

my life



Part I

Ivan George Elder

P r i v a t e l y P u b l i s h e d

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Acknowledgements

The original objective behind the start of this life story was to give a picture of my life here in New Zealand to my Grandchildren who were born and lived in United States of America. Since my early years go back almost to pioneer days in New Zealand history and indeed early years in the growing modern world I felt it was worth painting a picture of what life was like then for their benefit. The project grew and the availability of a diary kept during most of my war years and of other overseas trips gave me a unique opportunity to relive those days and record them for my family and descendants. It has been a very nostalgic and intriguing journey to take and I have found it very interesting myself.

This venture was started after Millie's death but much was written after my unanticipated marriage to Elizabeth. I was grateful to her for allowing me to take over her sunporch/sewing-room for my computer and basic records. There was just enough room for my morning coffee cup on days when the sun called.

I am also very much indebted to my daughter Dawn for intensive editing work on the earlier chapters. In the later stages I acknowledge the painstaking work Ron has done in further editing and preparation towards publishing the work. In this process all of the other members of my family - David, Susan and Dawn - have been helpful in checking facts and layout.

Chapter 1

Roots

I was born at East Chatton near Gore on 13th August 1918 in the front main bedroom of my parents' residence on the farm which they were renting from my mother's father, Robert Gardyne. My father was David Elder and my mother Elizabeth Jane Gardyne. I understand that my Aunt Iza who had nursing training assisted at the birth and that my Uncle George called to see me the following morning on his way overseas as a soldier near the end of the First World War - that was probably the reason for the choice of my second name. I don't think I ever asked where my first name came from but in later years I appreciated that it was not a common name and perhaps gave me a feeling of individuality. However, I now have a namesake living in Gore, Ivan Louis Elder of the Riversdale Elder family with whom we do not trace a connection - from time to time I get a phone call asking if I have a certain part for a vintage car and have to refer the caller to him.

My ancestry is a mixture of Scottish (x2), English and American Grandparents and their story follows.

Paternal Grand Parents

My Great-Great-Grandfather David Elder lived in Linlithgow but it is not known where he was born. Linlithgow is 17 kilometres from Edinburgh, just south of the Firth of Forth. He was a cooper or barrel maker by trade at a time when the gutted herring from the East Coast herring fisheries were salted into barrels for transport to the markets in the south and in France. On a recent visit to Scotland my cousin George Elder photographed David Elder's house and backyard workshop which had previously been located by Kathryn (Gardyne) Smith. He was born around 1767-70 and was married on 12th October 1788 to Hannah Jamieson, who was born in Linlithgow. They had nine children, the third of whom was born in Linlithgow on 26th November 1794 and named after his father. This David, my Great-Grandfather, became an Inspector of Fisheries and was posted to

the fishing village of St Margarets Hope in the Orkney Islands where he commenced his duties on 10th May 1825. On 30th November 1830 he married Janet (Jessie) Robertson, the daughter of Rev George Robertson. George Robertson was a well known minister of the Congregational Church who had served in the Paisley area of Glasgow before moving to Orkney. David finally retired in 1861 from Helmsdale to Stirling where he died on 11th July 1862 at the age of 67. His wife also died in Stirling the following year on 3rd June 1863 at about 64 years of age. They had the following family:

David	b. 9 Sept 1831 Kirkwall, Orkney d. 26th April 1834 (Aged 2)
Jane Kerr	b. 24 Aug 1833 ba Kirkwall and St Ola, Orkney d. Oct 1862 Stirling (aged 29)
Hannah	b. 5 June 1835 Rendall, Parish of Evie and Rendall, Orkney Came to NZ about 1864/5 - Married John Paton Dec 1876 d. 30th July 1926 (aged 91)
George Robertson	b. 1 Jan 1837 Parish of Evie and Rendall d. 22 May 1918 in NZ (Aged 82)
James Robertson	b. 23 Nov 1838 Kirkwall Orkney d. Dec 1918 in NZ (Aged 80) Married Isabella Fraser
William	b. 18th Oct 1840 Westray and Papa Westray Came to NZ about 1864-5 d. April 1896 Christchurch, NZ (Aged only 55)
Robert Kerr	b. 15th Sept 1842 Kirkwall d. young at Kirkwall
Janet 'Jessie'	b. 19 June 1844 Burntisland, Fife d. young
Elizabeth (Eliza)	b. 6 Nov 1847 Lybster, Caithness Came to NZ about 1864-5 Married George Robertson Hercus d. 14 Oct 1937 in NZ aged 89

David served as Fisheries Officer at various ports around the Orkney islands and in the north-east of Scotland as evidenced by the birthplaces of his children. In 2001 I visited Orkney with my son David and his daughter Kate and we stayed in Kirkwall. We visited St Margarets Hope and also Evie and Rendall. On the way south we discovered the Custom House in Lybster which is now called 'The Yarrows.' I have in my possession a Holy Bible in six volumes with commentary by Matthew Henry, a noted bible scholar of the 19th Century. This was presented to David Elder on his departure from Lybster on 16th May 1850 along with "a Set of Mathematical Instruments, a Large Terrestrial Globe, and a Set of Large Maps with Case and Stand". He served only five years at Lybster and this seems a very generous gift given "As A Testimonial of their respect and esteem for Mr Elder, as an efficient public Officer, and an active zealous christian, who, during his residence in Lybster, devoted much of his time to the religious and moral improvement of the people." He must have been very much respected. We also stayed at the Custom House B&B in Helmsdale. It was quite a moment of history for me to spend the night in the very house where my Great-Grandfather had lived for eleven years and where my Grandfather had lived during some of that time.

David Elder spent the last eleven years of his service in Helmsdale before his retirement to Stirling. I have visited his grave and that of his wife Janet ("Jessie") and his daughter Janet Kerr Elder in the churchyard of the Church of the Holy Rude alongside Stirling Castle. It will be noticed that their life was not without sadness as three children died very young.

James Robertson Elder came to New Zealand in 1858. He had been working in London when he developed a persistent cough and his doctor had expressed the opinion that a sea voyage might be helpful. He made a sea voyage - it was a long one to New Zealand on the other side of the earth and he must have found the new undeveloped country much to his liking. His older brother George Robertson Elder liked what he heard back from James and decided to follow him. The rest of the family decided to emigrate also and the boys in New Zealand had bought a house in Oamaru for their arrival. There was David and his wife Jessie, the three daughters Eliza, Hannah and Jane and the younger son William. Sadly the father, the mother and daughter Jane all died in Scotland within the space of a year in 1862-3. However, William, Eliza and Hannah came to join their two brothers in New Zealand.

William had been trained in veterinary science and operated pharmacies in Port Chalmers and Dunedin. He was prominent in community affairs with interests in shipping and the promotion of education facilities. He married Marion Robertson and they had ten children. He died in 1896 at the relatively young age of 55. Eliza married George Hercus and lived in Dunedin while Hannah married John Paton, who was a widower with a number of children. They had one son called David Elder Paton who was born when Hannah was 44. David married Margaret Cunningham and they had a family of ten, eight boys and two girls. A closer look at the first family of John Paton with his wife Annie MacDonald whom he had married in Glasgow shows that only three of their nine children lived to adulthood. Annie died just eight days after their daughter was stillborn, two children died under four months of age, two were stillborn and Agnes died at age 16. A tragic story.

My Grandfather George followed his brother James to New Zealand in January 1860 from London where he had been employed in an accounting capacity in a bank. My Aunt Eunice said that when George arrived James was at Dunback near Palmerston. George travelled to join him riding a horse out from Dunedin for a local lady to ride back to the city. It had a side-saddle. Grandfather said he 'sometimes rode side-saddle and sometimes astride, neither of which was comfortable.' At first the two brothers spent some years working together. They established a store in Central Otago to supply mining and food requirements to the miners who had rushed there on the discovery of gold. From James's obituary, it appears that they operated at Gabriel's Gully. George was in charge of the store and James made the supply trips to and from Dunedin. They were often paid in gold dust and gold nuggets for goods and had to store this in their tent until the Gold Coach delivery run to Dunedin. They owned pistols and one of them each day openly test-fired each pistol and cleaned them afterwards so it was well known that the gold was protected. I believe that it was also divided into two lots, hidden in different places in the dirt floor of the tent. They had earlier done road contracting in North Otago and had secured the contract to 'form and shingle' Thames St in the expanding Oamaru out of the virgin tussock and grassland. Later they completed a similar contract on the Oamaru-Waitaki road. George spent

some time up in Northland around Awanui where he purchased a fifty-acre block of land in Dec 1869 for twenty-one pounds and established a flax mill. The story goes that he went without wages one winter in order to have funds to pay wages to the men. The venture was not successful and the property was disposed of a year or so later. The trip north was not, however, without some success as he met his wife-to-be Edner there. Her father Henry Kurtain brought his family down south and became the manager of the Springdale farm. It was in the Oamaru and Gore districts where the brothers settled - James at Oaklands, Maheno and George at Cliffdale, East Chatton.

On 22 May 1877, George married Edner Kurtain who was born in New London, New Hampshire, USA on 14th August 1859. Her father was Samuel Murray Carr who had served with the 11th New Hampshire Volunteer regiment in the American Civil War at which time he was a respected New London citizen. The name Carr was originally Ker or Karr and his ancestor John Ker had emigrated to New England in 1736.¹ Carr's wife was Eunice Keller and it is thought there may be a connection to the famous Helen Keller. Samuel Carr was reported to have been wounded in the Battle of Fredericksburg in Dec 1862 and requested his discharge in Jan 1863. At that time his wife was about six months pregnant. Some time later he emigrated to New Zealand with his daughter and two sons assuming the name of Henry Kurtain - Lizzie Florence Carr became known as Edner Kurtain and her brothers were renamed Edward and Herbert.

The couple were married in her father's home, a two-roomed cottage on Springdale, and left on horseback for Dunedin where George was working as an accountant in a soft goods firm. George was forty years of age and Edner was not quite eighteen. Given he was that age when he married in 1877 it is no wonder that he died shortly before I was born forty-one years later. Their first child, May, was born in Dunedin but before Eliza was born George decided that an indoor life was not for him and they came to the farm in East Chatton adjoining Henry Kurtain's property. They built a home on the east end of the property called Cliffdale, the timber for which was carted by wagon from Tapanui. This must have been a considerable task, about twenty miles over very poor roads with two river crossings. Henry had been concerned about his grandchildren's education and about 1880 called the meeting which decided to ask for the establishment of the East Chatton school. He was the first secretary of the committee. About 1885 he returned to USA with one of his boys Fred Carr (Herbert Kurtain) and he died some time later in the San Francisco area. His other son Frank (Edward Kurtain) married Mary Burrowes in the Knapdale church and remained in New Zealand. I met his son Frank Burrowes Carr on one occasion in Wellington about 1936.

George and Edner had nine children:

May	b. 21 Feb 1879 Dunedin	m. Robert Hill Gardyne.
	d. 25 Jan 1953 (Aged 73)	Robert died 10th April 1968 aged 90
Eliza ('Iza')	b. 13 April 1880 Chatton	Nurse\Teacher

¹ John Ker was married to Elizabeth Wilson in Bally Wollen Parish near Portrush in Northern Ireland. It is believed that the family Ker came to Ireland from Scotland and were sometimes referred to as Scots-Irish. I have visited the church at Ballywillen (the modern spelling) where I saw the grave of Rev James Thompson who wrote a testimonial for John Ker.

David	d. 7 July 1969 aged 89	missionary in Peru for 40 years
	b. 10 Nov 1881 Chatton	m. Elizabeth Jane Gardyne
Edna	d. 4 Dec 1963 aged 82	Jane [Jeannie] d. 22 Feb 1982 aged 98
	b. 28 June 1884 East Chatton	
	d. 20 May 1966 Aged 81	
George	b. 28 July 1886 East Chatton	m. Henrietta Violet Lea Bailey (Vi)
	d. 26 Nov 1974 aged 88.	Violet d. 24 Nov 1969 aged 82
Herbert Frederick	b. 8 Feb 1888 East Chatton	m. Elizabeth Wylie McChlery
	d. 13 Jan 1966, aged 77	Lizzie d. 14 April 1976, aged 87
Eunice Florence	b. 16 Dec 1892 East Chatton	m. Rev Geo Hercus late in life
	d. 1 June 1990 aged 97	
Andrew Greeley	b. 4 Feb 1895 East Chatton	m. Flora Isabella MacDonald
	d. 18 Dec 1929 aged 34	electrocuted at work. Flora d.22 Jan 1964.
Rosabelle	b. 31 July 1898 East Chatton	
	d. 7 Sept 1898	
Winifred Iris	b. 1 Jan 1900 East Chatton	m. Howard Edward Elliot Botting
	d. 14 July 1998 aged 98	Howard d. 2 Jan 1940 aged 46

It will be seen that there was a double intermarriage between the Elder and Gardyne families. Robert Gardyne and May Elder. David Elder and Jeannie Gardyne.

An interesting fact is that Winifred was born on her father's 63rd birthday. Winnie's age always matched the year so it was widely known throughout the family - so much for her being coy about her age! That she lived to be ninety-eight meant that those two lives spanned a period of 161 years. Except for the fact that my Grandfather died two months and twenty-two days before I was born, our lives at the time of writing cover a period of 169 years. Another interesting fact is that the place of birth graduated from Chatton to East Chatton although the children were born in the same house - I believe this was a direct result of the establishment of the school, creating a district which required closer definition.

My cousin George Elder has given me details of the ownership of the Springdale farm - Sec 7 Block III Chatton Survey District:

18.01.1880	James Robertson Elder, of Maheno
30.03.1880	Transfer to Henry Wade Kurtain.
11.09.1883	Transfer to Edward Kurtain and Herbert Kurtain ²
22.10.1883	Mortgage to Elizabeth Miller Purdie
25.02.1887	Transfer to E. M. Purdie by Court under power of sale.
20.10.1887	Transfer to George Robertson Elder
	Mortgage to E. M. Purdie
01.1895	Mortgage Discharged.

Maternal Grand Parents

2 Edward and Herbert were Henry Kurtain's sons and the brothers of Edner Elder. The implications of this interesting series of transfers are intriguing but are not part of this story.

My mother's Grandfather was Robert Gardyne, born at Nigg, Kincardineshire, Scotland. He married Jean Hill who was born on 31 May 1826 at 'Fallows', Arbirlot, Angus. There were five sons in the Gardyne family, two of whom came out to New Zealand while the other three remained in Scotland. David, the older brother by some six years, came out in 1857 on the ship Maori with Robert following on the ship Isabella Hamilton in 1860. James, John and William stayed in Scotland. James fought in the Crimean War and was awarded a decoration for courageous service. The decoration carried an annuity to the holders who were limited to a fixed number at any one time. Though recommended at the time of the war about 1854, he did not actually receive the award until about 1900 when a vacancy occurred. He lived till about 1918 so had some years to enjoy the annuity. He had three daughters whom Wilfred and I visited during the war about 1943. They were Minnie and Edie Gardyne, both single, and Julia Greig who had been widowed. They operated a stationery shop in Carnoustie, Angus. Mrs Greig had a daughter, Dorothy, who also helped in the shop, and a son Jack. Jack was an Engineer in Singapore at the time of its fall and spent the war years from 1941 in Japanese POW Camps. He survived but his health was not good. Still, he lived after the war for some years. Jack was married but had no children. My wife Millie and I visited Dorothy Greig a couple of times. It was rather sad that she had no cousins that I am aware of and must have been the last survivor of that family. James also had a son Arthur who lived in Portsmouth and whom I visited with Dorothy Thomas, Frank Elder's fiancée at the time. He also, though married, had no family.

The other brother, John, lived in Brechin, Angus and had three daughters, Alice, Bella, and Maggie and one son, David. My brother Wilfred and I also visited them and met Alice and David. David reminded us very much of Uncle Will Gardyne in features and build - he was, of course, a full cousin. It was a bit sad that all these were first cousins of my mother and her brothers but they never knew each other. It is also strange that the brothers who came to New Zealand had families who carried on the dynasty but the families of those who remained in Scotland have died out. ³

Robert Gardyne, my mother's father, was born on 3 July 1834 at Carmyllie, Angus. He died at Chatton on 1 July 1922 two days short of the age of 88. His obituary in the Matura

³ In 1999 I went to the County Office in Montrose and found details of the burial of the John Gardyne family and visited their grave in Brechin cemetery. I believe that John Gardyne had another daughter who became Mrs Bell. Perhaps it would be of interest here to record something of my findings on the family grave of John Gardyne in Brechin Cemetery:

The 'Burial Lairs' were bought by John Gardyne on 1st Sept 1873 and cost 15 shillings for Lair 1, and 10 shillings each for Lairs 2 and 3. Burials are recorded as follows:

Lair 1	Elizabeth Gardyne Annabella Gardyne Alice Gardyne	Sept 1873 4 July 1961 21 Dec 1964	Aged 4 Aged 82 Aged 77
Lair 2	John Gardyne Father Jane Gardyne Mother Helen Gardyne	9 July 1912 18 March 1932 22 July 1935	Aged 73 Aged 89 Aged 70
Lair 3	David Thomson Gardyne	4 May 1948	Aged 72

Helen appears to have been the oldest, born about 1865 when the mother was about 22 years old. Kathryn Smith has her birth as Helen Kyd Gardyne on 19th May 1865. We do not appear to have any information about William - it is thought that he may have emigrated to Australia but we do not know if he married.

Ensign states: "The Gabriel's Gully gold rush was on and the deceased soon caught the yellow metal fever, being a dweller in tents for some time". His obituary goes on; "The late Mr Gardyne was a typical Scotch [sic] farmer, industrious and energetic, his farm producing the best stock in the district. For many years he was a member of the Waikaka School Committee, and he took a keen interest in its affairs".

My Grandfather Robert Gardyne married Elizabeth Jones. She was baptised in Baschurch, Shropshire, England on 3 Nov 1842 and emigrated with two uncles to Australia when she was about 16 to keep house for them.. Her mother's maiden name was Frances Menlove and this was the surname of the uncles. They later came to New Zealand and the Menloves of Lumsden are their descendants. Elizabeth must at some stage have returned to England as she first married John Noble at Greatness, Shropshire. - I believe they met on the boat. He was a widower with three sons but I have no recollection of hearing of them as part of Robert and Elizabeth's family after coming to East Chatton. Upon returning to New Zealand they settled at Akatore, Milton where they had two daughters, Frances and Sarah. Sarah died as a teenager some time after her mother's marriage to Robert Gardyne and Frances was to marry Robert Paterson and was my Aunt Fanny. The newly published story of the Gore Hospital, in outlining the need for a hospital in those early days, reports "In that same year [1892] Sarah Noble [19] of Waikaka died of acute peritonitis". The hospital was not established until 1909. John Noble died tragically 20th March 1873 of a sudden heart attack, standing by the mantelpiece after getting ready for church and waiting for the rest of the family. His grave is at Milton where his first wife died on 8th October 1867.

Elizabeth met Robert Gardyne and they married in Dunedin on 6th Jan 1877, nearly four years after John Noble's death. They had three children, Robert Hill, William and Elizabeth Jane, my mother. My Granny, Elizabeth, was thirty four when she married Robert Gardyne and he just on forty three, though the marriage certificate gives their ages as 35 and 40. They were married in the home of Sydney Goldsmith who was married to her sister. What game folk those pioneers must have been. Can we imagine today the courage of Granny Elizabeth, sailing out to Australia, back to England, meeting her destiny on board that ship in the person of John Noble, returning to New Zealand, losing her husband and only then meeting my Grandfather.

They settled near Milton at Akatore before Robert came to the Eastern Southland district and first lived at North Chatton, where his farm was named 'Ferrydale.' After balloting for land he and his wife-to-be bought sections at East Chatton in 1879. These were worked from the North Chatton homestead in the earlier years, he and the sons camping out while the agricultural work was done. The Camp was the name given to an old house on a section apparently bought later in 1900 and my mother, who would have been 17 at that time, used to come over to keep house for the men and supply their meals. I describe the house on the Camp as 'old', which is the case in my memory. But at the time of purchase it was probably inhabited and in reasonable condition. There is very little of it left today.⁴

⁴ This section had been owned by one John Jones - interesting as her Grandfather back in Shropshire was also a John Jones. The Gale, now known as View Brae, where the present homes are situated, was bought by William in 1908. Robert continued to live at North Chatton and did not move to The Gale until a couple of years before his death. However, the Knapdale Run history records that Ferrydale was transferred to his brother-in-law Arthur Preston Burton in 1915 and to Joseph Nicholson in 1918. Perhaps he was at the Gale from that

I can remember my Grandad Gardyne quite well - he died just before I was four - and also my Granny who died when I was in my eighth year. Latterly she lived with and kept house for Uncle Will Gardyne and my mother regularly went up to bake and clean for her, travelling the two miles or so by sledge. Edna Lawlor's recollection is that Granny had home help in the form of a girl to help with the housekeeping. She told the story of Granny being in bed when she smelled some scones getting over cooked in the oven, getting out of bed to turn them over and going back to bed before the girl came in from outside. Edna also remembered my mother's visits. It was during these visits that I used to pester Grandad to feed the hens and on those visit days the hens got their evening feed early on many occasions. I can clearly picture myself going down the path pulling him by the hand to the bottom stable where the feed was kept. He must have been a tough active old man - he felled a tree and was cutting it up for firewood just two weeks before he died. I think it was a bout of flu which caused his untimely death. I also have memories of travelling on the sledge with my mother. There was a rather wet spot on the roadside where there must have been a poor culvert and the sledge would slide through a muddy patch - this seems to have stuck in my memory.

My father bought a car the year Granny died but of course Mother never learned to drive, so could never have used a car herself. Clarence Gardyne has given me information on Will Gardyne's first car, a Chevrolet, bought in December 1917 for \$620. Apparently his parents made some remark like "What would you want to have a thing like that for?" It was not long before they were glad to have a more comfortable ride to Gore on shopping days. Amongst his memorabilia there is an exercise book of Robert's in which he was doing sums involving Partnership, Simple Interest, Discount, Profit and Loss, Vulgar Fractions, Addition of Vulgar Fractions, and Multiplication of the same. On a sheet of paper is a poem in his handwriting and signed by him although it is highly unlikely that it was his own composition - more likely something he came across and wrote out for future reference. It is worth repeating as a example of what took his fancy.

What are the pleasures of white man here
What his pleasures say
He great, he proud, he haughty fine.
While I my banjo play

He sleep all day, he wake all night.
He full of care, his heart is light
He great deal want, he little get
He sorry, so he Fret

We envy not the white man here
Though he so proud and gay
He great, he proud, he haughty fine.
While I my banjo play

Me work all day, me sleep all night
Me have no care, me heart is light
Me think not what tomorrow bring
Me happy, so me sing.

Robert Gardyne.

Granny Elizabeth Gardyne and Grandma Edner Elder were both signatories on the petition circulated around New Zealand in the early 1890's seeking the vote for women. Robert and Elizabeth must have been firm teetotallers. At Chatton corner at the junction of the Gore, Otama and Waikaka roads there was a hotel. From the top of Chatton Hill on the Waikaka road there was a by pass road which rejoined the Gore road half a mile or so below the village. The teetotallers used this road to avoid passing the hotel and Edna Lawlor recalls Granny's concern to warn her young girl help to use the 'Blue Ribbon' road to avoid the dangers of 'the drink' - a Blue Ribbon was the emblem worn by the anti liquor group. This girl later became Mrs Annison and lived in the former post office residence. Robert and Elizabeth and Uncle Will, the bachelor son living with them at The Gale, developed a very good garden and orchard. For summer fruits they had coming available in order, rhubarb, gooseberries, black currants, red currants, followed by early and late maturing apples. Clarence tells me the apple trees in the orchard are still bearing fruit - the trees will be over 100 years old.

Robert and Elizabeth's children were:

Robert Hill	b. 16.01.1878	d. 10.04.1968	aged 90
William (Will)	b. 17.01.1880	d. 8.03.1961	aged 81
Elizabeth Jane (Jeannie)	b. 16.04.1883	d. 22.02.1982	aged 98.

(Her birthday was officially recorded as 17th April but she maintained that this was not correct.)

Jeannie married David Elder and their story follows.

My Parents

David Elder 10 Nov 1881 - 5 Dec 1963

David Elder was born at Chatton on 10th November 1881, the third child and oldest son of George Robertson and Edner Elder. David was one of eight children born to his parents in the house at Cliffdale on the east end of the property which later became known as Springdale. The oldest child, May, had been born in Dunedin. Cliffdale was well named as the house stood on the top of a steep cliff falling away to the south. Shelter was planted and there is still a stand of macrocarpas at the site of the home.

Conditions must have been primitive and the area pretty isolated. The land had to be broken in virtually from the tussock and the facilities were very minimal for my father's mother Edner. When David was born, May was just three years old and Iza only nineteen months. It was however, another two and a half years before George arrived on the scene. Maybe she was fortunate that the first two children were girls to help with the later children but life must have been very hectic when she had three children under three years of age. The only transport was by horseback, gig or buggy. Neighbours lived some distance away though her father also lived on the property.

My father attended the East Chatton School which had been opened in 1880, his mother's father being the first secretary of the committee. He did not go to High School but left from primary school to help on the farm. George Elder, his father, was a christian man and became associated with the nearest Presbyterian Church at North Chatton where the Manse was also situated. The family must have been quite active in the church as May, Eliza, David, Edna and George all appear in a photograph of the Christian Endeavour group in 1904. While Edner's name appears on the roll of the Waikaka parish, George's name does not appear. It was well known that Highlanders often did not enrol as members even though

they might be loyal members of the congregation. Was this the case with George coming as he did from the Orkneys and the far north-east of Scotland? Or was it that, being the grandson of a Congregational minister he maintained some loyalty to that denomination?

It was at Christian Endeavour that the Elder family met up with the Gardynes who lived at Ferrydale a couple of miles up the road from the church in the opposite direction. Young Robert Gardyne {his father was also Robert} married May Elder and David Elder found his wife in the person of Elizabeth Jane Gardyne, a sister of Robert's. David and Jeannie, as she was called, were married on 15th Sept 1909 in the manse up on the hill at North Chatton. I have a story from Kitty McQueen about a visitor to the Gardyne home at North Chatton. Thinking it was one of her brothers playing a trick, Jeannie called out a cheeky remark. When there was no response she went to the door to find it was her future father-in-law, George Elder - The marriage still went ahead. It must have been after they were married that they took up residence in Gore as they became involved with the commencement of Baptist services in Gore and were foundation members at the forming of the Church on 4th July 1910. He was a long-time deacon of the Baptist Church and in recognition of this was later appointed a Life Deacon of the Gore congregation. David was much influenced by a man called James Dickie who lived at Maitland nearby and who was a prominent lay preacher and Bible Class leader. With his new-found conviction about baptism, David was baptised by immersion by Mr Dickie in the Waikaka River at Maitland. Encouraged by Mr Dickie and no doubt others, he became a self-taught bible scholar, becoming particularly interested in bible prophecy. All his life my father sought to make known the faith however he could. On one occasion in the woolshed one of the shearers was swearing loudly and often, and David said to him, "You must be a very religious man" The shearer [swearer] looked puzzled. "Well" said David, "I hear you talking about God, Jesus and Christ all the time. You must be very religious" The shearer took the hint and modified his language.

Their first three boys were born in Gore and the family lived in East Gore near where an embankment now holds the river in check. In spite of their proximity to the unprotected river they were not affected by the 1913 flood although they told stories of near neighbours whose homes were flooded. During the time they lived in Gore I believe my father earned a living as a 'stock drover' moving stock along the roads between farms or to the saleyards. Many country roads still retain the wide grassed droving strips on either side of the carriageway which were provided for this purpose. About 1915 or 1916 he leased the 200-acre property at East Chatton from his father-in-law Robert Gardyne, and commenced farming on his own account. This he continued up until his third son Victor took over the property. It was in a very run down state as was common with many early settlements. All work was done by horse power - no tractor was on the property until after the 1939-45 war. It was hard work. Much of the natural fertility of the land had been used in the production of grain crops - oats to make chaff for the horse teams, and for the Creamoata Mill in Gore, and wheat for flour production. Fertilizer had been unavailable until the building of the railway to Waikaka in 1909. The soil was heavily infested with couch grass, which was very invasive and of very little grazing value. Those early years were a long struggle to sweeten the land with lime, and so choke out the couch. My father entered into an extended programme of rotation of crops in order to re-grass the property. This usually began with a root crop of

turnips for winter stock food, followed by a grain crop and finally sowing down in a modern grass mixture of clover, ryegrass, timothy and dogstail. Included in this programme was the application of lime which had to be carted by horse and dray the four miles from the railway at Maitland, the first part of which was a very heavy pull up the steep hill from the station. Sometimes I was taken on these trips, probably before I went to school. One can imagine the time required to bring up a load of lime by dray - twenty bags to the ton, a ton and a half per trip. It was applied to the land from a horse-drawn lime sower with a worm-drive on the bottom of the box to distribute it evenly. Later when lorries became available the lime was delivered from the station to a wooden limestand in the middle of the paddock from where it was still sown by horse drawn limesower. With the build up of fertility, a wheat crop was introduced before the oat crop, as this made it easier to grow good oats. For some years he also produced grass seed, notably dogstail and white clover, with a smattering of timothy seed with the dogstail. This crop was usually taken in the first year after a field had been newly sown in grass. I well remember one Sunday morning after heavy overnight rain when large areas of the dogstail crop had been flattened by the weight of the water. The oat crop also had large areas flattened and when we went out to the car to go to church the battery was flat. Yours truly, quite a young lad of primary school age, apparently announced in doleful tones, "Everything's flat."

David was a good sheep man. He quietly developed a Romney stud with stock from Matthew Kirkpatrick of Greenvale. His purpose was largely to provide rams for his own crossbred flock but he also supplied a few regular clients. From time to time he entered his ewe hogget flock in the Gore A&P Assoc district flock competition which he won on a couple of occasions. His property was not large enough to develop the stud in a major way.

During all this time David did not neglect his outside interests, which lay mainly in the church and in the local school committee. He was considerably in demand as a lay preacher. Apart from his own Baptist Church in Gore, he preached in Presbyterian churches at Balfour, Riversdale, Wendon, Wendon Valley, Waikoikoi, Conical Hills, Tapanui, Crookston, Heriot and others. From time to time he took me with him on these trips and I became familiar with the churches in which he preached and have recollections of the people who attended and of those who hosted him for meals. Later, after I got my licence, I was eager to do this as it gave me the chance of driving. He had inherited, probably from his father, a large wall chart which illustrated the history of the bible lands and nations up to the birth of Christ. He gave a number of lectures with this chart, illustrating the interaction of the lives of the patriarchs and the nations of bible times. On one occasion he gave a lecture with the aid of the chart at Merino Downs. It was winter time and it started to snow in the evening as I drove us home through the dark. All went well until we came to the hill up from Maitland Siding. There were two steeper bits - one near the bottom and another right at the top. At each of these the car would not grip the road and we stopped. There were no four-wheel drives in those days! I knew the routine - apply the brakes, get out, clear the road behind the rear driving wheels, ease back onto the cleared area, place a sack on the road in front of the wheels and carefully make headway. We were stopped only once on each of the steep pinches and once up had to stop and collect the sack from the road. We had no further trouble on the way home through three or four inches of snow.

My father had a well-developed, if sometimes quirky, sense of humour, which came out at unexpected moments. But in general, he was of a serious nature, with a high sense of honour and integrity. His life was hard, but he coped with it well. The Book of Psalms was often a great comfort to him when the going was tough on the farm and in later years. He was a man of high integrity, of firm faith, and cared deeply for his family. He was much respected by his friends and neighbours. His greatest achievement was in persuading Jeannie Gardyne to marry him. She was an excellent keeper of their home and, to no small degree, of him. She had a first-class brain and was a very efficient house keeper. She was also a wise counsellor in the making of decisions. She played no small part in the success of the farm, though she did not participate in field work to any extent.

Elizabeth Jane Gardyne 16 April 1883 - 22 Feb 1982

Elizabeth Jane Gardyne was born at North Chatton on 16th April 1883, the third child and only daughter of Robert and Elizabeth Gardyne. There were two sons from their marriage, Robert Hill and William, and Elizabeth also had two daughters, Frances and Sarah, from her previous marriage to John Noble. Sadly, Sarah died when she was a teenager.

Jeannie was brought up at North Chatton and attended Waikaka School which was then situated on the banks of the Waikaka River, opposite the gates of Southbrook Farm. She tells of walking the three miles or so to school and crossing the river on a swing bridge. Later the road bridge was built and the children would cross by walking the side rail of the bridge. She was a very bright girl and became dux of the school in her final year. If she had been born sixty years later it is likely she would have gone on to Secondary and even Tertiary education.

The Gardynes were a Christian family and were members of the North Chatton Presbyterian Church. Her brother was later to become Session Clerk of the parish for some forty-eight years. A photograph of the North Chatton Christian Endeavour in 1904 includes Robert Gardyne and his wife May [Elder], William, and Jeannie. It was here that Jeannie met David Elder and they were married on 15th Sept 1909 in the Manse at North Chatton.

Jeannie was a very capable person. She ran her household very efficiently, and brought up her children with a fair and firm hand. She was to have six children, four boys and two girls, in that order, so did not have the benefit of older girls to help with the housework and the care of younger children. After a period living in Gore after their marriage, they moved to East Chatton to farm the 200 acre farm leased from her father from 1916. On his death Robert Gardyne left his estate equally to his three children. His daughter Jeannie assumed ownership of the leased land as part of her share, leaving the couple in a better position to make a go of the farm. David did this by sheer hard work and a fairly shrewd idea of what was required to make the land produce better. He handed over a good property in 1948. It is interesting to note that even in those days of supposed male domination, one of the Gardyne properties was in the name of my Granny Elizabeth right up to her

husband's death in 1924, at which point it was transferred to their son William. It was apparently bought by her after John Noble's death. Similarly, from 1924 our family farm was in my mother's name. I suspect that Granny bought the property in her name as multiple purchase of sections was frowned on if not actually prohibited at the time of the great land sales of parts of the Knapdale Station.

The house they moved into was a four-roomed cottage. There were two additional loft rooms up a very steep set of stairs. Later two extra bedrooms were shifted from a neighbour's and attached at the rear. The only hot water was from a small cistern incorporated into the black coal range. In 1926, David's brother George remodelled the house, adding space to the kitchen, the lounge, the master bedroom, and putting in a bathroom and a superheater for hot water heated from the range. She used the brown low-grade lignite coal from North Chatton for fuel and there was always plenty of firewood from shelter trees around the house as they grew old and dangerous.

In addition to managing her family, my mother milked up to half a dozen cows, separated the cream, made butter for home and for sale, and catered for mill crowds, harvesters and other contractors who came to the property. Surplus cream was also collected from the farm gate for a local dairy factory. Her standard of catering always met with the approval of the men. She was a good manager and must have been a real help to David. With her farming upbringing she was also a considerable help in the general planning and operation of the farm. She was a very level-headed and practical person, quick to react in crisis times and well versed in the art of home making and the care of a family.

She supported David in his church affiliation and freed him to carry out his preaching assignments. As far as her situation out in the country allowed, she strongly supported the Baptist Church twelve miles away in town. Many were the gifts of farm produce and baking left at the Manse or with couples who were out of work or otherwise in difficulty. She played the major part in bringing up their family and was always a source of advice and common sense. On their retirement to Gore in 1952, she played a larger part in church affairs. After the loss of her husband in 1963 when she was 80 years of age she continued to live alone until after her 90th birthday. Eventually she went into residence in Parata Home where she died only two months short of her 99th birthday. Even in these years at Parata she often filled the role of peacemaker when differences of opinion arose. She retained her alertness and memory right to the end. She was a great and gracious lady.

Without in any way being a doormat my mother recognised my father as the head of the house but there was no doubt that she influenced his thinking a great deal on day-to-day decisions. Perhaps in the field of his Christian belief he was more rigid in his outlook and very set in his views. He studied prophecy and British-Israel theories very deeply but she, while tolerating his fancies, did not herself delve into these subjects. Her Christianity was far more practical in being a good neighbour to those of her district and acquaintance. Hazel Matheson, a long time family friend, often spoke to me of her visits while they were on the pitifully small 'dole' while Bill was unemployed. Ian Gardiner, the minister's son, remembers her visits to the Manse with similar gifts. There is no doubt that during

the Depression when commodity prices were so low, farm families had some advantage in their access to produce. Mother used to tell of an occasion when she was talking to Hazel Matheson in McGibbons shop where she worked. Bessie was quite small at the time and at one point she disappeared. Someone popped in off the street to let them know that there was a little girl in the shop window!¹

Family Recollections

Surplus farm produce not required for the house was carefully harvested and turned into cash or credit. Hens were virtually free range and eggs were a bonus. She regularly turned the excess cream into butter and my cousin Clarence Gardyne recently told me of her custom of putting a penny on the weight side of the scales to ensure that she never produced short-weight butter. It was quite a job making butter. The cream had to be 'turned' in the churn for some time before the cream curdled. Even the buttermilk which came out of the cream was used, sometimes to drink but more often to make girdle scones which were relished especially when they were still warm. Before the butter was made the cows had to be milked and the milk separated into cream and whey milk which was fed to the calves. The separator had to be washed every day and the sixty or so 'skimmers' each had to be washed individually. It took some energy to turn the separator and we boys were usually required to do this job if we were available. The butter was moulded into one-pound pats and wrapped in greaseproof butter-paper. I remember Mother arranged for the butter-paper to be printed with her name and I believe that customers at the grocer's

1 Funeral Tribute by Andrew Johnston the Blind Evangelist and a long time family friend.

It is 78 years since I first saw and met the late Mrs Elder. I was sitting in the old North Chatton Church as a lad; a schoolboy, and I saw right up in the front of the Church a young woman. I could see that she might have been 20 or 21 years of age and when she stood up and turned round, I shall never forget the tremendous impression that she made upon my life. Her lovely auburn hair, her clear open face seemed to speak to me of tremendous reality and I wondered why I should as a schoolboy have felt as I did that day. The answer came to my question when I really met Mrs Elder and found she was a firm believer in the risen Lord, that there was in her character such as sincerity, reality and purpose and I want you to note that word purpose. Now I have information from a real source that Mrs Elder had mental capacity probably beyond that of many of us. She was a clever scholar, her school mates have told me such and she passed through that school with honours with dux at the school and when she left that school, had there been the educational facilities that there are today she might well have gone far along the realm of intellectuality but there was no high school or secondary school anywhere in the community and so she had to turn back again to farm life and work hard, but this she did because of the faith and purposefulness of her life.

Later on as a young woman she met David Elder, they were married and these two earnest young people took up a block of land at East Chatton. In those days modern amenities such as we enjoy today were not possible to them. But the faith and purposefulness of those two young people took them through some very difficult days. The modern amenities were not there but the determination was there and determination saw them through those difficult years.

They were privileged to raise up a family of four young men and two young ladies. And all of them have followed in their parents footsteps in commitment to the Lord and the saviour of their parents. Now I am not prepared to say that all the people in East Chatton District believed just as they did but I do know this, that they were highly respected by all in that community. They were people of deep conviction and they were later on constrained to link up with the Gore Baptist people. Indeed they were foundation members of this church and those of us who have been privileged enough to worship here know these good people. We have rejoiced greatly in all the encouragement they gave in those early days and their faithfulness to this church and their counsel and guidance have meant more than we have ever been able to say and so this church owes a great deal to Mr & Mrs Elder.

Mr Elder went to Glory some years ago but Mrs Elder still continued attending these services and was regular in her attendance right up to quite recently when ill health made it impossible for her to continue her attendance. Just a few weeks ago, perhaps less than 3 weeks ago, I was sitting beside Mrs Elder in the Parata Home. I couldn't see her and cataracts had meant that she saw but little of me but we had a wonderful close friendship. Now Mrs Elder is at Glory and the next time I see her there will be no need for operations on cataracts, no need for artificial eyes. Now we behold and the next time I see her we will rejoice and be glad indeed for all the grace and strength that has been imparted to us. Eye has not seen or ear heard, the things that God has prepared for them that love him. Only one life will soon be past and only what's done for Christ will last. We will rejoice today that Mrs Elder is home. We shall miss her and look forward to the day when we meet her again in the realms of glory.

often specially asked for her produce. The pounds of butter were taken by the grocer each week on his round and credited to her account for our groceries. Similarly she sold surplus eggs and these were all cleaned to make them attractive for sale. In the rush of the season, eggs would be 'preserved' under waterglass in four-gallon kerosene or petrol tins with the top cut off. The tins were kept in a cool spot and the preserved eggs were used for winter baking when the egg supply from the hens dropped off. Dawn has commented that her mother, Millie, still did this when she was a child.

We had plenty of food to eat - possibly too much. But from the Gardyne side of the family we probably inherited some genes which ensured we enjoyed our food. My father's brothers and sisters tended to be more spare and he never carried much, if any, extra weight. Mother used almost every part of the sheep. The less tasty flaps of the carcass were de-fatted and made into rissoles which were quite delicious. I suppose any sausages we had were bought as we had no sausage making facilities.

Laundry was very hard work. Clothes would be rubbed with soap on the washing board, a ribbed board which helped to loosen dirt and send the soap suds into the fabric. The soap, of course, had to be made first from a recipe of animal fat. The big copper would be brought to boil with the fire in the grate underneath and the clothes boiled for some time before rinsing in cold water. Transferring the clothes from the boiling copper was a hot job, carried out with a stick which was also used for stirring the clothes during the boiling. Following the rinsing to get the soap out of the clothes, they were passed through a hand-turned wringer to squeeze out as much moisture as possible. The wringer consisted of two rollers which revolved opposite each other and exerted pressure on the wet clothes. The tension on the wringer could be tightened or slackened depending on the nature of the clothes being passed through. They were then hung out to dry under the trees which protected the washing from rain showers while the drying breeze was funneled through underneath the branches. Then there was the ironing. I well remember the old heavy irons which were heated on the range, with a detachable handle for the actual ironing - when cool they were exchanged for the next iron which had been heating. They were heavy to handle but had to be used until the electricity was available.

One of the pleasures of Sunday afternoon, weather permitting, was to walk round the farm often as a family party. I suspect that this was Mother's way of keeping up with the state of things. Maybe she made the occasional suggestion to my Father - I certainly suspect so.

My parents celebrated their Golden Wedding Day in 1959. This was marked by a reception in the old hall of the Gore Baptist Church. The hall was a simple place, enlarged more than once from the original and at the time in quite good condition. It was a facility of the church which had played a very large part in their lives and for that reason was a most appropriate venue. They eventually were married for some fifty four years.

Both Mother and Father had good senses of humour but, looking back, it probably didn't emerge as often as would have been good for them. Life was hard. It was mostly

work and they had a pretty strict code of what was right and proper. So life was serious as well. I think my Mother became much more her natural self after Father's death - or perhaps after they came to town on retirement. As a consequence I suspect I emerged into the wider community as a more serious lad than was best. Nevertheless I do have a very good sense of humour

My father suffered in his later years from senile dementia, becoming very forgetful and tending to live in the past. He eventually became too much of a burden for Mother to handle and was cared for at Cherry Farm for a few months before his death just after his 82nd birthday. I think Mother regretted the necessity to have him cared for by others and was sad that she could not have kept him at home. However, members of my own family will remember how they were called on to find him and bring him home when he had 'escaped' down the street. Mother found that he walked painfully slowly when they were together in town but if he got out of the gate on his own he could be off round the corner in what seemed like the blink of an eye. Our younger children have memories of catching up with him and coaxing him home.

I valued both my parents immensely, recognising some of the harsh handicaps under which they struggled in those early post-pioneer days when amenities were only slightly better than their forbears had experienced. Their hard work and perseverance enabled me and my brothers and sisters to have a great start in life and set us a high standard of ethics and behaviour.

My Family and Home

I had three brothers who preceded me into this world - Allan Robertson [9 Aug 1910], Wilfred Eric [30 Aug 1912] and Victor David [29 Aug 1915]. Later I was to have two sisters, Bessie Frances Gardyne [21 Jun 1920] and Vera Jane [4 Apr 1926]

I was born at East Chatton in the main front bedroom of the small house before its later enlargement. I have no hint that the birth was anything other than normal and never heard any mention of a doctor. - I believe Auntie Iza was on furlough at the time and acted as midwife as she had trained as a nurse. I think I was the only one in the family to be born in the country as the older boys had been born in Gore, probably also home births. Mother went to a Maternity Home in Gore for the births of Bessie and Vera.¹

Our home was a wooden two-storied farm house with two bedrooms up a steep flight of stairs. These rooms had a sloping ceiling and side walls about three feet high - beds could not be placed against the walls as one's head would bump against the roof. The result was that my head was very close to the iron roof - no insulation in those days - and the sound of the rain was very close. The house had two rooms added at the back which had access onto the outside back verandah. ²One room became Allan and Wilfred's bedroom and the other a guest bedroom. Vic and I and later the girls shared the upstairs rooms. I recall spending time in isolation in Allan and Wilfred's room when Wilfred and I both had Chicken Pox. Bessie and Vera always seemed to be in the north and sunnier room as it was

¹ On the morning after I was born, I am told, Uncle George called to see his new nephew on his way to Gore to leave for overseas with a reinforcement corps for the First world War. At the time, he would have been living at Springdale just across the road from our farm. When his ship reached Cape Town they discovered that the Armistice had been signed. The ship still proceeded to London and the reinforcement relieved the veterans from the administration at Aldershot in England to allow them home as soon as possible. Uncle George spent about three months in England before he and his mates were returned to New Zealand.

² These rooms had been shifted up from the farm of David Dun on a low transporter which my father hired from Gore. My brothers told me that he had quite a spot of bother getting the long vehicle round the sharp right-angle bend and across the bridge at Gold Creek about halfway from Gore. The trailer would be horse-drawn so that any manoeuvre would have been difficult. I do not remember this building arriving so it must have been about 1920 or earlier.

closed off from the stairs by a door while Vic and I had the shaded south room which was only screened from the stair by a curtain. Both rooms had quite small windows. In spite of the low ceiling and proximity to the roof I remember being very comfortable and cosy in my little bed up there. I learnt not to sleep on my back - from time to time I would get giddy turns if I did so and would have to turn over onto my knees for a few seconds until the giddiness passed. I suppose I never told my parents about this - it was just one of those things that happened and I never thought it might be serious. Perhaps it wasn't, as I seem to have survived quite a while since then. We boys got very quick at coming down the stairs. I recall one occasion when I was about Standard One or Two when our teacher, Winnie Johnston, was coming for afternoon tea. I had scooted home down the hill across the paddock and was making a quick change into play clothes just as the teacher was arriving. I thought I could get outside before she came into the house. The stairway was right beside the front passage which she had just entered. She heard this strange rumbling of my quick steps on the stairs and then a small boy ducked out through the curtain at the bottom and through the door to the kitchen. I was hauled back to be polite to the teacher - embarrassing. Had I not been seeing her and doing her bidding all day long? Why should I have to see her at home?

Life as a small boy on the farm was always interesting and a small boy could also find trouble. Summer days were mostly spent in bare feet unless I was going to church or Sunday School. One problem of this was that I was constantly skinning the tip of my big toe on the edge of the concrete square at the back door - always in too much hurry to take care and concrete is always harsh to the skin. Another accident I remember was having my face scalded with very hot fat. Uncle Will Gardyne had called. When he left I apparently stood at the back door watching him ride on horseback over the hill in front of the house. When he disappeared I turned to run into the house only to collide with Mother carrying out a pan of hot fat. She had been making donuts and though not boiling the fat was still very hot. Urgent treatment with cooling fluids kept my face from blistering but I was a sad boy for a while. On another occasion we were lifting the potato crop when someone located a mammoth potato. The Baptist minister and his wife and family of six were visiting that day and my Father thought this potato should be used for dinner. Of course the youngest and therefore the most useless one on the job was commissioned with the task of taking it home. I qualified on both counts. The way was barred by a netting fence which I couldn't climb with the potato safe in my arms so it was dropped on the other side while I climbed over. Well, it didn't stand the drop and arrived home in two pieces. I was not so popular but it had to be cut into pieces to be cooked !! It served about twelve or thirteen for dinner. One frosty morning we boys were burning gorse trimmings from the road hedge up behind the house and the older boys started roasting potatoes from the potato plot nearby. Little Ivan had to participate! Leaning over the fire to put my spud into a hot place, I overbalanced and burnt my hand rather badly. My heartless brothers did not see the need to coddle me - I was simply sent home to have it seen to, once again having a netting fence to climb over which was really difficult with a burnt palm. What unfeeling brothers! But I remember the soothing cooling mixture that Mother got me to place my hand in and I came to no long-term harm.

I think it must have been about 1922, when I was four and Bessie was two, that we were looked after in Dunedin. Bessie went to Grandma Elder's at 72 Albany St. (where the University Library is now) while I was at Auntie Fanny's at Littlebourne Crescent near Roslyn - the site of that house is now underneath the Stuart St. Extension roadway! We were in Dunedin for some time and I remember being quite excited when one of the Aunts brought Bessie up to Roslyn for us to see each other. I think that Mother was unwell at the time and this was the reason we were dispatched to Dunedin. It may have been on this occasion that there was a serious epidemic of Infantile Paralysis (Polio) and travel by public transport was banned for children. I was brought home by my cousin Ida Nichol and I can recall the novelty of a journey by car - we did not have one at home at that time. Had it not been for Ida I might have been trapped in Dunedin and I am sure my parents would have been happier to have me in the isolation of the country than in the metropolitan area during the Polio scare. I visited Aunt Fanny on other occasions when I was about 12 or 14. Robert and Fanny Paterson's house and large garden with the impressive front steps was a prestige home from an earlier period. Dunedin has many such homes scattered along the slope just below and above the Green Belt. It was quite a place. The rooms were spacious with a grand parlour in the front. Each of the rooms had a bell push which caused shutters to drop in a panel over the kitchen door to tell the servants which room was calling. They had some high-class furniture, some of which has come down to her granddaughter Joyce Ingram in Tauranga. They also had a full set of silver cutlery in what I think was called a King pattern. The house had a wonderful view over the Otago Harbour, especially from the Observatory above the second floor. Access was gained by a short steep flight of stairs with a trap door which was let down after one was up in the room leaving the eight or ten square-foot space completely covered. I slept up there and the dawn was wonderful coming up in the east in the morning. I have since thought what a dreadful fire trap it would have been in the event of a blaze but I enjoyed it at the time. They had a large lawn and a croquet set. I recall playing games there with some visitors including Frances White from Otama who married Gavin Cruickshank from East Chatton.

Aunt Fanny's youngest child, Stan, was a teenager then with a mate who lived next door. They were going through the motor bike stage. Many years later at Frankton we found ourselves neighbours to Jock Anderson, a dentist in Ranfurly, who was this former mate of Stan's. The house at Littlebourne Cres had a wide curving set of steps leading up to the front gate. I used to sit on the small pillar at the bottom waiting for Cousin Ida coming up for lunch and stepping off the cable car as it came over the top of a steep climb to the short level section below the house. Ida was then working in her father's jewellery shop in Princes St. just above Downing St. She was a very attractive young lady and I can still recall the lithe figure stepping off the cable car as it nipped over the top of the hill a hundred yards or so ahead of the official stop.³

³ These cable cars were an endless source of interest to a young lad. The cars gripped a steel cable running underground below a slit between the wheel rails which was driven by a huge engine over in Kaikorai Valley. The cars carried heavy loads at rush hour when many people would stand on the side running-step hanging on to overhead straps - straphangers - as all seats would be occupied. If the loaded car met a car coming the other way all the straphangers would lean inwards and then out again after the other car had passed. On later visits when I was older I would sometimes run down to town and beat the tram. It was a different story coming up. This was the Stuart St tramway. Stuart St only came as far as London St from where there were only the cable tracks up to Roslyn. Stuart St Extension was built to follow the line of the cableway when it had been abandoned, and my Aunt's house was demolished to make space for the new roadway. Littlebourne Cres was also renamed. There were two other cable car tracks in Dunedin, one up Rattray St and to a terminus near the Roslyn Woollen mill, and another up High St. to Mornington. The latter had an extension down across Glen Road and up to the south part of Mornington.

While Dunedin was an exciting place for a young boy I was soon back at the farm. The older boys had a Shetland pony and I certainly rode it bareback when I was fairly young. I didn't ride it much when I was older as there was no one to ride with and the pony was getting bumble-footed with age, probably arthritic. Granny Gardyne was nearly eighty years of age and Mother used to go up to The Gale once a week to bake and help with house work. Granny was keeping house for Grandad and Uncle Will who was then not married. There would also be a teamster employed by Uncle on the farm. Mother used to go up by horse and sledge loaded with things from home plus me and Bessie. I recall Granny as not very tall, white-haired, with a very pleasant manner. As a little boy of four I remember Grandad as tall and spare. He died on 1st July 1922 just two days before his 88th birthday - I was just over a month short of my fourth birthday. Granny lived about four years after her husband died. In April 1926 she had a fall and broke her leg. Mother was in the nursing home just after Vera's birth so was unable to look after her mother and did not get to her mother's funeral. Granny was shifted to Esselmont where Auntie May tended her till her death on 10th April. Mother had been unwell at the time of Grandad's death also and so was unable to attend either of her parents' funerals. It must have been sad for her though I never remember her saying so.

I had very fair hair when I was small. Dawn has a coloured picture of me which shows this. I gather that Mother was quite vexed that Auntie Win took me to the barber's in Dunedin in 1920 - no doubt at the time of Bessie's birth - for my first haircut when I lost those fair curls. At my hairdresser's recently a lady phoned when I was in the chair to ask the price of a complete bleach. When Janine had given the price and the conversation had finished, I said "I am working on a complete bleach for free," referring to the changing colour of my hair. Janine and the girls were highly amused.

There were fully-grown shelter trees along the west side of the house at our home. These were wonderful for boys to climb in and birds nests in the spring were very tempting. Sparrows nests were so cosy. Their nests were completely covered with just a small entrance at one side. The interior was lined with feathers which felt lovely and soft and made a very cosy place for the newly-hatched naked 'younkers'. Sparrows liked the privacy of the close branched macrocarpa trees but we found also the open nests of blackbirds, thrushes and hedge sparrows in bushes and hedges. In the trees we birdnested for eggs which we blew and collected the eggshells in a casual way in season. To 'blow' an egg, we made a small hole at each end with a pin, then blew into the top hole and the contents came out the slightly bigger hole at the bottom. If an egg had been brooded for some time and the young bird had started to form then the egg would not 'blow'. We played French cricket on the back lawn, sometimes rounders in the paddock when we had visitors or when Mother and Father could be persuaded to join in. We made our own bows and arrows from willow branches and toitoi stems with a nail in the end to give the arrow weight. In the winter nights we often had wrestling bouts on the big kitchen floor. It was usually Vic and Wilfred against Allan and me, the bantam weight! These tussles sometimes required parental intervention - I can't think why!

The garden was enclosed by a hawthorn hedge which was kept cut each year. It was hard work trimming it as the branches are not easy to cut. On the southeast side of the house was the orchard with about a dozen or so apple trees. These seemed to produce good crops and furnished us with the apples we ate by the fire on winter nights. At John Kerse's clearing sale of stock and plant in 2001 I noticed several of those apple trees still loaded with fruit after seventy five years or so. We always kept hens and there was a hen-house on the sunny side of the trees on the south side of the house - for a time we had a few bantams. Speaking of birds, there was a small swampy area below the house by what is now Elder Road in which stilts used to nest in the spring. Their nests were out in the open in the marsh but were well camouflaged as were the young. If we approached a nest, the parent bird would hop around on one leg with a drooping wing trying to entice us away from the nest. The closer we approached, the more frantic the parent became. We never touched the eggs or young chicks. They were sacrosanct. The stilts we saw were 'cousins' of the black stilts which are being saved from extinction around Twizel. Sadly the swampy area over the road was cleared and turned into pasture so the stilts have had to find a new home.

The trees also provided firewood. They were probably about 40-50 years old in my boyhood and branches would be broken by wind and snow while some older trees were felled. A contractor used to come round with a petrol driven crosscut saw to cut the trunks into fifteen inch blocks which then had to be split into a suitable size for the fire. In 1998 at Forbury Park in Dunedin during the procession of floats celebrating the 150th Anniversary of Otago and Southland, I saw one of these motor driven crosscut saws - quite nostalgic. So the trees also provided us with our meat safe. Our mutton came from a small mob of wethers which were killed as required, dressed, enclosed inside a muslin bag and hung about twenty feet above ground by a rope and tackle attached to the branch of a tree. Protected from flies and the sun and with the breeze blowing gently through the branches, the carcass kept surprisingly well. It would be lowered to cut off a section and hauled back up into place. There was also a meat safe enclosed in wire gauze hanging outside on the shady side of the house for the meat in immediate use. It was customary for Uncle Will and my parents to kill a sheep for mutton alternatively, so at any one time the most we had in this position was half a carcass. As Uncle Will had a married couple and was supplying meat for two homes, he would kill two sheep to one of ours. From time to time a pig would be killed, scalded in an old bath and the hair scraped off - a nasty job. The carcass would be taken to the butcher and turned into bacon and other goods - the bacon rolls hung in the washhouse.

In my younger days baths were taken in a galvanised bath on the concrete floor of the fairly large washhouse. Water was heated by fire in the copper and bucketed into this bath and then we would go through in turns - first in would have the cleanest water though later bathers would have the hot water topped up. In 1926 Uncle George made substantial alterations and extensions to the house and a hot water system and bathroom were installed. The bath was an iron one standing on four legs. During that work, my Mother had the misfortune to step on a nail which pierced her foot just behind the ball of the big toe. It healed satisfactorily but we had a neighbour's teenage girl in to help with the housework

while she was limping around.

When I was at High School and had homework to do, it was often done in the small sitting room before a blazing fire eating an apple. I sat in a chair with a stool across my knees on which to write. Mother was probably knitting, Father reading or falling asleep, the 'little' girls in bed and the older boys working away from home. My Mother was a very efficient housekeeper. There were of course, few household aids, and she had a sizable family to provide for. In addition there were teams of men on the farm for harvesting, threshing of oats and grass and other seasonal activities. The farm had no shearing shed so shearing was done in Uncle Will Gardyne's shed two miles up the road. Not only had the sheep to be driven up for shearing but Mother had to provide meals at a distance. Before her own mother died these were prepared at the Gale house but after Uncle Will was married, it was not so convenient even though there was always a good relationship with Auntie Olive.⁴ The bales of wool had to be shifted from the shed promptly as Uncle could well be shearing around the same time.

Like all housewives of the day, my mother always preserved bottles and bottles of fruit, and there was often a foray into the Roxburgh district to buy boxes of fruit straight from an orchard. Then there would follow a couple of hard days peeling, stoning or cutting up fruit. The big brass preserving pan would be brought into use and the coal range stoked up to boil the fruit for preserving. The summer weather was often hot and it was therefore a tiring job. Often the trip to Roxburgh would include a visit to 'Auntie Burton.' She was Mother's aunt, one of the Jones sisters of her mother Elizabeth Gardyne. These visits ceased early on in my life, I presume because Auntie Burton had died.⁵

The home farm at East Chatton was a small one consisting of only 200 acres plus the lease of the school glebe of about seven acres.⁶ My father took over the farm in a fairly run down state after years of cropping but he still always had a crop of oats to provide chaff for the working horses. Wheat was also grown in the district but not often on our farm. The growing of any crop was always hazardous, as indeed it is today. Ploughing and cultivation took a long time with horse-drawn implements. The very first ploughing was usually done with what was known as the "single digger" plough. This plough did only a single deep furrow of about 14 inches width so the time to plough a field of twenty-five or so acres can

⁴ There used to be a standing joke about one farmer who insisted that meals should be on time, especially the midday meal when there was work to follow in the afternoon. When Mum and the girls saw him coming they would cry, 'Quick, get the table cloth on the table, Dad's coming.' If he came in and saw the cloth on the table he seemed satisfied that dinner was on the way. That was not my father!

⁵ Many years later in Wellington I visited her son, Fred Burton, up in the suburb of Khandallah but I lost touch with him and his family when I came back south in 1940. Auntie Burton's house was north of the town centre on the river side. It was a stone house and the garden led all the way down to the river bank. The house always seemed cool coming in from the hot day, and I never dreamed just how dangerous it could have been down by the swift Clutha river.

⁶ The "glebe" was in the entitlement of the school master but had long not been used for that purpose. That purpose was to enable the teacher to graze a horse for his transport and a cow for house milk etc. At one time there had been a school residence but this had been removed just before my time and the school was served by single teachers who boarded in the district and the glebe was no longer required. The minutes of the school committee quoted in the history show the committee requested the Education Board to carry out maintenance in 1923 on the school residence.. I started school in August 1923 and the residence was not there then, but I do remember some concrete chimney base ruins in the long grass.. I believe that it was sold to a family named Casey on Pryde Road just opposite Paterson's and was adapted as a farm building. There was therefore no purpose in the Board retaining the Glebe and my father leased it for a very nominal rental. I believe that many years later he bought the Glebe area along with the actual school site.

be imagined.⁷ The second time a field was ploughed it would usually be with a double-furrowed plough with four horses and producing a shallower furrow. Digger ploughing usually required disking at least twice to break up the turf and then followed harrowing to produce a fine tilth for the seed sowing. There were always the couch roots to deal with. I remember one neighbour who used his hay rake to gather the couch roots into heaps during a dry spell then set fire to the dried roots although I don't remember my father using this method. As the ground was sweetened by the lime it was less liked by the couch which preferred an acid soil

Farming was tough in those days and we all had to help as we became old enough to do so. Winter feed had to be grown. Hay was harvested, originally in stacks and later in bales as balers came into vogue. The redoubtable Southland Swede turnips were grown - they had to be fenced off in the winter with stakes driven into the ground with a mall to which rolls of sheep netting were stapled so as to limit the sheep to a small area called a 'break'. This was nearly always done in very cold conditions and the stakes, netting and staples were cold on the hands. Staples could not be handled with gloves so the hands were unprotected. Chilblains and cracked hands were common and I have often felt very sorry for the condition of my father's hands. On our small farm he was ploughman, disker, harrower and seed sower as well as lambing shepherd until such time as we were old enough to help. I don't recall Allan and Wilfred working very much at home as the home farm was not big enough to justify wages and they had to leave home to work. When Allan left school he worked as a clerk for Wright Stephenson & Co, mostly in the office of their grain store in Wigan St., until he went to Bible Training Institute in 1932. Wilfred worked for a time for Uncle Robert Gardyne at Esselmont and followed Allan to B.T.I. in 1933. Later he worked for Uncle George and was working there when he went into the Air Force in 1942. Vic first worked for a farmer named Ben Chittock who owned two farms, one at Pinnacle Road and the other at Glenkenich. At Glenkenich he shared a hut with a chap called Abbie Uren. The hut was high off the ground so Vic and Abbie made a concrete step on which they engraved their initials. Ben Chittock's son Milton told me this story quite recently and confirmed that the concrete step was still on the farm after about seventy years. Vic worked for Uncle Will Gardyne as farm manager next door to home until called up for war service. Vic initially volunteered for the air force when his ballot came up but by this time there was a surplus of aircrew and he had been transferred to the Army. He was 'man-powered' back to the farm because of Uncle Will's disability⁸ and the importance of farm production. A holdup of his sailing meant he was still on shore when the manpower ruling came through. His unit had actually been taken to the ship but the men refused to sail because of the filthy onboard conditions and they were taken back to Trentham. It was thus that Vic missed going overseas to war service.

⁷ I remember a story from my Uncle George's farm on the Rankleburn when his ploughman started ploughing a large paddock of about eighty acres. The paddock consisted of a ridge between two gullies but with a number of smaller gullies intruding into the ridge from either side. He started ploughing round the outside of the paddock. Having to go up round each of these side gullies meant that it took him all morning to complete one round of the paddock and all afternoon for the second round. After a few days some of the smaller ridges between the side gullies were fully ploughed and the total round became smaller. Ploughing for cultivation and sowing in October or November had to be started in the winter, and that paddock was lost for stock grazing from that time. Nowadays cultivation can be done by tractor in about a week from start to sowing. In both cases allowance has to be made for interruptions by adverse weather.

⁸ Uncle Will had a limp all his life because of hip problems caused by a fall from a horse which partially rolled onto his pelvis. He had taken his family to Dunedin and lived there for some years as they were growing up and found some relief for his hip pain in the St Clair Salt Water Baths. He also went several winters to Rotorua for the benefit he got from the hot baths there. He must have suffered a lot of pain back in those days before hip replacements were available. It was because of this disability that he employed Vic as farm manager.

At home I had my turn at milking our three or four cows, 'looking' the sheep to lift those which had got "cast" on their backs (a day in the hot sun with a full fleece could cause a sheep to die), thinning swedes when they were small so they did not crowd each other out in their drills, making hay, stooking sheaves of oats or grass, assisting with harvesting, break-fencing turnips for the sheep, putting in board drains, feeding horses in the stable, bringing in chaff and storing it in the loft above the stable and sundry other jobs. When younger we loved to play among the bags of chaff in the loft, squirming our way into remote corners, climbing up and down the chute down which the bags were emptied into the chaff bin below in the stable from which the feeds were given to the horses. One summer Allan, Vic and I spent the whole of January thinning turnips for Uncle Will in a field next to our farm. Allan would have been on vacation from B.T.I. and Vic and I on school holidays. I remember getting very tired by the end of the month as they were long days. I would have been only thirteen or fourteen and found it hard to keep up with my older brothers. My pay was at the rate of three pence (2 cents) an hour and I think it worked out to a total of four pounds nineteen shillings and threepence which was made up to five pounds for the month. I think if anything put me off being a farmer it was probably milking those four or five cows. It was not my regular job but I had to fill in if my parents were away for the day or too busy on other activities. It is interesting to note that now hardly any farmer keeps a cow to milk for the house. It was in fact my ability at school which was the greater influence in my seeking a life work off the farm. The farm was too small to enable my father to sponsor any sons into farms let alone a fourth one down the line.

As I was the youngest boy, I think I sometimes got off lightly as there was often an older brother available - but not always. One day Ossie Ford, our neighbour opposite, phoned to ask if Vic was available to help with haymaking. "No", said my father, "but Ivan is here". I was only about 14 or 15 but he agreed I would be better than no one. I was quite willing because this job would be paid! I think I worked quite well but I was given the job of operating the sweep which picked up the hay off the ground and brought it into the stack. A sweep had a series of long prongs between two horses one on each side about four yards apart. Coordinating the action of two horses so far apart was not very easy but I was managing quite well. The sweep had a seat on the back on which you could ride when you had a load on so as to take some of the weight off the prongs. However you could not use it when the sweep was empty as there was no counter balance for your weight. But if the sweep went through a little hollow the prongs had to be lifted to avoid digging into the ground. This was where I came to grief as one prong dug in and was broken - imagine my dismay. However, I did not need to be too downhearted as prongs were easily replaced [if you had a spare] and in any case the sweep continued to work quite well even with one prong missing. I don't recall Ossie being very cross. On another occasion during High School holidays Father decided that the oat sheaves stooked in the paddock were seasoned enough for stacking and took me out with him to prepare a stack bottom. This was done by laying a good foundation of last season's straw. The horses had not been worked much for some weeks and were a bit fresh and skittish. Father forked the straw up to me on the dray where I spread it evenly for the journey to the stack site before passing me up the reins on the fork so I could drive the dray to the site. Unfortunately it had been pretty wet during the winter and the cattle had plodded through a wet slope leaving deep hoofprints. The ground had dried out as it was now about February, so the dray rattled over the bumps and

scared the horses who set off at a trot. I had the reins, didn't I, and all I had to do was rein them in. But I was too near the front of the load and when I pulled on the reins my feet skidded on the slippery straw and I could not pull hard enough without slipping over the front of the dray. The team, one horse in the shafts and two leaders, headed straight for the post and wire fence which stopped them "in their tracks" you might say. What did I do? The sudden stop shot me forward on to the shafter's back, over his head and down onto the leaders' heels. It is amazing that they stood still while I quickly scrambled out. Father was soon on the scene but it took some careful manoeuvring to disentangle the horses from the six strands of number eight wire and the broken posts. I have long since realised that I should have pulled on one rein only to turn the horses up hill and away from the fence!

About the same time I was part of the gang on Uncle Will's farm "leading in" as bringing in the sheaves was called, . The crop was away in the bottom paddock of the farm and he wanted it stacked about a mile or more away up at the homestead where the stack would be handy later for cutting for chaff. As I was the youngest I was excused from forking the sheaves up on to the dray but was put up there to arrange the sheaves so that they were securely bound to each other and would not shake loose on the way to the farmyard. The men loved to test out the builder [me] by forking up a whole stook at a time - one at each end of the stook of six or eight sheaves. Dealing with these quickly enough to be ready for the next stook and still build a safe load was a real scramble for an inexperienced boy. Once the loading was complete the reins were handed up last of all and I was expected to drive the dray home. There were two sets of reins, one for the shafter and one for the two leaders, so I had a handful. It was a gradual upward slope most of the way but the gate out of the Camp paddock about two thirds of the way home was a sharpish downslope. Here I had to get the shafter to hold back the load and be sure that the leaders were not pulling against him. It was a bit nerve-wracking but I managed it each time. I wonder if Uncle Will ever had any qualms about his inexperienced teamster!! Never once did the load slide off on the way - that was the important point.

One morning when Vic went to bring the horses in for their morning feed in the stable, one of them was missing. He went right round the paddock looking for signs of him getting over or through the fence without luck. Returning to the farmyard he noticed that the hand pump on the well was twisted aside. On further investigation he found poor Dick's hindquarters and tail just below ground level. The well would have been about twelve to fifteen feet deep and about four to five feet in diameter. We presumed that he had been pushing at the pump stand and his forefeet had slipped over the side, breaking the fairly light boards intended to prevent any humans from falling in. How could he be lifted out? My uncle had an "endless chain" which had a series of pulleys to gear it down for lifting but they had to arrange a tripod of three solid tree trunks over the well to provide a firm point to attach the chain to. So poor old Dick came up inch by inch pulled by his hind legs until free. He had broken his neck so his death would have been very quick. He was my father's best shafter and was a real loss.

The team of horses was maintained mainly by foals bred on the farm but occasionally one would be bought in. One such was a mare named Polly. I was young and had trouble

saying her name. I am told that coming home in the gig one time I said to Mother and Father, "I can say the new horse now." Apparently I had been practising it quietly under my breath. The purchase of a horse had its hazards. The story is told of a horse bazaar when the auctioneer was trying to sell a 'broken-winded' horse. Such a horse had the fault of being short of breath which affected its work effort. We had one such horse called Old Tom. [Recent events leading to my Pacemaker lead me to wonder if such a horse suffered from Sick Sinus Syndrome.] To get back to the story. The auctioneer was having trouble getting bids. The bridle man was running the horse back and forth and his flanks were starting to heave. "Just look at his lovely coat " cried the auctioneer. " Aye" called a bystander, "His coat may be alright, but I don't like his pants" The story does not say if it was sold.

Up until 1926 our mode of transport off the farm was by horse and gig or horse and buggy. The gig was a two-wheeler seating three people. The buggy was a four wheeler with a seat for three facing forward and two seats behind, each seating three and facing inwards. It took about an hour to go to Gore and half as much again to come home as it was uphill. I have few recollections of travelling in these but one or two do stand out. For instance, coming home on a foggy night from a farewell to a minister at Knapdale some four miles away, I recall peering up from under a rug at my parents feet in the gig and asking, "Where are we?" "Nearly home" was the reply, whereupon I disappeared under the rug again. Adult passengers had no protection from the weather and it was a cold ride in winter time - warm winter clothing was required with maybe an umbrella and waterproofs and of course the travelling rug under which I was hidden. A harness horse had to be kept for use in the gig and buggy.

Family trips would be occasional trips to Gore, a very occasional visit to Uncle George's on the Rankleburn or to Uncle Fred's place at Wairuna near Clinton. A visit to Rankleburn was special. Uncle George was a lot of fun and Auntie Vi was a real sweetie. His eyes seemed to sparkle when he saw a small child. A repeated saying of Uncle George's at the end of a meal was 'I sat down here with an appetite and now I have an 'appytiteness'.⁹ We were at Rankleburn one Labour Day weekend. We kids were in shorts and bare feet as it was a nice day. Uncle was helping his neighbour with chaffcutting and of course I was there, climbing over the chaff stacks and probably getting in the way. An East wind blew up. An East wind in Otago Southland always seems cold and especially so up on the Blue Mountains. We called it a 'lazy wind' as it goes straight through you instead of going round. This one was very cold and I must have been turning blue with it. So Uncle took me up in front of him on his hack and brought me home to the house and warmth. One of his neighbours there was Tom Macdonald who later farmed at Pukerau. He became Member of Parliament for the Maitai Electorate and rose to become Minister of Defence. When I was working in Wellington I met him one lunch hour when we were both taking a walk on the wharves. He had great respect for Uncle George and Uncle for him. I can remember Tom one autumn when they were stacking wheat at Uncle's. They were building a very big rectangular stack which had got very high. Tom stood on the wagon with his back to the stack and tossed each sheaf up blind to the man on top who caught it on his fork

⁹ In earlier years our Uncle Andy was farming with him. One morning Andy asked the teamster why his nose was like Christchurch. Of course he did not know. 'Because it is on the biggest 'flat' in New Zealand', he was told. He could not see the joke. That night at dinner the teamster said he had nearly fallen off the discs about eleven o'clock when he saw through the joke. This joke may not be understood today. A 'flat' was a term then for someone of little intelligence e.g. a dunce --- Christchurch is on a flat plain.

and placed it by the stacker - a feat of strength and skill. When Tom sold out his farm was bought by a man called Robinson who was known as 'The Bull Tosser'. When handling cattle in the yards, he was known to jump in beside a young bull, grab its horns, and with a deft twist, turn the bull over on its back. I believe my Uncle Fred could do this too. Uncle Fred was also fun and Auntie Lizzie was another sweetie. A trip to their place was always looked forward to. They had two children - Ernie was four years or so older than me but Irene, who was adopted, was about my own age.

Horses were an integral part of farm life. When agricultural work was on the go the horses had to be brought in at 6.00 or 6.30 in time for them to have a good feed of chaff before work - it was a must to have the team yoked ready to go by eight. They had to be harnessed with their collars and the hames to which the chains were hooked. Neighbours teams were easily seen and it was 'infra dig' to be last out. After work the team had to be unharnessed, fed and put out for the night with covers to protect them from the cold after being heated during the day. My father would always have the horses ready to put out by about nine o'clock - in the winter that required the light of lanterns as there was no electricity. Late in life he reverted to thinking this job still needed doing each evening when senile dementia took his mind back to earlier years. Our horses were all pretty quiet but one half-bred draft, a lighter animal, was a bit skittish. Vic and I were to put out the horses one night and Vic approached Star's stall cautiously, half hiding behind the stall division. Star lashed out with a hind hoof and hit the end post of the division with a loud thud. Vic, all courage to him, realised that he had taken the wrong tack. By sneaking round the end of the stall, he had done something unusual and Star objected. Next try he just walked quietly in beside Star in the usual manner, untied him, and Star backed out, turned and went off as normal. Vic was always a very good animal man.

Lignite coal was carted by dray from Ramsay's coal pit near North Chatton on a corner of the farm now owned by John Gardyne. It took several hours. The coal came in big lumps and one of my jobs was to break up the coal into smaller sizes for the range firebox. I also had to split kindling for fire starting. Saturday afternoon would see everyone's shoes outside the back door ready for cleaning and polishing with black nugget. That was my job for all the time I can remember. We enjoyed winter sports. Snow was the opportunity for sliding down the hill on an improvised sled, as well as for snow fights and the building of snowmen. Frosty weather brought ice on any still sheets of water. One place we had fun was at the back of the farm where a slow flowing creek had some largish pools on which the ice formed. The level of the ice was about eighteen inches below the level of the surrounding field so we had to jump down on to the ice to slide across. We had no skates - just hobnailed boots. On one occasion I did not negotiate this jump correctly and hit my forehead on the ice cutting a gash of maybe an inch or more - it seemed a long walk home that day. I still have the scar.

Our family entered a new era in 1926 when my father bought his first car for 250 pounds. It was a Chevrolet Four open tourer with demountable fabric side curtains. They had celluloid sections in them to serve as windows though the view was not very clear. They were anything but draught proof and in winter the ride could be very cold. This was

where the good old Travelling Rug came into its own - the back seat always had one and there were times when there was a bit of tug-of-war as someone sneaked an unfair share. The front passenger would also have a rug but it was difficult for the driver to use one. With a car it was only a half-hour journey to town and a lot more comfortable even though the cruising speed was only about 30 mph on the gravel roads. There were also dangers. Once the steering arm came off, leaving the car with no means of control. We were going down Chatton Hill and the car finished up among the gorse bushes on the side of the road as my father braked to a stop. This happened one other time on the Knapdale road about five miles out from Gore and again the car finished up by the gorse hedge with a telephone pole straight in front only a few yards away

The original car was later changed to a 1928 Chevrolet Tourer which was a considerable improvement although just as airy. It was the car in which I passed the driving test for my first licence.; I think I was quite nervous but Allan had schooled me well, including the 'double-declutch' method of changing from a higher to a lower gear on hills. The test was taken by the manager of Gormack and Pettigrew's garage in Mersey Street. After taking me up Hokonui Drive he asked me to turn into Denton St. and then through the awkward intersection of Ardwick, George, Willis and Denton Sts. It is quite steep but this Chev car was going up in second gear. "Change down" he said. It was always more difficult to change down from second to low gear but I managed it very smoothly, complete with double-declutching! Many thanks to Allan for his tuition. This car was secondhand but in very good order. Perhaps this purchase started the trend to used cars as the next was a six-cylinder Buick sedan, much warmer and more comfortable. I often wondered how much influence Allan had in the purchase of this car as he was starting to court Linda Ballantyne and he 'borrowed' the car on occasions to take her out. He was working for Alex McQueen at North Chatton so was living in the Waikaka Parish where Linda lived. The Buick was a bit of a White Elephant. It was a heavy car and thirsty on petrol, the hand brake needed adjustment after each use and the foot brakes were also inadequate. In July 1936 just before I moved to Wellington, Mother, Father, Wilfred and his current girl friend and I drove up to Cromwell to visit some old friends of my father's from his gold dredging days. Mother insisted that she was sitting in the front seat, so if Wilfred was to sit with his girl friend it had to be in the back seat with father and I became the driver. - fine by me! The roads were all gravel and very winding with steep pinches between Roxburgh and Alexandra particularly. I knew that if I missed a change of gear - no synchromesh, just double-declutching - the hand brake would not hold the car with five passengers. I would just have to use the gutter if the car did not hold. We got through very well. It was a lovely sunny day and the car was very hot in the front where we caught the sun. I can remember the tension draining out of me as we stopped at our destination at Lowburn. ¹⁰

¹⁰ My father's next car was an Austin 10 sedan, much smaller but very satisfactory. It was later changed for another Austin 10 of a later model. This was the car my father tipped on its side coming to Gore with David and Ron on board in 1952 when Millie was in Gordon Maternity Home with Susan. I remember being called out and finding the car still on its side - we pushed it back over onto its wheels. The wheels had skidded in some loose gravel and my father had failed to respond correctly. There was very little damage but the oil had leaked from the sump and it was towed into town. That was his last car.

School

The farm jobs I had a hand in happened mainly at holiday times from school. We all went to East Chatton school which was situated diagonally across the horse paddock at the south-east corner of the farm. Allan was leaving school as I started but Vic and Wilfred were still there. At the time I started we had a fairly strict teacher. It was a one-teacher school and Miss Mitchell had to take each section of the children in turn. As I recall, the infants were one class and I don't know how she coped with the different reading and arithmetic levels. Standards One and Two were taught together, similarly Three-Four, and Five-Six. One year's intake might go through the standards in order, while the next intake would strike the syllabus alternating Two-One, Four-Three, and Six-Five. One day in Standard Four I had finished my set work and was avidly following an arithmetic lesson for Five-Six. When the teacher asked a question to check their understanding, yours truly popped up with the answer. I can still see Reg Wakelin's look of surprise and feel my own embarrassment. On another occasion I had completed an essay in my last year and found the word 'omission' marked wrong. I went out to the teacher and asked 'What is wrong with this word, Sir?' "It should have two m's," he said. As I hesitated, he added, 'Should it?' He looked up the dictionary to find there was only one 'm'. So I have always remembered how to spell that word.

In my early primer days my mate Lewis Moir and I were still in the toilets when the bell went after afternoon break. By the time we came out the assembly outside was over and the pupils had gone inside. Being a bit scared of Miss Mitchell - no doubt more than was warranted - we were afraid to go in late. What else to do? Go home, of course, not thinking of the reception we might have got there. However, a senior boy called Gavin was sent off to bring us back before we reached home and I can't remember any serious consequences - perhaps memory is selective. I do recall that Gavin fell off the teacher's bike and skinned his knee. I thought this was just retribution to him for chasing us up!! How unfair you can be when young.

There were only about twenty-five to thirty pupils in the school with four in my class - Barbara Ness (now McLean of Riversdale, retired to Gore), Emmie Ischia (now Scott of Gore), and Dorothy Paterson (now Dillon of Perth, W.A.) and myself. All are still surviving, though none of our spouses. I was the only one to make it to the reunion in 2002. I found school work fairly easy with no great competition from my classmates though they were quite good pupils. A contemporary of mine, Rose Graham of Knapdale, told me very recently she had a newspaper cutting listing the current duxes of the primary schools with my name as Dux of East Chatton. During my primary school days there were Boys and Girls Agricultural Clubs in operation in Southland. There were various classes - calf-rearing, lamb-rearing and garden plots. East Chatton entered in the garden section and I grew potatoes in a special plot next to my father's. In two separate years we won the shield for the best team score in Southland. Participants included Barbara Ness, Bessie Elder, Dorothy Paterson, Jim Paterson, [later killed in the Battle of Britain- I visited his grave in 1942], Hugh Paterson, Sadie Ness and Emmie Ischia. I remember that Mr Jim Cruickshank was our local adviser and coach - our success was largely due to him and the encouragement of the teachers.

The school ground had some grand pine trees on the west and south sides and these made for great fun during lunch and play times. These trees were very old and would have been planted for shelter when the school was built in 1880. They had been topped when about 40 years old before I went to school and had considerable second growth which provided many hiding places. Many of them are still standing. One occasion might have been serious for me when I fell through some branches and landed some six feet below square on my head . No lasting harm was done - I don't think I ever told my mother!! During primary school days I had my tonsils out, my first experience of hospital. I have a vision of a couple of small boys in the large men's ward in Seddon Memorial Hospital along with a lot of old men - at least they all seemed old. Our then teacher, Miss Winnie Johnston [Dawn Gardyne's auntie], cautioned me shortly after the op, while playing a game of rounders not to yell so loud in case I damaged my throat. The small number of children meant that when we played team games each team had a full range of ages and abilities. We still had a lot of fun. Hide and seek was pretty good as there were so many good places to hide. Once a term we would have a paper chase. Two older kids would go off laying small pieces of paper at strategic points and the rest of us had to follow the trail. The paper layers would snake along gullies, behind gorse hedges and any other screening to make it as hard as possible, eventually circling back to the school. The farmers were very cooperative. We had a football but not enough players for a team - we would still pick sides and have a game of sorts. A new teacher once asked on his first day if we had a football. 'Yes', said one boy, 'but it's bust'. 'You shouldn't say 'bust'', said the teacher, 'you should say burst'. In fact, I suppose the ball was just flat rather than exploded. Rounders, a form of softball, was played with two senior pupils picking sides in turn. The choice always started with the older pupils and worked down to the wee ones. For wet days we had a playshed - not very big but it did not have to cope with large numbers. Once a year there was the school picnic. This usually involved going somewhere, and the schools in the Waikaka Valley would combine to hire a special excursion train. One trip I recall was to Colac Bay, another to Riverton Beach and another to Bluff to look over the cruiser Dunedin, my first sight of a warship. Our own school later had its own picnic to Waitane forest where there was an working sawmill and a tram track into the forest to bring down the logs. On this occasion my mate and I travelled in the dickey

seat of Miss Johnston's Fiat coupe - plenty of fresh air. 1 It was a lovely day. These trips widened our horizons from the very self-contained small East Chatton district.

So the days and eventually the years passed. I completed my primary school years and received my Proficiency Certificate. This entitled me to attend High School the next year. To a great extent days of fun and freedom were over. Before I went to High, Vic had left school after only one year and two terms. He had one thought only - to go farming. Vera had started primary school during my last year at East Chatton. It had been a simple life. Money was never plentiful but we did not notice its absence. We made our own fun, made our play tools often, were kept well fed and clothed even if all our short pants eventually got patches. An era had ended.

High School represented my first entry to the outside world and a big difference from the sheltered atmosphere of a one-teacher country school. I went to Gore High School situated on the river bank near the bridge. The buildings are now The Community Centre. The school was a co-ed school and boys and girls were in mixed classes but had separate break areas divided by a tin fence topped by about three feet of netting. Girls and boys assembled separately at the commencement of each session of classes. On my first day I found myself among thirty to forty third-formers, none of whom I knew. This was the disadvantage of coming from a very small country school. I had no idea what to expect. We were soon called into our respective classes according to our enrolments and I think I learned quickly. Two things were quite new to me. One was the "initiation" of third-formers and the other was the week's army drill. Initiation took the form of a ducking in cold water with a liberal plastering of soft soap. The soap took a lot of getting rid of and I must have ridden home with very wet hair. - considerably more of it in those days than I have now. I caught a severe cold and had nearly a week off school. For the Cadets we were issued with khaki uniforms and really looked the part. We came to school in uniform each day for one week and then for one day each week for the rest of the year. In charge was Major Thomas Fyfe, a WWI veteran who later served as an officer in the second war and was killed in Greece.

I started High School in 1932 right in the depth of the thirties Depression and money was very tight on the farm. About this time my father was getting about sixpence a pound for his wool and I know he sold his old ewes one year for one shilling and sixpence. My brothers had free travel on the Waikaka train, boarding it at Maitland but this service had been discontinued. There were few trains per week and they did not suit school hours. There was a bus service but it was not free, costing seven and six a week - the price of five old ewes or fifteen pounds of wool - and it was four miles away. So it was decided that I would try cycling direct to Gore, a distance of nearly twelve miles each way. I left home about the same time as for the bus and I think got home about half an hour earlier in the afternoon. This worked pretty well and I recall that Mother would save a helping of the desert they had for dinner at midday. I always had this as soon as I got home and it was much appreciated. I particularly remember her Apple Dumplings which to my hungry stomach and taste were very yummy. In today's terms my "blood sugar level" had probably got quite low. Lunch was a pie and half a bun and cup of tea, all for sixpence [5 cents] in Steels Tea

Rooms which were situated where Grants Chemists were and where Table Talk is now. I was ready for food when I got home. During the summer months David Dun, who farmed about a mile down the road, had a side venture of fat lamb selection and he was frequently coming home at about four in the afternoon. If he caught up with me he would always pick me up and I would hold my cycle on the running board on the side of the car. Such lifts were always welcome and it was particularly so one day. After just turning into the south end of Hamilton St. I turned to look back at a boy behind me and failed to notice there was a man walking on the side of the road. My handlebar just caught his wrist and of course I hit the road rather suddenly. My main injuries were grazes on my wrist and knees - not a great deal of damage. The boy with me, a 'Burrows' of the former Gordon Nursery in East Gore, took me to his home further up the street and we cleaned the wounds and stopped the bleeding and I set out again. Only about a half mile on, Davie Dun appeared and I was given a lift to his corner. That day, I would not have minded if he had taken me right home as by this time scabs were beginning to form and the action of biking was pretty painful. But I was always extremely grateful for the rides he gave.

From home there were three routes to Gore of nearly the same distance. The Pinnacle road, a favourite in the mornings if there was an east wind; the Knapdale road, which was my favourite way home with an east wind; and the Middle road by Gold Creek which was the general route - the one Davie Dun used - and was the more suitable in most other conditions. In very wet days my father would sometimes come to meet me but in any other conditions he would be busy and Mother never drove the car. I struck all kinds of conditions. The roads were all gravel - nothing except the streets in town was sealed. One day the fog stayed all day and the temperature was below freezing. I left Gore as usual with good gloves, a wool overcoat buttoned to the neck and my High School cap on the back of my head which was all it covered. When I got home my coat was covered with hoar frost, my socks were white up the front and my forelock [yes, I had one then] was also white with hoar frost. One snowy day I went by bus from Maitland, then had to ride uphill through four or five inches of snow and through some deepish drifts into the wind when coming home at night. I was not met on those days and in fact the snow would have been quite a hazard for the car. It was a tired and very cold boy who eventually got home. In my third year I boarded for the winter term with Mrs Matheson, Bill Matheson's mother, in Broughton St. and the next year with Les and Vera Friend who later went to South Africa as missionaries.

I found I had two rivals in my class. I was in the top third form class in which I took Latin with Neil Sinclair from Edendale and Hamish Buchanan from Mataura. Hamish and I usually had difficulty heading off Neil and we shared second and third between us in term and end of year exams. The rector was James Hunter who was the original rector when the school opened in 1908. He ran a good school and it seemed fairly harmonious during my years. My parents asked for me to be excused from rugby during the winter. In the first place I don't think they approved of the game, secondly they thought I got sufficient exercise cycling home and playing would probably have made me a bit late on the short winter days. There ended my prospect of ever becoming an All Black! I spent the sport period in the winter doing some of my homework in a classroom at school before setting

off home so it suited me fairly well. However, I played cricket in the summer terms. One day in our own matches in P. E. time I took three catches at mid on and scored a few runs. Next week I found myself in the first eleven practice squad - I never made the team. . I batted left-handed and looking back realise that my weak hand was applying the power and the ball beat me too often. There was no golf in those days! One year I decided I would make an effort in the school sports, so each night I would run round the paddock in front of the house and I thought I had built up some fitness. When the mile was run at the sports I was on a good handicap start as it was my first year in the senior mile. I started off at a good pace for three laps out of the three and three quarters I had to run and I learned afterwards that I worried the back markers who were vying for the championship. But I had shot my bolt by the last lap and they hauled me in - I think I finished about fourth. Thinking afterwards, I reckon that the distance round the field was probably only three quarters of a mile, so I was under-trained. What a pity they did not have cycle races as I would have been well trained for that.

In 1935 the financial depression the country was experiencing had not lifted and although I was in the top three in the top class there did not seem any chance of going on to higher education. University did not enter much into the thoughts of the children of small farmers, though I remember having a bit of a yen towards medicine if all things had been good. I doubt if I ever mentioned this. In fact, when a remark to this effect was passed in my mother's hearing in her later years she pricked up her ears and raised her eyebrows. There did not seem to be a lot to be gained by staying at school after I had passed my Matriculation in my third year [normally it took four] and was in the sixth form. That year I dropped French - I never expected I would ever go to France and my French teacher was not very inspiring - and took typing. Even now I use far more than two fingers but am far from a touch-typist. At the end of the second term I was attracted to banking so went to the Bank of New Zealand to ask if they were needing a Junior. Nowadays, I am surprised at my boldness at doing so. Unfortunately, they said that they had no opening as they had just taken one on. The next week I found that their new Junior was my classmate Hamish Buchanan. He had been called out of class two days earlier by the rector and I think the bank had asked the Rector if he had a suitable boy - Hamish got the nod. He continued in banking and was at one time credit manager for New Zealand and did a term as manager in London.

Shortly afterwards I got a job in The Rialto, an auction room located where Farry's were later. They sold fruit, vegetables, hens, pigs and furniture. The business later became Cockeril and Campbell Ltd. I was in the office with Bill Tretheway who was no accountant but was nevertheless very quick with figures and could add up a column of figures much faster than me. However, practice improved my speed. Very soon after I started, the Star Stores grocery shop was burnt out and they put the partly-damaged goods into our rooms for auction. There was a packed crowd. As the dogsbody, I had to collect the auction sheets from the auctioneer, invoice my half of the alphabet and collect payment from my customers. When the auction finished the crowd just turned face about and surged to the office counter to pay up and collect their docket to claim the goods. I have never forgotten the sea of faces and was fortunate that my first customer was Clarence Scarlet, brother of

Auntie Olive Gardyne. My mind was blank and I could not think what change to give but Clarence said eight shillings or whatever. I gave it to him and dealt with the next customer. From that moment my mind cleared and I had no problem.

My wages were fifteen shillings a week. I lived in a hut at the back of Norman Reid's house at the top of Thomas Street. A milkman used the cowbyre close by the hut and milked fairly early in the morning but I started work at eight so needed to be awake. After about nine months I plucked up courage to ask for a raise but received a curt 'No'. Was there an award covering the job? I've no idea and certainly had none then! The previous Junior had gone on to the Public Service in Wellington, so I began to think along the same lines. I had been fortunate to have had a job at all as there was real unemployment due to the Depression but I was not making progress and it was obviously a dead-end job. I sent in an application to Wellington and in due course received an appointment and was instructed to report to Wellington. I never regarded the year I spent in The Rialto wasted. It was an experience of life and a training in learning to work. The accounting was all on a weekly basis as the greater portion of sales was to local traders - fruiterers, grocers, and so on -and they were required to pay weekly. Shortly after I started it was Labour Day weekend with a holiday on the Monday - wonderful! However, I discovered that we had the same amount of work to do that week in four and a half days instead of the usual five and a half - shock to the system! It seemed to give point to the High School motto "Palma non sine pulvere" (No reward without labour - usually translated freely by the students as "No spuds without digging.") One has very often to pay the price for the benefits one enjoys. Later in the public service and in the accountancy field this weekly pressure did not occur but Millie would bear testimony to the annual pressure in the accountancy practice when tax deadlines were due.

Back in those days the half day in Gore was Wednesday so I worked until five on Saturday. I usually went home on Wednesday afternoon and on Saturday night. How? On the trusty bike but I usually got a ride back on Sunday night when the family came in to church. I was always supplied with food to bring back and this helped no end in keeping me fed. There was a little stove in the hut and I used it for heating food and heating me. My mattress was filled with chaff and not very cushiony and once became infested with fleas - not much wonder with the farmyard atmosphere close by. A good dose of Flykeelo fixed that but made the bed a bit aromatic for a day or two. I found out only recently that Ngaire Reid was the baby in the Reid household next door - to think that Millie and I were so happy to be one of her support team for a number of years when she was a missionary in Botswana. During that year I managed to save up a bit of money in a tin which I hid up on a high ledge in a corner of the hut. On one occasion the tin was emptied by an unknown person who thought his need was greater than mine - a safer place was found from then on. I seem to remember that once or twice I entertained friends in my hut which was just behind where there is now a modern house owned by Reid and Lois Davidson. How little I knew then that one day I would be Mayor of this town where I started so humbly.

My Christian Background

My home was a Christian home with a very strong emphasis on the need for a personal faith. David and Jeannie met at the North Chatton church where both families worshipped. They were members of a Christian Endeavour group. I have a picture of the group which includes May and Robert Gardyne, Bob Milne, Frank Kearns, Doug Ayson, George Elder, Iza Elder, Cathy McQueen, Will Ayson, Hugh McColl, Rev and Mrs Finlay, Lizzie Robertson, Dave Maslin, Edna Elder, Jeannie Gardyne, Will Gardyne, and Dave Elder. My parents were living in Gore when the Baptist Church was started and were foundation members when the church was constituted on 4th July 1910. When they moved to East Chatton some time before I was born they maintained their contact and membership there. It was a long journey by horse and trap or buggy to attend church but they certainly did go in from time to time. My father was a deacon and went in to town for deacons' meetings. In the early years there were some controversies with ministers and there were some very late meetings after which he still had to ride home to East Chatton. He would be on horseback and I seem to remember a story of him arriving home on one occasion about 2am. One can imagine my Mother's concern. Had he had an accident? Had the horse thrown him? It would be dark with only starlight or maybe moonlight to see by. On the other hand, it was well known that the best way to direct a horse in the dark was to slacken the reins and let the horse find the way - a horse heading for its home stable did not dawdle. At that time we went only to the Baptist Church in Gore. My parents also supported the local Presbyterian parish of Knapdale and in particular the branch service held in the East Chatton school every second Sunday night. At times attendance at these services was quite good especially during the ministry of Rev. Armstrong. I can well remember lovely quartettes sung by Eric and Howard Johnston with Bessie and Annie Byars from Otama. Our neighbour Teeny Aitken played the piano and when the congregation was sparse my mother would lead the singing with a fairly strong and tuneful voice. As interest declined, our family still supported the services until better transport made it feasible for the parish

to centre on Knapdale.

My father was a great friend of and was greatly influenced by one James Dickie who lived at Maitland. He was strongly evangelistic and a believer in baptism by immersion. I think it was he who baptised my father in the Waikaka river at Maitland. My parents were always supportive of evangelistic missions wherever they were held including those of Rev. John Bissett at Waikaka and Knapdale, Rev. W. P. Nicholson the Irish evangelist at St Andrews in Gore and Andrew Johnston from about 1930 in various places throughout New Zealand. My father told me that I accepted Jesus when I was about seven but I have no recollection of this. I did make a decision at Knapdale with John Bissett when I was about 13 or so and I would date my commitment from that date. It was an understood thing in the family that we would declare our faith in baptism but I recall that I rather rebelled in my teens at taking this "automatic" step. It was only some time later that I, unprompted, approached Rev. C. D. Gardiner - Ian Gardiner's father who was minister at the time - to be baptised and George Johnston and I were baptised the same night. During these later years we went to Gore to church more regularly, going in to morning service, taking lunch and having it in the church or hall and then waiting over for Bible Class or Sunday School in the afternoon before heading home to look after stock and so forth. Before he went to South Africa as a missionary, Les Friend was Bible Class leader. I can still remember his practice when we were doing a series in The Pentateuch of asking, after the portion for the day had been read, what were the Errors to Avoid, Promises to Claim, Examples to Follow and Commands to Obey. Very telling points which helped to set us thinking and made the passages come alive in our current situation. We regularly went to the Pounawea Keswick Convention where there was strong emphasis on teaching on the Holy Spirit and on the call to missionary service. No doubt it was from these messages that Allan and Wilfred were drawn to Bible Training Institute in 1931 and 1932 respectively. I am sure that my mind was open to this challenge but I never felt that there was any call to me for missionary service. This had some poignancy for me some years later. In my younger years Pounawea was very much a holiday by the seaside for me. One lovely day another boy, Lex Cowie, and I were on the beach and found the water had a lot of small flounders in the sand. We amused ourselves by catching them and putting them into a small pool. As time went on we found the water round our legs was getting deeper. When we looked up we found the pool into which the flounders had gone was now part of the sea, and we had to wade through a deeper channel to get back to the shore. The flounders had escaped - not that we ever had any plans to use them. Pounawea was a lovely spot with areas of native bush and walking tracks. In the early morning there was always a chorus of Bellbirds and Tuis. The Catlins River was tidal, as you will have gathered. One day there was a strong nor'wester blowing down-stream with the tide ebbing and someone in a rowboat was pulling very hard but losing ground. A well built man, whose name I do not recall, went out single-handed in another boat, threw a rope to the despairing oarsman, and then towed him against wind and tide till clear of the island so he could come into shore. It was an impressive exhibition of strength and oarsmanship. Year by year as I grew older the challenges of the meetings were much more meaningful to me.

In its early days the Baptist church had a very vigorous ministry under Rev. L. A. Day

who was a dynamic and lively preacher. The evening service had an orchestra of violins, and amongst the players were Bruce and Colin Harper, Phyllis Gardiner's brother Hec Gordon, Jessie Ferguson who later was Charlie Nicholson's first wife, Jessie's sister and two or three others. Mr Day was followed by Rev. C D Gardiner, a somewhat austere man who was also a good preacher in quite a different style. He brought several of his family to Gore, the best remembered of whom were his son Ian and daughter Joyce. I have a very strong memory of Ian's early courting of Phyllis Gordon. It was the custom for the young men to form a circle on the lawn after the evening service and the young women similarly, gossiping as people do. As the young ladies started to break up, Ian would say, "Got to go, boys" and would leap the fence and range up beside Phyllis to walk her home. The manse was very close to the church, while the walk to Phyllis' home must have been a nearly a mile -- it must have been worth it. This was about the time I went away to Wellington and I did not witness the development of the romance and I was not in Gore at the time of their marriage in April 1939. It was a union that lasted for sixty years.¹

There were some lovely stories from evangelistic campaigns about this time. One from John Bissett's mission in Waikaka concerns three young men, Jack Burns, Jim Adams and George Paterson who were living a fairly wild life and drinking fairly heavily. Two or three of the Paterson sisters were very concerned about these young men and were praying for them and trying to persuade them to come to a service. Eventually they did and all of them committed themselves to Christ. Their subsequent lives proved the reality of their decision. Jack Burns married Amy Paterson, who would have been one of the pray-ers and their lives are well known to my family down to this day. Lovely people. Jim Adams married Doris Quertier and was well known in the Gore Baptist Church in later years. And George Paterson married Eva McQueen, from a well known Christian family at North Chatton. A telegram at their wedding read, "Eva May but George Will Pat her son" - a play on their names. They farmed at Isla Bank. One year I biked to Pounaweia via Conical Hills and called in on Jack and Amy Burns when Betty was a baby to have some refreshments and a rest. They were great friends of my Uncle George and Auntie Violet, near whom they lived. This friendship was a very important one as they were at that time relatively far from Gore and other family with poor roads and early model cars and they were a great support for each other. Millie and Amy Burns struck a chord in each other and were firm friends in later years and of course their son John and his wife Carolyn became lasting friends of members of our family.² My father also used to do quite a bit of lay preaching and I can recall going

1 A few years ago Ian told me a very interesting story about his sister Joyce. She was part of the family which came to Gore when their father became the minister but had been living in the north for many years.. She was living on her own in a flat on the north shore of Auckland when she opened her door in answer to a ring on the doorbell. As she did so a big tall Maori with a knife in his hand pushed his way into the flat. She was dismayed and afraid. But she said firmly to him, "In the name of Jesus Christ, I command you to leave this house". At her words, the upraised arm and hand holding the knife just seemed to lose its energy and fall to his side and he turned and left the house.

2 Their lives touched ours at different times and places. John was so kind hearted. One time Millie and I were returning from overseas and arrived in Auckland. As we came out into the main terminal from Immigration and Customs, I was asking an attendant where we would find the coach for the domestic terminal when a voice came from behind, saying, "That won't be necessary, Mr Elder", and there was John,. He was between jobs at the time, had found out our arrival details from the family and came out to do what he could for us. He always addressed me as Mr Elder but thankfully now I am just Ivan to Carolyn.

with him for company to places like Heriot, Glenkenich, Conical Hills [the school] , Wendon Valley, Otama, Riversdale, Balfour and Merino Downs. to name most of them. He was an earnest preacher but not a very inspiring one. Despite this I did enjoy the outings and the change. Conical Hills was served by supply preachers one Sunday a month and on alternate fortnights by the minister from Tapanui. At one period five lay preachers on successive months preached from the text 'My grace is sufficient for you.' Apart from Father, the men included Tom Simpson from Waikaka, Alex Mackay from Otama, George Styles from Wendon Valley. Later when I had my licence I would drive for him. My father certainly drove the car but he never became a natural driver. Coming from Conical Hills one day we collided with a car coming from the Waikoikoi church at the Waikoikoi School corner. My father was not at fault but if he had been a better driver might have been able to avoid the crash. Our car had the right front wheel buckled in and was not mobile. We were taken to W. J. McKenzie's home [Colin McKenzie's father], given a cup of tea and driven home to East Chatton. I think Vera was fortunate not to be injured that day as she was sitting on Mother's knee in the front! Seat belts? None - but speeds were lower than today. Snow would frequently blow into deep piles called "drifts" and these were very difficult if they were deep in the winter months.

So I was brought up in a "religious" atmosphere. A very valuable result of this was the inheritance of a strong set of values which has stood me in good stead all my life. Perhaps my theology has modified somewhat with the passage of time but the foundation of faith is still there very strongly. My parents were foundation members of the Gore Baptist Church in 1910 and the church struggled against heavy odds during the first fifteen years or so. There were problems with ministers and with finance and numbers were small. The period to which my memory takes me was in the late twenties and early thirties when the church was in its heyday. Rev L. A. Day was a strong preacher and the church had a good spread of ages in its congregation. I think of Andrew and Nellie Johnston, Edith Henderson [Dunn], Fanny Henderson [before her marriage to a Waikaia farmer, Harold Tayles], Hector Gordon, Hazel Matheson, Phyllis Gordon, Charlie Nicholson and his wife Jessie, Bruce Harper, the Ferguson sisters, Rene Frobarth and others. Hugh Peterson went from Gore to the United States to enter the Baptist ministry there. For many years the church conducted a Sunday School at Croydon Bush School. Mr Day attracted very good congregations, the main service being the evening one in contrast to present day trends. The tone was very orthodox and evangelistic but it gave me a solid foundation on which to build my later life as it became modified by other influences. L. A. Day also preached many series of addresses on prophecy, much of which centred around the end of the age and Christ's return. It is now some seventy-five years later and I think some of those preachers would be surprised that event has not yet taken place. Nevertheless, it still behoves us today to look for our Lord's return as promised. My father's code was pretty strict but my mother was somewhat more open without being disloyal to him. They gave me a very solid base of integrity, honesty, thought for others, [especially mother] and a good sense of right and wrong.

I am so grateful to them.

Wellington Years

July 1936 marked the beginning of a new era in my life. My application for a position in the Civil Service was accepted and I was instructed to report to Wellington. I was leaving just two or three weeks before my eighteenth birthday and I recall that Mother and Father gave me two presents - a wristwatch and a travelling rug which I still have and use in the boot of the car to protect the interior. It is a bit frayed around the edges and quite thin.. Both lasted me a long time and the rug was very useful in various boarding situations and for events such as camps. I started out on the long journey by train from Gore to Lyttelton - 8.00 am till 7.00 pm - then on the ferry overnight to Wellington arriving at 7.00 am. The ferry was nearly always very prompt in its arrival time. I travelled well, finding out the mysteries of an overnight ferry trip in a four-berth cabin. I had some acquaintances in Wellington, notably Graham and Rob Miller, sons of Rev Thos Miller of Dunedin whom I knew through our mutual participation in Christian Endeavour Easter Camps in Otago-Southland. I had contacted Rob who met me at the wharf off the Lyttelton ferry at about 7 00 am on its arrival in Wellington and directed me to 23 Bidwell St. where he had arranged board for me.

It could be appropriate here to comment on the ferry services as they affected me. As I hinted, the ferries to Lyttelton ran to a very exact timetable. The ferry was always a night trip departing about 7 00 pm and arriving at 7 00 am. Sometimes the express from Invercargill would arrive at Lyttelton late and hold the ferry back. No matter how late the ferry departed it seemed always to arrive on time at the destination port. People in port could almost set their watches by their arrival when they were in regular service. Overnight accommodation was mostly in four-berth cabins. Only for the Christmas rush were there daylight trips when extra people could be carried as berths were not allocated. While in Wellington I had my annual leave coinciding with Christmas and New Year and at first it took me all year to save up the five pounds [ten dollars] for the boat and rail fare home. In

one of those early years, by the time I had saved up I was only able to book a mattress on deck as all cabin bunks were already booked out. One small consolation was that it was a bit cheaper, I think about eighteen shillings instead of twenty-five shgs. A portion of the open deck had been filled with mattresses and also protected by tarpaulins lashed to the rail to break the wind and protect from possible spray. That night we sailed into a strong southerly which was hitting Cook Strait and the east coast of the South Island. It was a rough night - a very rough night. Fortunately not all the mattresses provided were in use and I pinched an extra set of blankets from the nearest and made myself quite cosy. Also the (very) fresh air kept me from any feeling of sea sickness. The boat was two hours late in reaching Lyttelton so the ship had to provide breakfast for the passengers. I duly went down and enjoyed breakfast, one of only a dozen or so out of some hundreds to do so. I understood the reason when I went below and was assailed by the 'smell' of the ship - not so much the sickness of the other passengers but the kind of oily, salty, fuel smell which turns your stomach so easily. At that hour we were in the shelter of Banks Peninsula and the motion had diminished a lot. Adam and Jean Nichol were on board that night and I did not see them for breakfast. However, in general, the trips on the ferry were good and they were very efficiently run.

My first board cost twenty two shillings and sixpence a week and not very long afterwards went up to twenty five shillings [\$2.50]. Bidwell St. was quite central and was on the rise just behind the Dominion Museum and the Carillion. Today I pass the lower end of Bidwell St on one of the routes to Newtown where Dawn is living. There was a tram service nearby and I had brought my bike with me from home. I did not stay there for very long and found a place in Oriental Bay at 14 Hay St. This was a lovely central site above the Parade. Mrs Cross was a youngish widow who was very nice and I shared a room with her son who was maybe a year or two older than myself. We got on OK together but were not particularly close. The position was wonderful, both for the situation and for the outlook over the harbour and also because it was only a quarter of an hour's walk to work. During this period I made the acquaintance through the Miller boys of Cliff Cocker, who was General Secretary of the Inter Varsity Fellowship and, incidentally, was a friend of Wilson Elder, my second cousin in Auckland whom I had never met. Cliff was a wonderful chap who was working in The Treasury and studying like me for his accountancy. A vacancy occurred in his digs in Hopper St. and I decided to join him there. Cliff was a very good example to me as he had very steady habits of study and we would spend the evening in our rooms with our books. I was then attending Entings Commercial College classes after work or in the early evenings. Hopper St. had a single track tram line merging to two-way at the top and the bottom. Trams would grind up the slope which was fairly steep for an electric tram, but would rattle down at pace going to town. At first the noise of these was annoying but one soon got used to them. I distinctly recall one night as the landlady brought up our supper drinks about ten o'clock, it suddenly occurred to me that there had been no trams running. I was soon disillusioned when a tram came hurtling past and showed that they were in fact still there. Cliff was engaged to Bertha, daughter of the Methodist minister at Porirua which was then only a village. She was a lovely girl and she and Cliff made a very lovely couple. She led a Sunday School out at Porirua and for a while she roped me in to help. I would go out by train on Sunday morning and back some time in the afternoon. I had one strange experience there one Sunday. I think Bertha, who led the School, was absent and

I had to lead the opening and also play the piano. Some older girls took advantage of not being watched and got very noisy during one song. I stopped mid-tune, stood up and told them they were very mean to take advantage of my back being turned and called on them to be fair. A bit to my surprise they did. Back in Hopper St. the digs were quite good and again very close to town, just off Webb St. at the top end of Cuba street. The landlady had a dog, a terrier - probably a Jack Russell - which lived inside. The sun came into the living room in which we had our meals and I recall that on Sunday afternoons in particular the doggy atmosphere was very thick by tea time. Cliff and I used to turn up our noses and catch each other's glance. I can see in memory his rather wry expression as he did so. Cliff married at the end of that year and he and Bertha bought a house in Strathmore Road near the airport. Later the rise on which the house was situated was levelled to make way for runway extensions at Wellington Airport and they moved to Melrose. I visited them from time to time at Strathmore until I came down much later to Invercargill. Sadly I saw little of them after that and, also sadly, Cliff died very suddenly about 1969 as he arrived home from work one day. Just before her illness, in 1996, Millie and I went out to Tawa Baptist for church, the service being conducted by Rev. Arthur Metcalfe. On a later visit to Dawn's I looked up the phone book and found the name T. Clifford Cocker still there. I called the number and after some clicks it was answered by Alison Metcalfe, who turned out to be Cliff and Bertha's daughter and the second wife of Arthur. She would have been in church at Tawa that Sunday morning. From her I learned that Bertha had died only six months previously and they had retained the phone number with a switch over to Alison. I have learned from the Baptist magazine that Alison has died, probably about May 1999. It was a pity I had not initiated enquiries earlier. Cliff and Bertha and I had a pretty strong friendship and I regarded them very highly.

After Cliff left, Hopper St was different and a contact with Jim Lambert led to us rooming together in Karori with Mr and Mrs. David Mitchell. This was when our association with Karori Baptist Church began. Mrs Mitchell was very stout and very short with it. She was a Scot who had come from Gourock on the Clyde and still had quite a strong accent. Her husband was a simple labourer who could barely read and write but was a great admirer of the minister, Ayson Clifford MSc, who used to meet with him for a regular tutorial on the faith. I remember David being amazed that such a clever man as Ayson could make things so simple to suit him. This also applied to his appreciation of Ayson's sermons, even though at times Ayson used his science to good effect. Mrs Mitchell looked after us and two other boarders very well. She liked her tea strong. I finally found the only way to like my tea was to have it clear - hot water. A very peculiar incident occurred while we were there. She was not very well and went to the doctor who sent her to Wellington hospital where they diagnosed a tumour. She was referred to a surgeon and was booked in to have an operation. At the last minute more or less, the surgeon asked for another xray and then sent her home without the operation to have her baby in about three months time! Jim and I stayed with the Mitchells until I left to come to Invercargill in 1940.

I found on reporting to the Public Service Commission's office that I was to be sent to the Inland Revenue Dept. to work. My princely pay was to be thirty shillings [\$3.00] with a boarding allowance of twenty shillings [\$ 2] a week, coming to the magnificent

total of one hundred and thirty pounds a year. [\$ 260]. Initially the boarding allowance just covered my board and the thirty shillings salary was twice what I had been earning in Gore. I was appointed to the Land and Income Tax department and attached to the Employment Tax Division which was situated in 'The Tomato House' alongside the four-storied wooden Government Buildings which are quite notable architecturally. I recall the feeling expressed at home that it was hoped I would not be put into that department because of the element of possible invasion of the privacy of folk one might know - yet that is just where I landed. Maybe God knew what would be best for me. The Tomato House was anything but architecturally attractive, having been erected during the First World War as a temporary building. It was still 'temporary' when I left Wellington in 1940 but was subsequently demolished to widen the street opposite the bottom end of Bowen Street. It was a very ordinary place with two floors and the Department was very crowded. I was involved every quarter in sorting hundreds of employment levy coupons after which we listed non-payers for follow-up and, if necessary, prosecution. Every adult male had to pay a quarterly levy of five shillings [some paid the full year at once, a full pound!] to provide funds towards the unemployment dole paid to so many out of employment. The department's copy coupon came in to us for checking. It was extremely routine and boring sort of work but it did not go on for ever. I was also involved in the filing room, getting out files required to deal with inward correspondence or filing away after they had been dealt with. We would get a schedule of about 10 -12 letters and would have to find the files which were alphabetically stored in banks of shelves and tie them together with red tape. From time to time we would have to get out the file of some prominent citizen and they made interesting reading. For example men whose income was solely from directors fees or dividends from their big companies or portfolios of shares and some of the big station holders in the Hawkes Bay or East Coast region. Some of these files would have records of disputed points of tax law or fact, decisions on which would have been written by a senior officer and then submitted to the Commissioner for approval. I was intrigued to see the note on the margin of the paper -"I agree. J, M, Park." He was the Commissioner at the time - the invisible man in the top office never seen by junior staff like me. Seeing these memos and decisions proved a very good education in tax law.

About six months after I started the Department moved to a multi-storey premises at Courtney Place known as the Ford Motor Building. The move was made over Christmas-New Year while most of us were on holiday but the office was still a shambles when we got back and we had a lot of work getting organised. At this stage I was shifted to be an assessment clerk in the A-G Section on the second floor. I was stationed by the counter to handle public enquiries and seated right beside a large steel-framed window facing south towards Athletic Park and Island Bay. The office was to be heated by gas, with hot air circulated through a ducting system. Installation of this took ages and on our floor was not in action till 31 August. This south-facing window was a real shocker in such conditions , especially when a cold southerly came straight up the valley from Island Bay, Cook Strait and the South Pole. The steel frame and large area of glass seemed to conduct heat **out** of the building exceedingly well. I think that winter and the year I wintered in Canada are the only winters I have ever worn longjohns. It was a miserable winter - probably the coldest of my life. At least in Canada it was warm inside and we dressed for the cold when going out. I suppose we ought to have been more vociferous in our complaints.

As I said, I was now on the assessments section and the work, combined with the counter enquiries, was much more interesting. Many of these enquiries were referred to senior staff to deal with but some I could handle myself. The work cycle peaked from about May to December as assessments had to be issued for every tax return filed and used to reach a crescendo towards the end of the year. Over several years, tax inspectors who normally worked out in the regions, were brought in to help finish off the assessments for about a month in November/December. One such inspector was very unpopular in the section as he poured out assessments at a far higher rate than regular staff. It was his way of saying we ought to have "got off our butts" and dealt with the job much more quickly - there should have been no need for him to come in and help. He was not there in January when we came back from the Christmas break to deal with all his mistakes - which were numerous.

During this time I had been studying for my accountancy exams. I had started in Gore through Hemingways Correspondence School, and gained my first three subjects in Wellington at the end of my first year. Being in Wellington I felt that personal classes would be more helpful than correspondence so enrolled with Enting's Commercial College in the city the next year. My parents paid the fees for these courses. Classes were timed after work [work finished at 4.35pm] and were quite convenient. In 1937 I completed four subjects successfully and won a prize from Mr Enting for the best result in Accounting 11 from his college. The prize was free tuition for Accounting 111 the next year. The lecturer for Accounting subjects was a senior member of a very well known Wellington accounting firm called F. H. Harris and he later became the President of the New Zealand Society of Accountants. He was a very good lecturer. The lecturer in Law subjects was J. D. Willis, who later became a Magistrate - he was also excellent.. I completed the whole exam, three more subjects, the next year [more about how later] and was then a qualified accountant. It was departmental policy to transfer qualified people to the Company and Estate section but for some reason this was not done for me. It may have been because I could not join the Accountants' Society as I was not yet twenty one. I joined the Society and got my 'letters' in October 1940. When the Public Service Commission came around the office I asked for an interview and said my qualifications were not being utilised, requesting that I perhaps be transferred to Treasury or the Audit Office with something more active in the accounting field. I said I was quite interested in actuarial work at the time. Shortly after a transfer came through to the Internal Marketing Division, which handled all imports of tropical fruits and suchlike. This office was headed by people from industry and was very much commercially-driven. The head of the Division was a man named Turner of the family of Turners and Growers in Auckland, very big fruit and produce wholesalers. He was a Christian and there were a few other Christians in the office, mostly Brethren. The experience here in this commercial atmosphere was very valuable as it taught me the value of commitment to the task in hand. I had not been a slacker in Inland Revenue, but the work ethic generally was pretty easy-going. The inspectors who were brought in to help had a point, although the man I referred to put things through very carelessly. It was common for senior men to spend the first half hour with the newspaper spread out on their desks. Work finished at 4.35pm so one packed up one's work ten minutes earlier and walked out on the dot. I sometimes was in the middle of a file and preferred to finish it off. As my desk was right by the exit I sometimes got snide remarks. They might have been more pungent

if it had happened often. So, I was in the marketing office. As in the Rialto in Gore operations were scheduled on a weekly basis and records were kept of the disposal of quantities of consignments as well as the accounts for their cost. We were therefore working to a weekly target which kept us on our toes. It was very good experience of working under pressure and to a deadline.

Shortly after starting there I was phoned by Fred Aburn, head of the Company Section of Land and Income Tax, saying they could not afford to lose me and would I come back to work on the Company and Estate Section. I replied that if he arranged it, I would consider it. He later phoned back to say that the procedure would be for me to apply for a transfer back. This was a different kettle of fish and would put me in a funny situation with my Public Service Commission records. "Does he know his own mind?" would be the question they would ask. So I did nothing and heard no more. At least I can say that once in my life I was 'head hunted'!

These jobs offered me a very good grounding, firstly in tax law and secondly in sound commercial practice from Internal Marketing. The tax knowledge picked up then over about three years would have taken much longer to acquire in the limited field of farm accounting I was involved in later on. At the time I little knew how valuable it would be in the future.

In my early days the closest Baptist congregation was the Vivian Street Church where the Minister was Rev L. J. Boulton Smith who was rather like his name sounded to me- a bit stiff and starchy or maybe 'formal' would be a better word. I was not attracted. At that time there was a well-known Open Brethren meeting situated in Upper Tory St. near the Carillion and I decided to try it out. I was, of course, quite ignorant of how the Brethren conducted their meetings. When I arrived for my first service there were a number of people in the foyer and I quietly walked through on into the hall and took a seat. The service started and went through the unannounced procedure; contributions were made by different members; communion took place without any observable signal; the offering and the service concluded. On my way out I was spoken to by someone and they discovered I was there ! I know now that someone should have vetted me as I came in but the omission was not my fault. No fuss was made - perhaps what they discovered of me meant that there would have been no objection or relegation to the 'observers section'. The folk were really warm hearted and indeed very open and I was soon invited to various homes for meals. One of these was to the home of Dr Anderson, a prominent surgeon in the city, whose home was on The Terrace and was of a class I had never been in before. Mrs Anderson was a lovely person - very warm and hospitable. It was a lovely home and of course had a magnificent view over the city and harbour. I think it must have been like the home of the legal family in the book of early Wellington times and society. Mrs Anderson had a brother in the Assembly, Ashley Ardrey, who operated a shoe shop in Lambton Quay and who was leader of a Bible Class which I attended. He did not appear at that stage to be as well off as his sister but lived in a modest house beyond Berhampore towards Island Bay. He and his wife had some of the young men out for Sunday meals. I believe his shop must have done very well in later years. Sadly Dr Anderson died not a great many years later when not a very

old man. The Tory Street Assembly was so 'open' that they did not closely associate with other Assemblies - I found their meetings had a warm spirit and very friendly atmosphere. At the same time, there was definitely a hierarchy in the fellowship and there were those who spoke regularly in the Sunday assembly and were obvious leaders. I was a somewhat gauche country lad in the midst of a group of mostly well-off city people. They may not have been part of High Society but were certainly members of a 'class'.

During this time I was also associated with a Christian Endeavour at Kent Terrace Presbyterian Church. I was introduced to this group by Graham and Rob Miller. Both were studying law and both later went into the Presbyterian ministry. They were sons of Rev Thos Miller of St Stephens, Dunedin and brothers of Allan Bell's mother Jean. I had a background of Christian Endeavour from Gore Baptist Church and from the large Otago and Southland Christian Endeavour Easter Conventions, several of which I had attended. There were probably about a dozen who met at Kent Terrace but I have lost touch with them all. One name I remember was Russell Kenward of Rakaia who became a Presbyterian minister later and I think that is where I met up with Jim Lambert. At that time weekend activities sometimes included longish bike rides to see more of Wellington and environs. One day we cycled all round the waterfront from Ohiro Bay to Worser and Scorching Bays, turning back to Seatoun and through the tunnel to Evans Bay and by Oriental Bay to the city. We could not go round Jerningham Point as there was no transit through the army base on the east side of Evans Bay. Another day we cycled up the Hutt Valley on the old main road through Lower Hutt, Kingston and Naenae, then on to Silverstream and Heretaunga. We then pushed our bikes up the Moonlight Track road, very steep and narrow, over the top to a long winding ride down to what is now New Judgeford to Pauatahanui, around the inlet and through Paramata to Porirua, a village adjacent to the railway station. There we found the Methodist Manse with Cliff Cocker and Bertha and some welcome refreshments. Coming down the long slope to New Judgeford our brakes got very hot and we stopped once or twice for them to cool off. From Porirua we put our tired frames on to our bike frames again to climb up the old main road through Linden, Tawa and Johnsonville to the head of the Ngauranga Gorge. The road at that time led down around the many bends of the original gorge following its natural stream path and at the tail of the line, I still have a picture in my mind of about seven bikes snaking down, leaning to the left for a sharp left turn then to the right for the next bend and so on to the Hutt road at the bottom of the hill and on home to the city. Those were delightful days. Only those who knew the original Ngauranga Gorge can envisage the tremendous amount of work that was done to straighten the road and produce the present motorway.

As I said before, Jim Lambert and I moved to Karori, to board together. Jim's father, Rev W. E Lambert had been minister at Esk St in Invercargill when Jim was a boy and he knew a lot of Invercargill people that I knew of and later met when I went down to Invercargill so we had quite a bit in common. Jim was a very committed Christian and a keen Bible student. He had developed a friendship with a Brethren hermit in Wadestown and often went to join informal bible study groups there. I went once or twice with him but felt that they were very inbred and introspective and not in touch with the outside world. His Bible study centred a lot on the Old Testament and on the symbolism of the facets of the Law and

incidents which were seen as 'types' or 'forecasts' of Christ's life in the gospels. However, living together and attending the same church, we tended to become a twosome, and this was not always a good thing in that it tended to intrude on our individualism. Obviously, as we started from the same house going to the same place, we went to church, to Christian Endeavour, to the tennis club, and even to Wellington Baptist Harriers, together. The minister of Karori Baptist Church was a young greenhorn minister by the name of Ayson Clifford, in his first church with his young bride Cicely. They lived in two front rooms of a house as the infant Karori church was churchless and manseless. Services were held in the Masonic Lodge ground floor down in Standen St. and were fairly well attended. We were soon involved in the Christian Endeavour, taking our turn in office as president or whatever. The C.E. met in the homes of families in the church. There were some lovely people, mostly Baptists from elsewhere who had come to live in Karori. People like Mr & Mrs Hogan, the Griggs, G. A. Neal Freeman and his wife, his father Capt Freeman [English and correct - nattily dressed], Walter and Mrs Fear, two families of Lovatts, Stan and Emily Burtenshaw formerly of Dunedin - these are names that come to mind. Jim Heffernan, who later became a minister, often came to the church and was very friendly with the Hogans. Among the young people were folk like Geoff Parker {later in the Navy} Vaughan Mountjoy, Mervyn Arthur, Jim Lambert, Don Hogan, Jack Grigg [still in Karori], Joan and Nancy Fear, Gwen and Dorothy Beavis, Fay Vickerstaff, Eileen Malin and others. The Burtenshaws two children, Joan and Mildred, were too young to be in the Y P group. From time to time I was asked to babysit for them. The latter was very warm-hearted and they were no trouble to look after. Joan was much more reserved but being a year or two older was part of the reason. Joan was later a missionary with the Baptist Missionary Society in India, and Mildred married Ian Carey of the well known Baptist family of Lower Hutt. Ian's uncle was a president of the Baptist Union. Stan was a real young people's man. Ayson organised the young men into a 'Sunshine Club' and on a Saturday morning we would do clean up work for folk who were disabled or otherwise unable to look after their gardens or sections. The young folk played tennis in the summer on a private court just at the town end of Karori. We also did a number of trips across the harbour by ferry to Day's Bay from where we would walk over the hill into the Wainui valley, as well as group outings to other destinations. I recall a day when Jim and I biked out past Porirua to Plimmerton and by a very winding road over the hills to Pukerua Bay to visit some friends of Jim's. The new motorway direct from Plimmerton to Pukerua Bay was under construction and virtually formed but culverts over small streams had not been built. We came home along the new road which was much easier than the old winding one, but had to lift our bikes over the creeks.

Another activity I indulged in during the winter was Wellington Baptist Harriers. We would start from a church hall or sometimes a private home and do a circuit from there. I recall running from Lyall Bay, Island Bay, Mornington, Khandallah, and Karori. The runs were usually up onto the hills, maybe along a ridge and down through the suburbs to the starting point. One year we ran in the New Zealand cross-country championships out at Lower Hutt. I remember a very muddy track made worse by the many feet that preceded mine and believe that I came in about 153rd. The race was won by a chap called Pullar from Dunedin who was very well known in long distance running.

I think it was 1939 that Mervyn Arthur asked me to be a groomsman at his wedding to Joan Fear. His brother was best man. Nancy Fear, Joan's sister, was chief bridesmaid and Beatrice Arthur, Merve's sister, was my companion and a nice one at that. I never met Beatrice again. She was a nurse and did not marry. She was duty sister at Wellington Hospital on 10th April 1968 during the Wahine storm and marshalled the staff to handle the victims who were brought in from the shipwreck. Her name was mentioned in the book of the disaster. I bought a new navy blue suit for the occasion - on my return from the war it was too small so was given to Frank Duncan whom it suited very well with a little alteration. I think it cost five pounds[\$10]. The wedding was held in the Vivian St., Baptist Church as there was no church building at Karori. About this time Nancy and I studied for and passed the exam for Christian Endeavour Expert and were entitled to wear a CEE badge.

At Easter 1938 I went up to the Ngaruawahia Convention. I recall that Jim Hefferman entrusted me with an Easter gift to his fiancée Barbara and I had to seek her out from among the many hundreds who were at camp. After camp I was offered a ride to Auckland with a Brethren couple. I was to stay with the Mountjoys at Onehunga. I found the efforts of this man very embarrassing as he was zealous in trying to ensure that I must have 'an experience'. Vaughan Mountjoy was one of the crowd at Karori and I had been invited to visit him at his people's home after the convention.. I arrived there and was given a bed in a sunporch largely open but with a canvas screen which could be lowered for bad weather. In the early hours of the night I became violently ill and was glad of the open porch to enable me to tip out onto the garden. Mum and Dad Mountjoy were wakened and found me quite ill and with a high temperature. They decided I would be better in hospital so I had an early morning ride horizontally in an ambulance to Auckland Hospital by the Domain. I was diagnosed as having Enteric or Typhoid fever and received some intensive nursing. My parents were to come to Wellington for a visit just as I was due back in Wellington from this brief holiday so came on to Auckland by air when they heard of my illness. That was the first and only flight they had in their whole lives. While they were in Auckland a National Airways plane crashed near Auckland on a test flight and a few months later another flew straight into Mount Ruapehu. They were a bit sobered and also thankful in the light of these events. They had an anxious few days in Auckland as I was really sick. One evening all the Mountjoy family came in with Mother and Father and I had about seven visitors round the bed. It was very wearying as I was in no fit state to have so many. They meant well. Barely had they gone when everything in my tummy came up with a rush, too quickly to press the bell or call a nurse. I filled the water jug and the half empty water glass and the part-full jug of orange juice and they still ran over. Of course I felt better immediately. Can't say the same for the nurse on duty! Next day the house surgeon, Dr Foreman [killed in Greece only about two years later], concluded that the orange juice and the dried milk diet were reacting together and my delicate stomach could not deal with the result. There was curdled milk in what had been tipped up.. So I was put on a strictly soft gentle diet and I immediately started to improve. Like Ron so many years later, I had lost a lot of weight and my bones were sticking out. I knew exactly what he was feeling in those early days of learning to walk and building up his muscle tone again. Even my legs, built up with much cycling had gone to waste and lost all their muscle. When my feet touched the floor I could not stand. For a day or two I was helped to a chair for an hour or so with my weak neck allowing my head to loll limply. But soon I could ease along to the chair holding on to

the bed and gradually built up from there. When I could walk, the calves of my legs were extremely sore and could not hold my (fairly light) weight in a standing position. Going down in the lift I would have to keep changing my weight from one leg to the other every second or so. I must have looked like a sideways rocking horse. I soon started to make rapid progress and after a few days I came back to Onehunga with the Mountjoys.

Two members of the Beavis family, Gwen and Dorothy, were active in the Karori Church. Dorothy, commonly known as Dolly, worked at Manurewa Childrens Home and was sent, when I was in hospital, to visit the 'sick' on behalf of the Karori people. We had not really met earlier as she was away from home when I moved to Karori but she was a very bright, happy sort of person. We enjoyed each other's company and entered into a bit of correspondence after I left hospital and I was teased about 'My Dolly'. It was not long till the day came when she wrote to me to say she had met and fallen for a Baptist divinity student named Jim Burt - our friendship could go no further. I replied wishing her well and assuring her that matters had not developed too far for me. It was a good friendship which possibly could have developed, but had not yet done so. Jim Lambert and I had quite a bit to do with Gwen, who lived up past our lodging and we often walked home together from church or C E to see her close to her home. The Beavises had a piano and I used to go up to their house to play. I had only had two terms of music before leaving Gore and was able on their piano to learn to play hymns. I preferred three or four flats and still do not like keys which involve sharps. It was this practice which enabled me to play the organ in Gore in the late forties and early fifties when the church was desperate for organists. They must have been desperate. Through lack of use, any skill I had seems to have gone.

I must say the Mountjoys were wonderful to Mother and Father and helped them greatly through a very disturbing time. Mother corresponded with them for a long time and exchanged Christmas cards. It was a firm freindship but sadly distance meant they never met again. Many years later I met up with Graeme Mountjoy at a Municipal Conference. He was a councillor on the then Onehunga Borough Council. Mr Mountjoy was an electrical goods retailer on Royal Oak corner and the boys joined him in the business.

Back in Wellington I found a letter from Mother enclosing the price of my return fare to Gore with an invitation to spend my recuperation period of three or four weeks at home. It was a good invitation and I am sure I prospered with the good food and air of Southland, even in midwinter as it was now July. My illness had dated from Easter back in April sometime.. Recovery was good and at the end of the time I was again in Wellington and starting work - and also restarting study. By this time it was early August and I had just settled down in the front room to complete an assignment when there were knocks on the door and lo! - about fifteen to twenty young people were there for a surprise party. I recall feeling quite annoyed at the prospect of a night's work gone but soon realised what a lovely gesture it was and decided to enjoy the evening. I can imagine that their feelings for the first three or four weeks must have been very like those of the college students when Ron was first ill so many years later. It was a very lovely evening and I appreciated the depth of their concern for me, now thankfully relieved. It was, of course, a surprise party for my twentieth birthday as well as a welcome back to life.

I used the term 'welcome back to life' and as the years have gone on I have realised how true that phrase is. I was indeed very ill, more so than I appreciated at the time. I have ever been grateful to those who went out of their way to support and help me through the illness and recuperation and for the prayer that was made for me.

I mentioned study. In 1936 when I went to Wellington, I was doing the first three subjects of my accountancy professional qualifications and sat them successfully in Wellington.. All three years accountancy examinations were sat in Wellington in the Winter Show Building on the rise just west of Newtown. It was a great barn of a building and there were a lot of young people sitting exams during the early part of November. The days could be very cold and the place was very draughty. For some papers the conditions were anything but ideal but on a nice day it was not too bad. I had started Accountancy study in spite of my good friend Bill Matheson's advice that it really wasn't necessary. After all, he had been a good number of years in J. E. Watsons office as a clerk without qualifications and had got on very well, thank you. There are times when you have to fly in the face of well-meant advice and this was one time when I was proved right. That year I was studying with Hemingways Correspondence School and passed the three subjects successfully. The next year I enrolled with Entings Commercial College and have mentioned my success that year. The following year, 1938, I had attended lectures up to Easter, which I think was fairly early that year, and so had not much more than got into the subjects when I went to the convention and became ill in Auckland. There had been no study from Easter to early August. The world political scene was very uncertain, particularly in Europe where a Corporal Hitler had become Chancellor of Germany and had already annexed neighbouring territories. I therefore felt that I should make an all-out effort to complete my exams if at all possible in case of life being interrupted by war. I talked it over with Mr Enting and arranged to complete all assignments by the end of September by correspondence and then attend lectures during October when the lecturers were revising the syllabus. This worked like a charm and I successfully passed the three remaining subjects including Accounting 111 and Auditing, probably the two hardest subjects in the syllabus. I think the third subject was Economics, also quite difficult with more emphasis on theory than practice and so not as clear-cut as the other subjects. For three months that year I was not much use for other things. I studied each night Monday to Friday but kept Saturday night free for Christian Endeavour. Being in Wellington, a University city, I enrolled the following year to complete a Bachelor of Commerce degree for which there were several credits available from the Accountancy Professional qualification. I attended about four weeks of classes before I was offered a job with Murray Malloch in Invercargill. Victoria University kindly waived any fees due which perhaps fortunately I had not paid. That year, in September, war was declared and as a single young man of just twenty-one I was in the first category to be called up for war service. I was very pleased that I had passed the exams in 1938.

In 1938 I had broken the pattern of going home once a year at Christmas when Mother had invited me home in July for my convalescence. In 1939 I again broke this pattern by going home on 12th August. This was for my 21st birthday. Again there was the ferry crossing to Lyttelton followed by the 12 hour train journey to Gore. They had had snow quite recently and there was a covering still on the ground. I think it was Victor who

met me off the train and we set off in the dark for East Chatton. It was a complete surprise to see the end of the driveway full of cars. That was just what it was - a surprise party of young people, for the most part from Gore Baptist. Well it sure was a party. I had been away from Gore for three years so there were some changes, notably as I recall a young lady called May Brownlie hanging on the sight and sound of Sandy Gerken. Among others I recall were Ian and Phyllis Gardiner, Allan and Win Boyd, Hazel and Alan Robb, [parents of Dawn Robb of much later office days], Charlie Nicholson, Bill and Hazel Matheson and I think all of my own family. The Gore folk all got back to town all right even though there was about ten inches of snow on the ground the next morning which was my actual birthday. That year was a bad one for snow which lay on the ground for almost six weeks. It would almost clear and then another dump would come. I have a picture in my mind of my father and his four sons, all wrapped up and well shod, tossing some swede turnips over the fence to the cows and other cattle. It was a bleak sight. The party was all rather fun but it was back to Wellington after a couple of weeks.

At Christmas time 1939 while home for annual leave, I cycled down to Invercargill to see Murray Malloch. Father was a client of his and when finalising his accounts and tax returns the previous year had mentioned that he had a son who had almost completed his accountancy and had been working in the Land and Income Tax Dept. Murray Malloch was interested and asked if I would come to see him next time I was home. I recall he had a small set of offices upstairs in the Union Bank building in Tay St. I don't recall much of my interview with him but some time later he offered me a position to start about the 1st April 1940. I suppose I was a Southland boy who had been forced to look further afield for work just at the end of the Depression and to some extent was wanting to get back nearer home, so I accepted. I had made very good friends at Karori and regretted the necessity to leave them. Over recent months Nancy and I, after working on the CEE exam and sitting it together, had started to become interested in each other and it was hardly a good time to be leaving. Things had not developed very far but we did decide to correspond. I recall quite a number of the Karori young folk coming to the ferry to see me off. I was to see many of them a year later when I was in camp at Levin.

This was again one of the turning points in my life. Turning my back on the big city, on the possibility of a life in the Civil Service and leaving the friendships made in that city. I believe that if I had gone back to the Tax Department I could have achieved considerable success. Anyone with qualifications was destined for promotion. Not all the senior officers had any degrees or professional qualifications at that time but the Service was on the threshold of recognising the value of them. I found I had quite an aptitude for understanding the tax law and for interpreting its often roundabout or obscure language and therefore able to deal with the points which cropped up. However, I had transferred to Internal Marketing which for the time being cut me off from the Tax Dept. although it gave me valuable experience towards a more commercially-oriented life. I think I had always tried to follow God's leading for my life and am intrigued that He seems to have ordered these changes which were preparing me for future roles.

Invercargill

April 1940 saw me in Invercargill starting back in private enterprise again. In Wellington I had frequently met Eric Kingston Smith who had left Wellington and moved to Invercargill. He and his wife Nancy (nee Milley of a North Invercargill Baptist family) invited me to board with them till I found permanent accommodation. They lived in Margaret St and had a new baby a few months old. It was not long before I found lodging with Mr and Mrs E Kirkham in Ritchie St quite handy to the North Invercargill church and closer to town. The Kirkhams had emigrated from Liverpool and he was an upholsterer. Mrs Kirkham was very kind and looked after me well but suffered somewhat from an inferiority complex being rather self-deprecating. This was at least partly because of their son Ernie, who, at about 12 years old, was a bit mentally retarded. He was a nice lad but needed extra care. The Kirkhams really treated me as one of the family, and later loaned me their car to travel out to preach in country parishes. One such trip was to Tokanui where I was entertained by the Earwaker family and took two services. Another trip was to Centre Bush where the minister, Rev. McGregor, originally from Wendon Valley near Waikaka, was unwell - again there were two services. On this Sunday I took with me a girl called Bessie Cross who paid a visit to her Uncle and Aunt at Hokonui while I was entertained at the Manse nearer Centre Bush - Bessie's daughter Helen Calder was at University with some of our family. The Kirkhams also offered me the car for courting! I had a weekend out at Riverton with Cyril and Margaret Schroeder and Nancy Wilson (more of her later) travelling in a tiny Austin Seven which seated four if the back seat passengers did not have long legs - Cyril was quite short so fitted in the back fairly well. It is amazing to think that to have even an Austin Seven in those days was really something. ¹

¹ Cyril and Margaret much later retired to the Auckland area. After Cyril died Margaret later married Norman Reynolds, a Chartered Accountant and for many years Secretary of the Manurewa Baptist Childrens Home. Norman died quite a few years ago and Margaret died about Nov 2003.

There was a lot of music in Invercargill. The Lowerys, Broadbents, Jim and Rua Wilson, the Schroeders and others would have after-church sing-alongs. I had no experience in part singing but started to pick it up in simple hymn tunes. On the other hand, I followed no sport in Invercargill. I still had my bike which I used sometimes on a Saturday. On one occasion a friend and I rode out through Otatara to Sandy Point, followed the Oreti river along its sandy edge to the river mouth opposite Omaui near Bluff. It took longer than we had anticipated as the sand along the bank of the river was soft and unrideable for a considerable distance - even pushing the bikes was hard work. When we reached the river mouth and got onto Oreti Beach the surface was really good for riding but it was still quite a long way to the main beach entrance and the way home. We also explored some of the Bush Reserves near the city such as Seaward Bush Reserve which I recently revisited after seeing Wilfred in Invercargill. There had been a great deal of bush around Invercargill originally, most of it cleared for farming purposes. The names of many districts confirm this - Seaward Bush, Longbush, Mabel Bush, Grove Bush, Forest Hill, Gummies Bush near Riverton. Christian Endeavour at North Baptist met on Saturday nights. While this had a major spiritual dimension it also served a social purpose as well. There were combined gatherings with the young people of the other Baptist churches and it was in this way that numbers of the young folk got to know their future husbands and wives. Keith and Doreen Broadbent, for example, who were just newly married and expecting their first baby.

My work was a complete contrast to that in the Tax Dept. Instead of processing completed tax returns, making assessments and looking for undeclared income, I was now engaged in the task of preparing the annual accounts and tax returns from the raw material which the clients brought in to the office. The Tax Department received a lot of information from companies, banks and investment institutions about interest and dividends paid to investors. Staff in the Department used to compare these with the individual tax returns furnished - effectively we were doing an audit of the returns as well as simply assessing them for the tax due.

Murray Malloch had originally worked for Otago Farmers Mutual Insurance which had a very widespread farmer clientele in Otago and Southland. He was manager of the Invercargill branch. Up until about 1933, farmers had to file income tax returns only if the unimproved value of their land was over three thousand pounds - many small farmers did not file returns. With the introduction of The Employment Charge on the income of the self employed about 1933 all farmers had to file income tax returns. Around this time all farmers became liable for income tax as well but because of the wife, family, and life insurance exemptions not many small farmers actually paid anything except the Employment Charge which was due on every bit of their income. Farmers Mutual Insurance set up a Farm Accounting Service to cater for the requirement for their clients to file returns. Murray Malloch had contacts all over Southland and the accounting side of the work blossomed. A few years later, maybe about 1936 -1938, he negotiated to take over the farm accounting work as a separate venture of his own and he left the insurance work. For some time he called it The Southland Farm Accounting Association although he was principal and associate all in one. When I arrived in 1940 he had an interesting staff. His senior was Alf McClean, a handsome fair-haired young man awaiting call-up to the Air Force. Alf was very intelligent

and a very good accountant. He was most interested in my experience in the Department and plied me with questions about departmental procedures as well as the more technical aspects of the Act. Not very long after I arrived Alf was called up to the Air Force and in due course went overseas where he was later killed in action - a very fine life cut short. Next in line was Arthur Lang who had a Bachelor of Commerce degree. He was different - an untidy worker but nonetheless with a pretty alert mind. He became the senior clerk and assisted Murray with interviewing clients. After the war Arthur gave up accounting and established an agricultural contracting business in Winton. Ross McIlwrick was a backroom boy about my own age. He was very deaf and this inhibited his ability to handle clients in person but he was extremely useful in seeing to the flow of work and the quarterly payment of Employment Charge on behalf of clients. He was not qualified at the time but later did complete his exams and after the war set up on his own account with a partner. About the same time Dave Kennedy was recruited from the Southland Building Society and we shared an office as we coded accounts for processing by the office girls before we drafted the annual accounts. Dave never really settled down to this concentrated figure work and some time after I left for the Air Force he went back to the Southland Building Society. He was never called up for military service as he had a lame leg and presumably did not pass fit for service. In the Building Society he did very well and climbed to a high position.

I was very impressed with the quick and compact method Murray Malloch had developed to analyse the expenses and income of the clients and which enabled him to process a great many accounts for fees ranging upwards from three guineas. Many years later I had occasion to review a set of farm accounts from the thirties and forties in a Family Protection case over a will and I was amazed at the very small number of debits and credits that a farmer had in the course of a year back in those days. Animal health, tractor repairs (there being no tractors), car expenses, fertiliser costs, fuel and many other costs of modern farming simply were not known. Farms were clean and healthy, parasites almost unknown and there was only one vet for the whole of Eastern and Northern Southland and West Otago. The preparation of accounts was therefore simple and easy to carry out. I was very interested to note that my father had evolved a very similar system for the two or three years he did his own returns before he handed them over to Malloch. I could remember him spending several wet days doing his figures before I went to Wellington. Little did I guess that I would later spend a large part of my working life dealing with the same kind of work. Thankfully I rose to handling the more interesting part which was working with the clients while others handled the details.

I recall a very peculiar incident involving me and Ross McIlwrick. We had received a tax refund for a J. G. Smith but we couldn't find anyone of that name in our files. Perhaps a couple of weeks had gone by when the name John Gibson-Smith flashed into my mind during a wakeful period in the middle of the night. Next morning I mentioned the name to Ross. At first he did not catch on till I said "refund for J. G. Smith." Ross, of course, knew Smith far better than I did but in our office he appeared alphabetically under G as his name was hyphenated. It is not often that I have had inspirations like that in the night but at times I have thought out problems when occupied with other things. It did not seem long till Murray took me to Gore to assist him on his weekly visit to collect information from cli-

ents for their accounts. I remember a feeling of inadequacy and uncertainty as I started but it proved fairly simple and I soon fell into the way of it. He had tremendous goodwill with his clients and benefited greatly from their trust in him. I also benefited from this goodwill. If I was employed by Murray Malloch then I was accepted by his clients. As time went on, of course, one had to build up one's own goodwill and trust with the farmers. Not only was my tax background a great help to me but also my farming upbringing enabled me to understand what the farmers were talking about. Murray would usually take me to Gore on a Friday and I would sometimes go out to the farm for the weekend, catching a train back to Invercargill after church on Sunday night. The train passed through Gore just after eight so I sometimes had to leave the service early.

Murray Malloch was a dedicated businessman. He gave his job all his attention and at this time he needed all his dedication. His best men were being called up in the ballots and leaving one by one. A move he made at that time was to invite Alf's younger brother Jack McClean to leave his career in banking and join the firm. At the time Jack was under age for call-up and Murray had his services for some time. Murray must have worked night and day in the early forties as one could see a lot of figures in his own hand in the old files. At the time they were employing a higher proportion of young women many of whom were lost to the firm through marriage when men came back from overseas.

I have mentioned ballots. After the start of the war many volunteered for war service. My own primary school mate Jim Paterson was very keen on flying. He had joined the Royal Air Force in 1938 on a short-service commission and was a fighter pilot when war broke out. He lost his life in the Battle of Britain. About two years later I visited his grave in Star Lane Cemetery in Orpington, Kent. It was a moving moment and I was able to take some snaps to send home to his family with a description of the grave and cemetery. Although there were many immediate volunteers, the Government required all men under 45 to enrol in a National Register. They were listed in various categories - single, married, one child, two children and so on. A ballot was held every month and it was therefore only a matter of time before one's name appeared. I think it was late 1940 when my name came up and I received the fateful letter. With it came a form of election as to which service the ballottee wished to join. I put in an election for Air Force partly because I met the standard of education required and also because the thought of flying appealed to me. I was soon accepted for preliminary studies as a prerequisite for entry and for this purpose attended classes at Southland Boys High School in Maths, Physics and Meteorology. These were of a fairly elementary nature but nevertheless they served to brush up one's skills in these areas - meteorology was new but very interesting. At these classes I met Roy Jackson, later well known as secretary of Esk St Baptist Church, and he and his wife Nell were later friends of Millie and me.

In the meantime, life went on in the office and I became more familiar with the work. Analysis was done by the office girls. They had small hand-operated mechanical adding machines and they became very skilled at additions. Even so there were inevitably times when they had difficulty in striking a balance. Dave Kennedy, Ross McIlwrick and I drafted the annual accounts from the girls' work and again this was all manual and therefore not

very inspiring As I write this, I see in the Southland Times a death notice for one of the clients of the firm whose name I recall from that time. And just recently while on a visit with the Gore Senior Citizens Choir at Peacehaven Rest Home in Invercargill, I met up with a woman who had been a typist at Mallochs in those early days.

During this time I was boarding fairly close to North Baptist Church and it seemed logical for me to attend there. Bruce Harper (one of the violinists in the Gore church orchestra of the 1920's) and his wife Anne were members and they proved good friends. Bruce was a remarkable man. He was a keen student of the Christian faith but he had a very bad stammer. In spite of this he played a very full part in the church and would occasionally speak at the mid-week prayer meeting. On one occasion in the middle of a prayer session he started singing the words of a well-known hymn but in a strange tune. He wondered why others were not joining in until he realised he had been singing the tenor part! He had a good tenor voice and had done a lot of part-singing. There was no sign or hint of a stammer when he was singing. Bruce came from a Gore family and his parents had been foundation members of the Gore church along with mine. His father James Harper was well-known as a newspaper man at The Ensign where he would sometimes write the leading article - I think he became Editor for a time. Bruce and Annie later went to South Africa to work with the Roodepoort Mission Press which was engaged in literature work among the African tribespeople who came to work in the diamond and gold mines near Johannesburg. There he joined with Les and Vera Friend from the Gore Baptist Church who had gone to South Africa back in the 1930s. Bruce was an excellent writer but I am sure he would have aspired to be a preacher had it not been for the stammer. Many other good friends were made in that period in Invercargill including such people as Don, Isabel, and Mary McCalman (whose aunt was Mary Bradfield of the Baptist Mission work in India), Keith and Doreen Broadbent, Elsie Titchener (Lepper), Cecil Erskine, Mina Kerse, Dick Angelo, Thelma Paterson, George Tayles from Georgetown, John, Lewis and Pat Lowery and their parents from Esk St, Cyril and Margaret Schroeder.² In early 1941 I became friendly with a local girl called Nancy. Looking back, I can see the hands of Margaret and Cyril Schroeder in a match-making role. She was a very attractive girl, who came from a token Christian family and about April 1941 we became engaged.

There were many after-church sings in church homes on Sunday nights. The Lowery family were very kind to single young folk, as were Margaret and Cyril Schroeder. Phil Fougere was already away in the Air force and I recall the necessity of walking home to Lowery's from Esk St. Church on Sunday night via the Post Office with Pat Lowery eagerly devouring a letter from Phil, running ahead to a shop doorway where she could read a few more lines while we others caught up. Mail would come in on the evening train and would be freshly in the mail box at the Post Office.

Invercargill young folk had a lot of fun in those early war years, or year, as I was only there for fourteen months. I can think of Bible Class concerts at North Baptist at one of

² Margaret was Ayson Clifford's sister. There were also two other sisters of his at Georgetown as well as a teenage sister named Shirley who was quite a mischief. She later married Neville Bond and was mother to Kathryn and Lesley Bond.

which Bruce Harper wrote a very funny play on the subject of “medicals” for military service. One candidate complained of a suddenly racing heart beat. ‘I think I know your problem,’ said the doctor. Holding his pulse, he got his assistant to read off a list of girls’ names. When he got to Hazel, sure enough the pulse quickened. He was drafted. Another claimed he was a poor unfortunate medium. ‘What do you mean - medium.’ ‘Well, I’m too light for heavy work and too heavy for light work. I’m just medium.’ ‘I’m sure the army will find some ‘medium’ work for you,’ said the unfeeling doctor. Another recruit had a sore arm - he could not lift it above shoulder height it was so stiff. ‘How high could you lift it before it became sore,’ asked the doctor. ‘I could lift it this high,’ he said, raising it right above his head and then realising he had fallen into a trap!! I have a picture of Keith Broadbent, Lindsay Crozier and myself at I think a Christian Endeavour tea in the Friendly Society’s Hall in Tay St. acting the goat with ‘dress-up’ hats on. The North C.E. was quite strong and we had very good meetings. Esk St. church was without a junior Bible Class leader and I was coaxed into leading it. The class included Lewis and John Lowery. I think this was partly a ruse to attract me to join Esk St but I retained my ‘church home’ at North. Leading a class at Esk St. meant that I got to know folk there as well as at North Invercargill. In fact, I would have been happy for it to have been my church home. However, because of the uncertainty ahead I did not transfer my membership from Karori until after the war.

All these activities were overshadowed by the uncertainty of life for us young men because of the monthly ballots for military service.³ It was a strange time full of bad news lightened only by the miraculous escape of the British forces from Dunkirk. Britain stood alone against Germany in the Blitz and the Battle of Britain. The Eighth Army was being outmanoeuvred in North Africa by Field Marshall Rommel and although the Italian forces were being harried by the British, Kiwis and Aussies, Germany was throwing forces in to stiffen the Italian resistance. That was the background of the time.

³ Surprises occurred as well. We were imagining a romance between two members of the North CE when the lad concerned was called up and went into camp. We were stunned when he came on leave to find him engaged to another girl. Rumour had it that this was the result of correspondence while he was in camp. They married after the war and had a family of seven or eight. Quite recently I learned they were living in Tauranga and I called on them to renew our acquaintance. Mina recognised me immediately but her husband Dick did not know me. He had been a prisoner of war and came to Blackpool on repatriation where I took him up for a ride in my aircraft one day. But he had no memory of that or of me - he was, of course, suffering from Alzheimers. The ‘other’ girl did not marry until late in life.