



Birkdale on the North Shore

By Glad Durham

Birkdale on the North Shore
Where the Ferries ply no more
The tall kauris have all gone
And the native birds with their song.
The early settlers knew how
To clear the land and plough
Fruit trees were soon to be seen
In rows neat and lean.
Bell's Mill has now gone
Down by the creek where kauri was cut and sawn.
When the school bell sounded at three
It was not home to play with glee,
But to work on the straw ber-ree.
The produce to get to town was no easy way
Down to the wharf with horse and dray
A Cannery there once stood

To can that fruit so good.
Our favourite swimming spot
Down at the Lagoon when the weather was hot
Where the salt and fresh waters meet
And sometimes catch flounder to eat.
Our school built in 1884
Was one of a few on the Shore
Pupils came from afar
On foot and never a car.
Our roads of Sugar Works ash
Where seldom you heard a crash.
Up early to milk the cow
Home again in the evening and the fowls to feed
The separating had to be done
So as to churn the cream until butter would come.
Where neighbours would seek advice
From one another on problems beyond their reach.
No buses or ferries to catch
But harness up the old horse and trap.
Where many sport's clubs were born
Like Tennis, Cricket, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides
All at our school they were formed.
Our YMCA in the Methodist Hall would meet
To do Gym and exercises so neat.
The Walton Cup was contested yearly
And won by the fittest not the weakly.
Nurse McDonald would come for those who were in labour
And deliver first head and then toes.
I know this is true
As I am one of those.
That was Birkdale
Birkdale where I was born.