

1973

The earliest recollections I have of the Borough are really pre-school.

We lived on the farm on the Borough boundary and my uncle was the keadmater, Mr Boyce, of the Richmond School and so we came into Richmond two and three times a week with Mother and the horse and gig, so that X knew Richmond really before I went to school at all. From Uncle Charlie's (that was Mr Boyce) who lived in the home - the schoolhouse - in Waverley Street, which also had a footway through to Dorset Street so we left the pony and gig in his yard and he by the way had the first motorbike and sidecar that I recall which he

sold and bought a Saxton motorcar which is still in the Vintage Car Club in Nelson, I understand it is still there, been restored and in his later life when he was in his eighties the owner of that Saxton car called around and took him for a drive which thrilled him greatly. However, the entrance to Dorset Street, we walked from there to Richmond, did our shopping, usually at Wearing brothers' which fascinated me greatly because the drapers' shop was upstairs. Wearing Brothers' was on the corner of Queen Street and Cambridge Street, of course over the years Cambridge Street has been widened on two occasions so that it was a much larger premises than would appear that could have been there in those days and the premises next door - the Canterbury Savings Bank - and those buildings right up to the chemist shop were part of Wearing Brothers. The chemist shop of the day was Mr Ward, he's the earliest chemist I recall. So we passed from Dorset Street to the Richmond ^rchoolgrounds which were smaller grounds than they are today and what I knew as the school, I suppose you'd call it the <?ld eld school because recently what I call the new school was pointed out as being the

old school so I suppose the years slip away don't they?\*. These were originally the boys\* school and the girls<sup>1</sup> school which were placed together - large buildings with very high studs, with a huge peak at the top and there were the two bell towers - the library was in front of one in what we call the Konitor's room, the headmasters office, the school's rolls at that time was in excess of 300 as they came from the surrounding areas and fairly large families.

The games played at school in those days were marbles were very popular usually in the summer because it wasn't so physically requiring. Winter, we bowled hoops to school, these were made by the local blacksmith, either Tom Goodman as we knew him or Mr MacFarlane in Lammas's blacksmith shop which was just wrought iron and they stood something like four foot high, the biggest of them, and you steered these to school running beside them or past them and we became very skilled at this, you'd roll them along and nick through whilst they were still rolling, trap for young players they say.

The girls had skipping, hopscotch, this was really prior to basketball as I recall coining into being although basketball seemed to come in from the girls point of view very shortly after that whilst we were skilled in rugby football, it was the only football we knew and cricket of course in the summer. Many games were played in the schoolgrounds which of course were not mowed in those days and in springtime they grew grass, the rye grass would come into seed and this was rather tempting to tie the tops of the rye grass so if anyone were running along their foot print in them and they went hurly-burly straight across the paddock.

Another pleasure I recall at school in my very early years was on a summer day just lying in that grass, no-one could see so we played hide 'n' seek and we just lay there and the clouds rolled by, what a good life if it could be that way, it pays sometimes to let life roll by and let time roll by whilst you replenish your batteries...:

Another game of course which was very popular was Hide ' n\* Seek and the more mature feelings were when you were allowed in the I Spy team which was virtually still Hide ' n' Seek but behind the tin wood shed we had conveniently a hole through the corrugated iron which was a tremendous help if ever you got caught or not.

The schoolrooms were fueled with large fires in the winter, electricity of course was in the Borough at this time was not used as it is in modern fuel. The wood burnt generally was Blue Gum and Fir wood.

Back to the marbles, it has pleasant recall we carried a marble bag, these were quite important which we would duly persuade our mothers into<sup>making</sup> and this was closed with a tape and hung on your b»ii\* and the number of marbles you carried^this was a prestige <sup>matter. Among</sup> and the various marbles ~~were~~ the Dates^ as we called them - which was the ordinary marble to go in the ring, some of them glass and then the larger ones earthenware, and I just don't recall the name of it.

However, if you were in a really dashing form you had a large ball bearing which were metal as they were known or as we knew them, and these were quite capable of splitting a Date made of clay and if you had enough power behind it this could split the Date in half^ which was really quite a feature. These marbles were played of course what were known as Big Ring, that would be a ring something like 6 foot in diameter which was drawn with a stick. There were smaller circular rings and another game we played with the much smaller area where you threw your marble up to it and the closer you got you had the first shot perhaps it was a form of two up at a very early age. This small ring I have just mentioned is where we used the eye-drop and of course this is where if you were allowed to use the metal well you could split a date with it and this set about many big arguments and discussions.

Clothing of the day\* ,we were mostly dressed in t-oots and socks, there was a school uniform at the Richmond School, the red and black top socks, grey shirts

and of course the short trousers, this was after the period of the knickerbockers which had previously been worn at school. The girls as I recall wore a tunic once they were in Standard 5 and 6, of course Standard 5 and 6 we knew them as today is Intermediate known as Forms 1 and 2, give you an idea of the standard of education. We went through the primers which usually took a year for each primer and then on to Standard 1 and 2 where Miss Hill taught the primers with an assistant, I remember many of them, there was Miss TV(fäl| , Miss Palmer was another\ they appeared as , they did in those days^ direct from College and did a year what they called pupil teaching then went to Training College so that these young women changed over fairly often, Rita Neame was another, Dulcie Wells was another that I recall. Miss Taylor from Nelson was another, Nancy Holland from Waititi and so they merged into the school for a short period of time, they went off to training for two years and returned, not always to the same school. Lil Horner as we affectionately knew her. Miss Lil Horner, she had Standard 3 and 4, in later life one has many affections

of these particular teachers, whilst at the time if you hadn't done your homework you had more or less a sense of fear because she wasn't above straightening the ruler over your knuckles or over your shoulders that was an expected thing, kept our nose to the grindstone as they'd put it. A teacher in the primers was Madge Crow who later became Mrs Gordon Challis <sup><\*MA</sup> is now deceased, she had the primers and she was a very gay teacher that came to the school with what we might term a 'new look', not that we used those erms in those days. Standard 5 and 6 were taken by the eadmaster and my eadmaster was Mr R.R. Harrison, I have mixed feelings about Mr Harrison, I think he endeavoured with us very hard, he was a very strict disciplinarian but I think this was accepted in the day and was expected of him, he ran a very good school in the widest sense and I still today have to thank him whilst he is deceased for some knowledge that he pounded into a very dull subject. Another teacher that was a very popular teacher was Connie Davis who later became Mrs Challis, and it was whilst she was in Richmond School and living in Wensley Hall or boarding there that she was leaving

school to get married and this I think would be the earliest recollection I have of anyone being married which rather intrigued me and she visited our home one evening and there were great discussions about the Bridal gown and the dress and frankly at that tender age I was not very interested whether their face was covered or uncovered but there was much debate in the drawing room that night.

Another male teacher that I had when I was in Standard 2 was Mr Giblin, Alan Giblin, he was a very popular teacher with the class and he put in much endeavour one day teaching me how to draw a shoe above everything in the world but however, that was his endeavours, he was a popular teacher because he played sport actually with us, this was something Mr Harrison never did but Mr Harrison was very popular on Friday afternoons with his singing classes, he was a great pianist, played the organ in the Church Of England for something like 12 or 14 years and we learnt many songs under Mr Harrison of the day in the trumpet fair in the prime

of the morning was one that I recall and we were all pretty good singers too. There was also Miss Crabtree, I remember her first coming to school, she was an English lass, her mother was the daughter of Johnny Glen the secretary of the Nelson Jockey and Trotting Club and he passed away and Mrs Crabtree came to New Zealand with her daughter and claimed, I suppose as one could express as claiming the inheritance, but Mrs Crabtree lived in Gladstone Road in the home there and she actually passed away whilst Miss Crabtree returned to England after being here for several years. Miss Mitchell was another teacher of those times she taught I think it was Standard 3 when I was at school, Miss                      seemed to come and go at times between training colleges I guess, Miss Sutton, Miss                      was another one. Also Miss Brown, Miss Brown came from Murchison and she later married Reverend Growcott and came back to Richmond as the Minister's wife, she was a great teacher, she enthused you as a pupil and you worked hard for her, she had that knack that got through to you but I'm afraid in my day all teachers didn't have.

The other interesting one in my class I recall was the fires we used to have of course the teachers put on a cup of cocoa at morning tea, we paid so much a week for this, I think it was a shilling a week and this entitled you to a mug of cocoa at morning tea and since we left home at 8 o'clock in the morning and walked 2 miles to school, our parents considered this was the real thing and we sure did too, I can still see the cocoa still being made today. However, we burnt the fireplaces out and the bricklayers came during the summer period and he placed the fire bricks and that was the first instruction I had from Clarrie Beach and George Watson of chiselling out these bricks unlimited colour there was in the fire brick compared with a red brick, something that has always stayed in my mind, surprising what you learnt at school other than the ABC.

My Uncle, Charlie Bush was the Headmaster at the school in those days when I first went to school and a pupil-teacher that came under his control if that's the right word was another Uncle of mine, Robert McGlashen and he left the Richmond School after

enlisting in World War 1 and went to the war, returning here was only teaching at Richmond a very short time after he was up country in Ngatamoti areas where he met and married Miss Hunt another pupil-teacher who I'm not positive whether she taught at Richmond or not but however, they were married and he was Headmaster of Waiiti, Foxhill, at Wakefield and then went to a Nelson central school and he left from there to Wellington and on to Auckland and he went to Napier and Gisborne where he instituted with the blessing of the Hawkes Bay board the first Intermediate school in the country and I thought it was rather interesting that pupil-teaching at Richmond to instituting those schools then went to Auckland where he had the largest school which was taken over the American hospital just after the war and you had to have a pushbike to get around the corridors, it was that huge. He then went on and became the National President of the Institute of Teachers, after retiring he pursued the education field and was the Chairman of the Auckland Education Board for a number of years and he used to have much joy in how many new schools he opened in a year, this was a colossal job, however he had spent his

whole life in education and passed away in 1974 but from the small beginnings of the acorn for instance the larger it grows. I've possibly covered enough on the school in the early days as I remember it then. However, about this time we sold the farm and we came into Queen Street in a business there and I lived in what was known as the 'Gables' in a house behind Richmond Drapery as it is today, this was well back from the street where we had large lawns and gardens in the front, a circular drive which was marvellous for me and my mates with pushbikes, we break the world record and motorcycling was coming in and many of the names that we mimicked were Percy Coleman, Harry Langham, Bill Knapp a Nelson rider and many many others and we had our hijinks there the same as the youth do today.

...)

~~However~~ settling into Queen Street ^ I've seen Queen Street change and develop and I've seen all the buildings built in <sup>SVWC</sup> "3". That is 7 ^ <sup>Mag Co. as it was at</sup> the bottom in those days, now I think it's still Waima Store; The A-R. Tuffnell building & the <sup>SUCV</sup> was built by <sup>Frank Rusty</sup> ^ 17, eA 4, at the top of the Street.

I was quite familiar with that building because my father left Wearing Brothers and worked for Frank Lusty when he built it and opened there.

I had many mates in Queen Street really. The blacksmiths shop as it was in those days, opposite the Star & Garter, was quite a place for a hiding-out, and the creek that runs beside it which I was to have much to do with draining etc. later in life; this was the escape route down to the Richmond tip as it is today. In those days the tip was in McGlashen Avenue, which I'll mention later. But the quickest way to escape from a music lesson was over to the blacksmiths shop into the ditch, and down the drain down Queen Street. Nobody saw you go. It's an earthenware pipe, three foot four in diameter and rather fascinating to think of the building of earthenware or clay materials, ceramics or use whatever word you will, but it is a ceramic, down to the tip, and we could escape that way and we could get back. Much amusement was caused looking up from underneath to the manholes or vents where the water runs in - the gratings. We could come up to Warring's garage and poke a stick up and rattle

his gratings, and Mrs Warring would always scream out and she'd say 'Jack, Jack, there's some bloody kids down the pipe I' So these things went on and there was much amusement.

Horses were still the mode of the day and Queen Street was a gravel road. I've heard it expressed as McAdam, but McAdam was only the name of the engineer after all.

We move down to work our way perhaps from the sea, the same as the pioneers did or the first surveyors that came to the area. They arrived at what is known as Beach Road today, which by the way has never been gazetted as Beach Road, and in the first namings of the streets it is Haven Road. Much debate in the Council as to whether it should be Haven Road or New Road and several other names, but it was adopted Beach Road for the simple reason it went to the Beach.

The beach in those days; well I suppose it was the closest to the sea water that we got. We swam there, we fished there, and did everything that

went on on beaches, whilst there was never really a sandy beach. But it was our area. The area there today where the council yards are and runs out towards the tip. I'll call it the foreshore, this is Harts Reserve. This was donated by Mr Gooseberry Hart as we called him because he had a gooseberry area in Oxford Street where he sold and grew gooseberries, and also grapes in the glasshouse. The old gentleman in later life; he would go down and scythe it with a scythe and there were seats there to sit on, and it was quite a pleasant Sunday afternoon's walk down to the beach, and push the dog-cart with my younger sister in it. There would be 8,10, 12 families gathered, have afternoon tea, and return to Richmond. It's sort of unheard of today because we rush to the tip as we call it, and this is a name which I wouldn't like to see disappear from the Borough history because Mr Hart was one of the first councillor's on the long parliament, and he gave that land and cared for it, all his life, and it's sort of gibbly used today. In fact we've got a wood yard stuck on it. It just makes you wonder whether this really is respect for the pioneers that worked in this area, and they

undoubtedly had a dream of what it would develop into.

The Beach Road area has of course changed considerably over the years, as it all has. The main drain still continues down there - much widened as I expressed to the Catchment Board engineer just recently that he sure used a sledge hammer to crack a peanut. But it's a lot of money to put into that area. However, it has tidied it up. The lower end of it, both sides of the road, was dairy farming; Wells were down towards the sea.

A matter of interest in this area - there was a Mr Priestly who lived in a cobb house. He'd built another one in front, but the cobb one was still there in my youth, and this rather intrigued me having earth and clay walls. In later life of course I've learnt the value of such material for house building. He used to bring his cream up to the factory at May & Co's, in the wheelbarrow. This was a daily task of course and crossing the railway line to do so.

The railway station was a very important happening in the borough, in both its arrival and the trains coming and going. An eight o'clock train in the morning to Nelson, they passed in Richmond, one heading up country; and there was the one thirty train which we used to catch on Friday to go to tech from school, at the Nelson Technical School. And of course the five o'clock train on which the college boys and girls went to college, and the general public travelled. This was the mode of travel from Nelson to Richmond in those early days.

My grandmother spoke many times of coming to Richmond to May & Co., where the dressmaking departments operated, and her brother who had come out from Glasgow in Scotland, worked in the copper mines and he used to walk over the top of the hills and meet her at May & Co. where they got a cup. of tea, and she returned to Nelson because she could only get limited time off her work.

At the railway station of course was the Post Office, operated from there prior to 1913, when the

post office was built in Queen Street near the Power Board which has just been demolished in recent times, for the new and supposedly improved one off Croucher Street. I have found no improvement in the service. In fact one is raced around in the present post office like a sheep in a race. I never know where to go or who's available or what. It's no improvement, the service.

Having had my wee moan about the post office, perhaps we should relook at the railway area, for this was the mode of transport of the day. One must realise there were no motor vehicles. There was horse transport to Nelson of course, privately owned. We had a horse and gig and the pony Molly could make Nelson in 25 minutes, which was considered a pretty good time.

At the railway yards was a goods shed. That is a shed, a large shed, for the despatching of goods into for collection or despatch. The station master, I can remember old Mr Savage was the first station master that I recall being in Richmond, and he had

an assistant. It was quite busy.

From memory, the first train in the morning was at eight o'clock every day of the week. I think exclusive of Sunday - I would not be positive about that. Sunday was very much a day observed in those days and I don't think there was a train. There was a train, sometimes mid-morning, depending on the amount of traffic from further up country. It came around midday, sometimes one o'clock and at other times of the year it seemed to be at one thirty. A train of course going to Nelson and one up country are going at five o'clock, and on Friday nights a train came through from up country passing through Richmond at about six o'clock and this was for the Friday night shopping, returning, leaving Nelson, at ten thirty. The ten thirty - there used to be considerable debates about the time, but after the picture theatre started, this allowed the patrons to see the pictures and still catch the train. So this was the mode of transport.

The carriages were, well to us I suppose, they were de luxe models. Today they would be laughed off the rail. Although when we look at N.Z. railways in many parts of the country, they are not exactly A-1 yet. However, in N.Z. we have a very narrow gauge - a 3 foot 6 gauge - compared with many countries in the world. Therefore the seating was parallel with the carriage and there was only about a 9 inch gap from the floor to the bottom of the seat, and you'd poke under these on the way to college or tech and all the rest of the boys stamped the floor and it was quite a dusty trip and you were lucky to be able to crawl out of it alive.

We had many antics on the trains. We used to steal the coal from the back of the tender. Mr Jaffey was the train driver and Mr Morrison was usually one of the guards and we used to select this coal to throw over at the engine whilst in motion. I can't say where all the coal went everytime, perhaps that wouldn't be political.

There were boys carriages of course and the girls carriages, and carriages for the general public. We were not permitted to mix into the general public carriages as is permissible today. We were segregated the little animals had to be locked up in some way. So the train was a very important feature of our way of life.

At the time the railway was completed was also the time the Railway Hotel was built. The trains waited here long enough for dinners etc. I don't know if this always happened, but you could get hot meals at the Railway Hotel. There was a large dining room in those days and this was part of the service. The trains seemed to wait here shunting for a considerable time, depending on the amount of material arriving. Of course timber was brought in by rail, both from up country and the port. Also wheat - Crouchers used to bring their wheat and flour and pollard in that way from South and it was waggoned up Queen Street to the various places of requirement. Wilkes had wagons of timber brought up and old Jack Beach drove one timber wagon with two

horses on it and Billy Gibbs drove another timber wagon with a couple of horses. One looks back at it and they have trouble remembering who was even driving them. But Jack Beach seemed to have a lot of trouble getting past the Star & Garter as we remember it in our youth. I think the horses always needed a drink.

The mail was always carried on the trains and even after the post office built up Queen Street, the latest apprentice to the postal trade, it was his job to cycle to the train and pick up the mail and cycle back to the post office with the mail.

Back onto the train on the way to college; I did explain one antic. But there were many others. Running the Gauntlet we used to call it, from one end of the carriage to the other where you wrapped a penny in a handkerchief and if you didn't have a penny a stone was alright, with which you lashed the other one around the legs. This was a penalty, usually conducted by prefects who perhaps in modern times would respect it as real animals, and perhaps

it was an avenue which had never been tried out at all. But it was.

We called of course at the freezing works where very often the frozen meat was loaded and they used to pull the trucks out at the freezing works with a horse and shunt them onto the train there.

The college boys of course departed the train at Bishopdale and it was not unknown to stop the train getting up the Bishopdale hill, which may sound a little stretched today, but you must realise if it was a wet rail and the sand had run out this was quite possible. The boys left the train at the Bishopdale station and walked to college along Waimea Road in what was known as 'croc.' The girls went on to the Nelson station and walked up from the Nelson station to the girls college, also known as in 'croc.' The abbreviation comes of course from the word crocodile. The technical school, both boys and girls, walked right through Hardy Street. Rather interesting was going through Hardy Street where Gorman's lemonade factory used to be? talk about

sanitation and things today, but the water used to run out from the lemonade factory across the foot-path and into the channel.

Mr Harry Dent was, I understand, the last station master in Richmond and he left here around 1932/33. He was a very apt man on his feet and an instructor in the art of boxing for a number of years. He was quite a useful citizen around with the youth in the town.

Possibly a point of interest is, because Richmond had a piped water supply, the trains were quenched in Richmond. I don't know what capacity tanks that they held, but with one of these engines being rebuilt at the present time at the Founders Museum it would be interesting to find out the capacity. But these were bunkered for water. I don't ever remember them loading coal here for the simple reason that the coal had to be trucked here in the first place, and when we were leaving Nelson the back of the engines were always heaped up with coal so I guess it was bunkered from that end.

Of course the stock was carried on the train to the freezing works - lamb, cattle - and the era of the drover was drawing to a close at that time. Whilst the cattle were still driven, not many sheep were driven. I remember loading dogs onto the train in little dog boxes, down the side of the carriage they were - all down the side of the guards van. We once sent some dogs through to Glenhope and they were picked up there by Billy Ray who had just purchased the Redhill Station. He went on to Westport and drove cattle through to the Redhills and the Rainbow Station, and was away something like a month when one of the dogs arrived home, much to us little kids jubilation. My father looked a bit sad about it. However, Mr Ray arrived up a few days later and he sent to him 'well, Scots there Billy? you'd better take him with you.'<sup>1</sup> And he looked at him and he said, 'no, if I do that I'll only break his heart. Whilst I had work for him he worked, but he doesn't believe in sitting around and I shan't take him away.'

There were many many horses brought through from Canterbury through the Molesworth and the Redhills area. These were loaded on the trains at Glenhope and released at various stations along the road and I can remember them being released at Appleby and these horses were driven from the station to our farm, straight up the road. They were not bridled, groomed or anything; unbroken, and they arrived pretty mad and pretty wild. Some of them anyway as I recall. This was the means of getting them from point A to point B. Of course the horses were used in the coaching, private gigs, grocers carts, bakers carts - they were all horses. That was the mode of travel of the day.

One often wonders today what the sparrows have for breakfast- Through filling up the horse and the gig of the day, horses were well-fed and they were fed on oats and other corns and there was always enough passed through the body of the horse for the sparrows to get their breakfast, and a steamy hot warm one it was. This is something that the youth of today will never see.

They won't see the horse and the bakers cart and the steam coming out the side of the bakers cart, and that magnificent odour of fresh bread. The bread I get at the supermarket looks as if it was made a fortnight ago, and tastes as bad also. But these are things that perhaps belong to a past era, and in ones youth the smell of fresh bread is really magnificent, whereas when you get a bit older; perhaps we got used to it.

Horses were used in grocers carts and all deliveries - the coal was driven that way, wood and coal merchants and so forth, right round.

There was quite a lot of horse training being done at that time. They used to train them in their sulkies up and down Queen Street, for no horse training was done at the Showgrounds at those times. Possibly due to matters of opinion, but there is a lot of horse training going on there today and that is perhaps it's right place. Of course we must realise the traffic in Queen Street was vastly different from today.

The Ottersen gums - there are still two of them there today and this is on the boundary of the showgrounds. There are many stories told of the Ottersen gums but this is the showgrounds shared with the A & P Association, the Jockey and Trotting Clubs. This is a portion of the original McCrae farm and the homestead of course is the Salisbury School for Girls, where it was, and the stack yards were quite a site in the early days. They were surrounded with gum trees. They have all been destroyed today. It was a square of gum trees and that was the stack yards and the threshing mills worked there a lot of the time in the winter. We didn't have headers. The grain was stacked six weeks in the stack to pass through the sweat, and then the threshing mills came in and the grain was threshed and the chaff was cut.

However, on the showgrounds, one grandstand was destroyed and the brick grandstand that is there today was there at the close of world war I and the Peace Celebrations were celebrated in those grounds. The parade down Queen Street is rather interesting

The Peace Celebrations were postponed for a time because of the epidemic that was world-wide and it swept N.Z. the same as it did other countries. So the Peace Celebrations had been postponed for a period of time. During the epidemic the showgrounds were set up as a hospital. It's rather interesting with the showgrounds as public use was made of it over many years - camps for territorials, mounted rifles and the drill hall, affectionately known now as Birch hall. The hospital was set up there. This was in my very early youth. I had an uncle die at this time of the plague and I think perhaps that is why it stays in my mind so rigidly.

I'm not sure of the matron of the home or the doctors of the day - there was Dr. Barr. Of course Dr. Peerless operated in Richmond later on after Dr. Washbourn, but he was at WWI and I don't think he'd returned at this stage.

The Peace Celebrations paraded down Queen Street - the motorcycles and sidecars, the motor vehicles, horse-drawn vehicles and the steam engine

took the school children down, in tandem I should think you'd call it, where it was the wagons that were pulled behind steam engines with heavy loads to relieve horses and the school children were taken down in that. I can well remember the metal wheels crunching over the gravel on the way down. The day was a day of celebration and sporting events - tug-of-war and all manner of things went on. But my early memory is of being on the top seat of the grandstand and climbing on a rail and falling off it and meeting the next seat very suddenly and piercing my tongue with my front teeth; and I sort of remember that was Peace Celebrations. There wasn't much peace around me I can assure you.

The brick grandstand previously mentioned was the second grandstand on that site. Built after the previous wooden grandstand was destroyed by fire. Mr W. R. May and several others on the A & P, Johnny Glen and co. set about to do this, and I understand that W. R. May raised the necessary capital and lent the money to the association for its completion. I have heard that this was in the vicinity

of 15,000. It is a very well-built grandstand and has stood us well over the years. There is a history being completed on the A & P Association at the present time by Dick Sowman and I guess that he'll have all this information on the various minute books so I won't go too deeply into it.

Up Queen Street towards the hills you pass Rossover, the home which is a very fascinating building with a slate roof. Reggie Prowse lived here at one stage and then it was owned by Ernie Norris and it's just changed hands in the last few weeks. It is a building which the Historic Places Trust have looked at and are interested in its preservation; and I think the idea is to give it a grading and they'll leave the information, at that.

Then one turned into Gladstone Road to the saleyards. These were on a two acre site from the Railway Hotel through, and joined Mrs Crabtree's property as I knew it, although it was previously Johnny Glens. Just as a matter of interest, the gardening shed at Mrs Crabtrees was the judges box

from the race track. It was a circular box which she used for a tool shed for many years and rather fascinated me as a youth that it had a slide in it that you let down of course that was similar to a totaliser window and it intrigued us quite considerably. But that was just a matter of interest.

The stock yards were here and this is where the stock sales were held - similar yards to Brightwater, in fact it did become part of the same company. Stock was railed to Richmond and they were driven from the station to the yards and also despatched that way and there were many many stories and much bad language, and much sweat and tears and anguish between the sale yards and the railway yards with stock coming and going.

There was no motor traffic as we know it today. How simple it is today, although the truck drivers don't see anything much of it at times either. The stock sales were held fortnightly, bar for the ewe fairs and the ram fairs which were held more often. I well remember in the 40\*s buying stock at the  
in the yards and driving them up

Queen Street to Hill Street.

This may sound a little confusing today, but we were rung up one night in the trow in the Star & Garter Hotel. Sheep can smell water at a long distance and they usually swept into the Star & Garter. They got a drink of water, and I'm not going to tell you what I drank, but there were some hot days.

It's very interesting to think that only 40 years on, one would be horrified at bringing stock through Queen Street today; although never forgetting the stock has the right of way. We usually drove stock to the yards down Oxford Street from the farm here, and I have actually driven ewes and lambs from up here in Hill Street and grazed the Jubilee Park. Rather interesting that this wouldn't go on today, one would be quite horrified; but the grass had got away and mowers were not as prevalent as they are today and I drove ewes and lambs down and grazed Jubilee Park.

I also one winter, when the development of McGlashen Avenue was going on, I drove stock down and grazed the area where the houses are today from the RSA hall up to Croucher Street. I had stock there on both sides of the road for I suppose a month or more and I should think that was probably some of the last stock in quantity that was ever grazed in those areas.

A few further points about lower Beach Road which I think should be recorded. Visualise yourself at the sea shore and I did explain Harts Reserve; well the early pioneers were great enterprisers, and land was procured was Slanders and Co. at the bottom end of Beach Road. This was a firm of merchants and they were taken over by Levin & Co., or purchased by Levin & Co. in the early 80\*s. Also in that area J. H. Cock & Co. had land which is surveyed into the mudflat. Johnny Glen was the proprietor of a piece of land which he willed to Mrs Crabtree and the Borough Council bought this three acres from Mrs Crabtree for the sum of 5, if my memory is accurate. This is recorded in the

minute book.

Also as a matter of interest the night soil burial grounds were in this area just to the show-grounds side of the present tanks, and the night soil contractor whilst digging there to bury his wares of the night's collection, dug up a pewter mug which was engraved Sclanders and Co. The contractor of the time was Mr Bill Deer. I don't know what happened to the mug but I think that Bill felt that he had earned it, and it fell into his possession; but where it is today would be rather an interesting study. A pewter mug with a glass bottom which had lain there for many many years. So apparently they had picnics or something of this nature.

The shipping for the time, and the population, would be quite considerable. Barnicoat and Thompson came in that way from Nelson on the ships boats to commence their surveying. They landed there and cut the lines through, which is Beach Road today, known as the "Toot Line." I don't know whether this indicates whether they did actually cut through toot,

but it was known as the "Toot Line" up until it was named Gladstone Road many years later. The shipping from Nelson - the channel was physically dug-in at one stage because of the silting up, but most materials came in that way with no road to Nelson, and when the road did get through to Nelson it went over the hill. There was no port road at those times and Richmond took a share in the loan that was raised - a sum of 500 towards the building of Rocks Road, and Rocks Road was built with prison labour. This is a story which has well-recorded the loan over the years. I think the total job was 2,000, and it was built mainly with prison labour.

I have read in newspapers of the bygone era, where the compass setting from Richmond out through the blind channel was Nor Nor East. These were small cutters and the like. The Jane would undoubtedly be one of those smaller vessels that came in and out with the goods of the day.

Later on scows were used to bring timber in that way from across Golden Bay and also from south.

The Croucher's mills were supplied with wheat in that manner, where the harder grain came from Canterbury to mix with the local wheat in the milling procedure which Mr Bert Croucher tried to explain to me one day in my youth. To me wheat was wheat, and you fed the fowls with it. But he used grain and he was mixing this harder grain with a soft local wheat to produce a better flour.

Croucher's had, what was thought at the time, a very modern mill. The one that I know, for the previous mill had been burnt down and out of the ashes came the new mill which Mr Croucher named Phoenix flour, for this gets back to the latin of the coming out of the fire. It was very interesting after school to put in some time with Mr Croucher and Mr Bruce Holland worked there, Jack Brock at times. Allport, and many other people that I recall in the mill. What intrigued me was on the upper floor, the wheat firstly was taken to the top floor and so it was ground and he had roller mills, which in those times was considered quite modern when this went in. For previous to that it was ground

like the oatmeal was ground, which they still produced with the surplus stones, one on top of the other revolving, and so they produced the oatmeal. So the rolled oats came, and that was through the roller mills, and the wheat went through these roller mills and finished up in the screening process through what they called the silks. And so that the flour passed through silk, and that's how fine it was. You couldn't quite see through the air for the dust of the flour.

I still recall that we had tons in those days and not tonnes. A ton of wheat produces a ton of flour, two sacks of pollard and two sacks of bran. The bran of course is the husk off the grain and the pollard as we knew it then was the roughage. But that was what was produced.

A farmer in the district could bring his wheat into the mill, have it milled, and then collect his own produce. I suppose it was a time of self-sufficiency. You also brought your oats in and you had them as rolled oats or oatmeal. The Croucher story is a very considerable one. They also had the

barley of course where they generated their own yeast in the yeast house, which was there until very recent times. But this was a period when the DYC yeast came in, dried yeast, they even themselves went off to use DYC yeast to bake their bread.

You may have wondered about the getting of the wheat to the top floor to commence milling procedures. On the front of the building they had a sliding rail arrangement that went to the top floor, and also inside the building where the wheat was taken up on a chain, an endless chain to the upper floors, and of course some of these floors there was very considerable storage of grain. On the front hoist of the building which did go to the top floor, but from any floor within the mill you could run onto a wire their own flour and baking requirements, which went on an aerial cable to the bakehouse. This saved all the man-handling of goods.

The flour went through the various processes and was automatically bagged on the ground floor just by the door. When I say automatic, it's not as auto-

matic as it is today, but it was automatic to us. They produced 25lb. bags, 50lb. bags, 100lb. bags, and of course the chaff sack which was known as the single blue striper, which had 200lb. of flour in it. The 100lb. bag was always a linen bag and many, many homes were graced in the province with a linen tablecloth for the flourbag was turned into the tablecloth. In fact there's still one in our cupboard. It was tremendous linen. The reason for it being linen of course was the increased weight and to stand the pressure. The 50lb. bag was a rather heavier cloth than the 25lb. bag. These were filled automatically and the machine cut off at the required weight, and they were sewn up by hand. Mr Bert Croucher was very apt with the needle and exceedingly fast. He used to intrigue me at the speed, efficiency and accuracy he possessed. He would have made a great darner.

The mill in my time was powered by a gas engine. The gas as I recall it came from the coal-gas, but not as the coal in the gasworks. The gas engine revolved about 10 times for one bang and when

it banged, you heard it all over Richmond. Everybody knew when the mill was running and the exhaust pipe was well down the paddocks. It would be about where the Richmond Mall car park is today, and it was a favourite afternoon prank to go up there with the football and put it over the hole and when the bang came we would catch the ball. It came out automatically but you had to retrieve the ball.

These are some of the antics that went on after school. The hedges were marvellous for birds nesting. I learnt there how to ring a birds neck and it was no trouble at all! I don't suppose it still is but I haven't exercised my skill for quite a while. Birds of all kind were very prevalent in the hedges. These concerned the grain growers of the province. Means of communication were not as they are today so the grain was grown locally and the farmers of the province paid a sum of money to the Borough Council, and the Borough Council bought birds eggs and birds heads. These were sold in the borough yards every Friday afternoon after school. You got one penny a dozen for birds eggs if it was a

prolific season and you got twopence a dozen heads. This was big money to us. You got a big poke of lollies for a penny, in fact you could get a poke of lollies for a halfpenny.

These were bought by the Town Clerk. Town Clerks over the years have done many jobs and one was - there was a hole in the back yard behind the borough councils of the day which were in Queen Street then, behind where the Power Board is today. Mr E. J. Thomas had a hole there and he endeavoured to break the eggs as we sold them to him, but we ensured that every egg that he didn't get broken when he bought them, we retrieved about half an hour later or as soon as he had gone back to his office. But it was a way that we got pocket money.

One in their later life sometimes hears of the birds that are dying out and the birds we haven't got and the birds we should have, and I sometimes think of the, literally thousands that were destroyed. But at least we had the grain to eat. As I say to the pigeons on my apricot trees today, 'I don't know

mate. Are you going to eat, or am I going to eat?'

Because he takes the buds off the tree, he then takes the little green apricots and then he comes back again when they're ripe and decides who's going to have the last one. But that was the attitude of the time.

X'Je had to eat.

Of course boys being boys we were always interested in the number of eggs and even heads, that the Town Clerk had not broken. Phil Baker, Rod Harris and Morrie Fowler and Jack McFarlane and any others that were with us used to deposit ourselves over the fence in Bakers, which was a thick barberry hedge with about a 2" prickle on it. And you drew lots as to who was going to crawl back through the hedge, and sneak over the hole and retrieve as many eggs and heads as we possibly could that Mr Thomas had already paid us for. But of course in our youth we never thought that Mr Thomas knew anything about this, but as I knew him in later life and having grown up a bit ourselves, I guess he did and maybe he looked up and had many a grin at us and thought 'I'll smash them all up next week, the young devils, they won't

get away with them!'

If we could switch our minds back to Croucher<sup>1</sup> **S,**  
 you must realise that Croucher<sup>1</sup>s was a large farm.  
 All around Florence Street, D'arcy Street, right  
 through that area, well virtually to the sea, was  
 Croucher's farm. It had been divided off when the  
 railway line went through it. They milked cows,  
 delivering milk to the Appleby factory, on the corner  
 of McShanes Road and the main Appleby Road. The  
 factory is still standing there. It may have gone  
 to May & Co's, creamery before that - it possibly  
 did because of the transport. The whey was brought  
 back to the pigs, and I remember about 40 or 50 pigs  
 in those areas - sows and young and so forth. I  
 remember three of us one night were hounded out of  
 it by Jack Brock and somebody else, that we weren't  
 allowed near the pigsty's. Of course in later life  
 I realised what they were doing. It was time for the  
 young boars to be made barrows, and we as young boys  
 were not supposed to understand anything about this,  
 so we were hounded off out of it.

The waste from the mill. We didn't have ecological societies and pollution experts in those days and there was considerable waste from the mill. They kept fowls, ducks and there was the odd turkey. It was a farm really. Quite a museum of birds. It was rather interesting - I mentioned about the football and the exhaust pipe from the engine and it was not unknown for a young cockerel to be placed in tail first; so that when the engine went bang, the bird shot out with much squawking, and the feathers flying everywhere, and he could fire down the paddock at anything up to 60 yards. Mr Day would propell him down to where Talbot Street is today. When driving up it today your mind goes back a bit and you've got to think really where you are, and of the things that have gone on on the same piece of soil.

The mill of course has long since gone. But it's rather interesting in the Croucher story, which I have no intention of going into, these are just reminiscences; but the bakehouse, there were seven ovens in the bakehouse, I'm not sure of the capacity of each oven, but there were three bakers on and a

lot of bread was produced. These ovens are still here today. They're inside the shop that Morrie Charles built, and he built over the ovens, and if you go into that shop you go up about five steps on to the top of the ovens, which are still underneath it. So that maybe in a hundred years or so when the shop is removed, Croucher's ovens will see the light of day.

Bread was delivered as I've mentioned before with horses. My mother recalled many many occurrences. He boarded with Mrs Hartshorne, directly opposite Croucher's shop in Richmond, in the house that Jim Frazer was in in recent years. They ran a type of boarding house also. He and Fred Stone, a deceased taxi driver of Nelson who lived in Incubator Lane, had a very large family there. They were the Nelson carts as they called them. When father was married he was relieved on the bread cart, I think by Bert Newport, who later became a grocer in upper Queen Street. And they said 'well what houses do I call on?' And the simple answer is 'well, you drive straight to Saxton's Road, and you serve every house you see right

around the Port and you'll have dinner with me at the Wakatu Hotel.<sup>1</sup> So it gives you some idea of the number of houses in Stoke. It was a real true rural area, and was so until after WWII. I remember since I came back from the war, the stooking of the grain, wheat and oats in the Marsden Estate alongside Isel House. As a matter of interest father served Isel House which was Marsden's of course, and he was supposed to drive up the road and come across the paddocks into the back of Isel House, through the present playing fields. But if you could get away with it, if Mr Marsden was on an overseas trip or away, he of course went in the main red gates as we know them today because it was much shorter and he didn't have to push his horse so far. But Mr Marsden at times looked out for him and the horse dropped his trade-mark up the drive and Mr Marsden was very rigid and said, 'you dare come in there and I'll sack you and I'll report this to Mr Croucher.' Which he did. But the two stories got together because the two drivers when they'd left the bakehouse of a morning, they were having races as far as Champion Road. The horses of course were being prepared for the show ring which they drove in the

shows, and the carts of course were the most recent painted ones, undoubtedly by Papps<sup>1</sup> wheelwrights; and these were presented as an advertising campaign for Croucher's bread. The horses were highly fed and they used to actually race the horses from Croucher's bakery to Champion Road, for that's where Fred Stone turned up at the hills for the Lusty's etc.

However, Mr Croucher who travelled in a four-wheeled phaeton - there are many photographs of the old gentleman in this - and he wasn't born exactly yesterday. He picked that this was going on and sent for them to appear. Coming into the office he just looked at them and said, 'McGlashen, Stone. X train horses for the show ring. I expect them spotless. I expect them groomed. I expect them well-fed and I never expect them to race! Don't race them again or you'll be out.' So that ended the racing that used to go on. Well their story was it ended the racing that went on, but I guess it continued.

My father had a lot of respect for J. M- Croucher. He paid a commission of 6d in 1 on new customer bread.

If you got a new customer and he bought one pounds worth of bread, well you got sixpence commission, 2%% commission. He also paid that commission on the sacks you returned. Of course all flour and wheat and everything was in chaff sacks, and chaff sacks were one shilling each; and if you returned the sacks you got commission on them.

So father in his pride and joy in selling this bread could knock up some money out of it. For he worked there for 2-5-0 a week starting at five in the morning and he often didn't finish at night until 9.30 or ten o'clock. With a bride waiting for him at Richmonds in the cliffs at the Port, he saw an opportunity of extra here and he visited the Pier Hotel and the Tasman Hotel, all around the Port, and was able to sell extra bread. Mr Croucher undoubtedly noted this when he was coming out of the Pier Hotel one morning and the old gentleman pulled up in his horse and phaeton and he had a foot that was always dragging on the ground - it was only there for show, he never used it - and he said, 'McGlashen, I'm not keen on you selling bread to hotels.' Father said to him.

'But Mr Croucher, you pay me a commission to sell as much bread as I can.' 'I'm still not keen,<sup>1</sup> he said, 'and I'll still pay you commission, but you don't have to sell them the bread.' That was one of his attitudes.

It was through selling this bread that my father met my mother. She was one of the maids in Richmonds in the Port. Of course this is related to the Richmond Brook history in Marlborough; and were duly married from there. She had a great respect for Mr and Mrs Richmond over those years.

Perhaps while we are in this area near Croucher's we should have a few thoughts on the Star & Garter Hotel. This is a building that was put there, built in the earliest of times by Mr Snow, who it is reputed named Richmond of course, and he named his hostelry which was a boarding house, accommodation equivalent to the time of those days, for the simple reason it is not quite as you see it today. This is perhaps the hub of Richmond in those times. The council meetings met there; the first lodges met there, and every protest meeting that was required around the

town. I don't mean protests here in the sense that we know a protest today, but if there were any matters to be ironed out, these were usually done in the tap room at the Star & Garter. And many, many other stories - the fire brigade was actually formed in this area. The Star & Garter stood back from the road with a circular drive and a drinking trough and there would be eight, nine or ten ngaio trees in front; they were large and they were there until the hotel was destroyed by fire, but while they were there they provided great shelter. Around the Star were very large boulders which, depending on the care the publican took of his premises, were kept white-washed. They were quite a feature of the town.

Some of the personnel around the hotel could have many stories written about them. In my early years I remember the Bowers' were at the hotel, and Mr Bowers senior was the choirmaster at the Church of England. I was always greatly amused because on the back wheel of his bicycle he had the axle protruding; this he stood on and lept over the seat

in that manner. From the church it was noted that the vicar's bicycle was sometimes at the Star and Garter, and he was put on the mat - shall we say - for such happenings. However of course he had omitted to say why he went. The following Sunday there was no choir and there were no hymns, for the simple reason that things hadn't happened during the week. So again he was called into the vestry, and asked now what about this, what's going on? His reply simply was 'Well you told me not to go to the Star and Garter. Mr Bowers and I choose the hymns, every week, there, and that's why my bicycle is there.' So henceforth of course his bicycle was back at the Star and Garter, and I take it that the hymns proceeded as usual up at the Church of England.

The Bowers boys, Dick and Fred: Some of there offspring still live in Richmond - Mrs. Bill Wilkes is one of the daughters, and one of the sons is in Nelson. They were pretty good pranksters, and there were a few pranksters around Richmond, one way and another - the Coleman brothers, and the Bowers were not far behind any of them. Once I remember where -

I think it was Dick Bowers had ridden across from Motueka to play rugby for the Waimea club, and went to Nelson for the game of rugby and on the Sunday afternoon was due to depart. So he couldn't find his horse, which was a black one. So he said to Fred 'Have you seen my horse?'<sup>1</sup> And of course Fred would never have seen his horse, that would be the last thing he'd see. In between times Fred and some other pranksters from the hotel had been out and decorated the horse with lime-wash, and instead of there being a black horse, there was a piebald one which Dick would not claim as his horse, and he returned to Motueka on Newman's car. And the horse was quite a sorry sight for several weeks until he recovered from the ordeal he'd been through.

They got up to many pranks there. There was one told on old Jack Schroeder who was a frequent visitor at the Star & Garter of course. He was a bit of a character around the town, and anything for a free beer. So they'd had a party. The Woods boys were in it and Lorry Coleman. This was held down in Coleman's furniture shop which was alongside of Tuffnell'

in Queen Street where the Power Board offices are today. It was quite convenient for the cooked ham to disappear out of the cupboard - nothing unusual about this- For instance the same party - that's the night they got down on the sack of oysters from Guss Falconbridge's. After he retired from the Police Force he became a fisherman around town and he had a sack of oysters and they relieved this off the side of his van which sat on the wing board of his Model T Ford and they took the sack of oysters, invited Guss down to have a few oysters with the ham, and of course when he goes out to his delivery the next day the oysters were gone, but he couldn't very well go crook about it because he'd helped to eat them. The same happened to the ham.

However, Mrs Bower said to her two sons, 'do you know anything about a ham which has disappeared out of the cupboard?' 'Oh, no, no no. I don't know anything about that Mum. No not a clue.<sup>1</sup> And who should appear at the bar entrance but poor old Jack Schroeder and they said, 'that's it Mum. Jack Schroeder will have taken that.' And of course one

busies Jack to say that he took the ham, and he'd be kept in beer for a week. These are some of the pranks that went on. I'm never too sure whether Mrs Bower realised what happened to the ham or anything else, but pranks went on and the ham of course in those days was merely one of the hindlegs on a pig, which were not very expensive after all.

I remember Mr Perce Harford there and he had a son Cyril who played a lot of sport, and Mr Harford was a very, very respected gentleman. Perhaps we look at hotels in a different light today, but it was a means of a living and he kept a great house. I

I remember a pig getting out from home one morning early, and I took off after this small weaner pig and it crossed Queen Street and disappeared down the side of the Star & Garter, and I took to my skaters and Cyril came running with me and we caught him down the back paddocks. You could hear him all over Richmond of course, squealing and hollering, but it was one of those things and we always enjoyed being with Mr Harford and speaking with him.

The hotel of course was right opposite the blacksmiths shop and wheelwright shop, and the blacksmiths shop was possibly like a garage is today. And yet in a blacksmiths shop there is the casting of the metal and the pounding of it on the anvil and the smell of the hot metal going on the horses hooves which is a very pungent smell. It was always warm in Winter and it was a delight to go up and work the bellows for the various smithy's on the jobs at various times. We learnt much of shoeing horses and how to hold their feet and one thing and another.

However, this of-course brought many customers to the hotel whilst the horses were getting shod on wet days. It was a very enjoyable afternoon in the Star & Garter with a fire going and many reminiscences were told of what were going on in the province and district.

One of these I remember, an old gentleman I had a lot of respect for - it was old Mr Lankow from Hope. He would come to Richmond in their later life and left Mrs Lankow at our shop on the corner of

Queen Street and Cambridge Street, and she did the shopping for the month. It was their only outing of the month. He went up to get the horse shod and bought a packet of Guinea Gold cigarettes which were four pence, and away he went up to get the horse shod, leaving the horse with the blacksmith and across into the Star & Garter where he replenished his thirst for the whole month. But he was a very delightful old gentleman and he would come back to the shop and Mrs Lankow would be patiently awaiting. He put their goods in their carriage and away they went. It was a phaeton really, and away they went having had a delightful day.

A policeman was very busy in the hotel one night trying to get it closed down with six o'clock closing. Of course you must realise there had been 10 o'clock closing and they curbed this back during WWI. It was quite a lot of trouble to get people to go home at six o'clock. But Gus Falconbridge was the policeman and he was a big man, he'd be all of six foot four or five. He had been in one of the Queens Guards - I'm not quite positive whether it was

the Grenadiers - but he was a great horseman and they used to run a horse with Miss Richardson at one stage. Gus got into an argument in the bar and the easiest method for putting that bloke out of the bar, was just to lift him under the jaw which he did, and lifted him right through the window out onto the footpath.

Now the Police Department took a very dim view of this and it wasn't long after that Gus became a fisherman. He returned to Richmond, oh some 20 years ago I suppose and I was speaking with him and his sister still lived, in the town. She was Mrs Frazer. Some of those times he was quite a delight to talk with, but a very well-proportioned big man and he could certainly use himself.

Another interesting one at the Star & Garter which happened personally. Of course six o'clock closing and the law is only there to be broken, or we thought so in our youth, and we look at the pubs in a different light today. But this was after WWII and my father was very sick at the time and mother rang the shop and said would I get half a bottle of

brandy and bring it home. So I set off across to the Star & Garter and the publican of the day was Dick Alexander. I knocked Dick up and we went through to the bar and got the half bottle of brandy. I didn't have a drink or anything and went straight off home. The following morning, Harry O'Neil who was the policeman of the day came into the shop and he was very Irish and he said, 'No go straight home last night?' And I said 'Yes, I did you know.' And he said, 'No, no. I could have grabbed you. I was behind the curtain in the hall.' So he was keeping his eye on me, unbeknown to anyone else.

Mr O'Neil kept his eye on all the youth in the town over a number of years and I think he is worthy of more discussion later, but we don't want to stray too far from the Star & Garter.

The Star & Garter over the many years had given food, shelter and warmth to a great number of people. There were various fires in it and various extensions. The original tap room stayed over the years. I remember the front verandah going on -

well, it's not there at all now is it - but the front verandah was put on. Before that it was a very gaunt building in appearance. I'm not sure how the final fire started, I don't know that anybody really found out, but it was a Saturday night and we were at the pictures in the Town Hall and the fire siren went. I think we had a siren at that time - yes, we did, because we'd had fire bells up until that stage. The Star & Garter was on fire. Well this was a bit of a tragedy. They safely saved intact the bar, which I thought was extremely important from the firemans point of view. The upstairs of the building had about 18" of water in it and the floor was sagging right down and the owner of the hotel. Nelson Breweries, Autey Harley, arrived next morning and he looked at it and said, 'well. I'll compliment you on the fire brigade, but I've got an awful mess to clean up. It would have been better if you'd let her burn. But however, it was demolished and the bar portion of the hotel stood for yet a considerable time whilst the plans for the new one which is there today were brought out

and we put in from the council point of view, I was a councillor at the time, we put in a lot of time with Autey who was Mayor of Nelson, trying to persuade him to go back or stay back on the line of the original building; as this broke the straight through appearance of the street and as time has proceeded, how valuable it would be today for that corner to be back where it used to be. However this was costing him money he reckoned and he was rather keen to have three shops in the hotel to frontage to the street. It was in his opinion, the economics of it, there was not enough business to run a hotel, other than letting those shops. So it was built with the shops to the street. It was rather strange because I think from memory the contract price to build it was 13,000. About 10 years later the same owner widened the building six feet into Croucher Street, which used to be a grass strip, and he widened it there which cost him more money to widen than to build the original building. So I guess that we had economics, so the Star & Garter was opened and re-opened a new building on the original site which is possibly the only, or one of the very few hotels today on their original site.

Just as a matter of interest - that when the cellars were dug in the Star & Garter, these were moved to the tip head. It is a solid, beautiful blue pug clay. I have fired pots from it and they fire brown. The clay is sea blue to look at. It's very, very pretty in its natural form.

There are considerably more stories on the Star & Garter and its history. With reference to the six o'clock closing, the escape of them and various police that laboured so diligently endeavouring to keep everybody in order which I think we could record in a separate article, possibly on people and men around the town, identities of those times.

If we come back across Queen Street again to the blacksmiths shop. I perhaps didn't go fully into this yesterday, and there are one or two points I would like to make. The blacksmiths shop where the horses went in fronted right onto the footpath. The wheelwright -shop where the building of wagons and expresses etc. was done, were back from the road and the relationship between that and the hotel of course

can be reasonably understood. Draught horses of course were the creature of the time - both for waggoning and many farm horses were shod also, so that in wet weather during winter there were many, many horses milling around this area. I guess from the farmers point of view it was a good escape on a wet day. I won't go into what his reasonable excuses would be when he got home very late - of course the blacksmith hadn't been working hard enough.

But I remember three smithy's working diligently at that time of the year. Each with their respective forge and the bellows were of interest here. One type of bellows is the leather bag which is pulled from overhead in an up and down motion and I can visualise the blacksmith of the day, Tom Goodman being one, who could lean on the bellows like that. His pipe would be going and he'd have his hammer in his hand awaiting the temperature of the metal. With the forced air of course this temperature raised very rapidly with the coal and coke putting in and the coals after the shoe had been fitted, the tempering was done in the coals which is a very interesting

endeavour really, to get those tempered again, after they'd been burned into the horses hoof, the pungent smell of the blacksmith's shop and the plunging of the hot metal into the water to cool the shoe in the tempering procedure. It was then buried in the warm coals on the side of the fire itself. The ring of the anvil; it has been reported on many occasions of course, that a blacksmith is supposed to be able to lift his anvil. X don't know that many ever have, but I was present in the lifting of one anvil. I was returning from Westport, and whilst we were at Inangahua hotel there was an anvil discovered on the side of the road, undoubtedly a Ministry of Works one, a layover from the building of the railways and such - that's where the old smithy worked. However we had a blacksmith with us - who is still very mobile in the Borough of Richmond. We persuaded him that he should be able to lift this anvil. He had done some weight lifting. And he did lift the anvil. So seeing that he could lift the anvil we put it in one of the cars that were with, us; belonging to a very prominent citizen also in the Borough today. He came home with the anvil

in the boot of the car, and of course the car wasn't pulling very good all the next week and he couldn't figure this out. The anvil weighed something like three hundred weight. So on having a look on hearing he had a blacksmith's anvil in the boot, he had to go down to the blacksmith who put it in there and get his lifting gear to lift it out of the boot without damaging the vehicle. Just one of those things that does go on; life changes all the time.

Back to the blacksmith's shop? the wheelwright are made from timber; the spokes are cut by hand. The central hub of course of course is chiseled out from hardwood. Usually the spokes were made from hickory although there were other timbers used, although not a great lot of New Zealand timbers used, of which I'm aware. The outer rim of a wagon wheel and an express, and also a spring cart, were metal, a metal tyre on the outside of the timber. And these are sweated on and the method of sweating them on is rather intriguing. A rather large fire is lit on a huge plate, a circular plate. It would be something like an inch and a half in

thickness, from memory. The centre portion was with a hole through it so that the hub of the wheel sat in this hole to have everything central, and so the wheels were rolled out, laid on this ready for the rim to be attached. The method of attaching the rim is that a fire was lit from wood, on the metal plate, and so that you swelled the metal which became red-hot, and the rim was then lifted with long tongs so as to sweep the fire off this plate. The wheel would be placed on and the rim lifted over the top, so it burned its way into the timber and fitted tightly. Once the wheelwright had decided that this was as it ought to be, he checked this running around it. He had his leather apron on and this used to flap backwards and forwards. He'd brush his hands off with the hot coals. The water then was played onto the metal, and so you got the shrinking or contraction of metal, which was what held that rim on. In some instances a hole was also drilled in the wheel at the joints of the various timbers. I think this was mainly to keep the timber straight, within the wheel, and not so much to hold the rim on. That was the procedure.

Once this was watered down so it went on to the cart or wagon.

The keeping of spring carts and that was like it is keeping a vehicle today. We polish them; that is sometimes. But you like your vehicle to be reasonably clean and tidy, and so the business carts, the bread carts and delivery carts, were kept in very high class order. The same as the harness on the horse. These had to be greased with neatsfoot oil and that. It was ususally done on a Friday. These carts were highly painted. A gloss finish, undoubtedly an oil paint, and it was very interesting to watch this painting procedure which took several days in the drying and had to be kept away from the dust which was quite a difficulty. I've watched Harry Papps outlining the edges in almost pencil-thin line, with long strands of what appeared to be tow, the fibre from flax. He'd use about three of these, draw them through the paint, lift it onto the side of the cart and draw it right along so that he had plenty of paint on his brush if it may be called that.

So these vehicles were kept in pretty good order right through, and the same as today that we have our cars checked and so forth. The harness also, never forgetting the saddler was in the street; there were two saddlers. Dude Fivan was one and there's a long story about his tombstone and how it arrived at the cemetery; that was much later. But the harness was kept in very good order. The bright silver buckles and the blinkers on the horse, with its decorative brass and silver. We had much pride with the gig. The pony and the gig had a silver bit; these were I guess quite costly compared with the normal bit that was used for a workhorse. But the silver bit was prided amongst the horse owners.

Horse carts, phaetons, expresses, well I remember the coaches being - I don't remember the coaches running actually - but I remember coaches being at Pappses. I've sat in them many times, and the wheels were being scavaged - is that the word? onto other vehicles, and coaches of the day were used as expresses and so forth, as the horse era

began to disappear.

Also at the blacksmith's of course it wasn't only shoeing that went on, but this was where harrows were made, all gate hinges were made; if you had a tyre off a cart you could take this down to the blacksmith and he would turn it into gate hinges for you, making the gudgeons from other metal. You had the hinge straps made much cheaper if you provided your own metal. But of course when you turned the metal around for the strap to fit on the gudgeon, the metal there is not square; it has been rounded off with use, and the strap only fits on the gudgeon in the centre of the strap, which in later life was not considered efficient. Of course this re-tempered the metal. Metal as it ages crystallizes, but the firing and the retempering of these softer metals overcame this. So everything was made at the blacksmith's in metal. One must realise that we didn't have electric welding, and while gas welding had started to come in then, in the foundrys, but the blacksmith did the welding with the heat and with his hammer on his anvil. Many things were

lengthened, so the blacksmith did what he called a sweat weld, and this was done with even the main driveshaft of a propellor in a ship. The story is told in the Anchor company of how this was done.

These are arts that have gone by the way. The old blacksmith's vice on his bench went right through to the ground and I've still got one of these which is welded in the centre to extend the rod. They're things that will I suppose pass with the passing of the times.

Carts of various sizes, shapes and kinds were made. One that W. R. May used in the bacon factory was always intriguing when you saw it going up the road, for you realise the spring cart wheel was five feet, maybe some of them would be six feet in diameter. And this kept the cart at a high level on the axle. So to load pigs which is a very intriguing job - I don't know if anybody has loaded many - but especially if it's one pig or two pigs. Round the borough most people milked a cow in those days, maybe two, and they kept the family pig

for producing bacon. And May and company would come and collect your pig, and cure the bacon. Many had it done this way, and many cured their own bacon, both dry and sugar cured bacon - which is almost unheard of today, and the delicious smell of a morning. This is round the farms. It was quite a day the pig killing day. And the brawns and such that were made after this. Well I remember them. However back to the cart.

This axle left the wheel and came almost to the ground. The whole cart would be about a foot off the ground at deck level. Now the reason for this was that where you had to pick up individual pigs, this cart was backed up to the pig sty, although some would be running free-range - is that the term? - and the pig, you would only have to pick his foot up and that eight or nine inches to walk into the cart. And the cart would go down the road with three, four or five pigs in it, right at ground level. Rather intriguing; you looked over the side and the pig would have his nose up going 'oink, oink, oink!' This was the method of shifting them round without

lifting them.

It's rather interesting. I did speak of one set of bellows that were in the blacksmiths shop. There were actually three. There was the leather bellows that opened and closed almost at shoulder level and then there were circular bellows which undoubtedly were a fly wheel, the same as we use today. This was turned round and round counter-balance and we could get a real hum out of this one as a kid. There was also a pair for more delicate tempering, there was a pair of foot bellows which was just worked with one foot.

Many things of course went on at the blacksmiths shop. This is where they replenished the farmers with their machinery, such as harrows - they actually made harrows for sale. They extended points of harrows - metal tips were welded on the anvils on the harrow spikes or pigs. Cultivators were made and sharpened. This was before the period when we bought steels - steels came into more use during WWI and steel tips for cultivators came out with a

steel tip and you could re-bolt these on without having to go to the blacksmith with them. They were usually, what we call today, a chilled steel and of course the blacksmith couldn't handle those at all, so we come to the more modern need for welding as we know it today.

Our ploughs of all types were mended. Mainly made in the cast iron days, and in the milled steel period - we're using stronger metals today - hence more mould boards were put on a plough.

From the blacksmithing era throughout the country gradually firms were developed such as H. R. Duncan in Marlborough, and Hamer in Dunedin, Hamiltons, and such people developed from the need and the changes in metals.

The wheelwright shop of Pappses: I knew it in Queen St alongside the blacksmith shop. It had previously been on the corner of Cambridge St and Queen St, but this was destroyed by fire. In my early youth there was residue still there, of the

carts and it became quite a blackberry corner. It was very good for getting blackberries - we didn't seem to have the weevil in them in those days and it was later cleared and cleaned up, and remained a grass area with a diagonal track through it to save walking around the corner, and it stayed like this until the BNZ was built there. This would have been in the 60's. So it's gradually built to what it is today.

There are a number of stories related to the Star & Garter on these blackberries and the six o'clock closing. Is it appropriate now do you think?

One that I recall, was a trio; George Baker from May & Co., Bill Eastgate the baker who bought Hawksworth's, and Hughie Wilson the postmaster. They were one evening in the Star & Garter and a heavy rat-tat-tat came on the front door and they escaped out through the back of the hotel down through Croucher's paddocks etc. etc., and Bill Eastgate of course was waiting to turn the dough being the baker, and his aim was to get back to the bakers shop.

And diving out through to Queen Street again through Ingrain's paddocks, he didn't quite make the baker's shop and dived into the blackberries for sanction from the police who were still searching up and down Queen Street. Bill had considerable difficulty explaining the blackberry marks and the blood on his arms. However, that's one of these things.

We mentioned several fires that were in the town just in passing. Some of these were only small fires. Of course you realise it was fuel stoves and open fire places and fire perhaps became prevalent throughout NZ with its timber buildings. In the earliest of times fire brigades were brought in, very early in Nelson - Nelson is one of the oldest brigades in the country. The approach and costs of brigades are very, very considerable, and today we pay this through the insurances. They used to be rated for rates for the fire brigade, but even prior to that the fire brigades were paid for with insurance. And say you insured your premises against fire through various companies - there was the Yorkshire

Globe Insurance, the Royal Insurance - and you had a little plate put on the front of your building that you insured with that particular insurance company. If your building caught fire, the fire brigade came and they read your plate and of course that was who they sent the bill to, knowing that you insured with them. But if you were not insured at all, it was not unusual for the fire brigade to return to the fire station without assisting to put the fire out.

The first fire station: The first fire engine was horse drawn, and manual pumps were used, and a reel carrying hoses, similar to a spring cart, but there was no floor in it, just a reel which wound the hoses on by pulling round on a circular brass cylinder. The first station as I knew it was in Queen St, almost opposite the then post office. It was on the site where Mitre 10 or Wilkins and Field is. In front of it was a large drinking trough. It was quite a small building; there are photographs of it in the Borough chambers, with the date on the

top of the building, and the reels were contained in it to keep them out of the weather, and the big fire pump which was mainly operated by what they call 'eight a side' at a fire with eight men on each side of this to provide the energy to work the pumps. The new fire station - or rather the brick fire station, before the latest one - was opened in 1925 by the then mayor, James Hunt. There were big debates about where the fire station should go, and I don't know as to why it was shifted to that side of the road, but arrangements were made with W. R. May and Co to purchase the piece of land from them to build the new - or now the 'old' station. It is quite easy to envisage in your mind why this happened. George Baker was secretary of May and Co and George Baker was the foreman of the fire brigade. So it was quite easy for him to say to Bill May, 'Well Bill, we want to have a new fire station, and we need a bit of dirt, so what about giving some thought to this,' because May and Co's building was a two storey building - well, it still is - and it's corrugated iron on two sides, and if it ever did get a fire in it, it would was a real

fireman's hazard, especially when you consider that although we did have a piped water supply in our earliest times, but if that sort of building got a fire, with corrugated iron cladding, it's virtually a calamity to the whole building. So undoubtedly pressure was quietly applied to make a piece of land available.

A half acre of land was made available. I think the price was something like 6250. So the load was raised to build a new station. Clarrie Beach was one of the brickies in the town, and Wilfie Beach worked on it, George Watson, and several others. You might know too that all the mortar was mixed by hand on a mixing board with a shovel. There was no such thing as pre-mixes; it was all manual work.

It was the first outside building, with bricks, in which I ever saw reinforcement go into. It rather intrigued me; they had small bird-netting in rolls and overlaid the brick and put the mortar on, so this gradually rolled out, and when that

roll was finished they put another roll on. I have used this method personally since. I don't know how prevalent it was, but it is in that building. The building was duly opened and served the borough for a great number of years. In recent years a great controversy developed as to who owned the building. It was definitely built by the ratepayers of the borough, and from central government with what's known as a fire authority coming in and gradually the payment for fire protection has been squeezed into central government, and squeezed from there into the insurance companies. Of course we pay for the fire brigades today on our insurance policies. This on a national basis has developed into a huge industry of Wormalds and Wormald Bros., do nothing for nothing. I have had to buy a vast amount of material when I was chairman of the fire authority, and it was always going up next week. Wormalds monopolised, I think would be fair comment, throughout the country, whilst giving good material and a good service.

This developed just after WWII when they brought Mr Varley out from England' and he personally did

extremely well with bringing out the fire protection equipment that was used in London and other large cities during the bombings etc. Much of this material was available in N.Z. through that avenue.

The method in recent years of course, we've had a fire siren. The first siren which was bought was put up on the present station and a great part of the area around the town, of course it couldn't be heard in certain places and tests were run as to whether it could be heard one mile away or two miles away and so on it goes. Much has been written of this in the fire brigade's minute books. But prior to this there were two fire bells. Now what we call the large fire bell was originally alongside the council chambers in Queen Street. Those council chambers were opened in 1908 - Mr Coleman was the mayor then and a photograph of this hangs in the borough council chambers, or did do. I presume it's still there. And alongside this a large barrier was installed on a bell tower - a metal tower. Aluminium colour but it was a steel tower; well it would be galvanised really - and the large bell on top of this

was a fixture, and the tongue of the bell was not attached inside it so that therefore I suppose you'd call it a clapper, rather than a tongue. With two wires from the ground to a height of something like six feet where it had a handle on each wire; it was just out of a boys reach, because I've tried it, and this swung the clapper backwards and forwards so that the bell rang at a very, very rapid pace. This was an exceedingly good bell and could be heard all over the borough, barring certain winds in upper Queen Street. As a matter of record, this bell is still in the borough and it has been loaned by the borough council as 'grace and favour' to the intermediate school. But that's where that bell is.

Up Queen Street on the corner of Incubator Lane, or I should call it York Place shouldn't I; on the corner of York Place and Queen Street was another bell and this was on a high rib pole, undoubtedly it would be a Totara pole, with metal steps up to the bell which could be climbed in the evenings if there were not too many people around; and this bell had a bell tongue. So if the bell moved, the bell was

rung in that manner. The idea being when this first went in, was that if the fire was in the then developing subdivision of Henley, so this was the signal to the fire brigade that the fire was towards the hills and not in the centre of the town. That bell was shifted for a period of time into, towards the corner in Salisbury Road, on the hills side of Salisbury Road. It was in front of what was then Jane Croucher's homestead. It was there for a considerable time.

If you can switch your mind back to and that bell, that bell was given to the Church of England in the Hutt. And there was a resolution on this in the minute books - I don't recall whether it was Upper Hutt or Lower H.utt, but that is where that bell went. I don't recall whether it was sold or given, or 'grace and favour,' but that's where the bell is.

During the war year, the big bell as I will call it, the one that was on the tower, was removed when the siren came in and that land was sold up to

power board, the bell was totally removed and the bell stood idle for a period of time. During the war years it was re-erected on Wensley Hill, about 200 yards around the corner from where Mr Bill Wilkes lives today. It was there as a war time emergency, so that the residents in the outer area of the borough in Wensley Road, could hear any message that the bell was able to put out, be it fire or any emergency at all. It was again removed and came back to the borough yards and a particular builder, an out of the borough builder who one day was renovating parts in the fire brigade and so forth, and he got his peepers on this bell and he actually got it in his vehicle and the then secretary of the fire brigade, George McGregor, chased him up Queen Street on his bike and caught up with him and said, 'now you put that bell back.' And that bell donned the fire briagde dinners and their functions over the years where it added much pleasure because you could go along and have a good hit at it - something you'd always wanted to do in your youth but you'd have been skinned alive if you had. But however, in recent years it's been quite interesting,

but that's where the bells finally finished up.

The new fire station was completed; we didn't have a fire engine in the true sense of the word. Reels etc. were housed in the new station. The comfort of brigadesmen were much improved of course with their social room, and this was a very valuable asset to the borough because it was let for many smaller meetings; a very useful sized room and provided free time for the brigadesmen and they held their meetings there.

It was in, this actual date is recorded of course in their minute books but I think it was about 1944, where the first fire engine, a V8 Ford, came to Richmond from the Burnham military camp. This was driven up from Burnham. I remember the day it arrived and the firemen that brought it up was Bill MacKintosh and several others of his company. A photograph of this is available. It was eventually sold to the Collingwood brigade when we bought the next fire engine which was the landrover. This has been a particularly useful machine over the years



with its four-wheel drive. In fact in a very, very recent fire it was the only engine that was able to get to the spot. It is too small of course but it's been very useful and it was small enough to get into the fire station with the appliance that we had at that time.

The fire engine that we have today is about 20 years old, but has been kept in first-class order. This was procured when I was mayor. It was one of the first loans that I floated after I became mayor, and the building was enlarged to enable it to take this particular appliance which had the best of everything, and this is required to get to a fire rapidly. We had many debates with the architects on the building because we wanted the engines, for those who don't realise it are kept warm for instant starting, and we wanted plugs put into the floor of the building so all the engine had to do was drive away and the electric plug would pull out of the socket, and no damage could be done.

However, there was much debating with the architect and the builder of the building, namely Webbley Bros., as to whether this could be done. We eventually won the day of course, and the fire engine is still warmed in that manner.

I don't think I need go any deeper into the fire brigade. These minutes are written and perhaps somebody who has been with the brigade, I think of the present captain Roger Williams, and he succeeded his father to that position. Not directly, but Roger was nearly brought up with the fire brigade and he has given, it must be nigh on. 30 years service to the brigade, and it must be 20 years since he became captain.

The drainage of the borough: of course I well remember when I became mayor, I couldn't decide as to whether it was more important to take water out of the borough., or bring water in. I know this sounds very conflicting but in the summer in the drier weather everybody wants water, and in the winter they want to get rid of it.

There have been considerable floods etc. through the Borough over many years, or since its foundation. This is due mainly to where it lies in the head of the Tasman Bay and estuary affects us very considerably in the formation of land under it, which is very interesting. I've already mentioned the clay under the Star & Garter Hotel; well the gravel seams that run into this merging into the Moutere gravels which come out more or less as tongues of land over this, and this all affects the drainage of the area.

However, before you go back to visualise Queen Street with an open drain down it - open ditch for want of a better word - had been dug in the latter end of the century, and this was not piped until the 1900's. Mr Wanstrall had the contract to place this pipe in. I did mention it as being three foot four in diameter, and an earthenware pipe. Mr Wanstrall had the contract for £32 a chain. This pipe was taken from the blacksmith's shop down to the Gladstone Road/Queen Street intersection. For across Queen Street at that intersection had been for many

years, a brick arched culvert which remained there until only about 4-5 years ago when this was removed. What a marvellous life that we had out of the use of those bricks. There was also a brick culvert across to the Railway Hotel, a much smaller one. So up Gladstone Road was the open drain as it was until during my term as mayor when X arranged for its piping, although it wasn't physically done in my term, but it's just been accommodated. I'll go into a drainage scheme later, but this forms the picture.

We had lived in Queen Street as I previously mentioned, but we shifted to Gladstone Road above the recreation grounds. The house is still there and the recreation grounds were known in those days as The and of course they were named Jubilee Park at the Jubilee Celebrations and I think generally are spoken of today as Jubilee Park.

We were living there and X was in standard 6 at school and sitting in the schoolroom one particular day, everything started to move.

I want to have a few words on the Murchison earthquake. This was 55 years ago this year. It was in July 1929. Sitting in school at approximately 10.20 and for some reason the whole of the room began to move. Not so much as a shake, but it was rather a rolling feeling. The electric lights hanging from the ceiling took a circular nose-dive, and they went round and round in circles. The headmaster was in the front of the class, and we were evacuated very rapidly and quickly outside and well away from the building. It was a wooden building and we would be reasonably safe in any case. But we were all rather surprised at the attitude. He in turn was rather surprised. We had never drilled or practised a procedure of escaping from a building, but this went very orderly and rapidly. We did practise this for a period of time afterwards. Getting out to the school grounds, everything seemed to be topsy turvy and it was just not one quake, it continued to move and to roll for a period of time afterwards as it did in some parts of the province.

There was nothing really in Richmond in concrete, so there were really no buildings that collapsed. But we were still outside the building when word came through physically by some college boys returning, that the boys college in Nelson had collapsed and part of the tower had rolled down the front steps onto the playing fields and it was quite a tragedy.

However, within a day or two of this we had torrential rain which seemed to go on forever. The media, or lines of communication in those days were rather limited. There was no radio of course - or T.V. We relied on the Nelson Evening Mail for its news.

In more recent years, discussing this with a Mail reporter who was a Richmond boy, Norman Wilkes, and he was standing out in front of the mail office building and the wall was wavering backwards and forwards, and he said to Mr Lucas, his employer, he said, 'my word, history is being recorded today Mr Lucas.' And he said, 'Yes, my boy. Get inside and get on-with it!' So the newspaper still came out that night, bearing the news of the Nelson College. Many, many fronts of buildings in the city had been brought down and these were rebuilt.

They were veneer fronts and this went on for a number of years rebuilding, and of course the great discussions of the Nelson Post Office sprung from this, and carried on for 30 years. It being a brick building. However, these floods came and I can remember the water - it appeared to be all water. We lived in a sea of it. Coming home from school we were released from school on several afternoons early, Gladstone Road there was no road. We walked home knee-deep in water all the way - with much high-jinks, we quite enjoyed this really. Motor traffic then wasn't as prevalent as it is today and of course the horse vehicles were still able to get up and down. If you could find where the road was - you just leave it to the horse. He won't stray off the centre of the road. <sup>1</sup>

I can remember getting up during the night. You could hear the water screaming past the house and from the back door it was a sea of water right across and through Jubilee Park. The railway yards were full of water. The train did go up that night, but very carefully and had a trolley in front of it.

These were physically operated trolley's to test the line; but it did get right through that night.

The township of Murchison was of course knocked about in a very bad way and the news of this spread throughout the country and even to America. Why I say America is that the report came back from America that 2,000 people had been killed in the Lyall river area. Well of course there wouldn't have been 200 people in the Lyall area. But this was the exaggeration of news even in those days.

The Buller River was very, very heavily in flood for in the Matakita Valley the river was totally blocked there and formed a lake known as Morrell's Lake. The various slips in the river when the river worked its way through these embankments, so a huge flood was caused and right down and through to Westport, the water becoming level with the wharves, and the expression was used; I can remember a mate of mine Murray Fowler and he was going off on his bike and he said, 'they reckon that Westport's gonna\* get washed out to seal\* Well

having never ever seen Westport, I don't know what it would have meant. But you sort of visualise a whole town floating out to sea. This never happened of course but it was quite an experience.

These quakes went on for a period of time and I remember one afternoon going to milk the cow when we had a very severe quake, and the willow tree just at the back of our house bent down and touched the ground and came up again. Further on the same afternoon the water leapt out of the creek. It was only a small ditch, but the water leapt up because the ground was wet where it had landed, so it was proof that it happened. It didn't flop back into the creek, the soil was wet. I've never witnessed this since and I'm not very keen to witness it again but it's one of those things that I remember vividly of the earthquake.

The people evacuated from Murchison to the Glenhope Station; they came down on the train which passed our back door and I used to cross the railway line night and morning to milk the cow. We knew that

this special train was coming through and went to the end of the paddock to wave at the train I suppose - we really meant to wave to the people who were on the train who had had very, very harrowing experiences, and we just wanted to make them feel that they were not entirely on their own.

The Murchison earthquake set about many things. For people travelled through trying to get to Murchison for work and some for curiosity, some to write articles and record the various experiences. Temple Sutherland, the author, was one of these men with, his trucking firm and he's written many books from this period on the personalities that were involved in the earthquake period. We only really had one contact with this type of person. My father was still working at May & Co. and he came in one night to tea and it was raining cats and dogs and he had a man with him who was unbeknown to us and he came in, was given a meal, and wanted to press on to Murchison where he would get work. He received a half a crown and to call at the Brightwater Hotel and tell the proprietor who sent him, where he

would get a bed for the night. I don't really remember his name at that stage, or whether he even told us his name, but he was given shelter and refuge for the night. It was many years later where the same man turned up and met my father in Trafalgar Street in Nelson and shook his hand and said, 'you're the man that gave me a meal. I got work in Murchison,' and told him who he was, and he was a very prominent engineer in later life with the Ministry of Works. But it's just one of those instances that you pass through, and I remember the meal being fairly quiet and solemn for father apparently didn't want to broach the subject too much as to where he'd come from. He had come from Wellington but it was one of those things.

So the earthquake gradually, I suppose it gradually merged out of our memories or other action and life merged into our memories. I remember being in Motueka and all the preserves fell off the shelves onto the floor in the sculleries and pantries and it was just carted up the farm and buried - preserved fruit, juice, glass, lids, everything was just shovelled

out, and this was a considerable loss for the people who had been preserving this. This was their winter store after all. So it was quite a tragedy right throughout the province. It was felt more in the Golden Bay areas - Riwaka on - than it was locally on the Waimea Plain.

This brings me back again to the thoughts on the structure of the plain itself. It's been built-up, waterwashed, and built up? and is there enough elasticity in the metals there that we didn't get the sudden and sharp jolts that they did in the hill areas surrounding us.

The Inangahua earthquake of course came years later and whilst it shook pretty badly during the night, I well remember as I was in charge of the civil defence at the time, and of course was out of bed and down to the office etc., but I did not consider it a true case of an emergency. One doesn't call an emergency without a lot of thought and as much knowledge as you can get for the simple reason today that the mayor of the borough or the city calls

an emergency and this brings all the insurances into play, and unless that emergency is called, the insurance<sup>1</sup>s are very rigid on their payouts for broken chimneys and the like. But this is the way the law is written. But I didn't call any emergency for it although we had a careful look at water mains and that sort of thing.

One must realise that in the borough we didn't have any gas mains which are quite a worry in cases of earthquake, because this rapidly leads to fire and also the water reticulation. We didn't have any broken pipes so there was not the worry of such happenings.

I will do later the story on the storm water that finally came into the borough after many years of work. But one intriguing thing that was on my memory was the storm water pipe in Queen Street, where it leaves the blacksmiths shop, it was just a straight suction pipe and Mr Gomez the vet who rented the home from Croucher's, which is today the Catholic Manse. He lived there and he kept several sick

horses and the like in the back paddocks. And they had sawn the oak beer barrels in half and used these as feeding troughs for the horses to put the chaff in. However, with this flood rampaging down through those paddocks, it picked up one of these barrels and brought it down in the creek and he fitted into the drain just like a plug in a plughole. Well, you've never seen three foot diameter of water going down Queen Street - it sure went. Of course the great difficulty was to get this relieved for the water to go on down the pipe as it was causing very considerable damage right down through Queen Street. The fire brigade was under water. May's paddocks were afloat. May's paddocks were very often afloat and Dennis May and Ian Wilson had a tin bath there and you could float around and have lots of fun in this bath and they were quite difficult to keep upright in the water.

However, back to the barrel. Around our feet the water was quite still where it was able to get dispersed down the street. So that the element of danger there was; was not really accounted for. However, with a rope around Ernie Jones who then lived

in Ingrain's house and has since deceased; but Ernie charged himself with a wheelbarrow, I mean a crowbar, and we put a rope around his waist and he went down into the creek and barred the bottom out of the drum, which of course the pressure of water quickly swept down the drain. I don't remember about the metal hoops which were around the drum, whether they went down the drain too, but the wood quickly was swept down the drain with the pressure. I guess he was very lucky to get back out although he was well roped as a safety precaution. But it was rather amusing to see that quantity of water going straight down Queen Street. The urgency of the situation to get rid of the plug and it took quite a while to realise what it was. It was one of those things that goes on.

Just after the earthquake of course the whole country was moving, or the world was moving really, into what was expressed as the 'great depression'.<sup>1</sup> Although personally, whilst money was short, I have no serious recollections of it. I ate at a pretty good table and always had a warm bed and shelter.

although life wasn't quite as easy as it had been. But this was moulding character, or I always look at it in that light.

We lived in the Gladstone Road area for 18 months to 2 years and then went back up onto the farm as we knew it. This was a smaller property than we'd had before, some seven acres. A home was built there and we went there.

I left school shortly after this period as my energies were required to work the land, as they put it. I've got many happy recollections of those times. We milked cows of course each morning and we grew potatoes and the general farm life, and I worked on neighbouring farms when work was available.

) One relationship I had here was with Jim Hart, or the Hart's in general. They were on the farm that I'd been born and brought up on and the land in front was owned by Jim Hart. I've mentioned before that this was still the horse era and my recollections of going to bed with a mower going.

this was mowing hay with a four foot mower; that mower would be going and I'd wake up in the morning and that same mower would still be going. It had gone all night and went all day with a changes of horses every two hours. Of course, I was the bloke that at times groomed the horses and took them out to the paddock to keep that mower going. This happened with binding of course with three horses - the binding of wheat, oats and barley, and it's a period of life that I look back on with many happy recollections of the various people that you worked with and how to build an oat stack from sheaves, and I guess it's an art that's gone.

Many a time I went to bed after seeing oats carted or being amongst them during the day and we woke up the next morning and stacks had been thatched overnight. This same bloke, he became deputy mayor of the borough and worked diligently in its efforts and was also chairman of the school committee at the same time. Jim Hart's efforts and energies that were put into the community were very, very considerable. He was fortunate enough to be followed

by his son Barry Hart as a councillor when I was mayor, and Barry has been on the council until just recently.

It was a changing period - threshing plants were still going but the headers were starting to come in and the big debates as to whether the corn could be threshed as well and would the corn be soft? And of course it is compared with it being stoked. The stooks in the paddock, I can remember one year when it was very wet when the wheat grew in the stooks in the paddock, and of course this heats up and the grain shot and was virtually destroyed.

Clover seed was a great crop in this area. This is pollinated by the bumble bee and they seem to nest as they do, along the hills here and we could always grow good clover crops, as I did in later life whilst farming where I am now.

However, with the depression on my father became a bit perturbed with the wages being cut and one thing and another and he felt that he was doing too much work

for the amount of pay he was getting and that the management of May & Co. approached him for a further cut in wages, or have a day off. He had the day off for a little while and then we decided that we would go into business again in Richmond as general store-keepers .

This we set about doing and it was a very, I suppose, quite a dramatic experience in my life for one week I was a farmhand and the following week I was behind the shop counter. But these were the challenges that were there and we accepted them. This business grew very considerably right up to the war years and it was after I returned from the war before it was solved. But I look on those years, prior to the war years, I guess perhaps it was the age bracket, as being extremely busy, very full and very enjoyable. At one stage I was on the road all week, every day of the week, with a loaded vehicle with all your groceries on it. So you pulled into a farmers backyard and you put up the complete order from a packet of tobacco to a pound of rice or six of sugar or whatever was required. You bartered with

the eggs, butter or whatever the farmer had to sell, and there were many in the province who only bought groceries to the extent of the energy that the hens had put in during the week, or the butter that the cow had produced. They spent no other money and possibly at times they never even had it to spend. But it was a very, very happy period.

It was during this period that I was in the athletic club and did a lot of track work etc. and thoroughly enjoyed it, and have several silver cups to show for the efforts. I was also in the yachting club and enjoyed yachting very much. I was always going back to it but perhaps the years have beaten me to that one. But there are many other interests. I was also a scout master in the scout club in Richmond. The Girl Guides first operated under Mrs Crabtree. I was in many things that were going on within the borough. <sup>1</sup>

I left for an Australian scout jamboree in 1939. I suppose it was through that jamboree that I met Mrs McGlashen, and I've been at a jamboree

ever since, I often hear her saying. And I'm still at a jamboree.

But this was a period building up to the war years. We had seen the capitulation of Germany just after WWI and the rebuilding of the Hitler re-arms and Third Reich. Whilst this was going on, with communications of the day, I don't suppose that we really had a full conception of what was going on on the other side of the world until the invasion of Austria.

We moved towards the war years. By this time I was, I think a Corporal in the territorial forces and of course we went to annual camps at Tapawera. These were very enjoyable and lots of fun one way and another. I met some wonderful mates who I worked with during the war years and many officers that I knew then, they became close companions and some of them still remain that way. But it was a period of much pleasure and considerable development throughout the district; although perhaps in ones mind you are inclined to think that all the development happened in your youth, and one sometimes doesn't

balance this with the youth of today who are growing up. They will think that all the development took place in their youth. So we must balance this out.

Wages were smaller. I was on about 15/- a week if I remember rightly. When I got a rise to 17/6, this was really quite fantastic.

On a Thursday night, it was athletic club. I used to push a bike to Nelson. I had a good bike and I used to push to Nelson, run a mile one week and the following week run three miles, and a nine penny feed at Jim Samuels pie cart, and pushbike home again. It was a real night out. It was one of those things. During this time I was in the athletic team that toured to Westport to Greymouth, to Wellington, on many occasions to Wellington. Ran for the Wellington centre as the Nelson centre in those days was tied to Wellington. It has its independence today. It was there that many of the athletes of the day who I remember extremely well. Jack Lovelock for one - what a marvellous man he was

and a tremendous miler. I actually ran with him. Cecil Matthews from Christchurch, who won the three miles in the Empire Games. Boot also from Christchurch - a terrific athlete, he really was. Never ever was extended for the potential that he had. When we look at the time that athletes put in today, it's a full-time job for them. Whereas Cecil Matthews was a captain and he finally had to throw his athletes, or his athletic competition really, in, so as to earn a living.

So we come onto the war years. I went into the army, early in the war and was away intermittently for the ensuing five years, having had a period in the Pacific area of the war and returning back to the shop as I will call it, general storekeeping at the close of the war.

During this time I noticed considerable increase in prices - the modern word is inflation. From the last night across the counter before I went away, a tin of Andrew's Liver Salts was 1/3. It was one of the first articles that I sold on my return and it

and it was exactly 100% inflation to 2/6. Some of the prices of things of that period may interest people. I sold thousands of packets of candles at 10 pence a packet - these were Price's candles imported from England. A bottle of Champion vinegar and I'm still looking at a box of Champion vinegar, well the box that it was contained in. This was imported from England and it was sold at 1/6. A bottle of N.Z. vinegar, D.Y.C. came on the market at 10 pence. Murdoch's vinegar from Wellington was a sugar vinegar. D.y.C. was of course a malt vinegar, but sugar vinegar we bottled ourselves and I've bottled hundreds and hundreds of them This was sold at nine pence. If you look at D.Y.C. at 10 pence, the housewife stumbled over that penny quite a bit. Kerosene was sold at six pence a bottle and methylated spirits 1/6. Separator oil 1/9, which of course is a thin oil but it's especially produced for driving a separator, which most farms had. Binder twine was quite a thing of the day because of course this was used for tying sheaves and I've canvassed this district many times selling binder twine. A dozen balls in a bale - sixpence halfpenny a pound and on

each bale of binder twine this was Donaghy's binder twine, and it still operates today - Donaghy's ropes.- On each bale of binder twine it was tied up with rope which was a plough line. Plough lines of course were what was attached to the horse, one each side to steer it with, and so that the farmer when he procured his binder twine, he also bought his plough lines for the year. This was quite a feature and part bales of binder twine of course, we had a plough line to sell. But it paid for the work of taking the balls out and selling them. We sold them individually, balls of binder twine, usually sold by weight, but this worked out at 3/- per ball. Only just recently I bought a handful of binder twine that, cost me \$2. Never mind flashes back, but everything increases with the times and inflation. I suppose it is fair comment to say I have lived on inflation all my life.

Sugar was shipped to Nelson from Onehanga. Loaded on the train in Nelson and delivered to Richmond Station. This usually came in in ton lots. There was a sugar boat every 10 days. A bag of sugar

