

for when I made a drawing in 1930 of an old oast-house brewery just outside Motueka, it sold readily for thirty shillings to a local resident. In the 1970s, when the building was falling down and they were trying to interest the Historic Places people in its preservation, *there* appeared my 1930 drawing in the *Nelson Evening Mail*, over the caption 'A Photograph taken about 1886'!

Part of Mr Scott's tuition was to encourage his pupils to go to the Suter Gallery and study the paintings there. They hung permanently on the walls, obscured only twice a year for a fortnight when the Art Society had its Spring and Autumn exhibitions on mobile screens in front of the permanent collection. Here for the first time I saw pictures that might be presumed to be of world standard. There were even RAs among them. I found I was always the only visitor when I went there, in the mornings so as to have the afternoons free for outdoor sketching. The gallery was unattended. It was situated in the Queen's Gardens, and part of the gardener's duty was to open it at 10 a.m. and close it again at half past four in the afternoon. This state of affairs lasted till 1932, when it was discovered one day that some boys playing in the Gardens had taken acorns into the gallery and pushed thirty-six separately through the rotten canvas of an old picture called 'A Venetian Scene', making thirty-six holes. Whether with or without intentional humour, the *Evening Mail* added in its report that the picture was valued at thirty-six guineas. After that, there was always someone minding the door when the gallery was open.

Opposite the door for forty years, in the best place, hung a picture by W. F. Yeames, RA, of John Wycliffe sending his monks out into England to distribute the first Bibles. There was a grey church and a greyer sky. The grass was a heavy green and Wycliffe and the monks were in black habits. He had a hat, they were bareheaded. Their hair and complexions were the only happy notes of colour in the large and dreary painting. One (or *this* one at any rate) couldn't help wondering how they would get on if it began to rain after they had set out on their diverging journeys. The sky looked very lowering. When I met the secretary of the Board of Trustees in 1961 and asked him if it wasn't time to remove the picture and hang something else in its place, his answer was that they would fear to do that in case they offended the public of Nelson.

But there were other pictures than that for me to look at in the gallery in 1930, even if they were not all by Englishmen or RAs. One of the best was a good, strong, honest watercolour by Frank Brangwyn, 'An Eastern Port'. The dried drips and blobs of paint from the end of his blunt brush in no way impaired the goodness of his colour; dirty whites, a dark dull-blue sea and a sort of khaki-grey