

A FEW RECOLLECTIONS OF MY EARLY LIFE IN NELSON

by REBECCA LEE SINCLAIR July 1932

I am now an old lady of eighty and living with my daughter Madge at our home *The Pines* and one day when writing to my sister Phoebe Godfrey in Christchurch, I said I thought I could make quite a good story of the Hodgson family and their numerous relations and descendants. She encouraged me and offered to help in any details and as Madge also thought it a good idea and tells me there is no time like the present I thought I would, as there are so few of the old ones left to tell the tale. A dear old Aunt Marion Hodgson died this year at the age of 96. She was the kindest of friends in sickness and a cheerful capable little woman - a real home maker. She had not much chance of travelling but loved to move from one house to another in the same town and always made a nice home and garden. Uncle James was an old dear too but looked on the gloomy side of life Indeed. We christened him "Dismal Jimmy". I hope none of his family sees this as really he was a clever schoolmaster and we were very fond of them both. My father was William Charles Hodgson, for many years Inspector of Schools both in the Nelson and Marlborough districts. An account of his life's work is to be found in a volume of poems he wrote when he had the leisure. The short sketch of his personality written by a great friend Alfred Grace and published with his poems after his death has always been treasured by his family and many friends.

My father and his brother James settled on land at Wakapuaka after some years' hard labour on their father's farm a few miles from Nelson. There were no roads to their farm, only a track by the sea coast and stores had to be packed on your back and a small hill surmounted before getting to the farm house. There were few shops and only the barest necessities to be obtained. Everyone was poor and even if you had the money there was little opportunity of spending it. I have heard my father say how welcome the gifts from England were - a cask of nails used in house-building was invaluable. Their first house they brought out from England ready to put together. I feel that my father had no hand in that as he was no carpenter. When the family were over the first hardships my father left them to their own resources and built a small house for himself as he had met my mother, a young happy girl of Scotch parentage and they were married on New Year's Day when she was only eighteen and my father a few years older. Her maiden name was Margaret Gardiner and she had several sisters and a brother besides my grandfather and grandmother living on a farm near Bishopdale. The old man earned a living by rope making and I well remember the rope walk and heckling house as a small child. He was a good Presbyterian and an elder of the church - a man whom everyone respected.

My father's farm at Wakapuaka was called Rivington after their home in Lancashire. Three children were born at the farm, Agnes the eldest was called after my father's mother who had been Agnes Tate and was a sister of Sir Henry Tate of Tate Gallery fame. She and my grandfather ran away to Gretna Green to get married, "no one pursuing" as my father used to say. Then a little Margaret who only lived a few months. I was the next to arrive on September 29th 1851. My Uncle James was still with them and was my devoted slave, giving me the nickname of Bishop on account of my long robe and quantity of black hair. Even when I was grown up an old friend Mr Wastney would call me Bishop. The old fashioned name Rebecca was given to me to carry on the name of an English great-aunt, also my father's sister Aunt Barnicoat. I must get back to Rivington now. The night I was born and also another baby girl Polly Wastney whose people lived about a mile away in a house overlooking the sea, there was a severe earthquake that shook many chimneys down and greatly alarmed the new colonists.

A Government School was opened at Hillside Wakapuaka and my father started his teaching career there. It was only a short time before he was offered the head mastership of

the Town Boys' School. He always had scholastic tastes and even on the farm carried on his studies in languages, Latin and Greek especially. He often would read aloud from some favourite author, Scott or Dickens, to my mother and Uncle James while they prepared the vegetables for the next day.

He sold the farm to Mr Wastney and it afterwards became a very valuable property. The West Coast gold fields opened about that time and Mr Wastney was fortunate enough to get an excellent market particularly for butter. My people moved into town and the first home I remember was up the Brook Street valley at the foot of the hill called the Sugar Loaf from its conical shape. My father had about two miles to walk to school which was a brick building near the Government Buildings, part of it is still there and forms part of the Suter Art Gallery. Before he left home he milked several cows so he must have had boundless energy. My sister Agnes and I went to our first school taught by Miss Daniel and Miss Annie Denick. Two of our cousins attended, Bessie and Annie Hodgson, daughters of my father's second brother Benjamin Oliver Hodgson. He was then quite prosperous and an excellent business man, land agency chiefly. I can remember little about him except their beautiful home and the two riding horses he kept for himself and his wife - one called Sox on account of its white feet. He was genial and very witty, one of his jokes I remember and my mother who never saw a joke did not appreciate it. He asked her one night why was grandfather Gardiner like a lily, the answer being because he toiled not neither did he spin. Not quite true but verging on it when I remember the true old man. The two girls were our inseparable companions for many years. Another pupil of Miss Daniel's school was Miss Marsden who used to ride in from Stoke. She was not a favourite, being haughty and some of the girls would make disparaging remarks about red hair when she would always protest it was auburn. I think Amelia and Ellen Lewis, daughters of Mr Lewis surveyor, also went to the same school. The Lewis family have always been some of my truest friends.

My father decided to take a house nearer to his school. I believe my sister Mary and Bennie, Peggy and Charlie were all born at the home in Brook Street. The house he took was not far from the Girls' College which was not thought of at that time. In after years Mr Gully the artist built a house on the old site.

From a child I always loved a garden and we were each given a small plot to plant flowers in. I well remember both mine and Agnes's and the row of Kentish cherries that divided it from the next property. My father made a fine garden and lawn with a few fruit trees and Canterbury Bells seemed to make a wonderful show. My mother was truly hospitable and many dear friends gathered round us and were made to feel the home life and got welcomed into it.

My parents had the sad experience of losing their eldest boy Bennie about ten and little Peggy a year or two younger - diphtheria had broken out and went through the family. No anti-toxin was then known and the Doctors were almost helpless, burning their throats with caustic being their only remedy. Agnes too had it most severely and it was months before she could walk. We were all taken by coach to Motueka for a month while the house was fumigated and painted. Aunt John accompanied us and with her bright ways did much to brighten everyone. Maggie Aiken another cousin on my mother's side also went with us. She lived with us for many years, I think until she married, and was more like a sister with the elder ones. Agnes and I were sent to a school in town in Trafalgar Street kept by a fine old lady and her daughter. She was the widow of Major Rintoul who served under Sir John Moore. We went from our home over the Church Hill and in those days there were the remains of fortifications also cannons put there in case the Maoris should attempt an attack on the white people. My father drilled the first volunteer company that was formed, generally before breakfast, up the Toi-toi Valley. The uniforms were very strong grey tweed woven in Nelson by Webley Bros. My husband who always remembered dialects had an old story about Webley. He said he had wove so fine a cloth as ever was wove and I do believe a finer. Too much of one thing is no good for nothing and I do believe too much money makes a man go further astray than he otherwise would ha went.

My father used to go rabbit shooting with friends to the Rabbit Island, also mushrooming at Stoke and my mother knew how to cook a savoury meal for her large family. She had to keep a general servant now and usually got a good one who would stay contentedly for years till she got married. They were treated kindly and took a real interest in us all. I was about twelve now as I remember a book inscribed "A birthday gift to his little Rebecca from her father on her attaining her 12th year". Children had not many books in those days, two favourites of mine being "Coral Island" and "Swiss Family Robinson". Phoebe was ten years younger than me and a very pretty child. I remember quarrelling with my cousin Annie as to who should have the privilege of nursing her. Her father's name for her was MacToodles and later on Vos Tummon. She and Mary had been to tea at Aunt John's and arrived home late and when remonstrated with - "Well we vos tummin" was her good excuse.

My father was very fond of music and had a light tenor voice and belonged to the Harmonic Society from its inception. He generally took part with three others in Glees at the concerts, Mr Catley, Mr Rout and I am not sure of the fourth.

Now comes a change in our lives when Dr Greenwood resigned the Inspectorship to take up the position of Principal at the Nelson Boys' College and interviewed my father to tell him he had only got to apply and would get appointed. That was in 1863 and he filled the position till 1893. Many of his boys were sorry to part with him though I believe he was a strict disciplinarian but always just. The lads gave him a writing desk, an ink stand and small hand bell. They were much valued and the two former he always used. My father and mother decided they would now rent a larger house for their increasing family and were fortunate in getting a large rambling house with several acres of ground in the Wood. It belonged to the Richardsons, a rich English family, and made a most delightful and picturesque place loved by all of us. Bishop Hobhouse had occupied it last and a large ball room built by the Richardsons he used as a chapel, the bell was still there when we arrived. We always spoke of it as the chapel, it had long narrow windows and much resembled one. As Agnes and I grew older it was many times the scene of a gay dance. One I well remember was on my 18th birthday. A Miss Mary Greenwood and Agnes later used it for a Sunday School. I only remember teaching the little ones one hot afternoon when most of my time was occupied in putting them back onto the forma from which they had tumbled. Later my next sister Mary was an indefatigable worker for the church, had a real vocation for it and no doubt lived a beautiful life. My father gave her a Crewdon's Concordance once and the inscription in Latin was an account of her piety.

My father's work took him much from home as Marlborough and the West Coast both had to be visited as well as Nelson. He was a great walker and was well known everywhere trudging briskly along. He always returned with amusing or interesting tales of his travels. We had to hear them several times as all our relations who came in had to hear them again, also he got a welcome at his club. They would say "Here's Hodgson, now we will hear some good stories." Agnes and I were taken away from Mrs Rintoul's school as a new one taught by Mrs Greenwood and her daughters was started at Woodland House, The Wood, a brick building over the Normanby Bridge which is still standing. They were a most accomplished family, the old lady having educated them herself. She had spent many years in France and spoke and taught it well. She was also an Italian scholar, a good musician and the dearest little old lady with a great sense of humour. One of her daughters, Miss Jane, was my favourite teacher. She gave us lessons twice a week in drawing and painting, was a real artist but unfortunately only taught us to copy other paintings, no outdoor sketching. I suppose had not time. There were six girls and two boys to educate and the girls all went to private schools and the boys Charlie and Willie to Nelson College so we must have been rather an expense to our parents. I left at the age of 17 and I well remember my class mates Mary Wither and Rosamond Barnicoat asking me if I thought my education was finished. They were staying on for some time longer as boarders at the Greenwood School. Every half holiday they spent with us and often their brothers who were at College. We had a wonderful orchard and an abundance of fruit - apples, pears, delicious peaches, cherries and enormous almond trees which we climbed to get the

nuts. We always kept a pig in the fruit season and also a cow which was very useful with our big family. There was a quaint old coach house with many treasures in it, I presume left by the Richardsons. We had numerous cousins to play who sometimes were kept for tea. I must not forget our old friends the Edwards family who were near neighbours and whose many children had the freedom of the garden and were always our true and dear friends from Mr and Mrs Edwards to the very youngest.

When my father was visiting Takaka and Motupipi he discovered Pohara, a lovely seaside spot surrounded by tall limestone cliffs. He took my mother to see it on his next visit and bought a beautiful slope of land with a rippling clear stream close by and native bush clothing the cliffs. He bought a cottage at Clifton and had it moved to this site. We had the sea and a beautiful beach in the front and some small islands, the Tatas, of limestone formation. Every Christmas we migrated there for the holidays going over in the old Lady Barkley which landed us at Pohara in calm weather, the sailors carrying us ashore. Sometimes we had to go on to Motupipi and after a meal at old Bob Fellows would be tucked into a heavy dray and finally landed at Pohara. Aunt John and Mrs Garrard accompanied us the first year and we were the merriest party. Native birds woke us in the early mornings, Tuis and Mockies. My father called out to us upstairs "Was it not Paradise?" but Aunt John said "No, pandemonium". The sandflies and mosquitoes had resented our intrusion. After that we used to have a great slaughter before we put our candles out. We spent long sunny days on the beach and used to get home ravenous after our bathes. My mother would have a large batch of new bread on a box, and that with dairy butter used to disappear like magic. When my Dad was there he would take his gun and go out for pigeons. We all accompanied him one day along a low ridge with bush on it and he brought back a good supply. He was intensely proud of Pohara, his find, and I used to fear we would have to live there always which would have been dull for girls. They used to call me Miss Anti-Pohara. It was an ideal place for a holiday. When I got married and the family scattered my father sold the place and afterwards cement works started quite near the old home.

When I was younger I spent many happy weeks at my Aunt's country home in Richmond. She was my father's eldest sister and had taken up teaching as a governess in Stoke. Two Miss Martins and Mrs R. MacRae were among her pupils. She married Mr Barnicoat one of the early surveyors and later a most successful farmer. He was a well known figure in Nelson taking part in many public positions and was for many years a member of the Upper House. He was a most courteous Englishman with a quaint sense of humour, always walked to the train about a mile from Ashfield to meet or farewell his visitors. He was twenty years older than my Aunt. She was not in the least like my father, but as a young mother very severe and critical. Her stern scrutiny put awe into many young people. She had a fine character and excellent abilities and when Rosamond left school the old regime was changed as my cousin liked nothing better than a succession of visitors, was a very clever cook and this and their exquisite garden made even a weekend visit a pleasure. I have a photo of the quaint old home with its sun dial and cobblestone verandah. They lived happily there all their long married life.

The youngest daughter Constance went to England and was secretary to Stead for some years. She was also a journalist and wrote many clever articles for the New Zealand papers. Afterwards married Julian Grand also a writer and both great Alpine tourists. As a girl she was not popular with her cousins putting on very superior airs when we met, and much preferring a learned discussion with her Uncle William who was privately much amused. He coached her in Latin or Greek for some examination, said she was clever but not nearly as clever as she thought. A remark of Henry Godfrey's when a small boy in Christchurch and Constance arrived unexpectedly to dinner. He told us someone almost as important as the Queen had arrived. She took no notice of small boys then, and they loved to be in the limelight.

There were two excellent newspapers in Nelson, the Nelson Examiner edited by Charles Elliott and the Colonist, Mr Luckie being at that time editor. My father wrote for the

Examiner occasionally, one amusing article entitled "The Miller and his Men" alluding to Alfred Saunders who was then standing for Parliament. It was immediately followed by one in the Colonist "The Inspector and his Brethren." They both caused much amusement, as whoever wrote it had taken off our many Uncles remarkably well. My father later wrote articles for the Otago Witness for which he received two guineas. A friend and admirer of his, Mr Frank Simmonds, Headmaster of the Boys' College was instrumental in introducing him to such congenial work. We knew several of the masters of the College well and they often visited us at the old house. My father was one of the College Governors and my sister Agnes and I went to the Annual Balls also to the breaking up sports. My brother Charlie won great honours at the sports on his final year there.

I don't think I have written about the Sadds and my Aunt Mary's family. Uncle Sadd was a teacher in the town schools and one piece of doggerel the boys used was:

Mr Sadd is a very good man
He tries to teach us all he can,
To read and write and arithmetic
And he never forgets to give us the stick.

They had a family of five girls and three boys. Ida the second girl was our favourite. She was governess to the Teschmaker boys and went to England with them, visited the Tales and was well entertained and presented with £100 and a valuable diamond ring on her engagement to Mr Burdekin being announced. Tom Sadd trained as a surveyor under Mr Sinclair and afterwards became Commissioner of Grown Lands. All the cousins were frequent visitors and Agnes and I taught most of them to dance.

We six girls went in pairs, first Agnes and Rebecca, then Mary and Phoebe, and lastly Clara* and Lal. When I became engaged to George Sinclair he made himself quite one of the family and great was the talking and fun when he would appear after one of his survey trips. At first my father looked sternly at two young men who came to call after a dance but afterwards they became the best of friends. Agnes was the tallest of the family, had a strong personality and was a most attractive girl. She was like a mother to all the little ones and was never so happy as when giving them and their many friends tea and currant scones in our big kitchen and putting them in a big bath in front of the fire. A large boiler in front of the stove supplied hot water. Many were her lovers and she seldom went away for a trip than one would turn up to interview her father who would sternly demand how he was situated in finances and probably he would be dismissed. She was engaged many times but always changed her mind. I think she hated leaving her home and thought we could not manage without her. I remember my Uncle James telling her "Aggie will you take the broken reed at last?" He was wrong as the man she married, Lennie Jones of Wanganui, was a fine character and for the few years she lived after their marriage they had the happiest life together. She left one little boy of three, had called him Nelson as he was born on the 1st February, the anniversary of Nelson. His Grandma Jones took him and both she and Grandpa Jones were more than good to him. His father brought him to Nelson to stay with us for a time and afterwards they would put him in someone's care and send him over by himself. He always demanded to be taken to Aunt Bee's as Ken and Madge his cousins made good playfellows. We still remember some of his funny sayings and all loved the little boy.

I only intended writing of the early days of my girlhood but Madge very much wishes me to tell some of our life when on a dairy farm at the pah owned by Jim Martin. I must now leave the Bishop's house and tell of the next move to a house in Cambria Street, The Wood, which my father had bought. We had paid a high rent for the old place, £100 a year, so he decided to leave it. We had spent many happy years there, troubles and sicknesses we had our share of

* FOOTNOTE: The original typescript has "Clare" but this is almost certainly an error for Clara.

but they are all forgotten. Life was more peaceful and people more contented and such things as strikes and unemployment were unknown.

I seem to have said most of my father but he really was the patriarch of the family and the friend we looked to on all occasions. Lal my youngest sister was a great pet with him and on Sunday mornings when we had finished our usual breakfast of Birds pork sausages he would take her on fine mornings for a walk. A special treat was to go to Mr West's the shavers and see her Dad shaved. Whatever contortions he made she did the same much to their amusement. She would make him toffee and bring in a dish of it with pride and put down beside him and it would all soon vanish. After our tea we would gather round the table with our sewing and my father would read aloud Scott or Dickens or some interesting article. Then most likely some 'camels or dromedaries' as he called our relations would drift in and always got a welcome and supper.

On the 20th Jan 1875 my marriage to George Bell Sinclair at All Saints Church Nelson by the Ven Archdeacon Thorpe took place. I can remember the drive to church with my dear old Dad, and my sisters as bridesmaids. Also Uncle George and Aunt Julia. I wore a blue silk dress and a white veil. At the home in Cambria Street many of the clan with my mother were there to meet us. Aunt Marion and Uncle James, and Granny Sinclair, George's fine old mother, and Mary and Tom Sadd my cousins. Uncle Newton was also there, a cheery little man who had married Eliza a sister of my father's but who died some years before our marriage. He lent us a horse and buggy to use during the holiday we spent at old Mr Wastney's. While driving to the Boulder Bank an old gentleman Mr MacKay who was ditching pulled off his boot and flung it after us for luck. He was George's godfather.

Our first home was a small two storey house at the corner of Brook and Manuka Streets. Mrs Sinclair who shared our home had done everything to make it bright and comfortable. It had only a small plot of garden but it was not long before I had a flower bed and rose creepers up the verandah. An old gardener who lived higher up Brook Street I got several precious plants from. George was on the regular Government staff, a district surveyor, and was often away for months. His father had been chief magistrate for many years and his grandfather was in the army of King George III. We have his commissions signed by the King and also a dress sword presented to him by his fellow officers. Three children were born at that little home. The eldest, Norman, only lived three months and that was a great grief to us. Ken was born about a year later and never was a little boy more welcome both to us and his grandparents. Madge was born about 17 months later and I had a busy time with the two little ones. Ken's Aunt Phoebe was particularly devoted to him and when Madge was born took charge of him at The Wood. Aunt Bebe he called her. We afterwards moved to a large house near the Boys' College. It had paddocks, which, as George always had horses for his work, was the principal reason for taking it. Then he bought a house that had belonged to Alfred Elliott and he had the use of paddocks and a stable there. Ken went to his first little school there taught by Polly Elliott who for many years had been engaged to Manson Sinclair, George's only brother who died before we were married. We lived happily there for several years but George had an offer to go on the land and as he always got to logger-heads with the chief surveyor Mr Browning, a fussy didactic little man, he decided to try farming.

We went out to the Pah when Ken was about six and Madge a year younger and were there for seven years. George was entirely happy. We both worked from early morning to dewy eve and were worse off when we gave it up than when we started. Prices for cattle and butter were ridiculously low. We never had any money except for absolutely necessary things and yet we were happy. It was a beautiful locality a mile or two from Cable Bay. The Maori Pah proper was about half a mile further on and reached at low tide by a beach track and at other times a bridle track through the glen.

I think I must call this Madge's Reminiscences of "Urunga Arhura" The Pah. She

recollects the wet day her father drove us out to the farm about 16 miles from Nelson, she and Ken being packed in the express with a load of furniture, a Broadwood piano and Brussels carpet not being improved by the downpour. I had been to the Wastney's farm for a week learning the routine of the dairy and getting instructions in butter making from Ada Wastney. I proved a good learner as at the end of a month my butter was pronounced excellent. The following day proved a busy one and on returning from the dairy which was a long building by a charming little stream a short distance from the house, we found a very old wrinkled Maori woman squatting in front of the kitchen fire smoking her pipe. She knew no English but made me understand salt was what she desired and when I wrapped some up for her she rolled it up in her sleeve looking very pleased. Her name we found was Porangi and her companion was old Amelia. They had a small hut nearby and the poor old women lived on cockles, pipis and potatoes. Ken and Madge paid them a visit later. They were having their dinner which consisted of woodhen, potatoes, and boiled watercress in a tin milk dish and eaten with mussel shells. With true Maori hospitality they invited the two children to partake which Madge assures me they did, even imitating the noises they made while eating.

We got to know and like all the Maoris including Jim and Julia Martin who were then surrounded by a clan of which they were the heads, and a happy busy lot they were. They were a most intelligent fine set of men and women and our firm friends. George was quite familiar with the Maori language and always talked it with them. They told him he had the Maori tongue. They were most observant of the English people and manners and were quick to comment on any lapse. The old Maori known as Charlie Brunner having worked for the surveyor of that name was our great friend. He read his bible every day and would ask questions of George. When he heard at an entertainment the guests singing "He's a jolly good fellow" he was puzzled and said "What they mean George - He's a Jericho Pharaoh" much to our amusement.

I don't know if Ken has quite forgotten the episode of the bulls-eye lantern, his and Madge's greatest treasure. George lent it to an old man to find his way home one dark night and sad to say they never got it back. It was now full time for Ken to go to school and he went to his Grandpa's and attended the Haven Road school for some time. Then his grandfather gave him a fine little pony on which he rode through a bush road with two big gates to open and shut at the end of Martin's property to a small school in Happy Valley taught by Mrs Anderson. The following year her Dad bought a pony for Madge and they would canter away happily together and attended regularly till we came to town once more. Mrs Anderson was an exceptionally fine woman, used to join the children at their games and always saw that the ponies were properly saddled before they started their seven mile ride. Only once were they in any real danger when the river they had to cross was in flood after a day's rain. They got through but half an hour later a heavy dray was unable to cross. We knew they had got round Rocks Point as a pet lamb belonging to Madge would b-a-a greeting.

There were a number of cows to be milked and we had several boys at different times to help on the farm. George had bought up a lot of young stock from different farms and there were a lot of milkers there already. I don't think we had a really good cow among the lot compared with present day standards. Some of the cattle running on the place were excellent but the prices the butchers gave were very poor. Both of us had our full share of hard work, George milking, feeding calves and pigs, ploughing and mending fences. We would have one trip to town on Saturdays to take in boxes of butter and eggs and get our week's supplies. Besides the dairy work I had bread to bake in a colonial oven, cooking, washing and all household work. The bush was quite close up to our back gate and the game was plentiful, in the season we had fat pigeons for weeks, also quail which Ken learnt to shoot and sometimes George would have a day's pig shooting taking his dogs with him. A young pig was very good indeed. He also shot the first deer on Jim Martin's land. An excited procession of Maoris brought it down the hillside and shared the spoils. Julia was presented with the antlers. The Maoris grew beautiful potatoes and would sometimes bring us a kit full though of course we

grew our own. They also grew water melons and kumeras. Madge says she could eat a whole water melon.

Cable Bay station was about a mile distant and during the week some of the boys would be our only visitors. At different times my sisters and mother came to visit us and how we enjoyed it together. Phoebe once brought her two small boys Henry and Bert for a week and as it was an ideal place for children had a happy visit. Ken had persuaded his father to harness up a horse and drag a log canoe out of the bush to the beach where a running stream made a pool large enough to launch it. He and George Hebbard the boy fixed it up with box and seats and before long they put to sea. There was an inner harbour never very deep so it was not so dangerous as it seems. Madge often went and one day he persuaded me. As the tide was going out he could not get the canoe to the landing place - offered to carry me on his back but I preferred his arms and he promptly dropped me in the water saying it was my fault for not getting on his back. It certainly was a source of great interest to any boys who came to stay.

I remember having to entertain Bishop Suter and Mr Chatterton one day till the tide allowed them to ride round to the Pah. I was very busy but managed to cook a good dinner of roast lamb and vegetables. At night we all rode round to Julia's as the Bishop gave a lantern slide entertainment to the Maoris. Such a merry party and now we all enjoyed it. Mr Chatterton returned with us and kept the night at our home.

Madge was always out of doors with her Dad whatever he was doing and often made herself quite useful turning the cows into the right paddock when he gave a particular whistle. As their Grandpa used to say they both were learning habits of self reliance and independence. I liked the life too but had never been accustomed to such arduous work so got very thin and tired. My father was very anxious George should get back to surveying.
(Half a page appears to have been cut out here.)

I still enjoy working in it and am never so happy as when I am among my flowers. I went to Sydney about two years ago and it was the most enjoyable trip of my life. Was met in Wellington by my grandson Don both going and returning. I went over in the *Marama* and had a lovely trip and was well looked after. All the officers and stewardesses knowing Ken could not do enough for me. I thought Sydney beautiful. Minnie met me at the wharf and very pleased I was to see her looking as young as ever. They had a flat at Mosman and everything was sunny and beautiful. The ferry boats were quite a new experience and I liked to watch the crowd rushing down to get on board in time. They had made many friends in Sydney and I liked them all. They certainly were good to an old lady from New Zealand.

I have settled down contentedly now and am happy in having a daughter who makes a pleasure of looking after her mother. Her family Joan and Don I don't seem to have brought in but they both have been a joy to their mother and grandparents. Now I must bring the reminiscences to a close with Longfellow's words:

Be still sad heart and cease repining
Under the clouds is the sun still shining.
Thy fate is the common fate of all
Into each life some rain must fall
Some days be dark and dreary.

R.L. SINCLAIR July 2, 1932.
Written for Ken, Madge, Joan and Don.

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Hodgson, Charlie (brother)	2, 3, 5
Hodgson, George (uncle)	6
Hodgson, James (uncle)	1, 2, 5, 6
Hodgson, Julia (aunt, wife of George Hodgson)	6
Hodgson, Lal (Alice, sister)	5, 6
Hodgson, Margaret (nee Gardiner, mother)	1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8
Hodgson, Margaret (sister)	1
Hodgson, Marion (aunt. wife of James Hodgson)	1, 6
Hodgson, Mary (sister)	2, 3, 5
Hodgson, Phoebe (sister, later Mrs H.O. Godfrey)	1, 3, 5, 6
Hodgson, Peggy (Margaret, sister)	2
Hodgson, William Charles (father)	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8
Hodgson, Willie (brother)	3

John, Aunt - refer Wilson, Henrietta	
Jones, Lennie (brother-in-law}	5
Jones, Mr and Mrs	5
Jones, Nelson (nephew}	5
Lee, Rebecca (nee Hodgson, great-aunt)	1
Lewis, Amelia	2
Lewis, Ellen	2
Lewis, Mr	2
Luckie, Mr	4
MacKay, Mr	6
MacRae, Mrs R	4
Marsden, Miss	2
Martin, Jim	5, 7
Martin, Julia	7
Martin, Misses	4
Mullan, Madge (nee Sinclair)	1
Mullan, Donald Sinclair (grandson)	8
Mullan, Joan (grand-daughter, later Mrs Manson)	8
Newton, Eliza (nee Hodgson, aunt)	6
Newton, Thomas (uncle by marriage)	6
Porangi,	7
Richardsons,	3, 4
Rintoul, Mrs	2, 3
Rout, Mr	3
Sadd, Ida (cousin, later Mrs Burdekin)	5
Sadd, James (uncle by marriage)	5
Sadd, Mary (nee Hodgson, aunt)	5
Sadd, Mary (cousin)	6
Sadd, Tom (cousin)	5, 6
Saunders, Alfred	5
Simmonds, Frank	5
Sinclair, Donald (father-in-law)	6
Sinclair, George (husband)	5, 6
Sinclair, Mrs Isabella (mother-in-law)	6
Sinclair, John (grandfather-in-law)	6
Sinclair, Ken (son)	5, 6
Sinclair, Madge (daughter, later Mrs R.F. Mullan)	5
Sinclair, Manson (brother-in-law)	6
Sinclair, Mrs Minnie (daughter-in-law)	8
Sinclair, Norman (son)	6
Suter, Bishop	8
Tate, Agnes (grandmother, later Mrs Hodgson)	1
Tate, Sir Henry (greatuncle)	1
Thorpe, Ven. Archdeacon	6
Wastney, Ada	7
Wastney, Mr	2, 6
Wastney, Polly	1
Webley Bros,	2
West, Mr	6
Wilson, Henrietta (nee Gardiner, Aunt John)	2, 3, 4
Wither, Mary	3