

**MY GENERATIONS:
A short history of 'my' family**

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2023 revision

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1 INTRODUCTION

Earlier this century I started writing an autobiographical memoir, mainly to tell a story for our daughters based on what otherwise would remain as a mixed bag of public and private records until someone decided to do some spring-cleaning! Most of that memoir would hold little of interest for anyone outside my family except perhaps for its circumstantial content, most of which relates to the two thirds of my life that I have lived outside New Zealand.

By way of introducing the story of my own life, I set out in that memoir what I ‘knew’ about then my ancestry and about the lives of my parents and siblings. In this, I was following precedents set by both my paternal grandfather and my father when they wrote memorial material, in the 1940s and 1960s respectively, a copy of each of which was deposited with the Canterbury Museum in Christchurch (New Zealand).

By then, exploring my family history had taken on something of a life of its own as I talked with my siblings and with cousins in an extended family across the world, initially to check details, later to research things further (and share their new discoveries), and over the last decade to digitise as many of my records as possible to share with my children, siblings, and cousins.

Many of those digital files will be of little interest beyond my extended family. However, as I now know from my own research, narratives about family histories can be of wider interest and, so, I have here extracted a story of my family from my memoir and called it simply “my Generations”.

The original version of this was completed in 2016 and copies were donated to the Archives of Canterbury Museum and the Aotearoa Collections of Christchurch City Libraries. I posted it online after updating it in 2021 to reflect my subsequent exposure to new primary records. The present iteration makes only small changes, and I think it probable that only a serious genealogist could add much to what I now know of my great-great grandparents and their antecedents.

My story here is more complete and more accurate than what was set down by my grandfather and father about their antecedents and it includes outlines of the lives of my grandparents and parents. To round it out, I have added short biographies of my siblings and myself. Although it lacks both illustrations and references, there is more than enough in my large collection of digital images and documents to support the story.

So, I have now deposited a copy of the images and documents in a ‘Bowie Family Files’ collection with the New Zealand Society of Genealogists, along with a digital copy of the present story.

My story is essentially ‘factual’ with little in the way of analysis except in the observations I make in the last section. It is a story about many generations of an extended family that have preceded me so, for the sake of a title, I have called it, simply, ‘My Generations’.

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2 ORIGINS

I have mixed feelings about today's preoccupations with family history in 'western' countries. In a very real sense none of it matters in the long term of history, even as to the two or three generations about which we may feel a personal connection, both before and after us.

I suspect that a lot of genealogical research reflects widespread desires among those who can afford the time and money – and globally they tend to be the more fortunate – to find identity and importance, or at least meaning, for our lives; and a significant industry has grown up to exploit these desires, something made possible by official passions in the last couple of centuries for recording things and by the recent rise of the internet.

That industry must benefit from the fact that people are often not good at sharing information or corroborating findings about 'their' families and, so, different parts of an extended family may often be working at odds over the same material. One of my reasons for writing about my origins at some length below is so that 'my' information can be shared. When I talk here of 'my' family it will be in the sense of 'pertaining to' rather than in any 'ownership'. Not a lot of 'my' information has come from my own discoveries.

Still, I suppose that we're all a bit like the small child who asks, 'where did I come from?' It's a fair question and, as with all historical studies, the answers may help to inform our understanding of the present.

Although I was curious, I was not rigorous in searching for more about my family history until the last decade of the twentieth century, which is unfortunate because during the time when we were in Edinburgh I could have worked on what little I knew previously with living people (instead of which, all we did then was to make desultory contacts only with a cousin of Grandpa Bowie (and his grand-daughter), and several of my mother's and Beetle's relatives).

Neither my father nor my mother seemed seriously interested in their antecedents, though they kept records of their paternal (but not maternal) lineages, including material taken from a 1904 book in German which tells about the Caesars – now with an American cousin – and family trees compiled by my father. Both from time to time mentioned various cousins, aunts and uncles, none of which made much sense to me until I got more seriously into my family's history.

Until only a few years ago I was under misapprehensions such as that much of my ancestry was Scots. Now that I know that most of my English and Anglo-Irish ancestors appear to have come originally from the south and midlands of England, or from Germany, I can see one reason why my father, despite his pride in his quarter-Scots ancestry, wasn't proud enough to join a Caledonian Society. Perhaps, anyway, he was first and foremost a New Zealander (though he probably wouldn't have answered to being a *kivi* or *pākehā*).

Both my father and Grandpa Bowie included other information on their origins in memoirs that they wrote, respectively in the 1960s and the 1940s (now held in the Archives of Canterbury Museum), but that information came mainly from family stories which have turned out to be neither complete nor completely accurate. It was a surprise to me, for example, to learn from Trevor Langford-Smith in 1994 that he and I shared common NSW First Fleet *and* Second Fleet convict ancestors who had lived on Norfolk Island and Van Diemen's Land.

My father appears not to have known about these convict origins (or about a marine who was in the first, failed, British settlement in Port Phillip Bay (and subsequently Hobart)) when he wrote his memoir some thirty years earlier. I wonder about this. Certainly, people did not talk much about Tasmanian convict origins before records became publicly accessible in 1962, but family letters show that our Smiths were concerned to avoid any ‘convict stain’; did they not know; or were they too pre-occupied with finding Laporte?

So, notwithstanding that I was born in New Zealand (and am a fourth/fifth-generation *kiwi*, descended from ‘Canterbury pilgrims’, Charles and Emma Baker), the arrivals of James Morrisby and Ann Brooks (in Sydney’s first and second convict fleets) and of George Smith (in the first settlement of Victoria and then Hobart) make me also a sixth generation Australian (although my forebears in Van Diemen’s Land probably thought of themselves as displaced Englanders rather than Australian).

Today I am legally an Australian, but in these days of heightened attention to ‘origins’ and identity since Howard’s taking Australia to war with Iraq and Afghanistan I have become more aware of my *kiwi*-Australian ethnicity. More precisely, I am *pākehā*, but am increasingly uncomfortable with the way that bloodlines are being used for self-identification and, anyway, the ABS recognises neither *pākehā* nor *kiwi* as an ancestry or an ethnicity.

When Trevor told us about my Norfolk Island ancestors, Beetle and I had just visited Norfolk Island not knowing of my antecedents there. We had neither explored the history of the island as we were able in later visits (2010, 2020, 2021 and 2022) nor shared the experience of Trevor and Merle when they had visited the island of being invited to take afternoon tea with the Administrator, on the strength of Trevor’s convict background there (which their son John had related to a Norfolk Island schoolmate)!

As I started to look closer at my family history after 2000 it came as a further surprise to learn of the research that was being done around the world by various cousins and others more distantly related to my Bowie/Baker, Smith/Smith, Caesar/Fry and Gardner/King lineages on their respective family trees, and about letters and other records (notably of enquiries made by Grandma Bowie and her siblings into matters relating to the disappearance of my great-great grandfather, Henry Laporte Smith) held by Cousin John Bowie and second Cousin Blair Smith.

I didn’t intend to become more involved, but those letters drew me in because they included not only letters between several of (great grandmother) Henrietta Letitia Smith’s children but also letters to her from Mrs (later Lady) Herbert (wife an important British politician) and Clara Yeates Cummins (Henrietta’s stepmother) since donated to the Canterbury Museum. These talk about Henrietta’s life and offer insights into things such as education, migration and family life that might be of use to social historians and historical novelists.

After I’d learned about the Smith letters John, Blair and I hired a photocopier for an afternoon in Christchurch in 2003 to ensure that we at least all had a copy of what seemed to be the more significant of the genealogical material held by the first two. Now with a lot more material to work on, I began transcribing information gleaned from family and public sources (and, more recently, from my own and others’ research) into *Family Tree Maker* files respectively on my *Bowie/Baker*, *Smith/Smith*, *Caesar/Fry*, and *Gardner/King* families.

My records now go far beyond the details of births, marriages, and deaths in *Family Tree Maker* files. They include what I would describe as ‘family histories’ notably ones by Blair Smith and Bev Scott on ‘our’ Smiths, and extended family trees such as those compiled by Michael Caesar and Lindsay Gardner and mine from *Family Tree Maker*, which have helped me better to understand

something of whence I came, and which have encouraged me to tell the stories in this and the next section of this memoir.

The 2003 project set a precedent for a more ambitious project between 2013 and 2016 in which I digitised and copied onto CD-ROMs just about every document and image that I then held or had copied relating to my family history. If this seems a little obsessive, let me say in my defence that every good researcher should work to ensure the preservation of records. Moreover, I want our daughters (Susan and Fiona) to have copies because I know how families can lose access to hard copy records.

I have continued adding to these electronic files, referencing them where possible, to become the main sources which underpins this story. Too much family history, particularly online, relies on and retails information that cannot be corroborated or otherwise verified against external sources, and some is plain wrong. Although I haven't explicitly referenced most of what is set out below, I am confident that it and inferences drawn from it can be tested against my family records or more accessible primary records.

As a part of the process, I spent some months during 2019 checking particularly the birth, marriage, and death details I'd keyed into *Family Tree Maker* against public records and indices and was sufficiently confident in the results to post them onto Ancestry.com, FamilySearch.org and Geni.com websites where they might be available for a wider audience. Also, in 2020, I worked over primary records online touching on the lives of my Norfolk Island convict ancestors, to create their story below, and a fully referenced summary which I have posted online.

Now that tools such as Ancestry DNA ThruLines have become available there will always be new information that could be added, but I believe that the stories below which put flesh onto the bones of birth, marriage and death details are substantially accurate.

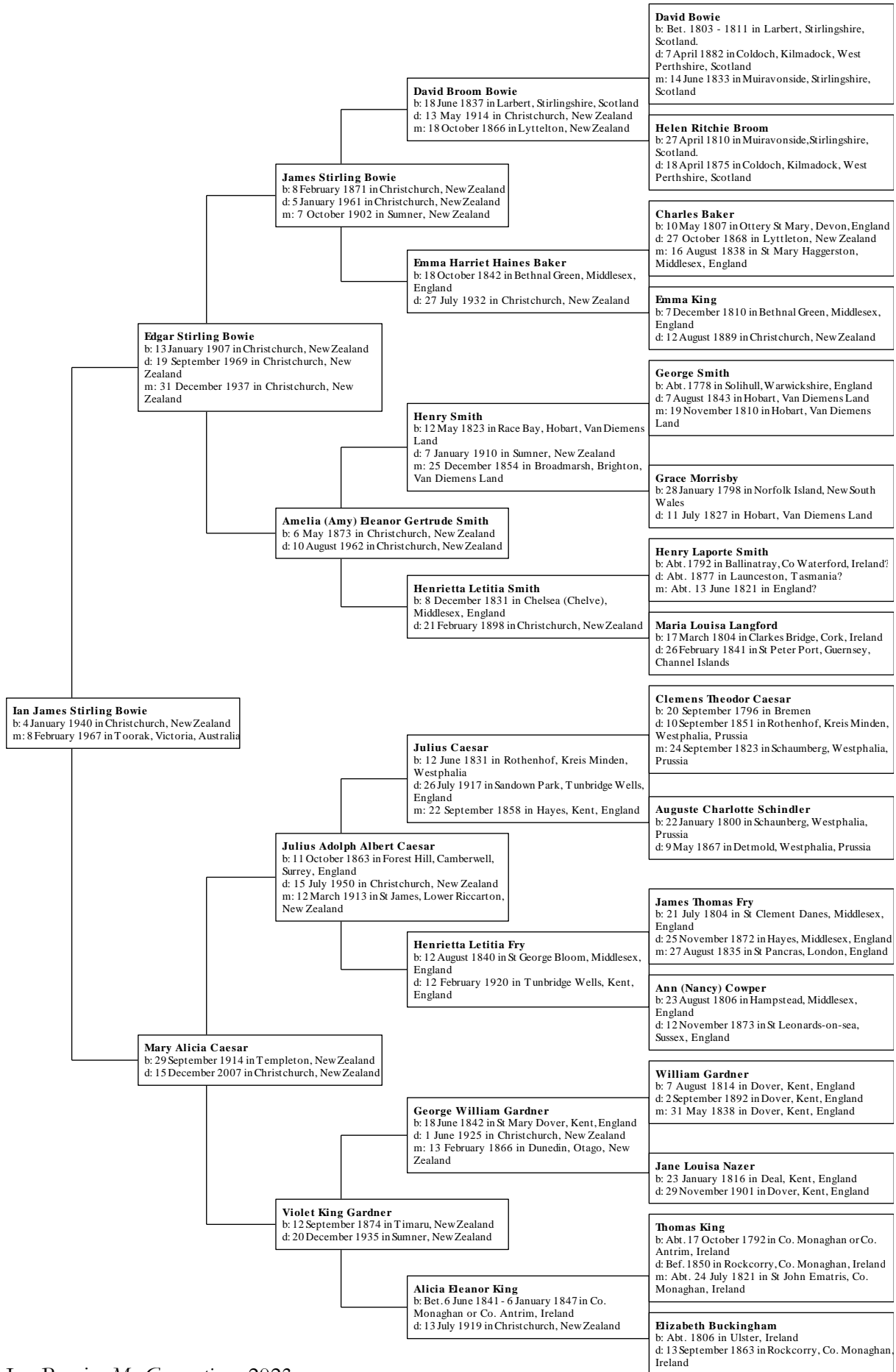
Genealogy

Surprisingly, for only a few of my more recent ancestors seem to have been distinguished (or notorious for other reasons), I now have some information (summarised in the chart on the next page) about all sixteen of my great-great grandparents, who were born in the decades before and after the beginning of the nineteenth century. The roots of some of those great-great grandparents have been traced back further, possibly more than two dozen generations further in the case of one of the Caesar/Fry lines and now with the help of Ancestry DNA back to forty percent of my 5th great grandparents from the early seventeenth century.

My Caesar and Fry ancestors of my great grandparents Julius Caesar and his wife Henrietta Letitia née Fry have been diligently documented by many, notably by my first Cousin Michael Caesar in the 1990s with independent corroboration of his Caesar line posted on-line by an eighth (no less) cousin in Germany (Carl-Jürgen Caesar). Connections with Machell, Cowper, and Bridge lines (for which also there is material online) have been confirmed by a third cousin by marriage in England (Lancelot Thwaytes).

The work of these cousins and our forebears takes our knowledge of ten reasonably certain and two further possible generations of Caesar ancestors *before* my Caesar-Fry great-grandparents, and a dozen reasonably certain and more than a dozen less certain generations in Henrietta Fry's

Ancestors of Ian James Stirling Bowie



paternal Cowper and maternal Machell/Atkinson/Bridge lines (some going back to the eleventh century). From a cursory examination of family trees on Geni and Family Search it appears that some of the women who married Caesar and Fry ancestors may have had lineages extending back even further!

All of this suggests that some of my ancestors were people of substance sufficient to leave traces for posterity. The English lines include notable landowners, warriors, mayors, reverends, and judges (with links to the poets William Cowper and John Donne), while the German ones include notable theologians and merchants and have links to notable industrialists. I wonder whether a sense of being 'somebody' has passed down at least through the male lines despite the dilution of the bloodlines? The mentions of many in smaller community newspapers suggest that some were indeed 'big fishes' – in small ponds!

The Bowie (and Broom) line from Scotland

The origins of my Bowies are problematic. *Bowie* (in various spellings) is said to be a sept of the Clan Donald North which hales from around Skye in Scotland (the name may derive from *Mac Ghillie Buidhe*, which translates roughly as son of the yellow haired follower). From the fact that Stirling is more-or-less on a road from the Isles and the fact that there seems to be no official record of the birth of our first known David Bowie I had long supposed that Bowie ancestors came out of the Highlands in consequence of the Clearances.

However, there were Bowies outside the Highlands well before the eighteenth-century breakdown in the Highlands way of life which culminated in the Clearances. There have been Bowies in Stirlingshire since the sixteenth century, and Scottish Old Parish Registers (OPR) and the 1841 census suggest that several families of Bowies were established near Falkirk by the 1800s, some with lineages that have been traced back to the early eighteenth century via Scottish naming patterns (including to neighbouring Perthshire and West Lothian).

Some corroboration of this has come from Ancestry DNA Thrulines with DNA matches for me to possible ancestors in Glasgow early in the seventeenth century on other family trees.

Descendants of these families have spread across the world but, in directories, the *Bowie* name remains most commonly to be found in the west of Scotland. Unfortunately, 'our' Bowies seem not to have been very diligent about registering their births, marriages and deaths until registration became compulsory in 1855, though this wasn't uncommon (especially when fees were involved!). Either that, or the church records have been lost – or couples such as John Bowie and Ann Marshall were together 'without benefit of clergy'.

There is no record in surviving OPR of the birth of 'our' first David Bowie or of the births of his father, John, or the marriage of John and Ann though the 1798 birth of their first child, Thomas, was registered. None of the births of later surviving siblings, known from both the 1841 Scottish census and the 1845 probate of their father's 1835 will, seem to have been registered. They may have occurred outside Scotland but as the siblings were reported in the 1841 (and later) censuses as being born in Stirlingshire this doesn't seem likely.

As to the birth years of David and of John, the censuses aren't helpful. John (at Hill of Kinnaird in Falkirk, which is in *Stirlingshire*) was recorded as 80 in 1841 but his wife, Ann, as 60 while the ages given in censuses 1841 to 1881 suggest birth years for David between 1804 and 1811 (the 1841 census suggests 1811; his death registration suggests 1803). To complicate this, though Thomas' birth registration and the 1845 probate of John's will confirm that Ann Marshall was John's wife

and the mother of all his known children, no OPR records have been found of his or her deaths/burials.

Curiously, John's death was reported locally but also in a Limerick newspaper, which gives rise to speculations about John spending time in North America and/or Ireland.

The fact that only David and a sister appear (from censuses) to have been born to John and Ann between 1798 and 1815 might have been because of still-births (John's will lists their 'surviving' sons) but the fact that five younger siblings were born later over eight years suggests that John might have been absent on military service during the Napoleonic Wars, and that the discrepancy between his and Ann's 1841 ages could be explained by an earlier absence during the American revolution (during which he might have had an earlier wife).

British Archives hold service records for at least two John Bowies who fought in the Battle of Waterloo in 1815. A John Bowie was in the Argyll Fencibles and stationed in Stirling in 1800 – who might have served in the regular army elsewhere, earlier (or later). A John Bowie who enlisted as a private soldier between 1805 and 1814 was born about 1781 in Dunkeld in Perthshire (near Stirling) but his birth also isn't recorded in the OPR. He was of medium height and a weaver by trade before enlistment and this birthplace suggests a mixed ancestry of Gaelic, Pictish, and Anglo-Saxon bloodlines.

By 1835 our John appears from the generous bequests to his children in his will, realised after 1845, to have been prosperous as a farmer on *Prospect Hill* (previously *Lionthorn*) at Hill of Kinnaird and other land near Falkirk. Census records suggest that the children stayed in Scotland after John's death with one son becoming a grocer in Falkirk and his brothers farmers nearby, while three daughters probably married farmers near Falkirk. Two pairs of brother-and-sister appear to have lived together for a while; one daughter and one son appear not to have married.

Our first David Bowie was the second son and third child (of eight) of John and Ann. He was a tenant farmer of *Shiels* farm in Larbert (north of Falkirk, in *Stirlingshire*) at the time of his father's will (1835) and appears to have been grazing stock along roadsides in 1841 after he'd married Helen Broom who came from a *Stirlingshire* farming family (a comment made by my father suggested he might have been a dealer in cattle between the Highlands and Lowlands). From late 1851 till his death, he farmed *Coldoch* farm on the north side of the River Forth (hence, technically in West Perthshire rather than *Stirlingshire*). with his sons John and Robert.

Coldoch was one of several arable farms that with the sixteenth century house of *Coldoch* (demolished about 1965 and replaced by a grander mansion to its northeast) formed H H Drummond's *Coldoch Estate* on the drained Blair Drummond Moss, which had a broch in its northwest and a Roman tower in the northeast. The Bowie's holding (initially 40 hectares) was enlarged after 1861 and, as *New Coldoch* (at 55 hectares; probably *East Coldoch* now) was farmed by David with his son John but it was another son, Robert, who took over the tenancy after 1882 until around 1916.

However, despite my father's pride in his Scots roots, it seems now that I am a lot more 'English' than Scottish in my place-origins than I had once thought and, given that most of my English (and Anglo-Irish) ancestors appear to have come originally from the south and midlands of England, I guess that I must now describe my ancestry as more 'anglo-saxon' than 'anglo-celtic' (which appears to be supported by my testing in ancestrydna). So un-romantic!

The Baker and (English) King line

Only a little is known about the antecedents of Charles Baker and Emma King. Charles is said to have been a son of William Baker, a labourer in Devon, and was a ‘gardener’ (possibly a *market* gardener) on the north-eastern edge of London when he married Emma who was said then to have been ‘in service’.

Emma’s family may have been somewhat better-heeled than the Bakers as Emma’s grandfather was a watch-gilder. However, Emma’s father (James Goodman King) who was a ‘dealer’ (in cotton and cattle at different times) in a nearby and also-poor part of London seems to have lived an irregular life which included a bankruptcy, another woman, and a possible child (he abandoned Charlotte, Emma’s mother, who claimed poor relief in 1843).

From these antecedents it seems that these Kings and the Bakers were from families in the south of England that had largely been unaffected either by the rural-urban or northward shifts of population that happened in England as the industrial revolution progressed (though a distant cousin has suggested that the Kings may have come from Warwickshire which could help explain Goodman King’s involvement in the cotton industry), except to the extent that prospects in London for Charles and Emma were diminishing in the 1840s.

The Morrisby (and Smith) line from England

James Morrisby was baptised in Cawood (Yorkshire) on 23 January 1757, and six generations of Yorkshire ancestors have been traced for him (including a father, Luke, said to have been killed in the Cape Breton Island battle of Louisbourg in 1758), but nothing is known of him before his enlistment into the Third Regiment of Foot Guards (later known as the Scots Guards) on 3 April 1776. That Regiment formed part of the composite Guards brigade that fought in America before its return to England in 1783, but in 1784 was carrying out watch duties based in the Tower of London.

On 7 July 1784 James was charged with stealing an iron bar and breaking-in with intent to steal and was sentenced in the Old Bailey to seven years’ transportation. He was discharged from his Regiment on 16 July 1784. None of this was widely known for the next two centuries which allowed stories to circulate about him such as that he served as a lieutenant in the Life Guards. This has not been helped by the facts that during the trial James claimed to have been in ‘the guards’ and others had said he had claimed a wife and five children and, perhaps, to have been a watchman.

After two and a half years on the prison hulk *Censor* in the Thames he was transported on the *Scarborough* in 1787, arriving in Botany Bay when the First Fleet gathered there on 20 January 1788 and in Port Jackson six days later.

James was moved to Norfolk Island in March 1790 (where he was disembarked from *HMS Sirius* four days before it was wrecked on 19th, during what might have been a cyclone). By February 1791, he appears to have been living with Ann Brooks on an acre in ‘Sydney’ (now Kingston) effectively the start of my antipodean family history, and by the expiry of his sentence in July was sharing a sow with her and her eldest son William known as Brooks, possibly the child referred to in Ann’s December 1787 trial who seems likely to have travelled with Ann.

Ann Brooks (not to be confused with a mother and daughter who arrived in Sydney on the *Pitt* in 1792, the younger of whom was also on Norfolk Island 1800-1813), was born in the early 1760s

and was convicted in London for stealing two linen bed sheets. From London court and other records, she may have been any one of: a then-21-year-old daughter of Charles M'Ginnis; a slightly older Ann Lavender who may have become Ann Brooks in the early 1780s; or a completely different Ann Brooks; all living on the fringes of 'respectable' society at the time.

This Ann (who appears in primary records only as 'Brooks' or 'Moresby' from 1787) was sentenced to seven years' transportation and arrived in Port Jackson, reportedly with William, on the *Lady Juliana* subject of Sian Rees' book *The Floating Brothel*, in June 1790. She was sent to Norfolk Island on *HMS Surprise* probably with her son two months later, by which time she was pregnant with her second son, who became known as Richard Larsom fathered by an unknown seaman or convict (Larsom, perhaps, Simon Lavender, perhaps) who presumably had been her 'protector'.

It is said, but without a primary record, that James and Ann were 'married' by the Reverend Richard Johnson during the latter's three weeks on Norfolk Island in November 1791 (if so, perhaps reflecting a concern for good order amongst the convicts rather than for the lawfully married states of James and possibly Ann, but more likely a common law marriage).

Confusingly, Ann's five children with James (all born on Norfolk Island), along with her Richard (nothing seems known of her William after 1801) were recorded as 'Lavender' in 1805, as they had been in 1802 excepting 'Dinah' (*sic*, who was named Brooks), but her three eldest sons were recorded as 'Brooks' in 1792-5. To add to the confusion Richard was listed as 'Richard Brooks Lavender' in 1802. I have made contacts or DNA matches with descendants of some of these (and of James' first daughter, born in England).

In 1791 James was granted twelve acres (Lot 57, later 22 acres) of arable leasehold between Watermill Creek and the Mount Pitt Path (now Taylors Road) and by October 1793 when he was recorded as 'blacksmith' (his army enlistment was as a 'labourer') he had cleared seven acres, probably with the help of assigned convict labour. By 1794 he had added 16 acres (Lot 61, off Ferny Lane) in which year Governor King described him as 'industrious' and prevented him from selling up. Perhaps James as his sentence had expired had been trying to raise cash to return to England.

The lease of Lot 57, known as *Morrisby's Farm*, was put into the name of James' eldest son in 1796 and James subsequently purchased another lease of 34 acres (Lot 94, along the alignment of today's secondary airport runway) in 1802 when he was a constable. He also crewed on the island tender servicing *HMS Reliance* in 1798/99.

In December 1807, on a 1804 recommendation by Lt Governor Foveaux, James and Ann left behind their small house and barns when the Norfolk Island settlement was being closed and they were evacuated with their five shared children on *HMS Porpoise* in 1807 to Van Diemen's Land where James initially was granted 80 acres in the Clarence Plains near Rokeby in exchange for his Norfolk Island leases.

Richard followed them, Ann died in 1813 and James remarried in 1816 to Eleanor Murphy who died in 1821. James continued farming *Belmont Lawn* until his death in 1839, acquiring more land including land in Hobart (he had helped the Constables arrest a bushranger in 1817) which he assigned to his eldest son in 1818 and 300 further acres in Muddy Plains, Clarence Plains, granted to him in 1828.

James appears to have acquired further land also from his son in law, George Smith who married Grace the elder daughter and second of the five children of James with Ann in Hobart in 1810.

The Smiths' youngest son Henry was later to marry an unrelated Henrietta Letitia Smith, to become two of my great grandparents and the reason for my interest in Henry's grandparents.

As to the wife and child(ren?) James left behind in England, little is known for certain, but a likely wife (Mary Eaves) and child (Catherine Dorcas Morrisby who married William Davison and later his brother George Davison) have been linked to him – in which case it may have been his wife who died in a London poor house in 1823.

George Smith, who married Grace, was probably the Warwickshire man who attested as a butcher when he joined the Marines in 1800. He came, firstly to the failed Sorrento (Victoria) settlement on the transport ship *Ocean* in October 1803 (escorted by *HMS Calcutta*) and then to Hobart in early 1804. Later in 1804 George was charged with insubordination and was sent to Port Jackson in 1805 where he stayed till 1807, awaiting a court martial which didn't eventuate for lack of judicial officers.

Eventually George was returned to Van Diemen's Land where he was discharged in 1812, to be granted 120 acres of land at Broadmarsh (near Herdsmans Cove) in 1813. He put this land to auction in 1816 when he and Grace appear to have been living on another grant, of fifty acres in Clarence Plains (a little further south), possibly *Kimberley Farm* at Ralphs Bay (which seems to have been misheard as 'Race Bay' by one of his grandsons), Clarence Plains (south of Rokeby) which George was to transfer to his oldest son in 1841.

The gazettal of his clearing sale notice in 1816 (and possible sale to his father-in-law in 1817) as well as Grace's death in 1827 as a 'poor woman' suggest that George (like other marines) may not have been a successful farmer.

The Smith (and Langford) line through Ireland

These lines have roots which are uncertain and which have been a source of endless fascination for their descendants, not least because of the stories that have been passed down to descendants of my great-grandmother Henrietta Letitia Smith who is reported by her sons to have talked of her mother being a niece or ward of an Irish Lord Langford and heiress to money in Chancery, who had eloped with a 'Scottish' ship's surgeon.

Henrietta's sons also told the stories about a paternal grandfather having been a lieutenant in 'the Life-Guards' of George III and having served at the Battle of the Nile, and variants of these stories have passed down through six generations of Henry and Henrietta Smith's descendants. We know now that some of what was passed on, particularly to their eldest son Henry Herbert Smith, was confused as to the facts. Some has been confirmed, some has been corroborated but much remains to be uncovered.

For example it was James Morrisby, a grandfather of Henry Smith – known in Van Diemen's Land as a 'guards-man' and 'early settler' – who had been in a Guards regiment! Perhaps, his son-in-law George Smith was at the Battle of the Nile (1798) though that would need to have been before he became a marine. What was not known to Henrietta's sons was that James was one only of three ancestors who as convicts were transported to Australia.

The third of the three convicts, Henry Laporte (or delaporte) Smith (who seems to have gone under the name Laporte which he may have adopted in adulthood), as well as his first wife Maria Louisa Langford (or Longford), remain enigmas today as they seem to have been for their own daughters and grandchildren.

Maria, who died in Guernsey in 1841 aged 36 (of 'inflammation of the stomach', though I wonder about pregnancy) is stated on her headstone (from the re-inscription commissioned by S E L Smith and photographed in 1913, fortunately as it is now almost illegible) and in Irish newspaper advertisements in 1898 by her daughter Henrietta (who perhaps 'knew' this from the headstone) to have come from '*Langfords Lodge, County of Limerick, Ireland*' (the place technically is just within County Cork).

On the strength of this, research done for Trevor Jury (descended from one of Maria's grandchildren) linked her to ten generations of an Anglo-Irish family of Rowleys (which included the not always distinguished Lords Langford) planted in Ulster by James I. No connection between Maria and the Rowley family has been found and as this family had its seat at Langford Lodge in County Antrim this now seems unlikely.

A more likely Maria Langford was baptised in the South Cathedral (Roman Catholic) parish in Cork in 1804, a daughter of a James Edward Langford who is given in the 1806 baptismal record of one of Maria's sisters as 'Prvt' which suggests an army rank. This James Langford could have been the Irish-born soldier (but possibly of English origins) who enlisted in England in 1793 and he may have been the J E Langford who was a corn merchant in Cork in 1810.

This James appears to have had two sons, one of whom was James junior, baptised as Langford or Longford in Cork's North Cathedral (near the Collins barracks), and 'our' Maria has a brother, James Edward Langford who was an executor of Laporte's 1841 deed of settlement onto his second wife. Army records and gazette notices record that this Langford was born in Cork in 1802, promoted from Gentleman to Quartermaster in 1834 but ended his army career as a Paymaster in India in 1845 when he was cashiered for being 'drunk, deficient in his accounts'.

Langford unsuccessfully claimed insolvency relief in Poona in 1849 and may have been the James Langford who returned to England in 1855. He may also have been the Cork-born James Langford who had an earlier army career as a foot soldier between 1819 and about 1830.

Henry Laporte Smith claimed on his wife's headstone to be from 'Ballinatrea' County Cork and Stephens Green Dublin' (Ballinatrav is in Waterford on its boundary with Cork, near Youghal) but I wonder, from the fact that nothing 'known' about him or his family before 1841 has been corroborated and from the detail on this headstone, whether Laporte was using the headstone to give himself a back story in Guernsey (where burials in the town cemetery were then mainly limited to locals, suggesting a more local connection).

From the 'Laporte' in his name (the Ottoman court at Constantinople was often referred to as 'La Porte'), Blair Smith speculated that Laporte was a son of John Spencer Smith, an envoy in Constantinople from 1795 to 1801. This would have Laporte a nephew of Admiral William Sidney Smith and related to other notable (and sometimes shady) Smiths and Smyths (including the Lords Strangford) who did have associations with Ballinatrav. As with the back-story researched for Maria, no links with these families have been confirmed.

No sure documentation of Laporte's birth or his first marriage (in 1821, according to the 1841 settlement) has been found. Nor has anything been found to support the idea that Laporte had been a surgeon and maybe eloped with Maria who if born in 1804 who would have been 15 in 1821. Did they meet shipboard somewhere? Might Laporte have had some military connection (though by the 1820s England was no longer the military camp it had been a decade earlier)? All of this is the stuff of speculations at present!

No traces have been found of any of Laporte's siblings listed in his convict indent, even of Charles Augustus Smith (another executor of Laporte's 1841 settlement though he might have been the merchant's clerk of that name bankrupted in London in 1844) or Jonathan Smith, both militia lieutenants. Indeed, the only 'official' record found of the years or places of the births of Laporte's children with Maria is an adult baptismal one in 1850 for our Henrietta (which discounts any link to a Smith family that lived in London).

Family stories suggest that the Smiths (or Langfords) had money and connections with Dublin's Roman Catholic establishment through banker, merchant and nationalist Nicholas Mahon and family solicitor Thomas Richmond Evans. They have connected them also to Sidney Herbert, an important political associate of Robert Peel (he became Baron Herbert of Lea), and it has been suggested that Laporte was related to Florence Nightingale whose grandfather was a William Smith and who was a protégé of Sidney Herbert and his wife.

None of these connections have been proven and relevant Irish records may have been destroyed in 1922. If the Smiths had connections to powerful and distinguished military, diplomatic and political Anglo-Irish families, they would have been linked to the heart of the English and Anglo-Irish Establishments. But Laporte possibly disgraced himself if he did marry Maria as a Catholic girl who was under-age in 1821. And he certainly disgraced himself in 1841. People seem not to have known about this.

Indeed, all that was known to Maria's grandchildren with any degree of certainty about Laporte, Maria and their children came out of four sets of events in 1841: Maria's death (which is proven); Guernsey's census of that year (which has her family at *Vauvert Cottage*; and may be reliable as to the birth order of the siblings if not to birth years); Laporte's proven second marriage; and the 'disappearance' of Laporte after that. Even now, no firm evidence from before 1841 has yet been found. But there were stories.

In 1841, Laporte and Maria had come (perhaps recently from Ireland and/or London) to Guernsey with their seven surviving children all of whom except Eliza (born in Ireland) were reported in the census of 1841 as born in England (some later claimed Ireland, and Guernsey), including 'our' Henrietta who was born in 1831. In February 1841 Maria died, in June Laporte remarried and in August he 'disappeared' leaving both his pregnant new wife (Clara Cummins) and his born children apparently without any knowledge of what had happened to him. For the next 165 years nothing more seems to have been known about Laporte.

It had been thought (including by my father) that Laporte's disappearance was somehow related to the 1841 deed that settled £3000 (say \$450,000 in 2023 dollars) onto his second wife, half of the money said to have been previously settled on Maria. It was speculated that Laporte might have carried out plans which he had shared with his second wife, Clara Cummins, and migrated to America or Australia perhaps under the name of Courtney (which, curiously, is the family name of a possible Rowley ancestor of Maria).

However, in 2006 Anne Mason discovered that in fact Laporte had been arrested and on 4 December 1841 convicted in the Royal Court of Guernsey of forging three bills on the Bank of Ireland totalling £530 (say \$75,000) in July 1841 (after his second marriage!). He was sentenced to be *exiled* from Guernsey (a sentence with meaning only for a Guernseyaise) but also to be transported for seven years. After the rejection of a petition to the Privy Council (and claiming false imprisonment to the Home Secretary), he was transported to Van Diemen's Land on the *Candabar* in March 1842.

All of this seems to have been unknown to his descendants or, in the case of Sydney Edgar Langford Smith (who may have found something in 1913 and who surely knew when he buried his Aunt Louisa Smith (as Mrs Gee) in 1920), it may have been covered up (Edgar, who knew that Laporte was a ‘forger’, wrote of his worry about the possibility of a ‘convict stain’). Strangely, also, my father noted Laporte’s father as John when he penned a family tree in the late 1940s. The reticence about convict backgrounds is curious for several reasons.

Firstly, the reticence may have been related to a more general reluctance in antipodean society to admit to convict backgrounds. Certainly, Henry and Henrietta Smith and their descendants seem also to have been unaware also of their links to James Morrisby and Ann Brooks until late in the twentieth century, though these links weren’t unknown among other Morrisby descendants in Tasmania. Perhaps the Smith family inherited heightened concerns about scandals?

Secondly, Laporte’s trial was widely reported across the British Isles and elsewhere including in *The Times* of London (why, I wonder?), though not as extensively as the trial about the same time of Edward Beaumont Smith for forging a much larger sum of Exchequer bills. Beaumont Smith, who was a son of Admiral Sir Sidney Smith and so would have been a cousin of ‘our’ Smith if Blair is correct in his suppositions, was convicted of the ‘Exchequer Fraud’ in 1841 and he too was transported in 1842 to Van Diemen’s Land where he died as a schoolmaster in 1877.

Thirdly, notwithstanding any scandal, my great-grandmother Henrietta continued some personal relations with Mrs Elizabeth Herbert, wife of Sidney (who was a brother of the 12th Earl of Pembroke), describing her as ‘guardian and friend’. Also, Henrietta claimed to have been farewelled when she left England in 1854 by another Elizabeth Herbert, Sidney’s sister who was married to the Anglo-Irish Earl of Clanwilliam (and/or by Florence Nightingale); her ship – the *Constance* – did indeed anchor off Deal where the Earl of Clanwilliam was Captain of Deal Castle.

Fourthly, while it true that no traces of Laporte after the 1850s have yet been found, records and newspaper entries have now been found online which roughly confirm many of the family stories through Henrietta about the movements of Laporte’s children (including Henrietta and, separately three of her siblings, to Australia) and which suggest that rather more might have been known to his children than was passed on to the his grandchildren about Laporte’s movements after 1841.

Notably, after three of Henrietta’s younger siblings arrived in Sydney late in 1854, they placed advertisements in the *Empire* newspaper that indicate that they understood that their father – as ‘Mr Laport Smith’ – had been in Sydney but were unable to contact him. Another newspaper advertisement placed from Christchurch in the *Sydney Morning Herald* in 1880, suggests that he was known to have been in Victoria and this is more-or-less confirmed in lists of unclaimed letters awaiting him – generally as ‘Laporte Smith’ – in Melbourne in 1854/5.

At his trial, Laporte claimed to be a native of the City of Cork in Ireland and his father was named as a ‘highly respectable person’ in Cork. He claimed to have been a partner in a firm with business in London, Cork, Jamaica, Lisbon, and Gibraltar but declined to reveal the name of the firm other than that his name was not in it. One of the bills was drawn on the firm Kinahan Son & Smythe, and it may be that Laporte was in the sugar or spirits trade (he was described in his convict records as a ‘provision merchant’, though other sources have described him variously as ‘yeoman’, ‘esquire’, ‘accountant’ and even ‘physician’).

Since the rediscovery of Laporte in 2006, it has emerged that after serving time in a road gang based at the Bridgewater probation station (at Granton) he became a petty constable in the Richmond police force in 1844 and was watch-housekeeper at the Richmond convict depot until 1847 (‘neglectful of duty’ on one occasion). Towards the end of 1847 his pardon – though it had

been recommended a year before had been that he should remain in the Australasian colonies – was gazetted, curiously conditional only on his 'not to return or be found within the limits of the Island of Guernsey'.

Laporte resigned from the police force at the end of 1847, presumably left Van Diemen's Land shortly thereafter and had been in Melbourne by 1848/9 (when unclaimed letters awaited 'Smith, Laport' and 'Smith, H de L' at the Post Office). He was residing in Sydney as 'Laporte Smith' by 1851 and was still there in 1854. The 1880 *Sydney Morning Herald* advert suggests that he was 'in Sydney in 1855 but last heard of in Avoca, Victoria' which may have been information that came through James, his son who is thought to have gone to 'the goldfields'.

Further unclaimed letters awaiting 'Smith, Laport' and 'Smith, Laporte' at the Melbourne GPO in 1854/5 suggest that he returned to Victoria, while other unclaimed letters, to Henry L Smith (1854) and H L Smith (1855) in Sydney might have been letters to him, perhaps telling of his children's movements. The letters and advertisements suggest that contrary to what is said in letters between Laporte's children (copies of which still exist) some people had clearer ideas about his movements in Australia than has been suggested to Henrietta's descendants.

It seems that James lost contact with his sisters because in 1877 he advertised in Tasmanian newspapers (coincidentally in the issue of the Hobart *Mercury* that advertised Beaumont Smith's intestate estate) seeking his sisters; the timing is curious in that it came shortly after the death from senility in that year in Launceston, of an ex-convict invalid Henry Smith born about 1795. We don't know whether he made contact but perhaps it was from this that it was understood that that James was or had been in Queensland.

However, other deaths were registered in Australia of Henry Smiths born at the end of the eighteenth century. Other deaths were registered in Britain and Ireland (including an 1864 death in Limerick informed by a Rowland Smith of a Henry Smith born 1792, that I cannot confirm) and, given Laporte's possible occupation as a providore and the fact that in Sydney he had lived near Darling Harbour, it is possible that he returned 'home'; there are ship-related records that could be related to such a return. We may never know.

The Caesar (and Schindler) line in Germany

The first proven Caesar ancestor (Johannes Keyser) was a Catholic priest in Bavaria who converted, possibly shortly after the publication of Luther's *95 Theses* (1517), married (perhaps to a nun) and became a Lutheran minister in Harbürg and Nördlingen. Grandpa Caesar's Aunt Sophie linked him to a Julius Caesar who died in Lucerne in 1486 but nothing is known of this in Lucerne.

A more likely link is to a Jacob Kayser from the Imperial City of Ulm who according to a 1925 newspaper item, took citizenship in the Imperial city of Nördlingen in 1409: that item suggests that he was Johannes' grandfather. The matter is confused by the fact that the family name was likely pronounced closely to today's Latinate spelling, with the first vowel being a long 'a' rather than a long 'e', giving rise to many spellings over the centuries including Cäsar.

All of Johannes' ten sons/sons-in-law became Lutheran leaders at a time when that church was still seriously divided over matters of doctrine. David studied theology under Martin Luther at the University of Wittenberg and was 'near to the casket' (a pallbearer?) at Luther's funeral in 1546 and was a member of the Lutheran Council of Nördlingen. One of this David's sons, also David, became a Professor, in theology, at the University of Oettingen as the Counter-Reformation warmed up before the Thirty Years' War.

Theodore, a son of that younger David who still spelt his name as the older style 'Keyser', moved from Bavaria to what is now the Westerwald (along the Rhine) to become a cellarmaster. As his descendants took up other secular pursuits, notably as merchants, civic administrators, and real estate owners (though the extended family continued to produce Lutheran ministers) they lived in various towns in the Westerwald. However, in 1747 one of them, Clemens Albert Caesar who had been a cooper in Frankfurt, moved further north to the free state of Bremen where he became town cellarmaster.

In 1759 Clemens founded a wine trading company which as C A Caesar & Sohn prospered in the fifty years during and after the Seven Years' War and later morphed into a family of other mostly prosperous trading companies with branches and associates owned by various descendants (and to which, several generations seem to have travelled from time to time) in New York, London, Rotterdam, Hamburg, and Bremen during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

By the nineteenth century my Caesars were *haut-bourgeois*. They had acquired links to other families whose confirmed genealogies are similarly long, and they then became seriously landed gentry. In 1824 one of C A Caesar's grandsons, Clemens Theodor Caesar, abandoned commerce and bought from the Prussian Crown the *Gut Rothenhof* estate in Costedt (Westphalia) about 100 kilometres south of Bremen, the first of several substantial land acquisitions there, where he was offered but turned down a title.

Several generations of Caesars lived at *Rothenhof* before it was sold by Dr Julius Caesar (a lawyer cousin of Grandpa Caesar) in 1915 for a million gold marks, about £50,000 (over \$3 million in 2023 dollars).

The extended Caesar family continued to prosper throughout the nineteenth century and to marry with families such as Retbergs, Schindlers and Henschels (all of whom were to produce prominent industrialists in the uniting Germany), consolidating and bequeathing their wealth to descendants through a series of family trusts and establishing a network of autonomous family trading companies by which scions of the family were established in ports on both sides of the Atlantic: it was thus that my great-grandfather, 'our' first Julius came to settle in England.

The Fry, Cowper, Bridge, Atkinson and Machell line in England

Henrietta Fry's family was believed by my mother to have been linked to the well-known chocolate-and prison-reform family, but no such connections have been found. However, Michael Caesar found distinguished Cowper and Machell lineages (full of landed gentry, judges, clergymen, and those significant poets) that appear to go back to the twelfth century for Julius' mother-in-law, Ann Cowper who married James Thomas Fry in 1835. Henrietta Fry was the fourth daughter and child of the eight children born to the Frys.

James, the father of Henrietta, was a solicitor who had been in partnership with John Scard, a brother-in-law who subsequently went bankrupt, until 1837. By 1841 he had become a Clerk in the Court of Chancery (possibly clerk to his father who was a Registrar 1828-1841 and who previously had been a Clerk), possibly in succession to his brother who had drowned in 1839 – the offices in this court were hereditary until nineteenth century reforms! By 1851, having succeeded his father (J C Fry) as a Registrar, he was (the well remunerated) Master of Reports and Entries (a judge).

From 1851 James and his family lived very comfortably for two decades in the notable Baston House in the salubrious suburb of Hayes (Bromley, Kent) where James was a gentleman farmer

and a neighbour of Charles Darwin with whom he and his family socialised during the 1850s and 1860s (they had sons who had attended Rugby School, albeit four years apart, and Darwin diarised going to a 'glorious' party at the Frys in 1863). After the Masters' office was abolished in 1855 James was granted a generous annuity and appears to have returned to practice as a solicitor in 'the City' the following year.

The Gardners and (Irish) Kings

Not much is known about the parents of George William Gardner and Alicia Eleanor King who married in Dunedin early in 1866, though some children of Thomas King and Elizabeth Buckingham have been found and several generations of ancestors have been found for William Gardner and Jane Nazer.

Nor is much known about George and Alicia. The notice of their intention to marry suggests that neither of them had been long in Dunedin (ten days for Alicia and a fortnight for George) but they had probably arrived separately in New Zealand somewhat earlier and (as is now known) from England and Ireland respectively.

From parish records and civil registrations, we have found that Alicia Eleanor King witnessed the marriage of a sister (Eliza) in Belfast (1859) and that their father Thomas was a shoemaker. Newspaper notices indicate that her father had died some time before then leaving at least three daughters other than Alicia, and that their mother, Elizabeth (born as Buckingham according to daughter Kate's death registration) died in 1863 (confirmed in another newspaper notice).

The fact that her father was a shoemaker leads me to wonder about Thomas's relationship to a Thomas Arthur King, who was born in 1815 in Rockcorry to a different mother and was a shoemaker also, who migrated with his family to Canada about 1845/8 during the potato famine. No baptismal record for that Thomas King has been found in Irish parish registers but his first two sons were baptised in Ematrix (the parish of Rockcorry). Might this Thomas King have been a son of 'our' Thomas by a first wife?

Several generations of people named King lived and died in Belfast and the counties of Ulster including ones south of what is now the Republican Irish border. They include a Thomas King who lived in Ematrix in the eighteenth century. Their apparent religious connections and the family names King and Buckingham suggest descent from English or Scots families planted in Ulster but the Kings' use of newspapers for family notices suggests that they, unlike many in these poorest counties of Ireland, weren't destitute.

We know that Alicia did not attend the Rockcorry National School, though the school's roll lists an unknown Emily as the daughter of a widowed Mrs King in 1850 and Griffith's Valuation has an Elizabeth King owning land in Rockcorry later in the 1850s. So, while 'our' Elizabeth King apparently died in Rockcorry 'our' Kings may not have lived there always. The fact that Alicia was witness to her sister's Belfast marriage (at age twelve?) suggests that Alicia may have been born rather earlier than implied in her own marriage registrations.

By contrast, some of George's ancestry has been traced back for four generations through his father William Gardner and six generations through his mother Jane Nazer. Both William and Jane Gardner were descended from townspeople who seem to have been reasonably prosperous as tradespeople in Kent (and who may have had French origins in the case of the Nazer family which certainly maintained French connections – such as through the schooling of at least one of Jane Nazer's brothers, Onesiphorus).

3 MORE RECENT FAMILY HISTORY

I suspect that it is unusual to have information about and indeed photographs of all members of the three generations of ancestors who came before me, shown in the chart above, especially when the earlier of those ancestors had migrated, between countries, and when upward mobility in their new countries may have encouraged some of them to forget their roots. So, I'll set out a summary here.

The Bowies

David Broom Bowie was the second son and child of probably ten children (OPR details are a bit uncertain) of David Bowie. Although his father's holding was enlarged, it likely could not support more than the two of his brothers (John and Robert) who later took over *Coldoch*, so this second son may have drawn on his patrimony to make his own way in the world (though he was a beneficiary of his father's will). The placement of a notice of his marriage in the Stirling newspaper suggests that he, like his other siblings who left Scotland, remained in touch with home.

My father reported that 'our' David was 'apprenticed to the drapery trade' before sailing from Gravesend in October 1861 on the *Mystery* to New Zealand (as a cabin passenger rather than as an assisted migrant, which suggests family help with his passage). A younger brother William also became a draper and commercial traveller; but in London (one of his sons, also William, migrated to the North Island in 1902, apparently unbeknownst then to his Christchurch cousins, to become a teacher some years later).

(For the record, David's other brothers who reached adulthood became respectively a lawyer, an ironmonger and the third is said to have gone to the United States; their sister married a farmer).

There is no record of this David in either the English or the Scottish censuses taken in April 1861, which is curious, with no indication that he was out of Britain before sailing in October. I had wondered whether he might have been 'DB', the Scottish born (though married) draper who was in Leicester's prison on census night.

It is more likely that he was the 24-year-old recorded as 'David Brown' one of three Scots-born travelling drapers who were lodging in Leeds on census night. It cannot be confirmed that he was 'our' David, but another of that three had the family name (Gordon) of another traveller to Lyttelton on the *Mystery*. Our David was recorded as David 'Brown' Bowie in the Scottish OPR (apparently in 1849, which seems to have been an after-thought).

Our David arrived at Lyttelton in January 1862. He is said to have had a tailor's shop in Lyttelton and to have spent time in Wellington and (unsuccessfully) in Hokitika on the West Coast goldfields but by 1865 he was (briefly) in partnership with Francis Grimes as a clothing importer in Christchurch. He seems then to have joined the Dunstable House drapery which was bought by John Ballantyne in 1872. He was a partner with Josiah Ballantyne for seven years from 1878, which included three years in Timaru where he moved Ballantyne's store to Victoria House in 1885.

After dissolution of that partnership in 1886 David returned to Christchurch in Ballantyne's Dunstable House until about 1896. He then joined the Canterbury Farmers Coop as manager of its drapery store until his health broke down after 1901 (it has been said that he worked in the DIC store in Christchurch also, but this may be an error).

This David, according to newspaper mentions, was also active in the management of St Andrews church and the Christchurch Presbytery from the 1870s, became an elder in 1889 and as a deacon was a delegate to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in New Zealand during and after the negotiations that led the unification of the northern and southern Presbyterian churches in New Zealand in 1896.

He married Emma Harriet Haines Baker, third of at least seven children (and second daughter) of Charles Baker and Emma (née King) in 1866. This younger Emma (known as Harriet) and her five then-living siblings had sailed with her parents from Gravesend as migrants assisted by the Canterbury Association, on the *Duke of Bronte* which arrived in 1851 (the 8th migrant ship to reach Lyttelton), living initially in a tent city in what is now Hagley Park and later with her parents in Lyttelton.

Charles Baker, seems (if his newspaper advertisements are any guide) to have been somewhat querulous but he was to become sufficiently successful as a dairyman and livestock dealer – landing livestock from ships onto a leased run in what is now Cass Bay (also known as Magazine Bay) between Rapaki Bay and Bakers Bay (now known as Corsair Bay) – for his widow after he was killed in a riding accident in 1868 to live in modest comfort from rental incomes until her 1889 death at Harriet's home.

Several of the Bakers' sons also took up leaseholds but they and the husbands of some of Emma's daughters got into financial difficulties (Grandpa Bowie described them as 'ne'er-do-wells') in which Emma is said helped them until her 1889 death at the home of her daughter Emma, known as Harriet. Harriet had married David Broom Bowie in 1866.

Grandpa Bowie was the third child of David and Harriet. Born in 1871 and after attending West Christchurch (Hagley) and Timaru Boys' High schools he too went to work in Ballantyne's, in Timaru in 1886 and subsequently for six years in Christchurch. He continued in the rag trade after moving to Dunedin in 1892 but, detesting it, began studying assaying at the University of Otago through Dunedin Technical College in 1895 before returning to Christchurch in 1896 where his brother Tom arranged a clerical job for him with the Christchurch Meat Company (their other brother was in the Kaiapoi Woollen Mills).

The Smiths

Although Laporte's second wife understood him to have been a man of property in Ireland, she made no claim to this property (subsequently embezzled according to family mythology, though it might have been called on by Laporte). She returned to her parents and lived in London and France for some years, losing touch with the children of Laporte's first marriage until after her return to Guernsey by 1851. Yet, rather than being sent to a poorhouse, six of Laporte's children were boarded during 1842-3 at the expense of the Parish of St Peter Port during which time Henrietta reported a visit from Uncle James (Home, on leave from India).

It is not known why or for how long the Parish Douzaine took on this expense. However, in 1849 three of Henrietta's older siblings left Guernsey while she, having finished private schooling on Jersey, was enrolled (after an adult baptism into the Anglican Church in Jersey) in a one-year

course at an Anglican teachers' training college, in the Close of Salisbury Cathedral (1850-51) with her home address given as at *Pierre Percée*, the estate of James and Elizabeth MacCulloch, members of an influential Guernsey family known for their Methodist charity but linked by marriage to other important families such as the (Anglican again) reverend Brocks.

Although there is online speculation that there was an orphanage or boarding school at *Pierre Percée*, Henrietta claimed Mrs MacCulloch also to have been a 'guardian'. So, with MacCulloch's father a wine merchant in Brittany in the 1790s, it is possible that there had been 'mercantile' connections (licit or otherwise) between the Smiths and the MacCullochs earlier in the nineteenth century. If so, the Smiths may have had dealings also then with the Herberts, for the 11th Earl of Pembroke had been Governor of Guernsey between 1807 and 1827.

In reviewing both what Henrietta (known to some as 'Henny') is reported to have told her children and the fragments that exist in various documentary records that have been uncovered over the last decade or so I wonder whether Henrietta had been singled out for special treatment compared with her siblings (and, if so, why) but we can only speculate about that.

Henrietta's younger siblings may have also had lived at *le Manoir du Pierre Percée* but James MacCulloch died in 1850 and Elizabeth may have moved out then as she isn't recorded in the Channel Islands 1851 censuses. The 1851 census has Henrietta's sisters boarding with teachers more-or-less next door to *le Manoir*, while James was boarding near the school attached to St Pierre du Bois (the church of the Rev Thomas Brock until the latter died in 1850) and Rowland was working (for a family of the same name) on a farm in St Pierre du Bois.

Despite the scandal of 1841, Henrietta went to a church teachers' college and (from letters written to her by Elizabeth (later Lady) Herbert) interacted socially with Mrs Herbert in London, during 1850-53. Certainly, *Wilton House* home of the Herberts (which Henrietta claimed to have known, pointing to the room where she had stayed) is close to Salisbury where Henrietta studied but the nature of her connection with the Herberts remains a mystery (apart from suggestions that Laporte had connections to Sidney Herbert or his wife).

What is known more certainly is that after completing her course, Henrietta taught in 'Martin Wiltshire' (now in Hampshire) in 1851-2 from where she left 'in peculiar circumstances' and went to Winchester, and near 'Sudbury Norfolk' (Maria Ericksen has established that it was more than likely the new school at Foxearth in adjacent Essex) in 1853. She may have gone to Winchester to be near Elizabeth MacCulloch who was in Droxford (nearby in Hampshire) and died there in 1853, or to support her married sister in Soberton (also nearby in Hampshire).

Then, accompanied by a Mrs Frederick, Henrietta sailed on the barque *Constance* (not to be confused with a larger clipper of the same name in 1854, 'for her health' (according to family legend and whatever that might mean) for Van Diemen's Land. The *Constance* left Gravesend on 6 February 1854, anchored off Deal on the 8th, apparently called into in Hobsons Bay to drop mail and embark passengers from Melbourne and eventually made its way up the Tamar to Launceston on 27 May 1854.

As Henrietta was not government-assisted it has been speculated that her fare may have been paid by Sydney Herbert's Tasmanian Female Emigration Association or Caroline Chisholm's Family Colonisation Loan Society.

However, the funding might have been linked in some way to the MacCullochs. It also might have come from an Irish connection of the Smiths or Langfords. It has even been suggested that Henrietta might have been a beneficiary of the will of Nicholas Mahon who died in Dublin in

1841. Certainly, Henrietta seems to have been under the impression (though she would not have understood it as a child) that she was to inherit money that her brother John claimed later was being embezzled.

Another possibility is that Smith siblings had been supported in Guernsey by the money that had been settled on Clara in 1841 but which she did not call on. If so, whether Uncle James (Langford), the family solicitor (Evans) or even Laporte himself had been drawing on it, that money might have been nearly exhausted as to both interest and principal by 1854, giving us reasons for sending the four youngest siblings to Van Diemen's Land and Sydney and suggesting the possibility that Laporte might have contributed toward the passages of his children.

Henrietta's three youngest siblings sailed shortly after Henrietta, on the *Hanover* which arrived in Sydney in September 1854, as domestics and in James' case as a servant possibly with the Westbrook family (who also had ties to Droxford) with whom they had sailed. James' fare was paid by person(s) unknown but half of each of the girls' fares (£25 each) was paid by the Family Colonisation Loan Society, which suggests that they may have been intended to meet Laporte in NSW to recoup these payments (which may not have happened).

Henrietta was 'sent' to Dr William Valentine at *The Grange* in Campbelltown in what was still Van Diemen's Land, perhaps as a governess to Valentine's three children. She was lonely there and soon moved south to James and Grace Staples' *Summerfield* (at Broadmarsh). If we are to believe letters from both Lady Herbert and Clara Cummins Henrietta was unaware that her father had been a probationary convict in nearby Bridgewater and then a petty constable in Richmond not so many years earlier.

Then, seven months after arriving in a female deficient Van Diemen's Land, Henrietta married an unrelated Henry Smith, a brother of Grace Staples, at the end of 1854.

This Henry Smith was the second youngest of seven children born in Clarence Plains to Grace Morrisby and her Marine, George Smith. Little is really known of George, and Grace who was married at 13 (so young) was dead at 30 (dying in Hobart as a 'poor woman': childbirth?). Their youngest children (including 'our' Henry, born at Ralph's Bay) were brought up on *Summerfield* by Grace who (at 16, reflecting a still-enormous gender imbalance in Van Diemen's Land) married William Stanfield and (later) James Staples.

Henry Smith started out as a sheep farmer in 1846, three years after George's death, but in 1852 he and his brother Richard spent seven months on the Bendigo (?) goldfields. In 1853 he leased the 3800-acre *Rathmore* run (he added to it the 2662-acre *Pelham* run and in 1861 another 8000 acres at St Patrick Plains near Shannon) at Hollow Tree near Hamilton, sixty kilometres north of Hobart in Van Diemen's Land, to which he took his new bride. Over the next ten years Henry and Henrietta had five (or, possibly, six) children in what had become 'Tasmania' in November 1855.

Henrietta probably found *Rathmore* even bleaker and more isolated than either Campbelltown or Broadmarsh and was very ill during the first year of her marriage (pregnancy? endometriosis?). She was joined there for a while by her younger sisters from Sydney and in 1859 Henrietta was advertising the services of a 'young lady' as a teacher – Louisa perhaps, because Susan was about to marry?) but not by James who is believed to have gone 'to the goldfields'.

The times were hard, Henry was unsuccessful as a grazier and is said to have been 'generous with his money' (certainly including loans to a nephew who became insolvent), while Henrietta may not have been coping with her rapidly growing family. In 1861, after failing to get financial help from Henrietta's childhood 'guardian' Lady Herbert, the Smiths put *Rathmore* up for sale, anticipating

leaving Tasmania. While awaiting a sale they leased the smaller *Milford* estate at Cambridge near Rokeby in 1862.

Two years later, with a fifth addition to the family, the Smiths sailed on a mid-winter's voyage on the tiny *Christna* (259 tons), from Hobart to Lyttelton in 1864. This begs the question 'why did they go to New Zealand?' and the best answer I can come up with is that this was somehow connected with the fact that Henrietta's sister Louisa – with whom Henrietta may have maintained ties (as she did with Susan) – had gone to Otago with her (already married) lover Leopold Morton in 1863 and was probably still in New Zealand when Henrietta sailed.

Baptisms, family stories and letters from England have the family initially in Rangiora in 1864. Henry is said to have farmed land on Kaiapoi Island and Flaxton but his farming troubles continued. Meanwhile, Henrietta is reported to have obtained a teacher's certificate in 1866 and she taught school in Rangiora 1866-68 and Flaxton 1870-71 before the new St Albans School from 1872, as well as having four more babies (Henry was born at 'Wilton Cottage' in Rangiora, S E L Smith there also, Eveleen in Flaxton and Amy at 'Wilton House' in Christchurch).

Henrietta may have taught briefly in Burnham (a letter from England suggests she was living in Burnham in 1869), newspapers suggest that Henry may have declared bankruptcy (as a 'grocer's assistant') in 1870, and Henry may have been the postmaster in Flaxton in 1872, but these cannot be confirmed because Henry and Henrietta and Smith are common names. Family memories may similarly be unreliable (S E L Smith wrote of the Smiths moving to 'Leeston' in Easter 1878, but he may have confused Doyleston with Leeston which is nearby).

More likely is that Henrietta returned to teaching at St Albans after Amy was born in 1873 and maybe at its side school but a letter to Henrietta suggests that she was at 'Allan Vale' Doyleston in 1876 (before the Smiths sold their 'Wilton cottage' in St Albans in 1877).

Appendices to the Journals of the House of Representatives) show Henrietta as teaching at the Doyleston side school of Leeston school from its opening in 1878 until 1880 and then, after breaks (perhaps due to illness and probably spent in Christchurch), at Silverstream (now Kimbell, near Fairlie) where she was sole teacher for four years from when it opened in 1884 until 1888 and at Burnham school as sole teacher during the three years 1890-1892 (notwithstanding poor inspectors' reports which perhaps encouraged her to retire).

Marriage notices indicate that the Smiths were still in Doyleston in 1880 but in 1879, Henry who was there as a market gardener, had declared insolvency. Henrietta sought a retirement allowance on the grounds of ill health (she'd been teaching for 14 years; it is not known whether the allowance was granted but she was given a small promotion). After that, nothing is certain about Henry until 1893, but advertisements suggest that he was with Henrietta (and Amy) at Silverstream, market gardening and as sub-postmaster.

Henry's name doesn't appear on electoral rolls before he was resident at Doyleston in 1880/1, which suggests that he did not own or lease any of the land he farmed in New Zealand. After then (property qualifications were abolished in 1879) his further absence suggests that he may have remained an undischarged bankrupt until after the introduction of universal adult suffrage (1893), perhaps a consequence of the long depression (and perhaps the 1879/80 marriages of four daughters!).

It appears that Henry and Henrietta were back in suburban Christchurch in 1893, probably renting. A readdressed envelope in Blair Smith's hands suggests that Henrietta may have visited Victoria in 1893/4 (after Sydney Edgar Langford Smith followed his optician-employer to

Melbourne in 1892 and by which time three of her daughters also had moved to Victoria) but by 1896 electoral rolls show the parents, with children Henry Herbert and Amy in Christchurch living with daughter Eveleen (Bradbury) in Salisbury Street where Henrietta died in 1898.

By then, Henrietta was involved in the women's movement. A 'Mrs H Smith' was identified in an 1896 photo from a meeting of the National Women's Council and two of her daughters are said (though I doubt this) to have been in another photo. However, Henrietta and her daughter Eveleen (as Langford-Smith) signed the 1892 petition for women's suffrage in Burnham (Cecilia Jury did so, elsewhere); she and both her youngest daughters, Eveleen (Bradbury) and Amy (my grandmother) were enrolled to vote in New Zealand in 1896 when they were living together in Christchurch; and she presented a paper on women's rights by another daughter Henrietta Saunders to the Canterbury Women's Institute in that year.

Grandma Amy was born in 1873, the last of nine children born to Henry and Henrietta Smith in Tasmania and New Zealand. She was with her mother in South Canterbury as a child but little more is known about her life except in the roles of wife and mother, apart from sharing her mother's and older sisters' reported interests in women's suffrage. She did share an interest in spiritualism with sister Elizabeth, and (like others in her family) she also sang in public – perhaps this is how she met Grandpa Bowie.

As the only unmarried child in New Zealand (after Sydney Edgar Langford Smith went to Melbourne in 1892 where three of their married sisters were and Henry Herbert Smith who'd returned from Sydney married in 1896) Amy helped care for Henrietta during her last years. After Henrietta's death, when Henry moved with Eveleen and her husband to Nayland Street and later Alexander Street (Clifton Hill) in Sumner (where Mr Bradbury was briefly Mayor), Amy went to Tasmania with a Colonel F A and Mrs Buckley, reportedly to stay for two years from 1898.

Presumably during those years Amy met Aunt Susan and her now-many Smith, Stanfield, Staples and perhaps Morrisby cousins. She left no indication as to how close she was to any of them (or to anything she'd learned about her family history) but seems to have maintained contacts with Susan. The records she left of her genealogical research (which appear intelligent to me but naïve) suggest she maintained cordial relationships with her younger siblings including Rev Sydney Edgar Langford-Smith who visited often from Sydney.

Incidentally, the migration of the Smiths to Canterbury in 1864 might not have been the first movement of 'our' Smiths across the Tasman. A speculation has the Henry Smith from Van Diemen's Land who visited and bought land in the Okuti Valley near Akaroa (Canterbury) in 1850 (and sold it in 1852) as either Laporte or Henry. More certainly, even if Henry possibly visited Tasmania in 1878 and Henrietta did not visit Melbourne in 1893, four of her nine children ended up Australia; Herbert and Amy both also visited Australian colonies but returned.

Grandpa and Grandma Bowie

Grandma married Grandpa Bowie (whom she'd known before) in 1902, to have four children (Enid, Colin, Edgar, and Neil). I know little more about her. My memories of her are as an old lady who loved her daughters-in-law and was always welcoming to her family, especially with food (an excuse for a grandson to detour to see her on the way back to Heaton Street Intermediate School from woodwork classes which we did at the 'Normal School' in town).

Grandpa Bowie stayed with the meat company (which merged with the New Zealand Refrigerating Company in 1905) until he took early retirement at the age of 52 in 1923, having been repeatedly

passed over for promotion to Company Secretary from Accountant (he was a founding member of the NZ Society of Accountants but had no formal qualifications) and had expressed reservations (which he memorialised) about some business practices of the company at that time.

With all their children still at school or university retiring then was a brave thing to do in the 1920s. However, on his own account, Grandpa had been successful as an investor (probably with security and retirement in mind) – the 1930s depression notwithstanding – and they were able to enjoy a quiet and long retirement in Christchurch in Canon Street, then Harakeke Street and finally (after Grandma broke a hip which slowed her down after around 1952) in a small house in Andover Street.

For the record, Enid graduated MA in 1926 and taught in between an aborted engagement, the death of her first husband, a European trip and her second marriage, after which she lived in China 1936-40 and then in Canada with frequent visits to New Zealand; Colin who started University in 1924 became Christchurch Town Clerk 1961-67; Edgar started University in 1925 to graduate with his law degree in 1928; and Neil started at University in 1930 and became a solicitor in 1934: all ‘achievers’ both academically and in life, with ambitious parents.

Excepting Sunday afternoon visits I have no real memories of Grandpa Bowie. I do recall his giving us haircuts before I started going to hairdressers when aged 10, possibly an expression of frugality. This wasn’t the greatest of bonding experiences because his clippers were blunt. Later, when at College, I sat in on discussions of the share-market and world affairs in which he took a lively and intelligent interest, but I also remember him as somewhat taciturn where Grandma was chatty.

He – ‘Stirling’ to his contemporaries – emerges from letters and memoirs as a gentle and genial man with a dry sense of humour and real affection for Grandma. I suspect though that he had some of the dourness associated with Scots – but many of the Presbyterian virtues too. He was generous towards my parents while Father was ill in the 1940s, something that was not much discussed, with both financial help and looking after their garden.

He hated gardening but he had a vegetable garden, perhaps because of a frugality that had him and Grandma (according to Cousin John Bowie) keeping for later use leftovers from the porridge made in the morning and him doing things around the house that were beyond his limited handyman ability.

Grandpa was also a gifted and passionate musician, who had played his flute for payment in the 1890s and sang for many years in J C Bradshaw’s Christchurch Cathedral choir. He was still performing and singing, and playing golf, into his seventies.

The Caesars

My Caesar great-grandfather Julius was the fourth son and fifth child (of eleven) of C T Caesar and his wife Joanna. After working in the family wine business in Bremen, he moved in 1853 from West Prussia to London where he set up as a forwarding agent, initially in partnership with Emil Von Lengerke. After naturalising, because he was ‘desirous of being enabled’ to hold property and (in the words of his father-in-law to be) ‘about to be married to an English lady’, he married into the Fry family with its northern and eastern English connections in 1858, thus becoming a brother-in-law to Emil who however died in 1863.

Following their marriage, my Caesar great-grandparents Julius and Henrietta settled in the new London suburb of Forest Hill (Surrey) from which I imagine he commuted on weekdays to J Caesar & Co in 'the City' (mainly at 17 Gracechurch Street, a merchant with business at least in India and North America). By 1871 they were living at nearby and fashionable Champion Hill (Dulwich) where they lived for more than thirty years until after Julius' retirement in 1895 after which he and Henrietta lived in considerable style from about 1899 in Tonbridge Wells.

Grandpa Caesar (also Julius) was the third son and child of eight children (two of whom did not survive beyond infancy) born to Julius and Henrietta in 1863. His birth certificate gives him as 'Julius Henry' but he has always been known as 'Julius Adolph Alfred', though in 1902 he was affecting an 'e' at the end of his second name!

After leaving Dulwich College in 1881 (where he had been in the upper 5th form and 1st XV and a champion hurdler) and probably after several years in his father's firm, Grandpa Caesar spent two years according to Uncle Theo in Hamburg in the 'hq of the family wine firm' (probably C A Caesar & Sohn), then two in Bordeaux and time in the United States learning about the export-import business, possibly travelling more widely in the Americas (I have come across the record of a Julius Caesar arriving in New Orleans from Havana in April 1888 though he may not have been our Julius).

In 1888, Grandpa Julius took a 21-year lease on a Small Grazing Run of 3358 acres at Parehaka near Kanakanaia (15 km out of Te Karaka) in New Zealand though he didn't leave Britain for Gisborne until 1889, as a first-class passenger from London on the RMS *Kaikoura* which arrived in Wellington in November 1889. (Incidentally, he was not the first Julius Caesar to come to New Zealand - which distinction may belong to a Surrey cricketer who toured Australia and New Zealand with an All-England eleven in 1863/4).

It isn't known why our Julius chose Gisborne. No connections there are known but Mother talked of her father as the 'black sheep of the family' so perhaps he had got into trouble in New York or perhaps (like his grandfather Clemens, though they never met) it was simply that he didn't take to trade and had enjoyed his time out at *Rothenhof*. Perhaps taking up virgin land near Gisborne was seen as an opportunity to emulate the adventures of von Lengerke great uncles, Georg who died in Colombia and Ferdinand in California.

After some sort of 'cadetship' according to Uncle Theo, perhaps under a manager or on a nearby run, Julius was clearing bush on his own sheep run which he named *Kaitangata* (the word translates as 'cannibalism' but is probably taken from the name of the local stream). By 1891 (according to the first of several thousand references to him in the *Poverty Bay Herald*) he was advertising from the best hotel in Gisborne for workers to clear the bush on what appears to have become a successful sheep station.

By early 1896 Julius was also leasing land at Ormond (near Gisborne) where, five years later he had 200 acres of freehold and 160 of leasehold (reduced to 172 and 139 by 1909 when the land was put onto Torrens titles) in his flood-prone *Riverside* at Ormond (near Gisborne), which became a successful dairy farm which (from the numbers given in the annual sheep returns in the *Appendices to the Journals of the House of Representatives, AJHR*) stocked some sheep also, perhaps for stud or for slaughter.

In 1898 Julius married a widow, Rose McGrath née Heeney, also in her thirties. She was Irish, likely born in County Derry near its border with County Antrim about 1863 (records differ), one of around ten siblings – three sisters, including Mrs Carroll and Mrs Hamlin, and six brothers – who were assisted migrants to New Zealand at different times. She appears to have sailed to

Hawkes Bay in either 1879 via Plymouth (which corresponds with the year in a Notice of Intention to Marry), or 1883 (which corresponds with a date in her death registration in which case she'd sailed from London with a younger and possibly an older brother.

Rose had married Owen McGrath in 1884. He was working at the new (1889) Taruheru freezing works, Gisborne, at the time of his accidental death in 1890. They had one child, a daughter, Catherine ('Kay'), born in 1885. Later electoral records and a directory in 1896 have Rose as a housekeeper near the Taruheru freezing works but the 1898 notice of intention to marry had her at Ormond.

Fairly promptly after her second marriage Rose produced to Julius a son (my Uncle Theo), and four years later a daughter (Auntie Pat, later Freeth). (So far, speculations about the possibility of their having half-siblings, arising from references to the name 'Caesar' or 'Hiha' in Gisborne Māori Land Court records, remain purely speculations).

By the turn of the century Julius seems to have been a man of some substance and, during a brief period of rural prosperity in New Zealand, was sufficiently comfortable to be able to take his family (including Kay as 'maid') on a seven-month trip to visit family in England and Germany, in 1904. Shipping intelligence suggests that he travelled fairly-widely in New Zealand also, sometimes with family members, and as far as Sydney on the *Manapouri* (in the company of a Mr Grey) in 1895 and Fiji in 1902 (with Rose).

In his 24 years in Gisborne Julius became a pillar of Poverty Bay society, a Justice of the Peace, elected to various Road Boards and on the Licensing Committee for the District of Waiapu (nominated by the Licensed Victuallers' Association!), apparently owning the Ormond butchery from 1903, heavily involved in the Farmers' Union, serving five terms as chairman of the newly formed (Kia Ora) cooperative dairy factory at Makaraka from 1904/5 and involved with many sporting bodies. Philip Caesar has reported that Julius was asked in 1913 about taking over the run-down *Rothenhof*, but that Julius would do so only if he was paid £5000 as well. It is unlikely that the idea appealed to Julius.

By 1908 according to the sheep returns *Kaitangata* carried around 5000 sheep, and when Julius put *Riverside* on the market in 1913 it was advertised as having a 14-room house on it. However, in 1906 *Riverside* had been affected by a major flood and in 1908 the Crown notified Julius that the run was about to be subdivided for closer settlement. Then also in 1908 Rose, who had been in a motor accident in 1904, died with chronic nephritis (she is buried below a grand monument in the Ormond cemetery).

In the event he was able to renew the lease of his run which he then sold in 1910. He appears to have put the Ormond farm onto the market in 1910 and to have considered moving to Queensland (he did travel to Sydney with Kay in 1910). However, during 1908, Rose had been nursed through the last stages of her illness by nurse Violet Gardner. A little over four years later, in 1913, married Violet and took her to Europe for an eight-month honeymoon during which the newly-weds visited his relatives in England and Germany, after which he put *Riverside* onto the market again.

The Gardners

The 1866 newspaper marriage notice of their marriage stated that Alicia was the 'youngest daughter of the late Thomas King Esq of Rockcorry, Monaghan, Ireland'. Alicia's death certificate reiterates that she was born in County Monaghan but her obituary has her born in County Antrim.

No parish record of her baptism been found north or south of what is now the Republican Irish border.

According to autobiographical hints in a gospel tablet, *The Message of Life*, Alicia left Ireland after the death of her mother ‘when I was 19 years of age’, leaving at least two older sisters there, one married and then living in Newry. No record of her arrival in New Zealand has been found and I had wondered about her travelling as a maid on an immigrant ship from Glasgow or Liverpool, such as the *Paria* which had arrived in Port Chalmers shortly before her marriage.

However, Alicia’s death certificate indicates that she arrived in New Zealand about 1865 – in the middle of a gold rush – and it now seems more likely that she had gone to Naseby (Otago) where another sister Kate (Donnelly) had arrived about 1864, with her miner husband whom she had married in Ballarat in 1859. As George was reported to have been in Naseby it seems likely that she met George Gardner there.

George’s origins are uncertain as he was not recorded as living with his parents in the English 1851 census though there was a George W Gardner in Kent with different parents. Perhaps he was being schooled in France? George claimed in 1876, writing in *The Message of Life*, to have run away to sea and then to have led a wild life as a sailor and on Australian goldfields before arriving in Otago (about 1864 according to his death certificate).

George is said to have been the postmaster, and was an anti-Chinese activist, in Hogburn Mount Ida (now Naseby) in 1865, but it seems that he may have found religion there as well as Alicia. Their marriage intention notice shows George to have been at his (their?) Dunedin address – possibly William Edmondson’s Crown Hotel - when they married in 1866, which makes unlikely to be relevant a story about a George Gardner, a seaman on the *Himalaya* from London, going on shore with a boatload of passengers’ luggage and deserting in Lyttelton on 6 February 1866.

After their marriage, George went to Timaru in May 1866, to be followed by Alicia. George, who is said on his marriage certificate to have been a storeman, joined the *Timaru Herald* as its business manager, later to become its Manager and Publisher. In Timaru, George and Alicia, were actively involved in the Wesleyan congregation (and possibly the Presbyterian congregation later), as well as in the broader community. An 1868 newspaper report suggests that George was involved with the temperance movement – which may explain why we knew nothing till recently of his Donnelly brother-in-law, a publican in Kyeburn (near Naseby) at that time.

By the mid-1870s, George and Alicia had taken over publishing the periodical *The Message of Life* and may have still been publishing this into the mid-1890s when George was still preaching the gospel around the South Island. However, in 1886 George had retired in ill health (after helping to rescue the *Herald* from bankruptcy in 1882) and took a six-month trip to Britain and Ireland ‘for the benefit of his health’, with Alicia (and youngest son Fred).

The Gardners returned, to live in Timaru till 1893 then in several houses named *Te Maru* in St Albans (Christchurch), Wellington (in 1899, reportedly till 1903) and again in Christchurch where Alicia died in Riccarton. George died later, at *Te Maru* in Sumner. Curiously, I’ve not found George in any electoral roll after 1880 which leads me to wonder as to whether he was incompetent or (as he did own property before universal suffrage (1893)) objected to being on the roll.

Violet Gardner was the fifth daughter and child (of nine) of George and Alicia Gardner. She may have been a milliner in Wellington, but she trained as a nurse at Nelson Hospital from 1903 and became a registered nurse in 1906. The *NZ Gazette* reports her as being in ‘private nursing’

1906-8 and in 'private hospital and private nursing' 1909 'to date' (1917). By 1908, Violet was in Ormond (near Gisborne) where she nursed Rose Caesar (1868-1908) through the last stages of her chronic nephritis.

It is not clear when Violet returned to Christchurch. Her 1909 address suggests that she may then have still been in Gisborne, nursing in a private hospital, and she may have been the 'Nurse Gardner' who sailed from Gisborne to Auckland in 1909. However, she was given a Christchurch address in the 1911 electoral roll. She married Julius in Christchurch in 1913, to become one of my grandmothers.

It is speculated that Violet may have come to be in Ormond through some connection between the Gardner and Caesar families. The Caesar's wedding reception was held at the home of Violet's sister Sis (Cox) and later another sister Lil (Stark) was to receive the guests at my parents' wedding (1937); also, one of Lil's sons was best man at Theo Caesar's wedding in Buenos Aires (1933). Shipping records suggest a possibility that Caesars and Gardners had travelled together or that there was a mutual connection through the Rev W Gardner who was a Presbyterian minister in Gisborne frequently mentioned in shipping lists.

Grandpa and Grandma Caesar

Grandma Caesar was nearly eleven years younger than Julius but her grandchildren never knew her because she died of breast cancer only a year after Mother and Father became formally engaged and my mother seldom spoke of her.

On their return from Europe at the end of 1913, 'our' Caesars appear to have returned to Gisborne where *Riverside* still had not yet sold and their house had been damaged in a fire (with many family possessions said to have been lost) but shortly to have moved to a Sumner address while a small manor-style house was built in 1914 on 158 hectares of Bailey's farm at Templeton near Christchurch, which Grandpa was to run as a mixed crop-and-livestock farm successfully from newspaper reports. Their house also was named *Te Maru*.

Then Violet's stepchildren Theo and Pat (Henrietta Patricia Mary, known as Trixie) and Kay were brought from the north in 1914, Theo to start at Christ's College and Pat at Craighead School (Timaru).

My mother was born in Christchurch in 1914, as their only child together, something of a surprise perhaps for Violet at 39 (and Grandpa at 50) and not welcomed by her eleven-year-old half-sister Pat, for whom Grandma Caesar must have been seen as something of a usurper. Mother was more welcomed by her fifteen-year-old half-brother Theo, who possibly saw more of her (though he boarded at Christ's College until 1916) and probably regarded her as a curiosity. They remained in closer contact all his life (I recall 4-gallon tins of honey he sent each year from Te Kuiti into the 1950s).

The Caesar family remained at this *Te Maru* until it was sold in 1926, during which time Grandpa was a gentleman farmer, becoming among other things a visiting Justice at Papanui prison and apparently visiting Sydney in 1922 (perhaps to meet a 'J T Caesar' who had sailed from London to Brisbane) and again in 1938. He also gave land for a Roman Catholic church in Templeton in 1921 (he had grown up a protestant and had married Violet in an Anglican church; however, his first wife Rose McGrath had been married by and was buried by a Roman Catholic minister) and travelled to Sydney in 1922.

However, Julius got into what Uncle Theo described as 'financial difficulties' around 1923 (Father described Grandpa's situation to me as 'bankruptcy' but NZ Archives has no evidence of that). Philip Caesar thought this was related to the default on a loan Julius had made to a farmer seeking to corner the NI cattle market. From what I have read I wonder whether Julius might have lost money in the 1923 (and later) rationalisation of freezing works in Gisborne by which time any funds that Julius had been receiving from overseas would have dried up.

Julius's situation would not have been helped by his buying a Crown lease at Urutawa East crown near Motu in the Bay of Plenty from a Catherine McGrath (was this Kay?) in 1921 for Theo to run after studying at Lincoln College. Sheep returns in the *AJHR* suggest that this farm which was on largely uncleared and difficult country was abandoned after 1924 when Theo had a motor accident (he'd had a gun accident also, in 1922). The lease was forfeited in 1934 for non-payment of rent.

(After time in Templeton and Wellington, Theo went to Argentina as a stock buyer in 1931. After his marriage to Nell Ormond and their return to New Zealand at the end of 1934 he worked as a stock agent in Gisborne and in 1941 in Te Kuiti. Auntie Pat (Freeth) lived in Sydney from 1934, retiring in 1955 to *Faraway*, a grazing property west of Hastings in Hawkes Bay).

In 1926, with Julius in his 60s, he and Violet retired to 125 Nayland Street Sumner for 'health reasons' until Violet's 1935 death only a year after Mother and Father became formally engaged. After my parents' marriage Julius seems to have spent six months in Sydney (near Auntie Pat) in 1938 and then to have lived in hotels in Tauranga (Spring and Wharf Streets) during the 1940s, nearer to Uncle Theo (in Eastland and later Te Kuiti), possibly with financial support from his youngest brother William in England (Mother described Julius as a 'remittance-man').

However, he returned to Sumner in 1947 (to board with a Mrs Murdoch after a brief stay with us at Somme Street), to die in Christchurch Public Hospital in 1950.

I know nothing of Grandma Caesar as a person. For whatever reasons Mother clearly adored her 'Daddy' but had little to say about her mother who, I suspect, was subordinate to Grandpa. We siblings knew Grandpa only when he stayed with us and lived subsequently in Sumner, a very old man with cataracts and tinnitus, seemingly not interested in interacting with us. He appears to have been a cultivated man, well-educated who sang challenging music and spoke several languages from his younger days spent in France and Germany.

A story has been told of his identifying a possible German spy before World War I after hearing the man speak German. That's of interest because, although Julius kept in touch with his English family, he seems to have lost contact with his German one after the death of his aunt Sophie (Henschel) in 1915 – although there was some kind of interaction later with a second cousin of my mother, Oscar Robert Henschel (whom my father described, likely correctly, as a 'Nazi'), perhaps around 1936 when Oscar married Irene von Siemens.

Newspaper accounts suggest that Grandpa Caesar was well-regarded by his peers in and around Gisborne as well as being well respected by the East Coast Māori who called him 'Pukunui Hiha', *pukunui* being an affectionate term for a big tummy. Several versions exist of a story which has Grandpa as being introduced as 'Julius Caesar' to a blanket-robed Māori (who happened to have been schooled in Auckland) who responded 'Ah, how do you do, Mr Caesar! And how is our dear friend Brutus?'

He certainly was active socially while living at Ormond, including in sports such as cricket and horse racing for which he served on committees, later in Sumner and Tauranga where he was involved in bowls and won trophies until 1940. He and Violet donated a sundial to Sumner School

in 1927/33 (which now commemorates three generations of their descendants). From his activities around Ormond chronicled extensively in Gisborne's local paper he seems to have been very much the squire locally.

Later, the Dawson grandmother of Dawn Gardner (née McIntosh), in her independent recollections of Templeton, remembered him as 'a bit of a toff', and press reports then suggest that might have been how he wanted to be known.

Cousin Philip Caesar understood from his father (Theo) that Grandpa Caesar was something of a martinet, but there is evidence (such as in his buying land for Kay (presumably) and for Theo that he took his familial obligations seriously.

4 MY PARENTS

In talking of my 'origins' I was concerned mainly with what might be described as 'lineage', or ancestry. Lineage is different to family trees which trace descendants from common ancestors or roots. Lineage is a simplification which looks backwards, tending to ignore siblings while family trees often ignore the fact that twigs are descended via multiple branches from myriad stems. So, in saying something here about my parents I will add a little about my siblings also who, after all, share my common ancestry.

Few of us really get to know our parents as adults and what we know of our siblings is often similarly incomplete, often seen through the distorted prisms of our childhoods and the dotages of our parents. Fortunately, my parents left annotated photographs and 8mm films, as well as the memoirs of my father and the diaries of my mother, so we have records of their lives if not necessarily much insight into why things happened or how my parents saw these events. So, what follows will be somewhat factual, making few judgments.

Because most of both their lives was lived without the other, I will talk about my father and mother separately, discussing much of their married lives while talking about my father. I think that this can be justified by saying that within their marriage my father dominated, and my mother subordinated because of their relative ages and experience as well as the roles that their society put on husbands and wives in marriage. My mother's flowering as a person didn't really happen until during her long widowhood.

My father (Edgar Stirling Bowie)

I will talk here of my father as 'Father' because that is how I knew him from about the age of twelve, when I decided that 'Daddy' and 'Mummy' were a bit childish. I've observed in recent years that my brother David talks about 'Mum' and 'Dad' which are more friendly, though I wonder whether he (or I) and Father ever felt close enough for Father to be addressed as 'Dad'. In fact, the only family member (or anyone else who was close) I can recall ever addressing Father other than as 'Edgar' or 'Father; was Grandma Bowie who got away with using 'Eddie'.

Father was born in the first decade of the twentieth century. He grew up in a two storied weatherboard house in Canon Street, St Albans, in what seems to have been a happy but not very demonstrative family. Certainly, relationships between him and his siblings were strong enough for Father in later life to have minded his sister Enid's interests in New Zealand after the Fords went to Canada in 1940, helped his older brother Colin to gain his admission to the accountancy profession and to have taken Neil, his youngest sibling, into a law partnership in 1943.

In 1914, Grandpa Bowie enrolled both Father and Uncle Colin into the Christchurch Cathedral Choir, both for a sound musical education and because it got the boys free tuition at Christ's College. Father was in that choir until 1922 when his voice broke and he found the time very 'hard' because of the way that practices and services took precedence over his schooling, little short of sweated labour (not to mention ways in which he was ostracised at school as a 'choir bug').

The regimen of the choir instilled into him both a musical knowledge and a self-discipline that I envy but it did little for Father's spiritual development. During one of the visits to Christchurch by the Rev Sydney Edgar Langford-Smith Father, was designated to say Grace before a family meal and started out 'Our Father which art....'. During the 1930s he was organist at St Luke's church, yet we children rarely knew of him in churches except for 'occasions'.

Father was able to participate in 'College' life more fully in 1923 and 1924. Despite having missed schooling for choir practices, he never had trouble with the schoolwork, though wasn't now considered good enough to be prepared for a university scholarship. So, he took more part in sport (he talked of being bowled 'out' – unconscious - at silly mid-on) and other extra-curricular activities (including in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado* and playing the triangle in the cadet band for which his small size and musical background was judged to have fitted him). He was a house prefect in 1924.

Father, with a 'dim knowledge' (his words) of what it might entail, had decided to become a lawyer and at the end of 1924 became an office boy in a well-esteemed Christchurch law firm. During his three years as a law clerk he 'worked hard... played harder' and completed his Bachelor of Laws degree at Canterbury College, in minimum time notwithstanding that it was done part-time. In his words, his results 'weren't outstanding' but he was fortunate to have 'the sort of brain that sucks up information like a sponge'.

He was a man in a hurry. He took up a qualified law clerk's position with Christchurch's leading barrister (C S Thomas) six months before he completed his degree and he was admitted as a barrister and solicitor in February 1928, less than three weeks after he turned 21. In 1930, after a brief partnership with C S Thomas he set up in practice on his own account in August 1930 at 155 Hereford Street (Christchurch), ten months after the Wall Street crash!

The next six years were difficult financially. Although he paid no board at home, Father had to borrow from his mother to keep afloat. In 1931, his father had to pay for an appendectomy. While working to build up his practice, he started a coaching college for accountancy students for two years, completed a Bachelor of Commerce degree in 1933 (becoming an Associate of the NZ of Accountants and a fellow in 1939) to add a second string to his bow, later teaching law subjects at Christchurch Technical College until the Second World War.

1930-37 were good years in other ways. Father had been active as a student in student law and accounting societies, so it was natural that he should have been involved in both of his professional bodies (he was Canterbury chairman, of the NZ Society of Accountants in 1939 and of the NZ Law Society ten years later). His court work attracted favourable attention in the press (including in *The Truth* which saw him as a man on the make). He became involved with a 'dialectic' club, harriers in winter and surfing in summer.

Father was making every post a winning post. The Dialectic Club developed his skills of argument. Harriers led to his becoming solicitor for the Akaroa and Port Hills Summit Road Trust. Surfing helped him to network more widely. And he became honorary solicitor for the Sumner Lifesaving Club which gave him access to 'the amenities of the clubhouse'. The clubhouse it should be said was just around the corner from where Mary Alicia Caesar, later to become my mother, lived!

In June 1934 Father met Mother who lived in Sumner, at a Rangī Ruru Old Girls' Ball. A month later she took him to a Nurses' Ball on 13 July, shortly after she had begun her three- year nursing course. Two months later they were informally engaged (formally announced in the papers on 22 December 1934). It was a long engagement for they had to wait both for the times to pick up and for Mother to complete her course. She graduated in November 1937 as a RN ('Registered Nurse

– which as a child I thought ‘Royal Nurse’), medal 9024. They married on New Year’s Eve in 1937.

After the election of a Labour government in 1935 business had looked up in New Zealand. Father moved to larger premises at 149 Hereford Street in 1935 and in the 1936/7 financial year netted £500, about \$55,000 in 2023 money. At the end of 1936 he could afford a short trip to Sydney to meet his and Mother’s relations there (on the *Awatea*, and back on the *Maungani*). A year later he and Mother bought a small house in Fendalton (51 Weka Street), furnished it, married, and then honeymooned at Te Mahia in the Marlborough Sounds.

As to why the Sounds was to become one of the great bonds in their marriage, it is worth digressing. Obviously, the place has intrinsic beauty and interest, but I think that for them the magic of the Sounds lay in its associations. Father’s first holiday in the Sounds, at Anakiwa in 1927, appears from photos to have been in a group of around his own age, as do his next three holidays in the Sounds. It is not hard to imagine his sense of being ‘let off the chain’ in the Sounds.

Then, the Sounds became a place of happy memories for both, of their honeymoon and other holidays at Te Mahia, especially in 1944/45 which was their first holiday together after Father’s illness (with me in tow!), and of many later holidays in Kenepuru Sound and Lochmara Bay, when Father was able to relax and be more like the man Mother had married. For Mother, later, the Sounds remained a place of happy memories and of a sort of peace.

As Father’s practice expanded, so did his workload. In 1938 he was appointed Chairman of the North Canterbury No 1 Farm Adjustment Commission, a tribunal set up to review the terms of farm mortgages. By the time the Commission’s work was done, New Zealand was at war and Father was carrying the work of colleagues who had joined up (including three lecture courses at Canterbury University College). He was also a quartermaster sergeant in the Home Guard (asking questions such as ‘where are our guns?’).

This workload – sufficient to keep three typists busy, and he had no law clerk – was to be his undoing. He developed anal pruritis, itself no cause for alarm but he had radiation therapy for this in June 1942. Unfortunately, he got fifteen times the prescribed dose, which led to tissue in his buttocks breaking down to expose nerve ends. By June 1943, though he had been in court early in that month, Father was in such pain that he was unable to work at all. By September, he was on morphine and after a horrid trip to Auckland under wartime conditions for a second medical opinion he had surgery.

He had some six months in hospital, and recuperation at ‘The Limes’ and in Hanmer. In October 1943, he sued the North Canterbury Hospital Board for £7500 plus costs. This was settled for £4750 as to damages (say \$100,000 in 2023 money), plus costs, and early in 1944 Father was able to be weaned off morphine and able to travel with Mother again to Auckland (with visits to Uncle Theo in Te Kuiti, and elsewhere in the North Island). Then it was back to work in June 1944, back in the courts soon after and back at work full-time early in 1945 (Meanwhile, I was hospitalised for 76 days from the end of April 1944 with pink disease).

The settlement enabled lifestyle changes which saw, among other things, in 1945 the arrival of a car (a Chevrolet), a move to a grander house (43 Somme Street) and a start to several years of a professional and social life that included frequent parties, picnics and ‘the trots’. On Mother’s telling, Father was never the same man again, emotionally. In hindsight one wonders just how adequately the settlement compensated for Father’s damage, but he had survived several near-death experiences and was lucky to be alive.

He had the good fortune to have a wife who could nurse him, a brother (Neil) who had gone into partnership with him in March 1943 (after returning from brief army service in a motor cycle unit in Fiji in 1942 during which he was commissioned, and a brief partnership with C S Thomas) and a network of friends (mainly legal so far as I can make out) who were prepared to take on work for Father and generally to help him and Mother. He had also benefited from the war-time advances in skin surgery.

After his illness, Father's private life became more sedentary. The picnics became fewer and, while he flirted briefly with bowls, he found his great release in playing his piano. Having taught himself to play and despite having no lessons except briefly in 1927 he was diligent at his practice while at Weka Street, according to Elva Johnstone from next door. In 1947 and 1948 he took lessons with Ernest Empson and performed at student concerts which he said he found more stressful than performing before a jury.

After the later lessons, it was simply just practice, of a very wide repertoire played more than competently. I wonder about this. If Father was indeed a 'driven' man, then the practice makes sense as a way of filling something of the gap left by his now physical limitations. Mother did talk of Father as being 'terminally bored' and while this could have implied something of a depressed personality, it does suggest to me that Father had few other satisfying outlets outside except reading beside the radio in evenings. Not the best role model to follow, perhaps!

As to the repertoire and his competence: Mother was wont often to observe that we were hearing 'Father's latest recording' when listening to the radio and, while I imagine the joke got stale for him, it was an apt comment. Strangely, his 78-rpm record collection (which he rarely played) contained no keyboard or choral works; it was almost entirely of orchestral and chamber music, though it did become somewhat more adventurous after he bought a LP gramophone.

Picnic drives did continue into the countryside of Canterbury while we children were at school, but they were curtailed after 1955 when Father snapped an Achilles tendon while running into Akaroa Harbour for a swim at Wainui (requiring my friend Paul Straubel to drive us home, as I could not, and Mother did not have a driver's licence then). Coincidentally while Father's foot was in a series of plasters (which were a subject of interest during his various court appearances), Mother broke her ankle!

Father served on the council of the Canterbury District Law Society between 1936 and 1950 (President in 1949) but after time on the council of the NZ Law Society (1948-50), Father's social life seems to have fallen off. It is curious that, although Father knew many people in Christchurch and talked of his 'friends', his children rarely met these friends. In fact, it came as a surprise to me when I worked briefly in his office about 1955 to meet the group of businessmen that he lunched regularly with in the Farmers' Cashel Street dining room.

We knew that he drank. Every Friday night he was at the Canterbury Club and that was our fish-and-chips night. We often saw him come home the worse for wear. It was the same for parties and wedding receptions (indeed, on one occasion I had to put him to bed in a paralytic state – something no son should have to do, though he returned the favour some years later!). Certainly, he was never comfortable in crowds because of his burnt buttocks and having to carry a cushion everywhere, but I think he was withdrawing.

One reason for this could have been that his practice was changing. He had never done much conveyancing including of his own homes (he considered that the lawyer who acted for himself had a fool for a client) and now his court work was mainly in the Supreme Court (as befitted a senior counsel) but he seems to have become less combative, settling 'seven or eight' cases for

every one that went to court and writing opinions rather than contesting them in the Courts. He also lectured in Torts for four years at Canterbury University College, 1951-4 (and wrote scripts for his lectures).

Although Father maintained his registration as an accountant and managed the partnership's accounts, his interest in litigation led to friction within the partnership of Bowie & Bowie. Not only did conveyancing and equity work provide the bread and butter of the practice; they also generated a more constant workload than litigation. However, after the partnership was expanded to take in their 10-year law clerk John Stringer in 1959, it moved from the cramped premises at 152 Hereford Street to which it had moved in 1954 to better premises at 161 Hereford Street and took on a full-time accountant, freeing up Father to handle more litigation.

Father's more 'intellectual' kind of legal work (that of a barrister rather than a solicitor) probably didn't make him the money he needed to stay in Christchurch's social set. A few years later, in 1962 when Harold Smith (then my boss and Deputy Mayor of Christchurch) was said to have made four times this amount from his practice, Father's personal accounts show him as netting £3000, about \$150,000 in 2023 money, not a lot for a doyen of the Christchurch legal fraternity and not a lot for a man who had been paying three lots of private school fees a little earlier.

The Sounds did not help my parents' social life. After three Christmas holidays in Peranos' bach in Lochmara Bay in 1950, 1951 and 1952, Father bought a house in that bay (in his sole ownership, though some money may have come from his father-in-law's estate). *Lochmara* became for him a place to which he retreated ever more frequently – mostly with Mother and us children for whom the Sounds became a home away from home – but very seldom with any of his Christchurch friends (the main exception being when some came to help with construction works).

In 1954, Father was invited to consider a magistracy but turned the invitation down for reasons that included his hopes of being invited to join the judiciary. He was asked about the same time to consider the (part-time) Deanship of Law at the University and rejected this idea for the same reason (a foundation full-time Professor was appointed in 1957). The call to the judiciary never came and it is understood that he may have contemplated the possibility of entering politics later, in 1957.

Reflecting on Father in the 1950s, I cannot help but remark that he always seemed passive as a father. He attended our important events – such as prize-givings, naval parades and interschool sports carnivals – but showed little interest in our school activities or our daily lives. Certainly, he was an advocate for us when necessary, but he gave little other help when we sought it (such as with Latin) and I wonder whether it was for fear of being shown up. The one real concession to us that I recall is a reduction in his piano practice to enable us to do our 'prep'.

Indeed, considering that I had decided in 1952 to become a lawyer, it is remarkable that Father shared little of even his work with me. He seldom brought work home, rarely talked about it and never took us to the courts. Only incidentally did we hear about his involvement in the Ballantyne Fire Inquiry (1949), or the Omihi Lime (1954) and Pyramid Mower (1955/6) cases both of which set records for length. The latter ran off and on over nearly six months and the Judge noted that Father had his foot encased in different plasters as the trial progressed.

Similarly, given Father's commitment to making music it is remarkable that he did little to encourage his children in any musical learning. Not only had he been a chorister in Christ Church Cathedral, but he'd also later been organist at St Luke's church in the 1930s, yet he did not seem interested in sacred music. This may have reflected a lack of religious belief in the years we knew

him, for I have no recollection of him attending any church except for what might be termed 'events'.

Of course, overly assertive people may be as unsatisfactory as role models as hands-off ones. Mother was very aware that Father had a command of language that meant that she could never 'win an argument' with him and it may well be that we children were being spared from discussions in which we had little real say. However, albeit that I may well have followed in his path, I believe that parents should not be passive and that they should be active in both leading their children to conclusions and behaviour they have internalised.

In 1958, things started going downhill. Father was hospitalised for a fortnight with what was thought initially to be a gall bladder problem but turned out to be the first of what was to be a lifelong series of attacks of diverticulitis. Then in 1961 he stopped keeping a scrapbook record of his reported cases 'perhaps because I was feeling unwell; perhaps it was because I was losing interest because I would not be passing on my practice to my elder son'. My decision to pursue Geography rather than the Law was a deep disappointment to him, though he took pride in my budding academic career (and was also very relieved later when I was able to repay a student bond which he had guaranteed!).

At the end of 1962 Father was hospitalised for three weeks with dangerously high blood pressure. Eighteen months later, the death of a doctor-client gave pause to Father to think about his health. This led to his deciding to 'take silk' and on 8 March 1965 he was appointed Queen's Counsel, the only one in the South Island at that time and first there for fifteen years, thus ending the partnership of Bowie Bowie & Stringer. This was a gamble, for it was by no means certain that there would be enough work in Christchurch to support a QC at that time.

Thus, it proved. Despite his membership of the Law Revision Committee from 1963 (and Law Revision Commission from 1965, including as chair of its Contracts and Commercial Law Committee, 1966-8), there wasn't enough legal work to keep him happy or to justify his keeping chambers, though he did hold two alternate directorships and was chairman of the Rangitikei School Board of Governors. So, in 1967, after their trip to Australia for our wedding, he and Mother leased their new (1964) home at 21 Hamilton Avenue and left for the Sounds.

Retirement to the Sounds had always been a dream for him but it turned out to be a nightmare. Some while after he and Mother came to Wellington to farewell us to Britain on 29 August 1967, Father had a heart attack at *Lochmara* and had to be evacuated by launch to Wairau Hospital. His final two years saw further spells in Christchurch hospitals and electro-convulsive and other treatments for chronic depression as his health failed.

His end was mercifully quick. Almost exactly two years after we had said 'goodbye' in Wellington Father wrote to tell us that he'd been diagnosed with cancer of the oesophagus with secondaries in his liver three months earlier and given six months to live. Three weeks after his letter he was dead, with work appointments still in his diary and having only just resigned from the University of Canterbury as (part-time) lecturer in professional ethics and administration. Father had died, as he had lived, as much for the Law as for anything else.

In retrospect he was fortunate that his death was so quick, given that both his drinking and his smoking had made him a prime candidate for a drawn-out end. It was said that while he was in hospital in the 1940s, he smoked up to eighty cigarettes a day, and he remained a heavy smoker until shortly before his death, leaving a legacy of tobacco-stained walls and wallpapers especially at home. When he stopped, he went cold turkey leaving Mother to become a closet smoker.

This is not the place to eulogise Father. Undoubtedly, he was respected as a lawyer, as indicated by comments made at his very well attended professional farewell – such as that ‘when Edgar Bowie called you his learned friend this was no empty platitude’ and about his ‘kindness to and helpfulness towards younger members of the profession’. But he seldom gave papers at Law conferences (which he enjoyed attending), published little of what he wrote about ‘the Law’ and, so far as I am aware, talked even less about it.

For all that he had enjoyed the earlier jousting in court, Father was not very self-confident. He learned his briefs quickly but, nevertheless, over-prepared for court cases. He similarly got bogged down when writing for publication. His long chapter in the centenary history of the NZ Law Society (*Portrait of a Profession*, published six months before his death) reflects this, and it was not well reviewed by the critics (which hurt).

By comparison, his 1967 report with C I Patterson on *Misrepresentation and Breach of Contract* for the Contracts and Commercial Law Reform Committee seems to have been significant, while his largely legal Memoir written about 1965 (now held by the Canterbury Museum) is erudite, interesting, entertaining – and unpublished.

It is sad that one who so lived for ‘the Law’ will not be much remembered by his profession because he held to some valuable precepts about the Law – that he was an *officer of the court* whose first duty was to Justice rather than even to his clients; that taking matters to the courts in civil law (in which he specialised) should be a matter of last rather than first resort; and that advocacy in the courts was something that called for argument rather than bombast. The last word in his largely legal memoir was something he valued, and had, ‘integrity’.

For us in his immediate family, who ‘have never worn our hearts on our sleeves’ as he wrote in a farewell letter to me, it is with respect rather than fondness that we remember him. Mother certainly knew and loved the ‘cocky young man’ in the courts who ran with ‘the devil’s own’ at Te Mahia (in photos mostly with a cigarette and beer in hand). His children better knew the rather remote man, socially awkward and self-conscious, especially about his height which led to him using ‘lifts’ in his shoes and which may help explain why there were so few full-length photographs of him.

My mother (Mary Alicia Caesar)

Mother was a sickly child, allergic to cow’s milk amongst other things and maybe for this reason shared a bedroom with her mother for much of her early years at Templeton. She seems to have been close to her younger Gardner cousins, one of whom she remained in contact with until her death, but most of her early photos show her on her own. Growing up on a mixed farm left her with many happy memories of her childhood. A more awkward memory was of having to convince her peers and adults that her father really was Julius Caesar!

Mother started at a local school, then boarded at St Margaret’s College in Christchurch for three years. After her father got into ‘financial difficulties’ she finished her standards and was in forms 1 to 4 between 1926 and 1930 at what was then a district high school at Sumner (where she remembered watching the flagpole ‘waving’ during the 1929 Buller earthquake). For her final year at school an aunt (possibly her godmother, ‘Millie’ Bluett in England, with whom she corresponded until Mrs Bluett’s death, thereafter with cousin-Henrietta Caesar) paid for her to go to Rangi Ruru School also in Christchurch in 1931.

Mother may not have excelled at school, but she won prizes for English language and literature which she loved, won her lifesaving medal by swimming a mile offshore at Sumner and sang some of the great choral repertoire in the Holy Trinity church choir there. It's not clear what Mother did after leaving school because she had to wait until March 1934 before she was enrolled into the three-year nursing course at Christchurch Public Hospital (even then she should have been 21).

Mother enjoyed her nursing days apart from the sadness of losing her mother early during her training. The tight curfews imposed by the Nurses' Home (nurses 'lived in' then) didn't worry her overly, perhaps because she was given considerable freedom when on night passes and holidays (photos show her and Father often on picnics and occasionally travelling further, to the West Coast and possibly to Te Mahia). Her final marks were undistinguished, and she may not have learned as much about medicine as Father who coached her for the exams, but no doubt she was distracted by preparing for her wedding.

Because married women in those days could not work in hospitals, she resigned a month before her wedding (to do only some locum nursing during the early years of World War II and teaching first aid at Selwyn House School much later). So, after the honeymoon at Te Mahia, my parents returned to the small house they had bought at 51 Weka Street and while I know little about the first few years of their marriage Mother would have been busy furnishing and decorating the house and becoming a home-maker.

I know little about the first few years of her marriage. It cannot always have been easy for a young woman who had been raised in the traditions but without the trappings of gentility, marrying these with the more frugal practices of her husband's family. Mother talked of one occasion early on when she had prepared for Father's lunch a rather exotic salad, complete with nuts and garnishes. His reaction was a somewhat bemused 'what's this?' The salads that we remember were much simpler affairs, though always carefully arranged!

I was born at the beginning of 1940 (possibly been conceived at Te Mahia during the Easter legal break of 1939, or a little earlier on All Fools' Day!) and Mother told of listening to the declaration of war four months earlier and wondering what sort of world she was bringing her first child in to (as perhaps her parents had wondered when they were expecting her).

But, as David had followed me in January 1942 and Ann barely thirteen months later in March 1943, it wasn't just the world and us that she had to worry about when Father's x-ray burn began breaking down in 1943.

The year from June 1943 must have felt like a descent into hell for this young woman. Not only had she to cope with sick babies – with help, it is true – but also she had to care for a husband who was in extreme pain (my earliest memory of Father is of him in a dressing gown at home and crying for his next shot of morphine), including during an awful trip to Wellington to see a legal colleague and a later prolonged trip to Auckland for Father's surgery and skin grafts in 1943/4.

An indication of how hard this all must have been is in the comment by Uncle Theo (with whom my parents had stayed in Te Kuiti during the second Auckland trip) to Beetle and me (when we visited on our honeymoon in 1967) to the effect that he could not imagine how Mother had been able to stick with Father. And then, as Father recovered, I was hospitalised for twelve weeks. Mother was fortunate to have had a supportive family and loyal friends such as Elva Johnstone, Nance Norrie, Billie Martin and Aileen McColl (née Smith) and a mother-in-law who made no secret of her love for Mother.

Once Father was back at work, Mother was able to settle into a more conventional role of wife and mother and she seemed happy in this role. For as long as their social round continued, she was often in public at Father's side, as a vivacious young woman apparently unscarred by the events of the previous decade (even by allegations made to her at 'the trots' on one occasion that Father was having a fling, which she rejected).

Still, the stress of these events may have played a part in gynaecological problems that had her in hospital in 1949 (which I mention mainly because I only learned about these when it was announced at a school assembly that an operation had gone well). Mother seemed comfortable with Father's retreat from social prominence and, especially, with the purchase at *Lochmara* to which she went during most legal and school holidays, with Father and/or us.

Through our school years, Mother was always 'there' for us, walking us to school early on, riding her bike later to watch us play sports, attending the minor events in our lives and being someone to talk with. She sometimes had friends for lunch and often had afternoon naps. In evenings she'd play patience, cribbage or canasta and listen to music with Father. During the 1950s she played canasta at Nance Norrie's (being brought home by Jock, with whom she sometimes talked, at length, in his car – was it more than this?). On Sundays, there was church (she was briefly president of the Mother's Union at St Mary Merivale).

At home, Mother's life was one of cleaning, shopping, cooking and preserving fruit and vegetables from a vegetable garden that was large with many fruit trees, even after the garden was halved to make way for a cricket pitch (Somme Street had a large house and a section area of 63 perches) – all of which I took for granted as a 'woman's role'. I can remember only one shouting row with Father (there was little point, for Father would always win arguments with her) and I cannot recall her ever lifting her voice, or a hand, in anger against us children.

As things started to go downhill for Father, life became more difficult for Mother, who went less frequently to the Sounds with Father and stayed in Christchurch during holidays such as when David was involved with swimming championships. But, so far as I can gather from Ann and David, although life at home did become more difficult after I left home (1964), it wasn't until Father's last two years that things became awful for Mother.

After Father's heart attack at *Lochmara* in 1967, Mother had to learn to drive (she'd chickened out years earlier when trying a three-point turn on Cashmere Hill). She had to learn how to handle money beyond the limited housekeeping that Father had allowed her previously. At the Sounds, she had to learn how to handle the boats and manage the place as well as to deal with the crises associated with having an ill husband with her there, mostly on their own.

Father's death was a release for Mother. I think she had been satisfied with her life as wife-and-mother but 1969 marked the true beginning of her own life. Early in her widowhood she was tempted by offers of marriage, but the thought of losing her rights to *Lochmara* (under the terms of Father's will) was enough to put away these temptations. She was fortunate to have had Ann around to support her then and over the next 38 years.

After selling Hamilton Avenue, Mother moved to what we'd now describe as a town house in Aikmans Road, where she lived until June 2002. That house has happy memories for her children, their spouses and her grandchildren for it was there that she held court, had them to stay, listened to them and counselled them, all of us, sleeping in what must have been discomfort on a banana lounge in her living room when we stayed. Her first Honda Civic and then another, 'Honey', became her means of escape (and her driving became legendary to all of us).

Initially, Mother lived comfortably enough. But it was as well for Father that he didn't have to live into the 1970s for he had been a passive investor, buying shares as he was 'told' by his sharebroker and putting a lot of faith in fixed-interest mortgages to clients of what had become Bowie Stringer and Macbeth as a source of retirement income. Unfortunately, after the 1973 and 1979 oil price shocks, inflation rose to surpass interest rates, mortgagees defaulted, and Mother found herself very short of spending power.

By 1979, Mother had been looking after *Lochmara* for ten years on her own, spending a lot of time there and having all of her children and their spouses and her grandchildren to stay from time to time. However, the costs of maintaining and staying at *Lochmara* were putting Mother under great strain and she was finding it increasingly hard to cope with things when they went wrong there, often in tandem: power and phone and water, not to mention engines and boats and domestic appliances, coupled with uncertainties about launch services.

By then, Mother had raised the possibility of *Lochmara* being sold by Father's estate, in which it had been left for us children. However even together we couldn't afford to buy the property, and neither could we or the estate carry the costs of subdivision. By Mother's Day in May 1979, Mother had had enough, *Lochmara* was put onto a real property market that was collapsing and sold in 1980 for \$36,000 (perhaps \$125,000 in 2023 money) much less than if it had been sold earlier (and a fraction of more than a million that the property as it could fetch today).

It was a horrible time for Mother. She dreaded going back to a cold winter in Christchurch and a struggle to make her life useful and meaningful in Christchurch, and the sale of *Lochmara* caused awkwardness with all of us children. Then, in May 1980, she crashed her new Honda Civic and ruptured her spleen in a road accident. Not for the last time in her life, Mother was lucky to survive, but survive she did, and well.

Although she was starting to feel her age, the next twenty years were amongst the happiest in her life. She was able to spend real time with Ann's children. She was able to go to talks, concerts and the like. Once she got back into a car, she took meals on wheels to her 'oldies' (many of them younger than her) and became a hospital visitor. She went to Hanmer often and, by saving cleverly, she was able to fly and bus around New Zealand and even to travel overseas.

Mother gave up smoking about this time and it says much about her that she did so. Beetle and I had started to express concerns about staying with her because of her smoking and, initially, she would smoke outside when we stayed. But then she stopped, in the interests of her own and her grandchildren's health. Cleverly, she used the saving for trips as an incentive. But there was never any question that she would give up her well-remembered whiskies.

Many of Mother's overseas trips were to Australia, to see her grandchildren there but also to get to know better both places (Melbourne, Canberra and Sydney) and people (Beetle's family and the Langford-Smiths) whom she had met when she and Father had travelled for our wedding in 1967 (when Father had been too unwell for her to take these things in), and later when she first came to Bathurst to help around the time of Susan's birth in 1972.

Later, she travelled to Brisbane, and in 1994 we took her to stay with Theo and Margaret Freeth in Gundaroo, where she spent hours chatting with them (and laying to rest decades of adverse family myths about Theo and Margie). She also went to Rarotonga, on her own in 1987 (when she spent a pleasant enough time in the hospital with tachycardia) and with Lorna Williams and Ann respectively on later trips. She went to Norfolk Island with Ann. She joined us in a trip to Lord Howe Island in 1996.

However, much as she loved flying and the attention she got on board (including the whiskies), not to mention being wheeled and forklifted on and off, the flying was getting hard for her. At the end of 2000, Mother made her last independent flight, to Australia for Fiona's wedding. Three years later she came again, for Susan's wedding, but this time she had to travel all the way with Ann and to Sydney airport with me. It was the last time she was well enough to fly; she could not get to Bridget's (her youngest grandchild's) wedding in 2006 and hadn't been able to Andrew's in 2005.

In June 2002 Mother had moved from Aikmans Road to a studio at *Elmswood* Retirement Village (with a downsizing that somehow missed records that enabled me to write these notes). Her move was a financial gamble for it was by no means clear how she would pay her way there for more than five years. However, in August 2003, Henrietta Caesar – the last of Mother's Caesar first cousins, with whom Mother had long exchanged letters – died in England and Mother became a beneficiary of the estates of her Aunt Marjory and Uncle Willie Caesar.

Because she was able to, now, Mother celebrated her 90th birthday in September 2004 by putting on a formal dinner at *Mona Vale* in Christchurch for all of her family who were able to travel to it. It was a defiant gesture against ageing because she had already had several months in hospital over 2003/4 after a heart attack but she had got back to *Elmswood*, against all the odds. Over the next three years she was to have two more extended spells in hospital with a broken tibia and a broken hip before her death.

That defiant gesture suggests a lot about Mother. She was quietly determined – 'bloody-minded' in her words. She was happiest when giving to her family. She had a sense of style that seldom let her down. She retained her vivaciousness more-or-less to her end, the characteristic sparkle that had captivated Father more than seventy years earlier. And she lived because she wanted to live, as much for others as for herself. At the end it was she who decided to turn her face to the wall.

Grandma's funeral service was certainly one of the better that I have attended. It wasn't a large funeral, but it was notable to me for its music (with no hymns) and for the memories of her grandchildren as well as the fondness with which friends - and she seems to have had many - expressed their condolences over morning tea afterwards (and their interest in photos on the wall). Her private committal in the afternoon (at which David helped to officiate, praying in Māori) and preparing for the day probably brought we siblings (and Beetle) closer together than for some time previously.

5 MY GENERATION

My Siblings

Few of us really know our siblings for, while we grow up with them, it is often separately because of age differences. When we go off into the world as adults, we often observe the lives of our siblings from distances, without much in the way of records. So, it is really for David and Ann to tell their stories. However, realising how little I know about my own aunts and uncles I should say something here for the record about what I 'know' of David and Ann's lives, based loosely on what they have written for me.

Perhaps my siblings will expand this account in due course but at this stage we can continue to add to this account because Beetle and I are in contact with Ann and in a more desultory contact with David (the latter is the 'fault' of both of us as we never really have had a lot in common and I am no user of the social media that David and so many others use all the time).

My brother (David Stirling Bowie)

David was born two years after me and Ann barely thirteen months later, at a time when our family life was descending into hell. It is inappropriate to speculate too much about the effects of that on us, but it does seem to me that David was caught in the middle, between a favoured son (who probably didn't welcome the newcomer) and a much-wanted daughter, at a time when neither of our parents could give any of us the attention we wanted.

In any event, David grew up in the family as the odd man out, with few obvious gifts and a penchant for getting into trouble, especially with Father, who had little understanding of him. He was a wanderer and as early as at five he was found playing around Riccarton railway station (which David cannot remember), near our grandparents but miles from Somme Street. Later, he spent much of his time at the Sounds roaming the hills often in the company of the Marchant children from the nearby Lochmara farm.

The Sounds was a place of happiness for David, but it was also the scene of terrifying events in May 1955 when David was medically evacuated to Blenheim with symptoms that seemed to be of acute appendicitis, at night, during a storm and a couple of days after a service launch had carried away the jetty with Mother standing on it! It turned out that the symptoms were of a pinched nerve in his back, exacerbated by rowing Ann and Mother back across the bay in a heavy Southerly, and something that revisited David subsequently.

David struggled at school. He started at St Albans Primary in 1947 where he was held back a year at one stage, and he went on to Heaton Intermediate for two years. At Christ's College (1956-60), with English his poorest subject, he failed twice to get his School Certificate and spent three years in Form V. However, he spent a lot of his summers at the Elmwood swimming pool and, while this led to problems which were hushed up, he was a Canterbury under 14 butterfly stroke champion (1956) and won 'colours' for swimming in both 1959 and 1960 at 'College'.

David went as a mature-age apprentice to Andrews and Beavan Ltd, a large Christchurch engineering firm. During his time there he not only gained his ticket as a fitter and turner but also

finally passed his School Certificate, studying at nights. Work on Friday evenings at a garage in Worcester Street won David experience as a motor mechanic and later, whilst at the Ministry of Works and Development he later obtained trade certificates by correspondence as an A grade Auto diesel engineer.

Further study, at Christchurch Technical College gained him tickets on computer-controlled machinery, and Dbase-4 programming, which led to a later interest in computers.

In 1962, David joined the Royal NZ Naval Volunteer Reserve as an ordinary seaman, rising to become a Chief Petty Officer in 1980, with tickets in instructional technique, movie projection and as coxswain and gunner, and at one point making his first visit to Australia – in a submarine. He also became involved with car rallying, and this led to his meeting Pam Harrow whom he married in 1973, gaining an instant family because Pam, who had been married twice, brought Donna and Tyrone to the marriage. Bridget, their only child together, was born in 1977.

The 1980s were difficult for David. The sale of *Lochmara* hurt. His marriage was failing. He was struggling with knee and back pain, which made it impossible for him to work on his feet for any length of time and which led to his finishing up with engineering at Fraser and Sons as a production lathe programmer, setter, and quality controller. He considered getting an accounting qualification but there were few employment prospects. Unsurprisingly he was drinking hard, and this led to being demoted in the Navy. He later regained his Petty Officer rank and retired from the Naval Reserve after he had served his twenty years.

Curiously it was the consequences of this drinking that led to my only experience of acting in a serious role as ‘Big Brother’: around 1980 Mother was seriously concerned for David’s welfare and asked me when we were in Christchurch to talk with David. I have no idea what I said when we went for a drive and I have no idea whether this was in any way helpful to David but around this time David became involved with the Seventh Day Adventist movement, which rescued him and gave him an interest in religion.

This led to an interest in things Māori. In the late 1990s, David learned the Māori language, reaching school certificate level in Māori in four years.

After studying with Te Pihopatanga o Aotearoa (a Māori ministry of the Anglican church of New Zealand) he was ordained Kai Karakia (a lay minister) in Te Haahi Mihinare (the Māori Anglican Church) in 1998 (progressing to the next level in 1999), which enabled him to help officiate at Mother's committal. He gained the diploma Pou Heke Matauranga o Aotearoa (PHMoA, or Diploma in Māori knowledge) as Rawiri Bowie from Te Wananga o Raukawa in 2001 and became fluent in Te Reo Māori.

He became involved in pastoral/missionary work with Māori youth and families, especially around Rotorua, which led to a growing attachment to *imi* throughout Aotearoa and more recently in Sydney. He made his second visit to Australia in 2000, for Fiona’s wedding (by air this time), and has continued to visit (including to his Māori ‘boys’) since Bridget’s wedding in 2006 and the births of his granddaughters in 2008 and 2009.

2011 brought an unsettling period following the 6.3 magnitude earthquake on February 22 which caused devastating damage and deaths in Christchurch. His house had been pretty ‘sore’ after the initial big (magnitude 7.1) earthquake of September 4 2010 and now it sustained further damage which both unsettled him (as it did everyone who had some of their past invested in Christchurch) and led to a prolonged period of dispute between him and New Zealand’s Earthquake

Commission, which was finally resolved when he sold the Sydenham house and bought a more recent but still damaged house in Redwood in 2017

David remained involved in missionary ministry, mentoring Māori youth who came to Christchurch for work, staying in contact with them through visits to them in Australia (and doing some ministry here) and had other reducing community activities such as in the Sydenham Community Centre and Sydenham Community Development Trust. He also took up car rallying again, fitting it in with periodic visits to Rotorua and Turangi.

My sister (Ann Philippa Stirling Bowie)

Ann was a sickly child. She had a lazy eye which was recognised from an early time, which perhaps discouraged her for instance in physical activities. After attending St David's kindergarten on the corner of Roosevelt Avenue and Malvern Street (now a Greek Orthodox Church) she went to St Albans Primary School in 1949, continued at Heaton Intermediate in 1954/5 and completed five more years of unremarkable schooling at Rangī Ruru School between 1956 and 1960.

Ann had been brought up as a homebody and wasn't encouraged much to discover or develop her talents. She read voraciously and played the piano competently after learning from the rather intimidating wife (Mrs Empson) of Father's piano teacher. She was certainly cared for but was equipped for little in adult life other than to be a dutiful daughter and wife – admittedly by a remote Father and a Mother who had been similarly ill-equipped by elderly parents and who was preoccupied with her roles as caregiver and housekeeper.

Ann gained her University Entrance, by examination because she'd failed her first attempt at School Certificate, but deeply resents not having been given opportunities to do much with this such as to become a librarian – not that I recall ever being privy to family discussions about this (or much else). So, she was found a job in the National Bank, initially working as a systems operator (essentially managing transaction records and ensuring that the books balanced each day) on leaving school, later as a supervisor.

Towards the end of 1964 Ann came with her friend Dianne, to stay in Melbourne (where they worked the Kraft factory in Port Melbourne for perhaps 10 weeks, Ann in the cafeteria which was something very different to any job she'd previously done). After sharing flats in North Melbourne and then Parkville they then travelled for a month or so in eastern Australia, her time of freedom as it were, returning home in time to see Father take silk.

Less than two years later, she married Neville Blazey (who was a sales representative for M K Lawson in the South Island selling mostly men's clothing) and took extended leave from the bank to set sail with Neville (via Melbourne on my birthday in 1967) for an extended working holiday in Europe which lasted into 1968 and which included their welcoming Beetle and me to London in October 1967 shortly before they left there for time in Europe.

On returning home and after renting a flat in Bealey Avenue, Ann and Neville bought a house in Shirley. Ann returned to work in the Bank and Neville worked briefly for Farmers and then as a rep for Derek Batts. They bought a section in Rangiora where they built a house (renting in Bryndwr while the house was being built), moving in at the end of 1969. Moves to Sumner, up Clifton Hill, back to Sumner and then into an apartment in the city were to follow over the next three decades.

The first of these house moves came because they needed a larger house to accommodate a growing family. After three miscarriages, and having adopted Andrew and Kathryn, they had an unexpected daughter (Elizabeth), followed by two further natural children, Richard and Helen).

In 1980 Neville started up Blazey Uniforms, with Ann. It was not an easy start-up as New Zealand descended into recession after the oil price shocks of the 1970s, and it was not kind on Ann's and Neville's relationship. Neville needed to spend considerable time travelling and Ann had to oversee the shop as well as to manage her growing family. However, although they had to tighten their belts and move from Clifton Hill back to Sumner in 1990, they stayed together.

In 1988 Blazey uniforms branched out from simple retailing to both manufacturing and importing uniforms, which was a successful move because they dared to be different. Life between Ann and Neville became no easier, but Blazey Uniforms prospered, the children grew up and left home and around 2000 Ann and Neville moved to an inner-city apartment in 'The Gloucester', which became something of a home away from home for us after Mother moved to *Elmswood*.

Over the 38 years after Father's death, until Mother died, Ann played a growing and eventually pivotal role in Mother's life. During the 1970s and 1980s, it was a case of Mother being actively involved in the growing up of her Blazey grandchildren, more especially after the *Lochmara* house had been sold, when Mother went on holidays with them and joined Neville on some of his sales trips and spent a great deal of time with her grandchildren in Sumner.

The roles of Mother and Ann began to reverse from the middle 1980s as Mother aged, with Ann becoming confidante and friend as well as daughter. Ann travelled with Mother to Rarotonga and Norfolk Island and later for the first two of the three weddings in Australia of Ann's nieces (Ann going to the third on her own). By the time of Mother's first fall-and-break in 2003, Ann had effectively become Mother's advocate and primary carer.

The last four years of Mother's life were exceptionally busy for Ann because, while none of her children remained at home (Kate had married in 2001 and Andrew in 2005), they were often passing through and Ann had to combine the burden of responsibility for Mother with the growing burden of preparing a flourishing Blazey Uniforms for sale. The business eventually was sold in 2006 and Ann and Neville retired. However, their marriage didn't survive, and Ann and Neville separated – reasonably amicably – in 2007, to divorce a couple of years later.

Subsequently, Neville moved to Queensland and Ann developed a life of her own which included church, concerts, work for a while for the National Party and travel around New Zealand and overseas (especially as four of their children and Kate's two children moved away from Christchurch). She became chairman of the 'Gloucester' body corporate, and in that capacity she too became heavily involved in dealing with the aftermath of Christchurch's earthquakes of 2010 and 2011, a long and stressful saga.

With the birth of Ann's third grandchild, to Liz (we'd attended her wedding and then that of Richard in 2010 – although it was the circumstances of Helen's wedding in September 2010 which stick in our mind, just after Christchurch's initial *big* shock to be followed by the *bad* shock of February 2011), she was able to develop a whole new life as 'resident grandmother' in Christchurch and 'visiting grandmother' in Brisbane and Melbourne.

For Beetle and me one of the highlights of Ann's life was her seventieth birthday family celebration (2013) which took place over a weekend in Hanmer, where Ann gathered the whole of her large immediate family (plus us and Tricia, her sister-in-law) together in a place so beloved of both her and Mother.

The Christchurch earthquake saga forced Ann to move into a conventional town house for fifteen months while a multi-million-dollar repair was carried out on ‘The Gloucester’ after five years of negotiations with the insurers and the government reconstruction agencies which had often involved her. Less than a year after these were completed in 2018, she sold there and bought into a townhouse in Halswell at the end of April 2019.

My story (Ian James Stirling Bowie)

I have never been especially diligent in laying down comprehensive traces of my life. I have not kept diaries and apart from medical records and dated *curricula vitae* my records have been largely limited to the documentary ones we all should keep, and photos and other images to which I have ascribed dates and other relevant information.

These records provided a basis for a ‘memoir’ on my part. That memoir runs to over a hundred thousand words and, being essentially ‘factual’ (though a chapter of reflections is more speculative) and with no graphics, it is perhaps not a gripping read (though it makes some sense of my life to me). I have drawn on that memoir to prod memories for this short story. For the most part this seeks to be a factual record though inevitably ‘facts’ are viewed from my own personal perspectives.

I was born in Lyndhurst Maternity Hospital (Bealey Avenue, Christchurch) at the beginning of 1940, four months after my parents had listened on the radio to New Zealand’s declaration of war against Germany and wondered what sort of world they were bringing a child into. I was the eldest of three siblings, with my brother David being born more than two years later in 1942 and my sister Ann following him barely thirteen months later in 1943 at a time when our family life was descending into hell.

That hell came out of the catastrophic x-ray burn experienced by our father in 1942 and the repeated absences of both our parents in connection with this over the next two years, which was hardly conducive to a normal family life.

Almost certainly, a consequence for me was being diagnosed with Pink Disease (*infantile acrochynia*) and hospitalised with this for 76 days from April 1944. It is not clear how this affected my childhood development, but the long-term psychological and physical consequences may include life-long problems with sleep, fatigue, and stress management. However, a 1944/5 re-bonding with my parents at Te Mahia after my hospitalisation left me infected also with their life-long love of the Marlborough Sounds.

In 1945, possibly unable to read, I started at Fendalton Open Air Primary School, moving in August to St Albans Primary School where, after three years of shuffling between classrooms, I did my Standards 2, 3 and 4 under Messrs respectively Sadler, Doak and Mora, all of whom epitomise in my mind the importance of having male role models teaching in primary schools. In 1951 I started two years at Heaton Street Intermediate School – regrettably for me a single sex school at that time – in classes taught by Messrs Sprozen and Robson.

I believe that all five of these men had benefitted from a teacher training during which they were exposed to university studies, and I have recollections of my own growing awareness of and interest in the history and geography of the country in which I was growing up (and a conscious love of the place) under their tuition. So, although I was physically active (especially after we

started annual holidays in the Sounds in 1949/50), I began to develop distinctly studious habits, perhaps at the expense of my social development.

My studious habits were to help me narrowly to win an Entrance scholarship to Christs College (I was one of four boys at Heaton Street who won scholarships in 1952) and I attended College as a day boy during 1953-57. There, I progressed well academically in another cohort of bright boys (again, this was a single sex school), performed well in many sports and became a house prefect in my last year, but without much direction from a group of mainly elderly masters and with too little involvement in most of the school's extra-curricular activities.

If I have regrets about my school days, they revolve around what I perceive as a lack of mentoring by both my parents and my teachers, a lack of real effort on their part to help me find directions in life and to help shape my social development. While this was, no doubt, the way of things at the time (and I have behaved similarly as parent and teacher) I feel that leaving a child to discover and develop interests largely on their own may become a waste of latent talents and allow negative behaviours to become entrenched.

In particular, the cloistered nature of my schooling and my lack of contact with peers outside school after primary school, encouraged me to develop as a studious but socially withdrawn individual (especially in relation to the other sex), not traits I have relished but also not ones that were unusual in my generation of boys.

Having stuck with the romantic idea formed in 1952 that I would become a lawyer but having subsequently been excited by what I had learned as 'Geography' in school I enrolled in Law-Arts degrees at Canterbury University College in 1958. After two years of full-time study which included Law as well as Arts subjects, I spent fifteen months working full-time as a conveyancing clerk with Harold Smith & Dallison (solicitors), while also putting in as much time again each week into the third year of my Geography major in 1960.

I enjoyed my time as a law clerk but enjoyed even more my academic studies in Geography III, including the interactions with my fellow geography students that came with field camps and working together in study spaces. During this time Geography took over my life and set some patterns, values and understandings that have persisted ever since. I began to like the idea of becoming an academic in Geography and, so, in 1961, went back to full-time study (as a bonded teaching student) to complete my BA (though doing also further Law subjects, not very successfully).

Thus, I graduated with a baccalaureate from the University of New Zealand in 1962 and enrolled into a Masters' course at what was now the University of Canterbury. Nominally this was a one-year course but I and my peers in Geography started research for our theses long before we'd enrolled and mostly didn't finish our theses till much before the February deadline after the year of our coursework. For me, 1961-63 was a period of intense study and profound academic development but also a great deal of social activity shared with my peers.

It was also a time in which I engaged intensely with a place which has been of paramount importance in my personal development, the Marlborough Sounds. This time, my engagement was in studying land use via air photos and ground-truthing (which involved a great deal of time on foot as well as more conventional forms of transport) there. My thesis *Land Utilisation in the Marlborough Sounds*, albeit undistinguished in its content, won me a master's degree with honours.

By the time I graduated in 1963 I was into an abridged year of secondary teacher training at Christchurch Teachers' College in 1961. This 'training', including a lot of classroom teaching in

three schools, was not very demanding but still living at home I enjoyed a period of new-found financial and social independence. Anticipating having to become a schoolteacher (perhaps while I finished my law degree of which I had now completed half), I took a holiday job with Trans Tours Ltd as a coach tour manager that summer and applied for school teaching jobs.

Meanwhile, I had also been actively seeking a university position overseas in which I might carry out doctoral studies. As it turned out I was offered a Demonstratorship in Geography at the University of Melbourne and at short notice found myself arriving in Melbourne on 15 February 1964. There, I found that I did not have the maturity to find my feet academically. I enjoyed my teaching and the coursework I did but with no-one in the university to supervise me I didn't get far with formulating a research project even after I was granted a scholarship in 1967.

By then I had toyed with several other academic options but in February of 1967 I engaged in an even greater real-life adventure and had married Beatrice Kirsner (Beetle), the 22-year-old daughter of a Melbourne doctor. Marriage gave me some focus and, shortly after, we decided to leave many things behind us and head for Scotland for me to take up another Demonstratorship (part-time) in Geography at the University of Edinburgh in October 1967, and where Beetle worked as a cardiac technician and medical photographer.

My sole reason for heading for Edinburgh was to work with Terry Coppock as my Ph.D supervisor. Terry (J T Coppock) was then a big name in agricultural geography, recently arrived in Edinburgh from University College London, who had gathered other doctoral students around him. To work with him looked like being a significant academic career opportunity. But life was to intervene. Not to mention my own limitations.

My Edinburgh experience confirmed that while I was academically competent (especially as a teacher) I didn't really have the imagination or disposition to be a researcher. Nor, despite warnings since 1962, did I have an ability to manage stress. With effectively ten years to complete a doctorate (including five in which I could suspend, being a staff member) I didn't find a thesis topic for six months and then took as long to ready myself for the project. I then discovered that my empirical research was going to take longer than I'd imagined.

Fortunately, I enjoyed (and still do) being married to Beetle and we had a domestic and social life that was better balanced against work than I'd managed hitherto. We socialised, though mainly with expatriates and fellow post-graduates, and travelled widely though perhaps not well by car in Britain (in my view travel may broaden the bottom rather than the mind). Because of tight budgets we didn't really engage with Edinburgh, and we had few breaks from routines, though weekends with friends in a primitive cottage at Bosket Howe in Cumbria were exceptions.

Although the University did little to mentor my academic development or to contain my growing stress and fatigue, support from the British National Health system (and subsequently the University through its crèche) enabled us to go blithely into family formation mode and the arrival of our first daughter, Fiona in July 1970, brought great joy. However, our time in Edinburgh ran out after my Demonstratorship (an annual appointment) was not renewed beyond the end of 1971, and we returned to Australia.

Having considered other options I took up a Lectureship in Geography at Mitchell College of Advanced Education (CAE) in Bathurst (NSW) on 10 February 1972 and plunged into teaching the emerging courses of a new kind of tertiary institution, as well as into a family life that came to revolve around our first owned houses and our children, our second child Susan being born in Bathurst in May 1972. Over twenty-four years in Bathurst we also developed a rich social and community life in that City and its region, and I took Australian citizenship in 1975.

None of this helped me in completing my doctorate and, when it came to taking a period of study leave in Edinburgh in 1977, I simply wasn't ready to complete my thesis by the end of September. Given a further year in which to complete the thesis for a master's in philosophy I did so after my return to Bathurst in 1978 (as *The Production and Marketing of Vegetables in Scotland*) after a prodigious effort at a time when CAEs had come under enormous financial pressures and Mitchell's still-emergent degree courses in Regional Science and Secondary Teaching were under threat.

I had been promoted to Senior Lecturer in 1975 and now had the invidious tasks of leading Geography and advocating for these courses, while also trying to find new directions for Geography and struggling to keep a place in the Planning courses I had developed from 1974. From 1978 my academic career was floundering while I was also having to come to terms with the eventual sale of the family holiday home at Lochmara Bay in the Sounds which had been central in my life since 1952. My chronic fatigue was treated as clinical depression in 1980-2.

Between 1981 and 1986, Geography as a group was dissolved and the degree courses in which it was principally involved were phased out, leaving Mitchell with the problem of redeploying me. While still developing new internal subjects, I found myself preparing study materials for new distance education units and travelling for teaching practice liaison as well. On top of this I was returned to coordinating the administration and development of Planning courses (and the petty politics and personal rivalries of a small college).

Fortunately, from 1986 my course load was entirely in distance education mode, in subjects for Planning and Environmental Management courses. This enabled me to better manage the time needed for what was a ridiculous teaching workload while I also found new research interests to develop a credible publication record, contributing to an international journal, publishing peer reviewed articles in Australian journals, authoring and co-authoring chapters and atlas contributions and publishing reports.

I was also active in my professional associations, attending conferences (and managing the Institute of Australian Geographers' Bathurst conference in 1981), also serving as a Councillor in the Institute of Australian Geographers (1977-80 and 1984-5). I was admitted to Corporate Membership of the Royal Australian Planning Institute (RAPI) in 1986 after completing a course in Planning Law and Administration (University of New England 1984) and was elected a Fellow in 1997.

I also completed a short course on Urban Design (University of Sydney 1989) and, wearing two hats, I found myself on both the NSW Board of Senior School Studies' Geography Syllabus Committee in 1983 (and was its chairman 1985-90, leading development of a new syllabus) and the Divisional Committee of the RAPI (1992-8, being involved notably in its policy development and corporate planning).

Partly because I didn't have the self-belief, several potentially important academic contributions – papers on historical urban and rural populations of Australia in 1987 and a study guide on Rural Planning that won a Planning Institute award for 'excellence in scholarship' in 1993, – remained unpublished and got little recognition outside Mitchell. An article on land lost from agriculture which was peer-reviewed also was commended for 'excellence in scholarship' by the RAPI in 1993.

Inside Mitchell and partly because of vitriol being directed towards me by a particular colleague – bullying of an intensity that I've never experienced anywhere else, and which lasted for twelve years – the powers at Mitchell stopped being interested in Geography or Planning or my research.

As an antidote to my commitment to both Mitchell and my professions, I also became actively involved in community organisations, not just as a chorister and concert-goer and presenter of *Musicke of Sundrie Kindes* on community radio for fifteen years for example, but as a long-time member of the National Trust of NSW regional committee (chairman, 1991-5 and chairman of its Miss Traill's House committee 1992-5) and of the management committee of the Bathurst Baroque Society, a Music Viva regional associate (as chairman 1980-86).

This busyness and responsibility probably exacerbated my fatigue and, treated unsuccessfully with antidepressants from 1992, I became dependent on sleeping medication. But my stresses eased somewhat when, in 1990, Mitchell (now a part of Charles Sturt University) decided to close its Planning courses, putting to an end to years of struggle and internal friction which were legendary outside the College. The colleague who had caused most of the friction left and while I had no fulltime staff to help, I had five years in which to wind down the courses.

Putting the Planning courses to rest wasn't easy because I was still developing new subjects. With existing units to be serviced also I had a heavy workload, with little time or energy to find a new academic niche either in Mitchell or elsewhere. After I failed in a promotion application I rather gave up on my academic career. However, winding down the Planning courses took until 1996 which meant that I became eligible for early retirement and, with our daughters now launched into the world as independent adults, retirement became my default choice.

When I was offered a negotiated redundancy at an associate professorial salary, I took early retirement in 1995, though continued to service some distance education units for Mitchell over 1995 and 1996. After that, I taught several subjects part-time at the University of New South Wales in 1996 and 1997 and at the University of Newcastle in 1997, as well as an AusAID course for Thai government officials at the latter. But – excepting my more recent voluntary contributions to U3A Southern Highlands – that was the end of my teaching and research career.

From 1995 I took on several planning consultancies including editing *New Planner*, the NSW South Wales magazine of the Planning Institute, until 1996. However, soon, my consultancies narrowed down to regional planning and heritage advisory work which continued until 2003 when I decided that I'd had enough of the seemingly untreatable fatigue that came out of work-related travel on constrained budgets and the tedium of overnight stays that had dogged me all through my working life. I retired from paid work (to be followed into retirement from Radiography by Beetle in 2008).

In 1996 after twenty-four years living in Bathurst, we sold our third home there and, after some months living in flats in Coogee and Bathurst, moved into semi-retirement at Green Point on the Central Coast. In part this was in the hope that we might have something of a lifestyle that might have been possible in the Marlborough Sounds but, although we got actively involved in our new local and regional communities, we found the climate oppressive and the Central Coast too much like a suburb of Sydney and for a semi-retirement that we hoped for.

So, in 2002, we moved to Bowral. Here, in the Southern Highlands, both of us found more than enough to keep us busy. We shared a great deal of choral singing and travel, became involved in environmental causes and were very active in U3A Southern Highlands Inc, in my case serving five years on the management committee 2005-10, ending up as president, and between 2004 and 2018 doing research for and teaching courses on our local area, some of which was published as a book (*Wingecarribee Our Home* (2006, and subsequently an e-book).

This course was extensively updated from time to time and I made several public presentations based on this. More recently, I prepared, and presented other heavily researched shorter courses

on *Polynesia and the Pacific*, and on *Norfolk* (Norfolk Island), researched a *Short History of Lochmara* for an electronic record for the Marlborough Museum in Blenheim and did extensive research (intensive at times) on Beetle's and my family histories, all of which have been subjected to period revisions. Some of all this was posted onto a website I'd created to go public with a miscellany of otherwise unpublished stuff.

These were useful contributions to our adopted community and more widely, but they involved commitments that did not always help my management of stress and fatigue at a time of life when life seemed to become more complex. Despite efforts to find out, I did not really understand the underlying causes of my chronic fatigue or why I didn't cope well with what I perceived to be 'confrontations', though it seems likely that my father's and my medical adventures of 1943/4 were implicated. I still had to learn to do some 'letting go'.

So, after more than eleven years in our second house in Bowral, we sold in 2014 what was becoming for us too large a house and garden and moved into a detached 'cottage' in a retirement village, anticipating a continuing but quieter and perhaps more passive involvement in this 'village' and our wider community in Bowral, with friends and relatives elsewhere who remained in touch and, importantly, watching our children and grandchildren grow.

So far, although it has been deflated a little from time to time, nothing has pricked this 'bubble' though our travel has contracted to Australia, New Zealand, and the Southwest Pacific. Some commitments closer to home (such as choral singing) have more-or-less lapsed. Our mental acuity and physical stamina are declining, and we tire more readily than in the past. But our health remains good, and we're putting more effort into tidying up our lives, part of which is in the writing here of my story and that of 'my' family.

Some of the impetus for that tidying up came from two what seemed like existential threats: firstly, during the summer of 2019/20 the advance towards Bowral of the fire fronts of two vast fire grounds (one immediately to our north and the other immediately to our south); secondly, during the remainder of 2020, a global pandemic which disrupted the even tenor of our lives in a manner that had us contemplating what might be our ends.

'God has appoynted the tyme of my death, so has he appoynted the manner thereof', the Earl of Morton (1581) is reported (in a history of Scotland) to have said while acquitting himself of his role in the murder of Bothwell. Albeit that I am not a believer in a higher power I accept the wisdom of this. While having no premonition of an early demise but hoping that dying will be quick when it comes, I will do as did the Earl of Morton in the interests of tidiness and end my story here.

6 MAKING SENSE OF THIS STORY

It is interesting to observe how kind the great events of history such as wars, famines and depressions seem to have been to most of my known ancestors. Even relocations, across and from Europe, caused by the spread of empires and by the industrial revolution seem to have done little harm to them. I wonder whether that good fortune has inured present-day generations to what look like existential threats – such as the consequences of human-induced climate change and other environmental intrusions.

Although I have documented many generations of my ancestors, I still know little about most of them as people. Documentary records tend to stick to ‘facts’, although we do have some nineteenth century personal letters and notes; visual records can lie; and electronic records are only as accurate as the people who made them. Even our own memories are subject to bias. Many of us will remember our parents in the circumstances in which we were growing up, while our memories of grandparents may be of people who mellowed – or became grumpy – with age.

From what is known about their place-origins, my ancestors were people were of mixed ancestry. I cannot discern any racially stereotypical features in what I know of them, and these days I have little time for the view that race – as distinct from ethnicity – should have any place in how we view other people. Genealogy has its limitations as a practical study and may serve to reinforce cultural biases.

From official descriptions of James Morrisby and Henry Laporte Smith in their convict indents, and George Smith in his enlistment papers, and from photos of David Broom Bowie and a description of him in a memoir by Grandpa Bowie we know that all these men were of middle height (between 168 and 180 cm) but strongly built with broad faces and blue eyes. Photographs of all in the three generations before me (and some earlier images) suggest that these characteristics recur among the Caesars, too, with addition of more prominent noses.

However, these characteristics do not explain what I might kindly describe as the ‘shorter’ stature and blue eyes that I share with my sister and brother and the narrower faces that Ann and I share with other cousins who are Smith descendants (David has Grandpa Caesar’s nose). Grandma Bowie stood at less than 150 cm, some of her siblings at little more, my father could claim barely 155 cm and I was 163 cm on a good day. Not that my mother – or her siblings – were much taller and to their credit, my mother and father took pains to play down the import of such things.

Stature notwithstanding there has been sporting achievement through the generations. Grandpa Caesar was in the 1st XV and a champion hurdler at Dulwich College (England) and later was active in community sports, while my mother told of her swimming a mile at Sumner to obtain her lifesaving medal. Grandpa Bowie played golf regularly until he was about 75 and played off a good handicap. Father may not have been a great athlete, but photographs show certainly that he did swim and walk, play golf, run with the harriers, and go skiing in his younger days, amongst other activities.

I know little of the dispositions of most of my ancestors. Philip Caesar has described Grandpa Caesar as a martinet. Grandpa Bowie wrote about his (Baker) mother as a ‘tartar’ but she did have cause, having to support some ne’er-do-well children as a widow. In writing of his parents Grandpa Bowie does not disparage them, which leads me to think that he may have inherited from

them a disposition that I might describe as ‘firm and fair, thrifty and careful’, and that I’d like to think I have inherited.

Grandpa Bowie appears to have had a liberal – or perhaps hands-off? – stance towards the bringing up and disciplining of his children and of their children. He was clear that ‘I do not criticise my own grandchildren (at least not in front of their parents)’. I suspect that Grandma Bowie might have been less likely to spare the rod and spoil the child if pushed. However, my memories of Grandma are of a doting grandmother who knew that the best way to her grandchildren’s hearts was through their stomachs.

Our attitudes toward life are partly products of our times and circumstances but they must be partly inherited from our ancestors. Most of my grandparents and their parents seem to have shared outlooks which might be described by adjectives such as ‘conservative’, ‘responsible’ and ‘reliable’. I am not sure about Grandpa Caesar who may have had a more light-hearted and less predictable approach to life, something that my mother shared to a degree. As for the Smiths, they remain an enigma to me.

This prompts me to use the word ‘presbyterian’ to describe a lot of my cultural, and not just religious, heritage.

In religion, although David Broome Bowie had been an elder at St Andrews Presbyterian church in Christchurch, Grandpa Bowie seems to have become Anglican to marry Grandma Bowie and sing in Christchurch Cathedral choir. Laporte Smiths’ spiritual affiliations are unknown, but his children may have been raised as Anglicans and his second marriage was in an Anglican church; Maria Langford though appears to have been baptised as a Catholic and her daughter Henrietta may have baptised originally likewise if she was baptised soon after her birth.

Henrietta’s 1850 adult baptism was in an Anglican church, but she appears (from letters) to have entertained leanings towards Roman Catholicism and her father-in-law (George Smith) was reported by one of Henrietta’s staunchly Anglican sons to have been a Catholic. Yet two of Henrietta’s sisters seem to have had leanings towards less conservative denominations and Sydney Edgar (later the Anglican Reverend) Langford Smith was baptised in a Wesleyan church.

The Gardners, who were married in a manse of the Free Church of Scotland and were avowed protestants wrote and published evangelical tracts yet are buried in an Anglican church cemetery (along with Violet).

For the Caesars’ part, while our first Julius was from a well-documented protestant background and his eldest son was staunchly protestant, our Julius was married to Rose by a Roman Catholic priest (she was buried similarly, and her first daughter attended a convent school though her first husband was buried by freemasons). Later, Julius married Violet in an Anglican church and Mother was raised as an Anglican, yet he gave land for a Catholic church in Templeton and had earlier helped raise money for a Catholic church in Gisborne.

Culturally, ‘presbyterian’ backgrounds would have meant that all in the four generations of Bowies and Gardners before me, girls as well as boys, could read and write. There is doubt about Charles Baker, a great grandfather, who like James Morrisby in 1818 signed some papers with marks. The more prosperous backgrounds of the Smiths and Caesars in these generations suggest that their girls as well as boys might have had at least a basic education. For Grandpa Bowie formal education went to standard 6; for Grandpa Caesar it went to the upper 5th form at Dulwich.

In their paid work, surprising few of my known ancestors seem to have worked on the land at a time when most people lived in rural places, although James Morrisby, George Smith and Julius Caesar all cleared bushland for their farms and earlier members of most families had rural connections. Any concerns that Grandpa Bowie and my father had with growing food at home would seem to be related to another ‘presbyterian’ trait, an essential modesty expressed in Grandpa’s case as a certain ‘frugality’ (reinforced no doubt by economic necessity in time of depression) and passed on in some degree to my father and to me.

Until the nineteenth century, the known trades of most of my ancestors would not have required post-school qualifications. Even the early lawyers, including James Fry and his father both of whom were officers of the Court of Chancery, did not have to satisfy formal requirements to become solicitors or attorneys, and I can find no record of Henry Laporte Smith (perhaps over-optimistically described thus in late nineteenth century family notices) as Dr Laporte Smith or of his eldest son attending a university in England or Ireland.

However, the first David Caesar studied theology under Martin Luther at the University of Wittenberg, his son David was a Professor in Theology at another university (in Oettingen), and two of Henrietta Fry’s eighteenth-century Cowper ancestors were Church of England clergymen who held Master of Arts degrees from Oxford University.

As society became more complex, post-school qualifications became important for the upward mobility of many of my ancestors, who moved up – often after false starts or career changes (my father seems to have been one of the few who knew where he wanted to go professionally and kept heading in that direction) — from being landholders and tradespeople to being professionals and managers, lawyers, accountants, and teachers.

In the last four generations Henrietta Smith was my first female ancestor to have obtained a post-school qualification – as a teacher, more than 150 years ago! Later, Grandpa Bowie studied assaying at the University of Otago but didn’t complete this course (he did become a founding associate of the New Zealand Society of Accountants, but this was not by examination). However, all four of his children graduated from Canterbury University College. Both Grandma Caesar and my mother completed three-year courses to become registered nurses.

It may be too much to talk of a teaching ‘tradition’ in my family but it is interesting to observe that teachers in my extended family have included, as well as Henrietta, Emma Baker who taught as a pupil teacher in Lyttelton in the 1850s and my Father who taught law part-time (at Christchurch Technical College and later at the University of Canterbury), not to mention his sister Enid (and her children) and me. His convict indent indicates that Henry Laporte Smith assisted as schoolmaster on board the *Candabar*.

Much of the education of my ancestors would have been of a practical nature and they were probably ‘pragmatists’ rather than ‘intellectuals’ in the sense of being well read in literature and philosophy (other than the Frys and Caesars, perhaps), a tradition that I think I share. Their musical education was an exception. The Caesars and Gardners were ‘musical’ in the sense that they sang and played the piano, competently if some of Grandpa Caesar’s sheet music is to be judged. Several of my mother’s Gardner aunts as well as my father’s Aunt Winnie taught music.

Grandpa Bowie and my father were serious musicians. Both acquired their knowledge of musical theory as choristers and they sang, as tenors in their adulthoods. But although neither of them took paid lessons on their instruments until their adulthoods they excelled, paid as a flautist in the case of Grandpa Bowie (who played – and sang - publicly into his 60s; his party piece was Bach’s Suite No 2) and as pianist and organist in the case of my father. Grandpa’s refusal to pay for

father's lessons came from a fear that my father might want to take up the piano professionally, was unlikely to be good enough to succeed and could become a music teacher, like his aunt.

Grandpa may have been right about father's talent, but not having lessons until they were adults limited their achievements as musicians. I cannot help but feel that early tuition – and a lot of practice – is the only way in which children will develop many of their innate abilities, including musical potentials. And, it seems to me, that practice – repetition – has a virtue in helping to establish and to reinforce self-discipline, including the discipline to practice and in a larger sense to address challenges in life. I regret not having music lessons at an age when I was receptive to the idea.

Migration as well as education helped the upward mobility of my ancestors. In my observation migration (domestically as well as internationally) is one of the changes in life that can make or break a person. New environments are eye-opening which can broaden the mind, and they present challenges which should develop experience. I don't know how far back one should look for learnings that have come out of migration experiences, but it is interesting to recall the European migrations of the Caesars and possibly Smiths and Bowies.

More recently, all my ancestral 'lines' were established in Australasia before the end of the nineteenth century. Mostly, they were established in the early decades of European settlement in Van Diemen's Land and Canterbury where the Morrisbys and Smiths, the Bakers and David Bowie were able to take advantage of opportunities in the new colonies. Mobility (between classes as well as places) for many in subsequent generations has enabled them also to 'succeed' in life. At my mother's death only a quarter of her grandchildren were living in New Zealand.

One benefit for my ancestors from migrating to new world environments seems to have been for their health. Henrietta Smith went to Van Diemen's Land 'for her health' and David Broom Bowie may have gone to New Zealand for the same reason. Most lived longer than their life expectancies.

The mean age of death of my great grandparents was 83 for males and 77 for females compared with about 67 and 60 for their parents. My grandparents (for whom life expectancies at birth would have been in the 50s) lived even longer perhaps because of the benefits of public health, with three quarters living into their eighties. Even my parents averaged an age of 78, with my mother attaining 93 and reversing the tradition of women dying earlier than their men.

Have I inherited their good genes in this regard? Indeed, from who did my genes come? Impossible to know but on known physical characteristics I wonder how much of my physical and mental makeup (short, non-assertive, and so on) I got from my Smith maternal line, through my father. More recently, though, our girls' comments on their body shapes have made me wonder whether that might have been inherited from Henrietta Fry, through my mother. My blue eyes could have come from either parental side and short stature perhaps from the Frys or Smiths.

I certainly wouldn't want the incapacitation by rheumatoid arthritis of two known Bowie descendants (the twice-divorced Helen Broom Bowie, grandpa's older sister, and Yvonne Denholm one of my 3rd cousins) but nor would I want the 1877 death by senility of the invalid Henry Smith (if he was Laport).

I don't suggest that migration was all good for my ancestors. Henry Smith found no salvation from his farming woes by moving to New Zealand. Grandpa Caesar – whom my father described (imprecisely) as 'bankrupt' in 1926 – was similarly defeated, eventually, by the uncertainties of farming (and maybe the loss of income from England). But on the whole migration seems to have

been to the benefit of my ancestors. It must have been very hard though for the women, and I am struck by the strength that was shown by some of these women.

One of them was Henrietta Smith. I can only surmise about the effects on an impressionable young woman of 'losing' her mother, father (twice, under strange circumstances) and stepmother, being put in the care of strangers and told curious stories about the circumstances, being shipped across the world at 22 from comfort to a raw colony, then migrating at 32 with five children to yet another colony and having to move often for work, with an unreliable husband, perhaps in ill-health. I suspect she had a profound sense of 'displacement', analogous perhaps to the sense of dispossession borne by many indigenous people.

Henrietta's sister, Maria Louisa (Mrs Gee, who'd earlier led an irregular life as 'Mrs Morton', including three children probably by different fathers), may have shared a sense of displacement and something of it may have been passed on to Henrietta's children who shared obsessions both with finding their parents' roots and their ambitions to be settled, secure and respectable. However, there are undertones of rebellion in Henrietta's involvement with Kate Sheppard and Ada Wells (with whom she shared a group photo) in the Canterbury Women's Institute and temperance and suffragette movements in Christchurch in the 1890s.

A second woman was Emma Baker née King who, with her husband and six children including a new-born, sailed in steerage from Gravesend in the middle of a northern winter, had a 'lengthy, cold passage' to Lyttelton where they arrived in the middle of a southern winter to be accommodated in migrant barracks in Lyttelton, a town of immigrants who had arrived on the first eight ships over the previous six months. Three months after their arrival she lost both her oldest daughter and her baby daughter, possibly during a typhus epidemic.

Small wonder that Emma is said to have 'sat in Lyttelton hoping to go home'. Later, she had to manage a difficult family after losing her husband in an accident.

A third almost certainly was Ann Brooks, who would have shared her sense of displacement with James Morrisby. They may have accepted transportation from one end of the earth to another (though on a ship described as a 'floating brothel' in Ann's case) but a second enforced removal after seventeen years of relative freedom on an island paradise to breaking in new land in a cold, wet and very raw settlement on Van Diemen's Land must have been very hard on a couple now in their 'middle years'.

Another woman, I suspect, was Alicia Gardner née King. Nothing is known about how or why she got to Otago, but she arrived as an orphaned young woman in the middle of a gold-boom. Given the indications that she and George both were recent arrivals in Dunedin before their marriage, I had thought she might have almost literally fallen into George's arms off the migrant ship *Paria* which disembarked its passengers from Greenock in Port Chalmers just seventeen days before they married; it now appears more likely she was 'sent' to her sister.

These stories are of women who seem to have been stoic rather than heroic in survival. We might add to them the stories of women such as my mother who lived through the aftermath of my father's 1942 radiation burn, kept him happy and lived to 93. Interestingly, these are stories of women who are known as more than just wives and mothers, despite in some cases (particularly in earlier generations) being married off at ages that we'd now consider to be awfully young.

By contrast most of the men seem to have been almost 'staid'. Many of them achieved respectable ranks or professions and, in more recent generations after having a bit of freedom on the goldfields in the cases of Henry Smith, David Bowie and George Gardner, they married settled

down and became respectable. I'm not so sure about Grandpa Caesar in his younger days: in Gisborne he is said amongst other things to have shipped in a monthly delivery of whisky (something that might later have surprised my other more abstemious grandparents!).

Becoming respectable may have been important for my more recent ancestors and staying respectable even more important. Among the siblings of my recent ancestors there have been accountants and lawyers (others like my brother and me didn't quite make this) and I suspect that this may have reflected a special regard for rules and order, for conventions and the conventional. When a cousin asked me whether this might have been to do with genes, I thought it was more likely something cultural – to do with memes.

Particularly, I wonder how much of a certain 'righteousness' that I think has come to me through my last three generations might have had its origins in the downfall of Laporte Smith. I don't doubt that he was guilty of forgery in 1841 and I'd guess that he and others whose names have been associated with him and Maria may have been 'chancers'. I do wonder whether, even if they were unaware of his crime, his children (and theirs) were brought up with a particular concern to do what is 'right'.

Although they became respectable there is more than a hint that the lives of many of these men didn't turn out quite as they might have hoped. David Bowie's partnership with Josiah Ballantyne came to an end, Henry Smith's farming career (and possibly his father's) fell apart, George Gardner was forced to retire early, Grandpa Bowie was passed over for company secretary and Grandpa Caesar got into financial difficulties, all in their fifties. My father and I too had disappointments which led to semi-retirements in our fifties.

It is easy to explain these events in terms of a general loss of vigour, and indeed breakdowns in health, but for the most part we have evidence only from death certificates. The ongoing health problems of Henrietta Smith are documented however, and from the confused recollections in his sixties (and the mishearing by two sons of some words they later documented) I wonder whether Henry Smith may also have had medical problems.

However, I wonder whether some events might be explained also as failures to realise early potentials. If so, they raise questions about the drive and stamina of these men and perhaps even questions about whether they (and Aunt Enid, also a scholarship winner and later MA with second class honours) were – as my Edinburgh supervisor said of me – 'capable of self-deception' about their underlying abilities (maybe covering up for feelings of inadequacy?). Disappointment and retreat are natural enough responses to failures to meet one's own or others' expectations.

All the above suggests that my origins were mostly undistinguished. Some of my ancestors have known some of the great – from Martin Luther (known to David Caesar), Sidney Herbert (perhaps) and Charles Darwin (on record as going to a 'glorious party' at the Fry's) – and we have known Martin Parry (an executive member of the Nobel Peace Prize-winning Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change) – but none of ourselves could be described as 'notable' (which would have been to the frustration of Grandma Bowie, I suspect).

It suggests also that much in the lives of most of my ancestors was shaped by the circumstances of their every-day lives rather by the great events of history. The fact that some of my ancestral lines extend back well before the start of official birth marriage and death registrations suggests that these ancestors may have had more influence over their lives than most people throughout history.

I know of only one direct ancestor who died violently in warfare (Luke Morrisby in Canada, in 1758, according to report) though both James Morrisby and James Langford might have been in

armies in North America during the 18th century and George Smith enlisted as a marine in 1800; it is possible that others also such as Laporte Smith and John Bowie were enlisted during the Napoleonic or earlier wars.

However, both my father and my mother lost cousins in World War I, respectively at Ypres (Belgium, George Caesar) and in the Somme (Stanley Bowie Thomson, son of Helen Broom Bowie, who lost a Thomson cousin too), and my mother lost another cousin (James Caesar) during the Second World War in Normandy, but these were never mentioned. Only Neil amongst my parents' siblings served overseas, though my aunt Enid had close brushes with the Sino-Japanese war in Shanghai in 1936-40.

In my own time, I was aware of wars from the end of World War II when I heard casualty lists on the radio but, like many *kiwis* of my vintage, wasn't personally touched by them – which made it difficult for me to empathise with many older Australians' hatred of the Japanese in the 1960s and makes it difficult for me to enthuse now over commemorations such as Anzac Day and Remembrance Day.

Likewise, while three of my great-grandfathers did experience the excitement of goldfields, it was the other (Caesar) one who made real money – from commerce, and inherited money – and I knew little of any of this till recently. It is only through my father's memoirs, talking of having to borrow then from his mother, that I have some idea of how hard our relatives were hit by the Great Depression of the 1930s; I suspect that kind of thing was common enough in my earlier generations.

My questions above as to my ancestors' drive and stamina lead me to wonder about the extent to which they really had control at all over the important events in their lives. Now that I know something about the lives of their families, I feel that many things such as health and financial events occurred randomly.

Although some of their siblings lived lives which at times were colourful compared with those of my more pedestrian ancestors and although a few ancestors made decisions (such as migration) that were important in shaping their lives, mostly they all seem simply to have got on with the day-to-day business of living.

So, in short, though I can claim Kings and Caesars amongst my ancestors (excuse my little joke) my ancestors seem mostly to have been 'ordinary'; essentially un-distinguished. I have no problems with our being neither leaders nor waiting docilely to be led. Just don't ignore us, please!