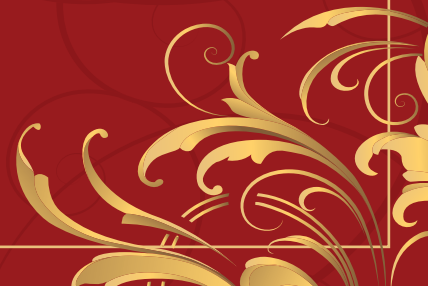




# Connell

*Family heritage*



# *Dedication*

*T*his book is dedicated to my father, John Connell, and my grandfather, Dick Connell – the two biggest influences in my life and who together helped shape me into the individual I am today. Each showed me a different world. My father instilled the importance of values and respect for all people from all walks of life. My grandfather taught me the importance of laughter; he also constantly amused me with his poems and stories and, most of all, I was fortunate to feel the warmth of his love.



*Titirangi: my grandfather & I sitting on the steps enjoying the morning sun*



My father and grandfather outside my grandfather's home in Titirangi





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# *Connell Family Reunion Eltham, 2000*



**Back Row:** Ros Goldsbrough, Kim Hoskin, Quentin Connell, Tiri Connell, Brian Orman

**Third Row:** John Annala, Tim Connell, Scott Lamb, Ngarita Brookes, Jeffrey Daley, Greg Clarkson, Max Connell, Wendy Donald (née Connell)

**Second Row:** Lyn Connell, Ken Connell, Esta Connell, Sue Connell, John Connell, Ruth Ward, Dudley Ward

**Front Row:** Elliot Clarkson, Tess Clarkson, Helene Lamb (née Connell), Sheila Connell, Sandi Daley (née Connell), Alison Clarkson (née Connell), Muriel Jones

# Introduction

Each and every one of us in our lives will wonder about our ancestry, our beginnings, our 'roots.' As colonists, all New Zealanders will find their heritage in some distant land. This book is in part my tribute to the lives of two remarkable men, my father and my grandfather, both amazing achievers and equally great travellers. These two individuals saw the world and did more with their lives than most men have ever achieved in two lifetimes. Having been born in Singapore, grown up in Hong Kong and educated and worked in New Zealand I have never felt at home anywhere, with a mother I never met, so it is easy to understand my sense of longing to learn more of my roots. As an inquisitive child, I would listen to the many wondrous stories told by my grandfather. His slide evening shows were some of the most boring of my childhood (I have never seen so many transparencies of rhododendrons in my life). Yet between the garden slides were some amazing travel pictures that were accompanied by the most remarkable stories of how my grandfather and grandmother circumnavigated the world in 'Matty', one of the early campervans.

If my grandfather was a fountain, my dad was a barren desert, with any story literally having to be prised from him. Yet his life story, from the hills of Bombay to flying jet fighters in the Royal Air Force and finally Boeing 747s, is equally compelling and one I am proud to tell.

This book aims to cover not only their stories but the male line of the Connell family as far back as I can trace it. There are deviations to discuss other notable relatives, and later descendants may hopefully understand where their love for architecture, music, travel or art may have come from.

This book, I hope, will one day find its way into the hands of my own children so that they can at least understand some of the wonderful people that have passed before them.





Top: My aunt Elizabeth and uncle Athol  
Above: My aunt Charente, cousin Christopher and Rufus

My father John

# Thank You

There are a number of people who I wish to thank who made this book possible.

Claudine Thompson and Blair Wadman who did a wonderful job in the design and layout of this book. They were incredibly patient and understanding in a project that took many years.

I would also like to thank Nigel Connell in Wellington for looking over some of the book's detail. My father John Connell, though most of the time he forgot what he was telling me mid sentence. My uncle Athol and aunt Elizabeth who recounted a number of great stories which I have included in the sections on my great-grandfather Nigel and my grandfather Dick. Also David Haszard in New Plymouth who provided me with the Haszard family tree. In addition Garth Houltham who was invaluable in assisting me to uncover the family in Scotland. Ken Connell in Dunedin and Tessa Lane in the UK for sending me photos. Also a big big thanks to Sheila Connell and her daughter Alison who supplied me with so much material and for being so kind in allowing me to reprint a section of her own book.

I want to also thank my best friend Dr Bruce Gilbert who was always a source of encouragement.

Last but not least my biggest thanks to the two people who were by my side through the entire episode – my very young aunt Sherry and her son, my cousin Christopher. They were hounded night and day for most of the seven years that this book took to write. For the endless phone calls and constant questioning of detail, without your help much of this book would never have existed and would have been lost to the sands of time! Thank you both so much for accompanying me on the amazing journey that unearthing our history was.



# The Clans

Like many immigrants to New Zealand, we find our ancestry deeply rooted in the clans of Scotland. As the family tree displays, the names of the majority of (male) Connells have for the last 150 years included 'Douglas' as a middle name. This was in honour of John Aitken Connell's mother Jessie Douglas, from whom we 'Connells' today are all descended.

The word 'clan' is derived from the Scots Gaelic word 'clann', meaning the children, offspring or descendants. Not all families in Scotland or even in the Highlands became 'clans'. Within the Scottish Highlands, in the 12th and 13th centuries, the concept of clan grew beyond immediate family to cover an extended network of people who felt that they had loyalties to a particular clan chief.

## The Connell Clan

Throughout the centuries, surnames in every country have continued to 'develop', often leading to variants of the original spelling. Connell has appeared as MacConnell, MacConnal, MacConnell, Connul and others. It is derived from the Gaelic word Mac-Dhoomhnaill which translates to mean 'the son of the mightiest one in the world'. The Connell clan are descendants of the ancient Dalriadan Clan (which has its original roots in Ireland) who were first found in Ayrshire where they held a family seat from early times. So, it is of no great surprise that John Aitken Connell was born in Ayrshire as were his parents.

## The Douglas Clan

The House of Douglas is an ancient Scottish clan from the Scottish Lowlands, taking its name from Douglas, South Lanarkshire, and thence spreading through the Scottish Borderland, Angus, Lothian and beyond.

The Douglasses were once the most powerful family in Scotland. The Douglas chiefs held the titles of the Earl of Douglas (Black Douglasses), Earl of Angus (Red Douglasses) and, later, Earl of Morton. Many Douglasses married into Scottish and other European royal and noble houses, thereby ensuring Douglas power within Scotland, as a result of their accumulated wealth.

The family's original seat was Douglas Castle in Lanarkshire, but they spread to many properties throughout Scotland. Although the Douglas clan motto 'Jamais Arrière' (never behind) is hardly inspiring, the Douglas clan has been hugely instrumental in the shaping of Scottish history and carries significant prestige even to this day, which I suppose John Aitken Connell wanted to ensure was never forgotten.

The Douglas name too has many spellings including Douglass, Dougliss, Dougles and many more.



# Clan Map and Tartans



The Douglas Clan were from this area and Ayr is where our family finds its roots



The Douglas Clan tartan



The Connell Clan tartan



# Our Genetic Roots

## – don't call me an Arab

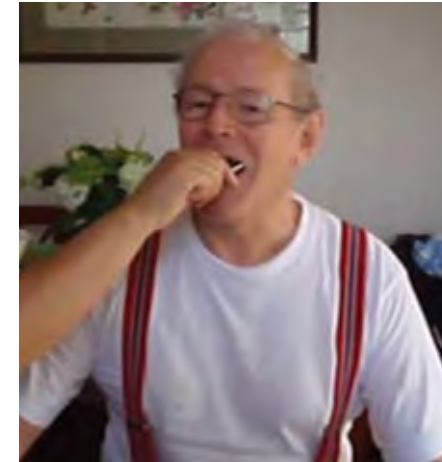
When I first conceived the idea of writing a book on the genealogy of my family, I thought it would be great for my family (and hopefully one day my own children) to have a record of some of the lives of the individuals who had passed before them. As each generation passes, the stories relating to their own lives and stories of their own upbringing pass with them. My hope has been to ensure that as much of this history is preserved for future generations.

How much I have been able to cover has been dependent on those relatives (and the functioning of their memories) alive at the time this book was written as well as the availability of historic records at the registry for Births, Deaths and Marriages. To uncover five to ten generations of the 'Connell' history is only several hundred years and the lack of historical records makes it extremely difficult to go back too much further. The reality is our historic roots go back not hundreds of years but thousands of years, and finding to where and when is impossible without the assistance of DNA sequencing. So on a sunny day in March 2009 I organised my father John Connell to say aaaahhhh ... as we took two mouth swabs from the inside of his cheek and sent the swabs to Oxford University for analysis to discover where the 'Connell' family really came from!

### *The Science*

In every cell of our bodies we all harbour a miraculous piece of DNA passed down almost unchanged from our deep past. Its name is mitochondrial DNA – mDNA for short. It links us to our ancestors and is handed down, almost

like a baton, from one generation to the next. What makes mDNA particularly special is that it moves down the maternal line. You and I and every other person on the planet both male and female have inherited the mDNA



John Connell, my father, being swabbed

exclusively from our mothers, who inherited it from theirs, and so on, and so on. mDNA falls into a small group of genetically related groups (36 in all), yet, despite the billions of people in the world, everyone in a group must be descended from just one woman – their clan mother. These clan mothers lived at different times 10,000 to 45,000 years ago.

The 36 clans that have so far been identified vary in frequency in different parts of the world, but there is no completely specific association between genetic clans and ethnic or tribal structures. This is a reflection of the great antiquity of our genetic roots, which predate our modern notion of race, tribe or any other classification system by tens of thousands of years.

Africa lays claim to 13 of the maternal clans. Although these are easily the most ancient clans in the world, a reflection of Africa's status as the cradle of humankind, it is still possible to construct the genetic relationship between them. By doing this we are able to see that there is one maternal ancestor for all of Africa, and therefore for the rest of the world – known as 'Mitochondrial Eve' it is proof we are all related! Eve was not the only woman alive at the time but her contemporaries either had no children or had only sons so their lines died out. However, hers is the only maternal

lineage to have survived unbroken right down to the present day. She in turn would have had an ancestral mother, and this line reaches back millions of years to the beginning of our species.

The descendants of four clans, Aiyana, Ina, Chochmingwu and Djigonasee, are found widely among Native Americans, and in Siberia and Alaska, proving there was once a land bridge from Asia.

The modern day inhabitants of China, Japan and Korea are predominantly descended from Sachi, but there is considerable representation from Emiko, Fufei, Gaia, Malaxshmi, Nene and Yumi.

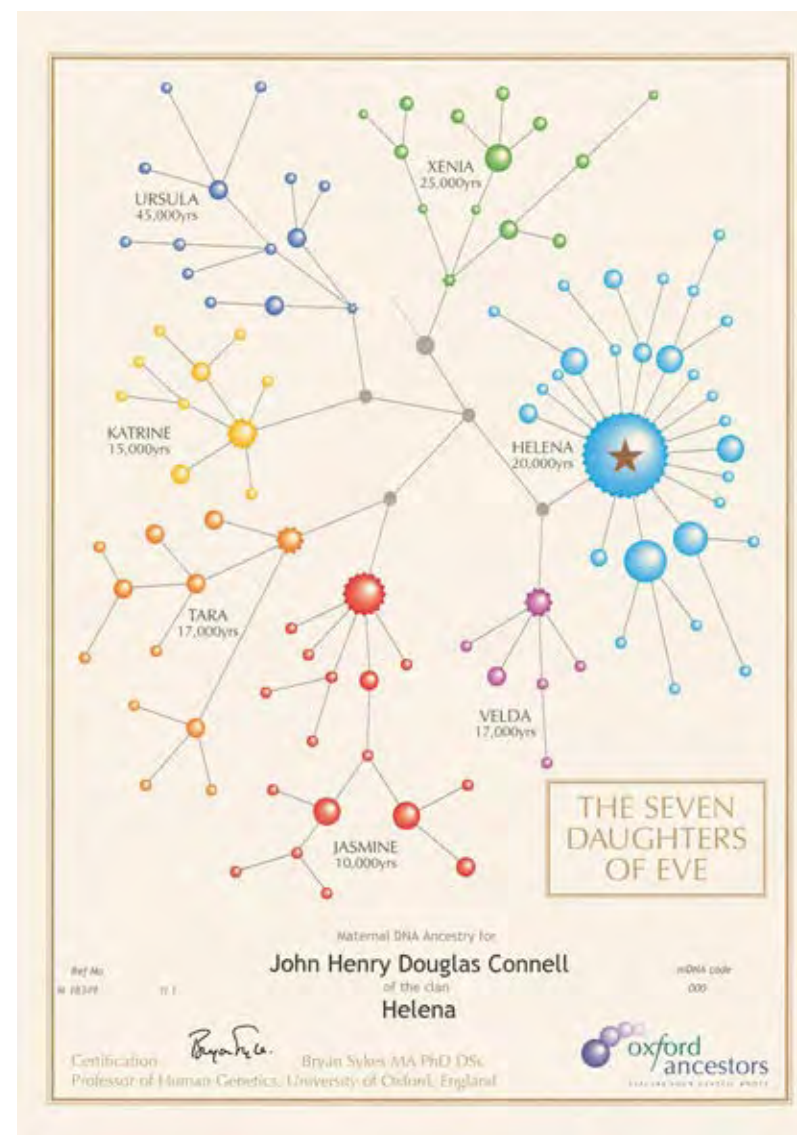
The majority of native Europeans are the descendants of seven clans: Ursula, Xenia, Helena, Velda, Tara, Katrine and Jasmine – the seven daughters of Eve. Six further clans are also found in Western Europe but are more likely to be found in South, Central and West Eurasia and these include Naomi, Ulaana, Uma, Uta, Una and Ulrike.

### *Helena* (Greek for Light) – the first Connell mother

The results from the analysis of the swabs taken from my father's mouth show us to be descendants of Helena. So you could say she was the original Connell mother.

Whether just by chance or by the guiding hand of natural selection we do not know, but Helena's clan has grown to become the most widespread and successful of the Seven Daughters of Eve. Her children have reached every shore, settled every forest and crossed every mountain range. Helena's descendants can be found from the Alps in the south to the Scottish Highlands and Norwegian fiords in the north, and as far east as the Ural and the Russian steppes.

Helena was born about 20,000 years ago on the strip of land that joins France and Spain, near what is now Perpignan. Her clan arrived in Europe from the Middle East, pushing their way along the Mediterranean, constrained by the narrow strip of land that was still habitable.



The more adventurous of her children took advantage of the climatic improvements and journeyed northwards to join the great movement of hunters across the plains of France. They reached England around 12,000 years ago because DNA recovered from a young male skeleton in Gough's Cave in Somerset shows that he too belonged to the clan of Helena.

The results in themselves confirmed the origination of the Connell family (well at least on the maternal side) that for at least 12,000 years our roots were indeed from Central and West Eurasia – or were they?

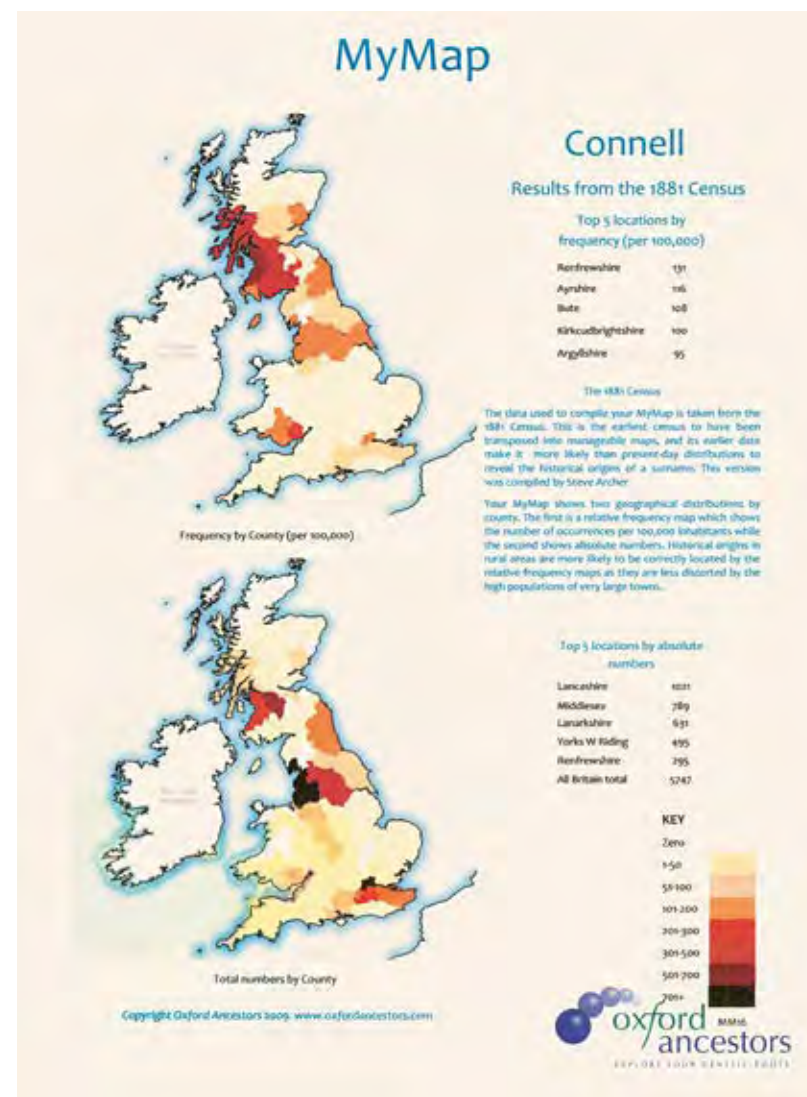
## *The Y-clan certificate*

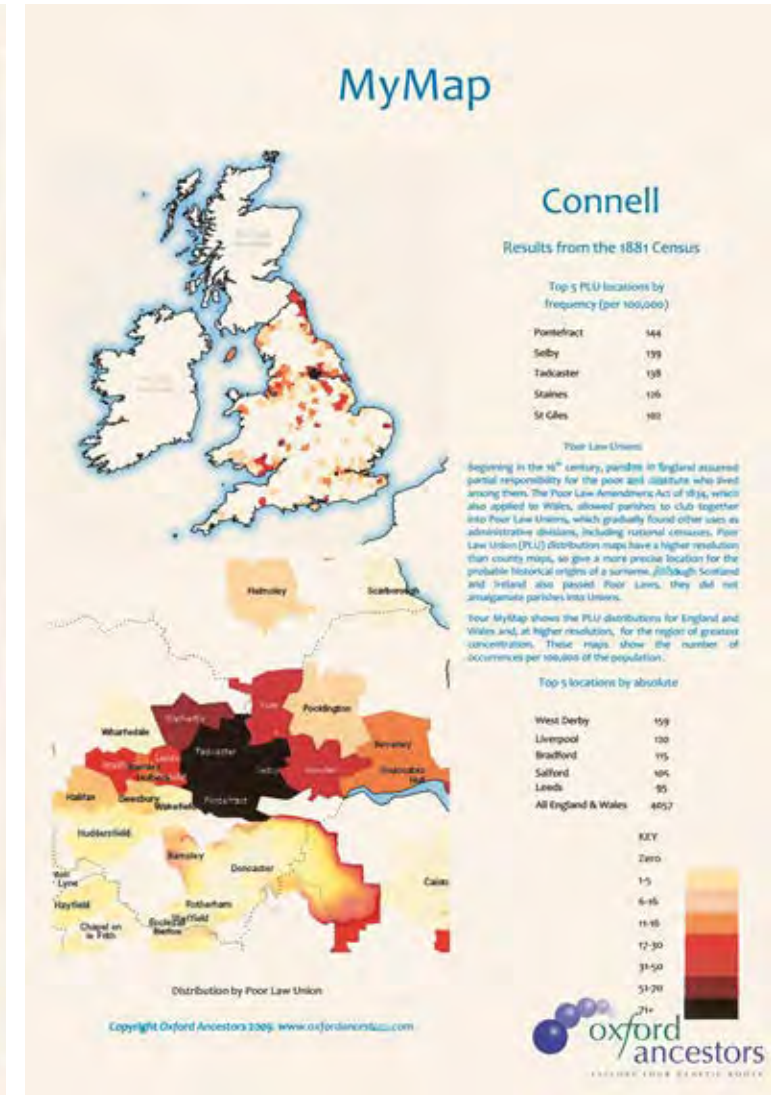
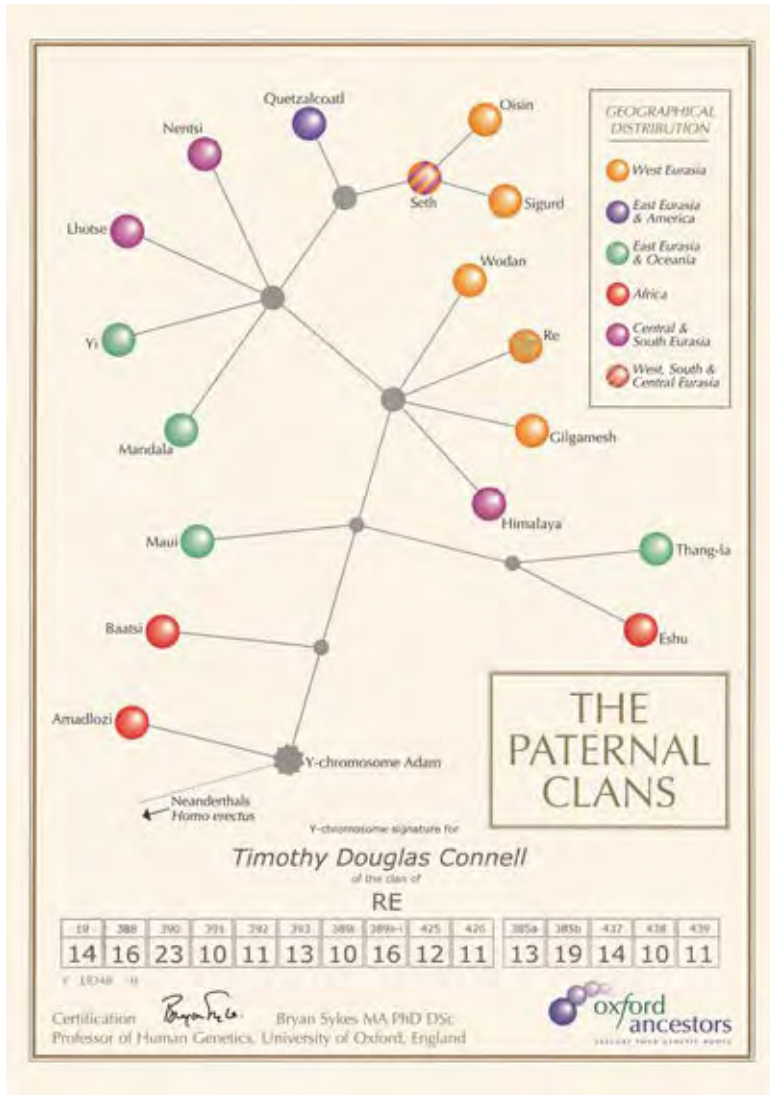
After analysing the matriarchal line, Oxford University offered us the opportunity to analyse the Y-chromosome. Genetic research over the last decade has gradually defined the deep-rooted relationship between Y-chromosomes from all over the world and drawn the evolutionary tree that connects all males on the planet. There are fifteen named clusters on the main tree and all trace back to one Y-chromosome, that of Y-chromosome Adam, the common paternal ancestor of all men.

## *Re clan – the first Connell father?*

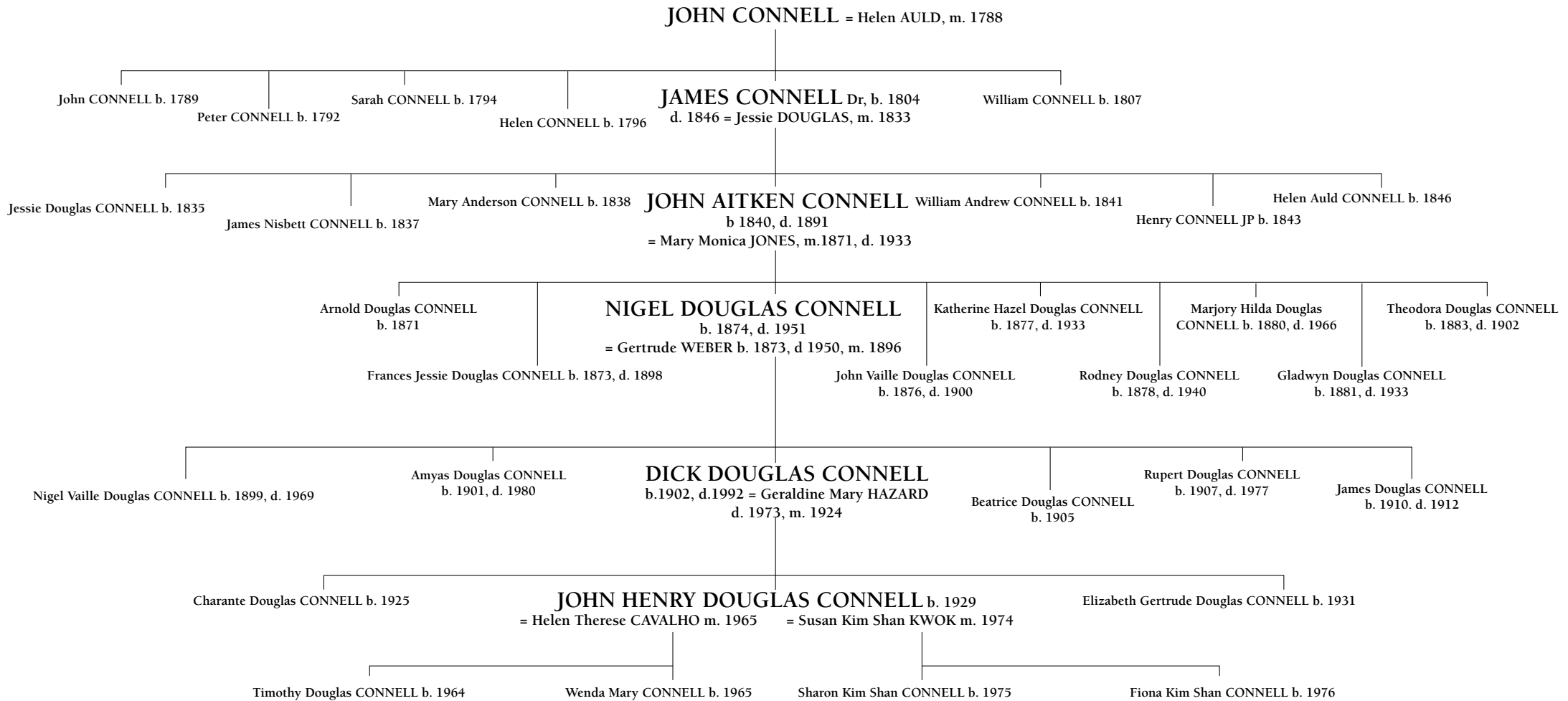
The results from the swab taken suggests that we are from the Re clan. This clan originated in the Middle East around 40,000 years ago and its members are mostly found in that area today as well as along the shores of the Mediterranean. The clan reaches its highest concentration in Lebanon (33%), Turkey (30%) and Iran (25%). Along the Mediterranean coast the clan is found in Southern Italy (15%), Morocco (10%) and Iberia (Spain, Portugal) (5%).

So the pronounced nose of my grandfather and great-grandfather has a history! My father tells me he too once sported the big hooked nose until he broke it one day walking into a door!





# Descendants of JOHN CONNELL



# John Connell

## Baker and Cotton/Wool Spinner



Dunn Square, Paisley, Scotland

To research the history of my great-great-great-grandfather was always going to be difficult, even more so from New Zealand. So I employed the services of a genealogist in Glasgow to research his history. Unfortunately public records proved of little use and the only information unearthed was from parish records. What we do know is that John was from Kilbarchan in Scotland and his wife Helen from Middle Parish of Paisley. From the birth certificates of his children he started life as a baker and then as a cotton/wool spinner.

What is interesting is that this is the first time that Connel(l) is spelt with only one 'l'.

From the Old Parish Register 568 Kilbarchan, County of Renfrew 1788 (Proclamation) April 26th – *John Connel(l) in this parish and Helen Auld in the Middle Kirk Parish of Paisley were booked for marriage.* Although this was a proclamation and not the actual marriage date.

They had six children:

**John Connell** born 15 February 1789 Paisley, County of Renfrew

**Peter Connell** born 28 February 1792 Kilmarnock, County of Ayr, baptised 4 March 1792

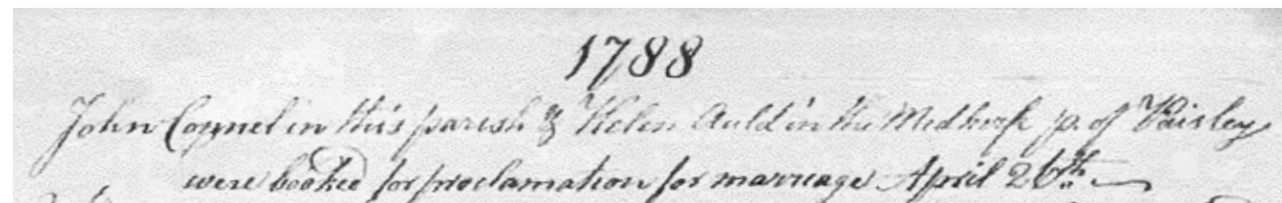
**Sarah Connell** born 15 April 1794 Kilmarnock, County of Ayr, baptised 20 April 1794

**Helen Connell** born 4 July 1796 Kilmarnock, County of Ayr, baptised 10 July 1796

**James Connell** born 9 September 1804 Kilmarnock, County of Ayr

**William Connell** born 7 May 1807 Mauchline, County of Ayr, baptised 31 May 1807

Unfortunately that was all the genealogist could unearth. He was unable to locate dates of birth for John or Helen nor could he find records of their passing, and as to whether they died in Scotland or had moved elsewhere is inconclusive. What we can assume is given that all of his children were born in the same area, he led a relatively stable life with little travel. Of his children only James (later Doctor James Connell) leaves a trail that we were able to follow.



1788 Marriage notice of John Connell and Helen Auld

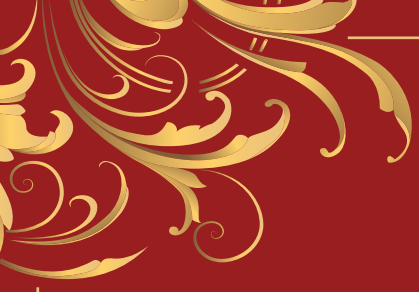
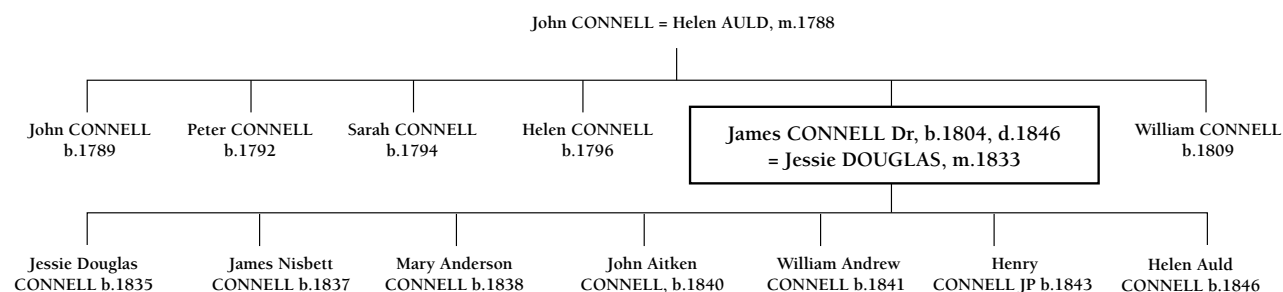


Image of the old town school, Glasgow

*John Street 1820-1878*

# Dr James Connell

Doctor 1804–1846



**Dr James Connell** born 7 September 1804, Renfrew, Scotland; died 26 March 1846, Glasgow.

**Jessie Douglas Connell** born 4 June 1835, christened 4 June 1835, Glasgow, died 17 October 1922, Baniston Gardens, Morningside, Edinburgh. She moved to New Zealand to be closer to her brothers John Aitken and Henry Connell before returning to Scotland where she died in Edinburgh. It would appear that she was also very close to her sister Mary Anderson Connell as she left her estate to her and in her absence to her two favoured brothers.

**James Nisbett Connell** born 20 March 1837, Glasgow. His middle name is taken from his uncle Henry Nisbett, who lived in Argyll.

**Mary Anderson Connell** born 31 May 1838, Glasgow, died 30 May 1923, Doncaster House, Inveresk, Midlothian.

**John Aitken Connell** born 9 February 1840, Glasgow – see later chapter.

**William Andrew Connell** born 29 November 1841, Glasgow.

**Henry Connell JP** born 25 August 1843, Glasgow. Married Emily Augusta Gibson in 1876. He had seven children: Henry Douglas Connell, born 1877, Emily Beatrice Connell born 1878, Arthur Gibson Connell born 1879 Kainga, F. Connell born 1883 Kainga, Cyril Gibson Connell 1892, Ivan Alick Gibson Connell and Eleanor Gibson Connell. He must have moved to New Zealand early as he appears in the *Otago Gazette* of 24 August 1869 as a registered surveyor. He appears again on 10 January 1872 as the registered surveyor of 8792 acres in Oamaru. In 1880 he was made Chairman of Waitaki Roads Board. Not long after he was bankrupted and moved to Sydney to start afresh. According to the *Sydney Morning Herald* of 25 March 1910, p. 6, 'A search has been instituted for Henry Connell, commercial broker, aged 67, who was connected with the firm of W Gray and Co, produce merchants and lived at Gordon. Mr Connell left home on March 10 intending to go to Newcastle. He boarded the steamer, but was not on the vessel when it reached Newcastle, though his berth had been occupied.'

**Helen Auld Connell** born 12 May 1846, Glasgow.



Gravesite for James Connell and his wife Jessie Douglas Connell  
Necropolis graveyard, Glasgow

My great-great-great-grandfather was born in 1804 and educated both at Kilmarnock Academy and St Andrews University (which is situated next to the hallowed golf grounds of St Andrews Links).

He was one of six children and one of four boys in the family.

I have unearthed very little on his early life, but given where all his siblings were born, one would think that he grew up somewhere within a 100 kilometre radius of Glasgow.

At the age of 29 (what would have been considered extremely old) he married 18-year-old Jessie Douglas (born 1815 in Cambusnethan, Lanark, Scotland; parents John Douglas and Mary Crow) in June 1833 in Irvine, Ayr. They were to have seven children and it was from this generation that the Connells began the tradition that we retain today of the Douglas middle name. The Douglas clan, along with the Stuarts, were the two pre-eminent families of Scotland and being a part of such a clan carried an enormous amount of esteem. I assume by attaching his wife's surname to the names of all his children my great-great-great-grandfather was hoping to improve the children's chances in life. In recent generations only the males in our family have carried the Douglas surname and tradition. With some sadness I suspect that perhaps that tradition of both the Douglas middle name and Connell surname will end with this generation of the branch of the Connell family.

The Scottish census of 1841 does reveal a few interesting things. In addition to his family at the house, there also resided four male student borders and four female servants, which suggests the family were quite affluent.

My great-great-great-grandfather Dr James Connell, like his son John Aitken, was an incredible achiever in his own right. It

is a reflection of what he achieved that in research for this book over 200 years later there would be passages found about him in a book published as recently as 2010! Such was the esteem in which he was held that on his death in 1846 his obituary was to make the national papers in both Scotland and England.

His work ethic and life within academia ensured that all of his children were to be well educated. Being literate at this time would have ensured that his children were already at a significant advantage compared to the rest of the population, for whom illiteracy was the norm.

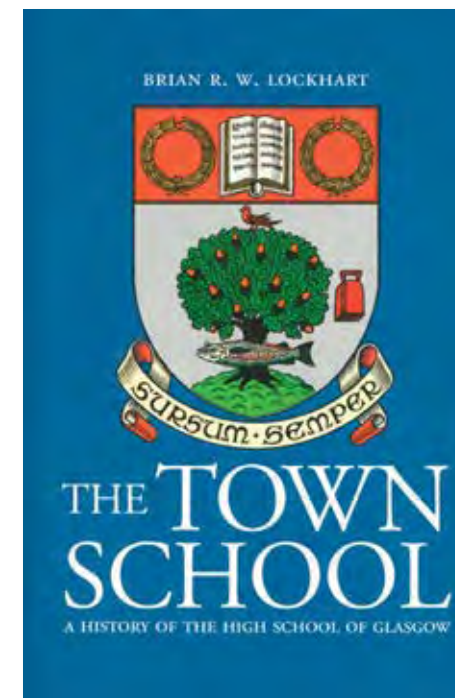
James was a Doctor of Laws yet is probably most well known for his work in mathematics.

In his book *The Town School – A History of The High School of Glasgow*, author Brian Lockhart writes:

*‘The remodelling of the Grammar School into the High School in 1834 was carried out quickly. By 30 October the three new staff envisaged in Paul’s report had been appointed: Alexander D’Orsey to head the English department; James Connell of Irvine to teach Mathematics, Geography and the higher parts of Arithmetic.’*

Later in the same chapter he writes:

*‘The Mathematics department was led first by James Connell from 1834 until his “lamented” death in 1846 and then by James Bryce until 1874. Both of them made an outstanding contribution to the development of their subject and department. The result was a deserved reputation in university circles that the School has, by the 1870’s, the best Mathematics department in any school in Scotland. This did not happen overnight; indeed in 1835 the Convenor of the HSC, Henry Paul, was praising Connell while at the same time complaining about the small number of boys studying Mathematical science.’*



Published in 2010, Brian Lockhart makes a number of references to the contribution made by Dr James Connell

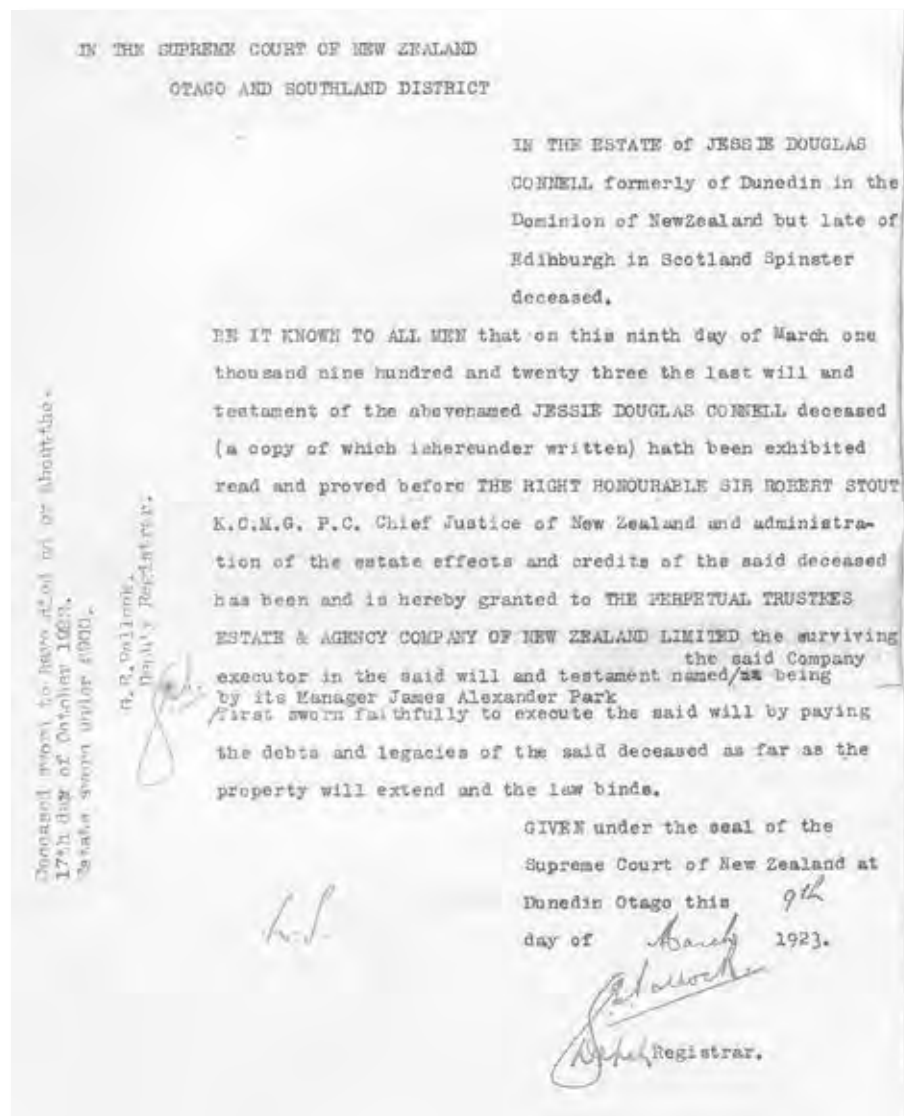
In May 1836 there were 74 studying Arithmetic, 13 studying Mathematics and 27 in Geography while in 1841 the corresponding numbers were 191, 48 and 112 respectively. This increase masked a real problem: in 1844 Connell informed the Town Council that over his ten years in the post, only around 40 pupils had studied Higher Mathematics. As his other classes were very popular the Council approved his suggestion that he teach more Arithmetic and reduce the Mathematics course to one year. He also extended his Geography syllabus to include current affairs. He produced a textbook on Differential and Integral Calculus titled "The Elements of the Differential Calculus by Dr James Connell" which was highly valued by teachers and used in the High School until 1870.

Interestingly, in the notes to the above he remarks: 'Connell also appears to have been respected by the boys and was singled out as "the best teacher I ever had". High School of Glasgow Magazine June 1902 p.3.'


This was not the only time that his work had been noted. In James Clelland's book, *History of the High School 1770-1840*, published in 1877, he is referred to as Mr James Connell of Irvine. He also states that 'Dr Connell's Text-Book on Calculus was highly valued by teachers at the time and continued to be used at the school in 1877'.

In 1845 he was awarded an LLD, an honorary degree from Glasgow University, and this was likely to have been in recognition of his book. Sadly, he was to die less than a year later on 26 March 1846 of consumption (TB), aged only 41 and leaving behind a wife and six children.

He died a wealthy man with close to £2000 to his name at the time of his death. His estate makes for interesting reading as his assets include a variety of shares in banks, printing companies, a railway company as well as copyright of his book *The Elements of the Deferential Calculus*.



The will of his daughter Jessie Douglas Connell



He was buried in Glasgow's impressive Necropolis (Plot 4, Thetas section), a Victorian graveyard which, at the time of his death, hosted the graves of the wealthiest of Glasgow's citizens. You can see by the photo of his gravesite on page 19 that his wife was to be buried alongside him. Sadly, his wife Jessie was to end up in a mental institution and, on 16 March 1860, she committed suicide by throwing herself into one of the canals in Glasgow.

Interestingly, he was survived by only six children, which meant that one of his children must have died earlier.

His death was covered in a number of national papers in Scotland and in England.

**Obituary of Dr Connell – Glasgow Courier, 28 March 1846**

*It is with deep regret that we announce the death of this accomplished gentleman. Dr Connell had presided over the mathematical department of the High School of this city for the last nine years, and with unexampled success. His command of his subject was complete, and he had the rare merit of communicating to his pupils a portion of that enthusiasm which distinguished himself. The science of numbers is generally considered repulsive by boys, and as it deals with mere relations there may be some excuse for the prejudice; but in Dr Connell's hands it became an attractive and popular study, and a large and increasing class attested the diligence, the skill, and the judgement of that admirable teacher.*

*But Dr Connell's qualifications were not confined to arithmetic and the lower departments of his profession. He was a mathematician in the highest sense of the term, as his masterly treatise on the Differential and Integral Calculus demonstrates; and it is of public moment to remember that his great success*

*as a teacher of children depended on his great attainments as a student of pure and mixed mathematics. He was not a smatterer in science, but a profound and able mathematician, to whom all the branches of physical philosophy were accessible; and his history shows that high qualifications are not incompatible with the successful performance of comparatively humble duties.*

*In common with society at large we can only deplore his decease, which has deprived this community of the services of a most valuable man, and ourselves, amongst others, of a most esteemed friend. Such mysterious dispensations it becomes us not to scrutinise too closely; but humanity may mourn silently over such loss, and may – without presumption, it is hoped – wonder and be still. Dr Connell was in the prime of his life and in the full vigour of his extraordinary faculties, many years of usefulness were, therefore, to all appearance before him; but He who knows what is best for all of us had otherwise decreed it, and this gifted man has gone down to a premature tomb amid the tears of his kindred, the heartfelt sorrow of his associates, and the honest regrets of the citizens of Glasgow – by all of whom his virtues and accomplishments were thoroughly appreciated.*

OSSA QUIETA, PRE COR, TUTA REQUIESCITE IN URNA;  
ET SIT HUMUS CINERI NON ONEROSA TUO.

The Latin quotes at the foot of his obituary are the last two lines from the *Elegy IX, on the death of Tibullus*, by Roman poet Ovid. Rest ye, his bones, at peace within the quiet urn, and may the earth lie lightly on his ashes.

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## Register of Marriages

10th June 1807

**Levine** Robert Levine Taylor, Nicolson Street and Mary Robertson, daughter of Robert Robertson, gave up their names for proclamation of Marriage Matrimonial

**Currie** Adam Currie, Smith Croft, Causeway & Margaret Drysdale, daughter of Mr. Drysdale, Wright, gave up their names for proclamation of Marriage Matrimonial

**Murray** William Murray, Nicolson Street & Margaret Wether, daughter of Mr. Wether, Wright, gave up their names for proclamation of Marriage Matrimonial

**Sithen** Murray, Smith, George Hill and Margaret Watt, daughter of Mr. Watt, gave up their names for proclamation of Marriage Matrimonial

15th

**Stewart** James Stewart, Croft, and Anne Wilson, daughter of the late John Wilson, gave up their names for proclamation of Marriage Matrimonial

**Douglas** John Douglas, Gentlemen, Leveant and Mary Crow, daughter of Matthew Crow, Silver Smith, Stockbridge, gave up their names for proclamation of Marriage Matrimonial

17th

**Howie** James Howie, Leveant and Jean Brown, daughter of the late Mr. Brown, Leveant, gave up their names for proclamation of Marriage Matrimonial

Marriage notice of John Douglas and Mary Crow, June 1807  
They were the parents of James Connell's wife, Jessie Douglas

Given in for Proclamation 127

1833

June 16 James Mac Donald of Helwinning & Marion Watson, Parishioners

16 James McCroghan and Helen Hunter, Parishioners,

16 James Connell, Parishioner & Jessie Douglas Cambusnethan

23 William Orr, Parishioner & Jane Hunter of Helwinning  
Married at Helwinning upon the 24<sup>th</sup> June 1833  
By the Rev. John Wilson, Minister of Helwinning

30 Robert Mac Wharrie of Dundona & Margaret Clark, Parishioners

30 James Smith and Margaret Allan, Parishioners

Given in proclamation of the marriage of James Connell and Jessie Douglas in 1833

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Glasgow May 1846

**Connell** James Connell, one of the Teachers of the High School, deceased  
& Helen Auld, as Leg. Heir, below Auld, be. 15<sup>th</sup> May 1846.  
The Rev. Robert Sanderson & Henry Walker

Birth notice for their daughter Helen Auld, May 1846  
Note: James had been deceased for two months

of £1500 M which is truth as the Deponent shall answer to God (signed)  
 Comp<sup>d</sup> James Boyd George Skene Commissary Depute

At Glasgow the first July 1846 Compared and  
 sworn before James Boyd Commissary Depute  
 340

Inventory of the personal estate of James Connell doctor of laws  
 one of the Masters of the High School of Glasgow who died at Glasgow  
 on the 26<sup>th</sup> day of March 1846.

1. Cash found in the deceaseds house at the time of his death £ 6 - 10 -
2. Cash lying at the credit of the deceased with the Glasgow  
 Joint Stock Banking Company including interest  
 due at the date of the decise 200 - 16 - 6
3. Amount contained in a Policy of Insurance issued 13<sup>th</sup>  
 June 1838 effected with the Edinburgh Life Assurance  
 Company on the life of the deceased 1000 - - -
4. Twenty shares of the Capital Stock of the Glasgow Joint Stock  
 Banking Company and seven shares of the Capital  
 Stock of the Edinburgh & Glasgow Bank which belongs  
 to the deceased valued at 250 - - -
5. Twenty five shares in the Undertaking known by the name  
 of the North & Clyde Navigation Company which belonged  
 to the deceased and valued at 5 1/2 - 10 - -
6. The Household Furniture and other effects which belonged to the  
 deceased valued per Inventory and valuation by James  
 Hamilton licensed auctioneer and appraiser Glasgow at 310 - 10 - 8
7. Amount due by Messrs Ferguson Brown & Co. Bankers for  
 ion to the deceased at the time of his death 18 - 1 - 1
8. Amount due by Bills to the deceased payable on 2<sup>nd</sup> June 1846 15 - 16 - 6
9. Unpaid m<sup>o</sup> due to the deceased upon open Account amounting  
 to 17 - 4 - -
10. The Copy right of the "Defunctual Calendar" published by the  
 39 deceased valued at 2 - 2 - -

James Connell Inventory 1846

Street, Square, Close, Court, &c.	Number or His Inhab	NAME AND SURNAME	Male	Female	whether of Independent Means.
6. 1/2 6. 1/2 Glasgow	1	James Connell	35		Teacher
		Jessie Do		25	
		James Do	4		
		Mary Do		3	
		John Do	1		
		Jessie		6	
		Richard Gilchrist	15		
		Andrew Stewart	15		
		Joseph Hunter	15		
		David Anderson	15		
Glasgow		Harriet Mason	30		F. S.
		William Cresson	25		F. S.
		Malcolm Stewart	15		F. S.
		Wm Hugh Mc Donald	30		M. S.

Census records - You can see James Connell's teacher with Jessie and children, James, Mary, John and Jessie  
 What is interesting is that there was seven other people living in the house!!

## THE LATE JAMES CONNAL, ESQ., LL.D.

(From a Correspondent.)

This accomplished person, whose death is announced in our paper of this day, was in early life connected successively with the academies of Kilmarnock and Irvine, where he taught with the highest credit, till he was elected, in 1834, by the Town Council, one of the Masters of the *High School* in Glasgow, and since that period he has continued to discharge the laborious and unobtrusive, but most important and useful duties, of his department, almost without interruption till the day of his death. For some time past, Dr. Connal has been visibly drooping. Though never of a robust frame, nor in the possession of much physical strength, his energies were so greatly renovated and improved during last autumn's vacation, that his friends entertained the most sanguine hopes of a long and unbroken career of public usefulness. But towards the close of the year, his health began unexpectedly and rapidly to give way, and for the last three months, during which he was completely laid aside from public duty, he has been sinking under the influence of an insidious malady, hastened, there is reason to fear, by too close and persevering devotedness to his post, and which terminated in his death, yesterday morning, at half-past 12.

Dr. Connal was no ordinary man. Endowed by nature with talents of a superior order, he had cultivated them by most careful and unremitting study; and while in his own professional science of mathematics, he had attained to such eminence, both as a teacher and author, that the University of Glasgow spontaneously conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D., there was scarcely a branch of knowledge with which he was not thoroughly conversant. But Natural History, especially in the marvels of insect variety and transformation, was his delight; and while he was extensively read in the works, and familiar with the researches, of all the great naturalists of modern times, his ever active mind led him to make observations for himself, the fruits of which appeared in an interesting and yearly increasing collection of natural curiosities, made both here and on the continent.

Correspondent paper article on James Connell's death

With a mind thus richly stored with knowledge of every kind, and affections that led him to be fond of the society of a few congenial spirits, it may be supposed that Dr. Connal was a most pleasant companion, and accordingly, when his health permitted him to mingle in society, his presence was always highly prized, his conversation was always lively and intellectual, and his manners so gentle, open and unassuming, that he won the esteem of all, and we believe has not left an enemy behind him. But the crowning excellence of his character was piety; and although he rather shrunk from a display of his religious feelings, yet happily, by the grace of God, he had been led to attend to the one thing needful, and had made choice of that good part, which could never be taken from him. Having entered many years ago on an earnest and systematic examination of the evidences of Christianity, he determined, to use his own emphatic words, not to be satisfied till he could demonstrate to his own mind the truth and divine origin of the scriptures as clearly and fully as a proposition in Euclid; and when he had brought his inquiries, as might have been expected, to a successful result, he adhered to, and acted upon his convictions with a sincerity of heart and a firmness of purpose characteristic of the man. Experience confirmed the decision of his understanding. His last illness afforded many beautiful developments of his christian character, and he died at last in the full and happy enjoyment of the comforts of that faith into which he had been introduced, and in which, by the help of grace, he continued to stand.

His death has cast a gloom over a very extensive circle of attached and admiring friends; and to the cause of education in Glasgow, especially the eminent institution with which he has been so long connected, his removal has produced a blank which will not be easily supplied. He was, indeed, one of its main supports—its brightest ornaments. Of mathematics he was a successful teacher, and several of his pupils have carried off the highest honours of the Universities. But in his mode of teaching geography, he was, in our opinion, without an equal. He had chalked out a path peculiar to himself, and by introducing his pupils to a knowledge not only of the localities and political divisions of the globe, but with the physical peculiarities of every country, the manners and customs of the inhabitants, the forms of their Government, their produce, especially trade, and the leading events that were daily passing in the colonial possessions of Great Britain, he rendered a service of the greatest utility and advantage to the youth of a commercial place like Glasgow.

Connell I James Connell Doer of Law one of the  
Masters of the High School of Glasgow Considering  
it to be my duty in my lifetime to settle my affairs  
in such a manner as to prevent all disputes after my  
death and having full trust and confidence in the persons  
afternamed for executing the Trust herein after referred  
in them Do therefore Give Grant Assign and Dispose  
to and in favor of the Reverend Andrew King Minister of  
Saint Stephens Free Church in Glasgow Allan Mc  
Nab one of the Masters of the High School Glasgow  
Quarman Anderson Superintendent of the Institution for the  
Deaf and Dumb Glasgow James Aitken Surgeon Mid-  
wairich and John McNeill Writer Glasgow and the  
acceptor and burrow and acceptor and receiver of them  
the names subscribed of these accepting and burrowing  
are resident within Great Britain for the time  
being always a quorum but that always in trust  
for the ends uses and purposes hereinafter mentioned  
All and sundry Lands Tenements and heritable subjects  
of whatever kind and description as also all and  
sundry Goods Jewels debts and claims of money shares  
in public or joint stock Companies policies of In-  
surance and sums payable in writing thereof house-  
hold furniture and in general the whole Estate movable  
and effects heritable and moveable real and personal  
presently belonging and receivable or which shall be  
belonging and owing to me at the time of my death  
together with the whole writings vouchers and in-  
structions of my said means and Estate as all that  
has followed it may be competent to follow thereon  
Resolving with the generality hereof and  
Declaring

Declaring that these persons shall be as sole and  
affidant as if every particular of my whole real  
and personal Means and Estate were herein enumerated  
And I Do hereby nominate and appoint my said  
Trustees above named to be my sole Executors and  
Administrators with my movable means and Estate  
with power to give up Inventories thereof and to  
confirm the same if useful and generally to do all  
the power competent to Executors But the powers  
are granted and are to be executed by my said  
Trustees in Trust always for the ends uses and  
purposes following First I vest my said Estates  
shall out of the part and residue of my said means  
and Estate make the payment of all my just and  
lawful debts debts and funeral charges need to  
be as regards my debts if my Trustees shall  
approve thereof without putting any Creditors to the  
trouble of constituting the same Secondly my  
said Trustees shall as soon after my death as con-  
venient sell and convert into Cash such parts of my  
household furniture books and other effects situated  
in my dwelling house as may be specified in  
any writing under my hand and sealing such  
writing as they my said Trustees shall amongst  
expedient but always in the latter case with  
the Special Consent of my present spouse Jessie  
Douglas a Connell if then in life Thirdly my  
said Trustees shall draw part and other either  
to continue or realize such part of my said means  
and Estate as may be invested in the Stock or  
Shares of public or Joint Stock Companies  
or in other Securities or to realize and convert  
the by

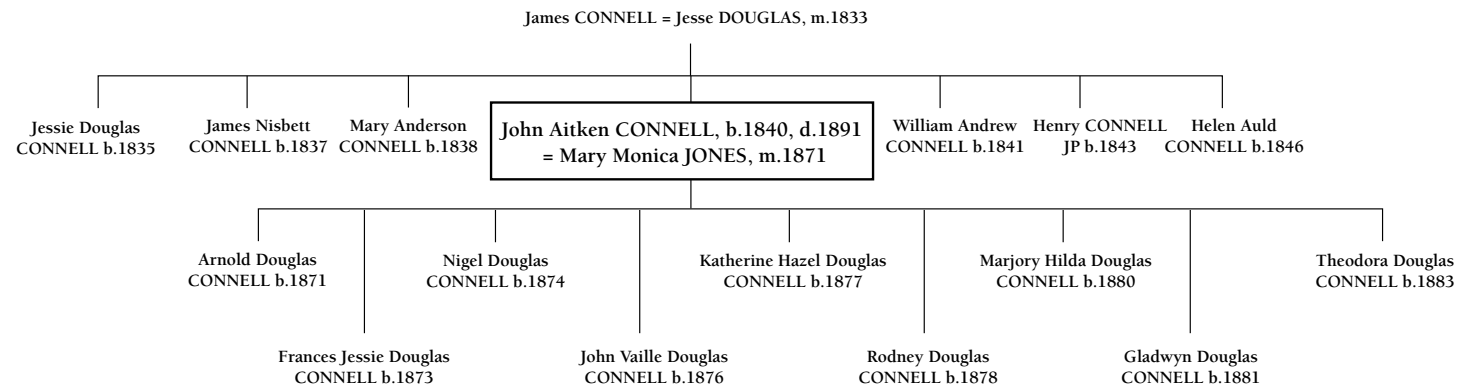
the same into cash and they shall have full power  
to convert the same into land thereunto and to invest  
the remainder of my said means and Estate on such  
Security whether heritable or moveable as to them  
may seem proper and expedient and to charge such  
investments from time to time according to their dis-  
cretion. Declaring that the barrowes or other persons  
with whom my said Trustees shall transact shall  
not be bound nor have right to see to the applica-  
tion or recouchment of any part of said means or  
Estate but that the Discharge of my said Trustees  
shall be sufficient acquittance. Fourthly In the  
event that I am survive by my said spouse my  
said Trustees shall during the lifetime and so long  
as she shall remain my covent allow her the use  
and enjoyment of such parts of my household furniture  
and other effects that may be situated in my house  
as shall not be disposed of as before provided and  
make payment to her of the fee annual profit  
and proceeds of the whole of my means and Estate  
to be by her applied solely towards her own  
support and subsistence towards the use support and  
the maintenance upbringing and sustenting of the children  
of our Marriage or of such of them as shall remain in  
family with her. Declaring that in the event of her  
entering into a second Marriage her support use and  
enjoyment of my said means and Estate shall ipso  
facto cease and determine and in said event or in  
the event of her death my said Trustees shall if they  
see fit to do so sell and dispose of the whole or  
the Remainder as the case may be of my said  
furniture and other effects and apply the fees  
annually

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annual profits and proceeds of the price of my said whole  
means and Estate towards the maintenance up-  
bringing and education of the said children in  
such manner and by such proportions to each  
as my said Trustees shall see fit and that  
they and until the youngest of said children  
surviving shall have attained the years of ma-  
jority or be married Fifthly after the termination  
of my said spouse lifetime or before provided and  
after the youngest of our said children surviving  
shall have attained the years of Majority or be  
married my said Trustees shall with all convenient  
speed receive and convert into cash the whole  
of my said means and estate and divide the  
fee proceeds equally or share and share alike among  
the then survivors of my said children. But it is hereby  
declared that nothing herein contained shall prevent  
my said Trustees from advancing and there are advan-  
cing hereby authorized and empowered but always with  
the special consent of my said spouse if on life  
and remaining unmarried to advance out of the  
principal sums in their hands or reasonable  
sums as an outfit apprentice fee or otherwise for  
any of my said children who may be about to take  
a business or profession and the amount of which  
sum shall be determined solely by my said Trustees  
and further Declaring that all sums so ad-  
vanced shall be imputed as part payment of the  
provisions that shall fall to the child or child-  
ren for whose behoof the advances are made  
at the former's period of division and whose  
provision shall accordingly undergo a corresponding  
diminution.



# John Aitken Connell

## A New Zealand Pioneer 1840–1891



**John Aitken Connell** – Born 1840 in Ayrshire, Scotland. Passed away 21 August 1891. Son of Jessie Douglas and Dr James Connell. Married Mary Monica Jones in Dunedin, 1 February 1871, and had nine children.

**Arnold Douglas Connell** – Born 1871. Moved to South Africa and believed to have died in Transvaal, South Africa. Educated at Otago Boys' High School, Dunedin along with his brother Nigel. The school report for 27 December 1884 shows he achieved excellence in Latin. In 1901 he volunteered to serve with Imperial troops in South Africa after previously serving with the Pukekohe Mounted Rifles. His Attestation form shows he wasn't a big man at only 5ft 7½ inches and 63 kilos. By 1908 he was working in a mine in Transvaal, after which time I found no other information on him.

**Frances Jessie Douglas Connell** – Born 1873, died in 1898 aged 25, married Hugh Wynne Price.

**Nigel Douglas Connell** – Born 6 December 1874, died 8 October 1951 – see later chapter.

**John Vaile Douglas Connell** – Born 1876 – killed in action in Boer War, 15 January 1900, aged 23 years. He was a private in the College Rifles and a first-class shot. Educated at Auckland Grammar, he was a teacher of shorthand at a commercial college before joining the army. He died at Slingers Fontein, North Cape, South Africa and is buried in row 1D at Colesberg Military Cemetery, South Africa. He was given the middle name Vaile after his grandmother Sarah Vaile.

**Katherine Hazel Douglas Connell** – Born 1877, died 16 December 1933, and is buried at Waikumete Cemetery, West Auckland. She married John Alexander Johnston in 1904.

**Rodney Douglas Connell** – Born 21 December 1878 at Glendernmid, Dunedin, died 3 December 1940 at age 61 at a mental hospital in Porirua. He married Olive Selwyn Beata Smith and had four children. One child, Marjorie Douglas Connell, died aged six weeks.

**Marjory Hilda Douglas Connell** – Born 1880, died 8 October 1966 at age 86. She married Walter Herbert Johnston (d. 1946) in 1903, the brother of John Alexander Johnston. Both brothers were surveyors in Waihi.

**Gladwyn Douglas Connell** – Born 1881, died, 15 June 1933 at age 52 and buried at Waikumete Cemetery, West Auckland in Block B Section 4 Number 37. Gladwyn was a soldier who never married or had children.

**Theodora Douglas Connell** – Born 1883, died aged 19, and buried alongside her father at Purewa Cemetery, Auckland. She was accidentally shot through the heart – see newspaper clipping page 34.

## Growing up

My great-great-grandfather John Aitken Connell was a remarkable man. The son of a doctor, he was born in Ayrshire, Scotland until his family moved to Glasgow where his father taught mathematics at Glasgow High School. His mother Jessie was also a teacher. His middle name of Aitken comes from close friend and family doctor James Aitken, a surgeon of Kilmarnoch and the trustee of his father's estate. The family attended St Stephens Free Church in Glasgow.

John was one of seven children with brothers James, Henry and William Andrew and sisters Jessie Douglas, Mary Anderson and Helen Auld. His two sisters, Jessie Douglas and Mary Anderson, were clearly very close to him, as evidenced by his will.

He was an orator, a politician, an inventor, a social commentator, a businessman, an entrepreneur, a juror, an arbiter, a real estate agent, a surveyor, an auctioneer, a husband as well as a father. For a man who died at 51, his achievements are breathtaking and there can be no question as to his courage and ambition.

He was clearly one of New Zealand's pioneers and literally by his bare hands helped shape modern New Zealand. He was the original surveyor of both Cromwell and Alexandra and his survey drawings were the basis for the roads and streets that those towns are founded on today. He rubbed shoulders with the rich and the poor including the Governor of New Zealand, Sir George Grey. He founded a company that exists today with assets in excess of \$1 billion, and he still had the time to raise nine children.

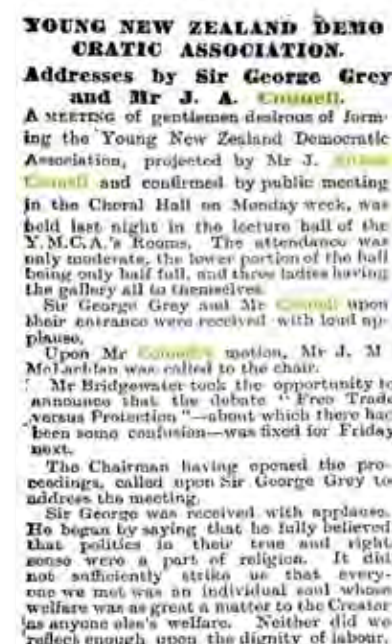
My great-great-grandfather John Aitken Connell immigrated to New Zealand as a 19 year old from London via Sydney on the sailing ship *The Excelsior* in 1859. We presume he was sponsored to come to New Zealand by his relative William Connell, who had already established a successful auctioneering business, with nearly 3500 advertisements for his firm Connell & Riding Auctioneers dating back to 1846. While we cannot find any direct link to confirm they were related, I believe they must have had some connection as there were numerous advertisements for John Aitken Connell's business to leave all mail with Connell and Riding Auctioneers, not a practice one would think you would engage in with a stranger.

Though only 19, he was considered an adult (especially when the life expectancy for most men then was in the mid-fifties). Even so, to leave at such a time on a journey that could take as long as six months to a new country took courage.

John arrived at the peak of the gold rush and his skills as a surveyor were sought after. He was by all accounts very successful because it wasn't long before he had formed, with Thomas Moodie, his own company of Connell and Moodie, based on Rattray Street, Dunedin. The earliest advertisements are from 1863 so one can assume that the firm was founded sometime around this period. They must have had quite a clientele as they were soon going to the public with a prospectus for setting up new mining companies to purchase significant tracts of land. For the next five years they presented a number of prospectuses in the market place, which must have made a significant amount as by 1868 they were advertising to lend money at the rate of 10 per cent! They were also handling most of the land sales for the government in the Deep South, selling literally tens of thousands of acres



Sawyers Bay 1885. It was renamed Glendermid in 1874 but the change was unpopular and it was renamed Sawyers Bay again in 1874



A joint political address with Sir George Grey who would become the 11th Premier of New Zealand

Public Advertisements.

2

OXFORD ROAD DISTRICT.

"The Public Works Act, 1892."

IT is hereby notified that it is the intention of the Oxford Road Board to take all that piece of land being 1 acre 1 rood 15 perches, part of Rural Section 80616, owned by Thomas Ellis, and occupied by Henderson and McBeth, No. 1 on the plan thereof; also all that piece being 2 acres 2 roods 13 1/2 perches, parts of Rural Sections 80113 and 81119, owned by Executors of Rhodes and Wilson, and occupied by Walker Butherford, and numbered 2 on plan thereof; also all that piece of land being 1 acre 1 rood 5 perches, part of Rural Section 11180, owned and occupied by John O'Halloran, and numbered 3 on plan thereof; also all that piece of land being 3 1/2 acres, parts of Rural Sections 11183 and 11184, owned and occupied by John O'Halloran, and numbered 4 on plan thereof; also all that piece of land being 2 roods, part of Rural Section 20776, owned and occupied by Alexander Bennett, and numbered 5 on plan thereof; also all that piece of land being 2 acres 3 roods 59 perches, part of Rural Section 10078, owned and occupied by James Finlay, and numbered 6 on plan thereof: the above pieces being strips of land, 50 links wide, on both sides of the main drain and adjacent thereto, situate in the Oxford Road District, and required by the Oxford Road Board for the purpose of widening the said drain, erecting banks, and constructing falls in the said drain to prevent scour.

Plans of said land and proposed works will be open for inspection at the Road Board Office, Oxford, on and after the 6th day of March, 1899.

And the said Board hereby call upon all persons affected to set forth in writing any well-grounded objection to the execution of such work or to the taking of such land, and to send such writing within forty days from the first publication of this notice to the Oxford Road Board, Oxford.

JAMES H. SHARPE, Clerk to the Board.

10th March, 1899. 161

In the matter of the Standing Orders of the General Assembly of New Zealand, and in the matter of an Act to confer powers upon the Auckland Cemetery Company (Limited) to enable the said company to set aside and use, or permit to be used, as a cemetery or burial-ground part of original allotments 7 and 8 of Section 9, Suburbs of Auckland.

TAKE notice that, at the next meeting of the General Assembly of New Zealand in Parliament assembled, application is intended to be made for leave to bring in a Bill the objects of which will be to confer powers upon a public company entitled, or to be entitled, "The Auckland Cemetery Company (Limited)," to enable the said company to set aside and use, or permit to be used, as a cemetery or burial-ground part of original allotments 7 and 8 of Section 9, Suburbs of Auckland, or such part of either of the said lots or of both of such lots as the company has acquired or shall acquire by purchase; to make regulations or by-laws, levy fees and dues, dedicate rights-of-way, lay off, form, or otherwise construct streets, roads, or paths within the limits of the cemetery, and do any or all of the things comprised in the memorandum of association of the said company, a copy of which memorandum may be seen at the office of John Aitken Connell, Land Agent and Accountant, 7, New Zealand Government Insurance Buildings, Queen Street, Auckland.

The limits within which such burial-ground or cemetery is intended to be made are the limits of the said before-mentioned lots. A plan of the said piece of land, upon which the boundaries of the said proposed cemetery are delineated, is deposited at the office of the Commissioner of Crown Lands, Auckland, at which office the same may be inspected.

Printed copies of the said Bill will be deposited in the office of the Examiner of Standing Orders, Wellington, and at the office of the Colonial Secretary, Wellington, within ten days after the commencement of the said session.

J. AITKEN CONNELL, Promoter of the Bill on behalf of the Auckland Cemetery Company (Limited).

167. INVERCARGILL OMNIBUS COMPANY (LIMITED), IN LIQUIDATION.

A GENERAL Meeting of shareholders of the above company will be held at the office of R. B. Williams, Den Street, Invercargill, on Saturday, the 19th May, 1899, at 7 p.m. Business: To receive the accounts of the Liquidator, and pass a resolution finally dissolving the company.

D. R. JENNINGS, Liquidator.

Invercargill, 15th March, 1899. 160

THE NEW ZEALAND SUGAR COMPANY (LIMITED).

NOTICE is hereby given that, in pursuance of sections 571 and 516 of "The Companies Act, 1882," a General Meeting of the members of the above-named company will be held at the office of the Colonial Sugar-refining Company (Limited), Customs Street, Auckland, on Friday, the 24th day of May, 1899, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of having an account laid before them showing the manner in which the winding-up has been conducted and the property of the company disposed of, and of hearing any explanation that may be given by the Liquidator; and also of determining, by extraordinary resolution, the manner in which the books, accounts, and documents of the company and of the Liquidator thereof shall be disposed of.

Dated the 12th day of March, 1899. W. W. PHILSON, J. AITKEN CONNELL, Liquidators.

166 In the matter of "The Companies Act, 1882," and in the matter of the Collingwood Coal-mining Company, in liquidation.

A GENERAL Meeting of the above company is hereby called for Monday, the 5th day of May, 1899, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at my office, Hardy Street, Nelson, for the purpose of having the account showing the manner in which the winding-up has been conducted, and the property of the company disposed of, laid before the meeting.

Dated at Nelson, this 18th day of March, 1899. A. A. SCALFE, Liquidator.

165

NOTICE is hereby given that the Partnership which has for some time past been carried on by the undersigned, under the firm of "E. M. Hallett and Co.," at Auckland, in the business of Importers and Dealers in Sewing Machines, was this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing by the said firm will be paid by the undersigned Sidney Abraham Asher, and all debts owing to the firm must be paid to him.

As witness our hands this 26th day of February, 1899. EDWARD MICHAEL HALLETT, SIDNEY ABRAHAM ASHER.

Witness to the signature of the said Edward Michael Hallett and Sidney Abraham Asher—Charles M. Calder, Solicitor, Auckland. 150

THE following Works, published under the authority of the Government, are now on sale at the Stationery Department, Wellington:—

- THE STATE: THE BOTANICALS OF NEW ZEALAND SOCIOLOGY. By James H. Potts. Price: Cloth, 2s.
AN ACCOUNT OF THE INSECTS NOXIOUS TO AGRICULTURE AND PLANTS IN NEW ZEALAND. By W. M. Macmillan, F.R.M.S. Price: Cloth, 5s.
THE ERUPTION OF TARAWERA, NEW ZEALAND. By S. Percy Smith, F.R.G.S. (Assistant Surveyor-General). Price: 2s. 6d.
REPORT ON THE TARAWERA VOLCANIC DISTRICT. By Professor F. W. Horner, F.R.G.S. Price: 1s. 6d.
THE ERUPTION OF TARAWERA AND ROTOMAHANA. By Professor Thomas, M.A., F.L.S. Illustrated. Price: 2s. 6d.
THE KERMADEC ISLANDS: THEIR CAPABILITIES AND EXTENT (with Maps and Illustrations). By S. Percy Smith, F.R.G.S. (Assistant Surveyor-General). Price: 2s.
MANUAL OF GRASSES AND FORAGE PLANTS USEFUL TO NEW ZEALAND. Part I. By Thomas McCay. Numerous Plates. Price: 1s.
HANDBOOK OF NEW ZEALAND MINES (with Maps and Illustrations). Price: Cloth, 5s.
REPORTS ON THE MINING INDUSTRY OF NEW ZEALAND, 1897. Price: 2s. 6d.
STATE EDUCATION. By Dr. LAURENCE. Price: Cloth, 2s. 6d.
POLYNESIAN MYTHOLOGY AND ANCIENT TRADITIONAL HISTORY OF THE NEW ZEALAND RACE. By Sir George Grey, K.C.B. Price: 5s.
ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE MAORI. By JOHN WHITE. Vols. I to IV. Price: 7s. 6d. each.
MANUAL OF BIRDS OF NEW ZEALAND. By Walter L. Buller. Price: 10s.
HANDY BOOK ON "THE LAND TRANSFER ACT, 1885." Price: 3s.
NEW ZEALAND CROWN LANDS GUIDE, No. IX. Price: 1s.
Geo. DIXSBURY.



The original surveyed map of Alexandra by John Aitken Connell which is available for viewing at the Alexander Turnbull Gallery in Wellington

Von Tempsky's painting of the battle scene at Burt's Farm which was to be the estate of John Aitken's family after his death



Paerata Bluff as it is today

1 John Aitken Connell's first steps to founding the Waikumete Cemetery  
2 Yet in the very next article it talks of his role as a liquidator

every month for which they were getting a commission. For the period from 1863 to 1886 over 1000 advertisements for land sales by Connell and Moodie exist. The company also began leasing land on behalf of clients as well as sourcing parcels of land for wealthy clients in both New Zealand and Australia. From looking at the numerous advertisements, it appears they were involved in almost every possible activity for land agents.

As well as land sales, the firm carried out extensive surveying contracts for the Provincial Government. In 1863 John Connell surveyed what is now Cromwell, and his drawings are the basis of the city as it is today. In the same month he surveyed Alexandra and is credited with putting both townships on the map. He also surveyed and created the plan for four new towns in the South Island, these being Pembroke, Gladstone, Newcastle and Wakefield, but these towns never amounted to much, though they do exist today as a handful of houses. He named Alexandra after the Danish princess whose planned marriage that month to Edward, Prince of Wales, aroused keen interest in the colonies.

Towards the end of 1870 the articles that appear on my great-great-grandfather move from advertisements for money lending and land sales to be more editorially driven. One assumes that at this stage, having made his fortune, he was now taking a more active interest in the community.

At this time he was considered a leading authority on land valuations and used as a witness and an arbiter for a number of land transactions. He was also becoming very vocal about the Land Act Amendment bill and an editorial in the local *Otago Witness* encouraged him to stand for parliament.

In 1871 John Aitken Connell married Mary Monica Jones in Dunedin on 1 February, at his mother-in-law's house.

Mary Monica Jones was the daughter of Alfred Jones (Auckland) and Sarah Vaille (her parents married on 25 January 1844 at St Paul's in Emily Place, Auckland), so one could guess that at some stage her parents had moved from Auckland to Dunedin where one assumes Mary followed and where she met my great-great-grandfather. They married in her parents' house in Dunedin and had nine children. After his death she moved to Transvaal, South Africa to be with her oldest son Arnold, and she died in Germiston, South Africa in 1933 a pauper, with her total estate being less than £58. (My aunt Sherry recalls my grandfather Dick telling her that the oldest son Arnold left with all of the family money and on his death gave it all to the church.)

In 1884 it is reported that: *'The well-known firms of estate agents, Messrs Gillies, Street and Hislop and Connell and Moodie have amalgamated their business and announce that in future they will carry on their operations under "The Companies Act 1882" under the style of "The Perpetual Trustees Estate and Agency Company of New Zealand (Limited)'*.

The company exists to this day and has assets in excess of \$1 billion and is part of the publicly listed company Pyne Gould Corporation.

Over the next two years my great-great-grandfather appears to have retired from active business life and moved to Melbourne, only to find it not to his liking. By 1886 he had moved back to New Zealand and was responsible for founding the Auckland branch of Perpetual Trust. He purchased a home in Mt Roskill and looked to stand for the seat of Eden. His colourful nature



Mary Monica Jones



Perpetual Trust Building, Dunedin

Public Trust,  
No. 26.

IN THE  
**Supreme Court of New Zealand,**  
WELLINGTON DISTRICT.

IN THE MATTER of the Public Trust Office Act, 1908,  
and its Amendments; and  
IN THE ESTATE of MARY MONICA AITKEN-CONNELL  
late of Germiston in the Province of  
Transvaal in South Africa, Widow,  
deceased, intestate.

**WHEREAS** MARY MONICA AITKEN-CONNELL  
late of Germiston in the Province of Transvaal in South Africa,  
died at Germiston aforesaid widow  
on or about the 1st day of March, 1933,  
intestate, leaving property situated in New Zealand the gross value of which  
as estimated by the Public Trustee does not at the date hereof exceed the  
sum of £400: AND WHEREAS no person has taken out administration in  
New Zealand of the estate of the said deceased: NOW, THEREFORE, in  
pursuance of the provisions of section 15 of the Public Trust Office Act, 1908,  
and the several amendments thereof the Public Trustee being entitled to take  
out administration in New Zealand of the estate of the said deceased, in lieu  
of taking out Letters of Administration or obtaining an Order to Administer,  
**HEREBY ELECTS** to administer the property situated in New Zealand  
of the said deceased, particulars of which as now known to the Public  
Trustee are set out in the Schedule hereto.

SCHEDULE.

Cash in possn.	::	£13.11. 1
Share in estate J.D.V. Connell	::	38.14.10
" " " T.D. Connell	::	5.10. 8
		<u>£57.16. 7</u>

Dated this 13th day of September, 1933.

*John Aitken*  
Public Trustee.

The probate of John Aitken's wife Mary Monica Aitken Jones  
She died a pauper

Auckland

I deeply regret having to inform you that official information has been received that your son has been killed in South Africa. On behalf of myself and the troops under my command I tender yourself and family our most sincere sympathy with you in your great grief.

Your boy died gallantly fighting for the Empire and has met with the most noble of soldiers ends. It must be some slight consolation to you to know that so much glory has been reflected on the army through the action in which he met his death.

19.1.00 A.P. Pouten Colonel.

Write covering letter 1900/577

Forwarding herewith in accordance with request names of men of Auckland list who have been killed in S. Africa. Also name of one man missing. This is all the information we have up to date.

Suggest that local inquiry would be the quickest and best way to ascertain deceased's circumstances and names of relatives depending on them. The amount of monies due to deceased or left in S. Africa by them cannot be stated until a report has been received from the O.C. their companies in S. Africa.

Glenconnell  
8th Feb 1900  
The Rt. Hon. R. Seddon

Sir

My brother (the late trooper John Aitken Connell) and myself ever since my mother lost money through J Douglas, have been her sole support. Prior to my brother leaving for S. Africa he regularly sent home part of his salary and since leaving has forwarded to my mother £1 a week of his pay. This being the case I should like to know if my mother is entitled to anything from the Patriotic Fund. If so, and it is not trespassing on your valuable time, you would be conferring an obligation by allowing me to know whether to take steps in this matter.

I remain  
Your obediently  
A.D. Aitken-Connell  
Paerata Pukekohe

A transcript of the letter sent by Arnold  
(the oldest son) to a member of Parliament Richard Seddon  
(later Prime Minister) asking for financial support

A transcript of the letter sent to  
the family relaying the death of  
their son John Vaile

Office of the District Public Trustee  
Wellington, O1

25th March, 1933.

For  
The Adjutant & Quartermaster-General,  
Base Records,  
Buckle Street,  
Wellington, O1.

Referring to my telephonic communication please supply the Registrar-General with particulars of the death of the under-mentioned soldiers who were killed in the Boer War to enable me to obtain certificates of death:

Name	Date of death
John Vaile Douglas Aitken-Connell	15.1.1900.
Bertha Charles Monk	22.8.1902.

Asst. District Public Trustee.

To learn that Major Pipkin was able to commend my son's conduct as a soldier and am most grateful for sympathy so kindly expressed.

Remaining sir  
Obediently ??  
Mary Connell

Paerata Pukekohe  
March 20th 1900



and outbursts saw the *Evening Star* publish an article titled 'The Candidate for Eden not Insane'.

By the end of 1886 the articles on John Aitken Connell's political rhetoric came thick and fast and he gave regular speeches in Auckland on all manner of subjects.

In August 1887 he tried to form the Young New Zealand Democratic Association and enlisted the help of Sir George Grey, but he does not appear to have been too successful in getting support for this particular venture.

Delving into public records reveals a truly inspiring life. It transpires that John was one of the richest men in New Zealand but also a significant political figure, campaigning alongside the likes of future Governor of New Zealand Sir George Grey.

He was a significant landowner, appearing on the Freeholders roll owning large amounts of property around Dunedin to a value of £3200.

His family estate, Glendermid, was situated at Sawyers Bay, which lies between Roseneath and Port Chalmers, though sadly where the homestead once stood now stands the 'Glendermid Estate' subdivision.

On 21 August 1891 after breakfast at the Deacon Hotel, Riverhead (just west of Auckland) my great-great-grandfather committed suicide, and so ended one of the most spectacular lives of one of my ancestors.

After his death his family bought a farm in Paerata known as 'GlenConnell'. The farm was formerly known as Burtts farm which was the site of one of the battles of the New Zealand Wars on 14 September 1863. The farm exists today as a number of lifestyle blocks on Burtts Road situated on Paerata Hill. The

family were still there in 1902 when Theodora (his daughter) was tragically shot but it appears not long after the farm was sold and the family disbanded.

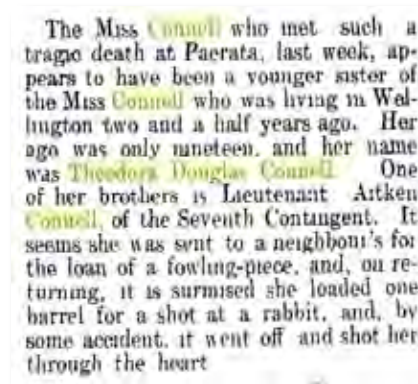
Tragedy, however, seems to be no stranger to John Aitken Connell. His mother Jessie died on 1 March 1860, and it appears she took her own life in a Glasgow canal. His father James had passed away in 1846 and with his mother in a mental hospital my great-great-grandfather probably had few reasons to stay in Scotland.

His youngest daughter, Theodora, was accidentally shot through the heart with a shotgun in 1883.

His son, John Vaile Douglas Connell, would be killed in the Boer War on 15 January 1900.



The Riverhead Tavern, Coatsville today, where John Aitken took his life



Article taken from the NZ Gazette relaying the accidental death of Theodora. She was buried next to her father at Purewa Cemetery Auckland



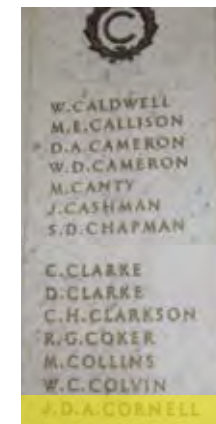
John Vaile Douglas Connell, killed in the Boer War



Ranfurly Veterans Home, Mt Roskill



Auckland Grammar School



John Vaile Memorials at Auckland War Memorial Museum with typo

Interesting to note he was known as J.D.A. Connell being John Douglas Aitken Connell

## Suicide.

Mr John Aitken Connell, aged 51, formerly a resident of Dunedin, was found dead from a gunshot wound on Friday in his rooms at Deacon's Hotel, Riverhead, Auckland. He went up the night previously in charge of a Government survey party, and ordered breakfast half an hour earlier, but did not come down. His men then went to his bedroom, and saw deceased lying on the bed, with a pool of blood on the carpet. Close at hand there was a small revolver, recently discharged. Mr Connell, it will be remembered, opposed the Hon. E. Mitchelson for the Eden seat at the General Election before last, when he described himself as "The tactician." A year ago he delivered lectures in Wellington on the labour difficulty. It is a strange coincidence that Mr Mitchelson's opponents at the two last elections have met with violent deaths recently.

Mr Connell was a native of Ayrshire, Scotland, but while yet young he removed with his parents to Glasgow, in which city his father, Dr Connell, held a position in the High School. In 1858 he came to this colony, landing at Auckland, but after remaining there for a short time he came to Dunedin. While there he was engaged in contract surveying for the Provincial Government until 1862, when he joined Mr T. Moodie in partnership under the style of Connell and Moodie, surveyors and land and estate agents. In 1884 the firm amalgamated with the Perpetual Trustees, Estate, and Agency Company, and Mr Connell retained an interest in the company until about four years ago, when he retired and went to Auckland. He there started business as a surveyor on his own account, but latterly he was employed in surveying for the Government. Ever since he came to the colony Mr Connell has taken an active interest in public matters, and especially in the land question.

It appears that he had committed suicide to allow his family to claim his considerable life insurance policy (see his transcribed will). We also note that his brother Henry went bankrupt at a similar time so I can only assume that both brothers had been involved in a venture that had gone sour and cost them a significant amount of money.

His brother Henry, after being adjudged bankrupt, moved to Australia to start again and to this day a number of relatives live there.

His sister Jessie, who had at one stage also lived in Dunedin, returned to Scotland but still remained very close to both her brothers and her will attests to her relationship with both John and Henry. She died in Scotland. It is suggested that at the time of her death they and Mary Anderson were her only living siblings.

His will and testament makes for interesting reading. It would appear that he committed suicide so that his family could claim his life insurance policies. In an ironic twist of fate these funds that he gave his life for were squandered by his

effecting an entry into the room. One glance revealed the reason why no answer had been received. Mr Connell was lying on the bed, dead, and on the floor near at hand was a small revolver, of which one barrel had been recently discharged. Mr Jordan stepped up to the body and tried to feel the pulse, but could not on account of blood on the hands. He then touched the ribs of the body, when a quantity of the blood ran from the bullet wound on the side of the bed, and fell into a pool which had already formed on the carpet. The body was half twisted out of bed, and the hands were crossed as they hung over, the fingers almost touching the carpet. The wound was about two inches above the ear, and the bullet must have lodged in the brain, as it had not come out of the other side of the head. A portion of the brain was protruding from the wound, and mucus was exuding from the nostrils of deceased. When found, the body was already getting cold and beginning to stiffen, so that death must have taken place some time before.

Mr Jordan states that he was in the company of the deceased a greater part of the trip up from Auckland, and he did not notice anything in his manner that would serve to indicate that he contemplated taking his own life. During the sail up, Mr Connell pointed out places of interest, and showed where he intended to commence operations at the head of Brigbam's Creek the following day. As Mr Jordan had been there about a fortnight previous Mr Connell questioned him closely as to his knowledge of the locality.

The party returned to town this morning, leaving the remains of Mr Connell at the hotel, Constable O'Brien having gone from Helensville to arrange for the inquest.

Mr J. C. Maxwell, who has previously been away with Mr Connell on survey expeditions, stated that the revolver was one that deceased generally took with him when going into the country. He states that the weapon had not much penetrating power, which may account for the bullet not passing right through the head. Upon reaching Auckland Mr Maxwell went to the Rev. Mr Sprott, in order that he might convey the sad intelligence to the bereaved wife and family, who reside at Mount Roskill.

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW ZEALAND  
OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND DISTRICT

IN THE ESTATE of JESSIE DOUGLAS  
CONNELL formerly of Dunedin in the  
Dominion of New Zealand but late of  
Edinburgh in Scotland Spinster  
deceased.

BE IT KNOWN TO ALL MEN that on this ninth day of March one  
thousand nine hundred and twenty three the last will and  
testament of the abovesaid JESSIE DOUGLAS CONNELL deceased  
(a copy of which is hereunder written) hath been exhibited  
read and proved before THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT STOUT  
K.C.M.G. P.C. Chief Justice of New Zealand and administra-  
tion of the estate effects and credits of the said deceased  
has been and is hereby granted to THE PERPETUAL TRUSTEES  
ESTATE & AGENCY COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND LIMITED the surviving  
the said Company  
executor in the said will and testament named/as being  
by its Manager James Alexander Park  
first sworn faithfully to execute the said will by paying  
the debts and legacies of the said deceased as far as the  
property will extend and the law binds.

GIVEN under the seal of the  
Supreme Court of New Zealand at  
Dunedin Otago this 9<sup>th</sup>  
day of March 1923.

*J. G. Colvill*  
Deputy Registrar.

Deceased wish to have died on or about the  
17th day of October 1889.  
Sizable sum under 1800.

D. G. Colvill,  
Deputy Registrar.

In the Supreme Court  
of New Zealand  
Southern District

In the matter of the Will and one  
Codicil of John Aitken Connell  
deceased



A true full and particular inventory of  
all and singular the estate and effects of John  
Aitken Connell late of Mount Road Hill near Auckland  
in the Colony of New Zealand Estate Agent deceased  
belonging to him at the time of his death which have  
at any time since his death come to the hands, possession  
or knowledge of John Douglas and Charles Edward  
Buttler the executors named in the last Will and  
Testament and the Codicil thereto of the said John  
Aitken Connell made and exhibited upon their  
respective oaths of the said executors follows to-wit

Cash in House	8	10	-
Jewellery &c	6	-	-
Stock-in-trade	23	7	-
Life Assurance policies	142	1	5
	179	18	5
Less debts	70	14	6
	109	3	11

Truly these exhibitors do respectively say that no personal  
estate or effects of or belonging to the said deceased at his  
death have at any time since his death come to the hands  
possession or knowledge of these exhibitors or either of  
them save as hereinbefore set forth

Severally sworn by, said John  
Douglas and Charles Edward Buttler at Auckland  
before me this 14th day of March 1923  
*J. G. Colvill*  
Deputy Registrar

*John Douglas*  
*Charles Edward Buttler*  
Executors

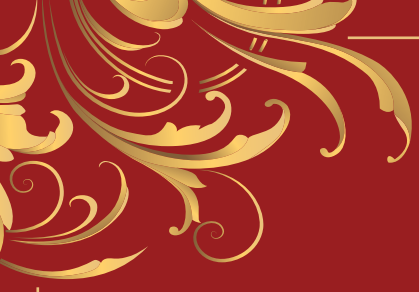
*J. G. Colvill*  
Deputy Registrar

A Receiver of the Supreme Court of New Zealand

Jessie Douglas Connell, John Aitken's sister: her will revealed a very close bond with her brother

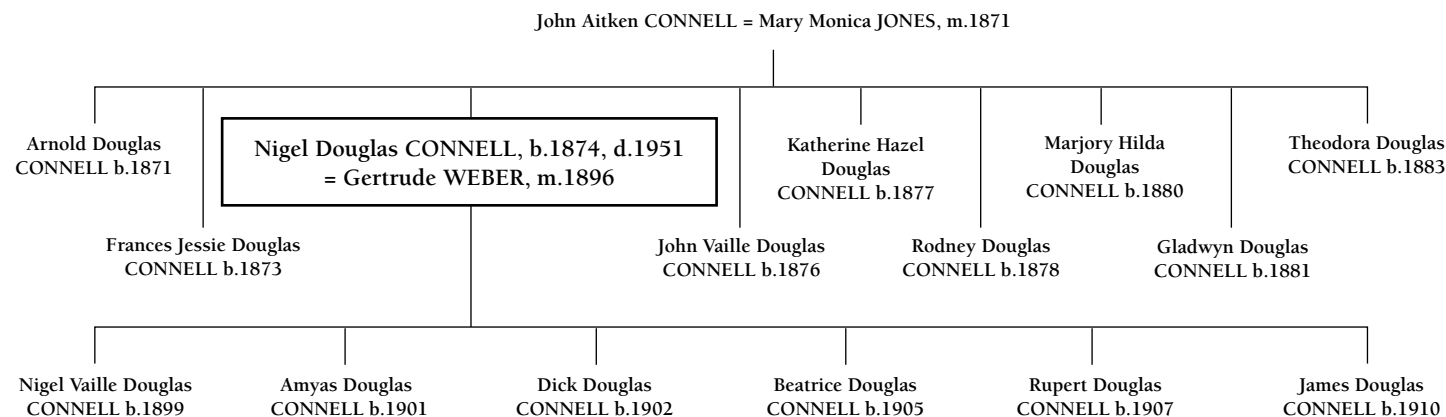
John Aitken's inventory of his estate, leaving in excess of £1700





# *Nigel Douglas Connell (Dido)*

**Photographer 1874–1951**



My great-grandfather Nigel Douglas Connell, affectionately known as 'Dido', was born on 6 December 1874 in Dunedin. He passed away on 8 October 1951 aged 78 at Ladies Mile, Eltham. Born the third child and second son of John Aitken Connell and Mary Monica Connell (née Jones), Nigel was one of eight with three brothers and four sisters. He married Gertrude Weber in Auckland in 1875, and they had six children, as follows.

**Nigel (Jock) Vaile Douglas Connell**, born 1899. Jock was married twice; Paul Connell was the son of his first marriage to Nancy Cameron Lamb whom he married in 1928. He was married again to Marjorie Bertha and they too had a son, Nigel Aldrich Connell. Nigel died 3 October 1969 at Wellington Hospital and was cremated in Dunedin.

**Amyas Douglas Connell** (1901–1980) – see notables section.

**Dick Douglas Connell** (1902–1992) – see later section.

**Beatrice Douglas Connell** born 1905. She married Basil Ward in Rangoon in 1927. Basil became a famous architect and was the first New Zealander to win a Rome scholarship in 1926. Basil and Beatrice had two children, Tessa and Sue; the best man at their wedding was a lawyer named Orby Mootham, who became a judge and was later knighted for his services to the legal profession. When Basil passed away Beatrice married Orby, who had been in love with Beatrice since the time of her wedding. With his peerage as was part of the Inner Temple (one of the professional associations for lawyers) he received a 'Grace-and-Favour' apartment in London where they lived out their final days.

**Rupert Douglas Connell** (7 August 1907–1977), known as Pip, was a prodigious fisherman and hunter. He married Lois and had two sons, Ken and Max. He retired and spent his last years in Tauranga.

**James Douglas Connell** born 26 December 1910 Eltham, died 20 May 1912 Eltham.



Eltham with Mt Egmont in the background

## *Growing up*

*M*y great-grandfather Nigel (Dido) was the first generation of Connells to be born in New Zealand. His mother Mary was from Surrey, England whilst his father John Aitken Connell was from Glasgow, Scotland. He enjoyed a privileged upbringing with his father being a successful businessman. He grew up on the family estate at Puketui, Glendernid, Dunedin where his father part owned the South Island's leading estate agency Connell & Moodie. He was educated at the best local school, Otago Boys' High School, and school records show that both he and his older brother won academic prizes in 1884, Nigel for writing and Arnold for Latin.

But this was to quickly change when his father committed suicide by shooting himself with a revolver at the Deacon Hotel, Riverhead, just out of Auckland. The family had at this stage moved to Auckland after his father had tried a stint in Melbourne before returning to Auckland to stand as the MP for Eden as well as opening the Auckland branch of Perpetual Trust, a company he formed in 1884 and which exists to this day.



My great-grandfather Nigel and his daughter Beatrice



Granny in the garden at Eltham



Dido in front of the house at Eltham



Dido painting



Mother of Gertrude Connell,  
Malvina Weber née Wesolowska

Dido had been an exceptional artist and it had been planned for him to be sent to study art in Europe; however, that was not to be the case with his father's passing. Dido was the tender age of 16 and his oldest brother Arnold only 19 at the time of their father's death. With his youngest sister being only eight, the onus of responsibility would have rested on both him and his older brother to fend for the family. Including his mother they were a family of ten with no real income to speak of, though his father (see section prior John Aitken Douglas Connell) left an estate in excess of £1700, an enormous amount of money in those days.

I am unsure as to how my great-grandfather Dido was to meet my great-grandmother Gertrude, his future wife, but it is likely they met in Auckland, given her family were from Northland.

## *Marriage & work*

Dido, at 21, married Gertrude Weber, a German immigrant two years his senior. The Webers were part of a significant influx of German immigrants to New Zealand in the latter part of the 19th century. Two families arrived together in Dunedin on the ship *Fiji* in 1879, Frederick and Malvina with their six children and Charles and Emily with two children. At the time of his marriage he worked for the railways. Like many Germans that came to this part of the world, Gertrude's family had come via Samoa, but they hadn't enjoyed the experience there and continued onto New Zealand, which they felt offered more opportunities. Her family settled in Paparoa in Northland and her father bought a farm on the edge of the Kaipara Harbour where many of the Weber descendants continue to reside to this day. When Dido first met Gertude she was engaged to a certain Gordon Coates (later to be prime minister of New Zealand from 1921 to 1925) whose family had an adjoining farm to the Webers'.



**ENGLISH SHIPPING.**

(From the European Mail)

The Peter Stuart, 1446; Carmelo, 689; and Rialto, 1656, were loading at London in November. The Fiji sailed on November 5th, and the Benares on November 19th. The Wellington, 1246, was loading at Glasgow at the end of October.

The Fiji passed Deal on November 6th; the Taranaki sailed from Greenock on November 7th, and the Western March from Plymouth on October 30th.

The Easterhill, of Glasgow (Evans), with a general cargo and passengers, from London for Otago, went ashore on the Shingoes, at Yarmouth (I.W.), at 3 p.m. on October 24th, and floated off at 9 p.m. without assistance. She proceeded for Cowes (I.W.), and has since been surveyed and examined by a diver, and is reported to be perfectly tight and undamaged. She sailed from Cowes (I.W.) on November, for her destination.

**PASSENGERS FOR PORT CHILMERS.**

Per Messrs Shaw, Savill, and Co.'s Fiji (Captain Brown), from London, November 6th. Second cabin G J Trotter, John Trotter, Thomas Russell, jun., W A Johnston, John Gourk, Robert Tremble, John Isaac, jun, G Jarrett, Thomas Harrison, and C Young. Steerage: Elizabeth Barmby, John Barmby, Mary A Wilkinson, Jane Jamieson, David Gibson, Morris Solomon, R M'Mullan, W M Williams, Margaret Williams, Samuel Burrows, Richard Chitson, William Adam, William Ackland, Lucy Ackland, Frederick Weber, Malvinne Weber, Rudolph Weber, Bernard Weber, Erich Weber, Gertrude Weber, Arnold Weber, Bronhilda Weber, Charles Weber, Emily

Weber, Frederick Weber, Alma Weber, A Evauber, John Reyner, Mary Reyner, George Reyner, Mary Reyner, Fanny Reyner, and John Reyner.

Per Messrs P Henderson and Co's Taranaki (Captain Wight), from Glasgow, November 5th: Mr W A Stout, Miss Leith, Mr W G Robson, Mr C F Bolton, Mr Wm Morton, Mr and Mrs Whyte, Miss Whyte, Mrs Hart and family, Rev W Sutherland, Mr Deans Ritchie, Mr G H Smith, and Mr John Mackay.

Frederick Weber



Frederick Weber and his brothers

Article from *Otago Witness*, with passengers from the ship *Fiji*, 18 January 1879

Gertrude had been born in Hanover, Germany to a German father (Frederick Weber, an architect in Hanover before he emigrated to New Zealand) and a Prussian mother (Malvina Wesolowska). Interestingly, on her Polish marriage certificate her mother's maiden name is given as Wesolowska and yet on her death certificate it is given as Nosalofsky; both are common Polish names. You would think that her marriage certificate would be the more accurate of the two documents given that she was alive to fill in that form herself. Fortunately for us all she ended the relationship with Gordon Coates and married Dido. They moved to Eltham (just south of New Plymouth) where my great-grandfather would open up one of New Zealand's first photographic shops.

They were to have six children, five boys and a girl, though James was to die at an early age.

## *The family home*

Though Eltham today is a tiny settlement, at that time it was a significant town in the area, second only to New Plymouth. It was such a progressive place that in 1906 Eltham's Bridge Street and High Street became the first tarred macadam (tar-sealed) roads in New Zealand, and the classic pound of butter was first made at Eltham.

The family house in Eltham was a wonderful old villa of four bedrooms, set on five acres, with enormous gardens and a lake with beautiful swans and ducks. In the paddock behind the house they had a cow that provided all the milk and cream for the household. Wisteria completely covered the front balcony and was stunningly beautiful when in full bloom.

Aunt Elizabeth tells me that at the back of the house there was a kitchen garden which provided all the vegetables; there was also a grass tennis court surrounded by a hedge to protect it from the wind and the most magnificent flower beds.

The family home was the perfect place to bring up a family of four strapping boys and a daughter. All the boys were well built, having grown up on the farm where the physical work had made them very athletic. Aunt Elizabeth remembers a horizontal bar where the four brothers would compete to show off their strength by performing tricks of all manner along with hand stands and push ups. My father and two aunts all have the warmest memories of the home in Eltham and talk glowingly of their visits to their grandparents.

## *First World War*

During the First World War, with New Zealand at war with Germany, the New Zealand Government interned all German immigrants in holding camps to ensure they weren't cooperating with the war effort in Europe and, equally, for their own protection. Dido couldn't bear the idea of being separated from his wife so he kept her indoors for the entire period New Zealand was at war with Germany. She never left the house or answered the door for fear of being discovered as being of German descent.

Unfortunately, the family's park-like home would be sold on their death to the tannery next door and the house and its glorious gardens were to fall into ruins.



Frederick Weber, Malvina Wesolowska – my great-grandmother's parents



Swans on the lake at Eltham



My great-grandmother Gertrude with the cows that provided the milk for the house – 1908 Eltham



My aunt Elizabeth, my great-grandfather Dido and my aunt Charente on the porch in Paparata



My mother and father, Sue and John Connell, at the homestead in Eltham in 2004



In the foreground my grandfather Dick with my grandmother Geraldine and my aunt Charente. Seated are my great-grandparents Dido and Gertrude with my aunt Elizabeth. I suspect standing are my great-uncles, Pip and Jock





Dick, Amyas and Jock swimming



Dido's garden in early development



Granny Gertrude 1920

## Family Life

*M*y aunt Charente remembers her grandfather being a great storyteller and always wearing plus four pants – trousers that extended four inches below the knee! During the 1931 Napier earthquake Charente remembers being at the house with her parents and the ground moving; the water from the lake rose up to the lawn before sloshing back into the lake. Pip was in Napier during the earthquake and helped in the rescue of survivors.

Aunt Elizabeth recalls the house having a huge fireplace with enormous log fires where at night-time, after playing tennis, the family would play charades, which everyone loved to play. After the tennis parties my great-aunt Trixy (Beatrice) would whip up a wonderful meal for everyone; she was a great cook and no matter what was in the larder she always managed to create something delicious. She also recalls that in the winter both her grandmother and Beatrice would go down to the lake, to break the ice, feed their pet eels and then hop into the lake for a swim! On another occasion, Trixy and my grandmother Geraldine (Dick's future wife) were horsing around and had gone into the bedroom to dress up in some silly clothes. They came out doing a dance and playing the goat. Everyone was in tears, not because of their tomfoolery but because Geraldine had tucked her dress into her bloomers and her knickers were showing – something that was just never done!

Dido had a cocker spaniel called Niff who would accompany him everywhere; even as Dido cycled to work Niff would run alongside. Niff was incredibly well trained and clever: he learnt to beg, to roll, to heel and to perform all sorts of tricks. My aunt Elizabeth tells the story how there was an ice cream

stand a few doors along from Dido's studio and Niff loved ice cream. The shopkeeper next door was trying to raise money for the war effort and left a hat out for donations. Niff sat by the hat each day to encourage people to donate some loose change, and at the end of the day the shopkeeper would walk Niff to the ice cream stall where Niff was rewarded with an ice cream. Elizabeth swears that Niff would hold the cone between his paws like a child and eat the ice cream, licking away until it was finished – she says you wouldn't have believed it if you hadn't seen it.

## Gertrude's passing

*A*s my great-grandmother Gertrude got older she used to suffer from terrible ulcerations on her leg. Aunt Elizabeth, who was studying in Wellington, would make the trip up to Eltham to help around the house as well as to assist Gertrude. She was in a lot of pain during the latter years of her life.

Gertrude and Dido had been deeply in love and her passing had a huge impact on Dido. He was lonely and lost without her; my grandfather Dick had told me that his father had committed suicide by filling his pockets with stones and jumping into the river. Although his death certificate says he died of thrombosis, Aunt Elizabeth had been told by her mother on Dido's death that he had taken his own life. She also points out that the doctor was a family friend and suicide in those days was a no-no, which may have influenced what was written on the certificate to avoid the family blushes. As to the truth, who really knows? What we do know is that he died merely months after the love of his life passed away.

It is with regret that we announce the death of Mrs. Gertrude Connell, wife of Mr. Nigel D. Connell, which took place at the residence, Ladies' Mile, yesterday after a somewhat lengthy illness. Mrs. Connell, who had with her husband been a resident of Eltham for over half a century, was well-known and respected both in Eltham and the surrounding district. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Weber, two pioneers of Pahia-Matakohe, Northland. Mrs. Connell was 77 years of age and in addition to her husband leaves a family of four sons and one daughter, all of whom, together with Mr. Connell, will have the sympathy of a very wide circle of friends. The sons are Mr. Nigel Connell (Wellington), Mr. Amyas Connell (London), Mr. Dick Connell (Bombay, Auckland), and Mr. Rupert Connell (Tauranga), and the daughter is Mrs. Ward (London). Mrs. Connell, while she took an interest in patriotic work during the war years, was of a retiring disposition and took more interest in her garden among the flowers and trees than in anything else. The funeral, which was largely attended, took place at the Eltham cemetery to-day, the service being conducted by the Rev. King. Pall-bearers were Mr. Connell and his three sons and Messrs. E. R. Garrett and R. H. Gover, close friends of the family.

Gertrude Connell death notice



Gertrude, Dido and Niff the dog in the garden at Eltham



My aunt Elizabeth, my grandmother Geraldine and grandfather Dick and in the background my great-grandmother Gertrude, Paparata



My great-uncle Pip and my great-aunt Beatrice skylarking at Eltham



# The Eltham Cemetery



James Douglas Connell who died as an infant in 1912



Ken Connell and his wife Esta, my mum and dad and the author at the Eltham Cemetery



My great-uncle Rodney Douglas Connell (Dido's brother) – d. 1940 Buried next to his daughter, Majorie Douglas Connell, who lived only 5 weeks – d. 1914



My great-grandfather's grave – the tombstone says he was born 1873 but his birth certificate says a year later in 1874



My great-grandmother's grave

## *Connell Reunion*

...and a little bit of Connell History

*The following chapter is from Sheila Connell's book, and makes for wonderful reading. In addition after the death of her husband Paul Connell, she continued to run the studio for many many years. I am truly grateful to be able to reproduce her work – Tim*

Nigel Douglas Connell was a gifted artist. At 16 he had high hopes of studying art in Europe but, in the year 1891, his father died. In 1899 Nigel and his wife Gertrude moved to Eltham and Nigel took up a job working as a porter at the Eltham Railway Station.

In 1900, with his brother Rodney, he set up his photographic studio on Bridge Street, Eltham (where it would remain as a Studio for the next 104 years). The Eltham School of Arts and Photographic Studio soon became known as just The Studio. Nigel worked hard, taking and developing black and white photographs, mounting and framing them, selling paintings and teaching art. Rodney was the travelling salesman promoting the business, a sister, Hilda, did retouching of photo negatives.

Initially Nigel's pastel landscapes depicting Mount Egmont (Taranaki) were a feature of his business and many now hang in living rooms around the country. He also did many pastels of the beautiful garden he developed at his residence on Lady's Mile, Eltham.

However, his photography became more and more relevant, as he recorded important events in the lives of local people such as

weddings, christenings and that one last photo of young men in their military uniform before they headed off to war. Now he must have carried out this little ritual during both World Wars as I have a photograph of a group of soldiers, taken in the studio with the caption 'local volunteers, Deagana, Hammersley, Brown and Malone before heading for a military war zone in France and Belgium in World War 1.'

At the time of our Reunion, the story was told by Syd Wolfe of Eltham how he was photographed in 1941 by Nigel before he went to war, and how he presented him with a penny which he asked him to take away but to return it to him when he came back. Syd returned with the penny – but, sadly, minus an arm!

(Incidentally, I found an old 'Taranaki Savings Bank' locked money box the other day – September 2009) and took it in to the local TSB – they unlocked it and it contained many 1934–1944 era pennies and am wondering if these are some of the pennies duly returned by the 'lucky ones' who came back and kept their promise to Mr Connell!).



Sheila Connell



The Eltham School of Arts and Photographic Studio (The Studio)



Photograph taken by Nigel Connell 'Deagana, Hammersley, Brown and Malone before heading for a military war zone in France and Belgium in World War 1'

### **Lorna Bayly (nee Morris)**

Lorna wrote (and she read this out at the Connell Reunion)... Mr Connell was a cabin boy in a sailing-ship once. His father worked on the railway in Dunedin. He took art classes and would take his pupils down to Phillips Bush by the river to paint and in his Studio on Saturday mornings. Joan Foy (née Crockett) and I were in his Saturday classes. He was a natural artist and painted thousands of Mount Egmonts in pastels, water-colour and oils – also bush and seascapes. He often stayed at Charles Wilkinson's home, known as 'The Castle' at Wai-iti and painted lots of coast scenes. He was best man at Mr Wilkinson's second marriage.

Mr Connell was a lovely man and just the best to work with. He rode his bike to work, always wore 'plus-fours'; he liked theatre and poems; he milked a cow before work; always had a cold shower and had salt on his porridge. He loved his garden and had a lake and swans. Lawns beautifully kept – he called his lawnmower "Egbert!" His favourite saying was "bonsa" (as he fired the shutter on the camera), always served us with strawberries and cream for afternoon tea at Christmas. Always people popping in – Mr Gover, Manager of NSW Bank, always came over the road once the bank closed for the day (and they spent many an hour with a drop or two over at the Coronation)... {Paul told me his grandfather would lift him up onto the bar and ask for a 'pink whisky for young Jock'}. Other regular visitors to the studio would be Mr Garrett, the Picture Theatre Manager, 'Aunt Daisy' (Mrs Basham), MP for Raglan Mr Massey and his secretary, son of Mr Massey the Prime Minister and Hilda Turner. There was always an art section at the annual flower show at the Town Hall and one year Mr Connell's students had a huge display. Don Hay was a pupil, who went on to be the first kidney transplant doctor in NZ. Paul would always come for the school holidays. When he died, the service was held in his garden.

When Mrs Connell died the previous year the garden was again used for the service. He never got over the death of his wife.

Lorna wrote at length on what life was like in the old days at the Studio – some lovely stories – needs a separate volume I suppose – maybe one day!

### **A story by Gladys McCormack (née Carlson)**

'I first met Mr Connell when he was biking along the road and he knocked me over! He was so upset, he offered me a job at the Studio. This was in 1937 at age 15 and I worked in the Studio for eight years. For a time I even boarded with the Connells as Kaponga, where I lived, was too far away to bike.'

### **The following is an extract I wrote for Not The Eltham Argus in August 2000...**

Nigel Douglas Connell left his employment with the NZ Railways and opened up his Studio in Eltham in the year 1900. Eltham must have been a totally different little town in those days with horse transport being the norm, although a few cars would have begun to appear.

The early cameras must have been very different too – we recently discovered an early 'Century' camera up in the ceiling in the studio – a beautiful piece of workmanship with brass fittings etc., snuggling in its velvet-lined leather case. With it was a very old tripod of the same vintage. Also up in the dark, dirty ceiling Greg discovered a pile of pastel paintings done by ND Connell – most in a state of sad disrepair. I have managed to rescue and clean up a few, but of course the pastel itself must not be touched except by an expert. Greg also found many quaint wooden boxes containing the artist's well-used pastels.



Nigel's pastel landscape depicting Mount Egmont (Mt Taranaki)



Nigel's pastel of the beautiful garden at Lady's Mile, Eltham



Lorna Morris



Gladys McCormack

*'Nicky', as he was fondly called, ran his own school for painting and several people have approached me, remembering their days in the Studio under the tutorship of 'the old master'! Some old paintings have turned up from time to time in the 'Connell style' – if there was no signature they were assumed to be done by one of his pupils.*

*Nigel's grandson, Paul Douglas Connell, was returning to NZ after his 'OE' and was planning to find a job with the Snowy Mountain River Scheme. On learning of the death of his grandfather Paul immediately returned home and took over the studio – this apparently, had been a long term wish of his grandfather. Paul had previously had experience in photography, working for Kodak in Wellington and I believe his Uncle Pip came over from Tauranga to help get him established. The studio was in great need of renovation and I remember him crawling under the shop, replacing all the piles and fitting cupboards.*

*An interesting letter dated July 2000 was received after the publication of this story.... At Elaine Sargeson's funeral on Saturday, there was a pastel drawing of hers on the cover of the order of service. Elaine had worked at the bakery in Eltham and would attend drawing classes with Mr Connell during her lunch hour. Also, Aunty Dora (then Miss Murch of Hawera) would take lessons from Mr Connell, travelling up from Hawera. I was heir to her box of French pastels plus an oil painting of the Pink and White Terraces. Mrs Mavis Haybittle proudly showed me a Nigel Connell pastel of Egmont on her wall. There are many around.*

## *The Connell Reunion*

*N*ow that we were in the year 2000, although it was always believed that Connell Studios was established in 1900, we still wanted to find some evidence of some kind, giving us a firm date to work to. We fruitlessly searched for any sort of legal documents, building transfers etc., and Sylvia Stockman, hearing our plight, volunteered many hours of research at head offices in New Plymouth of Public Trust etc., she found much of interest but still no firm date.

We had decided to go ahead and organise a Reunion anyway and plans were already under way – when one day, a lady came into the Studio with an old photograph that she wanted me to copy and frame. She proudly produced this wedding photograph of her parents, Kenneth James McDonald and Anne Perry from Mangatoki... taken by Mr Nigel Connell in October 1900. EUREKA!! we had our evidence at last... we wouldn't be far out with our celebrations scheduled for the weekend of 2 September 2000! (She informed us that the grandson, Steven McDonald, and his bride were to be married on this day, some 100 years later in October 2000).

## *The Organisation and Planning*

*W*e started off by advertising in the newspapers the fact that a reunion was imminent and invited any ex-staff, family, friends, clients etc. to enrol. We would start with a Visitors Day when anyone was welcome to call in during the day to view the large collection of Nigel Connell's paintings and a display of 'a hundred years' of old photographs.



There would be a Celebration Dinner on the Saturday night at Wilkinson's Restaurant.

Well, the response was amazing and the whole event grew and grew until we were all exhausted. It so happened that Kayleen, my wonderful assistant, got an opportunity to go to South Africa... the month previous to our Reunion! She went with my blessing but for Don and me, life was hectic to say the least.

I would be trying to get things done and I'd look out the window and see yet another car pull up, people climbing out with parcels under their arms. I knew what these would be – more old photos with more long stories. 'This is my grandmother taken by Mr Connell senior'... 'this is me as a child taken by

Paul... 'Look at this old soldier from WW1 in the old studio' etc. The stories told were long and interesting, but I wasn't getting any work done! Old framed pastel paintings by Nicky also started arriving from all over the country – in response to our suggestion to put on a display of his work. Most times the frames were in urgent need of attention and I, of course, offered to repair and reframe at no cost!

All three daughters, Sandi, Alison and Helen, myself, Kayleen and Lynette as well as Tess 6 and Elliot 9 all dressed up in period costume. Such fun and Don rigged himself out with a suitable jaunty hat! The whole town was buzzing – the shop frontage was decorated and the main window display was a lovely glimpse into the past.



Artist Roma Jenkins' impression of 1900 studio



The 2000 version



The Connell ladies in costume



Wedding photograph of Kenneth James McDonald and Anne Perry from Mangatoki. Taken by Mr Nigel Connell in October 1900.



Tess & Elliot sampling the snacks at the reunion

Perhaps if I include an extract of my 'thank you' letter sent afterwards it would give a clearer picture:-

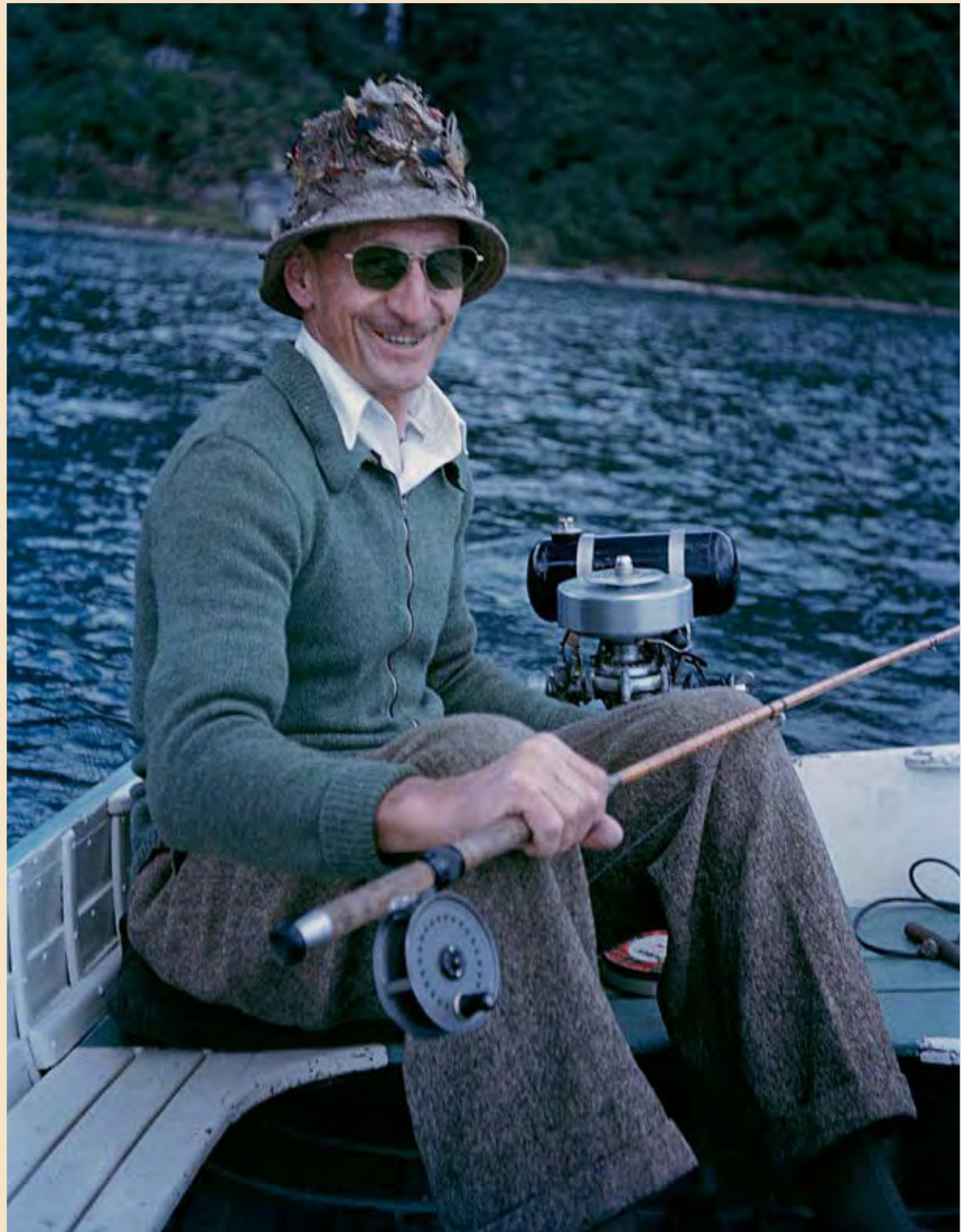
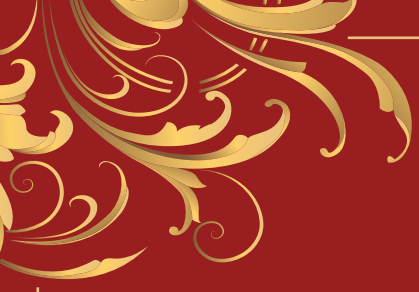
*Hi Everyone,*

*What a weekend we had! How marvellous it was to see so many of you visit with us to help us celebrate 100 years of Connell studios. How delighted our grandfather, Paul and other past family members would have been to see the fun we had, to see the interesting display of photos and paintings, to appreciate the tributes we paid to them and to catch a glimpse of all the activity in Bridge Street, Eltham, reminiscent of the 'good old days'!*

*It was certainly a larger event that I initially visualised. It just kept growing and growing and more and more people rang, wrote or called in to offer paintings, photos and stories. It was a marvellous response – I could hardly keep my feet on the ground! Consequently, a few 'finishing touches' didn't get done – we just ran out of time.*

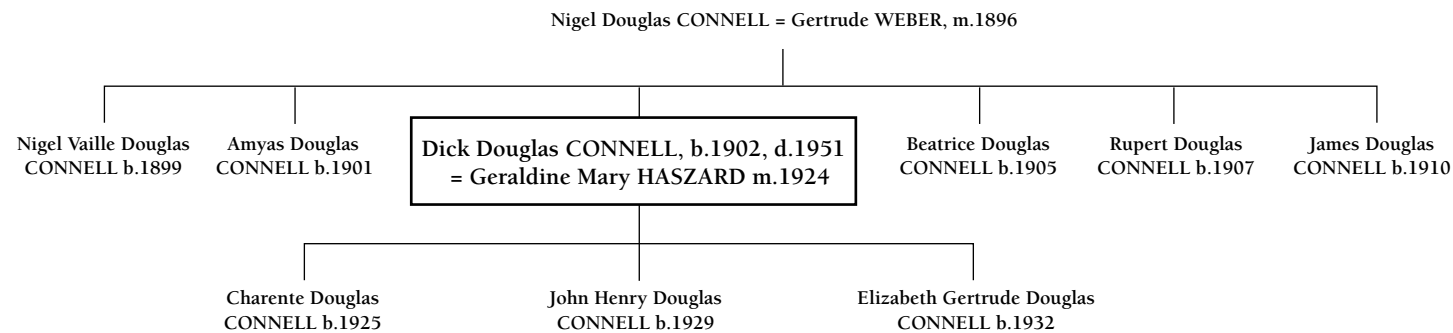
*We had over one hundred visitors through the Studio on Friday and on Saturday, we squashed 82 into the restaurant for dinner. Having to feed that number in relays unfortunately made it a late night. I would have loved to have heard more 'stories' but again, we ran out of time!*

*....I thank so many people who travelled long distances, for all who loaned photos and paintings for all the helpers, family members, staff, past and present... to all the newspapers and TV who gave us such wonderful coverage, to Tony on Video and Mike the boundless Photographer – a huge task (from one who knows!) to the Eltham Historical Society for their wonderful display and warm welcome to all who visited. To Eltham Forest and Bird Society for their hard work on Connell Reserve. To Nola for the brilliant window displays and beautiful floral arrangements. Thanks to 'City Fathers' for the loan of the quaint 'penny farthing' and Pat Sheehy for the loan of his gorgeous mannequin (I'm sure she enjoyed sitting there watching all the goings on, but she didn't say much!!); to the Caterers who did us proud and last not least, great friend Don for all his hard work and encouragement plus an excellent job as MC.*



# Dick Douglas Connell (Pompa)

**Farmer 1902–2 August 1992**



Dick passed away in his ninetieth year and was affectionately known as Pompa.

Dick Douglas Connell was the third son of Nigel Douglas Connell and Gertrude Weber. The children were: Amyas, Nigel, Dick, Beatrice, Rupert and James. They grew up in Eltham in Taranaki, and all led interesting lives.

Dick married Geraldine Mary Haszard (born 17 December 1902) in 1924 and they had three children:

**Charente Douglas Smith** (born 4 March 1925). She had two children:

Abigail Charente Douglas (born 31 May 1953)

Christopher Bishop (born 5 August 1956)

**John Henry Douglas Connell** (born 16 September 1929). He had four children:

Timothy Douglas Connell (born Singapore, 25 August 1964)

Wenda Mary Connell (born Singapore, 13 October 1965)

Sharon Kim Shan Connell (born Hong Kong, 29 June 1975)

Fiona Lai Shan Connell (born Hong Kong, 1 December 1976)

**Elizabeth Gertrude Douglas Johnson** (born 7 February 1931). She had two children:

Geraldine Douglas Johnson (born Auckland, 29 April 1954)

Leigh Athol Douglas Johnson (born Kaitaia, 16 May 1955)



My grandfather with my aunt Charente at Eltham in the foreground and holding hands with my aunt Elizabeth

## *Growing up*

*M*y grandfather was born and raised in Eltham, a little village just south of the city of New Plymouth, the major centre in the Taranaki region. Eltham is a town so small that if you blinked you would miss it. It consists of a handful of shops, a pub, a petrol station and a local dairy company. The area surrounding Eltham is picture perfect with beautiful rolling country and the stunning Mt Taranaki/Egmont dominating the horizon. My grandfather was the son of a photographer, Nigel Connell, affectionately known as Dido. Being a photographer in those times and in a small town was unique I would have thought, as it was not a common profession.

My grandfather went to school at Stratford and took the train each day to school and used to chase the train down the tracks after he'd got off. Like all boys of his age, he enjoyed fishing, rugby and boxing. He was immensely strong and won a number of boxing titles in the district. He also loved his rugby and he spent endless hours training, and won regional honours. As a boy, I heard stories that my grandfather had also trialled for the All Blacks as a 'breakaway' (more commonly known today as 'flanker') for the team that would become known as the Invincibles but that he had made himself unavailable, as his wife was pregnant with his first child Charente (Sherry). Unfortunately, this story turned out to be untrue, but I am sure every family has its myths. However, in talks with Aunt Elizabeth she told me that he did play for Taranaki.

Amyas, my grandfather's older brother, was the academic in the family and would achieve worldwide recognition for his



My grandfather catching trout in Eltham and as a cute little boy



My grandfathers portrait taken by his father Dido



His mother at their Eltham home



In the shadows of Mt Egmont



Left to right: Amyas, Jock and Dick

## Events of the Day

### 1902

- A new car speed record of 74 mph is set in Nice, France.
- Edward VII is crowned King of the United Kingdom.
- Theodore Roosevelt becomes the first American President to ride in an automobile.

### 1903

- The first Teddy Bear is sold which is named after American President Teddy Roosevelt.
- Orville Wright flies an aircraft with a petrol engine at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina in the first documented, successful, controlled, powered, heavier-than-air flight.
- The first box of Crayola crayons was made and sold for 5 cents. It contained 8 colours: brown, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet and black.



My grandfather with his mother Gertrude Weber

architecture, seen in such buildings as 'High and Over', a house in Buckinghamshire, England built for archaeologist Professor Bernard Ashmole, completed in 1931, and a children's hospital in Nairobi, to name just a couple of designs (see section on 'Notables').

My grandfather's younger sister Beatrice would assume the title of Lady Mootham after marrying Sir Orby. His brother Jock (Nigel) moved to Wellington and was a strong supporter of the Marxist movement, while his younger brother Pip (Rupert) was a photographer and an avid outdoorsman who spent his spare time hunting and fishing, and retired to Tauranga.

## Married Life

My grandfather was to meet my grandmother through his younger sister Beatrice. Beatrice was on holiday with her aunt (Dido's sister) in Waihi where my grandmother's family was from and she invited Geraldine to Eltham to meet her brothers. The Haszard family were well known in the area and Geraldine's father Henry Morpeth Douglas Haszard (affectionately known as Gampa) was the Commissioner of Crown Lands and was instrumental in the development of much of the forestry in the central North Island as we know it today.

Once married, my grandmother left Waihi to start life as a farmer's wife where my grandfather was sharemilking on the slopes of Mt Taranaki/Egmont.

Aunt Elizabeth tells me the story of how my grandmother Geraldine had no idea when it came to farming and couldn't tell one end of a cow from the other. Apparently, one day my grandfather got home to milk the cows and asked Geraldine to

go and get them in. She found the cows by the timber mill but discovered that they were incredibly difficult to round up and get moving. What she didn't realise was that these were steers that had been running wild for a few years on the mountain. As she fought to round them up, all the men in the timber mill watched her efforts and laughed heartily, making no effort to help, which further angered her. When she finally got them to the milking shed my grandfather pointed out she had herded the steers not the cows! All of which illustrates how completely unused she was to farming and that she was so out of her depth.

After a few years they moved to Waihi to sharemilk on the Haszard family farm in Waihi Beach Road, which is where my aunt Charente was born. However, after four years my grandmother's uncle, Reginald Charente Haszard, returned from farming in Chile and wished to take over the family farm so the Connells were moved on.

## Auckland—the big smoke

The move to Auckland was to be a permanent one for my grandparents, and while they would move about Auckland and its environs they were never to relocate to another province. First stop was Cheltenham Beach, Devonport, and while looking for a farm my grandfather took a job working at Farmers on Albert Street. However, what my grandfather actually did there has been debated as my father insists he drove the Farmers bus, while my aunt Charente believes he worked in the warehouse. My aunt Elizabeth believes he worked in the warehouse first before driving the buses. Whichever, according to my grandmother's diary (see later chapter) he earned the princely sum of four quid a week.

My grandparents' wedding day  
1924, with ladies seated, Muriel  
Barron and sister Mary Gabriel



## Events of the Day

### 1905

- Albert Einstein works on the special theory of relativity.
- Las Vegas, Nevada is founded when 110 acres (0.4 km<sup>2</sup>), in what later becomes downtown, are auctioned off.
- Russian Revolution of 1905: The Russian army opens fire in a meeting on a street market in Estonia, killing 94 and injuring over 200.

### 1906

- Rolls-Royce is founded.

### 1908

- The first long-distance radio message is sent from the Eiffel Tower in France.
- The Boy Scout movement is founded.
- Henry Ford produces his first Model T automobile.

### 1912

- *Titanic* strikes an iceberg in the northern Atlantic Ocean and sinks, taking with her the lives of more than 1500 people.
- Roald Amundsen announces his success in reaching the South Pole.



A portrait of Pompa



My grandparents at a black tie function, Officers Mess RNZAF, Whenuapai

When my grandfather was 27 they bought a farm of approximately 100 acres, to which they would later add a further 200 acres (with some assistance from my great-grandfather Henry Douglas Morpeth Haszard) in Paparata in the Bombay Hills (named after the schooner *Bombay* upon which many of the original occupants in the area had arrived). In those days getting to the Bombay Hills from Auckland was a day trip, even though now it is less than a 40-minute drive from the centre of the city. There was no motorway, and even Great South Road was yet to be built – Paparata was literally the outer limit of civilisation.

The house had no power, no telephone, no sewerage and the water came from the local stream. This was an age of outside toilets, fireplaces, bedpans and hot water bottles; even refrigeration was to come later, television was decades away and the wireless (radio) was still years away. Aunt Charente was eight years old when they had their first wireless set and this was the only contact with the outside world as well as the basis of evening entertainment for the family. My father used to tell me the story how as a boy he would leave cream out on the post overnight to freeze and he would be so excited to have ‘ice cream’ for breakfast.

This was a universe apart for my grandmother Geraldine, who had grown up in a world of privilege and cultural experience. She had been thrust into a life where even the basic necessities were in short supply. Aunt Charente would in later life ask her mother how she managed to put up with the hardship, to which she replied that ‘her pride wouldn’t allow her to admit she had made the wrong decision’. Even so, she continued to educate all her children and keep them abreast of the arts and the cultural elements of life. Aunt Elizabeth recalls her mother taking her once a week to ballet lessons in Auckland City, which was quite a hike, but as she points out it gave her mother the chance to go window shopping and escape the drudgery of farm life.



My grandfather cleaning out the milking sheds



My father and my aunt Charente with their pets



My father and his pet dog at Paparata



My aunt Elizabeth riding and my aunt Charente leading



My grandparents at Papatata



# The Grand Lodge of New Zealand



To all whom it may concern:

We do hereby certify that our most  
 most well beloved Brother **Dick D. Bonnell** who has signed  
 his name in the margin hereof, was duly elected and installed  
 as the **Christophal - Master** of the **Lodge St James No 2117, Dunedin**  
 on the **fifth** day of **May** **A.D. 1952**  
 and served the Office for **Twelve Months** and has been  
 duly registered as a **Past - Master**.

Witness our hand and the Seal of the Grand Lodge at  
 Wellington this **fourth** day of **May** **A.D. 1952**

*J. G. Nathan*  
 Grand Secretary

*John Smith*  
 Grand Master

No. 13204

*P. H. Bell*



My grandfather's Masonic Lodge certificates

My father was born at the house not long after they took ownership. The farm was hilly and Pompa ran cows initially before putting on sheep, which were better suited to the land. There used to be a plague of rabbits and Pompa used to spend days shooting them. Only three years after taking over the farm the family home was burnt down. They then moved down the hill to a new site; they bought a house and had it moved to the site not long after Elizabeth was born.

My grandfather became a member of the Masonic Lodge during the early 1940s. My father recalls my grandmother having to bake the buns for their tea at the town hall, and then having to spend hours out the back twiddling her thumbs with the other wives as they waited for the meeting to finish. My grandfather attained the position of Grand Master and then one day the world of secret meetings and special handshakes was to be all forgotten – no one really knows why.

Around the late 1950s my grandparents sold the farm and moved to the Vicarage at the bottom of the Bombay Hills, which they rented until they moved to Waima Crescent in Titirangi. My grandfather purchased a lot of heavy earthmoving machinery and got involved in breaking in large government blocks, including Tapora on the Kaipara Harbour. This was extremely lucrative work for him and afforded him the chance to dabble in property development.

When my grandmother's father, Henry Morpeth, died he left a big block of land in Glen Eden to her. Developing this was to be the source in later years of a lot of disappointment as unfortunately my grandparents lost a significant amount of their wealth. It left my grandfather bitter about the whole episode, something I am not sure he quite got over.



My grandfather tending hay at the farm in Papatara. The first house was destroyed by fire.



Uncle Athol recalls working on the Glen Eden development pouring concrete and laying road kerbing.

Aunt Elizabeth recalls a story involving one of Pompa's employees, a Cook Islander by the name of Jack, who was working on the Taporā Block. Jack told Pompa of the great oysters that were to be found in the harbour and that they would make a great meal, even though taking oysters was illegal at the time. So off they went in a punt early one morning and filled their sacks with the oysters. Just as they were to make their way back to shore they were met by the long arm of the law and a fisheries officer! My grandfather, who wasn't particularly keen on oysters, was convicted in court, fined £40 and had his boat confiscated – much to his chagrin!

I do recall my grandparents owning a number of properties around Auckland including ones in Parnell, Devonport, Grey Lynn and Titirangi. I spent a summer painting and weeding around one of the houses, and I know my cousin Leigh did much the same over the years out at the house in Devonport.

In 1965 my grandparents embarked on what can only be described as one of the most remarkable trips ever undertaken. They left New Zealand with their homebuilt campervan 'Matty' and circumnavigated the world. Matty was built on the chassis of a Bedford truck with a German 40-horsepower petrol engine mated to a three-speed transmission; Matty was capable of almost 40 mph! She had a unique pop-up roof and was equipped with a gas stove and two beds. She became the home away from home for my grandparents for three years. Their incredible journey saw them travel to countries that even today would be pushing

the boundaries, let alone in the 1960s. And they were aged in their sixties!

The countries they visited still amazes me – Australia, Syria, Jordan, Israel, Lebanon, Iran, Iraq, Spain, Portugal, Egypt, Pakistan, Afghanistan, India, USA, Canada, England, Scotland, Wales, Greece, Yugoslavia, Romania, Switzerland, and Germany. When you consider the logistics of travelling through some of these countries, the lack of roading and the poor access to banks and supplies, it would have been an enormous undertaking for someone in their youth, let alone two pensioners.

In many of these countries a Caucasian couple would have been a rarity, especially in nations such as Iran and Iraq. When I travelled to these countries 30 years later, foreign travellers were rare even then and access to accommodation, maps and money changing was a challenge; one can only wonder how much more difficult it would have been in those times. How they managed to get Matty around the world in one piece is amazing, as is how Matty managed to negotiate some of the roughest roads including the arduous Khyber Pass – a rear-wheel-drive, 40 hp plodding along at 40 mph.

My grandmother organised the entire trip and she was meticulous in detail. She wrote to Leon Goetz, the Minister of Internal Affairs, requesting assistance from any of the New Zealand embassies on the way, and she even wrote to the engine manufacturer in Hamburg to have Matty's engine serviced while they were there. Goetz was apparently extremely supportive and provided numerous contacts for them on their trip. Pompa would tell the story that when they arrived at the engine factory in Hamburg, the New Zealand flag was flying and they hosted them free of charge in a five-star hotel – one couldn't imagine that happening today!



The Glen Eden development where you can still find Connell Road



My grandfather and Ella, off to St George's Day Dinner, Borneo



My aunt Charente at Paparata



My grandfather furthest left and my aunt Elizabeth standing



My father with Judge on the tractor



My grandfather celebrating the construction of the new house at Paparata



My grandparents at aunt Charente's wedding with my aunt Elizabeth as bridesmaid



My proud grandfather with his two beautiful daughters, my aunt Elizabeth and Charente with his four grandchildren, my cousins Leigh, Geraldine, Christopher and Abigail



My aunts Elizabeth, Charente and my father at the Paparata farm



Persepolis, Iran



Dead Sea, Jordan



Chicago



Yugoslavia



Malaysia



Iraq



Ontario, Canada



Golden Temple, Amritsar, India



California, USA



Arizona



Khyber Pass, Pakistan



Khyber Pass, Pakistan



Hong Kong



Petra, Jordan



India



Persepolis, Iran



Canada



Switzerland



Taj Mahal, India



Alhambra, Spain




USA



Yugoslavia





Uncle Athol tells how my uncle Keith (Charente's husband) felt that they were on an extremely dangerous one-way trip. On the night before they left he took both Pompa and Athol for drinks at the officers club in Auckland and told Athol that he had better come along as it was going to be the last time he saw them again! Keith said to Pompa, 'When you're surrounded by the savages just say "Yes"'. To which Pompa replied, 'That will be the day.' At that moment Athol thought to himself: 'I think Keith may be right – this may be the last I ever see of them!'

In the year after they left Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle Athol were travelling by ship from Miami to London and were invited to dinner with the captain of the ship. During dinner Elizabeth told the captain that she believed her parents were travelling on a ship in the opposite direction. In the middle of the night she was awakened by one of the ship's officers who took her to the radio room where, lo and behold, on the other end of the ship's radio was her mother! How the captain had managed to find her parents they were never able to ascertain but were forever grateful.

## *Back to New Zealand*

After their return to New Zealand my grandmother came out of her shell. She was asked by Rotary clubs around the country to show off their slides of the world trip (this was at a time when their kind of adventure would have been unheard of). My grandmother also joined the 'Penwomen's' club and wrote stories for magazines and newspapers about their travels. She also wanted to work on her creative skills and she started creating wonderful landscape pictures but using bark from various trees as the material and texture of the image. Pompa got involved by framing all the pictures for her. They both

threw themselves into their garden and people would travel to see the amazing garden that they had created at Waima Crescent. Sadly, my grandmother was to pass away in 1973 at the age of 71, leaving my grandfather rather lonely and lost.

## *Marriage a second time*

Life was to give my grandfather another chance when he married widow Ella Ross. The Rosses and the Connells had known each other for many years as the Ross family had a farm in Happy Valley, Hunua not 10 miles from their farm in Paparata. I know the years with Ella were without doubt some of the best years of his life. They were like two peas in a pod – the perfect companions for each other, and I believe both were extremely lucky to find each other in what were the twilight years of their lives.

The wedding ceremony though was an absolute shambles, a comedy of errors with the wedding celebrant turning up an hour late, the wedding rings going amiss and so on, but in some ways for me that was perfect as it was how I will always remember them – two bumbling old people extremely in love.

Ella treated me like her own grandson and her home out at Paparimu holds so many wonderful warm memories for me, including her home cooking and especially her rock cakes.

## *Pompa stories*

My grandfather was a character and everyone that knew him would have a story or two to tell. The following is a small collection of stories that I have collated from various family

## **Events of the Day**

### **1913**

- Stainless steel is invented.
- The first crossword puzzle is published in the *New York World*.

### **1914**

- First World War breaks out in Europe and continues until 1918.

### **1916**

- The light switch is invented.
- More than 1 million soldiers die during the Battle of the Somme.

### **1918**

- The Spanish Flu (influenza) becomes pandemic; over 25 million people die in the following 6 months.
- Germany signs an armistice agreement with the Allies to end the First World War.

members and all of which I think will give the reader a picture of who he was.

One of my favourite stories relates to Pompa and Ella when they were married and living out in Happy Valley, in a little farming area know as Papparimu, a tiny settlement approximately 45 minutes from Papakura.


Each week they would make a regular trip to the supermarket to stock up on supplies. Getting Ella out of the house on time was a feat in itself and I recall as a boy the number of times after locking the front door and driving down the drive, Grandma would stop Pompa and jump out of the car with the remark, 'Did we turn off the stove?' or 'Did we turn the lights off?' then run into the house to make sure. Without exaggeration we would be up and down the driveway two or three times before we set off! I used to find this most amusing while poor old Pompa, who was short-tempered at the best of times, would by now be in a real huff!

Grandma Ella disliked shopping with Pompa, so they had an agreement where they would meet at an agreed time outside the supermarket once grandma Ella had spent the afternoon picking up the necessary supplies. The usual routine would be for Pompa to meet grandma Ella at the front of the supermarket, Pompa would pop the boot so grandma Ella could load the car and then off they went back to Papparimu.

On one particular day as they finally left the house in Papparimu, they sped off in Pompa's lime-green-coloured Hillman automatic with its faux leopard skin coverings and Pompa munching on his Odd Fellow mints – they indeed made an odd couple! Pompa spent the afternoon amusing himself while grandma Ella attended to the shopping. Finally, at the agreed time Pompa drove to the supermarket, grandma Ella waved and Pompa stopped the

*My grandfather and Ella at her home at Happy Valley on their wedding day. They were incredibly happy days for them both*





car outside and popped the boot. He heard the boot close and off Pompa drove as he had done for so many years. It was only as he arrived 45 minutes later at Paparimu that he realised he had left poor old grandma Ella on the steps of the supermarket. To say she wasn't happy was an understatement!

My aunt Charente tells me this wasn't the first time. It appears Pompa also left my grandmother Geraldine, his first wife, in Pukekohe one afternoon and went home and was halfway through milking when he began to wonder where she was. She apparently was not happy!!

My sister tells the story of when she was 18 years old, cruising around the streets of Auckland on the southern motorway with nothing to do when Wenda volunteered that they should visit her grandparents in Paparimu. So off they went and arrived totally unannounced, much to the surprise of Pompa and grandma Ella. They were fed on Grandma's favourite rock cakes and grandma Ella took the opportunity to show off her favourite old ball dresses to this captive audience of girls. Pompa and grandma Ella entertained them with some ballroom dancing. My sister proudly recalls that, as she left, the girls were saying, 'Wow, you have such cool grandparents' – yep, they certainly were.

My cousin Christopher tells the story of driving past Auckland Showgrounds with Pompa taking the wrong side of the road for the entire length, cursing the oncoming traffic as buffoons. There were dozens of them he said – of course there was only one.

My uncle Athol recalls one of his favourite Pompa driving stories involving Pompa being in a line of traffic that had come to a standstill. In a typical fit of impatience, he gunned the car, crossing the line of traffic, raced past all who were adhering to the speed

limit because of the traffic officer at the top of the queue who not surprisingly pulled him over! Apparently, the conversation from the traffic officer went along the following lines:

'How old are you?'

'Interested in living much longer?'

Fortunately, the officer let him off.

My aunt Charente tells a story of her days growing up on the farm at Paparata where Pompa had a farm worker who claimed to be able to perform magic! 'I can make people appear from thin air', and then – with a click of his fingers – a little Chinese woman appeared in front of them. All three of us, Twink, John and I, were flabbergasted says my aunt Charente. As it turns out, Pip had a visitor whom they convinced to play a part in the gag.

My grandfather also used to do magic tricks with coins and handkerchief and would love to make hand animals with the projectors – Pompa used to make all sorts of images. He also was able to repeat word for word poem after poem and I used to listen entranced as a boy. One of my uncle Athol's favourites is:

'The early apple cometh

And the undertaker hummeth

And his face is all a lifted up with joy

For he knows that the colic

With its twinges diabolic

Will double up and spiflicate the boys'

## Events of the Day

### 1921

- Adolf Hitler becomes Führer of the Nazi Party.

### 1922

- The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is created.

### 1927

- Charles Lindbergh makes the first solo non-stop trans-Atlantic flight, from New York to Paris in the single-seat, single-engine monoplane *Spirit of St. Louis*.

### 1945

- The United States drops the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima, Japan.

### 1963

- US President John F. Kennedy is assassinated.

### 1989

- Fall of the Berlin Wall.




The homestead at Paparimu, Happy Valley



My father cleaning Pompa's grave at the Bombay Hills Cemetery; Ella is buried nearby





My grandfather and grandma Ella did a little travel visiting aunt Charente and uncle Keith in Malaysia and my father in Hong Kong. And I recall them both loving the shopping.

They lived out their final years in Happy Valley with their mob of tabby cats and happily plodded around the house or worked in the gardens. Right up to his death, Pompa was still chopping wood and using the scythe. He was an incredibly strong man and as a boy I had witnessed his immense physical strength when trying to get the better of him in the hot pools at Miranda, only to find myself submerged and fighting for breath on numerous occasions. I spent many of my school holidays with them both and loved hearing him babble on about Muldoon or Brierley shares.

The end for him came when he broke his pelvis after a fall at home. I have no doubt that if he hadn't injured himself he would have lived for many, many years. He was still very sharp and loved recounting the good old days. I have so many wonderful memories of Pompa and grandma Ella – some a little quirky, but that was what I loved about them. I remember they used to have their dinner watching TV in their Lazy-Boy chairs with little TV tables. Because of the glare from the room lights they would wear hats with peaks and they used to love *Coronation Street* with Hilda Ogden. In those days there were only two television channels, TV1 and TV2, and the programming would end at 10 p.m. with the 'Good Night Kiwi' – I would at times be out with my cousin Geoff Ross and come home to find them both snoring their heads off, the TV just a picture of static and the lights on full. Sometimes grandma Ella would spend the whole night in the chair, wake up and begin the day like nothing had happened!

Pompa used to love teaching dogs tricks and his favorite was to have a dog pretending to be dead while he recited a poem. When the poem reached the last line the dog would bolt straight up and scamper off!

'Once upon a time there was a dead little dog lying in the middle of the road. And he was dead quite dead.

And the Russians passed by and the Prussians passed by and the little dead dog never moved.

But an old man stepped out of the crowd and said "That dog's not dead he's only shamming just you tell him the police are coming!"

And the dog would scamper off!! It was so fun as a child to watch.

Pompa died in his ninetieth year at Middlemore Hospital and was buried in the little cemetery in Bombay. Years later grandma Ella would also be buried in the same cemetery where both of her two husbands lie. I can proudly say that my grandfather had lived a full life; he had endured hardship and forged a life with his bare hands and a determination to succeed.

I was very close to my grandfather and I still miss him.



Reunion for Lady Mootham's (Beatrix) birthday, Pompa's sister, at Grandma Ella's home in Happy Valley, Paparimu

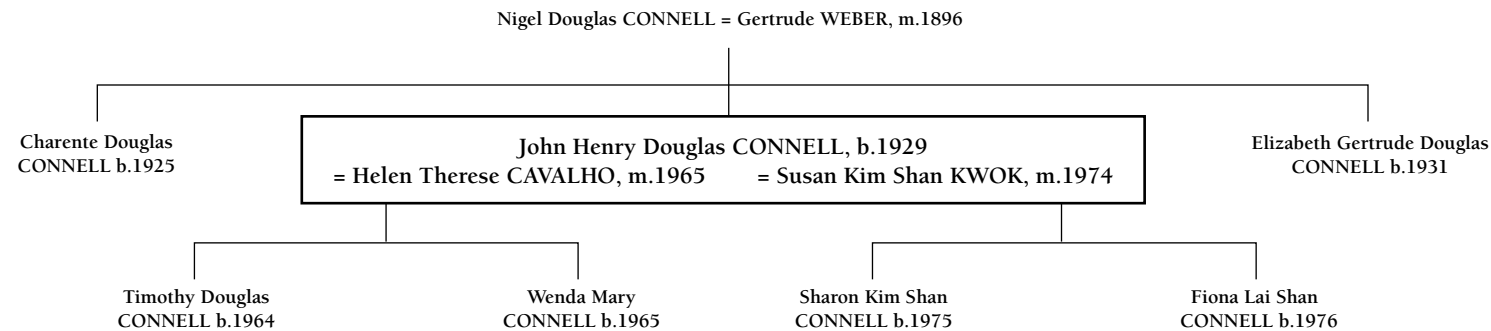
L-R: Geoff Collins, Robert Gillies, Geraldine Gillies (née Johnson), John Connell (crouching), Keith Smith, Unknown, Abigail Smith & author (hugging), Geoff Ross  
 Obscured: Elizabeth Johnson and Charante Smith; by the house: Grandma Ella, Unknown, Athol Johnson (back turned), Jennifer Ross (in skyblue top), old man in front is Stan, (Grandma Ella's brother) with Lynette & John Ross & their younger son, Mark Ross in foreground. Lady Mootham is in the wheelchair





# John Henry Douglas Connell

Pilot 1929–present



Born 16 September 1929, the second child of **Dick Douglas Connell** and **Geraldine Mary Connell (née Haszard)**.

Older sister **Charente Douglas Smith** (born 4 March 1925) and younger sister **Elizabeth Gertrude Douglas Johnson** (born 7 February 1931).

Married **Helen Therese Cavalho**, Singapore, November 1965.

Two children: **Timothy Douglas Connell**, born Singapore, 25 August 1964, never married, no children.

**Wenda Mary Connell**, born Singapore, 13 October 1965, married Mark Johnson, 31 December 2001,

Two children: Bijou Anna-Elise Johnson, born 9 October 2002, Lulu Monette Johnson, born 12 October 2005.

Married **Susan Kim Shan Kwok** (born 30 March 1951), Peninsula Hotel, Hong Kong, 5 July 1974.

Two children: **Sharon Kim Shan Connell**, born Hong Kong, 29 June 1975, married James Brian Goggin, 28 November 1998,

Two children: Beatrice Lily Goggin, born 7 November 2001, Audrey Susan Goggin, born 13 January 2005.

**Fiona Lai Shan Connell**, born Hong Kong, 11 December 1976, married Louis Mason, 20 March 2009,

Two children: Emilia Ruby Mason, born 2 November 2007, Myles Henry Mason, born 15 August 2011.



Above: My aunt Charente, my father and my aunt Elizabeth  
Below: Even as a child Dad loved model planes



## *Growing up*

*M*y father was born in 1929 on the family farm at Paparata in the Bombay Hills just south of Auckland. It was during the Great Depression, and for those farming in a backwater such as Paparata life was extremely difficult. He had an older sister, Charente, and a younger sister, Elizabeth. Aunt Charente always commented that as my father had two extroverted sisters it was no wonder he grew up the shy retiring type.

The first school my father attended was the local primary school of Paparata. My father used to walk the mile and a half to school or ride a horse there. In those days every school had a horse paddock where the horses could graze while the kids were at school. Next he attended Bombay School, which three years later amalgamated with Paparata School. As Bombay was now five miles from the farm, they had to rely on a local bus to pick them up each day.

As a child my father used to play with his best friend Tooty (Linton Stuart), catching eels from the creek and pinching fruit from other farmers' orchards. (Linton and Dad still remain friends to this day.)

When my father was six years old he became sick with glandular fever and was bedridden for nearly 12 months.

My father went to Mt Albert Grammar School in Auckland in 1942 at the ripe old age of 13, and boarded with a family along with four other boarders. He wasn't great at schoolwork; with an academic mother who spent most of her time educating the girls, he never received much in the way of academic support at home.

## Events of the Day

### Births

John Steinbeck, American writer, Nobel Prize laureate (d. 1968).

Charles Lindbergh, American aviator (d. 1974).

Bobby Jones, American golfer (d. 1971).

Ray Kroc, Founder of McDonald's Fast Food Restaurants (d. 1984).

World population  
1.65 billion (estimated)

### 1929

- A new car speed record of 74 mph is set in Nice, France.
- Edward VII is crowned King of the United Kingdom.
- The second-in-command of Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch gang, Kid Curry Logan, is sentenced to 20 years' hard labour.

### 1931

- An earthquake registering 7.9 on the Richter scale demolishes Napier.

## Events of the Day

1935

- Oil is discovered in Saudi Arabia.

1939

- Second World War breaks out in Germany.

1941

- The Japanese attack Pearl Harbour in Hawaii; the Americans declare their support for the Allies.

1945

- The Germans unconditional surrender ends the Second World War.

On the farm preparing hay – Paparata  
My father driving the tractor,  
my grandfather in the background



## Working Life

In 1944 at the age of 15 my father left Mt Albert Grammar to join his dad on the farm at Paparata. He lived at the family home and helped as a farm hand, milking cows, mending fences and carrying out general farm work. Around that time he joined the local Bombay rugby club, and while he enjoyed playing (he used to play what we now call flanker) he was never passionate about the game.

As a child he would visit the farm at Eltham in Taranaki to visit his grandmother, Gertrude, and grandfather, Nigel (Dido) Connell. Dad was very close to his cousin Paul (Jock's son), who would later take over the photography business that had originally been Dido's. (Paul and his wife Sheila would own the business and live in Eltham until Paul's death from a heart attack. Sheila maintained the business until she sold it and moved to New Plymouth to be close to her three daughters.)

Paul and my father used to go to their grandparents for school holidays. He was close to Granny Gertrude but not particularly close to his grandfather. The house had enormous gardens with a lake that featured white swans and eels.

At the age of 18, Dad took six months off work to have a look around the West Coast. It was a remote place in those days, and road travel was slow: it took eight hours from Hokitika to Fox Glacier. Dad liked the place and went about getting a job at the hotel farm in Fox Glacier. He was taken on, and his work included milking the hotel cows for the guests' milk supply, assisting the shepherds and generally helping out around the farm. Dad recounts one of the funnier moments



Paul and John

of living there. At the time he was put up in a workman's hut out the back of the hotel, which had a cooking stove for warmth. One night he received a knock on the door, and it was the hotel cook, who to his surprise made some sexual advances, but my shy retiring father looked so frightened she realised she had made an error of judgement and quickly left – much to Dad's relief.

After six months Dad returned to Paparata where he lived with his parents for five years. He resumed life on the farm, milking cows, and in his spare time fishing and playing rugby in the local Bombay team.



Ariel 500 Red Hunter, Dad's first bike



My father with Judge

Like most men of his age he had a love of speed and motorbikes (his love of the latter was to endure as he built up a collection in his later years of some great classics). His first machine was a Hudson 500 single, followed by an Ariel 500 Red Hunter, on which he nearly killed himself. After coming around a corner through the valley a truck appeared in front of him without warning. Knowing he wasn't going to stop in time, Dad dropped the bike and managed to slide under the truck,

avoiding certain death. After that terrifying experience it is no surprise his next motor vehicle was a lumbering 1929 Austin 7. He owned it for two or three years before purchasing an old run-down American Willies Jeep, which he restored and loved driving.

## *Flying*

Dad learnt to fly at the old Mangere aerodrome where in earlier years Jean Batten had landed after her historic flight to New Zealand from England. The world was at war with Germany and Japan, and as he worked the farm Dad became enamoured with the aircraft flying over to nearby Ardmore airfield where they were based. Dad never applied to join the Royal New Zealand Air Force as he knew that without any education he would be rejected.

In 1951 he purchased a one-way flight to Sydney on a Tasman Empire Airways Ltd (TEAL) flying boat, departing from Mechanics Bay in Auckland. He was fortunate enough to have in the cabin crew none other than his big sister Charente keeping an eye on him. As Dad waved goodbye he knew that it was the beginning of a great adventure; as it transpired it was a trip that would see him away from New Zealand for 33 years. He would eventually return, aged 55, to Rotorua with his second wife Susanna to enjoy his retirement and his fishing. He did return briefly a couple of times while in the Royal Air Force, flying a Hastings (a long-range general-purpose transporter) on one occasion and a de Havilland Comet (the world's first commercial jet airliner) on the other. His arrival in these aircraft made the local papers at the time.

When Dad left New Zealand he went with a friend, Doug Cameron, who was a teacher. As it turned out Doug was accepted by the Royal Australian Air Force and would later become a senior officer with the RAAF. Dad applied to join the RAAF too. He spent three months in Sydney, and while

## Events of the Day

### 1952

- Queen Elizabeth II of England takes the throne upon the death of her father George VI.

### 1953

- Sir Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay become the first men to reach the summit of Mount Everest.

### 1959

- The Barbie doll debuts.
- Vietnam War breaks out.

### 1960

- 1 June – New Zealand's first television transmission occurs when a switch is flicked in Shortland Street, Auckland.



A thorn between two roses. My father between my aunts Elizabeth and Charente





October 1951. Dad with my aunt Elizabeth & Charente before he flew to Sydney

waiting to hear of his application worked driving a heavy machine roller in the construction of Bankstown Airport.

When Dad finally received written notification that he had not been accepted for the RAAF he took the next boat out to the United Kingdom, sailing from Sydney on the Italian cruise ship *Toscana*, which was old and slow but, most importantly, very cheap: £100 for the voyage. In those days sailing was the way most people travelled long distances. The sailing trip was a seven-week adventure to Venice then across Europe by train. The boat sailed around the bight of Australia to Perth, then to Colombo, the capital of Ceylon (Sri Lanka), on to Bombay (Mumbai), Aden in Yemen, nearby Djibouti on the Horn of Africa, then through the Suez Canal and across the Mediterranean to Venice. He shared a cabin with an Englishman, a Yugoslavian

and a Frenchman, all with differing dreams as to what lay ahead. The food in my father's words was 'bloody awful' and breakfast, lunch and dinner was spaghetti!

Dad arrived in Venice with very little money and with no place to stay. Fortunately, he was taken in by a convent for a couple of nights – possibly the first and only male Connell to have been accommodated in this fashion! My father recalls being at the famous tourist site of St Marcos Square, finding it empty apart from one other tourist, who by chance also happened to be a Kiwi.



Corner of Trafalgar Square, London. St Martins in the Fields Church is in the background. My father had just bought his first tweed jacket!

Dad finally reached London in the summer of 1951 and felt intimidated by the sheer size of the city. He had applied to join the Royal Air Force within the first few days of arriving but then had to wait three months to hear if his application had been accepted. In the meantime he stayed with his uncle and aunt, being my grandfather's sister Beatrice and her first husband Basil Ward. They lived just over the River Thames from Hampton Court Palace in south-west London.

My father hired a bicycle and cycled around London to see the sights. Three months later good news arrived: my father had been accepted. After medical and written tests, which he

## Events of the Day

### 1962

- The Beatles release their first record.
- Marilyn Monroe dies from an overdose.

### 1963

- *Dr No*, the first James Bond movie, is released.

### 1964

- 25 February – Muhammad Ali beats Sonny Liston in Miami Beach, Florida, and is crowned the heavyweight champion of the world.

### 1969

- Neil Armstrong becomes the first man to walk on the moon.





1. & 2. Hotel Farm in Fox Glacier
3. Bob, my father and Riste the Yugoslav. Latitude 0° on the *Toscana*, March 1952  
My father had a fever hence the heavy sweater
4. 66 Squadron, a Sabre squadron at RAF Linton-on-Ouse just out of York city in Yorkshire
5. One of my father's oil paintings
6. Vampire, Brig and Sabre Royal Observer Corp – Open Day August 1954, RAF Pembury
7. Linton-on-Ouse No. 2 Sabre Course, Chivenor, 1954





passed, Dad was sent to his first training base, RAF Cranwell, in Lincolnshire, some 200 kilometres north of London, where he was stationed for three months. He was next stationed at RAF Chivenor, on the north coast of Devon, for six months, where he was taught how to fly the Airspeed Oxford, a twin-engined light communications and training plane, which though noisy was fun to fly. He also learnt a lot of marching drills, would you believe! Being stationed at these airbases was also my father's first taste of dormitory living, something he was to experience for many more years as part of the RAF.

He next moved to RAF Valley on the island of Anglesey in Northern Wales to commence training on the jet fighter, the de Havilland Vampire. Flying this single-seater, single-engined aircraft, capable of speeds of 500 knots, meant these were exciting times for my father. His rank was now pilot officer.

From there Dad was moved to South Wales to RAF Pembrey, where he was taught gunnery associated with the de Havilland Vampires.

**A typical day at Pembrey was as follows:**

**7 a.m.** Wake up.

**7.30 a.m.** Weather briefing, and if the weather was suitable loading up the guns and shooting at a target flag being towed by a plane. The flag was made of canvas and as there were three students shooting at the same flag, the shells were covered in different colours so that should the bullets hit the flag it left a particular colour. This made it possible at the end of the training session to determine how many direct hits had been made by which pilots. My father loved it, and at the time of leaving he had the



RAF Pembrey – my father, Norm and another pilot

highest score that had ever been attained. At the end of the shooting my father would return to base to clean up.

**5 p.m.** High tea, which was cup of tea and a bun in the mess.

**7 p.m.** Dinner, before retiring for the night.

**9 p.m.** Lights out.

Next, Dad was transferred to RAF Chivenor North Devon where he learnt to fly the Canadair CL-13 Sabre, a version of the American F86 Sabre jet fighter, which would later become the hero of the Korean War. A single-engined, single-seater, swept-wing plane, it could achieve supersonic speed in a dive – an exciting first. The plane had to be put into a vertical dive at 750 knots. Despite the myth, passing through the supersonic boom did not result in a peaceful calm for the pilot but as you pulled out of the dive you did experience incredible G-forces. Three months on and Dad was posted to 66 Squadron, a Sabre squadron at RAF Linton-on-Ouse just out of York city in Yorkshire. For 18 months they were

**Events of the Day**

**1971**

- The first email is sent between two computers.

**1972**

- 9 January – RMS *Queen Elizabeth* is destroyed by fire in Hong Kong harbour.

## Events of the Day

### 1975

- The first personal computer is released.

### 1977

- The *Enterprise*, the first space shuttle, has its maiden flight.
- Elvis dies from an overdose.



re-equipped with the new jet fighter, the British Hawker Hunter, the latest addition to the RAF.

Dad spent nearly two and a half years at Linton flying the Hunter, a more powerful plane than the Sabre, practising landings two or three times a day, as well as gunnery practice. Winters, however, were a different story with periods of up to six months being snow bound. In these dark and dreary months there was little to do. Not surprisingly, my father became a bit depressed that after all this effort he found himself cooped up and facing a future that was now appearing rather meaningless – his career path was likely to be squadron pilot then perhaps one day base commander, neither of which my father found at all appealing.

He asked to be reallocated to the RAF transport division – many of his flying peers considered such a move madness.

Coincidentally, at the time the British Overseas Airways Corporation (BOAC), the state airline, was trying to revive the fortune and lives of the first passenger jet, the Comet. A series of airline accidents (one on takeoff and one in mid-air) due to metal fatigue caused by pressurisation meant the Comets were now being taken out of service to be strengthened. After being rebuilt, they were handed to the RAF to test the redesigned planes on longer routes and volunteers were to be asked to fly as co-pilots with 216 Comet Squadron, which was based at Lyneham in Wiltshire, west of London.

At this stage my father was nearing 30 years old and he spent a further two and a half years travelling the world carrying military support staff for the H-bomb tests to Christmas Island in the Pacific, and to Woomera airbase in South Australia, where the British also detonated the H-bomb. The Comet had a limited range of only 2000 miles, which consequently meant many stops. These were fun times for my father and included travelling to such exotic destinations as Greenland. On one occasion, the head of transport for the RAF, Air Vice Marshal Sir Andrew McKee, wanted to see the world, so they circumnavigated the globe. This trip lasted a month and took in Keflavik, Los Angeles, Hawaii, Christmas Island, Fiji, Auckland, Sydney, Melbourne, Singapore, Thailand, India, Bahrain then home to old Blighty and Lyneham. With an all New Zealand crew, my father flew as first officer and even McKee was a New Zealander.

After his flying days, Dad was required to spend a couple more years behind a desk at RAF Upavon in Wiltshire, which

March 10th..

Dear John and Children,

Well, our drought, at least in Auckland has broken-- the worst for 100 years, but further south, it is still very bad. A lot of stock has had to be killed. The garden is still bright as Dad has been watering-- hate to think what our water bill be. Auckland city and suburbs have been fortunate as there has been ample for the use of people. It has shown great foresight on the part of the city fathers. In some country areas, schools have been closed, and others have had water carted to give the children at least a cup of water while they were at school. Sounds strange for N.Z. Sherry and Keith are back in their home again, with no further news about his job in Hongkong. Christopher is in Eltham with Paul and Sheila, and dear old Beau is home also. He is quite the dearest silly old dog we have ever had, and so incredibly intelligent-- we miss him.

Last week we went up to visit people out at the Waenga Whangarei Meads, and then went on up to Russell. These people, or rather the wife is related to the Maszards, cousins in Canada and America, and these cousins are very keen to trace the descendants of Thomas Maszard who came out from Prince Edward Island last century. I am the grand daughter of this Thomas, and I was interested to see the big book she (Lady Jessie Richmond) has about the family. A full history from 1636 to 1898. I have sent away for a copy, obtainable from the Library of References, Washington D.C. 434. I have always had a small account of the origins of the family, and when we were in Newport, Rhode Island, we saw the original documents of the founding of the State, as the first Thomas Maszard was one of the signatories of the Proclamation in 1634. We also saw the two first homes of the family, one of which is a Trust Home, taken care of by the Historical Society. The people up north, are a retired Vice-Admiral Sir Maxwell Richmond. She wrote to me before Xmas, as she wished to get all the data about us in this generation.

A letter to my father from his mother Geraldine. I found the formality of the letter quite unusual given it's between a mother and her son.

We went up in Matty and took the cloast road to Russell, north of Whangarei--- and what a blood awful road it was. 41 miles which seemed more like 200. Pot holes, up and down for ever, and so narrow we <sup>were</sup> almost collected by lorries a dozen times. I was weeping for poor old Matty's bones. However we eventually arrived with no apparent damage done. Russell is a dear wee place, so peaceful and unspoilt-- long may it so remain. We spent the night at Wellsford both going and coming back. All well there, and as busy as usual. I dont know how Elizabeth keeps going the way she does. and still look so pretty and young. Have the Wards arrived yet, I sent a letter care of you which you will hold for me if they haven't. ~~yet~~, their itinery was supposed to be May for N.Z. How are things with you? We are looking forward to heving you out in a couple of months. Is it May or June you are to come? Let us know when you have a fixed time, which can be changed I know at the drop of a hat. love to you all, and a hug all round.

*Mother*

**BY AIR MAIL**  
**AEROGRAMME**

If anything is enclosed  
this form will be surcharged  
at rate for Air Mail Letters.

J. M. D. Connell

Lot 522, Ken Men Villa,  
Shatin, N.P.  
Hongkong.



SENDER'S NAME Mrs D. D. Connell  
AND ADDRESS 97 Waimea Crescent

Titirangi, Auckland,  
New Zealand.

ISSUED BY THE NEW ZEALAND POST OFFICE FOR  
POSTING IN NEW ZEALAND TO OVERSEAS ADDRESSES



My father, A. Jones, R. O. Jones, D. R. Kenyon, A. P. Austin, J. McDowell – 19 June 1952, RAF Digby. My father thought it quite funny to fly with oxygen masks in a Tiger Moth

## Events of the Day

### 1979

- Erebus disaster: an Air New Zealand DC-10 crashes into Mount Erebus in Antarctica on a sightseeing trip, killing all 257 people on board.

### 1982

- Michael Jackson releases *Thriller*, the biggest-selling album of all time.

was the headquarters of Transport command, working as an operations officer, one of several in that position. In those days he used to get around in a three-wheeled Messerschmitt which he used to drive on occasion to London. He found this two-seater to be a very underpowered vehicle.

After five years' service officers were given the opportunity to request a posting, with no guarantees that their request would be met. Dad applied for command on a Hastings at Changi airbase, Singapore. The RAF airport had been built largely by imprisoned British servicemen during the Japanese occupation in the Second World War. He spent two and a half years there, flying Hastings on military operations transporting military personnel from as far as Cyprus in the west to Honolulu in the Pacific and all ports in between, including Aden, Christmas Island and Hong Kong, to name a few. After 12 years of flying for the RAF his contract was now up; he was given the option of staying for the rest of his working life or accepting demobilisation. His gratuity was £4000, a substantial sum in those days.

Working for the RAF had been good for my father, taking him all over the world, from Christmas Island to Gan in the Maldives to Aden in Yemen, where on a stopover he had joined the flight engineer and the captain for a walk down to the port. Spying some rock mussels my father, being a good Kiwi lad, indulged in a few. Hours later he was so stricken with gastroenteritis that he had to be stretchered onto the plane back to England. He had seen a unique world, one on the brink of discovery of the technological age, where air travel had brought the world together and where no corner was too far or inaccessible. At this stage my father was

married and his first child, Tim (being the author), was born while he was away in Oxford on training. It wasn't till nine months later that my father got to see his first-born. Dad returned to Singapore to rejoin his family and for his new job at Malaysia Air Charter, an inter-city, inter-township charter firm servicing the Malaysian peninsula, East Malaysia and Singapore on light aircraft, including old Cessnas as well as an old Lockheed. (He had had to requalify as a civil pilot; it was as if his previous career had amounted to nought.)

These were good times for Dad. He enjoyed life in Singapore, and, with the arrival of Wenda, he now had two children. His job involved flying from Singapore to Kuala Lumpur and vice versa each night dragging 'flongs' (the proofs) from KL to Singapore for the *Strait Times* and *Malaysian Times*, finishing at midnight then starting again at 8 a.m. for a daily run up the east coast to the iron mines at Bucket Besi and Lanjut, down to KL for lunch, then back to the iron mines. At the end of 1965 my father was based in Semporna on the island of Borneo for six months, flying Cessnas and moving general freight. However, after an altercation with the owner over unpaid perks and bonuses, Dad left to work in Vietnam.

The new job was for a Singapore company, flying from Saigon to airfields and airstrips throughout the delta and east coast to the western Vietnam border transporting light freight, management and personnel. The job lasted only three months, as an application he had put in with Cathay Pacific two years previously was acknowledged and an interview offered. My father was excited at the prospect of flying for Cathay Pacific, a fledgling airline formed after the war which, with the growth of the Asian economies, had enormous possibilities.



My father being received by his commanding officer after landing



My father is in the front row in the middle. All those with crosses never passed their exams – RAF Pershire



Flying over the Borneo jungle in a Hastings



My father's first car in England - a Morris



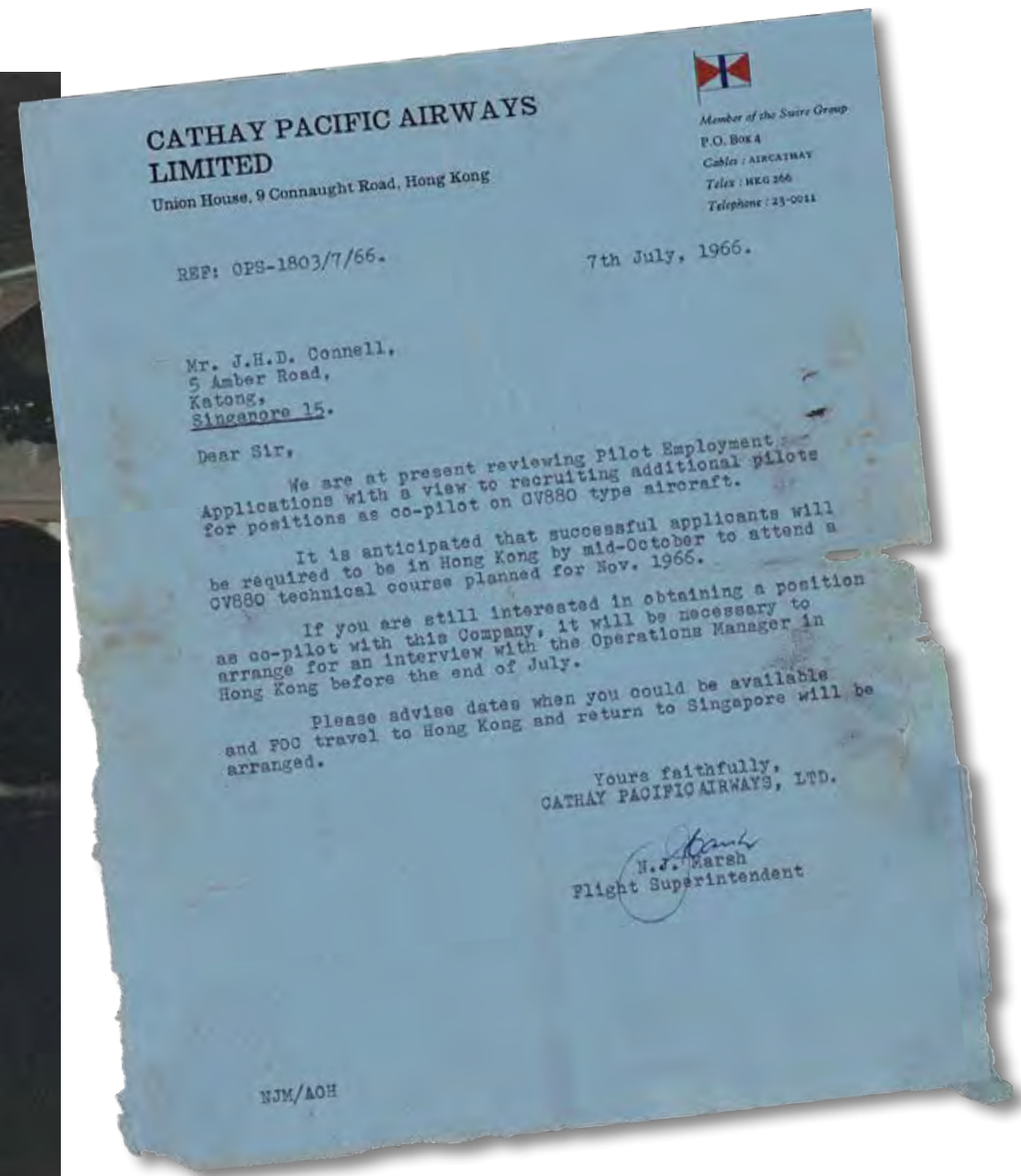
The Comet transport plane my father flew. Early Comets were to be plagued with metal fatigue and literally fell out of the sky



My father, my grandmother  
Geraldine, my aunt  
Charente, my uncle Keith,  
my grandfather Dick and  
my cousin Abigail



My father in the captain's seat flying a Lockheed L-1011



Early correspondence with Cathay, July 1966

**CATHAY PACIFIC AIRWAYS  
LIMITED**

Union House, 9 Connaught Road, Hong Kong



Member of the Swiss Group  
P.O. Box 4  
Cables: AIRCATHAY  
Telex: HEG 266  
Telephone: 23-0011

REF: OPS-1803/7/66.

7th July, 1966.

Mr. J.H.D. Connell,  
5 Amber Road,  
Katong,  
Singapore 15.

Dear Sir,

We are at present reviewing Pilot Employment Applications with a view to recruiting additional pilots for positions as co-pilot on CV880 type aircraft.

It is anticipated that successful applicants will be required to be in Hong Kong by mid-October to attend a CV880 technical course planned for Nov. 1966.

If you are still interested in obtaining a position as co-pilot with this Company, it will be necessary to arrange for an interview with the Operations Manager in Hong Kong before the end of July.

Please advise dates when you could be available and FCC travel to Hong Kong and return to Singapore will be arranged.

Yours faithfully,  
CATHAY PACIFIC AIRWAYS, LTD.

*H.J. Marsh*  
H.J. Marsh  
Flight Superintendent

NJM/AOH

*The complete collection of passenger jets my father flew at Cathay Pacific*



Boeing 747



Convair 880



Lockheed L-1011 TriStar



Boeing 707





My biological mother, my father and my sister Wenda

Dad was offered a position, and flew Convair 880s, which could accommodate up to 100 passengers, followed by the Boeing 707 in which he received his command as captain after three years. They were followed by the Lockheed TriStar and finally the Boeing 747, on which he remained until his retirement in 1984 after 18 years' service with Cathay Pacific. Flying all over Asia, Dad was also the captain of Cathay's inaugural flight out of New Zealand to Hong Kong, an honour bestowed on him by the company. Flights took him as far west as London and as far east as Vancouver, with numerous places in between – Dad saw it all.

## *Marriage a Second Time*

Though working for Cathay was everything my father had ever wanted, his marriage was crumbling fast and after only a few years in Hong Kong it was over. The next few years were restless ones for my father. We moved to lavish accommodation in the countryside of Shatin (where now an enormous city exists). My father employed a string of housekeepers to look after his children in his absence. These were fun times and I recall many parties at our house with its enormous pool and amazing gardens. After a few years in Shatin we moved nearer Mongkok to be closer to the airport and the local school. My father advertised for a new housekeeper and a young Susanna Kwok applied for the job; this was to change both their lives as she and my father became husband and wife on 5 July 1974. This was my father's second chance at married life and they welcomed two little girls into their lives, Sharon and Fiona. A 19-year age gap and a cultural divide made the early years of married life difficult for everyone involved, including their children, but 36 years later they seem to have something special.

## *Retirement*

When my father retired in 1984 at the age of 55 he had been fortunate to have seen and experienced the golden age of aviation from the Tiger Moths of Clevedon to the jet fighter planes of the RAF, and to retire at that time at the helm of the Jumbo 747, the biggest of them all (until 2008 when Singapore Airlines took delivery of the Airbus A380).

## Events of the Day

### 1989

- The year is considered a historical turning point for the wave of revolutions that swept the Eastern Bloc. Collectively known as the Revolutions of 1989, they heralded the end of the Soviet Union two years later.
- Fall of the Berlin Wall.
- The Tiananmen Square massacre takes place in Beijing.

### 1997

- Diana, Princess of Wales, dies after a car accident in Paris.

### 2001

- 11 September. Almost 3000 are killed in terrorist attacks as planes crash into the World Trade Centre in New York City, the Pentagon in Arlington, Virginia, and in rural Shanksville, Pennsylvania.



Wedding day for my mother and father



My father, my grandfather and my aunt Elizabeth and Charente on the lawn at Happy Valley





My father's plane, built in our garage at home

My father had been extremely lucky, but I am not sure he really knew it or appreciated it.

He retired to Rotorua's Kawaha Point, to a wonderful home on the lake where he could watch from his upstairs bedroom the swans landing on the lake or, across on the eastern shore, the planes coming and going at Rotorua Airport. For the next few years he enthusiastically followed his passion for trout fishing, but over time even that waned. One can only play for so long before one tires of it.

My father and I would make trips from time to time to his favourite spot, Hatepe, at the mouth of the Hinemaiaia River, roughly halfway between Turangi and Taupo. Hatepe holds special place in the hearts of the Connell family, with so many

Connells over the years having spent many a day and night casting into the Hinemaiaia just below the power station.

My grandfather ('Pompa') and his brother Pip once fished these waters on a regular basis. I recall as a boy my father taking both Wenda and me in Matty, Pompa's campervan. I remember lying on the banks, miserably cold, as my dad would work the pools one by one, and he never failed – he was the best trout fisherman and I was immensely proud. One early morning Dad and I went up the Ngongotaha Stream, not far from home in Rotorua, to fish the morning trout 'rise'. We arrived at a large pool to find three frustrated fishermen; the fish could be seen but none was biting we were told. Dad motioned me to take a seat so he could take his turn in the line of hopeful fishermen. I will never forget seeing him catch four fish in the pool, much to the bewilderment of the other men, and as his son I was glowing with pride.

There was always a trout in the freezer in those days – and a story. Dad had a habit of always placing the freshly caught fish on the floor of the driver's seat, which seemed safe enough. However, once when coming home as Dad drove into the garage the fish had worked its way forward so when he went to press the brake pedal the trout impeded its progress; needless to say it was an expensive fish.

As Dad grew older his ability to take on some of the more arduous treks to rivers became too much for him. We resigned to sitting at the tailrace at Tokaanu trying our luck. We caught a few but that didn't really matter; it was always more a case of us doing something together. On one occasion we did land a good seven-pounder – together, because I hadn't screwed the reel in properly so when the fish took my line the reel flew off. I managed the rod while Dad reeled in the fish; it was our first joint fish – we had a good laugh that day.

## Events of the Day

### 2004

- One of the worst natural disasters in recorded history hits Southeast Asia, when the strongest earthquake in 40 years hits the entire Indian Ocean region. It generates enormous tsunami waves, and the death toll in 14 countries exceeds 225,000.

### 2008

- An African American, Barack Obama, is elected President of the United States.
- World population 6.7 billion (est. July).



My father and grandfather – the two biggest influences on my life



My father with Wenda, my grandfather Pompa with my brother and sister, Nicolas and Monica and the author

Dad has caught many large trout in his day but his last big fish came from just around the corner from Tokaanu near Braxmere Lodge, which for years was Dad's favourite haunt; every visit we made to New Zealand included at least one weekend at Braxmere near the Waihi Delta. As a child I always found it a cold and damp place, but my father loved it, and one morning he returned with a 14-pound brownie. I don't think he stopped smiling the whole week.

Retirement also gave Dad a chance to maintain his passion for motorcycles and to fully refurbish his Black Shadow Vincent, which was to become the jewel in his crown. I remember going along with him to a little house in the Waikato at Ohinewai where Dad purchased the bike from a former speedway world champion, Hugh Anderson. The bike was Dad's most expensive acquisition and one that would take years to completely refurbish.

One of his first bikes was a 1964 Ariel Square Four 1000 cc, which he rebuilt when we lived in Kadoorie Avenue in Hong Kong. Dad used to look forward to his trips to England so he could spend the time off scouting for parts. From there came a regular procession of bikes (and the world's first jet ski – the Vincent) and these included a 1968 Norton Dominator 650 (a former Singapore police motorcycle), a shaft-driven 1948 S7 Sunbeam 500, A Jawa 250 (which Dad purchased for me) and finally a BSA Meteor 500 twin. They were all lovingly returned to their former glory. Even though the work was painstakingly slow, Dad had the patience of Job and took enormous pride in seeing them restored. On more than one occasion I recall him tearing me out of bed to examine an open crankshaft case. He would peer into the crankcase with pride and say something like 'Isn't that amazing?' 'Yes, Dad,' I would say as I struggled



back to bed. His ability with his hands was incredible, especially considering he was completely self-taught in the art of arc and bead welding as well as in the use of a metal lathe – skills that I could only look at in awe.

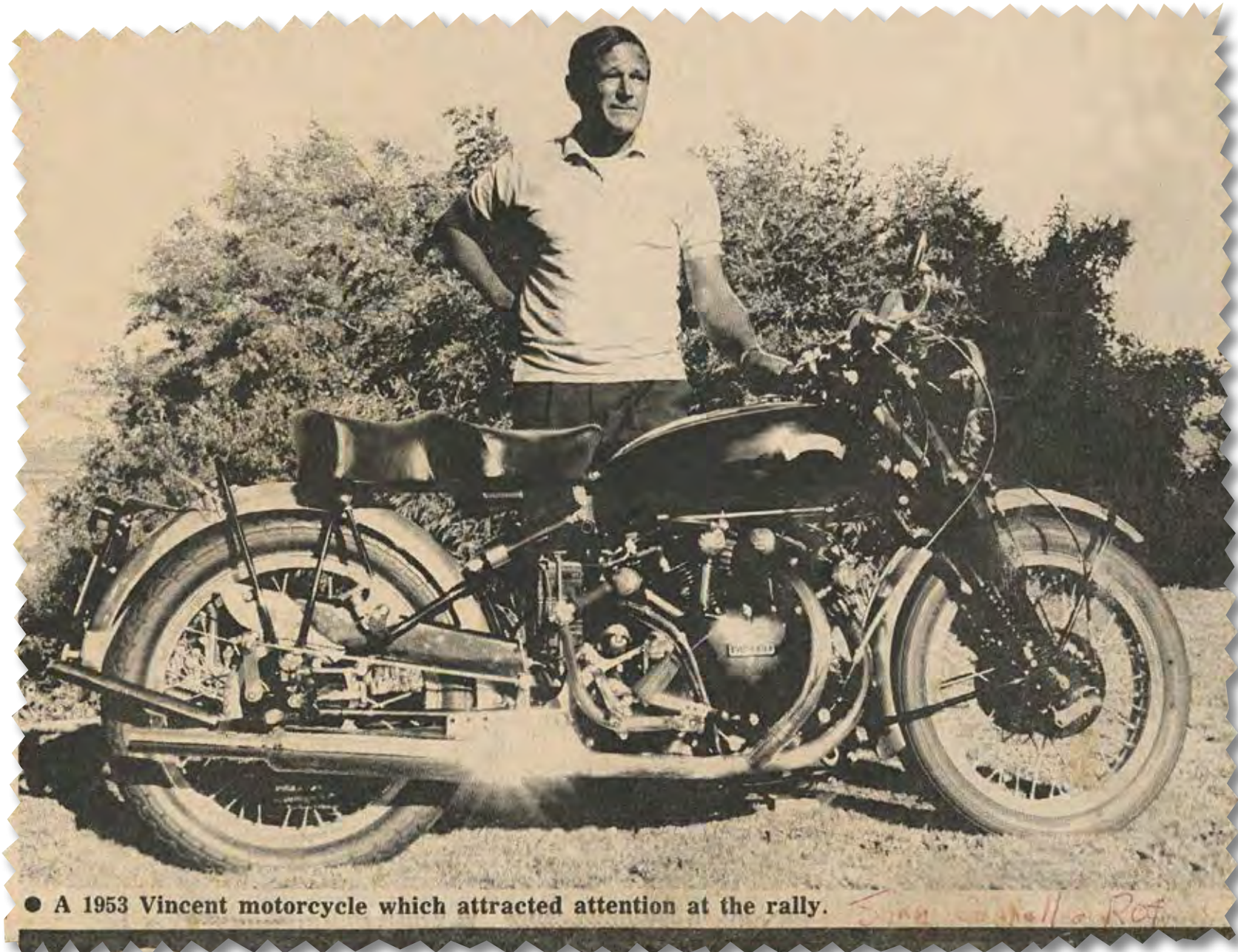
His biggest challenge was to come – to build his own kitset aeroplane! Dad had purchased a kitset Lancair, an endeavour that was to take 12 years to complete. The Lancair was one of the fastest kitset planes available and required a huge amount of assembly work. Many other retired Cathay pilots had purchased similar planes including another Cathay captain, Simon Creasey, a friend of my father's (who was to later crash his Lancair in Taupo after engine failure; although he survived the crash he was severely burnt, and permanently disfigured). Building the plane required not only assembly of the fuselage but the landing gear too, as well as wiring. Such was the expertise required that other kitset owners employed professional tradesmen to complete the job – but this was the type of challenge my father loved and at which he excelled.

As the plane took shape, our garage grew wings and a tail to accommodate the embryonic plane within it. Finally, after 16 years, it was complete. Fitted with a Lycoming 118 hp engine, she was extremely fast, with a cruising speed of 135 knots and a top speed of 220 knots. The family, of course, had their reservations. Dad was to later build his own hangar at Rotorua Airport to house his new toy.

While the plane was a two-seater she was actually very cramped inside and had very little room for anything other than a pilot and one other. Because of the plane's high performance she was also a trifle difficult to fly and the family were worried about our father's safety.



Braxmere Lodge, Little Waihi, Lake Taupo



● A 1953 Vincent motorcycle which attracted attention at the rally.

*Sung cannella, Rot.*

A clipping taken from the Rotorua local newspaper



The family fears were realised when soon after her completion Dad had a major accident on landing, which closed the airport for 20 minutes, and the plane suffered significant damage. Fortunately, Dad wasn't seriously injured, though his ego did take a knock. A few years later, he sold the plane to an aircraft dealer who specialised in the sale of new and used planes, and from all accounts she never missed a beat – a testament to my father's wonderful workmanship.

Today he spends his time at the family home in Kawaha Point, Rotorua, pottering around waiting for his wife to return home from working at the bakery.



Sharon, Beatrix, my father



Wenda and me at our home in Shatin, Hong Kong



Wenda experiencing the outdoors of New Zealand



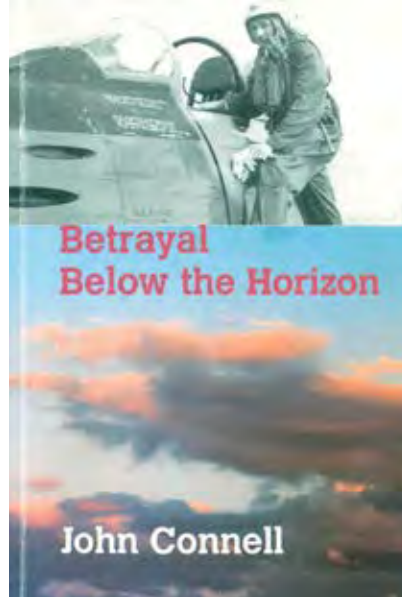
My father with Wenda and me at Shatin, Hong Kong



Emi, Louis, Fiona on their wedding day



**Thriller in Manila October 1, 1975** My father was the captain of the plane that flew him to Manila. My father said Mohammad Ali had a gentle handshake.



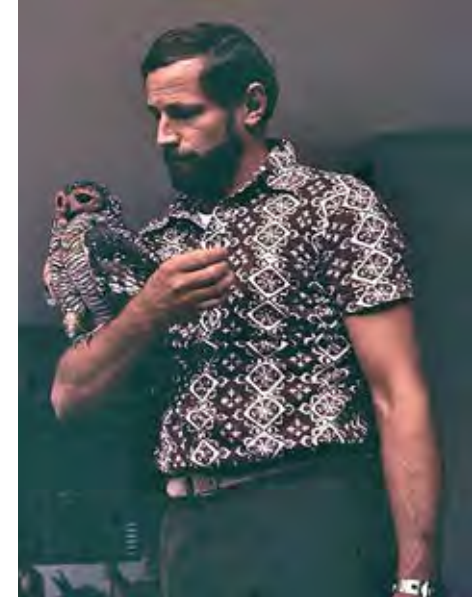
My father's book



My father and mother with Sharon, Suffolk Road, Hong Kong



Chubby Beatrix and my father



Mr Woo the Owl and my father, Shatin, Hong Kong



My father with Sharon



Audrey, Mum and Beatrix



My father's motorcycle collection

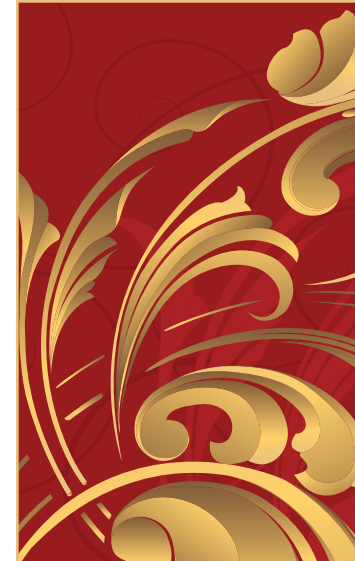
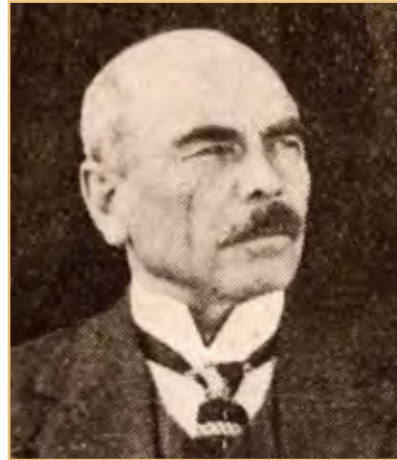


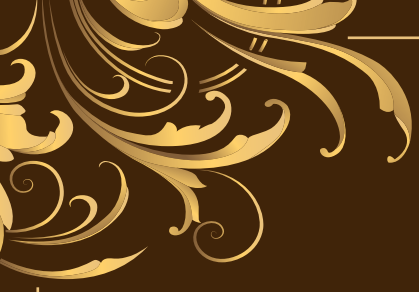


**Christmas at Rotorua with the family**

L-R: James Goggin, Sharon Goggin, Audrey Goggin (seated on lap), my father, Fiona, Lulu Johnson (on my father's lap), Mum, Beatrice Goggin, Mark Johnson, Wenda Johnson, Beiju Johnson (on lap), the author

# *Notables*

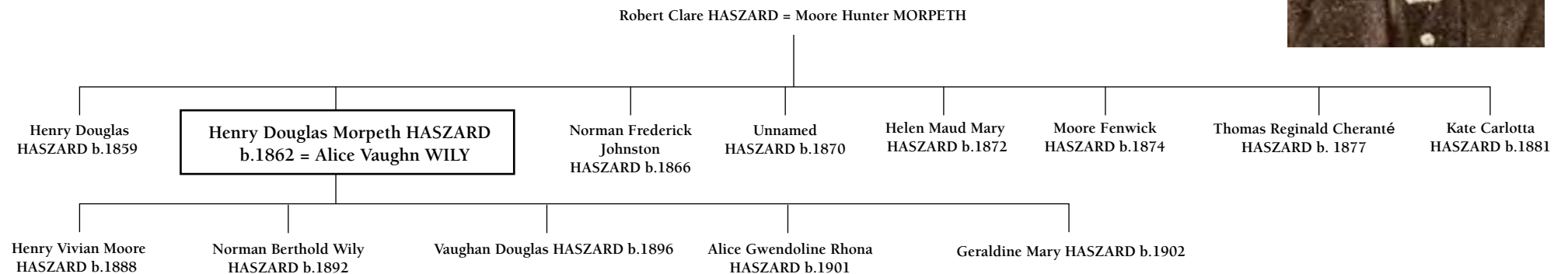
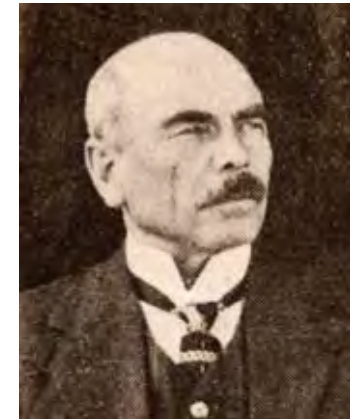




HDMH - This picture is kept in the Alexander Turnbull Archives, Wellington

# Henry Douglas Morpeth Haszard (HDMH)

Surveyor, Land Commissioner 1862–1938



Henry Douglas Morpeth Haszard had five children.

**Henry Vivian Moore Haszard** born 7 Jan 1888 became a mining engineer in Western Australia, served in WW1 in the Navy and received the DSO, rising to the rank of Lieutenant Commander. He had three children and died 13 March 1962.

**Norman Berthold Wily Haszard** born 1892 married Marjorie Pritchett, joined the Union Steam Company and also served in WW1 in the Navy on HMS *Lobelia*, also rose to the rank of Lieutenant Commander. He had one child, Robin Haszard, and died 22 March 1980.

**Vaughan Douglas Haszard** born 1896 married Nancy Restall. He also saw active service in WW1, fighting in the trenches at Somme where he was wounded in the ankle from which he would eventually lose a leg (although he later learnt to drive a car with one leg). He and Nancy had two children. He died aged 68.

**Alice Gwendoline Rhona Haszard** born 1901 married Ronald McKenzie 1922, married Leslie Greener 1925. See chapter on Notables for Rhona Haszard.

**Geraldine Mary Haszard** born 1902 married Dick Douglas Connell 1924. See her diary at the back of this book.

## *Growing up*

*M*y great-grandfather Henry Douglas Morpeth Haszard was born on 16 January 1862 at Mangonui, Northland, the eldest surviving son of Moore Hunter Morpeth and her husband, Robert Haszard, a farmer and former goldminer. His parents had both arrived in Auckland from Prince Edward Island, Canada in 1858. His great-grandfather Thomas Haszard had been one of the original eight who in 1639 had purchased 800,000 acres of South Rhode Island and founded the town of Newport (New England, USA).

Harry, as he was commonly known, was educated at the Otamatea School at Tanoa on the Kaipara Harbour (where his father had become the headmaster), at Paparoa School, and at Auckland College and Grammar School. After passing the civil service entrance examination he joined the Survey Department as a cadet in 1880. He was trained by C. F. R. von Neumann in the Hokianga district and qualified as an authorised surveyor in 1883.

## *Working Life*

*I*n August 1887 Harry was invited by the assistant surveyor-general, S. P. Smith, to join the New Zealand party which was going to the Kermadec Islands to confirm New Zealand possession and to undertake a survey. A few months earlier, on 12 April 1887, he had married Alice Elizabeth Vaughan Wily, at Mauku. The first of their five children was born at Auckland in January 1888.



My grandfather Dick with my great-grandfather Henry Morpeth Haszard and my aunt Charente at their first house in Paparata

# VOYAGE OF HARDSHIP

As the tiny sailing ship Prince Edward carried Moore Haszard from Charlottetown Harbour in November, 1858, destined for New Zealand, 14,500 miles (23,200km) and then half a year away, she needed all the courage of her illustrious forebear, Sir John Moore.

The bride of Robert Haszard, she must surely have questioned the wisdom of this voyage, especially as she lay wretchedly ill with seasickness for much of the trip.

Her son, Fenwick, born in New Zealand 16 years later, wrote of her distress: "Mother had been ill from the start of the voyage. She never could get over the seasickness and before reaching Cape Town she was in such an exhausted state that her life was despaired of."

"On reaching the Cape it was decided to remain for a month until her strength was built up."

At least Moore Haszard had the comfort of her husband and several members of the Haszard family.

She was christened Moore (pronounced Moore) in deference to Sir John Moore who had died at the Battle of Corunna in 1809 and had left no male

heirs to carry on the name.

Moore was one of the 84 passengers in the hands of a highly skilled master, Captain Edward Nolan, who had spent more than 30 years in sail, chiefly in north Atlantic and west African waters.

As well as the considerable demands on his seamanship and recurring shortages of water and the main food of salt meat and ship's biscuits at certain stages of the voyage he had to control some quirky passengers.

What had carried these 84 people away from Prince Edward Island in the Gulf of St Lawrence?

Moore's father, Henry Douglas Morpeth, had heard of the Auckland Waste Lands Act whereby land was bought from the Maoris by the Crown for the purpose of settlement.

Immigrants "of good character and sober speaking habits" could select 40 acres (16.2 hectares) of this land on the payment of the agent's fee of £10. Children could claim 20 acres on application by their guardians.

Robert Haszard, aware of the decreasing property at home, especially with the restrictions on farm freeholding, looked to the other side of the world.

Auckland drew agonisingly close, but there was still one final ordeal. The

**This is the story of two courageous women, Moore Haszard, who sailed from Prince Edward Island, Canada, to New Zealand in 1858, and Martha Bagnall, who made the same voyage five years later. The passenger lists of the two ships also contain the names of the Morpeth, Owen and Darrach families, whose descendants will hold a reunion in Auckland next weekend.**

ship was struck by a violent westerly squall as Great Barrier Island was rounded.

Moore Haszard recorded: "For a while it seemed impossible that anything could save us. The ship was lying on her side with the lee rail under water."

"The expressions on the faces of all — fear or determination — the howling of the wind, flapping of sails and roar of water, made such a scene that I can never forget. Gradually the strain was eased and the ship slowly came back to an even keel."

Moore Haszard's journey did not really end on May 13, 1859, when the ship berthed with the relieved passengers and such items as bricks, saws, wagons and even a steam engine.

The Haszards first settled in Manganui, Northland, and the only communication to Auckland was by means of a sailing cutter.

Fenwick Haszard kept a record of those heart-breaking days when settlers looked out from their temporary raupo whares, often on many acres of scrub to be cleared.

He wrote with particular sensitivity on what his mother and other women went through in those times.

"The living conditions were hard even for men," he recalled. "But how much harder they were for women, little more than girls brought up in the seclusion of early Victorian days."

"They were certainly taught the rudiments of house management, but they never had to do the actual work."

"Then suddenly they were transplanted to the wilds of a practically unknown country, surrounded by tattooed savages and compelled to

do the whole of the multitudinous work, even to the grinding of corn for bread for the whole household."

Manganui was abandoned and the family moved to Tanea on the Otamaten River. Robert Haszard taught at a native school, even though he had no knowledge of Maori and his pupils knew little of English.

Robert Haszard retired in 1886. He and Moore moved south, spending their final years in Waihi.

ON the night of December 23, 1863, Martha Bagnall looked out from the sailing ship Pakeha, towards the fading land around Charlottetown Harbour, which would soon be frozen.

Ahead of her lay New Zealand, said by those who had sailed earlier in the Prince Edward to be a beautiful country where land was given to every person who paid their passage.

But beyond the darkening shoreline of Prince Edward Island were Martha's six brothers and five sisters. She never saw them again.

Not all were and on that bleak December day, Young Horatia Nelson Bagnall, a son of Martha and her husband, George, raced round the decks of the newly built brig with as much confidence as his famous namesake had handled the Victory.

His older brother, a future Mayor of Auckland, Lemuel Bagnall, and his bride, Sarah, thought of new challenges rather than the severing of old ties.

Their arrival in Auckland on May 26, 1864 was not encouraging.

No accommodation was available after settlers had fled north from the turbulence of the land wars. The weary immigrants inquired anxiously for lodgings, while their children sloshed through the mud of Shortland St.

They had to settle for temporary rooms in the barracks.

Matakana was the first real home where the Bagnalls, with the Darracks, who had also sailed on the Pakeha, formed a modest shipbuilding business.

"Men were hired to help in the shipyard," recorded Margaret Bagnall, a daughter of George and Martha. "There was no place for them to sleep and eat but in our house, and often there were 18 to cook for every day."

"It was almost impossible to get servants to come so far from town, and with the exception of two maids — one of whom stayed three weeks, the other two — all the work was done by mother."

These are no tear-jerking extracts from Dickens or Louisa M. Alcott. Here is a factual story of those times, when people sought sustained employment for their usually large families.

Times of utter grief might accompany the struggle. Children often died, victims of typhoid, cramp or measles, as their parents prayed and burned infected clothing. The Bagnalls knew such times.

At last the Bagnalls began to prosper from their sawmill at Turua on the west bank of the Waikou River.

Descendants are still sometimes addressed as the "Butter-box Bagnalls" because it was in the milling of the kahikatea that they contributed to the founding of an important export industry for this country.

The business spread in Auckland and became more diversified, but present-day Bagnalls will return to Turua on May 20 to attend a thanksgiving church service.

George Bagnall died in 1889 and Martha 17 years later.

More than 400 people will remember them and the other intrepid voyagers of the Prince Edward and Pakeha. They only survived by bending their backs and having an unbreakable faith in a not always friendly land.

— Brian Humberstone



My grandfather Dick (Pompa) on the stairs of the original Haszard homestead on Rhode Island



MOORE HASZARD with one of her grandsons born in New Zealand.

A picture of my great-great-grandmother Moore Haszard (née Morpeth) in an issue of *The New Zealand Herald*




Picture taken before the Tarawera eruption. By sheer coincidence those Haszards saved at Wairoa were pulled to safety by John Vaille Connell. Little were either party to know that their families would be intertwined many years later



HDMH (in the middle) on another mounted survey mission





Harry was a member of the Auckland Institute, and between 1889 and 1902 contributed papers on a variety of topics, including evidence of a cannibal feast which he had discovered in sand dunes near Raglan, thermal hot springs in Lake Waikare and Captain James Cook's visit to Mercury Bay. He was also a foundation member of the New Zealand Institute of Surveyors.

By 1896 Harry was acting as an inspecting surveyor at Thames, where he worked with Laurence Cussen, the pioneer surveyor of the King Country. He was responsible for the survey of the Waihi and Waitekauri mining townships, a difficult task because of the many business and residential sites that had been granted over a considerable period. He remained at Thames until 1909, being promoted to district surveyor in 1898.

In 1903 Harry became seriously ill with blood poisoning contracted in the course of his work. To assist his recovery the minister of lands, T. Y. Duncan, arranged for him to spend his sick leave on a voyage to the Cook Islands and Niue. In return Harry agreed to carry out a survey of Niue, and in recognition of this work he was elected a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, London.

Harry gave up field surveying in June 1909 when he was appointed chief draughtsman in the Lands and Survey Office in Christchurch and acting chief surveyor for Canterbury. In 1912 he became commissioner of Crown lands, chief surveyor and conservator of state forests for the Westland district. In addition to his ordinary departmental duties Harry was appointed chairman of the 1913 Royal Commission on Forestry, which also included the eminent botanist Leonard Cockayne. The commission's comprehensive report became the major influence on forestry policy. Among its recommendations were the classification of all forests with a

protective role as climatic reserves, the designation of scenic reserves and the removal of forest from all land suitable for farming. The pumice lands of the North Island volcanic plateau were recommended as the site for large plantations of exotic trees, especially *Pinus radiata*.

In 1914 Harry was one of two commissioners appointed to enquire into reserves for landless Maori in the South Island and the Waikato–Maniapoto Native Land Court District. A promotion to commissioner of Crown lands, chief surveyor and conservator of state forests for Southland, based in Invercargill, followed in 1915; it was there that his wife died of influenza in 1918. In 1919 Harry was appointed to identical posts for Canterbury.

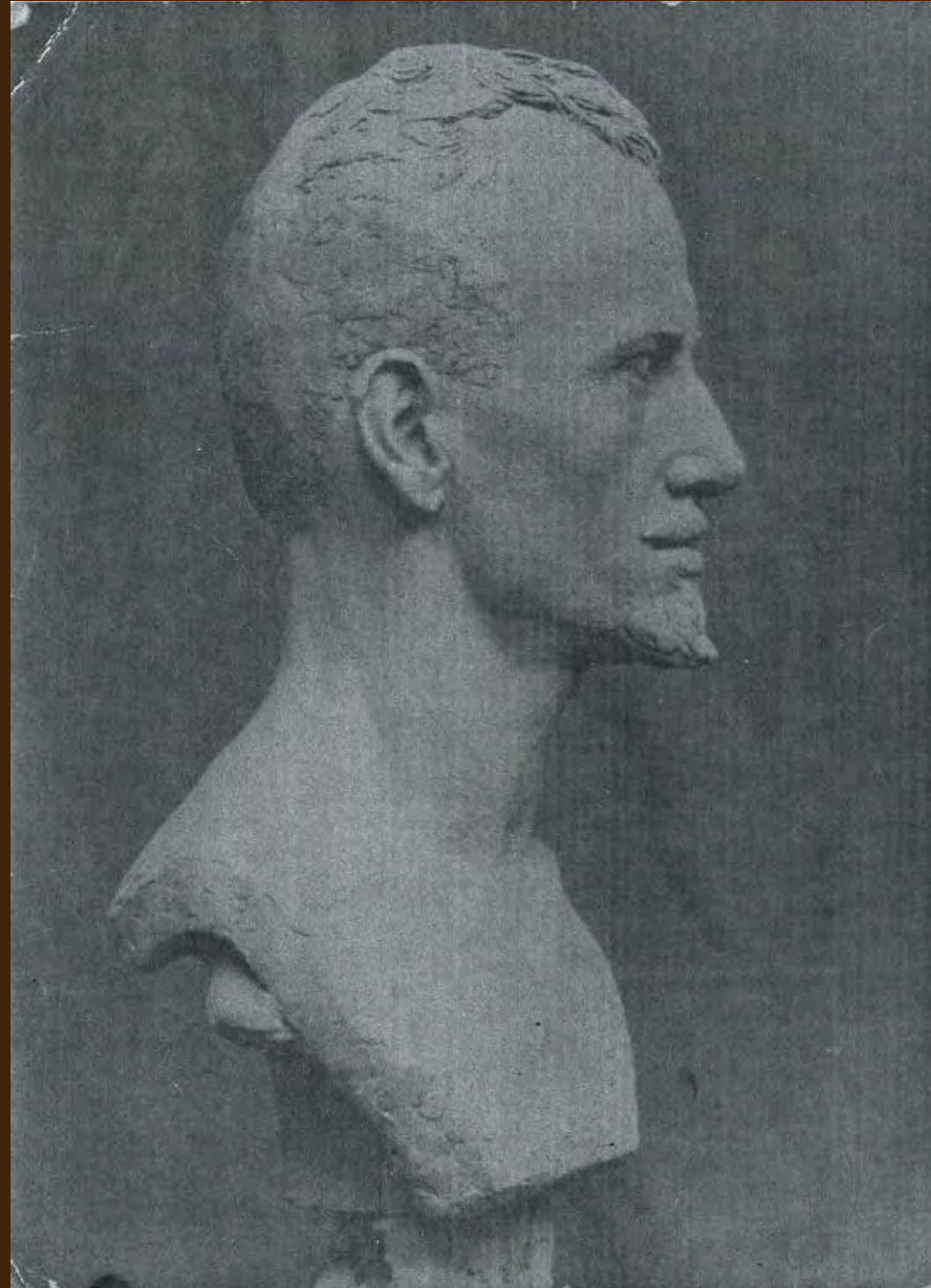
## *Retirement*

After his retirement on 31 March 1921 he lived at Waihi, in a large house on the banks of the Ohinemuri River. He was made a justice of the peace, added to his large collection of Maori artefacts, took an interest in a farm block which he owned with his brothers, and travelled extensively overseas. On 24 February 1923, at Auckland, he married Mary Elizabeth Davison.

My great-grandfather Harry Haszard died at Auckland on 19 September 1938, survived by his second wife, three sons and a daughter. His eldest daughter Rhona, who was to become one of New Zealand's pioneering artists, died at the age of 30 in Egypt (see later chapter). His contribution to surveying and lands administration is commemorated in Mt Haszard and Haszard Ridge in the Hall Range, South Canterbury, and in Mt Haszard on Macauley Island and nearby Haszard Islet, both in the Kermadec Islands.

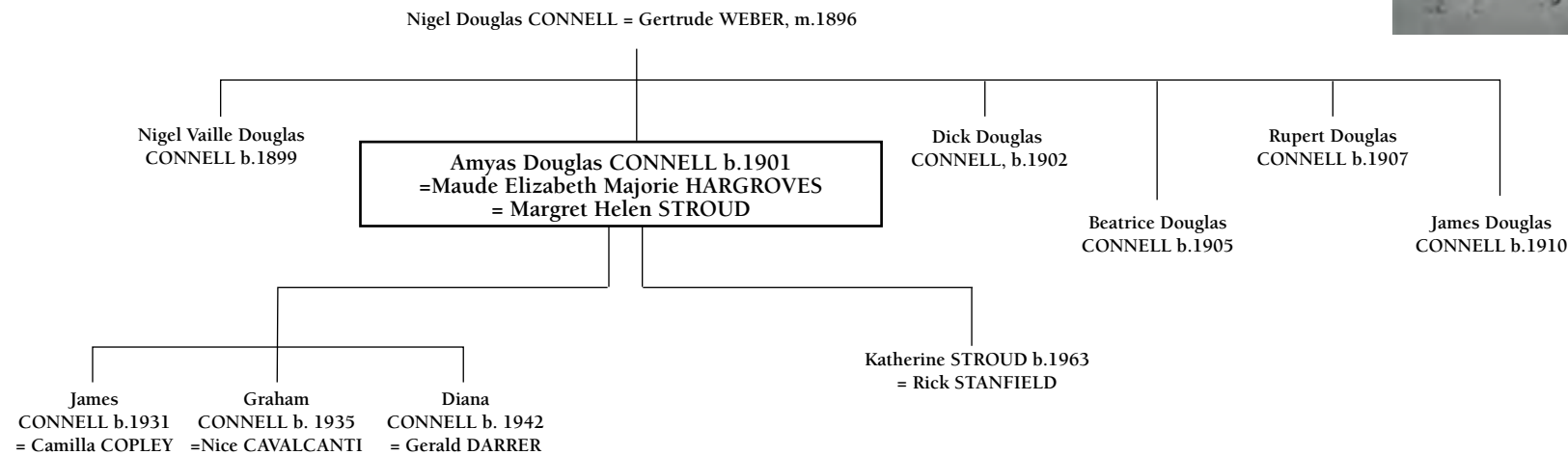


The Haszard family in Waihi. **Standing at back:** Alice Haszard (wife of HDMH), Norman Fred Johnston Haszard (2nd son of Robert), Carlotta Haszard (youngest daughter of Robert & Moore), Fen Haszard (4th child of Robert & Moore), Reg (Thomas Reginald Charente Haszard), **Seated:** HDMH, Vivian (Henry Vivian Moore Haszard, 1st son of HDMH), Robert Clare Haszard, Moore Hunter Haszard, Maud (Helen Maud Mary Haszard 3rd born)



# Amyas Douglas Connell

Architect 1901–1980



My great-uncle Amyas Connell is possibly the most famous member of our extended family to date for his achievements in architecture. It came as a surprise to see his birth certificate and his name spelt as 'Arngass' (see Birth Certificate) though I have no doubt that this is simply a transcription error. I have yet to uncover why he was called Amyas; it is unlikely he was named after any ancestor as I have been unable to find any such person. Though my aunt Charente believes Amyas was named after the fictional character 'Amyas Leigh' in the 1855 Charles Kingsley novel *Westward Ho*. The timing of the publication release and the role of the hero are both possible clues as to why he was called 'Amyas', which was an exceptionally rare name then as it is now.

Born in Eltham, Taranaki on 23 June 1901, he was the oldest of five children with four brothers and extroverted sister.

Amyas was trained in Wellington in the office of Stanley W. Fearn, a respected neo-classical designer. As a student Amyas won the prestigious Rome Prize in Architecture in 1926, giving him the opportunity to study architecture in Rome. Amyas had been greatly impressed by the work of Le Corbusier at the 1925 Paris Exhibition and that of fellow French modernists André Lurçat and Rob Mallet-Stevens. These modernist influences were to characterise his work for the rest of his career.



Amya's first wife Maude (Margret) with son James, Beatrice, Amya's sister with her two children, Tessa and Sue



Amyas with the Queen Mother going over restoration drawings after WWII for the rebuild of London ministerial buildings



Amyas, Dick and Jock

## *Working Life*

After leaving the Rome School early in 1929, Amyas set up a London office with another young architect, Australian Stewart Lloyd Thomson, and began work on High and Over, a country house in Amersham, Buckinghamshire designed for (and in close collaboration with) the noted archaeologist Professor Bernard Ashmole, later to become director of the British Museum. High and Over defined Amyas' career and effectively launched the modernist architectural style in Great Britain. Built with a reinforced concrete frame in the shape of a letter 'Y', High and Over was completed in 1929, and is among the first modernist houses in Britain. It was part of a larger scheme that included a gardener's lodge, water tower and generator house set in a garden that combined Cubist elements with the English landscape tradition. It was later joined by a group of speculative houses in similar style.



This impressive design was a beacon to a younger generation of architects. In 1962, it was divided into two separate dwellings in a (successful) effort to save it from demolition.

After cutting ties with Thomson, Amyas established a partnership with his brother-in-law Basil Ward (a fellow New Zealander who had married Amyas' sister Beatrice) and, later, Colin Lucas, to form the Connell, Ward and Lucas architectural practice in 1933. The partners worked separately and carried out a small but highly significant body of work including private houses, flats and a film studio. Early highlights include the radical fan-shaped house called New Farm for Sir Arthur Lowes-Dickinson in 1932. New Farm, designed by Amyas, was a more thorough synthesis of modernist planning and construction where irregularly shaped concrete floor slabs supported on thin columns radiated out from a glazed stair tower. With its large areas of glass, daring cantilevers and thin reinforced concrete walls, it was arguably the boldest modernist house to have been built outside Europe at that time. Concrete House in Bristol and Kent House, a large block of low-cost flats for the St Pancras Housing Society, followed in 1934.

After this Amyas' output was somewhat overshadowed by Ward and Lucas who succeeded in gaining commissions for increasingly large and complex private houses. Their final commission, 66 Frognal, designed by Colin Lucas, was another cause célèbre and confirmed their reputation as architectural innovators. With the outbreak of war in 1939, Connell, Ward and Lucas ceased trading and were never to reconvene. For most of the war Amyas served firstly in the British Army as a garrison engineer in the Royal Engineers and then when he refused to shave off his beard was ordered out of service, so he worked as an assistant architect from 1943 to 1945 in

the Ministry of Works as a war damage assessor.

Back in New Zealand, Amyas entered the competition for the Auckland Cathedral design (1940) and narrowly missed selection, gaining second prize with a Swedish style neo-classical plan. After the Second World War Connell established practices in Tanganyika and Kenya, designing many significant public and government buildings in Nairobi, including the Aga Khan Platinum Jubilee Hospital and the Kenyan Parliament building in Nairobi. Amyas was elected president of the East African Architects Association in 1954–55.

In the early 1960's Amyas married Margret Hendrikz (née Stroud) in Nairobi. They had two children and remained in Nairobi until 1975 before returning to London for medical reasons.

In 1964 the work of Connell, Ward and Lucas was recognised by the Royal Institute of British Architecture with a Bronze Medal. One of his last buildings was a design for the Sultan Sayed Hamr Bin Hamood in Oman. Amyas died in London on 19 April 1980 aged 78 and was survived by his sons James and Graham and daughters Katherine and Caroline from his second marriage.



Amyas knocking back a few in Nairobi



High & Over Building

1960s, High and Over is now listed Grade II\*. The acre of woods planted by Professor Ashmole has matured and somewhat softened the harsh lines of the house but, although it is regarded as one of the most important built in the first half of the 20th century, High and Over will not appeal to everyone.

Vanessa Kirby of Hamptons, the selling agent, says that viewers will take one look at the four-bedroom property and either hate it or love it so much they will have to have it. The current owner, Chris Zandonati, an advertising executive, studied architecture and wanted to buy High and Over for 10 years before he finally got his hands on it two years ago.

Despite realising his dream and throwing "some of the best parties ever" in the house, the timing of his purchase was not quite right: he has two toddlers and, with another baby on the way, admits that some of High and Over's features are not suitable for young children. There is very little storage space for all the clutter that comes with a family, and the long flight of steps leading from the back door to the swimming pool below would be a constant worry when young children are charging around.

"High and Over would suit a young professional couple, or a family with older children. Teenagers will love the circular swimming pool, and the house's party potential," says Kirby. "It would also suit anyone with a love of modern architecture." Its distinctive style has led to the house starring alongside John Suchet in the Hercule Poirot television series, and it has been used for countless magazine photo-shoots.

For all its architectural importance and stark beauty the style of High and Over never really took off in this country. The British prefer a homelier style of house, which is why mock Tudor has always been more popular than Modernist.

"Modernist houses are associated with practical problems, such as cracking in the white render and condensation on the windows in the winter, as well as astronomical heating bills," says Richard Birkbeck, the chairman of Design for Homes, a research body that champions good house design.

"Recently, however, developments in building techniques, particularly window ventilation and triple glazing, mean that the problems of contemporary-style housing can be done away with. There are lots of new projects, now coming to fruition, which use acres of glass and a distinctively contemporary style which, although they have been adapted for British buyers, still have their roots very much in the International Modernist style of the thirties."

High and Over was simply way ahead of its time and only now, 70 years on, are we beginning to catch up.

■ High and Over is for sale through Hamptons International's Amsterdam office (011894 723707) for more info.

A selection of newspaper and magazine articles written about my great-uncle Amyas



The Rome medals, front and back, 1926



## NOTED ARCHITECT DIES

Mr Amyas Connell, a New Zealander who occupied a prominent and controversial place on the English architectural scene during the 1930s, has died in England aged 79.

Mr Connell was a fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects and worked in the simple and austere "international style" — characterised by smooth surfaces and long narrow windows.

He attended New Plymouth High School before leaving for England with a fellow New Zealander, Mr Basil Ward.

Together they attended the Bartlett School of Architecture at the London University College and practised in London with an Englishman Colin Lucas.

In 1926, Mr Connell won the Rome Scholarship for architecture with Mr Ward coming second.

The two remained partners until the outbreak of the Second World War and married each other's sisters.

After the war Mr Connell settled in East Africa where he designed the Aga Khan hospital and the Crown law offices in Nairobi.

He returned to England in 1979.



Portrait of Amyas Connell, painted at the time of the Rome Scholar Award, 1929

## Amyas Connell *High and Over* and the Modern Movement

MICHAEL FINDLAY

The partnership of Connell, Ward and Lucas, founded by New Zealanders Basil Ward and Amyas Connell, and later joined by English born Colin Lucas, galvanised the architectural establishment of the nineteen-thirties. Through a series of uncompromising challenges towards the often polite gestures of their contemporaries to confront the example of the early European Modernists, they acted as a lightning rod for the architectural community, attracting bolts from traditionalists and modernists alike. When Connell, working alone, completed the house *High and Over* in 1930 he could have claimed to have built the first fully worked out modern movement dwelling in England. He also came nearest to being the only architect of the second generation of modernists the English had to compare in strength of vision with the Europeans. The position of *High and Over* as one of the last great English country houses doubling as that country's first major response to the new architecture has been well staked out in previous publications. So also has the firm's reputation as architectural agents provocateurs but their place in the development of Modernism has been left

indistinct. What was it about Connell, Ward and Lucas?

When modernists wrote about Modernism, the 'thirties architectural scene was one of advanced xenophobia peopled by fusty reactionaries, appalled at the prospect of disruption to their traditional working methods and filled with loathing at the cosmopolitan aspects of this European transplant. While this attitude was certainly represented by old campaigners the like of Sir Reginald Blomfield whose vitriolic book *Modernisms* was written to repel the invader, the reality was of a vigorous and diverse mix of architectural types flourishing in what would only later be seen as a 'Decade of uncertainty'. The modernists were more akin to noisy partiers in a large house wherein the other inhabitants studiously ignored the racket and arose in the morning to work on classical revival civic buildings, jazz-moderne shop fronts and Tudor country houses, oblivious to the threats of revolution being issued from downstairs.

It was realised by a few observers that many long cherished architectural values were looking somewhat jaded when compared to the charged-up, polemical work appearing elsewhere and, although the English have always enjoyed

a ripe anomaly, having to park one's Lagonda in a shingled and half-timbered garage was stretching the usual happy acceptance of such contrast. While the search for a building type to fit the age was a constant preoccupation of designers and critics, the number of houses finally built in England of a purely modernist nature came to fewer than a thousand at a time when millions of dwellings were generated in the spread of suburbia between the wars. If it were not for the total domination of Modernism in the post-war years their efforts in the nineteen-thirties might have been of the nature of a strange historical diversion. Berthold Lubetkin, a Russian architect practising in England at the same time as Connell, eloquently summed up this situation—'My personal interpretation is that these buildings cry for a world which has never come into existence'.<sup>1</sup>

The inability of the first wave of Modernism to entrench itself before becoming transmuted into the International Style and re-exporting itself from America always had more to do with economic and philosophical failings than simple aesthetics. The public, when faced with the most dramatically reductionist offerings of the Modern movement were more often fascinated than repulsed but could see no connection between these achromatic concrete, glass and metal objects and their own lives. The thrust of Modernism towards rationality in essence implied that when the consumer purchased a lamp made of irreducible materials such as nickel-plated steel and glass, designed with the object of datelessness, it was the only lamp one ever needed to buy. In a society orientated around cycles of fashion and consumption this made little sense to producers who had not yet grasped the concept of quasi-functionalism. A philosophy with its centre the pathological desire for purity had the mark of failure from the outset and many fell away from the faith. In the words of Lubetkin, architects supposed that 'the only firm criterion is that of function, and we see a return to the functionalist doctrine, which was probably believed in less by its own originators than by any one of those who came after'.<sup>2</sup>

*High and Over* was built for the retiring director of the British School in Rome, Bernard Ashmole. Connell was studying there having won the Rome Scholar prize while at

the Bartlett School of Architecture in London. The folio of drawings he has open in his portrait are of a neo-Classical design for a Royal Naval College. In collaboration with Basil Ward who won the follow-up award of the Special Henry Jervis Scholarship, Connell had gained the most prestigious architectural studentship then available after being in England one year as a poverty-struck assistant in a city partnership. Amyas's brother Dick recalled that after their arrival in London neither could draw a line due to the affects of two months shovelling coal on the steamer on which they had taken passage. Bernard Ashmole, despite his status at the Rome School, was only in his mid-thirties at the time and a committed supporter of the Modern movement. He spoke with enthusiasm of his involvement with Connell as client and ally at a celebratory dinner for the great engineer of the age, Ove Arup, held by the Royal Institute of British Architecture in the mid-seventies.

Connell's grant from the Rome prize was for a three year term but, suffering the extremes of boredom from endless measured drawings in a course which he admitted he never worked particularly hard in, he abandoned his financial support and returned to London. When this news was communicated to his father in a rare letter home a terrible scene ensued. The senior Connell had previously believed that Amyas was finally going to amount to something and his rage at this fecklessness is a matter of family legend. The concern was understandable as Amyas had experienced the greatest difficulty in holding any job for more than a few weeks and, after being thrown off a building site for defying the foreman's instructions on how to pour a concrete foundation, it was Nigel Connell who had escorted his son into the Wellington office of Stanley Fearn, one of the city's better architectural firms. Regardless of how this move must have appeared to his grieving relatives the decision to return to England, in advance of any serious work by his contemporaries to 'break' Modernism, was very timely. Basil Ward, on the other hand, after finishing his year in Rome, went to Burma and only returned to London in 1932. His motives for this may have been more personal than professional as he commenced to court Amyas's sister, Beatrix, by mail and they were married in Rangoon in 1928.



Amyas Connell's *High and Over* 1930



The fireplace offered a humanising touch to an otherwise rigorously functional living-room. The Parisian-inspired chair is also by Connell

read *A Key To Modern Architecture* from 1939 stresses the 'stiff formality' of the building. This interesting insight from Maxwell Fry, a neo-Georgian convert to Modernism, summed up the ambivalent feelings of the profession when he recalled that:

A house in the Chilterns by Connell, Ward and Lucas threw some of the first fire from an outraged public and it was not before we had been turned off three sites and found one sufficiently remote that I was able to build my first house and with the limitation imposed by the local council that traditional materials be employed.<sup>4</sup>

Maxwell Fry is not referring to *High and Over* but a later house by the partnership when their enfant terrible reputation was securely entrenched. The pre-eminent art historian, Nikolaus Pevsner, expanded this notion when he accused the partnership of 'Epater le bourgeois' or playing to the grandstand by seeking to shock the public. Pevsner asserted that *High and Over* was alien to the landscape while other Modernist houses succeeded because 'they never had the intention of hitting as hard as the Connell and Ward houses'.<sup>5</sup> Pevsner's observations were made in the mid-nineteen-fifties when a particularly strident group of neophyte architectural theorists, perhaps personified by Allison and Peter Smithson, were promoting Connell, Ward and Lucas as one of the few English practices to stand comparison with the leaders of the movement. Wells Coates, erratically brilliant and self-taught, was the other main contender. Eager to follow Corb into the earthly paradise of exposed concrete tower blocks, they sought to counter Pevsner's vision of a picturesque architecture shorn of much of the coldly mechanistic cant of Modernism. Vigorous promoters of the factory aesthetic, and artful polemicists in the style of le Corbusier, they possessed an ability to render the opposition quaint and parochial and, through their campaigning, Connell, Ward and Lucas enjoyed a high profile in the nineteen-fifties. Between being used as a stick to goad elderly art historians and simultaneously acquiring a reputation as arrogant sensationalists, the group's work in the 'thirties has eluded balanced judgement and little has been written in the intervening years to explore the deeper significance of their work. It must be said that if one views the English architectural scene of the 'thirties as a backwater of little significance to the development of Modernism then Connell, Ward and Lucas are of comparably little importance. This is to assume that the Modern Movement would have re-established itself outside the chaos of Europe without the opportunity to develop in artistic and political freedom in England during the decade leading up to the war. There was an important transitional era, before the re-

exporting of the International Style on the great raft of American values, when England was the only country outside Europe with a Modern Movement of any strength and influence. This unique position was noted by Henry Russell-Hitchcock in introduction to the MOMA exhibition. In the catalogue was written, 'It is not altogether an exaggeration to say that England leads the world in modern architectural activity'. Certainly England was the only country that could tune into BBC debates on the subject and hear Amyas Connell insulting his old foe, Sir Reginald Blomfield.

When Amyas Connell built *High and Over* it was a catharsis for the growing movement even though its polarising effect would appear to have made it difficult for those who had to follow onto the public stage. It can be imagined that a less powerful statement of modernist intent may have led to a vague, indifferent brand of English Modernism and, considering the capacity for prevarication evident in so many of Connell's contemporaries, only an object with the power of *High and Over* would have sufficed to kick the movement into life. The building is for this reason central to the history of English architecture. Amyas Connell was a 27-year-old architect from Taranaki undertaking his first commission, in an untried style, containing elements thoroughly threatening to values held dear by the English and creating one of the most potent images of twentieth century style. If Connell had been anything other than an architect, *Kaleidoscope* would be filming his grave and his name would be as familiar as Frances Hodgkins. He should be famous.

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Personal material on Amyas Connell, photographs and early background from interviews with Dick Connell and Cheryl Smith carried out August 1988.

Thanks to Auckland School of Architecture Library staff and the Connell family for assistance and interest.

Illustrations of the interior of *High and Over* through courtesy of the British Architectural Library, RIBA, London.

1. S. Lambert, 'Historic Pioneers' in *Architect's Journal*, 11 March, 1970, p. 595.
2. Berthold Lubetkin, 'Modern Architecture in England' in *American Architect and Architecture*, February 1927, p. 30.
3. H.S. Goodhart-Rendel, *English Architecture since the Regency*, London, 1953, p. 258.
4. Thomas Stevens, omitted article in *Architectural Association Journal* Vol. 72, 1956-57, p. 112.
5. Dennis Sharp, *A Visual History of Twentieth Century Architecture*, London, 1972, p. 113.
6. Howard Robertson, 'Amenities' in *The Architect and Building News*, 20 June, 1932, p. 434.
7. Raymond McGrath, *Twentieth Century Houses*, 1934, p. 96.
8. Maxwell Fry, 'English Architecture from the 1930s' in *Architect's Yearbook*, London, 1959, p. 82.
9. Nikolaus Pevsner, *The Buildings of England: Buckinghamshire*, London 1960 (Buckinghamshire), London 1960, p. 50.



The least open of the three elevations faced the fore-court in a further affront to general expectations. The kitchen annex with its punched holes and the dramatic slot windows show Connell at his best

The scheme for *High and Over* was highly complex and occupied Connell for most of a year. A gate lodge, generator house and water tower were linked with the main house on a landscape plan and the elevations were published to great public interest in 1930 while the house was being constructed. A relatively conservative approach to construction was taken presumably after assessing the risks in attempting something more adventurous on such a large and important first commission. Reinforced concrete frames with plastered brick infill featured in many continental Modern movement buildings, particularly when the visual effect of weightless walls was desired. Connell would have to wait to exploit the Corbusean freedoms of cantilevered floors. Nevertheless, *High and Over* marked an important advance in building technique for England at a time when reinforced concrete was still equated with warehouses and aircraft hangars, and while Connell could not go all the way with the plastic properties of the medium, it was no sham of plastered brick. A feature of the 'Y' shaped format is the lack of obvious frontality that afflicted most English modernist design. Quite often this was imposed by the limitations of the site but also reflected a lack of ability to conceptualise full sculptural form in a building. Connell was able to work distinct differences of aspect into a composition that could be viewed through 360° and suffer no loss of impact on the way. Each wall featured subtle variations of a limited range of forms and repetition was avoided in the elevations through height changes.

There was not the concern for the relating of building to ground that would be evident in later work—*High and Over* rises in a solid sculptural mass from a broad terrace, not stepping lightly as the best of the Continentals would, but striking a rather Charles Atlas pose from the hillside. Where Corbusier is poised, Connell is planted. The structural frame can be seen to interrupt the continuity of window desired by all right-thinking modernists. This enhances the quality of unexpectedness in these outside walls which Connell exploits with a clear sense of liberation. Strong horizontals are formed by the glazing and the void under the roof terrace, in contrast to the vertical emphasis given to the stair tower and the extension of the structural frame through the wall surface into the roof slab supports. A considered piece of detail can be seen in the stepped glazing of the stair tower, relating internal and external features in an uncomplicated gesture. Borrowed from factory architecture, the full height glazing of staircases became a convention and then a cliché in



A view from the unformed drive showing the gate lodge and main house with the transformer house in the foreground. Later in the 'thirties, four houses by Basil Ward filled the space up to the lodge.

modernism. H.S. Goodhart-Rendel, retired chairman of the RIBA, wrote in 1953:

The house called 'High and Over' at Amersham went further with its approved glass staircase functionally preserving the goings-up and the comings-down of its inhabitants from any shameful secrecy.<sup>6</sup>

In 1929 there was still power to be found in such things. Some wall surfaces were virtually blank and this minimalist arrangement of solid plane and flush pane illustrates the semi-symbolic use of glass to rip and puncture the wall membrane, an effect only convincing if the glass is carried out to the extreme edge of the frame and no moulding or reveal exists to distract the eye. Leaking windows were something clients had to learn to adapt to. Connell also gives us small round holes punched in his walls in a purely compositional gesture and these, often appearing in a practical mode but just as frequently not, act as a signature on many of the partnership's buildings of the nineteen-thirties.

The planning of *High and Over* is dominated by the symmetrical format given to Connell by the client, who suggested his preference for the three-winged arrangement early in discussions over the future of the thirteen acres he held overlooking the village of Amersham. Criticism was leveled at the Beaux-Arts provenance of this scheme. When the architectural book of instructions was thrown away, classical symmetry was supposed to have gone with it and its presence was the cause of close scrutiny. Classicism was too close to Fascism for some. Even though Connell's, and later the firm's, work would gather a reputation for a brutal approach to planning, this was not in evidence here. A great deal of thought was applied to the problems of circulation in what was not an entirely satisfactory basic plan.

While the shape and disposition of the rooms may have been somewhat stilted, the treatment of the internal surfaces was emphatically not. The entire repertoire of modernist machine-finished elements were exploited for maximum impact. The hexagonal central hall formed an entrance space of highly dramatic quality, the polished grey marble floor and glass sheathed walls unrelieved by any soft texture or traditional ornament. The architraves were formed in plated metal and showed the method of fixing via machine screws as would be seen in an industrial application. At the centre of this Machine Age decor was a sub-lit glass fountain which was able to push a jet of water past the first floor level and which is rather shamefacedly described in the *Architect and Building News* as a useful device for cooling the house in the hot summer months. The di-

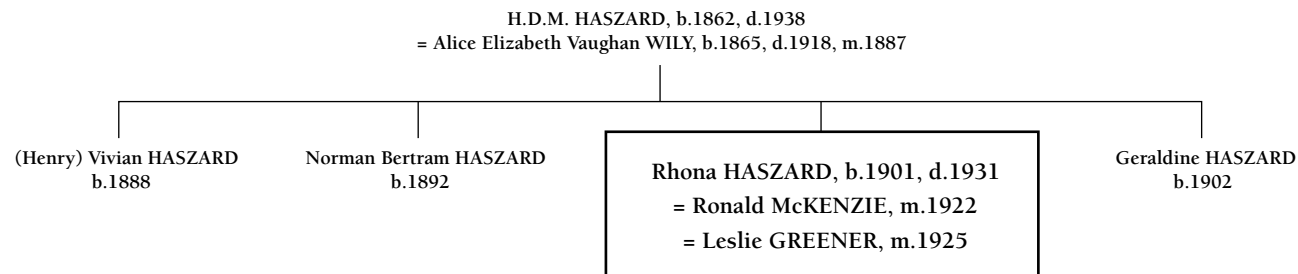


Rhonda -  
1920

L. H. K. Co.  
at

# Alice Gwendoline Rhona Haszard

**Artist 1901–1931**



*R*hona Haszard was a pioneer and a trailblazer in so many ways. She was a mass of colour in a grey society, she was an individual in a country that applauded convention and mediocrity. The fact that she married then remarried only a few years later tells you she was unafraid of society's conventions and norms. And all of this was reflected in her art; Rhona's story is truly a remarkable one.



My grandmother Geraldine and my great-aunt Rhona

## *Growing up*

There is in our family an abundance of artistic talent. My aunt Charente and my father John are both wonderful painters as is my cousin Abigail. In recent years Aunt Charente was known for her oil paintings of horses and she has been engaged to paint a number of horses and was even employed by the Auckland Racing Club to paint the New Zealand Derby winner McGinty.

My grandmother Geraldine Connell was a prodigious artist also. However, she did not use conventional paints but rather bark from the forest around her home at Titirangi. At one stage a painting hung in the reception of every DB hotel throughout the country. While Geraldine was successful on the local scene it was her older sister Rhona who would achieve international acclaim.

Rhona Haszard was a pioneering modernist who became one of New Zealand's first painters to make her mark overseas. Born on 21 January 1901 at Thames, she was one of five children and fourth in the family. She was the older of two sisters, with my grandmother Geraldine being her younger sibling. Her three older brothers were (Henry) Vivian (b. 1888), Norman Bertram (b. 1892) and Vaughan Douglas (b. 1896). Rhona's father Henry Douglas Morpeth Haszard married Alice Elizabeth Vaughan Wily on 12 April 1887. Henry (Harry) Haszard, as mentioned in the previous article, was to become a significant civil servant.

The family was raised in Thames before moving to Auckland in 1905 when her father Harry was transferred to the Lands and Survey Office in Auckland. Their home at 3 London Street,



Practising for the theatre  
– my grandmother is second from  
the right and Rhona is the far right

Ponsonby stands to this day in one of Auckland's more fashionable streets. Overlooking the harbour and the Auckland marina it is just a stone's throw to the sea. Rhona and her siblings lived a life of privilege with a live-in nursemaid, which allowed her parents to involve themselves in Auckland's social circles. Her parents even purchased a yacht so they could enjoy the Hauraki Gulf and named her after Rhona. Her parents regularly attended concerts, theatre performances and art exhibitions and encouraged both their daughters to take an interest in the arts. Such was their interest they travelled all the way to Christchurch for the New Zealand International Exhibition. This was in an age where travel was extremely arduous; roads were yet to have tarseal and such an expedition would have been a major undertaking. There was a large collection of British art sent by the British government on



My grandmother Geraldine and my great-aunt Rhona

display. Rhona's parents would have valued the opportunity for their daughter to view British art, which was regarded as superior to what was being produced in New Zealand.

In 1909 Harry was promoted to the position of chief draughtsman and acting chief surveyor at the Lands and Survey Office in Christchurch. In 1912 he was made Commissioner of Crown Lands and chief surveyor based in Hokitika. Their mother had both daughters taking piano, art and dancing lessons, believing that a career in either art or music was an acceptable vocation for young women of upper middle class. Once old enough, both Rhona and Geraldine attended Southland Girls High School, which was an ideal environment for them to work on their talents. Such was her talent that after the fourth form Rhona was excused serious study and exams in the subjects she disliked and spent most of her time painting.

## *Working Life*

In 1919 and at the age of 18 Rhona enrolled in the Canterbury College School of Art in Christchurch, which had a reputation as one of the best in the country. Rhona thrived in Christchurch and became fully committed to her role as a full-time artist. Among a talented group of students, Rhona distinguished herself especially in city and landscape paintings, with Christchurch and its surrounding countryside providing the subject matter for a number of paintings. In 1921 she became a member of the New Zealand Academy of Fine Arts and in the same year she started exhibiting with both the Canterbury and Auckland Society of Arts. She exhibited mostly

landscapes with the occasional life or portrait, generally in oil but occasionally in watercolour paintings.

In St John's Church, Waihi on 28 December 1922 Rhona married fellow artist Ronald McKenzie, and both continued to work in Christchurch. In 1925 Rhona met another artist, Leslie Greener, and fell in love and separated from her husband – an event that was scandalous for the period. The decree absolute dissolving her marriage came through on 19 December, and despite her father's objections she and Leslie were married in a registry office in Waihi on 21 December 1925. In January 1926 they moved to Europe to commence a new life.

They travelled to Sark in the Channel Islands where Leslie's parents lived then explored parts of northern France. On reaching Paris they studied together briefly at Academie Julian, and in search of subjects cycled through the countryside, stopping to paint at intervals, notably in the Marne Valley. Rhona's work especially through 1926 and 1927 made considerable advances towards a post-impressionist technique.

By the end of 1927 Rhona had gained recognition in France and Britain. During the year she received a bronze medal at an exhibition and was represented in the Salon of the Société Des Artistes Français in Paris with the painting 'Sardine fleet, Brittany' (1926), now at Bishop Suter Art Gallery, Nelson. She also exhibited with the Society of Women Artists, London, and at exhibitions organised by Sir Joseph Duveen in Manchester, Leeds, Bradford and Glasgow.

In October 1927 Rhona accompanied Leslie to Egypt where he had accepted a position to teach art and French at Victoria College, Alexandria. An accident in Cyprus the following summer led her to seek treatment in London for several months in 1929 and again in 1930. During this time she became drained,

both mentally and physically, and developed a keen interest in health and diet. She published a lengthy article on food reform in the *Egyptian Gazette* in May 1930.

A comprehensive survey of Rhona Haszard's work, dating from her New Zealand days, was shown at a solo exhibition at Claridge's Hotel, Alexandria, during December 1928. The subjects were chiefly landscapes with a number of still-life studies and portraits. Works based on Egypt that are now in public collections in New Zealand tend to be modest and lacking in authority. Nevertheless, she proved her adeptness in adopting the new graphic process of linocut printing when she held a joint exhibition with Leslie at the Galérie Paul in Cairo during March 1930. It also appears that major paintings were worked up in her Alexandria studio from sketches she had done months earlier. 'The road to Little Sark' (1930), for instance, resulted from an excursion to the Channel Islands in July 1929.

Whilst in Egypt Rhona was honoured with an invitation from the Duke of Windsor, then the Prince of Wales, to an exhibition to raise funds for the British Legion.

While sketching from the Victoria College tower on 21 February 1931, Rhona Haszard fell to her death. Letters written the following month between her doctor in London and Greener disclose that she was prone to depression and had contemplated suicide. In 1933 Leslie Greener brought out to New Zealand a collection of Rhona's work, which toured the main centres, arousing considerable excitement. It was from this memorial survey and the accompanying publicity that her reputation was established in New Zealand.



My great-grandfather Henry Morpeth Haszard, Mary Elizabeth Davison or 'Ganga', Leslie Greener, her second husband, my great-aunt Rhona, Ronald McKenzie's first wife

**Y**ou can see her paintings any time you like. They're read enough, blaring on the walls of the Auckland City Art Gallery, a testament to the artist's challenge and love of life. But she is dead, and love of life, but she is dead, nearly 75 years dead. Dead more than twice as long as she was alive.

I fell in love with Rhona Haszard's paintings at first sight and I wanted to find out more. There was little information about the artist. The facts I could glean were tantalizingly few: died aged 31, falling out of a tower in Alexandria, Egypt. So young, so careless, so exotic. I longed to know more about her. Even though she'd died a long ago, I believed that with the few facts I had I could still piece the dots of her life together, colour in the spaces. Haszard loved colour. See how her paintings leap and vibrate against the white walls of the gallery.

Colour. Well, there are shades, tones and new means, broods and doctor-don't-just-like-life itself. As I discovered in her life. Two images, two versions of events, coloured differently. Dots can be joined together in so many ways. So I will give you the two versions I discovered. In the end, both are love stories. Perhaps they are both true...



**THE LOVE STORY.** Well, it has a heroine and a hero, of course. Haszard was born in Thames in 1920 at the dawn of a new century, and grew up into a feisty young woman, by all accounts. She loved acting, but art was her passion. I believe she was also impulsive and whole-hearted.

At 23 she flung herself into an early marriage and then flung herself out of it again two years later. Hardly conventional behaviour for the time. A photograph, taken while she was studying at the Canterbury School of Art, shows her looking mischievous with big eyes and a large mouth with slightly prominent teeth. All the better for taking a big bite out of life. A dashing divorcee, straight out of a Noel Coward play, waiting for her hero to come and whisk her away to another stage, another play. How lucky for her that one did arrive. Jasbir Green burst upon the scene in 1946.

Even without shining armour and a white steed, Green still looked quite a swash in that provincial town. He was British, an ex-Indian army officer, Sandhurst-trained – and also a painter. He combined, deliciously, the man of action and the man of culture.

"Life should be taken as an adventure, not as a pill," he said, and Haszard, hungry for adventure, let him sweep her off her feet and out of the country.

Already she found herself in Trieste, referred to as Mrs Green. Some say they never bothered marrying and I like the image of Haszard throwing convention to

She was a dashing divorcee straight out of a Noel Coward play, waiting for her hero to come and whisk her away to another stage, another play



# JOINING THE DOTS

Captivated by the work of New Zealand artist Rhona Haszard, Zana Bell tries to unravel the mysteries of her short but passionate life



'The Flower Valley' (1945), oil on canvas, Auckland Art Gallery (on loan)

## An experimental expatriate: Rhona Haszard

**L**ate November, Dr Joanne Drayton (PhD, Art Hist., 2000) began a journey by the large-than-life knowledge of artist Rhona Haszard – from New Zealand to England, France, the Channel Islands, and finally to the scene of her staged death in Egypt. The results of Drayton's research will come to fruition in August 2002 with the simultaneous launch of a book (published by Canterbury University Press) and a national touring exhibition, **RHONA HASZARD: AN EXPERIMENTAL EXPATRIATE**, which opens at the Hocken Library, University of Otago, August 18, 2002.

The difficult two-story climb to the lowest step at Victoria College in Alexandria, Egypt, represented an early look for her research trip, and for the rebirth of her mother, Rhona Haszard. In February 1981, aged just 30 years, New Zealand artist Rhona Haszard fell from the building in her death, tragically ending a life and career of remarkable brilliance.

During Haszard's nine-year residency in Egypt the distinguished herself even in the metropolitan, expatriate circles of metropolitan Alexandria. She was a 'New Woman', a modern woman, a New Zealand who was pioneering in her art and in her work and social behaviour. She devoted essentially unreservedly the *Will of Leonardo*, spoke positively of the facts relationships, advanced experimentation and unapologetic belief, but even experimentally and unapologetically.

The study of Haszard's endeavours, though most planned much earlier and in New Zealand, she was born in Thames in 1920, and was one of five children who enjoyed a privileged life with a devoted mother and father who studied for the Law and Survey Departments, becoming a Commissioner of Crown Lands in 1926. During Haszard's formative years, job transfers meant the family lived in Auckland, Christchurch, Hokitika and Invercargill, but in spite of dispersion Haszard's artistic talents were early recognized and nurtured. World War One and brought the end of Haszard's childhood in the 1918 influenza epidemic, and another link for the distressed family. Now in Christchurch, Haszard enrolled at Canterbury College School of Art, becoming a devoted member of an exciting, innovative, cross-cultural set of women artists.

Haszard's circle included award-winning student Ngata Marsh, who encouraged her



'Spring in the Flower Valley' (1937), black & white linocut, Auckland Art Gallery (on loan)  
'The Flower Valley' (1945), oil on canvas, Auckland Art Gallery (on loan)  
'The Flower Valley' (1945), oil on canvas, Auckland Art Gallery (on loan)

five years of Haszard's studies, becoming a few friends. Other talented friends included Evelyn Page (née Bennett, who studied at the school in 1919), Vera Lowthion (née Biele, who studied between 1917 and 1921), and Olivia Spencer Brown, who commenced post-graduate study at the school in c.1920. Even in this study, Haszard rapidly established a reputation for being a student of immense promise.

She studied Life and Landscape with Richard Williams, still life with Cecil Kelly (née Astaire) with Leonard Booth. In 1921, Haszard became a member of the New Zealand Academy of Fine Arts and in 1922 she began exhibiting with the Canterbury and Auckland art societies. A successful future seemed assured by her marriage in 1922 to teacher and fellow student Harold McKenzie. Myra Vance (née Bradley) recalls that McKenzie was "a tall handsome, steady-



Rhona Haszard (1920-1945) in her studio, Auckland Art Gallery (on loan)

headed young man, tall, single person and moderate property, and was immensely well-liked by his people."

Her time at the school, however, was a less-than-rosy tale of joy and anguish. In 1925, Lillian Green, an Englishman and co-ordinator of the Women Artists' Exhibition, and her husband, who was a life class teacher in the evening, "she was young and vivacious with her fine straight hair and brown eye rings, and became so much alike." When someone at the school pressed her, Green was identified as "a school teacher and a public marriage. It was her hair with mixed feelings and amidst much word happened that Haszard abandoned her affection for Green. This departure was traumatic and she was placed on strike with him at the Channel Islands in December 1925.

Exasperated, of course, affected new opportunities to see art in the more innovative context, and so back. After a year with

little conventional recognition, Sarah-Ann, Haszard was living in the Paris Salon of 1927, and in the same year she had works in the Society of Women Artists' Exhibition, and the British Arts' Exhibition at Manchester, Leeds, Glasgow and Bradford. Haszard also exhibited in New Zealand.

"The Christchurch art scene back work to the Art Society's annual exhibitions," recalls Vance. "She had many square of colour that showed an feeling, in it... it is a possibility. People looked with amazement. Cecil Kelly thought his head and said he would be a student of her art." Despite Kelly's encouragement, at least, Haszard became a model.

Haszard's early success was stifled in 1928 by a return back home she received in Egypt. Her injury led her to a decision that she was tired of work, medical treatment in London in 1929 and 1930. Remarkably she retained her commitment to painting, becoming involved in following art and

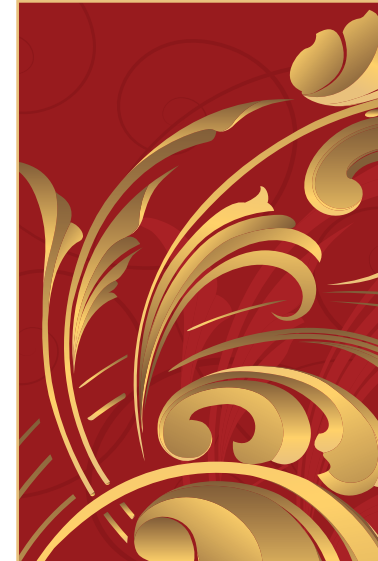


One of Rhona's best loved works



Above titled: 'Winter Sunlight'

# *Diaries*

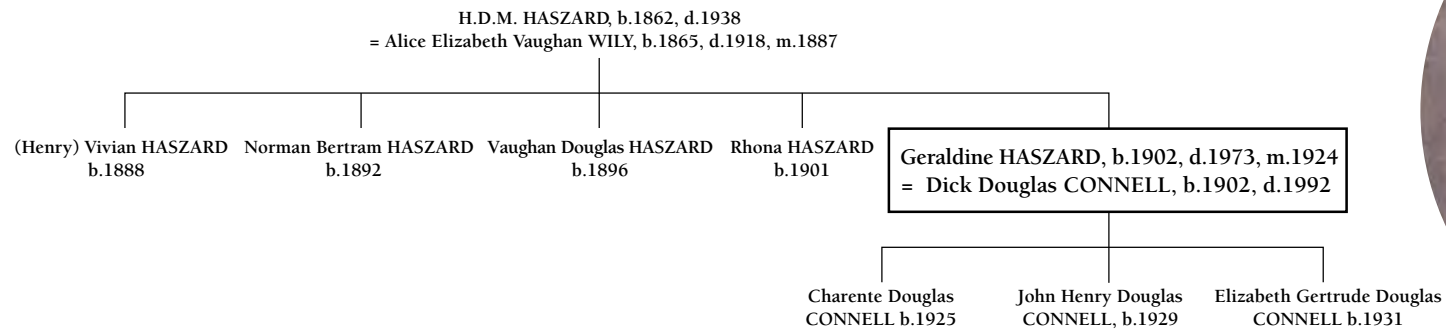




My grandmother Geraldine as a débutante

# Diary of Geraldine Connell, née Haszard

Artist 1901–1975



*M*y grandmother's diary was for me a wonderful insight into her life and how she reflects on her own youth and growing up. She led, by her own account, a life of privilege with the likes of the Earl of Liverpool coming to stay as well as the family being friends with two future New Zealand prime ministers. Yet she gave that life up to be a farmer's wife, living without some of the most basic facilities in the back blocks of the Bombay Hills.

I only have very early childhood memories of my grandmother, but I do know that she was very close to my father and he was extremely upset when she passed away. My father had always admired her courage.

Her diary makes for wonderful reading; the pages have been transcribed from her diary as they were written, without any editorial or grammatical changes. When you read her recollections of growing up in Hokitika and Christchurch, her joy is almost palpable. I love the story of travelling to Stewart Island and the waves being so big that all the passengers were roped to their seats! I also loved the passage where my grandmother describes how those from Stewart Island found people from Dunedin passable but anyone from the North Island or overseas was quite beyond the pale and not welcome!

## *Growing up*

*M*y daughters Sherry and Elizabeth have asked me to write a few details of my life. We have an autobiography of their great-grandmother Emma Wily (née Jenner), and my sister Rhona, the famous artist, commenced hers on 16 August 1929 but did not complete it as she was killed accidentally in Alexandria in 1931, at the age of 30.

I was born in Thames, New Zealand on 17 December 1902, the last of five children born to my father and mother (for the sake of future descendants) Mr and Mrs HDM Haszard. My mother was Alice Wily, a daughter of Emma and Major Wily of The Falls, Mamakau. Major Wily was noted for bravery in the wars in India and in the Crimea, for which he was decorated.

My recollections of the early days at Thames are few – I can see a two-storeyed house with a large pear tree as high as the top balcony. When my father was transferred to the Lands and Survey Office in Auckland, our belongings were placed on board a small ship in the harbour. As my dolly's pram was lifted by a seaman I screamed out, certain it was going to be thrown overboard. Of the journey up to Auckland I remember nothing though it was probably in the same small ship in which our furniture was taken.

We lived in Auckland until I was six years of age. Our home was on the waterfront in Herne Bay – this was also a two-storeyed one.

Two things are vivid in my mind. The visit of the 'Great White Fleet' belonging to America, which was in full view from our top balcony – a grand sight, especially when lit at night with many thousands of electric bulbs. This must have been about 1908.



Rhona, Geraldine with their mother Alice



Geraldine at three months



The house in London Street, Auckland, today



Norman's birthday party, Thames; my grandmother Geraldine is on her mother's knee in the background

Mother and Father were invited to a ball on board the flagship, and I can still see Mother looking splendid in an amethyst and rich purple satin gown. She stood at the foot of my small bed and then kissed me goodnight before they left, both looking so very handsome.

About this time an Uncle Morpeth from Wellington came to visit us in his motor car. This was a tremendous event as none of us had actually seen or touched such a wonderful thing, but I think Father was rather put out by Uncle's pomp.

I can remember: the warm sweet scent of flowering gorse. Our little nursemaid would take Rhona and me for our afternoon walks, and the gorse must have been growing in waste spaces; the melodious chimes ringing out on Sunday mornings from the steeple of St Matthew's Anglican Church; a lot of large and small white yachts riding at anchor at the foot of our cliff. We had one of our own named *Rhona* after my sister. It was a source of pleasure for Father and my three brothers. If they went away for the weekend on the yacht, a promise would always be extracted from them that they would be home in time to accompany Mother to evensong! This must have proved irksome to the men of the family.

It is strange now (as my sister has written) things quite lost crowd back into the mind when one starts a journal like this. I can still feel the comfort of my brother Norman's arm around a very small girl who was frightened and alone when a terrific thunderstorm raged across Auckland harbour – he still has a soft spot in my heart. And the dislike of an aunt who wouldn't allow me time to dry my legs properly before dragging long woollen stockings over them. I never quite forgave her! Isn't it dreadful, it makes one frightened of the effect one can have on small children.

A glorious huge iced birthday cake, in the shape of a full rigged sailing ship, for the boy across the way, Bobby Tole, who later became a well known architect and a friend of Rhona and her husband, the writer and artist Leslie Greener.

When I was five I started school at the Ponsonby Primary School. I shocked and shamed Rhona, she was so put out. When the bell went for morning playtime, I rushed out and put on my coat and hat to go home! And that is all I remember about my first school days. It is odd how learning is assimilated with no conscious remembrance of it.



The *Rhona* – you can see London Street in the background



The old homestead, Mt Pleasant Road, Thames



The drawing room inside the Fendalton home, Christchurch



The house at Christchurch





The Haszard Family taken in Thames 1902 - L-R: Vaughan, Henry Morpeth with Rhona in front, Norman, Vivian standing at back, Alice née Wily with Geraldine on her lap



Norman and Dartford Cadets 1905



Vivian, Vaughan, Henry, Rhona, Alice, Geraldine 1912

It was during these Auckland years that Father did a lot of surveying and exploratory work up in the Pacific Islands. He also sat for the examination and was awarded an FRGS (Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society), an honour, especially in those days.

Father was transferred to Christchurch in about 1909 – promotion, of course. The Main Trunk Railway had been completed the previous year to Wellington, and I can remember the large crowd of relatives and friends who were down to see us off, and the excited reaction of them at this great achievement. We must have gone across to Christchurch by ship, but that does not return to my mind. But I clearly recollect the first morning at the hotel in Christchurch. It was a freezing day, and Mother called us to see the beautiful frost flowers and designs on the inside of the windows.

Father bought a nice home in Fendalton and three happy years were spent there. Rhona and I attended a small private school attached to the Girls' Grammar School (later disbanded). There was a huge walnut tree in the grounds and it was forbidden for the girls to touch the fallen nuts. I filled my white pinafore with green ones, and the resulting terrible stain was obvious to all. I got into serious trouble.

Our home could be reached across beautiful Hagley Park, and most men (as did my father) rode their bicycles each day to the city. Small children would sometimes stand at the outer gate and open it wide for the men so that they would not have to descend. It was a good service and usually they would be tossed a penny. One day I slipped out of our home to meet my Father, and while I waited I did likewise, but to my real horror and shame I was tossed a penny! I was furious. Would children be such dreadful snobs these days? I doubt it – they would have more sense.

One small episode I had forgotten. Rhona and I were to be bridesmaids at Aunt Alice's wedding to Binney. We had beautiful dresses made of white silk and much lace, but two days before the wedding her father died and the wedding was a very quiet one and our services were not required. We were so disappointed.

The highlights of our time in Christchurch were the visits of the young cadets from the training ship *SS Dartford*. We had seen my brother Norman off when his batch of boys left from Onehunga. It was a wet cold day, and the young lads looked so sad and forlorn as the tiny ship was tugged out into the stream. Many years later this ship was used as a coal hulk in the Auckland harbour.

These boys looked so handsome in the cadet uniforms, but Norman had a mortifying experience. He was sent by Mother on a message to one of her friends' home. When he arrived at the front door, the maid told him to go around to the back – she thought he was from the gas company. In those days, all homes of any pretension had a gate marked 'Tradesmen Entrance'.

## Christchurch Days

I have always kept a warmth and love for Christchurch. We had three years when I was a child, and then Father was transferred back again when I was in my teens. I loved the spring with its hosts of golden daffodils along the banks of the River Avon, the flowering cherries and the chestnuts both pink and white, the full length of Rolleston Avenue, the lovely stone buildings of Christ's College, the Museum, and the Art School. The city is beautiful with

many gardens of great beauty and grand homes. The placid stone Anglican Cathedral in the very heart of the city sets the pace, which even today in 1973 is quiet and restful. Each morning the youthful choristers would rehearse in the high tower chamber, and the sound of their bell-like voices would resound over the Square. These lads received free tuition at Christ's College until their voices broke.

One vivid episode I remember, probably in 1909–10, Edward VII died and all of Christchurch went into mourning. Every building, bridge and even the trams were draped in royal purple and black, and we all wore black armbands. One tram was particularly impressive: many green ferns along each side and purple and black drapes. We were really excited to see such glory!

In 1910 we were staying down at Sumner, a seaside suburb of Christchurch. Halley's Comet was expected in the night sky, and one morning before dawn Rhone and I were awakened and taken outside to see this great wonder. It was a startling sight in the clear dark sky. It is due again, the last in this century, but I will not be here most probably to see it once again. The comet seemed to stretch across the sky from one side to the other.

Life was simple and quiet, and I have nothing very exciting to relate. We were taken each year to the Xmas pantomime, and one we particularly loved was the evergreen Peter Pan. Motion pictures were just starting to be shown in Christchurch, but I do not think we were allowed to go. The winters were always very cold. The frosts were heavy, the ice thick on the roads. We would heat stones in the oven and hold these in our gloved hands while walking to school. The gutters were filled with running waste artesian water, and this would be converted into thick ice, on which we would delight to slide along. At night,



Lord Liverpool



Southland Girls School in the Victory Parade after the First World War



Hokitika 1913, Lord Liverpool (Governor General at the time) and Lady Liverpool, from the right: Vaughan, Henry Morpeth, Geraldine, Alice, Rhona



'Wenvoe' – Hampden Street, Hokitika


coming out of the theatre, the air was so cold that it would feel as though a knife had been plunged through the chest and out the backbone.

My father was very good to us and he would take season tickets for visiting plays, local drama (if suitable) and all local orchestral and choir shows. These were formal affairs, the men in dinner suits and black ties, and Rhona and I also had to dress up in our Sunday best. Another thing which I vividly remember: I think either Lord Kitchener or Baden Powell came to Christchurch and the school cadets had to parade in Hagley Park for inspection. It was a hot day and many of the young lads fainted, my brother Vaughan among the disgraced. We did not own a car at this time, in fact there were very few about.

## *Hokitika Days*

In 1911 Father was transferred to Hokitika and had been promoted to Commissioner of Crown Lands. Apparently I had heard adults congratulating him on his new status and in my childish mind this was some high prized event. I can remember waking from a sleep on Mother's knee as we approached the end of our train journey to Hokitika, and hearing a great commotion and shouting. I was thrilled to think the town had turned out in force to welcome us with due respect. Great was my chagrin when I realised that the porters were yelling out, 'Hokitika, end of the line'! The red carpet was not out for us after all!

Our new home was a pleasant place, a big garden and a wing out from the drawing room in which a full sized billiard table stood. It was splendidly set up with a raised dais at each end,



and large leather armchairs and settees for non-players. Old Bill Massey the Prime Minister, young Dick Seddon (a future one), and many other well known men often visited us when in Hokitika and had many a game on our table.

During our time there the golden anniversary of the town was to take place. It was to have vice-regal patronage and Mother was asked if the Governor and his wife, the Liverpools, could stay with us. It was an honour but a very big expense. Mother had to engage a cook and two maids as they were to stay for a week. Redecorating was undertaken but Mother did not lose her head, and turned many trades people away who expected that we would start from scratch and do over the whole house.

The first night of their visit, Rhona and I had our dinner in the kitchen before the main gathering. Lord Liverpool asked Mother where the girls were, and when Mother told him we had already had our meal, he asked did we normally have it in the dining room with her. She answered 'Certainly', at which he said, 'They must not eat in the kitchen again, but with us,' which pleased us no end.

They were a charming and simple couple, and perfect guests. Lady Liverpool loved to ride my old bicycle around the garden if there was a lull in civic duties. She longed to take it out on to the road but thought it might seem undignified. Their aides were nice too. One, a Captain Eastwood, was so bandy that he must have been a cavalry officer. The kindness of the Liverpools is illustrated by them asking Vaughan to sit between them when they were taken out for a drive to the Lake District. He had been lurking behind the garden gate looking longingly at the shining new motor car, and they could not resist his sad eyes.

The weather on the West Coast as now is very wet, the average rainfall being in the vicinity of 250 inches per annum. Mother was advised to purchase gumboots, sou'westers (hats) and mackintosh capes for the whole family, and for four years these were worn constantly. But Mother had a lovely garden so maybe it did not rain as much as I have thought.

One year terrible storms sprang up from the Tasman Sea and for weeks the town was badly mauled. The main street ran parallel with the beach, and all the sea side of the shopping area was swept away. We were taken one night to see events from a safe distance and it was a terrifying sight. Huge waves tore at the buildings, and one by one they vanished out to sea. The damage must have been a great shock to the small community.

## *Holidays*

*T*he next year Mother took Rhona and me up to Auckland for six weeks. The Auckland Exhibition was on and this was a great attraction for visitors and for the city. We stayed with our Aunt Emma, a sister of Mother's, over at Cheltenham. We had rides on the water scooter, the helter-skelter, and drinks of a new drink of cocoa at the booth. After our return to Christchurch on the way to Hokitika we were invited to a garden party at Government House. Mother wore a rich mauve satin costume and carried a bouquet of toning asters – she looked so lovely, and Rhona had a new hat of fine straw wreathed with cornflowers and daisies. We really fancied ourselves. I had a vivid imagination and I walked down a long avenue in the grounds picturing myself in a green habit and plumed hat on a spanking pony.



My grandmother Geraldine (Gill),  
Vaughan (her brother), and Rhona 1911

Shades of my ancestors! Lady Liverpool was very charming to us and we enjoyed our day.

In those days the journey from Christchurch to the West Coast was an adventure. We travelled by train to Cass then climbed aboard a six-horse coach, the real old type, and then we drove to the Alps to rejoin a train at Otira. It was a wonderful trip through glorious mountain scenery, and at the top it was always exciting when the coach stopped to allow us children to stand with one foot in Westland and one in Canterbury. At times in heavy rain it was dangerous. The waterfall would swell and tumble hundreds of feet down the mountainside and over the roads. When the going became too dangerous the driver would unharness the


lead horse, jump on to its back and walk the horse over a flood to test its safety, then return and take the coach across.

Rhona and I went over to Christchurch on our own one trip, and Rhona sat on the outside all the way. She was soaked to the skin, then had to sit in her wet clothes in the train for the rest of the journey. She contracted rheumatic fever and was in bed for three months. Mother was so cross and upset.

It was about this time Rhona showed her ability to paint. I don't remember too much but I do recall she started her first lessons with a strange man, a Mr Scott who was very talented but, as he had been lost on his own on an ice floe up near the North Pole years before, he was strange.

The scenery and lakes are beautiful on the West Coast. Each summer Mother would take a cottage at Lake Kanieri. We had a lot of fun but the mosquitoes were like beetles. We could only get peace in the house if we shut it up all day with a coal shovel filled with burning sulphur. This would certainly clear out the insects but sleep was rather impossible each night in the terrible fumes.

We went for long walks around the lake edges and found great sets of deer antlers. A friend of Mother's used to stay with us, a Mr Johan Anderson who was a librarian at the Turnbull Library in Wellington. He was a wonderful person, full of knowledge of native birds and poetry. We would go into the bush and sit very quietly while he imitated the calls of the birds and record the notes in his book. He composed a poem to me, using the letters of my name, Geraldine, for the first line in each verse. But this was lost when we were burnt out many years later in Bombay. I am sure, looking back over the time, that Mother had what we would now call a crush on him. She was so happy when he came, but in those days there was no hint of misbehaviour!



Another thing we enjoyed was exploring the old mine workings: a lot of gold had been taken from these workings on the coast. We found pieces of greenstone, with tiny pieces of ruby crystals embedded in them, and traces of oil in the ditches.

Just prior to the beginning of the First World War, Father was appointed to a high post in Samoa, the Resident. We were excited at the prospect of living on a South Sea island. But it was too late, and the position was cancelled. We always seemed to have important people staying with us, and many serious talks took place as the fears of a major breaking out grew nearer. I had a grand collection of autographs in my little book, but this was lost too in our house fire.

## *The War Period*

*M*y Brother Vaughan was a boarder at Nelson College, Norman with the Union Steam Company, and my oldest brother a mining engineer in Western Australia. Vivian married an Auckland girl (Nancy Restall) and they moved over to Australia, living in the greatest discomfort in tents in the Outback. Nancy loved the beautiful wild flowers which carpet the sands in Western Australia in spring.

War was declared in 1914, and I can well remember the excitement of Gallipoli landing which was to prove such a dreadful failure. I rushed home from school expecting to find Mother as excited as everyone else, but she was in tears at the thought of the many young men who would lose their lives in the campaign. No one else seemed to have thought of that.

Vivian joined the RNVR and Norman the RNR (NZ of course), both rising to the rank of lieutenant commander. They served mostly in the Malta region in the HMS *Lobelia* and another ship of the flower class. Vivian was sent to Greenwich Naval College, where he worked on anti-submarine devices and for which he received the DSO. Vaughan, when he returned, joined the army in the ranks, as he scorned taking an officer rank, as in those far off days these could be bought if one's parents could afford to. He saw active service on the Somme in France, and received a wound in the ankle. This caused blood poisoning and he had several operations and amputations – first the leg above the ankle, then below the knee, and then two more above the knee. He was invalided back to New Zealand in 1919, and Father went up to Auckland to meet him and travel back to Invercargill with him. Vaughan suffered greatly until the end of his life.

I am a little ahead of myself.

Dad had been transferred to the Invercargill office. But before we left to join him Mother went to Australia to visit Vivian and Nancy, and Rhona and I were looked after by a housekeeper. My early efforts of painting were firmly crushed. I was given an apple to paint for homework. I worked hard at it, was pleased with the result, but when I took it to school the next day my teacher said I could not have done it so well and that my sister had painted it. I was not believed, and that was the end of my artistic efforts until 1969 when I started doing bark pictures.

We left for Invercargill by train, coach and train again. Mother and Father must have gone ahead of us, as I can remember Rhona and me sitting in state and alone in the dining car: sparkling crystal glasses, white linen tablecloth, bright silver, and stewards neat and eager to help two small girls choose their meal. We wore our black velvet dresses with white lace collars!



Family in the sitting room 1913



The favourite magpie

Our night arrival in Invercargill is lost in the mists of time, but Mother woke us in the morning to show us the lovely garden and to see the tall blue delphiniums and pink roses outside our bedroom window, And then to our joy Mother said, 'Come out to the back lawn to see what I have brought you from Australia.' There we saw two black and white magpies and a small green parrot. The maggies became such pets, terribly naughty and destructive but real fun. They sang and whistled and sang in a double note like a chord, said naughty words, and each morning in fine weather they would hop in my bedroom window, fly under my bed and preen themselves. When this was done they would hop along the bedclothes, sit on my cheek and peck at my eyelids, saying, 'Wake up, gel, wake up. Time to get up!' All so gently too! They would sit on the taps when thirsty, and eat honey out of a teaspoon. After school in the afternoon they would be waiting for me and my bicycle, high up in the pine tree at the corner, and when they spotted me would fly down and finish the rest of the journey on my shoulders. Mother regretted having brought them over when she gardened. She would shut them up in the washhouse when transplanting, but the moment they were let out and she had gone inside they would hop along each row and pull out each plant, break off each head, and drop the roots neatly back into the holes.

We had a full sized croquet lawn and many happy days and evenings were spent with friends. In the southern twilight we could play until 9.30pm.


All the years of the First World War we spent at the Southland Girls' High School, under a Miss Johnson, a good mistress but who is best remembered by a huge sheep dog, very handsome, which followed her everywhere including the classrooms. The photos of us in our long school uniforms are amusing in these days of minis and bikinis. We played tennis in white skirts

almost down to our ankles! We were very proud of our school, our uniforms and straw hats with the silver and red enamel badges, a red rata flower with an inscription.

Rhona was a character always, and her artistic talents were so obvious and her persuasions so strong that after she passed through the fourth form she excused serious study of subjects she disliked, and spent most of her time painting. In the sixth form she thought the dignity of such august placing required a suitable sitting room for the girls. The head mistress and the school board were persuaded to grant them a small room at the top of the stairs. It was furnished with a carpet, tables and easy chairs. How Rhona wrought this miracle I will never know.

Each summer mother took us over to Stewart Island. This is a beautiful place and in those days a peaceful paradise, one small hotel and a few private homes and fishing shacks. In the early days gold mining, timber felling and shipbuilding kept men employed, but later all that was left was fishing and oyster gathering. The only passenger ship was the small tug called the *Teresa Ward*, after the wife of the Prime Minister Joseph Ward. The seas were usually rough in the strait. One awful trip I remember the seas were so high that all the passengers were roped to their seats, and as the cabin was tiny we all spent the voyage out on deck. Every wave broke over us and we were drenched to the skin. Our school uniforms ever after came out in white patches of salt when the weather was damp.

One of Mother's friends was the Rev. Symthe, a retired clergyman who lived on the Island with his elderly daughter to keep house for him. Probably the poor dears had very little pension, but she was terribly mean. They never had meat, no luxuries, and she would spend her time walking the beaches looking for a carrageen moss which she turned into a miserable



sort of blancmange – no doubt nutritious, but most unpalatable. One day Mother came back to our cottage chuckling – daughter had gone over to the Mainland for the day, and she caught poor old Mr Symthe in the midst of frying two lamb chops. They both were sure there was no telltale smell or smoke left in the house!

I went out fishing with him one day in his small dinghy. All went well for two hours, when out of nowhere a westerly squall blew up and high waves almost swamped our boat. I expected Mr Symthe to man the oars smartly, but to my dismay he dropped on to his knees and prayed in a loud voice. We were drifting towards rocks on the shore and, in my anger, strength came and I managed to get us back safely and we lived to tell the tale.

Stewart Island was a quaint place, at least its habitants were. They quite liked people from Invercargill and Southland, those from Dunedin were passable, but anyone from the North Island or overseas was quite beyond the pale and not welcome. How unbelievably insular their outlook was!

The scenery was magnificent and unspoilt, the main harbour so vast that the proud boast was that all the Navies of the world could hide in the upper reaches and not be seen. (Of course, this was before there were planes in the air.) The fishing was grand and the most southern post office in the world was there – and no motor cars. Even in the year 1970 things have not changed much. There are a few miles of roadway and about 10 cars. It is a peaceful haven for artists, authors and potters. The tug boat is supplemented with a small amphibian plane which has taken away the dread of the narrow strait. The climate is mild, even though it is so far south. Early peas, strawberries and potatoes, and all sorts of almost tropical fruits abound. A warm current from the Pacific sweeps around the Island and this encourages early growth.

I, at this time, began to develop my music. We were lucky in Invercargill to have a music teacher of great ability. He was a Mr Charles Grey, and he will be long remembered by the people of that city. He was city organist and choirmaster, organist and choirmaster at St John's Church, teacher of music at the high school, and taught privately as well. I was fortunate to be taken as a pupil and spent many happy hours under his tutelage. One excellent thing he always insisted on us buying, and he wished us to work on, were Bach fugues, and the editions we had were printed in three colours so that the three parts were clearly defined. I was in the junior section of St John's choir, the school choir, and his own small private one. He lived in a small room behind his large set of studios and we understood he only slept for two hours each night. I believe that as he was fully occupied with enormous commitments.


I think I was spoilt, as for birthday and Xmas my presents included a book of the masters, especially bound in Moroccan leather with the name of the composer and my own on the front cover in gold lettering. These were unfortunately lost in our fire.

We also had dancing lessons, and one production was a big affair put in the city theatre. One item we were in was called the 'Dance of the Winds' – west, east, south and north. I was the west wind and Rhona was a centrepiece, the storm. She had grace and perfect rhythm after the style of Isadora Duncan, and she brought the house down. Other pupils were sent aloft with bags of torn white paper. They crawled along the high rafters and threw down these scraps to resemble snow. It was most successful and no one gatecrashed on to the stage, something we all feared. Another success was the Midsummer Night's Dream. Rhona was Thisbe and I, small fry, only a fairy.



My great-aunt Beatrice and grandmother Geraldine dressed as Japanese at the family home in Eltham 1923





Mother was unwell during our last year in Invercargill. Her change of life was very trying though I had no idea at the time what the trouble was. Personal health, especially of women, was not spoken about before young people. Father was away a lot on special government surveys, and the boys were all away from home too so we were a very small household.

1918. This year was a momentous one for the world. The terrible four years of slaughter drew to a close and victory with its attendant excitements was celebrated. I can well remember Dad bicycling up to the GPO each night at 9pm to read the latest bulletin on the war situation. This was posted on a large board for the people to read – and now we sit before our TV viewing world events as they happen. I don't think Dad ever missed a night during the whole length of the war.

## *The Black Death*

*T*he mud and filth and slaughter in France and lack of elementary hygiene caused sickness and disease which culminated in a plague called the Black Death, as many turned that colour after death. It swept swiftly around the world killing millions of people. It arrived in New Zealand, brought into the country by the arrival of a ship in the Auckland harbour with the Prime Minister and his entourage on board. There was a great outcry later when it was found that there had been no illness on board and everyone was allowed ashore without quarantine.

It reached Invercargill just as victory was being celebrated. Mother had been in Christchurch having a holiday, contracted the disease on the train, and when Father met her she was so ill that he ordered an ambulance and she was taken to a private hospital. Three days later she was dead. We were all down by

this time and none of us were with her when she died. It was a tragic and awful time for everyone. Doctors and nurses who remained free of sickness organised other fit people who went from street to street looking for a white cloth hung on doors of gates, giving what help they could. Sometimes they would find a whole household dead. People were dropping dead in the streets, and in Auckland where the Plague claimed most, victims' bodies were taken by the train load and buried in mass graves.

Strangers came to our house but fever and sadness for Mother had dulled the memory of it all. We could not believe that Mother had gone from us. She had been away on a holiday, and we never saw her again, and for months we felt she would suddenly walk in. I must have missed her deeply and for a year I wrote to her every night telling her my little problems. In 1950 Dick and I travelled to Invercargill and visited her grave, and to much astonishment found she had been only 52 at the time of her death. She seemed much older to me when I was a child.

We had been in the midst of victory celebrations when the Plague struck; the high school had been well represented by 300 girls marching in uniform in the big parade. But of course this large gathering of citizens was the means of quickly spreading the sickness.

## *My Father*

*S*hortly after this, Father was transferred back to Christchurch. Rhona and I were heartbroken at having to leave our dear school and all our friends. I remember we stood on the outside platform of the train for miles, weeping our hearts out after saying goodbye to everyone at the station.




My grandmother, Geraldine, in school uniform

Poor Father had to settle us in Christchurch, two rather strange daughters as he had been away from home so much that we did not know each other well. I realise now he was a very quiet reserved man, probably scared of us. We boarded at a house in Papanui, not far from Rangiruru, a private school to which I was sent. Rhona had left school and studied at the Canterbury School of Art, and Father paid the rent for a small studio in the city.

We loved Christchurch. Rhona was fully engaged with her art, and me with school and music. I developed a love of organ music and never missed a service in the cathedral. We again had season tickets for all the musical functions. Rhona had many friends in the art world who became well known in late life: Ngaio Marsh, Ronald McKenzie, Mr Wallwork, and Archibald Nichols the director of the art school. Her reputation as an artist was growing and a very bright future was predicted. She was an original in that if she wanted to paint in the middle of the Square, people and traffic could go around her. She never felt strange in any situation.

During my last year at school the Prince of Wales paid a visit to New Zealand. This caused much fluttering and excitement. A civic ball was arranged in Christchurch among other festivities. It was held in the huge Drill Hall, so large that military bands were engaged to play at each end. Twenty-five débutants were selected and presented to the Prince. To my great disappointment I was considered too young and Rhona upheld the honour of the family. She wore a dress of white muslin over satin (pale pink) and decorated with pink rosebuds. She looked lovely. Father always received invitations to civic functions and, as Mother was no longer with us, either Rhona or I accompanied him. These were always highlights, and one I remember was the



opening of a high coach road along the top of the Port Hills. We drove in beautiful coaches with drivers in colourful uniforms, and then lunched at the new Stage Coach Inn at the end of our journey. The view from the hills on a clear day is magnificent, right across the plains to the far Alps with the city below.

At this time short hair was coming into vogue, and I longed to be in the fashion. But Father did not approve of such nonsense. I must have been a wilful girl for during one of his absences from home I had it shortened. Father came home and did not even notice, until one day we all heard an aeroplane in the sky. This was a great event as none of us had ever seen one. Of course we all rushed outside and as we gaze upwards I became in line of Dad's vision and he saw my shorn locks! His remark was terse but words could not restore my hair loss.

I left school on my eighteenth birthday having matriculated that year, and in the winter I came out at a ball at the university. My dress was white satin and instead of flowers I carried a white ostrich feather plume. I was studying piano, singing and dancing, and elocution. Poor Father seemed to allow us to do everything within reason, and I am ashamed to say we just took it all for granted.

At this time Father became engaged to a dreadful girl of about 25, brassy and common, and who was heard to boast that she was only marrying Mr Haszard for his money. Father was comfortably off but did not have great wealth. We were horrified and one day decided (God forgive us) that she must not ruin Dad's life, as we were quite convinced she would. I rang her at her office at the bank and told her she had to meet me at 4.30pm that afternoon. I was waiting outside the bank and we walked to Hagley Park. I told her that we had all decided to make her life Hell if she married our father. I must have scared

her as shortly afterwards the engagement was broken off. I felt deeply ashamed but I think Dad lived to be thankful for my interference. Years later he met a charming woman and they had many years of happiness. I was an odd child. If I felt strongly in my mind that my course was right, I just went ahead. I only hope that I caused no harm to anyone.

Father at this time must have been a lonely man. Rhona and I never drew close to him. We were young and could not break down the barrier. His office was in the old Provincial Buildings on the corner and when I passed on my bicycle I could see his bald head above the window. These old buildings had been built in the early days of the province. They were replicas of stone buildings in England, and the best craftsmen and artists were brought out to build and decorate them. The main building was used for the meetings of the government when each province had its own parliament. Father was due to retire from his position and after I left school he left on a Pacific cruise, visiting Australia, Japan, the West Coast of USA and down to Chile where his brother Reginald was a mining engineer. I was sent up to live with my brother Vivian and Nancy. I enjoyed my time there and took part in the musical shows in Whanganui, one of which was the 'Cloche de Cornville'.

I must go briefly back to the Invercargill days. Father bought his first motor vehicle, an Indian motorbike and side chair. This was his pride and joy and we took turns in going for rides with him. I must have been a pest always as I was not satisfied until Dad allowed me to take control one day. In case I could not manage this fast deadly machine he would not let me travel over low gear. We ambled along and returned home safely. I thought my left leg was very hot and when we stopped I found I had a nasty burn from the overheated

cylinder – a small price to pay for a real thrill. And even now in my seventieth year I still enjoy driving.

## *Whanganui*

Girls in those days were brought up in almost total ignorance of the facts of life. One day when Nancy was away on a holiday two boys approached me in the street and asked me to buy their dog. It was of an odd breed but its coat was a gorgeous russet brown which was just the colour of my new outfit (winter). I was delighted to give them 5/- and took the dog back to Vivian's home, not thinking whether it would be welcome. The next day I was inundated with dogs of every shape and size, nearly driven mad by their barking and fighting. When Vivian came home he was furious with me and the dog vanished smartly. He explained it all to me, or thought he had, but it was some years later before the penny dropped. The boys had certainly 'sold me a pup'.

## *Vaughan*

I must step back again in time. Vaughan was still in Invercargill Hospital when we left for Christchurch. It was soon arranged for him to be transferred up north to join us. But on the train he became ill and was taken off at Dunedin and placed into the hospital there. He had developed emphysema, an inflammation of the lungs. Poor old chap, alone in a strange city. Rhona and I went down to stay for a while to be near him. The conditions were grim in his ward. Only so many meals would be sent up and if there were more men than meals then

someone had to go without. Too often it would be Vaughan as he was quite bedridden. We would get a hot meal at a nearby meal house and take it up to him. After some weeks he was able to travel again on a stretcher and he was settled into Christchurch Hospital. We would visit him as often as possible and take him out on a long mobile bed into Hagley Park where he loved to watch any sport that was being played.

After several weeks the doctors thought he might be able to attempt to walk. He was helped out of bed held by a nurse and a sister. The highly polished floor was too much for them – they all fell and Vaughan broke his only leg. What a thing to happen! It was enough to kill any spirit left in him but he never complained. Dad would always take a box at the theatre for any worthwhile show and we would go with Vaughan, still in his long-wheel-bed. As young girls we accepted his tragedy and pain, and until the end of his life he suffered greatly.

But he married, had two children, and learnt to drive a car fitted with special gadgets on the wheel, driving through the narrow streets of Wellington. He spent his life in the National Provident Fund office until his retirement at the age of 60. He always had an inquiring mind, read deeply, and when radio arrived this was a joy to him only beaten by TV. He could not partake in life to any extent but TV brought it all to him and he was more or less content. He died at the age of 68.

## *Father's retirement*

Father's retirement was celebrated in the beautiful Provincial Chambers. I was with him and, full of pride, was seated on the dais at the head of the hall, each of us on a small type of throne.

During Dad's reign in office thousands of men were returning from the war and wished to settle on the land. The government of the day had a scheme for such work and Father was away a lot inspecting farms which might be bought by the government for resettling the men. Most of the men were quite inexperienced and Dad would plead with them to work for a year on the land to see if they had any aptitude for farming. But they would not listen and Dad would come home despondent. He could see what the result would be. And of course many did fail, and the government was blamed. Most of the farms reverted to the government during the first big depression.

## *Teenage years*

I had just come out and was enjoying myself as a young adult, when Father decided he would retire and leave Christchurch to settle in the North Island, a small mining town where his family had lived and where a brother lived and still owned lands on the plains. I was broken-hearted leaving all my friends again, as Rhona was engaged to a fellow artist Ronald McKenzie for whom a future was also predicted. They would take me sometimes on sketching picnics, one time to a lovely old estate on the Port Hills, its garden overgrown with creepers and large trees. It had been one of the homes of the Rhodes family and why it had been deserted we could not imagine. The woods and trees were covered with blossom in the spring and I can still smell the scent of the massed violets which covered the ground.

Father had bought a large house in Waihi, which had been the home of early mining officials and then the home of Mr Rudolph, an early pioneer on the motion picture industry. I



House at Waihi, enjoying afternoon tea

was quite inexperienced in housekeeping so Father employed a daily help. I suppose we got by. Several wives of important officials called formally, leaving the correct number of cards which at times were still used in social life. An explanation as to card uses may interest my readers in later years. If a woman called alone and the host husband was absent she left her card and her own husband's; if the host husband was at home also, only one would be left – all very formal and correct. If no one was at home, four cards would be left with the maid. It was also correct to call after a party or any sort of hospitality had been received. This is still done by properly brought up people but in the form of a note or at least a phone call of thanks.



The Haszard family holidaying at Waihi, Henry Morpeth is distinctive in the foreground

L-R: Rhona, Nancy (wife of Vivian, Harry's eldest), Hayden (son of Vivian aged 7 yrs), HDMH, Betty (Ganga), Nanette (Vivian's daughter 5 yrs); the other three we couldn't identify





My great-aunt Beatrice, my grandmother Geraldine and Dido's sister Marjory (centre) in Waihi

Waihi had a closed and snobbish society, absurd in such a small community but we accepted it as right and proper. Our house possessed a full sized billiard table, similar to the one we had had in Hokitika. Our parties were great fun and well attended. Rhona's wedding took place here, with me and our small niece Nanette in attendance. Father kept a letter I had written him (from where I do not remember) telling him of the things a girl would need in her trousseau. 'All girls have half a dozen, but many have a dozen of everything in their trousseau,' followed by a list of a dozen sheets, pillow cases, petticoats, dresses, etc, etc. Poor dear Father, it is a wonder he didn't strangle me.

At this time Dad met a schoolteacher, Betty Davison, a bright young (middle aged) friend of Mrs Barron of Waihi. It was a case of love at first sight and after a very short engagement they were married in the registry office in Auckland. And they had all our blessings. Father had gone up to see Betty, but rang back in two days to tell us they had got married. Father was like an impetuous lad in his teens!

I felt it would be easier for Betty to take over the reigns of the house without me there breathing down her neck. So the morning they were due back home I left everything shipshape and caught the train. We met for a few moments on the Paeroa station as our trains pulled in. I was on my way to Eltham in Taranaki to stay with the Nigel Connells. Their daughter Trixy had been visiting her aunt, a Mrs Johnson, in Waihi, and she had jokingly said, 'I have three handsome brothers at home, you must come down and meet them.'

Only one was at home when I reached Eltham, Dick, and the other two, Jock and Amyas, arrived up from Wellington for the Easter break. The garden was lovely, and the joy of both

the parents. They had an area of 5.5 acres, one of which was in garden. In spring it was so beautiful with masses of flowering shrubs and trees, a lake with two white swans on it, and the banks a maze of irises and lilies.

We had the gayest times there, dressing up for dinner, playing charades, blow ping pong, and playing hide and seek in the garden at night. One evening it was decided that we should make fancy dresses out of whatever we could find. I made a lace crinoline out of old curtains, decorated it with pink rambler roses, and put wreathes of them on an old shady hat. I thought I was wonderful and sailed into the dining room when everyone was gathered, but as I turned and pirouetted they started to laugh, and the more I turned the more they laughed, and the more I thought I was truly the hit of the evening. At last they told me that the hem of my dress was caught up in my belt at the back. I was showing garments which were unmentionables (imagine!) at that time. You can imagine my horror, and I felt I was quite disgraced. 1923! Our night hide and seek game used to terrify me, I just could not stand the feeling of someone creeping up behind me and pouncing. So brave me used to hide beside the steps leading to the front verandah.

On Saturday nights we would all go to the pictures and have a late dinner on our return. On holidays time meant nothing and meals were when someone felt like eating. Breakfast from 10 to 11, dinner any time up to midnight. After tennis on Saturdays or Sundays everybody would stay for dinner, anything up to 30, and Mrs Connell would make a meal stretch to satisfy a crowd. There were always plenty of eggs and home grown vegetables. These dinner and tennis parties must have meant a lot of work but Mrs Connell was incredibly calm about it all.

## *Engagement*

Coming back from the pictures on my last night there, Dick and I went on ahead around another way. He was carrying a large roast of meat under his arm. Suddenly he dropped it on the grass and asked me to marry him. We were almost home when the Sunday joint was remembered!

I returned home to Waihi and to really meet Betty and tell Father about my coming marriage. He was not happy about it as he wished Dick to be more established and he thought I was too young (20). Dick was share-milking out on a farm several miles out of Eltham, Pukengahu.

I was quite ignorant of what farming life entailed. Dad owned land over on the Hauraki Plains and one day we went over there on business, and I was horrified to see the wife of the share-milker in the shed. My life had been in cities or towns and I was quite disgusted, and I gave Dad a talking to all the way home that he should allow such a thing!

When Rhona and I were up for the Auckland Exhibition in 1913 we spent a few days out on a farm nearby owned by my Aunt Bunny (Mrs Fred Pollen). In those days the roads were unmetalled and Aunt Bunny had to ride on horseback into the tiny village once a week to get supplies and mail. One day Rhona and I started along the road to meet her on her return. We got a mile or two when the utter silence and loneliness of the deserted countryside terrified us, and when Bunny arrived she found two small girls clinging to each other in floods of tears.

Just prior to this Father had bought a small open tourer, a Dodge, which was christened Red Wing. This was his first car and what excitement! Father and Betty went off on a tour to



*My grandmother*

Rotorua – a hair-raising adventure of mud roads, punctures and near accidents. Poor Betty was thankful to get home safely. Motoring in the 1920s was a hazardous affair.

Betty was an excellent hostess and great fun, and she made Father a happy man. I went down again to Eltham for Xmas, once again a happy family gathering. On Xmas Eve a number of Amyas' friends came down at midnight and raided the safe and cupboards. Most of the food prepared for the next day disappeared and poor Mrs Connell was not amused.

My arrival at Eltham was not as planned. I had a new outfit with a hat tied on with a veil (very chic), and I was going to make an entrance at the station. But when my train stopped at Hawera (the one before Eltham), Trixy, Dick's sister, rushed on to the train, grabbed my ticket, thrust me off to Dick awaiting me on a brand new Harley Davidson motorbike. Away we went, all set to break the speed limit. My scarf knotted itself around my neck, my hat flew off and my hair flew in all directions. My arrival before the Studio at Eltham was disheveled, to say the least.

That motorbike was the cause of much heartache, tummy aches and arguments. For some ridiculous reason I always sat sidesaddle, and consequently every bump and rut we passed over gave me a twist and bad cramp. One day on our way to Inglewood, I said to Dick that he could sit on the back and that I would drive for a change. We changed places and set out. At the first corner I eased back the handlebar grip, turning it backwards as I was used to, but to my horror it was just the opposite on a Harley Davidson and I opened it out to full throttle. We went over the corner instead of around and ended up upside down in a deep ditch, me underneath with the bike on top, and Dick also upside down hanging on a wire fence. He extricated himself and rescued me from a

possible fiery death as petrol was pouring over me. A man in an old Ford Tourer rescued us and took me on to Aunt Carl's home in Inglewood. We got back to Eltham that night. I was rather shaken still but in Mrs Connell's house one did not get sympathy, and I hid my discomfort.


## *Fashion*

*I* returned once more to Waihi and settled down to sewing my trousseau. In those days dainty nighties and underwear had to be made by hand. Only cotton and very plain chambric garments could be bought in shops. Supper clothes etc. had all to be made by hand. It is a far cry from today when the loveliest things can be bought so cheaply: so right and proper too. Only those who could afford the time and money had them when I was a girl.

It was about this time that permanent waving came to New Zealand. My first visit was rather terrifying. The system was called 'The Marcel Wave'. The hair was wrapped around small metal sticks, two dozen at least, then these were placed over hanging metal cups rather like milking cups, the power was switched on and there you were stuck until the hair was cooked. I hated it and always had a fear that a fire or an earthquake might occur and I would be stuck forever. The worst never did happen but twice my scalp was burnt slightly.

About this time in 1923 stockings which had always been black, changed colour, even pale pink to fawn. Skirts were still fairly long, so we did not show too much calf.

I must record the bad with the good if it is to be a true biography. My sense of money must have been non-existent. Father had to go to Auckland and I asked him to get me a horse!



This I fully expected to receive, but where the poor dear man was to get one in the city I can't imagine. Of course he didn't, but brought me home a brand new bicycle. I was disgusted and never got on it. Dick's birthday was drawing near some weeks later and I sent away to Wiseman's in Auckland and ordered a £6 tennis racket, which was a lot of money in those days. Later the account came in to Father and when he opened it and found out what it was he asked me how I intended to pay for it, and I said blithely, 'You can sell the bike, I don't want it.'

What shames to this day was the fact that it never entered my head that I was behaving badly – and I hang my head just writing about it – and they talk about silly youth today!

## *Marriage*

During this time Rhona's marriage to Ronald McKenzie failed and after the divorce she married an Englishman, Leslie Greener. It was a big family upset for in those days divorce was considered terrible. Rhona and Leslie were leaving New Zealand before the divorce was final, but Dad was horrified and he and Betty rushed down to Wellington to prevent such a calamity. Rhona was brought back to stay in Waihi and when the time was right they left for abroad, man and wife. What a fuss there was over the whole affair! Father could not allow his daughter to leave New Zealand under those circumstances! I suppose he was right, but it caused distress to Rhona. Leslie was also an artist at the Christchurch Art School, and until her untimely death in Egypt in 1931 they had a wonderfully happy life together.

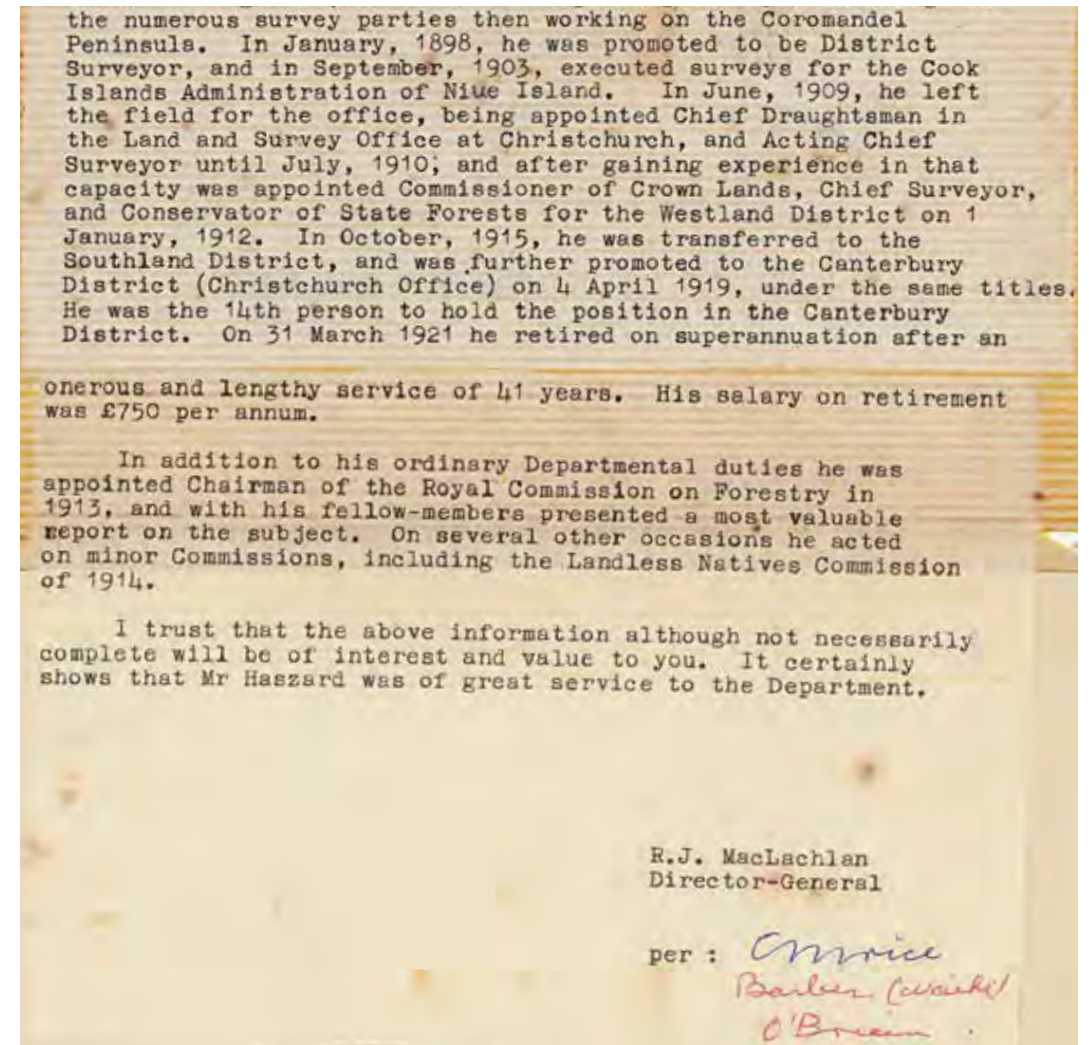
Our own wedding was fixed for Easter 1924. As I write in 1973, our golden wedding is looming and if all is well we will celebrate it next year.

These years saw a number of changes in New Zealand. By 1924 there were 106,000 motor vehicles registered in the country but still no fridges in homes, roads were fairly good in the cities and on the main south ones, but the back blocks were still mud. Agriculture was starting to boom and dairy produce raced ahead, but life on the land was still primitive: few cars, little electricity, no washing machines. After our wedding, Dad and Betty came up to Auckland to see a fleet in the harbour, and they were struck several times on the road from Paeroa to Auckland.

My stepmother invited a large number of guests to stay in the house for our wedding, and many out of town friends were billeted among relations and friends in Waihi. The wedding day was wet and we got soaked as we came out of the church. The tiny spots of coloured confetti stained my dress and even went through on to my undies. It must have cleared later as the reception was held as planned in the garden. The local vicar made us all cross. He rang me at 7am to ask me to drive him down to Waikino for early communion – this my wedding day. Rhona, and Phil my bridesmaid, and other young people staying in the house decided to teach him a lesson. They called for him in my brother Vivian's old open Ford, took him down as he had asked, but while the service was being conducted they sang bawdy songs outside the church. Poor man, and how naughty the girls were.

Easter that year was one of the wettest on record, and the local river, the Ohinimutu, burst its banks and flooded the roads. Dick and I got out early by train but only just as within two hours the railway as well as the road was closed. All the guests were marooned for days.

We were booked to go down to Picton for our honeymoon, but when we came downstairs at Te Ahora the next morning we heard that all the railway men had gone on strike and of course



A letter from the Department of Lands and Survey on the role of her father and my great-grandfather Henry Morpeth Haszard

no trains were running. Many people were on holiday for the Easter break and much inconvenience was caused. We managed to get seats on a service car to Hamilton and then on south to Waitomo. The hostel was quite empty when we arrived as everyone had left for their homes in whatever type of conveyance they could get. But we did not mind as the staff made a great fuss of the two young people and we felt like we were staying in our own large country mansion. In the famous caves were lit only by magnesium flares and their wonders were seen in short bursts.

The time came when we had to face realities and we returned to Eltham and the farm at Pukengahu where Dick was share-milking. The cottage was tiny, no bathroom and not much furniture. Dick had been baching there for two years. The milking plant consisted of a huge hungry steam boiler which had to be fed quantities of sawn wood, by which means a full head of steam was obtained, and this in turn worked the milking plant. Most of Dick's day was spent cutting and carting the wood for this awful beast. I had a sort of washhouse, but the first time I lit the fire under the copper the chimney belched smoke all over me and nothing went up the chimney. I was certain that Pip, Dick's young brother, had stuffed it for a joke but probably I was being unfair as the washhouse had not been used for some years.

Once a week, usually on a Saturday evening, late night, I would get on the carrier of the motorbike and we would tear off to the 'city' to shop and see a little of outside life.

We finished the season on this farm but in the spring Dick took another job on a new unbroken place on the side of Mt Egmont, out near the coast of Opunake. He went out alone for the first few weeks as there was no house on the property and I stayed in Eltham with his father and mother. It was not a happy arrangement as Dick managed to get in to see us only occasionally.



My grandfather milking

At last the cottage the owners were building was finished. It was only tiny, three rooms, but it had a bathroom and a hot water cylinder attached to the small fuel stove, which was utter heaven. I was allowed to choose the wallpaper for our tiny bedroom. This was pale mauve with stripes of pink and mauve lilac, and I managed to get material for bedspread and curtain to match. I thought it was beautiful, and a pale grey fumed oak bed and dressing table made it fit for a princess.

## *Life on the farm*

**L**ife became real and earnest. The farm consisted of standing bush, swamps and fallen logs, with hardly a fence to control the cows. The owners had a sawmill on the property and we were supposed to create new pastures as the bush was fallen. That year we broke in 109 heifers. The cowshed was new with six bails, a high wooden fence around the shed, but no race of any sort had been built into which we would drive the heifers. All that was a nightmare, but worst of all was a terrible old plant which was supposed to supply the power to drive the milking plant. It was an Anderson petrol engine which had hidden in its bowels a gremlin of the most puckish temper imaginable. We would get the cups on to the heaving, plunging, terrified heifers, just start milking, when the engine would cough and splutter and die — with every set of cups falling and immersed in liquid cow dung. I learnt to say ‘bugger’ with heartfelt rage, and I felt a bad girl. I enclose a short story published in *Penpoint* and over *Country Calendar*.

Directly behind the cowshed a small mountain stream flowed, and on occasions Dick and I, the dog and the animals would be caught on the wrong side of it. The morning when we left to go

to work across the river all would be well, perfect weather, but high up on the mountain rain would fall, melt the snow, and in a couple of hours snow waters would come down and create a raging torrent several feet deep. Dick would wade in with the dog on his shoulders to test the depth and rush of the water, leave the dog on the other side, return for me, carrying me on his shoulders too, holding on to my legs to prevent me from toppling over. This was always a hilarious journey and we would get uncontrollable fits of laughter halfway across and nearly fall in and drown. Then Dick would have to go back for a third time to drive the cows over. He would get them into a tight bunch, leap on to the back of the last one and get carried safely across. Always it was successful but a slight slip and he would have been trampled under the water.

It is extraordinary how circumstances can alter one’s nature so drastically. I had been brought up in the usual sheltered ways of city life in the early days of this century. Animals were cats and dogs and horses: anything bigger or different was beyond my ken. I think I had the average love of dumb creatures, in fact I have always loved dogs and cats. But at times our tempers were tried to breaking point each and every day. The old engine in the milking shed was a constant irritant, and often a bail door in the shed would blow open in the wind and rain which was so constant in this mountain region. At least every milking several heifers would drive through the open door before we could stop them, and vanish into the darkness.

One night we chased a heifer for an hour, and at last cornered it in a bend in the creek. We managed to get it out of the water, Dick threw it over and I sat on its head while he sawed its horns off. A year before I would have reported such an incident to the SPCA. It taught me a lesson in tolerance of other people’s actions, and it is a lesson I have never forgotten.

The bush on the mountainside was very lovely, but sad to say much of it on the farm was being felled. The small cottage and shed were set a distance from the main road, and we had no metalled track out to cart the milk. It was only a bush road over swamp and fallen logs across the paddock. Each morning, Dick would harness old Darkey, a beautiful draft horse, into a block dray, load it with milk cans and set off to the factory. The first part across the paddock was terrible. Darkey would heave and struggle through the mud and swamp, the cans clanking and the dray swaying. I would watch from the cottage window, my heart aching for the gallant beast, but he always made it.

Our first baby was now on the way, and I had some silly longings for special food. One was for fruit pie. Dick had instructions to buy a tin of apricots and when he returned from the factory I set to and made my longed for luxury. (I should explain that in those days whole milk was delivered to a milk factory.)

I had had little experience in housework or cooking, and my first meals were disastrous. Smoked fish was cooked as it is (I did not know it had to be skinned) and the resulting dish was full of scales. I also thought that the more baking powder put into cakes the bigger they would be. They were gorgeous while in the oven, but as soon as they reached the cold air they flopped down to thin flabs. A few tears were shed in that kitchen.

To return to that wonderful pie! I sat, like Cinderella, licking my lips in anticipation. It baked briskly in the tiny oven (fired by wood, usually wet) and with no glass doors in those days. I had to peep in several times. It was at its perfect best – my first effort to succeed. I placed the oven cloth carefully around the plate but somehow it did not quite cover it. I touched the hot

plate, dropped it, and it fell upside down into the ashes on the hearth. When Dick came in some time later, Cinderella was still sitting beside it weeping her heart out.

Life was difficult on this farm. We asked the owner to build a ‘race’ into which we could drive the cattle: as it was they just ran round and round the shed, exhausting both us and themselves. He refused. We asked him to replace the dreadful engine. He refused. The only thing which was of real comfort there was the hot water system. We would come in at night, very tired, but the thought of a hot bath, clean clothes, pretty trousseau things helped a lot.

## *Waihi*

The season was ending with no prospects of the owner becoming more helpful so we decide to leave. My Father and his brother Fen owned a farm on the Waihi Plains, and we were offered the position as manager which we accepted.

The day we loaded our belongings on board a lorry and left for Eltham was a red-letter one. Dick’s sister Trixy came out to help us, and on the journey back we sang all the way, so high were our feelings. The lovely mountain’s face was hidden by storm clouds – maybe it was weeping for our passing.

The Waihi land was partly broken in. It was about five miles out along the beach road, in those days only a dirt track winding through high teatree scrub. Our transport was an old dray pulled by dear old Darkey whom we had brought up with us from Taranaki. The house was big, three bedrooms with a proper bathroom and an enclosure which soon became a garden. The house had been moved out from Waihi where it had been the vicarage. It was freshly painted and papered, and after the other two cottages it seemed like a palace.



*My grandparents and my aunt Charente*



My aunt Charente, my grandmother Geraldine and my father John





## *Birth of our first baby*

I awaited the birth of our first baby who arrived on 4 March 1925. To Dick's surprise it was a girl whom we named Charente Douglas. The name Charente came from the French ancestor who left France in the thirteenth century to settle in England, and whose descendant left for North America in 1634. The history of the Haszard family can be found in another book.

Sherry was a good baby and we settled into the new life which was much easier for me. But Dick faced difficulties with Uncle Fen who seemed to take on the management over Dick. Fen was a book farmer without any practical experience. His stand when crops failed or things went wrong was always, 'It should have gone right. We will try again.'

During these years from 1925 the Plains were almost unproductive: very few farms or trees for shelter and high winds were a weekly occurrence. The loose top soil where it had been plowed would lift in dust storms, a wall of dust flying high in the air, hiding the sky. Looking at the prosperous farms and good homesteads, which today have spread over most of the Plains, it is hard to realise what it was like, and it seems a miracle has been wrought.

Dick and I took part in amateur dramatics in Waihi, and I took up my music again. I took lessons from a sister at the convent. With hard work and encouragement from Dick I managed to get my LTCL, firstly the ATCL. The next year I intended to take the theoretical section of the LTCL but I had a miscarriage and could not attend classes.

## *Planes and automobiles*

My father and Betty went abroad during this period, visiting Great Britain, Europe and parts of Australia. Betty loved our wee daughter and brought back some lovely little dresses. In fact she had a craze for sewing for a time and made 40 dresses for Sherry, all different and adorable.

The day they were due to return home to Waihi the local families prepared a welcome. Before they had left New Zealand Father had given us his little Dodge tourer which Dick had taken apart completely and rebuilt to the last screw. It was going perfectly and we were proud of it so we decided to go on down to Waikino, meet Dad and Betty, and bring them back in state. But luck was against us and our proud little car broke down. So we were an hour or more late arriving back with them and the assembled family was annoyed and cross.

Uncle Fen and Aunt Muriel with their six sons lived on a hill behind the township. Fen was Father's brother. Another, Norman, was a civil engineer who had worked and died in Malaya. The third brother was Reg who was a mining engineer in Chile.

Dick worked hard on the farm and it was developed gradually and many trees were planted. A large area of it, quite undeveloped, stretched from the front hills behind to the sea at Katikati harbour. My father loved this part and spent countless happy hours burning off teatree. It was a family saying, 'Where there is smoke, there is Dad.' Early on he bought a small motorbike and later on a tiny Austin 7, which he used to get to the back farm.

Round about this time a small aeroplane visited Waihi for the first time and took passengers for short trips. Father 'shouted'

me one, and after hugging everyone goodbye I climbed aboard with much trepidation. Of the actual flight I have little recollection, I think I was so scared that all I could think of was getting back safely to earth.

Waihi was beginning to become popular as a picnic place, and to attract people a large motorcar speed day was arranged. Big crowds came but half way through the events a large Super-Hudson crashed out of control and killed the driver – a well known local lad. That was the first and last sports day for cars ever arranged at the beach.

One day I looked out of the kitchen window and saw Sherry (about two years old) out in the middle of the paddock with a hand outstretched trying to touch the ring in the bull's nose. He was pawing the ground and shaking his head. I ran outside, climbed under the fence, walked slowly across the paddock where the bull and Sherry were grouped. I reached the child, took her hand and we walked slowly back to the fence. When we crawled through to safety my legs wouldn't hold me up. Dick saw the whole thing but he was several paddocks away and could do nothing. He was driving the tractor and was so startled he went straight into the nearby fence.

Waihi had been a gold mining town for many years and great wealth had been extracted, but as the ore started to peter out the Plains were developed and farming brought prosperity.

I must retract in time for a few moments. When we were engaged and Dick was visiting Waihi, I persuaded him to let me take out the small Dodge as, to date, I had not broken Dad's resolve not to let me learn to drive. It was exceedingly naughty of me to take advantage of Dad's absence and Dick's good nature. I got into the car, behind the wheel and away we sailed. It was a marvellous sensation (one I still enjoy) and after an hour or two

we thought we had better return and face the music. We knew Dad was up at Uncle Fen's so we pulled up outside and decided to confess. When we walked into the office Fen looked up and I said, 'What do you think we have done?' 'Got married.' 'Oh, no,' we said, 'only taken the car out for a run!' Dad and Uncle Fen were so relieved that we had not rushed into marriage that our 'crime' of taking the car without permission was not a heinous crime after all! A peaceful outcome which I did not deserve.

## *Auckland*

About 1927 Uncle Reg retired from his position as mine manager in Chile and he and Aunt Alice returned to New Zealand. Reg had spent many years in a country where the white man's word was law, and he had peasants under him for too long. He expected to take over the running of the farm and was a very difficult man. Dick found it almost impossible to counter his inexperience in farming in New Zealand, as Reg owned a share in the farm with his two brothers, my father and Uncle Fen. We were eventually pushed out of the management. We could see he wanted the house for himself and Alice. Eventually, against all fairness, he obtained the whole farm and the two brothers were out altogether. I well remember Betty begging Dad to stand firm when a meeting was held up in Fen's office, but they were no match for Reg.

We had to leave and went up to Auckland where Dick got a position at the Farmers Trading Company. We had a small flat over at Devonport in Tainui Road, Cheltenham. Dick received £4 a week out of which we had to pay rent, transport for Dick to the city, buy food and clothes, and pay any medical expenses.



Beatrice's wedding to Basil Ward in Rangoon. The best man, Orby Mootham, would become her second husband

Everything is relative so no doubt a man on the basic wage in the seventies has just as difficult a task making ends meet.

My brother Norman (ex-Lieutenant Commander RNVR) came up from Invercargill where he was harbour master at the Bluff, to take a refresher course on the old naval training ship HM *Philomel*. During his stay, ships of the Japanese navy paid a visit to Auckland and the officers of the *Philomel* were invited to a reception on board the flagship. He asked me to go with him. I waited on the dockside as the officers climbed down into the pinnace which was to take us across the harbour. These members of the naval reserve were by now middle aged men, with dress uniforms which had been tailored to fit them during World War One now too tight and too short. However they made a brave showing on the flagship and I was proud to stand in line with them.

We had a year in Auckland but Dick was not happy in city work. During this time Dick's sister was to leave Auckland to marry Basil Ward in Rangoon. He had won the Jervois Scholarship for Architecture the same years that Dick's brother Amyas won the Rome one for the same studies. Amyas was the first colonial to win such a world prize and we were all proud of his ability and success. They had been working in Burma for some time. When the time came for Trixy to leave she became hysterical and said she would only go if I would come as far as Sydney with her. I rang Dad and asked him if they could take on Sherry (now 3) and lend me the money to go over. The next day they came up from Waihi, collected our wee girl and away we went. It was all so sudden that I had to wash, pack, leave cooked food for Dick, and even have my hair cut by Dick at midnight. He was in such a hurry that he took a nick out of my neck! We got away the next day, the first of my travels over the ocean.

I had four days in Sydney, saw Trixy off on her way to Rangoon, and then returned to Auckland. It had been a great adventure and I would have liked to have stayed longer. On the morning our ship sailed down the East Coast on its approach to the harbour I had the thrill of my life up to that date. I was seated at the captain's table going over and back as Norman had been in the USS CO for many years, and he had told me to introduce myself. I jokingly teased the captain to let me go up on the bridge to steer the vessel for short while. On the last morning coming down the coast he gave in and invited me to visit him at 9.30am. I was not late for the appointment and for a few moments he allowed me to hold the wheel, with of course the sailor right beside me. I thought I was holding her well on the compass point, a bit wavy, but not too bad. When the sailor took over again the captain said, 'Come and look back at the wake.' To my amazement there was a milky white band wandering in a zigzag track behind the ship.

Later when I had returned to my proper place two young men were commenting about this strange behaviour. One said, 'It reminds me of the war when ships had to vary their path.' I kept very quiet.

On my return to Auckland we started to think about buying a farm of our own and looked at places north and south of the city. In 1929 land even close to Auckland across the harbour was considered poor in quality and almost useless — old dug over gum lands of last century. The small populations of Devonport and Takapuna were served by ferries and funny old steam trams, and farming was non-existent. All this is a far cry from the sweeping vistas of today's modern suburbs with new schools, factories, wide roads and lovely beaches well set for picnics. Plus the wonderful land development which extends from the North Shore to the northern end of the Island.

## Our farm

Eventually we bought a farm of 112 acres five miles in from the Bombay Hills which are 30 miles south of Auckland. It was a 'going concern' all in grass, 25 milkers and 15 young stock. The shed was ancient with another ghastly petrol engine, also an Anderson. The road had only recently been metalled. Our mail was delivered twice a week up at the Paparata Post Office nearby, run by a Mrs Wyatt. There was as yet no electricity to the farm. The cottage was also of ancient vintage, of the style of early homes in the middle of the nineteenth century. The bath was out in a tiny washhouse, the paths were roughly built from stones from our own creek but, compared with our first house on the side of Mt Egmont, it was good.

The main roads by this period were vastly improved. The new machinery made the grading of these a much easier and quicker job. Life and its pace were quickening, motion pictures were changing to 'talkies' and cars and lorries were much more modern. Even radios were becoming popular and, although still in 1935, election results were being shown at the foot of Queen Street by magic lantern.

In 1928 Kingsford Smith made the first Tasman crossing by plane, the famous *Southern Cross*. This was a stupendous feat and caused great excitement in the country and ushered in the beginning of a change in the world's transport.

Our son was born on the farm on Saturday 16 September 1929, a few weeks premature. But he thrived and grew strong. Help was difficult to get so Dad brought a strong girl from Waihi to help with the milking, and in the house if there was time.

When we arrived on the farm we had exactly 10/- left in cash after paying the carrier who brought our things down from Auckland, and our first dairy factory payment was also the same amount. It was three months before the cows started to produce again in the spring and the first cheques were tiny.




The family at Bombay Hills farm with assembled pets. My aunts Elizabeth and Charente, my grandparents Dick and Geraldine and my father looking most unamused



My aunt Elizabeth's birthday party at Papatata – the only person's face you can't see in the picture is hers





The world Depression had set in and the price of butter fat dropped from 1/6 lb to sixpence. The whole world was engulfed in this economic tragic wickedness, and all except the very rich or very secure felt it. We thought that in New Zealand we suffered but after seeing the film on TV, *The Aftermath of Great World War One*, we now realised how fortunate we were. Europe, Great Britain and the Americas had a truly dreadful time.

### *The fire*

When John was about a year old our little cottage was destroyed by fire. We lost everything. The next morning as I walked up from the cowshed the full force of the disaster engulfed me. We had nothing but what we stood up in – no toothbrush, no nail scissors, no comb. My sister Rhona had just sent out from Egypt a set of linocuts, and these were destroyed too. I was up at the local school that night helping with the Xmas party for the children, when someone called out there was a fire somewhere. Being new to the district, I had no idea of directions, especially at night, and although everyone guessed it was our house, I had no idea until we drew near. Dick had stayed at home with the children but wakened in time to get them all to safety. It was haymaking time and I had been baking all day for that and the party at the school. The assessor thought it had started in the old chimney which had been made in the early days from homemade bricks, and they discovered that under the iron roof had been old thatching of straw of a great age.

This, with the Depression, was a sad blow for us. We boarded with the Wyatts for some months until a small cottage brought from Auckland was re-erected on the farm. We had no insurance on the furniture and only £300 on the house, so we had very little money to rebuild and little for ordinary living.

### *Rhona's death*

My sister Rhona was killed accidentally in Egypt at this time. She and Leslie Greener her husband were living at a school at Alexandria where he was a French master. They occupied a flat on the top floor right under the big college clock on a high tower. The night before her death an exhibition of her work had been opened in Cairo, attended by notabilities and with excellent reviews the next day. They had a garden on the roof where she lost her balance and fell to her death. A brilliant artist was thus lost to New Zealand, but as I write an exhibition of her work is being planned, to be held sometime this year. I am very happy that this is to be in my lifetime. Her work has not been before the younger generations except in the art galleries, and this will bring her pictures to their rightful place in the art world in New Zealand. Rhona was an artist in every way, and I was too young to appreciate the fact.

After Mother died and Father was transferred to Christchurch we shared a room and we had awful rows. Her canvasses and paints were the most important things in her life and these would always have pride of place in our bedroom. They lay on the beds, bulged out of the chest of drawers, and on the floor. I only wish I had been more patient with her. When she and Leslie left for Europe I came to realise what she was and am thankful to say I matured enough to grow to love and appreciate her by the means of letters. Dear Leslie has always kept in touch, even though he remarried. He brought his wife to visit us just prior to World War Two, staying on the farm at Bombay. Rhona had a small inheritance of £500 from Mother's estate, and a lovely emerald and diamond ring which Leslie immediately made over to me. There was no cause for him to do such a generous thing and I wish this to be known by my readers.



The new house at Paparata

## *Our new home*

**O**ur new cottage had three small bedrooms, no electricity, and I had once more to cook with a small range (we used candles and kerosene) and iron with old pot irons (these had to be heated on the range top).

After three years power was brought along our road. We had it installed in the cowshed but it was some time later before we could afford it in the house. Dick had finally put a large spanner through the petrol engine's inside, and smashed it to bits. Its life's passing brought no regrets.

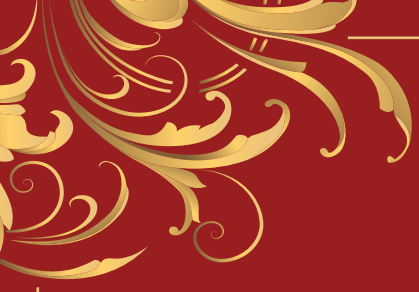
## *The 1930s*

**I**n 1931 a terrible disaster struck Napier in the Hawke's Bay – an earthquake which took 256 lives and caused a terrific amount of damage. And a little later in 1935, the first Labour Government was elected with Michael Savage as Prime Minister. Radios were just beginning to become possible for the small man to buy, though for a long while we used to listen to a tiny crystal set with earphones. In fact, we heard the farewell speech from London when Edward VII abdicated.

In 1935 the Penguin Books were started. And later again Savage introduced the first 'Social Security' in 1938.

The period between the twenties and thirties was a very quiet life on the farms and even in suburban homes. Cess Mace, a farmer near to us in Bombay, was the first man to get a real radio, and every Monday night the men of the district, even from a distance, flocked there to listen to the broadcast of wrestling in the Auckland Town Hall. This was considered the highlight of the week.

When Sherry was six years old, my father and stepmother took her to live with them in Waihi and she went to school there. The walk to the small Paparata school was too much, they thought.



My grandmother on the steps at Titirangi with her favourite pet dog, Beau Smith



The family home, 97 Waima Crescent, Titirangi



One of my grandmother's bark pictures

**BUYERS BITE AT BARK PICTURES**

After painting for two and half years, Mrs Connell found extensive difficulty on her return home in writing back into what now seemed a very hazy memory. She felt the need to be relieved in a creative activity of some sort, and making pictures from the wild flowers she had gathered in many parts of the world (roses, geraniums and cyclamens picked in the heart of Turkey) was a start.

One lesson in "bark painting" at a demonstration of the Auckland Poppywomen's Club was all she needed to launch her on a career, which led to her showing paintings at the Club's Arts and Crafts Exhibition in the same year.

Traveler drives and holidays have now become bark-painting expeditions. For the Connells, armed with a color camera and sketch pad, Mrs Connell records scenes for future pictures, while her husband sails through lakes, bays and rivers.

"We have an expert's eye for colour and texture—I, on a beautiful amount to bits, but even better over the workshop to me," said Mrs Connell.

During the summer they toured the South Island, bringing back treasured pieces of bark and vividly coloured lichens from Central Otago and areas have already been used in recent studies of the South.

Next year they hope to try a long stay in Australia, where Mrs Connell may be brought to public notice on location. If she does, we can only hope that a few find their way back to New Zealand.

**HOW TO MAKE BARK PICTURES**

Interest in handcrafts and all forms of art work is increasing in New Zealand—and to help those wanting to experiment with something different, see Page 112 how Maori Living Walls make New Zealand bark and other materials from the bark to make bark pictures.

**From Page 8**

**N.Z.W.M. SEPTEMBER 7, 1970**

HER HOBBY OF MAKING PICTURES FROM TREE BARK HAS TURNED INTO A LUCRATIVE BUSINESS FOR THIS NEW ZEALAND WOMAN — HER PICTURES HAVE GONE TO ENGLAND, GERMANY, HONG KONG, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA AND AMERICA

**BUYERS BITE AT BARK PICTURES**

**BY STAFF WRITER CASSIE RUSSELL**

**MAKING** beautiful pictures from the bark of trees, Mrs Geraldine Connell, of Titirangi, Auckland, has turned a hobby into a lucrative business in a matter of a few years.

Her pictures have gone to England, Germany, Hong Kong, Japan, Australia and America. The Chairman of the Poppy-Cole Corporation, Mr. Richard H. Hughes, commissioned one for his private collection, and the latest request from overseas has come from Jakarta.

"Members of her workshop have been purchased by the chairman of the British Art Trust, and placed in many houses throughout New Zealand, and another hangs in the headquarters of the New Zealand Forest Service in Wellington.

"To have people in many countries willing to commission pictures has been an overwhelming experience for Mrs Connell," she says, "I still can't quite believe it."

Photos here to Page 11

**N.Z.W.M. SEPTEMBER 7, 1970**

**FIGURES BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS**

**Below: Connell — North Tyneside**

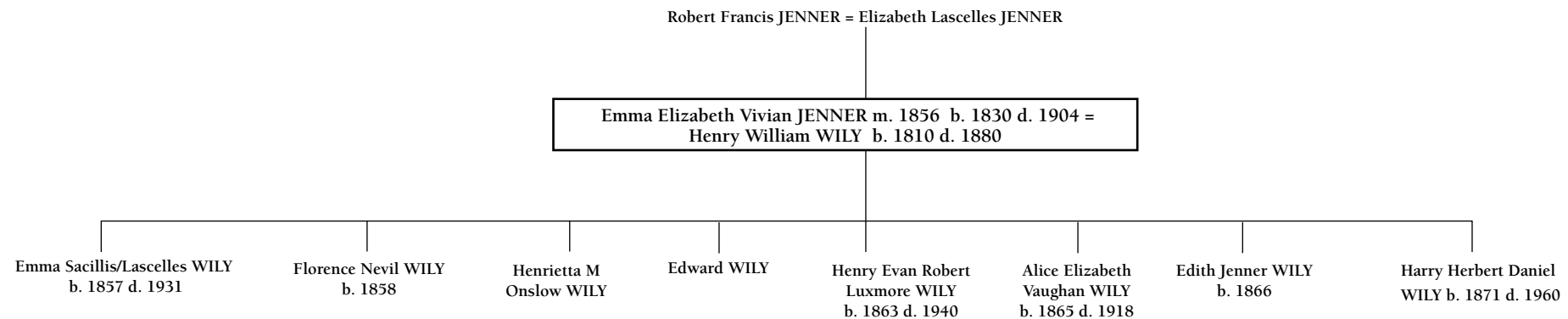
My grandmother in the basement of their Titirangi home working on her bark paintings. The bark came from all the native trees on their property.



Emma Wily née Jenner (Geraldine's grandmother), Wenvoe Castle, Wales

# Diary of Emma Wily née Jenner

1830–1904



*M*y great-great-grandmother's diary is an amazing account of a life of privilege. A life of servants, nannies, drivers, gardeners, castles, Kings, Queens, Lords and Ladies. The family fortune had been made by charging a toll for each coal wagon that passed through their land to get to Barrie, a major port in South Wales. I particularly love the passage in regards to a certain nurse named Miss Nightingale who had been busy during the Crimean War; we of course knew her as none other than 'Florence Nightingale'.

The family farm that they retired to in Mauku, South Auckland exists to this day (see photographs at the end of this chapter). My aunt Charente tells me the farm was originally named 'The Falls Farm', so named because of the beautiful waterfall on the property. The original farmstead was burnt down and it was only due to the generosity of family at home in Wales they were able to rebuild. The church at Mauku which houses both her grave and her husband's recently celebrated 150 years; the beautiful church and its stained glass windows are well worth a visit. By sheer coincidence her granddaughter's (Geraldine Haszard) future husband Dick Douglas Connell's grandparents were also to have a farm less than 10 kilometres away in Paerata.

## Chapter One

I was born on 14 June 1830 at Wenvoe Castle in Glamorganshire, South Wales, being the first of the family born there – my two elder brothers Robert and Alfred having made their appearances in London.

The first thing I remember is holding the baby's nightdress (my sister Fanny, born 12 November 1832) inside the high nursery fender to warm it for her, when the flames caught it and it set the chimney on fire. The nurse wrapped the baby up in her new flannel apron and ran screaming out of the room, but I forget what happened then.

In October 1833 Edmund was born, and when he was about a year old I recollect how Bolton, the nursery maid, after taking the dinner things downstairs, coming into the nursery and saying to Vincent, the head nurse, 'La! Mrs Vincent, poor Kitty John, the kitchen maid has had her ears bored, poor thing, how she did holler!' I knew nothing about earrings and for many years I thought that the operation, which was performed by a peddler I believe, was done by inserting a gimblet in one ear and bringing it out at the other.

When I was three years old I went to London with my parents, and we stayed at my Grand mamma's house in Tilney Street, Mayfair. I used to be very much vexed at having to feed her canary bird with biscuit moistened in my mouth, and often hid myself rather than do it.

At this time my mother engaged Vincent as head nurse, Carpenter as lady's maid, and also a governess called Miss Bellamy for the purpose of teaching Robert and Alfred. I used to go in every afternoon for half an hour to learn a hymn or



Wenvoe Castle, South Wales

text. Dr Watts' hymns were then always taught to children, and I remember being very fond of a 'morning hymn' beginning, 'My God who makes the sun to know'.

Miss Bellamy did not stay long. One morning when Ann Bolton came into the nursery bedroom where I slept in a cot, she said Miss Bellamy was gone and had left a pretty little smelling bottle for me. At that time I was very fond of being read to, and my mother read the *History of the Fairchild*



Colonel Wily

*Family* to me so often that I got to know the words quite well and could read other books quite nicely. After Miss Bellamy left, Miss Allen came and she remained with us for five years when she left for some months, and then returned for two years I am anticipating.

We were always there in the schoolroom, at first Robert, Alfred and myself, and when Robert went to school, Hugh came in. He was next to me, but Alfred and I were generally together. We never liked Miss Allen. She was very strict and punished us for the slightest offence, but I have no doubt that we gave her trouble.

In 1835 we went to Brighton, no. 16 Brunswick Terrace, and Gertrude who was three months old, slept in a drawer because there was no cot, and we all thought it very funny. I slept in my Papa's dressing room and one night I remember getting up to take some biscuits out of a drawer where he kept them to give to us children in the mornings. I ate some and put the rest under my pillow and after I went to sleep, I was awoken by a mouse running across my face. I screamed loudly, and Miss Allen, Vincent and Carpenter came quickly to see what was the matter. They soon found out by the crumbs and I was well scolded. We were very fond of seeing a sugar windmill go round by clockwork in Mutton's shop (the confectioners in Kings Road) and I was lately told that the shop is still kept by the same people.

We often used to ride on donkeys at Brighton, and a man of the name of Vine used to send constantly to the house at breakfast time to know if any donkeys were wanted. The nursery children went out in the goat chaises.

Our journeys to Brighton always occupied three days – we left home early, say on a Monday morning, in the two carriages

with the post horses to go by steamer from Cardiff to Bristol, taking the carriages across, sleeping the first night at the Plough Hostel, Cheltenham, the second night at Southampton, arriving at Brighton on the afternoon of the third day. Papa and Mamma and three of us older children with Miss Allen always went in the barouche, while the nurses and little ones followed in the chariot. Fanny and I always had to sit with our backs to the horses which made us very sick, for which we were severely scolded. But we took it in turns to sit on the box with my father, which we enjoyed immensely, especially if the post-boys wore their red jackets.

Travelling was very different fifty years ago from what it is now; there were no railways and my father used to write to the captain of the steamer to say when we were coming, and he never thought of starting without us. I do not know when the steamers began to run, but we sometimes went by the 'Old Passage' to Aust, and I remember once when the ferry boat could not get close to the land, the sailors carried my mother and Carpenter on their shoulders through the water.

Robert went to a little school at Aust, and he came once to have dinner with us at the hostel, and complained that they were made to eat three large potatoes before they had any meat. We were always glad to get home to Wenvoe: we soon tired of the esplanade and Miss Allen hated the place and was always much crosser there.

## *Chapter Two*

*W*hen I was five years old I was kept very regularly to my lessons – from 8–9 and 10–12, and from 4–6. At that time I began to sleep in a cot in Miss Allen's room –

I could not bear it, she was so strict and in winter time used to wake me up every night by making the fire nearly out and then throwing all the cinders up again. The schoolroom maid came there to dress me every morning, but our walking things were kept in the press in the nursery and we went there to be dressed for dessert also. Anne Bolton used always to beg me to come up early to bed so that she might get out to see her grandmother, old Nancy Bevan, who lived in the village. Anne always promised me a little pink heart-shaped pin-cushion if I would come up at 7.30 instead of 8 o'clock, but although I did so many times, I never got the pin-cushion and I do not believe she had one. When Edmund was quite a little fellow, he used to torment me dreadfully by saying that old Nancy Bevan must be a relative of mine because he could see no difference between Bevan and Vivian, my third name.

We had several donkeys which were always got ready for us, some for the schoolroom party and others for the little children. Two of them used to ride with panniers slung on their back and two others in a chain saddle on another donkey. There was also a child's carriage, made by my Uncle Gilbert Jenner. It was very strong but the front wheels were too high and it was often upset in turning around. There was a large old stump of a tree in the front lawn which I always thought was a lion and many times I used to look out of the staircase window to see if it had moved. When Gertrude was quite an infant, her nurse, Mrs Williams, asked me one day to run back to fetch the baby's handkerchief which she had left by the stump. I was horribly frightened but got Hugh to go with me, and when we got pretty near it we shut our eyes, picked up the handkerchief and tore back, expecting every moment the lion would overtake us.

In May 1836 there was another baby born, but he only lived a fortnight. One Sunday evening I was standing on a chair in the schoolroom getting a book to read, when my Uncle Charles put his head in the door and said, 'Emma, will you give me a prayer-book.' I said, 'What for Uncle Charles?' but he would not stay to answer, and I heard afterwards that the little baby had been baptised by the name of Adolphus and died a few minutes later. The next morning Miss Allen asked me if I would like to see the poor little baby, and I went with her to the blue-room where the child was laid out on a dressing-table. I remember her taking up one of its little hands and pointing to the dark colour of the nails and saying, 'This shows how the little lamb suffered.' I used to wonder for months afterwards what she meant.

About this time the gamekeeper's cottage was burnt down, and we were allowed to go to the edge of the bowling-green to see the flames. It was afterwards rebuilt and made into quite a Gothic cottage. Miles Williams lived in the next cottage, and I was very fond of his little daughter Betsy – I saved all my pocket-money to buy her a frock, a print with lilac flowers on it. To show her gratitude she brought me in the autumn an enormous basketful of hazelnuts which she had gathered for me.

I often used to visit the poor people with my mother, and the school which was kept by my dear faithful old friend Ann Watkins. One of the first things I remember is being lifted out of the pony-carriage by the groom and carrying a parcel down the path to Ann's door. She told me years afterwards that it was her wedding-gown, a present from Mrs Jenner.

We had an old housekeeper for some years called Mrs Sherwood who was enormously stout, and when she used to come up to the nursery of an evening occasionally Hugh and I,




Her father Herbert Jenner



My grandmother Geraldine with 'Matty' at the entrance to Wenvoe Castle





as soon as we heard her waddling along the gallery, used to put a chair about 12 or 18 inches from the sofa and sit upon it, and if Sherwood could squeeze between the chair and sofa we let her sit down in peace. But if there was not room we chased her about till she was glad to escape to her own part of the house.

When I was between six and seven years of age, I had a letter one evening from my mother who was in London, and Hugh also had one. We asked to leave to show them to Vincent, and Miss Allen told Hugh to go first, but he stayed so long that I begged to be allowed to go. The gallery was quite dark, the footman having neglected to put the lamp in its place, and both running from opposite ends we collided near the nursery door, and Hugh knocked out two of my front teeth. There was a great screaming as may be supposed, and my face was very much swelled for a few days.

### *Chapter Three*

About this time, or rather earlier, I went with Miss Allen to pay a visit to her sister, Mrs Minchin, who lived at The Kymin, a pretty little cottage at Penarth, two miles from Cardiff, then quite a country village, now a large populous town with docks similar to those of Cardiff. Mrs Minchin was always very kind and thought Miss Allen much too strict with us. One day Miss Allen went over to Cardiff in a small boat, and Mrs Minchin gave us buttered toast with other forbidden articles of food which I thought were a great treat.

In the summer of 1837, Hugh and I went with Papa and Mamma to London to stay with my grandfather, Sir Herbert Jenner, as he was then called, not having taken the additional

name of Fust till a much later date. The old King William IV was very ill at this time and Hugh and I were often kept awake by hearing the men calling out bulletins of the King's health, and on the night of 20 June we heard them shouting, 'His Most Gracious Majesty King William IV is dead, God Save the Queen'. There was a great deal of excitement in London, and everyone was talking about the young queen. Hugh and I were taken one evening to walk in Kensington Gardens, when an old gardener lifted me up in his arms so that I could see the Queen sitting at the dinner table, but I could only see the back of her head and her hair done up in a large bow.

We went one day to Stanmore Rectory in Sir Herbert's carriage to see my aunt, Mrs Nepean; it was a very pretty place – I do not remember before having seen French windows opening onto a verandah. My aunt had three children then: William Alfred called after the King and the Duke of Gloucester; Emily, whose godmother the Duchess of Gloucester had lately given her a beautiful wax doll, far better than any I ever had, and Evan the baby.

Emily was under two years old and when she was asked to show Grandfather how she wore mourning for the King, she pointed to the black bows on her sleeves.

We walked out with the nurses and children after dinner, and the head nurse, Mary Clark, slapped Evan the baby for dropping a little doll he was carrying and I thought her so cruel.

At 4 o'clock we had tea in the nursery and I poured it out. I gave the nursery maid a cup and Clark said I should not have done so, as she 'found her own tea', a phrase which puzzled me for years. We drove home to London by starlight and counted the most stars on each side of the road. While we were at



My cousin Nicholas Collins visits Wenvoe Castle as it is today

Chesterfield Street, Carpenter was very strict and kept a little book, and wrote or pretended to write every night how we had behaved during the day, so that she might show it to Miss Allen when we got home. The old housemaid Jane used often to come and have a good romp with us after we had gone to bed, and she promised that she would make Carpenter destroy the book, but it was not till the very last night that she consented to do it.

The year before this Papa was in London for some time and he sent me a very nice rosewood work-box, lined with flowered yellow satin and beautifully fitted up with mother-of-pearl reels and winders – I was so much delighted and still more when a fortnight later another box came for me containing a rosewood

desk equally well fitted up. Some years later I gave the work-box to one of the nurses we had, and when old Vincent left us I gave the desk to her. She bequeathed it to me when she died and on leaving England in 1868 I gave it to Gertrude, and she sent it out here to me after our house burnt, and here it will probably be as long as I live.

In those days letters took three days to come from London to Cardiff (Wenvoe) and the postage was high, 8d or 9d for an ordinary sized letter, and this led to the system of franking by Members of Parliament, in which case letters came free. This arrangement which benefited the rich so much more than the poor was one of the reasons which led Rowland Still to suggest the penny post.

## *Chapter Four*

I have forgotten to mention that my uncle Birt Jenner had brought a large monkey home from the Cape on his way from India in 1833. I can just remember the animal seated by his side in the buggy, and a Cape sheep he brought to my father. The monkey lived for many years and was a great subject of terror to us children. One Sunday on coming home from church Robert persuaded me to run up the best staircase with him so as to get to his room unknown to Miss Allen. To my great horror we met the monkey coming downstairs carrying his chain over his arm – he had broken it to get away from the kitchen garden where he was kept. It had come into the house while we were at church. Of course I was well scolded and told that I deserved to be frightened for my disobedience.

The next event I must record is the death of Mrs Sherwood after only three days illness. She was buried in St Latham's churchyard according to the rites of the Church of England, but when her brother came down after the funeral he said she was a Roman Catholic. The day she was buried I went into the garden and stayed a long time watching Samuel Mathews, the head gardener, trimming the vines in the hot-house, and eating some forced strawberries he gave me. I was very much heated when I got back to the schoolroom and Miss Allen was very angry and made me sit on a chair at the end of the room and said for punishment I should not see the funeral. However, just then Papa came under the window and called out, 'Miss Allen, let the children look out, the hearse is coming.' Of course she could not refuse and I felt quite triumphant. She always annoyed us very much on Sundays by drawing the curtains round the Castle pew in church, which were at least 10 inches higher than the others, and Fanny and I could see nothing. Papa, when he sat in that pew, always drew them aside and we were very glad one Sunday morning after morning service when Uncle Charles asked him if he would allow those old curtains to be taken down. Papa said, 'Yes, with all my heart, the poor children cannot see anything.' I do not know what they do now, but in those days no one left his pew until we were out of church and the clergyman never began the service until we had arrived. We generally drove down in the pony-carriage, but sometimes we walked to the afternoon service.

One very wet Sunday we went downstairs after the schoolroom dinner and Robert persuaded us to go into the drawing-room which was dismantled in the winter, and we played French blindman's bluff. On returning to the schoolroom Miss Allen taxed us with it and of course we were well punished, though



The Wily family out for a picnic

how she discovered it we could never make out as she declared she had not left the room and no one had gone into it during our absence. One day she had a letter to say her brother was dead, and she gave herself up to grief for the whole afternoon, crying loudly for hours. I am afraid we did not show much sympathy, but enjoyed our half-holiday, running races up and down the schoolroom.

Our dinners in the schoolroom were by no means festive meals. We almost invariably had shoulder mutton, and Fanny could not eat the fat. As soon as Miss Allen saw that she was

not getting on with her dinner, she used to make her bring her plate and stand by her side, where she fed her alternately with a piece of meat and then a piece of fat. Poor Fanny could not swallow it and for a whole hour every day she stood with it in her mouth, not daring to eject it, and in the most wretched condition. One day Miss Allen went up to her room soon after dinner, and Robert, coming into the schoolroom and finding Fanny crying, said,

‘What’s the matter, Fanny?’

‘I can’t eat my fat,’ she said, on which he held his pocket handkerchief, made her spit into it, and then he threw it behind the fire and said,

‘Tell Miss Allen you swallowed it,’ which she did.

Of course it was very naughty, but she should not have been subjected to such misery. I do not think Miss Allen had any idea of how severe she was, she used to grip our arms above the elbow and squeeze them together like a vice, and if we cried she punished us still more. Often when my mother came in after dressing for dinner while we were at tea she would say,

‘How have the children been behaving?’ And Miss Allen would say,

‘Pretty well, ma’am, but Emma did not know one of her lessons, and when I gave her back the book, she most improperly flung it into the farthest end of the room.’

This was the most awful falsehood, but I never dared vindicate myself, and my mother would say,

‘Then Emma must go to bed when the others come down for dessert.’


I felt the injustice very much but had no redress unless we went riding with Papa when we used to tell him all our

grievances. He often took us to Slandaff House where Mrs Hornpay lived, and her daughters Mary and Ann Maria were very kind and always supplied us with sugar-candy cakes and almonds and raisins from the store-room. Papa always tried to keep us out till after 4 o’clock, our lesson time, and then told us to tell Miss Allen that we were not to make up the time after tea.

The outside dinner bell always used to ring punctually for all the meals and for the servants indoors not to resume work. As soon as it rang at 2 o’clock we all had to run to the nursery to get ready for our afternoon walk, and generally found Vincent and the under-nurses asleep on the sofa, their aprons flung over their heads. They were very cross at being disturbed, especially as we were in the habit of making a great deal of noise. Vincent’s favourite saying was, ‘If I was Miss Allen I would give you young ladies a lesson a yard long.’

## *Chapter Four*

One of our great pleasures was to go with my mother to Courtyale where dear old Mrs Hill lived, to spend the day. One of the three Miss Hills used to devote herself to us for the day, and we much enjoyed playing with the big wax doll and the little cups and saucers. Mrs Hill always took us to the store-cupboard and gave us jam-cakes, etc. to make a feast with. When I was about three years old she gave me the old dolls’ house, nicely furnished, which her children had played with when they were young. It remained at Wenvoe till I married when I had it brought over to our house at Roath, near Cardiff, and my children enjoyed playing with it as much as I had done.



When I was about six years old, Fanny and I went to Cardiff with my mother in the barouche. While we were at Howell's, the draper's, Fanny's godfather, the Reverend Ropen Tyler came and after the usual greetings he said, 'I have just come from Mrs Sady's shop [she sold toys] and she has a quantity of lovely dolls which have just arrived from London. If these two little ladies were to come with me, we might find something they would like.' We were delighted, and he bought us each a beautiful doll. Mine had flaxen hair, blue eyes, and a blue gauze frock, and as soon as we got home we ran up to show them to Miss Allen, who admired them very much. But greatly to my disappointment when I said my old doll was a 'piggish' old thing and that I was glad to have a new one, she said, 'Well, I tell you what you shall do; you shall take the new doll up to my room, and if you are good all the week you shall play with it on Saturday afternoons. Fanny may keep hers now.' I was terribly vexed but I had to take it upstairs as directed.

We were kept very regularly to our lessons and were considered very forward. Miss Allen taught what she did teach very thoroughly, and as she questioned us on every subject every Friday afternoon, it was impossible to forget what we had learnt. If there were any visitors at the Castle my mother used to bring them sometimes to the schoolroom to hear our catechising. We had nine or ten lessons to learn by heart every day, and had to put the whole pile in front of Miss Allen, who would never tell us the first word, and it was very difficult to remember so many different subjects.

Fanny was very much quicker than I was, and used to get praised for learning her poetry so well, but I do not believe she took half of the trouble I did.

One day Miss Allen promised me a copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's*

*Progress* for my own, if I were good for a week. I tried my very best but as she used to prick me with pins and otherwise ill-treat me, I used often to cry and it ended by her giving the book to Fanny, who did not care for it and said it was horrid rubbish.

On coming home one day from a drive with my mother, Fanny and I were surprised to find Gertrude hiding behind the nursery sofa and looking as if she had been crying. We enquired the reason and Vincent said, 'She's been a naughty girl and Miss Allen's been a punishin' of her.' We could see that Vincent was very angry at having one of her children interfered with, but it turned out that Robert and Alfred, who were home of the holidays and who hated Miss Allen as much as we did, had tied a string round the body of an old doll and had got Gertrude (who was nothing loathe) to bang the schoolroom door with it. Miss Allen bore it for a long time and then she opened the door suddenly and pounced upon Gertrude, and carried her kicking and screaming into the room where she kept her on a chair for half an hour. But I have heard Gertrude say that she did not sit down but supported herself on her hands and feet. I believe my father was extremely angry with the boys and told them that unless they apologised to Miss Allen they should not dine late again during the holidays. They did it, with a bad grace, I believe.

## Chapter Five

Early in 1838 Miss Allen went away to our great joy and a Miss Batty came, who was certainly not fit to have the charge of children.

My father and mother went to London for the season, taking Fanny and Edmund with them, and Vincent to take care of them.



Mrs Wily and her daughters on a horse and cart on the farm at Mauku





Hugh and I were left with Miss Batty and a fine time we had of it; we regularly ran riot and were out at the Rectory often late at night, my uncle and aunt being fond of Miss Batty who used to smoke cigars with my uncle in the garden. We often went to the seaside for picnics and it was frequently 11 o'clock at night before we got home as we used to drink tea at the Rectory after the picnics.

Old Ann Griffiths used to bring us home with a lantern and scolded all the way, and the servants scolded us when we got home, but we cared little for that. Miss Batty used to ride up often on Robert's pony Jerry to drink tea with Mr Hughes, a lame curate who lived at St Lythams. He used to bring her home and he frequently brought cakes in his hat for us, wrapped up in a newspaper.

When Miss Batty was out of the way, Hugh and I used to go to the laundry and have tea and buttered toast with the maids. The head laundry maid was called Miss Allen and she happened to have a blue and brown cloak exactly like the one Miss Allen had, and we thought they must be some relation to each other.

Miss Allen had been second laundry maid at Buckingham Palace before she came to us. I felt very grieved that it was not my turn to go to London because Fanny and Hugh were there at the coronation of the young Queen and saw the procession as well. When they all came home and my mother heard Miss Batty's 'goings on' she quickly got rid of her, and to our intense annoyance Miss Allen came back.

About this time my father gave me a pretty green and gold prayer-book, one of the first printed with the Queen's name in it. He came home at 2 o'clock and gave the little parcel to Gertrude to bring to me, but she was terribly spoiled and it was just 6 o'clock before she would give it up to me. Soon after this

my father bought me a nice little mountain pony called Taff and a small cart in which Fanny and I used to drive about attended by the second groom. The old post pony, as she was called, belonged to Alfred, and she was always very troublesome to be caught.

When Miss Batty was with us we went to stay at the Rectory for a few days during my mother's absence, and while there Lion, a big Newfoundland dog bit me and Hugh. I was putting on his collar and Uncle Charles looked out of the dressing-room window and said, 'Is Lion good-natured with you, Emma?' when he jumped up and bit us both. We were very much frightened and got well scolded. Lion was tied up to a tree all day with a pan of water beside him, I suppose to see if he were mad, but the following week he bit one of our gardeners and my Uncle most reluctantly had him shot. After Miss Allen came back we were kept still more strictly to our lessons, and after the liberty we had enjoyed we felt the restraint most irksome.


We were always very fond of going into the harvest fields and helping the poor people to glean. At that time and up to the year 1840 there was no machinery used in the fields, and it was quite an innovation when a large horse-rake was used to gather up the leaf fall by the reapers. It was first introduced at Wenvoe by Mr Cooke, a relative of Mr Babbs one of our tenants, and my father did not at all like the fields being raked so clean that the poor people were unable to glean. Many of them had been used to collecting enough to last them for three months and it was a very great help, and parents and children greatly enjoyed the fresh air and liberty during harvest time.



Emma Jenner as painted by my aunt Charente

## *Chapter Six*

*D*uring the Xmas holidays we generally had visitors, and as all the boys were home of course the Castle was very full. The establishment was large, consisting of a butler, two footmen, coachman and two grooms in the house; head gardener, four under-gardeners, head gamekeeper, two under-keepers, and several men about the stables and farm outside; housekeeper, kitchen-, scullery-, stillroom- and dairy-maids, two housemaids, lady's maid, head nurse, nursery and schoolroom maids, and generally a wet nurse for the reigning baby. All these added to my father and mother, governess and all the children made up a goodly company. My father used to have a bullock killed nearly every Christmas for the poor people and also distributed blankets and shawls. We used to like going down to the large old wash-house in the area where the benches and tables were covered with clean white cloths, and the joints of meat all weighed and ticketed according to the number of children in the different families. No old single person had less than 8 pounds and those with five or six children had 9 or 10lbs. There was soup also made twice a week in the large copper by the side of the kitchen fire, and from twenty-five to thirty poor families fetched it and greatly enjoyed it. But the quality of the soup depended very much on the disposition of the housekeepers. If she were a kindhearted woman she would take every care that the soup should be savoury and palatable, but if she were not she would not trouble herself about the comforts of the poor, but I once remember the steward, Mr Thompson, met some of the women who showed him the soup and said they were sure Mrs Jenner would be very angry if she knew how bad it was. He told my mother about it and I think the housekeeper had to leave.



There was a custom in Wales of the 'Meri Lloyd' coming around at Christmas time to the different houses. The man who is called Meri Lloyd wore a horse's head trimmed with ribbon and was covered with a white sheet, supposed to have its origin in the birth of our Savior in a stable; two or three other men would accompany him all dressed up in sheets and masks, and the custom was for them to come to the back-door and sing Welsh songs, and if anyone in the house could sing back in Welsh they could enter, but when once the voice inside failed to open the door and the men rushed in, and such a screaming and hollering there was amongst the maids was never heard. We went downstairs occasionally to see them and after I had gone to bed I have laid awake trembling for fear they should find their way upstairs. Once, when my grandmother, old Mrs Robert Jenner, was spending Christmas with us, the Meri Lloyd had come in and was holding high revel downstairs when the butler came up to the dining room and said the men would be very pleased if the old lady would come down to see them. She took us with her and we stayed about half an hour. That evening she had sent for her jewel-box and had given me an old fashioned watch, very small but not very pretty. I was delighted with it but Robert and Alfred were very jealous and the next day Alfred broke the glass and Robert took off the hands. My grandmother was very fussy and not fond of children, and before she came to stay every year mother used to say to Miss Allen, 'Please keep the children more in the schoolroom while Mrs Robert is here.' We did not like it at all but had to submit.

Old Uncle Lascelles and his daughter came every year for three weeks after spending Christmas at Tredegear Park. He was a very funny old gentleman and kept the whole table a roar with laughter at a dinner party. He was always kind to us and kept

a bountiful supply of 'London Shrimps' in one of the library cupboards. Anna Lascelles was very fidgety and had a constant little hacking cough. An old green parrot we had called Glorio who was nearly on hundred years old, who had been given to Alfred by old Miss Blanche Lewis, used to imitate Anna's cough exactly. The instant he saw her after a year's absence he would begin, and the servants could hardly wait at table for laughing.

Uncle Rowley was in the habit of conjuring apples and oranges at dessert to amuse the children and they were always found in one of the alabaster vases on the mantle-piece. I must have been quite a big girl before I found out that he put them there before we children came down to dessert.

Edmund had lovely hair and it was always curled beautifully when he came down in the evening. Vincent used to begin it as soon as the dinner went in and the poor child had to generally sit perfectly still without moving for nearly an hour waiting for the dessert-bell to ring.

## *Chapter Seven*

*I*n the May of 1839, Frederic was born; there were five years between Gertrude and him and we were all delighted to have a new baby. He was a very sweet little fellow but always delicate. In the autumn we went to Brighton and had a large house with a well-staircase, 139 Kings Road, at the corner of Preston Street. Miss Hill of Contipala went with us. She was a great friend of my mothers and we were all very fond of her. My brothers were at school at Chichester House in Kempton and were allowed to come to our house every Wednesday to luncheon, but they had to be back by 9 p.m.

On Saturdays they came down at noon and stayed till Monday morning. Charlie and Godfrey Morgan of Tredegear used often to come with them, and twice only I think a boy called William Christy came; he was a ward in Chaucery and would have a very large fortune when he came of age. The first time when he was at luncheon, he said it was the shabbiest house he had been in because there was no cheese on the table, and the following Saturday he drank too much wine and flung a ball at the lamp, so he was never asked again. I remember hearing that Charlie Morgan caused great amusement one night by eating roast fowl by thinking the peppercorns were swan-shot and he said the cook at Tredegear never put them in the bread-sauce.


There was a great deal of rough weather this season, and one day in a fearful storm a poor man in a little boat went down just off the Chain Pier. In the summer of this year when Sir Heubert and two of my other uncles were staying at Wenvoe, Uncle Henry (afterwards Bishop Jenner) went down one night to dine at the Rectory with Uncle Charles. Miss Allen and I were awoken very late at night by a furious banging at the front door and ringing of the bell. We were very much scared but heard nothing more till the following morning, when it transpired that Uncle Henry came home after the house was shut up, and not being able to make anyone hear he went round to the outer door by the kitchen and kicked it till he broke the panel, through which he crept and went up to bed. It also happened that the brewing was going on that night and one of the men coming into the house at the door opening into the brew-house saw the light shining in at the other end. He gave the alarm and the butler went upstairs and told my father there were thieves in the house. He got up and they searched the house thoroughly; at last someone asked if Mr Henry had come in.

The butler went to look and found that he hadn't been long in bed, and when asked how he came in he said through a hole in the door. There was a great laugh at him next day.

In the winter of 1839 the Chautist Riots took place and there was a struggle between the rioters and the military at Newport in front of the Westgate Hotel. Frost and Williams, the two ringleaders, were taken prisoners and transported to Australia for life. But in about forty years they returned on tickets of leave and found that many of the concessions for which they had been fighting had become law during the many years they had been absent, such as the Repeal of the Corn Laws, Universal Suffrage, etc, etc.

## *Chapter Eight*

*I*n the May of 1840 Henry Rice was born. He was a fine pretty baby and we all thought a great deal of him. In October my mother went to Brighton with Freddy who was so ill that they thought he would have died the first night at Cheltenham. Edmund and Gertrude went also, and as Robert and Alfred were at school, there were only Hugh, Fanny and myself left under Miss Allen's care, and the baby with his own special nurse, Mrs Thomas. In November we had some rough winds and the south-westerly gale broke a pane of glass in one of the nursery windows. The consequence was that little Henry caught a severe cold, which turned into inflammation of the lungs. Miss Allen sent for old Dr Moore, who always attended us children. He recommended that my mother shall be sent for, but she could not possibly get down to Wenvoe in under three days. In the meantime, Mrs Hill of Courtyale came over and was



kind as could be. She had her meals in the schoolroom which made us very happy as Miss Allen did not scold so much. The baby got worse and on 24 November, just as we were reading a letter from my mother in which she said, 'We have just heard that the Queen has had a little daughter [the Princess Royal] and that she does not allow the nurses to kiss it. I wonder what Mrs Thomas would say if I would not let her kiss my pretty baby.' Mrs Hill came in to say that the little baby was dead. We were all very grieved, and Fanny and I cried a good deal. I remember Hugh stood by the fireplace pretending to read a newspaper so that we should not see the tears in his eyes. Of course, when my mother wrote the letter she did not know of the baby's illness and the next day but one Papa arranged for the funeral. My mother must have been in great trouble at the time; when he left Brighton Freddy was very weak and ill, Edmund had a very bad attack of infantile fever, and Gertrude who was five years old had shut the iron-gate of Regency Square Gardens on one of her thumbs and could not extricate herself till someone from the houses around the Square brought out a key. She suffered most fearfully and the doctor who was attending the children wrapped up her hand in cloths dipped in laudanum and gave her as much as he dare.

Fanny and I were much disappointed that my father did not ask us to sit with him at dinner, as he usually did if he were alone. Mrs Thomas came up to our room after we were in bed and cried a great deal about her little nursling whom she loved as much as if he had been her own child. Her husband, a respectable looking sailor, came for her in a few days. The night before the funeral Mrs Hill's maid came into the schoolroom during Miss Allen's absence and said the house was so dreadfully melancholy that she must have a bit of fun.

So she carried us by turns on her back round the room, and in the midst of our merriment in popped Miss Allen! She flew at us, shook us savagely, and drove the young woman out of the room, and we heard afterwards that Mrs Hill's maid told the servants it was a shame two nice little ladies should be left with such a cross old cat.

The baby was buried in the vault under Wenvoe Church, his little blue coffin and the one in which Adolphus lay placed on my grandfather's coffin which I heard people say looked like a solid wall, it was so large.

I forgot to mention that in September 1839 Fanny and I went with our parents to Malvern where my grandmother was staying. We went in the barouche and it was just the time when the apples were ripe and the orchards were lovely. We were often, by own desire, left in the carriage while my father and mother walked up the hills, and we persuaded John Chislett the footman to knock off some apples when we saw them hanging over the road. We stopped to luncheon at Ross, and went into the church to see the monument of the Man of Ross, so well known for his charitable actions. An apple tree was growing up through the pew he had used during his life. There was a very steep hill between Toneaster and Malvern, and the post-boy kept encouraging the horses, Alice and Blackbird, to do their utmost by telling them they should have some hot beer when they got home. Papa asked if they would really have some and the man said yes, his missus always gave them each a quart of hot spiced ale when they brought the heavy carriage up that hill. We went to Essington's Hotel and the next morning we were taken to see my grandmother who lived in a pretty cottage with her maid, Prentiss, and John Jones the footman. We all went up the beautiful Malvern Hills on donkeys and drank water from St Anne's Well. While we were riding up,

Fanny said, 'Grandma! Miss Allen sent you her kind respects, she told Emma to say so but she was afraid.' On which I got a lecture for being shy and stupid.

One day, I was taken to see the cathedral and then to Chamberlain's China Factory where we saw the whole process from the clay being mixed with water till it was turned out from the last baking in the form of a lovely vase or dish.

While my mother was away in November 1840, she sent me a large doll. The box it came in was addressed to me, and in it was a baby doll for Fanny, a stable with three horses and a groom for Edmund, a copy of Wesley's hymns for Miss Allen, and some little presents for other people. I had been looking forward to the arrival of this box for a long time and great was my grief when Miss Allen said I should not have it for a whole month. The time seemed endless to me, and now after the lapse of fifty years it appears to have been a most unjust punishment and my mother was much displeased when I told her.

## Chapter Nine

In August 1841 my grandmother died at Malvern. She had been ailing for some months and one day Papa received a summons to go immediately if he wished to see her again. I think she died before he got there but he made arrangements for the funeral to take place at Wenvoe, and one night about 2 a.m. the hearse arrived, bringing the poor old lady, or what was left of her, to her new home. My bedroom overlooked the bowling green and when I heard the carriages driving up I remember thinking it had a very solemn sound. The shell was placed in the breakfast room opposite the front


door, and one day about the end of the week the funeral took place; a very large one, everybody for miles around sending their carriages to join the procession. Uncle Albert came from Ireland to attend; he had been her favourite son and he felt her death very much. Hugh told us as a great secret that he had seen Uncle Albert walking in the orchard by himself crying. Of course the whole household was put into mourning.

A great deal of the furniture and linen and plate from 1 Tilney Street came down at different times and lots of handsome old china. My grandmother's large rosewood desk was given to me, full of all kinds of papers, cards and knick-knacks. I treasured it very much and when I left England I gave it to Harriet. The old lady's fortune of £1500 per annum fell in at her death, and coming just at the time that the Lofthouse-gate Canal property in Yorkshire decreased in value owing to the railways, so it must have been a great help to my father.

About this time Rowland Hill introduced the penny postage, a great boon to rich and poor alike. A great many people predicted that it would be a great financial loss to the country, but we who have lived to the present time know how wrong were their prognostications.

It was in 1838 that the first steam packet went across the Atlantic. It left the port of Bristol and I remember that we had a half-holiday and went to John Howell's field, which commanded a fine view of the Bristol Channel, and watched the *Great Western* making her way out to America. It was thought a most wonderful event in those days.

In the early part of 1842 my uncle Birt Jenner came home from India; we were expecting him every day for weeks and at last one day when Fanny and I were spending a few hours by the Rectory with Mr and Mrs Holy Rickards, who were



kindness itself and allowed us to make toffee in the drawing room, a fly and pair passed up the road and Mrs Rickards said, 'That must be Mr Birt Jenner, I saw a black servant sitting on the box.' We got into the greatest state of excitement and left at once, scarcely waiting to say goodbye and leaving a great mess behind us. We hurried home and thought Uncle Birt would be as glad to see us as we were to see him, but he disliked children very much and just shook hands coldly with us. He had brought a fine cockatoo for me with which I was delighted and we had it for some years, but the servants could not bear it and one of them gave it some mustard which killed the poor thing.

Adonis the black servant was the most faithful little man; he became very much attached to all of us and when in May Herbert was born he thought the new white baby was the greatest treasure in the world. Herbert was a remarkably fine child and my mother was very proud of him. Our greatest treat at such times was to have tea with my mother in the centre-room where she stayed until the end of the month when she went back to the blue-room.

But I have forgotten to mention that in 1841 Miss Allen went away and Miss Watson came, a very cross, sulky person. She was provided with handsome mourning when Grandmamma died but she would not wear it, and said she should keep it until some of her own relatives died. My mother spoke to her several times but it was of no use, and as it looked so bad to see her in gay colours when the rest of the household was in black she had to leave.

Miss Brown came after her, and we did not like her any better; perhaps we were hard to please, but our governesses had such power over us that they could and did make our lives very uncomfortable.

We went to Brighton after Herbert was born to the house we had had years before, 16 Brunswick Terrace, and I remember being struck by seeing the same clock in the drawing-room, of which the pendulum was a little gold boy sitting in a swing, and the same old man coming to wind it up on Saturdays.

In June 1843 my dearest sister Harriet was born; the first thing I heard on my thirteenth birthday was that I had a little sister. I was really delighted as there had been so many boys, and was still more so when I went to see my mother and she told me she would give the baby to me as my special charge. We did not at all like being so much with Miss Brown in the schoolroom. While my mother was upstairs I always went to bed much earlier than I need have done. My Uncle Charles at this time began to be very High Church, and refused to christen babies except in the afternoon service, and as all our children had been christened on a weekday my father insisted on the baby being taken to St Lythams Church where she received the names of Harriet Georgina at the hands of Mr Hughes who was mightily pleased when my father gave him a £5 note for performing the ceremony.

When Harriet was about three weeks old, we had a most violent thunderstorm and at 1.30 just after luncheon a thunderbolt struck the Castle, just over the nursery tower, destroying one of the battlements, the stones of which fell on the railing of the balcony outside the drawing-room window. We had just come out of the large dining-room and were going into the smaller one we used as a sitting-room, when the bolt flew past the window, looking like two inverted copper saucepans. The crash was terrific and the whole household collected in a few minutes in the lower gallery. Parsons the butler went all over the house to see what damage was done. Papa was at Cardiff serving on the Grand Jury, it being the time of the Assizes, but the storm was

so severe the Court broke up and he hurried home. As he was driving through the Wain Lane he met old Anna Griffiths and he said to her, 'Is all safe at the Castle?' She threw up her hands and said, 'Shocking work, shocking work.' He was immensely relieved to find so little mischief done. The next morning when the post-boy went for the letters he sent him with a note to let Mrs Hill know that we were all well.

By this time the Great Western Line of Railway was opened as far as Reading and we went in the carriages as far as that place and then on by train to London or Brighton.

## *Chapter Ten*

*I*n the August of 1843 we went again to Brighton and had a very large house, 29 Brunswick Square. It was the hottest summer we had ever known, and before we left home the large cistern on the Castle was dry for the first time within memory. Many afternoons we were excused our lessons.

Herbert was now a fine boy, and in his Tuscan Strand hat with three ostrich feathers like the Prince of Wales who was nearly the same age he looked splendid. Old Vincent was very proud of him, and when the Duchess of Sutherland stopped her carriage one day and asked, who was that beautiful boy in the goat-carriage, her delight knew no bounds. Harriet was very small, and her nurse Mrs Campbell used to be very mortified that no one praised her baby, and one day she came home in tears because an old gentleman said no one could imagine they were brother and sister.


At this time my mother bought a gold watch for herself and gave me hers, a very handsome thick gold one which had cost

20 guineas. Of course I was delighted but it was too thick for a lady's watch and the following year Papa said I should have a new one like my mother's if I would give mine to Alfred.

I must not forget to mention that there was generally a detachment of regiment quartered at Cardiff, and the officers used often to dine at the Castle. Fanny and I used to fancy ourselves in love with them at different times. When the fourteenth Light Dragoons were there, the two officers, Captain Harvey and Mr Cornock, used constantly to come over for dinner. It was a fixed rule that if Father asked Fanny and me to sit up to tea on a Friday night, we were to refuse as we always had a hot bath then. One night when we went down to dessert in a Friday, we were asked as usual, but we both said 'No', and when Papa said, 'Tell Mamma I said you might,' we firmly declined, and Mr Cornock said, 'Oh! I know why! It's because it is tub-night!' We were both very angry and thought it a great shame such a horrid man should have such handsome regimentals.

Soon after this, Papa took Fanny and me in the chariot to dine late at Courtyale. It was an immense treat and all the more so as Miss Brown was left at home. Fanny and I were very rude and silly and talked all the time during the drive in a kind of dog French about Monsieur le Capitaine Hervie and Monsieur Cornock, thinking Father would not understand us. But what was our horror when in the middle of dinner he said to Mrs Hill, 'What do you think of two little ladies who come driving with their Papa, and instead of talking to him chatter all the time in broken French about the officers?' I forget what Mrs Hill said, but I for one was dreadfully ashamed.

The next morning we left Wenvoe for Weymouth where we had never been. My father had taken a house, 12 Belvedere, and we all went there in the two carriages. The first night we



slept at Old Down, a solitary inn on the edge of a moor, 12 miles from Bristol. It was a bleak windy night and the sign-board creaked in a dreary sort of way. The next day we started at 8 o'clock and went quite a new line of country. We saw the Glastonbury Tor on the top of one of the hills in Somersetshire, and changed horses at Castle Cary, a very pretty village with a stream running through it, famous for its good ale.

At Sherborne we had four horses to each carriage, as it was a long stage (10 miles) to Dorchester, and if we had been going ever so slowly, as soon as we came to a village the post-boys whipped up the horses and galloped through in fine style. At Dorchester we changed horses for the last time; it was only eight miles to Weymouth at which place we arrived before 5 p.m.

We did not think much of the town and the house was small and poorly furnished compared to the Brighton houses. The next morning we went out on the esplanade which extended right round the bay, and on the other side of the bay on the hills could be seen the figure of King George III on horseback cut out in chalk. The old King had been constantly in the habit of coming to Weymouth, and he and the Royal Family always inhabited Gloucester Lodge. The town has only two main streets but is connected with the small town of Melcombe Regis by a bridge. We used to go to St Mary's Church with Miss Browne; it was very well attended and one Sunday when we could not sit together, Fanny, Gertrude and I, to our shame let it be spoken, amused ourselves by coughings and answering by coughs. Miss Browne said each cough was so like the other that it was difficult to believe three people were coughing. She thought we were all afflicted with bad colds.

Papa and Mamma drove or walked every Sunday to Wyte,

a village halfway between Melcombe Regis and Portland. They sat in a large pew belonging to Mrs Preston who lived at Belfield, a lovely place with a glorious view of the bay. She was aunt to Sir Lowell Burton who was greatly interested in the abolition of the slave-trade. Mr Austis was the rector of Wyte, a plain swarthy-looking man, but a good earnest preacher and my mother liked him very much.

We drove over to Portland one day across the Chesil Beach and saw the great stone quarries. We stopped for luncheon at the inn halfway up the hill, and the old landlady said she hoped we could wait while she prepared the pudding which King George III always like when he stopped there.

## *Chapter Eleven*

*I*n June 1844 I was in London with my parents and we went round to Eton to see the last 'Montem' ever held. (As many of my readers will probably heard of this old custom I must explain that the Head Boy of Eton was entitled to finish his education at King's College, Cambridge, but as funds were required for this it had been the habit of many years to hold Montem when so many boys called Salt-Bearers begged money or 'salt' as it was styled from all the visits, and when it was known that the Head Boy was a favourite, the sum collected was very large, in one or two instances having reached a thousand pounds. It must be understood that only the boys from the foundation of Eton College were eligible for King's College).

There were a great many royal visitors at Windsor Castle and the crowds were immense. We stood in the quadrangle to see the boys file past the Queen's carriage and recognised Robert

and Alfred, the former dressed as Robin Hood, and Alfred in scarlet coat and white trousers like the rest of the entourage.

I knew very little about music and never had much ear, and greatly disgusted my mother by asking in rather a loud voice when I heard the military's band if they were playing 'God Save the Queen'. We all went to have luncheon at the house of Mr Cookesly, my brother's tutor, and when we went into the room a vulgar-looking woman thrust her head out of the window and kept it so all the time we were there. It turned out to be Mrs Wydham Lewis of The Heath near Cardiff, a rich widow who afterwards married Disraeli and became Viscontess Beaconsfield. After luncheon we met Mr Vivian of Swansea, my godfather, and he wanted to take me with Mrs Vivian in his carriage up to Surly Halls to see the boys plant the flag-staff, but my mother would not let me go and I was much disappointed.

We were always very plainly dressed and on this occasion I thought myself quite grand at having a plain white muslin over pink calico. I was in hopes everyone might think it was silk, but I do not fancy many were deceived. After we came home from Weymouth in the beginning of December, Papa settled that he would give a ball on his birthday, 13 of January. There were grand preparations for it; messages were sent to several of the tenants that fowls, cream, butter, eggs would be required in large quantities. That was a very cold Christmas and snow lay thick on the ground. Miss Browne was to have gone for the holidays but was afraid of being snowed up on the way to Edinburgh.

When the day of the ball arrived we all helped to prepare the decorations, and Parsons the butler, who was very fond of such works, came to the schoolroom at 4.30 p.m. and said he must have 250 paper flowers of different colours by 6 o'clock. We had sheets of paper of all the hues of the rainbow, and by dint of the


greatest assiduity we got them ready and he put them on the garlands that ornamented the pillars in the gallery.

There was a very large dinner party with which we of course had nothing to do, and about 10 o'clock the company commenced to arrive. There were seventeen from Tredegear. Old Sir Charles Morgan had come the day before: he was about eighty and as he scarcely ever left home and Papa was quite proud to have a visit from him. Well none of us had learnt dancing and Papa was so vexed about it that he declared that we should have a dancing master when we went to Brighton in February.

Robert and Alfred were much annoyed at having to start away at 3 a.m. while the dancing was going on to catch the Mail at the crossroads on the way to Eton, where they were due on the fourteenth and dared not stay later.

We had balls often on Papa's birthday but I do not remember the details of them as well as of the one I have just been describing: I dressed in a pretty blue flowered frock and put on a pink sash; Miss Brown was very angry with me for showing such bad taste and I had a long lesson to learn. My mother thought I had dressed it very nicely. Miss Brown's name was Alise and as her initials were A. B. we called her in private 'the Bachelor', and once day when she had given me a book and I wrote in it 'from A. B. or B. A.', she asked what it meant and said I had insulted her very much.

My pony Taff was now too small for me and Papa bought me a pretty cream-coloured pony which I called Rosa. He (Papa) came to the schoolroom one evening while we were at our lessons and told me to come out and see what he had got for me. I was delighted beyond measure and went for a ride the next day. I once remember being out riding with Alfred and



in coming through Winchstone Brook, Rosa began to paw the water. Alfred called out, 'Look out Emma, she is going to lie down,' but it was too late; she rolled me right over into the water which was pretty deep and as I was struggling to get to my feet she pushed me down again. However I got out at last and rode home as fast as I could, changed all my clothes and then went to tell my mother. Old Mrs Hill was visiting her that afternoon and they thought me very courageous not to have been frightened.

## *Chapter Twelve*

**B**efore this Parsons, who was very fond of gardening asked if he might clear out a corner of Bear's Wood near the petrifying stream, and my father allowed him to have two men for a few weeks and they soon made a great change. They brought to light a large piece of water which had been so much hidden by shrubs and rubbish that its existence had been almost forgotten.

We had always been aware that there was a large grotto which in former days had been in very good order, and they said that an old man and his wife used to live in it and wash potatoes for the Castle. The top of the grotto was overgrown with periwinkles and other creepers and there was an exquisite view of the Castle from it. People wondered that this place had been for so long out of sight and memory.

One day Parsons came up to visit at luncheon in a great state of excitement; he had found a little tombstone near the grotto bearing this inscription: In Memory of poor Tony, 1747. It had been there nearly a hundred years. Of course we went down to see it and many were the speculations we made as to what had

been buried there. At last, one of the old workmen remembered that he had been told that it was a parrot, another that it was a little dog, but no one knew for certain. My father took a great interest in Bear's Wood and had another larger pond made, on which we had a boat.

On 31 March of this year, 1844, old Harding went up to my father's room before breakfast and told him there were two swans come for him. Papa said, 'Oh! Tomorrow is the first of April, you have made a mistake,' but when he went down to the state-yard there he found Mr Stodart of the Mill at Cadoxton with a cart in which were two magnificent white swans. He had gone down to the beach very early that morning and saw a white swan lying down evidently much exhausted. He secured it and in less than an hour its mate flew across the Channel and he secured that also, and as my father was 'Lord of the Manor' he had brought them up for him. Papa was delighted and duly rewarded Mr Stodart who was one of the tenants. The swans were taken to the old wood-house at the end of the brew-house yard, and kept there for ten days when they were turned out on the ponds at Bear's Wood. We had them for many years, and I may as well finish their history at once. After building a nest and sitting on it in turns for the next few weeks for six years in succession, they at last laid seven eggs and hatched out five cygnets which grew and flourished. Two were kept, two were sent to Mrs Forman at Hensol Castle, and two to Courtyale. The original male bird got very savage as he grew older and would not allow the children, or indeed anyone, to go near the ponds. I was going to Cardiff one day and my father who was watching the men at work particularly wished to speak to me, but the swan would neither let me down nor my father come up; he

marched backwards and forwards for half an hour and I was obliged to drive off without any message.

We used to go out once or twice every summer to spend the day at Hensol Castle. It was the most delightful place. Mr Fothergill the owner, who was immensely rich, lived with his widowed sister Mrs Forman. They kept open house during the strawberry season, a grand luncheon being prepared every day for twenty people or more. Often when we went without special invitation, a party of eight or nine, we found the same number of Bruces and Tylers and others would call in the afternoon. There were two large fish ponds covering about twenty acres, and several boats, and we used to spend the day in fishing and rowing about. The park around the castle grew nothing but very coarse rough grass, not fit for dairy-cows, and Mr Fothergill used to get 70 or 80 little black highland cattle to fatten off for the butchers. I have heard him say that before the railways were introduced it took him and his bailiff several weeks to bring them down from Scotland, and it was a great boon when they were able to bring them down in a few days by train.

Mrs Foreman used often to come and stay with us with her only son Edward whom we adored. Her husband had been accidentally drowned when they had been married only a few months, and she had centered all her affections on the boy, who on his part was all a devoted son could be. He went to Eton with my brothers and, after a short time at Cambridge, he got a commission in the 88th regiment Connaught Rangers, and when the Crimean War began he exchanged into the Rifle Brigade and lost his life in one of the engagements. His poor mother never fully recovered from the blow and lived in great retirement until her death in about 1866.

## *Chapter Thirteen*

*I*n 1845 we went again to Brighton and had Byam House, near the Bedford Hotel. We often went out driving with my mother and were always very pleased to go out by Lord Chichester's place, Stanmere Park. The trees and grass looked so lovely in the spring and reminded us so much of home. About every ten days we had two large hampers up from Wenvoe containing vegetables, eggs and butter, and at the top there were always layers of lilies of the valley, banksia roses, lilac and other beautiful spring flowers which always made me homesick. We all loved Wenvoe to the greatest degree and never could understand how my mother was so glad to leave it, but perhaps if she had been better there she would have felt different.

In May 1846 Algernon was born and he was rather delicate and small. Hugh and Edmund went to school at Brighton at Crescent House, kept by a Mr Adams whom the boys liked very much.

We went to Weymouth in the autumn of this year. Freddy was taken ill and the doctor said he was sickening for a slight attack of scarlet fever, so he ordered the rest of the family off and my mother stayed at Wenvoe with Freddie. It was a senseless arrangement because even while traveling down in the coach, Herbert, or Jack as we used to call him, was taken ill and by the end of the week there were seven of us in bed. The people at Weymouth were very angry at us bringing the complaint into the town, but old Dr Lithgow whose bill for attendance was £5 was rather pleased than otherwise.

My mother followed as soon as she could and she was one of the last to have the fever. Algie was only a baby and his nurse, Mrs Ellis, had it very badly and a whitlow on her finger at the



Emma Wily

Henry Evan  
Robert Wily  
(Son of Emma Wily &  
Major Henry William Wily)

From a photograph taken at a garden party to meet Reverend Boyes 1885

same time. Also Mrs Stafford, the lady's maid, whose throat was dreadfully bad, and the Doctor said if she was not soon relieved she must die. Fanny and I were both ill in the same room, and one night about midnight, Vincent (not the old nurse but another of the same name), burst open the door and said, 'Mrs Stafford's neck broke.' We thought she had fallen out of bed and killed herself, but of course she meant the swelling had burst.

We had holidays all the time we were at Weymouth but there was not much pleasure. Miss Cooke was our governess then and we liked her much better than most of the others; indeed I may say than any of them. She was very jolly out of school hours and we used to make many excursions to Cadoxton and Barry, then little seaside villages but now immense towns with large and important docks. On Saturday afternoons we could generally have my mother's old pony carriage and the horse she used to drive and we spent many hours on the beach at Cadoxton.

One evening I remember we were on the Bendricks, large rocks which they say if ever they were covered with the tide Cardiff would be swamped. Well we never noticed that the tide was coming in, when we heard tremendous shouting and there were two men beckoning frantically for us to come off. We had hard work to get back to land and took care on the rocks again.

I forgot to mention in that while we were in Brighton in 1845 at Byam House, we had the measles; I had them very severely and for a few days the doctor considered me in great danger. Whilst I was ill, Papa met an old Oxford friend Mr Ellerton, a great musician and one of the most delightful men I ever met. He came to dinner one night and my mother sang some of Handel's songs to him, and she was much gratified when he said she was


undoubtedly the best private singer of Handel in England. No one could think otherwise who had ever heard her sing 'Angels Even Bright and Fair', 'But Thou Didst Not Leave', etc.

After we returned to Wenvoe my hair began to come out very much and at last it got so thin that I had to have my hair shaved. Mr Eurs of Cardiff came over to perform the operation and, as soon as my hair was all off, I would have given the world to have it back again. For at least thirteen months my hair was a source of great mortification to me.

I find my memory is not nearly so correct from 1843 to 1850 as it was for the 10 years previous. When I was about sixteen years of age my father was very anxious that I should leave the schoolroom, but my mother of course would not allow it. She compromised the matter by saying I was to have breakfast in the dining-room and to dine late on Sundays. I was much vexed on 1 September: Uncle Birt and several other gentlemen came early for a day's shooting, and when I came down to breakfast he said before them all, 'Is it Emma's birthday that she is not in the schoolroom?'

We were always very glad when my other uncles used to come to Wenvoe. Augustus we were very fond of, but I think he went to Sydney with his regiment, Eleventh Foot, in 1843. He married the daughter of the Governor of New South Wales, Miss Wynyard, a connection of ours, and remained in Sydney till 1873.

I think Miss Cooke must have left and returned at a later date because my sisters had a succession of second-rate governesses with whom I had nothing to do except to drink tea in the schoolroom. One of them, Miss Donogh, took a great dislike to me and would never speak to me if she could help it. When we were out walking she would say to Fanny



and Gertrude, ‘My dear, if you would find out from that young person who carries a watch what the hour is, I should be glad.’ She had never lived in the country and always insisted that we walk in a hedge with green lanes rising up on each side of us. She didn’t stay long and Miss Dietrich came – an awful woman who threatened to knock Gertrude’s brains out with a poker, so she was packed off speedily and we heard afterwards that she was quite mad. A Miss Bishop came then and she remained for some months. We rather liked her, but she would always dress in white muslin when she came into the drawing-room in the evening, made like a child’s with a pink sash tied round her waist. One evening an old gentleman, Captain Armstrong of the old militia, came and sat down by us and said to her,

‘What’s your name?’

‘Bishop,’ she answered.

‘I never heard such a queer name,’ he said turning to me. ‘I thought there were only the three of you.’ I explained that she was my sisters’ governess and he said,

‘What on earth do you let her dress like that for?’ The old man had no doubt taken more wine than was good for him, but she made herself very ridiculous and my mother had spoken to her several times.

I have quite forgotten to mention Tom Wade, a man who worked at the Castle ever since I can remember; he was more than three parts a ‘natural’, but had plenty of wit and craftiness. He did no regular work but was at everyone’s beck and call. He always fancied himself in love with one or other of the servants and pestered them dreadfully. When Uncle Charles was Rector, when I was quite a child, Tommy John, one of the under-

gardeners, dressed up as a dairy-maid and went half way down to the church to be married. On the way down, Tom pinched the supposed bride’s arm out of affection and Tommy John hollered out by which means the deception came to light and Tom Wade was in the most fearful rage and threatened to kill him. Uncle Charles was very angry and said, if they had really come to the church he would have been seriously displeased, but my father thought it a capital joke.

## *Chapter Fourteen*

*I*n January of the year 1847, my youngest sister Isabelle was born. It was a very cold winter and about the middle of the month we had some very severe thunderstorms – very unusual in that season. Mrs Henry Lee of Wenvoe Rectory was one of two godmothers, and our dear friend Mrs Tyler after whom she was named, the other. Mrs Lee was very anxious that her name, Katherine, should be added, but my mother would only have one name, we used to occasionally spend a day at the Rectory and Mr and Mrs Lee often dined at the Castle. He played the flute nicely and they were very fond of music. I think it was in 1847 that they left Wenvoe and went to live in Essex at a place called Rainham, of which he was given the living; Fanny, Gertrude and I subscribed all our pocket-money and gave him a very handsome gold seal with Rainbow Rectory engraved on it – we sent it down to him with a note which I wrote and he appeared to be intensely gratified. One evening we were surprised to see two handsome china flower-pots of a large size on the maple-wood writing-table. My mother asked Parsons where they came from and he said there was a note with them from Mr Lee saying they were for Miss Jenner, in kind remembrance of himself and

his wife. I was delighted with them and when I married I took them to my own house, and on leaving England gave them to my dear old friends, the Misses Hill.

We went to Weymouth again this autumn and were annoyed to find that my mother had engaged Miss Lewis, Mrs Lee's nursery-governess, to come with us, to walk out with us and partly to teach Fanny and Gertrude.

On my mother's birthday this year, 27 October, we gave her a beautiful bracelet made from the hair of all her twelve children. It was really very handsome and she was irrepressibly pleased with it. We all subscribed to it, Robert sending us £1 from Ireland, and I think it cost seven guineas. In September 1848 my youngest brother Bruce Hammond was born – he was a particularly nice baby and we were all as proud of him as if he were the only child. Mr Hammond, an old clergyman was staying with us at the time and was godfather to the child as well as Mr William Bruce of St Nicholas, and Mrs Forman was his godmother. The day he was christened we three girls took a long walk with Mr Bruce, who said he had to see more of us. Mr Hammond stayed a long time with us; when once he came, there was no getting rid of him and we all got more or less tired of him. At Christmas time Robert, who had been quartered in Ireland for some years, came home on leave as he often did, and saw Bruce for the first time and thought him the nicest baby he had ever seen. My mother was quite proud of her thirteen children; she always thought the year wasted if there was not a new baby born.

At the end of January 1849 we went to Brighton and had 19 Brunswick Terrace. After we had been there about six weeks, dear little Bruce took a severe cold from being out on the balcony when the German band was playing. In a few days it


turned to inflammation of the lungs, and although every care was taken of him, the dear little pet died on 1 April.

My mother felt it sadly, and so did we all, he was such a bright handsome little fellow. The housekeeper we had then made things very unpleasant. She had been in a club kitchen in London, and the hurry and worry nearly turned her brain. She actually refused to allow an extra pound of candles for the use of the nursery during the baby's illness and my mother was obliged to send out and buy some. Of course she was soon got rid of. Little Bruce was buried in Hove Churchyard and my mother visited his grave every day.

Before this we had made the acquaintance of Mr and Mrs Du Ré. He was the minister of St Margaret's Chapel of Ease and had formerly been my father's fag at Eton. We liked them both very much. I used constantly to go to the garden in Adelaide Crescent, which was then only half built and quite a number of little boys used to come to me and I told them stories and otherwise amused them.

I have quite forgotten which year it was that we went to 9 Brunswick Square, a very dirty uncomfortable house, and when we had been there three weeks we moved to the other side of the Square, no. 41. We lived next door to the old Lady Broughton, a proud old creature who had every scrap of food burnt in her new kitchen fire at night before she went to bed, lest it fall into the hands of the poor. Lady Harriet Dunlop and her daughter Constance lived very near and Miss Cooke was her governess. We very seldom saw her as Lady Harriet did not approve of her daughter associating with other girls.

The Mannings lived on the other side and we used to go out walking with them often; the Archdeacon had not then joined the Church of Rome. One day we were debating at the bottom



of Brunswick Square which was to go, and Fanny on being appealed to said,

‘I don’t care,’ when little Willy Manning said,

‘Don’t you know, Miss Fanny, that “don’t care” came to be hanged?’ and she answered,

‘Yes, and don’t you know that Care killed the cat?’ The boy opened his eyes wide and said,

‘No! I never heard that.’

Somewhere about this time Old Thompson, the Scottish steward who had been at Wenvoe for forty years, began to get too old to attend properly of his business and, as he had married one of our housekeepers, they set up in a public house in Cadoxton where they lived for many years.

My father then advertised for a new steward with the result that a Mr Webster undertook the situation. He was a cousin of Sir Godfrey Webster’s in Sussex and had been well brought up and educated, but had lost all his money by racing – he brought his wife and three children with him and they lived at Ty Pica in Wenvoe village, which Papa made as comfortable as he could for them. They were very nice people, especially Mrs Webster who became one of my dearest friends. The place improved much under his superintendence. Poor old Thompson had neglected matters greatly but now rents were raised, repairs attended to, and everyone was much more satisfied.

My mother never quite recovered from the shock of the baby’s death and early in September 1849 she and my father left for Brighton, intending to take a small house for a month or two. I had one or two letters from her written clearly and distinctly as usual, but one morning a letter came from my father directing me to start the next morning with half-a-dozen

of the stewards and to join them in the house on the Marine Parade that they had taken. I left home the following morning at half past seven with five of the paid servants and Charles the footman, Mrs Webster bringing me £25 for the journey. We went without any drawbacks as far as London Bridge, when offering one of the £5 notes (on Toogood’s Bank at Cardiff) to the clerk, and he declined taking it. I did not know what to do but on explaining that my father Mr Jenner had desired the steward to give me them, he answered, ‘What, Mr Jenner of Wenvoe Castle? Of course, Miss, we will take them, we saw Mr Jenner last week.’ We reached Brighton at 6 p.m. and I was indeed shocked to see the change in my poor mother. My uncle Heubert Jenner and his wife were at Brighton and were a great comfort to us. I cannot say how many days it was before one morning we were astonished at the arrival of Miss Cooke and Fanny and Gertrude. We did not know where to put them and Miss Cooke had to find lodgings out. My mother lived a very short time after this, and early in the morning of 29 September she died. The funeral took place at Hove where she was buried in the same grave as Bruce, and was attended by all my brothers and a good many of my uncles.

After we had got our mourning made, my father thought it best I should go down home and take up my place as mistress of the house, and also to look after the poor little children who had been left at home with the nurses. Alfred went with me and the chariot met us at Cardiff. When we were driving we met Harriet, Algermon and Isabel out walking with Griffiths the nurse. The poor little things were in deep black; they were very pleased to see me and got into the carriage to drive home.

I think it must have been five weeks before Papa and my sisters came home and I had plenty of time to get accustomed

to my new duties. I endeavoured to carry on everything as my mother had done and from what my good old friend Mr Ropen Tyler told my husband several years afterwards, I think I succeeded pretty well.

## *Chapter Fifteen*

*I*n the spring of this year we went to Brighton to 9 Brunswick Terrace, a fine house with a lovely collection of pictures in the drawing-room. As we were in mourning we did not go out much. Fanny and I took singing lessons and music from Mr Bond who lived in Montpellior Road. He had a large organ gallery and one lesson a week we went to his house and the other he came to us. Mr Ellerton was at Brighton and we saw a good deal of him. He gave us several songs, duets, as well as solos of his own composition. After being three months at Brighton, Gertrude the governess and the rest of the establishment went home, and Papa took Fanny and me to London for a fortnight. We had rooms at Mrs Foster's house at 95 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square. Papa sent one of the carriage horses back to Wenvoe and the other we had in London on a brougham we hired for the week.


The first week (Sunday) we went to Uncle Nepean's church, Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, and according to the custom of other members of the family when in town, Fanny and I went upstairs to Sir Heubert's pew, a large one fitted with dank green cloth. As soon as Aunt Charlotte (Mrs Dyke) saw us she refused us admission and after waiting for some minutes we went down again and stood about the aisle until the litany was almost done, when a good-natured coachman

made room for us in his seat. Mr Nepean had seen the whole affair from the reading desk which was unusually high and he said it made him so angry that Mrs Dyke should treat her own sister's children in such manner that he could hardly get through the service.

We went to see Grandpapa in the afternoon and told him all about it. He was excessively annoyed and the next day sent for Aunt Charlotte and told her that for the future Uncle Frank must pay for a pew and that his must be reserved entirely for any member of the family who might happen to be in town on a Sunday. Mrs Dyke got into a great fuss and wept so much that at last the old gentleman told her things might go on as before but she must never again refuse to let her relatives use the pew if they required it. We used to take our other aunt, Mrs Nepean, out constantly. We had nearly one hundred visits to pay and worked off a good many of them while we were in town.

One day we went down to Fulham Palace where the Bishop of London lived and we walked about the lovely gardens sloping down to the Thames. When we had been in London about a fortnight, Papa had a bad attack of gout in his right hand, the first he had had though his father had died of it. He was very ill and fearfully irritable, and as there was no use in us all remaining in London, Fanny went home and I stayed to look after him.

When he got better the doctor said he had better go into the country for a change, and we went to the hotel at Salt Hill. It was the most lovely evening and when I went into the large garden just across the road and I heard the blackbirds singing, it seemed like paradise. We had been three weeks or more in London, and previous to that three months in Brighton, so that the sight of the deep green foliage and the beautiful flowers was most lovely. We stayed there ten days and then went home.



Soon afterwards Mr and Mrs Calvert Jones of Heathfield, Swansea came to stay with us. He was a clergyman but had no living and devoted himself to daguerreotyping which was then a newly discovered art. They came for a fortnight and stayed six months. Their daughter and only child who rejoiced in the names of Christina, Henrietta, Victoria, Games Jones was the most tiresome spoiled child that ever lived, and we got heartily sick of her. Mr Jones was a regular sponge and it was impossible to get rid of them, but his wife was very sweet and nice. Papa used to say sometimes,

‘Oh! Calvert, I am very sorry I cannot ask you to stay longer, but I have to go to London today,’ thinking they would take the hint and go, but not a bit of it. He would say, in the coolest manner possible,

‘Oh! That’s all right Jenner, we will stay and look after the girls.’

It was not till the following year at Brighton that we got rid of them and then only by coming to a kind of quarrel.

This year, 1851, was the year of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, brought about mainly by the instrumentality of the late Prince Consort. We all went up to London to see it, and it was certainly quite wonderful and struck with amazement all who saw it for the first time.

Mr and Mrs Tyler came up to stay with us and we spent a day in London. They had not been out of Wales for some years and he was looking forward with pleasure to two idle Sundays. He was not therefore much pleased when my father told him that he had arranged for him to preach the two following Sundays at different churches.

One day we allowed all the servants to go to the Exhibition, Papa of course paying all their expenses. We were much amused

with the account they gave us of their trip. Mary Millar, the pretty little housemaid, who afterwards married Charles Upton the footman, told me she had seen Sir Heubert Jenner’s house. I asked her how she could possibly have known it, and she said she had seen a water-bottle and tumbler outside on one of the upper window ledges early in the morning, and she knew ‘Master’ always put his outside. We all went to see the dockyard at Portsmouth the day the servants were away and got an old woman to look after the house.

In the commencement of 1852, my grandfather who had for many years been very infirm and much crippled by gout and excessive corpulence, became very ill. On our way to Brighton at the end of January we called at his house, 1 Chesterfield Street, Mayfair and saw two aunts, and on 14 February, his seventy-sixth birthday, the old gentleman died. He had filled many offices of note, he was Privy Councilor, Dean of the Arches, Judge of Doctors’ Commons now called the Court of Probate, Judge of the Ecclesiastical Court of Canterbury and Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He was buried at Chislehurst, one of his residences which was afterwards sold and his eldest son Heubert Jenner Fust L. L. D. inherited Hillcourt in Gloucestershire. He left a numerous family, and his sons, with the exception of one, Robert, Commander of the Navy, still survive, as do two daughters. Mrs Nepean died several years afterwards.

## *Chapter Sixteen*

*I*n 1852, after our return from Brighton, there began the talk of our going to Germany for a trip. After a good deal of persuasion Papa agreed to take Fanny and me attended

by Staples and Charles. We were delighted at the thought of it, and it was settled we were to start early in August. As the time grew near Papa began to greatly regret his decision and at last on the Sunday afternoon before our departure he said,

‘Hugh! I wish to goodness you were going tomorrow instead of me.’

‘I am sure I wish I were,’ said Hugh. My father hurried him upstairs and in a quarter of an hour he came down and said,

‘Well, I am happier than I have been for the last month, all my clothes are unpacked and in the drawers again.’ Hugh was delighted and Papa gave him £100 to start with and promised to send another £100 to us at Baden-Baden.

When we got to Dover, intending to cross over to Calais by the mail steamer, it was blowing a perfect hurricane and the steamer put off going till 5 a.m. We slept at the Ship Hotel and were called up early to go on board. It was still blowing and we had the most miserable passage across. When we got to Calais, Fanny and the others were well as soon as they touched dry land, but I felt dreadfully ill and lay on a bed while the others were having dinner. I think we must have remained in London for a day or getting our passports, because it was on Wednesday I think we crossed to Calais, and after dinner we left by train via Valenciennes and got to Brussels sometime early the next morning. The line of country through Flanders was flat but beautifully green and the farms and homesteads resembled those of England in many respects. We stayed a couple of days in Brussels and then went on to Cologne by train. We arrived there about 6 a.m. and heard that the Rhine steamer would be leaving about 10 o’clock. We were very anxious to see the cathedral at Cologne but Hugh and Charles spent so much time shaving and dressing after their night

journey that after a hurried breakfast we had only just time to pop inside the grand old church.

Our trip up the Rhine was truly delightful – the day was superb and the scenery on each side of the winding river was magnificent, almost every height being surrounded by the ruins (always picturesque) of an old castle. We enjoyed the table a’hôte dinner very much and were amused at the pride shown by the Lady Ann Marion Compton, sister of the Marquis of Northampton. She insisted on having their dinner brought into a private room, and as the waiter objected to this arrangement they just carried in the dishes as they left our table. She had four children with her, a tutor, a governess, a courier, and a number of servants. About 2 p.m. coffee and bread and butter were handed around on deck and ices and biscuits at 4.30. At 6 p.m. we reached Manheim where we remained for the night, a very miserable dirty place, and the following day we arrived at Baden-Baden and went to the Lourde Bade or Badischen Hotel where we met our old friend Mr Ellerton who had bespoken rooms for us at this hotel.

Everything seemed very strange to us at first and we found great difficulty in making ourselves understood, although Fanny and I were considered excellent French scholars and very fair German ones too. We went for several nice walks in the Black Forest and much enjoyed the scenery. We also went a few times to the Gambling Rooms to see the play, but did not care much for it.

One night there was a fête in honour of the Grand Duke’s birthday and the whole town was festooned with coloured lanterns which looked very pretty in the soft moonlight.

Fanny used to take a warm bath of the mineral waters every morning, and towards the end of our visit she persuaded me

to do the same. I remember going into the little bathroom and shutting the door, but beyond that I know very little until I found myself lying on the bed in my room. The waters had evidently disagreed with me and sent the blood to my head. I continued very unwell that day and the next, and on the third day we started for home. My head was very bad and one thought pressing on my brain was that we had 750 miles to go before we could reach home. (How little idea I had that I should go 16,000 miles from home.)

When we reached Strasbourg we heard that there was something wrong on the line further up the country and that no train would leave before 7 that evening. We went out to see the cathedral, but I remember very little about it, and on coming back to the hotel I went to bed and became rapidly so ill that I persuaded Hugh and Fanny to go on to Paris and leave me to follow with two servants. It was well I did so because an attack of brain fever came on and I was seriously ill for some days. The landlord of the hotel sent for a doctor, a dark little Jew, who could not understand what toast and water was. A glass of it had been standing all night by my bedside and he told the landlord after he had seen me that it was no wonder the English demoiselle was ill, because she had been drinking strong brandy and water. The landlord told him no brandy had been given me but he would not believe it. The noise and worry were very distressing.

A general of the German army was living at the hotel and every time he went in and out a band of drummers, who were stationed in the large stone entrance hall, beat a loud tattoo on their drums. Added to which my bedroom was at the very top of the house and quite close to the steeple of the cathedral, the chimes of which seemed to be ringing the whole of the twenty four hours. The

rattling of the omnibuses in and out of the entrance court of the hotel was dreadful, commencing at 4 a.m. and continuing until after midnight. I begged Charles to try and get straw put down in the street, but after trying all day and being sent from one office to another he returned with the information that it could not be done without the consent of the major and he was in Paris, and it would take a week to get permission from him.

Mr Ellerton came to see me one day from Baden-Baden and thought me so ill that he wrote to Papa to come from England, and he met Hugh and Fanny at Paris and came on to Strasbourg with the latter.

The chambermaid Caroline could not understand how anyone could be ill, and she would stand at the foot of my bed and shake it, 'to make the poor English young lady laugh', she said, but I think it more generally ended in a cry. She would never bring the tray up to my room, she said it was not her place, and the waiter used to bring up soup or whatever I had and place it on my bed.

As soon as I was able to move we went back to Baden-Baden and remained there for a week, at the end of which time I was much better but very weak. The morning we left I was carried downstairs in a chair and helped into a carriage to go to the station. At Mannheim we went on board the Rhine steamer as far as Nayence where we slept, and I was so much stronger for the change that I walked across the plank on shore and upstairs to the rooms at the hotel. I was delighted to see a bottle of Guinness Porter, the English label of which seemed to bring up so much nearer home.

I forgot to mention that on leaving Strasbourg the landlord put some soft cushions in the carriage for me to sit on and, on arriving at Kahl on the frontier, we had to get out and the Custom



Florence Nightingale

House officers pierced them though and through with a dagger in several places lest we should be smuggling contraband articles.

The second day of our journey we got to Brussels and there we remained for three or four days. Fanny bought a little black dog which she called Puff, and we went to see a lace manufactory. On our former visit we went to a service at the Cathedral Church of St Gudule. It was the first time we had witnessed a Roman Catholic service and I cannot say we were impressed by it in any way. The figures of the Virgin and Infant Saviour which were carried round for the adoration of the kneeling multitude were very tawdry.

On the fourth day I think it was after our arrival, we went to the port from which place we were to take the steamer for London, at which place we arrived on 13 September, but I have not the slightest remembrance of our voyage nor do I know by which route we came. I only know we reached 95 Mount Street about 6 p.m., and the first thing we heard was that the Duke of Wellington had died that day.

We left the next morning for Wenvoe and as the Electric Telegraph had not yet come into general use the guards of the trains gave the news of the Duke's death at every station we came to. I suppose the excitement of the journey gave me fictitious strength for after we reached home I had a slight relapse and it was fully a month before I regained my usual health and strength.

## Chapter Seventeen

In January of 1853 Fanny and I went to Tredegear for a fortnight for the winter festivities and to be present at the wedding of one of Lady Tredegear's daughters. Fanny was one of the eight bridesmaids. There were a great many visitors

and every day nearly sixty servants and attendants sat down to dinner in the servants' hall and thirty in the dining-room every night. Lady Tredegear took me with her one morning to the kitchen and there were ten joints of meat on the spits before the large open fireplace.

Towards the end of this year the Crimean War began and the whole of England was thrown into the greatest excitement. The militia was called in every county, there being then no volunteers. The mismanagement of the Crimea caused terrible distress in our army. It was partly the result of the peace which had existed since the meeting of the Allied Sovereigns in Paris in 1815 after the Battle of Waterloo, and which had prevented the heads of departments having any experience in war matters, commissariat arrangements, etc.

There was scarcely a family that did not lose one or more family member either in engagements to or by exposure in the trenches. The newspapers were eagerly looked for and as winter came on the most harassing reports arrived continually of the numerous deaths from insufficient clothing and food. Many people set about collecting such articles to send to the Crimea. I organised a small committee in our own village and we each took a separate district in which to collect money. My business was to go to the farms Goldsland, Old and New Wallace's, Great and Little Hampton. Our requests were met most generously. I forget the exact sum but sufficient to enable me to purchase a large quantity of warm shirts, socks, cravats, tea, tobacco, and many other comforts, which were duly packed in a case, provided by Rees Howell, an estate carpenter, as his share of the contributions, and it was forwarded to Miss Nightingale, Scutari Hospital. We had the satisfaction some time afterwards of seeing it acknowledged in the *Times*.



Alfred told me I had exceeded my duty in collecting from the Hampton farms, as although my father's tenants lived there, the farms were situated in St Lythams parish, on which I wrote a note to Mr Bruce, rector of St Nicholas, St Lythams, apologising for 'poaching' on his preserves. I received a very kind answer congratulating me on having had the enterprise to collect so much, wishing that the young ladies in his parishes, including his own sisters, had been equally energetic.

Before this I had instituted the Wenvoe Clothing Club, with the assistance of Mrs Webster, and became the manager and treasurer of it. It was the greatest blessing to the poor people, as they did not miss a penny per week paid into the club, and when on the day appointed for the annual meeting, they received the worth of their subscription and an additional penny per week as bonus. They were as grateful as if the whole had been given to them. Some of those who were better off subscribed two pence per week but they received only the same bonus. I used to let one of the Cardiff drapers know the probable amount that would be spent, and on the third of November every year they would bring a large covered wagon full of goods of all sorts and put them out to the best advantage in the village schoolroom. It was a day I thoroughly enjoyed and after I married I made a point of going over to Wenvoe on that day.

Hugh joined the militia as captain and several of our men who were drawn hoped to get into his company, but from some mismanagement not one of them was drafted into it, greatly to the disappointment of officers and men.

We constantly drove into Cardiff to see them at drill and the officers often dined with us: Colonel Knox, Major Wheatley and others.

That summer we went out a good deal. One picnic in

particular I remember: we left home at 7 a.m. and drove to Plas Mewydd where we joined a large party and went on to Castle Coch, five miles from Cardiff with the most beautiful view of the surrounding country. It had formerly been one of the fortresses of the King of Wales, but within the last ten years it had been greatly restored by Lord Bute, and the vast piece of land formerly surrounded by walls has again been enclosed and planted with vines which I have from time to time read in the newspapers have proved an unqualified success. To return to our picnic: after spending a pleasant day we drove back to Plas Mewydd with Mr and Mrs Richards and had high tea there, after which they insisted on everyone staying to dance. I was dead tired and longed to go home, but Fanny and the others made a regular night of dancing and we did not get home till 6 a.m. when the men were coming to their work.

## Chapter Eighteen

In November 1854 we went to a ball in Cambridge on the occasion of the races, in fact there were two balls the same week and we went to both. On the Tuesday night all went well but on the Friday I, for one, felt very ill and light headed as soon as I got into the ballroom, and many others during the night complained that they felt ill. One of the Cardiff doctors who was present remarked that he thought there would be sharp work for the doctors that winter: and so it proved for in less than a fortnight several deaths had occurred from typhus fever caused by the opening of an old drain in enlarging the ballroom. This I learned only long afterwards for I was seized with the malady and had it more severely than anyone who recovered. I remember little that took place till towards the end



Chavenage House, Gloucestershire



Patumahoe next to Mauku



Ploughing on Mr H.H.D. Wily's farm, Mauku



'The Falls Farm', Mauku, South Auckland. The house was above the falls but burnt down.



of January: my head had been shaved three weeks before I knew it and the nurse sent from one of the London hospitals, Mrs Nards, who had as much as she could do to look after me. Fanny also had the fever very badly but got over it much sooner than I did. When the fever left me I was thoroughly prostrated and had a great many abscesses in the back, seventeen at one time.

Mr Edward Evans who attended me said I must be made to get up, but I was quite unable to stand and at last I lost all power over my limbs and had to be carried from my bed to the sofa. I thought then and still believe that, if I had been left quiet for some days after the fever left me, then I should sooner have recovered but by dragging me up and down that room twice a day they seemed to take all the strength out of me, and at last Mr Evans said I must go to Bath and see what effect the waters would have upon me.

During our illness the children with their nursery governess Miss Cox were sent to Bath, and in the intervals of my delirium I used to fret very much because not till they saw I fancied they were all dead, that I was told they were all at Bath to be out of the way. I think our household resembled the English government at the commencement of the Crimean War. From want of experience in illness no one seemed to know how to manage and there was great disturbance amongst the servants. During the time I had been mistress, not one had given warning, but this winter when Gertrude took my place several gave notice to leave. She was very arbitrary and with the best intentions made people uncomfortable. As soon as I was fit for the journey, I was moved to Bath to lodgings in 9 Duke Street, off the South Parade where I was left with Mrs Lards of Somerlin.

Mr Boulton came to see me the next morning and arranged for me to go the following morning to the Invalid Bath; accordingly

I was taken in a chair and was put into the cage on apparatus for invalids and let down by machinery. Mr Boulton and Mrs Nards remained on the brink of the bath and the men who had the charge of the 'chair' was told to come back in a quarter of an hour. But as soon as my feet touched the water, my blood flew to my head and I fainted. I believe they had the greatest difficulty in getting me out alive, and when I came to myself I was lying on a couch in one of the little dressing-rooms. Mr Boulton said he had never been more frightened and that I must never try the mineral water again. I remained at Bath for more than two months and improved very much in health, but was still quite unable to stand. I had a great many kind friends who constantly came to see me and Mr and Mrs Bruce Pryce often took me out for a drive.

At last Mr Boulton thought I had better see Sir Benjamin Brodie and one day after the rest of the family had come up from Weymouth and we all had settled at no. 1 Bennett Street, I went up to London with Mr Boulton and Mrs Nards in an invalid carriage to consult the famous surgeon.

We drove to Hatchett's Hotel, Piccadilly, where my aunt Mrs Nepean met me, and had dinner with us which my father had ordered beforehand. Sir Benjamin said that the tumor in the back from the fever was probably the cause of the paralysed state of the spine, and he ordered four caustic issues, one on each side of the spine, which were to run for six weeks. Papa had no notion what Sir Benjamin's fee would be but he gave Mr Boulton £10 to pay expenses, and greatly to Mr Boulton's surprise the great man said, 'My fee is £2, but give me £1 and keep the rest yourself.'

We returned to Bath in the evening and in a day or two the caustic issues were applied, with the result that at the end of six weeks I recovered the power of walking and it was a singular



Mauku Church during the New Zealand Wars



The old Falls farm now named Wrights Gardens

thing that as soon as I could press my feet to the ground with significant force to raise myself to a standing position, I felt quite strong and able to walk. In fact I walked downstairs to my bedroom the first night, and the following day went on foot to Mr Boul's house. After this I rapidly grew stronger and was able to get about, but I have always felt great weakness in the lower part of the spine and from the hips to the knees which I feel chiefly when I get into a carriage or up steps. However, I was most thankful to have recovered the use of my limbs; no one expected that I would.

## *Chapter Nineteen & last*

About the end of January 1855 my father began to think of breaking up the establishment at Wenvoe, and taking a house elsewhere for a couple of years. There were many reasons which made this step desirable, amongst others the numbers of hangers-on and the immense household were very expensive to keep up, and it was a difficult matter to reduce the numbers of servants while we were living in the house. We soon heard of a place to suit us near Bath and my father and I went to see it. It was called Corston Lodge and was situated near the high road, four miles from Bath and eight from Bristol. It proving satisfactory, my father took it at a rent of £200 per annum, and on 31 March we moved there. I went first with Margaret Stokes, the housemaid, to get the house ready. It was a very great grief to us all to leave our dear old home where we had lived all our lives and where we loved everyone and everyone loved us. But it had to be done and we gave farewell teas to all the tenant wives and to the poorer people to whom the breaking up of the Castle family was a serious loss.

On the night of our arrival at Corston I heard a nightingale sing for the first time, and many nights that summer I was kept awake by the beautiful songsters; but I must say I got heartily sick of the unceasing pip, pip, etc.

In September my father and Fanny went down to Wenvoe for a few weeks and I went to Chavenage House in Gloucestershire to stay with my dear old friends the Hills who had left Countyale several years before. Whilst at Wenvoe, Fanny persuaded my father to give a ball, but Lady Tyler of Cottrell and some others said they did not consider Fanny old or sedate enough to officiate as mistress of the home, and I was sent for, and as it cut my visit short I was most dreadfully enraged and made up my mind not to enjoy myself one bit. As events turned out however I never spent a more pleasant evening. Amongst the strangers was a Captain Wily, and it was no doubt a case of love at first sight between us. I danced with him several times and we talked to each other a great deal, and before the party broke, when my father said he wanted another guest for a dinner party the next evening I invited Captain Wily who gladly accepted the invitation.

I returned to Corston at the end of the next week and did not again see him till November. When I went back to Corston I was engaged to him and we were married on 5 March 1856, going to Clifton for a fortnight before going to our own house at Roach, where I found a ready-made family of four children awaiting me. We lived at Roach for twelve years and there my five elder children were born.

In 1868 my husband, who was by this time Major Wily, made up his mind to sell out and take us all to New Zealand. It was the greatest possible grief to me parting with all my friends and the almost certainty of never meeting again in this world, but on the whole I think it was a wise step.

We sailed from Gravesend on 3 August 1868 in the *Ida Ziegler*, a wretched leaky vessel, and arrived in Auckland on 9 November. It being Sunday we remained on board till the next day when we landed in a small boat, and after visiting the Post office where I was rejoiced to find fourteen letters and £50 which had been sent by two Panama mails which had arrived while we were plodding along in the *Ida Ziegler*, we proceeded to look for lodgings. We were recommended to Mrs Courtagnes' house in Princes Street where we remained a fortnight and then we rented a small house in Parnell, formerly inhabited by Sir William Fox. At the end of three months we purchased The Falls property at Manukau, about thirty-five miles south-west of Auckland and removed thither on 11 February 1869. On 21 June the same year our house and all the furniture were burnt and we were in a great state of discomfort for five years, when we put up the house we are now living in.

Having brought my autobiography down to the year 1874, before which my youngest son was born, I shall conclude as my children are intimately acquainted with the ins and outs of colonial life.

My own family is sadly diminished: of the many brothers mentioned in the course of my history – Robert, Alfred, Hugh, Edmund, Adolphus, Frederic, Henry, Herbert, Algermon and Bruce – Hugh only survives. Some of the others died in infancy as I have recorded and the others at different ages from twenty-five to fifty-six. My four sisters are still living, but only one married.

I have written this history for the amusement of my children and in later years I have no doubt my grandchildren will be interested in reading how different life in England in the first half of this century was from what they have experienced in New Zealand and Australia.

I must now say farewell.  
Concluded 16 May 1890  
Emma E. V. Wily.



The new Wily farm homestead, Mauku. This building replaced the house at the falls that burnt down



The new home on the farm at Mauku that belonged to her son Henry Evan Robert Wily



Mauku Church today with the grave of both Emma and Henry Wily in the foreground



Close-ups of the headstones at Mauku cemetery



The stained glass windows

# Letter from Henry Evan Robert Wily

Son of Emma Wily & Major Henry William Wily

‘The short and simple annals of the poor’ Gray

To Peter Wily and Jeanette Wily  
My dear Grandchildren,

Though you are too young to appreciate this now, I think that some day you will be interested in knowing something about the Wily’s who went before you, so I will set down what I know. Unfortunately I was too young when my father died to take a proper interest in what he might have told me, and I have been cut off by half the circumference of the world from the rest of our family, so what I know really amounts to very little.

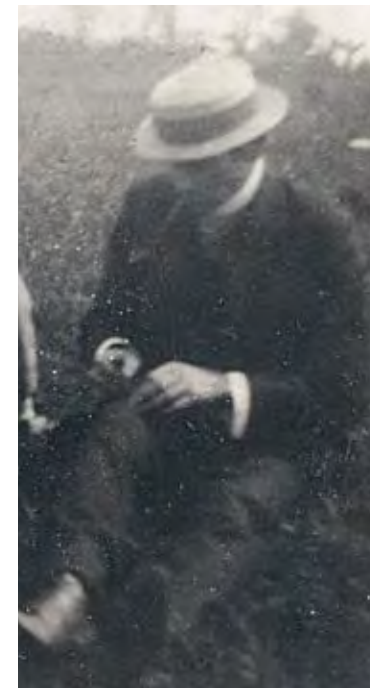
The Wily’s came originally from Scotland. If we are to believe Professor Blackie’s theory all the clan are Greeks who came to Scotland some centuries before the Christian era. He proves this to his own complete satisfaction, and if the numerous portraits he has gathered together are to go for anything the classical Greek features are certainly very much in evidence among the men and women who bear the name.

My father used to say he was a direct descendant of Macbeth, who was not by any means merely the ambitious murderer and usurper that Shakespeare makes him out to be, but a monarch of good repute, who fought his way to the throne maybe, but when he got there ruled far more well and wisely than most of

Scotland’s Kings did. But I never knew whether my father was joking or not when he said this, so you, Peter, need not claim the Scottish Crown on the strength of it.

So I cannot carry your lineage back for nine centuries, but only for three, and that very imperfectly. The first ancestor I can tell you anything about was an officer of Gustaf Adolphus, the great Swedish King, who spent so many years fighting to free the Protestants of Europe. It may perhaps be as well I cannot go further back, for quite possibly some of his immediate forbears were Border reivers, and may possibly have been hanged as the result of their plundering raids.

With Gustaf’s soldier of fortune ended our connection with the Land of Cakes, and I think that now we can call ourselves English. He settled in the south of England, not very far from Salisbury, and the village is still called Wily, though, so far as I know, none of our family remains there. So far as I can make out down to my time, soldier succeeded soldier in an unbroken line, and I should have been one also had my father lived in a few months longer, but my mother had other views.



Henry Evan Robert Wily

If you put four greats in front of grandfather you will come to an old gentleman who was a soldier of Marlborough's, and who lived to be 103. He married an estate in the south of Ireland, a few miles from Cashel, and used to ride into that town one day every week. Coming home one night by moonlight, he imagined that a highwayman who had been hanging in chains by the side of the road for some years, got down from his gibbet, got up behind him on the horse, and rode home with him. This upset him so much that he took to his bed, and never got up again. We can only suppose the old gentleman had got into his second childhood, like your grandmother often tells me I have. But I would like you to remember this story so that one of you will always go with your father when he rides at night after he is a hundred years old.

My grandfather was Captain Daniel Wily. He served in the war in which we took the Cape of Good Hope from the Dutch in 1806 after having taken it ten years before, and given it back. We had 7,000 Dutch soldiers as prisoners of war, with their families, on our hands, and as they did not want to go back to Holland, Captain Wily was sent to look up a suitable tract of country to settle them on. He went up the Bangi River for hundreds of miles till he came to a great expanse of fertile grass covered with countless herds of wild animals in the great variety for which South Africa was so famous. Here the Dutch soldiers were sent, and founded the Bangi Free State, called "free" though it was still under British sovereignty. Thirty years later we had to interfere on account of the way these Boers treated their slaves, and a large number of the Boers crossed the Vaal River, and founded the Transvaal. How, at the end of the last century, we had to fight with these people, you will have learned all about at school.

Later Captain Wily took part in the celebrated campaign in the north of Spain which ended with the brilliant victory at Corunna. The performance of the small British force which retreated across the whole north of Spain, holding at bay French armies of five times their number, failing every attempt of Marshall Soult to involve them in a general engagement, yet all the time inflicting upon them a crushing blow, is one of the finest in history. Your great great grandfather was with the 92nd, the Gordon Highlanders.

How strict military discipline was during this arduous campaign may be gauged by the following story. When I was between four and five my father was Staff-Officer of Pensioners. Our house was not very far from the pensions office, and some of the old people used to be sent up there on pay day, and have bread and cheese in the kitchen. Among them was an old man who had been in my grand-father's company as a sergeant, and his wife, who had been with the army during the retreat. On one occasion he had dropped out to drink at a brook, and was "broken" to the rank of private "for displaying unsteadiness in the face of the enemy", and sixty years later was drawing a private's pension of nine-pence per day, instead of a sergeant's of eighteen-pence. His old wife used to get me to stand at her knee, and recite Wolfe's verses on the death of Sir John Moore to me, and I can remember her quite well. If you want to hear a funny story about Corunna, get your father to tell you about the black pig which routed a French brigade.

Later my grandfather was at Waterloo, and after leaving the army went to live at Jersey. He died before I was born, but I remember going twice to stay with my grandmother at Goree. She was always dressed in black silk which rustled very loudly, and she sat up very straight always. When she was over 80 her



son-in-law brought her an easy chair, but she disdained sitting in it, and said it would do for one of her daughters.

Captain Wily's eldest son was Colonel Thomas Wily, born at the Cape in 1806. With his regiment, the 84th, he saw much service in India. When he retired he went to Canada, and was given a high command in the Canadian Militia. He had several sons and daughters, so you no doubt have a number of Canadian cousins.

The second son was your grandfather, and I will tell you all about him presently.

Their third son, Frank, became a captain in the Navy, and after his retirement settled in Virginia, U.S.A. in the 60's of last century.

The fourth son, Daniel was first a paymaster in the Navy, and later a civil engineer. I believe he was with De Lesseps in the abortive French attempt to dig the Panama Canal, which failed mainly on account of the ravages wrought by the malaria-spreading mosquito.

The youngest son, John, was a subaltern in the 18th Regt., the Royal Irish, and was through the Waikato campaign in 1863.

There were three daughters, one of whom married Henry Luxmoore, a member of a famous Devon family, and my godfather. The other two did not marry.

My father, Major Henry William Wily, late of the 50th regiment, was Captain Daniel Wily's second son, and was born on October 20th 1810. It was intended he should be a lawyer, and he was articled to a St. Helier's firm, but at the age of seventeen he ran away, crossed to England, and enlisted in the army. His father, finding him thus determined, brought his discharge, which cost £40., and purchased him a commission, which cost

several hundreds. He spent nearly twenty years in India, during which time he greatly distinguished himself at Sobrason, in the second Sikh war, one of the most sanguinary battles ever fought. The 50th was sent to storm the Sikh entrenchments, which were enormously strong, and defended by very many pieces of artillery, and the regiment's losses were very heavy. They were, however, entirely successful in their attack, and turned the event of the day. The following is from the Army List.

“Major Wily served in the Campaign on the Lutlej (medal and three clasps) including the battles of Moodkee, Aliwall, Ferozishah and Sobrason, in which last engagement, and during the hottest part of the contest, he succeeded to the command of the 50th Regt. and at the close of the day brought it out of action. His gallantry in the hand to hand conflict with the enemy attracted and called forth the marked and written approbation of General Sir Harry Smith and Brigadier Penny, and for which he was noted in dispatches by Lord Gough (the Commander in Chief) as one ‘worthy of reward for meritorious conduct in action with the enemy.’”

The reward, however, was never forthcoming, going elsewhere, as it has done in too many cases. Another officer who had powerful interests managed to secure it. It caused great annoyance in the regiment, and in England a heated public controversy, in the course of which some amusing doggerel verses were published, which I will put at the end of this.

The Sikhs got away with four beautifully ornamented guns, inland with gold and silver. My father went in pursuit with a handful of men from several regiments, and after a march which was accounted marvellous from the distance covered in the time, captured them. But he was seriously ill for a long time as a result of his stupendous exertions. This had an interesting

sequel nearly thirty years after. After we came to this country the Auckland papers told the story of a school-master at Te Awamutu or Ohaupo who told of a wonderful march he had made in India to capture some guns, carrying his full fighting kit, and not being believed, repeated the performance. My father wrote to him and found he was a sergeant of another regiment who had been with him that day. He came down to see us during the holidays, and I think his name was Walker. After the campaign Major Long was sent to England with the four captured guns, to present them to Queen Victoria. For this he was promoted to the rank of Lt. Colonel. The guns were installed at Windsor, and probably are still there.

During the Crimean War my father was in Canada, where he was sent to discipline a regiment that had got very slack from being on a Colonial station for a long time. He tried to exchange into a regiment going to the front, but the War Office refused him permission, as he was required where he was.

He remained in Canada about three years, returning to England about 1855. He seems to have enjoyed his stay in the great Dominion excessively, and his three years there apparently made more impression on his mind than his score of years in India did. The moose and caribou shooting, the sleighing and skating in the winter, and the exploring expeditions into the vast forests, he seems to have thoroughly enjoyed. By this time he had been married, but had lost his wife. He had four children, Beatrice, who did not marry, Henrietta, who came with us to New Zealand, and married Dr. Frederick Armitage, a military medical officer, Maria, who remained in England with Beatrice, and married Jacob Biggs, who was I believe a building contractor. Further there was Edward Robert, who came to New Zealand with us, and was partially paralysed.

When my father returned to England he was offered a good appointment as Staff Office of Pensioners for the south-west of England and the south of Wales. His head-quarters were at Cardiff, and this led to his meeting my mother, Emma Elizabeth Vivian, eldest daughter but second child of Robert Francis Jenner of Wenvoe Castle, Glamorganshire. They were married on March 5th, 1856. They had a family of four daughters and two sons:-

**Emma Lascelles**, born April 14th 1857 who married James Mellsop, of Knockmaroon, (now Glenbrook) on January 1st 1883.

**Florence Nevill**, born June 29th 1858 and married to Richard H.D. Kelly, a Church of England parson in N.S.W. on September 26th, 1884.

**Henry Evan Robert Luxmore Wily**, born October 12th 1863 and married to Clare Ninnis Flexman on November 29th 1892.

**Alice Elizabeth Vaughan**, born on January 29th 1865, and married on April 12th 1887 to Henry D.M. Haszard, a surveyor.

**Edith Jenner**, born on April 27th, 1866, and married on August 27th 1897 to Henry Arthur Wilson, at Sydney, N.S.W.

**Harry Herbert Daniel**, born at Mauku, on December 30th 1871, and married to Constance Kate Barker, on April 4th, 1896.

The first family:

- X Beatrice Wily – not married.  
Henrietta Wily m. Dr. Frederick Armitage.  
Edward Robert Wily – not married.

- X Maria Wily – m. Jacob Biggs.

The two marked X did not come to New Zealand.



## *Welcome to New Zealand*

*I*n 1868 my father decided to resign his appointment and come to New Zealand, the desire to own land being the moving impulse. We left London early in August of that year in the ship *Ida Zeigler*, and arrived at Auckland on November 9th. The intention was to settle in Hawkes Bay, but my father was so pleased with Auckland that he decided to remain there. In one way, that was perhaps as well, for the *Ida Ziegler* was wrecked off the East Cape on her way to Napier, and though no lives were lost, we should have lost all our furniture etc. But as that was all burned six months later it did not make much difference. If we had gone to Napier we should have been among people of our own class, and have had a sheep-station.

We did not have a very eventful voyage. In the Bay of Biscay, 150 miles from land, we picked up a French fisherman and his boy, blown out to sea in an open boat. Nothing would induce them to come when they found we were not going to touch anywhere till we reached New Zealand, so they were supplied with food and water. Whether they reached shore we never heard.

The only land we sighted was the lonely *Tristan da Cunha*, for we were keeping well out in order to sail the grand circle, which took us into low latitudes. For a long time it was very cold indeed, and at one time we had fifty-three icebergs in sight at one time, exactly the same number as survived of the two thousand Scots who made up their minds to stop Percy of Northumberland hunting in Chevy Chase. One day a flying-fish fell in one of the quarter boats, and was cooked for my dinner because I was Captain Sellar's particular pet, and on the day I was five years old a hen laid the first egg since the voyage started, and that was cooked for my tea.

And we also had a mutiny. The sailors refused duty, partly, I believe, on account of the harsh behaviour of the Captain, and partly on account of the bad quality of their food. For some days the officers and passengers worked the ship – luckily it was good weather. Then the men asked my father to come and talk to them, and it was agreed on both sides to let by-gones be by-gones. The skipper was no more anxious to have his conduct enquired into than the men were to go to gaol for refusing duty on the high seas.

The *Ida Zeigler* lay out in the stream the day we got to Auckland, and we landed in a boat just where the back of the Star Office in Fort Street now is. We stayed for a while at Claremont house, in Princes Street, at that time the best boarding-house in Auckland. Later we moved to a house at the foot of St. George's Bay Road, Parnell, until a farm had been decided upon. One place that was offered was 100 acres on the west of Orakei Basin. If we had got that, and kept it, you would have been millionaires, and more objectionable than ever.

In March 1869 we came up to Mauku to take possession of The Falls. The place was first bought by Mr. S. Vickers in 1855. He sold it to Mr. D.B. Orchard, who sold to my father. There was a large two-storied house where the present one stands, and it caught fire from a defective chimney at 2 a.m. one morning three months after we got there. Everything was lost. We sat in the field in front and watched the furniture falling through the floor of the upper storey. For a while afterwards we lived in a temporary erection of four or five rooms, after which the present house was built of totara hand-sawn in the bush.

Mauku was very much up in the wilds in those days, though socially it was far in advance of the present time. The dairy-cow has brought people of quite a different stamp on to the land.

Our only way of getting to Auckland was to go across the Karaka to Drury, and pick up the Waikato coach. There was no road to Pukekohe. The nearest store was at Drury, and there was only one mail a week. Letters to England cost 6d. each for postage, and were to ¼ of an ounce.

The first news we got on arriving in Auckland was of Te Kutis' massacre of the Poverty Bay settlers, which occurred the very night we arrived. Even here, there was a good deal of alarm lest the Waikato natives should rise again and attack us. All the settlers were Rifle Volunteers, and were kept supplied with cartridges in case of immediate necessity. They found this very useful for shooting the wild pigs, which were numerous, and on which we chiefly depended for meat, though some sheep were killed and distributed, and occasionally a bullock. There were pheasants, duck, pigeons and ka-kas in any quantity, so we never went short of game in the season.

The Falls was then nearly all in heavy bush. My father knew nothing about farming, and scarcely tried to do any, but he had the grounds about the house in beautiful order. I felled most of the bush with my own hands (I may perhaps add for the information of you two simple kinds that I had an axe in them) and later took out the stumps.

My father died on February 8th 1880 after a good deal of illness.


## *Belvedere*

*A*nd now perhaps you would like to hear a little about Belvedere, which is now your home.

The first land ever taken up in this part of the world was sold by the Government in 1851. It was a block fringing the

north-east end of the Aka-Aka Swamp, and going on as far as the Waikato River. The most westerly piece lay on the west of the Aka-Aka Waiuku Road, and was bought by a surveyor, Mr. Andrew Arthur, and called by him the Hermitage. The next block went up as far as the Mauku-Waiuku Road, and was owned by Mr. Samuel Browning, an Auckland merchant, and was called Piogah, which, if I remember right, was a hill from which the Israelites looked out over the Promised Land. Then came the Bold Hills farm, bought by Mr. Joseph May, an English farmer, and breeder of Lincoln sheep who lived at the Three Kings, near Auckland. Then came Belvedere, which also belonged to Mr. Browning. Finally came Pura-pura, taking in all the land between the Eastern Drain and the Waikato River, and owned by Mr. William Aickin.

The settlers had to make their own roads. That to Belvedere and Pura-pura ran from the head of the Mauku salt-water creek through the Falls farm, crossing the stream on a rocky ledge fifty yards above the falls, passing where the Mauku station is today, crossing the stream again on a rocky ledge about 200 yards north of the main road running through Dyke's place down Landon's farm through Carey's up to where Mr. Frank Shipherd's house now stands. Pura-pura was leased to two young brothers, William and John Thompson. They grew wheat there, and carted it to the Mauku Estuary, to go by cutter or schooner to Onehunga, and later they had a flax mill on the bank of the Waikato. From the top of Landon's place the road ran down to the paddock lying next to the swamp on the Bald Hills side, and nearest Dykes. Here Mr. Browning built a house, sawing up for the purpose, a large kauri tree that stood there, and two or three totaras. The big gate posts at the entrance gate are made from the head on one of these totaras, so you see that timber is pretty durable.



The first manager of Belvedere was William Landay, who lived in Waiuku for many years afterwards, and who often talked to me of the early days. They ploughed up some of the land with bullocks, and sowed it down in grass, and put up the boundary fences of posts and rails.

In 1863 the war with the Maoris broke out, and the settlers all had to leave their farms. The Belvedere house was burned by the Maoris, and many years after I took out the charred stumps of the house-blocks.

After this Belvedere was abandoned till about 1885, when a Pukekohe shop-keeper named Chadwick bought it, and started a flaxmill. His mill stood at the crossing where the sandstone cliff is. But the venture was not a success, and after a few years the place fell into the hands of the mortgagee, Mr. Charles Hesketh.

One day I rode in there with Mr. Charles Shipherd, who at that time owned all the Soldiers' Settlement at Puni, and had a timber-mill on the bank of the Waikato, just below Cameron Town. The place was very much over-grown with fern and ti-tree, but I saw from the forests of tu-tu or taupaki, and the clumps of luxuriant flax-bushes dotted over the hills, that the land was pretty good, and told Mr. Shipherd that if I ever had the money I would buy it.

A few months later I did get the money, and hearing that two other people had said they were going to buy it, I went straight down to Auckland by a late train, and bought it from Mr. Hesketh after a good deal of talk, about mid-night. This was in November 1891. A few months later the Government sold the Aka-aka land, and I bought the swamp part of Belvedere.

There was of course a great deal of work to do. There was not an acre of grass on the place, and no fences except on the

boundary. It all had to be cleared of scrub – very heavy scrub in some places – and ploughed. The drains had to be dug in the swamp also.

For a long time the greater part of the swamp was kept for growing flax, which completely covered it. The mill stood in the paddock in front of your house. But we had to give it up at last, and burn off the flax and sow grass, as the black-berries were gaining too strong a hold.

Chadwick's mill was worked for a year or two after I bought Belvedere by a man named George Cox. When he had worked out the flax I took the building down, and the iron was put on the roof of the house at The Falls. I did not mention that when we first came to Mauku there was a flaxmill standing at the very verge of the falls. The big water-wheel was turned by the stream that comes down nearest the house. It was pulled down soon after we came. There were at that time a great many flaxmills about, one where ever there was any water-power available. The only one with a steam-engine was the Thompson Bros., at Rangipolia. Some of these mills were on such small streams that the water had to be dammed up for two or three days to get enough water to turn the wheel for one day.

## *Life in the early days*

*T*he Mauku you know today, and the Mauku I first saw are two vastly different places. Then the greater part of it was bush, and what was not bush was a tangle of logs and stumps left after the filled bush was burned. Only small patches had been cleared and ploughed, chiefly where there had been patches of open land. At the Mauku end the people were all English, with


two or three Scottish families, and the farms were as a rule of a fair size. At Patumahoe was a Colony of Irish peasants, to whom a paternal Government had given five acres of land apiece. They were in the greatest poverty, and lived in whares often made of ponga trunks thatched with nikau fronds, with clay floors, and often the whole family had only one room to live in and sleep in. The larger farmers gave the men what work they could, but, as there was almost nothing to be made out of farming, the work was necessarily intermittent, and many of the immigrants suffered great destitution. Some of them had come from the Cape of Good Hope, where they had also failed to make good, and this second failure had greatly discouraged them. Not only at Patumahoe, but at Pukekohe, Maoiro, Wiri-wiri and Waipipi and several places on the Awhitu Peninsula, Irish settlements were planted in 1865 and 1866, and they were all in great difficulties. Most of them had ultimately to leave, and their little places were absorbed by the more successful ones who remained. The majority of them could neither read nor write, but a great many of them were extremely decent and honest people, who deserved better treatment in a country which then abounded in good land crying out for people to break it in. Five acres in those days did not give anyone a chance to make a living.

Even the large farmers were in great difficulties, and only those with independent means were able to improve their holdings. There was no export trade for farm produce of any kind, and the only market was the small and rather poor town of Auckland. But everyone seemed cheerful enough, and all managed to extract amusement from life. Social life was very much livelier then than now and there was absolutely no mixing then of the two classes.

There were only two vehicles at that time in the whole district, our dray and Mr. H.U. Hill's spring-cart. But then

there were hardly any roads for vehicles, except the one from Drury to Waiuku with a branch running up to Patumahoe. All goods had to come up to the head of the Mauku Creek by cutter, and our dray was in constant requisition to bring them on. There was no store nearer than Drury or Waiuku, and Drury was more get-at-able from Mauku in those days, for the only road to Waiuku went round by the Mauku Estuary, and to get there and back in a dray was a long summer day's journey. Yet I remember my Mother going now and then in the dray with one of the men driving Jack, a chestnut horse of great force and determination of character, who sometimes gave a great deal of trouble, particularly if he was checked in his attempt to rush up all his hills. His mate Johnnie was my own particular pet, and I learned to ride on him. He was very round and shied badly, and as I was not allowed a saddle I frequently got thrown, but he always faithfully waited for me. Jack and Johnnie lived here together for over thirty years, and were among the best-known inhabitants of the district.

In these early days there was a good deal of field-sport obtainable. The Chinese pheasant had been introduced in the fifties, and had multiplied amazingly. There were plenty of wood pigeons, duck and teal, and ka-kas. Besides this there were a few wild cattle and hundreds of wild pigs, the two latter descendants of stock turned out during the war. I never say any of the original pigs descended from those turned out in 1880 by Captain Cook, but they were here at one time, for occasionally one came across their tusks. So there was plenty of game to fill the larder, and so numerous were the pheasants that I have thirty-one brace laid out on the verandah, the spoils of three guns, before luncheon time, and all were shot on the Falls. The then Governor, Sir George Bowen, came up for a few days shooting on a couple of occasions, and his aides-



de-camp, Captain Marshall gave me my first shooting lesson. I remember how proud I was when he held his gun to my shoulder, and I pulled the trigger and shot a ka-ka in one of the tall blue-gums that then used to stand at the back of the house. I must have been about seven at this time. My father, who was one of the best rifle-shots in the army in his time, was also particularly deadly with a shot-gun. In addition to pheasants etc. we had large flocks of wild turkeys and pea-fowl, and these were obtainable all the year round.

Every now and then, when the logs in the clearings were beginning to get rotten, devastating fires would sweep large areas, often penetrating far into the standing bush. Partly for this reason permanent fences were not usually erected until after the second burn. Those in use were what were called "dog-leg fences" made with crossed stakes and long slanting rails with one end resting on the ground, and made of any inferior timber close at hand. The splitting, morticing and erection of three and four rail fences was an expensive job, and land owners did not care to risk them till the chance of losing them by fire was lessened.

The Volunteer Corps was then a very live institution. The Forest Rifles had disbanded at the close of the Waikato War, but the threatening behaviour of the natives made it necessary three or four years later, to enrol the men again. As a great many of them had seen service in the war, and there was a stiffening in a number of ex-soldiers who had taken their discharge in N.Z. when their regiments returned home, it was a fairly efficient corps. Twice after we came here the company was called out for service, but in each case hostilities were averted, and the men returned from the frontier, in one instance no further away than Tuakau, with un-bloodied bayonets.

The volunteers had a drum and fife band, and we children loved its bright and lively music. Several times when on a

route-march the company was marched on to our lawn and dismissed for half an hour to rest and have the tea and coffee and buns we provided for them. I used to delight in handing these round to the men and talking to them. The uniform was the serge trousers with a red stripe and scarlet tunics with white facings, and a smart peaked cap.

The rifles at that time were muzzle-loading Enfields, with three-cornered bayonets. About 1875 the brush-loading Linders with sword-bayonets were served out. The cadet corps attached had old artillery carbines, and were never supplied with brush-loaders.

In the early seventies the volunteers build a hall at Patumahoe, and the opening night was probably the gayest scene ever seen in the district, for not only were the uniforms of a dozen different regiments in evidence, but there were visiting officers in their gay staff uniform and two or three naval officers in addition. Soldiers were gay looking birds in those days.

And while we are on the subject of solders, I must tell you of one or two episodes of my early career. I daresay you have heard or read that a British square has never been broken. Much as I should like to believe the story, it is unfortunately not true. Alone and single-handed I once broke the serried ranks of a British square, and though the historians carefully avoid all mention of the story, it is never the less true. At the early age of three years I once attended a review of sham fight in the company of my nurse. The battalion was ordered to form square, and threw itself into the required position, three ranks, each tipped with glittering steel, the outside kneeling, the second crouching, the third standing. The officers ran inside through an opening left at the corner, and seeing these people, whom I knew, I rushed across the grass after them. I remember quite well being picked up and lifted

over the bayonets, and sitting on somebody's shoulder while a regiment of cavalry – from their red trousers I assume they were Hussars, charged the square, split on its front, and with a tremendous hammering of hoofs swept past each flank.

A further exploit of mine caused a good deal of disturbance and uneasiness to a section of the British Army. I was given a penny to buy hazel-nuts at a little shop kept by one Mrs. Giles, only about a hundred yards away from our house in Roath. With a view to getting a wider range of choice in the expenditure of this large sum, I set off for the city of Cardiff, a mile and half away. When I did not return and search in the vicinity did not reveal me, my mother sent to the barracks to know if I had gone there. I was not there, and a score or two of soldiers went off to look for me. I remember quite well riding home on the shoulders of one of them, kicking my heels triumphantly, and bearing with me, I am told, a paper bag containing the spoils of my expedition.

Among our neighbours of a few miles away were Charles and Godfrey Morgan. The former became Lord Tredegar. The latter was a good deal more interesting, for he had been in that famous ride of the Lancers and Hussars down the Valley of Balaklava on Oct. 25th, 1854. Godfrey's old charger, Rodney, was still in existence, and two or three times when visiting them I was put on the old horse's back and given a ride.


The Masters of Trinity are very important personages indeed in the Home-land, and have the supervision of all the light-houses round the coast. They invited my father to make a tour of inspection with them, and he took me, though I must have been a bit of a nuisance to the party. We visited the Flat Holms, the Steep Holms, and the Scilly and Eddystone Light Houses, and also landed on Sundy Island, where very few people ever set foot. The names of the places were only told to me afterwards,

but I well remember what seemed to me endless climbs up almost perpendicular iron staircases, and the lamps inside the great lanterns at the top. Holm is the early English word for island, and the Flat and Steep Holms are in the British Channel.

And now let us get back to New Zealand again. One episode, which has remained fixed very clearly in my mind is a visit from a Maori chief. The Kohanga natives had been friendly to us during the war, and, if they were not of much use, certainly did no harm. Their chief, Waata (Walter) Kukutai, had been given the rank of Major, and was much respected by Europeans. Hearing he was coming through Mauku on his way to the reception of a new Governor, my father invited him to dinner. We were greatly impressed, we children, by this tattooed Maori gentleman with his greenstone ear-rings. He spoke English quite well, and was very well mannered. I remember that he perspired very freely indeed while at dinner, and he had some reason to. Afterwards he showed us how he was dressed. Outside he wore an ordinary tweed suit. Under that was his service uniform, and below that again his dress uniform. It was a good way of avoiding the carrying of luggage. His intention was to shed his tweeds upon arrival in Auckland and parade the streets in his service uniform. The day he went to Government House he would shed that and dazzle the eyes of all with the scarlet and gold of his dress uniform. Then he would resume his other uniform for the few days he intended to remain in the city, and finally put his tweeds on over all for his journey home. I do not think we ever saw Waata Kukutai again, for he died not very long after.

I forgot to say he had a greenstone mere he was going to present to the Governor, and twenty times over he performed the song and dance with which he was going to present it.

Waata's nephew, Hori (George) Kukutau, the son of Nine, was a very good friend of mine in later years. He lived in a



little whare, but had a good six-roomed house, well furnished, which he only opened when he had white visitors. As his guest I attended what was probably the last great feast in the old style, and there I met the only reigning sovereign I have hob-nobbed with. This was King Tawhias, son of Patutau, the first Maori King. He came down to visit the Lower Waikato, and about two thousand natives gathered at Kohanga to receive him. They made enormous preparations to regale him, and there was enough food wasted to keep the tribe going for weeks. Only two of us white men were there, and we found the whole business most interesting, except that the speech-making lasted too long, and the nose-rubbing and tangis (weeping over friends who had died since the mourners last met) rather trying. Tawhias did not impress me very favourably. He was a thick-witted and mannerless old savage. But some of his entourage were rangi tiras (gentlemen) of the best class, with fine manners and the high code of honour than now seems practically extinct among the natives – at any rate in the Auckland Province. We stayed two days at the meeting, and the second day they got up a race meeting, and my horse Wharehau (Really owned by some relation of Horis, but always lent to me when on that side of the river) won one of the chief events.

Among the guests was an Hawaiian, an envoy to King Tawhias from the Queen of the Sandwich Islands. He wore a high hat and black suit of clothes of American pattern, a couple of sizes too big for him. His coat, which somewhat resembled our morning coat of the period, came nearly down to his heels, and made him look grotesque. He bore a letter from the Queen to Tawhias, which I was allowed to read. It was beautifully written on vellum in Hawaiian and English, and after a lot of high-flown compliments, exhorted Tawhias, in the event of the war which then appeared to be looming between England

and Russia breaking out, to follow her example, and remain neutral. The war did not come, possibly owing to the decision of these high potentates not to take up arms on our behalf.

Kohanga was a Church Mission Station, founded by the Rev. Robert Maunsell, D.D. in the early forties. He first had his station at Port Waikato in 1837, but moved it up the river. There was a fine wooden church, which had been abandoned for a generation at that time, and collapsed and fell about the end of the century. Dr Maunsell afterwards became Archdeacon for this part of the world, and used to stay with us. He was a fine intelligent old man of great energy and force of character. He made most hideous grimaces when he got excited, which was his customary state, and was so simian in his appearance that he was commonly known as the “Missing Link”. I remember a funeral sermon of his over the late Mr. Joseph Rispe, in which he roared at us that we were never to forget the pioneers of Mauku who used to go to their work carrying a rifle in one hand and a plough in the other. See Genesis c.VI.v.4 for the prototypes of these heroes of our early settlement.

On the morning of October 24th 1863, the day after the fight at Fiti, part of the garrison of the Mauku church came over the Bald Hills to go to the Waikato River at Rangipikia, looking for fugitives of the Maori war party. Major Lusk, who was in command, was at Belvedere one day with me, and pointed out their route, between the two pieces of bush near your house across to the corner of Bank’s land, where the big road cutting now is. When I first had the place the creek came out of Bank’s through a forest of the largest Horomiko shrubs I have ever seen. They were twenty feet high and the creek, though narrow, was twelve or fourteen feet deep. One of the men trying to cross on the overhanging Koromikos fell in, and lost his rifle, which they could not recover. About a dozen years ago old Charles

Dromgool, of Tuakau, built a flax mill there, and knowing that he was one of the party I asked him about it, and he remembered the incident. So if in your time an old rifle is found between the bridge and where the drain comes out of Bank's how it got there will be no mystery to you. If you find it be careful how you handle it, for it was almost certainly loaded when it was lost, and it has only been lying in the mud 66 years.

I think I mentioned that after the original house at The Falls was burned we had a temporary place built. There were five rooms, but these were unlined and not ceiled, and they must have been uncomfortable for the grown-up people. A little later two more rooms were built on the other side of the yard, and one of these was mine for many years.

It was not for three or four years after the fire that preparations were begun for the proper house. One morning two men, John Worth and John Frazer, commenced to fell the totara trees they were going to pit-saw into timber. Trees were felled by the axe in those days, and not by the more economical device of sawing them down, and so saving about three feet of the trunk. I went out to see the first tree felled. To keep it up the hill so as to make it easier to put on the skids, they tried to fell it slightly across its lean. I was put in what was supposed to be a safe place, but the tree suddenly lurched over in the direction of its lean, and its great head very nearly caught me. Totara is very brittle timber, and does not give the warning that other trees do by creaks and cracks and groans that it intends to fall. Worth was very much upset at my narrow escape, the more so because a couple of years before he had felled a tree which killed his own young son. Who was running to tell his father to come to dinner. I used to spend a lot of time watching the men pit-sawing, though I was supposed to do lessons at home.

Finally I was sent to school at Papakura, as a special pupil and boarder at the house of the head-master, the Rev. Joseph Bates. There were four of us special pupils, and we enjoyed one special privilege, that of staying in for an hour's extra lessons in the afternoon after the other boys had gone out to play. I then went for a short time to school here in the old Scotch Church, then six months at Tauranga, where my step-sister Henrietta Armitage lived, and finally I had six months at the Church of England Grammar School at Parnell. This was all the education I got, and probably accounts for my having two dunces for grand-children.

The coming of the railway as far as Pukekohe was a great event. It reached there about 1873 and four or five of us children were enthusiastic enough to walk over and see it. In those days there was a solid block of bush for about two miles between Carlton and Pukekohe, with only a bridle-track through it. But they set to work to make a road, and one day I rode in to see it. George Bregman and his brother, who had worked for us bush felling and fencing for a long time when we first came, were making the road through the heaviest patch of bush that ever grew in this part of the world. They were taking the big trees out by the roots, corrcutting them and jacking them out of the way so as to leave twenty feet of road way. It was many years before this track was metalled, and it was almost impossible to get through in winter. People who had to take a vehicle through then said their prayers, made their will and bade their families a solemn farewell before starting. And yet some of you complain of our present day roads.

My Father's death, which occurred when I was sixteen, made me the head of the family, and I had to turn my attention to doing something to the farm. I am afraid my efforts were somewhat



mis-directed for a while, but gradually I began to find out for myself how to do things. But it was up hill work for a long time, and it was very difficult to make both ends meet. I suppose I gradually became moderately successful, and later I undertook the breaking in of Belvedere, and three small farms besides, Midhurst, Hazelmere and Brookside, lying to the east of the Mauku stream. So at one time I was farming 2000 acres of land.

I think perhaps you young people would be interested to hear about a great trip my father made about 1850 right across the centre of India. His furlough, or long leave, time arrived, but instead of going to England for a trip he determined to see something of India, and to do some big game shooting. He was quartered in Bombay at the time, and the artillery lent him two gun elephants. At that time in India they used elephants to drag the cannon. One of these carried the tents and baggage and the other his wife and the two small children, Beatrice and Henrietta, and ayah, or nurse. My father had his horse, and the eight native servants walked. In this way they travelled right across India to Simla, a holiday resort on a spur of the Himalaya Mountains not very far from where the great Sutley River comes out of Tibet. It must have been a great trip, for with the return journey and a short stay at Simla it lasted nearly seven months. My father went shooting whenever he felt inclined, but the tiger and panther skins which he brought back with him were all burned when the house here went up in flames. Tigers and panthers and the smaller game, both animals and birds were of course a great deal more plentiful then than they are now. A trip of that kind today would probably be a very expensive affair instead of a cheap one as my father found it to be. Well I think I have said about enough, but I will just tell you on the next page a little about my mother's family, and then end up.

My mother was the second child and eldest daughter of

Robert Francis Jenner of Wenvoe Castle, Glamorghanshire, South Wales. You must not run away with the idea that because this place was called a castle it was a very old edifice. It was built about the year 1700, partly of the stone taken from a much older castle that stood on the same site.

The Jenner family originally belonged to Yorkshire. One of them was a prominent on Oliver Cromwell's side, and after he became Lord Protector he gave our ancestor the Wenvoe estate of 8000 acres, which a follower of King Charles, I. was despoiled of.

Wenvoe descended from father to son until about twenty years ago when my uncle, Robert Francis Lascelles Jenner, died without having any children, and left the estate to his wife, Laura Jenner. When she died a few years ago she left it to my cousin, Hugh Jenner, only son of Hugh, Robert's next brother. He has several daughters, but no son.

Wenvoe was a large place, 365 feet long, and three stories high. Therefore it contained a large number of rooms, and a large staff of servants to keep it up. When I was there, as a child, the staff of indoor servants numbered twenty-three men and women, and of course, there were a number of grooms and gardeners and game-keepers in addition. Three hundred acres of land was attached to the house. The rest of the land was leased to tenant-farmers.

Barry Island, in the Bristol Channell was part of the estate. We used to go there in the summer and camp in a queer old house made of wreckage picked up on the shore. The doors were cabin doors, and the staircase the companion-way of a ship. So far as I remember there were no trees, or very few on the island, which was 300 acres in extent, and was used for grazing sheep. The shepherd and his family lived in a little stone cottage, and were the sole inhabitants of the place.

Today Barry is a town of 70,000 inhabitants, and the greatest coal port in the world. A railway brings the celebrated anthracite Taff bale coal to the great Barry Docks, and the daily out-put equals all that is dug in New Zealand in a year. The railway runs right through the Wenvoe estate, and the company that constructed it paid for the land in shares, making Laura Jenner a very rich woman.

My grandmother, Frances Jenner, was a daughter of General Lascelles, who was with James Wolfe at the taking of Quebec from the French in 1759. I have quoted this date from memory, and if I have made a mistake you kids will be able to crow over your grandfather for his ignorance. My grandmother's brother was great-grandfather of Viscount Lascelles, so you can puzzle out for yourselves what relation Princess Mary's little girl is to you. They say she is a nice child whom you need not be ashamed of. And you, Jeanette, can have the satisfaction of knowing that you are connected by marriage with your "great friend" King George.

Among my mother's near relations were the Nepeans, the Hart-Dykes and the Colliers, the head of the last family being now Lord Monkswall. His grandfather was, so far as I know, the only Liberal among my relations, and was Solicitor-General in one of old Gladstone's administrations, and was made a law-baron. His grandson, the Hon. John Collier is an artist of some repute. The Nepians and Hart-Dykes were well-known in diplomatic circles and politics. My mother's grandfather was Sir Herbert Jenner-Fust, chief judge of the Probate and Divorce Courts. He added the name of Fust as a condition to inheriting an estate in Kent. His father was a man of much greater weight, for he tipped the scale at twenty-four stone. You have only to take a look at your own father to see the family is degenerating.

And now, young people, I have written enough, I will add the poem I promised and say adieu. When you have read it you will know where Tennyson got the groundwork for his other doggerel lines – "The Charge of the Light Brigade", about three years later.

### From the United Service Gazette, August 23rd, 1851

#### Who Led the Half Hundred?

Who led the Half Hundred,  
At whom the Sikh's wondered  
At the Battle of Sobraon?  
"Twas I," said Major Long;  
"My case is mighty strong:  
Though note in the throng  
I came in full top  
When they served out the grog  
By Lord Gough I was noted,  
And thus got promoted  
For commanding the Corps!"

Who led the Half Hundred?  
" 'Twas I," said Captain Needham,  
"You'll pardon the freedom,  
But, indeed, I did lead 'em.  
It is true I was wounded,  
And regularly swoon did,  
But was dressed in a crack  
And quickly came back  
To command the old Corps."

Who led the Half Hundred?  
" 'Twas I," said Captain Lowett;  
"The honour I writ,  
And I'm ready to prove it.  
Though a mere amateur  
You'll admit, I am sure  
I was worthy of thanks  
For I ne'er left the ranks  
Of the jolly old Corps."

Who led the Half Hundred?  
" 'Twas I," said Lieutenant Wily,  
"The Brig. praised me highly:  
But they slander me vilely;  
For their pride it is stung  
That a solder so young  
Should have played the "old veteran"  
For want of a better 'un  
At the head of the Corps."

Who led the Half Hundred?  
At whom the World wondered?  
"Amid claims so many  
You can't credit any"  
Said Brigadier Penny.  
"But this I will swear,  
Deny it, who dare,  
That my orders I gave  
To young Wily, the Brave,  
Who carried them out  
With furs or rout.  
And when 'twas all ended,  
And the Sikhs were expended  
Mid smoke, cries and stanches,  
From out those vast trenches,  
'Twas HE, brought them out.



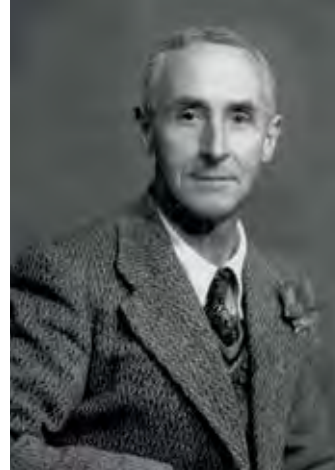
# Family Scrapbook



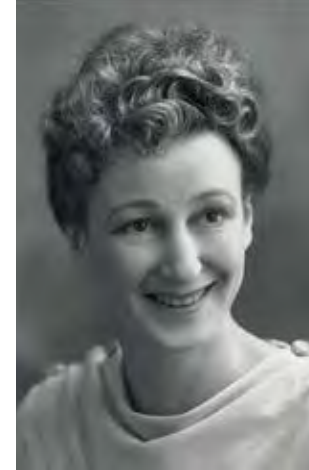
Gertrude Connell (née Weber),  
wife of Dido



Alice Elizabeth Haszard (née Wily),  
mother of Geraldine Connell



Nigel Connell Senior (Dido)



Trixie Ward (née Connell)



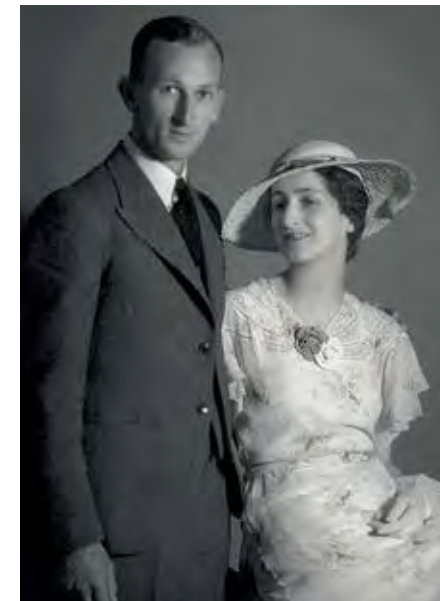
John Connell



Granny Connell, Jock, Trixie centre



Connell Cottage, Papatara burnt down in the 1920s. The family lost everything.  
Standing is Geraldine holding John and next to her is Sherry



Pip & Lois Connell



Charente airhostess for T.E.A.L. My uncle Keith had lots of competition for my aunt's attention



My father's dog, Judge



Aunt Elizabeth & Snowy, Papatara



L-R: My uncle Keith, my grandparents Geraldine & Dick, my aunt Charente, my father John and my cousin Abigail in the front - Titirangi



Webers Homestead



The graveyard at Judge's Bay, Auckland with the graves of Olive (wife of Rodney Douglas Connell) and daughter Tina in the foreground



My grandfather Pompa, amongst the redwoods at Yosemite National Park



My grandfather, Pompa, at the Gateway to India, Mumbai



Max, Pip, Lois, Pompa, my father & Ken



Aunt Charente, Uncle Keith, Christopher, Pompa & Abigail



Diane Darrer & husband Gerald



My cousin Geraldine with her son Alistair



My aunt Elizabeth & Uncle Athol with some industrious grandchildren, Zachery, Rohana & Alexander





My cousin Abigail with her son Nick



My cousin Leigh asleep on the couch with his sons Alexander (in his arms) & Zachery (far left)



The Lane family: Tessa & Ian with Charlotte sitting down.



Elliot Clarkson, Alison (née Connell) Clarkson, Greg Clarkson, Tess Clarkson



L-R Back: Alister Gillies, Rupert Gillies & Rohana Gillies. Front: Alexander Johnson, Rohana Johnson & Zachery Johnson



Jeff & Sandi (née Connell) Daley



Julian & his father David Haszard at his graduation in Melbourne



L-R: Casey, Helen, Alyssa, Charlotte, Sheila, AJ Stanfield, Scotty, Reif Stanfield, Jayden Lamb, Katherine Stanfield.  
Taken on the steps of Helen & Scotty Lamb residence at Oakura 2009





Charlotte Lamb, Helen Lamb, Scotty Lamb, Jayden Lamb and in front Alyssa and Casey Lamb



Julian Haszard on the top of Mt Everest, 9.30am, 23 May 2004, holding a picture of the Haszard family coat of arms. He was the 16th New Zealander to reach the summit.



The Checkett family, Christopher, Paula & Mercedes



Christopher Checketts, Paula Checketts (née Connell), Esta Connell, Ken Connell



Standing: The Budger Family in England. Kate, Jamie & Molly. Sitting Keith & Penny





The 15th Haszard family reunion at Waihi, 2011

# Connell Family Birth Certificates

BDM 107

## New Zealand Birth Certificate Te Tohu Whānautanga ki Aotearoa

Child / Tamaiti

First given name(s) Ingoa tapu	Arnold Douglas
Surname/family name Ingoa whānau	Connell
First given name(s) at birth** Ingoa tapu i te whānautanga mā*	-
Surname/family name at birth** Ingoa whānau i te whānautanga mā*	-
Sex Tāne, Wahine (ānei)	Male
Still-born/multiple birth (if applicable) I whānau kahu mōi whānau whakareo māi (mōiā e hāngai ana)	-
Date of birth Te rā whānau	15 December 1871
Place of birth Te wāhi whānau	Dunedin
New Zealand citizen by birth** He kōwhiri nō Aotearoa i te mōi i whānau / kōwhiri*	Not applicable to births that occurred prior to 1 January 2006
Name changes Ngā whakarerekētanga ingoa	-

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Mother / Whāaea

First given name(s) Ingoa tapu	Mary
Surname/family name Ingoa whānau	Connell
First given name(s) at birth** Ingoa tapu i te whānautanga mā*	-
Surname/family name at birth** Ingoa whānau i te whānautanga mā*	Jones
Date of birth Te rā whānau	Age Not Recorded
Place of birth Te wāhi whānau	-

---

Father / Matua

First given name(s) Ingoa tapu	John Aitken
Surname/family name Ingoa whānau	Connell
First given name(s) at birth** Ingoa tapu i te whānautanga mā*	-
Surname/family name at birth** Ingoa whānau i te whānautanga mā*	-
Date of birth Te rā whānau	Age Not Recorded
Place of birth Te wāhi whānau	-

\* If name has changed / Mōiā kua rererekē te ingoa

\*\* As determined under the Citizenship Act 1977 / E ai ki te tika i te Whānautanga Act 1977 whakaitanga

\*\*\* If different from above / Mōiā he rererekē ki tāra o runga ake

Registration Number / Te Tau ā-Mōi

**1871011900**

Certified to be a true copy of the above particulars included in an entry recorded in this office.  
E pono ana te kī he taunā kōwhiri ānei o ngā kōwhiri o runga ake nei kua tuhia ki tāra puka i tāra tari.

Issued under the seal of the Registrar on 12 April 2010.  
I tukuna i raro i te maru o te Pouaki i te 12 Paanga-whāwhā 2010.

**WARNING: THIS CERTIFICATE IS NOT EVIDENCE OF THE IDENTITY OF THE PERSON PRESENTING IT  
KIA TŪPATO: EHARA TĀ TĒNEI TIWHIKETE I TE TAUNAKI I TE TUAKIRI O TE TANGATA KA TĀPAE ATU**

CAUTION: Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this certificate, or (2) uses it as true, knowing it to be false, is liable to prosecution under the Crimes Act 1961.  
WHAKAHIKI: Ko te tangata (1) ka whakarerekē i ngā kōwhiri o tenei whānautanga, (2) ka whakamahi ānei nei he pono, me te mōhiotia ānei nei he hōri, ka taea te whakapanui i raro i te Ture Tāwhiri-Ture 1961.

BDM 107

## New Zealand Birth Certificate Te Tohu Whānautanga ki Aotearoa

Child / Tamaiti

First given name(s) Ingoa tapu	Nigel Douglas
Surname/family name Ingoa whānau	Connell
First given name(s) at birth** Ingoa tapu i te whānautanga mā*	-
Surname/family name at birth** Ingoa whānau i te whānautanga mā*	-
Sex Tāne, Wahine (ānei)	Male
Still-born/multiple birth (if applicable) I whānau kahu mōi whānau whakareo māi (mōiā e hāngai ana)	-
Date of birth Te rā whānau	6 December 1874
Place of birth Te wāhi whānau	Dunedin
New Zealand citizen by birth** He kōwhiri nō Aotearoa i te mōi i whānau / kōwhiri*	Not applicable to births that occurred prior to 1 January 2006
Name changes Ngā whakarerekētanga ingoa	-

---

Mother / Whāaea

First given name(s) Ingoa tapu	Mary
Surname/family name Ingoa whānau	Connell
First given name(s) at birth** Ingoa tapu i te whānautanga mā*	-
Surname/family name at birth** Ingoa whānau i te whānautanga mā*	Jones
Date of birth Te rā whānau	-
Place of birth Te wāhi whānau	-

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Father / Matua

First given name(s) Ingoa tapu	John Aitken
Surname/family name Ingoa whānau	Connell
First given name(s) at birth** Ingoa tapu i te whānautanga mā*	-
Surname/family name at birth** Ingoa whānau i te whānautanga mā*	-
Date of birth Te rā whānau	-
Place of birth Te wāhi whānau	-

\* If name has changed / Mōiā kua rererekē te ingoa

\*\* As determined under the Citizenship Act 1977 / E ai ki te tika i te Whānautanga Act 1977 whakaitanga

\*\*\* If different from above / Mōiā he rererekē ki tāra o runga ake

Registration Number / Te Tau ā-Mōi

**1874000135**

Certified to be a true copy of the above particulars included in an entry recorded in this office.  
E pono ana te kī he taunā kōwhiri ānei o ngā kōwhiri o runga ake nei kua tuhia ki tāra puka i tāra tari.

Issued under the seal of the Registrar on 6 May 2009.  
I tukuna i raro i te maru o te Pouaki i te 6 Haurua 2009.

**WARNING: THIS CERTIFICATE IS NOT EVIDENCE OF THE IDENTITY OF THE PERSON PRESENTING IT  
KIA TŪPATO: EHARA TĀ TĒNEI TIWHIKETE I TE TAUNAKI I TE TUAKIRI O TE TANGATA KA TĀPAE ATU**

CAUTION: Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this certificate, or (2) uses it as true, knowing it to be false, is liable to prosecution under the Crimes Act 1961.  
WHAKAHIKI: Ko te tangata (1) ka whakarerekē i ngā kōwhiri o tenei whānautanga, (2) ka whakamahi ānei nei he pono, me te mōhiotia ānei nei he hōri, ka taea te whakapanui i raro i te Ture Tāwhiri-Ture 1961.

BDM 107

## New Zealand Birth Certificate Te Tohu Whānautanga ki Aotearoa

Child / Tamaiti

First given name(s) Ingoa tapu	Nigel Vaile Douglas (Deceased)
Surname/family name Ingoa whānau	Connell
First given name(s) at birth** Ingoa tapu i te whānautanga mā*	-
Surname/family name at birth** Ingoa whānau i te whānautanga mā*	-
Sex Tāne, Wahine (ānei)	Male
Still-born/multiple birth (if applicable) I whānau kahu mōi whānau whakareo māi (mōiā e hāngai ana)	-
Date of birth Te rā whānau	10 September 1899
Place of birth Te wāhi whānau	Eitham
New Zealand citizen by birth** He kōwhiri nō Aotearoa i te mōi i whānau / kōwhiri*	Not applicable to births that occurred prior to 1 January 2006
Name changes Ngā whakarerekētanga ingoa	-

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Mother / Whāaea

First given name(s) Ingoa tapu	Gertrude
Surname/family name Ingoa whānau	Connell
First given name(s) at birth** Ingoa tapu i te whānautanga mā*	-
Surname/family name at birth** Ingoa whānau i te whānautanga mā*	Weber
Age Ngā tau	25
Place of birth Te wāhi whānau	Hanover Germany

---

Father / Matua

First given name(s) Ingoa tapu	Nigel Douglas
Surname/family name Ingoa whānau	Connell
First given name(s) at birth** Ingoa tapu i te whānautanga mā*	-
Surname/family name at birth** Ingoa whānau i te whānautanga mā*	-
Age Ngā tau	24
Place of birth Te wāhi whānau	Dunedin

\* If name has changed / Mōiā kua rererekē te ingoa

\*\* As determined under the Citizenship Act 1977 / E ai ki te tika i te Whānautanga Act 1977 whakaitanga

\*\*\* If different from above / Mōiā he rererekē ki tāra o runga ake

Registration Number / Te Tau ā-Mōi

**1899000695**

Certified to be a true copy of the above particulars included in an entry recorded in this office.  
E pono ana te kī he taunā kōwhiri ānei o ngā kōwhiri o runga ake nei kua tuhia ki tāra puka i tāra tari.

Issued under the seal of the Registrar on 9 October 2009.  
I tukuna i raro i te maru o te Pouaki i te 9 Whiringa-ā-muku 2009.

**WARNING: THIS CERTIFICATE IS NOT EVIDENCE OF THE IDENTITY OF THE PERSON PRESENTING IT  
KIA TŪPATO: EHARA TĀ TĒNEI TIWHIKETE I TE TAUNAKI I TE TUAKIRI O TE TANGATA KA TĀPAE ATU**

CAUTION: Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this certificate, or (2) uses it as true, knowing it to be false, is liable to prosecution under the Crimes Act 1961.  
WHAKAHIKI: Ko te tangata (1) ka whakarerekē i ngā kōwhiri o tenei whānautanga, (2) ka whakamahi ānei nei he pono, me te mōhiotia ānei nei he hōri, ka taea te whakapanui i raro i te Ture Tāwhiri-Ture 1961.

# Connell Family Birth Certificates

BCM 107

## New Zealand Birth Certificate Te Tohu Whānautanga ki Aotearoa

Child / Tamaiti

<p>First given name(s) Ingoa tapahi <b>Argnass Douglass</b></p> <p>Surname/family name Ingoa whānau <b>Connell</b></p> <p>First given name(s) at birth** Ingoa tapahi i te whānautanga mai** -</p> <p>Surname/family name at birth** Ingoa whānau i te whānautanga mai** -</p> <p>Sex Tāne, Wahine rānei <b>Male</b></p> <p>Still-born/multiple birth (if applicable) I whānau kahu mōi whānau whakaroa mai (mōiā e hāngai ana) -</p> <p>Date of birth Te rā whānau <b>23 June 1901</b></p> <p>Place of birth Te wāhi whānau <b>Eltham</b></p> <p>New Zealand citizen by birth** He kōwhiri nō Aotearoa i te mea i whānau i konei** -</p> <p>Name changes Nāhi whakarerekētanga ingoa -</p>	<p>Registration Number / Te Tau ā-Mōri <b>1901011164</b></p>
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Mother / Whāea

<p>First given name(s) Ingoa tapahi <b>Gertrude</b></p> <p>Surname/family name Ingoa whānau <b>Connell</b></p> <p>First given name(s) at birth** Ingoa tapahi i te whānautanga mai** -</p> <p>Surname/family name at birth** Ingoa whānau i te whānautanga mai** -</p> <p>Age Nāhi tau <b>27</b></p> <p>Place of birth Te wāhi whānau <b>Hanover Germany</b></p>	<p>Registration Number / Te Tau ā-Mōri <b>1901011164</b></p>
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Father / Matua

<p>First given name(s) Ingoa tapahi <b>Nigel Douglass</b></p> <p>Surname/family name Ingoa whānau <b>Connell</b></p> <p>First given name(s) at birth** Ingoa tapahi i te whānautanga mai** -</p> <p>Surname/family name at birth** Ingoa whānau i te whānautanga mai** -</p> <p>Age Nāhi tau <b>26</b></p> <p>Place of birth Te wāhi whānau <b>Dunedin</b></p>	<p>Registration Number / Te Tau ā-Mōri <b>1901011164</b></p>
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\* If name has changed / Mōhiā kua rerekē te ingoa  
\*\* As determined under the Citizenship Act 1977 / E ai ki te Citizenship Act 1977 whakaranga  
\*\*\* If different from above / Mōhiā he rerekē ki tērā e runga ake

Certified to be a true copy of the above particulars included in an entry recorded in this office.  
E pono ana te kī he tauira tōturu tēnei o ngā kōrero o runga ake nei kua tuhia ki tētahi pukā i tēnei tahi.

Issued under the seal of the Registrar on 6 October 2009  
I tukuna i raro i te maru o te Pōwhiri i te 6 Whiringa-ā-nuku 2009

**WARNING: THIS CERTIFICATE IS NOT EVIDENCE OF THE IDENTITY OF THE PERSON PRESENTING IT  
KIĀ TŪPATO: EHARA TĀ TĒNEI TIWHIKETE I TE TAUNAKI I TE TUAKIRI O TE TANGATA KA TĀPAE ATU**

CAUTION: Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this certificate, or (2) uses it as proof, knowing it to be false, is liable to prosecution under the Crimes Act 1961.  
WHAKAŌHŌTI: Kōwhiri kōwhiri (1) ka whakarerekē ngā kōrero o tēnei whakataunga, (2) ka whakamahi i tēnei whakataunga mā te whakamahi i tēnei whakataunga mā te whakamahi i tēnei whakataunga i te Ture Takiri Ture 1961.

BCM 107

## New Zealand Birth Certificate Te Tohu Whānautanga ki Aotearoa

Child / Tamaiti

<p>First given name(s) Ingoa tapahi <b>Beatrice Douglass</b></p> <p>Surname/family name Ingoa whānau <b>Connell</b></p> <p>First given name(s) at birth** Ingoa tapahi i te whānautanga mai** -</p> <p>Surname/family name at birth** Ingoa whānau i te whānautanga mai** -</p> <p>Sex Tāne, Wahine rānei <b>Female</b></p> <p>Still-born/multiple birth (if applicable) I whānau kahu mōi whānau whakaroa mai (mōiā e hāngai ana) -</p> <p>Date of birth Te rā whānau <b>2 February 1905</b></p> <p>Place of birth Te wāhi whānau <b>Eltham</b></p> <p>New Zealand citizen by birth** He kōwhiri nō Aotearoa i te mea i whānau i konei** -</p> <p>Name changes Nāhi whakarerekētanga ingoa -</p>	<p>Registration Number / Te Tau ā-Mōri <b>1905010006</b></p>
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Mother / Whāea

<p>First given name(s) Ingoa tapahi <b>Gertrude</b></p> <p>Surname/family name Ingoa whānau <b>Connell</b></p> <p>First given name(s) at birth** Ingoa tapahi i te whānautanga mai** -</p> <p>Surname/family name at birth** Ingoa whānau i te whānautanga mai** <b>Weber</b></p> <p>Age Nāhi tau <b>30</b></p> <p>Place of birth Te wāhi whānau <b>Hanover</b></p>	<p>Registration Number / Te Tau ā-Mōri <b>1905010006</b></p>
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Father / Matua

<p>First given name(s) Ingoa tapahi <b>Nigel Douglass</b></p> <p>Surname/family name Ingoa whānau <b>Connell</b></p> <p>First given name(s) at birth** Ingoa tapahi i te whānautanga mai** -</p> <p>Surname/family name at birth** Ingoa whānau i te whānautanga mai** -</p> <p>Age Nāhi tau <b>30</b></p> <p>Place of birth Te wāhi whānau <b>Dunedin</b></p>	<p>Registration Number / Te Tau ā-Mōri <b>1905010006</b></p>
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\* If name has changed / Mōhiā kua rerekē te ingoa  
\*\* As determined under the Citizenship Act 1977 / E ai ki te Citizenship Act 1977 whakaranga  
\*\*\* If different from above / Mōhiā he rerekē ki tērā e runga ake

Certified to be a true copy of the above particulars included in an entry recorded in this office.  
E pono ana te kī he tauira tōturu tēnei o ngā kōrero o runga ake nei kua tuhia ki tētahi pukā i tēnei tahi.

Issued under the seal of the Registrar on 6 October 2009  
I tukuna i raro i te maru o te Pōwhiri i te 6 Whiringa-ā-nuku 2009

**WARNING: THIS CERTIFICATE IS NOT EVIDENCE OF THE IDENTITY OF THE PERSON PRESENTING IT  
KIĀ TŪPATO: EHARA TĀ TĒNEI TIWHIKETE I TE TAUNAKI I TE TUAKIRI O TE TANGATA KA TĀPAE ATU**

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WHAKAŌHŌTI: Kōwhiri kōwhiri (1) ka whakarerekē ngā kōrero o tēnei whakataunga, (2) ka whakamahi i tēnei whakataunga mā te whakamahi i tēnei whakataunga mā te whakamahi i tēnei whakataunga i te Ture Takiri Ture 1961.

BCM 107

## New Zealand Birth Certificate Te Tohu Whānautanga ki Aotearoa

Child / Tamaiti

<p>First given name(s) Ingoa tapahi <b>Rupert Douglas</b></p> <p>Surname/family name Ingoa whānau <b>Connell</b></p> <p>First given name(s) at birth** Ingoa tapahi i te whānautanga mai** -</p> <p>Surname/family name at birth** Ingoa whānau i te whānautanga mai** -</p> <p>Sex Tāne, Wahine rānei <b>Male</b></p> <p>Still-born/multiple birth (if applicable) I whānau kahu mōi whānau whakaroa mai (mōiā e hāngai ana) -</p> <p>Date of birth Te rā whānau <b>11 August 1907</b></p> <p>Place of birth Te wāhi whānau <b>Eltham</b></p> <p>New Zealand citizen by birth** He kōwhiri nō Aotearoa i te mea i whānau i konei** -</p> <p>Name changes Nāhi whakarerekētanga ingoa -</p>	<p>Registration Number / Te Tau ā-Mōri <b>1907001135</b></p>
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Mother / Whāea

<p>First given name(s) Ingoa tapahi <b>Gertrude</b></p> <p>Surname/family name Ingoa whānau <b>Connell</b></p> <p>First given name(s) at birth** Ingoa tapahi i te whānautanga mai** -</p> <p>Surname/family name at birth** Ingoa whānau i te whānautanga mai** <b>Weber</b></p> <p>Age Nāhi tau <b>32</b></p> <p>Place of birth Te wāhi whānau <b>Hanover Germany</b></p>	<p>Registration Number / Te Tau ā-Mōri <b>1907001135</b></p>
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Father / Matua

<p>First given name(s) Ingoa tapahi <b>Nigel Douglas</b></p> <p>Surname/family name Ingoa whānau <b>Connell</b></p> <p>First given name(s) at birth** Ingoa tapahi i te whānautanga mai** -</p> <p>Surname/family name at birth** Ingoa whānau i te whānautanga mai** -</p> <p>Age Nāhi tau <b>32</b></p> <p>Place of birth Te wāhi whānau <b>Dunedin</b></p>	<p>Registration Number / Te Tau ā-Mōri <b>1907001135</b></p>
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\* If name has changed / Mōhiā kua rerekē te ingoa  
\*\* As determined under the Citizenship Act 1977 / E ai ki te Citizenship Act 1977 whakaranga  
\*\*\* If different from above / Mōhiā he rerekē ki tērā e runga ake

Certified to be a true copy of the above particulars included in an entry recorded in this office.  
E pono ana te kī he tauira tōturu tēnei o ngā kōrero o runga ake nei kua tuhia ki tētahi pukā i tēnei tahi.

Issued under the seal of the Registrar on 6 October 2009  
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WHAKAŌHŌTI: Kōwhiri kōwhiri (1) ka whakarerekē ngā kōrero o tēnei whakataunga, (2) ka whakamahi i tēnei whakataunga mā te whakamahi i tēnei whakataunga mā te whakamahi i tēnei whakataunga i te Ture Takiri Ture 1961.

Amya's birth certificate, note the name Argnass, which I am sure was a transcription error.

# Connell Family Marriage, Death Certificates

BDM 109

## New Zealand Marriage Certificate

Registration Number  
1871006117

Particulars of Parties to Marriage

BRIDE	BRIDEGROOM
First/given name(s) Surname/family name	John Aitken Connell
<i>(If different from above)</i> First/given name(s) at birth Surname/family name at birth	-
Date and year of birth Place of birth	-
Usual occupation, profession or job Relationship status	Surveyor Bachelor
Usual residential address	-
MOTHER: First or given name(s) Surname or family name Surname or family name at birth <i>(If different from above)</i>	- - -
FATHER: First or given name(s) Surname or family name Surname or family name at birth <i>(If different from above)</i>	- - -

Date of marriage: 01 February 1871

Place of marriage: House of Mrs Jones  
Royal Terrace  
Dunedin

Other information pursuant to sections 59, 60, 62 or 62D of the Births, Deaths, and Marriages Registration Act 1995

Certified true copy of particulars recorded by a Registrar  
Issued under the seal of the Registrar on 8 October 2009



CAUTION - Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this certificate, or (2) uses it as true, knowing it to be false, is liable to prosecution under the Crimes Act 1961.

BDM 109

## New Zealand Marriage Certificate

Registration Number  
1896000491

Particulars of Parties to Marriage

BRIDE	BRIDEGROOM
First/given name(s) Surname/family name	Gertrude Weber
<i>(If different from above)</i> First/given name(s) at birth Surname/family name at birth	-
Age Place of birth	23 Germany
Usual occupation, profession or job Relationship status	Not Recorded Spinster
Usual residential address	Auckland
MOTHER: First or given name(s) Surname or family name Surname or family name at birth <i>(If different from above)</i>	Malvina Not Recorded Wesolowska
FATHER: First or given name(s) Surname or family name Surname or family name at birth <i>(If different from above)</i>	Friedrick Weber

Date of marriage: 15 April 1896

Place of marriage: St Thomas Church  
Auckland

Other information pursuant to sections 59, 60, 62 or 62D of the Births, Deaths, and Marriages Registration Act 1995

Certified true copy of particulars recorded by a Registrar  
Issued under the seal of the Registrar on 6 May 2009



CAUTION - Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this certificate, or (2) uses it as true, knowing it to be false, is liable to prosecution under the Crimes Act 1961.

BDM 106

## New Zealand Death Certificate

Registration Number  
1891000609

**DECEASED**

First/given name(s)  
Surname/family name

John Aitken  
Connell

*(If different from above)* First/given name(s) at birth  
Surname/family name at birth

-  
-

Date of death  
Place of death  
Cause or causes of death  
*(As specified in doctor's certificate or coroner's order)*

21 August 1891  
Riverhead  
Verdict of Jury  
Suicide by Shooting himself with a Revolver

Name of certifying doctor  
Date last seen alive by certifying doctor

-  
-

Sex  
Age and date of birth  
Place of birth  
If not born in New Zealand number of years lived here  
Usual home address

Male  
51Y Not Recorded  
Glasgow Scotland  
33  
-

Usual occupation, profession or job  
Date of burial or cremation  
Place of burial or cremation  
Age of each daughter  
Age of each son

Surveyor  
23 August 1891  
Purewa  
18 14 11 8  
19 16 15 12 9

MOTHER: First or given name(s)  
Surname/family name  
*(If different from above)* First/given name(s) at birth  
Surname/family name at birth

Jessie  
Connell  
-  
Douglas

FATHER: First or given name(s)  
Surname/family name  
*(If different from above)* First/given name(s) at birth  
Surname/family name at birth

James  
Connell  
-  
-


Relationship status at time of death  
Relationship type  
Age of deceased at event  
Place of marriage/civil union  
SPOUSE/  
PARTNER: First/given name(s)  
Surname/family name  
Sex  
Age *(if living)*

Not Recorded  
-  
30  
Dunedin  
Mary  
Jones  
-  
Not Recorded

**PARENTS**

**RELATIONSHIPS**

Certified true copy of particulars recorded by a Registrar  
Issued under the seal of the Registrar on 8 May 2009



CAUTION - Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this certificate, or (2) uses it as true, knowing it to be false, is liable to prosecution under the Crimes Act 1961.

# Connell Family Death Certificates

BDM 108

## New Zealand Death Certificate

Registration Number  
1902002792

**DECEASED**

First given name(s) **Theodora Douglas**  
Surname/family name **Connell**

*(If different from above)* First given name(s) at birth -  
Surname/family name at birth -

Date of death **24 May 1902**  
Place of death **Paerata**  
Cause or causes of death **Accidentally Shot**  
*(as specified in doctor's certificate or coroner's order)*

Name of certifying doctor -  
Date last seen alive by certifying doctor -

Sex **Female**  
Age and date of birth **19Y Not Recorded**  
Place of birth **Dunedin**  
If not born in New Zealand number of years lived here -  
Usual home address -

Usual occupation, profession or job **Domestic Duties**  
Date of burial or cremation **7 June 1902**  
Place of burial or cremation **Purewa**  
Age of each daughter -  
Age of each son -


**MOTHER:** First given name(s) **Mary Aitken**  
Surname/family name **Connell**  
*(If different from above)* First given name(s) at birth -  
Surname/family name at birth **Jones**

**FATHER:** First given name(s) **Douglas**  
Surname/family name **Connell**  
*(If different from above)* First given name(s) at birth -  
Surname/family name at birth -

**RELATIONSHIPS**

Relationship status at time of death **Not Recorded**  
Relationship type -  
Age of deceased at event **Not Recorded**  
Place of marriage/civil union **Not Recorded**  
**SPOUSE/** First given name(s) **Not Recorded**  
**PARTNER:** Surname/family name **Not Recorded**  
Sex -  
Age (if living) **Not Recorded**

Certified true copy of particulars recorded by a Registrar  
Issued under the seal of the Registrar on **7 April 2010**



CAUTION - Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this certificate, or (2) uses it as true, knowing it to be false, is liable to prosecution under the Crimes Act 1961.

BDM 108

## New Zealand Death Certificate

Registration Number  
1912004378

**DECEASED**

First given name(s) **James Douglas**  
Surname/family name **Connell**

*(If different from above)* First given name(s) at birth -  
Surname/family name at birth -

Date of death **22 May 1912**  
Place of death **Etham**  
Cause or causes of death **Gastro Enteritis**  
*(as specified in doctor's certificate or coroner's order)* **Exhaustion**  
**2 Weeks**

Name of certifying doctor **G A Harrison**  
Date last seen alive by certifying doctor **21 May 1912**

Sex **Male**  
Age and date of birth **19 Months** **Not Recorded**  
Place of birth **Etham**  
If not born in New Zealand number of years lived here -  
Usual home address -

Usual occupation, profession or job **Infant**  
Date of burial or cremation **23 May 1912**  
Place of burial or cremation **Etham Cemetery**  
Age of each daughter -  
Age of each son -


**MOTHER:** First given name(s) **Gertrude**  
Surname/family name **Connell**  
*(If different from above)* First given name(s) at birth -  
Surname/family name at birth **Weber**

**FATHER:** First given name(s) **Nigel Douglas**  
Surname/family name **Connell**  
*(If different from above)* First given name(s) at birth -  
Surname/family name at birth -

**RELATIONSHIPS**

Relationship status at time of death **Never Married**  
Relationship type -  
Age of deceased at event -  
Place of marriage/civil union -  
**SPOUSE/** First given name(s) -  
**PARTNER:** Surname/family name -  
Sex -  
Age (if living) -

Certified true copy of particulars recorded by a Registrar  
Issued under the seal of the Registrar on **7 April 2010**



Caution - Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this certificate, or (2) uses it as true, knowing it to be false, is liable to prosecution under the Crimes Act 1961.

BDM 108

## New Zealand Death Certificate

Registration Number  
1914009968

**DECEASED**

First given name(s) **Marjorie Douglas**  
Surname/family name **Connell**

*(If different from above)* First given name(s) at birth -  
Surname/family name at birth -

Date of death **26 January 1914**  
Place of death **Etham**  
Cause or causes of death **Whooping Cough**  
*(as specified in doctor's certificate or coroner's order)* **Lung Collapse**  
**2 1/2 Weeks**

Name of certifying doctor **N F Bulst**  
Date last seen alive by certifying doctor **26 January 1914**

Sex **Female**  
Age and date of birth **6W Not Recorded**  
Place of birth **Etham**  
If not born in New Zealand number of years lived here -  
Usual home address -

Usual occupation, profession or job **Infant**  
Date of burial or cremation **27 January 1914**  
Place of burial or cremation **Etham Cemetery**  
Age of each daughter -  
Age of each son -


**MOTHER:** First given name(s) **Olive Selwyn Beata**  
Surname/family name **Connell**  
*(If different from above)* First given name(s) at birth -  
Surname/family name at birth -

**FATHER:** First given name(s) **Rodney Douglas**  
Surname/family name **Connell**  
*(If different from above)* First given name(s) at birth -  
Surname/family name at birth -

**RELATIONSHIPS**

Relationship status at time of death **Not Recorded**  
Relationship type -  
Age of deceased at event **Not Recorded**  
Place of marriage/civil union **Not Recorded**  
**SPOUSE/** First given name(s) **Not Recorded**  
**PARTNER:** Surname/family name **Not Recorded**  
Sex -  
Age (if living) **Not Recorded**

Certified true copy of particulars recorded by a Registrar  
Issued under the seal of the Registrar on **7 April 2010**



CAUTION - Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this certificate, or (2) uses it as true, knowing it to be false, is liable to prosecution under the Crimes Act 1961.

# Connell Family Death Certificates

BDM 108

## New Zealand Death Certificate

Registration Number  
1933002018

**DECEASED**

First/given name(s) Surname/family name	Gladwyn Douglas Connell
<i>(If different from above)</i> First/given name(s) at birth Surname/family name at birth	- -
Date of death	15 June 1933
Place of death	3 Nile Road Takapuna
Cause or causes of death	Chronic Cardiac Failure - 4 Days
<small>(As specified in doctor's certificate or coroner's order)</small>	
Name of certifying doctor	S B MacKay
Date last seen alive by certifying doctor	15 June 1933
Sex	Male
Age and date of birth	51Y Not Recorded
Place of birth	New Zealand
<i>If not born in New Zealand</i> number of years lived here	-
Usual home address	-
Usual occupation, profession or job	Commercial Traveller - Returned Soldier
Date of burial or cremation	17 June 1933
Place of burial or cremation	Waikumete Block B Section 4 No 37 Soldiers
Age of each daughter	-
Age of each son	-


**PARENTS**

<b>MOTHER:</b> First/given name(s) Surname/family name	Mary Connell
<i>(If different from above)</i> First/given name(s) at birth Surname/family name at birth	- Jones
<b>FATHER:</b> First/given name(s) Surname/family name	John Aitken Connell
<i>(If different from above)</i> First/given name(s) at birth Surname/family name at birth	- -

**RELATIONSHIPS**

Relationship status at time of death	Not Recorded
Relationship type	-
Age of deceased at event	Not Recorded
Place of marriage/civil union	Not Recorded
<b>SPOUSE/</b> First/given name(s)	Not Recorded
<b>PARTNER:</b> Surname/family name	Not Recorded
Sex	-
Age <i>(if living)</i>	Not Recorded

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BDM 108

## New Zealand Death Certificate

Registration Number  
1940026243

**DECEASED**

First/given name(s) Surname/family name	Rodney Douglas Connell
<i>(If different from above)</i> First/given name(s) at birth Surname/family name at birth	- -
Date of death	3 December 1940
Place of death	Mental Hospital Porirua from Eltham
Cause or causes of death	Verdict of Coroner Myocardial Failure with Advanced Cardio Vascular Degeneration
<small>(As specified in doctor's certificate or coroner's order)</small>	
Name of certifying doctor	-
Date last seen alive by certifying doctor	-
Sex	Male
Age and date of birth	61Y Not Recorded
Place of birth	Dunedin
<i>If not born in New Zealand</i> number of years lived here	-
Usual home address	-
Usual occupation, profession or job	Photographer
Date of burial or cremation	5 December 1940
Place of burial or cremation	Eltham
Age of each daughter	32 30
Age of each son	25


**PARENTS**

<b>MOTHER:</b> First/given name(s) Surname/family name	Mary Connell
<i>(If different from above)</i> First/given name(s) at birth Surname/family name at birth	- Jones
<b>FATHER:</b> First/given name(s) Surname/family name	John Aitken Connell
<i>(If different from above)</i> First/given name(s) at birth Surname/family name at birth	- -

**RELATIONSHIPS**

Relationship status at time of death	Not Recorded
Relationship type	-
Age of deceased at event	29
Place of marriage/civil union	Auckland
<b>SPOUSE/</b> First/given name(s)	Olive Selwyn Beata Smith
<b>PARTNER:</b> Surname/family name	Smith
Sex	-
Age <i>(if living)</i>	Not Recorded

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BDM 108

## New Zealand Death Certificate

Registration Number  
1950026412

**DECEASED**

First/given name(s) Surname/family name	Gertrude Connell
<i>(If different from above)</i> First/given name(s) at birth Surname/family name at birth	- -
Date of death	30 November 1950
Place of death	Ladies' Mile Eltham
Cause or causes of death	Coronary Thrombosis - 2 Weeks Colles' Fracture Right Wrist - 5 Weeks
<small>(As specified in doctor's certificate or coroner's order)</small>	
Name of certifying doctor	N A Woods
Date last seen alive by certifying doctor	24 November 1950
Sex	Female
Age and date of birth	77Y Not Recorded
Place of birth	Hanover Germany
<i>If not born in New Zealand</i> number of years lived here	71
Usual home address	-
Usual occupation, profession or job	Married
Date of burial or cremation	1 December 1950
Place of burial or cremation	Eltham Cemetery
Age of each daughter	45
Age of each son	51 49 47 43


**PARENTS**

<b>MOTHER:</b> First/given name(s) Surname/family name	Malvina Weber
<i>(If different from above)</i> First/given name(s) at birth Surname/family name at birth	- Nosalofsky
<b>FATHER:</b> First/given name(s) Surname/family name	Fredrick Weber
<i>(If different from above)</i> First/given name(s) at birth Surname/family name at birth	- -

**RELATIONSHIPS**

Relationship status at time of death	Not Recorded
Relationship type	-
Age of deceased at event	22
Place of marriage/civil union	Auckland
<b>SPOUSE/</b> First/given name(s)	Nigel Douglas Connell
<b>PARTNER:</b> Surname/family name	Connell
Sex	-
Age <i>(if living)</i>	Not Recorded


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# Connell Family Death Certificates

New Zealand Death Certificate		BDM 108
Registration Number <b>1951031761</b>		
<b>DECEASED</b>		
First/given name(s) Surname/family name	<b>Nigel Douglas Connell</b>	
<i>(If different from above)</i> First/given name(s) at birth Surname/family name at birth	- -	
Date of death	<b>8 October 1951</b>	
Place of death	<b>Ladies' Mile Eltham</b>	
Cause or causes of death <i>(as specified in doctor's certificate or coroner's order)</i>	<b>Coronary Thrombosis - 1 Hour</b>	
Name of certifying doctor	<b>N A Woods</b>	
Date last seen alive by certifying doctor	<b>1 October 1951</b>	
Sex	<b>Male</b>	
Age and date of birth	<b>78Y Not Recorded</b>	
Place of birth	<b>Dunedin</b>	
If not born in New Zealand number of years lived here	-	
Usual home address	-	
Usual occupation, profession or job	<b>Photographer</b>	
Date of burial or cremation	<b>9 October 1951</b>	
Place of burial or cremation	<b>Eltham Cemetery</b>	
Age of each daughter	<b>46</b>	
Age of each son	<b>52 50 48 44</b>	
<b>PARENTS</b>		
<b>MOTHER:</b> First/given name(s) Surname/family name	<b>Mary Connell</b>	
<i>(If different from above)</i> First/given name(s) at birth Surname/family name at birth	- <b>Jones</b>	
<b>FATHER:</b> First/given name(s) Surname/family name	<b>James Aitken Connell</b>	
<i>(If different from above)</i> First/given name(s) at birth Surname/family name at birth	- -	
<b>RELATIONSHIPS</b>		
Relationship status at time of death	<b>Not Recorded</b>	
Relationship type	-	
Age of deceased at event	<b>21</b>	
Place of marriage/civil union	<b>Auckland</b>	
<b>SPOUSE/</b> First/given name(s)	<b>Gertrude</b>	
<b>PARTNER:</b> Surname/family name	<b>Webber</b>	
Sex	-	
Age (if living)	<b>Not Recorded</b>	
Certified true copy of particulars recorded by a Registrar		
Issued under the seal of the Registrar on <b>6 May 2009</b>		
		
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New Zealand Death Certificate		BDM 108
Registration Number <b>1969042825</b>		
<b>DECEASED</b>		
First/given name(s) Surname/family name	<b>Nigel Valle Douglas Connell</b>	
<i>(If different from above)</i> First/given name(s) at birth Surname/family name at birth	- -	
Date of death	<b>3 October 1969</b>	
Place of death	<b>Public Hospital Wellington</b>	
Cause or causes of death <i>(as specified in doctor's certificate or coroner's order)</i>	<b>Uraemia Coma - 12 Hours Uraemia - 1 Month Prostatic Carcinoma - 18 Months</b>	
Name of certifying doctor	<b>I H Sampson</b>	
Date last seen alive by certifying doctor	<b>2 October 1969</b>	
Sex	<b>Male</b>	
Age and date of birth	<b>70 Not Recorded</b>	
Place of birth	<b>Taranaki</b>	
If not born in New Zealand number of years lived here	-	
Usual home address	<b>17 Main Road York Bay Eastbourne</b>	
Usual occupation, profession or job	<b>Retired Engineer</b>	
Date of burial or cremation	<b>7 October 1969</b>	
Place of burial or cremation	<b>Billy Reid School of Anatomy Otago University for Anatomical Examination No Certificate of Burial</b>	
Age of each daughter	<b>26</b>	
Age of each son	<b>28 24</b>	
<b>PARENTS</b>		
<b>MOTHER:</b> First/given name(s) Surname/family name	<b>Gertrude Connell</b>	
<i>(If different from above)</i> First/given name(s) at birth Surname/family name at birth	- <b>Weber</b>	
<b>FATHER:</b> First/given name(s) Surname/family name	<b>Nigel Douglas Connell</b>	
<i>(If different from above)</i> First/given name(s) at birth Surname/family name at birth	- -	
<b>RELATIONSHIP(S)</b>		
Relationship status at time of death	<b>Married</b>	
Relationship type	<b>Marriage</b>	
Age of deceased at event	<b>40</b>	
Place of marriage/civil union	<b>Wellington</b>	
<b>SPOUSE/</b> First/given name(s)	<b>Marjorie Bertina</b>	
<b>PARTNER:</b> Surname/family name	<b>Seed</b>	
Sex	-	
Age (if living)	<b>62</b>	
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King Egbert = Redburg

King Ethelwolf = Osburh

King Ethelbald King Ethelbert King Ethelred I. King Alfred = Elswith

Eguina (1st wife) = King Edward = Elfteda (2nd wife)

King Athelstan King Edmund = Elgiva Edred

Elfred (1st wife) = King Edgar = Elfrida (2nd wife)

King Edward the Martyr Elgiva (1st wife) = King Ethelred II the Unready = Emma

King Edmund Ironside = Elgyth King Edward the Confessor (Last of the Saxon Kings)

Edward Atheling the Exile = Agatha

King William I (the conqueror) = Matilda Edgar Atheling (Last of the Saxon Prince) St Margaret of Scotland = King Malcolm of Scotland

King William II (Rufus) Adela = Stephen of Blois King Henry I = Matilda (1st wife)

King Stephen (Last of the Norman Kings) Geoffrey Plantagenet = Matilda

King Henry II = Eleanor of Aquitaine

King Richard I = Berengaria King John = Isabel of Angouleme

King Henry III = Eleanor of Provence

King Edward I = Eleanor of Castile

King Henry III = Eleanor of Provence

King Edward I = Eleanor of Castile

King Edward II = Isabel of France

King Edward III = Phillippa of Hainault

Edward the Black Prince = Joan Blanche = John of Gaunt = Katharine Swynford Edmund = Isabel

King Richard II = Anne of Bohemia King Henry IV = Mary John, Marquis of Dorset = Margaret Anne = Richard of York

King Henry V = Katharine of France = Owen Tudor John Beaufort = Margaret Richard = Cecily Neville

King Henry VI = Margaret of Anjou Edmund Earl of Richmond = Margaret King Edward IV = Elizabeth Woodville King Richard III (last of Plantagenet Kings) = Ann Neville

Edward = Ann Neville King Henry VII = Elizabeth King Edward V Richard Edward

King Henry VIII = Katharine of Aragon (1st wife) = Anne Boleyn (2nd wife) = Jane Seymour (3rd wife) King James IV of Scotland = Margaret

Queen Mary = Philip of Spain Queen Elizabeth (Last of the Tudor Sovereigns) King Edward VI King James of Scotland = Mary of Lorraine

Francis, King of France (1st Husband) = Mary, Queen of Scots = Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley

King James I = Anne of Denmark

King Charles I = Henrietta Maria Frederick, King of Bohemia = Elizabeth

King Charles II = Catherine King James II = Anne-Mary Ernest Augustus of Hanover = Sophia

King William III = Queen Mary II George of Denmark = Queen Anne (last of the Stuart Sovereigns)

King George I = Sophia of Zell

King George II = Wilhelmina Charlotte Caroline of Brandenburg-Anspach

Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales = Augusta of Saxe-Gotha

King George III = Charlotte Sophia of Mecklenburg-Strelitz

King George IV = Caroline of Brunswick King William IV = Adelaide of Saxe Meiningen Edward Augustus Duke of Kent = Victoria Maria Louisa of Saxe-Coburg

Leopold King of the Belgians = Charlotte Augusta

Queen Victoria = Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (Prince Consort)

King Edward VII = Alexandra of Denmark

King George V = Princess Mary of Teck

Edward VIII King George VI = Lady Elizabeth Bowes Lyon

## Queen Elizabeth II

Line to Jenner, Haszard and Connell Family

Pedigree of Descent  
from King Henry III. 1216-1272





To the next generation I wish you all the best, Tim Connell





## Addendum

After I had sent the printed book to the binders, I began to pack up all the various documents, transparencies and research material that I had gathered over the last 10 years in researching this book. As I gathered one of the folders, a document fell out that caught my eye - it was a print out of an attachment that Sheila Connell had emailed to me but for some reason I had missed it. It contained the transcripts of two letters by Jessie Connell (John Aitken's sister) dated 1909 to Dido and Amyus. The contents were too significant to our family history for them not to be included in this book. Many thanks to Nigel Connell who wrote this and allowed me to include it in our family book. He has provided some wonderful insights into our family history that if he had not recorded would have been lost to the sands of time.

### *The Nigel Douglas and Gertrude Connell Family*

Nigel (Dido) was 14 when his family moved to Auckland. No doubt through his father's interest in politics he met and became friends with Gordon Coates whose family farmed in the Kaipara near Hukatere. It is thought that the Connells were involved in one of the Coates farms, which was adjacent to the farm owned by the Weber family.

During this time Dido and Gertrude Weber met and were later married in 1896.

Dido worked in the logging business working some time felling trees. This experience is later reflected in his paintings where often the New Zealand bush is accurately reproduced. The family moved to Eltham, Taranaki, before the birth of their first child in September 1899. Dido initially worked as a porter at the Eltham railway station and later started a Photography business in Bridge St., Eltham, still operated by Sheila Connell today.

Dido was an avid gardener and it is understood that he took a wager with Mr Newton King that if he would sell a piece of land Dido would create a home with a super garden on the site. This he did and the excellent photographic record and pastel painting show progress of the homestead from construction of the house

in a paddock of stumps in about 1903 over the following 50 odd years during which time a very beautiful home was developed.

There was assistance with development of the property by Gertrude who was a keen and energetic gardener and the children. Nigel, the oldest, known as Jock or affectionately Jackie by Dido told of building the dam which formed the lake at the bottom of the garden and supported at least 3 white swans and many ducks. Fishing for eels in the lake was later a pastime for the grand children. The garden which development also included a lawn tennis court was a most social place with groups playing there in summer.

There was a strong connection with the family in the Kaipara, where the homestead garden ran down to the beach on the side of the Kaipara harbor, particularly in the early years of Dido and Gertrude's married life. Jock often recounted family holidays in the Kaipara. Of there always being fish in the smoke house when they were hungry between meals. Built by Uncle Bruno it had the fire box at the bottom of the bank above the beach and the smoke was led through a pipe to the chamber where the fish were hung on the bank top where the smoke was sufficiently cool.

Kauri Gum was at that time still a major source of income being located in swamp mud with gum spears. These are thin rods of steel from 1 to 3 meters long with a handle (often a spade hand piece) sharpened end just below a twist of wire which enlarged the hole made by the gum spear as it was pushed into the ground thereby reducing the side friction on the rod as it was pushed in, all the while feeling for the hardness of a lump of gum yet not the extreme hardness of a stone. A good gum spear was consequently rather valuable. Jock on one occasion spotted a large stingray in the shallows and called for Amyus to get uncle Bruno's gum spear, the best weapon immediately available. Duly brought Jock sunk the spear into the ray, only to have it wrenched from his hands and then to sheepishly watch it disappear out to sea with the ray in swift flight. Uncle Bruno was renowned for his empathy with children whom he loved, so no doubt the subsequent retribution was less painful than might have been should the spear have belonged to someone else.

These holiday trips must have been for reasonable lengths of time for the logistics of travelling from Eltham to the Kaipara with a large family would have been fairly involved at that time. Horse and cart from Eltham to New Plymouth and coastal sailing ship to the Kaipara harbour. Transport within the Kaipara area being mostly by boat.

As the children grew older and more mischievous the pranks became bolder. The neighboring Coates orchard seemed to have juiciest fruit and sorties were made to secretly gather and sample. One sortie that Jock used to recount was when while up a large fruit tree members of the Coates home set up a picnic under the tree. The tree was large enough for those up in it not to be noticed but silently waiting up the tree for the duration of the picnic before being able to sneak back proved a humiliating endurance.

Dido developed his business, known as “The Studio”, with sale of his paintings, family portraits both black and white and hand colored, framing and mounting and art classes. For some time brother Rodney worked as travelling salesman promoting family photography and sister Hilda did retouching of photo negatives. Dido’s pastel landscapes of Mount Egmont were a mainstay of the business.

Possibly, through his connection with the Coates family, Dido was commissioned to design the back face of the half crown. Connection with other parliamentarians made possible camping holidays at on the beach near New Plymouth. The letter below from Great Aunt Jessie to Amyus when he was 8 and Rupert was a baby, commenting on their holiday and of the tent being blown down and the family sleeping under the stars. Jock also recounted a search light being arranged to shine on the tent from the hill opposite so that they could all see to go to bed.

There are two letters written by Jessie, both written from Edinburgh. The first to Aymus Connell, dated 26 February 1909, confirming Amyus’ experiences camping in New Plymouth with his brothers and sister Beatrix and baby Rupert. The second to Dido, written when she was 84 years old, telling of her failing eyesight due to cataracts on both eyes, of her living in Glasgow as a youth, her later returning to Scotland from England to nurse her sister Mary. Jessie further mentions Molyneux near Dunedin and it appears that she visited the Connells in Dunedin at some time, and the reference to letters from Jock and Beatrix indicate that she also visited when the family lived in Eltham. Letters from Grand Aunt Jessie D Connell.

Edinburgh

Permanent Address  
26 February 1909  
c/o Stephen Leighton Esq  
Thirso Villa  
31 Downs Road  
Clapton  
London

My dear Amyus

*Thank you very much for your very nicely written letter. What a jolly time you had at New Plymouth. Your father in his letter told me of your visit to the warship, how much you all enjoyed a romp with the blue jackets and of your boating wadings catching crabs etc. How I should love to have seen you all so merry and happy together. But you must all have felt very cold when the high wind actually blew away the tent. A good thing none of you have the fear of sleeping in the open air. Dear Mother must be a wonderful woman to manage all you little people in a tent with baby Rupert too. I am glad you liked your toys and found them amusing. Give dear father my love and tell him I shall write soon. I know how precious time is to him and I do not expect to hear from him often. With a kiss from Auntie Jessie al round.*

Your loving Grand Aunt  
Jessie D. Connell


Then later Aunt Jessie wrote to Dido:

c/o Stephen Leighton Esq  
Thirso Villa  
31 Downs Road  
Clapton

My dear Nigel,

*It seems a very long time since I heard from you, the latest news was a letter to Aunt Mary, which she said had pleased her much, so I conclude you are all well and happy but she did not mention the contents, and I have just sent her a letter written by my friend Miss Russell, asking her (Aunt Mary) not to forward any more letters to me as my sight was so bad, I could not read, and had to have all letters read to me, and she would understand private matters regarding her own affairs and mine had better not be touched on with her.*

*Surprised dear boy to hear I have cataract, now, in the left eye, the other has for many years, useless from the same cause cataract. But the oculist, Dr Patterson did not when I consulted him twelve and a half years since did not then tell me the truth, as I saw he said to me may well wrote it then and the disease might be long in developing in the then fairly sound eye. I have told him since. I was very glad he had not told me the truth but merely advised a different lens in my specs for reading which happily seemed to put matters right. But about five or six years ago my eyes seemed very watery and Mrs Davidson, a friend, advised me strongly to consult a doctor who had fitted her so nicely with specs that seemed to suit her exactly and I had not the faintest idea there was anything wrong with my eyes, other than suitable specs would cure, so when he told me I had cataracts in both eyes it came as a great shock. But he said the left eye would still serve me for some time. But when it failed and I could not read with them then an operation might be necessary, but not as long as I could read and was not entirely blind. But long ago before I dreamt of anything wrong with my eyes I knew an old woman who came to Dunedin Hospital to undergo an operation for cataract. Her son had a farm up country and both he and she took action to have the operation tried. She had to wait for some weeks before it could be ready and I used to read to her and chat with her when I visited the hospital as I did frequently for a couple of weeks and said goodbye to the dear old woman and to my grief when I returned her operation had not been successful because she had deceived him as to the time she had had it and the sight of both eyes was lost and she was perfectly blind. Her age was 75 years but such is the sympathy between eyes, in her case at least it proved fatal. Also a lady **The handwriting becomes so difficult to decipher that I have not continued this letter.***



The Connell children, Nigel (Jock), Amyus, Dick, Beatrix and Rupert (Pip), attended primary school in Eltham and subsequently commuted by train to secondary school in New Plymouth. They were a very athletic family. The boys were all proficient on the horizontal bar and stories of near accidents summersaulting from off the biggest stumps in the family paddock were amongst “Stories When You Were a Little Boy” later recounted by Jock to his own children. Similarly, sorties into the Ngaire Swamp with their spaniel dog chasing fern birds and venturing as far as Lake Rotoiti where an unfinished long abandoned Maori canoe was found, later sealed with soap and launched were recounted.

Jock left home in about 1917 and served his apprenticeship as an electrician with the Union Steam Ship Co based at the Patent Slip in Evans Bay Wellington. He told of jobs servicing company boats that left port before servicing was complete and working on the ship to the next port of call. Refitting the masthead lamp at sea was one of the most exciting tasks. During his five year apprenticeship Jock’s youngest brother Pip worked with him for a period.

Jock was sent to Fiji in to rewire the Grand Pacific Hotel, owned by the Union Steamship Co, in Suva. An assignment, which extended to about six months.

## *Jock Connell's Family*

Jock Married Nancy Lamb and lived in Mecines Rd Karorie. They separated when Paul was 4. Paul stayed initially with Harold and Muriel Gapes, subsequently, Paul and Jock boarded with the Belworthy family. During this time Paul stayed also with Dido and Granny in Eltham. He probably formed his interest in art and photography during this period with Dido as his role model. Jock worked for the Wellington City Council Electricity Department initially as an electrician. It was the depression of the 30’s and the Belworthys appreciated the rental income. The national changeover from 110 to 220 volt electrical distribution standard in New Zealand and the consequent rewiring of both houses and appliances meant Jock had work. He ran a Rugby motorcar and recounted tales of trips and picnics with the Belworthy children and their Alsatian dog Rex who rode on the front mudguard.

Jock met Marjorie Seed in 1937 and they married in 1938. Their first child Nigel was born in November 1940 when they lived in Brooklyn, Wellington. They subsequently bought a home in Koro Koro 7 miles out of Wellington and developed

a large hillside garden home. Oriel was borne in 1942 and Quentin in 1945. Paul attended Koro Koro School briefly and subsequently boarded at Wellington College. On graduating he worked at Perry’s photography and the National Film Unit in Wellington before working his passage to England in 1949, to work in England Yugoslavia and Australia before returning to New Zealand to take over The Studio in Eltham after Dido’s death in 1951. Nigel Oriel and Quentin went to Koro Koro and Hut Valley High Schools.

Jock continued working for the Wellington City Council until retirement in 1965 when Marjie and Jock retired to York Bay.

## *The Frederick Weber Family*

Frederick and Malvina Wesolowska were married in Nordstemmen, near Hanover Germany in 1863. Malvina was the daughter of a Piano manufacturer. She was born in Driesen, Prussia in 1845. Frederick and Malvina lived in Hanover where 6 of their children grew up and went to school. Gertrude told of being towed to school in winter by one of her brothers, Gertrude on a school bag sliding on the ice, as her brother skated ahead pulling them.

Malvina had 16 children, 10 of whom survived to adulthood. Three of the children died as a result of drinking infected milk from a cow that had aborted.

One or both of the older brothers was conscripted into the Kaiser’s army, probably contrary to the wishes of their parents. During an inspection, the son’s foot was stamped on by the inspecting officer, dissatisfied with the standard presented. A bone in his foot was broken. This convinced the family to move from Europe.

In 1879 Frederick and Malvina Weber and their 6 children left Hanover, left Germany and went to England. From there they embarked a few months later on the sailing ship “Fiji” for the long voyage to New Zealand. After many weeks and a very rough passage, at one stage of which the passengers were battened down, they reached Dunedin in 1880. Their children then with them were Ralph, Ben, Gertrude, Harry, Arnold and Hilda. Shortly after their arrival in Dunedin another daughter, Gretchen, was borne, and Martha two years later.

Frederick Weber was a skilled lithographer and was employed in the Lands and Survey Office in Dunedin until several years later when he and his family moved

north to Auckland where he took up the same work with the Auckland office. They lived in Gladstone Road in Parnell, where Bruno was born 27 April 1884 and Carl a few years later.

In 1888, with a family now of ten children, Mr and Mrs Weber came to live at the Rev. Gittos' Mission House at Rangiora, a veritable paradise for children, situated as it was on the shores of the Otamata River and surrounded by a large and productive orchard. Even here, Frederick's lithographic work was too valued to lose, and maps were still sent to him to be completed, one end of his glasshouse becoming his workroom and office. He frequently did crayon portraits for the Maoris at the price of one pound each and was once repaid for his drawings with a sailing boat which he called "Vindex".

In 1890 Frederick and Malvina drew a ballot for 400 acres of land at Hukatere and later they added a further 300 acres. The land would have been substantially logged of the valuable enormous kauri trees for which the area is still famous. It required clearing for pasture and dairy farming. Valuable kauri gum was won by digging it from the earth mantel and from the swamp mud.

Frederick and Malvina established a homestead on the property near the beach of the Kaipara harbour. At that time transport was predominantly by water and the harbor was the access and also larder for fresh fish.

Frederick was a versatile man who could turn his hand to many trades. He built the cheese factory at Paparoa, which is now the bakery, and the Butter Factory at Whakapirau, now a dance hall. He was responsible for drawing the plans and supervised the building of the Otamatea County Council Chambers, for the sum of fifteen pounds.

Frederick is variously recorded as a draftsman in 1887, a farmer in 1900, a builder in 1917, an architect in 1919 and as a dairy farmer on his death in 1919. He ran a sawmill and instilled in his sons the importance of accurately sawing timber. He contracted to construct many buildings in the Kaipara area. This variety of activities indicates the importance of off farm earnings to the homestead income during this pioneering period.

He died in 1919 in his 82nd year.

Some of Frederick and Malvina's children continued farming in the Kaipara. The farm was divided three ways and farmed by Hilda, Martha and Bruno.

Bruno came to be quite a legend for a number of reasons. He loved children and

Jock often told how when he visited the Kaipara, Uncle Bruno was such a hero. Bruno's kept bees and this was carried on particularly by Dick in Eltham. Bruno's physical strength was legendary. Particularly at rowing. Jock told of a canoe race where the entrants crafted their canoes from a log. Bruno on the day before the event when the other contestants had finished their crafts sharpened his axe, felled his log and over night carved out his craft and next day won the event.

The loss of Bruno's best gum spear was another of Jocks experiences. While swimming near the Weber homestead Jock and his brothers saw a large ray in the shallows. All out to get it Jock called for the gum spear which was rushed to him and duly plunged into the ray which hastily retreated to deeper water with the spear sticking up carving a wake in the water surface as it too disappeared much to Uncle Bruno's subsequent consternation!

## *Bruno and Ethel Weber's Family*

Ethel Jeffs was the oldest surviving child of the Jeffs family who farmed at Hukatere, their house facing Kirikiri Inlet. Edsel tells of that she used to walk 4 miles of bush track to go to school 4 days each week. She didn't go on Wednesdays as it was so arduous.

Bruno and Ethel's wedding was in 1910. Ethel's father gave her a horse for her wedding present. This she rode over to the Weber homestead accompanied by her sister Maria (known as Tiddles) and brothers George and Bill as far as their school. The young children were unaware Ethel was to get married. Together Ethel and Bruno went in Bruno's launch from Hukatere to Paparoa where they were married in the Registry Office. Those accompanying the newly weds were dropped off and Bruno took Ethel off for a time together and presumably that was the extent of a honeymoon for the two of them.

Bruno's rowing supremacy in the area continued. He was rowing champion for the area regatta for 16 consecutive years and was only beaten once prior to this when Bas Rope had a skiff built with which he won. However the following regatta Bruno wagered a reward for the winner as he had a skiff of identical design built also. Bas apparently didn't finish.

Ethel and Bruno had 6 children, the first died soon after birth, Florence, Basil, Olive, Ken and Edsel.

And finally the material for the bookmarker used in this book is taken from Pompa's grey suit as seen on page 73.

