resident and our iconic Manukau Intermediate Form Two teacher. Following the daunting interview of both my father and myself by Henry Cooper, I got in. Little did I then realise how significant that opportunity would prove to be. It set me up for the wonderful life that followed.

The morning assembly was a sight to behold and a lasting memory. Twelve hundred uniformed boys all singing the school song and the hymn in unison, the headmaster's address, the masters on stage, some in gowns, the honours board, the achievements of the week, all in the great hall. Uplifting. Inspirational. You just had to aim higher from there.

We were blessed with wonderful teachers: Messrs Rae, Rogers, McKinley, McNamara, Stein, Sheldon, Jepson, Cusack and Elder come easily to mind. Great teachers all, but they did not spare the rod. You were given the cane in the corridor for the rest of the school to hear, and to count. It took only two or three canings for you to knuckle down. It was humiliating and it hurt. For serious offences you were sent to deputy head Jock Bracewell. Woe betide you. The man who truly shaped me was Terry McKlisky. Thank you Terry, most sincerely. You wouldn't let me off the hook and rightly so.

Rugby was a *big* thing. We all played even if we weren't much good. Class against class and school against school. The big match each year was against King's College, at home. We turned up in uniform or slacks and blazer, umbrella and school scarf to barrack our lungs out with war cries and screams. The girls from nearby also came. It was always a big day.

Then — 'The Grammar Ball'. Another major occasion in the calendar. All the positioning and jostling and preparation. And then the big night of ballroom dancing. Many matrimonies were initiated from that Grammar ball. Mine certainly was, and so was my sister's.

I made lifelong friends at Auckland Grammar School including my brother in law Stephen Anderson and oldest friend Bill Spring. I learned various subject matters which have carried me along well but I also learned important life skills and values — integrity, persistence and doing one's best. I am so grateful for my time at AGS.

3) Spare the rod and spoil the child: Discipline at Auckland Grammar

by Miles Dillon; 1967-1971

I was accepted as an out of zone pupil for Auckland Grammar School (AGS), a five-year spell beginning in February 1967. Initiation ceremonies inflicted on 'turds' as we were known, were fairly mild. The most memorable was 'de-knobbing' — the removal of the button from the crown of new boys' caps. I managed to avoid trouble that day and my Grammar cap still sports its knob. My older cousin, a fifth former, told me of three teachers who were banned from caning pupils as they 'had drawn blood'! My Grammar career was unremarkable as I flip-flopped between the second and third level classes. I appreciated my parents' efforts to get me into AGS and I was pleased to receive a Grammar education. We had some wonderful teachers and others who were mediocre, if not hopeless.

Discipline was administered through reasoning, reprimand, detention, corporal punishment and possibly expulsion. Over those years I witnessed well deserved discipline as well as a few instances of harsh, unfair treatment of deemed malefactors. Some pupils were caned in front of the class as a deterrent to others. At times discipline was meted out in the passage ways and the class would draw an audible intake of breath each time the cane met its mark. There was talk of techniques to soften the impact of the cane — an extra pair of underpants or folded newspaper. I have a vague memory of a cane wrapped in barbed wire mounted on the wall above the blackboard in one room. Another piece of advice was to rub onion juice on the wound to make it look worse — that way the teacher might be reported for overstepping the mark! I could name names but I had better not. One teacher of 40 years' standing at Grammar whipped a classmate for sneezing in class — yes, it was a loud sneeze but did not merit the cane. I met that teacher years later and my conversation with him only reinforced my impression of an arrogant bully. A chemistry master who, with reflection, was plainly incompetent, lined up a group of boys in front of the class and caned them when a sulphur-burning experiment went wrong and the laboratory was filled with acrid smoke.

Of course it cut both ways, and some teachers found themselves baited by their charges. Generally they were men of gentler disposition. Graffiti

on a desk in one such teacher's room told us that his mother was more of a man than he was. Fortunately I had that teacher in my final years when our class was more like a tutorial and we had some brilliant lessons and times of sharing, fondly remembered. Science masters clad in white lab coats became targets for ink, flicked from fountain pens, when they had their backs turned to the class while writing on the board. Gas heaters warming rooms in winter months were just what was needed to ignite paper darts. We heard that this had happened in one class and an all-out aerial battle had erupted. In the headmaster's end of year report we learned that the teacher of that class had left the school to join the church — rumour had it that he had gone to a silent order in England.

I think the most tragic episode I observed was that of a teacher being taunted by a group of his pupils in the school grounds. The boys stood round baying at the man, who was crouched on the bonnet of his car head in his hands close to breaking point; I have no idea what lay behind such behaviour but I think he left the school not long afterwards.

Occasionally at lunch break, word would go round that a fight was in progress — "SCRAG!" or "SCRAP!" and there would be a rush to stand and watch the combatants take it out on one another. I never knew what lay behind such altercations but some boys had a reputation as being particularly belligerent. The gloomy basement of the gymnasium seemed to be a popular place for such events. Grammar discipline at its worst. By contrast some of the best Grammar discipline in my opinion was evident at the singing assemblies held in the hall under the baton of Ray Wilson and Hal Radford. Stirring stuff — I think even the most hardened ratbags joined in, manifesting the true school spirit. School clubs and sports teams did much to foster bonds between masters and pupils.

I guess during those Grammar years we were young men trying to make our mark, to find our place, to assert our authority in an authoritarian environment. It was a very small number of my fellow pupils who were subject to corporal discipline at AGS. I managed to get through the Grammar years without tasting the cane, but I did incur a few detentions for minor infringements. We generally knuckled down, tried to come to grips with the learning and appreciated most of our teachers. I think that is borne out by the success of Auckland Grammar School old boys' reunions and their support for their alma mater.

4) Auckland Grammar School — Established 1869

by Chris Taplin, 1973–1976

As a freshly-minted teenager starting school at Auckland Grammar in 1973, the sights, sounds and smells (the brewing of beer in Khyber Pass) were writ large against an even bigger backdrop of world and domestic change. It was by way of osmosis and reflection that I gradually came to understand this place. Mine was a four-year chapter at this multi-layered, multi-dimensional Auckland Grammar School, whose size and culture appeared that of a small planet.

Not a lot of time was spent on homework; unfortunately I couldn't fit that bit in. I needed time to process. Both at the time and even more so now, it was the best experience I could have wished for. Looking back I wouldn't change a thing, but I would do some things differently — probably homework!

Men, like the new headmaster, John Graham, and deputy headmaster Ian McKinley, were men who also had to, and wanted to, make sense of the world they occupied. I think of these two especially and all of the other masters, with the exception of the odd one, with great appreciation and affection.

Also, the friends I played sport with, those with whom I socialised and the families that I grew up with who all shared some of the adventure with me. I am grateful to them all.

Recently, I was able to attend Sir John Graham's funeral service held at the Holy Trinity Cathedral, Parnell. For me, it was a special assembly and we were all there in some way. The day crystallised for me what it means to have been a Grammar boy. *Through difficulties to greatness — the Grammar Way.*

Reflection

Built on a rock
Lit like a beacon
Guided by legacy
Respect in the reflection
PER ANGUSTA AD AUGUSTA

5) AGS in retrospect

by Reay Grant, 1982–1985

I went to AGS purely because we lived in zone, and I spent four long years there from 1982–85. The school was tightly streamed and I was in the second-highest class — 3B — taking both Latin and French. The typical class size was 36, and the school day was divided into seven periods: 40 minutes in the morning and 45 minutes long in the afternoon.

The school day started at 9am with a full assembly in the school hall. Each form was allocated its own row of seating, and you had to be there by 8.50am for a final roll call. And then, absolute silence from 8.55 while waiting for the headmaster to appear from his office. There was a Bible reading, and the school song was sung, before the notices were read out. These usually included the results of sports events — ranging from cricket and cycling to rowing and wrestling. If it was competitive and could be seen to improve the school's image, it was well publicised. Musical triumphs, both individual and for the band and orchestra, also gave status to the school as well as those involved. The assembly usually lasted 15 minutes and then we marched to our first class.

The uniform of navy shorts and shirt included a navy jumper with the school lion rampant badge, while it was almost a criminal offence not to have your long socks pulled up tightly. Sometimes prefects even checked pupils at the gate. Roman sandals were optional wear for terms one and three only. This was before the four term year was introduced.

The prefect system was crazy. There was a common perception that to be selected you almost *had* to be in the First XV. You couldn't go into the computer centre unless you were a prefect, but they were too busy playing rugby to go there. Those who were both intelligent and sporting were rare. Bullying was pretty common. Fortunately I was stronger than I looked and as most bullies are cowards, I was able to thump anyone who tried it on me, and got left alone.

Also — another hangover from colonial days — we were all called by our surnames. Except, strangely enough, by the then current headmaster John Graham, who prided himself on knowing the first name of every boy.

I do not have fond memories of those schooldays. In fact I feel they were almost a complete waste of time. Both my earlier schools, Maungawhau and [Auckland] Normal Intermediate, were better. They were sensible

schools where the pupils' welfare was a priority. The attitude at AGS was all about 'the school'. They boasted about having the highest university entrance rate and ignored the other record — of having the highest drop-out rate. My youngest brother changed schools at sixth form level to go to Mount Roskill Grammar School (MRGS) because they had a computer course, which AGS did not, and after a couple of weeks summed up the difference by saying that 'MRGS was run for the benefit of the pupils, not the teachers.'

At AGS we were force-fed facts and tested on our memorisation, not our understanding. Sometimes the teachers seemed to be barely ahead of the pupils. I remember in 4th form general science, being marked wrong in an exam because I used the correct electrical symbols in an answer instead of drawing cute little light bulbs! These were the days before NZCA when you sat five subjects for School Certificate in the 5th form (Year 11), and four for University Entrance in Year 12. At AGS we had to actually sit the University Entrance exam because 'they' did not approve of accrediting.

In the 7th form (Year 13) the elite few were groomed to sit 'schol' i.e. the University Scholarship Exam — for the honour of the school. Only a few actually gained a monetary scholarship, but if you 'got on the credit list' i.e. gained an over 50% average, you were permitted to take more than the standard three subjects a year at university. Exams and sport — particularly rugby — were the things considered most important.

AGS prided itself on its discipline. This was in the days when corporal punishment was still legal, and at AGS some teachers used it to extremes. There was one who boasted that he caned every boy he taught at least once a term. At the other end of the spectrum were a few staff with such personal mana that corporal punishment was totally unnecessary for them to keep order. In between you occasionally found someone with sufficient personal integrity to apologise to a student caught up by accident in a mass punishment episode. Personally, I believe my mother's quote from Isaac Asimov that 'violence is the last refuge of the incompetent.'

I remember one staff member with a habit of throwing chalk in the classroom. After he hit one pupil directly in the eye, he was instructed to stop doing it, so he began throwing the blackboard dusters instead. At least these were large enough to give the targets a chance to intercept them. How were people like this ever allowed near children?

I still bear the scars from one PE teacher's sadism. I had a bad fall from my bike on loose gravel and had to have stitches after gravel was removed from my right knee. I was therefore excused PE. The teacher, Mr E…, then gave me a rag and a bucket of water and I had to spend the lesson period washing muddy marks off the wall of the gym where footballs had been kicked against it. As a result of this filthy job, I got an infection in the knee and had considerable time off school. The knee was left weak and it put an end to competitive cycling. For years afterwards it went black in cold weather, and if the skin is broken there it takes ages to heal.

Fortunately, there were exceptions. If you were lucky enough to get one of the really good teachers, you appreciated the difference. I remember particularly the deputy principal, Mr Trembath, who taught Latin and by putting it into context made it sufficiently interesting for me to choose to continue it at 5th and 6th form level. He never used the strap, had presence, and most importantly, a sense of humour.

Strangely enough, I can link my career choice (sound engineer) back to one incident in the school hall. Silence in the hall for assembly was essential as the acoustics were appalling, and on this day, we were all kept in the hall — in silence — while Randall Francis popped balloons at various places. Although we did not realise the significance at the time, they had set up microphones around the hall to record these sounds and map its acoustic pattern. The resultant new sound system was so much better it was a revelation — and an inspiration!

So I suppose I did learn at least one useful thing from AGS.

6) It suffered in comparison — AGS versus MRGS

by Mike Grant, 1986–1988 (AGS), 1989 (MRGS)

I am the youngest of three brothers, so when I started at AGS in 1986, I had a pretty good idea of what was in store for me.

Looking back on it, I am amazed at what I got away with. I did not like French or Latin so I just skipped a lot of them and spent the time making myself useful in the Music Department, where my regular presence was soon taken for granted as I helped sort music and practised my trombone. I think I skipped PE for almost the whole year in 4th form. Trombone? Yes, my brother Alex and I both played in the school's brass band, which gave us status, something you needed there as the school roll even in those days

approached 2000, and the goal seemed to be to turn us all into robots who could regurgitate the official lines on demand. The highlight of my years there was the band's trip to Japan.

My School Certificate year could have been a disaster, as I was sick with what they thought was glandular fever at the start of Term One, and even after I was back at school there were several occasions when the nurse rang my mother to fetch me home as I was in a state of collapse. Finally in Term Two, I left AGS altogether and was enrolled with the Correspondence School. Some months later, homeopathy cured me and my School Certificate exam results at the end of the year got progressively better as my health improved. My problem was later identified as the Epstein Barre Syndrome — which normally affects its victims for three years.

Nevertheless, I did not go back to AGS for my 6th form year. In my 3rd Form year I had mostly hung out with my older brothers' 6th and 7th form friends (being as tall as or taller than most of them) so by 5th Form I had no close friends still at the school, but had still kept in touch with a few friends from primary and intermediate school, who were at Mount Roskill Grammar School. Also, computing had become my main interest and AGS would not have let me take it as a subject due to my 5th form grades. However MRGS would — so in 1989 I changed schools, and found that year my most valuable and enjoyable. My mother loves to remind me that after a couple of weeks she asked me how the two schools compared and I answered that the discipline at MRGS was much better. This of course surprised her, as AGS prides itself on that aspect of school life. However I explained that while MRGS could not turn on the same instant silence in the hall when the headmaster appeared, the standard of behaviour when there were no teachers around was much better — without the threat of the cane. I also stated that MRGS felt as though it was run for the benefit of the students, not the staff — and on the strength of that endorsement she stood successfully for their board of trustees.

7) AGS in the 21st century

by James McArthur, 2006–2010

I walked through the gates of Auckland Grammar School for the first time in January of 2006 — exactly 60 years after my grandfather had done. It's an intimidating place for a wide-eyed third former: big classrooms, towering

seventh formers. It was comforting to see my grandfather's name on the honours board at the front of the assembly hall.

Over the first couple of days we all sat English and Mathematics exams, and based on the results from these all 500 of us were sorted into classes from A through to P. I had done well in these written tests, and found myself in 3A. While Auckland Grammar's extreme focus on ranking its students does work well to give motivation to those in the upper streams to avoid the 'Grammar Slide', I find myself wondering how I would have felt had I been closer to the bottom than the top.

Assemblies are one of the core traditions at Grammar. Each and every morning at 9am the bell rings, all 2,500 students stop talking and stand as the headmaster takes the stage. Most assemblies were uneventful — just new notices and perhaps a reminder from the headmaster on how best to uphold the Grammar Way — but not always.

One of my favourite memories from Grammar was in third form when I arrived at school and was puzzled to discover the stage was covered with amplifiers and instruments. Little did I know that the 'Masters of the Universe' (a band comprised of some very talented teachers) were about to perform. The whole school was in awe as they belted out hits like 'Sultans of Swing' and 'Hotel California' for all of first period!

While Grammar is very academically focused, there were even more opportunities outside the classroom. From adventure racing to debating, rowing to orchestra, at Grammar you could give anything a go. As a child I don't think you realise how much more difficult it is to try things out later in life; I wish I'd made more of it while I was there!

Another fond memory is that of my Fourth Form Camp at Ohakune. I spent a week there with my class hiking, white water rafting, canyoning and doing other team building activities. I think this camp is actually one of the most important parts of the education Grammar delivers — appreciating the outdoors as well as developing the skill of teamwork is much more important than what you'd otherwise learn in a week of normal school!

I'm extremely grateful for the education I received at Grammar. It's not without its flaws, but I think Grammar does deliver on its promise to develop well rounded young men. As I left through those gates for the last time, I realised how far I'd come in those five years, due in no small part to all the opportunities Grammar had provided me, both inside and outside the classroom.

Shadows of past endeavours:

Margaret Matilda White and a Mount Eden photograph

by Helen Laurenson

On page 19 of Faye Angelo's 1989 publication, *The Changing Face of Mount Eden,* there is a photograph of a group of young people, sourced from the Auckland War Memorial Museum Library. It is captioned 'Mount Eden Christian Endeavour group picnic', and the photographer is named as Margaret Matilda White.

When I was writing the centennial story of the Mount Eden Methodist Church in 1999, that mysterious photo was a haunting one, for I knew little about the Christian Endeavour movement and would have been delighted had I been able to identify members of the group as belonging to that congregation.

Mount Eden Christian Endeavour Group picnic, photographed by Margaret Matilda White
Auckland Institute and War Memorial Museum Library Collection

No one has written the history of the Christian Endeavour movement in this country, and we still don't know which Mount Eden church the members of that group belonged to; but we do now know something about Margaret Matilda White, the photographer, whose shadow appears in the left foreground. From that knowledge we have been able to narrow the possibilities to a couple of Mount Eden's churches.

Margaret White was born in Belfast on 9 January 1868 to John and Mary Jane White. Her Irish-born father died soon after her birth, and her mother married Alexander Orr Polley in 1876.

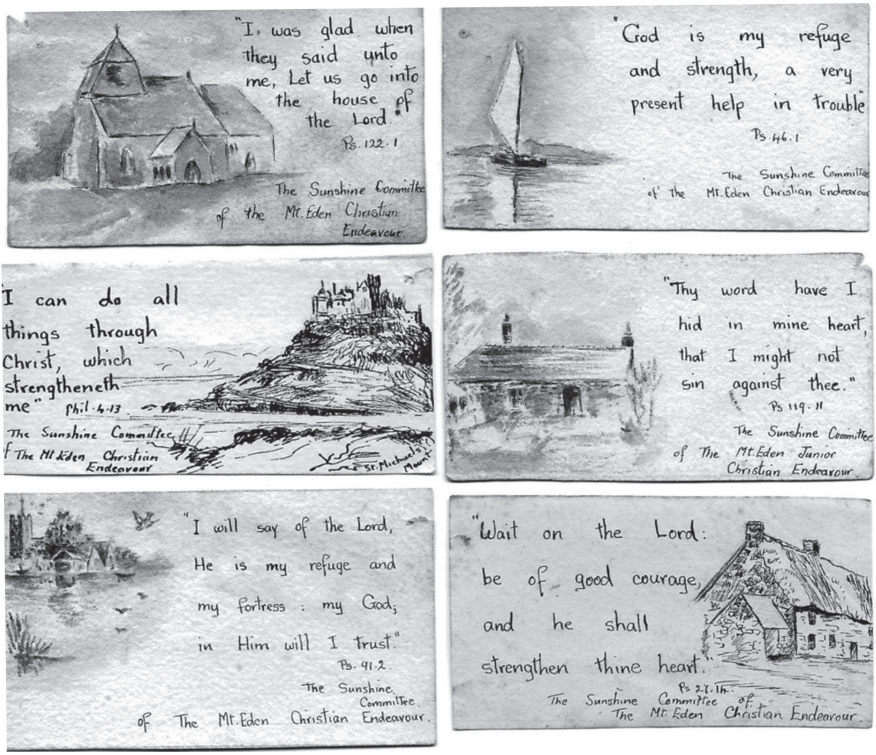
On 18 March 1886, Margaret White arrived in Auckland from Belfast as an immigrant passenger on the SS *Ionic* with her family. This included her elder brother Nathaniel (born 1866), her mother and stepfather, their two young sons, and Hugh White. We know nothing about the latter.

Eighteen-year-old Margaret's interest in photography, which was a very popular hobby for women and girls from the 1890s onward, was probably influenced by her family's friendship with John Hanna, who had an established photographic studio in Auckland. Margaret may well have worked in that studio, learning the skills of the profession. She briefly opened her own studio in Karangahape Road, but it was not a success and at that time women were not admitted to membership of the Auckland Photographic Society.

Interested in photographing Māori and also women in posed situations, for example setting out to ride and then tumbling off bicycles (cycling was the new craze in late nineteenth century Auckland), she continued her hobby while working as a volunteer at hospitals in Auckland, including the Auckland (Whau) Mental Hospital, as it was then known. She photographed her workmates and the buildings, leaving an invaluable and unique record.

In 1900 Margaret married Albert Reed, a miner, at her mother's home in Pitt Street, Newton, with a Unitarian minister officiating. They moved to the Karangahake settlement in Ohinemuri where Margaret continued to take photographs. Two children were born, Albert Sherlock Reed (1902–81), and Cyril Mitford Ferguson Reed (1905–92). Margaret died of tetanus in Waihi Public Hospital on 6 July 1910, after stepping on a nail. In 1967, Albert Sherlock Reed donated a major collection of his mother's glass plate negatives to the Auckland Museum, having ensured their safety through more than half a century.

Margaret's photograph of the Christian Endeavour picnic group at Mount Eden came to my mind when recently, approximately 90 years after they were painstakingly created, 21 tiny, beautifully illustrated cards, each with a hand-lettered biblical text, were found carefully tucked away among the papers of the late Margaret Mudford (née Werren) who died in 2015. The cards were from 'The Sunshine Committee of the Mt Eden Christian Endeavour', are approximately 4cm x 7–8cm, and while some have watercolour paintings, others have pen-and-wash drawings (as illustrated).



We do not know who lovingly made these cards, to be distributed to the children attending the Junior Christian Endeavour meetings. We do know that Margaret's father, the Revd Samuel Werren, with his wife Doris, was stationed at Mount Eden Methodist Church from 1930 until he moved to Kingsland Methodist Church in 1933. Margaret was born in 1925, so she

would have been around 5–8 years old when she collected these cards.

Today, we know little about the Christian Endeavour Movement. It was founded in 1881 by the Revd Francis E. Clark, a Congregational minister in Portland, Maine 'to promote an earnest Christian life among its members, to increase their mutual acquaintanceship, and to make them more useful in the service of God.' This evangelical movement was described in 1891 as a 'half way house between the Sunday School and the Church' that would keep older scholars in the Sunday schools and prevent them from drifting outside the church's influence. By the late 1890s it had spread through the Congregational, Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist churches, with an estimated 50,000 societies and three million members worldwide. The Anglican Church was not involved in the Christian Endeavour movement.

Operating at both parish level within denominations and across denominations through Christian Endeavour Unions, the movement was parallel to Sunday schools and Bible classes with junior, intermediate and senior societies. One 91-year-old remembers Christian Endeavour in her childhood as 'like Sunday School in the morning, which you attended again in the afternoon'.

If any Anglican involvement is ruled out, then of all the churches in Mount Eden in 1900, when Margaret Reed left the city for married life at Karangahake, which ones had Christian Endeavour groups featuring in their work with young people? The Mount Eden Presbyterian Church (Greyfriars) was not then in existence. Mount Eden Methodist Church was opened in February 1900 and had a Junior Endeavour group operating by the end of that year, but the photo would seem to include a mix of ages. From *Papers Past* we can find that the Mount Eden Congregational Church formed a Christian Endeavour Society in April 1892 and the Mount Eden Baptist Church (now Cityside Baptist Church) had such a group on 1 March 1893. So the group is most likely to be from one of those two congregations, but beyond that we cannot know.

The Christian Endeavour movement still exists in Australia and New Zealand to some extent, although not as it was in its heyday; but the final mystery of the Mount Eden picnic group photograph, with its shadows of the past, may never be solved.

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The domestic day

by Jeanette Grant

This article was inspired by a conversation with an old friend who had been talking to a newly married granddaughter, and said that "her ignorance of things I took for granted was profound". Like most modern newly-weds, she expected to start married life where her parents left off — i.e. with a house full of labour-saving devices. She could not visualize a 'wringer', and to her a 'safe' belonged in a bank. Louise has since died, but this description of housework as I grew up knowing it, is dedicated to her.

In 1944, my mother's sole 'appliances' were an old Champion electric stove which had replaced the original wood burning range, and an electric—but not steam—iron. Such things as electric frying pans or microwaves were unthought of.

There was one power point and one built-in cupboard in the entire house. There was no fridge, just a meat-safe built into the cool east wall of the kitchen which was shaded by a huge pohutukawa and got little sun. This meat safe projected outside so children had to be careful not to run into it. The bottom of it was not solid. Instead, heavy metal gauze allowed cool air to enter it while keeping flies and other insects out. A ceramic butter cooler with a 'moat' of water, kept butter cool by evaporation. My mother usually sat it in the bath as the bathroom was the coolest room in the house—on the south side.

The claw-footed bath shared a bathroom (six feet wide by 13 feet long and 11 foot six inches high) with a small circular hand-basin and a low cupboard

designed to hold the ubiquitous 'jemimas' or chamber pots. Both walls and ceilings were lined with tongue-and-groove planks. The outdoor toilet had an overhead tank with a chain pull to flush it. The outside washhouse had twin wooden tubs and a copper—but no washing machine. The lawns were laboriously cut with a hand mower and the carpets were cleaned with a carpet sweeper.

My father, Reay Clarke, was a commercial photographer, and while we were young enough to take it in our stride, he used me and my sister as models. We appeared on knitting patterns and in various commercial advertisements—including one when I was six years old for a Hoover vacuum cleaner—which was advertised as 'so simple a child could use it'. However, when he did buy a vacuum cleaner, it was a Tellus, which was given to a grandson going flatting 40 years later.

This was in the days before 'body-carpet'. Our rooms had floorboards varnished black around the walls while the centre of the room was covered with a carpet square or a square of linoleum or congoleum. Loose rugs protected high traffic areas and rather than simply running a vacuum cleaner around, it was necessary to sweep and mop the bare sections of floor and use a carpet sweeper which involved much more physical work than a vacuum cleaner. When we put down the first 'body carpet' in the mid 1950s, it came in 27-inch-wide strips which had to be cut and sewn together off site and then laid. The 12 foot wide 'broadloom' did not come until the 1960s—and it didn't last nearly as well. I am sure of this as we had the same pattern and brand laid in adjacent rooms. The Axminster strips are still there after nearly 60 years. The broadloom was replaced within 20 years.

These were the days before TV. Home entertainment came from the radio and record-players. Going out 'to the pictures' was a major thrill. Otherwise you made your own amusements with card games, chess, mahjong, etc. Bedtime was likely to be 9 or 9.30pm—except on Saturday nights. However, if you went to a dance, it would end before midnight so as not to impinge on sacred Sunday. And as for late-night shopping? Friday night until 9pm was the custom—and then until Monday the only places open were dairies and service stations—which certainly did not sell foodstuffs.

I suppose World War II must take responsibility for the post-war frame of mind which embraced 'mechanisms' and change to a greater extent than

This photo is very interesting as it shows the 14-inch high skirting boards and the curtains which originally hung from the archway in the hall to separate the 'public rooms' from the private family rooms at the rear. It shows the patterned carpet runner which lay on top of the feltex on the floor of the 40-foot x 6-foot hall. The panels beside the front door were of dark red glass, and the sun shining through on to the blue feltex created a horrible colour!
Jeanette Grant

in any previous generation. Not only vacuum cleaners but refrigerators and washing machines, which had been available in primitive form beforehand,

began to evolve rapidly and become an everyday rather than an exceptional piece of household equipment.

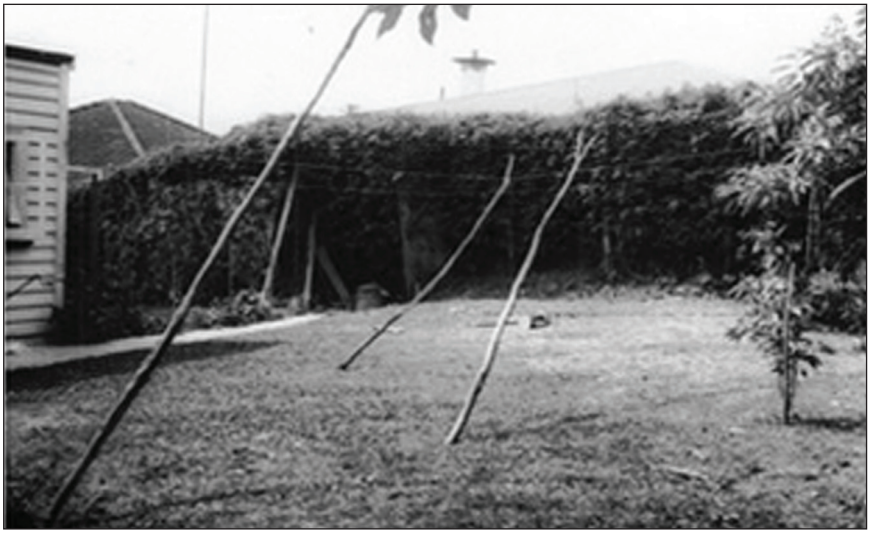
There was a change in mindset also. During the war, women in general had taken the places of men in the forces and discovered their previously denigrated capabilities. The return of large numbers of men simultaneously reduced the call for women's services outside the home and caused a baby boom. There was a shortage of home help. In New Zealand, there had always been a shortage of domestic servants as new immigrants found that here they could have their own homes, not be a permanent skivvy in someone else's. Where formerly, an improvement in home finances would have meant hiring a servant, now it meant the purchase of a 'labour saving device'. The New Zealand housewife was well on the way to becoming the familiar multi-tasking 'jill-of-all-trades' my generation was expected to be.

As well as being cook, cleaner and washerwoman, it was taken for granted that the housewife would also be nurse and gardener, and as often as not keep the family clothed with her knitting and home sewing. It was said that New Zealand had the highest ratio of bookshops and fabric shops in the world. My mother was an excellent knitter but hated sewing and embroidery. She would therefore knit for friends who would sew for us. Her first sewing machine was not a treadle, but a hand turned machine which she eventually gave to a friend who was going to teach in Samoa and had been warned that the local electricity supply was unreliable. In 1950 she bought a second-hand industrial Pfaff which—marvel of the day—had a zigzag capability which meant you could use it for buttonholes and basic fancy stitches. Sewing was taught from primary school onwards and by the time I was 14 I was making most of my own clothes—the first ones based on variations of the Epsom Girls' Grammar School's blouse uniform pattern.

Attitudes to purchasing appliances were not the same as today. When you bought one, it was a major expense and you expected it to last a very long time, not get traded in regularly on a new model. In 1944, the washhouse could have come straight out of the 19th century. It had a pair of wooden tubs—with rot in one corner—under the single window, a copper at the right rear and a slatted wooden drying rack which could be hoisted up to the ceiling above your head. The floor had been crudely concreted. The interior walls were unlined—just the reverse side of the weatherboards showing. There was however a single light hanging from the middle roof

beam. The first step in modernisation in 1944 was the installation of a pair of concrete tubs.

Washday however, was something totally different from anything the current generation can imagine. Firstly, it was normal to do a big wash only once a week, mainly because of the effort involved. 'Smalls' were handwashed as necessary during the week, but washday started with lighting the fire under the copper. There was a water tap over the copper for easy filling—but it was cold water and it was necessary to light the fire under the copper to warm the water. In fact the water was brought to the boil, both to clean and to sterilise the wash. It was necessary to use a 15-inch-long wooden 'copper stick' to stir the clothes, and to lift them out of the copper without scalding yourself. This was not a simple job or one for the feeble, as there was a five foot gap between the hot copper and the cold rinsing water in a tub. Once safely in the cold water, the clothes had to be stirred to try and get the soapy water diluted. There was a wringer fitted between the two tubs and all the clothes—sheets included—had to be put through the hand turned wringer into a second tub before being hung on the clothes line. A literal line strung between posts. It sagged to within easy reach for pegging items on and then was propped higher with a forked stick—usually a length of teatree with the bark still on. A revolving clothesline came a few years later.



Sunlight soap had been around since 1884, while Persil (1907) and Rinso (1908) were also produced by Lever Bros of Port Sunlight. Washing soda was also used for softening the water and the 'blue bags' which were dipped in the rinsing water to help whiten sheets etc, were kept as a sovereign remedy for bee stings.

A couple of years later, my father bought an early agitator washing machine. It was a very simple machine. It had no pump. To drain it you just unscrewed a tap and gravity took the waste water down a hose into the outside drain. The wringer spent most of its life with the rubber coated rollers going in the same direction and eventually the gears wore out, something I blame on the napkin years (1968–73). Anyway, my husband took the gearbox to pieces, reversed their positions and we got another five or so years' life out of it before retiring it at age 30-plus and moving up to an automatic machine. Another 30 years on and we are now on our third one! By the way, the copper is long gone and the concrete tubs are now growing herbs while a pair of stainless steel tubs with storage cupboards underneath sit in their place.

Many years later, I wrote this:

WASH HOUSE BLUES

I do not have a 'laundry'. No, nothing quite so fine.
I have a real old 'wash house' of the pioneer kind.
It's roomy and it's airy and I've covered it with paint.
But 'convenient' or 'modern'? I'd rather call it quaint.
I've taken out the copper. (That's it here on the grass);
Inorganic Rubbish Day should see it go at last.
The wooden tubs my mother knew went fifty years ago
And now her 'modern' concrete ones have also had to go.

It's stainless steel for me at last, and though they're secondhand
With built-in cupboards underneath they look and feel just grand!
The concrete floor was past it; uneven, rough and cracked.
We had to build a platform so the drier could sit flat.
So one day I assaulted it — (the six foot bar was great!)
And broke it into little bits so I could then repave.
Spilt water now just disappears among the blocks I laid.
It's not real mod but it's all mine, and all the bills are paid.

However, there was one appliance which outlived its purchaser—the fridge my father bought in 1946. It was a two door Leonard with a freezing compartment at the top, actually inside the main body of the fridge. This was large enough to hold half a sheep, but had the drawback that if you turned the temperature down far enough to keep ice-cream frozen, the milk in the body of the fridge got a skin of ice on it too. After about thirty years, I woke one night hearing a clattering noise and rushing half asleep to the kitchen, turned the fridge off. In daylight the men found that the crankshaft in the compressor had broken and what I had heard was the fan hitting the radiator. Now you can imagine the disbelief if you tell that to a refrigerator mechanic! Fridges hadn't had crankshafts for many years. Anyway, I took the broken part out to Fisher & Paykel who had taken over Leonard and believe it or not, '*the computer said*' there was a spare crankshaft in an engineering branch at Penrose! Once my husband had refitted it, it gave sterling service for another ten years until the hinges of the doors broke and we reluctantly replaced it. We are now on our second 'modern' fridge.

My father loved new inventions and would study the models available and be prepared to pay a good price if he was convinced he was getting the best possible value for money. However, not every household was so ready to accept innovation. My husband had a neighbour in Northcote in the 1960s who had built a new house and although reluctantly convinced that it had to be wired for electricity to have any resale value, in practice never used any. On one occasion neighbours thought they had convinced her to buy her first vacuum cleaner. She went in to town to shop—and came home with a new broom. Then as now, attitudes ranged from those always ready to try the latest new gimmick, to the ultra-conservative who tried to ignore change.

Some old tricks however are worth remembering. Despite all the expensive 'scientific' cleaners and gadgets on the supermarket shelves, the best results for cleaning windows still come from washing them in warm water with a little vinegar added and then rubbing them streak-free with crumpled newspaper. So much for progress.

Wash Day, way back then

by Cynthia Landels

It seemed very well timed that Cynthia should also contribute her memories of this now defunct weekly event. Ed

As a teenager, I often helped my mother on wash day. Wash day was a big event once a week, often on Monday, and usually took the whole day.

The first job was to fill the copper with water and then light a fire in the firebox underneath. Once the water was boiling, either sheets, pillow slips or towels were put in, together with soap. Sunlight Soap was used, which came in a bar and had to be cut up very finely. While boiling the life out of them, a wooden stick was used to agitate the wash. The wooden stick was then used to lift them out as they were too hot to handle.

The wash was put into the adjacent concrete tub, where items were rinsed to get the soap out. After rinsing, they were fed into the wringer which was attached to the divider between the two concrete tubs. Turning the handle of the wringer was not a job for weaklings, especially if the sheet was fed in too thickly. The second tub had Reckitt's blue bag added to the water, which was designed to make the sheets white. No coloured sheets way back then! After the bluing, it was back through the wringer, but this time into the wash basket and then carried out to the line.

We also had a washboard, a ribbed board which was used on the tough dirty parts such as collars and cuffs. They would be rubbed vigorously with soap, before being added to the copper. No delicate fabrics way back then!

The line was just a long wire between two posts. The wooden clothes prop was an essential piece of equipment, to keep the sheets off the ground. Occasional disasters occurred when either the prop broke or the line sagged. Then it was back to the beginning after picking the wet washing up out of the dirt…copper, rinse, blue and line.

On a sunny, breezy day the washing dried quickly but in the winter the washing was hung on the drying rack in the kitchen, and hoisted up to the ceiling, using a series of pulleys. This rack was situated so that the heat from the range helped to dry the clothes. But the house always smelt of damp washing in the winter as it took several days to dry!

Once dry, the washing was ironed. The iron, although electric, had no heat regulator. I can still see my mother wetting her finger and touching the plate to see if it was hot enough. Sheets though had to be pulled to get them back into shape. One person was at each end, folding them lengthwise and stretching them. One favourite trick was to wait until my mother on the other end finished pulling, and then give the sheet a sharp tug, which of course pulled it out of her hands. Linen garments had to be sprinkled with water before ironing, as there were no steam irons. And of course some things had to be starched, to give them more body.

The last task on wash day was to empty the copper once the water was cold. This was done by hand, a tedious job. The ashes also had to be emptied out of the firebox.

Memories of 'Woodend'

by Graeme MacCormick

I was rather taken aback to be asked to write something for an historical society about a place I had lived in for only six or seven years as a child. The precise dates elude me but I suspect from about 1943 to maybe 1950, which would have been from age seven to age fourteen.

My initial recollections were of the bedroom I shared with my elder brother John. It contained a 10-volume set of Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopaedia and a portrait of our mother by war artist Peter McIntyre, done for Dad from a photograph when our mother, Kathleen (née Reilly), died of cancer in 1942. Also on the wall was a copy of Rudyard Kipling's poem 'If', which we were encouraged to learn by heart, presumably as intended guidance for our future lives.

The portrait of our mother was one of those in which the eyes of the subject seem to be looking at you wherever you might be in the room. I confess to having found that somewhat disconcerting.

Dad was a surgeon and was officer commanding the New Zealand army medical corps in the Middle East at the beginning of New Zealand's campaign in World War II, responsible for the establishment and manning of New Zealand hospitals, emergency ambulance stations and general army health and hygiene. He had earlier served with distinction in World War I as a recently graduated young doctor at Gallipoli, the Somme and Passchendaele. He did not consider matters had been resolved by the first World War, was concerned that there would be another, and had remained in the territorial reserves.

Dad remarried Joan Fenwick in Cairo in 1943, and then concluded his extensive military service with the rank of Brigadier. Returning to Auckland he needed to find somewhere suitable to live with his new wife and family, including in due course younger half-brothers Alastair and Murray. 'Woodend' became available to rent from the Bamford family, who continued to own it during our family's tenancy. This concluded when Jean Bamford either needed or wished to sell the property. It is located at 18 Gilgit Road, Epsom. Although the original property has been subsequently subdivided, the home itself remains and is well maintained, with sufficient

land still surrounding the house itself to complement its rather grand and elegant style.

Other memories of a personal nature include our sister Hilary's splendid wedding reception there, following her marriage to Jack Smallfield at St Mary's in Parnell in 1946; younger brother Alastair cutting off the top of a finger in a push lawnmower, presumably when attempting to stop it rolling down a small slope; and of Murray turning the garden hose on Dad (Brigadier Kenneth MacCormick CB, CBE, DSO, FRCS, no less) — something the rest of us would never have remotely dared to do. I also particularly recall a crash when bike racing down Gilgit Road with a school friend. The finishing post was a lamp post all too close to the junction with the top of Almorah Road, and its imposing stone archway entrance. I was on that side, couldn't take the corner at speed, hit the stone archway and buckled the bike frame. Injury was not the issue; it was the cost of getting it repaired and, from memory, it was the second time I had buckled it.

But what can I remember about the property and house itself? My own memory relates mainly to the grounds. The house was set in nearly two acres of native bush. Native lava forest is a more correct description. There were all these trees, many quite large, growing amongst large lava rock boulders, unbelievably finding root in the small crevices between them. Some of the boulders were large enough to form small caves into which one could crawl and hide. Mahoe, kawakawa, karaka, tītoki, mangeao,

whau, coprosma, a small nīkau type palm and, from memory, a goodly sized kohekohe with its panicle of flowers sprouting direct from trunk and branches. For me this amazing lava forest, now sadly depleted as a result of the subdivision, was the most amazing aspect of the property. A friend recently recalled it as the site of the greatest treasure hunt ever. There is still a remnant of this lava forest at the frontage of current No.18, enclosed by the semi-circular driveway, the location of which is substantially unchanged, although part of it is now shared with 18A. Most of the subdivision was down the Almorah Road boundary.

The drive, now bitumen, was then gravelled and we were deputed to rake the drive of leaves whenever anybody of note was coming; or otherwise just when needed as part of a general tidy-up. It did make it look good, like a fresh cut lawn, but the leaves never stopped falling even when you had just raked what seemed the very last one.

Gilgit Road house

Sait Akkirman, *Auckland architecture: a personal view*, Sait & Judith Akkirman, 1999

If one wishes to see similar lava forest there is a small area preserved at Withiel Thomas Park, half way down Withiel Drive on the left. It doesn't, however, have quite the variety of trees that I recall at 'Woodend'.

I am indebted to Peter Macky, with Paul Waite, as the authors of *Coolangatta, a Homage* (Livadia Publishers Ltd, 2010) for much of what follows.

It appears that in 1865 one William Aitken built a house, 'Rockwood', on his 40 acre property in Epsom. In 1901 the land was inherited by his niece, Mrs Jeannie Stirling Richmond, who became a widow in the same year. She subdivided it, creating Gilgit and Maungawhau Roads in the process and eventually providing one section for each of her daughters: Maggie MacCormick, Jean Bamford and Miss Richmond (known to us as Ah Boo). Aunt Maggie, as we called her, for she was Dad's aunt and our great aunt, had married one of Dad's uncles, Donald MacCormick. She was a widow when we lived at 'Woodend', as was her sister Jean Bamford.

Aunt Maggie inherited the 'Rockwood' property, and her sister Jean Bamford had 'Woodend' built on the Gilgit Road section. I understand Ah Boo was given a section on Mountain Road and I wonder if 'Ngahere' at No. 74 might be that property as the house is designed by the same architects, Bamford & Pierce, who designed 'Woodend'. Both properties feature a segment devoted to their architecture in *Coolangatta, a Homage*, because Bamford & Pierce were the architects for the 'Coolangatta' residence also. The segments include photos and floor plans. 'Woodend' is described at p.94 as 'the most innovative house designed by that firm'. 'Coolangatta' was built in 1913 and 'Woodend' in 1917.

Noel Bamford, the architect, was the brother of Harry Dean Bamford whom Jean Bamford (née Richmond) had married. Harry Bamford appears to have died in 1922, approximately five years after 'Woodend' was built.

When we lived at 'Woodend' there was still a bush walk connecting the property to 'Rockwood', where Aunt Maggie and Ah Boo lived. 'Rockwood' still exists at 3 Rockwood Place. I can recall its large rooms, one I think having been a ballroom with a sprung floor. There was an old rocking horse in the ballroom which we could ride whenever we visited. I recall Aunt Maggie as a kindly soul from an earlier era who was always welcoming whenever we walked across through the bush.

How my forebears first came to Aotearoa/New Zealand

by Natalie Taplin

Immigration: Come as permanent resident into foreign country.
(Concise Oxford Dictionary)

Introduction

In 1821, Kenneth Stuart married Margaret McGregor in Lochalsh, Western Highlands of Scotland. They were to become my maternal 2xgreat grandparents.

The Waipu Museum at 36 The Centre (the plain on which the original settlement of Waipu was built) is a memorial to the pioneers of the double migration — Scotland, Cape Breton, Waipu, and has all the documentation in the Genealogy Department of one of the most extraordinary global migrations in world history, as does *The Gael Fares Forth* by N. R. McKenzie, the abbreviated story of the Highland Clearances in the 18th and early 19th centuries.

Natalie Taplin — beginning my story

My mother's name was Zoe Winifred Thelma Box née Ruddell (1914–92). On her side, as far as I can tell, my New Zealand story began with the emigration of Scots after the Battle of Culloden on 16 April 1746 and the breaking up of the Clans. When homes and crofts were overtaken by their English landlords to make way for sheep and deer, the Celtic people dreamt of a better and brighter future.

In 1817, led by their visionary leader the Rev Norman McLeod, his followers sailed away to the unsettled wilderness of Nova Scotia. Their first settlement was at Pictou, before moving in 1822 to St Ann's Glen, Cape Breton Island, which the settlers adopted as their home. Here ten children were born to Kenneth and Margaret Stuart until, after 30 years of hard, unremitting toil, and finding the Canadian winter unduly trying, the decision was made by the Highlanders to again leave their homes and seek their fortune in a more temperate land. McLeod's son had written a glowing account of his life and climate in Australia so, for a second

time the Highlanders were willing to face the perils and trials of another migration.

Around this period — and for years in New Zealand — the Highlanders were entirely a self-contained community. Few, if any, spoke in English, preferring their native Gaelic, which tended to make their isolation more complete. However, once the decision was made they worked with characteristic courage and energy in preparation for their next venture into the unknown. Kenneth, Margaret and seven of their ten children left Nova Scotia in 1852 on the *Highland Lass* for Adelaide.

Australia was reached after a voyage of nearly six months and, although the prospect of settling as a self-contained community in Adelaide was considered, only a few elected to remain there, with the rest deciding to follow McLeod on to New Zealand.

On arrival in Auckland in 1853, the passenger list for the schooner *Gazelle* showed, among many others, the names of Kenneth Stuart, his wife and children. The *Gazelle* brought a number of immigrants who, it was hoped, would prove a valuable addition to the population.

The same hopes also applied to the first settlers on the *Highland Lass*, two of whom, after months in Auckland, interviewed Sir George Grey (then Governor of New Zealand) to secure land on which to settle — and Waipu was chosen. Of the thousands of Scottish Highlanders forced to leave their homeland, 940 made it to Waipu.

Their first sight of Waipu saw country densely-wooded and covered with bush — kauri, nīkau and punga. It was designated Crown Land, and after many negotiations with the Government, they decided to settle on the land which many of their children and grandchildren still occupy.

An editorial in the *New Zealander* 4 May 1861 noted. . . 'Of all those who settled in the Waipu district not one has left on account of being unable to weather it out. Of 150 families, there are none who have not succeeded in comfortably establishing themselves, but then they came to work, not to grumble.'

The whole of Waipu district, including a portion of neighbouring districts was bought from the Māori by James Busby. This transaction was completed on 29 January 1840 — the very day on which Governor Hobson landed.

Note: Kenneth Stuart/Stewart (1836–1904), third son of Kenneth and

Spinning frolic at the house of Murdoch McGregor, Waipu Centre, in the early days

Front row: Mrs James Fraser, Mrs Roderick McKay 'Seann', Mrs Murdoch
Second row: Mrs Eoghann Matheson, Mrs John Finlayson, Mrs Roderick McKay 'Ogg', Mrs Capt, D. McKenzie 'Beag', Mrs Alexander McLeod
Third row (standing): Unknown, Mrs Hugh McKenzie
Fourth row (standing): Mr Murdoch McGregor, Miss Mary McGregor, Miss Land

N. R. McKenzie, *The Gael Fares Forth,* Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd, Wellington, 1935.

Margaret Stuart (born St Ann's, Nova Scotia), married Jane McMillan in 1879. He changed the spelling of his surname to Stewart to avoid confusion with his father's name.

Next generation — master mariners, shipbuilders, seafarers

Alexandrina Eliza Stuart (1839–1918), youngest daughter of Kenneth and Margaret Stuart, married Samuel Watts Ruddell of Lurgan, County Armagh, Northern Ireland who, after migrating to New Zealand became the first storekeeper at Ruakaka, Whangarei. Ruddell is a place-name derived from Ruderville near Gisors, France. A French knight, De Ruderville, went to England with William I in 1066, and assumed the English name of Ruddell which traces back to the old French family.

Samuel was so taken by his life in New Zealand that he wrote to his sisters Margaret and Mary Ann Ruddell in Lurgan to also make the voyage, which they did, sailing on the *Ida Eeigler* from London, arriving 29 October 1864. Three years later they returned to Lurgan, then made the decision to again return to New Zealand, with Samuel sponsoring their return as Government immigrants on board the ship *Parsee*, landing in Auckland on 7 May 1873.

Next generation

The third child of Alexandrina and Samuel Watts Ruddell was George Kenneth Ruddell (1870–1944), who married Annie Gough (1877–1944) of

Mangakahia's earliest European settler,
George Kenneth Ruddell and his wife Annie posed with their family for this photo, taken on their farm at Pakotai in about 1930.

Their children are, from left, Allene (later Mrs Alex Pollock), Kathleen (Mrs Roy Pollock), Star (Mrs Philip Smith), Elsie (Mrs A. Looker), Zoe (Mrs E. Box), Echo)Mrs J. Alison), Joyce (Mrs P. Perrin), Hugh, George and Cecil.

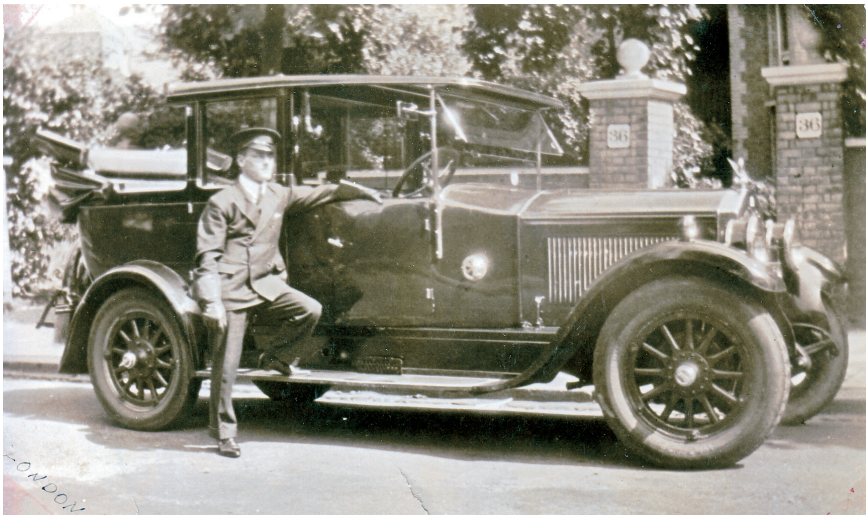
Most of the family stayed on in the area where Mr Ruddell settled in 1899.

Photo kindly loaned by Noleen Thom of Whangarei — daughter of Echo and Jack Alison.

Parua Bay, Whangarei, in 1899. They became the parents of my mother Zoe (Zoe Winifred Thelma Ruddell, born 29 August 1914). She remembered hearing how her dour Presbyterian forebears religiously kept Sunday as a day of rest, worship and Bible-reading, with all work being strictly forbidden as were, among other things, singing, dancing and whistling — the children were kept very subdued indeed. They died only a month apart, George on 14 October and Annie on 13 November, 1944.

My father, Edward George Box (1905–72), was also an immigrant to New Zealand. He was born in London on 20 December 1905 to a German father — Henry Frederick Eickhoff — who had left Germany to settle in England and later, because of World War I, changed his German surname to that of his English wife, Georgina Box. As a cabinetmaker/journeyman his name is found on the dado panelling written above the cornice in the King James Drawing Room, Hatfield Castle, UK, dated 15 September 1845.

My father became an A-grade mechanic who, immediately after his apprenticeship, was employed by Lord Gage of Firle Place, Sussex, as a chauffeur in charge of three vehicles: a Lameda Lancia, a Fiat 15 and an Austin 20. In 1929 he left Lord Gage to come to New Zealand, where he



Edward George Box (Ted), Chauffeur for Lord Gage, Firle Place, East Sussex, UK
Natalie Taplin

Ted Box at Pakotai General Store, 29 November 1930
Natalie Taplin

found his way to Whangarei and worked for Webbs' Motors, driving a variety of vehicles. After meeting my mother in Pakotai, Mangakahia, he acquired a motorcycle with a sidecar, and because of the novelty of such vehicles in the north at that time, they became quite a talking point — together with the fact that my father could also Charleston, learnt on the ship coming out. They married in 1934.

Mrs Zoe Box, one of the 'old school', was in retail almost since leaving school. She started in the country general store at Pakotai, and after her marriage, during the war years, managed a large grocery store in Maunu Road, Whangarei.

Mrs Zoe Box, Buyer for Lingerie
The Court Circular, June 1969

Following their move to Auckland after World War II, my parents went into business on their own account, for four years in Epsom and eight years in Parnell. My mother decided to retire, but found she couldn't settle, and in 1963 joined John Court's as Assistant Buyer for lingerie then after two years rose to Buyer for this glamorous department. In 1968 she joined the Auckland Bridge Club, and was a devoted member until her sudden death in 1992.

Taplin/Quinlan

My late husband, Albert William Patrick (Bertie) Taplin, (1920–2011), was also descended from immigrants. His great-grandfather was Fencible Sergeant Patrick Quinlan of Killarney, Ireland (1803–77). The Royal New Zealand Fencible Corps were retired soldiers from Britain and Ireland, and as such received free passage to New Zealand. The Fencible cottage of Patrick and his wife Mary, née Head (1822–82), was built in Ireland

Road, Panmure, in 1848, and its later removal to MOTAT was organised by another Quinlan descendant, Harold Stone. Their daughter Bridget Quinlan (1858–1909) married John Stephen Porter (1855–1954), and had a daughter Mildred Agnes Porter (1891–1982), who became Bertie's mother. Bertie's father, John Crang Taplin (1887–1975), was sent by his father to study agriculture in New Zealand before returning to the family farm in North Devon, UK. However he never did return, having met and married Bertie's mother, Mildred, on 26 November 1913 — but that's another story.

Conclusion

Ancestry.UK confirms my DNA as German, French, Irish, Celts, Vikings and Asian. Amazing.

Sources

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'The Court Circular', John Court's, Auckland, June 1969.

Sheep in the city

by Jeanette Grant

Sheep and cities do not normally go together. In Auckland we are fortunate in having several volcanic cones which have largely escaped being quarried out of existence, and instead serve as green lungs for the city. Keeping large parks in order usually involves mowers. However, this is not realistic for steep areas like these. Cattle or sheep? Cattle have proved threatening to picnickers and damaging to Māori earthworks, so sheep are the usual answer currently. A joy to many in spring, but to the farmers responsible for their care, a constant concern. Will stray dogs get in amongst them and worry some to death? Will they become the victims of drunken thrill-seekers or home butchers?

Nevertheless, city children do get the chance to see sheep at close quarters. One year, Cornwall Park even had a whole flock of black sheep. However, I can remember several occasions when our contact with sheep

became really really close and personal. Growing up in Mount Eden Road in the 1940s were the days when there were still empty sections, some of them being grazed by horses or cattle. One was only two doors away!

The animal we got to know best however, was a long-term resident of St Andrews Road. The original windmill, which gave Windmill Road its name, was actually on the rise above it in St Andrews Road. By the 1950s it was little more than an untidy pile of stones in the middle of an empty section, owned by the nextdoor neighbour. He had a sheep to keep the section from getting too overgrown, and one year his daughter started to worry about it being lonely and thought how nice it would be if it had a lamb. We had relatives with a farm so one day, the sheep found itself stuffed into the back seat of their car and taken out to Kumeu.

Well, it had not seen another sheep for years and did not want to have anything to do with them. People were its flock. It had a six-week long country holiday and was brought back to town with nobody knowing whether a ram had ever managed to get close to it. However, as time passed, the answer proved to be 'yes', and in due course the lamb arrived. After a few months an unforeseen problem occurred. A section big enough for one sheep did not really provide enough grass for two, and it became necessary for the back seat of the car to become the repository for the occasional bale of hay.

There was another complication of being a long-term sheep owner. Sheep grow wool. Wool gets longer and hotter. Question: What does a caring owner do? Answer: Get us to talk our farming relative to bring some hand shears with him the next time he comes to visit us.

The sheep was put on a lead and was walked along St Andrews Road, up Balmoral Road to Kakariki Avenue, and down our rear driveway. By the time it reached our back yard, it had acquired a tail of curious children who formed a fascinated circle and had a really really close up look at sheep shearing the old fashioned way.

But eventually, the sheep ended up moving to the country permanently as the council decided that the old windmill was a hazard which had to be demolished in 1953 — so after that, the section was sold and built on.

In the 1970s, friends in Wairiki Road had a very large enclosed back yard which was kept in good shape by a pet sheep. They felt it needed more exercise than it was getting, so a couple of times a week the children would

put it on a lead and take it for a walk. However, they did not want to risk it being worried by dogs while everyone was out in the daytime, so to make sure it did not leave a scent trail to the house, they felt it necessary to actually pick the sheep up and carry it a couple of doors away! However, as you can imagine, the sheep grew older — and bigger — and less cooperative. It also was eventually relocated to the country.

Closer to home, we had young neighbours in Mount Eden Road for a while in the 1980s who were both working in the medical field. They had a small lawn, not enough to warrant the expense of buying a motor mower, and he was getting tired of using the hand mower. One of the drug trials she worked on, involved inducing labour, and the test subjects were pregnant sheep. One day she brought a sheep home to solve the mowing problem. Their section was not fully fenced, so the sheep was tethered to a stake which had to be moved every other day. This worked well for several weeks.

Then one day when they came home the sheep was gone. The stake was uprooted. The lead had gone. So had the sheep. Panic ensued. Driving through nearby Mount Eden streets did not find the truant. What next? Ring the police, of course. You try ringing to report your sheep has gone missing and see what response you get! They said to try the SPCA — and sure enough someone had found it trying to cross the road and rescued it.

Home again, the stake was driven firmly into the ground and all was well for a few days. However the scent of freedom had not been forgotten, and it was not long before the prisoner escaped again. The owners had no desire to see this become a habit — so another town sheep left for a rural lifestyle.

Why do I feel these anecdotes are worth recording? Because as Auckland becomes more and more closely built up and section sizes shrink, it is becoming increasingly unlikely that any sheep will be seen on private property in the future. Future inhabitants may be totally unaware of this aspect of 20th century city living — as it is not the sort of detail normally found in the history books.

What was the Mount Eden Borough Council's attitude to such pets as sheep and poultry? As long as the neighbours did not complain, they were quite happy for them to share the city.

Two Remarkable women

1) Sister Ruth Duffus —
A Life of dedication and adventure *by Valerie Sherwood*

Adeline Ruth Duffus, daughter of pioneer Mount Eden dentist J. Charles Duffus, was born at the family home, at 51 Landscape Road, on 13 October 1916. She attended Maungawhau District School; then after completing her secondary education at Epsom Girls Grammar School, she assisted her father for a time at his dental surgery. After taking up nursing training at Waikato Hospital, she graduated in 1940. Joining the New Zealand Army Nursing Corps, Sister Duffus served first at the Polish Refugee Children's Camp at Pahiatua in 1942, then at the war's end, served two terms in the NZANC with J Force, based at Kiwa on Honshu Island close to Hiroshima, where she witnessed first-hand the devastation caused by the atomic bomb.

Adeline Ruth Duffus
Sue Beamish

Returning to New Zealand she undertook maternity training at Ōtaki, and Plunket training at Dunedin, practising as a Plunket nurse at Dargaville for several years. During 1952–53 she travelled on a working tour, first to Europe, then around Australia, witnessing an early heart transplant operation in Western Australia.

On returning to Mount Eden she cared for her father, who died in 1958. During the 1960–70 period she was engaged in her vocation as a Public Health Nurse in Ponsonby. Her dedicated service to the Seaman's Mission was acknowledged by a service award, presented by the then Governor General, Dame Silvia Cartwright.

Demonstrating her still adventurous spirit she celebrated her 80th birthday by taking a tandem parachute jump. Treasured by many friends in her retirement at St Andrew's Village, Glendowie, she continued to live happily until her death on 14 January, 2016, in her 100th year.

Reference

Sherwood, Valerie, 'J. Charles Duffus: The first Mount Eden dental practice,' in *The History of Mount Eden*, Auckland, Epsom & Eden District Historical Society, 2019, p.156.

2) Dame Dorothy Winstone *by Helen Laurenson*

In compiling and editing the text of the recently produced *The History of Mount Eden, the district and its people*, a selection of interesting information was gathered which for various reasons could not be included in the final publication. Sometimes this resulted from the fact that the balance of space and wordage allocated to various chapters was already over the projected limits, or occasionally, that we already had several mini-biographies linked with subjects and could not accommodate more.

Like the mini-biography of Sister Ruth Duffus, Dame Dorothy Winstone's was one of those that did not make it into the final pages. I was particularly regretful, because she had been such a wonderful supporter and mentor for me personally in the last few decades of her life and she was a remarkable woman whom I greatly admired and loved. Thanks to *Prospect,* however, we have the opportunity for this mini-biography to be published.

Dame Dorothy was proud of the fact that she was born in Nurse Donald's Harrisville maternity hospital at 4 Herbert Road, one of the many small maternity hospitals that used to be sited in the Mount Eden district. The building still exists today, although not as a private hospital, but it is sadly showing its age. More information about Harrisville hospital can be found on p. 150 of Valerie Sherwood's chapter 'Healthcare' in *The History of Mount Eden*.

Dame Dorothy spent 22 years in the Mount Eden district, until her marriage in 1941. In the preface to *The History of Mount Eden* I quote artist Graham Percy's son who wrote that his father 'grew up in Mount Eden and there's a friendly unpompous Mt Eden lad at work all the way through [his art]'. I feel that Dame Dorothy possessed those same qualities of friendliness and a distinct lack of pomposity, despite her great gifts and talents being recognised in the honours that were accorded her. On the page opposite is her story as written within the confines of the approximately 200-word limit for mini-biographies:

References

Winstone, D., *I Write as I Remember,* Auckland, the author, 2010.
Dalziel, R., 'Obituary: Dame Dorothy Winstone 1919–2014', *UniNews*, Vol. 44, 04, June 2014, p.7.

Dorothy Gertrude Winstone (née Fowler) 1919–2014

Dorothy Fowler was born in Nurse Donald's Maternity Home, Mount Eden on 23 January 1919. She attended

Maungawhau District School, (then was zoned to transfer to Auckland Normal School when it opened in 1928), Auckland Girls Grammar School, and Auckland Teachers College. She graduated with a BA in history from Auckland University College in 1940, and taught at Seddon Memorial Technical College from 1939–45. A committed Christian from childhood, Dorothy attended the Dominion Road Methodist Church, where she married Wilfred Winstone in December 1941. Her organisational and fundraising abilities, together with her inquiring mind, involved her in social and political developments, especially women's affairs. Holding office in many organisations (including the Federation of University Women, National Council of Women, and the Auckland University Council), she was pro-chancellor of the university in 1977-78 and 1983. Appointed to the Royal Commission on Contraception, Sterilization and Abortion, 1975–77, she was a delegate to the 1975 International Women's Year United Nations Conference and the Committee for the International Year of the Child. The new centennial hall at Auckland Girls Grammar was named the Dorothy Winstone Centre in recognition of her exceptional fundraising efforts. In 1983 the university awarded her an Honorary LLD, and she completed studies for a BTheol in 1997.

The honours awarded her — a CMG in 1976 and a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire in 1990 — recognised her work for a more just society for women and men. She died on 3 April 2014, survived by three of her four children.

Coldicutt connections

Historic figures and Epsom settlers

By Martin Thomas

In the suburb that is now Mount Eden[1], there remain visible reminders of one of the first settler families of early Epsom. One is the Historic Places Trust Category 2 stone cottage known as Coldicutt House[2], partially hidden behind a low stone wall and greenery at 753 Mount Eden Road. The other is a tombstone behind St Andrew's Church that evidences the passing of both William and Sarah Coldicutt, buried together with their youngest son and an infant grandson.

The Coldicutt family was likely to have been the largest family living in Epsom after William Coldicutt purchased his first Epsom property in early 1844, the site upon which Coldicutt House still stands. He and Sarah lived in Epsom from that time.

The Coldicutts had arrived in Auckland nearly two years earlier, however, when Sarah was five months pregnant, and their seven children[3] were aged between three and fifteen years old. The family of nine came to New Zealand aboard a small cargo schooner with five other passengers.

The circumstances that brought the Coldicutt family to New Zealand were unique and extraordinary, and are an interesting part of New Zealand's early European history which, although documented, is not very well known.

The scene of Auckland, precisely as it was when they arrived, is captured in an historic lithograph dedicated to the Right Honourable Lord Stanley, the Colonial Secretary, entitled 'The City of Auckland 1842, Capital of New Zealand',[4] and is reproduced on pages 46–47 of this journal.

The Coldicutt Family's Context

The events leading to the Coldicutt family's move to New Zealand began well before the Treaty of Waitangi was signed in early 1840, and were intimately connected with the British government's plans for New Zealand, British land scheme investors, and the Treaty's signing by the Māori chiefs around the Manukau Harbour.

As colonisation of New Zealand was being considered by sections

of British society, a number of wealthy and influential men of London commerce, based on Edward Gibbon Wakefield's settlement theories, formed The New Zealand Association in 1835. Their plans were considered to be a challenge to the British government's own colonisation interests. It was not long before divisions appeared between members of the New Zealand Association, and colonisation planning proceeded in parallel by two splinter organisations. One was the London-based New Zealand Company[5] established in 1837 and led by Edward Wakefield, with his younger brother William Wakefield as the company's land purchasing agent. The other offshoot settlement organisation was a lesser known Scottish-based one led by Major John Campbell and Edinburgh solicitor Robert Roy. They devised a similar scheme of wholesale land purchase and subdivision to sell sections to the people of Scotland.

To give effect to the scheme, Roy commissioned a then under-employed naval officer, Captain William Cornwallis Symonds (after whom both Cornwallis and Auckland's Symonds Street are now named)[6] to become the Scottish organisation's agent.

A Sydney merchant, Thomas Mitchell, had purchased 50,000 acres of land from Ngāti Whātua chiefs Te Kawau, Te Tinana and Te Reweti in January 1836 for £160 worth of goods. Mitchell had already been living and trading in the north Manukau Harbour area for several years prior to that, and had built a large house and trading post near the Karangahape Pā just inside Puponga Point, the area that is now known as Cornwallis.

Mitchell's purchase was extremely large. It extended all the way from the Waitākere Ranges on the west coast to the Tāmaki River on the east coast of the isthmus, encompassing much of the land that comprises the modern-day Auckland, including the area that was to become Epsom. However, Mitchell had died in November that same year, and the 50,000 acre Mitchell Estate had been willed to his wife.

Two years later, on 3 November 1838 through an intermediary, Revd William White, Captain Symonds as Roy's agent handled the conveyancing of this large tract of land, purchased from Mitchell's wife for a mere £500. The Scottish land company was quickly established, and was aptly named the New Zealand Manukau and Waitemata Company[7]. It preceded and was set to rival Wakefield's New Zealand Company.

During 1839 three other names were added to the New Zealand Manu-

kau and Waitemata Company ownership documents, along with Robert Roy's name. They were Major John Campbell, Alexander Reid, and Captain William Cornwallis Symonds. Symonds at that point became both agent and part-owner of the land company.

Also during 1839, however, the Colonial Office of the British government committed to negotiating in earnest with the Māori chiefs for sovereignty over the whole of New Zealand, and concurrently signalled their intent to forbid land purchases not initially made by the government.

The Manukau and Waitemata Company's rival, Wakefield's New Zealand Company, had already sent immigrant ships from Gravesend, London, to Port Jackson (Wellington), with the *Aurora*, commanded by part-owner Captain Theophilus Heale, being the first immigrant passenger ship to arrive on 10 January 1840.

At that time New Zealand was under the governance jurisdiction of New South Wales, and during January 1840, Governor Gipps of NSW proclaimed Captain William Hobson to be Lieutenant-Governor of New Zealand. He also confirmed that no land sales would be recognised unless they had been first issued by the Crown.

Hobson arrived in the Bay of Islands from Sydney on 29 January 1840, the date that is now commemorated as Auckland's Anniversary Day. The newly appointed Lieutenant-Governor called in the British residents living in New Zealand to announce the official situation. Among those present was Captain Symonds, who immediately sent word back to Edinburgh expressing his doubts about the extent and validity of the land purchase recently made by the Manukau and Waitemata Company. In 1840, however, an 'immediate' communication could take four or five months to arrive on the other side of the world. Meanwhile, a 40-page prospectus outlining the opportunities for Scottish purchasers of the company's sections had been issued in Scotland. It outlined a situation that better described the land on the eastern side of the isthmus, rather than the west, and more than 80 sections were subsequently sold on that pretext.[8]

At the same time Lieutenant-Governor Hobson, who had known of Captain Symonds' father, a respected surveyor of the Navy, was also impressed by Captain Symonds upon meeting him in person, and appointed him as Chief Magistrate of New Zealand. Further, upon learning of Symonds' familiarity with Māori language and the Māori around the

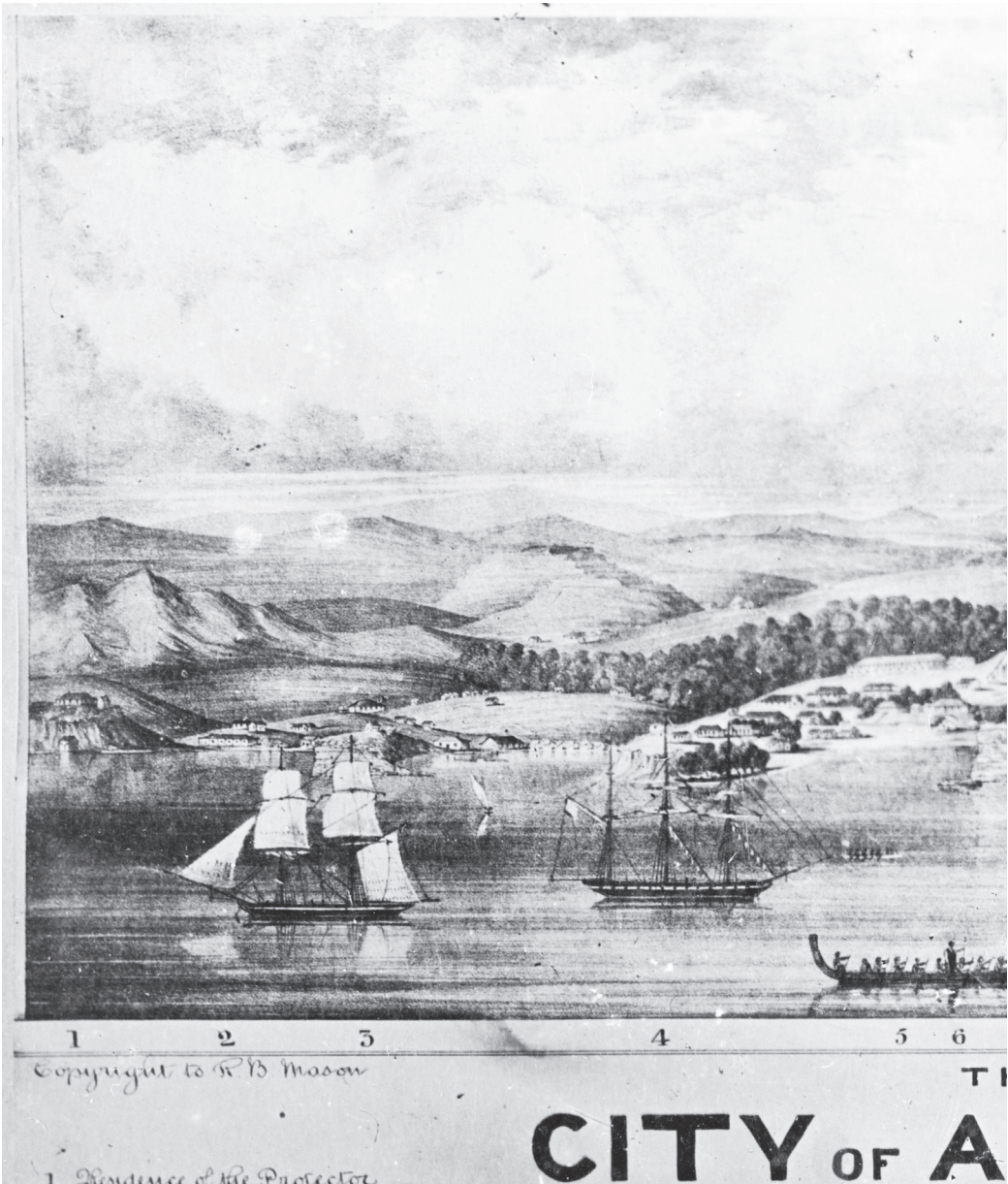
Manukau Harbour (where Symonds had been living in Mitchell's house near Karangahape Pā), Hobson sent Symonds to collect the signatures of the Manukau chiefs for the Treaty of Waitangi. Symonds then had two conflicting masters: the Scottish land company, in which he had a financial interest, and the British Crown.

Extraordinary events

Three months after the British residents' meeting with Lieutenant-Governor Hobson, Captain Theophilus Heale was sailing the *Aurora* with mail from Wellington out of the Kaipara Harbour entrance, after having gathered a payload of kauri spars for the return journey to Britain. Unfortunately the *Aurora* sank on 27 April 1840, when the wind failed to provide power. All managed to escape to shore alive, but stranded without a vessel, Heale then made his way overland from the Kaipara Harbour to the Bay of Islands. He knew there was a European population there. and there would also be sailing vessels. Coincidentally, Symonds had also returned to the Bay of Islands on 31 April to meet again with Hobson, having collected some of the signatures from Māori chiefs around the Manukau Harbour for the Treaty of Waitangi.

Symonds and Heale chanced to meet there in May 1840, and in a short time had devised a joint business plan. They set about creating a company to mill timber and also to conduct general trading operations. Their intention was to exploit the kauri and tōtara trees that were abundant on the north Manukau hills, employing both local Māori and the immigrants of the Manukau and Waitemata Company, when they arrived. They found an entrepreneurial capital partner, Dudley Sinclair, eldest son of Baronet Sir George Sinclair, and so the Manukau and Waitemata Timber Milling and Trading Company was formed. The trading company's name was similar to the land company's name, but they were separate entities, except for the involvement of Symonds.

Representing the new company, as part-owner, Captain Heale was soon despatched to sail as a passenger for the east coast of America to investigate the latest milling processes and equipment in the American colonies, en route back to Britain. Once in Britain, Heale purchased the 130 ton schooner *Osprey* to conduct the transport requirements of the milling and trading company, and commissioned Captain Sedgwick to be its regular master.



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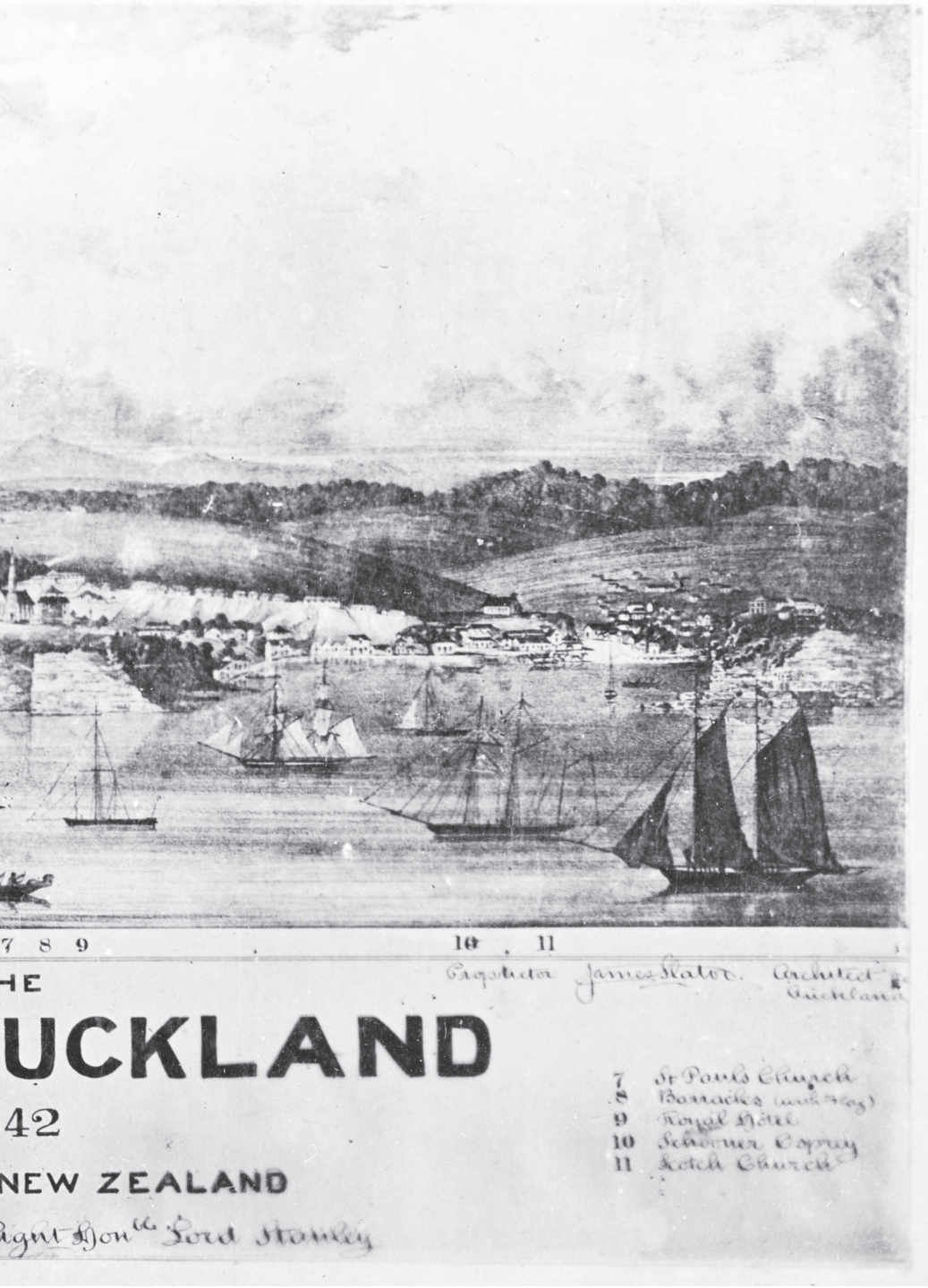
1 Residence of the Protector of the Aborigines
2 Do of G Cooper Esq Collector of Customs
3 Do of Revd J E Wharton
4 H M S Favorite
5 His Excellency The Governors House
6 A Native Chief in his Canoe



Notes for lithograph (see previous page)

The viewer's orientation with respect to the Auckland City of today, with the land seaward of Beach Road having been reclaimed, and Point Britomart having since been levelled, is Queen Street which follows the valley running away from the harbour, directly above the schooner *Osprey* in the image.

Also, in the lithograph can be seen the naval vessel, HMS *Favorite*, which had arrived in the Waitemata on 5 May 1842, two days before the *Osprey*'s arrival on 7 May. The *Louisa Campbell*, which arrived on 23 May, is not present in the harbour. This places the scene as it was between 7 and 22 May 1842.

(Interestingly, HMS *Favorite* had been in service off the coast of Africa intercepting slave ships, and this may have been an additional reason the lithograph was dedicated to Lord Stanley as he had also overseen the passage of the Abolition of Slavery Bill through the British Parliament a decade earlier.)

Heale went about procuring milling equipment, frame and saws, a state-of-the-art steam powered Cornish beam engine, and a boiler to power it. Trading goods were also purchased. Captain Heale enticed and commissioned two skilled engineers to erect and operate the saw milling equipment. These skilled men engaged were William Coldicutt from Birmingham[9] and a Mr Russell.

Meanwhile, the New Zealand Manukau and Waitemata Company had sailed its first chartered immigrant ship, the *Brilliant*, from Glasgow to New Zealand on 28 December 1840. It arrived in the Manukau Harbour on 29 October 1841 after a very long journey of ten months. Due to the lengthy journey and low confidence in an allegedly inebriated captain and crew, many passengers had abandoned their plans and decided to leave the ship en route at the various ports of Cork, Sierra Leone, Cape Town, Melbourne and Hobart. So by the time the *Brilliant* finally arrived at Cornwallis to begin the new settlement there were only 27 passengers left.

The Coldicutts' journey

The Manukau and Waitemata Timber Milling and Trading Company's schooner *Osprey*, as purchased by Heale, left St Katherine's Dock in London in November 1841 laden with the milling equipment, a prefabricated house, and other valuable cargo for trading. There were 14 passengers aboard, comprising the nine members of the Coldicutt family, Mr Russell (and perhaps his wife) and three paying passengers unrelated to the company's

business; they were gentlemen farmers who each paid £60 for their passage.

Shortly after they set sail, and unbeknown to all aboard the *Osprey*, an event took place half a world away that would have an impact on both the land company and the milling and trading company operations. Captain Symonds was drowned in the Manukau Harbour on 23 November 1841, less than a month after the *Brilliant* had arrived.

The wife of Revd James Hamlin, a CMS[10] missionary based at Orua Bay who had accompanied Captain Symonds when collecting thirteen signatures for the Treaty of Waitangi, had fallen ill (with loneliness, it later transpired). Orua Bay was a short distance across the Manukau Harbour from Captain Symonds' residence at Cornwallis, and he had been called upon to deliver medicine in the absence of the *Brilliant*'s surgeon, which he attempted to do in the ship's longboat along with several residents as crew.

As they came to the open waters off Puponga Point a sudden squall blew up, and the conditions caused the longboat to sink rapidly. After more than an hour and twenty minutes in the water, Captain Symonds had nearly made it back to shore but finally succumbed to the waters of the Manukau. Ignominiously, a shark then mutilated Symonds' body. Swimming against the current, all of those aboard had drowned except one.

The official documents of the two companies had been kept in the pocket of Symonds' pea coat, and were destroyed in the water along with Captain Symonds. This event had disastrous consequences for both the Scottish land company and the milling and trading company, for which Symonds was the leading light and pivotal agent. Following the death of Captain Symonds, one of the eleven men from the *Brilliant*, Lachlan McLachlan, assumed de facto leadership of the small Cornwallis community.

Meanwhile, the *Osprey* was at sea for the next six months, with passengers and crew unaware of Captain Symonds' demise. The span of time was unplanned for, as the schooner had encountered a series of storms, headwinds and calms, and they ran out of provisions. Crew and passengers all would have starved had not a shark been shot from the deck and hauled aboard to provide nourishment. The shark's backbone was later fashioned into a walking-stick by the ship's carpenter's assistant and was given to the youngest passenger, three-year old Job Coldicutt.

The *Osprey* eventually arrived in the Waitematā Harbour on 7 May 1842. In the lithograph, the *Osprey* can be clearly identified as the second boat from the right in the image. It was reputed to have been the first vessel to have sailed directly from London to Auckland, five months before the arrival of Auckland's first bounty immigrant ships the *Duchess of Argyle* and the *Jane Gifford*. Other vessels in the Waitematā at that time, and before then, had arrived either from Sydney (mostly), or Hobart, or ports around the New Zealand coast like Kororareka (Russell) and Port Jackson (Wellington). The *Louisa Campbell*, the land company's second charter ship, arrived less than three weeks later on 24 May. The £20,000 value of the cargo, carried collectively by the *Osprey* and the *Louisa Campbell* was said to have added hugely to the wealth and reputation of the fledgling settlement of Auckland.

The scene of Auckland that greeted crew and passengers upon arrival did not seem at all positive. One of the *Osprey*'s crew wrote:

> Looking from the schooner deck the settlement presented an uninviting appearance there appeared no order nor system — a few small wooden buildings erected on posts on the side of the hills — together with a few raupo huts — represented the town of Auckland.

A prefabricated two-storey frame house with bricks, lime and cement, to be built as a residence for one of the company directors, probably Dudley Sinclair, was offloaded from the *Osprey*, as were the trading goods of camp ovens, pipes, tobacco and blankets. The prefabricated house was erected where Mills Lane now runs off Swanson Street.

Having unloaded the goods, the *Osprey* was set to sail north around North Cape and then south down the west coast to enter the Manukau Harbour. This was to deliver the boiler and steam milling equipment, together with the engineers, at the site that has since been named Mill Bay at Cornwallis. However, the Coldicutt family chose to disembark there at Auckland, despite their ultimate destination being Cornwallis. After such a long and harrowing sea journey under cramped conditions that nearly claimed all their lives, they chose to make their way overland across the isthmus to Cornwallis. That journey took the trail from the Auckland waterfront, past Maungawhau, to Onehunga and from there by vessel

across the Manukau Harbour to Cornwallis, while the *Osprey* was making its way around North Cape. Prophetically, the *Osprey* nearly foundered on the Manukau bar at its first attempt at entering the harbour entrance.

Transient Cornwallis

Both the settlement and the milling operation at Cornwallis were doomed to failure even before the Coldicutt family had set foot there. The edict that pre-Treaty land sales would not be recognised was articulated by the governing authorities just the day before the 27 passengers of the *Brilliant* arrived, as being granted 'permissive occupancy of the land not exceeding two years. . . on the express understanding that they occupy such land on sufferance only until the pleasure of the Secretary of State shall be known on the subject'. Further, should the government require them to vacate the land, they would be allowed only one month's notice to remove their houses.

Planned milling operations were also severely hampered, as authorities allowed that the only trees which could be cut were those with diameters between six and twenty inches. The mill was nevertheless erected, and with a variety of saws driven by the steam powered Cornish beam engine, operations began. The Manukau Steam Sawmill was soon advertising timber in Auckland at ten shillings per hundred super feet for boards over twelve inches wide, nine shillings under twelve inches, and eight shillings for scantlings and battens. The only relaxation for the small Cornwallis community was provided by Edward Foley's hotel called the Bird in Hand. It was the first in West Auckland, and opened in July 1842.

In Cornwallis, on 1 September 1842, Sarah Coldicutt gave birth to James, the eighth Coldicutt child. A few weeks later, on 18 October 1842, John McLachlan[11] was born, the son of Lachlan McLachlan. These were among the first European children to be born in the Auckland area.

Other problems also beset the milling operation. The labour available could not provide felled trees quickly enough to supply the mill, the saw blades were not able to handle New Zealand timber well, and competition closer to the Auckland market supplied timber more cheaply. By mid-1843 operations ceased entirely.

Heale's partnership for the sawmill, Heale, Sinclair & Co,[12] was dissolved and the trading and shipping partnership was voluntarily liqui-

dated. The beam engine and boiler were shipped to Kawau Island for the copper mining operation there. A few corroded remains of that boiler may possibly still be seen there when exploring the island.

Many of the Cornwallis community either returned to Britain or moved to Australia. A few of the families simply crossed the harbour to Onehunga to start new lives. . . for the second time. These included the Broderick, Foley, and Coldicutt families. A few months later the Coldicutts moved to the newly surveyed suburban farming area of Epsom.

Epsom beginnings

The first flush of government sales of suburban farm sections in Epsom went mostly to property speculators from Sydney or government officials in New Zealand, who within a few months sold the unimproved land for a quick profit to the first settlers.

William Coldicutt was among the first genuine settlers to purchase land from the speculators at inflated prices, signing his first deed on 11 January 1844. He took possession of 20-acre Suburban Allotment 97 on 18 June 1844. The property was located just across Mount Eden Road from the Watling Street intersection, and extended from that intersection diagonally back to the far corner of the property, which included all the land on which Maungawhau School is now located, and incorporated the land which now comprises Ellerton Road.[13] He named his property 'Manuka Grove'.

The area of Mount Eden Road in the vicinity of what is now Watling Street was known as Epsom for the first two decades of European settlement. The police census of Epsom in 1844 records that there were 41 households, with a total population of 179. William Coldicutt, his wife Sarah, and family of eight children, comprised a twentieth of the Epsom population at that time.

Coldicutt had bought the property at triple its original Crown Grant price of only five months before, from Auckland land speculator George Graham[14] who, a few years later, became the clerk of works for the Royal Engineers and supervised the building of the extensive stone wall around the Albert Barracks, employing Māori labour. A small remnant of the original stone works can still be seen in the grounds of the University of Auckland today. At the date of purchase, the occupations of both parties, Graham and Coldicutt, were recorded as 'gentleman'[15] on the deed of sale.

Many of the following people mentioned became connected with the Coldicutt family. Immediately across Mount Eden Road from 'Manuka Grove', and either side of Watling Street, three suburban farms (Allotments 74, 75 & 76) were owned by George Cooper, the Colonial Treasurer. Two of these (Allotments 74 & 75) were sold in September 1848 to the Revd Dr Arthur Guyon Purchas of St John's College. Purchas then on-sold Allotment 74 to William Coldicutt, and a subdivision of Allotment 75 of just over four acres of land on 8 November 1848. The latter was across the road on the corner of Watling Street and Mount Eden Road, where another stone house at 710 Mount Eden Road now stands.

Diagonally opposite 'Manuka Grove' on Mount Eden Road, on the northern side of George Cooper's three allotments, were three more suburban farms (Allotments 71, 72 & 73) jointly owned by William Mason, the Colonial Architect, and Thomas Paton, the Government Postmaster. Mason and Paton were at that time the official agents responsible for auctioning the newly surveyed government properties.

Backing immediately on to 'Manuka Grove' and extending westwards to Dominion Road was a suburban farm (Allotment 110) owned by Stephen Wrathall. Stephen Wrathall was from an entrepreneurial family business, headquartered in Melbourne and trading out of Taipa and Mangonui on Doubtless Bay since about 1812[16] with the support of the local Ngāpuhi chief, Pawai.[17] Timber milling was the main activity of Stephen Wrathall's business interest in Northland.

There was no residence on the 'Manuka Grove' property when it was first purchased by William Coldicutt. There was only manuka and the scattered volcanic rubble that was the raw material for building; the family resided on the property from late 1843 in a raupō whare as was usual for settlers' first residences at that time. Three quarters of the 42 Epsom residences in 1844 were of raupō construction.

Of the several stone houses built in early Mount Eden, William Coldicutt's became a distinctive landmark. Although the year 1844 is impressed into the lintel above the front door, it is not the year it was built, as it was later remembered by a granddaughter to have been completed in 1847. The date 1844 had been added by a much more recent owner, antique dealer John Waldie, when he made alterations to the house in 1959, also naming the house 'Blink Bonnie' at that time.

'The stone house' was known by Coldicutt descendants to have had a wine cellar, in which William stored the turnip wine he fermented. The cellar came to be filled in by a subsequent owner, and was only rediscovered again by a more recent one. Brewing alcoholic beverages was clearly a happy pastime of William Coldicutt's; he grew his own hops and was something of a connoisseur, as his letter to the editor of the *New Zealander* dated 4 April 1857 affirms. (See below.) This interest he shared with his friend Thomas Paton, who had opened the Epsom Brewery in 1846.

Original Correspondence.

NEW ZEALAND HOPS.

To the Editor of the NEW ZEALANDER.

SIR,—In your issue of the 1st instant, Messrs. Secombe in speaking of the Hop say,—"those are much better produced *here* than when imported," which from my own experience I can fully bear out. A few years ago, I begged from a friend a few sets of the best kind. I paid no other attention to them than clearing them at the roots in the spring, and setting them at the foot of a huge manuka tree. Last and this year, we have Hops, I venture to say, I could challenge the famous Kentish Hop growers, as to size, quality, and quantity.

My plan is, when they are of a greenish yellow, on a dry day to gather them in kits, hang each kit separately, so that the air can get around, and have a free current through them. This I find preserves the aroma, far better than artificial drying. A quarter of a pound so preserved, will go as far as half a pound of those imported from home. A sample is enclosed for your inspection.

Any person wishing to grow Hops is welcome to as many sets, from the undersigned, as they like to fetch.

Trusting, Sir, you will oblige an old subscriber to your paper, by inserting this at your earliest convenience,

I am, yours &c.,
WILLIAM COLDICUTT,
Manuka Grove, Epsom.

April 4, 1857.

The first St Andrew's Church, up the Watling Street hill and around the corner, was opened in September 1846, with the small wooden building doubling as a classroom during the week. The younger Coldicutt children received their lessons there. The Revd Dr Arthur Guyon Purchas was the vicar in charge for five years from 1847 to 1852, and again from 1860 to 1865, and became a close and trusted friend of William Coldicutt, as did Thomas Paton.

Thomas Paton's business partner, architect William Mason, designed and built a windmill of high quality scoria on the aptly named Windmill Road, which was known as 'Eden Mill'. With the natural volcanic rubble resource available in early Mount Eden, there would have been discussion among members of the community about the business of construction of buildings using the naturally occurring local resources. The volcanic rubble was required to be cleared from the land in preparation for farming anyway. Something is known about the construction of Paton's house owing to some recently discovered surviving letters in which he had mentioned it. Perhaps what Paton wrote in those letters provides an indication of the discussion in which William Coldicutt might have been involved regarding constructing their homes. Thomas Paton was proud that he had built much of it himself and thereby saved on construction costs.

William Coldicutt made his next Epsom purchase on 8 November 1848, a subdivision of just over four acres of land across the road on the corner of Watling Street and Mount Eden Road, where another stone house at 710 Mount Eden Road now stands. This property he purchased from Revd Dr Arthur Guyon Purchas. (Note, this is not Coldicutt House, which is at 753 Mount Eden Road.)

In addition to the farming activities on his own land the *New Zealander* of 5 March 1856 stated that William Coldicutt and his son John, along with 71 others, were grazing stock on public land. They held depasturing licences for eleven head of stock each, from the Warden of the Auckland Hundred. The 'Hundred of Auckland' seems a quaint and curious term now. The terminology used then was an echo of the English manorial system dating back to feudal times. Manor estates comprised land sufficient to support approximately one hundred farming families, and were known as 'the Hundred'. A relevant part of the Hundred concept was that, as well as

individual allotments for family use, there were communal woodland and wasteland areas where any of the families of the Hundred could gather firewood, hunt, and graze stock on an allocation basis. Maungawhau (Mount Eden) and Maungakiekie (One Tree Hill) and other similar areas were considered as wasteland in Auckland's early days, to be used for communal grazing purposes.

Weddings and funerals

During their early years in Epsom, two of the Coldicutt family married two members of settler family John and Ann Stokes, who owned a 30-acre farm immediately adjacent to Maungawhau. The land of that farm is now bisected by the present-day Stokes Road. In Epsom, on 4 March 1849, 20-year-old John Coldicutt married 16-year-old Lucy Stokes, and 22-year-old Reuben Stokes married 15-year-old Esther Coldicutt. Both the Coldicutt and Stokes families were Anglican, and although the first St Andrew's Church had opened in September 1846, their marriages are not recorded in the archives. According to the Anglican Church historians, St Andrew's at the time was considered to be a mission station of little importance, coming under the umbrella of St John's College chapelries. St Andrew's early record keeping was incomplete, and in a check of the Anglican register for the period 1845–75 only two St Andrew's marriage records exist.

Reuben and Esther, after a decade of farming at Little Muddy Creek and Nihotupu near Cornwallis, became a pioneering family at Wairoa South (Ardmore) in the 1860s. Here they raised 12 children. Wairoa South was on the boundary of European civilisation under the Hunua Ranges just prior to the New Zealand Wars, and was the initial base location of Jackson and von Tempsky's Forest Rangers at that time.[18]

John and Lucy had five children in Epsom, and following Lucy's death, John married again in 1866, to Martha Edwards. They then lived in Thames and raised a family of another six children.

Only a couple of years after the first of the Coldicutt family marriages, William's wife Sarah Coldicutt died, on 29 September 1851. William was then still only 44 years old, and he met and married a young widow, Sophia Dyer, who had recently arrived in New Zealand. On 19 May 1852 they were married in the first St Paul's Anglican Church in Emily Place, Auckland.

The church can also be seen in the lithograph (still under construction in 1842). A plaque in Emily Place denotes the site of the first St Pauls' Church, demolished in 1885 when Point Britomart (the cliff as seen in the lithograph) was quarried away. That church building had been designed by the previously mentioned architect William Mason, who later designed and built the Eden Mill.

Three weeks after his own second marriage, William Coldicutt's third daughter Sarah, then 17 years old, married Colour Sergeant Henry Lawrence of the 58th Regiment. Lawrence was a soldier who had fought in the battles against Hone Heke during the Northern Wars of 1845–46. Two years later, 23-year-old Charles Coldicutt married Mary Murdoch from Onehunga. There they raised five children.

The following year, in 1855, William Coldicutt's oldest son, 28-year-old William, married Ann Wrathall, who was the eldest daughter of an arranged marriage between Stephen Wrathall and chieftainess Marae Te Inototo (from the Bay of Plenty). Together, William Coldicutt (the son) and Ann had three children. Interestingly, William served in the 3rd Waikato Militia during the New Zealand Wars of 1861–66.

Twenty years later, William Coldicutt (the son) married for the second time, to 26-year-old Rebecca Bycroft, and they together went on to raise William's second family comprising eight more children. The Bycroft name was well-known initially through the family flour business, and later as a biscuit brand. For a time Bycroft's Biscuits were as well-known in New Zealand as Griffin's Biscuits. John Bycroft and Charles Partington had formed a partnership in 1847 and bought Eden Mill from William Mason. After their partnership dissolved, Bycroft and Partington[19] went their separate ways.

In 1857, William and Sarah Coldicutt's youngest daughter, Ann Coldicutt, then 20 years old, married Joseph Davis in St Paul's Church. Their first-born son, Arthur, died when only a few months old in 1860, and shortly after, they emigrated to Australia to live and raise a family of seven in Melbourne.[20] Arthur was buried at St Andrew's Epsom with his grandmother, Sarah.

William Coldicutt died on 30 October 1862 at only 55 years of age. His demise was anticipated, and his Last Will and Testament was written the week before his death. Both his friends Revd Dr Arthur Guyon Purchas and

Thomas Paton became joint executors and trustees of his estate. His second wife, Sophia, was widowed at 40 years old.[21] She inherited the household possessions and William's black mare.

James, the youngest Coldicutt, was 20 years old when his father died, and from the wording of the will it was clear that he required on-going care. The will made financial provision for James. One thousand pounds[22] was to be invested by the estate's trustees, lending it out in mortgages so that the interest would sustain James 'for the rest of his natural life'. He died at the age of 34, his care having been overseen by Purchas and Paton for 14 years.

Three years after his father's death, 25-year-old Job Coldicutt married Ellen Hills; together they had nine children, and Ellen's father, from Ely England, was Auckland's first coach-builder.

As an aside, Arthur Purchas had trained as a doctor at Guy's Hospital in London and had been taught by the renowned Dr Thomas Addison.[23] So, it may or may not have been coincidence, but Addison was a middle name given to Job and Ellen's eighth child (Claude Ernest Addison Coldicutt). Claude was encouraged to travel to Edinburgh to study medicine, qualifying with an MD, and then to Cambridge to qualify as a Doctor of Public Health.[24]

Coldicutt estate and executor trustees

On 15 October 1864 the trustees of William Coldicutt's will, Purchas and Paton, liquidated the Coldicutt Estate by auction at Alfred Buckland's Haymarket in central Auckland. The estate then comprised an acre of town land with a deep water frontage at Mangonui, Northland;[25] 20 acres of developed land watered and securely fenced, and with a stone dwelling house and out-buildings ('Manuka Grove'); a further 22 acres of land in Epsom in lots varying from three to six acres; plus 20 acres of leased land with four years left to run. The terms of sale were 50% cash on the day with the balance on mortgage for five years at 10% interest. The proceeds of all land sales were directed by the will to be converted into mortgages over land held in New Zealand. The interest was paid to his second wife Sophia, until she either remarried or died. Sophia remarried in 1874, and at that time the will directed that all mortgage money be called in by the trustees and be distributed equally among the living children,

with the exception of James who was in care in Seafield View Home.

One of the smaller properties adjoining Thomas Paton's property was purchased by Dr Stokes. Three of the smaller properties were bought by solicitor Mr Brookfield. One of these properties backed onto Mr Udy's property.

George Nairn purchased the 20 acres and stone house comprising 'Manuka Grove' at the deceased estate auction in 1864, but within four years ownership of the property had reverted to the Coldicutt Estate trustees Purchas and Paton. The 'Manuka Grove' property then remained under the control of the trustees for a further six years until it was eventually sold to Robert Joughin in 1874. At this point the trustees Purchas and Paton were finally relieved of their duties as both executors and trustees, twelve years after William Coldicutt's passing.

Over the intervening years Coldicutt House has been referred to in newspapers both as a local landmark and, conversely, as 'the house that isn't there' because no official early records could be found. In the 1970s an imposter even went to rather extraordinary lengths to claim ownership of its construction on behalf of a deceased ancestor of his.

It had been claimed by some to be New Zealand's first stone house. This it may not have been, but it has been lived-in since 1844, making it the longest continuously occupied stone house in New Zealand, and maybe the longest surviving stone house. Remarkably, its construction shows no visible sign of deterioration even yet.

Readers of this article driving or walking past 753 Mount Eden Road now, or discovering the tombstone behind St Andrew's Church, may be reminded of related events of New Zealand history that their existence represents. In particular, Captains Symonds' and Heale's involvement, and something of the immediate Coldicutt family, friends and acquaintances that were part of the history of early Epsom.

Notes

1. Today's suburb of Mount Eden was usually known as Epsom for about the first two decades.
2. Historic Places Trust Register No.2606.
3. William (son) 15, John 13, Charles 10, Esther 8, Sarah (daughter) 7, Ann 5, and Job 3.
4. Copyright to R B Mason.
5. The New Zealand Company became the company whose ships are associated with the

initial European settlements of Wellington, Nelson, Whanganui and Dunedin.

6. At that time, Captain Symonds was not associated with Lieutenant-Governor Captain Hobson.
7. Variously referred to as the 'Waitemata and Manukau Land Company', the 'Waitemata and Manukau Company', the 'Manukau and Waitemata Company', the 'Manukau Land Company', and simply the 'Manukau Company'.
8. The settlers were ultimately allocated land on the western side of the isthmus, at Cornwallis.
9. Birmingham was the British city at the heart of the Industrial Revolution.
10. Church Missionary Society.
11. Many decades later, after protracted land ownership issues had been resolved as well as they could be, John McLachlan purchased the 1927 acres of land that is now the Cornwallis Park. He gifted it to the people of Auckland upon his death in 1909, and it now forms part of the Waitākere Regional Park. A tall needle monument commemorating the passengers of the immigrant ships of the Manukau and Waitemata Company was erected on the highest spot on Puponga Point in February 1919.
12. Since Symonds' death.
13. A road, which at that time, had not been surveyed.
14. Graham had owned the property for only five months from the original Crown Grant release in July 1843. He had earlier profited on the very first Auckland land sales in the area of what is now downtown Auckland. On the first day of the Auckland land sales on 19 April 1841 he had crowed in his diary that he had purchased an allotment for £270 and had sold half of that section the same day for £180. . . an instant profit of 33%.
15. 'Gentleman' was an occupational description of the period used to describe a man without need of an occupation.
16. Two years after the Boyd incident, and at about the time when duties were first imposed on NZ produce in Sydney.
17. Uncle of Hone Heke.
18. The Forest Rangers were the forerunner of today's NZ SAS, which are still based nearby at Papakura.
19. Charles Partington established Partington's Mill off Liverpool Street on the Karangahape Road ridge in 1850, and it became a major Auckland landmark for the next century.
20. Founded in 1835, the population of Melbourne was 29,000 by 1851 when Victoria became a new Colony, separate from New South Wales.
21. Twelve years later she married again, for the third time, to William Griffiths.
22. £1,000 in the 1860s was in excess of $100,000 today's value.
23. Discoverer of Addison's Disease, an endocrine disorder.
24. After practising medicine for a number of years in Birmingham, he returned to NZ to run a large and well-known medical practice in Auckland, and also became Medical Advisor for Auckland.
25. Presumably through the Wrathall connections.

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A tale of two houses: the mansions of Princes Street

Eric Laurenson with Helen Laurenson

During the 1970s and 1980s I was privileged to operate my architectural practice from one of the old merchant houses that border the western side of Princes Street. Backing onto Albert Park, it was a wonderful situation with most facilities within easy walking distance and with many reminders of Auckland's early settlement to be explored. With the original 99-year lease of the land coming to an end, the houses were due to be demolished under the Auckland Improvement (Albert Barrack Reserves) Act of 1872, and the land become part of Albert Park. A new appreciation of Auckland's architectural heritage, however, was driving moves to preserve the houses and this was happening during our tenancy.

I was on my own in the office one quiet afternoon in the 1970s when a woman knocked tentatively on the door and asked if it would be all right for her to have a look around the house. "You see, I was born here," she explained. Of course, that was a powerful case for her to be allowed to look over the building. She was visiting Auckland and had lived overseas for many years with her husband. They were now on a nostalgic visit to the scenes of her youth. In one of the back rooms she stood by the window and exclaimed, "This is the window where I was held for my brother out in the garden to see his newly born sister." Later, she showed me her photos of the building at various stages of its modification by her father, Doctor Bruce Mackenzie, and I was so impressed that I suggested she visit the heritage department at the then Auckland City Council to allow them to take copies. Council were later kind enough to give me my own copies, some of which are included in this article.

I remembered the incident with pleasure, but thought little more of it as developments began to take place in relation to the houses and their preservation. Of particular interest to me was 27 Princes Street in which my office was based. The house had been through some substantial changes over the years. In 1908, according to research by Nola Easdale, 'a two storied semi-circular addition was made to the south front' forming a bay-windowed feature. (Figs.1 & 2)

Fig.1) An early photo of the original house following the addition of the double height bay window in 1908.

Fig.2) The front of the house has been altered from the more elaborate Victorian style verandah (of the previous photo) and clearly shows the 1908 addition of the double height bay window (left).

In 1934 the building was dramatically modified by the American architect, Roy Lippincott, who had won the design competition for the new university arts building. Lippincott divided the house in two at the point of the earlier addition, leaving that part of the house *in situ* and moving the other half, divested of its veranda, sideways and forwards on to vacant land on the north side and suitably adapting it to its new site. (Fig.3) He then

Fig.3) A view of the northern side of the house with a later addition of a bay window on the ground floor. It also shows the vacant land between it and the neighbouring house (right) on to which a major part of the building was shifted in 1934.

set about making major additions to the remaining bay-windowed section in the then fashionable stuccoed style, and it was this striking building, numbered 27 Princes Street, that was to be the home of my practice until 1987. Interestingly the house, before its partition, was numbered 25 Princes Street as can be noted in the 1930 birth notice. (Fig.4)

MACKENZIE.—On Easter Sunday, to Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Mackenzie, 25, Princes Street, a daughter.

Fig.4) New Zealand Herald, 22 April 1930, p.1.

Fig.5) The two houses as they remained until the 1970s, when the house (centre) was demolished. Note that the ground floor bay window on the northern side has been removed.

The relocated portion of the house (officially known as 25A) was given a new frontage. (Fig.5) Forty years later, in 1974, a conservation area landscaping plan required it to be demolished as Council wished to develop the piece of land as a public garden linked to Albert Park. It was considered that this house departed from the general line of the remaining buildings, projecting as it did much closer to the Princes Street frontage, and that it had been considerably modified from the original Victorian villa. The Civic Trust campaigned unsuccessfully to save the house. Given that the original expiry of the 1872 lease required that all the houses be demolished, it is to the Auckland City Council's credit that they took the steps necessary to preserve all the remaining houses.

The old stables at the rear of the site, also accessed from Bowen Lane, were retained and these were to become a home for Auckland University 'writers in residence' where, during her tenure, I occasionally saw Janet Frame pottering around outside.

In August 2018 an unusually long and comprehensive death notice, taking up a complete column, appeared in the *New Zealand Herald*. It commemorated the life and work of a remarkable woman, Helen Margaret Jean Richards (née Mackenzie), who had grown up in Auckland. Her photo accompanied the notice and confirmed that it was indeed the same person who had visited me all those years ago.

Fig.6) The house at 27 Princes Street.
Heritage NZ photo by Martin James, 9 April 2007

What a full and fascinating life she had led before her death on 6 August 2018, and what a contrast the newspaper column tribute presented in comparison with the brief few lines of her birth notice in 1930 (Fig.4). Helen had attended St Cuthbert's College and there earned her place as a sports achiever in tennis and hockey. She trained as a bacteriologist at the Auckland University College and the Pathology Department of the Auckland Public Hospital. In 1949 she represented Auckland and became the New Zealand champion in the national 220 and 440 yards freestyle swimming events, leading to her selection for the British Empire Games in 1950. She was awarded University Blues in hockey and swimming.

In 1954 she married Dr Nolan E. Richards at St Andrews Presbyterian Church, and left New Zealand for Philadelphia, with most of her life spent in Muscle Shoals, USA, on the banks of the Tennessee River where she and her husband raced their boat *Hinemoa*. A breast cancer survivor, she was involved in many community projects and was made Muscle Shoals Citi-

zen of the Year in 1974, the first woman to be so honoured. She was inducted into St Cuthbert's College Wall of Honour for swimming in 2015. Helen is survived by her husband, son, daughter, grandson and great-grandson.

Nola Easdale researched and recorded some of the stories associated with the Princes Street merchant houses in her 1980 publication *Five Gentlemen's residences in Princes Street Auckland: The Occupants and their Enterprises 1875-1900: An Assemblage*; but what other colourful stories might those grand homes share if only 'walls could talk'! (Fig.6)

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Able Seaman Robert Alfred Caney (C/J 107852)

HMS *Curacoa*, Royal Navy — Died at sea 2 October 1942, aged 34

by Roger Morgan

(with special thanks to Hazel Ballan)

In late March 2019 the following message came to the Epsom & Eden District Historical Society's website from Robert Morgan:

> Greetings from Epsom, UK. I am a volunteer with the local history society here, most recently engaged in writing up the Borough's World War II casualties. One that caused us some headaches was Robert Caney, where the Commonwealth War Graves Commission's database noted that his widow, Hazel, was 'of Epsom, Surrey'. . . but she was actually of your Epsom. I thought you might be interested to know of this — and the unusual circumstances of her husband's death. And if there's anything you feel could be usefully added to our article, please say.
>
> Editor, Jeanette Grant, and Helen Laurenson have both been in contact with Roger Morgan and sent information gleaned from New Zealand sources. Roger Morgan writes:

Robert Caney is not listed in the Book of Remembrance, but was first remembered here because the Commonwealth War Graves Commission's

post-war records note that Robert was the 'husband of Hazel Caney, of Epsom, Surrey'. However, neither their marriage nor Hazel's address in Epsom is found in the readily available records — and that is because further devilling reveals that the Epsom in question is actually in Auckland, New Zealand: The Probate record of Robert's £1,465 estate being awarded (in December 1949 — nearly seven years after his death) to the solicitor of his re-married widow 'Hazel Una Esme O'Connor (wife of Jack O'Connor)' gives her home address as '90 Mountain Road, Epsom, Auckland, New Zealand'.

Even though it now transpires that Robert had no actual connection with Epsom, the borough, this article has been retained here not only to help those who may follow the Commonwealth War Graves Commission's trail (also repeated in a number of other databases) but also for general interest given the unusual incident that led to Robert's death.

The family background is that Robert was the second child of Robert Theodore Caney and Ellen Clara (née Goldsmith), who were married on 15 January 1905 in the now-lost church of St John, Horseleydown, Bermondsey. Robert junior's birth in Bermondsey, London, was registered Q1 1908 but, according to Naval records, the actual birth was on 21 December 1907. The family of four were recorded in the 1911 Census living at 26 St Alban's Street, Kennington, London. Thirty-year-old Robert senior was listed as a 'House Painter'. Mother Ellen was aged 28; sister Florence, 5; and Robert 3.

Robert junior was a career sailor. He joined the navy as a 15-year-old on 28 July 1923. Naval records note that he had previously been working as a 'Labourer'. He began his service as a 'Boy II'. On his 18th birthday, 21 December 1923 (and now as 'Boy I'), he signed on for 12 years and served on various ships. In May 1928, he attained the rank of Able Seaman. During his travels, he met New Zealander Hazel Una Ismay (in some records 'Esme') Clarke, daughter of Andrew and Mary Clarke. [They married in New Zealand on 29 October 1938. Ed.]

The married Hazel is found in the September 1939 Register as a lodger in a room at 90 Harberton Road, Islington. (Robert was doubtless at sea.) Her birth date is recorded as 15 December 1912 [although the NZBDM Index says born 15 December 1911 & registered in January 1912], and she is listed with the conventional 'Unpaid Domestic Duties'.

Anyway, Robert's World War II service was on HMS *Curacoa*. She was

HMS Curacoa *at anchor, 1941*

built for the Royal Navy during World War I as a C-class light cruiser but, as World War II began, she was being converted into an anti-aircraft cruiser. She returned to service in January 1940 and, while providing escort in the Norwegian Campaign in April, was damaged by German aircraft. After repairs were completed that year, she then escorted convoys in and around the British Isles.

On the morning of 2 October 1942, HMS *Curacoa* rendezvoused north of Ireland with the ocean liner RMS *Queen Mary* which was bringing some 10,000 American troops to the UK. The liner was steaming in a zig-zag pattern to help evade possible submarine attacks. The escorting HMS *Curacoa* was steaming ahead of the liner, on a straight line course to maximize her ability to defend the liner from enemy aircraft. The faster liner was gradually gaining on the escort.

Each captain (*Curacoa*'s Captain John Boutwood and *Queen Mary*'s Commodore Sir Cyril Illingworth) understood the rules of the sea to give his ship the right of way. Evasive action came too late, and *Queen Mary* 'sliced the cruiser in two like a piece of butter'. The aft end of HMS *Curacoa* sank almost immediately, and the rest of the ship followed a few minutes later. (At nearly 300 metres long and with a displacement of some 82,000 tonnes, *Queen Mary* was twice the length and twenty times the weight of *Curacoa*.)

Acting under orders not to stop (because of the risk of U-boat attacks),

Queen Mary steamed onwards with a damaged bow, radioing the other escorting destroyers to rescue the survivors, who numbered 101. More than three quarters of the *Curacoa*'s complement (337) died in the disaster and most, including Robert, either went down with the ship or were lost. (*Curacoa*'s wrecksite is designated a 'protected place' under the Protection of Military Remains Act 1986.)

Robert is one of over 10,000 Royal Navy personnel of World War II commemorated on the Chatham Naval Memorial as having no known grave. Because of national security concerns, those who witnessed the collision were sworn to secrecy. The loss was not publicly reported until after the war ended. The Admiralty had filed a writ against Cunard White Star Line (*Queen Mary*'s owners) but, in January 1947, the court laid all fault on *Curacoa*'s officers. The Admiralty appealed the ruling, and this was amended by the Court of Appeal to assign two-thirds of the blame to the Admiralty and one third to Cunard White Star. The latter appealed to the House of Lords, but they upheld the decision.

The repaired Queen Mary *arriving in New York on 20 June 1945, returning thousands of US troops from Europe.*
US Navy photograph 80-GK-5645 — Public Domain

The widowed Hazel appears to have returned to New Zealand within a few months of Robert's death. On 19 February 1943, the 31-year-old arrived in New York on the SS *Ruahine* which had sailed from Glasgow. The ship

was owned by the New Zealand Shipping Company, and its usual route was from the UK to New Zealand via the Panama Canal. New York would have been an intermediate stop. The US Authorities' immigration records noted that: Hazel had been born in Opunake, New Zealand; her NZ passport had been issued on 16 November 1938; and her most recent permanent address had been in London — consistent with her entry in the September 1939 Register. It was presumably after her return to New Zealand that she got married again, to Jack O'Connor.

[An interesting notice appears in the 'Personal' column of the *Auckland Star*, 24 March 1944, p.1.

> Hazel Coney of Mount Eden (Great Britain, 1943) Please collect letter, CPO, Auckland immediately.

The NZBDM Index has the death of Hazel Una Ismay O'Connor on 29 July 1987, ref 1987/44998. Ed.]

Source

http://epsomandewellhistoryexplorer.org.uk/WW2BookC.html#CaneyRA

PS

It's a small world. My husband's uncle, Reginald James Peake (1907–93), was a ship's carpenter on board the *Queen Mary* at the time of this calamity. In his memoirs he wrote:

> Eventually I was stationed on the *Queen Mary*. She was so much faster than the other ships that sometimes she sailed alone. If she was in a convoy she had to zigzag to keep her speed down. I was on board when a steersman zigged when he should have zagged and she went straight over and through a navy frigate. All we felt was a bump. There was no way we could stop and look for survivors. Unlikely there were any.

Jeanette Grant, Ed.

Globe trotting

by Helen Laurenson

In 1934, a large Mercator projection of the world in concrete relief was created in the playground of what is now the Mount Eden Normal Primary School, close to the memorial gates. It was officially opened with due ceremony on 18 December 1934.

Planned by school committee member Frederick W. Sinclair, and designed as a tribute to the then headmaster, Mr A. McGregor, it was 44 feet (13.4 metres) long and 28 feet (8.5 metres) wide and surrounded by railings and a viewing ledge. Varying colours of the concrete indicated the heights of the mountain ranges while the depth of the sea bed, filled with water, was shown in different shades of green.

At one corner stood a sundial, and at the other, a chrome-plated globe of the world 15 inches (38cm) in diameter. The globe had a small motor concealed within its supporting pillar which rotated it 'to counter any impression that the earth is flat'.

The photo of the globe, taken by Graham Stewart's father in about 1936, and kindly forwarded to us from the family's collection, is of Graham's elder brother Ian (1927–2016), and on the right, young Graham himself (1932–). It is interesting to note that the images of the photographer and of the original school building, demolished in 1962, can also be seen in reflection. Unfortunately, the globe was stolen from its mounting after only a few years.

Eric Laurenson, who attended Mount Eden School in 1942, remembers the map (which has long been covered over), but not the shining globe. Intriguingly, it was returned anonymously to the school many years later by 'Zorro'.

Inquiries have been launched to find out whether the globe is still in the school's archives or has again disappeared.

Sources:

Auckland Star, 12 December 1934, p.5.
New Zealand Herald, 13 December 1934, p.14.

Ian (left) and Graham Stewart examining the Mount Eden Normal Primary School globe, c.1936
Graham Stewart

Modern medicine — 1944 style

by Jeanette Grant

We decided to record this little piece of family history because times have changed so much that a modern doctor found it almost incredible.

When my sister Barbie was born in February 1944, our mother was worried because she appeared to have a couple of birthmarks, but the doctor pooh-poohed her fears and said they were just pressure marks and would quickly fade. One did, but the other was a patch of fragile skin on the inner side of her left thigh. Despite all Mum's care, she was an active baby and the edge of the heavy cotton napkins of the time rubbed it raw. As you can imagine, keeping something in that location from getting infected was impossible.

Remember this was 1944. Penicillin had been discovered but was in scarce supply — and the Armed Forces got priority. How did they treat it?

Well, Mum had to clean it and fit a fresh dressing every time Barbie wet a nappy. At only a few weeks of age, in practice that meant that by the time she had finished it was time to start again. I remember her saying that for six weeks she never got more than half an hour's sleep at a time. Dad was in the 9th Heavy Artillery, and stationed on the guns on North Head. I was four years old but fortunately Nana, Mum's mother, lived with us so Mum was able to give Barbie her full attention.

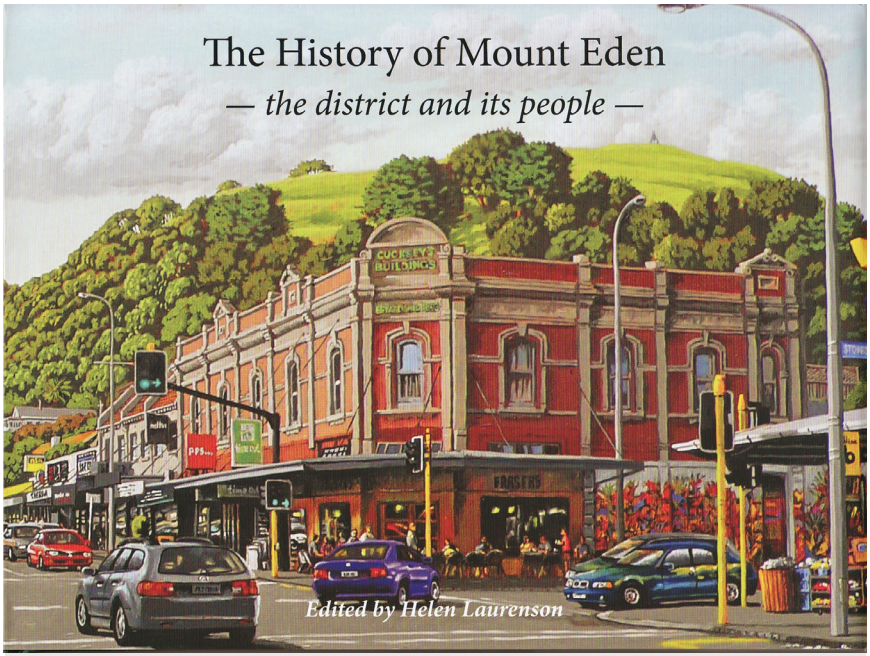
I was too small to appreciate the full details of its slow healing, but I certainly remember the climax. She must have been about ten months old, as Dad was just out of the army and back to working in town. The Marinoto Health Clinic used to be on the corner of Symonds and Airedale streets. They specialised in children's care and Barbie was given a revolutionary new treatment – radium.

Mum would take her in on the tram, and there they strapped a disc of radium about the size of a 10 cent coin over one half of the wound. It was long and narrow, so only half of its length could be treated at a time. This was left in place for two hours. They then moved it to the other end, strapped it in place and broke all the rules by allowing Mum to take her home on the tram with the radium still attached. She had to synchronise her watch with their timepieces so she would know exactly when to take it off. It then had to be placed in the small leaden case she was given, and Dad would return it on his way in to work in the morning.

I can vividly remember her quoting the instructions she was given…

"If the house burns down, you are to save the radium first and the baby after as one is more easily replaced than the other".

What long-term effects did the radiation have? Well, the wound did eventually heal satisfactorily, but as she grew, so did the scar — to about 10 cm long. Barbie married, and of her three children two had minor abnormalities in their urino-genital tracts, while she developed breast cancer. Cause and effect? We do wonder.



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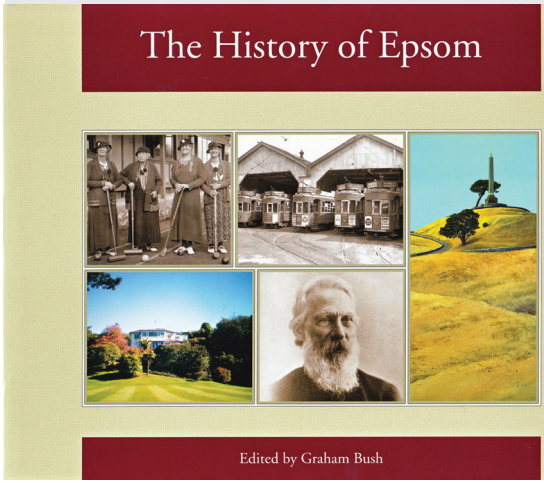

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