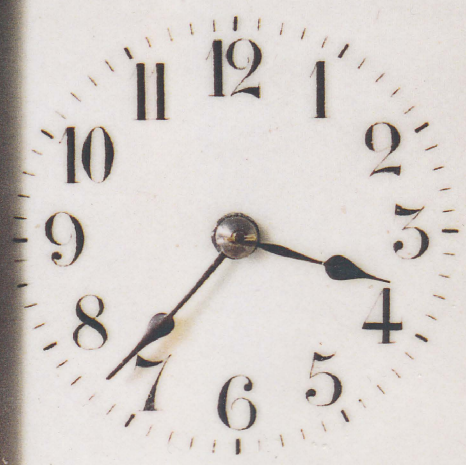


Now and Then



Brian Tidmarsh

Now and Then

Brian Tidmarsh

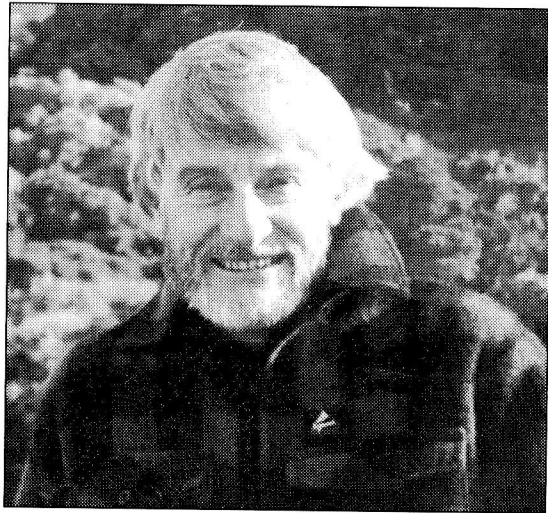
47

Now and Then

a memoir
by

Brian Graham Tidmarsh

August 2000



Foreword

This is an attempt to record a little of my family history and the events of my life, for it is apparent that as the oldest living member of the family at this time, that I have some responsibility to the following generations before some of this vanishes unremembered and unrecorded.

It does not try to be a genealogy but rather a narrative of three generations, my own, my parents and grandparents. In particular it does not presume to tell the story of any living person's life other than my own. It certainly does not claim to be comprehensive or even accurate; neither my resources nor my memory permit that, and furthermore, like the common disclaimer on television, certain details may have been omitted to "protect the innocent".

Contents

A Little Family History	1
Grandparents	17
School Days	23
Salad Days	35
The Next Two Decades	45
Single Again	61
1984 and Onwards	69
Appendices	87

A Little Family History

For some few years now I have tended to awake at an early hour, typically about 6am. Sometimes I roll over and go back to sleep but often I know that I am only going to toss and turn and so I get up. Bailey, our Golden Retriever, usually gets up with me and after her ritual gingernut biscuit, goes back to sleep somewhere near me. These early hours I have come to enjoy, the house is quiet, except for Bailey's occasional snuffling and the ticking of the brass carriage clock on my desk. It is during this time that in the last couple of years I have made a number of miniature needlepoint oriental rugs and I am looking forward to making another one soon, but first I must at least get this memoir started.

Some people it seems, can confidently recall events from a very early age, but I have long been aware that my memory does not seem to extend much before the age of about six or seven and much after that is often patchy. Perhaps some memories have been unconsciously suppressed or just lie buried. It will be interesting to see whether, as I proceed with this task of writing an account of my life, some forgotten experiences may emerge. My resources are limited however: four photograph albums that were put together by my parents which have very few annotations that might help in identifying times and places and a book of newspaper clippings of articles written by my father during his years as a journalist. The coloured slides and photographs taken during the twenty years of my first marriage are not available to me, at least at this time.

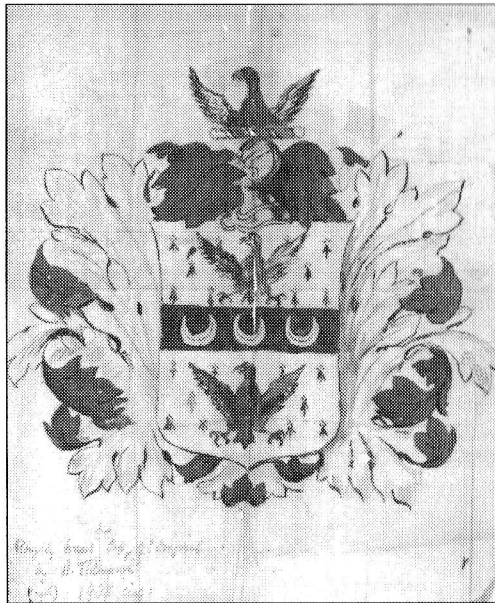
As to my forebears, considerably more is known about those on my mother's side than on my father's. Although my father was keenly interested in his ancestors and spent some time researching a family tree, to the extent of visiting the church in the little village of Tidmarsh in Oxfordshire, little is reliably authenticated. An undated note, typed by my father and accompanying a tracing of a painted crest reads....

"This is a copy of the reputed TIDMARSH Crest, the original of which was, in 1962, in the hands of Mrs Gladys Tidmarsh, Maze Green Rd, Bishops Stortford, Herts. England, widow of my uncle, the late Albert George Tidmarsh. It is supposed to be willed to me, Clive Charles Tidmarsh. The attached copy was drawn from the original by my uncle about 1908. The inscription below the crest, in my father's handwriting, is as follows...

Robert Tidmarsh was Norman born, his parents living at Tours (South of France). He being the eldest son of five but being ambitious and seeking after honour, he resolved to venture his life and fortune in some other country. He therefore enlisted himself a 'soldier on board', under the command of the Lord Nevil, the Lord High Admiral to William, Duke of

Normanby, afterwards styled William the Conqueror, in which service he valiantly behaved himself, that he gained the love of his Prince and the honour of knighthood in the field besides an estate to maintain him after the Duke was crowned King of England and the kingdom was settled in peace.

This Sir Robert Tidmarsh married Ann, the daughter of Sir John Foster, and had issue sons and daughters."

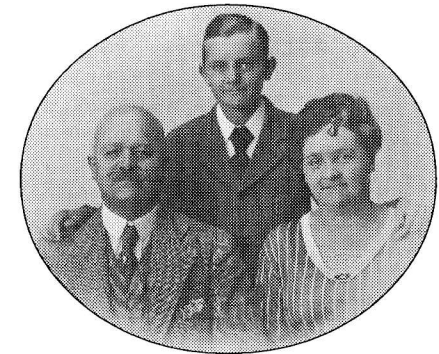


The reputed Tidmarsh Crest.

For the next 900 years little is known until in June of 1985 my father wrote down his family history, the relevant part of which is reproduced below but whether any future genealogist can link these is pure conjecture.

My paternal grandfather, Charles Tidmarsh, was a cutler of London and Sheffield, principal of James Tidmarsh and Sons, cutlers to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. He lived in North London and most of his ancestors were buried in Highgate Cemetery. (The silver salver, still in my possession, is engraved with their initials C.M.T. – Charles and Martha Tidmarsh.) He married Martha George and they had three children: Clara, who married late in life and had no offspring, Albert George, who was director of music and a housemaster at Bishop Stortford College, Herts, who also married late in life and was childless, and Percy Charles James, my father. Percy was apprenticed to the cutlery trade, but gave it up for commercial traveling with other manufacturing companies. He emigrated to New Zealand in

1910, his wife Ada and 5-year old son Clive following in 1912. My grandfather died fairly young but his widow lived on until 1922 and left a sizeable estate, which was divided among the three children. My father relied on agents in England to attend to his legacy and always felt that, as eldest son, he had been denied his fair share. He was a gregarious man, liked instantly by all who met him, but generous to a fault and possessing little business sense. By the mid-twenties he was almost penniless. Earlier I could never have had a secondary education at King's College, Auckland, but for my mother's insistence with what reduced funds were then available. Aggravated undoubtedly by her experience in suffering the strain and stress of two financial slumps with attendant hardship, my mother had a fatal stroke in 1935.



My grandfather Percy Tidmarsh, his wife Ada, and my father Clive, about 1922.



John Henry Williams and May Jane Ellis, my father's maternal grandparents.

My maternal grandfather, John Henry Williams, was Welsh and a London leather merchant. He married Mary Jane Ellis, an Irish lady from Galway, and reared a large family, including my mother Ada Marion. He died at 49 of smallpox but his wife lived to an old age when all the family emigrated to the USA.

I studied for a B.A. degree at Auckland University, but only completed in English, French, History and Political Economy, as for family economic reasons it was advisable for me to accept a better paid position on the Hamilton newspaper. By then, 1928, I had four years experience in journalism with the NZ Herald. My father lived 20 years after my mother's death, managing odd jobs and enjoying good health. I spent 25 years in daily journalism, serving on the NZ Herald, Waikato Times, Napier Daily Telegraph, Manawatu Standard and finally nine years on the Auckland Star. During World War II, in which I was rejected for military service owing to a fractured leg, I was, while with the Auckland Star, also correspondent in New Zealand for the British and American United Press. Famous people in their day whom I had the pleasure of interviewing included Randolph Churchill, Noel Coward, George Bernard Shaw, Cardinals Spellman and Gilroy, Lord Loyal, Sir Hubert

Wilkins, Commodore Parry (*Achilles*), Admiral "Bull" Halsey, and Admiral Byrd.

In 1949 I left the Star to become the first public relations officer for New Zealand's largest company, New Zealand Forest Products Ltd. and was founder of the New Zealand Public Relations Institute. In 1954 after a brief partnership I founded my own trade magazine business, establishing journals for the forest industry and building trade. I sold out this business to the Thompson Organisation in 1973 and retired.

The genealogy of the maternal side of my family has been extensively researched by the Robinson family of 62 Houchens Road, Hamilton from which I quote relevant sections. It seems that even Louis XIV had a part to play in our family history, as it was he who revoked the *Edict of Nantes* in 1685. As a result many French Protestants fled their country to settle in the south of England. They were for the most part merchants and skilled tradesmen and included lace makers, tapestry makers and cloth weavers. They intermarried with the southern English and tradition maintains that there was a strong French strain in the Bond family. A lot of early Bond records were lost due to a fire in a local parish church.

My grandfather, James Shiner Bond, was born in 1858 in Beaminster, Dorsetshire, England. His large framed portrait hangs on the wall in my study directly above the computer on which I am typing this.

He left school at the age of 12. His first job was as a delivery boy for his grandmother who was a corset maker. His first delivery was a pair of 'wedding' corsets to a neighbouring village. He hitched a ride on a farm cart but fell off in the mud with the corsets. He delivered them however but they were returned to the maker and a new pair had to be made in a great hurry for the wedding.

After this inauspicious start JSB entered the printing trade at the age of 13 being employed in a large printing office. After amassing a capital of five pounds besides his fare, he came to New Zealand, arriving in 1878. After arriving in New Zealand he initially worked for the *Rangitikei Advocate*, then in 1880 settled in Cambridge taking charge of the printing department of the *Waikato Mail*. The paper ceased to exist a year later and he opened a general printing, book and stationery business. He started the *Waikato Advocate* in 1895, which was merged into the *Waikato Times* when he purchased the latter paper.

James was living in Cambridge at the time of the Tarawera eruption. With the local people being alarmed at the noise, James rode his horse to Hamilton to discover the cause of the alarming noise.

He was mayor of Cambridge 1892-1895 and mayor of Hamilton from 1905-1909, at which time he retired. Bond Street in Hamilton is named after him. He was instrumental in starting the Waikato Winter Show. In the first few years he used to bring the takings home each night, sleeping with the money under the mattress. As the takings increased his wife objected and the bank was persuaded to stay open to take the money. James and Sarah had nine children, six sons and three daughters.



James Shiner Bond.

After his wife Sarah died in 1902, James met Ellen Octavia Graham when she was travelling around the world. She returned to England and the following year (1905) returned to New Zealand. They were married at All Saints Church, Ponsonby, Auckland, afterwards returning to Hamilton. After retirement they moved to Auckland living at 84 Victoria Avenue (later renumbered). The section had two acres of land, and the house had previously been a farmhouse but extensively renovated before purchase. He continued to be involved in community affairs, and was an active member of the Auckland Harbour Board, Education Board, Grammar School Board and the Seddon Memorial Technical College. He had a lifelong interest in education, perhaps because he left school himself at the age of 12.

Four of his sons served overseas during the war, three being wounded. The fourth, Gussie was listed as missing in 1915. James never gave up hope that somewhere, somehow, Gussie would turn up. It was in 1922 that he received a letter from the War Office that Gussie's remains had been identified and buried in the war cemetery. It was such a shock that James had a stroke, which some weeks later resulted in his death. He is buried in the Waikumete cemetery in Auckland.

Ellen Octavia, James' second wife was the eighth child from the wealthy Graham family who lived in Edmond Castle, Carlisle, England. Her younger sisters were named Nona and Decima.

For details of the Graham family refer to Burkes Peerage under the Grahams of Edmond Castle, a branch of the Grahams of Montrose. The peerage is now extinct since Eric Graham sold the castle.

At the time of her marriage to James Bond, my grandmother received a gift of a marble mantle clock modeled on the Madeleine church in Paris. The inscription reads: "Presented to Miss Graham from the Tenantry of the Edmond Castle Estate on the Occasion of her Marriage."

This clock is still on my mantelshelf. James and Octavia had two daughters: my mother Ellen Sarah Hamilton (Nellie), and my aunt Catherine Charity Graham (Cherry).



Catherine (Cherry) and Ellen (Nellie) Bond.

My father had met my mother by 1930 as there is a photograph in his album showing Nell and Cherry at this time. (Cherry and my Uncle Alf Sneyd are shown together in a photograph in 1933 and shortly after both couples had wed.) Another photograph suggests that my parents honeymooned on Kawau Island in the Hauraki Gulf. I was born in Remuera, Auckland on October 7th, 1934.

My father's career in journalism had started with the *New Zealand Herald* in Auckland, but for short periods of time we lived in both Napier and Palmerston North while my father worked on the *Napier Daily Telegraph* and the *Manawatu Standard*. The next move was to Hamilton where my father now worked for the *Waikato Times*. His close friend and colleague at the time, Jack Penniket, I remember as someone the family frequently visited after our return to Auckland. Actually I think what I remember most was the boredom of the car journey broken only by a stop at Mercer where we had tea and biscuits. The car was a little Morris 8, the road bumpy and with most of the luggage in the back seat with me, very cramped. I was always relieved when the elegant concrete arch of the bridge over the Waikato River came into view as the Penniket's house was only half a mile further on. However I am getting a little ahead of myself.

The family returned to Auckland in about 1938 and for two years lived, along with my Aunt Cherry and Uncle Alf and my cousins Graham and James, in the large sprawling wooden villa in Victoria Avenue, Remuera, which belonged to my now widowed grandmother. I think these must have been quite happy times for the family. Photos show us boys playing cricket on the lawn but my only real memory is of the day Graham and James had their tonsils



My mother in 1931.

and adenoids removed on the kitchen table by the family doctor using chloroform as the anaesthetic. Although I was 'banished' to the far end of the house during proceedings, I can remember some pretty loud yelling both before and after the events and the smell of the anaesthetic. Another dramatic event during this period involved me chasing Graham down the long passageway and him crashing into a glass door which resulted in a severe gash to his arm which required many stitches. I believe I remember this more from repeated retellings in later years rather than from the time itself. Somewhere between these two bloodletting events lies the watershed of my memory, fairly close to my being five years of age. (Many years later Graham got his own back by inadvertently backing a car over my foot which also resulted in a number of stitches). I clearly remember the weekly visit to 'Mrs Wilson's Sunday School', which was held in her house in Burwood Crescent, about 10 minutes walk away. We children sat on the floor, sang *All Things Bright and Beautiful*, listened to a story and then each child was given a biscuit; thin and round but with the underside coated in yummy chocolate. This was of course the highlight and the main reason I liked going.



There are very few photos of my grandmother, Ellen Octavia. This was taken in the garden of the house in Victoria Avenue. She is holding my cousin James Graham on the left, me on the right.

I think we lived in the house in 'Vicky Ave.' for about a year and then the Sneyds moved to 35 Ewen Street, a house almost on Takapuna Beach, in which Alf Sneyd, now a widower in his early nineties, still lives. At about this time my third cousin, Alfred, was born. My parents moved to a house at 2 Koraha Street in Meadowbank and shortly thereafter my grandmother bought a much smaller house in Sterling Street, the old home now being far too large. My grandfather, Percy, was at this time living in one of the western suburbs, Herne Bay, but shortly afterwards moved in with us. To accommodate him, my parents added two bedrooms to the house by putting stairs down to the large basement. My grandfather had one and I, the other.

World War II had now started and for a six-year old boy who knew nothing of the horror of war it was an exciting time. There were the thrilling stories of the Battle of Britain and the disbelief when *H.M.S. Hood* was annihilated by a single

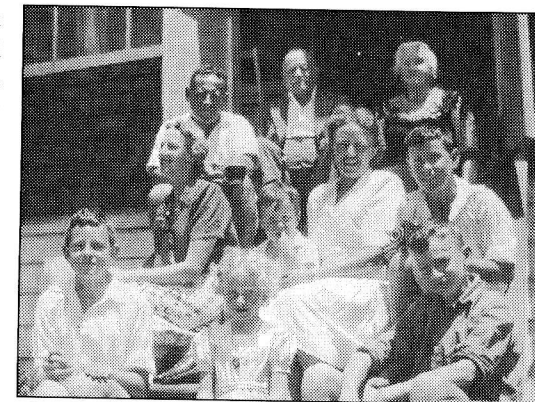
shell that hit her magazine. I remember the blackout when every window had to be checked so that not a glimmer of light escaped. My father joined the Home Guard. He was a corporal, and at first had the only rifle in the platoon, a Lee Enfield 303 and five shiny cartridges. At school, Remuera Primary, we had periodic air-raid drills when we would all file out of class and go down to the playing fields where we crouched in the trenches that had been dug. The trenches were deeper at one end, so tall children went first and shorter ones filled up the shallower entry end. This I thought was a bit unfair on short kids like myself. My greatest interest was reserved for the fighter planes, I could identify them all. One of the exercises my father had to do for the Home Guard was practise identifying aircraft from their silhouettes. He had been issued with a sheet of silhouettes of both Allied and Axis planes and was frequently frustrated by the ease with which I could correctly identify them.

Modelair Limited in Newmarket was heaven! My pocket money was usually spent on kits of scale models. These were about 5 inches long and carved from blocks and sheets of balsa wood. Hurricanes, Spitfires and Corsairs were my early favourites. As my modeling skills improved I made more complex models; fuselage and wings built as frameworks and covered with thin tissue tightened by the application of dope. The smell of acetone-based glues pervaded my bedroom and probably much of the house, (perhaps glue sniffing is not such a new phenomenon after all!). I was called the 'Balsa Butcher' by my father who was quite hopeless with tools of any sort so there was nothing hereditary about my love of modeling and working with my hands which has given me so much pleasure throughout my life. In one sense I feel sorry for children today where stores are full of brightly coloured boxes of models, most of them fully assembled or at the very least promising they can be assembled by anyone in less than 5 minutes! Many years later I made my most ambitious model, of *H.M.S. Victory*, which took nearly 12 years to complete. More of this later.

On the 13th of March, 1941, my sister Mary was born. Several days later, when they came home from the hospital I saw her for the first time asleep in my mother's arms. The almost seven years that separated us in age meant that we never shared activities to the extent that we might have, had our ages been closer. Boys and girls at that time also were more constrained by gender roles than today and so it is perhaps understandable that I have much clearer memories of all the things I did with my male cousins.

Graham and James and I, labelled by my father, in one family photo as "the terrible trio" had some great times during these war years, many of them associated with Takapuna beach. I was always made to feel welcome by my Aunt Cherry and Uncle Alf. Cherry was an outgoing and cheerful character with a big voice

which could be frightening on those occasions we boys had transgressed in some way. We tended to obey her very quickly. My uncle was equally welcoming to this extra mouth to feed at the weekends. He was more reserved but always ready to help us pull the dinghy down the ramp to the beach. He had been Lieutenant Commander on *HMNZS Monowai*, an armed '8-gun' merchant carrier during World War II and so was a hero in a small boy's eyes.



Takapuna, about 1947.
 Back row: Uncle Alf, Grandfather Percy, Grannie Bond.
 Middle row: Mum, Alfred, Aunt Cherry, James.
 Front row: Graham, Mary, Brian.

Often, in the late afternoon, if fishing was scheduled for the following morning, we would take the dinghy down to the beach, along with a fine net about 40 feet long, and with one person holding one end at the edge of the water, row the dingy out and back again in a semi-circle. Then the excitement of slowly pulling the net in, often with scores of small fish, 'piper' I think they were called. These were destined to be bait the following day. Within a few hundred metres of the shore we caught many schnapper, occasionally gurnard and on the rare occasion a kawhai or a kingfish. Today expensive launches have to search far and wide over the whole Hauraki Gulf looking for the fish which were then so plentiful.

Swimming, scrambling around the rocks and building forts out of sand occupied us for hours and gave us great appetites. Great battles were re-enacted on the beach. First, two trenches were dug out about twenty feet apart, the excavated sand forming a wall in front. Then the cannon balls had to be made; it was very important to use sand of just the right degree of wetness so that it would hold together and not disintegrate when thrown. After each 'side' had made about twenty or so we retired to the trenches and battle commenced. At this age I guess I had very little subcutaneous fat for I still remember the faintly alarmed horror that Aunt Cherry would express at seeing me after swimming; quite blue with every muscle in my body shivering. Even to this day I prefer swimming in water nearer my blood temperature.

Getting to Takapuna was something of an adventure in itself in the 1940's. It took about 15 minutes in the car to drive down to the vehicular ferry wharf near Mechanics Bay. If we were lucky we would see one of the flying-boats taking off

or landing on the harbour. Usually there was a wait until we could drive on to the ferry. These were double-ended flat-bottomed barges with a bridge set to one side and each held about 50 cars. On busy summer weekends there were usually three or four plying back and forth to Devonport, but even so the return late on Sunday afternoon was a boring ordeal as hundreds of cars converged on Devonport from the North Shore beaches. The queue could be more than a mile long and the wait up to two hours. The only thing to look forward to as we inched slowly in fits and starts, was reaching a point closer to the shops where an ice cream could be got - if they hadn't run out! The alternative, was to drive around the head of the harbour which took well over an hour. This option however meant using a significant amount of petrol which was rationed and so we usually had to endure the boredom of the ferry queue.

In 1998 Aunt Cherry suffered a severe stroke and died in July 1999. Uncle Alf, now into his 90s, is well at the time of writing (April 2000) and as mentioned before, still living in the house above Takapuna Beach.

A bit more about my mother. One of the clocks in our home here in Dunedin came to me from my mother's side of the family. It is a long-case 'grandfather' clock dating from about 1770 and came into my parents' home at the time that my grandmother sold the large house in Victoria Ave. Some years ago I had the mechanism overhauled and although it is in working order I have taken out the weights as its ticking is loud and intrusive in our small living room. I am reminded of the time shortly before Mum's death when I was visiting her, she looked up at the clock as it struck and said what a good companion it had been for her and how it had "ticked her life away". As I look back to my earliest memories of her I can think of no better description than that she was always there and always ready to listen, which was a distinct difference from my father. She was generous also with a little extra pocket money or the loan of her car. I think it was Merriel, or perhaps her sister Vere, friends of Mary's, who said of her that during their teenage years how often and how well she comforted them over the loss of boy friends. "There, there, never mind, I'm sure there will be lots more boys and much nicer too; now let's have a nice cup of tea". My clearest memories now are of her in the last few years of her life, sitting in the living room at Sonia Ave. with a cup of tea and a 'ciggy', reading a murder mystery. I'm sure she must have read every murder mystery ever written and probably every bridge book also for she was an avid bridge player. Mum also loved 'having a little flutter', which involved a vaguely guilty trip to the TAB where she placed her bets on the favored horse of the day. To a lesser extent, Aunt Cherry also bet on the horses and together they went to Ellerslie Racecourse perhaps once or twice a year.

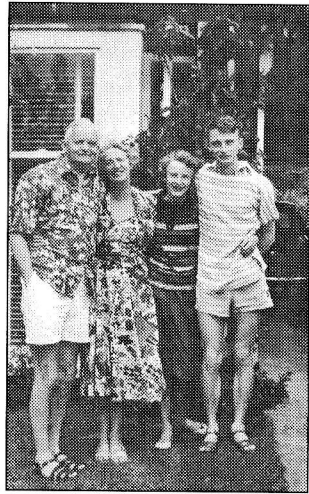
During a brief visit to Auckland in the summer of 1979-80 I called in to see her

and sitting there over a cup of tea she told me that she had been diagnosed with cancer of the oesophagus and that I should talk to her doctor. The doctor was not entirely discouraging about the prognosis but left no doubt as to the seriousness of the condition and the major nature of the surgery which was scheduled for a couple of weeks ahead. The postoperative period, I was told, was likely to be long and very uncomfortable for her. I flew up to Auckland a few days beforehand and again several days after the operation. That last evening she was sitting up in bed, looking terribly frail but being very brave and told me how much she was looking forward to getting up the next day as they had promised she could have a shower. Talking was not easy for her and at one stage she could only point with pleading eyes to the nearby oxygen bottle with the mask which I helped her to put on. Feeling better now we talked a little longer and, saying goodbye, I promised to visit her again shortly and help with getting her settled in a nursing home for recuperation. The following morning whilst I was flying back to Dunedin, she suffered a massive heart attack and died while taking that shower she looked forward to.

I flew back to Auckland that same day to take over the arrangements for the funeral and started the week-long sad chore of emptying the house in Sonia Ave. and putting it on the market. I think Mum must have known that her chances of recovery were slim for as I went through the house room by room I found that she had been very thorough. Every bill had been paid, her library books returned, most cupboards emptied of everything but her immediate needs. There were very few loose ends. A few items of interest did emerge, notably the old family photograph albums. There were two beautiful venetian crystal wine goblets that I remembered from granny's house. I flicked at the rim of one of them with my fingernail as I had done in my childhood and heard again the bell-like ring. The original dozen had been divided between my mother and Aunt Cherry and I gave these two to Cherry to add to her survivors.

The funeral service at St. Aidan's Church in Remuera was attended by a very large congregation, a testimony to her large number of friends. In accordance with her wishes, Mum was cremated and her ashes scattered among the beautiful rose beds at Purewa Cemetery in March of 1980. She was 72 years of age.

The house remained on the market for a long time before being sold which wasn't surprising as it had not aged well. It was a prize winning design from one of New Zealand's top architects of the time, Vernon Brown. Thirty-four years after my parents built it and lacking much maintenance during the last 10 years, it was not an attractive buy with its small bathroom, miniature laundry and poor kitchen. The large beautifully proportioned living room and the highly desirable location did not compensate and it finally sold at a price well below initial expectations.



The family at Sonia Avenue.

I returned to Dunedin driving Mum's VW car, a car she had bought partly on my recommendation. Initially she wasn't too sure about it as she had always driven Austin cars before. At the time she died it was quite a few years old but had only traveled about 15,000 miles, mostly trips to the shops, the bridge club and the public library. The VW did well on the sad trip south from Auckland to Dunedin, its roof-rack fully occupied with the carcass of the grandfather clock, carefully wrapped and padded for the journey. The VW is now in my first wife Helen's possession, and must be almost of antique value.

Now to my father. My childhood memories of him are vague. I remember him mostly as an authoritarian figure, not as severe as his own father, but definitely in the same mould. I certainly don't remember sharing many activities with him and it was my mother who was the more approachable and the one with whom I could talk. In fact the problem of talking with my father was a life-long thing but more of this later. Perhaps because they were such uncommon occurrences, I still vividly remember occasions such as when he took me to his place of work, *The Auckland Star*, and showed me around. I was impressed by the reporters busy at their typewriters, the large linotype machines and the clattering noise they made, but most of all by the roar of the main press as the evening edition was printed, the giant rolls of paper spinning so fast and the stream of printed papers racing along tracks to the point where they were collated into bundles and the men throwing them into the back of vans for their distribution around the city. I remember the cries of the newsboys who stood on many corners in the inner city... "Staaarreeeaarr" ("Star, here you are"), mingling with the clatter of the trams and the piercing whistles and almost balletic gyrations of the traffic policemen on point duty in the middle of major intersections.

After I went to boarding school I saw even less of my parents and my sister Mary, except for the occasional 'leave Sunday', the term holidays and the long summer vacation. Although holidays were eagerly anticipated and days crossed off on the calendar it was equally true that I looked forward to returning to school. It was while I was at university in Dunedin that my father separated from my mother, but I was largely unaware of what must have been a very traumatic time for all concerned. After the divorce he married Pam Matthews, the former wife of one of his early journalist friends, and they lived in Milford on Auckland's North Shore.

It seems to me now that my father's attitude towards me was always somewhat

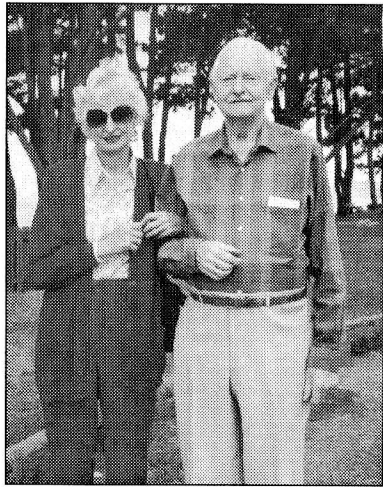
ambivalent. Whilst he wanted me to have a 'King's education' which he perceived as being enormously important, he took only occasional interest in what I was doing. He took pride in my achievements but seldom conceded that my views might have some validity. He could for example, as happened on a number of occasions in later years when I visited him and Pam in Auckland, organise a cocktail party of his friends, introduce me as "My son, Professor Tidmarsh" and in the next breath make some disparaging remark.

My parents and their friends were all regular cocktail party givers and guests. Some of the characters I remember were George and Mavis Bagley. Mavis was noted for her inability to handle alcohol and would explain her forgotten behaviour of the previous evening as having had "one of my wee blackie-outie sort of things"! My father held Bill Linwood, one of his favourite friends, in some awe as Bill spoke mostly in the words of Shakespeare. Whatever the subject of conversation Bill could be relied upon to declaim with some apt and usually lengthy quotation from the Bard. These were usually attributed to one of his more obscure plays and after some years I came to the conclusion that he made many of them up himself in the style of Shakespeare. My father was outraged when I suggested this might be the case.

My father was never easy to talk with, and as the years went by it became impossible to have any sort of extended conversation with him as inevitably he would adopt a contradictory position and become aggressively argumentative. That wouldn't have been so bad on its own but unfortunately he would seldom allow facts to get in the way of his prejudices. He would employ circular arguments, rely heavily on baseless assertions and frequently use phrases such as "everyone knows", "in my day people didn't question", "because I say so" and "when you have lived as long as I have." So predictable and upsetting were these arguments that in latter years I did not always visit when passing through Auckland.

Some of my parents' friends that I remember with pleasure were Dick and Jean Roberts, Eric and Yvonne Hunt, Earl and Cath Moller and my mother's special friend Dickie Julius who later married Vernon Cracknell, the first Social Credit member of Parliament. In about 1969, whilst living in England, I acted on Vernon's behalf and 'gave away' their daughter Merriel's hand in marriage at a very stylish wedding in Hoylake, Cheshire. Dick Roberts shared my passion for making models, in his case model sailing ships. Later, as an adult, I was to move my attention from model aeroplanes to period model ships but as a boy I was really happy to have an adult share my interest.

Early in 1986 Dad was diagnosed with cancer of the liver and given only a few months to live. During this time I travelled up to Auckland on several occasions to



Mary with Dad a few weeks before his death.

visit him both at home and later in the hospital and it was also during this time that Mary visited from South Africa and effected some resolution of the long-standing conflict that had resulted from her marriage to Rob Wilson. His opposition to her marriage to a South African was another example of the rigidity of his thought. Dad died peacefully, at home in Milford, on October 22, 1986, aged 79.

Dad had always made it clear that he did not intend to leave Mary or I anything in his will; in Mary's case because she had no real need and in my case because I did not know how to manage money and would only waste it. In the event he changed his will a few weeks before he died and left us both a bequest. I used my bequest to replace the leaky corrugated iron roof on our house; I wonder if he would have approved? Probably not.

He would never have admitted it, but his own money management wasn't always sound. He made some spectacular losses on the share market but this never dissuaded him from trying to convince me that I should take his advice. Once, in a well-meaning attempt to convince me of his financial acumen he generously gave me \$100 worth of shares to 'start my portfolio'. These shares he said, "couldn't go wrong". Within two months the company had gone 'belly-up', an apt metaphor I think for the shares were in a whaling company based in the Hauraki Gulf.

During the years Dad had been a journalist his political views were very left-wing but when he moved into public relations with New Zealand Forest Products, at that time New Zealand's largest company, he shifted noticeably to the right and then after setting up his own publishing company, which published the NZ Timber Journal, he became even more right-wing. After the sale of this small publishing company it became apparent that for many years he had been milking it for extravagant expenses. On a number of occasions he attended short conferences overseas and then extended his time away, often for several months, and later claimed the entire trip as a business expense. The Inland Revenue, not unreasonably, judged these to have been a means to avoid taxes and he had to repay a very large sum of money and pay heavy penalties. Quite typically, he blamed his accountants for misleading him.

Several years before his death he gave me a sheet of paper listing the "Tidmarsh Family heirlooms". The paper is now lost but as I recall there were some 8 or 10 items, of which only one came into my possession. One, a rather hideous china fruit bowl, had been broken and presumably the others given away, hopefully to other members of the family. I think Andrew, Mary's son, has the silver desk-set. I received the small brass carriage clock that had once belonged to my grandfather which I have had restored to original condition. Eventually I hope it will be a small link back to the past for future generations.

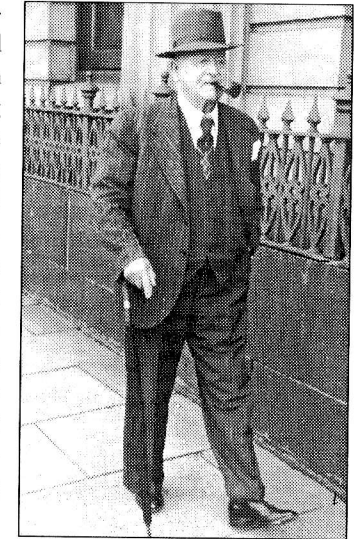
With my father's passing one generation was over but before going on I am going to write a little about the preceding one.



Grandparents

As I've already related I knew only two of my four grandparents, my maternal grandmother and paternal grandfather and very different people they were. Percy, my grandfather, lived the last ten years of his life in our houses at 2 Koraha Street in Meadowbank and then 3 Sonia Avenue in Remuera. Although he has been described by my father as 'gregarious, likeable and generous to a fault', I think this description must have referred to earlier times as during these later years he could only be described as unsmiling, silent and unsociable. Rigid routine was his trademark. "Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today" and "If a thing's worth doing, it's worth doing properly" are two phrases which are engraved in my memory perhaps because it's about all I can remember him ever saying and that was usually in criticism.

His daily routine during the week was unvarying. He arose before anyone else, bathed, shaved and dressed, always in a suit. Immaculate, clean and smelling of aftershave he would be sitting in a chair reading the morning paper when we came down to breakfast. Without a word he would take out his pocket watch, look at it and grunt which seemed to imply some sort of disapproval, it was hard to tell as speaking was rare at this hour. Getting up, he folded the paper back into its original creases and placed it at my father's place at the table. Then, sitting down he silently waited to be served his eggs on toast by my mother, someone he referred to as "that woman" and seldom spoke to directly, preferring to direct his requests through my father or on occasions through me.



Grandpa Percy dressed for the city.

My father left for work and 'Grandpa' returned to his chair with the paper and lit up his pipe. Reading the paper was an affair to be taken seriously and I'm sure he read every word including all the advertisements. He was not to be interrupted! Finally finished, he disappeared up to his room to emerge a little later fully dressed now with his coat, hat and furled umbrella. Without a word he left the house walking briskly to the tram stop a hundred yards away. The tension in the house noticeably eased with his departure each day and returned with him in the late afternoon. This routine was repeated Monday through Friday regardless of the weather. My father said that he spent

the day visiting his business colleagues in the city. This must have been mostly a fantasy and it is more likely that he just walked up and down Queen Street or perhaps, unlikely as it seems, he met an old friend and they talked each day away. I would like to think so, for otherwise he must have been a very lonely old man in a trap of his own making. He certainly never divulged what he had been doing or where he had been although I remember once asking in innocent curiosity and being told very firmly to mind my own business.

After I left for boarding school at the age of twelve I seldom saw him except at holiday time and nothing seemed different. Later, in my second year at university in Otago, he died, but nobody told me until many months later when I visited home briefly during a Christmas vacation and asked where he was!

Strangely, again, nobody told me until later when my grandmother, Ellen Octavia Bond, died, which is a pity for she was a person whose passing I could have mourned. It was in 1953 or '54 and she was 89 years of age. My memory of her is pretty much confined to the time that she was living in Sterling Street, about eight minutes walk away from our house in Sonia Avenue. On the face of it, it seems a little unlikely that I or my cousins enjoyed visiting, for there she sat, dressed all in black, deep in an old arm chair with sagging springs, her white hair straggling, her voice quavery, and when she laughed, which was often, it was with a strange cackle. But she was much younger than her years and maintained an active curiosity about the world. I think she must always have been an adventurous spirit. After all, she met my grandfather, James Bond during the course of a world tour, surely something uncommon for a single woman at the beginning of the twentieth century. Her travels took her to the outskirts of what was then the British Empire. I remember that she had visited Darjeeling in the far north of India and had trekked into the foothills of the Himalayas. Although it didn't mean much to me then I remember her telling me about her relative, a distant cousin I think, who had lost his life on Mt. Everest. His name was George Leigh Mallory.

I don't think I ever felt unwelcome at Grannie's house and I would frequently run around to her house arriving unannounced. The house itself was a little curious, vaguely 'art deco' it seemed to suit her admirably with its small dining room where she spent most of her time and its adjacent sunroom overlooking the garden. The much larger formal lounge housed many family heirlooms and was a source of constant delight and wonder at some of its strange contents. Here was her bureau desk with its secret drawers and compartments. In one of these drawers was a piece of amber with an insect entombed within. I wondered how old it was! Also in this room was a beautiful 'long-case' grandfather clock. Both these items were inherited by my Aunt Cherry. Another desk, also with a couple of secret drawers and another long-case clock are still in my possession. Both of

these were in my parent's house until the death of my mother when I brought them down to Dunedin and had some minor repair and restoration work done on them.

One item of wonder in that sitting room was the ornate christening present that my grandmother had been given. I think upon the christening of one of her daughters. This would have been during the time my grandfather was mayor of Hamilton and the gift took the form of an elaborate cradle, beneath a palm tree, all worked in silver, encased beneath a glass dome. I think Aunt Cherry inherited this, so perhaps it was her christening that was being celebrated. The christening robes have survived and been passed down to Mary and they have been used most recently at the christening of one of her grand-daughters.

We played with the box full of doll's house furniture. Today, had they survived, I'm sure those exquisitely crafted miniature pieces would be very valuable collectors' items. I don't think many could have survived as we boys were pretty rough with them, even using them as targets for 'bombing raids' in our mock wars. I suppose this vandalism is understandable in so far as it was war time. With Grannie we would play games such as Sink the Nazi Navy. This was played on sheets of marked graph paper. One person would fill in the positions of the Nazi navy; so many squares in a line for a destroyer, more for a battleship etc. while concealing their position from the other players, who then got turns to call out a grid reference which either 'hit' or 'missed' a ship. A hit entitled you to call out another square. The object of course was to be first to 'sink' the entire navy. This was a very noisy game with lots of sound effects ...boom, crash bang when a hit was scored. Grannie was not the noisiest but was certainly an enthusiastic player of this and card games such as Strip-Jack-naked also known as Beggar-my-neighbour and Snap. Snap got really noisy with three boys and Grannie all sitting around the table in the dining room banging each card down as quickly as we could and shouting 'snap' whenever a match appeared. In retrospect, it is amazing how tolerant Grannie was, although when pushed too far she could certainly deliver a good tongue lashing.

Grannie's bedroom was also of interest, for two reasons as I remember. First was the commode, a large wooden chair-like piece of furniture beside her bed. A section slid out to reveal a chamber pot! Most amusing to small boys. But the other item was much more fun. This was a framed portrait of our grandfather, James Bond. Of course this was long before Ian Fleming invented the other James Bond but he was an imposing figure nevertheless. A favourite game involved using our bow and arrow sets, the arrows were tipped with rubber suckers, and standing on the other side of Grannie's double bed we would shoot at poor grandfather. Maximum points were scored for hits on the nose! Many years later when

cleaning out the house at Sonia Avenue after my mother's death I came across this portrait again. It was under the house amongst a pile of junk, the frame broken and riddled with borer. The photograph itself was badly stained and partially missing. I set it aside from the rest of the rubbish destined for the tip or bonfire, and later without much hope, took it to a picture restorer. It was not irreparably damaged as I had feared and was beautifully restored. In a new oval mahogany frame James Bond now looks down on me from the wall above my desk. On the reverse side I have attached a family tree.

Grannie was always prepared to try something new and in her late seventies enrolled in a correspondence art school and took drawing and painting lessons. The Brodie Mack Art School it was called. Funny how I remember such a little detail as that! I liked drawing too and I was very impressed as Grannie was much better than I was.

Another little detail recently came to mind. Grannie's birthday was on the 21st of October, a famous day in English history. On this day in 1805, Admiral Lord Nelson was victorious at the Battle of Trafalgar and lost his life. My later interest, of which you will read in due course, was probably sparked at this time by Grannie's lurid and exciting retelling of the story.

Grannie's house held many items of interest. Some were little things like the third tap in the kitchen, between the hot and the cold. This was the boiling water tap! I suppose electric power was cheaper then! Also in the kitchen was the inevitable dish of poison put out to attract the ants that still plague Auckland. Little lines of them marched out of some tiny crack on their way to the dish and marched off again in the reverse direction presumably to die in their nest. Grannie pronounced 'ants' as 'aunts' and it created much amusement for small boys when she announced that she had poisoned some more aunts.

This reminds me of the occasion when Grannie took me to the pictures as they were then called. I guess I must have been about nine or 10 years old at the time. The movie was at the Civic Theatre in Queen St. A visit to the Civic was always an event for it was an extravagance in the grand style of cinemas built in the 1930's. It was large and very ornate and entertainment was provided both before the 'first half' and at the intermission. This was in the form of a Wurlitzer organ that rose from a pit at the front of the stalls, slowly rotating with the organist playing as it rose. The 'first half', which often lasted no more than 20 minutes, was of course preceded by the National Anthem, *God Save the King*, during which everyone stood and the less inhibited sang aloud. A newsreel screened first. This was news of the war and heavily laced with optimistic propaganda. If we were lucky this was followed by a cartoon which was always greeted with cheers and

whistles. Then the lights went up, the organ rose again from the depths and everyone either went out to buy an ice-cream in the foyer or would buy one from the sellers circulating through the theatre with trays of them suspended from their necks. A threepenny ice-cream was the standard (a single scoop) and a sixpenny one (a double scoop) was a real treat. In some stores and theatres you could even get a penny ice-cream in a tiny cone.

Then the main film began. On this occasion it was a matinee and the film was *Arsenic and Old Lace*, a classic comedy. The plot involved lots of surprises, frights and murders and both Grannie and I were so terrified that we had to leave about half way through. I remember well the sense of relief as we came out of the theatre into the afternoon sunshine. Many years later when I saw the film again I saw only the comedy and laughed until I cried. Grannie also used to give me a little pocket money as I frequently mowed her lawns for her.

Down in the basement garage of Grannie's house was a separate room, lined with vertical tongue and groove timber built for no other purpose than storage. Here is where the suitcases and cabin trunks were stored and it was a great play room where secret 'dens' and hideouts could be built. I can't remember what sort of car was in the garage at this time but later Grannie bought a new gleaming black Standard. Although she didn't drive herself she liked having her own car with more space in the back and either my mother or aunt would take her out shopping or visiting. During the years immediately after the Second World War cars were very difficult to obtain, usually requiring the use of 'overseas' funds and being on a long waiting list. People often waited for several years before getting their car and there was little choice in colour. Most British cars were black anyway, as was Grannie's Standard Twelve. Later when I had my driving license, and was home from boarding school, I was sometimes called upon to drive Grannie to the shops as my mother was not always available. I loved doing this, the car seemed so big and powerful, smooth and comfortable after the very small Austin that my mother drove. My father had bigger cars but he virtually never let anyone else drive his cars, including my mother and certainly not his teenage son.

Grannie's survival instincts were strong. I remember visiting her in the Mater hospital when she was recovering from an operation for a burst appendix, something which is not often survived by someone in their eighties. The nurses, who were nuns, tried to coax her to drink, without much success, until Grannie announced that she thought she might be able to manage a little champagne. The nurses managed to get some small bottles and Grannie started to improve rapidly. Soon she even found the strength to accuse the nuns of stealing some of her champagne while she was asleep. I am told that it was at this stage of her conva-

lescence she was visited by a Roman Catholic priest and announced firmly as he introduced himself, "I'm not ready for the devil-dodgers yet"! Indeed she was someone after my own heart.



School Days

I started my schooling the year that the Second World War commenced, 1939, and finished secondary school in 1952. During these years I attended Remuera Primary School, King's Preparatory School and King's College.

My first impression of Remuera Primary School was its size, it seemed a vast place with so many children. I guess that it was no larger than average but it seemed rather scary for a five year old. I don't remember anything of the first two years, my first real memory being our Primer Three teacher, Mrs. Hollis. She ruled her class by the simple expedient of using terror! The first day in her class still stands out clearly, a room full of noisy seven year olds immediately hushed when Mrs. Hollis entered, for her reputation preceded her having been gleefully described by the older children now beyond her tyranny. She did not speak initially but just stood in front of the class and stared at each child in turn. Inevitably a nervous giggle or whisper broke the silence and the hapless one was hauled to the front of the room by one ear and made to hold out a hand to receive a hard cut with the wooden ruler. Mrs. Hollis' ruler was 18 inches long and much heavier than the standard 12 inch rule. "You will learn to be quiet in my classroom"; this being all that was said for the entire 40 minute period as she continued to intimidate each and every child. Strange that as I write this there is discussion as to whether legislation should be introduced to make it illegal for even a parent to physically chastise a child let alone sadistic teachers. Mrs. Hollis's method of learning through fear of physical pain is not tolerated today even for laboratory rats but in those days it didn't seem to draw much comment. I suppose it prepared one for the major corporal punishments of secondary school but more of that later. It was in her classroom that amongst other things we learnt to perfect our penmanship. The task would typically be to repeat the shape of three letters or numerals. Line after line in our ruled exercise book would have to be completed to her satisfaction. Substandard performance was treated in the usual way! As I said, she certainly made an impact in more ways than one and to this day is one of only three people I remember from that school. The school day was broken into periods interspersed by morning break, physical education, lunch and afternoon break each of which was welcome relief from Mrs Hollis' tyranny.

The second, feared just as much, was Miss Jull, the school dental nurse who presided over the 'murder house'. The dental clinic stood just inside the school gates, next to the wire crates of free bottles of milk warming in the sun, and had to be passed each day on the way to the classrooms as we wondered whether today might be the day when the dreaded call would be announced. The dental health of children, indeed the dental health of almost everyone, was very poor in those days

and there was always plenty for the dental nurse to find. The drills were driven by a foot treadle, amalgam was heated up with mercury over an open flame in a little metal spoon. There were no local anaesthetics and a dental nurse needed a strong left arm to pinion the prisoner's head.

The third person I remember was 'Beefy' Lord, the headmaster, a very red faced man best seen at a distance for he was quick tempered and it paid to keep well away from him for he was known to use the cane for even minor offenses. Thankfully I never raised his ire.

Just before the morning playtime the milk monitors were dispatched to carry the crates to the classroom where the small, half pint bottles were distributed. As the milk had been sitting out in the sun for some time it was usually warm and quite unpleasant but drinking it was compulsory. Mrs. Hollis would watch to ensure this!

Some 18 years later the names Hollis and Jull reappeared in my life. After graduating I was appointed as a Dental Officer at the School for Dental Nurses in Auckland and one of the Tutor Sisters was, you guessed it, Miss Jull now Sister Jull. I was now her superior! One of the other Dental officers was Michael Hollis, son of the dreaded Mrs. Hollis.

During the years I spent at Remuera Primary School we lived in Koraha St. in Meadowbank which was about a ten minute tram ride away. I delivered the evening paper, the *Auckland Star*, to the houses in Koraha St. and several adjacent streets. After school I would take my scooter and go up the hill to the newsagent at the Upland Road shops and collect my 80 or so papers which, in their canvas bag, I suspended over the steering handle of the scooter. Then down the hill, half out of control to the start of my run. This was my first job at age 10 and I remember being rather embarrassed by my scooter as most of the delivery boys had bicycles, but embarrassment aside it was easier than walking the entire route.

My first bicycle came at Christmas in 1947 when the family moved to Sonia Ave. and I transferred to King's Preparatory School for Forms 1 and 2. My father had been to King's College and was determined that I too should go and the shift to the Prep school anticipated this. I enjoyed King's Prep. I don't remember corporal punishment being used, and the curriculum was much broader than at the state schools. I started Latin and French and Musical Appreciation in Form 1. For a period in Form 2, I remember that we studied Dvorak's New World Symphony for a whole term, learning the structure of the movements and only hearing bits of it at a time. Surprisingly, this dreary approach didn't turn me off classical music entirely.

It was here at King's Prep that I started getting interested in gymnastics, my favourites being the rings and the horizontal bars. I broke an arm falling off each of these. It was one of these fractures that ended up as a news item in the *Auckland Star* written by my father, who took me to the hospital and was incensed at the long delay in my getting treatment. Memory of the pain has faded as it always does, but not the memory of the mask descending over my mouth and nose and the feeling of suffocation and the smell of the chloroform being dripped onto the mask.

I delivered newspapers for a while in the Victoria Avenue area but gave this up as the demands of homework became greater. I had applied for the King's College scholarship entry examinations and this meant a lot of extra work. These were open examinations but it was a big advantage to have gone to the prep school. Even though I overlooked the final page of questions in the General Knowledge paper and was really upset about it at the time, I managed to get one of the four scholarships which eased the financial load on my parents of going to the College. The scholarship paid the equivalent of one term's tuition and boarding fees each year, i.e. a third of the cost.

To supplement my pocket money I worked at odd jobs during the vacations, these being much easier to get than today. I remember one job working for a small manufacturer of rubber stamps. My part of the job was to cut up the sheets of rubber with the various designs moulded on them into the individual pieces and then select an appropriate size of wooden handle, cut it to length, stick the rubber on the base and then tap in a tiny brad on the 'upper' side so that the user would correctly orient it. Fairly boring work as I recall.

The summer of 1948 was a long one and I didn't have a job. I was looking forward with some trepidation to starting boarding school but this was delayed for nearly two months due to the poliomyelitis epidemic which was sweeping the country. Children were kept at home to avoid congregating, which increased the risk of infection, and so my introduction to King's College was nearly two months of correspondence school. This wasn't easy for one of the so-called advantages of having a scholarship was that the four of us 'scholars', as we were called, were required to miss out the 3rd form and go directly to the 4th form. This pressure was maintained and the following year we were required to sit school certificate in seven subjects rather than five.

Around late March of 1948 I was finally installed in St. John's House at the College, the same house my father had been in. This was one of the three original Houses, the others being School House and Parnell House. These were single story wooden buildings, four dormitories, a large study room with library at one

end and a common room at the other. Between were the showers and the prefects' studies. At the back were the quarters for the housemaster and the house tutor. The houses were modeled on the English 'Public' School system complete with 'fags' for the prefects. It was explained to me that I was lucky to have been selected to be a fag for one of the prefects. This dubious honour involved being a menial servant, cleaning shoes, washing rugby gear, fetching and carrying.

The daily routine started at 7am when a prefect flung open the dormitory door and shouted for everyone to get out of bed and head for the showers. Winter as well as summer, the morning shower was taken with cold water and was pretty quick. Getting dressed in prickly grey flannel shorts and shirt and long woolen socks was followed by the trek up to the dining hall for breakfast, then back to the house to collect books for school. By this time the dayboys, or 'daybugs' as we called them, were streaming down the road from the railway station about half a mile away. The chapel bell rang to call all for the short morning service and then it was off to the classrooms. The teaching was excellent and learning a pleasure although we were driven fairly hard. Chemistry was taught by 'Moff' Revell, a man revered for some reason by my father whose knowledge of chemistry was sketchy to say the least. Perhaps this is not surprising for Moff's teaching of the subject was poor, being characterised by having to learn chemistry equations without any real explanation. It wasn't until I took chemistry at university that I began to understand the underlying principles.

At the time I was at King's the only brick buildings were the chapel, main administration block, dining hall and gymnasium. Many of the classrooms were converted army huts, a far cry from the superb facilities that present day pupils enjoy.

Lessons finished at 3.30pm and were followed by sport. Rugby, cricket, athletics and swimming were compulsory and during the four years I was there the range of sports available was extended to include tennis, rowing, rifle shooting, gymnastics and boxing. Most sports were centered around interhouse competition and teams to represent the school in intersecondary school competition were selected from these. By this means I represented the school in steeplechase, rifle shooting and boxing of all things. I didn't really enjoy boxing but must have had some ability (boxing lessons had started while I was at Kings Prep). Several times I won my lightweight division in interhouse and thus was an automatic selection for interschool where I enjoyed no success at all.

I enjoyed rugby. Before my adolescent growth spurt I played half-back but later played in the back-line, on one notable occasion marking Ross Brown, a future All Black, at first five-eight. In my last year I played as a loose forward and continued to play in this position in social rugby games at university. Participat-

ing in school sports at least got one a hot shower, a great luxury after the morning cold one.

The evening meal was taken in the dining hall, each long table presided over by a prefect. 'High Table' was for the masters, one of whom would say grace. The headmaster, of whom more later, would usually satisfy himself with the short version... *Benedictus, Benedecat, per Jesum Christum, Dominum, Nostrum*. He was not always there and on odd occasions a junior master might force us to stand for the full version which took several minutes or surprise us all by just saying "*Benedictus*".... and sitting down.

The food was generally pretty dreadful and usually little more than warm by the time it had reached the tables. How bad it was may be judged by the fact that one of the favourites was 'elephant turd', a foot long thick roll of sausage meat, divided up by the prefect at the head of the table and served with mashed potato. On one unforgettable occasion the entire school of boarders was given a severe dose of food poisoning. Such was the severity of the gastroenteritis that the school rule of asking for permission to leave a room to go to the toilet was abandoned, every second counted and the race was not always won.

I recently read, with amusement, in the autumn 2000 issue of the school magazine, *King's Courier*, an article about the new kitchen which is presided over by the Food and Beverage Manager. To quote him: "When I first came here in 1975 there tended to be just one choice, i.e. if there was tea, there was no coffee. The evening meal might be beef with one vegetable, and spuds, fruit and ice cream. That contrasts with an evening meal in 2000 of, for example, ham steak, grilled pineapple, two fresh vegetables, jacket potatoes, salad of the day, and a Chef's Evening Special. Dessert is chocolate fudge pudding, vanilla sauce and fresh fruit. Mochaccinos, capuccinos and hot chocolate are available as beverages."

After dinner it was back to the houses for 'prep', about an hour and a half in the house library studying and getting ready for the next day's classes. Once a week we lined up to receive our pocket money from the house master. If I remember correctly this was one shilling in junior years and two shillings in senior years. This was sufficient to buy some chocolate or lollies from the tuck shop. Most boys also had a 'tuck box' in their locker which was replenished by parents at holiday times or on 'Leave Sundays'.

Particularly during the first couple of years, bedtime was approached with mixed feelings and some dread that your name might be one of those called out by the prefect to 'report after lights out'. A very minor infraction, such as not having one's socks pulled up tight, or a shirt tail hanging out, might, if you were lucky,

obtain you no more than a reprimand but usually having to 'report' meant a beating. This, the prefects administered with a large size sandshoe, two to six 'whacks' on a pajama'd backside. The sounds could be clearly heard in the dormitories and some nights there were so many victims that it could be up to half an hour before silence descended.

The Masters didn't go in for beating to the same extent but in a way this was more feared as they used the cane and that was much more painful. The most notable beating took place one morning at a specially held ceremony. One of the boys had stolen the headmaster's car and gone for a joy ride of several hundred miles, being picked up in New Plymouth a couple of days later. A 'Big School' was announced. This was the name for an assembly in the hall of the entire school, boarders, dayboys and masters. The chapel bell tolled steadily as the guilty boy was marched by his housemaster to centre stage where the headmaster waited, cane in hand. The chapel bell stopped ringing and the Headmaster said firmly, "assume the position". Six slowly measured strokes were delivered to the boy's trousered bottom. I think all four hundred people in the hall flinched with each stroke. I know I did. Not a word was spoken until the word "dismiss" and a very subdued assembly filed out. Some years later this same boy committed suicide.

Another famous beating, not public this time but conducted in the headmaster's study by all accounts, involved a number of boys who, it was alleged, had been involved in taking some revealing photos of some girl or girls from 'Dio', the Diocesan High School for Girls. The school buzzed with rumours and gossip for days - who were the guilty? who had seen the photos? Everyone seemed to know someone who knew someone else who had seen the photos but no details ever emerged. As I recall there were dire threats from the headmaster that the whole school would be 'gated' unless every guilty boy owned up. To be 'gated' was a severe punishment, it meant being confined to the school grounds so one could not participate in 'away' sports functions or trips or go home on 'leave' Sundays.

It was the chapel bell that called us to assembly each morning and to the various services. The chapel was one of the first buildings at the College, being there when my father was at Kings. It has a particularly fine set of stained glass windows and all the panels and pews are made of English oak and is large enough to seat about 400 pupils below and about another 60 in the gallery.

I was 'confirmed' by the school chaplain after the usual study and thereafter took communion on Sunday mornings. I have to admit that my faith was never strong and as the years have passed I have abandoned any pretence of being religious and I suppose I would now have to call myself an agnostic. In spite of my shaky schoolboy faith much of my time spent in the chapel was really enjoyable.

King's College was very fortunate in its music teacher and choir master, L.C.M. Saunders, known to all the boys as 'Elsie' (his first two initials). For decades he was New Zealand's leading music critic. The choir at the College was always very good and of course the choir master had both broken and unbroken voices at his command. The musical high points of the year were Bach's St Mathew Passion at Easter and The Nine Lessons and Carols before Christmas. The whole school, not just the choir was involved with these.

One Evensong I remember well. The Chaplain was well into his sermon when a strange noise was heard. It sounded like a frog croaking and then we all heard it again. The Chaplain stopped and glared and then carried on. But then, the culprit, a real live frog jumped into the aisle and proceeded to hop up the length of the chapel towards the now furious chaplain. It evaded capture and by this time the entire congregation was laughing. Even the headmaster was having great difficulty in trying to look stern, eventually he couldn't contain himself any longer. Although at assembly the next morning dire things were promised for the culprit, he was never found.

Another musical event was the annual Gilbert and Sullivan opera but I did not feature in any of these. I did however usually get a part in the annual Shakespearean play even if it was only as a 'spear carrier'. I think my longest speech was something like, "Io! the sun hath risen".

Monday afternoons were devoted to the School Army Cadet Corps and we spent the whole day in our uniforms which were unpopular for several reasons. First, the shorts and tunic were made from a particularly rough and abrasive serge that was most uncomfortable and, second, there were many brass buttons which had to be kept really shiny. Incidentally a fag such as myself in the junior years also had to keep his prefect's uniform in immaculate condition. The Battalion comprised four companies and I was in the ATC, the Air Training Corps. We started with the whole battalion on parade and after about half an hour of ceremonial stuff we were marched off in our respective platoons for training which was mostly marching and rifle drill.

Several times a year we went to the army's rifle range for a live shoot with our Lee Enfield 303 rifles. I was quite a good shot in spite of my light weight which resulted in heavy bruising on the right shoulder after a session on the range. On the small range on the school grounds we used much lighter rifles of .22 calibre and I managed to make the school's A-grade rifle team.

Once a year the entire school went to 'Camp' at an army base. Here there was even more emphasis on rigid discipline and endless marching. We all envied one

boy who was excused from marching as he just couldn't coordinate the swing of his arms with the rest of the platoon. You can imagine the havoc this caused during complicated routines. It was widely believed that he had manufactured this affliction but no amount of individual training seemed to effect a cure. I don't know whether he felt this passive resistance to marching worthwhile as he was assigned kitchen duties which meant cleaning pots and peeling potatoes but he didn't seem to mind. On the final day of camp we went on manoeuvres where we crawled around in the scrub for a few hours obeying the shouted commands of the officers and shooting blank cartridges at a supposed enemy.

One boy who, perhaps not surprisingly, later joined the army, was caned for his extraordinary effort one Guy Fawkes night. Many boys had fireworks which they had bought with their pocket money or been given by their parents but some constructed crackers with ingredients sneaked out of the chemistry lab. The boy in question decided to make a giant cracker. It was constructed from several issues of *The Illustrated London Times*, a large glossy magazine, rolled around the charge of gunpowder with a piece of blasting fuse. There was great excitement when he lit the fuse and held it aloft, with shouts of "throw it quick"... and finally he did. It landed several feet from the crease at one end of the Number One cricket pitch and blew a shallow crater about four feet wide in the turf.

Many of the rules and traditions of the College were imported from English Public Schools (what we call private schools) and it was during my time there that the headmaster, GNT Greenbank, known to all the boys as "Toots", took a sabbatical leave in England. Upon his return he introduced a whole lot of new, instant 'traditions'. For example a square of grass between the dining hall and the classrooms, known as the 'Quad' was renamed 'Masters Walk' and no boy was ever allowed to walk upon it again. The 'Lamp of Learning' was one of the weirder new traditions. This was a light in the library that was never to be turned off during term time. Whilst it was on someone had to be studying there which meant a certain amount of shift work during the night!

'Toots' was certainly a character. Generally held in high esteem he was somewhat feared for his wrath and idiosyncratic outbursts such as spinning around from the blackboard during an applied mathematics class and showering us with the contents of the box of chalks. Twice I was summoned from prep in the evening to go to his study. On the first occasion he decided to give me a golf lesson! His first demonstration swing decapitated a standard lamp. On the other occasion I was instructed to drive him into town as he had a meeting. He had his favourite students and changed them often and quite capriciously. I was distinctly out of favour when I changed the focus of my courses from classics, in which I had got my scholarship, to sciences. Even so I had four years of Latin and French and one

of Greek. In my senior year I knew I had been forgiven when during a calculus class he turned from the board, went over to his desk and wrote a little note which he carefully folded. "BG" he said, "take this note to Piggy". And so I went to where he kept his pet pig, quite a big one, in a sty down beyond the rifle range about half a mile away. Of course I peeped at the note which read, "*Dear Piggy, I shall visit you at lunch time*". Eccentric? yes.

After school certificate in my second year I dropped French and Latin and concentrated more on maths, physics and chemistry. The upper sixth form, now called seventh form, was particularly busy as we were preparing for university scholarship exams. It was during this year that my housemaster left a small brochure on my desk in my study cubicle called '*Dentistry as a Professional Career*'. I was immediately attracted to it and applied to sit the Health Department Bursary exams in which I was successful. This paid about 120 pounds a year, equivalent today to about \$1500 but bound one to serve the Health Department for three years after graduation.

The social life of a boarder at King's was virtually non-existent especially when it came to girls. The only exception to this were the dancing classes available during senior years. These were taken by a married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Jock Hutchison, and held in the gymnasium. Classes were held several times each term and we were divided into two groups; those who were to be 'gentlemen' and those who were to be 'ladies' and we changed periodically during the evening. As we were learning quite a variety of dances, the basic waltz, quickstep and fox-trot but also strange dances like the polonaise, the Military Two-step, and the Gay Gordons, both forwards and backwards, as it were, confusion was common. About once a term a bus load of boarders from the Diocesan High School for Girls were brought out to the College to be our partners. They were having similar lessons from the same teachers but it was hard to tell as the confusion was now doubled. I must admit to being one of the most confused and was responsible for many a poor girl going back with severely stepped-upon toes. Near the end of the year a formal 'Ball' was held at the College. For those who didn't have a girlfriend a partner was arranged from the dancing class at Diocesan. My partner's name was Claire Gilchrist and she was duly delivered to the College and later retrieved by her parents. I never saw her again, but then I did tread on her toes a lot. The ball was held in the dining hall and the supper in the gymnasium, about thirty yards away. The two were linked for the occasion with a long 'tunnel' of canvas tenting and all exits and entrances were patrolled by teachers. In those days there were no pre-ball or post-ball parties. Alcohol was not banned, there was no need as it was virtually unobtainable anyway.

In our senior years we did get up to minor mischief for by this time we were

beyond the reach of the prefects' sandshoe beatings. Sneaking out of the dormitory after 'lights out' and slipping over the fence on to the Middlemore Golf Course and getting into the swimming pool for midnight swims was an exciting diversion.

I don't remember much of life with the family during my days at the College. Several times a term there was a 'Leave Sunday' in which boarders could return home for the day but this was not always convenient for my parents. During longer vacations, especially the summer holidays, I generally got a job. Once I spent the summer working in a small factory in Newmarket making golf clubs. I learnt to use a metal lathe drilling out the holes for the shafts and a copying lathe for shaping rough persimmon blocks into the shapes of woods. It was rather repetitive work but not as physically demanding as working in the wool stores or freezing works. I worked in several wool stores: Dalgety's where I handtrucked wool bales to and from the wool classers, and the New Zealand Shipping Company wool store where bales were prepared for shipping overseas. This involved handtrucking two bales to the large hydraulic press where they were forced into a height about half that of a single bale. Whilst held in the press metal straps were placed around them and then the pressure released and the compressed bale trucked away. This was hard work as a double-dump, as they were called, could weigh over 400 pounds. We were paid extra danger money as from time to time the metal straps gave way under the enormous pressure and propelled the fastenings like bullets. Fortunately no one was injured during the time I worked in this store.

The summer after I left school I took some lessons and obtained my 'Heavy Trade Driving Licence'. This opened up some more opportunities for jobs and I spent one summer driving mail lorries around Auckland city, mainly between the railway yards and the chief post office. Loading and unloading into railway trucks was fairly heavy work but on one memorable day I managed to unload about 50 mail bags in three seconds! I was driving an old five tonner called facetiously 'the pride of the fleet'. As I was backing into an unloading dock the accelerator pedal came adrift and the truck accelerated sharply into the concrete edge of the dock, shattering the wooden decking and throwing mail bags all over the yard. Nobody seemed to mind, indeed I think it was a relief as that particular truck was retired from the fleet.

I now had a small motorcycle for getting about so I had three classes of licence but even so my father would never let me drive any of the succession of new cars he indulged in. It was either my mother's little Austin A30 or Grannie's Standard which I got to borrow. Dad seemed to be convinced that he alone was a competent driver, this in spite of evidence to the contrary, as he seemed to accumulate parking tickets, speeding tickets and dents. After one series of speeding tickets his licence was endorsed for six months which made him furious. Endorsement

meant he would have lost his licence had he had any infringement during that period. Each new car he got was proudly shown to us as the ultimate, the car that would last him for years, but he seldom kept a car for more than a year. This did make some sense at that time in New Zealand when cars were so difficult to obtain that a one-year old car was worth as much, or in some cases more, than a new car. This was due to the import restrictions and the need to have 'overseas funds' to get a new car. His cars were registered as business cars so he could use overseas assets accrued by his publishing company to buy them.

One memorable occasion was when he decided to demonstrate the futuristic technology embodied in his latest purchase, a DS19 Citroen. Amongst other innovations this car did not have a jack, but instead, rigid struts that were placed beneath the car in its 'high-suspension' mode. One then set the suspension to 'low' and the car elevated itself. Unfortunately he had placed the struts on the lawn and no sooner had he removed the front wheels than the struts sunk slowly into the ground leaving the car looking very much like a dead shark with its nose in the flower bed. The only way out of this dilemma was to get a breakdown truck to lift the front while the wheels were replaced. For days afterwards we heard little else than tirades about the stupidity of Citroen as a car manufacturer. There was a distinct feeling of 'Schadenfreude' in the house for days afterwards and even my mother broke into giggles at unexpected times.

Generally I enjoyed the years at King's College and I'm grateful for the good academic background it gave me but I do feel strongly that a boarder loses much in terms of wider social interaction. My father was active in the King's College Old Boy's Association and for many years edited their magazine but the Association has never interested me.

After four years at the college I was ready to move on and eager to get to university.



Salad Days

My decision to study dentistry meant first of all getting a good pass in the dental intermediate examinations and I elected to study for these at Auckland University where I spent two years. In the 1950's this meant taking chemistry, zoology, physics and botany, all of which I had taken at school and, with the exception of chemistry, gave me no trouble. At school, chemistry seemed as mysterious as alchemy, masses of formulae to be learnt without real explanation as to their derivation, experiments which often seemed to go wrong and I really struggled with the subject during my first year at Auckland University. In my second year I retook Chemistry and worked part time in the labs and this time really understood it as it was taught from an atomic and molecular level. I have often thought that failing that subject first time around was a good thing, for the previous five years I and the others on scholarships had been pushed pretty hard and as a consequence of skipping the third form at the College were a year or more younger than our classmates. My part-time work in the chemistry labs was interesting. I got to design and build some equipment; one piece I remember was a mercury distiller, I don't imagine it would pass muster today on safety grounds; in those days we were less aware of the dangers of mercury vapour!

In August of 1952 I went skiing at Mount Ruapehu with a group of friends from University and fell in love with the sport. One of those friends, Alistair Smillie had been at King's College also, and like me was headed for a career in dentistry. Many years later we were to be on the faculty together. Sadly he died in 1998, but it was with him that I most often climbed on to the Limited Express at 7pm on a wintry Friday evening heading for National Park. At around midnight the sleeping passengers would be assailed by smoke and wake up coughing and spluttering as the train climbed through the gradient and tunnels of the Raurimu Spiral. It was a good wake-up call as National Park Station was only a little further on. A cold half hour bus trip to the Chateau was followed by another half hour in a 'mountain goat', one of the vehicles used for taking people up the Bruce road. We belonged to the Tongariro Ski Club at this time and it was usually about 2am before we were able to crawl into our sleeping bags. It paid to be up early and get to the ski hire before the first bus loads arrived. The boots and skis were not of very high quality and before long I bought my first pair of boots and some second hand skis which I painstakingly scraped and sanded back to the bare wood and revarnished. In 1953 I was on the Auckland University ski team at the Ski Tournament which was held that year on Mt. Egmont (Taranaki), an event marred by bad weather, ice and a number of serious accidents. I was fortunate in that apart from some bruising, I was unhurt after having slipped on ice at the top of the rope tow and sliding 400 feet down the mountain fetching up against one of the

tow support pylons. Others were not so lucky, as I recall there were several broken ribs, a broken leg and a broken hip. The competition was canceled and the rest of the day spent carrying the injured down to the road end where an ambulance took them to hospital.

Although I was living at home I still needed to earn money to supplement the Dental Bursary I had gained and so after I had completed my exams at Auckland University I left home and got a job as a porter at The Chateau Tongariro. From this time onward I never spent more than a few days at a time in Auckland, indeed at one time during my years at Otago University, I didn't return to Auckland for a couple of years.

In all, I worked three summers at The Chateau and at one time very seriously considered giving up dentistry and going overseas to Switzerland or Canada to get training in Hotel Management which was not available in New Zealand. These summers at The Chateau were a real pleasure. I enjoyed the work, and was able to save almost all my wages as there was little to spend them on in such an isolated place. On my days off I explored much of Tongariro National Park. The first thing I was given to do when I arrived for my first summer was to clean the crystal chandeliers. There were very large ones in the main lounge and dining room and scores of small ones in all the corridors. I seem to remember spending about three days up a ladder cleaning the biggest one. In all, this task took me about three weeks and then I graduated to being a porter and meeting guests at the front doors and carrying their luggage to their rooms. This generated enough 'tips' to keep me in beer and cigarettes (yes, I did smoke then), and meant that my wages could go untouched. Although the basic wages were not as high as could be earned in the wool stores or freezing works, there was plenty of overtime and so during the long summer vacation I was able to save enough, with the help of the Health Department bursary, to get me through the next academic year at University. Well, perhaps not quite enough, as I sometimes worked during term time to restore the fading bank balance.

The toughest job I took on during term time was a midnight to 8am shift making stock food pellets. It was also a lonely job as the operation only took two people. My job was to collect the ingredients for the recipe using a hand truck to bring the sacks from the store and then shovel the large pile through a grating in the floor. This procedure had to be repeated four times an hour. A worm-drive carried the mix into the two-story high machine that mixed in the molasses and then with steam pressure made the pellets, which the other operator had to bag and truck into a separate store. Occasionally we changed over to break the monotony and on one occasion whilst trying to clear a blockage I accidentally released a whole drum of molasses into the mix. The resultant mess took several shifts to clean up.

However to return to my summer job at The Chateau. Each week I had two days off during which I explored just about all of the northern side of Tongariro National Park. A favourite trip was to take a packed lunch and with my skis over my shoulder hike up the 5 kilometers of the Bruce Road to the road-end, then wind up through the 'Rockgarden', then up the 'Staircase' to the lower slopes of the Whakapapa Glacier. The climb up the glacier seemed to take forever as it slowly curved and the slope became a little less severe as you gained altitude. The effect of this was that the apparent horizon kept receding until at last you walked through between the 'Dome' and the peak of Paretaitonga and the crater lake came into view with the summit on its far side. On several occasions I continued on around the lake and climbed the summit peak, Tahurangi. Skiing back down the glacier took no time at all in comparison to the long, hot drag up. Sometimes I did this alone but there were several other enthusiasts like myself to share these days and we roamed over most of the northern and eastern side of Mt. Ruapehu. I climbed Mt. Ngaruahoe several times, once when it was erupting! On another weekend a friend, Bob Dunne, and I hiked through the lunar landscape of Mt. Tongariro to descend past Ketetahi hot springs. About a 30 mile walk as I recall.

A few days before Xmas in 1953, I went with Bob to Wanganui where we saw the musical stage show, *South Pacific*. The following day we tossed a coin to decide whether to take a bus back to National Park or hitchhike over to Palmerston North and catch the train which would have been cheaper. The fall of that coin determined that we take the bus; had it come down the other way we would have been on the train that was swept away in the Tangiwai disaster. We heard of the disaster the following morning and at first there was a lot of speculation as to the cause but it soon became clear that the torrent of mud and water that hit the bridge just before the train moved onto it must have come from somewhere further up the Whangaehu River, perhaps high up on the mountain. The weather was bad, the mountain obscured by cloud and rain, but two days later it cleared and a party of eight of us who had a day off, climbed the mountain and became the first to see the near empty crater lake, the collapsed ice cavern through which it had drained and the scoured out Whangaehu glacier and valley. One hundred and fifty one people lost their lives when the lahar swept the train from the bridge.

A few days ago, watching a news item on the TV about the complicated electronic warning devices installed on and around the mountains in Tongariro National Park reminded me of another job I was responsible for at this time although I don't remember getting paid for it. This was for the DSIR (Department of Scientific and Industrial Research) that had a seismograph installed in a small hut near The Chateau. The task was to replace the photographic paper on the recording drum daily and to key-in a reference time signal from the radio.

Porters, stewards, waitresses, housemaids and cooks came and went constantly, and as I returned each summer I was considered an 'old hand.' My second summer saw me promoted to second steward and along with the head steward and the head waitress we were seconded to Waitomo Hotel for the Royal visit. We were first sent over for 10 days or so about two weeks before the visit to help prepare. The hotel was in the throes of being renovated, and when they found out I had a heavy trade driving license, I got the job of driving the truck to the dump loaded with all the cast off furniture and fittings of the hotel. It was a shocking waste, but there was no time to do anything else, indeed less than two weeks later as the Queen and the Duke were arriving at the front door of the hotel, painters were still working out of sight and the smell of paint fumes was overpowering. I suppose royalty get used to the smell of fresh paint, perhaps they even believe it to be the usual smell of fresh air! Before renovation, the hotel had many large framed scenic photos taken by White's Aviation. Before the days of colour photos these were all hand tinted, an art that I was taught by the photographer at The Chateau. Several of my efforts at hand colouring are in my photo albums but the two large framed casts-offs that I rescued from the Waitomo dump and took to my student flat in Dunedin have long since vanished.

In 1954 I was made head steward for the summer and had a staff of about 20 under me. This was not always easy as a student of 20 years of age is an unlikely boss for a group of porters and stewards, mostly older and a lot tougher but after I had fired a few, supported to the hilt by the manager, Laurie Dennis, it became a bit easier. It was quite common for new porters to arrive one day and be removed the next by the police, because they had deserted their ships in Auckland or Wellington.

Some weekends we got together a team and played a cricket match against the prisoners at the nearby Rangipo Prison Farm. There was no beer, but they always put on an excellent afternoon tea with lots of home baking. During one summer The Chateau was the venue for the Pacific Area Travel Association conference and we seconded a lot of extra staff from other Government Tourist hotels. For the period of the conference I had a staff of 40 porters and stewards to manage.

After three very happy summers at The Chateau I felt like a change and applied for an advertised job of Head Steward at the Milford Sound Hotel. I was interviewed for this in Dunedin and initially turned down. Several days later I was phoned and offered the job. It appeared that the person interviewing me had not believed my previous work experience but when they got my file from head office realized that I did have the qualifications and even though I could only work for 4 months it solved their immediate problem for the busy summer season.

Milford Sound Hotel in those days was run by the Tourist Hotel Corporation

and was reasonably luxurious, not like the hostel for people coming off the Milford Track that it is now. The job was easy enough but it was the days off each week that I eagerly anticipated for now I had a whole new area to explore. I had been in the area briefly once before, when a party of us from Otago University had climbed in the Marion Valley, but more of that later.

One of the older launches was available for off-duty staff and we often went fishing for blue cod and grouper. These were prolific and hauling them up on hand lines from the deep water could get fairly tiring and tough on the hands. I explored much of the Hollyford Valley which at that time was outside the park boundaries. Hunting was therefore permitted. I was a fairly good shot, a legacy of being on the 'A' rifle team at College, but on one occasion wounded a deer with a shot across the river. It took me nearly half an hour to get to it and it was still alive and in pain. I put it out of its misery and gave up deer stalking; killing animals became repugnant to me at that moment.

Now something of student life in Dunedin in the 50's. I spent my first year at Otago University in Selwyn College, but after years of boarding school and two years at home, I soon felt the need for more independence and so early in my second year I left to go flatting. I have long since lost touch with some of my flat mates but I remember them well. Jack Power became a dentist in Oamaru and Dermott Mora a radiologist in Auckland; Ian Cresswell, a microbiologist, brewer and, later in life, a farmer in Martinborough whom I visited recently; and 'Jiggs' Poole, another dentist, also became a farmer.

Our flat was upstairs at 380 George Street above Marjorie Helps' Monogram House. Our 'hole-in-the-wall' doorway has long since vanished during the many makeovers these premises have had.

These were the days of six o'clock closing and most days after lectures we would spend 5-6pm in either the Royal Albert, (now the Albert Arms) or the Bowling Green. The Royal Albert was our regular pub, the corner bar being presided over by 'Ma' Allen who knew the names of all her students and had a fine collection of old pottery beer mugs behind the bar where she would often deposit your change. Beer was sixpence a glass, (five cents) and this enforced saving by 'Ma' Allen was welcome when beer money ran out.

These were also the early days of Operation Deep Freeze when the American base at McMurdo Sound and New Zealand's Scott Base were being set up. During the months that the supply aircraft were flying down to the ice, the United States Navy stationed weather ships at about the half-way point. When not on station these ships would come to Dunedin and the sailors got shore leave, many

of them enjoying hospitality in Dunedin homes. Even our flat had a group of about six sailors from the *USS Brough* who would regularly turn up for a meal and join in our student parties and card games. Pontoon, a simplified form of Bridge was the favourite although Poker was also played for low stakes, something like a shilling (10 cents) per 100 matches. These truly were 'salad days' and we all really enjoyed the independence.

In the flat we shared kitchen duties and meals were high in potatoes, cauliflower and cheap meat. Our rooms were pretty basic; my first bedroom had no window, bare floors, a very broken-down single bed, a desk made from a board on top of some boxes and a wooden chair, a one-bar electric heater and a long piece of string... to turn out the single light from the bed. I didn't feel at all hard done by, although on the occasion of my parents' visit to Dunedin, my mother burst into tears at the sight of the general squalor in which we lived. This was in 1955 when, with Mary, they spent a few days in the city staying at Wains Hotel where we all had dinner together. The following day I borrowed Jiggs's car for the afternoon so that I could take them for a drive out on the peninsula. The car was one of only two owned by the roughly two hundred dental students, a far cry from today. It was a 1928 Dodge, bought for only 19 shillings and 11 pence (\$1.99)! This was a promotional event organized by one of the second hand car dealers; the gates were opened at 9am and first to lay a hand on the car could buy it for that price. It was a pretty rough car, you could see the road passing by beneath you through various holes in the floor, but it had the great merit of having a luggage carrier frame on the back which could hold two kegs of beer making it a great student party car. I don't think Mum and Dad were impressed, as on more than one occasion, they had to help get it going again by pushing.

The lack of personal transport was not too much of a problem; trams were still running on many routes in the city and hitchhiking was the common way for longer trips. Skiing at Coronet Peak was made possible through the university ski club which hired an old bus most weekends during the season. Twenty or 30 of us would pile into the bus at about 6pm on a Friday night for the six hour drive up to Queenstown, stopping at the Roxburgh pie cart on the way. It was a mobile party although not too much was drunk as stopping the bus for 'comfort stops' was frowned upon by all. Many noisy and bawdy songs were sung. We stayed in small huts in the camping ground in Queenstown, a sobering walk back from town after Saturday night revels in 'The Mountaineer'. Although 6pm closing was still the law, this didn't seem to create a problem in Queenstown as the police squad car had to come from Invercargill and prior warning was usually given, reminiscent of the common practice on the West Coast.

Using public transport was often an adventure in its own right. One climbing

trip I went on with eight others started at the Dunedin railway station, with a change of trains at Lumsden for the section through to Kingston. This was on the train now called the 'Kingston Flyer' but in those days it was a working train, not a tourist trip, and it would often stop along the way in remote places. I remember at one stop in the middle of nowhere a farmer on horseback handed a small pig to the guard in the van at the rear of the train. Next we boarded the steamer *TSS Earnslaw* at Kingston for the passage to Queenstown, where we spent the night in the camping ground. The next day we reboarded the *Earnslaw* for the trip to the head of the lake, followed by a bumpy ride on the back of a farmer's lorry, before the hike into Twenty Mile Hut. Three days were spent on the mountain climbing East Peak of Mt. Earnslaw and then another day doing the whole operation in reverse to get back to Dunedin.

On another occasion, three of us took the bus to Te Anau and then on to Milford, getting dropped off at the start of the Lower Hollyford road. This time we had set our sights on a then unclimbed peak in the Darren mountains. This peak stood at the head of the Marion valley but proved to be well beyond our climbing skills. It was actually first climbed during the same period by Bill Gordon from the opposite side and had been named 'Sabre'. Mike Gill and Phil Houghton both of Otago University also climbed Sabre during this period. Sabre was not climbed from the Marion Valley side until many years later and then it required a very high level of artificial aid.

During the winter months I often played rugby with a social team, The Dental Boozers, later to be combined with the Medical Boozers to become the Mental Boozers. These social teams were registered with the Rugby Union at about the bottom of the competition ladder and we were usually assigned an understanding referee who, like us, didn't take our games too seriously. On one notable occasion however our referee was one known for his strictness. He stopped play after several minutes and insisted we line up to be counted. Although we moved about a bit to make it difficult for him, his suspicions were soon confirmed as he discovered our team had 17 players, our opposition only 14. He was further incensed when we offered the opposing team one of our better players whom he recognised as an A-grade player whose team was not playing that weekend. But I think it was the players who occasionally left the field for a smoke or a beer that really infuriated him. He stopped the match and laid a complaint with the Rugby Union. That night the sports edition featured our match under the headline "Was this really rugby?" Our team was banned for some weeks.

During the fourth year of the dental course I changed flats, moving only about 50 yards to 18 London Street, next to the Royal Albert Hotel. This still exists as a student flat but it was our group that gave it the name of 'Skid Row'. My flatmates

were Alastair Smillie, Dermot Mora, Harry Howard and Peter Loftus who, with his close friend Mort McCarthy, set some sort of record by taking 20 years between them to complete the five year dental course. I think they must have repeated every year and sat 'specials' many times. Loftus was a particularly gregarious fellow and often brought home for dinner somebody he had met in the pub. On one occasion our guest stayed six months! He was on leave from his job as a tea planter in India and he had two talents that made him a popular party animal. He was a gifted caricaturist and covered almost every square inch of the walls of the flat with his drawings. We had to paint them over however before the landlord's end of year visit. His other talent was a prodigious memory for the poetry of Robert Service which he could recite for hours. In his cups, as he often was, he was impossible to shut up.

Skid Row was one of the first 'mixed flats' but not quite in the sense used today. True we did have a female in the flat but Mrs. Hansen was old (even she didn't know her age), she was very deaf and illiterate. She just came with the flat, had her own room, paid no board, seldom spoke, cackled a lot, but kept the coal range going and always had the potatoes peeled and cooking by the time we got back from the pub at 6pm. Although today she would probably be considered certifiable, she was really quite an asset and she was very proud of 'her boys'. I'm sure she was much happier at Skid Row than 'in care' somewhere. Our successors in the flat continued to adopt her; I wonder what happened to her?

Student flatting and indeed student life seems to be very different today in some respects but in other respects similar. Similar is the sense of freedom, even irresponsibility. A shortage of money seems to be a common factor although today this is alleviated by student loans. In the 1950's you had to have the money or you went without. With minimal help I put myself through university. The Health Department bursary was worth £120 a year, the rest I got from saving from my summer jobs. When things got really desperate I would go buy, on deferred payment, a book at Kempthorne Prossers, a medical/dental supplier, and immediately hock it at Newbolds' book store where I might get 75% of its value in cash. Of course the 'chicken came home to roost' a month later when my account arrived, but at least the immediate crisis had been averted.

However, I think in the 1950s we had just as much fun as the students do today and at considerably less expense. At graduation the only debt I had was that owing Bruce Barnes, our grocer, but this was soon repaid.

I realise that I haven't said anything about being a dental student. The main difference between then and now would be that there was virtually no continuous assessment and the end of year exams were all important. This led to a much more relaxed approach during much of the year to be followed by frantic cram-

ming in the weeks before finals. Today's system is far superior. I enjoyed the intellectual challenge of all these new subjects and as confidence grew enjoyed the clinical work. This enjoyment of the clinical aspect stayed with me throughout my career even when years later I joined the faculty and became an academic. As a student I did fairly well, always somewhere near the top of the class although the prizes eluded me. The working day of a dental student was, and still is, a lot different to students studying arts and sciences. Practically ever minute of the day was scheduled for lectures, labs and clinics. In a way we were separated from the rest of the university and, dentistry being an almost entirely male profession, social contact remained about as elusive as it had been at boarding school.

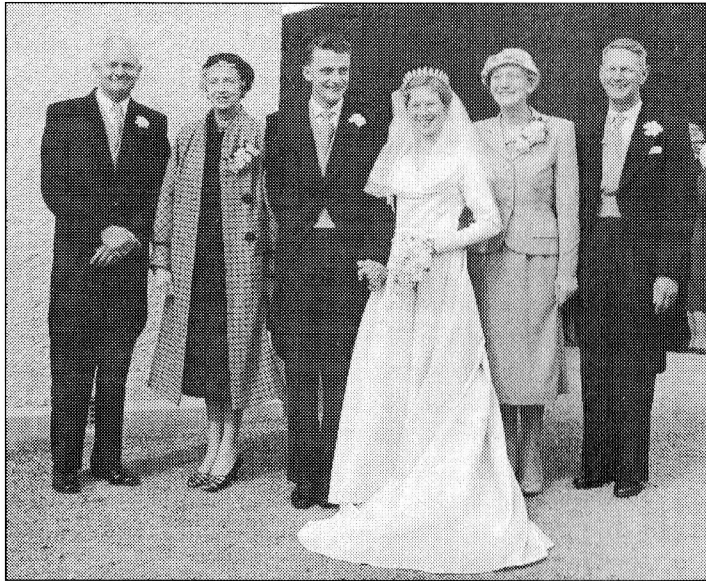
In the 1950's Dunedin, like the rest of the country, was very different from today. There were few restaurants, even less cafés, the pubs closed at 6pm and all shops, with the exception of a few corner dairies, were closed for the weekend. Dating usually meant going to the movies. One social event was the Saturday night 'hop' at Allen Hall which, like other social events, was characterised by groups of young men standing around in groups talking about football and rows of young women sitting on benches on the other side of the hall. No alcohol was permitted, but many of the male students reduced their inhibitions with a few beers beforehand. I met Helen at one of these 'hops' during my fourth year when she was in the final year of her Physical Education course and we went to the movies and parties together. At the end of the year Helen moved back to her home and a job in Christchurch and we saw each other sporadically the following year when periodically she would come down to Dunedin for a weekend. It was on one of these visits that I proposed and we planned to get married the following year. I can't remember exactly when, but during this time I travelled up to Christchurch on several occasions and met Helen's mother and her stepfather Ralph. Later during the summer, Helen came up to Auckland and met my parents.

The summer of 1957-58 was a carefree time with my undergraduate days behind me and the prospect of starting work at the School for Dental Nurses in Auckland a couple of months in the future. It was my first real break for many years. I acquired my first car, a 1939 Chevrolet coupe and even though petrol was cheap by today's standard it soon became known as 'Petrol Guzzler'. Lifting the bonnet, from either side, revealed a enormous engine block with six spark plugs on one side and a generator on the other, with a fan the size of a plane's propeller at the front. Apart from that, there was only empty space under the bonnet, a great contrast to today's engine bays where there seems to be hardly space for a small mouse. With a former class mate of mine, Brian Jolly, we spent a lot of the summer body-surfing at the west coast beaches of Piha and Muriwai. After some months I traded this car for a home-built sports car, but this was a very big mistake and, with the prospect of driving down to Wellington in August, I bought a

second-hand Ford Popular, a basic version of the more common Ford Prefect. Although highly uncomfortable, at least it didn't let the rain in and didn't use such volumes of petrol.

Helen and I saw each other very little during the first half of 1958, but wedding plans proceeded and in August we were married in Christchurch. For some reason I have now forgotten, my father at first refused to go to the wedding but changed his mind at the last minute and did attend.

Helen's bridesmaids were her friend, Julie Caldwell, her half-sister, Joan, and my sister, Mary. My best man was Ian Cresswell, whom we weren't to see again for many years, and the groomsmen were my cousins, Graham and Alfred Sneyd. After the reception we flew to Wellington where I had left the little Ford Popular and the following day drove to Wairakei for our short honeymoon. We then moved into a flat in Burwood Crescent in Remuera, Auckland.



In 1958 Helen and I married. Mum and Dad on the left; Helen's mother, Helen Cahill and step-father Ralph Cahill on right.

The Next Two Decades

The next two decades saw many changes: in our occupations, where we lived, friends, daughters Angela and Stephanie and in our marriage. We stayed in the flat in Burwood Crescent for about 18 months during which time I was working at the School for Dental Nurses and Helen was teaching physical education at Diocesan High School for Girls. Then we bought a house in Papatoetoe, about 30 minutes south of Auckland city. The house was a 'spec built', i.e. built before being placed on the market, a simple, two bedroom bungalow sitting near the front of a bare clay section. We added a carport to the side of it and built a high board fence around the front both for privacy and for the safety of Angela who was born in January 1963. As we had little money it was rather spartan in its furnishing, some of which I made myself. My knees still remember the wooden floors which I finished with about five coats of marine spa varnish, hand-sanded between each coat. It was worth the effort however for it looked great.

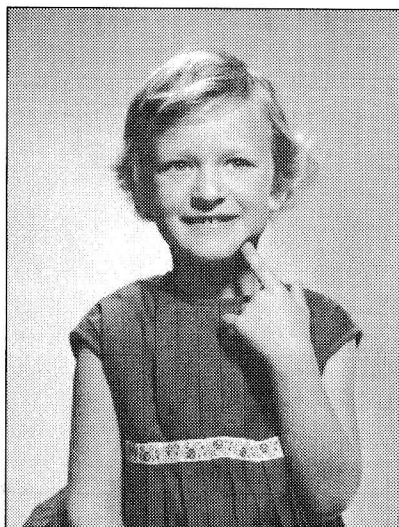
One Sunday morning a few months after we had moved in I received an unexpected phone call from George Thomson, the dentist whom I had attended as a teenager. He wondered if I would be interested in buying his practice. He explained that he had just completed building new rooms for his practice but had changed his mind and decided to retire. His offer was to allow me to complete the fitting out of the rooms and select the equipment and he would stay on in his old rooms for one year, confining his practice to dentures and recommending me to his old patients. The only problem was that the dental bursary I had received as a student bound me to the Health Department for a further 18 months but this was overcome by employing a locum to see patients for me during the day whilst I ran an evening surgery and did the practice management. Effectively, I was now doing two jobs and the 'Salad Days' were well and truly over.

We lived in Papatoetoe for about five or six years during which time Angela was born. These were busy years with the dental practice in Remuera taking a lot of my time and effort. I had the considerable task of paying George Thomson for the goodwill and completely equipping the new surgery. I shall always be grateful to Joe Shalfoon, manager of one of the dental supply houses who gave me credit for most of the major equipment and charged no interest. He put no time constraint on repayment, although I did this as quickly as I could, and he gave me a lot of help and advice on practice management and accounting. A very high proportion of the patients whom I took over from George Thomson's practice had been with him for many years and had grown old along with him. Many were denture wearers and those with teeth had them very heavily restored, often with

gold. There were very few young patients and hardly any enrolled as 'Dental Benefit' patients, that is the 12 to 18 year olds. This last category of patients was important as the Health Department paid out promptly upon submission of the claims and this really helped the cash flow in a practice where payment for services rendered was often considerably delayed. I had inherited an antiquated accounting system with the practice. George Thomson used to send out his accounts, always expressed in guineas (a guinea being one pound and one shilling), up to six months after the treatment and it came as an unpleasant shock to many of the older patients when I changed to the then standard monthly account system. Some were so incensed that they left the practice and I received several abusive letters and phone calls. Over a period of some years I slowly changed the nature of the practice to a more family oriented one. I worked long hours and only took one holiday a year, two weeks at the Christmas-New Year period, so I didn't spend as much time with the family as perhaps I should have.

Certainly, with the arrival of Angela and later Stephanie, Helen was more confined and isolated. After about six years in Papatoetoe, we moved to 113 Orakei Road in Remuera, which was only a 20 minute walk from the practice. This house was also only about a mile away from my parents' home in Sonia Avenue.

We were now a little more firmly established with the practice paid off and I was able to afford a bit more leisure time, but a single-person dental practice is a hard taskmaster and it was difficult to take extended holidays without the risk of losing patients. We did have a 10-day holiday in Norfolk Island one year and



Angela and Stephanie in 1968 shortly before leaving for England.

another at Taupo one summer, but without the old photo albums to jog my memory I can't remember others.

During these years of the mid-60s Helen became increasingly difficult to communicate with and was clearly unhappy but unwilling to talk about her concerns, which apparently revolved about her suspicions that I was criticising her behind her back, particularly with my parents. This was untrue but led to her becoming very antagonistic towards them. Attempts to talk about it would only draw comments such as "well, if you don't know what's wrong then I'm certainly not going to tell you!" Many years later I found out that she was also convinced that I had a relationship with my practice nurse. This was also untrue; the only contact I had was entirely professional. Helen would increasingly refuse to talk about what was now a severe problem, saying "I know what you are up to", but would go no further, retreating into stony, resentful silences.

I can't remember now how we came to the decision to take a long break from the practice; initially we were going to go to England for a few months and have a locum in the practice, but then decided to lease the practice, rent the house and go overseas for a longer period. In the end, we decided to sell both the practice and the house and spend several years away. Reflecting upon this major decision, which was really a bit strange considering the major investment we had in the years building up the practice and getting into a nice house, I guess Helen saw it as a chance to get away from what she perceived as a damaging environment and make a fresh start. I was very happy with the idea also as the stress of running the practice, added to the stress in our marriage, was taking a toll on my health.

Most of our friends had long since done their big OE (New Zealand slang for 'overseas experience'), usually shortly after graduation and whilst still single, and the stories of their travels in England and in Europe were exciting. We, on the other hand, were embarking on quite a different undertaking with two young children, Angela was about five and Stephanie two.

The house sold quickly and we had a large sale of almost all the contents. The practice was not so easy to sell but eventually we found a buyer, a dentist called 'Snow' Reynolds, and an arrangement was made so that he would pay the price of the practice over a period of several years and that this would be managed by my accountant, who in fact was my cousin James Sneyd. It turned out to be a very big mistake. Reynolds was a discharged bankrupt, and took care that everything was in his wife's name, and when he defaulted on payments and again filed for bankruptcy, my accountant, James, neither informed me nor pursued the matter, with the result that when we returned from England some three years later, I had only been paid about one-third of the value of the practice and had no hope of recovering the rest.

However, to return to 1968, we set sail from Auckland on the *Northern Star* one of Shaw Savill's passenger liners. She and her sister ship, the *Southern Cross*, ran a shuttle service between England and Australia and New Zealand, bringing out immigrants and returning Aussies and Kiwis, then returning to England with disgruntled immigrants and thousands like us off on the 'Big OE'.

The disgruntled returning immigrants were quite a feature of onboard life and I suspect that is where the phrase 'whinging Pom' originated. Paradoxically, they seemed to have emigrated to find what they perceived as a better life, but then discovered that things weren't the same in the 'colonies' and could only draw unfavourable comparisons with their home country. I have often wondered how they readapted back in England, if they ever did!

Shipboard life was quite unlike a cruise. The ship was very full and the day highly regimented. Children's breakfast came first and this was about 7am as I recall. Then the children had to go to the nursery so that the adults could go to breakfast in one of two sittings. Then there was barely an hour before the children had to go to lunch and this cycle repeated later in the day for dinner. There was really little free time for relaxation.

The voyage took six weeks and would have been a little shorter had we not broken down in mid-Pacific with engine trouble and rolled in the big swells for an unpleasant day or so. We stopped for a day in Acapulco, where we went ashore and took a taxi ride around the city looking at the sights of both great wealth and poverty living side by side. From Acapulco we went on to Panama City, where we stayed overnight. I remember this clearly for the remarkable display of lightning that went on for several hours. The next day we transited the Panama canal which was fascinating, an excellent commentary being broadcast over the public address system throughout the day, telling us about the sights, the history and the building of the canal.

After the transit and passing by Colon, we headed out into the Caribbean and bunkered at Curacao, but on this occasion didn't leave the ship as it was raining heavily. Onwards then to the Canary Islands for another day stop and then Lisbon and our first glimpse of Europe as we slowly steamed up the Targus River and past the magnificent statue of Vasco Da Gama and the early explorers looking to the west. We tied up almost beneath the Salazar bridge, a spectacularly simple modern suspension bridge spoiled only by the loud metallic clangs as vehicles passed over the expansion plates. Our day in Lisbon was on a public holiday and all the museums and public places were closed, so we had to be content with a drive around the city. We were now suffering from 'cabin fever' and looking forward to our arrival in Southampton.

The boat train from Southampton to London passed quickly and then we were in a London taxi and off to our booked private hotel in Kensington where we were to stay the next week. During this hectic week I visited the Eastman Dental Hospital, Guys' Hospital and the Royal Dental Hospital in search of a job and by good fortune got the Commonwealth Lecturer's position at the 'Royal' which just happened to be vacant.

During this first week we spent most of our time looking at property advertisements and choosing a vehicle. By the end of the week we had settled on a VW camper van and decided to live a little north of London although this would mean commuting for me. We found a comfortable small semi-detached house in Letchworth, in Hertfordshire and within the week I was back at work. On November 5th we visited Ian and Di Cresswell. Ian had been my best man when Helen and I were married and we hadn't seen them since that day. They were living in Hitchin which was only a few miles from Letchworth and we joined them in their big fireworks party and dinner.

Getting to the Royal Dental Hospital in Leicester Square meant leaving the house in the dark about 7am to reach the station in time to catch the train to Kings Cross. This part of the journey took about an hour, although frequent delays often made it longer. Then the descent into the underground and the compressed humanity on the Northern Line for a 20 minute trip to Leicester Square. It took some getting used to seeing a pale sun rise sometime after getting to work and then setting again by mid-afternoon. The homeward commute was no easier.

During this period Helen, while getting Angela settled into a school, was trying to keep ahead of the coughs and colds and asthma which affected Angela and particularly Stephanie. This was our introduction to the 'National Health'. To be seen by a doctor it was necessary to join the queue outside the door of the group practice surgery before they opened and this was now mid-winter, cold and dark. With the arrival of the receptionist and the opening of the doors, patients were issued with their number and took their place on the wooden benches arranged in rows in the middle of the poorly heated waiting room. An illuminated call system gave the number of the next patient and directed them to the next available doctor. One would be lucky to see the same doctor on consecutive visits.

My appointment at the RDH was a mixed blessing. On the positive side it provided an assured income and generously gave me three months off, on full pay to attend the 'Primary' course at the Royal College of Surgeons. The down-side was that I got landed with teaching on the Saturday morning clinical session. This meant I didn't get home until middle to late afternoon on Saturday and so there was no real weekend for us to get out and about, except locally. I found the

course at the RCS really stimulating and enjoyed restudying anatomy, physiology, pathology and biochemistry and had no trouble passing the 'Primary Examination' at my first attempt.

Fortunately, summer was by now approaching and I had six weeks off, the longest time we'd ever had available for a holiday, with the exception of the voyage over, and that was hard work, not a holiday! The catch phrase "Never Travel Shaw Savill" meant something to us now. Although we were told we were mad, we decided on a camping trip in the VW through the West Country and Wales then over to Ireland for the main part of the holiday. This proved to be a good choice, Ireland enjoyed a magnificent summer and the Mediterranean resorts a miserable one. With our Irish suntans we were somewhat envied upon our return.

Our holiday took us through Wiltshire, where we visited an old classmate of mine, Colin Jones and his wife Jennifer, and then on through Cornwall and Devon to Landsend, then up through central Wales to the ferry and over the Irish Sea. Two days brought us to Killarney and we spent some time there before going on up the west coast and then to Belfast where we spent a night with a young dentist Bob Tennant, whom we had met in Auckland. He arranged for me to have a game of golf at Royal Portrush on the Antrim coast several days later. This was somewhat overwhelming as this magnificent, world famous links course was considerably beyond my meagre golfing skills but the hospitality was very generous and so typical of all the Irish we met. Many years later, Nancy and I enjoyed similar spontaneous hospitality in a pub in Limerick when we helped cheer Ireland on to a victory against Italy at a World Cup soccer match.

To return to 1969, however, we decided to shift closer to London as I was finding the commuting a real drain. We seriously considered buying a house in a new estate in Hatfield, adjacent to the historic Hatfield House. At that time professionals could buy houses with 100% mortgages. In the event we took over the lease of a lovely little house in West Heath Lane in Sevenoaks, which was a nominal 30 minutes by fast train to Charing Cross station, itself only five minutes walk from the Royal Dental Hospital. Thirty minutes on the timetable however, often took more than an hour. On one occasion after three hours I was closer to home in a straight line than I had been at the station; we had been shunted onto a branch line for some reason! In spite of this it was certainly easier commuting and Sevenoaks was a beautiful part of the country. It was a real pleasure each day when the homeward bound train burst out of the tunnel beneath the North Downs and into the Weald of Kent. The long summer evenings were a delight and sometimes we would do a really English thing and go down to watch the cricket on the village green in the evenings, sitting outside on the grass with a handle of beer. Still working Saturdays, our short weekend trips into the Kentish countryside

were now more interesting than Hertfordshire had been in the middle of winter. Close by we visited 'Downe House', the home of Charles Darwin and 'Chartwell', Winston Churchill's home. We were close enough now for trips up to London to visit some of the museums and other sights there.

I was now working full-time at the 'Royal', plus a couple of half-days in a private practice in the 'City', as well as studying for the final FDSRCS exams. This proved to be too much and again my health deteriorated with increasing gastric problems accompanied by high anxiety levels. At my first attempt I failed the exam by the narrowest of margins which didn't help even though passing at a first attempt was uncommon. Some years later I heard that it was about this time that my father was in London, but we didn't see him. I have been told that Helen had written to him telling him he was not welcome!

With our second summer holiday approaching we got more ambitious and planned another camping holiday, this time on the Continent. After the ferry trip across the Channel to France, our trusty VW camper van took us through the countryside to the Forest of Ermenonville where we stayed in a very well appointed camping ground. Many of the camp sites were permanent, and tents were protected by enormous plastic fly-sheets, and were complete with TV aerials, picket fences and flowers in borders. Mostly they were unoccupied during the week but during the weekend filled up with Parisians. Our trip took us through Rheims and Besancon to Lausanne on Lake Geneva where we spent several days. I remember one evening, it was a national holiday, and the custom was to set small candles to float on the lake. The sight of thousands of bobbing lights all around the shores was quite magical. We passed through Montreux on our way to Interlaken in Switzerland which was to be our main base for the holiday. During the first few days we had a good time, visiting surrounding alpine villages. One evening, with little warning I got extremely severe gastric pain and was taken to the local hospital where they elected not to operate immediately for a suspected perforated ulcer but kept me for a week before flying me back to St. George's Hospital in London. Thank goodness for travel insurance. During this time poor Helen had to backtrack to England in the VW with Angela and Stephanie, a driving nightmare as the VW was a right-hand drive and visibility for overtaking virtually nil. It wasn't so bad with two people as the passenger could tell the driver when such a manoeuvre was safe.

The operation done at St. George's found not the suspected ulcer but a degree of pyloric stenosis which prevented the stomach from emptying normally. A pyloroplasty and vagotomy gave me a lot of relief but for many years after left me with unpleasant side-effects. It was just bad luck that whilst recuperating from the operation I contracted the very severe influenza infection that was rampant at the time

and this combination pushed me into a depression which fortunately responded fairly quickly to anti-depressant drug therapy. My real recuperation commenced when I started jogging, and then later undertook more serious running.

With the two year term of the Commonwealth Lectureship now over I worked full-time in Bruce Berry's practice in Fetter Lane in the 'City' and ultimately decided to reduce the stresses further by deferring my final 'Fellowship' exams. In our last summer we returned to Interlaken and completed the holiday which had been interrupted the previous year, cruising on Lake Thun, going up the Schelthorn in the cable car and taking the train to Kleine Scheidegg and walking on the beautiful alpine meadows beneath the North Face of the Eiger. Unfortunately we didn't have the money to afford the expensive train trip to the Jungfrauoch which, with my interest in the history of the Eiger climbs, was something of a 'Mecca' for me.

My time at The Royal Dental Hospital had shown me that I really did like teaching and was delighted to be successful in my application for a job at the Dental School back at Otago University. We returned to New Zealand in 1970 on the *Oriana*, a much larger and more comfortable ship than the *Northern Star*, although the same daily routines had to be endured, but this time Angela and Stephanie were older, which made it easier.

Our homeward voyage was via Cape Town, where Mary, my sister, joined us for the three day passage up to Durban. This was quite a reunion as I hadn't seen Mary for many years. Rob and others from their family drove down to Durban from Johannesburg to join us for our one day in port, which if I remember correctly was pouring with rain. The surf was great though and the water warm and we had a good dinner together and caught up on all the family news. The rain in Durban was nothing new for us as we were dogged by bad weather all the way from Southampton to Perth. The equator was crossed under low clouds and seas so heavy that the swimming pools had to be emptied and later when crossing the Indian Ocean we didn't see the sun for a week. The quintessential picture of lounging around the swimming pool being brought cool drinks by eager waiters must be one of the greatest myths ever perpetuated by the designers of shipping brochures. On the rare days when the sun shone, the swimming pool area was so thick with people that a drink was unobtainable and the pool so full of people there was hardly room for one more body. Add to that the cruising speed of just under thirty knots and unless the wind was in just the right direction you could be almost blown away.

In Perth, again a visit of only one day, we were met by Laurie Baker, previous holder of the Commonwealth Lectureship at the Royal Dental Hospital, who entertained us and showed us something of that city. One of the clearest images I retain from this part of the trip was of the following day as we passed by Cape

Naturaliste, Cape Leeuwin and Pointe d'Entrecasteaux and then turned east into the Great Australian Bight. At last it began to feel like we were really coming home. After several days wallowing in big seas across the Great Australian Bight we arrived in Melbourne, a short stop for refuelling.

We left Melbourne in the early-afternoon and headed out into Bass Strait. It quickly became apparent that we were headed for some bad weather and by early evening all passengers had been advised to go to their bunk rooms, meal service was suspended and we started to hit some enormous seas head on which caused the whole ship to stagger to what felt like a standstill. The *Oriana* was a large ship, over 60,000 tons as I recall, and the bridge was some 96 feet above water level and yet during the long night in that hurricane, reinforced glass windows in the bridge were broken. The following morning we were in calmer seas again and turned in a heavy swell into Sydney harbour. We stayed in Sydney for a day or so longer than scheduled. During that time trucks delivered loads of steel to the dockside to repair the bow which was lit inside by welders' torches. Clearly the ship had sustained some very severe damage during that storm but we never did find out just how much.

Three or so days across the Tasman and we were back in Auckland. It took almost all day to get all our luggage together and to clear customs. Several days later we were able to reclaim our car, a Fiat 125S, after it had been steam cleaned. After a few days in Auckland and catching up with family, we headed south. My most vivid memories of that time were how clear and vibrant the colours were and how empty the country seemed.

In Dunedin we moved into the house of my new Professor, John Warren. He and his wife were away on six months sabbatical leave which gave us plenty of time to look around the real estate market. Ultimately we purchased the house at 47 Tweed Street in Roslyn and with Angela and Stephanie back at school, life settled down somewhat.

I had been appointed to my job at the top of the Lecturer scale and if I was to advance my career a top priority was the completion of my postgraduate 'Fellowship'. In England I had been studying mostly in the field of oral surgery but now I made a switch towards restorative dentistry which entailed a lot of extra work but after six months I felt ready and flew over to Sydney to successfully take my exams there. With this behind me I was shortly promoted to a Senior Lectureship and could look forward to a number of years of steady increase in salary.

At this time I took over the responsibility of teaching endodontics and this was to become the focus of the rest of my professional career. Endodontics, at that

time was a very small component of the course, and over the next 15 years it assumed increasing importance as the lecture programme was extended, a pre-clinical course introduced, the instrumentation and techniques modernised, the surgical aspects developed and ultimately a full postgraduate programme introduced which led to the recognition of the discipline as a full specialty. My later promotion to Associate Professor also helped in getting wider acceptance of endodontics as a specialty. Achieving this was not particularly easy as I was the only person engaged in the specialty in New Zealand and my nearest professional contacts were in Australia. During this period as my reputation in the field grew I received increasing requests to lecture overseas and I developed friendships with other professionals some of whom remain close friends to this day.

Angela and Stephanie were now well settled into their schooling and taking dancing and music lessons. Stephanie had graduated from the recorder to the clarinet, her first instrument being given her by her aunt, Joan Cahill. I remember on one occasion in mid-winter sitting in the car for an hour outside a small house halfway up the hill in Rockside Road whilst she was having a lesson, and thinking what a dreadfully cold bit of Dunedin it was; strange to think that later I was to live close by.

Classes at Helen Bray's school of ballet took up a lot of time for both the children and also meant a lot of ferry work for Helen who would take them down after school and for me who would collect them later on. Helen Bray's husband John did most of the work getting props and scenery ready for the annual concert, assisted by some 'ballet dads'. 'Ballet mums' of course put in many hours at their sewing machines making costumes and I spent quite a few evenings painting scenery and doing rough carpentry and managing the curtains during performances at the Regent Theatre. John Bray and I still play golf together occasionally.

About a year after we started living in Tweed Street we met our neighbour, Jack Roberts. One morning I was trimming some grass edges and Jack introduced himself by presenting us with a loaf of his home-made bread which was still warm from the oven. To this day Jack remains a close and valued friend, although as he now lives in Queenstown, Nancy and I don't see him so often. We keep in touch with e-mail and always look forward to seeing him on our trips to Queenstown.

Our marriage was once again deteriorating and Helen became increasingly unpleasant, accusing me of all sorts of things although usually in a very vague manner. She was very jealous of any time that I might have to myself and seemed to consider this as some sort of betrayal of her personally and to the family generally. She refused to countenance the possibility of my taking sab-

batical leave as it would be too disruptive. Although it was now rare for anyone to take a full year off as a sabbatical, it was expected that one would take periods of study leave to enhance research and professional skills. This was doubly important to me as the only person in the country engaged in the specialty of endodontics and it was becoming a big professional embarrassment that I had been to no overseas conferences, or met other endodontists either in academia or practice. Many years were to pass before I took any study leave and over the 23 years of my time at the university I had only two periods of leave: one of three months in Melbourne and the other of six months in the USA.

Helen had never been particularly interested in sports, which was a little curious as her university diploma was in Physical Education. Over the years this led to my virtually giving up skiing and golf, two sports I loved and to which I quickly returned after our separation. So severe was her disapproval of my having time for any sporting activity, that I remember on one occasion when I played in a staff/student golf game, I left the match several holes before the end as to have completed the round would have meant I would be late home and no doubt be subjected to another harangue about my selfishness. Whether it was jealousy, possessiveness or paranoia I will never know but there were certainly elements of all of these in her behaviour.

One invitation I could not refuse came for me to give a series of lectures in Fiji sponsored by the Fijian Dental Association and Ministry of Health and the World Health Organisation. I was to be away for a week. This was not greeted with any enthusiasm by Helen. It was a hard week's work, in heat and humidity that I was unused to, starting with an official welcome by the Dental Association and then a visit to the Ministry. It was as if I was some sort of trophy to be displayed and accordingly I was introduced to many people and the Minister himself insisted on taking me to visit some of the dental clinics in remote villages. He dismissed the official driver and drove us himself at breakneck speed along dusty winding roads, waving to everyone, scattering children and chickens as we roared right through some villages.

The following morning my lectures were to start but first we had to endure another very long official welcome complete with kava ceremony and then morning tea in the grounds of the hospital. My lecture course was scheduled to start at 10 am but by 11 am the morning tea was still in full swing and nobody seemed at all concerned. I slipped away to check the lecture room and its facilities, but found it locked up. A porter opened it for me and I was horrified to find that it was unprepared, seats stacked around the edges, no projector in sight and dust everywhere. This was Fiji however and by early afternoon the course was finally under way.

The course lasted for two days, my lectures being occasionally interspersed with others given by a World Health Organisation dentist. My time in Suva was shortened by a day as I had agreed to give some extra lectures in Hba, a town on the north coast near Nadi airport. About twenty or thirty dentists and dental nurses from this area had not been able to attend in Suva and they were very grateful to me for giving up my one free day to help them. As a result I only had a few hours free and this I spent in Suva looking for some gifts for Angela, Stephanie and Helen. I remember this vividly from what occurred when I got back home. Angela was pleased with the small transistor radio and Stephanie with the cotton blouse. For Helen I had got some perfume but this she didn't even open, just saying something about how she supposed I had got it to ease my guilty conscience and she knew the sorts of things I got up to when I was away. I think she threw the gift into the trash.

Angela and Stephanie were now at Logan Park High School and doing well; we had several camping holidays in various places using the very large frame tent we had brought back from England. Perhaps a couple of times each year we would drive up to Christchurch to visit Helen's mother, Helen Cahill, and her second husband, Ralph. Theirs did not seem to be a very happy marriage, Ralph was a very long way from being Helen Cahill's intellectual equal and he was completely dominated and hen-pecked. They were, however, always welcoming. Angela in particular was very fond of Helen Cahill and many years later dedicated her PhD thesis to her.

On one of our trips when we were in the Waitaki Valley, we noticed a number of small, often derelict cottages on farm land and we thought it might be possible to buy one of them and use it as a holiday home. Looking around we found an old two bedroom rabbiters' cottage that appeared to be abandoned and I wrote to the Waitaki Rabbit Board to see if they were interested in selling it; they weren't. Several months later however I got a surprise phone call from a solicitor in Oamaru who somehow had remembered my name from this earlier enquiry. He said that one of his clients, a farmer, had a small cottage for sale on his farm and would I be interested? Helen and I drove up that weekend to Livingston in North Otago and immediately decided to put in an offer. As I recall the farmer, Bert Lory was asking \$3200 but accepted our offer of \$2900. Most of the house was almost derelict although the roof was sound and it had a newer extension of a sunroom on one side. The view from the section was lovely, down to the Waitaki Valley on one side and towards Mount Domett on the other. Livingston had once been a gold mining area which had had seven hotels and about 6000 people living in the area. The piece of land on which our cottage stood was actually three adjacent surveyed sections on Main Street, Livingston, and was opposite the school and the schoolteacher's house although they had not been used for many years. Only

a few buildings remained from its heyday; the 'Moorings', which was an old mud house, the Livingston Hall, and perhaps another dozen houses scattered around. Farmers used to get rid of these unwanted buildings by putting a wire rope through them and pulling the roof off with a tractor, allowing the elements to complete the destruction over a period of years.

I scavenged in some of these derelict shells for mouldings of skirting boards and architraves when I was restoring our house. This took a number of years as I had to reblock some of the foundations, replace quite a lot of rotten top and bottom plates and weatherboards, put in some extra windows and take out one internal wall to create a large living room. We re-established the kitchen garden and orchard, built terraces and put in extra fencing to contain our pet sheep, called 'Cindyloopoo'. Bert and Rosemary Lory, the farmers from whom we had bought the property were really helpful. Bert would periodically shear 'Cindy' and helped me with fencing and prepared the holes for planting the apple trees. This was done in a real 'Kiwi' fashion; an iron pipe about three feet long was driven into the ground, the bottom part plugged with blasting powder and a fuse run up the middle. It was attached by a chain to an iron stake driven into the ground about six feet away. When the powder exploded it broke up the soil to a diameter of about four feet and a depth of about three feet, an ideal start for the new trees we were planting. On one occasion the retaining stake came loose and the whole apparatus flew about fifty feet through the air narrowly missing the house.

Summer holidays were now spent up at Livingston, paddling, gold panning and rafting on lilos in the Maerewhenua River. Angela and Stephanie enjoyed some of the farm life although for them a weekend at 'the crib' meant missing out on some of their teenage social activities. Rosemary Lory taught them both how to ride and on one occasion Stephanie went lambing with them. She arrived back with a big grin on her face and covered in blood, having assisted in delivering a lamb.

Another property belonging to the Lory's at the bottom of Livingston Hill became vacant and they asked me if I knew anyone who might like to lease it and I suggested my cousin Graham Sneyd and his wife Rosalie might be interested. They were, and after several years leasing it they bought yet another Lory property, the old homestead, which I believe they still own.

Years later, after our separation, Helen retained the property in Livingston and used it for a number of years before selling it for something over \$30,000, I believe.

Back in Dunedin life went on; Angela, who was not getting on with Helen any better than I was, left home. Rows between them had become frequent and I look back in horror at some of the things that were said. If ever a family needed coun-

selling, ours did at this time. Tension in the house was at times unbearable; everyone had to be so careful not to do or say anything that might upset Helen and even the most trifling matter could result in either screaming abuse or dreadful silence. It was with relief that I left the house each morning for work and with dread that I walked back up the hill at the end of the day.

Stephanie had won a scholarship to a ballet school in Sydney and at this stage it looked as if she was headed for a career in dancing, but after about six months she found the routine exhausting and was homesick. She came back at very short notice. We drove up to Christchurch to collect her off the plane. It must have been during a weekend, as I remember having to borrow some petrol cans to carry sufficient fuel for the return trip. These were the days of the world-wide petrol shortage and the sale of petrol was prohibited during the weekends in an effort to cut usage. A week or so later I had to fly over to Sydney and fix up the loose ends and collect the remainder of Stephanie's luggage. Stephanie's other talent lay in music and she now progressed from the clarinet to the flute and later again to the saxophone.

In 1980 I was invited by the Australian Society of Endodontology to give a series of lectures in Sydney, Hobart, Melbourne, Adelaide and Perth. The university had granted three months study leave to further my research at the University of Melbourne. I went alone as it would have been difficult for Helen to get leave of absence from her job as a managerial assistant at the Department of Internal Affairs.

I was met at Melbourne airport by Clive Wright, an old colleague from Dunedin who was now at the Dental School in Melbourne, and he took me to the small apartment that the university used for visitors. It was good to know somebody in a large, strange city and Clive and his wife Joan were most welcoming. The doyen of endodontics in Australia was "Effy" Ehrmann and he and his wife invited me into their home and made sure that I met all the others in our specialist field. A week after my arrival I went to lunch at the university club with Clive and he introduced me to Nancy McMurray, a clinical psychologist with whom he was engaged in several research projects in paediatric dentistry. From that chance meeting large changes were in store, as I found that Nancy was a woman with whom I felt comfortable, and this was a complete novelty for me. In turn she introduced me to some of her friends, of whom I remember particularly, Connie and Jeff Peck, who had a lovely house on the outskirts of Melbourne which they had built with their own hands from mud-brick. During the next month I was committed to my lecture tour which started in Sydney where I met Steve Cohn and his wife Tiina for the first time, friends with whom I am still very close. I also met up again with Tony Martin, who had preceded me in the Commonwealth

Lectureship at the RDH. Next stop was Brisbane and then back to Melbourne. After about a week's respite from lecturing I flew to Perth and here was overwhelmed with hospitality, a highlight of which was a day-long party on Ron Rankin-Wilson's 40 foot luxury boat and a trip out to Rottnest Island.

My next lectures were in Adelaide but rather than fly back I elected to travel on the Trans-Australian Express, an unforgettable experience which really impressed upon me the immensity of the Australian outback and the Nullabor Plain in particular. I learnt that Nullabor is not an Aboriginal word as I had thought but was derived from the Latin, *null arbor...* no trees!

In Adelaide I met Geoff Heithersay who also has remained a friend and golfing companion although I haven't seen him since I visited Angela there about five years ago. The last venue for my lecture course was Hobart in Tasmania and then with some relief I returned to Melbourne.

The research I had hoped to undertake there did not really get started as the new scanning electron microscope was giving teething troubles and wasn't available to me. I did manage however to write a major review article and to start a computerised data base of the scientific literature in the field of endodontics.

During the remainder of my time in Melbourne I spent a lot of time in Nancy's company. She introduced me to Australian art, wine and especially the bush. I began to realise just how sterile and stultifying my marriage to Helen had become. When the time came for me to return to Dunedin I left with much sadness, but there was no strong expectation that I would see Nancy McMurray again.

The next three months were very unpleasant. It was quite clear to me that our marriage was doomed, but even the suggestion of a trial separation was not acceptable to Helen. Finally I left, rented a small flat and put in motion a legal separation. I can still remember clearly the feeling of a heavy weight being lifted from my shoulders when, after my first night in the flat, I set out to walk to work, and I knew that I had done the right thing.



Single Again

So, for the first time in my life, apart from those summers working in hotels, I was now living an independent life and in the process discovering a few things about myself. Most of my friends and colleagues were understanding although a few cut themselves off, almost as if marriage breakdown was a contagious disease.

I joined up at the Fitness Centre which brought me a number of new friends and acquaintances and helped fill a bit of a social vacuum. I returned to skiing, going on several trips with Garth Dever, Mark LoSchiavo and Mark Arrowsmith all from the Dental School, and went on several other ski trips with groups from the Fitness centre. Best of all were the heliskiing trips in the Harris mountains out of Wanaka and the Ben Ohau range out of Mt. Cook. The flying was exciting but the magic moment was when, after unloading on some high ridge, the helicopter disappeared leaving the small group with its guide in the absolute silence of these remote peaks. Skiing the heavy, deep powder was a real thrill but unfortunately a bit tough on my knees, which hadn't been helped by all the running I was doing. A group of us at the Dental School decided to take on the challenge of running in the inaugural 'Round the Harbour' marathon. We would run at lunch time and then at the weekends run longer distances. The first marathon was run from Portobello on the Peninsula to Port Chalmers. It was rather odd when shortly after the start you could look across the narrow harbour to the finish, which for the marathoners was still more than 25 miles away. The first time it was run the course had a small detour around Logan Park and a much bigger and very unwelcome deviation near the finish. As we arrived in the main street of Port Chalmers, with the finish virtually in sight at the far end of the main street, the course turned to the right and wound its way right around the headland. Most of this section was on gravel road with some steep climbs, not what one wants in the last couple of miles of a marathon. My finishing time in this first marathon was 3 hours and 25 minutes. In subsequent years the course was altered, with the start being from Otokau further out on the peninsula, thus eliminating the need for that dreadful final section.

My love of tramping, which had started during the summers in my university student days and had seen me exploring much of Tongariro and Fiordland National Parks, was rekindled. I bought myself a small tent and other gear and went off into the hills by myself. I returned to the Marion Valley in Fiordland, climbed to the Harris Saddle on the Routeburn and returned in one day, and several times went up to the Hopkins and Huxley Valleys in South Canterbury. I wasn't always by myself on these trips and three in particular stand out clearly. The first was

with Garth Dever when we went up the Temple Valley near Lake Ohau staying the Friday night in a hut. We observed a small ritual that involved packing in really good steaks and quality red wine for the first night. I topped this off with a T-shirt printed as a dinner suit, complete with bow tie and carnation in the buttonhole and Garth had brought a small plastic candelabra and imitation lace tablecloth. The other occupants of the hut that night were three tough-looking deer stalkers and I don't think they were very impressed with us. The second day took us up to a snowy saddle with a wonderful view of the sheer south face of Mt. Huxley and then with some difficulty we descended into the north branch of the Huxley where we bivouacked and came out the following day. A more ambitious trip was with Garth again and Angela who was visiting at Easter time. This time we went up the East Matukituki and then climbed up to the Rainbow Valley. I remember it was Easter as when we stopped for lunch, Angela produced from her pack Easter eggs for each of us which she had decorated herself. The last part of that day was pretty tiring but we finally set up our tent on a small sloping shelf high up on the slopes to the saddle. After a night listening to the creaking and groaning of one of glaciers above us on the flanks of Mt. Aspiring, we climbed up Mt. Sysyphus and then over the saddle and back down to the Matukituki, camping that night at The Forks before coming out the following day.

Angela joined Garth and me on another occasion with Sax Dearing, his wife and three children and two of Garth's daughters, Nikky and Belinda. We met up at the store at Makarora, on the way to the Haast Pass and flew into the Siberia Valley in a light aircraft that could only take three passengers at a time. Belinda, who was about five at the time hung back, very white-faced and declined to go on any of the first two or three flights, so she and I and several packs made the last load. I can still hear her trembling little voice saying as we got ready to take off, "I thought I would wait and come with you so you wouldn't get lonely." I think she remembers another event more clearly, for she likes relating the story of when I carried her across a stream on my shoulders. I was only wearing my underpants as we were just a few yards from the hut and I didn't want to get my trousers wet at that late stage of the day. There is a photo in my study of Belinda taken during this trip where she is wearing a Chinese Red Army hat that Angela had acquired on her visit to Beijing. Belinda is now 21 years of age, still the thoughtful and charming person she has always been and we continue to enjoy a very empathetic relationship.

During these first couple of years after separation Nancy McMurray and I continued our relationship as best we could under the circumstances of being in different countries. I visited Melbourne for a short visit and on one occasion she travelled over to New Zealand and we went hiking together. Although we corresponded frequently I guess it was more or less inevitable that unless one of us was

prepared to resign from our respective university, the relationship was never going to advance. In the end we agreed that a closer relationship was not going to eventuate and we went our own ways.

On the professional side my life was very satisfying as I had been promoted to Associate Professor and receiving a lot of invitations to lecture both within NZ and abroad. My text book was coming together well and I took over the editorship of the Newsletter of the NZ Endodontic Society and transformed it into the NZ Endodontic Journal. For the next eight years I continued to do this and found it a creative outlet as I did all the word processing and page layout myself using a 'desk-top publishing' programme on the computer that the Endodontic Society purchased for me. The first computer was a little Apple 2C and this was later upgraded to an Apple SE30 (still in use) running a large page-size monitor with a laser printer. In its day this was a pretty good set-up, but very expensive by today's standards.

Two of the invitations I received to lecture overseas resulted in memorable trips. The first was to an international conference in Pakistan which very nearly didn't come about as the Dean at the Dental School was of the opinion that I wouldn't get enough out of it to justify my going. After an acrimonious argument in which I pointed out that I was not being invited so that I could 'get something out of it' but rather because the organizers felt I had something to contribute, he very reluctantly agreed that I might go but that there would be no financial assistance available to me. This was OK by me as the organizers were happy to not only pick up all costs but also offer a gratuity. I flew via Sydney to Singapore where I had a layover of about four hours. Leaving my cabin bag with my tickets in a left-luggage locker I went out a door close by, down some steps and took a taxi into town. On arrival back at the airport I found that I could not re-enter without my ticket, as it, together with my carry-on bag was on the other side of the international departure gates. Apparently I had inadvertently used an exit which should have been locked. It took some time to convince increasingly senior airport officials but finally I was taken to the left luggage under police guard, retrieved my bag and tickets and all was well. We flew on stopping at Delhi, about midnight and arrived in Karachi at about 2am.

Fortunately I had been forewarned that the concourse in the arrival hall was a real culture shock. It was packed with people, of whom probably only a few percent were travellers. There were hawkers of taxi and bus services, money changers by the score, food stalls and general chaos. My first task was to get from the international terminal to the domestic terminal. After declining the offers of seemingly dozens of taxi drivers, who all claimed they knew the best way to the terminal, which was actually visible a couple of hundred yards away, and fighting

off the offers of even more who tried to snatch away my suitcase, I walked towards the terminal followed by a diminishing band of hopeful bag carriers. I finally relented and gave it to one man who had been particularly persistent. By this time there was only about fifty yards left to the domestic terminal and when we reached it he dropped the case at the door and announced that his services would cost me \$20 American! I gave him \$2 Australian which he promptly threw on the ground and spat at. As I went through the doors into the relative quiet of the terminal I looked back and saw him pick up the discarded note and trot off back toward the other terminal.

My two hour flight to Islamabad left at 6am and was memorable for the 'lassi', a cool yogurt type of drink that was served as refreshment and the detailed questionnaires we were asked to fill in several times during the flight. These tried to ascertain from the passengers, their opinion of everything including the temperature in the cabin, the state of cleanliness of the toilets, the friendliness of the crew, the freshness of the lassi, etcetera. All I wanted to do was sleep but this was denied by further offerings of lassi and a further questionnaire.

From the airport at Islamabad I took a taxi to my hotel in Rawalpindi, the older city beside which the modern capital city of Islamabad was built. The point of crossing between the new and the old is an intersection called 'Point Zero'. At the hotel reception I was told that they hadn't expected me to arrive until the following day and that they didn't have a room for me. As I had a voucher plainly stating the dates of my stay and I still needed to sleep badly, I told them that I had not flown halfway round the world to address their big conference only to be told they couldn't accommodate me and that I would make myself comfortable on one of the sofas in the foyer while they sorted it out. I stretched out on one of the sofas much to their embarrassment and within half an hour I was woken up with great apologies and taken to a beautiful suite where I slept undisturbed until dinner time.

At the conference 'Welcome' the following day I was introduced, along with the other international lecturers, to the guest of honour, General Zia ul-Haq, the president of the military dictatorship which controlled Pakistan at the time. A very 'cold fish' was my impression but later, after he had given his welcoming address, our hosts were rapturous about his warmth and humanity. I guess they would be; in any case I don't imagine I was the first person to observe the obsequience which surrounded General Zia. Although military dictatorships are seldom popular it has to be admitted that this particular one was relatively tolerant and probably considerably less corrupt than the government it overthrew. Being an Islamic country they were very strict about alcohol, although this was relaxed a bit in the international hotels, where foreigners could register and obtain alcohol strictly for their own use and then only to be consumed in the privacy of their own

suite. Upon arrival I had been assigned a military aide for the duration of my stay. He was a very personable young captain in the army and he ushered me into a back room where I was encouraged to register as a drinker. A very long form had to be completed, which even included questions about my grandparents. After the form was signed and stamped I was allowed to buy from a wide selection. My aide assisted me with the choice and seemed very familiar with various brands of scotch which seemed a little odd to me. It soon became clear to me as once I had been shown to my room, the door was carefully locked and the first bottle of Scotch opened without further delay. I was carefully coached over the next few days in the proper security measures to be taken and what to do and say should anyone come to the door whilst liquor was being consumed. My captain and other aides who were party to these little games were taking a considerable risk, as the penalties for being caught would have been court-martial, with little prospect of ever getting another job. As an accomplice, I would have been deported at the very least. On my final night I was instructed as to how I might give my aide an appropriate gift. I was to place a bottle of scotch in my locked suitcase in my bedroom. During dinner I was to ask my aide to get me a clean handkerchief from my room and give him my keys. It won't surprise you to learn that later when I returned to my room there was no bottle of scotch in my suitcase.

The hospitality during the conference was exceptional and I met many interesting people, among them Mervyn and Tasleem Hossein, two dentists from Karachi. They had both travelled widely and had postgraduate qualifications from both the UK and USA. Although they had flown to Rawalpindi, Mervyn had his driver bring the car up from Karachi so they could have use of it for a holiday tour after the conference. Unfortunately it suffered some damage in a minor accident on the way and was looking rather battered. I went with Mervyn into the back streets of Rawalpindi where he located the street occupied entirely by car repairers. During the night the damaged front panel was beaten to shape and repainted right there on the street. We picked it up looking as good as new the next morning.

The day after the conference ended I went off with some new-found friends from Egypt and Germany in a car we rented for the day along with a driver. The road between Rawalpindi and Peshawar was fascinating, shared as it was by cars, trucks, oxen, chickens, children, bicycles all going at their own speed with little heed to the risks. Our driver drove with his hand on the horn most of the time. We stopped for awhile to watch the police searching a bus for smuggled drugs. The bus was being systematically dismantled and as we watched they used big cutters to chop the roof off where they found a space filled with packages of hashish. We passed through Peshawar and went on up the road towards the Khyber Pass through spectacular scenery which reminded me very much of the Kawarau Gorge in Central Otago even though the scale was vastly greater. This was during the Afghan war and we

passed by the encampments of the nearly three million refugees who had fled across the border. Finally we were stopped a little short of the pass by a makeshift road-block manned by some very unsavoury looking tribesmen with a motley collection of rifles which they pointed and prodded us with, insisting we must turn back immediately. Discretion prevailed and so we returned to Peshawar where we spent the rest of the afternoon exploring the noisy tumult of the colourful bazaar which has been one of the great trading crossroads of Asia for many hundreds of years. There were many little side alleys which looked dark and mysterious and we had been warned that it would not be wise for a Westerner to enter these, as apart from getting lost, there was a very real danger of being robbed or worse!

The following day we were the guests of the Government at the Pakistan National Day parade which was held at the Rawalpindi Racecourse. It was a magnificent spectacle, looking across the course over the countryside with the foothills of the Karakoram Himalaya on the horizon and watching the long procession of the regiments with names that conjured up the past of the Northwest Frontier Province as this was before Pakistan's partition from India. The Gilgit Scouts, The Khyber Rifles, The Chitral Scouts, Queen Mary's Own Baluch Light Infantry and scores of others, on foot, on camel and on horseback, and followed by their modern counterparts armed with the latest weaponry.

Mervyn and Tasleem Hosein invited me to accompany them on their four day holiday after the conference, an offer I eagerly accepted. With their two daughters Maya and Sahair we traveled north into the foothills of the Karakoram Himalaya and onto the Karakoram Highway which ultimately leads to China. One night we were forced to sleep in the car trapped between slips on the road, but we weren't alone as several trucks had also been trapped. Not a comfortable night with the sound of wolves howling in the distance and the thoughts of brigands lurking ready to kill us. This may sound overdramatic but sudden death from such causes is common in this part of the world.

My departure from Islamabad was distinctly surreal. With my aide still in attendance, I was driven in a military vehicle to a beautiful building some distance from the normal terminal. This was the 'VIP' lounge. My aide and I sat at one end of a sumptuously furnished lounge, where we were served refreshments. The only other passenger was a very distinguished looking man in white robes. I was told he was a very important 'Holy Man'.

As departure time approached I became concerned about missing my flight, for up to this point nobody had even asked to look at my ticket. A large black limousine pulled up and the other passenger left. "Your car will be here shortly," I was told. "Would you like some more lassi?" And then my very own 'limo' appeared; I

said farewell to my aide and was driven to the large Pakistan International Airline jet which was sitting out near the end of the runway with engines running. A long staircase led up to the front door, and as I climbed it I was very conscious of the many curious faces pressed to the windows, clearly wondering who this 'terribly important' person was. As I entered the cabin and was shown to my seat in economy class, there was a buzz of bewildered murmuring. I wished I understood Urdu.

The honorarium I received for lecturing at the conference was paid in Pakistani rupees which could not be converted to other currency, so with Tasleem's help with bargaining I bought two handknotted oriental carpets. I repaid the Hosein's kindness, at least in part, by agreeing to give some extra lectures in Karachi on my way home but could not fit in the other invitation to visit Lahore, a city I would some day love to visit. My luggage on the flight home was heavy: the two carpets and the final gifts from the Karachi Dental Association of a large cotton bedspread and a marble lamp base, plus other presents I had received in Rawalpindi, two marble paper-weights and a large book.

Another conference I attended was that of the Federation Dentaire Internationale which was held in Manila in the Philippines. I presented a half-day course in Endodontics and one of the major papers on radiography in Endodontics. I presented my course in jeans and running shoes as the airline had lost my luggage. I was accommodated at the famous and very beautiful hotel, The Manila Hotel. This was the hotel used by general Douglas McArthur during the Second World War and his suite is still maintained as a sort of shrine, with all the memorabilia of those times in one room. I visited the Malakanang Palace, which had been put on public display to demonstrate to the people the vast wealth and privilege that President Macos and his wife Imelda enjoyed before they fled the country. I was suitably impressed by Imelda's thousands of pairs of shoes and vast wardrobes, and the fully equipped medical suite set up next to the President's bedroom.

There were several other trips to Australia, most of them to attend International Association of Dental Research conferences but I was also invited again to give a course of lectures in Sydney. This remains clear in my mind for several reasons not least of which was the pleasure in meeting up again with my endodontic colleagues, Tony Martin, John Maine and Steve and Tiina Cohn in particular. My day of lecturing went well, but that evening I was struck by a particularly virulent stomach bug which confined me to my hotel room for the next three days. On my final evening I was to be the guest of the Endodontic Society at a big dinner party at Doyles restaurant, famous for its fish. My convalescing stomach kept me confined to a very small piece of fish and bread and water whilst everyone clearly enjoyed a magnificent meal. I vowed one day to return to Doyles but I haven't managed it yet.

Lest you think all my time was taken up with travelling, I should point out that it was always difficult to get away from the rigorous timetable and long teaching year at the dental school. Conferences and other leave usually had to be fitted into the breaks between terms. They also cut into research time which was always hard to find for people in clinical departments such as ours.

On the domestic front things had been happening also. The small flat I moved into after separation was a good starting point, but I soon felt the need for something better and bought a house in Dalmore. I quickly found that the house was not what I really wanted and after about a year I decided to try and get a piece of land on the outskirts of the city and build. Money was tight and I planned to have only the shell built and to do all the interior finishing myself over a period of time. Before this happened, however, I chanced upon a private advertisement in the newspaper which described a small house with bush views and birdsong. The address at 59 Rockside Road nearly put me off as I remembered this as being close to where I used to take Stephanie for music lessons. It had seemed a cold and un-attractive bit of Dunedin. However, I thought I might as well drive by; it was raining and the small bungalow was almost obscured by overgrown and wet shrubs and trees. I told myself that, "Oh well! seeing I'm here I may as well look inside". The owner showed me through. Two small bedrooms, both dark and unappealing came off the tiny dark entry hallway. All the walls had been painted a dark khaki colour which didn't help. But then we walked through to the living room and my interest started to be engaged. Although the khaki was here also, the long room had one wall almost entirely of glass which opened out on to a large deck with great views over bush. It was the sort of outlook I had been looking for and as the price was within my reach I decided then and there that it would be worth putting in an offer. It is now nearly 19 years later and I have never regretted that decision.

Of course there have been many changes through the years, the khaki walls were the first to go and I began the process of clearing the rubbish from the back of the section. Another long-departed owner had apparently been a builder and had used the back of the section to dispose of rubbish he accumulated from various building jobs. Over the years I have removed many 'skip' loads of rusted roofing iron and spouting, broken glass and old stoves. Even today digging down in some parts of the garden still yields concrete, glass and metal 'fill'. With the worst of the rubbish cleared I placed a number of old railway sleepers across the back bank and planted a few rhododendrons, some flax bushes and manuka but the real development of the garden did not occur until a few years later but that belongs to the next chapter.



1984 and Onwards

In 1984 I began planning another study leave, this time to Portland, Oregon, where there was a very good graduate endodontic programme run by Jim Marshall. Alan Laws on our faculty had spent some time there and John Fraser, a New Zealand endodontist practising in Vancouver, Canada, had trained in this programme and spoke very highly of it.

Jim and Jan Marshall were to meet me at the airport, but unfortunately my flight from Los Angeles to Portland was diverted to San Francisco, where I had to spend the night in a hotel arranged by the airline. I remember this for a curious reason; it was the first time I had struck American plumbing and spent quite some time figuring out how to get water to come out of the obviously high-tech tap (I guess I should say faucet) over the wash basin. I attempted to rotate the lever, lift it, depress it, push it, pull it ... it just didn't occur to me to tilt the whole tap. But like the mysteries of a gas geyser over the bath in a French pension, I finally mastered it, albeit with a small feeling of embarrassment. When I finally arrived in Portland the next day, Jim and Jan Marshall were there to meet me, along with my luggage which, strangely, had arrived on time the previous day.

A small room had been reserved for me in one of the hostels on the campus of Oregon Health Sciences University which was convenient as it was very close to the dental school. Meals were no problem as there were several good cafeterias on the campus. I quickly settled into work in the Endodontic Department where I taught about four sessions a week, both in the undergraduate clinic and the graduate clinic. Apart from Jim Marshall who headed the department, I shared teaching with Hank Van Hassel, one of the most respected researchers in the world in the field of dental pulp biology. He was Dean of the faculty but liked to keep his 'hand in' with a little graduate and undergraduate teaching. I also shared these sessions with four specialists in private practice, who taught one or two sessions a week. These people along with the six or seven students on the graduate programme created a really stimulating environment and a refreshing change from working in Otago where I was still very much in professional isolation.

I was very grateful to get these paid teaching sessions, as my salary from Otago University suffered with the exchange rate of less than 50 cents US to the NZ dollar. Actually I was living on an amount below the official US 'poverty line'. Everyone was very friendly and I enjoyed a lot of hospitality. Most weekends I rented a car at the cheap weekend rate, and with the little tent I bought, explored some of Oregon and Washington States. I travelled south to Crater Lake and Redwood National Park; north to Mt. Rainier and Lake Quinault in the Olympic

National Park where I camped next to a stream in which salmon were returning from the sea to spawn; and west to Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia river. One memorable weekend trip was with the Portland Department of Parks. Our group of about twelve camped near the base of South Sister, one of the peaks in the Cascades. We left on the climb at about 4am, using torches until first light. The climb was long and hot, but not at all difficult, and the view from the summit of the other peaks in the Cascades was spectacular. We descended quickly, running and sliding down long scree slopes, then walking down through the alpine meadows covered in wild flowers. This part of the walk reminded me a lot of the alpine meadows in Switzerland. On another weekend I went hiking in the Mt. Hood area with a group called the Mazamas. I also walked up some of the Eagle Creek trail which runs from the Columbia Gorge up to the Pacific Crest trail. A few weeks later the Eagle Creek trail was to feature again in my life in an interesting way.

One of the staff members in the orthodontic department, who shared my interest in both golf and skiing, invited me to join him and his wife for a weekend skiing at Mt. Bachelor. This skifield is in Central Oregon and we stayed with three or four others in a time-share unit near Bend. The weather was fine and calm and we enjoyed two great days skiing. One particular scene sticks in my mind. I'd been one of the first that day to take the upper lift which terminated near the summit. At the top I skied off around a ridge and paused to admire the view. I was quite alone, it was completely silent, the air cold and clear and the panorama over the snow covered plains to the other peaks in the Cascades magnificent. I felt like the only person on the planet until a tiny movement down on the plains caught my eye. A very long line of black dots were moving slowly over the snow, for all the world just like a line of ants; these were the cross country skiers. I preferred my eyrie high in the sky. That evening we ate steaks, drank lots of wine, enjoyed the outdoor spa pool and made real 'snow-angels'.

Jim Marshall arranged for me to do a small lecture tour through the continuing education department and they provided me with a car, projection equipment, and an assistant from the department, Jane Jocelyn, who shared the driving, arranged the accommodation, lecture facilities, and liaison with the Dental Association. We traveled south to Klamath Falls and Grant's Pass, and then north to Bend before returning to Portland.

Several years before, my friend Steve Cohn from Sydney had run an endodontic course in Dunedin along with his old classmate, Bob Oswald, an endodontist in Seattle. Bob and I had kept in touch and he now invited me to come up to Seattle to visit the faculty there. I decided to combine this with a visit to Vancouver to see John Fraser and as winter was now well advanced, to fit in a little

more skiing. For variation I travelled by Amtrak to Seattle, and several days later went on to Vancouver by Greyhound bus. In Seattle I stayed with Bob and Terese, visited the faculty and explored the city. Several things stand out from that trip. First was a magnificent Cajun meal with Bob and Terese. The second thing to impress me was the length of their working day. Bob was not only in private practice but also teaching at the university, whilst Terese was completing a law degree. They got up at 5 am to leave the house at about 5.30 am in order to beat the worst of the commuter traffic into the city. They got to the university before 7am, and then had their breakfast in a cafeteria before lectures started at 8am. One morning of that was enough for me and so I decided the next day to sleep in and find my own way into town later in the day. After taking a shower I left the bathroom door open, and the escaping steam set off a smoke detector linked to an alarm outside the house. This resulted in the arrival of both the police and fire departments and a number of curious neighbours. I was clearly under suspicion, not surprising in the circumstances, and it took a phone call to Bob, who was in his practice, to establish that I wasn't a half-dressed burglar.

Then on to Vancouver, a beautiful city with its harbour and mountain backdrop. It was just before Christmas and the illuminated decorations in the city excelled any I had seen before. John and I spent a weekend at their condominium in Whistler. We skied Whistler one day and Blackcomb the next. It was bitterly cold and I had to get a face mask for protection but the snow was wonderful. I was pleased to get back to Portland however, as there was someone special there who I was missing. Now that's caught your attention hasn't it?

Several weeks after I had arrived in Portland, about mid-September, I was reading *The Willamette Week*, which was not only excellent for finding out what was on in and around Portland, but also had a page or so of personal columns. Many entries were hilarious, but mostly they were just single people looking for friends or companions. I answered a couple which sounded likely but progressed no further than an initial dinner and decided it was a waste of time. But then I read one which sounded intriguing ... "Poetry and a bottle of wine above High Bridge before the first snow arrives" were the words that caught my attention. So, here was somebody interested in the outdoors, for I knew that High Bridge was on the Eagle Creek trail that I had recently hiked, and also interested in some of the 'finer' things in life.

So I wrote, introducing myself but not really expecting a reply. It was some days later that I got a phone call from the writer, a Medical Technologist who was working at the Medical School. We agreed to meet for lunch, by the loading dock at the back of the hospital which was adjacent to the Dental School. And that is how I met Nancy Laura Ragland. We introduced ourselves a little awkwardly.

Nancy suggested lunch at the Carnival, a lunch place just down the hill from the campus. I don't remember much about that lunch except that I felt very comfortable with this person and that I wanted to know her much better. I think it was the following weekend that we went for a hike in the Silver Falls Park with her dog, Jessie, who was very excited and kept rushing off and reappearing from unexpected directions. It was on my 50th birthday that we went to a Chinese restaurant together, and afterwards Nancy suggested that as it was still quite early, we could go up to the cocktail lounge at the top of 'Big Pink', one of Portland's tallest buildings. Here she introduced me to Kamikazes, a potent cocktail, and we chatted while gazing out over the Willamette River and the lights of the city. When we were walking back to her car sometime later Nancy took off her shoes and danced along the edge of a low wall, I think that is when I knew I was falling in love with her. We were now seeing each other frequently, and had several trips together; to the Columbia River Gorge Hotel where they specialize in gigantic, multicourse breakfasts, and to Angel's Rest high above the Columbia River, where it began to snow and poor Jessie got hypothermic in the bitter cold and I had to carry her part of the way down the track. She warmed up pretty quickly though and was soon romping along again. Nancy took me out to Lake Oswego at Thanksgiving where I met her parents and the rest of the family.

It was about this time that I was invited down to Long Beach, California to give a seminar for the graduate students in the endodontic programme run by Jim Simon. Recently I have been in touch with Jim Simon again as he is coming to New Zealand later in the year as a lecturer at the Dental Conference in Dunedin. Whilst in Long Beach I visited Tony Greening, an expatriate New Zealander who had been in endodontic practice there for many years. His home in Little Venice was typical of this very affluent suburb: a launch and a large sailboat at the jetty at the bottom of the garden, a smaller yacht and row boat in the back yard, at least three cars and a very large swimming pool. My remaining time in America was now running short, and when I was offered the enticement of a free flight on Alaska Air to Anchorage if I would let somebody else have my seat on the over-booked flight back, I didn't need to think twice. My priority was to get back to Portland to see Nancy again as I was running out of time. In a few days I was due to go to Utah for a week of skiing, and I was leaving for New Zealand only a day or so after getting back from this. Fortunately, Nancy had accepted my offer of an air ticket to come and visit me in New Zealand at Easter time, so I had that to look forward to, but it was still hard to leave her for that week. I had a great week skiing at Park City, Alta and Deer Park, but unfortunately picked up a very nasty virus which really laid me low for my last few days in Portland. The residual cough plagued me for many weeks after.

Jim and Jan Marshall came to say goodbye at the airport along with Nancy.

Actually, Jim Marshall seemed to like taking the credit for bringing me and Nancy together, and made much of this at a farewell dinner they put on for us.

For the next couple of months my Telecom bill was enormous and time dragged by slowly until the eagerly anticipated day arrived and Nancy stepped off the plane in Dunedin, travel weary but still smiling. It was a wonderful Easter and only confirmed what I already knew, that I wanted Nancy to be a part of the rest of my life. We went hiking for a couple of days in the Temple Valley near Lake Ohau, but spent most of the time in and around Dunedin getting to know each other better. On our last day together I asked Nancy if she felt she could come to New Zealand to live with me and she agreed.

The next few months were really difficult for her. Moving to New Zealand meant leaving her family, her friends, her job, finding renters for the house and a good home for Jessie. Her elder son Scott, was in the Air Force, stationed at Mountain Home, Idaho, and Greg, her younger son, in his second to last year in high school, would come to live with us. There must have been times when Nancy wondered whether she was doing the right thing, but eventually all the pieces of the puzzle came together and Nancy was once more arriving at Momona airport, but this time with a lot more luggage. True to type, Nancy had even packed some bottles of Oregon wine in the carton containing her bicycle.

In early September Greg arrived and was enrolled at Logan Park High School to finish the sixth form year. Having a teenager in the house again was a little strange, but we got along together pretty well. My occasional irritation with Greg was mostly due to my having forgotten how normal teenagers behave.

During this first year we completed two major projects at home. The first was the conversion of the old garage into a studio for Nancy, which worked out very well for it gave her a place of her own and she has furnished it beautifully. The other project was the spa pool and conservatory which Greg helped paint. Greg, Nancy and I went hiking together on a number of occasions. One trip was a four day hike up the track on the east coast of Stewart Island to Port William; another up the Hopkins and Huxley Valleys with Marco and Jann. Jann, a physiotherapist, is now married and she and her husband Peter Gow live in Sydney where we have visited them.

As a small diversion let me tell you a little about Marco. Marco Lo Schiavo was a lecturer at the Dental School for several years and was quite a character. An extrovert, gregarious Australian of Italian parentage, he loved cooking and his BMW motor bike. It was quite common for Marco to arrive unannounced with several friends, bearing wine and fresh home-made pasta and take over the kitchen.

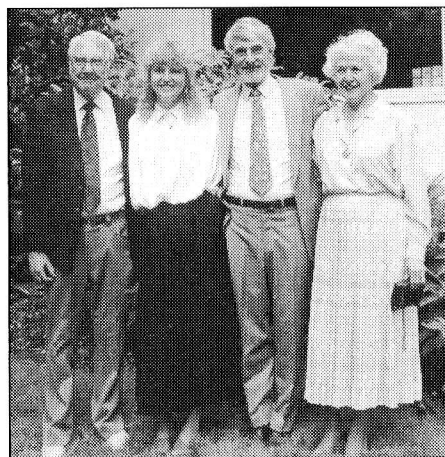
His colourful character was outdone however by his brother Fabian, who visited Dunedin for several weeks and managed to shock quite a number of people. I clearly remember the day when Fabian, looking for his brother, and dressed in full nun's habit, marched through the clinic at the Dental School, bestowing blessings upon all and sundry. Recently while reading John Mortimer's autobiography I came across the following passage.

"In an Italian restaurant called Sensco Unico in the Sydney Surrey Hills, we sat having lunch with an unlikely character called Fabian Lo Schiavo. He is the Mother Inferior of the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence and his friends, a gentle band with names such as Sister Mary Quite Contrary, Sister Matic and Sister Daisy Chain, who work as teachers, tenors or truck drivers, join him in such ceremonies as exorcizing the spirits of warships equipped with nuclear weapons from the harbour. When the Pope came to Sydney they stood on a street corner cheering and he smiled from the Popemobile until he noticed that many nuns in that particular group were wearing beards. His mother once said that she would have liked him to be a priest. 'Mother' - Fabian comforted her with admirable Australian common sense - 'millions of mothers have sons who're priests. You're one of the few mothers in the world whose son's a nun.'..."

However, to return to the main story. After his final year in high school Greg had to make a decision as to whether to stay and go to university here or whether to return to the States. He chose the latter, returning to Portland to live with his father.

Having both been divorced, Nancy and I were in no great hurry to get married, although I was keen and proposed marriage on more than one occasion. Nancy, being so far from home and family, was quite understandably a little more cautious, but then one day she booked us in for a dinner at the restaurant 95 Filleul and proposed to me! I was quick to accept. That evening there was a TV news crew filming in the restaurant which had just won an award. A day later we were able to videotape the item and have a record of that evening.

We got married some months later back in Portland at her brother John's house. We started our married life with a night at the upmarket Benson



Wedding day in Portland, Oregon, with Nancy's parents, Bill and Verniece Bauer.

Hotel. Nancy's mother, Verniece, lent us her car, known as 'The Green Dinosaur', and someone had decorated it 'Just Married'. It was an enormous Ford coupe, circa mid-nineteen sixties, all engine and trunk and not much in between, but we managed to squeeze Scott into the tiny rear seat and set off. I don't suppose many 'Just Married's leave for their honeymoon with a twenty-year old son in the back seat. After leaving him at his apartment we arrived at The Benson, where the stylishly uniformed doorman arranged for the car to be parked. I don't think he saw many cars like it. The following morning we enjoyed one of The Benson's specialties; their elaborate champagne breakfast.

It was during this trip back that we went on the Eagle Creek Trail together and finally got to share that bottle of wine above High Bridge (remember that entry in *The Willamette Week?*). That was in 1990 and the ensuing years have been the happiest and most settled time of my life.

It was in about 1987 that we bought a little crib on The Spit at Aramoana. We got it cheaply as it was very run down and almost overwhelmed by the sand dunes. With Greg's help and a small front-end loader, we cleared the sand away. The crib was only half an hour away from Dunedin so we used it most weekends. Over the next couple of years I slowly renovated it, taking down internal walls, putting in extra windows, painting and finally putting new cedar weatherboards on the exterior. Nancy's particular delight was taking Bailey, our golden retriever, for long walks out on the salt marsh when the tide was out. For Bailey this was seventh heaven, although rather strangely for her breed she was not too keen on water that was more than tummy deep. Our two Burmese cats, Saki and Shiraz, also loved going to the beach and racing around the sand dunes.

Aramoana was a wonderful retreat from the city with the long clean beaches, the spectacular sunsets and sunrises, the wildlife, the ever-changing moods of the sea and the ever-shifting sand dunes. We enjoyed our crib for about five years but finally two things led us to sell it. The first was the never-ending labour involved with keeping the sand dunes at bay, especially after nor'easterly winds. Much of my time there was spent on the end of a shovel and a wheelbarrow.

The other was related to the events of the 13th of November 1990 when David Gray ran amok. Thirteen people were killed that weekend in the settlement of Aramoana. Although we knew none of them closely, we had walked the same beaches, exchanged greetings in passing and shared the same love of the place. After the tragedy, Aramoana never seemed quite the same, and we tended to use the crib more and more for day trips rather than staying overnight. With some real regrets we sold it. With the proceeds we could afford a three month trip around the world. A few years later, when walking on the beach with Bailey, I

saw a wisp of smoke from the chimney. I called in, and introduced myself to the new owner, a young man. The place was much as we left it. The main change was the addition of a bathroom, of sorts! This comprised an old iron bath nestled into the sand dune behind the house with a fire-pit beneath it. He said his greatest pleasure came from having a bath late at night under the stars.

Through the years Nancy and I have hiked together, skied together and had some wonderful holidays. Several stand out in my memory. One, a trip to Sydney, was followed by a flight up to Townsville and then several days cruising up the Great Barrier Reef. The boat was *The Coral Princess*, a large two-deck catamaran designed to carry about forty passengers. On this trip however, there were only eight of us, so we enjoyed a lot of attention from the crew. Snorkelling amongst the colourful tropical fish over the reef was wonderful, and we spent several hours a day in the water at our various anchorages. In Cairns we rented a small car and went up the coast to Port Douglas, and had a short trip on the Daintree River where we saw our first big, salt-water crocodiles in the wild.

Our world trip started with a flight to Sydney, where we spent one night in an airport hotel before flying to Hawaii. Upon arrival we took a taxi from the airport to downtown Waikiki. We were amazed that at 1am the main street was still choked with traffic. Later we realized that a high proportion of the cars were filled with teenagers cruising back and forth. We stayed in a time-share which we had exchanged for our own in Queenstown. The Annual Conference of the American Endodontic Society was being held the same week and I attended a number of the lectures. My old friend Jim Gutmann, who ran the endodontic programme in Dallas, was the Society President that year, and we enjoyed his hospitality at a cocktail party, where we met all his graduate students. One of these was Deborah Creagh, a New Zealand graduate I had recommended to him. Several weeks later we were to stay with Deb in Dallas.

It was only a few minutes walk to the beach in Waikiki, which rather to our surprise wasn't overcrowded. We went on a day trip around the island, a dinner cruise, climbed up to Diamond Head, and on the final day, Nancy flew over to the 'Big Island' for the day. This wasn't our first holiday in Hawaii as a couple of years before we had spent a week on Kauai. Unfortunately on that occasion it rained almost non-stop for the entire week.

We spent the next two weeks in Portland where we stayed with Nancy's parents in Charbonneau. We visited some of our old haunts, Powells Book Store, Old Town Pizza with Scott and Greg, and a nostalgic trip to the top of 'Big Pink' for a Kamikaze. Jim, Nancy's younger brother, and his wife Cathi had us over for a meal as did John and Mary Lee.

Next we flew from Portland to San Francisco, picked up a rental car at the airport, and drove north over the Golden Gate bridge to spend a few days in Mill Valley with an old colleague, Steve Silverstein, his French wife Silvie and their very cute, bi-lingual, five year-old daughter, Charlotte. We took the ferry to downtown San Francisco, which reminded me very much of the ferry trip across Sydney harbour. For the next four days we explored the wineries in the Napa Valley, and the Sonoma Valley. At Callistoga I went for a wonderful half-hour flight in a sailplane, high over the vineyards of the upper Napa Valley. Flying in a sailplane is something I had long wanted to do and had once, several years previously, signed up to learn to fly. Just before my first flight however, the plane suffered severe damage in a very heavy landing, which put an end to that idea, as it was the club's only training aircraft.

In our rental car we then drove down the coast, where we stopped for a couple of days on the Monterey Peninsula, where I drooled over, but did not play, the great golf courses like Pebble Beach and Cypress Point. As I recall the green fee alone at that time was about \$US240, more than a full year's subscription to my home course at Balmacewen. I was recently told that the green fee is now \$US360!

We had a good sea food meal at Fisherman's Wharf on the Monterey waterfront, opposite 'Cannery Row', the setting of one of John Steinbeck's novels, and next day found ourselves browsing around a garden shop in Carmel-By-The-Sea with film actor, Danny de Vito.

On our way south we passed by San Simeon but it was too late in the day for a tour. However, we did experience one of the world's most eccentric hotels, The Madonna Inn, in San Luis Obispo. We came across it quite by chance. At reception we were given a folder of photographs from which to choose our room. Each room was different and decorated quite splendidly. Ours was called 'Chestnut Foal' and had an equine theme. We ate that night in the street market in San Luis Obispo. Back at the Inn later in the evening, we watched with some amazement a large group of elderly people, all formally dressed, waltzing on the dance floor. It was like a scene from the 1920's. Everything about the place was a little weird. Breakfast in the highly ornate and kitsch dining room was served by waitresses wearing tacky Hollywood versions of Swiss milkmaid dresses. As we were about to leave a man came over to our table and said something like: "You may have heard that there is a very strange disease going around. It is called 'random acts of kindness', enjoy your breakfast and have a nice day". He and his wife then left the dining room. Our waitress told us that he had paid for our breakfast!

The next few days were spent with Richard Cohn, our friend Steve Cohn's brother, at his apartment in Santa Monica. Even after the Madonna Inn, Richard's

strange life seemed a little odd. Having been many things, he now practised as a 'sexologist'. His apartment had a beautiful and very well equipped kitchen, but there was no food in it! He didn't seem to know how anything worked in the kitchen, apart from the coffee machine, as he only ate in restaurants. Nevertheless he was a welcoming host. We reminisced about the time he and Steve and I had hiked into the East Matukituki Valley.

From Los Angeles we flew to Dallas, Texas, and stayed a few days with Deborah Creagh and another graduate student. Jim Gutmann arranged a golf day for his whole department, which was a lot of fun.

Returning to Los Angeles airport, we flew directly to London where we stayed in a large apartment building close to Hyde Park Corner. Although the apartment building looked good from the outside, and even had a liveried doorman, the smell of curry was very strong by the time we reached the third floor. The room was tiny, one bed plus a camp stretcher. The bathroom lino had long since parted company with the floor and curved and billowed in waves. This was the only negative part of our stay in London. We visited the National and Tate Galleries, hunted down a renowned Teddy Bear store, went to Harrods and St. Pauls Cathedral, saw the sights from the top of an open double-decker bus and rested our weary feet while lunching in pubs. One day we went by train to Oxford and walked all around the historic university colleges. That New College was founded in 1200 AD, put it all in perspective. Later, back in New Zealand, Jack Roberts asked Nancy if we had visited his favourite bookstore in Oxford. Unfortunately we hadn't, much to Nancy's dismay.

Our week in London passed all too quickly. We next flew to Shannon, in western Ireland and spent a wonderful ten days on that coast, mixed with a little golf. The first course I played was Lahinch, noted for its small flock of goats, which act as weather vanes. If the forecast is good they will be found grazing out on the dunes, but if it is poor, they are reputed to huddle close to the clubhouse. On one hole we came across the biggest, deepest, most evil looking bunker I have ever seen. By good fortune my drive had avoided it, but I couldn't resist the temptation of throwing an extra ball into its depths, to see if I could extricate it. I did, and the moment was captured by Nancy with her camera.

From Lahinch we travelled down the west coast past Ballybunion to the Dingle Peninsula and then on to Killarney. In our little rental car we went around the Ring of Kerry, and stayed overnight in Waterville, the most southwesterly point of Ireland. I enjoyed another round of golf on the famous links there.

On our last night in Ireland we had a very pleasant meal in a restaurant in the

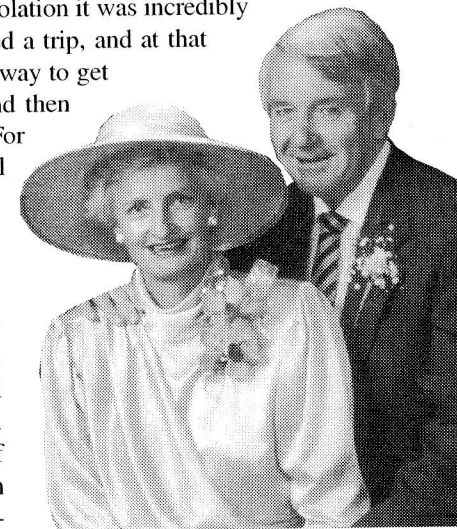


Andrew, Julie and Michael.

basement of a pub in downtown Shannon. After dinner we went up to the bar, which was packed with people watching a World Cup soccer match. It was the match when Ireland played Italy. Quite typical of Irish hospitality, we were immediately recognised as visitors, a small space at a table was found for us, and someone bought us each a Guinness. Naturally we sang *Ole, Ole*, and helped cheer the Irish team to victory.

The next day we passed through the chaos of Heathrow again and flew down to Johannesburg for about ten days with Mary and Rob whom we hadn't seen for many years. Mary and Julie were at the airport to meet us, although somehow we managed to walk right past them in the arrival hall. It was some 15 minutes later, when I was about to phone their house that Nancy spotted them looking rather bewildered at our 'non-arrival'. It had been quite a few years since we had seen Mary and Rob, although we had been visited by Mary when she came to New Zealand shortly before Dad died. Andrew, with his wife, Pam, had also visited us briefly, but I hadn't seen Julie or Michael since they were young children. I had not managed to visit them, partly because of the expense. During the years of South Africa's isolation it was incredibly expensive to get there. I once costed a trip, and at that time the 'cheapest', indeed the only way to get there, was to fly to Europe first, and then down through Harare in Zimbabwe. For many years there were no international flights directly to South Africa.

Highlights of our stay with them were the week at the Sabie River resort and the night drive in the Kruger National Park. We looked for birds and other wild life, drank lots of good red wine and reminisced at length. We saw virtually nothing however, of the city of Johannesburg. Suburban life, even after the demise of apartheid, displayed much of a fortress



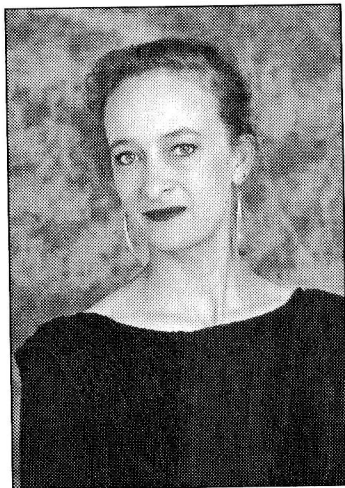
Mary and Rob.

mentality, with security guards, alarms and razor wire on high fences. These were not without some justification however, for the crime rate was, and to this day, remains very high. Both Rob and Andrew have lost vehicles by 'car-jacking', Andrew's being at gun-point.

Mary and Rob were very generous and hospitable, and our entire time in South Africa was a wonderful holiday and reunion. Back home in Dunedin after three months we completed our circumnavigation, a first for Nancy.

As the years have gone by, Nancy has made fairly regular trips back to the States to visit family. I have accompanied her on several occasions, but with the unfavourable exchange rate, this is an expensive business. Fortunately, most of her family have, from time to time, visited us in New Zealand. Greg has been back, and along with Nancy's elder son Scott, we all walked the Milford Track together. Nancy's brother Jim stayed with us for about a week, during the course of his trip to Australia and New Zealand. Her mother, Verniece, and her Aunt Laverne also spent some time with us. The youngest of Nancy's generation, her brother John, with his wife Mary Lee and three sons; Andy, Eric and Patrick, visited us in March of 2000. We spent a couple of days in Queenstown with them and then had them stay with us in Dunedin.

It is some time since I have mentioned Angela and Stephanie. Over the years from the early 1980's, they have been moving along with their lives on very different paths. Angela had left home before the breakdown of my marriage to Helen, and over the next few years led a rather nomadic life. She lived in Auckland, Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide, undertaking a variety of jobs, mostly related in some way to the art scene. She has traveled widely, to the USA, England and the Continent, China, Nepal and India. On one occasion I visited her in Melbourne. She showed me around the art supply store, where she had completely reorganised the entire stock, and set up efficient management of it. A few years later I visited her in Adelaide, and with her partner, Peter Smythe, enjoyed a four day trip into the Australian outback. I admit to feeling a lot of pride in her achievements, although the credit is entirely hers, for the persistence she has shown through some difficult times. With a university degree behind her, and a good job in the public service in Canberra, she completed her PhD from the



Angela 1996.

Australian National University in 1998. Stephanie and I were both at her graduation, and I couldn't help thinking how proud my father would have been – the first PhD in the family! Angela's relationship with my father had always been quite close. She now has some busy years ahead of her, not only with her career, but also raising her two sons, Miles and Griffin. Unfortunately, she will have to do this without much help from Peter, but that is her story, not mine.



Stephanie in 1995.

Likewise, Stephanie's story is hers to tell sometime in the future. Shortly after my separation from Helen she found security and new friends in the church. Here she met Simon McKenzie, now her husband. They lived for a number of years in Anderson's Bay in Dunedin, where their two sons, Timothy and James were born. Simon, a telecommunications and computer engineer, was originally employed by Telecom, but eventually lost his job there during massive restructuring. They moved to Palmerston North in about 1997, where Simon was able to get a much better job. Stephanie continues to put her musical talents to good use. She plays in a jazz band and teaches music both in schools and privately. As well, in the little free time she has, Stephanie has started part-time study at Massey University for a Commerce degree.

In one sense I have had a third 'daughter', Belinda, whom I have mentioned before. During the last few years she has visited us quite often and a few months ago I drove up to Christchurch when she graduated from Canterbury University with a Bachelor's degree majoring in Geology. Presently she is in London on her 'Big OE' and we keep in touch by email. She has just started her first job there as a nanny.

On the professional side of my life, these last twenty years have seen some profound changes. Getting recognition for endodontics as a specialist discipline was a real struggle. In this respect New Zealand was some 15 years behind Australia and even more behind the USA, but finally this recognition came about, and I became the first person to be on the endodontic specialist register. At about the same time I was promoted to Associate Professor.

Within the Department of Restorative Dentistry however, things were not going so well. Ewen Kirk, the head of the department, had alienated most of the staff, and his poor management resulted in a departmental review. The upshot

was that he was relieved of the position. Although it was offered to me, I felt that I would be unable to institute the sort of changes that I believed were necessary, and so, with few regrets, I declined and instead planned an early retirement. Initially, it had been verbally agreed with John Rodda, the acting Head of Department, and the Dean, that I would be retained on a part-time sessional basis for a period of three years. When the time came however, I was told that such arrangements were no longer the policy of the university. Now, a few years later, such arrangements are quite common.

I had enjoyed over twenty years at the Dental School with friendly colleagues and especially enjoyed clinical teaching and the interaction with the undergraduate and graduate students. During the 1980's however, the Dean, Martin Kean, and the Head of the Department of Oral Biology, Alister Smillie, promoted a culture of research being the only important activity for the academic staff. Clinical teaching of undergraduates was not seen as having any real importance, although to many of us in the large clinical departments, it seemed that this was the core reason for our existence. The modest research that most of us in the clinical departments were able to achieve was often denigrated by those who worked in the non-clinical departments. Although throughout the University, lip-service was accorded to teaching ability, it was research and publication that were all-important for promotion. For a period of eight years not a single person was promoted in the Dental Faculty and a number of disillusioned staff resigned. On the first occasion that I was put up for promotion to Associate Professor, I was told that I had an insufficient number of publications, although at the time, I had more articles published than the Dean and my H.O.D. combined. Alistair Stokes, perhaps my closest friend at the Dental School, never achieved his promotion. I remember how bitter he was when he was told that the significant number of publications he had during one year only showed that he had not been diligent enough previously. Alistair resigned and left the same year that I and several others opted for an early retirement.

Shortly before my retirement, I had been asked by Ernie Cosgrove, the managing director of Medic Corporation in Wellington, whether I would agree to run 'hands-on' endodontic courses for general dental practitioners. What resulted was one of the most satisfying things I have ever done professionally. It also made a very good transition between full-time employment at the university, and full-time retirement. Medic set up a wonderful teaching facility at their headquarters in Lower Hutt and almost every month I would fly up to Wellington on a Thursday morning, borrow a company car and play a round of golf at Manor Park or Heretonga in the afternoon. I would run one course for four practitioners on Friday, and a second course on Saturday. Over the next four years I ran about 50 of these courses. Most of the dentists attending were old students of mine, and it

was great meeting them all again. I also made a number of new friends in Medic, especially Ernie and Shirley Cosgrove, who, now in their retirement devote their energy to 'Efil Doog', their magnificent property in the Akatarawa Valley, east of Upper Hutt. Here, they have made a wonderful garden of about 40 acres, with many hundreds of rhododendrons, a score or more major sculptures, and a small art gallery to house Ernie's fine collection of early New Zealand art. 'Efil Doog' for the uninitiated, is Good Life, spelt backwards!

For the most part, I have had a good life, even though it has had some fairly low points. Like golf which I still enjoy immensely, life is an ultimate 'what if' game. Neither in golf, nor life, do we get to have the shot over again, much as we might like to. There have been some clear bifurcations in the road and maybe I haven't always taken the obvious route, but the paths I have traveled have brought me now to a very good place. I am blessed with a comfortable little house and a garden which gives so much pleasure, two fine daughters who are successfully making their own way through life, and lastly, the best gift of all, Nancy, my lovely and loving wife.

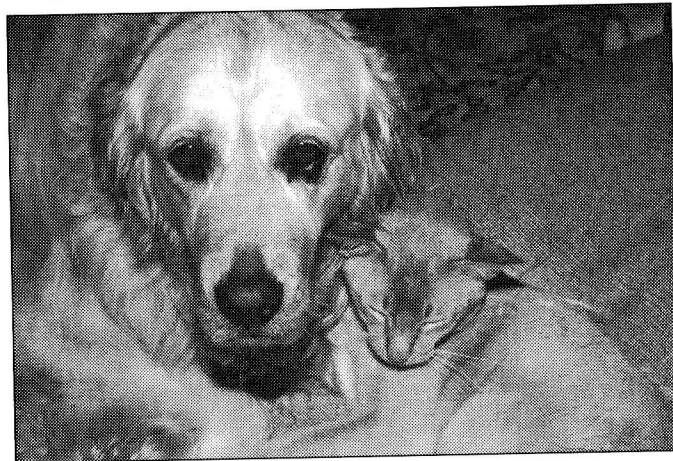
Holidays and trips, and visits from friends and family, have been great fun, but mostly it has been the day-to-day living with Nancy and her quirky sense of humour that has been such a delight. Her love of wine, interesting food, teddy bears, books and learning is insatiable, and she sets herself very high standards with her continuing university studies. She works very hard and fully deserves the A+ grades she usually gets. Nancy does this on top of her job in the Department of Microbiology at the university. Now that she has cut back to half-time we spend a little more time together and before long, after she stops work entirely, we look forward to lots more hiking and traveling together.

I don't believe I could express my feelings for Nancy any better than in the words of John Lennon's song; 'In My Life':

*There are places I'll remember all my life,
Though some have changed, some forever, not for better,
Some have gone and some remain.
All these places have their moments
But lovers and friends I still can recall
Some are dead and some are living,
In my life I've loved them all.*

*But of all these friends and lovers,
There is no one that compares with you,
And these memories lose their meaning
When I think of love as something new.
Though I know I'll never lose affection
For people and things that went before,
I know I'll often stop and think about them,
In my life, I'll love you more,
In my life I'll love you more.*

I started writing this short narrative nearly two years ago, with Bailey, our golden retriever snuffling in her sleep on the floor of my study, and as I conclude it, she is there again, a little older and slower now with a few creaky joints, just like me. Shiraz, our Burmese cat, is also older and nearly toothless, but together, with Nancy, we are a very happy little family. I am certainly content and have put any regrets in the past firmly aside.

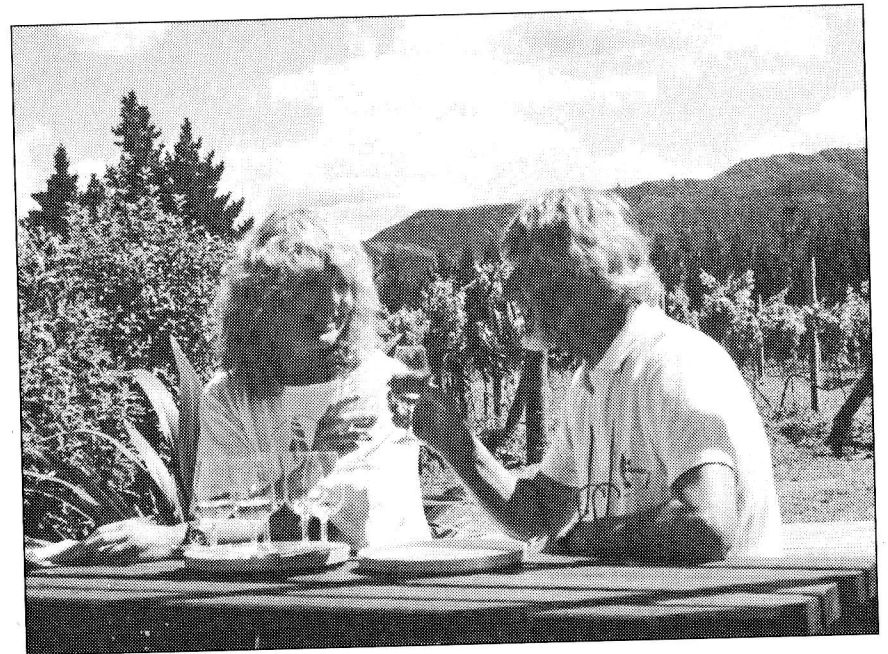


Bailey and Shiraz.

Writing this memoir has been an interesting exercise for me, but I am well aware that others in the family who read it, may have entirely different perceptions of certain events, and may remember things I have forgotten, or was unaware of. Reality, it seems to me, is both relative and ephemeral.

*For in and out, above, about, below,
Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,
Play'd in box whose candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.*

Omar Khayyam



Here's to future years and generations to come.



Appendices

1. Family heirlooms, memorabilia and things that might interest future generations:

A green marble clock given to my grandmother Octavia Graham at the time of her wedding referred to in the body of the text.

A long-case, mahogany 'grandfather' clock made between 1770-1785. This is from my mother's side of the family. I have had the workings restored but it should be cleaned and lubricated before being run. (the weights and pendulum have been removed and stored at this time).

A brass repeater carriage clock from my father's side of the family. I had this fully restored in 1999 by James Hay of Cromwell who put a minimum value of \$2000 on it but says they have been known to fetch as much as \$6000 at auction.

A silver-plated salver with the initials 'CMT' Charles and Martha Tidmarsh, my great-grandparents.

Mahogany bureau. From my grandmother Octavia's house.

The restored photograph in oval mahogany frame of James Bond and a framed photo of my mother and Aunt Cherry as children.

Old family photo albums and newspaper clippings from my father. A small card printed in minute type with the Lord's prayer, the Creed and the Ten Commandments signed on the reverse by my great-great-grandfather, Thomas Ellis and a tattered tracing of the reputed 'Tidmarsh Crest'.

Three matching china serving platters with scenes after Constable. These are remnants of a full set of dinnerware that belonged to my mother and possibly her mother before her.

Some books bearing the crest of Ladies College which belonged to my mother from when she was a young woman attending Ladies College in Remuera. The Charles Dickens, 'Great Expectations' was a prize for Science.

A Dictionary of the English Language which belonged to my great grandfather Charles Tidmarsh dated 1862, and a Johnson's dictionary 1835, which I had rebound.

Heirlooms of the future?

Things I have made with my own hands:

A pine corner cupboard and dresser

A number of miniature needlepoint oriental rugs.

Master Model Shipbuilder Gives Away Finest Work

An Associate Professor of Dentistry in Dunedin and Admiral Lord Nelson have an unspoken bond even though the pair never met. Both were masters of ships by the name of *HMS Victory* and both waited nearly 30 years for the true worth of their vessels to be appreciated.

The basic difference is that Associate Professor Brian Tidmarsh's *Victory* is 96 times smaller than Lord Nelson's famous flagship at the Battle of Trafalgar. However, the Dunedin man's model has already outdistanced its forebear with one voyage around the world - a feat that Nelson's ship never achieved - and one trip from Dunedin to Nelson in the back of a station wagon.

It took Prof Tidmarsh countless hours of his spare time spread over eight years to craft his 1/8-inch-to-the-foot scale model, which has been faithfully reproduced as an accurate model of the original. The inspiration came when he visited the Auckland War Memorial Museum in 1965 and inspected its two models of the *Victory*. "One was grossly inaccurate and the other rather crudely constructed", he said. He decided then and there to build an accurate model that would show the ship's fine detail. He obtained a set of plans from the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich, England, and the most authoritative and detailed books he could find on the construction of ships of this period.

For Brian Tidmarsh, the *Victory* was a special ship in several respects. As a "first rate ship of the line" it was regarded as one of the finest ships of its time. It was over 200 feet long, had a beam of over 50 feet and its main mast rose in three stages to a height of 200 feet above the waterline. It was well respected by England's enemies for its firepower - its capacity to carry suitable guns and a complement of 850 men. "The *Victory* was also very fast in the water for its time, in large part due to its underwater hull form", Professor Tidmarsh said. "She was already an old ship at the Battle of Trafalgar. Laid down 40 years before, her timbers and framing were very well weathered before the hull was completed

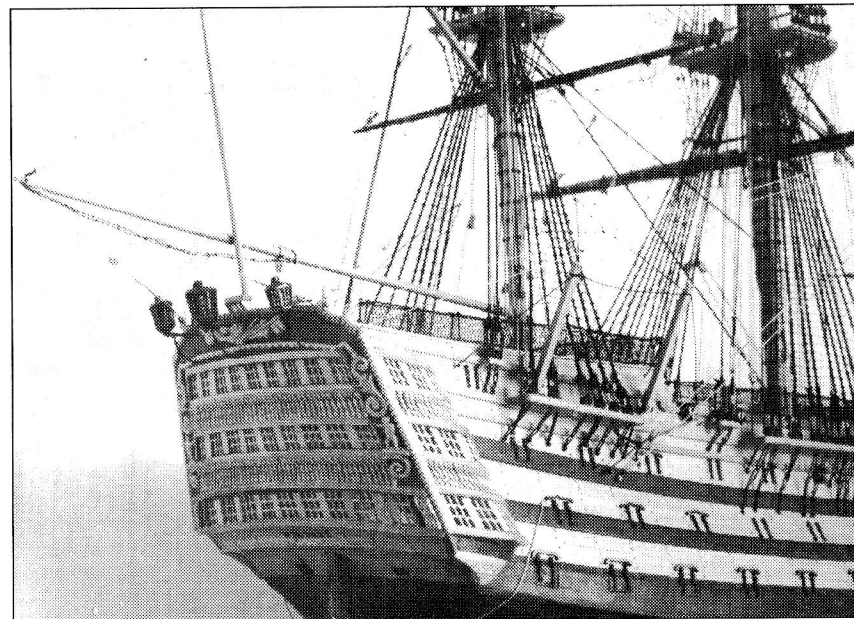
and she had been twice rebuilt before the battle. This is probably why the ship has lasted so well", he said.

Once he started building the model he found himself drawn into reading more and more about this period of history. The Battle of Trafalgar, Lord Nelson and the Napoleonic Wars. One of the most valuable reference books on the ship's construction was *The Anatomy of Nelson's Ships*, by Dr C. Nepean Longridge, which was compiled from original sources including the original draughts of 1765. Some other reference books on naval architecture were fairly heavy going though. Instructions like "second futtock-riders fay cofe to the fides of the firft futtock riders or connect thereto with a chook" took a bit of thought to translate into modern English.

He set to work with fine tools like a miniature lathe and precision circular saw capable of cutting planks as thin as 1mm thick. Fine fret saws, razors, scalpel and a set of fine jewelers files and drills were the main hand tools used. Prof Tidmarsh's *Victory* used a variety of timbers for different purposes, including New Zealand native timbers like the straight grained kahikatea which allowed for modeling in fine detail, and rimu, which turns well and was ideal for masts and spars. He was also given a few small pieces of old English oak reclaimed during the restoration of the original *Victory* and these pieces were included in the model for sentimental reasons.

Intricate

After about four years the hull was virtually complete and his attention turned to the intricate carvings at the stern and figurehead, the stern lanterns and the cannons. "The greater challenge was not in the plans - it was in selecting materials and figuring out how to make a thing. I often used to lie awake at night puzzling about how to make something accurately to scale." The construction of three stern lanterns gave him a particular sense of satisfaction. Each one was different - the centre one was slightly larger and symmetrical while the port and starboard lanterns



HMS Victory, the model.

were asymmetrical mirror images of each other. Each side of the octagonal lanterns had to be individually cut out of a sheet of wax and the individual panes were cut out using a fine scalpel and a binocular microscope. After assembling the sides, the wax patterns were cast in sterling silver. They were cleaned and polished, then given a chemical treatment which turned the silver to a soft matt black finish.

Part of the attraction of building a challenging model like the *Victory* was the intricacy of the task. Many of the fine finger skills used in dentistry, like carving on a small scale and casting, were called on during construction. Prof Tidmarsh says dentists generally enjoy working with their hands and many have similar hobbies which call on their skills of craftsmanship. Even 30 of the ship's cannon were individually turned on a lathe from brass and mounted on hand-made timber carriages.

Packed up

At his point Prof Tidmarsh moved to England for three years and his nearly completed hull was packed up in a rigid wooden crate for the journey. Finishing hull details was a wel-

come relief from his post-graduate studies. It had taken him four to five years of work and he felt the project was complete. But a visit to Lord Nelson's ship on display at Portsmouth was "very special" and he had a change of heart. "It was really the complexity of the rigging and the harmonious lines the rigging formed. When I saw it in reality I began to appreciate the workings of it all. That's when I decided to go ahead and rig it."

Contemporary dockyard models were usually only ever made in hull form. Rigging was so similar from ship to ship it was not considered worthwhile to duplicate it.

"In many ways the masts, spars and rigging were even more of a challenge than the hull," he said. Hundreds of blocks had to be individually crafted in a variety of sizes to cope with the different diameter ropes and lines. Technically the model's rigging is a working model of the original, so with careful handling there is no reason why anyone who knew what they were doing could not "brace the yards".

Initially cotton thread was used to rig the ship but the fibre began to fray and Prof Tidmarsh agonised before he decided to aban-

don six months of intricate work, strip off all his ropework and rerig it with mostly surgical silk.

Round trip

When he returned to New Zealand in 1970 the ship had been around the world, a feat the original *Victory* did not achieve. It is now about 17 years since the model was completed and since there was no room in the house to place the model on permanent display, it was relegated to storage where it was gathering dust and the timber began to "mellow beautifully" with age.

It was offered to the Otago Museum but the staff there declined because there was no connection between the ship and Otago. Then while he was in Nelson on a summer holiday a couple of years ago, Prof Tidmarsh was talking to a dentist friend who reminded him of that city's strong association with the *Victory* and the Battle of Trafalgar. "Until then I hadn't realised how strong the association was" he said. He knew the city encouraged this association so a meeting was set up with Nelson's mayor, Mr Peter Malone. Prof Tidmarsh took along some photographs and offered to give the ship, valued at nearly \$8,000, to the city.

The presentation was kept a well-guarded secret until the model was unveiled by the Governor-General, Dame Cath Tizard, at the opening of Nelson's sesquicentennial celebrations on September 14. The *Victory* is now on permanent display in the foyer of Nelson City's new Civic House.

No pain

After several thousand hours of such de-

manding work, was it painful to part with his model ship?

"In a sense most of the pleasure comes from the making... and it is nice to look at the finished thing, but giving it away was no particular pain", he said. "I was pleased to see it go somewhere where it was very obviously appreciated."

The ship's final voyage to its dry dock in Nelson was made on its 'beam ends' - secured firmly in its cradle and carrying case which would only fit into the back of the family station wagon sideways with a millimetre to spare.

So are there any challenges left in modeling that could possibly match the *Victory*? "I still rather hanker after making a 1/4 inch to the foot scale model and have got the plans for several ships, including Captain James Cook's ship, the *Endeavour*. Perhaps in my retirement," he says. However the *Endeavour* was not an attractive ship when compared to Nelson's flagship. Cook's ship was a basic Whitby workboat designed for its ability to cart copious quantities of coal along the treacherous North Sea coast of England to London.

He has already completed a small scale model of the famous tea clipper, the *Cutty Sark*, the hull of which was carved from a solid piece of rimu. On the workbench at the moment is a New Bedford whaling boat and three or four sets of plans he may build when he retires from the Otago School of Dentistry at the end of the year.

Perhaps the most surprising thing about Brian Tidmarsh - a master shipbuilder in miniature is the fact that he says he has never owned a sailboat in his life.

3. Curriculum Vitae (as at 1995)

Name: Tidmarsh, Brian Graham
Address: 59 Rockside Road, Dunedin 9001
Date of Birth: 7 October 1934
Qualifications: BDS, FRACDS

Appointments:

1958-60 Dental Officer, School for Dental Nurses
1960-67 Private practice, Remuera, Auckland
1967 Locum registrar, Royal Dental Hospital, London
1968-69 Commonwealth Lecturer, Department of Restorative Dentistry, Royal Dental Hospital School of Dental Surgery, University of London
1970 Part-time teaching Royal Dental Hospital
Part-time private practice
1971 Lecturer, Department of Conservative Dentistry, University of Otago
1972 Senior Lecturer
1981-91 Associate Professor, Department of Restorative Dentistry

In my past position as Associate Professor I was solely responsible for both the undergraduate and graduate programmes in Endodontics, and jointly involved in the teaching of Operative Dentistry and Fixed Prosthodontics. I was a senior consultant and clinician specialising in Endodontics and Surgical Endodontics. Registered by the Dental Council of New Zealand as a Specialist Endodontist.

Administration:

I have been involved in many aspects of Faculty and University administration and served on a number of committees, among them;

University of Otago Senate
University Council Advisory Committees
Academic Priorities and Energy Conservation
Higher Education Development Centre Committee
Campus Planning Review Committee
Works Committee
Interfaculty Lecture Theatre Committee
Medical-Dental Library Committee
Lecturers Association Committee
Executive Committee, Faculty of Dentistry
Curriculum Committee, Faculty of Dentistry
Postgraduate Committee, Faculty of Dentistry
Extra-mural Postgraduate Committee

Research:

My research has centered around morphological studies of human dentine, both at the gross and ultra-structural levels mostly using scanning electron microscopy. Various projects have studied the morphology of molar pulp chambers, the pulp-dentine interface, the walls of root canals and the effects of medicaments, irrigants and acid cleansers. preliminary work has been done on the development of very low viscosity resin sealers for use in root canals. Other projects include a study of the enamel to bonding agent interface and the bonding agent to metal interface in etch-bonded restorations and the use of sintered metal particles instead of electro-chemical etching of the metal. A comparison study of the sealing ability of new root canal cement has been completed and a method developed for studying mineralised bridges beneath pulp cappings in a rat incisor model using scanning electron microscopy. Collaborative research with A. Stokes of the Department of Restorative Dentistry examined the nature of the bond between porcelain

and resin bonding brackets; cutting characteristics of purpose designed burs for cutting precious metals, non-precious metals and porcelain and comparison of the strengths of retention posts cast in various alloys.

Most recent research involved studying the orientation of dentinal tubules at the resected ends of roots with the purpose of investigating better methods of retrograde sealing during endodontic surgical procedures.

I have jointly supervised the research of post-graduate students who have studied differences in the biomechanical behaviour of hydrated, dehydrated and rehydrated dentine.

Research Grants:

New Zealand Dental Research Foundation
University of Otago Research Grant
University of Otago Teaching Development Grant
Medical Research Council of New Zealand

Research Papers Read:

Papers have been presented at regional meetings of the International Association of Dental Research at Wellington, Sydney, Adelaide, Dunedin and Melbourne.

Lecturing and Teaching outside the university:

Since retirement:

Lecture, Australian Dental Congress at Hobart and day course for the Australian Society of Endodontology.

Barry Barker Memorial Lecture for The Australian Society of Endodontology and a half-day series of lectures.

1990: Courses for Hawkes Bay, Waikato/Bay of Plenty, Canterbury and Nelson Branches of the New Zealand Dental Association.

Lecture, New Zealand Dental Association Conference.

Lectures and courses for most branches of the NZDA and other organizations listed below:

New Zealand Society of Endodontics
Post-graduate Committee, University of Auckland
Australian Society of Endodontology
Post-graduate Committee in Dental Science, University of Sydney
Fiji Dental Association sponsored by World Health Organisation
International Conference of Pakistan Dental Surgeons
Oregon Health Sciences University
Oregon Dental Association
University of Washington
Veterans Administration Hospital, Long Beach, California
Federation Internationale Dentaire Congress, Manila, Philippines

Continuing Education:

1991-95: Approximately 50 day-courses in conjunction with Medic Corporation, Wellington

Other Positions and Honours:

Honorary Life Member New Zealand Endodontic Society
Editorial Advisory Board, International Endodontic Journal
Editor, New Zealand Endodontic Journal
Honorary Member, Endodontic Society of Pakistan
Past Member, examining board for the Dental Council of New Zealand.

Publications:

Books:

Endodontics: Biological Basis and Clinical Techniques. ISBN 0-473-02065-3, 3rd edition 1993.
Emerging Dentistry – A Viewpoint from Pakistan. Chapter 6. The influence of recent research upon root canal therapy. Ed. A Khan and M Moss, Ferozsons, Rawalpindi (1984), pp123-134.

Articles in Refereed Journals:

An unusual case of partial anodontia. *New Zealand Dental Journal* 56:134, July 1960.
Radiobiology and dental radiography. *New Zealand Dental Journal* 59:3, Jan 1962.
Tissue hypothermia in oral surgery. *New Zealand Dental Journal* 59:216, Oct 1962.
A large compound odontome. *New Zealand Dental Journal* 59:56, Jan 1963.
Symptomless crowned teeth: a clinical and radiographic study. *Dental Practitioner* 22:260, Mar 1972.
Finishing amalgam restorations – a scanning electron microscope study. *New Zealand Dental Journal* 69:175, Jul 1973 (with JB Gavin).
Endodontic spiral root fillers. *Journal of the British Endodontic Society* 8:104, 1975.
Preliminary investigation of an acid cavity cleanser. *New Zealand Dental Journal* 71:77, Apr 1975.
A review of some currently available endodontic material. *New Zealand Dental Journal* 71:118, Jul 1975.
Restoration of root filled teeth. *Journal of Endodontics* 2:374, Dec 1976
An unusual endodontic incident. *Oral Surgery, Oral Medicine, Oral Pathology* 46:732, Nov 1978.
Mastery learning strategy applied to a preclinical course in endodontics. *Journal of Dental Education* 42:83, Feb 1978.
Orthograde sectional amalgam root filling. *New Zealand Dental Journal* 74:92, Apr 1978.
Acid cleansed and resin sealed root canals. *Journal of Endodontics* 4:117, Apr 1978.
Accidental perforation of the roots of teeth. *Journal of Oral Rehabilitation* 6:235, Jul 1979.
Orthograde sectional amalgam root filling. *New Zealand Dental Journal* 75:34, Jan 1979.
Combined endodontic-periodontic lesions with obscure aetiology. *New Zealand Dental Journal* 76:55, Apr 1980.
Micomorphology of pulp chambers in human molar teeth. *International Endodontic Journal* 13:69, May 1980.
Dentinal tubules in human teeth. *International Endodontic Journal* 14:191, Sep 1981.
Root canal preparation. *International Endodontic Journal* 15:53, Apr 1981.
Atypical root fracture. *New Zealand Dental Journal* 80:83, Jul 1984.
Establishing endodontic working-length: a comparison of radiographic and electronic methods. *New Zealand Dental Journal* 81:93, July 1985.
Porous metal coatings for resin-bonded systems. *Journal of Prosthetic Dentistry* 56:170, Aug 1985 (with AN Stokes).
Sealing ability of Sealapex compared with AH 26. *Journal of Endodontics* 12:564, Dec 1986 (with KC Lim).
Surface preparation for bonding to porcelain and gold. *Australian Orthodontic Journal* 9(4) 321, 1986 (with AN Stokes and JA Hood).
Radiographic interpretation of endodontic lesions. *International Endodontic Journal* 37:10, 1987.
Maxillary first molar accessory root: a case report. *International Endodontic Journal* 20:98, 1987.
Porous metal coating- a microretentive alternative to etched metal prostheses. *Quintessence International* 18:675, 1987 (with AN Stokes).
A comparison of diamond and tungsten carbide burs for preparing endodontic access cavities through crowns. *Journal of Endodontics* 14:550, 1988 (with AN Stokes).
Effect of 6 month water storage on silane-treated resin/porcelain bonds. *Journal of Dentistry* 16:294, 1988 (with AN Stokes & JA Hood).

Retreatment of endodontic failures Part I. *New Zealand Endodontic Journal* 14:5, 1988.
Complicating factors in endodontic surgery. *New Zealand Endodontic Journal* 14:25, 1988.
Retreatment of endodontic failures Part II. *New Zealand Endodontic Journal* 14:11, 1988.
Dentinal tubules at the root-ends of apicected teeth: a scanning electron microscope study.
International Endodontic Journal 22:184, 1989 (with MG Arrowsmith).
Endodontic success-a case report and discussion. *New Zealand Endodontic Journal* 16:12, 1990.
Oblique root fracture associated with failed post crown. *New Zealand Endodontic Journal*
16:9, 1990 (with AN Stokes).
Root amputation and hemisection. *New Zealand Endodontic Journal* 17:42, 1991.
Simulation models for teaching endodontic surgical procedures. *International Endodontic Journal*
26:198, 1993.
Combined endodontic-periodontic therapy. *New Zealand Endodontic Journal* 18:8-10, 1992
(with ARC Pack).
Thermofil endodontic obturators. *New Zealand Endodontic Journal* 19:19, 1993.
Thermofil endodontic obturators-Update. *New Zealand Endodontic Journal* 19:47, 1993.
The effects of dehydration and rehydration on some mechanical properties of human dentine.
Journal of Biomechanics 26:105, 1993 (with MW Jameson & JA Hood).
Some lessons in root canal morphology. *New Zealand Endodontic Journal* 20:2, 1994.
Nickel/titanium, evolution or revolution. *New Zealand Endodontic Journal* 20:29, 1994.

ADDENDUM

It is nearly 18 years since I completed this memoir and the addendum covers the period since then.

Nancy and I travelled the world together, cooked and gardened together and hiked the back country. Her children Scott and Greg, her three siblings Jim, Beverley and John, her mother Verniece and her aunt all visited us in New Zealand and we went back to the USA to visit them regularly. American friends on vacation in New Zealand often stayed with us. I had a whole new lovely, extended family.

And then in the summer of 2008 it all fell apart. One morning as we were getting up Nancy had a seizure in her left arm. Later that morning at her GP's surgery she had a major seizure and was taken to the hospital. Eight hours later we knew that she had a brain tumour and that it would be fatal. Nancy's courage during the next 14 months still amazes me. Surgery to remove some of the mass, radiotherapy and chemotherapy she endured with fortitude. For some months we were able to cope at home for which we were very grateful. It was during this period that we organised for her eldest son Scott, his wife Suwen and Nancy's 6 month old grandson Evan to visit us as travelling back to the States was not possible. To hold him on her lap and read him a story was a major wish fulfilled. In 2016 Scott, Suwen and Evan visited me again, Evan now a lively 8 year old.

During the first few months of her illness we even managed to extract some humour from our clumsy attempts at the daily round of cooking and dressing and showering et cetera but eventually she had to go into full hospital care at Ross Home. Our second golden retriever, 'Phineas', came with me almost daily to visit Nancy.

Nancy died peacefully on April 8th, 2009 after some days being unconscious. During all those months she had wonderful support from her wide circle of friends and I shall always be grateful to them,

especially Sam and Rosalie, who in the last few months spent time with her frequently, giving me a little respite and time to catch up on the chores of daily living.

Nancy's funeral was a very small and private one, just a few friends and family. We had agreed that in the springtime I should host a garden party in her memory. More than 40 close friends and neighbours enjoyed a beautiful spring afternoon tinged with sadness that she could not share it with us. Greg, Scott, Mary Lee and John all flew over from the States for the afternoon. Jim, her elder brother had visited just a couple of months before she died. Our garden looked wonderful with all the early rhododendrons in flower.

It is now nearly nine years since Nancy died and life is very different. I have had to learn that living alone is not the same as being lonely. Of course there are times when loneliness creeps in and I must content myself with the memories of a wonderful 25 years with Nancy. With the exception of Sam and Rosalie my family are scattered widely a long way from Dunedin.

My sister Mary you will recall, was nearly 8 years younger than I and the time we spent together over the years has unfortunately been limited. A trip to Europe when she was a young woman led to her meeting Rob Wilson and much to my father's disapproval she married him and moved to South Africa. Sadly, over the years we have met up only a few times. A few visits to South Africa, one with Nancy and a few visits from her to NZ, memorably a lovely time with Mary a year before Nancy's death when we visited Stewart Island together. Mary's three children have all married and have lots of children. We are still in regular contact by email and phone.

Angela and Stephanie both married. Angela has a senior management position in the Australian Federal Government in Canberra. Her two sons, Miles and Griffin, now young adults, are making their own way in the world in Melbourne. Stephanie, a radiologist and talented musician and teacher of music has two sons, both married.

In November 2017, Stephanie and Simon's elder son Timothy and his wife Toni, have given me my first great-grand-daughter, Emily. Second son James and his wife Amanda have just bought their first house in Palmerston North. Maybe one day they will write their own autobiographies, I certainly hope so, although sadly I won't be around to read them.

The garden that Nancy and I developed has matured during the 37 years I have lived here and continues to give me pleasure. This pleasure I share as a member of the Open Garden Association, the garden being open to the public during the spring. Rhododendrons, azaleas, cherry trees and maples are blended with the native bush with wonderful views over the valley. It is a very peaceful place. The most beautiful cherry tree, Nancy and I planted together after she became ill. It is her living memorial and a daily reminder to me of our loving life together. Thanks to 'Skype' my American family remain close. Last Christmas Day I was able to join their large extended-family gathering and join in the fun and games. I was delighted that my 'mystery gift', one of Nancy's weirdest doll creations called 'WitchyPoo', was won by her niece, Katie.

My interest in gardening and photography has in the last few years resulted in me being asked to give lectures to both U3A (University of the Third Age) and various garden groups. I continue to play golf but my handicap is now embarrassingly large due in part to arthritis.

A Final Note:-

In August 2017 I attended the 60th reunion of my graduating class of 1957 in Auckland. I stayed in a small private hotel in Remuera right across the road from King's Preparatory School and just around the corner from Remuera Primary School and close by the Victoria Avenue shopping centre. I walked around for awhile. Full circle from my childhood; it was the suburb I was born in, grew up in, lived in and for 12 years practiced my profession in, but much of it had changed beyond recognition. No tram cars, just coffee shops, cafes and boutiques and real estate agents and travel agents and lots of BMW's.

I was glad to return to Dunedin, my home and garden and memories.

Which seems a good place to finish.

April 2018

