

Chapter 4

Sneyds and Bonds

My father's genealogy is almost the complete opposite of my mother's. We know a lot about Mum's ancestors, but only after they arrived in New Zealand; before they arrived here almost all is dark. With Dad's relatives, we know a lot about them in Europe and America, but not so much of them in New Zealand. Mostly this is because I'm not so good at genealogical research as opposed to genealogical copying, and I haven't found out the details for myself. Maybe one day.

At any rate, I know almost nothing about Dad's paternal ancestors, apart from the barest of facts. They were poor immigrants to New Zealand, arriving in the 1880's or so, and worked at a number of trades – engineering was a common one – leaving few traces that I have found. On his mother's side, the light shines a lot more brightly. Her father was the mayor of Hamilton and Cambridge, and her mother was descended from the English landed gentry, of whom quite a few records survive, as we shall see.

I've included the Bonds in this chapter, not because they were in any way related or connected with the Sneyds – at least not before Granny married Pop – but merely because it is convenient for me to do so. The Bond genealogy has been written down in considerable detail by Brian and Carol Robinson of Hamilton, and Dad kept a copy for me. There was a Bond reunion in ... er ... 1989 (?) and I've always thought that Dad went along and glowered at everybody. Turns out I was wrong, and that Dad had a cast-iron excuse not to attend (which he didn't, with obvious glee). At any rate, if you want to learn all about James Bond's descendants, the Robinson's are the people to ask. I don't know how to contact them, mind you.

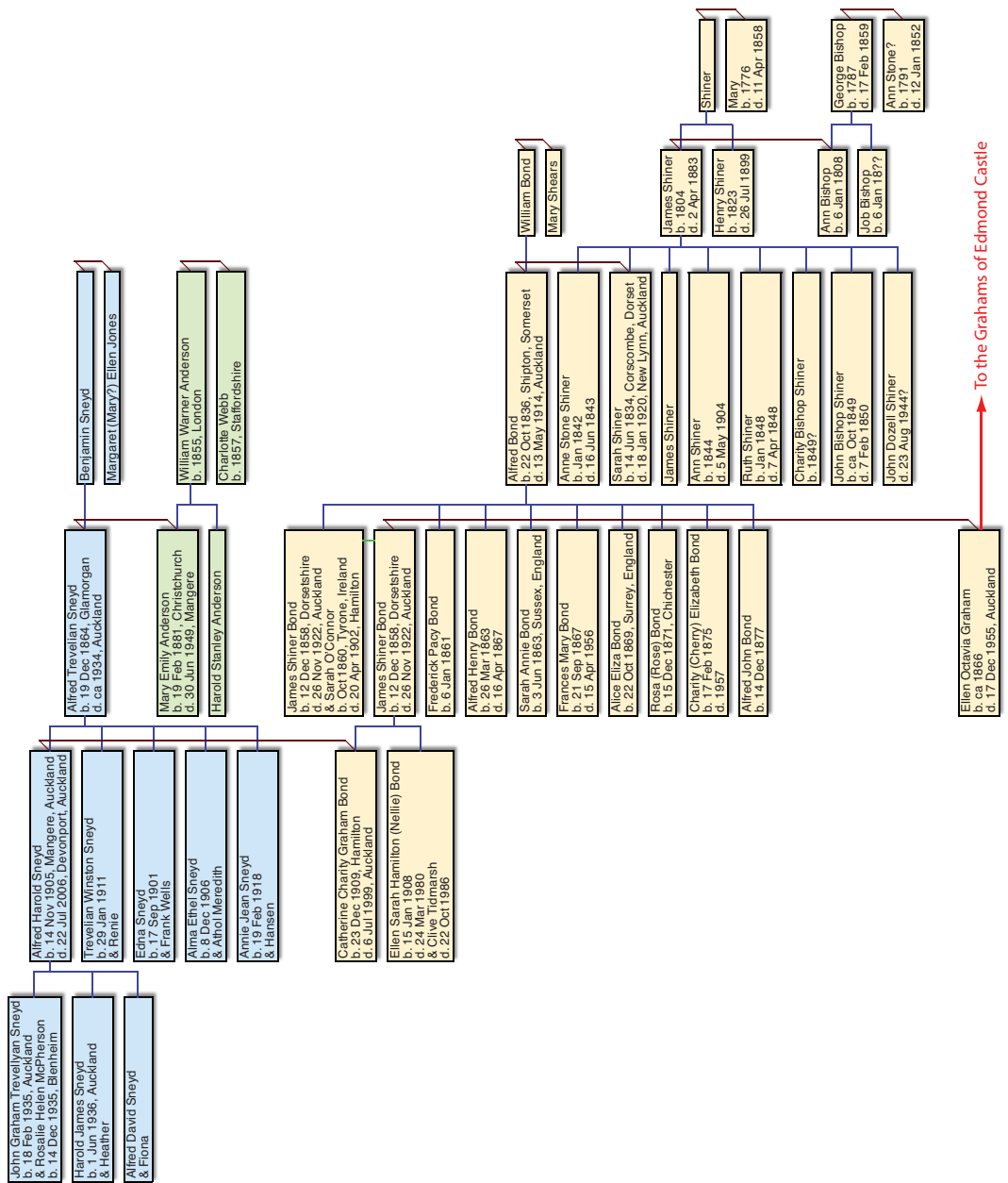
The Sneyds

My earliest Sneyd ancestor of whom I can be sure is Benjamin Sneyd, my grandfather's grandfather. He was a pipemaker (probably a brick and tile maker also) in the Morriston spelter works¹, who married a Margaret Ellen Jones in September, 1863, in Swansea². Swansea is, as you can imagine, chock full of Joneses; it's also rather full of Sneyds as it happens, as this was quite a common name in that part of Britain. The most likely spelter works where Benjamin worked was Vivian and Sons' Morriston Spelting Works, Swansea, although I don't know this for sure.

Questions: Surely it must be possible to find out more about Benjamin and Margaret Sneyd. For example, Slater's Commercial Directory, 1858–1859, lists a Benjamin Sneyd in Morriston, a brick and tile maker, and this is highly likely to be our Benjamin. But what else could be found by going to Morriston and digging around? More, I'm sure. Someone just needs to do it.

¹Spelter is zinc alloy; basically just slabs of zinc metal. It's the most common commercial form of zinc.

²I have a copy of the birth certificate of their son, Alfred, and I have also found a record of their marriage online at freebmd.org.uk. However, I don't have independent confirmation that I've got the correct marriage date, so it's possible that is wrong. There were probably, after all, many many Benjamin Sneyds and Margaret Ellen Joneses in Swansea at that time.



The Sneyds and Bonds



Alfred Trelilian Sneyd.

There is a famous family of Sneyds, landed gentry based at Keele Hall (now part of Keele University) in Staffordshire. They are no relation. So all the various *History of the Sneyd family* articles one sees around are quite irrelevant, at least to me. Staffordshire was (and is) a hotbed of the name Sneyd; there was a Sneyd hamlet in what is now Stoke-on-Trent, and still a Sneyd Green, as well as many Sneyd businesses. So what was a Sneyd doing in South Wales? I don't know. However, our Benjamin was working with ceramics, which is the specialty of Staffordshire, and he was working in a metal factory, the specialty of the Swansea area. It's tempting to think that brick and tile specialists were imported from other areas as their skills became needed, and Benjamin Sneyd's ancestors may have been part of this. May not, too.¹ Without more detailed research we shall never know, and maybe not even then.

The following year, in December 1864, Benjamin and Margaret had a son, Alfred Trelvian Sneyd, who was born in Morriston, but who emigrated to New Zealand in 1886, arriving in Auckland on the *Lady Jocelyn*, on the 22nd of February. He was an engineer. Few Sneyds came to New Zealand, the only other major group being descended (I believe) from the Mr. Sneyd who came into Lyttleton in 1853, going on to leave a lot of Sneyd descendants in Kaiapoi, where there is still a Sneyd St.²

Our Alfred married Mary Emily Anderson on the 1st of December, 1900, in Tokatoka, south of Dargaville. Mary Emily was the daughter of William Warner Anderson, carpenter, born in London in 1855, and Charlotte Webb, born in Staffordshire in 1857. They married in 1877 in Auckland, and Mary Emily was born in Christchurch, in Salisbury St., on the 19th of February, 1881. Clearly, the Andersons were moving around a bit.

Questions: I know nothing about William Warner Anderson. When and where did he die, for example, which shouldn't be too difficult to find out. There also has to be a lot more information about Harold Anderson's mill in the Dargaville records. Just a matter of knowing where to look, I suppose, and having the time to do so. This is something that really needs a lot more work. For instance, I haven't even yet obtained a copy of William and Charlotte's marriage certificate, which should be easy to get.

I don't know why Alfred and Mary married up in Tokatoka, but I can make an educated guess. It's not unlikely that Mary Emily's parents were working in that area, as her father was a carpenter, and Dargaville and Tokatoka were centres of the kauri timber and kauri gum trades. If I were forced to guess, I'd say that her parents moved there to find work chopping trees down or chopping them up.³ Later in life (or possibly even at the time of her marriage) her brother, Harold Anderson, owned a big sawmill in Dargaville, called, somewhat unsurprisingly, Anderson's Mill. It was built many years before the First World War, and operated until the 1950's. On the 17th of March, 1914⁴, Harold was 'dogging' a log in Dargaville, and a chip from the log went into his right eye. Ouch. He was rushed off to Auckland Hospital, and it was thought he would lose his eye. I don't know whether he did or not. Pop (my grandfather, Alfred Trelvian's son) would often tell stories of Harold Anderson's mill. He was over 90 by then, mind you, and the stories were not usually very coherent, so I can't remember them too well. Stuff about logs being floated down to Auckland and stacking up in the small river that flows into the Milford marina.

¹We know, for instance, that the Swansea pottery trade relied, in its beginnings, on the migration of skilled workers from Staffordshire.

²As far as I'm aware, my lot of Sneyds has outbred the other lot by a considerable margin.

³Goodness knows what Alfred was doing up in the boonies. Maybe they met in town. Who knows?

⁴Evening Post, 18th of March, 1914.

Questions: It's embarrassing how little I know about Alfred Trevelian Sneyd. Why the posh middle name, for instance? I doubt his parents were wealthy, or of the social class to use the name Trevelian often. But they may have had enough money to give Alfred a decent education; the profession of engineer could cover lots of things. Benjamin McPherson, for instance, called himself an engineer, but was most likely a glorified gold miner with very little education, while Pop was an engineer also, but a specialised and trained marine engineer. Did Alfred Trevelian have any siblings? Of what was he an engineer? Where did he work in Auckland? Where is his death certificate? I did actually ask Pop these questions, but too late; Pop was over 90 by then and just couldn't remember. What about Mary Emily Anderson? Where did they meet? Did she live in Dargaville at all, or was that only her brother? When did her parents come to New Zealand? Did her father work in Dargaville? I should know all this stuff.

Alfred died around 1934, and Mary died on the 30th of June, 1949, in Mangere. They must have lived in Mangere for a long time, as Pop was born there, in 1905, in McIntyre Road. They had five children:

Edna, who married Frank Wells.

Alfred Harold (Pop; more on him below).

Alma Ethel (Tots), who married Athol Meredith and had two children, James and Joy. James was killed when he was about 30, when his plane crashed. He was flying with Austin Seabrooks (?), but the plane crashed; Pop was watching at the time. Joy borrowed the family Bible from Pop at one stage, and Pop would tell everybody how he had to go and get it back from her. Her husband made the brass screen that always stood in front of Pop's fireplace. As for the family Bible, Joy did give it back, and I saw it many times, but it disappeared sometime after Pop's 100th birthday. I have no idea what happened to it. Fortunately, I had already transcribed all the genealogical information it contained. Pop would always tell me how it had to go to my father (the eldest son) and then to me (the eldest son). It was a big thing for Pop, this family Bible, and it's sad that it's now lost.

Trevelian Winston, who married Renie. During the war he was captured in Greece or Crete, destroying bridges behind enemy lines. I have his war medals, which he left to me in his will. He was a prisoner for many years, but finally escaped from Germany, together with Jack Turner, the son of one of the directors of Turners and Growers, where Pop worked for so many years. Uncle Trev and Pop were great mates for many years, always going to the rugby together on Saturday, but then something happened, and Pop wasn't allowed to see Trev any more. Granny said so. So he didn't.

Annie Jean, who married a Hansen and had a son, Colwin, and a daughter Tess, who died (according to a comment on a scrap of paper in Pop's handwriting, found after his death).

Alfred Harold Sneyd (Pop) and Catherine Charity Graham Bond (Granny)

The second child, and eldest son of Alfred Trevelian and Mary Emily was Alfred Harold, or Pop to all the family. My father's father, he didn't die until 2006 (he was almost 101) and for the last few years of his life we lived close to him; he was in Takapuna, we were, and still are, in Mairangi Bay, and we saw him almost every week. This actually makes it much more difficult to write about him. Where do I start? What should I include and leave out?¹

Many times I've sat chatting to Pop with my laptop on my knee, struggling to get down all the details. The trouble was that he could only remember certain things; the war, building the deck on his Takapuna house, his school days. Any details about his mother's life or father's life were long forgotten.

¹I wish Dad would write something about Pop, but I've been bugging him for years with no result.



Pop. At bottom right is Pop on his 100th birthday, with me, my wife Monique, son Paul and daughter Kate. Goodness knows where my eldest daughter Sarah was.

Pop was born on the 14th of November¹, 1905, in Mangere. The family lived on McIntyre Road, just north of the volcanic crater in Mangere; Mangere Domain it's called now. His early schooling was at Mangere Bridge School and then he went to Auckland Grammar. Quite a trek for him to get to school; a long walk, a train ride, a bus ride, more walking, and that was just getting there. He was a keen rugby league player, and I presume there are old photographs in Auckland Grammar of Pop in the team. I've never gone to dig them out, which is naughty of me. After school he studied Marine Engineering at the Auckland Board of Trade – I'm not sure how one could study engineering at a Board of Trade, but that's what Pop said.

Pop began his working life as a naval engineer. I have his Certificate of Competency as a First Class Engineer in the Merchant Service, dated 1 August, 1932, number 2864. From 1928 to 1939 he served on the *Kaikorai*, *Tofua*, *Makura*, *Monowai* (four times), *Marama*, *Poolta*, *Kaimiro*, *Maunganui*, and *Niagara*. I also have a copy of his service record for the Union Steam Ship Company of New Zealand, Limited. It ends "We have pleasure in stating that during the time Mr. Sneyd was in the employ of our Company he proved himself a capable and reliable Engineer, carrying out his duties at all times to our entire satisfaction. Mr. Sneyd was on the *Monowai* during the period this vessel was under Naval control and did not return to our service." Good to hear, Pop, good to hear. Top marks.

Still living at Mangere while he worked as a naval engineer (probably still living at home, although I don't know that for sure), he met his future wife, Catherine Charity Bond (Granny), through a friend who knew Granny's sister, Nellie. They had common interests in matters botanical – he helped with planting trees and building a glasshouse, she married him. On the 16th of June, 1934, at St. Aidan's in Remuera. Poncy.

My father was born almost exactly eight months later, which, if you knew Granny, would have to come as rather a surprise.²

The happy couple lived at Victoria Avenue initially (with Granny's mother, her father having died 12 years earlier) but moved out to Takapuna during the war. Takapuna, before the bridge was built, was a sleepy seaside holiday place then. It isn't any more. They wanted to be closer to the naval base at Devonport to make it easier for Pop to get home when his ship was in, and houses were cheap in Takapuna at the time. People were afraid of being bombed by the Japanese. They bought the house they lived in for the rest of their lives, at the end of Ewen St., number 35, one house back from the beach, and added a second story and the deck. (When we added a second story to our own house in Mairangi Bay, many years later, Pop was full of questions. Where was the hot water tank going? Who was doing it? What was the construction? What colour were the curtains? And then all the questions again. And again. And again. He'd almost completely lost his short-term memory by then.)

When the war began he served first on the *Niagara* during training, and then helped to convert the *Monowai* to a warship, continuing to serve on her for the rest of his active service. (According to his service record, he served from the 23rd of October, 1939, to the 14th of June, 1943, and was discharged on the 16th of December, 1943, with the rank of chief engineer and Lieutenant-Commander). Pop always said that, by the time he'd finished on the *Monowai* he never wanted to go to sea again. Initially, he didn't have a whole lot of choice. According to Dad, Pop had trouble finding a job after the war, and spent some years working as an engineer on the Harbour ferries, and then on the Auckland Harbour Board tugs. However, he was eventually able to get back on land, getting a job as a refrigeration engineer at Turners and Growers, building cool stores in Dunedin, Whangarei, Christchurch, Mangere, and a bunch of other places.

Pop was a bit funny that way. He spent an awful lot of time in boats – small ones, big ones, all sorts – but never really seemed to enjoy being on the water. Maybe I just didn't understand him all that well, but it seemed to me that he couldn't think of any other reason for taking out a boat than for going fishing.³ When we had a yacht he'd often ask us about how we'd enjoyed going out fishing. Oh, we weren't fishing, I'd reply, just sailing. So, how was the fishing, he'd ask again, baffled.

After Granny died in 1999 he went on living in the house at Takapuna, and stayed there until a

¹The date of my own birthday, and of Prince Charles, a fact that amused us all greatly.

²Not, though, if you knew Pop, I have to say.

³Me, I just love being on the water. I don't even like fishing all that much, particularly not if I catch anything.

month before he died. As I said, we visited him often. He loved the company of the kids, particularly the babies, and was the sweetest old man, never complaining about anything, always with a good word for everybody, and with the biggest smile. His short-term memory was completely shot so one tended to have the same conversation many, many times (within the space of 10 minutes).¹

The last year of Pop's life he had been visibly failing, and Mum and Dad finally decided he had to go into a rest home, at the end of May, 2006. He didn't want to leave 35 Ewen St., where he had lived for so many years, but there really wasn't any choice. He'd had a good innings there. He was still living there when he turned 100; we had a big party for him. Letters came from the Queen², the Prime Minister, and a host of other self-important dignitaries. So nobody can really complain. Still, it was a sad, sad thing to put him into a rest home. We suspected he wouldn't last long after that, and we were right, he didn't. Just a few days after, he fell and cracked his head. A week or so in hospital then back to the rest home, but he just wasn't the same. He declined rapidly, caught pneumonia, and died.

The day he died Monique and I and the kids all went to visit him. He couldn't talk all that well because of the pneumonia, but he was quite alert and interested in things. We told him how the kids had won their soccer games, how we were getting new doors put into our house, and how the weather was lovely outside. As usual, he was full of smiles. After a while he said that he was tired and wanted to sleep, so did we mind going? Sleep well, I said, and left. He took me literally, and died just a few minutes after.

It was the passing of an era. He was the centre of Dad's extended family, even when he couldn't remember all our names. We met at Ewen St., had lunch on the balcony, and looked out over the sea. He did love to see us gathered. He'd ask about the conversation when he couldn't hear. And now we won't be able to tell him anything ever again.

At his funeral I learned a lot about him. Alfred told us all how Pop had invented the world's first cow-drawn skateboard. It was hilarious. It's probably improper to laugh at funerals, but we did anyway. Sister Lizzie seemed to know the hymns so I just followed her. The coffin was surprisingly heavy. Don't fall into the grave I said. Don't joke about it said the usher person, very seriously. Ooops, I thought. OK, no joking. But Pop would have been the first to laugh if one of us fell in, I know he would. It was a happy funeral, as these things go. Plenty of tears too, I suppose, but the old fellow had done us all proud.

After Pop's death, I got his Masonic certificate ... things. I hadn't known he was a Mason. Anyway, the certificates are priceless. You just couldn't make this stuff up. Even the Society for Creative Anachronism would have a hard time thinking up this sort of self-important pompous crap. I kid you not, here's an extract: "O all Illustrious Grand Inspectors General; Most Valiant and Sublime Princes of the Royal Secret; Grand Inquisitors Commander; Grand Elected Knights; Excellent and Perfect Princes Rose Croix; Grand, Ineffable, Sublime Free and Accepted Masons of every Degree of Masonry throughout the Universe³..."

And on it goes.

Anyway, I can think of no better way than to end this bit on Pop than with a poem that Cousin Rose wrote.

Pop

My one hundred-year old Pop
has apparently, finally, died:
I had never imagined he would

¹For some reason he had parking on his mind. I must have told him a hundred times if I told him once: "Yes, Pop, I have a parking space at work."

²Pop's response to this was priceless. "The Queen? I didn't know she still remembered me!"

³Not just the world, oh no. The UNIVERSE!! It's easy to laugh at the Masons, and they deserve it, but it's surprising to me just how prevalent they were. Maybe they still are, I wouldn't know. But Robert McPherson was a Mason also, as was James Bond. That's both of my grandfathers, and at least one of my G-grandfathers. I wonder why, I wonder what they saw in it.

ever cease his relentless living.
At least not in my lifetime. Pop
always was, and always would be.

We all thought he would go on
going on, perhaps even beyond
the day of the apocalypse itself.
Or at least, if he would succumb,
his vanquisher would have been
something mightier than pneumonia.

My Pop, Our Pop, had defeated
countless and dreadful antagonists:
a ladder on a perilous lean, bombs
on ships, sharks I would picture
lurking in the waters around Rangitoto,
the Japanese, colonial New Zealand.

He probably thought it a great joke
slipping away as he did, unexpectedly.
Unaware were we who thought
the dreaded lurgy a pitiable foe, for
this was the man who had received
a letter from the Queen of England.

And he was an inimitable patriarch.
He adored seeing us gathered home:
on the terrace, or around the majestic
mahogany dining table. He happily
acknowledged the blame for the ensuing
cacophony - there are a lot of us, Sneyds.

And that was the way he liked it:
a glass of gin and a twinkling in his blue,
seafaring eyes, he would survey his
brilliant and burgeoning, clamorous clan -
I suppose, remembering Granny, with
whom he traversed a remarkable century.

Rose Sneyd. July, 2006.

Granny. Now, this is a much more difficult proposition. Let me be honest and give you all fair warning; I cannot write about her with any degree of objectivity. She hated my mother, and I just cannot get past that. I think I know why she did; Dad was headed for great things, but was distracted by a vulgar woman of mean family and low morals into the byways of parenthood. Such a woman is never to be forgiven, least of all by Granny who would never voluntarily forgive anyone. For anything. She was a good hater, was Granny, and Mum was a good target. Never mind that my parents' marriage is the happiest I have ever seen, or that they were the best parents it is possible to have. Mum was low and vulgar¹, too intelligent by far, and she stole Granny's darling boy.

Probably the fact that I cannot forgive Granny, or even think kindly of her without an effort, makes me more similar to her than I would like to admit. Now that is a sobering thought. I have to

¹Granny probably had a good point on this one, but I think Dad might be worse.



Granny (with Pop in bottom right). The graduation picture is when she graduated from Auckland University with a degree in French, I believe. She went to University at the same time as her son, Alfred, and they both did French. The picture with Pop is taken in the corner of the living room at 35 Ewen St.

admit, though, that when my mother wasn't there she and Pop were kind to me in their way. Not always, but often enough for me to remember good things as well as bad.

Anyway, Granny was born in Hamilton, Catherine Charity Graham Bond, on the 23rd of December, 1909; she was the daughter of James Shiner Bond, the mayor of Hamilton. After her father retired (which he did in 1909) they moved to Auckland and lived in Victoria Ave., where James Bond died in 1922. Granny and her elder sister Nellie lived with their mother, Ellen Octavia Graham (Chapter 5), but Granny left a few years after she married Pop, when they bought the house in Takapuna. She was a very intelligent woman, going back to University in later life to get a degree in French, I believe. She taught French for many years at St. Anne's. In Dad's immortal words "Mother taught at St. Anne's school in Takapuna which was on the side street between The Strand and Blomfield Spa (I forget its name). It is now defunct as the land became very valuable. It was a school for the stupid daughters of wealthy farmers although at one time there were also a few boys in the early classes. Its academic standard was not high and for a pupil to pass School Certificate was considered a triumph."

I was in Michigan when she died in 1999. I didn't attend the funeral.

And I think I shall leave it there. For me, Granny is a subject best left alone.

Granny and Pop had three boys. My dad, the eldest; then black James (I'm red James); and finally Alfred. I can't possibly do justice to my uncles here, or their children, so I won't try very hard. Anyway, as I keep pointing out, my goal is not to describe descents at length, but ascents rather.

Dad was the eldest. He was born when Granny and Pop lived in Victoria Ave., but spent most of his childhood at the house in Takapuna, attending Takapuna Grammar. We'll learn more about Dad later, of course.

Uncle James also went to Takapuna Grammar. He married Heather had about 20 children I think; David, Kristin, Donna and Janine. Well, that's almost 20 anyway. Kristin lives just down the road from us on Penzance Road but spends most of her time gallivanting around the world with America's Cup sailing teams, David is a builder across the bridge in Auckland, Donna is in Australia and I can never remember what she does, and Janine is milking cows down in Canterbury.¹ Janine is also very interested in family genealogy and I have corresponded with her every so often about that. I'm sure she's horrified that I'm not putting in detailed dates and things here. (Sorry, Janine.) James was a champion swimmer when younger, and represented New Zealand at surf life saving I believe. Being the only brother with any business sense at all he became an accountant. He and Heather lived for many years in Mairangi Bay, on the North Shore, where we live now (well, not in the same house, but just around the corner as it happens), but a few years ago they moved to Tauranga, where they live now.

Uncle Alfred, who married the Famous Fiona of the Red Hair, had two children. Thank goodness it wasn't any more; the world would have been too small. They all have Very Red Hair. Every single one of them. Oliver is now a red-haired computer programmer, Rose is a red-haired arty-farty type, doing sort of artsy type things like Italian and Art History. I know, I know. Shocking. Alfred and Fiona were, let me add, my childhood heroes². He is a mathematician, a professor at Waikato for many years, she a cook and an actor. I have vivid memories of, when very young, asking Alfred why waves break; why planes fly; why gliders work, why, why, why, as kids do. And poor Alfred would sit me down, with terrific patience, and write out all the mathematical equations for me. I didn't understand a thing, of course, except for the fact that Math was Super Cool. I am now a mathematician and Alfred must take the blame. Mind you, Pop was very interested in math in his youth, and even did evening classes later in life, which I suppose explains why all his children and many of his grandchildren are mathematically inclined.

¹She's not the one who put in the melamine.

²Actually, they're still my heroes in many ways.



James Shiner Bond

James Shiner Bond and Ellen Octavia Graham

James Shiner Bond, Granny's father, my G-grandfather, the mayor of Cambridge, and later of Hamilton. A man of social weight, clearly, from his photographs (page 92); he sits, elegantly dressed, immaculately presented, with a Serious, Firm, yet Benevolent Expression¹, radiating authority. He looks like a mayor, in the same way that Robert McPherson absolutely doesn't. The comparison makes me chuckle.

However, no matter his importance in New Zealand, James Bond's ancestors were just as poor and unimportant as any McPherson, Neal or Norgrove. The first Bonds I know about were William Bond and Mary Shears, James's grandparents. William was a builder, or so I'm told. Their son, Alfred Bond, was born in Shipton, Somerset, and worked as a smith. He married Sarah Shiner on the 29th of July, 1858, in Beaminster, Dorsetshire, and it was their eldest son, James, who was the first of the family to come to New Zealand. The rest of the family came out several years later, mostly because James's sister Cherrie had a weak chest. Alfred had golden hair and a beard "like a Viking". He continued to work as a whitesmith² in New Zealand, at Deadwood Terrace in Ponsoby,

¹The capitals are quite clear in the photographs.

²i.e., someone who works with light coloured metals such as tin or pewter (usually cold), or who does finishing work on

Auckland. He and Sarah had a large family, many of whom went on to breed like rabbits themselves. Sarah Shiner's forebears can be traced a little better than Alfred's, but not by much. Her father was a wheelwright, and both her parents were buried at Beaminster, but nothing is known about her grandparents save their names.

Anyway, back to James.¹ He didn't have a lot of formal schooling, leaving school when he was only 12 (which shows that his family must have been poor. We expected this, of course, given that his father was a whitesmith.) According to family stories his first job was as a delivery boy for his grandmother, a corsetmaker. It is said that his first delivery was a pair of wedding corsets to a neighbouring village, which he dropped in the mud. They were returned to his grandmother with a request for a new pair, in a hurry.

From the age of about 13, James was employed in a printing office, where he clearly learned the trade that made his fortune in New Zealand. By the age of 20 he had amassed the enormous sum² of £5, with some left over for his ship fare, and was ready to seek his fortune in foreign climes; he took ship to Auckland, New Zealand, arriving in 1878. I have not been able to find his name on any ship list into New Zealand in 1878, but all the sources are agreed on the date so I shall just accept it. For now. Almost certainly he sailed into Auckland; why or when he moved south to the Manawatu is unknown, but presumably he was following job opportunities.

James's first job was for the *Rangitekei Advocate*, a newspaper based in Marton (just north of Bulls, off Highway 1) that was published, I think, biweekly, and distributed as far south as Foxton and as far north as Hunterville. However, he didn't stay there long; in 1880 he moved to Cambridge to run the printing department of the *Waikato Mail*. This was the first Cambridge newspaper, published triweekly, and costing 2d. Since the paper itself wasn't launched until September 1880, James Bond was probably there at the birth. As the paper itself said:

Such interest was manifested at the publication of our first issue, that quite a crowd assembled at our office last evening, to witness the printing of our first sheet. Miss Houghton, who gracefully performed this, drew the handle, took off the sheet, and exhibited it. Mr Rhodes, of Duke Street, acted as printer's devil. Then followed a short address by Miss Houghton, expressing appreciation of the honour conferred upon her. This was greeted with enthusiastic cheers, and Mr Tom Wells, merchant, called for silence and demanded three cheers for the success of the *Waikato Mail*. The meeting responded with three rounds which shook the building.

The three cheers, and the graceful charms of Miss Houghton, were wasted. The *Waikato Mail* hardly lasted a year³, and James Bond started the *Atlas Printing Company*, which also sold books and stationery. I'm pleased to learn⁴ that in 1886-87 James S. Bond had very much pleasure in announcing that his supply of CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS were now opened out and on view. His selection (so the advertisement continues) comprised a very choice assortment in PLUSH, SILK, IVORINE, & FRINGED CARDS, and were pronounced superior to anything ever before shown in Waikato. Good for you, James, good for you. And we believe you. Really, we do.

Whether or not we believe that James's ivory Christmas cards were superior to anything yet seen in the entire Universe, it is clear that he was a substantial and wealthy businessman. He served on the Cambridge Borough Council from 1886 to 1895, and was mayor of Cambridge for the last four of those years. However, I imagine journalism was in his blood and he couldn't resist trying again, in 1895, when he started his own newspaper, the *Waikato Advocate*. This only lasted a year before he moved on to bigger and better things, buying a Hamilton newspaper, the *Waikato Times*, merging the two newspapers, and converting them to a daily evening publication. Actually, it seems

¹'black' metals like iron.

²All of my information about James comes from the Bond family history, written by Brian and Carol Robinson, or from the biographical database of the NZ Dictionary of National Biography. James Bond isn't actually in the Dictionary but they have compiled information about him, just in case they want to put him in at some time. Their sources are: [R1] Obit, *Waikato Times*? 27/11/22, [R2] *Waikato Times* index cards, [R3] Obit of Ellen Octavia Bond, *Waikato Times*? 19/12/55, [R4] Cemetery transcript, Hamilton West Cemetery, [R5] "Astride the River" Gibbons 1977, [R6] *Waikato Times* 5/1/60 "Origin of Waikato Winter Show". I actually haven't read those sources myself. Yet.

³This is sarcasm.

⁴According to some sources; three years according to others.

⁵*Waikato Times*, 24th of December, 1886.

that James was sold a lemon. When the *Waikato Times* was sold to him, the business manager and the editor left, taking with them all the files and all the advertisers. James must have been rather irritated, and thought of taking legal action. Fortunately, he didn't. Lawyers would probably have ruined him, as lawyers tend to do.¹ Instead, he turned the lemon into a ... well ... an orange or something, and the *Waikato Times* prospered, as we know.

James Bond was as politically successful in Hamilton as he was in Cambridge, serving on the Hamilton Borough Council from 1901 to 1909, and was elected mayor of Hamilton for the final five years of this term². His c.v. during this period sort of reads like a typical mayor's c.v., or at least as one imagines a mayor's c.v. would look. Lots of committees, lots of councils, lots of organising things, Bond St. named after him, all rather dull to be honest. Give me a good lunatic like Oscar Norgrove any day; much more interesting. Still, for the record, he was a member of the Waikato Agricultural and Pastoral Association, in 1890 was the Chairman of the Cambridge Licensing Committee, was President for one term of the Waikato Winter Show Association, in 1911 was on the Board of Governors of Hamilton High School, was a member of the Auckland Harbour Board and Auckland Board of Education, and was the chairman of directors of the Theatre Royal Co Ltd. I'm sure this isn't a complete record, but I'm guessing this gives the general drift.

Although not universally popular, James Bond was considered one of the city's most effective leaders. He supported a merger with the Frankton council and got the saleyards and horse bazaar established in Ward St. In his second term he presided over the first Winter Show, saw the opening of the Carnegie Library opposite Garden Place, the completion of the new hospital blocks and the new traffic bridge. His only real problem was a tendency to follow his own opinions no matter what, and his manner was sometimes considered dictatorial. Just to take one example which amuses me, the *Observer*, in 1903, observed:

J.S. Bond, of Hamilton, will go down to posterity as a sort of coronial Guy Fawkes. He enjoys a monopoly of a certain kind of gruesome experience that nobody will envy him. A year or two ago, an old man was found dead after many days in a whare near Te Kowhai, and by order of Mr. Bond the hut, with the body in it, was set a-fire and consumed. The case was commented on at the time as one without parallel, as it probably was.

But it formed a precedent. For Mr. Bond, in his capacity as Coroner, burned down another shanty to cremate another corpse of long-standing at Hamilton on Sunday. The Coroner's argument is based on sanitary considerations, but the practice should not be allowed to become general without grave consideration. In the cases under notice there were apparently no suspicions of foul play, but there are possibilities in the idea.

A Coroner too regardful of his own comfort and the health of the police might unconsciously aid in the covering up of crime. By the way, has a Coroner authority for such summary proceedings?

He was instrumental in starting the Waikato Winter Show, and closely associated with it for the rest of his life. According to the Bond family history, in the first few years of the Show he used to bring the takings home each night, sleeping with the money under the mattress. As the takings increased, his wife Ellen objected and the bank was persuaded to stay open to take the money.

His family continued to live in Cambridge, while he commuted to Hamilton on New Zealand's early high-speed rail network which is nowadays such a prominent and useful part of the transport system³, but they must have moved up to Hamilton at some stage, as he was living in *Aroha House*, Selkirk St., Hamilton, in 1905, when he married his second wife, my G-grandmother, Ellen Octavia Graham.

On the 1st of April, 1891, James Bond married Sarah O'Connor, about whom I know absolutely nothing except for the fact they had nine children many of whom also reproduced and so there are

¹This comment is designed to offend my brother, John, who is a lawyer.

²Of course, this means that the newspapers of the time would have been full of information about him. Unfortunately, those newspapers are not online yet, or at least their archives aren't, so I haven't been able to search them for Bond tidbits.

³This is a joke.



Ellen Octavia Graham and her daughter Catherine Charity Graham Bond in the garden of Victoria Avenue.

bushels of Bonds descended from the grand old patriarch. This is not my line.¹ Sarah O'Connor died in 1902 (of what, I don't know), and a few years later, in 1905, James Bond remarried Ellen Octavia Graham at All Saints Church, Ponsonby, Auckland. He was 47, she was 39. A few years later, after James retired, they all moved up to Auckland, and lived at 84 Victoria Avenue (a renovated farmhouse with two acres of land; the street has since been renumbered), where James died in 1922 after a bunch more Committees and Boards.

Now, with the entry of Ellen Octavia Graham into the story, we suddenly see the difference between what the world thinks of poor people (like the Bonds or McPhersons) and what they think of very rich people, like the Grahams. Not just the ordinary Grahams let me add hastily, but the Grahams of Edmond Castle, no less; nobody would have the gall to forget a Graham of Edmond

¹ Actually, my family did intersect this other Bond line a few years ago when my daughter, also called Sarah, came home from school saying that one of her classmates had told her how her G-grandfather was the mayor of Hamilton. Really, said I, not too interested. Yes, said Sarah, and his name was James Bond. No way, said I, not remembering about Sarah O'Connor, his first wife. So my Sarah went back to school and checked, and sure enough, her friend insisted that yes, her G-grandfather WAS the mayor of Hamilton and he WAS called James Bond, and Sarah's father was an idiot. Oh, said I, I'll check. So I did, and felt a bit stupid that I'd forgotten about the first wife.

Castle.

And so it proved. Ellen Octavia's ancestry can be traced back, almost indefinitely, with accuracy as good as any similarly long Western lineage, and it is to this lineage that we shall turn our attention in the next chapter.

However, before we do so, a brief description of Ellen Octavia is in order. She was the eighth child of Reginald John Graham of Edmond Castle and Ellen Leah Boileau, of the Boileau de Castelnau, of whom more in Chapter 7. There were another couple of girls after Ellen, and a total of 13 children, three boys and ten girls. The Grahams of Edmond Castle were English landed gentry, based in Edmond Castle, close to Hayton, in Cumberland, and, although wealthy, were not really wealthy enough to provide for quite *that* many daughters. So at least one of them, and maybe others, was sent off to travel around the world. I've always thought that she set out to find a husband, but given that she was almost 39, and unmarried, that is unlikely to be correct. She was probably a confirmed spinster by then, and not really thinking of marriage at all. However, she would have been adventurous, intelligent and bored silly, which would be explanation enough. Certainly, her mother came from a widely-travelled family with close connections to India, and Ellen very likely visited her relatives there as well.

Whatever her motives, she ended up in New Zealand. How she came to meet James Bond I have no idea, but meet him she did. They didn't marry immediately, only after she had briefly returned to England, presumably to make arrangements to have her stuff shipped over, and to say goodbye to her family. James Bond must have thought all his Christmases had come at once. Here he was, a poor lad with almost no education, son of a smith, marrying a daughter of the English gentry. Not a peer's daughter admittedly, not even the daughter of a measly Baronet, merely landed gentry, but poncy enough for all that. If he'd stayed in England it wouldn't have happened, that's for sure, but in New Zealand all things were possible.

I wish I could have met Ellen Octavia. I can never decide whether she would have been nice or nasty. Her daughters certainly weren't very nice, but maybe they got that from their father. Pop always called her a "Lady" – you could hear the capital L very clearly – and one suspects he was told this many times. But she would not have been uninteresting; she had a strong interest in Botany, as did her sister Olive, and they would often go out into the countryside to look for new plants. She must have been a strong person, to emigrate to New Zealand as she did, and she cannot have been too snobbish, because she did, after all, marry the son of a smith. One wonders what her parents thought of it. Maybe she was just glad to be on the far side of the world from them. Or maybe she missed them terribly, but love overruled. Or maybe she was just so surprised to find a husband at her advanced age that she couldn't say no. All in all, I'm inclined to think that I would have liked her.

Ellen Octavia died on the 17th of December, 1955¹, and was cremated and buried in the same plot as James Shiner Bond (Waikumete cemetery, Anglican Division A, Row 7, Plot 7). The grave marker is still there (in October, 2008), a little battered but still legible. It had a stone cross on the top which fell off at some stage but has been partially replaced. In the cemetery notes her occupation was listed as "House Duties".

James Bond and Ellen Octavia had two girls; Catherine Charity Graham and Ellen Sarah Hamilton (1908–1980). Catherine married Pop, as described above, and Ellen (Aunt Nellie) married Clive Tidmarsh. They had two children; Brian Graham and Mary Ellen. Brian is the famous Mr. Tiddles, as we children always called him. He married Helen Meril Shanly and had two girls, Angela and Stephanie, whom I knew reasonably well when I was young, although I haven't seen them for a long time. Mr. Tiddles was a dentist in Dunedin for many years, and fixed up my front tooth when I broke it off, diving into the shallow end of the pool. He has written his own memoirs, which make an interesting read, so if you want to learn more about him that's where to go. He's still down in Dunedin, tending his beautiful garden; his second wife, Nancy, just died a few months ago. I see him every so often still, and Mum and Dad see him frequently.

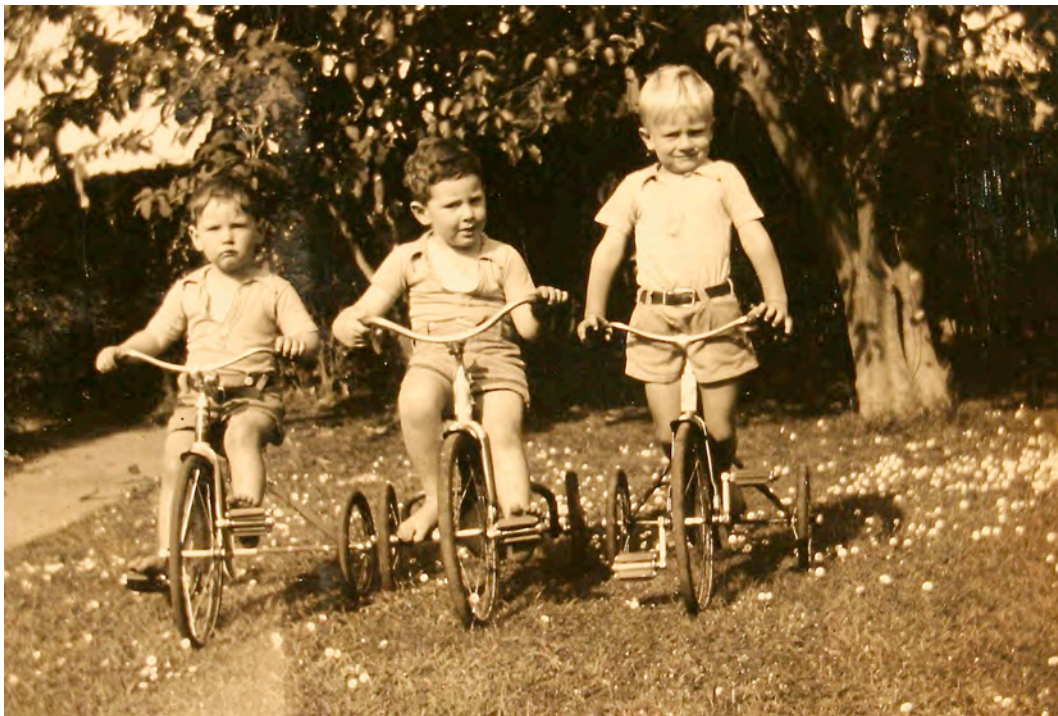
Mary (or cousin Mary, as Dad always calls her) has lived in South Africa for many years, and I think I've only ever met her once, in 2000 when she came to Auckland for a visit. She married

¹My father, note, was 20 when she died, so he must remember her well, but can I get him to write anything about her? No way. I will have to keep bugging him.



From left to right: Mum, Alfred (hiding his face), Pop, Mary Tidmarsh, Dad, James, Brian Tidmarsh (in the front), some unknown male at the back, Granny, Nellie.

Robert Wilson, and had three children, Andrew, Julie and Michael.



From left to right: James, Dad, Brian Tidmarsh.



Right panel: Octavia Bond with Dad (left), James (on knee), Brian (right). At Victoria Ave. Top left panel: from left to right, Pop, Dad, James, Granny, Nellie, Brian. Octavia Bond in front. Bottom left panel: Front row; Dad, Mary, Brian. Middle row; Nellie, Alfred, Granny, James. Back row; Pop, Clive Tidmarsh's father (Clive Tidmarsh married Nellie), Octavia. Taken at 35 Ewen St, Takapuna, before it was renovated.