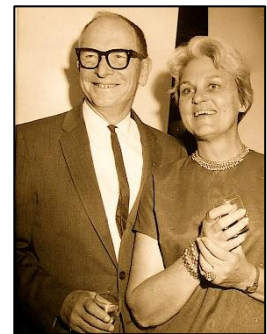
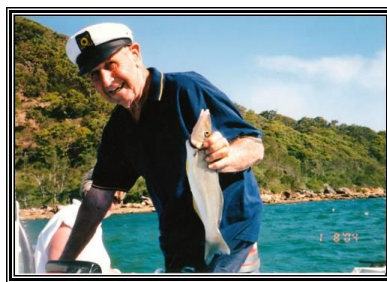
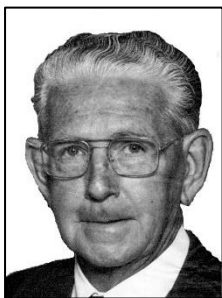




VOLUME 1 BOUDDI BIOS A – D

Robyn Warburton (Ed.)



FOREWORD

It's sometimes said that local histories are the only 'real' histories. They are - in contrast to the histories that we were taught in school, or that grace library shelves and bookshops – they are not written by the winners of wars, or by the holders of power; or by writers filtering facts to support a particular point of view.

Instead, local histories chronicle the lives and doings of people, of ordinary people (and thus, by virtue of their humanity, extraordinary), of people still famous and people long forgotten. Each one had an impact on the evolution of the area in which they lived. And so, by happenstance, a thoroughly researched local history is more than a telling of individual stories; it is a social history, a chronology of change over time and the role that individuals and communities play in that change. The key to a local history having such a valuable role is the requirement that it is indeed thoroughly researched, and then that the research is written up with sensitivity and insight.

Bouddi Bios meets those criteria to an exemplary degree and that is why it is such a fine example of its type. It is an important documenting of the links of past to present, inspired originally by David Dufty's feeling that the history of the local area needed to be preserved. ***Bouddi Bios*** is a tribute to his vision, to his input, and to his mentoring of others, in particular Jill Baxter, Lee Casey, Beverly Runcie and finally Robyn Warburton who has kept the history alive with the eBooks.

The four volumes of ***Bouddi Bios***, now that they are eBooks, take advantage of contemporary technology to complete the existing collection of local histories originally on a CD-ROM titled Bouddi Stories, Bouddi Bios and Bouddi Artists. Each is now accessible through the Bouddi Society website.

All are supported by a multitude of photographs, images which – like the accompanying stories - would have been lost for all time had the timely and time-consuming effort not been made to gather and present them. The stories themselves - from families, from community members, and from memoirs written by locals – have the vibrancy of everyday speech, captured in an engaging style that entices the reader into a treasure trove of "I remember that!" or "I'd forgotten that!" or "I didn't know that!" moments.

Bouddi Bios is not just a major contribution to 'real' history, it's also fun to read.

So, welcome to the unique (and in many ways universal) continuing story of a local area – in this case, the area abutting Bouddi National Park on the beautiful Central Coast of New South Wales.

Helen Menzies 2022

SNAPSHOTS of our HISTORIANS

Jill Baxter Following the NOSTALGIA DAYS of 1995 and 1996, Jillian Baxter of Killcare Heights decided to record the oral history of the Bouddi Peninsula. *Reflections from the Beach and the Bays* was the outcome after a band of helpers carried out and recorded interviews with older people who lived here.



David Dufty *Voices and Images from a Colourful Past - Bouddi Stories, Bouddi Bios, Bouddi Artists* is a CD-ROM with 115 stories and 2000 photos. The Bouddi History Project was David Dufty's dream come true. The CD-ROM launched in June 2009, was a valuable resource. The content is now in the eight volumes of eBook, of which this is one.



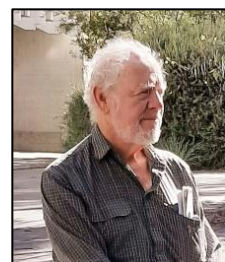
Lee Casey *The Bouddi Peninsula – A Very Special Place*, is a very beautiful book edited by Lee Casey. It was the culmination of The Bouddi Society's History Project which spanned the years 2007 to 2010. The book takes readers on a journey through the evolution of the Bouddi Peninsula.



Beverley Runcie was also inspired to write for the History Project. Her extensive research resulted in a most comprehensive history of the early settlement of the area. It can be found in the eBook, *Bouddi Stories Volume 1 – Early Times*. Unpublished in 2022, in *Signposts to the Past*; Bev's research has unearthed the meanings behind our thoroughfares and special places. It will come.



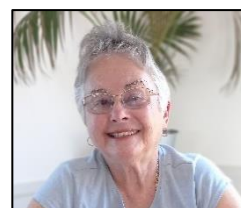
Bruce Lay wrote at the end of one of his stories: 'Recording his (Cliff Emerson's) and other stories is therefore important to a vanishing history'. As a heritage architect, Bruce saw the importance of keeping the history alive. He wrote stories based on the early houses and stories of people too.



Colleen Smith and Bert Myer were two of our early residents, both attended Pretty Beach Public School. They told the stories. They had great memories and loved to share their knowledge of times past on the peninsula. Genuine historians.



Robyn Warburton has published three books of local history: *People, Place and Progress, Bouddi Bites* and *More than Bricks and Mortar*. She contributed many stories to the Bouddi History Project launched in 2007 and her belief in the importance of preserving the history led to her determination to turn the stories on the CD-ROM produced by David Dufty, described above, into eBooks. There are eight volumes here.



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JERRY ABBOTT' STORY

by Robyn Warburton

Jerry Abbott was a long-time resident of Killcare Heights. He is well-remembered by the members of The Pretty Beach, Wagstaffe and District Progress Association, to which association he belonged for longer than he could remember. He was also a member of Killcare Heights Garden Club, Neighbourhood Watch and Meals-on-Wheels. An abridged version of Jerry's story was first published in Talking Turkey in 2002. It was then developed with added information and finally the contribution, sent by his wife Pam along with the family photos, brought it to a nice conclusion.

Jerry Abbott was a big man with a large-featured, craggy, weather-beaten face. His persona was rather tough and certainly bluff, but he was a kind, gentle man, well-loved by his family and friends. It is not surprising that Jerry had very interesting life, living and working around NSW. He had the knowledge and wisdom of a man who had dealt with many different people and situations.

He was born Leo Neville Abbott. He grew up in Sydney, attending Homebush Public School and Sydney Technical High School.

In 1942 he started a shipwright and boat-builder's apprenticeship at Garden Island Dockyard, hoping he would be able to join the Navy, but the war did not last long enough for Jerry to come of age so Jerry continued to work at Garden Island Dockyard.



a



Jerry and Pam's grown-up children, Phillip, Caroleigh, Geraldine and Jamie.

Jerry married Pam in 1952 and had two children fairly quickly and settled down to a happy and settled existence in suburban Sydney. Two more children followed a few years later.

He continued working at Garden Island until the best day of his life - the day he left and joined NSW State Fisheries. His life was about to change dramatically. On-the-job training for three years was necessary before his first job in the Sydney Metropolitan Area. His education included learning about oyster lease work in Botany Bay, prawn trawling, shark netting the beaches and inspecting at the Fish Markets to make sure all seafood was fit for human consumption. There was quite a lot of study involved too.

Once he passed the Public Service Board examinations, he was eligible for his own district. His title was District Inspector of Fisheries. His first position in the NSW countryside meant a move to Condobolin. He stayed in Condobolin for eight years, where he worked on the Lachlan River from Wyangala Dam to Oxley - a long way and to begin with, without a boat! It was very difficult to do the job without a boat, but typically, Jerry saw the funny side of most of the predicaments he found himself in and weathered the situation until the NSW government of the day saw fit to give him a boat.



Jerry at work in Albury in 1974.

This job was followed by moves to Yass, Woy Woy, and eventually back to Sydney as Senior Inspector working and training staff. He spent ten years working out of Albury on the Murray River, the Tumut River and the lower Murrumbidgee River, which included all the trout streams flowing west of the divide. In 1984 Jerry was promoted to Supervisor of Regions, which took in the Riverina, extending westward to the South Australian border and the lower end of the Darling River.



Jerry Abbott and Albury Mayor, Harold Mair, releasing fingerlings into Hume Dam, 1983.

Jerry looked back with wonderful memories of these years and had many stories to tell, stories of poaching, out-of-season duck hunting and illegal net-fishing. This often meant ‘pinching’ the perpetrators, seizing fishing gear or firearms and going to court. His job was to uphold *The Manual of Instruction* (the Fisheries' Bible) and make sure fishermen and hunters abided by the law. He learned about people and how to handle them. He said there was never a need to be aggressive.

For a time, in a remote rural area, where the judge came to town infrequently, Jerry acting as a Justice of the Peace, had the authority to hold over wrong doers in police custody, until the next court sitting. This was seen to be a community service.

Some aspects of the job he would find very rewarding such as finding ways to encourage fish breeding.

Jerry was a keen fisherman, but he was very aware that fish reservoirs could be ‘fished out’ so he was a keen environmentalist too. His work with Fisheries included wildlife protection. Later the National Parks and wildlife Service was involved, and Jerry remained ever watchful.

He saw the need to preserve fish breeding grounds such as mangroves and to stock and restock inland water courses. He was very disturbed by the growing menace of feral European carp in the rivers.

The photo above shows Jerry with the Mayor of Albury, releasing fingerlings into Hume Dam in 1983.

Pam and his family moved from post to post with him, so their life had variety too. After a very interesting career with NSW Fisheries, Jerry retired at 60 in 1986. He had loved his job with Fisheries but was looking forward to retirement too.

His wide experience meant Jerry brought great knowledge and interest with him to the Central Coast.

So why did Jerry come to Killcare? His love for the place went way back! The family holidays with his family, when he was very young, sowed the seeds of course. They had holidayed at Booker Bay since 1927.

Each time they came, he remembered rowing from Woy Woy to Killcare Wharf with his father.

Pam described the scenario, “You can imagine them, loaded with babies, picnic food, fishing rods etc., climbing the hill from the bay and down to the beach and the Bogey Hole. They were all young and strong naturally.”

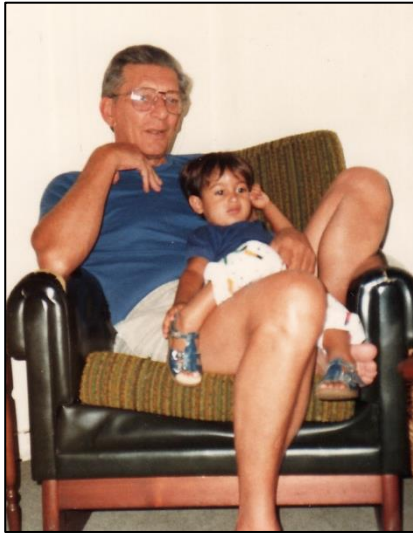


The Bogey Hole about 1933. Jerry with parents, little sister Joan, and aunt and uncle.

People used to tell Pam that Jerry would find retirement ‘very hard to take’. She went on to say, ‘How wrong they were!’

I think that he had looked forward to building our home in Killcare and getting to know the whole area again.”

He bought the land on The Scenic Road for eighty pounds in 1951. Throughout the following years the family continued to visit during holidays and Jerry and Pam knew what their retirement plan would be. The house was built in 1986 and Jerry and Pam went to live there in 1987. Pam said, “We had one small grandson when we moved into the house on the Scenic Road and over the next fifteen years, five more grandsons and two granddaughters came into our family. They have all grown up, loving that Bogey Hole and then learning their first surfing skills at the beach.”



Grandfatherly moments: Jerry with
eldest grandson, Oliver, (above left);
Bess (above); Bess and Fin (below left);



Jerry had always been community-minded and also very environmentally aware. He was appalled by the sandmining for rutile which has destroyed vast areas along our coastline. He felt strongly about the protection of wetlands, seagrasses and fish-breeding.

He represented the Progress Association and the Killcare Peninsula on Gosford City Council's CLP: The Coastal Management and Lagoon Management and Coastal Planning Committee, which advised council on matters to do with the local waterways. He always had a wealth of interesting knowledge to share with the members present at the monthly meetings of the Pretty Beach, Wagstaffe Progress Association about what was happening on and about Brisbane Water and the associated waterways.

One memorable piece of wisdom concerned dredging the channels. He said no matter what man or machines did to reshape the seabed; the sand would have its way.



Jerry and his 32kg Mulloway



Jerry and son-in-law, Spud; - Happy Hairtail Catch



Jerry and Pam with Oliver and Henry, 1991.

Jerry had an affinity for water. He said he came from a family that shared an instinct and love for fishing and that his forbears were probably Irish poachers. Fishing and boating were his prime leisure-time interests in retirement. Jerry's love of saltwater fishing was his great pleasure at Killcare, whether out in the boat or down at the beach. Pam said all the boys in the family are keen fishermen, even the youngest of the grandchildren, thanks to Jerry and all he has taught them over the years.



Jim Shires and Jerry enjoy a Garden Club outing.

Jerry belonged to Killcare Heights Garden Club and was a keen supporter of the club and its ideals. The Garden Club wanted to establish a lookout at the high point of The Scenic Road where the view extends over Bouddi National Park to Broken Bay, Palm Beach and Sydney to the south. In the early days, Jerry and Pam expended a huge amount of physical energy, reclaiming the bush that eventually became Mary Byles Lookout.

He also liked to enjoy himself. The club's photograph album includes photos of Jerry and friends, having a good time at many of their outings and functions. He once said he was best remembered as 'Tinkerbell' in silver joggers at one of their Christmas parties.



'Tinkerbell' and Santa with members of the Killcare Heights Garden Club celebrate Christmas.

He is also remembered as a 'totally decent bloke.'

Jerry also belonged to Neighbourhood Watch, where he is remembered for the great recounts of his life's experiences. He attended the meetings regularly and this supports the opinion that his friends have of him, in reflection, as a responsible citizen and up-standing member of the community. Delivering Meals-on-Wheels was also on the calendar.



Jerry celebrated his 70th birthday in August, 1996.



Jerry and Pam - Party Time 2000

Jerry's decision to leave Killcare was made when he learned that he had an incurable cancer. He wanted to relocate Pam close to family, so he chose Bathurst and that is where they bought a house and settled in 2002.

Jerry died at Bathurst on 25th August, 2003, after a few hard but uncomplaining months. Pam wrote, "At his funeral, one of Jamie's school mates told me that all the boys thought of him as a cross between Crocodile Dundee and Indiana Jones – that would have really amused him."

Family was always of the utmost importance and his large family of children and grandchildren often visited Killcare. When the time came that the house could not accommodate all of the family, the solution was to camp at the beach. Camping at Putty Beach has now become a tradition and for a couple of weeks every January, the family gathers at Killcare and all members have a 'terrific' time. The camp now includes relatives and friends and they have become very well-equipped. Pam 'camps' - 'really roughing it' - at Granny's Cottage, the B & B just up the road.



The love affair with Killcare, for the Abbott family will continue forever, thanks to Jerry.

Acknowledgements: Robyn Warburton would like to thank Pam Abbott; Ann Shires for her memories and the photographs from the Killcare Heights Garden Club Album; Clive Dent from Neighbourhood Watch and Tom Jackson from Pretty Beach, Wagstaffe and District Progress Association

Photos: Abbot family collection and Killcare Garden Club

Robyn Warburton 2007

JUDY ADDERLEY



Judy Adderley and her family have had long links with the Bouddi Peninsula. Judy in her years of residence made an outstanding and inspiring contribution to the local community. Her son, Peter, himself a fine contributor to Bouddi and Gosford environmental matters, provided the following memories of, and tribute to, Judy. Ann Bowe interviewed her for the previous Bouddi Oral History Project. This is followed by a few words from Helen Dufty who greatly valued her friendship. Otto, her husband, was a brilliant and talented man with many skills. He hand-built a harpsichord, a koto and miniature ships. The photo shows them at a local community gathering at the Adkins house in Maitland Bay Drive, to celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary.

Peter Adderley and I have supplied illustrations for this Bio. D. Dufty Ed.

Peter Adderley writes:

Judy Adderley (nee Nancy Courtice) was born at Granville in 1920. Her father was an accountant and bank manager of some standing and as such was transferred to many interesting locations. Maurice Courtice managed the Rural Bank in Junee during the depression and kept a loaded gun under his pillow at night. Despite this he was a truly loved local character, insisting that farmers take up modern contour ploughing techniques and refused to loan money unless they understood such principles. Judy grew up in this environment and often "borrowed" her father's car in order to drive the local kids to a swimming hole on the Murrumbidgee River.

But in 1919 Judy's Grandfather bought a considerable portion of land at Killcare, which stretched from Grandview Crescent over to the bay side.

Young Nancy was occasionally taken to visit Putty during the early 1920s.

Originally Paa had the idea of building a house near the street and built a temporary toolshed, where the pre-existing house used to sit. The very resolute Maa said that the house should be built at the top of the block and so it came to be. He also planted a row of palms, which still reside at No.8 Grandview Cres.

During WW2, the old house was occupied by Maurice's two sisters, Marjorie and Kathleen. Both truly enjoyed the natural environment and wrote much poetry. Kathleen, though slightly autistic and withdrawn, would play treadle organ regularly and attended church with noted assiduous reliability.

My first experience with Killcare was on a family Christmas holiday excursion in our 1928 Morris. It was before even Wards Hill Rd existed and it was a whole day's journey to get to Killcare. The road past MacMasters Beach was truly abominable. Because my two grand aunts were still living at No.8, our family rented a house near the sharp bend of Grandview Cres. It still bears the "sleeping Mexican" house number beside the front door.

We used to visit the old house at No.8 and listen to Marjorie play the organ. We also used to enjoy walking up the bush track to see "The Crocodile" rock, which overlooked the Bogey Hole.



Peter, Judy, John, Penny and Otto fishing and swimming at Putty Beach in the 1930s

But we were not prepared for the whole peninsula to be ripped apart by the rutile miners who simply did as they pleased and left us with such a dreadful rehabilitation legacy as Bitou Bush, destroying forever the Putty wetland behind them.

In later years, after the sisters passed away, the house became a treasured holiday house.

I will always remember the smell of the old kerosene stove, the crappy television reception and our disdain that the TV should be necessary at all in such a wondrous place.

Memories of burning the palm fronds to get the barbeque started, or even just for fun, the smell of bananas soaked in orange juice as the full moon rose over Putty corner.



The view from the cottage of Putty Beach with its huge sandhills and coastal scrub before sandmining began.

I spent valuable time with Judy in the old cottage, whether it was to paint the place, or for her to try to implant some Year 10 science into my brain. We later came once again to enjoy such experiences but in different circumstances.



Otto and Judy survey the damage done by sandmining companies to Putty Beach in the 1960's.

When Otto and Judy returned from their post in Japan, where Otto was the first scientific attaché, they rebuilt their house in Turrumurra, but eventually decided to make a move to Killcare. The old house was demolished, and they moved into the new house at No. 8 in 1982. By that time Otto was having trouble with allergies and was no longer able to work with wood, which was his love, having built several guitars and two harpsichords entirely from Australian timbers.

Both Otto and Judy enjoyed their retirement, and they never ceased their activities. Otto continued his gem-cutting, papermaking, wood carving, stamp-collecting and an endless enthusiasm of mathematical puzzles. Judy became fascinated by the local birdlife and the two of them slotted into the Bouddi community, as though they were born to it.

It wasn't long before Otto and Allen Strom were locking horns in friendly dispute and Judy became mesmerised by Allen's directives on the environmental scene. I suspect both Judy and Otto spent many an afternoon at the Strom's house.

Otto passed away in 1992 and Judy seemed rudderless for a while until she got back into environmental pursuits.

The Killcare Wagstaffe Trust was looking for ways to get some understanding of how the Bouddi environment came to be and it was probably Allen who "volunteered" Judy into producing a Geological Exhibition at the Maitland Bay Centre. I spent countless hours driving around not only Bouddi but many locations around the Central Coast taking photos of rocks.

The 2000 the *Down to Earth* geology exhibition was a great success. It's still viewable here:

<http://adderley.net.au/geology/exhibition/>



See also sections on Hardys Bay/Killcare Progress Association and the Maitland Bay Environment Centre.

'Down to Earth'

A basic way of viewing our place from times long before people, to Aboriginal times, to sandstone buildings, to cliff-top homes. Fossils, millions of years old, perfectly preserved. Dramatic performances that brought to life the sandstones and the shales. 'Rock Cakes', 'Mud Cakes' and 'Mineral Water' advertised on earthy banners. 1000 visitors, including six school groups, over 16 days, gaining new insights into the dramatic stories by the geologists about the place where we live. Rumbalara Education Centre gets some new exhibits. Many thanks to Judy Adderley (in photo) for the concept and research, Pat McConchie, Dawn Biddlecombe, Jeannette Thiering, Mark Attwooll, Ian Thiering and 50 or more volunteers.



Because of her successful pursuits in saving the wetlands of Cockle Bay, she sheepishly agreed to hold a Wetlands exhibition.

The 2003 *Wetland Exhibition* was equally impressive, and I provided lots of eye candy through multiple screens showing slideshows of local scenery (able to be downloaded from <http://www.adderley.net.au/wetland/>).

Judy was an expert on Wattles and owned a beautifully designed scrapbook which proved invaluable in another fine exhibition at the Maitland Centre entitled *Wattles and Weeds*.

Judy's health had declined rapidly after that. She went to Peninsula Village at Umina and she passed away in 2005.

I felt honoured to have been able to spend time with my mother at various times of her life, whether it was swotting for school exams, or a next upcoming exhibition. To me, her most valuable legacy was her uncompromising eye for detail and her unswerving desire for scientific correctness.

Peter Adderley



Judy and Otto at home in the bush around them that they loved so well.

Ann Bowe interviews Judy (Tape and transcript at Gosford City Library)

In an interview by Ann Bowe in 1999, for the “Bouddi Peninsula Oral History Project,” started by Jill Baxter, Judy had her own memories of those years. She remembers coming by train from Strathfield to Woy Woy and then by Murphy’s Ferry to Killcare, to stay in the old cottage built by her grandparents. There was no electricity, a fuel stove was used for cooking, water came from rainwater tanks and there was an out-door toilet with a pan. Her grandfather had to service the pan himself at first until the sanitary truck began operations. Judy believed that the “Coal reserve” along the coast and a sanitary dump along Putty Beach Road stopped development at the beach for many years.

Judy learnt to swim in the Bogey Hole at the southern end of Putty Beach. The family walked through a bush track from the house to the beach, past the dairy called *Martinsyde* which was nearby. She remembered her grandmother sometimes wheeling her in a wheelbarrow, when she was very small, showing her trees, flowers and small animals as they went. It was her grandmother who instilled in her a love of the bush and a desire to contribute to caring for the environment, which she continued to do until the end of her life.

Helen Dufty recalls:

I also remember Judy in some quite different roles, one of which was as a devoted Bridge Player, having played a lot in Japan during their time there. She was persuaded by me to run a class at Kincumber Community Adult Education Centre, teaching people who had no knowledge of the game.

In spite of Judy's protestations that she couldn't teach, the class was so successful that some of the learners wanted to play regularly, so Judy arranged a regular Bridge group to play one day every week. There were eight people, making two tables. They took turns at various houses and this happy community activity ran for many years. Helen was not a member of this group, but Judy insisted that she learn to play and be the spare person who filled in for anyone who couldn't come. She had to spend some time teaching a rather reluctant attendee (me) the finer points of Bridge. A Bridge group (not directly connected to the one started by Judy) continues to meet at Wagstaffe Hall.

Judy was also quite an accomplished artist, and her house was adorned by some of her paintings as well as by Otto's work in wood. She was responsible for the hand-drawn sketches of all birds listed in the *Bouddi Peninsula Study* handbook. Judy had taken responsibility for the organization of the "Bird Group" during the study period and led us on many excursions to see many birds. The Bird Group travelled far and wide to study various birds in situ, as well as concentrating on the local area, particularly when the time came to write up the results. We were never allowed to make anything up. We had to see and hear the birds before we could record them. One of our members had some recordings of bird sounds and amazingly these birds often appeared as the recorder was played. They no doubt thought that some interloper had arrived. Judy also took some of us off to Sydney to do some study at various Museums and to listen to talks from prominent "Birdos". Although initially she was not really an expert in birds as such, her early scientific training and her meticulous attention to detail soon made up for that and Judy's contribution to that study was a very valuable one.



Judy, fifth from the right embedded in the Bird Group at Alan Strom's Lookout.

GORDON and MARGARET ADKINS: COMMUNITY MAKERS

Helen Warliker et al

Helen Warliker remembers active local citizens, Gordon and Margaret Adkins, with some additional contributions by others.



Gordon and Margaret Adkins

Gordon and Margaret settled in Killcare in 1982 after buying a property three years before at No.38 Maitland Bay Drive. Gordon had been a biochemist in his working life until retirement, gaining a PhD during a period in Scotland some years before. Margaret was a schoolteacher (an inspiring one I'm told) before raising their two sons, Ian and David.

The Adkins quickly settled into the community of retirees. Gordon established a large garden of citrus trees and vegetables, including asparagus. Also planted were mangoes, macadamias and pecans on the cleared block previously occupied by horses, so it was well manured. Margaret kept the grass down with a ride-on mower. At one stage the area became a mini-golf course but with plenty of space to practise their driving across the mown grass.

Margaret made jams and pickles from the produce grown. These were sold at places like the annual fete at the Kincumber Uniting Church. She found time also to help establish and maintain a fine garden at the church.

The property also consisted of virgin bushland, sloping down beyond the house and garden to a rain forest below. The Adkins delighted in the wildlife, including the scrub turkeys, which they said helped to keep the undergrowth in check, as the bush could pose a fire hazard. All the fauna and flora were identified, and an inventory kept. The glossy black cockatoos were also visitors to get the nuts from the casuarinas. Margaret referred to them as the 'glossies'. One of their trees was a giant angophora, which should have been declared a heritage tree by the Council.

The local retirees soon became frequent visitors, sharing the knowledge and the beautiful environment, which looked out over the Brisbane Waters, a unique view shared by only a few other houses in the area.

The Adkins loved to see their house and gardens used for community gatherings. At these 'get togethers' we assembled under the shade of trees, on the grass near the rock platform. Gordon's home brew helped to warm up the party.

On one memorable occasion, in May 1994, Margaret had an afternoon tea party for the 70th birthdays of Maureen Tyler and me, making each a birthday cake and another cake besides!



A Community gathering at the Adkins on a fine Killcare Heights day



Helen Warliker, Margaret Hunter, Jim Hunter, Jim Shires in the garden of Gordon and Margaret Adkins.



Getting their hands dirty: Gordon Adkins, Allen Strom, Pat Evans, and Margaret Adkins having a tea break whilst helping repair the Maitland Bay Centre.
Below: Members of the team of researchers/birdwatchers



The photo above shows the original bird watching group formed to do research for the book *Bouddi Peninsula Study* with Gordon and Margaret Adkins on the left and leader Judy Adderley in the white blouse.

Gordon and Margaret were in the original Birdwatchers group, which still continues today. These days the walks are too much for Gordon. However, to his and everyone's relief, he passed his 85th year driving test at the end of last year. He can retain his independence and carry on with community activities, still helping others as Margaret did. Over the years I seldom left their place without a bag of oranges or some other offering!

The Adkins joined the Killcare/Wagstaffe Trust. We had all been inspired by the environmentalists, Allen and Beryl Strom, who lived nearby. Margaret and Gordon's contributions, including the counting of species found in squared areas marked out in the park, were part of the excellent research, which went into the *Bouddi Peninsula Study*.

Later, after the death of Allen Strom in 1997 and then Beryl at the end of 2002, Gordon took on the job of looking after the money collected from the sale of the books in the Centre, and he is still doing this job (in 2009).

Sadly, Margaret developed Alzheimer's Disease in the second half of the 1990s and spent her remaining years in a nursing home until her death on 25th January 2008, aged 81. In the meantime, the family home was extended, and their elder son Ian and his family came to live there, so giving support and company to Gordon.

Dr Gordon maintained his interest in scientific matters and for years shared his knowledge and the magazine, *The Scientific American*, with Otto Adderley, another brilliant local scientist, noted elsewhere in this volume of *Bouddi Bios*.

Helen Warliker 2008

MEMORIES OF KILLCARE

By Don Anderson

Don Anderson had a teaching career in public schools for 39 years. On the Central Coast he worked at Budgewoi and Kincumber Public Schools and concluded his career as Principal of Umina Public School. In 1966 Don and his wife purchased a weekender in Grandview Crescent, Killcare, moving to a newly built home in MacDonald Street in 1970. In 1995 they moved to Woy Woy. His recollections of Killcare go back to his early childhood.

Near the public wharf at Killcare was a collection of shops. The only one of the original ones remaining now, in 2007, is the one on the left, as you face up the hill. (See photo below from family collection.) Our shop – the one we patronised exclusively - was the one on the other side where the bottle shop now stands. It was run by Mr and Mrs Moore, who, if memory serves me correctly, were of Scottish extraction. They rented the holiday houses, ran the post office, supplied food, sold newspapers and provided petrol to those rare visitors who had a motor car and were crazy enough to bring it out on the road from Gosford. These days the only roads comparable to that road are found on Cape York in Far North Queensland.



The petrol bowser which stood outside Moore's store had a great handle on the side and the petrol was manually pumped into a glass reservoir at the top of the bowser. A gauge on the side of this reservoir indicated the quantity in gallons that had been pumped up. When the required number of gallons was in place, the petrol was released into the tank of the car.

Alongside the shop, and part of the same building, was a largish room. The local surf club had their presentation night there at one time when we were on holidays. That was the venue because, more than likely, there was no electric lighting at the surf club.

Next to Moore's store was a boat builder. This man had only one leg. He repaired boats and probably rented them out. Next to the boat builder was a house which survived almost unchanged until 2004.

One year we rented that house for a holiday. The water's edge was much closer in those days and opposite the house was a fallen tree on which we had great fun climbing about, particularly at high tide when there was water underneath. The public wharf had a shelter shed out at the end. Its roof and sides were made of corrugated iron. Alongside the wharf was a tidal swimming pool, which was great fun at high tide, but not much value at low tide. At low tide thousands of soldier crabs could be seen on the sand. Today they have vanished.

The 'Killcare Navy' was moored at the Killcare Wharf and Hardys Bay was quite clear of boats of any kind. At the wharf were rowing boats and the odd boat with an inboard motor.

Travel by road from Gosford was not common. Not many people had cars and the road, particularly from MacMasters Beach, was very rough. By the time you got to Killcare Heights – a name which was never used then – the road improved and was surfaced with an orange-coloured gravel, which may have been dug from the side of The Scenic Road just downhill from the Marie Byles lookout.



Killcare Heights from the air mid-1970s. The only paved road, The Scenic Road, lower left
Photo: Don Anderson

As the road curled down to the shops then, as now, there was a series of hair-pin bends. The road up from the shop and the wharf at Killcare had this distinctive orange colour and for us children it was almost a rite that we would look for it as the launch rounded the bend at Daleys Point and moved into The Rip. When we first saw it, we knew we had arrived. On our way back home, we watched it until it had disappeared and then we knew our holiday was over. In those days the launch from Woy Woy was the way to go. The route was down Woy Woy channel and often around St Huberts Island – there were no houses then – past Daleys Point, into The Rip and on to Killcare. Sometimes the launch would bypass the section through Daleys Point and go directly to Killcare.

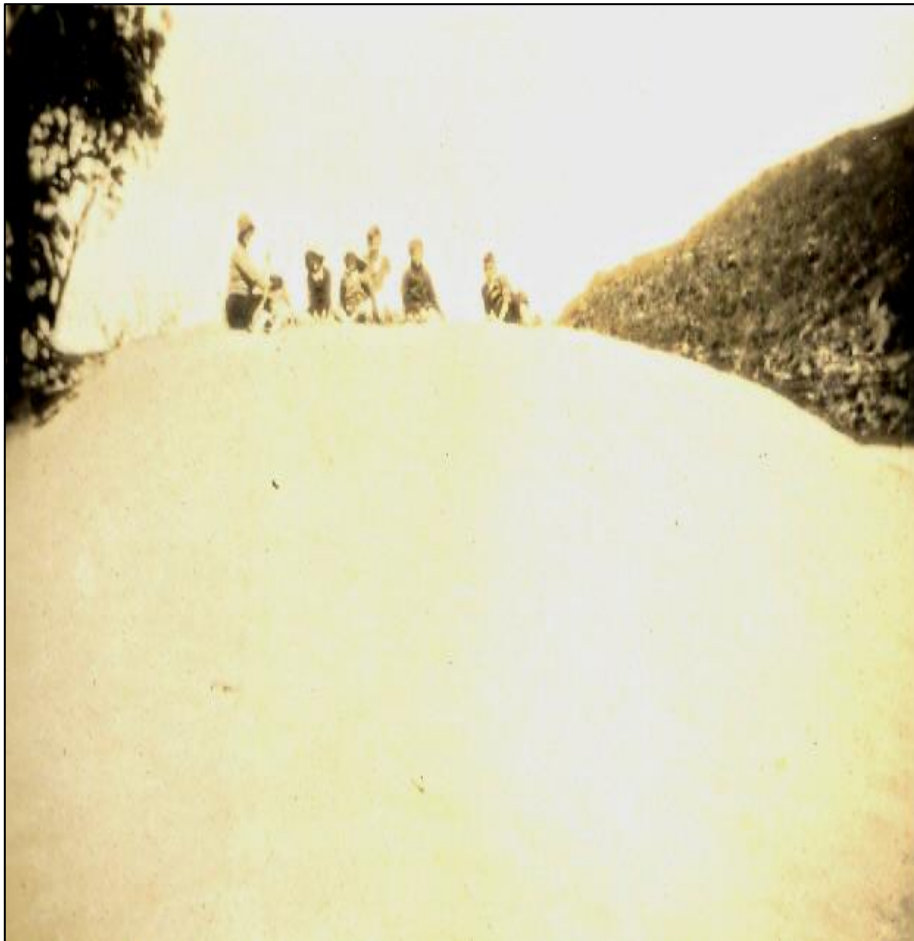
There was a sequence of wharves where the launch called. The launches were based at Wagstaffe and that was the beginning of the run. The sequence was Wagstaffe, Pretty Beach, Pretty Beach Extension (where the school is), Hardys Bay, Killcare and Killcare Extension. The extension wharves were visited in busy times, or on request. On the run out from Woy Woy, the first port of call was Hardys Bay, then Killcare, Killcare Extension and then across to Pretty Beach and Wagstaffe. As we stood on the wharf waiting for the launch, we would pick it out as it rounded the point heading for Hardys Bay wharf. We had it named as soon as it came in sight.

The fleet included the *Wagstaffe*, *Regent Bird*, *Conqueror*, *Bell Bird* and *Bell Bird Star*. The deckhand was the star of the show. As the launch approached the wharf, he would hurl his line, with casual aplomb, to the mooring post. He always seemed to me to be an incredible distance away when he threw the rope, but he rarely missed. His was the job that I aspired to as a boy.



As you walked up Killcare Road from the wharf and the shops you followed a track across land on the right near the top of the street. This was a shortcut to Beach Drive and Grandview Crescent. Houses have been built there now.

One summer there was a major bushfire at Killcare which burned out the area at the back of Putty Beach. We had to pack our bags and abandon our holiday cottage. We repaired to the place where the short cut went through and sat with our bags in the shade of the trees until the danger was over.



Sandhills 1940/50s. Photo: Patricia Mainsbridge

At the beach end of Beach Drive, where the road turns uphill to Grandview Crescent, was a sandhill which spilled over onto the road. Small trees and scrub bordered the road at this point, and you could not see the ocean from the road. The sand in this little hill was pure and clean and a great place to play. Further up the beach was a massive sandhill with similar pure sand and it was almost like a ski slope.

In behind the beach at this point was a cleared field with a concrete cricket pitch in the middle but I never saw a game of cricket played there.



Overlooking cricket pitch Killcare Beach 1940s. Photo: Cindy Dobbin

At the top end of Putty Beach, the fishermen's end, was a watchtower constructed from driftwood which would have been about five metres high. The fishermen would try to spot schools of fish from this tower and when the fish were running, would camp at that end of the beach.



Fish spotting Putty Beach in the 1930s.
Photo: Alan Cameron

Nearby, and back in the scrub, was the sanitary depot where the black lavatory pans were emptied or, if this wasn't the case, the shed would have been the local storage depot for the empty pans. This location is where the present National Parks camping area is located. The sanitary trucks, or dunny carts as they were better known, were painted deep green or black. There was a boxlike structure on the back with many doors. The dunny man would run with an empty pan to the outside toilet of each house, exchange the empty pan for a full one, clap a lid on the full one, heave it up onto his shoulder, take it out to the truck, sling it into a compartment, close the door and repeat the process at the next house.

These pans weren't exactly vacuum sealed, and it was quite an experience to be in a car that had to follow a fully laden dunny cart slowly up a hill as the dripping urine and stench wafted back to you. The sanitary carter was about as low as you could get on the occupational scales of the time.

In the 1950s sand mining took place at Putty Beach and things were never quite the same again. The sandhills were levelled and small lagoons behind the beach disappeared. Major damage was done to the beach and the miners left a legacy of Bitou Bush for future generations to dig out.

Dune stabilisation only completed in recent years, has brought the beach part of the way back to a semblance of its former glory. The desolate beach can be seen below after sand mining.



The desolate beach can be seen above after sand mining.

Near the surf club was the bogey hole. When we were children, we were good swimmers and this place was paradise, particularly at high tide. We could get out where the waves washed in and dive from the rocks into the rushing waters. We climbed over and dived off every rock and ledge we could find. Sunscreens hadn't been invented and we slowly browned in the hot summer sun. The surf club was just across from the bogey hole, a fairly rudimentary timber building with a lean-to at one end for the surf boat.



Bogey Hole and Killcare Beach 1950s. Photo: Norma Maher

Between the surf club and the bogey hole were the dressing rooms, constructed of timber with an iron roof and a pan toilet in one corner. The 'Ladies' was nearest the surf club and the 'Mens' nearest the bogey hole. Around from the bogey hole was a fascinating rock shelf where we could swim in a variety of holes, some big enough for one body, others big enough to take the whole family. There were watercourses all over this rock shelf and when the tide was coming in with a big sea, it could be a dangerous place.

Between Killcare Wharf and Hardys Bay Wharf was a most peculiar swimming pool. Right in the corner of the bay in the vicinity of the old RSL club (now the Community Church), a series of posts were set in the sand to keep the sharks out. This line of posts was between fifty and sixty metres in length and surmounted by flat timber planks. At low tide there was no water in the pool, leaving a vast expanse of mud and sand.

At high tide it was vastly different, with a huge stretch of water, which probably had a maximum depth of four feet. In this tidal area, i.e. the mud/sand flat, were swings and see-saws which were common fare in the playgrounds of the time. Most of our fun was in seeing how far we could walk along the flat timber planks before we fell into the water. One time a man stood on the bank near this tidal pool throwing rocks at a shark which was cruising nearby.



The Hardys Bay swimming pool 1920/30s Photo: Gwen Perrie

Because there were so few cars, there were many small businesses located at strategic points about the area. Wagstaffe boasted one shop, which still survives, much as it was then. In the vicinity of the public wharf at Pretty Beach were at least two general stores and a bakery. At the wharf at Hardy's Bay were a further general store and post office, as well as a butcher's shop. Killcare had two general stores and one of the buildings survives to this day.

The first real estate agent in the area was Jack Stewart, who set up an office next to one of the general stores in Killcare.

The highest point of most of our holidays was the trip to Gosford on the launch. Thursday was Market Day in Gosford and we embarked at Killcare for the rather long trip past Saratoga and up the Broadwater. Then, as now, the wharf at Gosford was across the road from the public school and quite a collection of launches would congregate there from all over the Brisbane Water. We would walk up from the wharf into what was a veritable country town and the greatest treat available was probably an ice cream in the park opposite the railway station. In the afternoon we retraced our steps to the launches for the return trip.

One year a very severe southerly buster turned the Broadwater into a rather turbulent place during our return journey. My mother, who was not a very good sailor, didn't have a good time of it and made much of the fact that some people on a train travelling south claimed the launch could barely be seen because of the size of the waves. Anyhow, we all survived, but the story of our epic voyage lived on for many years.

One year we walked from Killcare to the beach at Maitland Bay. This was considered quite a hike. The boilers of the *Maitland* were high and mostly dry on the rocks at the top end of the beach. These consisted of two massive steel boxes, much corroded, and they are certainly not to be seen there anymore.

There are some remnants of the boilers today, but you have to go looking for them.



My father's cousin had a weekender in Beach Drive. Most of the houses of the time were weekenders of a fairly standard design. There was a central section comprising kitchen, bedroom and a single room for lounge/dining. There may have been a bathroom. This core part was surrounded, at best, on three sides by a fairly generous verandah. These verandahs, some of which were later enclosed, were where most of the accommodation was. People slept there, dormitory style. The lavatory was always out the back, well away from the house for very good reasons. The bathroom, usually only boasting a shower, might be under the building or at the back of the building. There was no running water, no sewerage, no refrigeration, no telephones, no radio and certainly no television.

I can't quite recall whether or not there was electricity. Water came from the sky and was collected in large, galvanised iron tanks.

Our family used to holiday at Killcare, and being a child, I took no part in the packing of bags or for that matter, the carrying of them. Those problems were for my parents. In the early to mid-1940's there were five of us, two adults and three children. We stayed for a week, maybe two. Somebody, and I am sure it wasn't me, carried the luggage from home to Bankstown railway station, onto the train at Central and then to Woy Woy. At Woy Woy, the bags were lugged up the station steps and down and along to the wharf across from the Bayview Hotel, where they were loaded onto the roof of the launch. At Killcare the bags were off-loaded and if we had a rented cottage on the ocean side, they were carried up the hill to either Beach Drive or Grandview Crescent.

That was just the getting there. No doubt my parents were in even greater need of a holiday after that effort.

Conditions were obviously much harsher then, but there was a simplicity about life that brought great pleasures and compensations. Whether it was so for my parents it is impossible to say. In those times, no one ever locked their doors at Killcare. There were few fences. The beach side was the rough side – people cleared their land, built their houses and left it at that. On the bay side life was a little more ordered. Here and there were some lawns and some gardens. The beach side tended to be unkempt, and the bay side wasn't. If, on the way to the beach you happened to walk across someone's backyard, they didn't worry, they knew what you were about. It was a very unpretentious society.

That was Killcare, a sacred site, a vanished world.

NINA ANGELO OAM – A Memoir

‘It is important to share our stories so that the barriers can fall away’.

Nina Angelo arrived in Sydney, Australia with her parents on 21st June 1949 . She was 2 years old. Sixty years later in June 2009 Nina was an honoured recipient awarded a Medal of the Order of Australia (OAM) for her dedication, passion and service to the Arts and the Central Coast community.



Nina, the Community Artist, is an Australian, Gosford City and Bouddi Peninsula treasure. She was responsible for Gosford's finest ever creative arts event: 'Homage to the Elements'. She played an essential role in 'Bouddi 2000' and she presented a fine Sunday Afternoon by the bay at Wagstaffe. Nina's Little Shop was a local cultural icon.

Speaking thirteen languages between them, my father, Alberto Yacoel, was a Sepharadim, a Greek/Spanish/French Jew from Thessaloniki in Northern Greece, and my mother, an Ashkenasim Jew, was Janina Rosenberg, a Polish Jewish girl from Warsaw. They crossed paths in Auschwitz concentration camp in World War II.

However, they did not realize their affection for one another until by pure chance and serendipity they met again in Paris just after the liberation when the Red Cross set up centers to find lost relatives and reunite families.

With no home, family or friends left, there was no longer any connection to their countries of birth.

After been reunited with my mother's father, my grandfather, Ludwic, they married in London and returned to Greece where I was born in Athens on 3rd March 1947.



Special memories of my upbringing were the ways that my parents celebrated the joys of life. They had been to Auschwitz and yet they encouraged religious and cultural tolerance and the sharing of a common humanity. They had a deep appreciation of what Australia offered and the opportunity to start anew.

Growing up in the Yacoel household, I fondly remember there was always music playing, singing and dancing. There was never a weekend or holiday that my family did not camp, swim or explore.

Life was to be celebrated.

There were obvious differences in accents compared with the predominantly Anglo-Saxon school community. However, my younger siblings, Anna, Henri and myself were taught by our parents to always be strong and proud of who we are and where we came from. I will always remember my mother's words "...if you do not fear, then no one can hurt you..." When my father, Alberto, was challenged by anyone particularly in power or wearing a uniform, he would simply pull up his sleeve revealing the serial numbers that were tattooed during his confinement in the concentration camps and say

“Do you see this? Do you think that I have any fear of what you can do...?”

Although I have not lived through it, war has played a huge part in my life as my ex-husband was a Vietnam veteran and with all those experiences, I have learnt to celebrate life, embrace the opportunities and to create a life worth living with my twins, Adam and Cassie, my grandchildren, Summer and Zayla, my family and my friends who are like family to me.

In the late 1960s, my parents bought some land and built a house in Terrigal, where we spent holidays and weekends and in 1975, I bought my house at Terrigal with my twins who were four years old. I have pioneered my path with strong beliefs and love of community, our culture, our stories and have focused with passion on what it is that unites us, not what divides us. I have done this by living my passion through the arts and building on the strengths of our community.



I attended St Catherine's Ladies College, Waverley, NSW, where I particularly enjoyed Piano, Debating and Art. I commenced general art studies at the National Art School, East Sydney Technical College from 1964 to 1966.

Upon completion of studies, I travelled to Europe and America to further my art appreciation and education. My parents called it going to the 'university of life'.

The T-shirt, shown here is one of Nina's early designs.

I married a Vietnam veteran in 1969. My twins Adam and Cassie were born in 1972 but the marriage did not last long, and divorce followed. The twins were ten months old and as a single mother I lived with my

children in southern Sydney before moving to the Central Coast in 1975, where I bought a house and moved with my twins to Terrigal. It is where I set up my studio and seriously began to make a career of my art and sharing my skills with communities.

In 1988, our Terrigal home burnt down. Everything was lost and it happened just before the Homage to the Elements community arts celebration. It was then I moved to MacMasters Beach and lived on Tudibaring Farm with the wonderful Waddington family for sixteen years. I rebuilt my home at Terrigal but decided that I loved living in MacMasters Beach and moved permanently.

Nina's Many Contributions to Community Arts. I established my own art studio at Terrigal in 1975 and held workshops in creative silk screen fabric printing. I was a founding member and organiser of the Creative Craft Group on the Central Coast. I also became publicity officer for the Gosford City Arts Council. I taught, demonstrated and exhibited extensively throughout the Central Coast.

I became a registered tutor with the Crafts Council of NSW. This allowed a wider opportunity to teach and demonstrate creative silk-screen fabric printing to local organisations, schools, technical colleges, clubs and Community Youth Support centres.

In October 1982, to mark the International Women's Year, I became involved with the Central Coast committee, helping lobby for a Community Arts Officer on Gosford City Council which up until this time had no representation of the arts or the cultural community on council. I also became joint coordinator for the Women and Arts Festival, sponsored by the NSW Government.

During this time, I presented a one-day demonstration/participation workshop in the grounds of Government House, Sydney.

After working as artist in residence for the Festival of Sydney 1982, I was commissioned to make a 40-minute video for Colourmaker Industries in screen printing techniques for distribution throughout schools and TAFE colleges in Australia. The video was also distributed to the USA and the Pacific Island of Fiji and New Zealand.

I became a committee member and then publicity officer for Central Coast Community ArtsGroup. Another undertaking was taking the mobile art workshop to outlying areas of the Central Coast for the Department of Leisure Sport and Tourism and Gosford City Council.

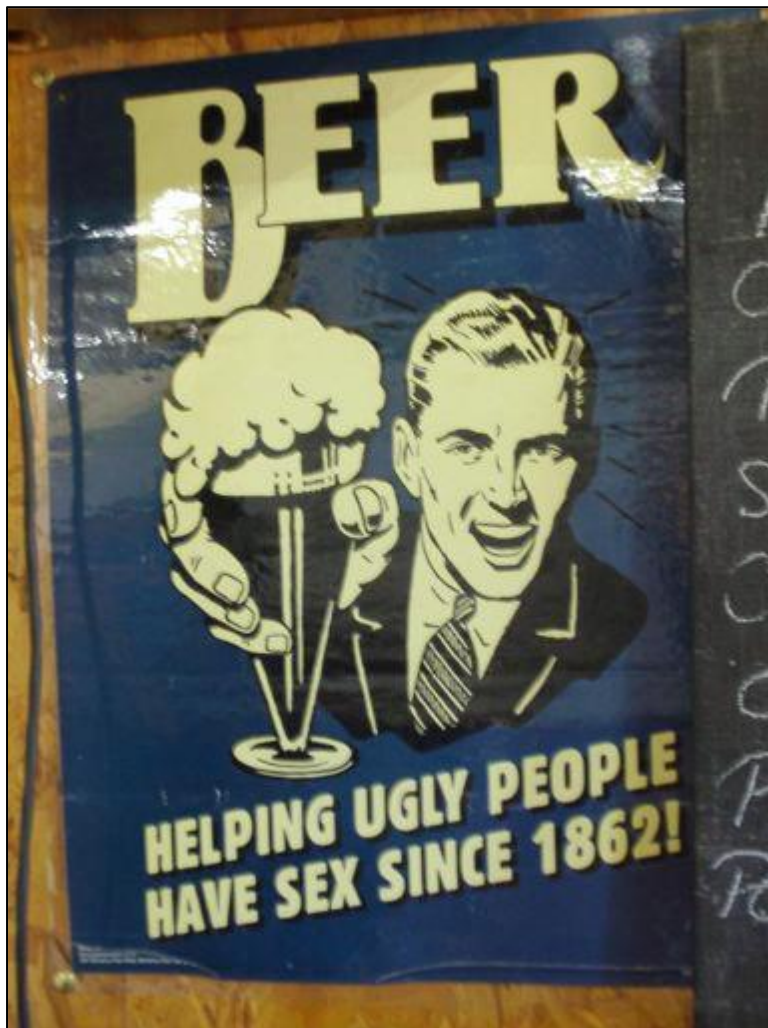
Between 1983 and 1984, I was publicity officer for the Gosford City Arts Council.

Another commission by the Powerhouse Museum was to organise for the Festival of Sydney in 1984, a 12-day participation/demonstration workshop in screen printing of flags at the Museum with adults and children. Throughout 1984, I continued screen printing classes privately at CYSS centres and Gosford TAFE

I became the coordinator for the Environmental Awareness course at the Entrance CYSS and also helped set up the Central Coast Creative Crafts Group. I worked at Plunket Street Public School, printing flags and banners with children in Woolloomooloo to celebrate the Network of Community Activities'10th birthday. There was also a stint as an Aquarobics/Water Fitness Instructor for the Lifestyle Program through the NSW's Health Commission.

Throughout 1985, I undertook a range of workshops and or demonstrations in the screen printing of flags and of mask making in Marketown shopping centers at Gosford, Newcastle, Blacktown, Leichhardt and the Northgate shopping centre at Hornsby.

This activity also took me to Toukley Women's Refuge Centre, Mt Penang Boys Home, Gosford TAFE, Richmond Women's Health Centre, and SELAH, the Salvation Army's drug and alcohol rehabilitation centre, Woy Woy Youth Centre and Newcastle's Matara Youth Festival as Artist in Residence.



Found 'way out' in the Outback: This poster appealed to Nina's sense of humour

Other major activities in 1985 included a multi youth arts event workshop for sixteen days with twenty young people making and designing the costumes and banners for the final performance of the Sydney Youth Festival in May of that year.

Flag making with Bourke Public School students and adults at a two-day intensive workshop was a very rewarding time. The printing of 40 metres of fabric for cushion covers, wall hangings and cot-covers to decorate the Bourke Long Day Care Centre was achieved. This workshop involved Aboriginal and white participants blending design elements of the two cultures.

Who was chosen to be the Project artist and co-ordinator of costumes, banners and props for the final performance of the presentation of Earth, Wind, Fire and Water in the Domain, Sydney? I was lucky enough to be chosen. This rock opera was written, choreographed and completely conceptualized and designed by 150 young people under the guidance of the Crafts Council of NSW.

I attended a one-day workshop as artist/consultant for NSW's Education Department at Sydney College of the Arts, sharing skills with students and art teachers.

I was appointed artist/consultant for the Festival of Sydney 1986 workshops at Hyde Park for one month.

Screen printing demonstrations followed for Colourmaker Industries in creative screen printing at Newcastle Hunter Valley Art Supplies, Wagga Wagga Arts Community and at Armidale College of Advanced Education. A commission from Colourmaker Industries required I prepare a second video, demonstrating lino cut printing and screen printing on foam, glass, leather and so on. This video was to be distributed through education departments, art and craft supplies and for overseas distribution.

Units, attached to Gosford and Wyong Hospitals. This performance was a multi-arts-environmental performance held at the Skillion and the Haven. Workshops were held for one week with young people and community groups, making windsocks, banners, props and set decorations for the event.



Nina and a banner created by Pretty Beach Public School.

I co-ordinated the opening ceremony in Grahame Park, Gosford using giant rainbow banners for Senior Citizen's Week.

During the International Year of Peace in 1987 at Baha'i Peace Exposition at the Baha'i Temple, Ingleside, Sydney, I led a two-day workshop, making peace flags with people of all ages and nationalities and cultures.

Gosford City Banners for Peace was a twelve-week community arts project, initiated as an ongoing community collection of banners. The collection consisted of a large number of banners, flags and street decorations, which were on

display at the Gosford Waterfront Festival. The project involved more than 500 local people and community organisations, as well as isolated schools in the area.

At Matara Festival, Newcastle, I had a three-week residency as an artist, involved in the selection of ten designs chosen from a competition held through local schools in Newcastle.

The banners were hung in Civic Park for the festival week and carried in the parade. One set has been taken to Japan and presented to UBE, Newcastle's sister city.

In 1987, I was artist in residence with a network of community activities on the Accessible Arts project which was developing arts based creative activities for people with disabilities, artists and the community. This was a statewide project working in all levels of the disability spectrum. It was during this time I presented a paper for the TAD conference (Technical Aid for the Disabled).

I have taught in primary, secondary and tertiary institutions in metropolitan, regional and remote parts of Australia, the Pacific and Greece.

From 1985 and for many following years, I travelled through regional and rural NSW conducting workshops with Contact for Isolated Children, Families and Communities and Network of Community Activities in many schools and communities.

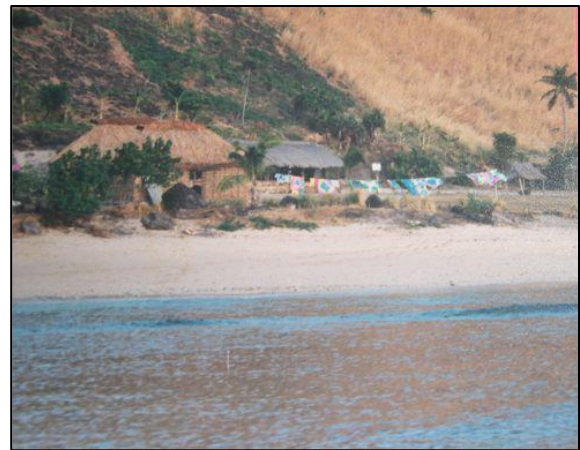
In 1988, my Terrigal home burned down so my children and I were left with nothing. It was two weeks before the 1988 Homage to the Elements community arts celebration held at Terrigal.

I was co-ordinator of this event. Over 500 people from the community were involved in this amazing event and over 5000 people came along as audience. Music and dance was written especially for this performance and a documentary was made about the event.

It was then I moved to MacMasters Beach to the Waddington farm, while I re-built my Terrigal family home with a lot of help from my friends.

From 1987 and for the next 15 years, I travelled and worked in the Fiji Islands and Tuvalu. In 1989, I was awarded a professional development grant from the Australia Council for the Arts to spend four months in Fiji as Artist in Residence working with the Fiji National Training Council, Arts Council, Education Dept, children in schools and communities in villages, training people involved in the garment industry.

In 1993, there were two documentaries made of my work in the Fiji Islands called A Lasting Impression and Tapa Traditions, a cross cultural exchange between an Australian Community artist and the people of Fiji. It was also the year when another house fire took all my possessions while I was in the Fiji Islands.



In

the

photos above, Nina is demonstrating and working with people in Fiji and other Pacific Islands.

I worked as Artist in Residence for the International Play Summit in 1993, held at Melbourne University, where there were delegates from many nations of the world, working on the United Nations Rights of the Child.

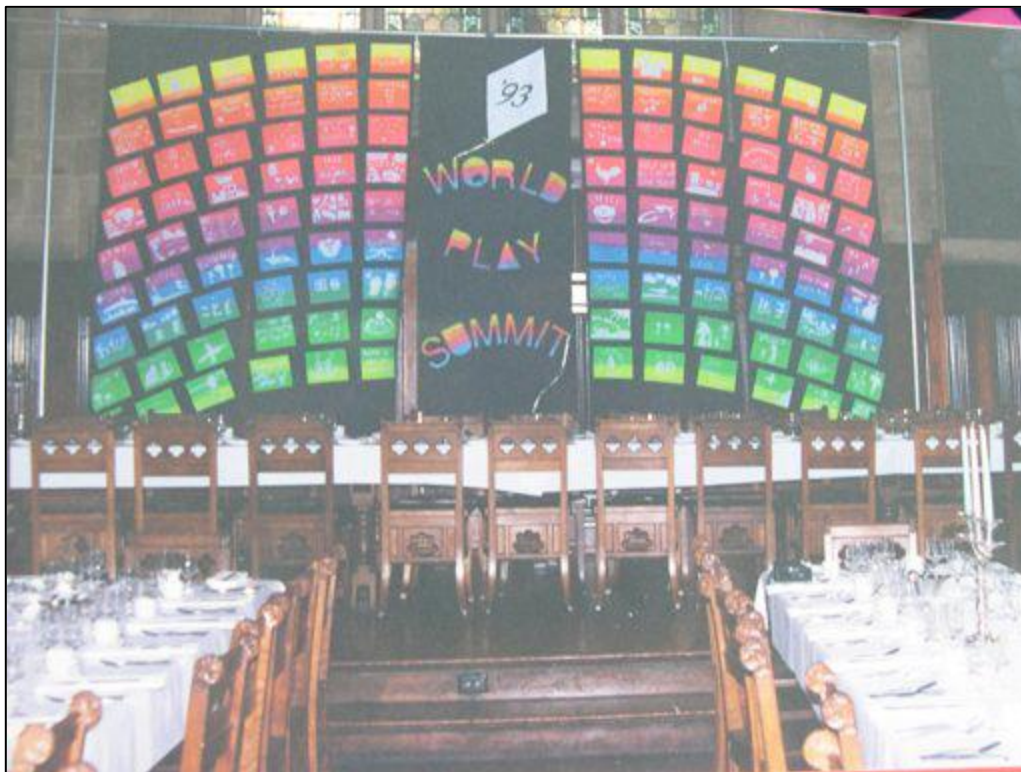
In 1993 and 1994, I was asked by the Canadian Pacific Funds coordinator in Fiji to go to Tuvalu and help set up small income generating businesses with the Development Bank of Tuvalu. This project also had the full support of the Australian Ambassador and embassy for the Pacific, based in Fiji.



In July, 2004 the Bouddi Society invited me to talk about my life and work as a guest for their Afternoon by the Bay series held at Wagstaffe Hall. I enjoyed the experience which gave me the opportunity to look back and reflect on my life and the journey that had brought me to that point in my life. And the journey continues. My friend, Anne-Marie from Bouddi Voice choir sang a version of Silent Night telling of my mother's Christmas story in Auschwitz. (See photo above).



Narooma children working together to make a banner.



I also worked on the Greek festival of Sydney over two years as their Artist in Residence and on many other projects. I worked as Artist in Residence for the World Play Summit in 1993 held at Melbourne University where there were delegates from many nations of the world working on the United Nations Rights of the Child (see photo above). I also worked on the Greek Festival in



In 1999 and 2000, I played an important role in Bouddi 2000, working with the local MacMasters Beach team to produce some brilliant banners in my colourful workshop for the big Parade. These banners continue to be used on special occasions on the Bouddi Peninsula (see photos below).





I enjoyed playing a major role in the organization of the Five Lands Walk. The walk interweaves the communities of MacMasters Beach, Copacabana, Captain Cook Lookout, Avoca Beach, North Avoca Beach, Terrigal Beach and Terrigal Haven.

The Five Lands Walk brings together local artists, musicians, environmentalists, historians and the Aboriginal community, to provide a broad range of arts and cultural activities, including talks to explain the winter migration of humpback whales to their breeding grounds. The event, focusing on the cultural history of these towns, is a joint venture of Gosford City Council, local Aboriginal custodians and many social, cultural and sporting organisations. Entertainment and performers are showcased along the stretch of the events route, with ceremonies and celebrations throughout each community as the walk progresses.

The launch of the first Five lands Walk at Cochrane Lagoon, the meeting place of two of the Lands, MacMasters Beach and Copacabana. The flags were printed by and represented the communities of both Lands.



The heart sand sculpture represented Bouddi and the heart of the community.

‘I live a performance’. My Little shop in MacMasters was the expression of this philosophy.

I tried very hard to make the shop bright and inviting. I would vary the displays, organize around themes and hopefully the ideas kept everything moving.

I believe passionately in living and teaching and sharing our community cultural stories. The role of the artist is to interpret the stories of our culture that leave a lasting record of our time. The community Artist works with the community, interpreting their stories so they are never forgotten and will forever leave a lasting impression. ‘It’s the “Fabric of Our Lives”’.

I played a major role on the Committee organising *Spikefest*. This event was inspired by the life of Spike Milligan and his association with the Central Coast. Spike’s brother Desmond was also on the organising committee and the photo below shows Desmond and I dancing together following the *Walk Backwards to Woy Woy Parade*.

Nina walking backwards.



Gosford City Council Mayor, Chris Holstein, joined in the fun (with Nina below).





In 2005, I bought the little shop at MacMasters Beach and called it Nina's Little Shop. I have treated it as my artform which happens to sell bread, papers, milk etc. etc. It has been a challenge and a joy but many hours of work.

'I live a performance'. My Little shop in MacMasters was the expression of this philosophy. I tried very hard to make the shop bright and inviting. I would vary the displays, organize around themes and hopefully the ideas kept everything moving.

I had a good relationship with the locals and enjoyed welcoming people new to MacMasters Beach and looking after their needs.



In 2008, I was awarded the Pride of Workmanship Small Business Award by Kincumber Rotary Club for Nina's Little Shop.



In 2009, I was awarded the Order of Australia Medal, OAM, for Service to the Arts and the Central Coast Community, which was a great honour. It came exactly 60 years to the month in June '09, after I arrived in Australia with my parents in June 1949, as refugee migrants.

In May 2010, I sold 'Nina's Little Shop' and am now free to pursue my cultural work and my own artwork. I have been President of Fusion Arts Central Coast for five years now and I will continue to work for the cultural community of our beautiful region. I believe passionately in living and teaching and sharing our community cultural stories. The role of the artist is to interpret the stories of our culture that leave a lasting record of our time.

The community Artist works with the community, interpreting their stories so they are never forgotten and will forever leave a lasting impression. 'It's the "Fabric of Our Lives".'



Nina with her son, Adam,
and granddaughters, Summer
and Zayla.



Nina and her daughter, Cassie.



Nina Angelo 2009

To read more about Nina, go to artist, Julie Duell's website at:

<http://artintegrity.wordpress.com/2008/06/20/27-nina-angelo-artist/>

or Nina's website at: www.ninaslittleshop.com.au

THE ANNAND FAMILY

by Ian Tisdell and Beverly Annand

John Annand was born June 10, 1869 in Strachan, Kincardine, Scotland. He gained his Steam Engineer's certificate in Edinburgh before arriving in Australia. John married Emma Jane Watson in 1891 at Hexham, NSW. Together they produced eleven children.



John Annand



Emma Jane Annand

The Annand family moved to Hardys Bay in 1917, where they rented the house called *Riverview*. John was a sea going man and would sail between Sydney and New Zealand. When not at sea, he had a sawmill nearby and would cut firewood and put it in sugar bags, which he would put on the ferry to Sydney and sell for two shillings a bag, not bad money in those days. John was an early member of the Surf Club. *Riverview* was later home to the Burkes and in the 1960s, the home of Bruce and Shirley Thompson.



Riverview, 6 Flora Ave Hardys Bay.

John and Emma later moved to *Hetherington* in Como Parade, Pretty Beach while they built their house at Hardys Bay, where there used to be a big Fig tree near Flora Ave.

John died in 1943 and Emma in 1957. Both are buried at St Pauls Church, Kincumber.



Emma Jane Annand at *Elanora*, Fishermans. End.



Early photo of Hardys Bay, taken from near where the house was built.

The children of John and Emma Annand

Annie Annand was born in 1891 and died the same year.

George Annand was born in 1893. He married Nellie Lower in England during the war in 1917. During the 1930s George was a fisherman. George drowned at Hardys Bay in 1954 and is buried at St Pauls Church, Kincumber.

George and Nellie had five children: Gladys died young; Norma later married Frank Myer; Nancy married Bill Wolstenholme; William (Laurie), like his father, drowned in 1971 and the last child was Jack.

Rita Annand was born in 1895. She married George Thompson, who died during the First World War in 1917. She then married Thomas Barrett.

William known as Jack was born about 1898. He married Alice Beldon in 1920. They only had one daughter, Jean, who later married Bert Myer.



George and Nellie with baby Gladys in 1919

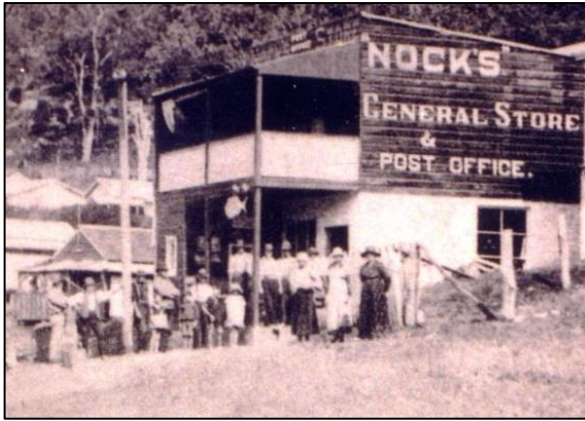


William Annand

Isabel Annand was born in 1900. She married William Nock in 1921. William's parents were William and Phoebe Nock who had Nock's General store in Araluen Drive until about 1933. Possibly Fred Holwell Snr took over the shop before moving to Pretty Beach. More research is needed to verify this.



Isabel Annand



Nock's General store.

Frederick Annand was born in 1902. He married Annie Fry in 1931. Fred had gained his Coxswain's and Driver's Licence about 1922. Whilst Fred was colour blind, he still managed to pass the test, as it was only verbal in those days. (This information was supplied to Ian Tisdell by Gwen Dundon). Fred drove the ferries for Murphy's with Ted Myer and later for Amalgamated Ferries. Fred was an early member of the Surf Club. Fred and Annie had two daughters, Patricia and Shirley.



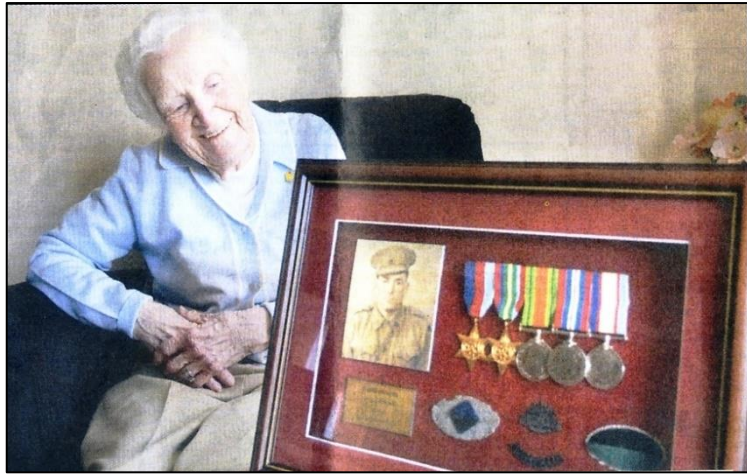
Back: Emmy Board, Mrs Hauman, Pauline Battishall, Daphne Hulme, Noeline Jackson.

Middle: Mae McRitchie, Phyll Woods, Annie Annand, Lucy Hulme

Front: Mrs Cass, Mrs Tait, Mrs Green. *Central Coast Express* photo published in May 1966.

Annie Annand is pictured in the photograph above. She is one of the many women who worked for the Hardys Bay Branch of the Red Cross.

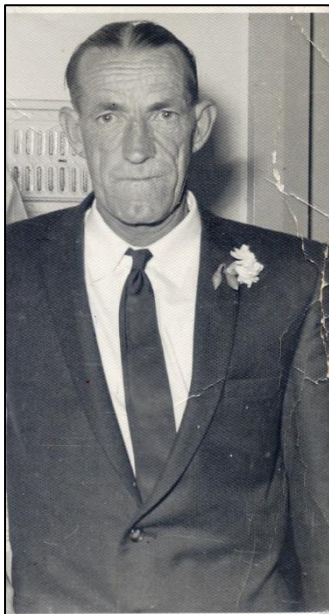
Charles Annand was born in 1904. He married May Sims in Gosford in 1925. Their children were Henrietta, Marjorie and John.



Myra Annand was born in 1905. She married Stanley White in 1944. There were no children to this marriage.

James Annand was born in 1906. He married Lorna Pocock/Coppin in 1945. James was in the army in 1942. James and Lorna had two daughters, Gail and Lorraine.

David Annand was born in 1911. He married Stella Filewood in 1935 and had one daughter, called Myra. David died as a prisoner of war in 1945 at Sandakan, Borneo.



Bert Annand



Phyllis Annand

Albert (Bert) Annand was born in 1914. He married Phyllis Staunton in 1936 in Sydney. Albert joined the merchant navy and sailed to New Guinea during WW11 on the ship, *Corio II*. Bert worked for the Australian Woollen Mills in Sydney as a Spinner and later for the Rutile Works at Killcare and Kincumber.

Bert was involved with fishing at Fishermans End of Putty Beach.

Bert was an early member of the Surf Club. Their children were John (known as J A), Beverley (who contributed to this story), Wendy, Kevin, Noel, Robert (known as the 'Brush') and Cheryl.

‘Memories’ by Beverley Wyatt (nee Annand)



Back: Elsie (surname not known) Meg Stewart, Phyllis Annand, Babs Murphy, Vi Osborne, Dorrie Dickson, Elsie Wright, Mrs Wilsmore, Mavis Johnson, Pearl Smith

Front: Ann Cameron, Phyll Martin, Ros Wright, Sylvia (surname unknown).

We were very lucky to live by the bay from 1938 onwards and to know it was then a beautiful community where someone's problem was everyone's. Our mums played tennis at Holwell's courts in Venice Road on Wednesdays; they were all great friends. We would have tennis picnics at Picketts Valley and Toowoyn Bay; always something to look forward to and fantastic.

Roy Frost would drive us in his big tabletop truck, as we all sat safely on the back with our mums; how times have changed.

In winter we were never cold as we had a Metters fuel stove and only having a radio (no TV in those days) we would go to bed early.

One thing I can clearly remember, back in the war times was that we were issued with food and fuel coupons, the number depending on how many were in the household. They were about the size of a postage stamp and were coloured orange. Let me tell you that they were very precious to all of us. I can remember Nanna Annand swapping coupons for different things with her friends. One day Kevin was sent to the Hardys Bay shops for flour and sugar, but he lost the coupons along the waterfront, so we were all sent out to look for them, with no luck at all that day.

The next day they were found with the high tide that had washed them into the reeds on the bank near the bridge, so Kevin was out of trouble, and we could get our rations. Nanna always cooked a lot.

I can remember the blackouts during the war and also the famous grey blankets we used for curtains on our windows. I also remember cutting up sheets for bandages, which we would roll up with a knife and send off to the war department.



Mr Baldwin delivered ice to the residents of the peninsula.

We had a wooden ice chest, and the Ice Man would bring in the ice with ice tongs (no fridges for us back then). We also had a couple of meat safes which were cylindrical in shape where we kept our butter and meat and perishables, and we would put them outside of a night. I can't ever remember us being sick from food spoil.

We were very lucky to live amongst some great characters. Mrs Dick, who lived at Killcare Extension, would drive her horse and sulky and pick us kids up on the way to Pretty Beach School. We were so impressed to be picked up that we would skite about it.



John Annand, Keith & Dorothy Martin with Annand's house in the background. Photo: Dorothy Jenkins

When I was about five years old and in my first years at school, Mum allowed me to catch the ferry home, as long as I stayed with my brother John (J A).

Well, I did, and he would hold my hand down to the wharf at Pretty Beach. One day he fell in and I was in a panic but Arthur Beasley pulled him out. In those days we wore leather school bags on our backs so that would have pulled J A down.

There was an eccentric lady living at Hardys Bay, near the Dunlops, and she would spoil all the kids, inviting us in to visit her fruit trees - apricots, plums, peaches, mulberry etc. She just loved the kids, but I never saw any of her family. The house was made from sandstone blocks and should have been heritage listed. She once said that J A was the smartest kid and would one day be Prime Minister of Australia. Well, he didn't do that, but he did gather a few titles on the beach, through the Surf Club. We also had the Smiths, who lived about diagonally across at Killcare Extension. Mr Smith worked at Arnotts Biscuits at Homebush and because we were on the poorer side (family wise), he would make sure that us kids had plenty of biscuits.

J A won the prestigious Gilgandra Gift Sprint in 1957 and the prize money was three hundred and fifty pounds with a brilliant silver pitcher. At this time, he ran for the Botany Harriers at Moore Park. The Botany Harriers are now famous worldwide.



John (J A) Annand

When I was about nine or ten mum sent me around to Pretty Beach to the Sly Grog Shop near the Kings Clothing Factory to buy a bottle of port for dad when he got home. At the top of Hardys Bay, a black car stopped, and someone said, "Get in the car." Well, we had always been told to say the big NO, so I stood my ground and then I started to run down the big hill, where the old post office was and along the waterfront, until I got home. At home, I got into trouble off dad for NOT getting in the car. It was pretty hard to win!!

Every time we went to the Sly Grog Shop Mum would meet us out of sight, where she would remove some of the port and replace it with water. This would happen until Mum had a full bottle which she would sell back to dad. Dad would pay up and mum would smile!

Mum would also do home perms for her friends to make a little extra money and I think she charged five bob (five shillings) in those days.

Fishing at Fisherman's End.



I recall thinking how ever did they climb up the Tripod Tower which was made from saplings and driftwood. Dad was very skilled at reading the water by the shadows and ripples etc.

He would sing out, 'Boats' which then would be launched straight away with the nets. Peak time would be around Easter. They mainly fished for Mullet (the big ones). Sometimes they got so many that they gave them away on the beach and they would bury them in the sand so they wouldn't spoil. The fish markets would only take so many boxes at a time.

When the first R S L was opened in Hardys Bay, it was situated behind the Memorial Hall. The wives of the district got a bit of a break and some peace for a while, until closing time around 9pm, I think.

When dad left to come home, Nanna Annand would take up a perch at the front window, as if dad wouldn't see the curtain pulled back; then she would turn the lights off.

Next thing dad would sing out across the bay, "Lights off, here comes Bert." Well, it didn't make any difference; we would wake up anyway and so did the neighbour's dogs.

There was a lady who lived near the Camerons, and I swear she raised hell every night, singing out for her husband Fred Burns to get home NOW. I think Fred was the key keeper and ran the R. S. L. I know there wasn't much of a dress code – you could have bare feet, clean or not, stubby shorts etc; you name it. Before the R. S. L. opened people would row across to Ettalong to get supplies instead of paying sly grog prices.

As kids we would go around the district collecting beer bottles and I think we would get about a halfpenny each for them. They were big bottles and quite heavy for us to carry and if you were smart enough, we would ask different people to save them for us. We would store them under the house at Hardys Bay until the 'Bottlo' would come and collect them. Arthur Beasley Snr would also collect bottles.

We would often hike over to Maitland Bay and camp overnight. We carried everything we needed, and we would cook the fish we caught and cook potatoes in the coals. An eye was kept out for the Ghosts of the Maitland Wreck and after dark we were all so scared; if they stirred, I think we would have run back up the track nonstop.

I worked at the Pretty Beach Bakery where I earned three pound eighteen shillings and sixpence a week and I would ride my push bike to work; I would be lucky to get on one now! I also worked at Killcare Shop for Mr Hubbard with Colleen Smith being my supervisor. I would have to weigh up broken biscuits in paper bags and also lollies. I loved it - working there; you would get to see some of the heart throbs and put some extra ice cream in their milkshakes. I was so very lucky to have these jobs. The shop had a dance hall at the back and Colleen Smith told me that they used to have dances there with saxophone, piano, etc., when the army came during the war. It's hard to imagine now just how close we were to the action on our beaches and headlands.

After the war, I remember a fish and chip shop where Mary McKinney later had her Real Estate shop. One could buy threepence or sixpence worth of chips wrapped up in newspaper; they tasted better in those days.

We were taught how to fish by a one-armed man named 'Wingy' Bob, who lived in the flats near the shops and was always fishing from the wharf at Killcare.

For entertainment we would listen to the radio; shows like 'Martins Corner', 'Doctor someone?' 'The Dark Stranger'. We couldn't wait for the next episode.

We went on bush walks, got lost once or twice and brought home bunches of wildflowers like Waratahs, Christmas Bells, Flannel Flowers, Honeysuckle and Orchids.

No rangers around then that we knew of, and we didn't think we were doing any harm because nobody said anything.



'Wingy' Bob

We would only pick the flowers with no harm to the rest of the plant. The hills around the bay were amass with Christmas Bush Trees, probably mostly wiped out with all new houses built in the 60s.

Our entertainment was simple, and we were taught how to dance at Wagstaffe Church every Friday night. The social was run by a couple of locals who lived at Wagstaffe, namely Rod Chivers and Donnie Radford. They believed in the youth of the district, and I am so grateful to have lived in that era. We had no problem with crime or graffiti that I can remember, just a lot of good times.

At about sixteen we took an interest in the opposite sex; very funny when you think back in time; finding partners and better than that. We have all come back to the district and remain very good friends.

I remember the Bogey Hole, where we all learnt to swim and dive off the rocks (without our parents knowing), and later the Big Rocks! Also, we enjoyed going around the rocks to swim holes known as the millions club.

In those days there was only one house built right on the beach. It was owned by the Hopwoods. What a view!

The Surf Club

We loved our old surf club but the women from the Ladies Auxiliary were not allowed in the 'Holy Sacred Grail' with the tin roof, fibro walls and showers. There were holes in the back wall from rocks falling down from the hill behind. Later on, after the Ladies Auxiliary had objected and were allowed in, the men drilled peep holes in the showers. Eventually, the ladies were able to join the get together on Friday nights and we were treated with much respect; after all we did raise money to keep the club going.

We would go on the annual door knock appeal in our very savvy, made to fit by 'Cole of California' (personally measured) black costumes and hats.

Also, we made a big impression at the First Night Carnival at Coogee Beach and the Queens Carnival at Manly Beach. Well, that was a big deal, as I went in a beach event and came second in the Musical Flags. We were very elated to have come from our little hamlet called Killcare Life Savers Club and how proud we were amongst all the Sydney clubs.

I would like to add that the ladies from this small club at Killcare were always cheered on at the March Pasts at the surf carnivals. I can remember at Ocean Beach there was a gale blowing and I had the honour to be the flag bearer. On top of our flag was a big falcon, which made it very hard to hold in strong wind. I thought to myself I can't do this, and I had a lot of trouble holding on to it but I had to and I did! (I was very proud of myself).

We did fairly well on the day (brilliant). Jim Tubby reckoned I looked like Mary Poppins (I wish). This same flag which was very heavy had been carried for many years in the ladies

carnivals before it was handed over to me from Rose Nowland. Se had married Ken Nowland. They had two boys and moved up to Nana Glenn near Coffs Harbour.

We had no fear of the surf at Killcare, as we knew we had dedicated lifesavers and to be rescued by one of the hunks was special. I don't think it meant much to John (J A) though, as he was not impressed to be rescued by Brian Green, his teammate. The joke has been going on forever as Brian was in the 'Crack R & R' team in K. L. S. C. and all of the girls were in love!

We have also seen tragedy, all part of growing up, like the drowning of my two uncles and also of Barry Mason, a young man lost in 1953 at Killcare Beach. The family would rent a cottage almost next door to us, so we got to know them fairly well and looked forward to seeing them each year for the Christmas Holidays (and also other families that came up every year). The members of our surf club spent many hours in very heavy seas, searching for this boy but nothing!

Later His parents would come to Killcare on Boxing Day and just sit on the headland above the Bogey Hole. We all knew who they were, and it was pretty sad, knowing it happened on our safe beach.

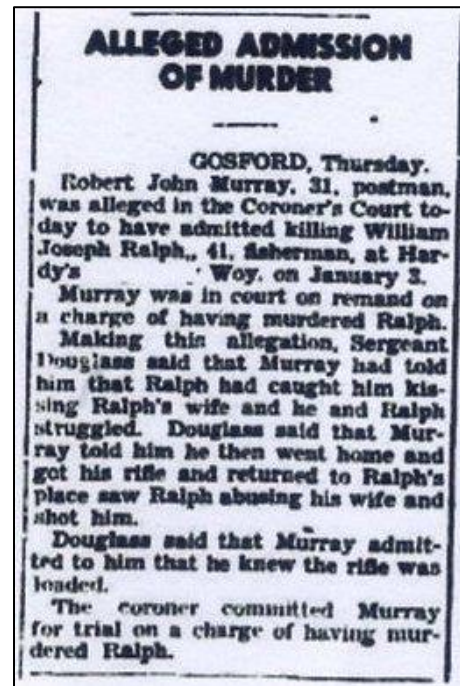
Dad was always a Reserve Sweep and he loved it, most likely a remembered passion from the early years.

My father had a friend at Lobster Beach called Lobster Sam; he was a bit of a landmark and I think he probably helped himself to some of the lobster pots around the area and sold the lobsters. Mum would keep Sam in bread and butter and potatoes in exchange for lobsters. I didn't like them, but my brothers and sisters did, so they thought it was a fair swap.

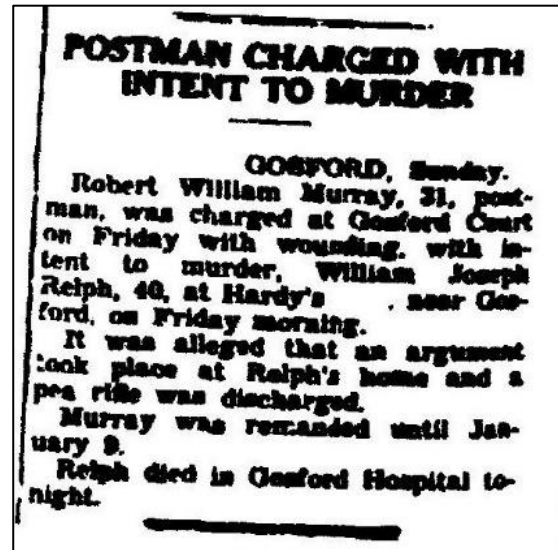
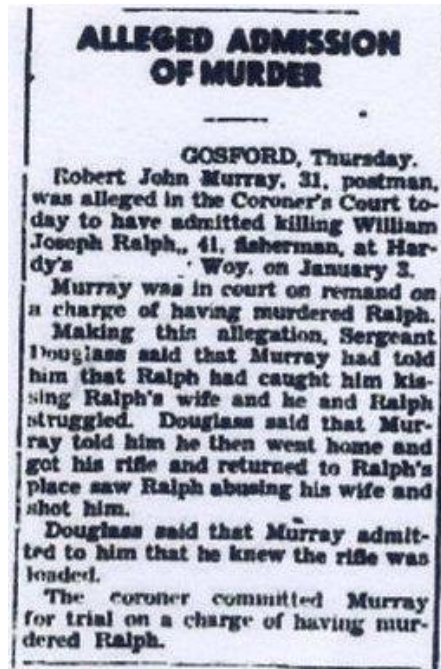
Dad would also make lobster pots out of Monkey Vine which he sold.

The residents of the area would complain about dad and his driving. They complained that they could 'walk faster' than he drove (this was most likely a blessing in disguise). Mum was an expert at taking off the distributor cap and removing the rotor arm, which would disable the car so dad couldn't drive after a few drinks and he would always say, "Something's going on here", Well, it always was!!

Dad had some funny friends, and it was always associated with where he could get a drink. Joe and Emma Board lived at Killcare close to the shops. Mum was always walking down to the shops to bring dad back and I can recall myself going down the hill to bring them both back home.



In my lifetime, I have only heard of one murder in the Killcare district; one could never imagine this happening, living in beautiful Hardys Bay. It is said that when Bobby Murray came home his mother went troppo. In looking back before this, she would come up to us kids coming home from school, and we were genuinely scared of her.



Canberra Times 5th Jan 1948 and 23rd Feb 1949

We heard of her panicking when a storm was approaching. She would lay underneath the kitchen table with her legs and arms and her head in buckets.

My Auntie Annie, (Fred's wife), would make sure if she was OK and take her meals to support her.

Summing Up

Dear Ian,

I'm wanting to seal this letter up and get it in the post. There are so many childhood memories; so much, that I don't think I can write them all down. How could my family and myself have been so lucky? Growing up in a special place with the best childhood memories anyone could have wanted?

After reading stories of the newcomers, they will never have the experience of having the most beautiful life that we had in the early days on the coast, and I am so proud to have lived this simple life without the fancy restaurants and dinner parties etc.

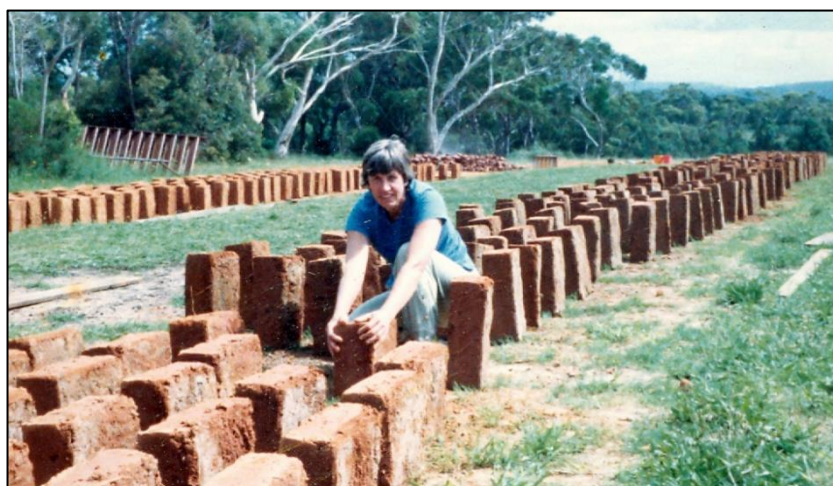
Beverley Wyatt (nee Annand), 2009



While living and working in Wahroonga, Hildegard and John Anstice had spent many holidays camping in a tent in bushland areas of the NSW coast, as far north as Kempsey and as far south as Maitland Bay. In the early eighties they were getting itchy feet and while camping in the Myall Lakes National Park, saw an advertisement in the paper for acreage in Killcare. As they had been looking for more space, particularly for Hilde's pottery, they drove to the address at Killcare Heights and decided 'this was it'. They were so excited that they put the Wahroonga house on the market, and it sold within 6 weeks, so they bought the 11½ acres for sale here. This was before the freeway was in operation and there was initially no water laid on.

The large shed, already built by the previous owner for his proposed caravan park, served as a temporary dwelling and when their house was complete, as a pottery so that Hilde soon became a well-known local potter.

But before continuing to make useful and decorative pots, her skill as a potter was directed towards making mud bricks to be used in building their home. Before embarking on this venture, John and Hilde had already toured the Central Coast to see other mud brick houses in order to discover whether their proposed venture was feasible. The Ryde Experimental Building Station was consulted and experts there said the soil there was perfect for the purpose.



The stunning red laterite soil of their block (a feature of most of the land of The Triangle) was used to make these bricks. The sandy soil was first dug up, mixed with a little straw and water and then poured into 5-inch x 10 inch x 15 inch moulds.



Removed from the moulds these waterproof and sturdy bricks were sun-dried for use in the building of the house. Each brick weighed 25kg and 2,800 bricks were used.

An architect friend, Arthur Levido, drew up a plan, a local builder was employed, and the slab was poured on the Easter weekend.

All the labour for brickmaking, moving and laying was their own.

A lot of the materials, other than the bricks, were of recycled materials: doors from a Greek friend; timber, windows and frames, lights and stairs from Juncastic Park and Woy Woy Glass and cupboards from the Qantas board room; all of which were skilfully fitted into Arthur's plan with little adjustment needed. The bathroom and kitchen fittings were mostly second-hand, as well. The whole project came in only \$5000 over budget at \$53,000 and within 6 months. They had to watch every cent. Hilde's comment: "It was so much fun!"



This is a story of a house, but it is, of course so much more. John and Hilde's resourcefulness has been apparent in all their activities since they moved here.

Hilde's pottery thrived. She quickly became part of the active arts movement in the Bouddi Peninsula.



Summer Solstice at Putty Beach

She and John helped to initiate the last Friday of the month's barbecue at Putty Beach and run the Melbourne Cup Day in November. They join locals on Putty Beach to celebrate the summer solstice. Hilde just recently gave up potting but has created unfired treasures, such as bats, scrub turkeys and hand-crafted fungi for the displays in the window at the Maitland Bay Centre.



Melbourne Cup Day at the Mudbrick House and Summer Solstice at Putty Beach.

They have lived near the top of the hill in the Scenic Road for more than 20 years now, and over-look trees at the front of their land to the glorious view of the sea. The large expanse of grass at the rear is a regular chore but the native vegetation that was there when they arrived is unchanged, except that they have removed large quantities of lantana and bitou bush and the eucalypts and angophoras have doubled in size. The Mudbrick House merges into the environment because Hilde and John appreciate their place of living as it is and have no desire to "improve" it. It is right as it is.

Postscript

Initially Hilde and John hoped to use their acres to become self-sufficient. They researched Protea growing and exporting, chiefly to Japan, as a means of earning an income but Hilde says now: "It was bloody hopeless." Waratahs grow here naturally in the lateritic soil and although the soil and climate were suitable for growing Proteas, it turned out that the variety *Pink Ice* was the only one that did well, and the other varieties gradually died.

The labour required was prohibitively expensive – five acres of plants needed one person to maintain – and the transport of the flowers to Japan by air an impossible chore, even for these

two indefatigable optimists. Now the *Pink Ice* blooms are sold for charity and by grandchildren for pocket money.

An orchard full of fruit trees such as figs, lemons, peaches, almonds, plums and macadamia nuts, provide a regular feast for currawongs, cockatoos, koels and fruit fly. The limes and olives are the only fruit which is harvested successfully today. Friends are grateful to receive these as gifts.

The chooks produced far too many eggs, which were prey for rats, and the chooks themselves provided manna for the roaming dogs and foxes.

Self-sufficiency proved to be an impossible dream.

The Pottery and pottery workshops proved very successful, but ensuring the students later put an end to an activity, enjoyed for years by those who took part. Until very recently, Hilde's



beautiful pots were exhibited and sold from their home and from the local Art Trails, organised by the Anstices and others on the October holiday weekend. John's experience as a successful manager in retail has contributed to the business side of their ventures, whereas Hilde is creator in the arts, including pottery and music.

Hilde, Otto and Judy Adderley, Eleanor Scott Finley and Jill Baxter initiated a music group, based on recorders ranging from bass, tenor, treble and descant.

Participants came from as far

away as Pearl Beach and by ferry from Palm Beach and beyond.

We still enjoy the yearly get-togethers on Melbourne Cup Day and the Summer Solstice and the monthly picnics at Putty Beach. On Melbourne Cup Day, John shows his talent by taking the bets and awarding the prizes. They both helped to initiate these community activities and continue to organise them to everyone's enjoyment.

Ann Bowe, August 2007

JILL BAXTER – A Tribute

Robyn Warburton

*Jill Baxter is remembered here for her huge contribution to local history. She was our first historian and published the first book of history in the area, **Reflections from the Beach and the Bays**. Twenty years later, it is still selling well to people interested in our history.*



Inspired by the Nostalgia Days held at Wagstaffe Hall in 1995 and 1996, retired librarian and local resident, Jill Baxter, proceeded to gather information, for her historical endeavour, which was to write an oral history of the community.

She believed it was very important to gather information about early days on the peninsula from the elderly people who lived here in the 1990s; information that would be lost with their death. The memories of the older residents were tape-recorded with the help of a willing group of volunteers. Jill then proceeded to edit the important information across a broad range of subjects until she had the contents for the book, *Reflections from the Beach and the Bays*.

The book tells a story of the Bouddi Peninsula, NSW, from the days of its Aboriginal community to the present day using visible Aboriginal evidence, early written records and personal reminiscences taken from interviews with residents recorded between 1995 and 2000. Local respected citizen, Bob Brading, then elderly and retired, was invited to launch the book.

The book was first published in 2000 by the Hardys Bay/Killcare Progress Association which became the Bouddi Society. A second edition was published in 2005. The Bouddi Society was pleased to publish the third updated version in 2018.

Jill Baxter was honoured with Life Membership of The Bouddi Society. She died in 2013.

Photo: Peter Baxter

Robyn Warburton 2014

JEANETTE BLOMFIELD

Jeanette Blomfield (left) writes of life with science, music, travel, walks and Golden Retrievers.



My father, of pioneering stock, set up a cattle station at Miriam Vale, Queensland. My mother, of Scottish origin, trained as a nurse at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney. She went to Queensland as housekeeper and tutor to my father's first family after his wife died. They later married but my mother didn't care for the bush and, three kids later, we moved to Killara.

I enjoyed walking down to what is now Lane Cove National Park. We had a holiday cottage at Avalon, which gave me a love of the sea and the bush (except the bull ants!). It was not that far from Marie Byles' family cottage at Palm Beach.



At school, I disliked poetry (if you had something to say, why not just say it). I loathed Shakespeare.

And singing. I was told by one teacher to stop singing, just mouth it (she was right, I can't sing in tune, but I was really enjoying *The Road to the Isles*), and I am very fond of music. Another told me I would never be any good at drawing - right again!

I had the option of taking History (with all those English Kings and Queens and their dates and their beastly wars), or Geography. I chose to learn more about the wide world through maps and what people did. I found Chemistry fascinating and Biology most interesting. All of which lead to a Bachelor and Master of Science Degrees at Sydney University, and a future in Pathology Laboratories.

This work enabled me to move around Australia: Sydney (music), Brisbane, (Binnaburra and O'Reillys, great bushwalks and tucker), Perth, (wonderful wildflowers) and Adelaide (bushwalking at Mt Lofty and Kangaroo Island).

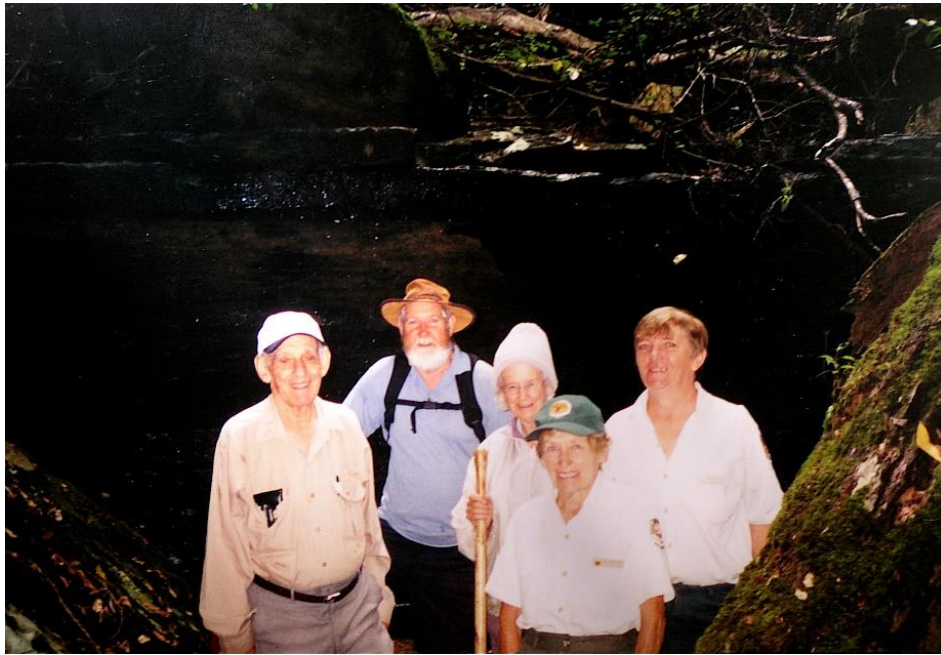
Then on to Europe by ship: London, then Southern Europe by car and roadside camping and Scandinavia remembered for hitchhiking and Youth Hostels. A job in a London hospital Path Lab for the winter - great concerts, art galleries, etc. Then came more hitchhiking in England, Scotland and Ireland.

After that it was back to Sydney and the RPA. Then on to The Children's Medical Research Foundation where I worked on Congenital Heart Disease and Cystic Fibrosis and tap water quality in haemodialysis. A year working in USA enabled travels to the Rocky Mountains, Canada and Mexico.

One day while recovering from severe hepatitis acquired in Fiji after typhonic rains contaminated local village water, I was staying on the Central Coast at Terrigal and exploring and wondering where I would retire to. Fate got me to turn into Beach Drive, Killcare, up Grandview Crescent, and to turn left into dead end called Patricia Place. WOW! On that steep mountain-goat block of land, with Bouddi National Park behind and the magic curve of Putty Beach, Killcare, in front, was a FOR SALE sign. A pole-house later, the sky, the sea and the bush were mine, and the rest, as they say, is history.

On retiring to the Central Coast, I found that Sid Pulsford and Bill Hecker led one walk each per month, and that Sydney National Parks Association, whom I had walked with in Sydney, had only two or so Central Coast Bushwalking walks a month (they still do). I wanted much more walking than that. So, I put a 3-line advertisement in the local Gosford Star. Five turned up the first day: me, Claude & Bet Baxter and two others. But "From little things, big things grow". The Tuesday walking group, 'Weekday Walkers', recently had its 20th Anniversary and are a very happy group.

National Parks Association of NSW, Central Coast Branch, had its beginnings in Kakadu National Park. I was up there at the same time as the President of NPA, Sydney Branch. I said to him, "You now have a Blue Mountains Branch and an Illawarra Branch. When are you going to have a Central Coast Branch?" He said they had tried a meeting up here, but nothing had come of it. After I got home, a letter arrived, inviting me to hold a meeting in my house - they would invite local members.



Bouddi National Park Walk. From left, pioneer conservationist Andrew Sourry, Terry Jones, Jeanette Blomfield, Anne Hininghan (walks leader) and Deb Holloman, NPWS worker.



Those who came still remember my first Golden Retriever, Caddie, and her eight lovely puppies crawling all over the place. No one of course wanted to be President and so I landed the job, a year after Weekday Walkers.

An advantage of living in beautiful Killcare is that my friends and their families are more than willing to come and stay and look after my lovely Golden Retrievers for me.



Since retiring, I have explored Australia on superbly run camping trips with Scobie's Walkabout.

Further afield, International Park Tours have taken me to North and South America, Europe, and South-east Asia and Pacific Islands on wonderful walking trips.



South American walks



Publications:

"Bushwalks in the Sydney Region" Vols 1 & 2 (12 walks), edited by S. Lord & G. Daniel, NPA.

"Hawkesbury to Hunter Coastal Walking" by Jeanette Blomfield, with computer cartography by John Martin, self-published, 2000.

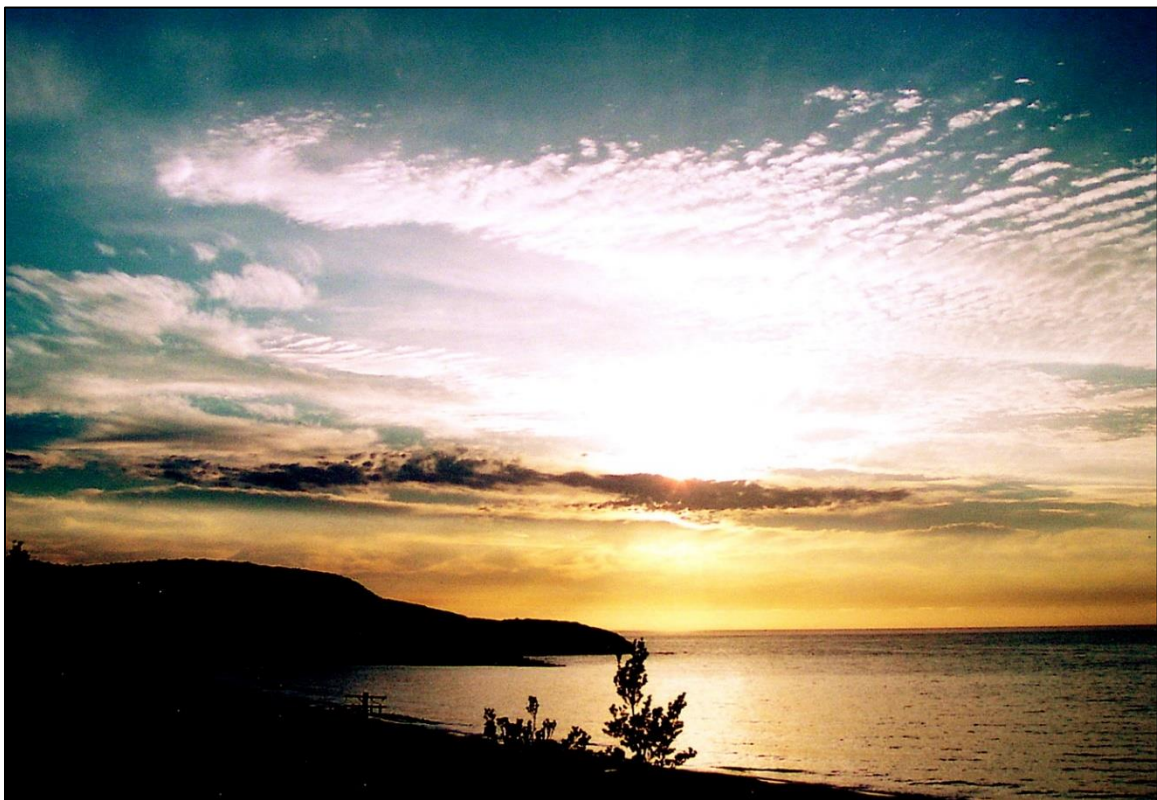
"Bouddi Walks" by Jeanette Blomfield, published by Killcare Wagstaffe Trust, 2000. (Multiple prints).

"Brisbane Water Walks" by Jeanette Blomfield, unpublished, 2007.

In addition: various scientific papers.

Editor's Note

In 2007 Jeanette was nominated for a 2008 Australia Day Gosford City Council Environmental Award for the wonderful work she has done in walking and mapping local bush trails, revealed by the publications above. She has had to bid farewell to her original Golden Retrievers as age and arthritis advanced (the dog's not hers) but she soon found two almost identical puppies and she can still be seen on Putty Beach taking her dogs for a walk and helping to keep the beach clean. Jeannette is a good photographer and has excellent photos of her travels and her life with dogs and with visitors to her Putty Beach pole house, like her nephew and family seen above.



Another beautiful Bouddi Peninsula day dawns over Putty Beach as seen from Jeanette's deck



Cover of Jeanette's very popular publication: *Hawkesbury to Hunter Coastal Walking*.

Jeanette Blomfield 2009

ANN BOWE

by David Dufty

I have known Ann for many years since she was one of my mature age students in the Diploma in Education course at University of Sydney. Ann says little about herself in the story of the Bowe house so I would like to supplement that account.

First, here is what we wrote when we nominated Ann for an Australia Day award by the Gosford City Council on behalf of both the Killcare Wagstaffe Trust (KWT) and the Bouddi Society.

Ann came to Killcare with a fine record as a high school teacher of Asian Studies and a concerned environmentalist and bush carer. She has made an excellent contribution to community concerns and adult education in her time here.

She has been a committee member of the KWT for ten years serving as secretary and recently as chairperson in the absence of the president.

She has taken part in many activities including active participation in environmental issues such as water pollution, siltation and flooding, tree preservation, foreshore and wetland protection, road degradation and water recycling. This includes writing of letters to the Council and interaction with Council staff. She has played a major role in exhibitions at the Maitland Bay Centre especially the Wetlands Exhibition. She works as a volunteer at Maitland Bay Centre and moreover maintains a personal connection to NPWS staff and handles matters of mutual concern face-to-face and by emails. She assists each year with Clean Up Australia.

She regularly writes to federal and state politicians on law, order and justice issues. For example, she was a strong advocate for the need for David Hicks to be charged, tried and returned to Australia.

She is also an active member of the Bouddi Society and is currently taking a leading part in their Bouddi Peninsula History Project interviewing local citizens and writing their life stories. She has done an excellent adult education program on 'Understanding Islam' both for the Bouddi Society and the U3A.

In 2007, she designed and ran for U3A the program, "The Good News About Aboriginal People", with the group meeting at her place. She has recently become a member of the Central Coast Reconciliation Group, a struggling but growing organisation.

She has been a keen member of the Gosford (now CC) Philharmonia Choir and of a local community music listening and music-making group.

She and architect husband David have designed, built and established their environmentally friendly house and garden and Ann has been active in the local Garden Club.

And here is my light-hearted but heartfelt poem which I read on her 80th birthday.

Ann of Green Labels - Congrats and happy 80th to

The ever-active Ann (once Sutton) Bowe

Always on the Go Go Go.

Attended pious and ladylike Abbotsleigh School

Proved to her teachers she was no fool.

In fact, she turned out to be quite a scholar

Even looked the part in plaits and starched collar

But these were dangerous world war years

Jumping into trenches full of fears.

Got a worthy Arts degree

At prestigious Sydney University.

Met a tall and handsome hunk

Just when did they get into the bunk?

Anyhow she married this sporty bloke

But marriage proved to be no joke.

Meals to cook and gardens to grow:

Three little kids all in a row.

A boy, a girl, then another gal:

The bright and beautiful John, Margie and Sal.

The kids played in a high tree house

While David helped build the Opera House.

Got involved with a subversive push

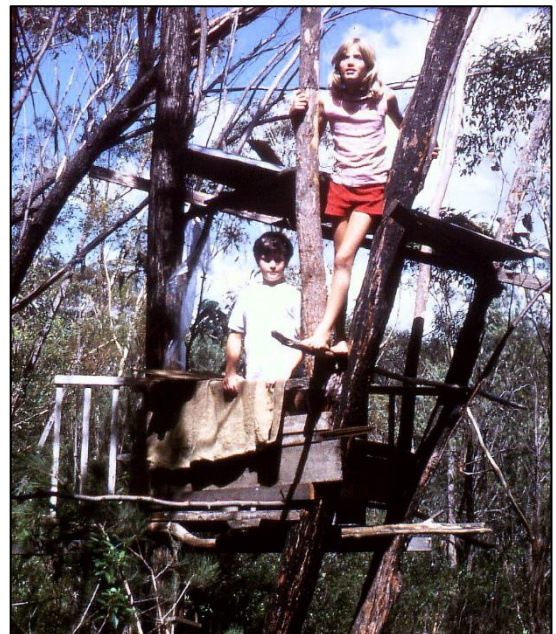
To can a rubbish dump in the local bush.

Something stirred in her half used head:

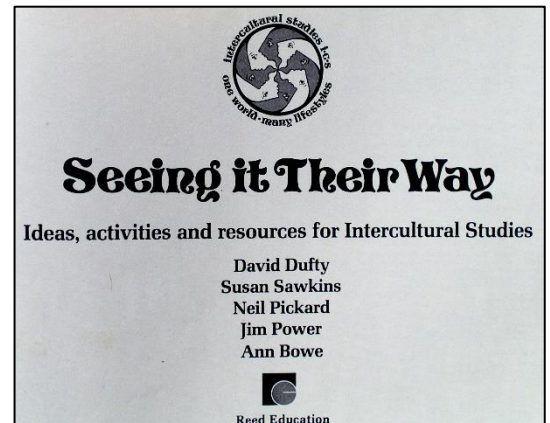
‘I’ll go back to Uni and do a Dip.Ed!’

Caught a dangerous Asian bug

From a lecturer who was a bit of a thug.



Helped write and edit two great books
 Intercultural ones, not books for cooks.
 Then: was she a bleeding fool
 Going back to teach at Abbotsleigh School?
 Feared they'd all be fuddy duddies
 But found her niche with Asian Studies.
 Taught some General Studies as well:
 Coached them hard and gave 'em hell.
 Caused more trouble with greenie excursions
 Should have stuck to growing nasturtiums.
 Thought a farm at Arcadia might meet their needs
 But cultivated mainly acres of weeds.
 'We need a sea change' they both declare:
 Hopped in their car and arrived at Killcare.
 Bought the first big block they saw
 Built a unique house: No front door!
 For David consultation and golf were the essentials
 But Ann had to show her green credentials.
 She speaks on local issues with great authority
 But hubby, children, grandchildren and great grandchildren have the highest priority.
 We your friends rejoice in your zeal
 And your excellent cooking has great appeal.
 We share your delight in music and song
 And your visions of a world that is peaceful and green
 Where countless birds are heard and seen
 And where active people, like you, help to rectify what is wrong.



BOWE HOUSE

The home of Ann and David Bowe

by Ann Bowe

In 1996, relieved at last from the stress of managing 15 acres in Arcadia, Ann and David Bowe started looking for a site for their last home. Hoping for another virgin bush site similar to those of their two Wahroonga houses, they scoured the Northern Beaches but found only precipitous blocks which were far beyond their budget. Ann tells the story of their coming to live at Killcare Heights.

I remembered the Duftys, who had built some years before on the Central Coast at Killcare. I phoned David Dufty, a friend since the 1970s, asking if he knew of any bush blocks near them. Yes! There was a two-and-a-half-acre block for sale, an easy drive from the shops and the train. A quick visit to Killcare Heights on a misty and rainy day very quickly showed us that this land and its environment were perfect, a flat block with minimal clearing of the bush required, just large enough for the house itself.

We were soon to find out that the site, originally Department of Education land, was owned by David McClosky, who has since become our neighbour and friend. Along with our love of the bush we are acutely aware of the possibility of bushfires, so we have installed a rainwater tank, fire-fighting pump and roof irrigation for protection. David Mc. has a complete water supply in tanks under his house which he has offered if need be. The philosophy is one of self-help rather than reliance on the fire brigade which, nevertheless, would be welcome if needed.

Fortunately, we had accommodation nearby for the duration of the building. We minded Paul and Miriam Edgar's house while they were overseas for six weeks and the initial part of the house was built; we minded the Duftys' house next and then a Copacabana friend's home. This allowed time for stage one to be habitable and we had no rent to pay!

David tells the next part of the story.

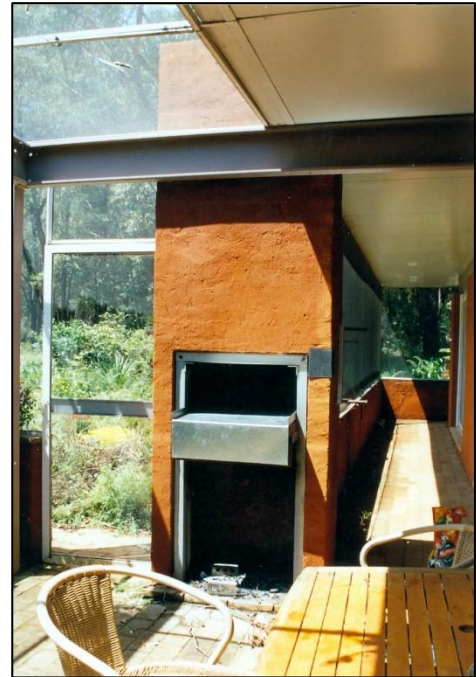
I designed the house I thought to be most suitable for the land and our first intention was to build only that part we needed for our own use. We thought the next owner could finish it off to my design.



Having moved in, however, I thought the small house did not do justice to the lovely bush surroundings, so we went ahead and completed the final design over the next year. This decision has proved fortunate, as we have been blessed with a welcome flow of family and other guests staying overnight and for weekends, coming to enjoy the beaches and bush surroundings.

For the sake of economy, I used a flat slab floor construction with a steel post and beam structure and steel faced sandwich panel walls and roof with sliding aluminum framed external doors and windows. This had been a form of construction I had been interested in for some time and because of the cool room panels the house became known by the local tradesmen as ‘the giant esky’, an appropriate name as the house is very cool in summer and easily heated in winter.

The construction proved both very fast and economical and we were moved to the first stage some three months after the approvals were granted. From there we could finish the second stage at our leisure.

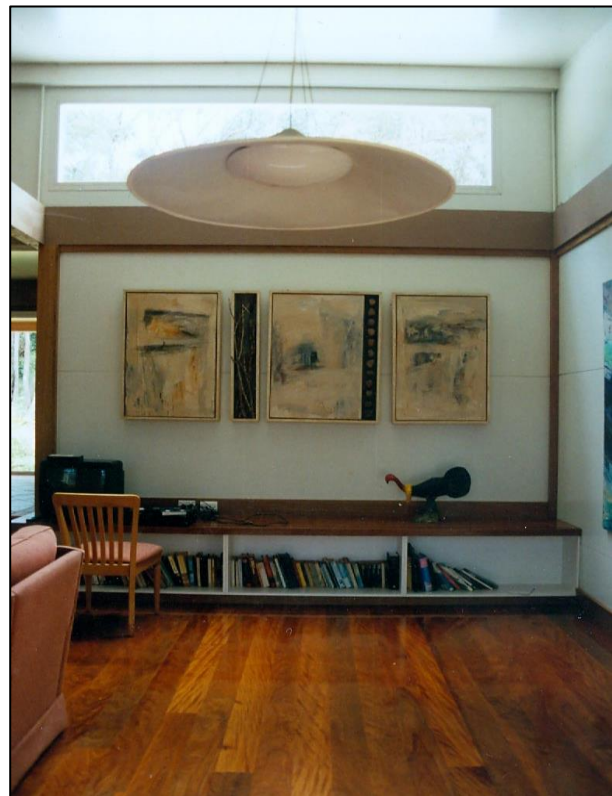


Ann continues. With David’s many years of architectural planning and his experience designing and building four houses of our own, we knew what we wanted.

David was also able to budget accurately and employ a like-minded builder and tradesmen, as well as having the physical help of our son and grandsons when they were available.

Aware that white ants could be a problem, David installed an underground system of plastic pipes for flushing the insecticide under the slab if necessary. The whole house and its terraces were completely screened to keep out insects, particularly mosquitoes.

The house is oriented to magnetic north in order to attract sun in winter but, of course, the trees on the north protect it too, effectively, so that we have to chase the sun wherever it is.



When it came to design details, such as the kitchen and the bathrooms, colour schemes and the garden, David always consulted me, and decisions were made together.

We agreed that, because of the danger of fire, native vegetation was to be retained to about ten feet from the house but that near the house mainly exotic plants were to be grown. Of course, the two enormous eucalypts had to stay. They still overhang the roof and remain intact even in the high coastal winds which often blow.

The large bank of trees to the north is wonderful to look at but at the same time the trees shut out the winter sun. Also, in winter the Bloodwoods to the south host thousands of rainbow lorikeets which squawk when feasting on the nectar of the blooming trees.

I had always wanted a house near the sea. During my almost daily trips to Putty Beach, I soon noticed that the same people were also there in the late afternoon sun of the summer. The Duftys and the Edgars made sure that I became part of a friendly and congenial group.

It was also important in the planning to provide enough sleeping accommodation for members of our family. A warm upstairs study doubled as a bedroom for our daughter, Margie, who was ill with a life- threatening disease.

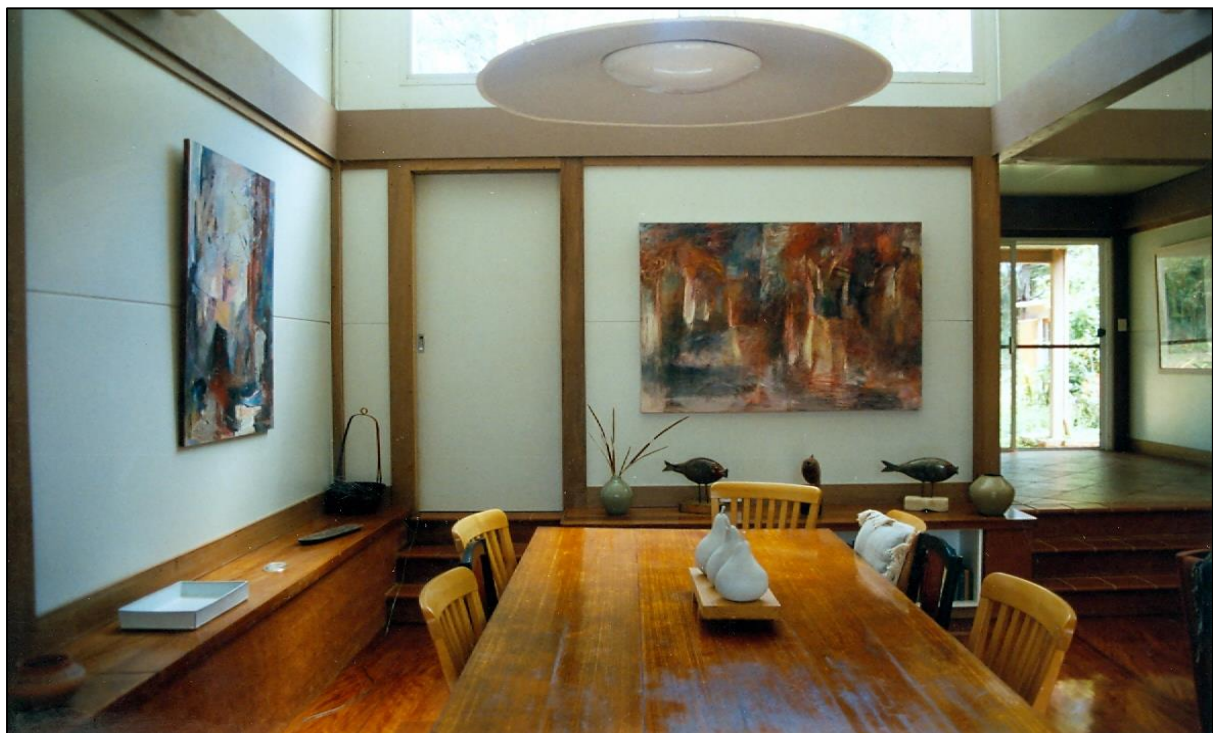


For the last two years of her life, as she became sicker and could no longer stay with her partner, Steve, she stayed with us as a welcome guest. I was at hand, in the master bedroom, to leap to her aid if her breathing became desperate. Her last night at home here was just two days before her death.

But before that, she bravely battled on, seldom showing how she really felt. Her daughter, Jessie and I used to take Margie to the beach (which just like me she loved), taking with us a camp chair on which she could rest as she made her way to the water. We would also go for walks along the dog-walk, stopping at regular intervals for Margie to catch her breath.

Most importantly, we built an artist's studio for her behind our house, where she painted her last paintings, some of which were selected for exhibition and exhibited posthumously at the Gosford Art Gallery.

It was with great joy that I was able to mix paints for some of these last paintings. The studio is just as she left it in April 2005.



Grandchildren have also stayed here. Jess brought her little girl, Isabelle, for weekends, at which times Margie would cuddle her granddaughter in bed, read stories to her and make her little soldiers and a boiled egg for breakfast. She was the love of Margie's life.

Isabelle is special to me too, but unfortunately, I do not see her often now. Steve comes to visit often at weekends with his two dogs which are not permitted to sleep in Margie's room. It is reserved for Jessie and Isabelle and lately for Joe, Margie's son.

Christmas has seen different members of our family gather together at the house: Margie and Steve, Jessie, Joe and Isabelle and sometimes, our son, John, and his family or daughter, Sal, and hers.



Ann and Grandson Jeffrey, at Christmas.



Isabelle

Sal's Patrick has been staying with us while working as an engineering apprentice and attending Gosford TAFE. Most times Rachel comes too. Having young ones around is a great joy to us both, particularly as they have the lower end of the house to themselves and help with cooking and household chores without being nagged.

My sister, Elizabeth, and her partner, Mark, come often for a meal. Elizabeth was a wonderful support when Margie was so ill. We have set up our home for our old age so we can avoid going to a retirement village or old peoples' home. "They can carry me out in a cardboard coffin," I say.

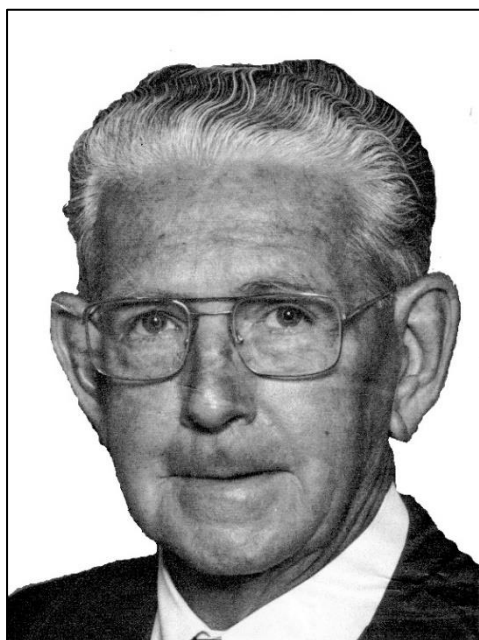
We hosted a family spit roast on the occasion of my eightieth birthday recently. Keeping busy and being involved with the community, is the way we hope to avoid senility.

Photos: The Bowe family collection.

Ann Bowe – October 2007

BOB BRADING'S STORY

by Kel Gulliver



Kel Gulliver felt privileged to be asked to deliver Bob Brading's eulogy at Bob's funeral on September 14, 2001. Since coming to Killcare in 1977, Kel had heard a great deal about Bob from a mutual friend, Bruce Thompson. Kel met Bob, when he interviewed him for Jill Baxter's book, Reflections from the Beach and the Bays.

*Kel was so impressed by Bob that he regretted not having made his acquaintance earlier. Kel's discussions with him related to his life on the Central Coast and the Hardys Bay area. Bob Brading's story is based Kel's memories with added information supplied by the book mentioned above.
Robyn Warburton (Ed.)*

Bob is a legend in Hardys Bay and was highly regarded as a man of great intelligence and foresight with love for his fellow man. Bob achieved a great deal in his life. Arguably, he contributed more benefits to the Hardys Bay, Wagstaffe, Killcare, and Pretty Beach area than anyone else.

He was born on October 15, 1909 and lived at Hurstville until the late 1960s. Throughout his childhood he loved coming to Hardys Bay where his father built a house in 1918/19, the family sleeping under a nearby eucalyptus tree whilst it was being built. This was the beginning of a lifelong love affair with the area and as a young man he enjoyed many happy occasions. His interests included surfing, rugby league, tennis and fishing and he involved himself in the many social activities such as dances, Christmas bonfires and picnics which the closely-knit community organised.

He was a product of the difficult depression years of the 1920s and 30s when conditions were tough, but it taught him about the value of family and making the most of what you had. He showed his independence and resilience when he realised that his family couldn't support him so for a while he and his mates went down to Gerrington, lived in a hessian hut, ate rabbits and fish, played some footie and flirted with the girls at the local dances. They were noticed by the local sergeant of police at one of the dances which was unfortunate for Bob and Co as he was the dispenser of the dole on Mondays. When they fronted up, they were informed by the policeman that if they could afford to go to dances, they could not justify receipt of the dole.

Bob was a twinkle toes on the dance floor and that is how he met his wife, Elsie, through his sister Jean at a local Hurstville hop in the early 1940s and they were married in 1943.

At the age of thirty-four it may have been thought by many that Bob was going to remain a confirmed bachelor but Elsie soon changed that and they enjoyed a wonderful marriage, which produced two sons, Robert and Leonard and a daughter, Janice. Bob valued Elsie's love and support very much.

During his working life Bob worked for Waugh and Josephson, Malleys and then for thirty years operated as a bookmaker in Sydney and Gosford. When he decided to retire in the early 1970's he could not wait to settle permanently in the weekenders at Hardys Bay where he pursued his love of fishing, particularly with Bruce Thompson.

However, long before then, during his frequent visits, he had become actively involved in local community and civic affairs. Bob had a great fund of stories to tell such as in 1930 when several members of the Glebe rugby league team were staying next door. Bob and the local lads challenged the Woy Woy team to a game in bare feet as many of them did not have boots. They gave such a good account of themselves that Bob and several others ended up playing a season with Woy Woy.

In 1931 he was associated with members of the Melville family, who belonged to the Bondi Surf Club and Jack Brooker, formerly of the Bronte Surf Club. During rough seas, Bob Brading, Fred Annand and Alec Callender were instrumental in the rescue of a person caught in a rip off Putty Beach. This led to the creation of the Killcare Surf Club of which Bob was a Foundation Member. The first meetings were held in Martin's Tearoom and the first clubhouse was opened in 1931.

In the 1930s, Bob and a group of his more daring mates used to swim off the rocks around the headland south of the Surf Club and they called it the *Millions Club*. The name was chiselled into the rock face on the cliff by a Swedish man and careful examination can still reveal faint evidence of this.

Bob was associated with the Killcare/ Wagstaffe Bush Fire Brigade after World War II when it acquired a Blitz truck water-tanker. The driver did not have it easy as the tank had no baffles and if he was not careful most of the water was lost on the bends and hills before reaching the fire.

In the late 1960s, Bob was very active on a committee, which lobbied to retain Putty Beach in public ownership, and he was successful in persuading Tom Lewis, the then Minister of Lands, to agree.

In 1970, under his leadership, as President and Life Member of the Killcare Surf Club, Bob was instrumental in gaining approval from Gosford Council for the erection of the first section of the clubhouse building, which developed into the Killcare Surf Lifesaving Club. Council provided some funding but most of the finance was obtained with an \$18,000 loan from the Commercial Bank; the guarantee being provided by a group of local citizens. The repayment money was raised through raffles and profits from the club canteen.

Local tradesmen also contributed in no small way, by providing free labour. The Clubhouse was demolished in 2008 to make way for a new building to be completed in 2009.



Bob Brading speaking at the opening of Killcare Surf Club, 1971.

Bob's negotiating powers and successes in lobbying Government and Council had so impressed the local citizens that he was persuaded to stand as candidate for Gosford Council's A Ward. He ended up serving 3 terms from 1968 to 1977.

He took a keen interest in Council matters and his ward covered an area extending from Peats Ridge to Wagstaffe, Terrigal and Forrester's Beach. He developed a comprehensive knowledge of the workings of Council.

Due to his efforts, much was achieved by his service to the community. This showed the value of the Ward System in those days. His achievements included the formation of the Community Information Service which helped new settlers in the area, the Talking Newspaper Service, sponsored by the Royal Blind Society in conjunction with the Express Advocate newspaper, Meals on Wheels (Killcare), the stone retaining wall along the waterfront at Hardys Bay, improvements to Community Halls and many others.

A major achievement was the repair and retention of wharves. With the coming of the Rip Bridge, Gosford Council wanted to remove the wharves, but Bob Brading fought hard to retain them. He was always readily available to assist ratepayers with any problems and there were many who attested to the guidance and help he provided.

Bob liked to know what was going on in the community and gleaned a lot of information at the 'coal face' as a paid-up member (membership cost \$2 each meeting) of the *Defaulters Club*, which used to meet regularly outside the bottle shop at Wagstaffe.

In November 2000, Bob was honoured by being invited to launch the book *Reflections from the Beach and the Bays*, which was compiled by Jillian Baxter from stories told by members of the Killcare, Hardys Bay, Pretty Beach and Wagstaffe community. As one of the oldest people interviewed, Bob's recollections were invaluable.



Bob Brading's life revolved around family, friendship and community service. He and his wife Elsie were very proud of their children and their families. However, he was always able to find time to fight for causes and help those in need. His philosophy on life could be summarised with the following:

*I shall pass this way but once,
Therefore, any good thing that I can do or,
Any kindness that I can show to any human being,
Let me do it now.
Let me not neglect or defer it.
I shall not pass this way again.*

He was a generous man of high integrity, a straight shooter who fought for the underdog. He had an adventurous spirit and was always willing to have a go.

He was an alert and deep thinker, most articulate both in the spoken word and in writing where he was convincing and persuasive. He was a humble, self-effacing man, yet an achiever who made an outstanding contribution to the community in so many ways throughout his life. On Australia Day, 1982 he was named *Central Coast Citizen of the Year*.

By any measure Bob Brading was considered ‘a damned good bloke and a man in a million’. He led a rich and rewarding life and the Bouddi Peninsula community benefitted from his interest, care and the work he did.

Kel Gulliver 2008

Helena Brunner OAM - Paralympian Amputee Swimmer

by Alex Sharp et al



In a year (2022) when disabled athlete and tennis star, Dylan Allcott, has been made Australian of the Year, it is timely to recall that here on the Central Coast we also have a medal-and award-winning athlete! Helena Brunner is a Paralympian Gold Medallist amputee swimmer.

Helena became that when she competed at the 1984 Summer Paralympic Games held at Long Island, New York. At those games, she won 5 Gold Medals, 1 Silver and 1 Bronze, winning the 100-metre freestyle, 400 metre freestyle and 100 metre backstroke, and was a member of the winning 4 x100 metre Freestyle relay team and the 4 x 100 metre Medley relay team, setting 5 new Paralympic and World records; her Silver Medal was for the 200 metre individual medley, while her Bronze medal was for the 100 metre breaststroke. In all, over her amputee swimming career 1980 – 1984, she held 15 World Records in A4 class, the greatest tally of any disabled athlete. In the opening event, the 100-metre freestyle event, she won the first gold medal for Australia and set new Paralympic and World records. She won the most gold medals in amputee swimming for Australia.



The photo here shows Murray Rose presenting Helena with the very first Gold Medal at the games. She won it for the 100m Freestyle; she then won the 400m Freestyle which were Paralympic Records and World Records. This was the first day of swimming.

The Back Story - the story of her accident.

On Monday 6th February 1978, while working for Australia Post at Vaucluse, delivering telegrams and express mail, during her college Christmas break (her last week of work) she had a life-threatening motor bike accident, whilst filling in for the other Australia Post-delivery employee. She had a head-on collision with a taxi in which she sustained devastating right leg trauma. It was her teacher training summer holidays from Goulburn College of Advanced Education. She had just completed one year of General Primary teaching with a major in Physical Education. She was 20 years old. She spent six months in Prince of Wales hospital and had six operations fighting to save her right leg.

Helena wanted to go back to Goulburn CAE on her crutches to resume her general primary teaching training. She spent two years of non-weight bearing on the right leg (she couldn't put it down), using crutches to negotiate stairs in her house and at the college, on buses and trains... and carrying a bag. All pretty astonishing! Especially when she made her way to Sydney to visit her family. More hospitalisations followed and daily strong pain and penicillin medications at college. Nearing the end of 1979, she had yet another a horrific nightmare (which was common for her at the time) and suffered a re-compound fracture to her right leg. Two months later Helena would request that her right leg be amputated due to the severe injuries.



Here she is singing on stage at Goulburn College of Advanced Education (GCAE). You can see her crutches in the photograph.

It was there at Prince of Wales Hospital that she was introduced to a female amputee athlete who encouraged her to get back into her swimming career but this time in amputee sport. Prior to her 1978 accident, Helena had been a successful able bodied competitive swimmer for eleven years, winning a number of State titles and competing in Nationals titles, aged 7 - 18 years old. And she was an A grade water polo player.

Within two months of losing her leg below the knee and attending intensive rehabilitation at Prince Henry Hospital, Helena set her sights yet again on completing her teaching qualifications, this time with an artificial limb and walking sticks.

Determined, she went back into swimming and training herself in Goulburn and Canberra swimming pools as a new amputee. Goulburn CAE students, staff and community rallied and raised funds for her to compete at the Pan Am Disabled Games in Beppu, Oita, Japan in May 1980.

Helena's Achievements

Helena represented Australia at the Pan Am Games, held in Beppu, Japan, in 1980, winning Gold Medals for backstroke, setting a new World Record, and for the Long Jump – a contest she had never trained for, and in which again, she set a new world record. She broke every NSW and Australian and World record, in A4 class amputee swimming, that is 15 out of a possible 16 records in long and short course during her career spanning 1980 to 1984.

In 1981 she competed at The British National Games winning more gold and breaking her own World Records. In 1982 she competed at the Far Eastern South Pacific International Competition Games for the disabled in Hong Kong.



There she won five gold setting five new FESPIC records and again breaking her own World records.

She was awarded many accolades and recognition for her Australian and International swimming achievements - including Goulburn Keys to The City, One of Five Outstanding Jaycees Awards in NSW, Caltex Female Disabled Sports Star of the Year two years running, Westpac 2GO Sports Star of the year, NBN Special Disabled Sports Award, Australia Day Community Award, a Civic Reception and Keys to Gosford City and more.

She acknowledges she has plenty of newspaper clippings as she was in the paper a lot.

Goulburn's golden girl !

More than 30 people gathered yesterday at the Town Hall to witness a civic reception extended to a young Goulburn woman who achieved two gold medals for Australia at the 20th Games for the Disabled at Oita, Beppu on the southern island of Japan.

Miss Helena Brunner, a student at Goulburn College of Advanced Education, won gold medals in a swimming event and long jump.

Goulburn's Mayor, Ald. Arthur Elliott, told the gathering civic receptions were not given lightly but extended to people who had significantly achieved in their lives.

He said the reception was given to honor Helena's achievements.

The gathering was told Helena started at the Goulburn C.A.E. in 1977 and in February 1978 was involved in an accident in which her leg was crushed.

After a term in hospital, she spent 18 months on crutches.

Early this year she fell on her leg and it was amputated.

"However, this never deterred you and you continued on — with an artificial leg," Ald. Elliott said.

It was around that time she was told about the disabled games and the fact that she needed to raise her own money to be able to attend.

The money was raised with the help of donations from Goulburn people, and Helena was able to compete in the two events.

Ald. Elliott pointed out there were eight countries represented at the games.

He presented Helena with a seal of the city in honor of the civic reception.

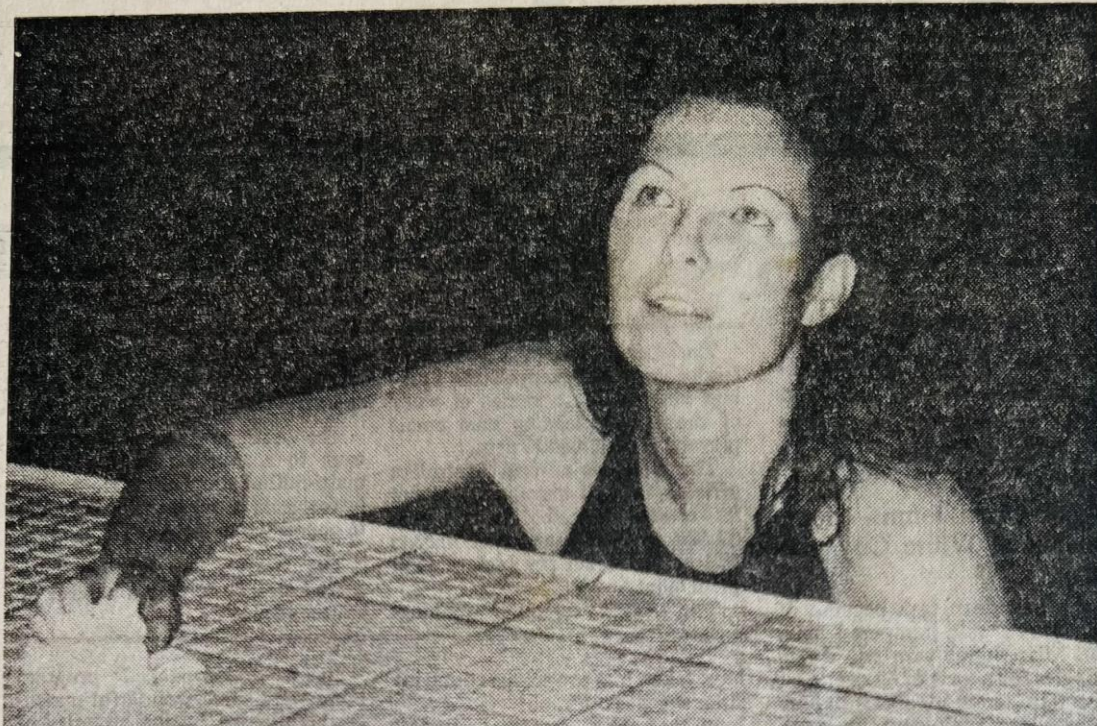
"Thank you for putting Goulburn on the map," he added.

Helena, who appeared overwhelmed, said she was honored to receive the award.

She said she considered herself lucky to have been able to participate in the games because of the finance raised for her and the support given by her friends.



• Mayor Arthur Elliott admires Helena's gold medals.



Helena looks anxiously up at the clock after one of her races in England.

A champion who thought she'd never swim again

LONDON, Thursday. — One of Australia's lesser-known but bravest sporting champions returns home this weekend to prepare for her next championship.

She is Helena Brunner, 24, a swimmer from Goulburn, who won three gold medals and smashed two world records at an international contest in England last month.

Helena is an amputee.

Her medals were won and the records broken at the International Games for the Disabled at Stoke Mandeville, Buckinghamshire.

Helena was a star swimmer well before the motor-cycle accident in 1977 in which she was critically injured and subsequently had a leg amputated below the knee.

She had trained in Sydney under the leading coach Vic Arneil, her team mates included the Olympic gold-medallists Mike Wenden and Shane Gould.

Helena was never quite in their class, but she was prominent at

State level and competed in the national championships, until the accident which apparently ended her sporting ambitions.

But within two months of losing her leg, she was back studying to be a teacher at the Goulburn College of Advanced Education, and had resumed swimming.

With an artificial limb, a ton of determination and support from the people of Goulburn and Blacktown, she was chosen to represent Australia in an international games for the disabled in Japan.

She won a backstroke event, beating the world record by 18 seconds, and also entered the long jump, an event in which she had no experience, and won that as well.

This year Helena completed her teacher training, won a Jaycee achievement award and was selected for the Stoke Mandeville Games.

There she won the 100 metres breast-stroke in 1 min 50.12s, clip-

ping 10 seconds off the previous record for the individual four by medley in a record 3 min 20.03s and the 100 metres backstroke in 1 min 20.03s.

Helena said in London that with the help of money raised in a damages award following the accident, she had been touring in England, Yugoslavia, France and West Germany for the past six weeks.

She added that she was flying back to Australia via Hong Kong to complete training for the Australian national titles for the disabled, in Toowoomba from December 6.

She hoped to be selected for the "Fespic" games for South-east Asian and South Pacific disabled swimmers in Hong Kong next October.

Helena, who shares a home in Gosford with another woman teacher, will also be looking for a job — not easy to find in NSW at present with the large teacher surplus.

TRIBUTE TO HELENA

As pictured, a young Goulburn teacher trainee stood before the Mayor this week to receive the accolades of the city. In two weeks' time, that same girl completes her course at college and enters the teaching profession.

These events represent, to me, an inspirational triumph. For Helena Brunner, they represent the culmination of three and a half years of hardship and agony.

My first contact with Helena was through an essay she wrote in the first few days of college in 1977.

Through it was revealed a profound probing mind, a questing yearning spirit, so sensitive to the subtleties of life.

That mind and spirit belonged to a quiet, self-effacing girl with an impish, even cheeky, grin. A girl, who throughout her time at college, continued to fascinate, and eventually, to amaze me.

When I learned that, in February, 1978, Helena had suffered a severe motor cycle accident and was in danger of losing her leg, I was genuinely horrified. She was always so vital, so involved in living. Surely this would crush her!

Reports and rumors gradually confirmed that, despite shocking injuries, the specialists believed that there was some chance of saving the leg. The surgery and therapy were revolutionary, experimental, but Helena was young and strong. There was a chance.

By Paul Johnson, Goulburn College of Advanced Education Lecturer

Besides, Helena so desperately wanted to save her leg. Her will-power and determination were exceptional.

For the next few months, she lay on a hospital bed, enduring an agony which most of us can barely imagine. She was her "professor's" prize patient. Every move he made in salvaging that precious limb was a step into the unknown. Prior to Helena, such an injury would have resulted in automatic amputation.

But with every breakthrough in surgery there must be that first human guinea pig.

Eventually the doctors decided that she could leave the hospital, even if only for a trial. Helena had to make that momentous decision to return to college. She hitched herself and her huge awkward looking cast onto her crutches and headed for Goulburn.

When she arrived, she made a point of revealing to her friends, and her lecturers, the ugly mess that had been her leg. She looked me straight in the eyes and said, "Do you want to see it?"

She faced the fact of that mutilation, she faced the fact of her continuous excruciating pain and she faced the fact of the wrenching psychological twist that she had to make to adapt to being an "invalid". Yet, in public, she smiled and she continued on to pass her course.

She learned during the next two years the

meaning of real friendship and her flatmates, Ruth, Dianne and Jill grew with her in understanding because of the experience they shared.

The temptation to succumb to sympathy, to throw herself, helpless, into the arms of her supporters must have been great. She did not.

On top of everything else, there was doubt. The leg was not responding as well as her "professor" had hoped. The frequent trips to Sydney and hospital only prolonged the lingering fear that it would all be in vain.

When the car had struck Helena on her tiny PMG bike, she had been thrown onto the road. Her leg had been crushed and bent almost beyond recognition. Yet Helena had remained cruelly conscious. Throughout the desperate race across the city in the ambulance she had screamed, "Don't take it off!"

If you've ever badly cut your hand, you probably remember the incident in vivid detail. Imagine the horrific images, if you can, that arise in Helena's mind after enduring that experience. It is small wonder that she suffered nerve-shattering, recurrent nightmares.

It was during one such nightmare that Helena leapt out of bed, trying



melodrama in the flesh. When I asked her if she was not bitter about the two years she spent in a vain struggle to save her leg she replied, "No. It was worth it. I learned so much."

She has always been an attractive young

say, that, as a champion sportswoman, she is slim and fit. The grin flits about her mouth cheekier than ever. And yet, if offered a word of praise she blushes furiously and brushes it aside; this girl who has so much reason to be

This clipping is from the Goulburn Evening Post in 1980.

MAKING A SPLASH AT THE BARRIERS

By ELAINE POTTER

HELENA BRUNNER is in a class of her own. At 25 she holds the formidable distinction of being the world's greatest amputee swimmer — with no formal coaching.

After just three years of first-class competition she holds ten world records, shaving nearly two minutes off the existing time for the 400m freestyle.

She remains unbeaten in international competition and has been nominated for the Caltex Disabled Sportsman of the Year Award.

But the records are only minor compensation for the partial loss of her right leg in a motorbike accident in 1976.

The following two years of anguish were, she says, "the worst years of my life."

Bureaucracy

But Helena determined to fulfil her ambition — to teach — in spite of barriers put up by the NSW Education Department.

Despite her qualifications she has been told by the bureaucracy that she won't get full-time work until she proves she can "fulfil her duties" as a teacher.

"I think it's pretty lousy," she said. "No other teacher has been asked to prove to the department that they can teach and I don't see why I should be any different."

"No one even notices that I

Thwarted champion kicks up a storm

have an artificial leg now except when I limp.

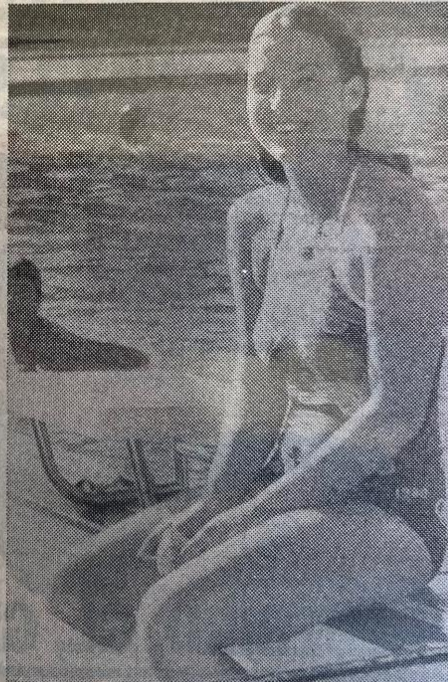
"I was going to try to take it up with the Anti-Discrimination Board but I was told I wouldn't have a chance."

Time after time, her attempts to prove herself have been thwarted.

"I worked at the schools Pretty Beach and Kincumber near Gosford and sent the principals' reports to Sydney in the hope that they would satisfy the department," she said.

"But when I tried to find out their response, I was told all the reports had been lost."

Helena's personal goal now is to gain that elusive recognition as a teacher — and maybe break a few more records in her spare time.



DISCRIMINATION? World's best Helena Brunner

Bagful of Olympic gold!

HELENA Brunner has been described as a Tracey Wickham, Shane Gould, Karen Moras and Michelle Ford rolled into one.

In her category of amputee sports, the 26-year-old Pretty Beach schoolteacher stands supreme in world swimming.

She's so good, Helena was selected in the national squad of 50 (45 competitors and seven officials) for the fourth disabled Olympics at New York's Long Island in June without contesting the Australian national championships.

The versatile champion — she's also lead singer for a rock 'n' roll band — was in hospital having an operation for tonsillitis when the championships were held.

She hadn't been able to train for a month, but agreed to time trials for selectors two days before admission to hospital.

The performances were good enough — and well they might have been because Helena (whose right

was amputated below the knee in 1979) holds 14 of 16 possible world swimming records.

No matter what the stroke, she's seemingly just too good for the opposition and it will surprise if Helena doesn't return from Long Island with a bagful of gold.

Disabled competitors, however, are restricted to five individual events, plus two team events.

According to one of the all-time greats of Australian disabled sports, Vic Renalson,



HELENA BRUNNER

Helena should go close to a gold harvest record.

Vic says no Australian has ever won

five gold medals at an Olympics for the disabled.

Now co-ordinator of the Combined Enabling Trust in Gosford, Vic, with six gold medals, is the most successful Australian in Olympic history (disabled or non-disabled).

His great record stretched over four Olympiads for the disabled, from 1964-76, in Japan, Israel, Germany and Canada.

in weightlifting, discus and club throw.

He also won silver medals for javelin and shot put.

Vic believes Australia has entered a new era in sport for the disabled.

He supports his claim of dramatic improvements in standards with figures.

At the previous Disabled Olympics in Holland in 1980, the majority of the Australian team were selected on performances which



Ken Schubert's SPORTS LINE

rated about 63 per cent of world records. The equation was that if the world record was, say, 60 seconds, Australians were selected if they could go about 97 seconds.

Four years later, the disabled Aussies are up to at least 90 per cent of world standards, and many of the athletes, like Helena Brunner have world records tucked away and are the ones to beat at Long Island.

The national team leaves on June 12 for the 12-day Olympics starting on June 15.

The squad includes two officials from the Central Coast, swimming coach Peter Carroll and Wayne Bradshaw.

Each is up for about \$2500 to make it to New York and donations to help out can be made by contacting the Combined Enabling Trust, 34 Brougham Street, East Gosford (phone 24 2355).

COLTS FIRED UP FOR FIGHTER

THE Gosford-Wyong colts cricket team has been fired with a determination to win the 1983-84 Dransfield Shield, supremacy of junior cricket in the Hunter Valley-Central Coast.

If for nothing else, skipper Ian Chalmers and his squad want to win for Alan Swindells.

The Swindells name is synonymous with the development of colts cricket on the Central Coast.

A renowned fighter, Alan is defying orders from his doctor to see out this season as manager of the colts.

He has a heart problem, but says he'll be on deck when the colts seek to make it four shield titles on the trot.

Alan Swindells, 54, has been involved with cricket on the Central Coast for 33 years, since the days he linked up with the Matcham club.

Prior to that the Queensland-born all-rounder played rugby league and did some amateur boxing.

The fighting qualities are still there.

But, the guy who was told in 1955 he may not walk again after developing osteo-arthritis in one of his knees, later turned to soccer refereeing and cricket administration.

This is his 13th season as colts manager and six premiership shields have already come his way.

Alan always found it difficult to say "no" to anyone, but has finally bowed to the wishes of his wife, June, and the Doc.

He has already resigned from the cricket association executive — the best cricket team he's worked with — and has severed ties with charity service group, Lions.

Alan Swindells has served cricket well in this district.

His energies and expertise will be missed greatly, but he has a lot of happy memories of a game he loves so much.

Take it easy, friend.

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HELENA BRUNNER

One to go for amputee swim star

IT seems only a formality that Pretty Beach's Helena Brunner will soon create a swimming record for amputees that can never be bettered.

There are 15 categories in amputee swimming, and Helena already has established world records for 14 of them.

The only one not standing to her credit is the 100 metres breaststroke over the longer (50m pool) course.

That record, at 1m51s, is held by another Australian.

But, Helena who had her right leg amputated below the knee in 1979 and now a schoolteacher at Kincumber, has swum inside the world record with a 1m48s effort.

She has gone 1m46s over the short course (25m pool).

Helena hopes to add that record to her astonishing achievements at the Australian titles at Narrabeen in January – and hold all 15 world records.

The titles will also be the final selection trial for the 1984 Amputee Olympics to be held in New York in June-July.

There's no doubt Helena will be lining up on

14 WORLD RECORDS

the starting blocks in New York as Australia's big swimming hope, conditional on her being able to raise \$1800.

Undoubtedly in a class of her own in the world of the amputee swimmer, Helena's incentive after only three years' competition is to better her own records.

She did that twice at this month's NSW championships, at Guildford.

Helena, still improving with coaching three times a week from Les Lazarus at Gosford, slashed a huge three seconds from her 100 metres freestyle record with a time of 1m14s.

Helena became a virtual pacesetter in the butterfly stroke for amputees.

No amputee had ever attempted butterfly in competition previously and Helena swam unpaced to record 1m34s.

She also picked up gold for backstroke and breaststroke over 100 metres and the 200 metres medley, but her times were outside those she swam to outclass fields and set world standards at the Far East South Pacific Games in Hong Kong a year ago.

Helena's upcoming campaign in New York will be her first Olympics.

68 GOSFORD STAR, Wed, October 19, 1983



Here she is presented with the trophy recognising her as the 2GO Westpac Sports Star of the Year, 1984. Her idol, Dawn Fraser, attended as the honoured guest at the Awards Night and she made a speech. Helena was pleased to meet her once she got up the courage to approach her. She was very shy.



Helena receiving the Order of Australia Medal at Government House, Sydney in January, 1985. Sir Ninian Stephen, the Governor general of Australia presented the award.

Sir Lawrence Street, the Attorney General, came up to her at a reception at the Sydney Opera house a year later and said, "Oh I loved the beautiful colourful dress you wore at the recipients awards in January 1985; it just lifted the whole ceremony. "

Helena was a resident at Pretty Beach at the time, teaching at Pretty Beach Public School as a casual teacher, teaching long term blocks and at Kincumber Public Schools during her amputee swimming career from 1980 to 1984. She had to raise her own funds for all international competitions when she represented Australia.

The local communities and schools she worked at contributed greatly. In the mid-1980s she was made Patron of Pretty Beach School and had a sports house named after her; 'Brunner House'. Colin Tarbox was the principal. For the first time, he wanted to rename the houses to honour living athletes. In 1984 Helena donated 'The Helena Brunner Encouragement Award' perpetual trophy – to Pretty Beach PS and Kincumber PS in gratitude for all the support she received.

ENTERTAINING THE COAST

CENTRAL COAST EXPRESS

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1983

97 Donnison St, Gosford. Phone 24 2666. 25c

Hooray for Helena!



STORY: Carolyn Wallace PICTURE: Bill Rosier

—Heroine of Kincumber kids

A former champion swimmer, who rubbed shoulders at the starting blocks with Shane Gould and Jenny Turrell, is making an exciting comeback with the support of kids from two coast schools.

Attractive 26-year-old Helena Brunner, a school teacher with flowing blonde hair and an open smile, is the heroine of children from both Pretty Beach and Kincumber Primary Schools.

Her story is one of determination and courage.

Helena started competitive swimming at the age of seven. She lived in Sydney's western suburbs. On reaching her teens she showed definite star potential.

At 15, she won the state championship and swam at national level on several occasions, training with Vic Arnell and swimming alongside Australia's Olympic best.

Tragedy struck, when Helena first started teachers college at Goulburn CAE. She was majoring in Physical Education and planning a bright future when she was involved in a serious car accident.

Her leg was badly injured and she spent three months in hospital. While recovering a

nightmare of the smash scene, caused her to fall on the injured leg. Doctors were unable to save it and it was amputated.

It was her college friends who first encouraged her to go back to swimming and she has since broken 14 records at various amputee swimming titles, competing annually in Japan, England, Hong Kong and Melbourne.

In the meantime, she completed her teacher training, dropping her major in P.E. and changing to primary teaching.

Pretty Beach School was her first posting, and she still lives just a few doors up from the school, overlooking the Brisbane Water. She now teaches at Kincumber.

The children are helping to raise funds for Helena to reach her next goal, the Amputee Olympics in New York. Each member of the 40-strong contingent must raise around \$20-00 to cover travel, accommodation and uniform costs.

● Helena surrounded by pupils from Pretty Beach Public School who ran a cake decorating competition to raise funds for her assault on the next world championships.

Here is a great one at Pretty Beach School with school kids around her - another great clipping from the *Express Advocate*. They had held fun raising events to raise money towards enabling her to go the Paralympics Games in New York.

The other significant thing is she used to train at Gosford pool and Woy Woy pools on weekends and holidays after working at Kincumber PS. Les Lazarus, coach of able bodies swimmers of note such as Lisa Forrest, noticed Helena training herself in the spare swimming lane and invited her to join his swimming squad in early 1984. This amounted to around two or sometimes three times a week. Helena had a very busy life. She was teaching Kinder at Kincumber. At the time Helena was attending a Life Drawing group, Yoga after swimming training and band rehearsals during the week and gigs in Sydney on the weekends.

She found it exhausting. She remembers being so tired, she would sleep in her car for around an hour before heading into training.

The newspaper report below was published in the Gosford Star on November 7, 1984.

Helena's glory



HELENA BRUNNER receives her magnificent award as she is congratulated (left) by 2GO Sports Director, Bob Sharman, Westpac's Tony Aveling and 2GO Station Manager Bob Earle.

DISABLED Olympics gold medallist Helena Brunner of Pretty Beach is the 1984 Central Coast Sports Star of the Year, capping a great year for this courageous athlete.

She won the award from 47 nominations and 16 finalists. The award is sponsored by Radio 2GO and Westpac.

Helena, 26, a school teacher, was named the winner at a glittering dinner held at the Cobb and Co Motor Inn on Friday night.

More than 100 attended the dinner, including some of the Central Coast's best known sporting identities.

They included Olympic equestrian Wayne Roycroft, trampoline champ Brett Austine, who has won the award

three times, fellow trampolinist Collete Maye and age swimming ace Kevin Vickery.

This is the first year that Helena has been nominated for the award.

At this year's Disabled Olympics in New York, Helena won five gold medals, a silver and a bronze.

She set five new Olympic times and all told she holds 16 world records.

Helena has won the greatest number of Gold Medals for female disabled competitors in the world. In January 1985, when announced on the Queen's honours list, along with an amputee teammate, I was the youngest to receive the order of Australia Medal (OAM), for service to the sport of swimming.

In awarding the Medal, Prime Minister Bob Hawke wrote to her, to convey the nation's 'appreciation and respect for the time, effort, skill and spirit' Helena had dedicated 'to her personal quest for excellence' and the way she had accepted her 'personal challenge and its outcome'.

Helena was named 'Central Coast Sports Star of the Year, 1984', and has been described as 'one of the best ever sporting champions the Central Coast has ever produced'.



Helena considered training for athletics and to encourage her Pretty Beach School presented her with a javelin and a discus. The move to change sports did not eventuate.

Helena retired from competitive swimming in 1985 when she became a partner with Chris Willmott in the local business, Bouddi Nursery. She was then pregnant with her only child, Yasmin Willmott. She still lives in Pretty Beach.



Here, Helena reflects on aspects of her career and experience.

In retirement she was invited to officiate at a number of games and events. She was a special guest at the 2000 Paralympics in Sydney where she presented native flower floral tributes to winning amputee swimmers alongside the then Prime minister, John Howard, who presented the medals. Back in those days the winning three swimmers were given a kiss.

She had to do fundraising for all the overseas swim meets that she competed in. This was for plane tickets uniforms and more. The government funding was very small, and the media coverage was very poor.

However, prior to the games, she was on the television program, Simon Townsend's Wonder World and on Wide World of Sports when she was at the Paralympics in 1984 in New York. Murray Rose was reporting on her and other Australian swimmers. She became friends with Murray and the camera man when she stayed back in LA at the end of the games.

The team was invited to the Australian Consular General's home for a garden party. I met many expats. One was Billy Thorpe. I got to know him and then his wife Lynn Thorpe who I hung out with in Los Angeles. Also, Murray Rose and a few others hung out there.

They were very fun times.

When she eventually returned after a few months in the US she was welcomed with a Civic Reception along with other Olympians and Vic Renalyson, a paraplegic, who was also a friend. Neville Wran was the special guest at our reception.

She was put forward for Sports Australian of the Year, but it was awarded to Deahnne McIntyre. However, I did receive a special certificate from the Government.

Teaching and family (raising Yasmin as a single mother) and singing take care of the next years in Helena's life.

When she returned from the U S A, she went back to teaching at Kincumber Public School. She donated the Helena Brunner Encouragement Trophy (one was also donated to Pretty Beach School) for the Year 6 student/s who tried their utmost best with dedication and guts but were not necessarily the winners of the sporting events.

She presented the trophies each year for quite some time.

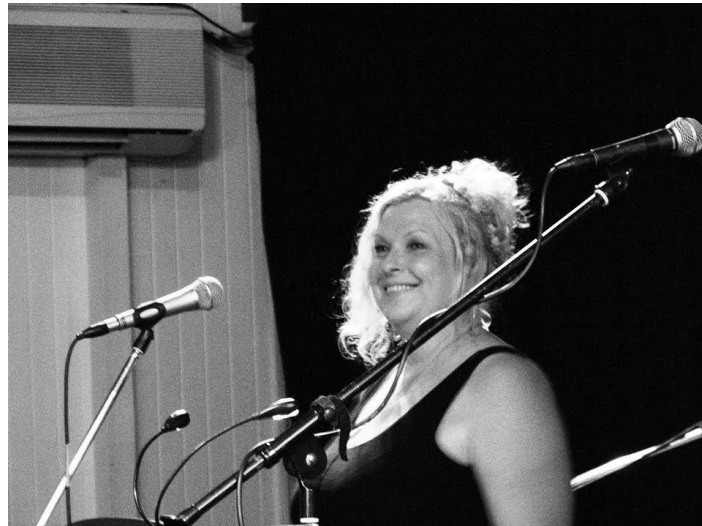
She taught at Empire Bay Public School as a long-term casual at first and then as a permanent part time support teacher Learning Support from 1996 until 2007, when she was medically retired. This was a result of two major falls at work a few years earlier which resulted in permanent damage to her neck, back, leg and knee causing chronic pain and limitations. It was also exacerbating CPTSD.

She taught both Junior and Senior Choirs with her colleague, Jean Irvine. The choirs had over 100 kids in each and were very successful and well loved. The senior choir took out first place at the Central Coast Eisteddfod against other schools including Central Coast Grammar. This was a feat and very prestigious for her, personally, and the school. A very proud moment. She was involved in Performing Arts teaching and RFF ('Release from Face to Face' for other teachers) art and music there.

Her daughter, Yasmin, attended Empire Bay PS from 1st class as it was easier than her attending Pretty Beach which was near their house. In those days Pretty Beach School ended before Empire Bay, and as a single mother, she had to find the easiest options.

Helena pursued her love of singing at this time.

Helena is a vocalist too. She has been a singer in various line-ups, performing all over the Central Coast, notably Hardys Bay Club since the early 1980s. She has continued to sing in bands or duos since 1984 on the Central Coast and Sydney and this has always involved regular gigs at Hardys Bay Club.



She remembers performing in a band in 1985 called Brian Bury & The Weathermen. The band members all lived in Sydney, and she would drive down weekly for rehearsals and gigs.

They came to Pretty Beach as well. They played gigs regularly at the new log cabin RSL club and at Lizottes at Ettalong and Kincumber supporting Brian and Vicka and Linda Bull at Kincumba Lizottes.

They made a video film featuring many locals on the dance floor and playing pool at the club. Also, local kids were starring in the video made for Chanel 9 at Brian Bury's request. She still has it.

The photographs below show Helena performing at gigs.





Here she is singing at Brackets and Jam, a once-a-month event at Kincumber Mountain.



Helena and Margaret Rew were the duo, Liss 'n Sweetie. Here they are.

Helena has achieved in another field as well - art.



She went back into her art in 2010 and has been loving it ever since. She has won quite a number of awards and art prizes including becoming a finalist in the prestigious Gosford Art Prize in 2011 and 2022. See *Putty Beach in Spring – Bouddi N P* below, her 2022 entry.





Here, she is holding the Mental Health Art Prize.

She is also a mental health advocate and has been entering the Mental Health Art Works (MHAW) show since 2011 where she has won a number of awards; this year she was one of four Ambassadors/Champions for the MHAW which involved sharing her story and shedding light on the issue, so helping to stop the stigma and spreading the word. She is involved also in the local art shows as well as other shows.

She hasn't forgotten her family and friends.

Helena acknowledges her family and the support they gave her throughout her career. She says, "My family have always stood by me and supported me, especially my mother, Rosika Hautz, and sister, Rita Brunner... and her many, many friends of course."



This photo came from an excerpt from an interview in the Alleles 47 1/2+Project; a coffee table book in which Helena was invited to participate. It is about her story and being an amputee and thoughts and experiences on fashion.

Instagram is
@helenabrunner_art

Facebook
@helenapaintsanddraws

Robyn Warburton (Ed.) 2022

The Story of Bouddi National Park

by Marie B Byles

Marie Byles's Story

The originator of Bouddi National Park (originally Bouddi NATURAL Park) was the telescope through which we children in the teens of this century looked from the veranda of our Palm Beach cottage across the wide Hawkesbury estuary to rusting boilers of the good ship 'Maitland' wrecked on Bouddi headland in 1898.

On the 5th day of 1898 the 'Maitland' paddled out from Sydney. It was a dark and stormy night. Soon mountainous waves were hurling themselves over the boat. The engine fires went out. The ship floundered helplessly. People waited for the inevitable when the boat crashed onto the bombora off Bouddi headland. Some were flung overboard and perished. Eventually, one, Russell, got a lifeline ashore and some passengers and crew were taken safely over. But then the lifeline broke and more perished. Some firemen, the mate, a baby girl and the captain were still left. Once can imagine the agony of the mother ashore and the wailing of the baby for a second day while the captain and mate tried to feed her on sweet biscuits and water. At last, those on shore got another lifeline over. The mate with the baby strapped on his back were followed by the others to safety. And then the *Herald* reporter came on the scene and reported that 39 people were saved and 24 drowned, and also that Bouddi headland was surrounded by very rough country!

When I reached years of discretion (or indiscretion our parents might have said), about 1920, I think, I persuaded three girlfriends to form an 'Expedition' to those rusting boilers. I do not remember how we got there, but I do remember that Esther wore a man's breeches and a huge Colt automatic pistol, and that the rest of us took off our skirts and romped about in dark coloured bloomers, and that when we went to get our skirts, we could not find them. Horrors! Fancy going home without skirts! However, we did find them and slept on the hard, dewy compacted sand under the stars – no Paddy Pallin tents in those days.

The next day, Esther and I poured over maps and compasses and the possibility of tramping to Kincumber through the macrozamia with its pineapple-like fruit. The other two rushed off to Bouddi Skillion unbeknown to us and we saw them no more. A severe thunderstorm came up in the afternoon. The others took refuge in a friendly farmhouse and were treated like princesses. Esther and I slept in a smelly cow shed!

Bouddi National Park is Conceived

The next landmark was the formation of the Sydney Bushwalkers in 1927. In 1930 Dorothy Lawry pointed out that there were many 'Boat Harbours' on the map, but that this was special and should be called 'Maitland Bay.' No sooner said than done. The Lands Department obligingly put the suggested name on the map.

In 1935 I led a party of Sydney Bushwalkers to the new Maitland Bay and considerably further.

They were not impressed. At the annual camp shortly after, I was presented with a large, long deed scroll reciting the gift to me of ‘the clear fresh drinking water which takes so much finding, the glorious grassy camping sites that do not exist, the day and night flying imperial sized mosquitoes, the sleepless nights and surf-less bay, and in short the whole dog-gone place’ ‘in return for noble efforts to have it set aside as a national park.’

For in the meantime, I had been ‘softening up’ public opinion by writing articles for various newspapers and journals showing that the new park was all but dedicated.

Then came the Federation of Bushwalking Clubs and they were persuaded to make Maitland Bay and Bouddi a first conservation project.

Again, it was very easy. The Lands Department told Mr Barry, the district surveyor, to report, and asked the Federation to appoint three people to accompany him. Dorothy Lawry, Richard Croker and I were appointed. On the train, we cogitated where we should take him. We turned up with business-like rucksacks, rain capes and food – and billies, I suppose. He turned up with his lunch in a red handkerchief tied to his waist belt. We did not take him. He took us and took us through the rough stuff. He also added the land at the northern end of Putty Beach, which we had not ventured to include.

Actual Birth of the Park

The actual birth of the Park was again extraordinarily easy. The Gosford Council was asked to appoint three trustees and so was the Federation. Hudson Smith, Charles D’Arcy Roberts and I were nominated by Federation, all belonging to different clubs. We used to hold the Trustee meetings on the beach. Only one councillor used to come to them. We named him Mr Steam Roller because he trampled down all our suggestions with an iron will. However, it was he who proposed the name Bouddi Natural Park. For once we were all in agreement. So Natural could then indicate no roads, buildings or other so-called improvements. Alas! When the Park became a national park, the term ‘Natural’ was changed to ‘National’.

Later on, Mr Steam Roller was replaced by Mr Lillicrap, the Shire President, and he was a tower of strength.

Death of C D Roberts

When I went to China, mountaineering in 1938 Charlie D’Arcy Roberts took over the secretaryship, and it was then that large additions began to be made. Charles had been chosen as a trustee because he had a genuine love of Bouddi, as a photo in his office showed. He also led moonlight walks through the roughest places. But when war was declared, he was one of the first to join up and he was one of the first to be killed.

We arranged that the tiniest beach should be named for him, Bullimah, the Home of the Great Spirit. On the windy afternoon, the 13th May, 1948, Mr Lillicrap conducted a little ceremony and Charlie D’Arcy Roberts’ parents came.

Working Bees

Working bees among bushwalkers have now become so common that people may have forgotten the first was at Maitland Bay. Everyone predicted that it would be a failure. But sixty bushwalkers came along in May 1940. A tank was floated round on a calm day by the honorary ranger, who lived in a hut at Maitland Bay. We built a shelter shed to provide fresh clean water in lieu of the admittedly brackish water of the well, and we built properly graded and drained footpaths to cause no soil erosion.

Daphne Ball and Other Helpers

When I retired from the Trust, Daphne Ball Walkers (later Daphne McKern) of the Coast and Mountain took over the honorary secretaryship. She was outstandingly efficient and enthusiastic, and it was a joy to see her name on the noticeboards that were now erected. Alan Strom soon became president and lent the weight of his well-known knowledge. It is no doubt invidious to mention the principal helpers when there are so many. But the late Bill Dingeldai was renowned everywhere for the innumerable jobs he did for Bouddi, and he is now commemorated by a shelter shed on Mount Bouddi Head and, I am sorry to say, a road, formerly a fire trail, to it. Harry Whaite has been foremost in enthusiastic research; and when the National Parks and Wildlife Service took control and the area became Bouddi State Park and later Bouddi National Park, Harry continued in his capacity of Honorary Treasurer for about two years. And then there is Bill Holesgrove, a one-time president, and Oliver Wynham who used to lay out tracks with me before working bees. And now there is Beryl Strom who is referred to for everything.

Rutile Mining

The black spot has been rutile mining which was forced on the trustees. It was at the northern end of Putty Ocean Beach. It destroyed the rain forest and the best camp sites and left a desert. Even deserts can be beautiful. But we can be thankful that it has not been allowed at any other of the beaches.

Bouddi Natural Park started in 1935 as a strip of land along the coast from MacMasters Beach to Putty Ocean Beach of 650 acres (about 260 hectares). Bouddi National Park has an area of 1,067.3 hectares, with a few small additions since that calculation was made at the beginning of 1977. So, the offspring of that telescope on a Palm Beach veranda have been considerable, even though its rusting boilers have now nearly disintegrated and its bell had lost its tongue when some fishermen retrieved it from a crevice in the rocks.

From: The Sydney Bushwalker

October 1977

ALLAN CAMERON

by Robyn Warburton

Allan Cameron is a quiet, reserved person but once you get him going, he is a mine of local knowledge and experience. His vivid memory can supply dates and details. He is notable for his role in the Surf Club and for his contribution to bird watching and to the servicing of the Maitland Bay Environment Centre.

While never a member of the R.A.O.U. (Royal Australian Ornithologists Union), Allan's interest in birds never waned from the time he was a lad, not only admiring the tree-climbing feats of his cousin, but also acquiring the experience and knowledge that has seen him become an expert in the field.



Allan was born in 1926, his mother having left their home in Hardys Bay by ferry and train to go to a hospital in Sydney for his birth. His early years were spent here until 1943 when he went to Sydney and a year later joined the RAAF in May 1944.

Segenhoe, the house in Hardys Bay was built of fibro, corrugated iron and timber for John Jennings, Allan's maternal grandfather and later it became the home of Allan's father, Alec Cameron, until he built the house next door which became the family home. Alec's World War 1 experiences had badly affected his health.



Segenhoe: Allan's grandfather's house. The Cameron family home can be glimpsed on the right.

Allan remembers it was a struggle for the family to survive during the Depression, with fishing a main source of income. Their home was very basic, with a fuel stove and kerosene cooker, kerosene lamps, outside lavatory and a fuel fired copper.

There were three bedrooms off the main hallway, a sleep-out and a kitchen/dining room combined, where the family congregated for meals and other activities. A large basin served for washing-up and an iron copper for hot water. A tank supplied their water needs, which became a precarious existence during the 1934 –1942 drought. The Camerons were able to share water from the neighbours' tank, because their visits to the coast were irregular. Altogether, it was often a struggle for survival.

Allan was the fourth child in the family of six. In order they were John, Peggy, Rhona, Allan, Shirley and, thirteen years later Lex, in 1939. Their mother, Anne, must have found it difficult to adjust to this kind of living, coming, as she did, from her own family's substantial property in the Hunter Valley. However, she joined local organizations such as Red Cross and enjoyed the role of social 'secretary' with the many money-raising ventures such as cake stalls. She played the piano at the local church service which was held at Hardys Bay Hall when the travelling parson turned up once a month. However, the children went to Sunday School every Sunday.

One of Allan's happiest memories was of his exploration of the local bush, with its birds, other animals and plants.

Common birds, such as Magpies and Peewits, were easily seen and did nothing to arouse Allan's interest.

But what about the Regent Bower Bird, the Cicada Bird, the Nightjar and the Quail Thrush? These were the birds that challenged Allan and started him off in his quest to find rarer birds and to find out about their habits.

He used the Cicada bird to illustrate the story of how he went about discovering special knowledge. He had to be in the bush very early and had to find a vantage spot very quietly, near where he knew the Cicada Birds were nesting. The nesting hen would leave the nest to go off for an early feed. In order not to leave the nest unguarded (predatory currawongs could be nearby), she needed to wait for her partner to take up guard from an adjacent tall tree. Keeping in mind that the Cicada Bird's usual long call sounded like the buzzing of a cicada, (thus the name), his 'I am in position' call was short and sharp. His main function then was to keep guard on the single egg until she returned to resume brooding, after breakfasting.

So over time, Allan developed his wide knowledge of birds and their behaviour.





Mullet fishermen on Putty Beach c 1930: George Annand, Peter Kemp Jnr, children and man in the middle unknown, Alec Cameron and John Jennings (uncle).

Allan's father, Alec, passed on to him knowledge of the practices of the local fishing scene; when the fish would be likely to be travelling their way; what kind of fish they were and how to catch them. Allan explained that the fish move north to spawn and the different fish spawn in different months.

Allan's father is seen second from the right in the top photo and first on the right in the photo below. Peter Kemp Jnr was a former world professional sculling champion, racing skiff boats.

Examples? The Mullet spawn in April and the Kingfish spawn in September. The fishermen take advantage of the migration and swoop onto the shoals of moving fish. It seems that fish numbers are not affected by the onslaught.



The Mullet fishermen watched from their tower (above) to see when the fish were moving and then took out the net in a broad arc, bagging the shoal and pulling them in by hand.

A second, taller, sturdier tripod look-out was built next to the one in the photo above. Professional Mullet fishing at Putty Beach continues to this day.

Allan loved surfing. He was a keen young member of the Killcare Surf Club as was his younger brother Lex.



Allan and his mates used to surf the 'Box', (off Box Head in Broken Bay), using the Club boat to catch the waves way out and then surf into the shore near Ettalong and Umina when the surf was up.



The 'Young Hopefuls' of 1938: Allan Cameron, Les Walters, Ron Jones, John Corfield, Albert Dodd, Bill Frame.



The surfboat, *Bluebottle 1's*, last outing at a carnival at Ocean Beach, February, 1946.



Allan talked about the pleasure of competition rowing in the surfboat at surf carnivals up and down the coast. Teamwork was needed and when everybody on board was pulling, how great was the sensation of scudding through the water, no matter how rough the sea might be. He also described the situation if someone eased up and the rhythm was interrupted. Fitness was the key to success. The members of the team knew they had to have the stamina to finish the race, however long it may be. On occasion, they would row ten miles a day to train for a race.

Allan was eventually present at the dramatic rescue of inexperienced surfers in a rough sea at Killcare in 1953. Earlier in the day Allan had been on patrol and because the seas were huge, he made the decision to close the beach. Allan organised the usual crossed flags (meaning 'Beach Closed'). Most of the members then went to Avoca to compete in the carnival being held there. Two lifesavers stayed at Killcare. Unfortunately, the crossed flags were either not understood or ignored (it was a hot and cloudless January day) by the crowd of surfers, who were in danger of being washed out to sea in the strong undertow, which even the lifesavers found hard to manage. The Killcare members were called back from Avoca. Unfortunately, two men were lost. It could have been a lot worse.



Allan was a member of the surfboat crew and took part in some exciting surfboat races. Allan has a vivid memory and in 2003 wrote about the event below.

We had entered a boat crew that day with *Bluebottle 1*, a boat that had won many races at Sydney carnivals. The exploits of the Bluebottle and crew, as a Sydney boat, occasionally occur in *The Daily Telegraph*. It had been bought second-hand by Killcare.

Teams from Sydney and Newcastle were there. To cater for the fifteen competing boats there were to be four heats and a final. We were up against Stockton and two others in Heat 1. It was an oily, calm sea, just the sort that suited our boat and crew. The boat had water up to the floorboards, but the Stockton boat 'caught a crab' (the blade of an oar snagged) giving us the opportunity to just win the heat. Come the final, the boat was dry and the crew was in top form. The turn at the buoys was fine and we won the race by three or four lengths. The Result: 1st Killcare; 2nd Cronulla (Open State Champions); 3rd South Steyne (Junior Champions).



Our crew of the day was Jack Cameron (Sweep), later to serve in New Guinea with the C.M.F.. Bert Annand (Stroke) was a formidable rower who had served on the *Niagara* in 1940. It happened to be carrying 15 tons of Rand gold, intended for payment of war materials. It hit a Japanese mine and sank in 400 feet of water off the north-west coast of New Zealand.

Harold Hackman (2nd Stroke) was later to reach the rank of Police Inspector.

Allan Cameron (2nd Bow) actually enlisted in Air Crew the next month.

Geoff McCoy (Bow), a barrel-chested character, was a sergeant back from service in New Guinea. I had seen a photo of Geoff and a few mates on duty. They looked tough enough to take on the entire enemy single-handed.

This win got a good write-up in the *Gosford Times* the next week.

Around 1990, I encountered the daughter of the *Niagara*'s third officer. She was pleased to find someone who knew about the ship's sinking.

Cyril Heydon was a former club member who happened to know a Mr Johnson, who later became the leader of the salvage work to raise the U.S. gold on board the *Niagara* (another story about which a book has been written).

The Blackbutt at the 'Serpentine' in the MacMasters area was photographed by Allan. It was a matter of taking three shots to record the height of the tall tree.

It was climbed by C. A. Rhodes (Johnno), seen who was interested in the white-breasted sea-eagle's nest at a height of 147 feet from the ground. In the photo at left, Johnno can be seen just beyond halfway up.

Allan said: "I was enlisted as a bag boy as necessary and of course to help with clearing the dense lantana around the tree base."

The first limb was estimated to be eighty feet from the ground.

The light line was launched by catapult in order to reach the first limb. The heavier rope was then secured and to that the rope-ladder was attached and hauled up. Progress was then made by making bites further aloft until the top leaves were accessed.

If you look closely there is a broken-off sucker in the middle 'frame' of the tree. This was in the way of getting the light line cast aloft to address the next part of the climb so having no saw with him, he broke it off. The eagle's eyrie was in a dead limb at the top of the tree. (See photo P.9)

Allan, after fifty long years, has been unable to find the tree when he looked for it in recent times. He believes more trees have grown tall and blocked it from view.

Allan's interest in birds was inspired by Johnno Rhodes, who was considered a 'bird crank' and Merv Goddard. Johnno was a strong, sinewy fellow and a former front-row footballer. If he could reach around a tree trunk just beyond half the girth, he knew that he could shin up the tree. Merv had learnt skills from the Aborigines. He would chop toeholds in the trunk with a tomahawk and with a rope wrapped around the tree, he would, slowly but surely, climb the tree.

Nesting of the White-breasted Sea-Eagle

Numbers of pairs of the White-breasted Sea-Eagle (*Haliaeetus leucogaster*) are to be found breeding in various coastal areas to the north of Sydney, and in August-September 1958 particular attention was paid to a pair that nested in a tall blackbutt at The Serpentine, Brisbane Water. This tree stood out above a canopy of high rain-forest and an underscrub composed of 'lantana and other obstacles, so that it was necessary to cut a track in order to reach the base of the tree.

The eagles occupied about a fortnight in building the nest, and another fortnight passed before we could be sure that brooding had begun. Then it was decided to investigate the nest, largely because its height from the ground was a challenge. We began by clearing the ground below in order to fire a catapult at a fork about 120 feet up. Unfortunately, with the first shot from the heavy spear-gun rubber I tore the sinews of my right arm, and as no-one else could shoot straight, or get the 1½-oz slug off without tangles in the light line, the best that could be done was to get the line over a limb about 95 feet up.

I climbed to that limb, then went out about 12 feet and tossed the 8-oz lead on the light cord line over a branch about 30 feet higher, where I could go outwards for a third "bite" higher again. At this stage "fireworks" started. Lower down, a possum had sprung from a hollow and landed safely in the lantana below, and now a flying squirrel (possum-glider) jumped from a dead spout, spread its flying membranes, and glided about 600 yards down the gully. Then two more gliders emerged and floated away from the intruder. (The appearance of these four mammals, I may say, appeared to cause the watchers below more interest

The story here is told by Merv Goddard. He describes the record-breaking climb he made to the nest of a White-breasted Sea-Eagle. The last unfinished sentence describes how the spectators' interest in him was deflected by flying phalangers. His ego was to suffer a little as the spectators turned their attention to the animals.

Johnno had a friendly competition going with Merv, a colleague in the tree-climbing nest-discovery business, to see who could climb the highest tree with a bird of prey's nest at the top. The purpose was not to 'rob the nest'. Why was the tree climbed? Because it was there. Another reason? Boys will be boys (even though they were men).

Years later, Merv Goddard contacted Allan asking for a 'run-down' of Johnno Rhodes's life. Allan was happy to give him what he wanted. Merv was a modest fellow and was reluctant to say he had broken the tree-climbing record, worrying that the advantage he had had, the tree being in a gully, was not 'according to Hoyle'. Allan assured him that he had not broken the rules that were established verbally, and he could happily claim the record as Allan's letter to Merv explains. (See letter below.)



The top of the tree with the Sea Eagle's nest.

Your record height climb, (someone did tell me way back of the 150' climb), did not surprise me. Apparently Johnno's rules of the game were that it had to be a bird of prey's nest (unfair to so him it down) & not any old tall tree. He did not add that it should be in flat country, so the fact that you made use of the terrain was all according to Hoyle. Good of you to keep quiet about the climb to him, maybe it would have ~~possibly~~ marred his moment of glory. The fact that he told me oft times that he would back you 'to take the top leaf off any tree' leads me to think that ~~the~~ the information you kept from him would not have troubled him in the least.

The above correspondence by C Cameron clarifies that, in actual fact, Mervyn T. Goddard actually held the record for the highest climb and as always, was too modest to point out to Cecil (Johnno) AAFL Rhodes that his record had been broken (letters now in the ANWC, Sustainable Ecosystems, Canberra archives – courtesy of Helen [née Goddard] Brauer, Tenterfield, NSW).

Having lived and worked in Sydney, Allan returned permanently to Killcare in 1996. His wife had died thirteen years before. He bought a house with an ocean view in Killcare where he still lives.

The house belonging to his grandfather in Araluen Drive (then known as *The Reserve*), Hardys Bay still stands, in part, but Allan's family home next door is now replaced with a larger and more modern one. Members of his family live within a short car ride of where Allan now lives.

After having spent his early years exploring the beach and nearby hills in the local area and as far away as the adjoining Hawkesbury River wilderness, Allan still enjoys walking in the local area.

He has great respect for Judy Adderley, who was the original leader of the Bird Group. He says she was a 'doer'. Today, he is the 'expert' on bird calls when the Birdo group goes walking (and talking) on their monthly bush walks. As the 'expert' on birds and about many other aspects of the Bouddi Peninsula, his friends learn to appreciate more fully the place where we live.



Allan has been a willing helper in clearing Bitou and other weeds from Putty Beach. He is also a regular volunteer at the Maitland Bay Environment Centre where his knowledge of the local area is greatly appreciated by visitors.

Robyn Warburton 2008

The photos are from collections held by Allan Cameron, Killcare Surf Club and the Bouddi Society.

Malcolm & Lyn Colless and their Log Cabins

by Helen Warliker

‘Out of the ordinary’ things have been happening on Pauline Avenue these last five years. Malcolm and Lyn Colless have been building their second log cabin at the site. The experience gained from building and extending the first little cabin formed the basis for undertaking the very daunting task of building a 280 square metre two storey log home without employing a builder or carpenter. This was the biggest single project of their lives. Photos: The Colless Family Collection.



Lyn and Malcolm Colless were enjoying a coffee at Wagstaffe Store when disturbed by the photographer.

Photo: Robyn Warburton

It all began in 1974 when Malcolm and Lyn Colless from Sydney bought a bushland block fronting No.26 Pauline Avenue and 79 Manly View Road Killcare Heights, which later they were to divide into two properties. In 1976, as owner builders, they built a little log cabin on the Manly View side. This, they let on a short and long term basis for several years. When my husband Terry and I moved to No.30 Pauline Avenue in 1979 our property and theirs was separated by a ‘forest’ of Queensland wattles and a weekender which were later removed in favour of a two storeyed brick house and a lawn, eventually to belong to the McCall family.

I remember being told that the Collesses brought **an** indigenous mouse up to the Maitland Bay Centre for identification. Obviously, they were interested in their bushland environment.

Time moved on and Mal, having retired from teaching and Lyn from welfare work, the Collesses moved permanently to Killcare in 2000 to the little log cabin - enlarged and made eco-friendly. Between 1999 and 2001 a new lounge room, a third bedroom and a second bathroom were added.

Since 2003 they have been beavering away with the new log house with the Pauline Avenue frontage, once again as owner-builders.

I have watched from my place as log after log appeared over the Colourbond fence of No.28.



The kit for the new log cabin. About 700 pre-cut and labelled logs arrive. It took a week to find and fix the row one logs to the floor.



Additional logs, supplied by the Mendooren sawmill

I have watched too, like the other passers-by, the various notices appearing on the Colless fence.

Early on one read:

Give us a house among the gum trees,

A verandah out the back

And an old rocking chair.

And another:

The trouble with doing nothing is

You never know when you're finished.



But they always seemed to be doing something there, and we knew they took time out once a week to join David Duffy's Bitou bashers, and sometimes went on holiday.

Later another sign went up:

Timber, timber everywhere

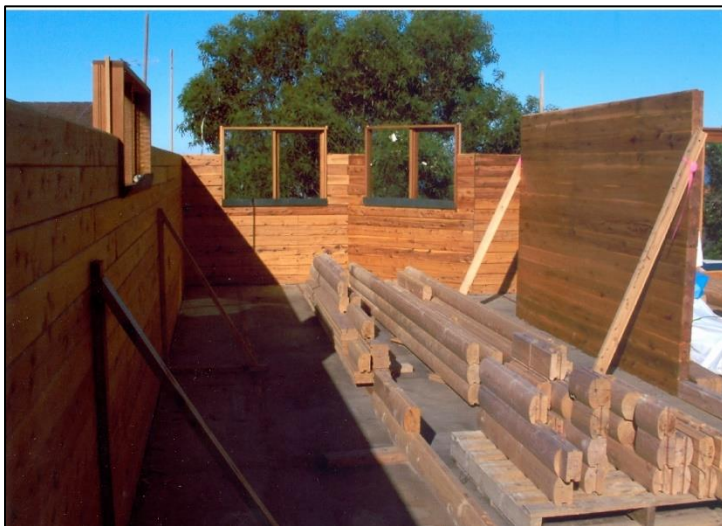
How can we stop to think?

Then:

Termites eat a house twice as fast

If they listen to rock music.

We wondered if they had 'termites on the brain' like so many of us around here!! Mixed with a good sense of humour anyway. This last notice was also written in German! (Mal taught French and German at one point).



Yet another sign:

***If a vegetarian only eats
vegetables***

What does a humanitarian eat?

Something to ponder! The log cabin (house) was progressing as the next sign read:

Bless these walls so firm and stout

Keeping southerly busters out.

A roof appeared then solar panels and a chimney for a wood burning stove. Another eco-friendly home and it now had a name:

Up to row 13 out of 19 rows of
logs. May 2005.

Jinchilla - (Not an alcoholic cooler drink. Not a town in Queensland)

It is an Aboriginal word meaning cypress pine.



Moving-in day around Easter of 2007 was approaching, then:

This sign is signing off

You will see no further sign of it.

The sign has resigned

It will not be re-signing ever.

Please resign yourself to its resignation

Now is the designated time for

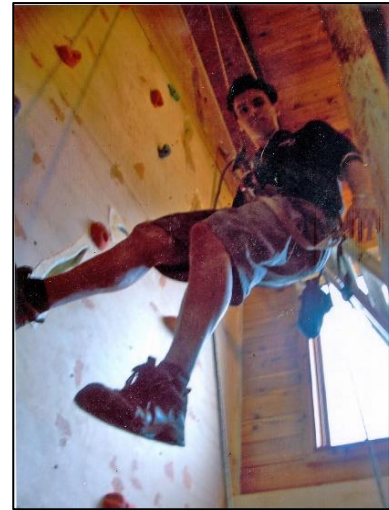
This sign to be assigned to the scrapheap.

It was never designed to be a permanent sign.

Signed: Signor Sign

Also, around Easter 2007, very dear friends Gabrielle and Peter Richter who had lived at No. 28 for the past three years moved into the little log cabin at 79 Manly View Rd on a rental basis. German-born, they had earlier lived for three years in China, and then for 23 years in Japan. Gabrielle is an artist and photographer, and Peter is a teacher of German. They are happily ensconced in their new home.

The cabin, so charming, reflects their lifestyle and background and it seemed as if they had always lived there. The spacious deck over a water tank is surrounded by banksias and other indigenous plants and has a view of Broken Bay and beyond. On the northern side, beyond the little garden Gabrielle has created, is a beautiful scribbly gum.



Son Aiden puts the finishing touches to the climbing wall

One early evening, with the glow of the sunset behind it and after a shower of rain, I looked out to see the wet leaves sparkling like a thousand candles.

Meanwhile at No. 26 Pauline Ave I was taken on a tour of inspection. Two storeyed, it is large enough to accommodate visits by the Colless's six children and their offspring. And the wall next to the staircase has been turned into a six-metre-high climbing wall – a challenge for the children and grandchildren.

Several trees still stand between the house and the northerly aspect of the road. (See picture right). Malcolm says the Gosford Council required a six metre 'reserve' to the north so these trees will always be preserved.

The large living room is warmed in winter by the fan on the big wood burner and cooled in the summer by clever ventilation.

On request, they say, another notice has appeared on the fence, which reads:

A house is not a home

Until every room

Is filled with laughter.

Now that the house is finished the Collesses have more time for social interaction with the community. They already belong to the Killcare Wagstaffe Trust and the Bouddi Society as well as the Bitou bashing group and have joined the Maitland Bay Information Centre volunteer duty group.

Lyn Colless writes:

People often ask us, why?

Why build a log home? Why build it yourself? Why the signs?

But mostly why commit yourself to such a long challenging project at your age?

While Malcolm was working in the academic world, we spent a lot of our spare time building – building our log cabin and renovating our old Sydney sandstone house. Malcolm dreamed of building a larger house, so after retirement and moving to Killcare full time we decided to make that dream a reality.

We loved the ambience of the log cabin. The warmth of the wood. The homely feel. The way it blended into the environment. Most people do not even know it is there. So we decided to use logs as the main component of our new house.

After looking around we found that Appalachian Log Homes would make us a kit to our own plans. Local architect, John McKinney, drew up a plan for us. We took this plan to Tracey Wakefield at Appalachian Log Homes.

We were off!!

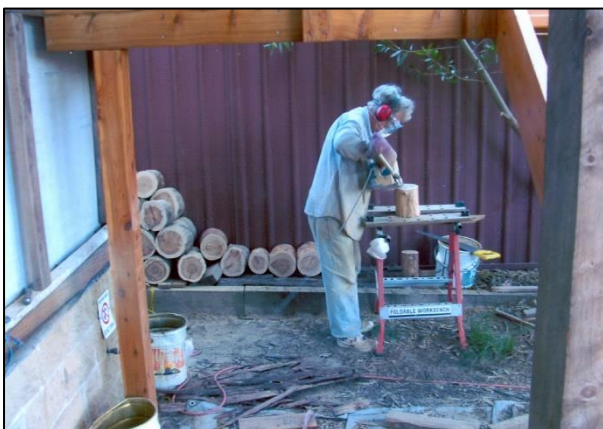
We quickly learned new skills:

How to read the plans and construction manual.

How to lay concrete blocks for the footing.

What order to get the tradesmen in.

How to do tiling. The list went on.



Lyn sanding blocks for the cordwood walls



A cordwood wall – September 2006



Aidan, Lyn, Robin & Malcolm's brother Ken help Malcolm install the centrepiece for the main stairs. – January 2006

We did not know when we started, just how long it would take. We watched other houses around us being built, lived in and sold again, while we were still building or 'going to work' each day. We would get up; put on our old clothes and 'go to work' (we saved a lot on our wardrobe).

Because we were so slow working and neighbours could not see much progress, Malcolm decided to reassure them that something really was going to happen, so he put up our first sign ***"Home wasn't built in a day"***.

Even then we still did not realise just how long it would take, and how many challenges we would have to face. We just continued 'going to work' each day. The progress was slow and painful (at times). The list of things to do seemed endless. Family, friends and neighbours were bemused that we were mad (or dedicated) enough to take on such a project. But slowly the log home took shape and others could see our dream home becoming a reality. We got a lot of encouragement.

Tradesmen, delivery men, family, friends and neighbours became interested in our 'unique' home. The 'to do' list got shorter, and we gradually realised that we had done it!! (Nearly) – Now for the maintenance.

Malcolm adds his comments on “Our 50-year association with Killcare”.

In 1957 at the age of 16 I spent an anniversary weekend at a house party in Heath Road, Pretty Beach, with the youth fellowship of the Balmain Methodist Mission. This event was organised by Brian Taylor, whose uncle and aunt lived near the Hardys Bay butcher shop. The Sunday service held by the interdenominational congregation in the Hardys Bay Community Hall was led by the Balmain youth that weekend. A friendship was formed with Mrs Palmer of Hardys Bay Parade at that time. Her house was a one-bedroom fibro cabin up on the hill overlooking Killcare Extension wharf. It had no bathroom, no phone, an outside toilet with a “hygeia dissolvenator” system and about 100 steps up to the front door.

When Mrs Palmer moved into a retirement home in South Australia, my parents bought the property in 1958 and used it as a weekender until they sold it in about 1962. The house was surrounded by a bushfire during this period. The fire came from the Wards Hill Road direction and burned its way down the hill to Hardys Bay Parade but did not burn out any houses.

I came up to Killcare to study in the cabin while doing Arts at Sydney University. This involved catching a train to Woy Woy and the ferry to Killcare Extension. Bringing a bike with me I was able to ride to Putty Beach and Little Beach for the occasional swim.

I met Lyn at a church camp at Moss Vale on the Easter weekend of 1959, and we became engaged two years later. We came up to the little cabin during our engagement and remember walking down to Maitland Bay, listening to the bellbirds. Rutile mining was taking place on Putty Beach at this time.

When we married on January 6 1962 ,we spent the first night of our honeymoon at the ‘pioneer’ style cabin, and that little house was always dear to our hearts.

It was probably during the 1980s that we became aware that the roof of the house had been lifted in the air during a severe storm and the building was destroyed. We took a nostalgic peek at the ruins when it was put up for sale. It was eventually sold and replaced with a large timber pole home. There are still 100 or so steps up to the house nowadays.

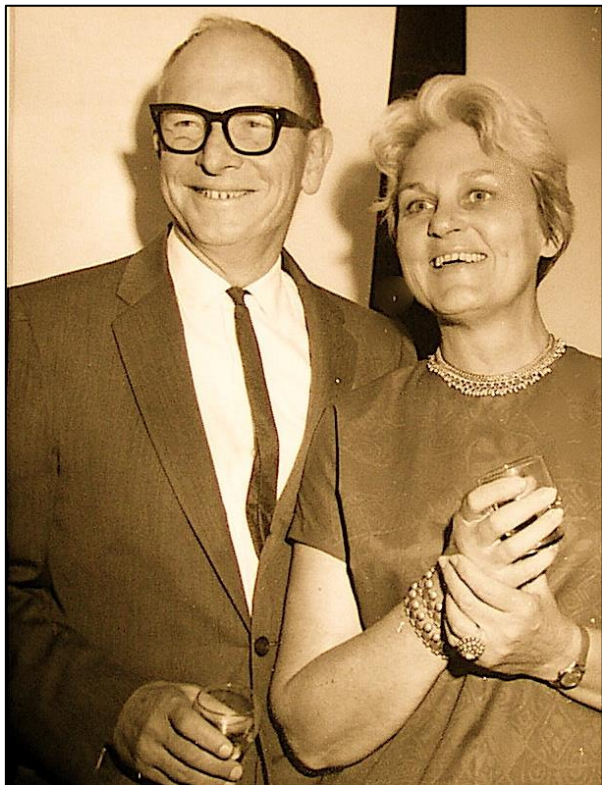
Lyn and I lived at Granville, Mittagong and Dundas while producing our six children and when Lyn’s mother decided to present her four children with some money as an advance inheritance, we started looking for a property to buy as an investment. Several areas on the Central Coast and the Blue Mountains were considered, but Killcare eventually rose to the top of the list as being the best proposition for a possible retirement location.

We bought No.26 Pauline Avenue for \$12,000 in 1974 from a solicitor who advertised it in the Sydney Morning Herald. He appeared to have bought it as a deceased estate and sold it for a quick profit. The 66 square metre log cabin we built on the site was managed by local real estate agents as a rental property, but our family had the occasional holiday in it, in between tenants.

The experience we gained from building and extending this little cabin formed the basis for undertaking the very daunting task of building a 280 square metre two storey log home without employing a builder or carpenter. This was the biggest single project of our lives. We are very happy with the result and hope to enjoy many more years at *Jinchilla*.

Helen Warliker 2009

GEOFFREY AND DAHL CC: PIONEERS IN AUSTRALIAN DESIGN AND FILM MAKING



Geoffrey and Dahl at a welcome back party for George Johnston in 1964.

Two of Killcare's most distinguished residents were Dahl and Geoffrey Collings, pioneers in Australian design and film making; yet few contemporary Australians, or Killcare residents, know anything about them.

Their daughter, Silver Ware, is also a local resident. Silver has told some of her and her husband, Laurie's, stories.

The following material is drawn from various sources, including the memories and photos of Silver and also of Geoff's good friend, Les Waddington, of MacMasters Beach. The main narrative comes directly from the Powerhouse Museum website, where the main article was written by Anne-Marie Van de Ven, plus quotations from an article by Jenny Allen, both noted in the references. D.Dufty, Editor.

Silver writes: My father, Geoffrey Franklin Collings, was born in 1905 in Hamilton, Queensland. His father was a shop owner, who delivered the groceries by horse drawn cart. His mother died when he was fourteen years old, and he missed her dreadfully. My mother, Dulcie May Wilmott, was born in Adelaide in 1911 but grew up at Bondi Beach. She was on the cover of a Bondi Beach advertisement as a local beauty. She and her father used to walk across the sand dunes to the beach. The dunes have long gone.

Geoffrey studied at Brisbane Technical College (1919 - 1922). He then worked as a trainee commercial artist for various firms in Brisbane, including George N. Orr's agency, which was the first advertising agency in Brisbane.

Geoffrey Collings then worked as a jackeroo on properties in Queensland and the Northern Territory for a couple of years, thus getting to know the Australian outback.

He returned to Brisbane in 1927 and freelanced as a commercial artist until 1930, when he left for London.

In London, he worked as assistant studio manager for the book distributors, W. H Smith & Sons. He also attended night classes in painting and drawing at St Martins School and in etching at the Central School.

Dahl studied at East Sydney Technical College in 1926-1927 and then went to the Datillo-Rubbo Art School for three years under the inspiring Antonio Datillo-Rubbo. Her first job was with Anthony Horderns when she was eighteen. She worked on the house magazine, *Hordernian Monthly*. She also did freelance artwork for Farmers and David Jones, and designed covers for *The Home* magazine, published by Sydney Ure Smith and the *Sydney Morning Herald*.

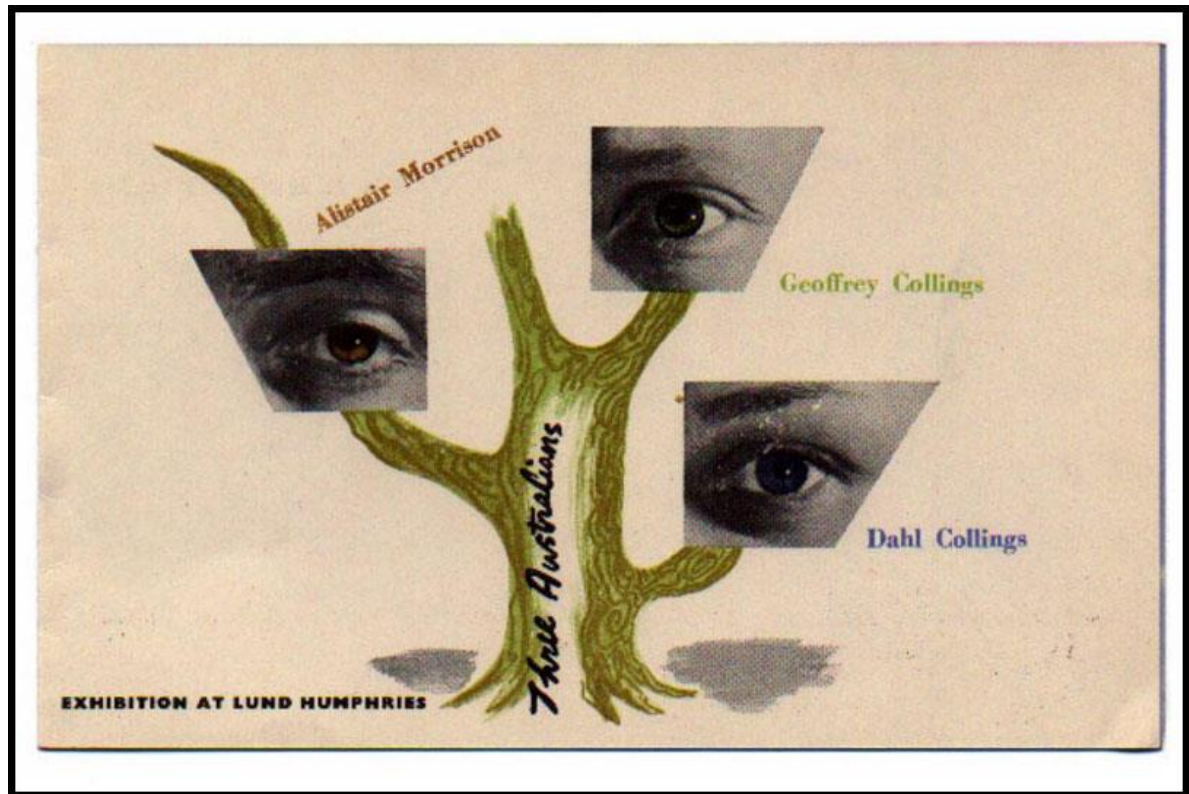
Geoffrey returned to Sydney in 1933. He met Dahl through their commercial art activities. They fell in love and were married in 1933. Jenny Allen writes: 'They were ambitious, optimistic, and successful. At the time, Sydney's art and design environment was dominated by the presence of Sydney Ure Smith (1887-1949). Smith commissioned illustrations from the pair for his magazine, *The Home* (1920-1938), in which his concepts of good design were presented by Australia's most progressive tastemakers, comprising of artists, designers, writers, photographers and illustrators. Dahl and Geoffrey were socially and professionally part of this stylish and sophisticated set, when they decided to depart Australia for an artistic odyssey to London in 1935.

They travelled to London via Tahiti. 'On board the French steamer *Ville de Strasbourg*, Dahl and Geoffrey met Australian journalist, Leicester Cotton, who was tinkering with photography and filmmaking. They were intrigued, but it was in London that they would become truly bitten by the film bug, developing a vision and ethos that art, design and film represented potential agents of social change. This vision evolved from a firsthand introduction to the Bauhaus philosophies, as well as those embraced by the leaders of the British documentary film movement'. (Jenny Allen)

They worked in London until 1939. Geoffrey worked as the Art Director for the American advertising agency, Erwin Wasey & Co. Dahl did freelance work until she was offered a job working for Professor Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, a leading designer from the Bauhaus. She worked on the interior design and presentation of the Simpson's Department Store in Piccadilly. Moholy-Nagy was responsible for creating the whole image of the new store. Dahl worked on designing a wide range of objects for the store, including the restaurant tablecloths, clothes, window displays and tobacco tin lids. Moholy-Nagy's ideas on design, his versatility and his willingness to explore the possibilities of different media had an enormous influence on both Dahl and Geoffrey Collings. Dahl credits him as the greatest influence on her career.

In June 1938, Dahl and Geoffrey together with Alistair Morrison, held an exhibition of commercial art and photography at the Lund Galleries in London. The title of the exhibition was *Three Australians* and the catalogue introduction was written by the Modernist designer and poster artist, E. McKnight Kauffer. Below is the cover of the Exhibition Invitation, which is from the collection of Jenny Allen.

Jenny Allen reports: ‘Dahl and Geoffrey also met the charismatic leader of the British documentary movement, John Grierson... Geoffrey explained in an interview in the 1980s with the Australian filmmaker, Hugh McInnes, that the influence was immediate: “the philosophy was to educate and to relate the community to itself”... for the first time in film history the ordinary common man was put on the screen as a useful and worthwhile citizen... of course this appealed/suited me with my Fabian Socialist background...”’



They travelled in Spain and France. In Spain in 1936, they made their first documentary film, *Alquerzar* about agrarian life in Spain. This film was widely used as a critique of Franco's Spain. Soon they... 'were looking, eating, drinking, sleeping, talking and reading films' (J. Allen.) and they embraced the philosophy of the filmmaking movement of the day.

In 1937 their first child, Donna, was born in London.

The contact with the Bauhaus designers inspired both Dahl and Geoffrey with the enthusiasm to bring the Bauhaus principles back to Australia.

They returned to Sydney in 1939. On their way home they stopped in Tahiti and started on the documentary film, *Tiare Tahiti*, about life in contemporary Polynesia. Sadly, they ran out of money and the film no longer exists.

Their second child, Silver, was born in Sydney in 1940.

Once back in Sydney they established the Design Centre, with Richard Haughton James, in Phillip Street.

The Design Centre specialised in industrial and commercial design. They considered themselves to be a new breed of modern designers, creating 'a new kind of useful art to suit our new ways of living'. (R. Haughton James, Exhibition catalogue, 1939) Geoff and Dahl helped introduce the principles of modern design to Australian industry.

In June of 1939, they held an exhibition at the David Jones Galleries, called *An Exhibition of Modern Industrial Art and Documentary Photos*. It showed many of the layouts, designs and photographs they had made while overseas. The catalogue stated their philosophy:

'Documentary photography merely means truthful photography. A film that is true to life is a documentary film. In this sense the press photograph is true, and the 'art' photograph false. Every mental image is compounded of observed fact and emotion stimulated by the fact. There is no simple image in the mind.

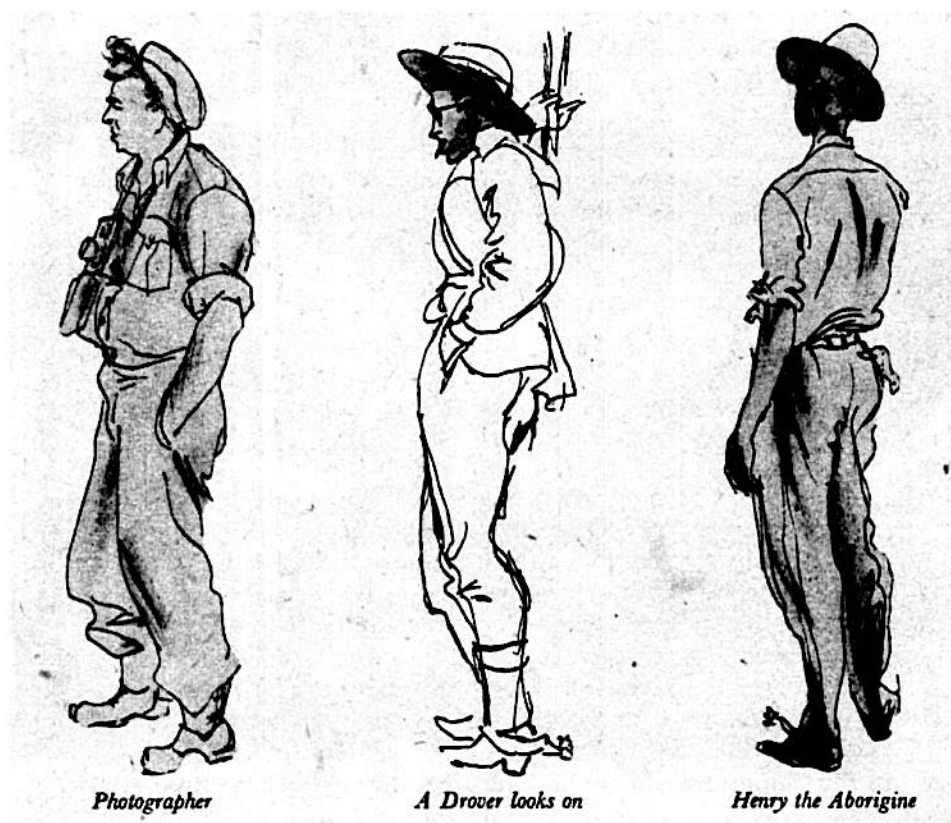
We cannot see a human child without feeling its humanity; that is why a photograph to be true must admit of more than merely photographic values. The images which the human eye receives are not necessarily sharply defined. Sharp definition alone will not make a truthful photograph. We are dealing with life, in which an exhaustive treatise carries less power of conviction than an epigram. A documentary photograph is an epigram in picture form.' (J. Allen)

During this time, they were also active in the Sydney branch of the CAS (Contemporary Art Society). They both exhibited in the Society's second exhibition in 1940. They were also active members of the ACIAA (Australian Commercial and Industrial Artists Association).

During the 1940s, Geoffrey was Art Director at *Woman* magazine. At the beginning of World War Two, he joined the Department of Home Security as a camouflage officer. He held an exhibition at the Macquarie Galleries in 1943 of drawings and gouaches relating to his experiences.

It was also during this time that his involvement in film making increased. He made films for the Civil Construction Corps and made the film *Air Strip* for the Allied Works Council. He also produced a booklet on film making entitled, *The Use of Film in Wartime*, which he sent to appropriate ministers, and which contributed to the creation of the Australian National Film Board in 1945.

The pioneering Australian film, *The Overlanders*, released in 1946, was a highlight of Geoff and Dahl's careers. Harry Watt was coming to Australia to make a film for Ealing Studios. Geoff was an ideal person for assistant director. His early work as a jackeroo meant he was able to choose sites for this epic story of the mob of 85,000 cattle being driven south from near Darwin in 1942, as part of the scorched earth policy, associated with the feared Japanese invasion. Dahl was the costume designer for the film. Chips Rafferty was the star, and he created an archetypal Australian character. Geoff shot hundreds of still photos to document the event. Experienced technicians were lacking and Watt recalls: 'The unit finally consisted of artists, scientists, young documentary workers, an ex-impresario, circus hands, writers, cattlemen and a waiter... of the whole unit of thirty-five, including cast, only six had ever worked on a feature film before'. (J. Allen)

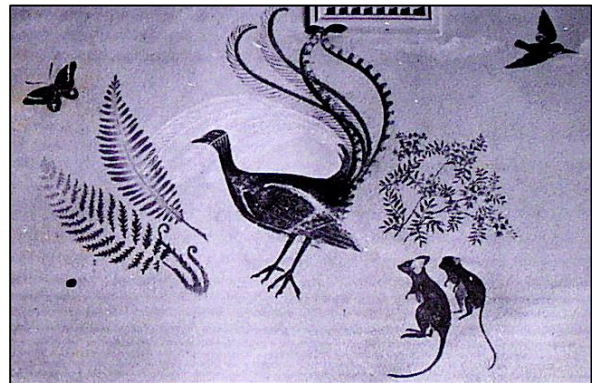
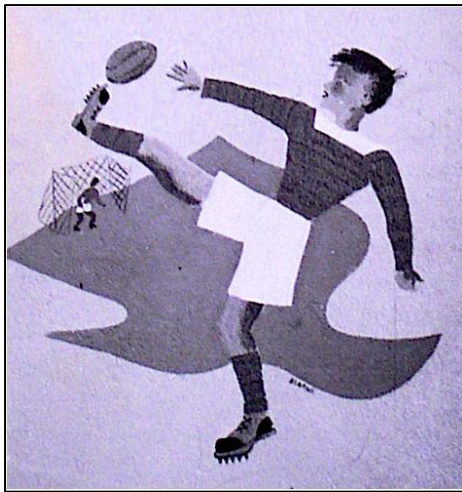


The Overlanders: sketch book impressions on production by Dahl Collings originally reproduced in *Australia: National Journal*, 8.11 October 1945.

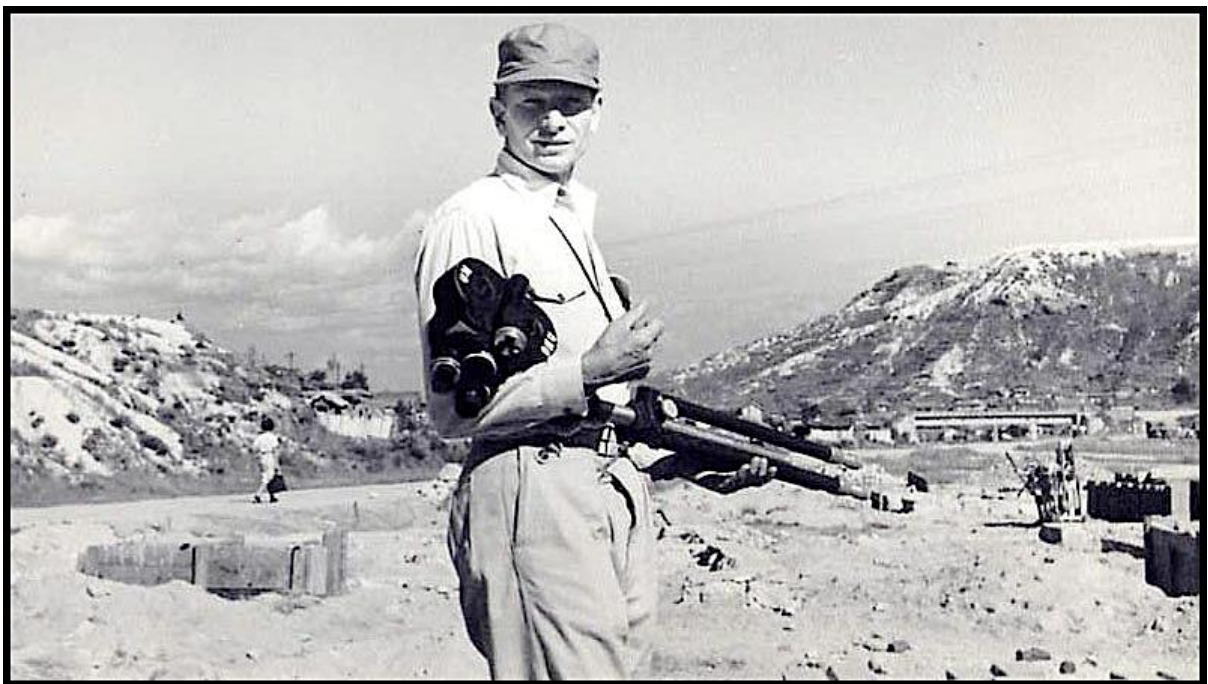
Dahl also worked as the costume designer for the film, *Eureka Stockade*, made in 1948. From 1946 to 1949, Geoffrey was a director and senior producer for the Commonwealth Film Unit.

In 1950, they went to New York. Geoffrey worked as the Pictures Editor for the United Nations, travelling to many countries, directing and producing humanitarian films like *The Philippines: Economic Progress*. Dahl worked for the Australian Trade Commission, designing displays for the Australian Display Centre in the Rockefeller Centre. She painted many murals, posters and displays, many of which featured Australian themes as in the illustrations below. She also did some freelance work, such as drawings for Harper's magazine. The children went to school in New York.

They returned to Sydney in 1954, and moved into a newly built house in Castlecrag, designed by the architects, Baldwinson and Booth. During the 1950s Dahl continued her freelance association with the Orient Line. In 1957, they established a film production company, which was called Collings Productions. They produced a number of documentary films for companies such as Qantas, CSR, and at least eight films for Shell, including a 45-minute film on James Cook's journey along the east coast of Australia. John Ulm, public relations officer of Qantas, sought out Geoffrey and Dahl and Geoffrey shared the credit for *The Big Boomerang*, which told a story of 'Australia's conquest of the tyranny of distance and of a nation winging its influence around the world'. (J. Allen)



Dahl's drawings for the Australian Trade Commission. Photos: Silver Ware collection.



Geoffrey Collings working in Korea. Photo: Donna Rath collection.

Geoff then persuaded Ulm to do a film of Russell Drysdale's retrospective art exhibition on film, thus making contact with their future neighbour. They then moved on to William Dobell and Sidney Nolan in 1962. Geoff was the producer, Dahl the director and between them they wrote the script and so helped to document the work of these great Australian artists.

There were many more films including pioneering films on Australian Aboriginal people and their art. They worked with Sidney Nolan and George Johnston on a film to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the landing at Gallipoli called *Toehold in History*. Nolan's paintings for this film are now in the Australian War Memorial.

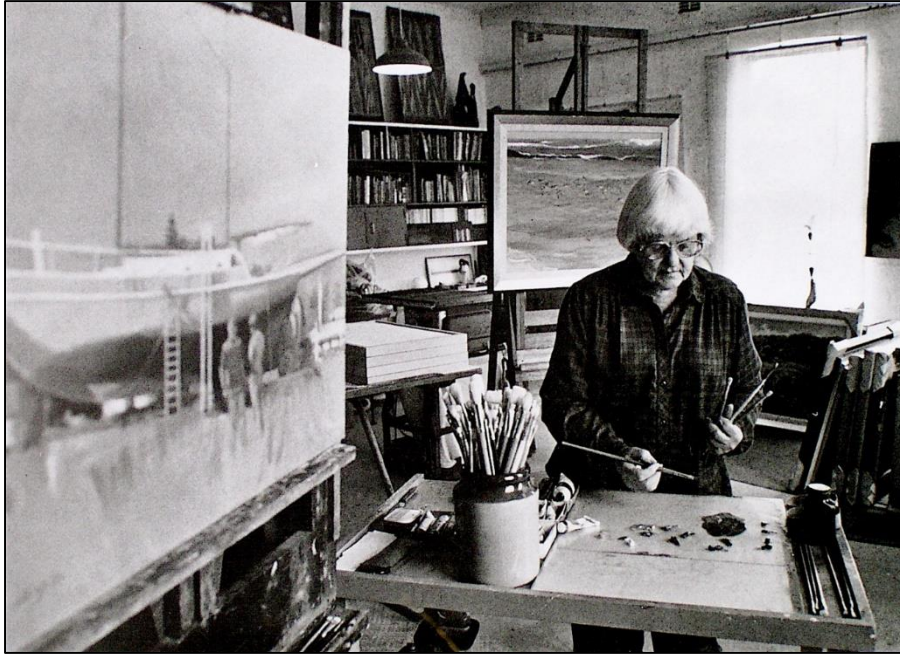


Sidney Nolan in his studio with film crew. Director, Dahl Collings, in background. Photo: Donna Rath collection.

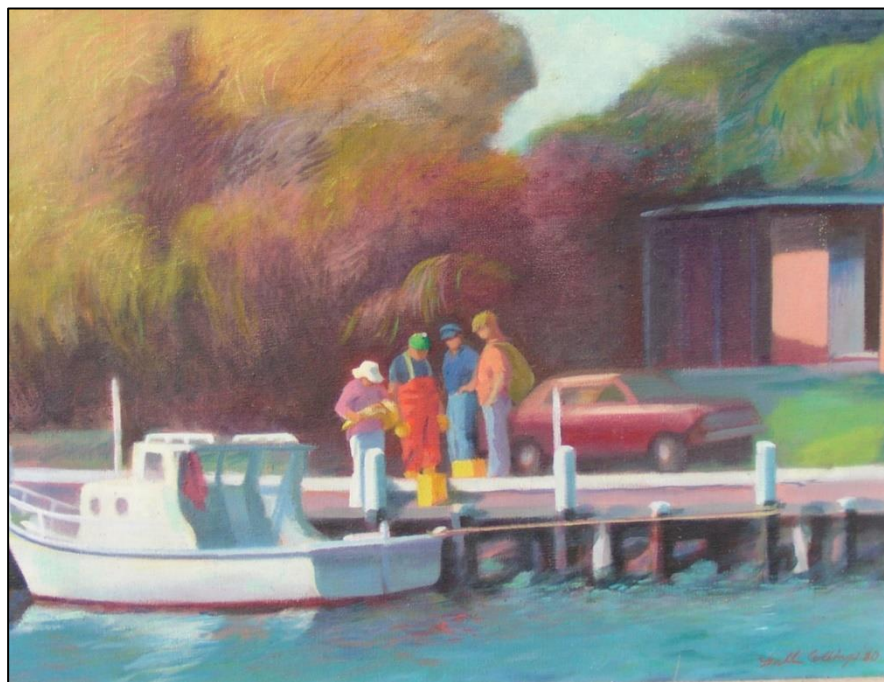
They continued to direct and produce films until their retirement in 1970. Upon retiring, they moved to Killcare Heights on the Central Coast. Silver Ware writes: 'They built an architect designed house on three blocks of land adjoining Marie Byles Lookout. Subsequently three blocks became one, where the house still stands, virtually unchanged. The house had just one large bedroom, a lounge, dining room and kitchen. Downstairs was the studio and a film screening room. They both resumed painting. Dahl continued to have exhibitions of her work'.

Dahl and Geoffrey lived over the road from Russell and Maisie Drysdale and enjoyed the conversation and hospitality of the Drysdales. The Drysdales also dined at the Collings. They had many friends in common, including George Johnston and Charmian Clift. As mentioned above, Dahl and Geoffrey had worked on films with George Johnston. Their daughter, Silver, had shared meals with George and Charmian when Silver was living in Hydra.

Dahl died in 1988. Geoff lived on alone for some time in their house in the Scenic Road, which had its own theatre and was filled with memorabilia. He loved to find someone who would listen to his colourful reminiscences. Geoff went into care and died in 2000.



Dahl in her studio at Killcare Heights, working on her impressionistic 1982 Port Fairy exhibition, which paid tribute to the historic town. The photo, from the catalogue, was taken by famous photographer, David Moore, who built a house at Lobster Beach. The painting below is *Visitors* owned by Les Waddington.



A plaque was unveiled in the Collings's garden in 2002 to commemorate their lives together. The ashes of Geoffrey and Dahl Collings and Silver's husband, Laurie Ware, were scattered in the National Park above Maitland Bay. The Drysdale house also has a plaque at the front entrance to commemorate Russell Drysdale.



To Commemorate the lives
of
Dahl & Geoffrey Collings

On October 26th at 12 noon
At Killcare Heights
A plaque will be unveiled
In loving memory
of
Geoffrey & Dahl

You are invited to this private ceremony
For details contact
Donna Rath on 02 63369091
or Silver Ware on 02 43601598
Their ashes will be placed in Boudi National Park

In November 2002, the Australian Graphic Design Association (AGDA) honoured Dahl and Geoffrey, when they were awarded the *Hall of Fame Award* posthumously for their influential contribution to Australian graphic design. This was a well-deserved award for these pioneers of Australian design and film.

Resources

The Powerhouse Museum has a fine collection of material from Geoffrey and Dahl, first acquired in 1991 and later added to: This archive contains documents - official and personal - relevant to an understanding of the Collings's multi-disciplinary approach to design. It includes objects, documents and other material relating to their life, photography, documentary filmmaking, art and design practice and provides a detailed insight into the life and work of these pioneering multi-disciplinary 20th century Australian artists, designers, photographers and filmmakers.

It also documents and provides insight into their relationships with a number of leading international and Australian designers including their Bauhaus friends and colleagues, Sibyl and Laszlo Moholy Nagy and Juliet and Gyorgy Kepes (1906 Hungary - 2001 USA), and Australian artists, writers, designers and other creatives, including Alistair Morrison, Russell Drysdale, Gordon and Mary Andrews, George Johnston and others. The collection includes personal correspondence, handmade cards, photographs, publications, original designs and selected objects which include photographs and abstract paintings by Dahl and Geoffrey Collings, an abstract painting by Gordon Andrews, a collaged self-portrait by Alistair Morrison. (Quoted from their website.)

The National Film and Sound Archive and the Film Division of the Department of Information have extensive holdings of the films of Geoff and Dahl Collings. There are twenty-seven listings in the former archive.

References

Allen, Jenny. *Australian Visions. The Films of Dahl and Geoffrey Collings*. Originally an article in the Monash University journal *Eras* and now to be found on the website:

<http://arts.monash.edu/publications/eras/edition-4/allen.php>

I have acknowledged all quotes from this article. Some photos reproduced above were also included in this article, but I have sought permission from Geoff and Dahl's daughters, Donna Rath and Silver Ware to reproduce these photos.

[www.powerhousemuseum.com/collection/database/?irn=361677 - 37k -](http://www.powerhousemuseum.com/collection/database/?irn=361677-37k)

I have drawn verbatim from this website for the major narrative above, written by Anne-Marie Van de Ven. For general enquiries regarding the collection refer to:

www.powerhousemuseum.com.

David Dufty, 2008



A talented family: Dahl, Donna, Geoffrey and Silver at Donna's graduation in Vet. Science in 1960. Silver also graduated with a Diploma in Art that year. Photo: collection of Silver Ware.

NEIL DESAILLEY - An Adventurous Life 1925-2015

by Deb Holloman



Neil Desailley was a resident of Killcare Heights for nearly thirty years. Having had a very adventurous life in parts of Australia and for the length of his career in New Guinea, he was very happy to share his stories. Remarkably, he studied and became a lawyer during his time in New Guinea where he served on the bench as a magistrate. On returning to Sydney, he worked as a solicitor, barrister and lecturer. His introduction to the Central Coast came from his wife, Bern, whose parents lived at Ettalong.

Neil Desailley moved to Killcare Heights in 1986. He soon became an active volunteer with the Killcare Wagstaffe Trust at the Maitland Bay Information Centre and with the Bouddi Bitou Bashers. I met Neil in 2003 when he became an active member of Bouddi Bushcare with National Parks and Wildlife (NPWS). He would always regale us with tales of his adventurous life. A member of the group, Lyn Colless, and I decided it needed to be recorded so in 2014 we spent several afternoons in Neil's back room writing and recording some of his stories. We presented him with a printed copy for his 90th birthday in 2015. Here are a few of his many stories.



The Bitou Bashers: Neil is seated at the table front right. Deb Holloman is seated next to him.

Neil was born near Bairnsdale, Victoria in 1925. His father was a World War 1 veteran, a light horseman and Gallipoli soldier, who returned home with malaria. He was given a soldier settlement property in south Gippsland and died in 1951 at the age of 57.

Neil attended Bairnsdale Primary and High Schools. He achieved first place in high school. When war broke out while at high school, Neil was keen to join up but was discouraged by his father as he was too young. He was able to join the navy at 17 as a wireless operator on an anti-submarine launch in the Coral and Timor Seas and served from 1943 to 1944. He then served on destroyers attached to the British Fleet checking Japanese garrisons in Indonesia and West Papuan New Guinea. He ended up in Japan post war, eventually making it back to Australia via Hong Kong and Singapore.

In Australia in 1946, he worked as a trainee mechanic on business machines for Burroughs in Melbourne. One day he saw his reflection in a window. He was wearing a business suit and tie. He quickly decided that that life was not for him, so he quit his job and headed off to the Northern Territory with some air force buddies. They worked in the Hartz Ranges, digging for mica using hand drills, picks, and gelignite. One foot an hour was considered good going. They then heard there was good money to be made at Mt Isa. They spent a few months there before heading to Alice Springs where Neil worked on the railways, shovelling coal. Tenders took ten tons of coal and took him two hours to fill. He completed three in a night.

On heading back to Melbourne, he applied for a job as a patrol officer in New Guinea. After completing a ten-week course in rudimentary law, colonial history and tropical medicine, Neil was sent to Samarai, south-east New Guinea, as a cadet patrol officer (1949). Here, he was sent on a two-month patrol on foot to carry out a census of births, deaths and incidents. He then travelled onto Woodlark Island for another two-month census, this time by motor canoe.

His next post was to Goroka in the Eastern Highlands for twenty months. Neil remarked that the mountains here made Kosciuszko look like a mere hill. The area was wild and undocumented, but it was known that there were people living there as every now and then a body would wash down the river. Neil again patrolled on foot and was often the first contact of white people. With many different tribes and 500 languages, Neil was generally well received; his carriers were another problem. They stirred up trouble by chopping down significant trees and raiding the gardens.

Neil recalled a report of a murder. He and four native policemen walked for four hours to the location. On arrival the village was empty. In the morning, tribes people returned and pointed out the four people involved in the incident. One constable was allocated to each. Neil stood with his arms folded, covering a revolver, asking questions. He then shouted, "Now!" and the four suspects were captured. The whole mob jumped up, ran to their bows and arrows and returned noisily, stamping their feet. The prisoners were marched out, followed by the armed and stomping mob. Neil's team retreated to the safety of a ridge. But soon many armed tribesmen were spotted running toward them. Neil raised his pistol which was knocked out of his hand by a constable.

The armed pack came from a different tribe, the Koru; they had come to help them. The prisoners were transported safely to Goroka where the guilty party were tried and sent to prison for two years.

The Sepik district in the far north of the country was his next posting; he was based at Angorum. There was trouble in Telefomin to the west. Four people killed two patrol officers and two policemen. The locals had revolted. Many patrol officers, including Neil, were called in to sort it out. Fire arrows were used: burred arrows with multiple heads and burning grass. A plane was flown in from Goroka to settle down the troublemakers with many taken into custody. Neil was one of half a dozen officers who stayed for several months to settle the trouble.

In 1954, Neil was accepted into the School of Pacific Administration to complete a diploma course for patrol officers. He was in Sydney for 20 months with accommodation at SOPA (Sydney Olympic Park Authority) at Middle Head, Mosman. He got his diploma in 1955 and was then posted to Lae, in eastern New Guinea.

Neil was appointed to Menyamya, south-west of Lae. It was an unpatrolled area where rape and murder were national sports. The Bowman were notoriously difficult people. One of their customs was not to bury important tribespeople; instead, they would smoke them and leave the bodies in treetops for a few months. In the two years spent there, Neil stated that he did more patrolling there than in any other posting. Patrols were all carried out on foot. Neil had reserve magisterial power. There were only three white people there, Neil, a medical officer and a Lutheran missionary. There were two permanent weatherboard houses, no electricity or running water. Neil's main job was surveying and mapping the district. Over two years, he did 400 patrols. His staple diet was sweet potato, rice and tinned meat.

In 1958, he was appointed to Koroba district in the southern highlands with his headquarters at Mendi. From here he went on a three day walk to survey for an airport at Nipa. Unbeknown to him he was going through an area where there had been a lot of recent killings. On walking into a village, he came across of ring of men, armed with long handled steel axes, standing with their arms crossed. The group parted, then began yelling and stamping their feet. The headman ran towards Neil, chopping the axe into the ground at his feet. Neil backed out opting not to shoot. His dog was barking madly. He had to cross the river on a bamboo swing bridge with the dog in his arms, the loud chants of the tribesmen ringing in his ears.

In 1960, Neil married Bernice (Bern) a sister of a fellow serviceman. He had also enrolled that year with the Queensland University to undertake a law degree. A full-time-five-year course which he completed in eight years, part time. He took Bern and her young daughter Peta back to Koroba. The house was a shack with a thatched roof with no water or electricity. Bern was the only white woman in town. After three years, Neil wrote to the director saying it was too hard on his wife; she had lost two children while living there. So in 1964, he moved to Kondearwa (Konde), the headquarters of the Chinbu district. Neil was now district commissioner. He became resident magistrate in 1966.

Peta went to primary school in Konde, then boarding school at SCEGS Darlinghurst. Bern taught at the local primary schools and had the pupils reading two years above the normal level. The school built up from eleven pupils to thirty pupils.

They left Kondo in 1971 as Neil was posted to Port Moresby as a magistrate in the district court. He mainly handled committal cases for murder etc. Independence was achieved in 1975 and Neil decided to leave New Guinea despite getting a personal letter from Michael Somare, asking him to stay.

He needed to add to his qualifications to practice law in Australia, so he attended a six-month legal workshop course with ANU. He was then admitted as a barrister and solicitor. Meanwhile Bern was organising the building of their house in Woy Woy and living with her parents in Ettalong. Neil came home every weekend.

He was part time: running seminars at the Institute of Technology in Sydney. There, a delegation of students went to the dean asking that “we keep the old chap on because they suddenly had an understanding of the law”. Neil was asked to apply for the job of lecturer. He lectured until 1988, then retired. They had moved to their house on Scenic Rd, Killcare Heights in 1986. Bern passed away in 1993.



A TRUNCATED VERSION OF 'ART and SONG by Chris Dillon

Chris's memoir was published by Amazon. Authors note: The book was originally intended to be titled REINCARNATION, but it did not meet the regulations laid down by Amazon Publishing i.e. 'The title must not be misleading to the public'. However, the plot was to portray the two extremes of the authors life from:

a) The poverty and squalor and hardship of existence during the 1930s in the north of England.

and

b) The vibrant and radiant colour of Sydney, Australia.



Childhood was not a happy time. Circumstances were not favourable to experience the joys of normal family life. Born in 1933, I lived in the condemned and vermin infested slums in the City of Salford, in the North of England, during the Great Depression. I was a scruffy kid, wearing my older brother's hand-me-downs, and wood-soled clogs.

Salford was a dirty, polluted place with coal dust combined with smog from thousands of smoking chimneys. Salford was also on the border with Trafford Park, which at the time was the most industrialised few square miles in the world spewing out chemicals and asbestos spores and other contaminates. It was a very unhealthy place to live. Many Salfordians were afflicted with deformities, some of which were attributed to Ricketts and Polio, and many were suffering from respiratory problems.

(See song: Dirty Old Town by Ewan McColl). My own survival was nearly terminated at the age of four when I contracted Diphtheria.



Salford Fish and Chip Shop – Chris Dillon

At the age of six, WW11 was declared on 3/9/1939. The German Luftwaffe constantly bombed industrial Trafford Park which resulted in the demolition of many houses and factories in Salford. I recall seeing the effects of many properties burning from the incendiary bombs, and the glow of fires reflected in the many barrage balloons hovering over the slums. Hitler succeeded where the Salford City Council failed.

.....

School days were not made of happy memories either. There were some weird and cruel teachers, and in the primary school I was frequently caned on both hands for being late, in spite of the school being in the same street! I graduated to Tootal Rd Modern Secondary School via the 11plus exams and did reasonably well in most subjects.

In my teen age years my hobbies were long-distance cycling, swimming, boxing, soccer, dancing, art, and singing to the radio at home and in private.

On Saturday morning there was a radio program I would not miss. The host was Jack Jackson who promoted the latest hits. He virtually manipulated the Hit Parade. It was my favourite program. (Little did I know that I would become a Radio Presenter later in life, and a professional singer.)

On Sundays I had the house to myself, as my parents had their work at the Pub. Family Favourites was a two-way correspondence with Australia and England. Requests were made by family members who had emigrated to Australia. It was the first time I heard Slim Dusty sing 'A Pub with no Beer'. I sang along with Bing Crosby, Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra and Al Jolson. I kept one eye on the window watching out for my parents coming home, then I would switch off the radio, too embarrassed to be caught singing.

BREAKFAST WITH LOWRY

I enrolled at the Salford Art Gallery and met L.S. Lowry. He would saunter into the class unannounced, wearing an old raincoat and a flat cap. He would advise on how to improve the students' work. This was early days in his career before becoming a house-hold name, and his paintings in demand. He is now known by everyone in the U.K. and his work is worth millions of pounds.

One Sunday morning I decided to venture on one of my bike trips, however the sky was ominously dark grey with the threat of a storm, so I decided not to travel far. On the spur of the moment, I decide to cycle across Manchester and visit Lowry at his new cottage in Mottram.

Wearing a T-Shirt and shorts I set off across Manchester. As I cycled through Piccadilly the heavens opened. The torrential rain had me soaked within seconds. I arrived at Lowry's place called 'The Elms' and used the heavy knocker on his door (in those days it was acceptable to arrive unannounced... no phones). He recognised me from the Art Class but was aghast at my saturated condition. He invited me in but insisted I stand on the door mat while he brought me a towel, then he made a pot of tea, with biscuits.

Naturally we talked about art, and he told me that he was extending his studio. He proudly showed me the unfinished studio extension and I noticed a number of canvases leaning against the wall. I asked if I could take a look at them, and as I thumbed my way through them, he said, "Help yourself to one you like." They were about 1m square, and the storm had not abated, and I WAS ON MY BIKE.

Opportunity knocks, but...

Lawrence Stephen Lowry was a quiet and humble man and could not afford to buy canvases when he began his hobby of painting industrial scenes.

During the day he was a rent collector, and he would return to his house in Pendlebury, Salford, to take care of his bed-ridden mother. She didn't like his paintings and nor did the art critics, but he persevered and eventually, when he was middle-aged, his style of matchstick men and matchstick dogs was in demand.

He became the most successful painter in England over the last century. He was interviewed on BBC TV where he confessed to being a virgin. He died soon after at the age of 89 and he was still a virgin.

In the year 2000, a Gallery was built in his honour for more than two hundred million dollars. This is now a tourist attraction on the site of the Salford Docks called the Salford Quays.

Two Salford lads recorded a song entitled 'Matchstick Men and Matchstick Cats and Dogs' which went to Number 1 on the U.K. Hit Parade.

In November 2019, a film was released about his life living with his mother, played by Vanessa Redgrave and the part of Lowry played by Timothy Spall. The movie was called "Mrs Lowry and Son". It may not have appealed to a wide audience, but because of my acquaintance with him I enjoyed it very much.

FINDING A VOICE

I moved to the suburb of Wythenshawe near the Manchester airport, and I decided to have walk around the neighbourhood. I found a local pub called The Yewtree. It was very popular. All of the tables were occupied when I arrived. There was a trio playing, keyboard, guitar and drums. The compere called for volunteers. It was an open-mike session, and some of the regulars would be invited to sing one song. I was very impressed by some of the performers, who as it turned out were professional. Thursday night became a regular visit for me. I would sit in the corner of the room, with a sketch pad that I carried in a briefcase. Then I would look around the room for a likely subject to sketch. I would nurse one pint of beer all evening as I listened to the entertainment and sketched the faces of some of the patrons.

After a few weeks of this new-found hobby some of the customers noticed what I was doing, and they would come over to my table and ask me to draw their partner, mother, or friends. I wasn't too pleased with this arrangement, especially when they started sending a beer over to me.

I finished up with several beers I could not drink, so I decided to close the book. No more sketching.

The following Thursday night I walked to the Pub and bought myself a pint and sat at my usual table. I heard the compere asking for volunteers, but there was no response. It was too early, not enough neck-oil! The compere persisted, then I heard myself say "I will." I had grown tired of hearing the same old songs, such as Elvis Presley's 'Wooden Heart' and the recital of 'A Deck of Cards' originally from Phil Harris. So, I ventured up to the stage wondering why I had said 'I will.' The compere told me to talk to the keyboard player and I told him I would like to sing 'Love Story' in the Andy Williams style. He asked me 'What Key?' I had no idea, so he played the opening line and I thought yeah that sounds right.

The compere then started to introduce me which made me even more nervous. I just wanted the audience to ignore me but halfway through the song I opened my eyes and saw that everyone was staring at me.

It didn't immediately occur to me that I had captured their attention. It was only after that I realised that it was because they had seen the other performers so many times that they would hardly spare a glance at them. I was a new face.

When I finished the song, I was surprised to receive a lively round of applause. The compere said, "O.K. Let's have another," so I sang 'Sweet Caroline'. This also went down very well, and the audience joined me as I urged them on. He asked me for another song, but I had to tell him I didn't know anymore.

I began learning new songs, and buying song sheets to extend my repertoire, and sang regularly at the Yewtree. One evening I was approached by two men who asked me if I would like a 'Spot' at the Woodside Labour Club. At first, I thought it was a joke. I didn't believe them. They assured me they were serious and suggested that I went to the club for an audition.

I went along and sang a few songs, then I was given a booking and told I would be paid fourteen pounds. I felt uneasy about this arrangement. Could I manage it? I spoke to one of the singers at the Yewtree and told him of my concern. He suggested that I should enter the Talent Quests for experience, and he offered to take me to one.

I had a couple of months before the Club booking so I decided that I would try three Talent Quests and if I failed, I would cancel the booking. So off we went to the first TQ which was at the Club Del Sol owned by George Best, Manchester United player. The competition began at midnight and many of the contestants were semi-professionals. I was out of my depth and failed dismally. One down, two to go.

The second attempt was at the Woolpack Salford. I went on early and sang a couple of songs and then sat with a few friends. Near the end of the evening, I heard my name called out, and was told I had won, and was given five pounds. I was placed second in my third TQ.

Englebert Humperdinck had a No.1 hit with the song 'After the Loving'. I knew the song well before it became popular from a Jack Jones version.

It proved to put me on a winning streak. The Talent Quests were also an attraction for many entertainment managers from the clubs around Manchester. If the talent scout liked your performance, he would approach you with his diary and negotiate terms and dates. I went on to do many gigs, but I was naïve, inexperienced, and had no tuition. I felt so nervous about performing, I could barely put two words together to announce the songs. However, with time I overcame the anxiety with confidence, and learned to relax. I increased my repertoire to include Neil Diamond songs and those of Humperdinck, Glen Campbell, Dean Martin, and even Al Jolson numbers.

LEAVING THE PAST

I married and fathered two children, then after twelve years I divorced my wife. I had served an apprenticeship in Painting and Decorating and had my own business.

The business was not successful, mainly due to poor weather conditions, and the fact that my wife squandered my earnings!

I saw an advert requiring a Laboratory Technician for the pigments division of Ciba-Geigy. With my knowledge of Paint, I applied for the position, though it was a tongue-in-cheek effort, but surprisingly my application was accepted. Usually, these jobs go to college students. I enjoyed the work and progressed through to Laboratory Manager.

Then after a few years I felt that I was stagnating and needed a change. On request I was offered a position with Ciba-Geigy in Johannesburg or Sydney. I chose the latter.

The best decision I ever made. A farewell party was held for me at a club with all the singers on the Manchester circuit, and the Master of Ceremonies, who was an excellent vocalist, spoke to the audience to remind them that Chris Dillon was going to Australia, and he added, "We bloody well hope he stays there." This was a back-handed compliment because I was winning too many Talent Quests.

REINCARNATION

Excited at leaving the drudgery of Manchester and the dismal wet weather, but apprehensive and upset at leaving my children, I ventured by train to Southampton to board the SS *Australis* like a man being led to the gallows.

"Get a grip on yourself; this is a ticket for a new life." I was forty years of age, and it was 1974 when I left old England for Sydney.

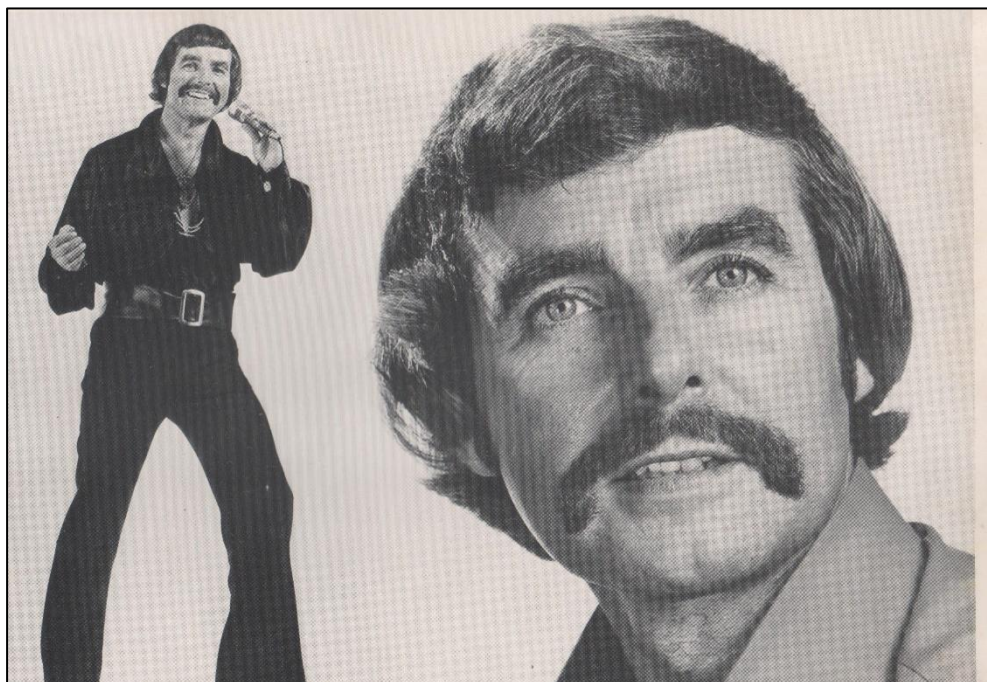
The trip took seven weeks, and I met a neighbour from Salford who was an entertainer and was the MC on the cruise ship. I auditioned for him and sang to the passengers on a regular basis with a Phillipino Band. *The Australis* had been commandeered by a Greek shipping line and of course the food was Greek and oily. On the menu it sounded very appetizing, but every meal looked and tasted the same. No Fish and Chips.

The Great Australian Bite was rough, and a lot of crockery was smashed, but it was a pleasant day when we arrived at Melbourne. A short coach ride took us to a National Park, with enclosures of various native animals, with freely roving kangaroos and emus. I came across an outdoor café. It appeared to be an oasis in the desert. I couldn't believe my eyes; they were serving fish and chips. I had withdrawal symptoms not having had fish and chips for seven weeks. I bought a serve which was given to me in a paper cup (not newspaper!). I found a shelf around a tree which I leaned against to enjoy this newfound treasure. All at once there was a flurry of movement and an emu came running past me, grabbing my carton of chips in its beak, then disappearing into the bush.

I'll never forget my first view of Sydney. The ship held a position directly in front of the Opera House. I was totally gobsmacked. It was a magnificent October day, warm and sunny, not a cloud in sight. Helicopters hovered above the ship, while small craft buzzed around it, then I saw the Harbour Bridge. Trains and traffic on the bridge and people welcoming their friends and relatives. It was an unforgettable view.

I had no money, so I sought a bank loan and bought a second-hand Holden FJ, and a new caravan which I parked at Lane Cove. I was also managed to get employment with my previous employer in Manchester, at Ciba-Geigy in the Pigments Laboratory in Lane Cove. I subsidised my salary with money from Talent Quests and became affiliated with CEMAC, an entertainment agency. They sent me to the Gold Coast and Cairns and most of the Leagues and RSL Clubs in NSW. I was on my way, at last!

One cold winter's morning, I was at the laboratory of Ciba-Geigy when I received a phone call from CEMAC asking me if I could drop everything I was doing and catch a flight to Cairns. The photos below are for publicity.



They explained that I was to perform at a place called 'The House on the Hill' for two weeks at \$500 a week with accommodation and meals. When I arrived it was about 7-30 pm and I stood in the area for Arrivals/Departures at the airport which was a small building. I was expecting someone to be there, but the staff began to switch off the lights and lock-up for the night. I was in a panic. Had I been sent on a fool's errand? I found a phone directory and sure enough there was a place called 'The House on the Hill' but when I phoned the line had been disconnected. I was told to leave while they locked up. There was a taxi just about to leave but I stopped the driver and asked him to take me to my destination.

He told me the place had been closed for a few months because of Drug Trafficking. When I arrived, there were several Italian Mafia style men in dark suits and trilby hats and pencil-like moustaches standing by a large American Chevrolet. They had been to the wrong airport to collect me. I was told to join the band and start singing straight away. During the day I travelled to the beaches and hinterland in a hired beach buggy.

I had a few more lucrative bookings from Cemac including a \$500 gig at the Ettalong Club. A hectic rush around Brisbane singing at Pubs and Restaurants came next; 13 gigs in eleven days, finishing at the Tweed Heads Club. I was contacted by an agent with an offer to become my manager. He claimed to give me plenty of work at the Clubs around Sydney. I accepted, but then, the recession hit Australia in the 1980s during the Malcolm Fraser era, and the Clubs were struggling financially. They cut-back on bands and entertainers. So, I dropped out of the Club scene.

A FINE ROMANCE

I met Ann in late 1975 at a Charity function where I was the entertainment. She had been allocated to look after the singer. We struck-up a relationship, despite the fact that I was a northerner, and she was from Reading, in the south of England. We married in 1979. Ann was a librarian working at a book distributor at Colloroy, but she was frustrated at not having the correct qualifications. Shortly after our marriage she became a mature age student and qualified with a B.Sc. degree.

Ann was employed by NCR and shattered the 'glass ceiling' by becoming the first female Director with the Company. I became the Chief Chemist at Galmet Paints and retired as the Technical Director.

When we retired in 1999, we moved from Cromer to Pretty Beach, after caravanning for seven months around Australia. We bought a 30ft. Halvorsen cabin cruiser and spent many happy times exploring on the Hawkesbury River.

We also had a Kelpie/German Shepherd dog we named Kelly. Kelly was hit by a delivery truck and consequently lost a front leg, but she went on to have a happy and enjoyable life as a three-legged dog. I had been too busy at Galmet Paints to continue singing, so there was a long hiatus from the microphone, but after I moved to Pretty Beach, I once again began to work the tonsils. I joined an entertainment group and we raised funds for the Fred Hollows Foundation.



Even in retirement I had many gratifying experiences behind the mike. For eighteen continuous years I sang on Australia Day at Wagstaffe. The ceremonies began in the mid-1990s starting with about fifty people. Each year the crowds grew to as many as six hundred.

Around 2002 I was invited to Radio 50+ for an interview and as a result I became a presenter. I was given a three-hour program playing music of my own choice. I enjoyed these occasions for eleven years, and I know that I had a good, entertaining program with a contented audience, but I had a few confrontations with the management and consequently fell on my sword.

After community radio I concentrated on painting my childhood memories. Each picture tells a story of life in the 1930s.

Led by Terry Baker, for a couple of years, members of the community came together on Saturday mornings to carve donated telegraph poles. I was a keen member of the group. There are now several decorative poles, each with a theme, planted adjacent to the wharf at Wagstaffe. Here I am with hammer and chisel, happily carving.



For my eightieth birthday Ann organised a flight to Hawaii and a cruise back home. We went with some old friends, making a party of eight. I signed in for the passenger's concert night with the song entry of 'I am Australian'. I persuaded my friends to join me with the chorus. However, the night before our performance a trio of male singers, called The Aussie Lads, sang our song entry. My friend, Terry, was upset about being gazumped but I was not phased at all and said, "We can do a lot better." So, I found a quiet place on the ship where we could rehearse. They were to sing the chorus and follow my hand choreography in unison. On the night the auditorium was full, with at least one thousand passengers. I organised my three friends to stand behind me, two metres apart with mikes in stands, for free hand movement. They moved in position, then I went on front centre stage and announced, "Last night you saw The Aussie Lads... tonight you will see The Australian Grandads". This got a good response from the audience. Then we did our 'Thing'.

We received a standing ovation from the audience. My mates were thrilled, and we were met at the entrance to the auditorium by The Aussie Lads who congratulated us on our performance.

BRENTWOOD RETIREMENT VILLAGE

We decided to sell our place at Pretty Beach in 2016 and to find a new home, we inspected many homes and apartments, and retirement villages, to no avail. Ann said to me, "How about Brentwood?" I replied, "No, it's full of old people." But we decided to take a look. We inspected several villas and eventually found the right one. The location was right, the size was right, the price was right. However, it was a mess, but it had potential. The Villa underwent a ten-week renovation, and we were very pleased with the outcome. It also came with two garages.

I was aged 83 and realised that we had done the right thing moving to Brentwood, even though I didn't want to leave Pretty Beach.

We have both established a good rapport with residents by volunteering and socialising. I have of course given several concerts that have been well received, even at the age of 88 years. One of the garages is my studio for painting with the results adorning the walls. They are visions of 'Childhood Memories'.



The garage is also where I rehearse usually about twice a week for two hours. The acoustics are exceptional, and it helps to prevent Presbyphonia, ageing of the voice.

Even though I have explained our existence at Brentwood I would like to finish with the last paragraph of my book, *ART and SONG*.

I have had so many 'Pinch-me' moments, and feel so lucky to pen this Bio. But, and most of all I am so blessed and fortunate to have met and married the best woman, the best wife, the love of my life.

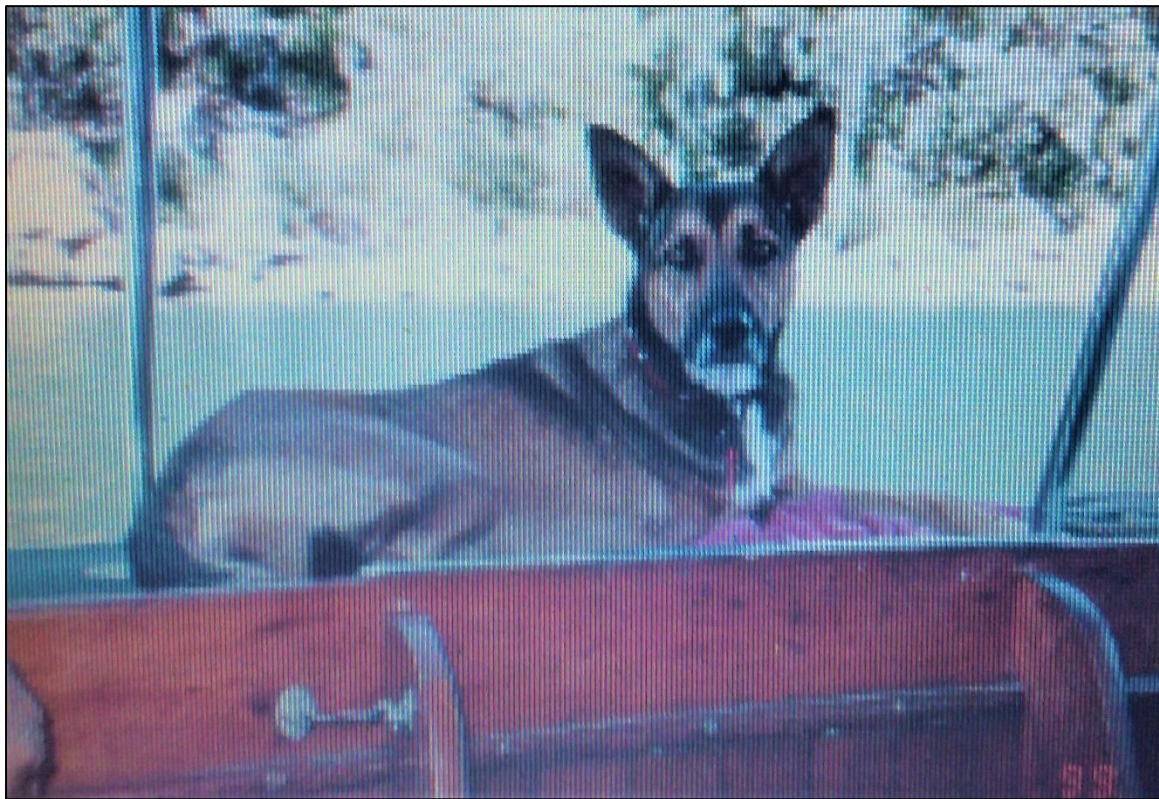
I could say a lot more, but perfection is boring, and anyway she needs me to open jam jars and cans, so I'll stick around as long as I can.

Having survived the slums and back streets of Salford I am happily ensconced in a sumptuous villa on sixty-six acres, nestled between Kincumber Mountain and Copacabana Beach on the South Pacific Ocean. The cultured gardens and flower beds are cared for by my gardeners. We have a heated swimming pool, snooker room, library, and much, much more.

Yes, Brentwood Retirement Village has it all. Happiness is!!!!

A DOG NAMED KELLY

A true story by Chris Dillon



“Ah... you must be Kelly’s dad?”

How many times have I heard that said, but with Kelly, it is testament to her popularity, while I am merely on the periphery.

No-one said, “Chris” or “Mr. Dillon”, just... “Kelly’s Dad.”

“I’ve decided that I want a dog,” my wife said.

I wasn't enthusiastic about this idea, but she who must be obeyed had made a **DECISION** and that was that. So we went to the RSPCA Dog Compound at Somersby. We came across a kennel with two Kelpie-cross-German-shepherd puppies. One looked a bit sad with her ears down, but that was **THE** one. The other was coughing and didn't look healthy.

At this time, we already had a ginger cat called Bosun, and I wondered how he would take the presence of a dog in the household. As expected, he showed the puppy his teeth when it approached to say, 'Hello.'

As all puppies are, it was a little rambunctious and would chew at the furniture. As she started to test her teeth on an armchair, I slapped her on the nose with an emphatic "NO."

She slunk away having learned the first word of human lingo. I built a kennel for her, and she became an outdoor dog. We gave her the name of Kelly (the Kelpie).

When she became one year old, we took her for training, but all she wanted to do was play with the other dogs. It was clear that she had an in-bred instinct of mustering, as she ran around the other dogs, then sat down with her paws in front, ready to pounce if any of the other dogs attempted to move away from the group. She eventually became very obedient until one disastrous day when she disobeyed the command, "Stay."

Ann and I had arranged to meet our friends, Frank and Freda. They were sailing up to Pretty Beach in their 26ft Halvorsen Cruiser, *Mam'selle*. Naturally, we took Kelly with us. She was excited at going to the beach, just couldn't wait to get out. A neighbour was taking her dog for a walk and Ann stopped to chat. I was about to put Kelly on her lead. I said "Stay," when all at once the other dog, which was a bit bullish snapped at Kelly and she ran into the road.

WHAM! A speeding delivery truck came roaring up the hill and hit her hard.

"That'll teach her not to run in the road in future." This heartless comment made me very angry, but I controlled my temper as I needed his help to put her in the car to go to the vet. I felt sick, and I saw the helplessness in Kelly's face as we loaded her on the back seat of the car.

Frank and Freda had arrived at just that moment and we went indoors while we decided what to do. We looked up the phone number for a local vet, who saw her straight away, then said, "You have to PUT HER DOWN." The nerves in her shoulder had been severed and would be unlikely to heal.

Immediately we replied "No." We took her home and did what we could to make her comfortable. Ann phoned a friend with a dog who suggested taking Kelly to the Veterinary Science section of Sydney University. Their vets work at the leading edge and would be likely to know about the latest developments in the area. This decision turned out to be the best. The staff took excellent care of Kelly and gave us a report daily on her progress.

After a week we were told to collect her. Sitting in the waiting room, nervously wondering what to expect, the nurse came in with Kelly on a lead.

She had a broad bandage covering her chest and shoulder area. She hopped into the room and saw us, so obviously pleased to see us. We sprang up and made a fuss of her, then placed her in the back seat of the car and homeward bound. The Sydney University had done a wonderful job of removing her left front leg, and her coat had been stitched up beautifully. Kelly was quickly adapting to her new mode of walking... hopping really. We gave her short walks to see how she could cope, and she did, above all expectations.

I took her down to the beach where she immediately plunged into the shallow water, letting the water rise to her shoulders. She sat there staring back at me while the soft waves gently nudged her. She was looking very content. After a few similar trips to the beach, she would pick up a stick in her teeth and drop it at my feet asking me to throw it in the water.

She would run at top speed to catch the stick, then race back to place it at my feet for another go. I was worried that she might break her good foreleg as she ran with gay abandon.

Kelly became an 'inside dog'. She stretched out in the middle of the lounge room, always with her head to my feet in case I said a word she might recognize. Her vocabulary had increased with the words, CAR and BEACH, being her favourites. She would be half asleep, then if she heard either of these words her eyes would open and look at me for confirmation. I would say, "O.K. Let's go." She would be at the door immediately, with her tail wagging ten to the dozen. She loved going to Woolworths at Woy Woy. Sitting in the back seat with the window down, she would open her mouth wide to catch the wind that made her jowls ripple like waves on the ocean. I would park the car next to the little park near Woolies so she could have a look around and smell the roses (the trees).

We had retired from work and had made a seachange, moving to Pretty Beach. The two-story house we bought was run-down and needed a major renovation. It overlooked Hardys' Bay looking west towards Ettalong on the opposite side of the bay. On the right was the Rip Bridge, and to our left was Wagstaffe. Our 30ft Halvorsen boat was moored just a mere two hundred metres away.

Killcare Beach was her Paradise. I would throw a stick far enough out so she could stand up without being swept away. She continually caught the stick and returned it to me. If I was inclined, she would do this until she dropped, but I usually tired first.

Kelly had been on board *Torungen*, our cabin cruiser, prior to her accident, but I wondered how she would go with one leg missing. We planned to have a couple of days on the boat. I put Kelly in the aluminum dingy. This was going to be tricky. I stood on the duck board holding the dingy close up tight to give her a solid base to jump. Previously, she'd had no trouble jumping onto the transom, but she looked a bit troubled, and when she finally made the effort, she nearly slipped, and I managed to place my right arm behind her and guide her on board. After a while it became easier, even though it was a standing leap of 3 feet. However, she loved being on the boat. She would stretch out on the transom and watch for the occasional fish leaping out of the calm waters, causing concentric rings on the silken surface. She also loved the servings from the galley.

On one occasion we went to America's Bay for a few days. Calm, smooth waters and only one other boat in the bay. A good night's sleep was had by all, with the water just slapping gently on the hull. In the morning I took Kelly ashore. The tide was out, and I couldn't take the dingy into the shore. I plunged an oar deep into the soft sand, securing the dingy with rope and went ashore. We were just about to go back when a strong wind blew. The upright oar fell, and the wind carried the dingy away from us. I ran, losing a shoe in the soft sand. I dived into the water swimming overarm as fast as I could to retrieve the dingy. It was getting further and further away.

I glanced to my left and saw Kelly swimming by my side, a look of panic in her eyes. She was out of her depth, and also appeared to be concerned about my safety. In turn, I was also worried about her, so I called out "Back" and we swam back to shore to review the situation. I wondered if Ann was aware of our predicament. Luckily, she had noticed and was calling to the guy in the boat alongside for help. He climbed into his rubber ducky and collected my dingy and towed it back to us. Phew! What a relief.

Kelly was a happy dog, obedient and intelligent. On occasions I observed Kelly having a dream. Her limbs were twitching, then she opened her eyes which were red and flowing with tears. I would kneel down beside her, and console her with a pat on the head and generally make a fuss of her. However, Bosun was in command and was really 'top dog' with an aloof and majestic manner, but then disaster struck again.

We noticed he had been missing a long time, but when eventually he came in for a bowl of water, he was a sorry sight. Apparently, he had had a fight with a Bush Turkey, and lost. The Turkey had attacked Bosun's eye, so another trip to the vet was necessary (a different one this time).

Ann stayed awake all night, giving Bosun drops in the affected eye. This was not an easy task. She wrapped him tightly in a towel to prevent him struggling to break away, or ripping her with his claws, but after a day or two, it was clear he was not improving. So sadly, the Vet removed his eye, performing a wonderful job with the fur around his eye, so that he looked as handsome as before!

Now, we had a three-legged dog, a one-eyed cat, not to mention a Sulphur-Crested Cockatoo that had a damaged leg. Cockie would visit daily and would not leave until we gave him a scotch-biscuit. He would sit on the deck handrail and hold the biscuit in his deformed claw and chomp away to the last crumb.

The cat remained indoors sleeping. On one occasion I took him something to eat and was very surprised to see both Kelly and Bosun sleeping on the same bed. Incredible! This was like a wolf and a lamb in bed together. They had become bosom pals... at long last.

The Halvorsen Club notified us of a Saturday gathering of boats at Cottage Point. It was a Saturday lunch, with plenty of oysters, prawns, and champagne. The weather had been superb, but one of the coastal Patrol Officers advised that we should get home ASAP as a Southerly was on its way.

We set off quickly, but in no time at all the wind howled and whipped up the surface as the waves became very choppy. It was suddenly very cold. I asked Ann to take the wheel while I tended to the dingy. It was rocking from side to side so was in danger of tipping over. I was very concerned about losing the oars. With considerable effort, I managed to pull the dingy close to the transom and tie her up.

We were approaching Refuge Bay and the swell had increased with huge waves crashing against the rocks. I decided to turn into Refuge Bay, to wait out the storm. We stayed overnight but the rough weather had not abated.

Early next morning, I pulled up the anchor, and we ventured out of the bay. There were no other boats in sight, as we cruised between Lion Island and the mainland.

The swell was getting worse creating explosions of white foam against the rocks. I was worried about turning back because of capsizing, so we continued on.

I tried to hold a course N by NE but had to zig-zag to avoid the side-on swell. *Torungen* was a river boat with a shallow draught, not meant for ocean waters. She was like a cork in a washing machine! I could not go directly for the channel at Box Head, so I continued eastward past the channel markers. At sometime soon I would have to perform a U-turn. At this stage the waves were 5m high, and the boat was raised high on the swell then descending into a deep hole in the water. I had some control of the boat as I headed into the waves, but I had to make a decision: when to turn the boat around.

I waited until a wave crashed on us, then immediately swung the wheel to full lock to portside. I held my breath waiting for the next wave. Would we capsize?

Torungen didn't quite make the 180 degree turn. The sky went very dark, as a large wave came crashing down on the boat and pushed us sideways. I was frantically trying to steer the boat to the channel markers, but I had very little control, as the speed of the waves was faster than the engine speed.

Glancing around, it was to see Ann looking petrified, as she gripped the table with white knuckles. Behind her Kelly was shaking with fright and her eyes were like organ-stops. She seemed to be saying, "Get me out of here."

Ann is not a strong swimmer, and I was trying to develop a plan of action if we turned turtle. The boat bounced up and down with each pounding of the waves, but we were getting closer to the channel markers. They were about 50m apart but, with very poor control of the steering, it was like threading a needle.

Relief! We were in the channel. The water was still very rough, but we were out of danger. *Torungen* took us to our mooring in Pretty Beach. I have never seen the bay as rough as on this occasion. I stood on the bow with the gaff to pull up the mooring, and because the water was so choppy, Ann had to steer the boat with some speed to counteract the swirling wind. I hooked the mooring but as the boat was moving quickly, I couldn't hold on, and the gaff slipped through my fingers into the choppy water.

I jumped into the dingy but was unable to see where the gaff was because the water was so rough. Ann pointed out its location and I managed to retrieve it and secure the boat to the mooring.

We went ashore and Kelly was like a dog with two tails when she stepped onto the beach

It was a miracle that *Torungen* had weathered that storm. We had had the boat for twelve years and enjoyed many trips on the Hawkesbury and Pittwater.

Now was the time to sell. No doubt, Kelly acquiesced.

Kelly was about thirteen by then, and no longer nimble. In fact, she was having difficulty jumping into the car because of arthritis in her back legs.

One morning I went to give her breakfast, but she was unable to stand. She struggled to get to her feet but gave up. I tried very gently to get her up on her feet again, but she collapsed. Time to go to the vet.

This time we had to agree. We left Kelly. And left, embracing each other, and shedding tears.

Vale... Kelly... best friend.



Paintings by Chris Dillon

Chris Dillon 2022

MR WILLIAM ALFRED DODD

A biography by his daughters - Helen Wake and Colleen Scott

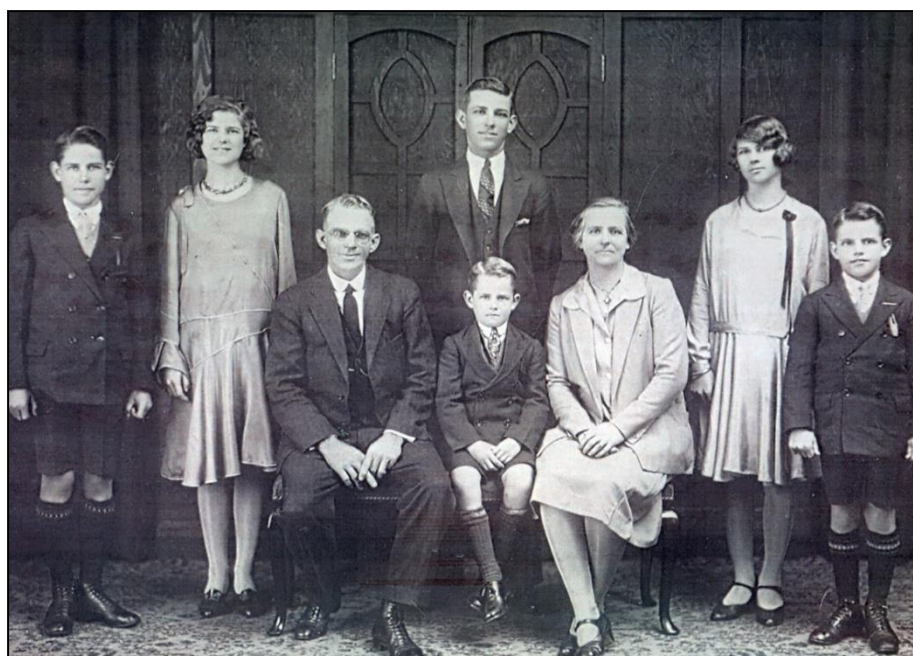


A person, who has had a long association with the Pretty Beach area, is Mr. William Alfred (Bill) Dodd. He first came to Pretty Beach with his parents and siblings eighty-five years ago to their property, situated on High View Road, where they holidayed sometimes for a month or so at Christmas. Bill Dodd was 91 on the 16 August, 2008. Following the death of his wife, Beryl Dodd (nee Beattie), in 2004 Bill decided to sell his home at Sans Souci in Sydney and permanently reside at his holiday cottage at 67 High View Road, Pretty Beach.

Bill loves Pretty Beach and the surrounding Bouddi Peninsula but his special place is Lobster Beach, where he met his beloved wife, Beryl, whilst fishing in the 1940s.

This is the story of Bill's life so far...

Bill's father, William John Dodd, was born July 22, 1878, and died in November 1962. His mother, Mary Ellen Gertrude (Nell) Stoward, was born August 23, 1887, and died 25 August 25, 1970. William Dodd and Ellen Stoward were married in Bundaberg in 1908. Their marriage produced six children.



In the early photo of the Dodd family above we see from left: William Alfred, Mavis, William John Dodd, Cecil (eldest son), Harry (youngest), Mary-Ellen (always called Nell), Dorothy and John (Jack).

William Alfred Dodd (Bill) was born in Townsville, Queensland on 16 August 1917. He was the second son and fourth child. He had three brothers and two sisters. Bill was close to his siblings, and they all had a relationship with Pretty Beach.

Bill's father was the Manager of the Singer Sewing Machine Company in Townsville and employed a number of staff but due to Bill's maternal grandmother passing away suddenly, from a dreadful flu, which swept the Maryborough area, his father decided to move the family to Sydney in NSW, travelling down the coast by boat.



The Dodd residence in Rocky Point Road, Sans Souci.

To begin with, the enterprising young father became the Manager of Rotorsuer Sewing Machine Company and was also engaged in the repair of celluloid dolls. He was also employed selling advertising for a Shipping Newspaper. The family moved to Manly, and then Bexley, until finally purchasing a lovely home and land, *Lorne*, at 705 (which later became 447) Rocky Point Road, Sans Souci, their permanent residence.

William John established himself as a publisher and operated a successful book company, trading as Associated Trade Journals with his office in Bridge Street, Sydney.

During this time, William had a bad debt owing to him and to pay him, the debtor offered some land at Coffs Harbour or Pretty Beach on the Central Coast. He chose Pretty Beach as it was closer to Sydney. The land was in High View Road, Pretty Beach, the whole corner on the southern end.

His father died in November 1962, but this is how Bill Dodd began his eighty-five years of holidaying at Pretty Beach.

Bill would visit with his mother, father and siblings in the holidays and pitch several tents on *The Land* as it was always called. William John (Bill's father) would send all his camping gear and belongings and of course the fishing gear, up on the steamship *S.S. Erina* which would leave from Kogarah Bay near Sans Souci.

The family would drive up travelling by the rough dirt road (now The Scenic Road) out from Gosford. When the *Erina* arrived at Pretty Beach wharf, Mr. Holwell Snr, from Holwell's Bakery, would take all the camping gear and belongings up to William's property in High View Road by horse and cart for him. Again, the roads were dirt and rough and the camping was primitive by today's standards, but they loved the area and William's family and extended family all camped there and had very happy and relaxing times.



Mr. and Mrs. William John Dodd at *The Land* on High View Road, Pretty Beach

There was no electricity and no running water; kerosene lamps were used; pit toilets were dug. and they bathed in the natural spring down in the gully, now part of *Headlands (Pretty Beach House)*. Bill remembers fish in the natural pool that were transparent. These fish were only seen after rain and came out of caverns in the ground. Bill's mother would spend nearly all her holiday cooking between two big rocks for her large and extended family. She would cook all day every day and this was her annual holiday.



Children playing on the sand at Pretty Beach.



A postcard of Pretty Beach, viewed from the water, as it would have looked when the Dodd family visited.

In those days, before outboard motors arrived, everyone rowed their little boats, so they had to be very mindful of the tides. Fish was often cooked on the camp oven, especially the large flathead which William loved to catch.

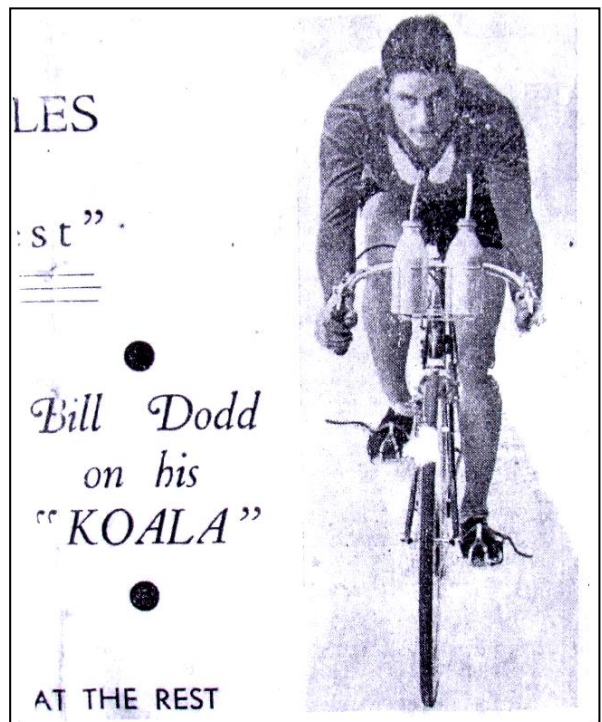


Bill Dodd with his parent's car at the camp on *The Land* in High View Road.

Meanwhile Bill was educated at Sans Souci Public School and then Arncliffe High School. He left school at the age of 14 years. This was the time of the Great Depression. Jobs were very scarce and hard to find.

Bill's first job was at J.J. Holly's who made electrical parts. He was 14 years of age. He had to weigh the clips for battery terminals. He next worked for Motor Repair and Welding, a company that made concrete mixers. Then Bill went to Bradley Bros Ltd, Motor Merchants & Manufacturers in Wentworth Avenue, Sydney, where he trained to be a wheelwright, making spoked wooden wheels.

Bill Dodd on his *Koala*.



Bill was working at Bradley Bros when, as an incentive, he was given his first road racing bicycle, a *Koala*, which they manufactured, so Bill was soon training and racing cycles and starting to do well. In those days bicycles did not have gears. However, Bill was thrilled to have his first brand new bicycle. Bill rode with many other riders to and from work in all weather. His journey was from Sans Souci to the city.

One rider Bill rode with was Duncan Gray, who became a champion track rider; the *Dunc Gray Velodrome* is named in his honour. Dunc would begin his ride at Sutherland and Bill would meet up with him at Arncliffe Hill and together they would ride to work. Dunc always worked for Bennett and Wood and later, when Bill had his own business, Dunc regularly called in at Sans Souci, which enabled Bill to order parts for vehicle repairs.

During the early years, Duncan Gray organized a Speedwell racing bike for Bill to purchase. The bike was Bill's pride and joy and it had gears. Bill belonged to the St George Bike Riding Club. There were many riders those days and lots of fun times. Bill trained on his racing bike every day after work. He rode from Sans Souci to Allawah, then down to Bulli on the Pacific Highway on gravel roads; then he would go down to Bulli Beach travelling along the water's edge (Coledale) up to Stanwell Park/Tops to Helensburgh and back to the Princes Highway and home to Sans Souci.

Bill qualified to ride in big races and rode two Goulburn to Sydney races; the first time without gears on his bike and in the second year, with the use of gears on his new Speedwell. The racers left the main street in Goulburn and finished at The Esplanade in Enmore. During the second race, when he got to the top of the Razor Back Mountain, his elder brother, Cecil, threw Bill a wet towel as he rode by. It felt beautiful. Bill caught the leaders at Campbelltown and continued in the lead, until he was beaten by half a wheel's length at the finish – he came in second.

Bill's trainer was Jack Murray, who lived near Allawah towards Hurstville. He was a friend of Edna Knight, one of the Lobster Beach campers.

In the war years, Bill was in the army, firstly in camp at Liverpool. He was then sent to Broadmeadow, Newcastle. The barracks were in the Showground and Bill remembers staying and sleeping in a chicken coop. Bill trained in his platoon with Captain Cottee of the Cottee's Jam family and was about to leave Australia to fight the Japanese. At that propitious moment, the army found out Bill was a very good welder and so he was taken out of the Army to work for essential services; he became a munitions worker.



Private Bill Dodd

He was sent to Properts Motor Body Builders Pty Ltd at the Old Trocadero Theatre in King Street, Newtown, where he sprayed tin hats for soldiers, made field Dixies, built field ambulances and other army equipment. Bill did his apprenticeship with this firm. Properts employed Bill in a wide field of motor body construction and panel beating. Bill became a motor body engineer with particular experience in electric arc welding. Later, Bill also excelled at caravan building construction.

Because of the war, Bill was sent from Properts to James N. Kirby Motor and Aircraft Engineers at Camperdown to build aircraft. He was a charge hand in the oxy and electric welding division. Aircraft always took priority.

He worked with the metal alloy, inconel, which takes a lot of heat and is supposed not to burn. It was used on aircraft like the Kitty Hawk.

Bill was one of the first to use oxyacetylene. During this time Bill invented a system, using water in a small pipe to go around the tip of an oxy acetylene welder to keep it cool and to prolong the life of the tip, whilst welding in a confined space. At James N. Kirby, Bill made hundreds of cylinders, as spare parts for the landing gear of the aeroplanes.



Bill's platoon: Bill is standing far right.

Of Bill's platoon that left Australia, most were killed. Joe Burns, a friend from Sans Souci, where Bill grew up, was injured but not killed and returned home after the war.

Bill returned to Properts after the war and became foreman. He later resigned to take up employment with Associated Trade Journals, his father's book business.

The story now returns to Pretty Beach. Pretty Beach was a place of adventure and fishing.

It was where Bill began his love of fishing; he would walk to Lobster Beach and fish for bream, flat head and jewfish.



Bill and a friend with a large Jewfish.

Lobster Beach was about a half hour's walk from Pretty Beach. One night Bill noticed that Old Reuben Rogers (another camper) had a good catch of bream in an old wooden box, and that inspired him.

Many people travelled north from Sydney every holiday and stayed in holiday houses or tents or huts. Folk could camp at Lobster Beach in those days and people returned to their own 'shacks'. There were small huts and tents that lined the bush above Lobster Beach. Bill and his family became friendly with many of the campers and often visited the different camp sites.

Another family, who loved Pretty Beach, was the Beattie family from Ramsgate in Sydney. They often rented *Naomi* on Pretty Beach Road (located where the park is now) or *Cromer* on the corner of Pretty Beach Road and Como Parade. This is where a beautiful love story and beautiful marriage began. Both families holidayed during the 1940s at Pretty Beach. One day, Bill and a work friend were fishing at Bream Rock, Lobster Beach, when this lovely young woman (Bill often said she was beautiful) came walking around the rocks.



Naomi, the holiday-house in Pretty Beach Road

It was Beryl Beattie and she had really caught Bill's eye. Later Bill visited Beryl and her family, and they became acquainted. Now Miss Beryl Beattie was an attractive, sun-tanned young woman, who had often holidayed at Pretty Beach with her parents, Francis and Helen Beattie, her three brothers, Reginald, Frank and John and her sister, Gwen.



They lived at Hawthorne Street Ramsgate, which was only a suburb away from Sans Souci, where Bill lived.

Beryl worked for W.D. & H.O. Wills Tobacco Company during the war years and a few years after that. Quite often, after work on Friday, Beryl with her friend, Hazel Carter, would travel by train to Woy Woy, to spend the weekend at Pretty Beach. Her father would row across the bay to Ettalong to pick them up.

The Beatties (Beryl's family) holidayed in some of the homes about Pretty Beach and Bill liked to visit.

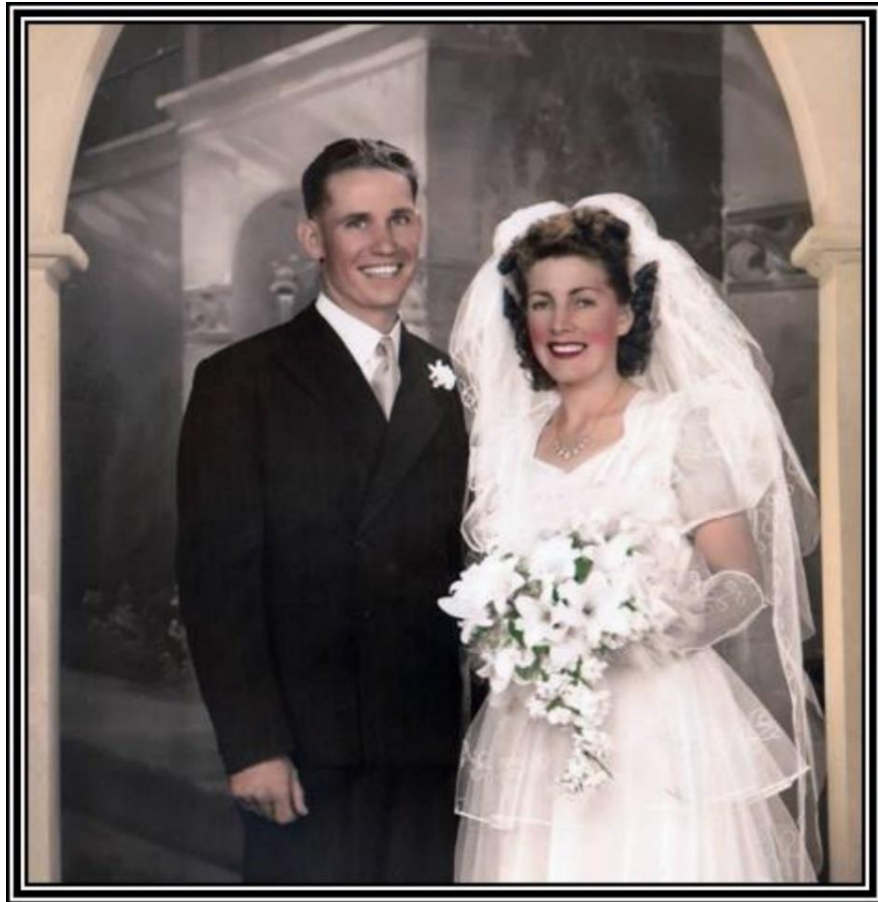
Bill Dodd and Beryl Beattie in their courting days.

Bill and Beryl would be brown as berries. They loved fishing and boating. They were made for each other, and it wasn't long before they became engaged.

Bill and Beryl married on 4 December 1948 at St Johns Church of England, Rockdale. Minister Thomas Knox married them and the reception was held at Francis and Helen Beattie's home in Hawthorne Street, Ramsgate



Bill and Beryl outside *Cromer* on the corner Como Parade.



Mr and Mrs Dodd (Bill & Beryl) leaving the church.



Mr and Mrs Bill Dodd on their Wedding Day.



The Hurstville Grove house, built by Bill.



The Dodds' family home at Sans Souci.

In December 1954, Bill sold their Hurstville Grove home and purchased the property next door to his parent's home from his mother, Mary Ellen, at 445 Rocky Point Road, Sans Souci. Bill & Beryl had a new home built for them by local builder, Doug Martin. They moved in December 1954. Bill continued working for his father in the family business next door and by this time Bill and Beryl had four young children.

Helen Margaret was born in 1950 and Colleen Frances followed a year later. William John was born in 1953 and Kenneth Hugh in 1954. Julie Elizabeth came along two years later in 1956, completing the family of five children.

In 1959, Bill started his own Auto Body Repair Business, W.A. Dodd Auto Repairs. This business was a great success and Bill worked so very hard to keep his family well.

In later years, his son Bill, worked with his parents in the business



Bill's workshop in 1967.

Bill had the support of Beryl. She would do all the book work, banking and accounts, so together they were a wonderful team.

Whilst Bill was operating his business, the Captain Cook Bridge was being built, opening up the whole peninsula from Sans Souci to Taren Point.

At a crucial time, work on the bridge was delayed. A difficult weld was required. Someone, with the expertise required to complete the task, was sought. They searched all over Sydney. They finally found that Bill had the knowledge and skill to do this type of welding. Bill was asked to weld the job, which he did to their satisfaction.

Bill and Beryl were formally invited to attend the opening of the Captain Cook Bridge in 1965.

Bill developed a bad back as a result of bending forward for many years of bike riding and over his work. It was suggested he take up a sport like sailing to improve his back problem. It was thought that bending his back in the opposite direction, would help.

Bill was an early member (No.352) of the Georges River Sailing Club at Dolls Point and is still a member. He started sailing 16-foot skiffs. He was involved with the recruiting and

training of junior sailors and helped at the Ken Minter Sailing Academy at the club with his best friend, Stan Jones, who was the forehand in the Ken Minter skiff, *Joan*, which won the Australian Championship.



Bill and crew rigging *The 4 Galahs* on Botany Bay.

The fathers taught the youngsters how to sail in the Sabot and Flying Ant classes of sailing boat. The juniors sailed every Sunday and Bill would often be on the pick-up boat to rescue the kids, as they tipped in and would tow them back to the clubhouse.

Bill then sailed in the afternoon in his skiff, *4 Galahs*, jointly owned with his friend, Boyd McKinley, and Boyd's sons, Allan and Peter. Bill enjoyed sailing and formed many life-long friends, who are still his friends to this day.

Not only did Bill sail. He ferried his family around to Football, Physical Culture and Soccer; he raced pigeons and had many pets to care for as the kids were always bringing something home.

Now back to Pretty Beach

The Roger's Camp: Reuben (Reub) Rogers and his sons, Young Reub, Morrie and Harry came from Tempe. Edna Knight from Allawah married Young Reuben Rogers. Old Reub used to dig a big hole and bury his tent until he returned and then pitch it again.

Lou Ewan's Camp was near the rock and Pine Tree and Cyril's camp was near the old bridge. Cyril was a very good fisherman. Further around near the waterhole were two old fellows and a special character, Sammy. Harry Moran, an old local identity, had a shack up from the waterhole in the bush and had a lot of dogs. In later years, he was a boarder with the Bush family in Mulhall Street, Wagstaffe. He would often sit outside the main shop at Pretty Beach and yarn with other people.

Harry stayed with the Fosters (a family that often visited Pretty Beach) at Bondi when he travelled to Sydney to watch his team play. He was a great fan of South Sydney. He often had Christmas dinner with the Fosters at their holiday house.



New Year's Eve at Fishermen's End, Putty Beach: Steve Morgan, Pop Johnson and Dudley Reid (Highview Road friends and neighbours.)

Nearly every night Bill would walk over the steep hill to Lobster Beach and catch bream. On his way home he liked to drop into the camps for a chat. The campers were very friendly and always liked to share a 'cuppa'. This went on for years and all became very good fishing friends. The fishing friends were Old Reub and Young Reub Rogers, Big Alf (from High View Road, Pretty Beach), Pop (Zac) Johnson (Glenda and Leonard Morgan's grandfather), Harry Rogers, Bill Dodd's father-in-law, Frank Beattie, the Foster brothers from Bondi and Pretty Beach and Cyril, another camper.

Then there was Sammy, who also lived at Lobster Beach. He would catch lobsters to take to Pearl Beach, where he would sell them to get money for alcohol. He loved a drink but was harmless. He met his death by drowning near the oyster leases at Hardys Bay. These old fellows all liked to talk to Bill and never did anyone any harm.

The bakery at Pretty Beach was run by Mr and Mrs Holwell. They were good friends of Bill and baked the best bread you could ever eat. Their apple turnovers were delicious. In the 1930s the main general store was owned by Tracksons and then by Jack Crowe. Peggy Trackson married Jack Crowe.



Holwell's Bakery on the left; Trackson's Store on the right at Pretty Beach.

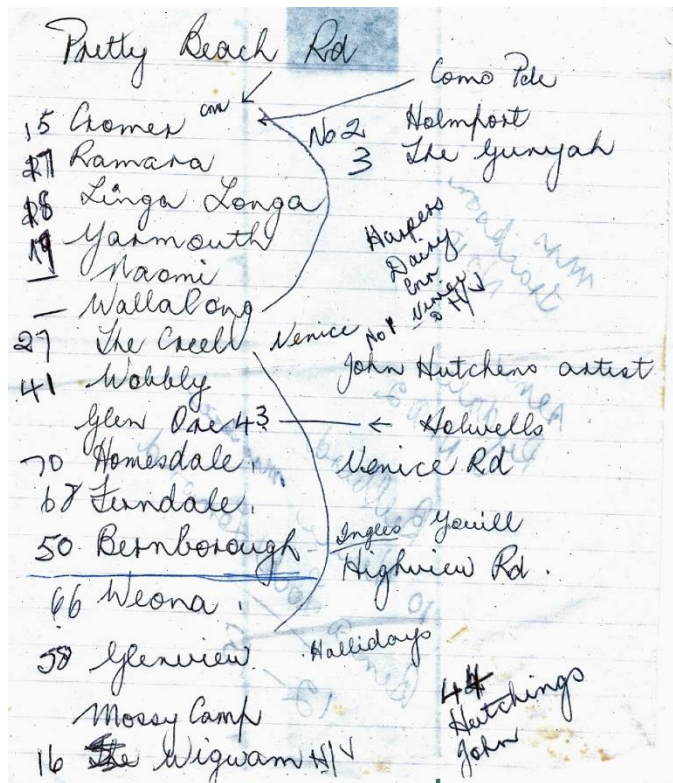
There were two General Stores at Killcare, one owned by the Frosts who lived in Venice Road and the other by Les Harband who lived next to Don Radford's house in Venice Road.



Found, along with the list of houses, was a notation telling us there was a Saturday night dance at the Killcare Store or the Pretty Beach Store, the Picture Ferry went to Woy Woy and Thursday was Market Day at Gosford.

The general store, owned by the Frosts had a cow tied up outside the shop; it was milked and then the milk was sold. Mr and Mrs Gobbos ran this shop for many years.

Mr and Mrs Stewart ran another store a little further along the road to Wagstaffe.



No 1 Harpers daisy cor of Venice
 No 41 Venice "Wobbly"
 43 "Glenview" Helwells
 50 "Bernborough"
 No 47-49-51 Jack Smiths garden
 42-44 John Hutchings
 Highview Rd
 "Neona" 66
 "Sundale" 68
 "Homedale" 70
 "Glenview" 58
 "Gumtip" 67
 "Yeramba" 65
 Como Pde
 No 2 "Holmport"
 No 1 "The Gunyahs"
 No 7 The Nook Mrs Abbott

Beryl Dodd's notes (in her own handwriting) of the names of the houses around Pretty Beach.

The homes about Pretty Beach Road were all named; you didn't have numbers as you called the houses by their names. Beryl was very intrigued by the house names and interested in their owners. She jotted down the names and addresses and points of interest. Mrs Green lived in the house near the creek, along from Naomi, and in later years her property became part of the park, when her house was demolished.

Mr. Jack Smith was another Pretty Beach identity. He had market gardens in Venice Road and grew beautiful tomatoes. Jack Smith lived in Como Parade with his sister, Marj, who taught the piano. Twice a day, Mr Smith would go up the hill on our land to where he had stones piled up like a temple. The temple was just off the track to Tallow Beach. There he would pray. He would go up in the morning and again at about 4 pm.

At the end of Como Parade was a little house called *The Nook*. It was a quaint little house snuggled in at the bottom of the mountain. Daleys lived on the corner of Pretty Beach Road and Como Parade and Baldwins had the ice works nearby; *Holmport* was at No.2 Como Parade.

Houses in Pretty Beach Road: *Wallalong* was next to the General Store, the proprietors being Jack and Peggy Crowe. Peggy had been Peggy Trackson and her parents were the previous

owners of the main store at Pretty Beach. Mrs Trackson lived at No.10 Pretty Beach Road and she rented out her holiday houses at Nos15 and 19.

Other houses were *Ramara* at No.17; *Rydale* was a pair of ‘semis’; Whiting’s store was at No.48. Frosts’ Store was where *The Sign of the Crooked Billet* is located today. The older Holwells lived behind the bakery on the corner of Pretty Beach Road and Oroo Street.

Houses in Venice Road were *Bellbird* at No.10, *Kelvin* at No.11 (owned by Andrew Higginson), *Wobbly* at No.41 and *The Creel* at No.27. Fred Holwell and his family lived at *Glen Warren* (or was it *Glenorie*?) at No. 43 Venice Road and No.50 was *Bernborough*. Harpers’ Dairy was on the corner of Venice Road and High View Road. At one time Mr Harper erected a barb-wire fence across his property, which did not please the locals. Mrs Wootten’s house, *The Creel*, located above Turo Park, is still there in 2010. Mrs Wootten was a lovely, quiet lady and a very private person. Every school holiday, she minded her grandchildren, the Hughes children, who became friendly with the Dodd children. Alec McEwen lived next door in a reddish weatherboard house. It was a nice house with a verandah around three sides. The houses in High View Road included No.9, *Mossy Camp* and No.58, *Glen View*.

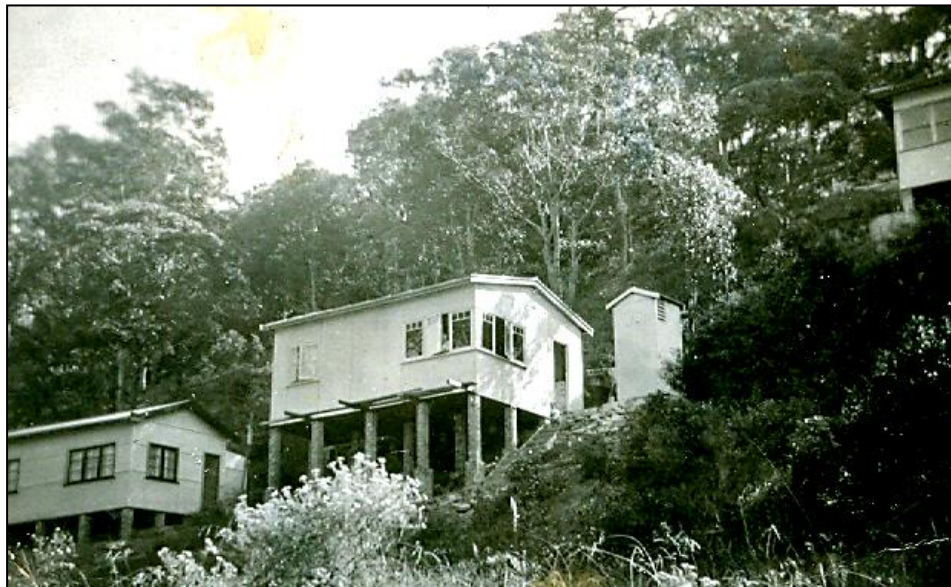
‘Eccentrics’ was the heading above notes on the back of one the pieces of paper found amongst Beryl’s things. She noted the following: ‘The Captain’ Andrew Higginson who had been a singer/entertainer at The Tivoli; ‘Mr’ Kennedy of Como Parade and Harry Moran of Lobster Beach.



Four houses mentioned by Beryl Dodd. Clockwise from top left: *Yarmouth* No.19 Pretty Beach (still there); *The Creel* in Venice Road; *Ferndale* in High View Road (still there) and *Cromer* on the corner of Como Parade.



High View Road from its junction with Wagstaffe Avenue.
Venice Road branches off to the left. Photo: Bill Foster



Gumtip

Murphy's ferries used to run to Pretty Beach Wharf. There was a shelter shed on the end of the wharf, now demolished.

In 1950, Beryl's mother, Helen Beattie, purchased the block of land at 67 High View Road Pretty Beach where Bill lives today.

Bill built the house for his mother-in-law and the Beattie and Dodd families started staying and holidaying in the house when completed. They named it *Gumtip*.

The house was comfortable, with a fuel stove to cook on, water from a tank and an ice chest with blocks of ice supplied and delivered by Baldwin's Ice Works in Como Parade. Bucket type camping showers with hot water from the fuel stove kept everyone clean and Dan the 'sani' man serviced the area once a week, always leaving a greeting card on the toilet seat at Christmas, when Beryl would buy him a bottle of beer.

Bill took his family up to Pretty Beach at every opportunity. He continued making improvements to the cottage in the holidays. He loved to escape from his business and work. He was able to relax at *Gumtip*. And he loved to fish whenever possible.



Above: Neighbouring houses in High View Road.



Important to the Dodd family - Pretty Beach: family, friends and neighbours. The Dodd, Morgan and Reid families out and about.

The neighbours were Jack and Edna Denning, their daughter, Joyce; Joan and Dudley Reid; Mr Southern; Pop (Zac) Johnson and Steve and Jan Morgan.

Holidays at Pretty Beach were simple but wonderful. We children enjoyed ourselves immensely because we were able to play, swim, go boating, walking and exploring with our family and also the children of all the neighbouring families.

The photographs here show some of the holiday activities we were able to enjoy.

The children would walk the hills quite safely, usually in the mornings. The family would go to Killcare to swim with the Morgan family and as a treat, Bill and Steve would buy ice creams for their families on the way home.

Then in the afternoons everyone would go fishing, often to the sandy islands around the bay. Beryl would cook the fish beautifully on the fuel stove and the meal was completed with home grown passionfruit and ice-cream.



Dodd, Reid, Morgan and Johnson
clans at Lobster Beach.





Climbing in the caves at Dog Face Rock,
above Wagstaffe Point.



There were some ‘interesting’ stories associated with some neighbours in High View Road. One is the story of the house on the right as you look up to the Dodd’s house. It was built by Mr Bill Heck who was American.

American Servicemen arrived in Australia to fight the war in the Pacific when the Japanese threat became serious. During this time there were two very pretty girls living with their parents in the house next to the park at Pretty Beach.

They were known as the Taylor sisters and were happy to welcome visiting American servicemen. The cousin of the sisters married an American sailor, known as Mr Heck. Mr and Mrs Heck built the house at No.65 High View Road but only lived in it for a very short time. They had a row, and the marriage didn’t last. Mr Heck left for America, never to be seen again. We do not know what became of his wife and the small daughter of the marriage but the family at the house next to the park lived there for many years and one of the sisters still lives there, alone now in 2010.

And what became of the house at No. 65 High View Road? That provides the next chapter in this story of neighbours. The house was not lived in for many years. Eventually, country people called Reid bought the house ‘sight unseen’ and one day, when the Dodds were visiting their holiday house next door, the Reids rolled up.

Much to the surprise of the neighbours, the car was loaded with their possessions, three children and remarkably, three goats and several chickens.

They failed in their attempt to enter the house. In the intervening years white ants had destroyed the floor.



Fun in a boat at Pretty Beach.

Mum (Beryl) gave them a cup of tea and Dad (Bill) helped them lay some boards across the floor to give them something to stand on.

It wasn’t an auspicious beginning, but the Reids settled in, fixed up the house and lived there for quite some time. Mr Dudley Reid worked for the P.M.G. and was an artist, who painted wonderful portraits.

He liked to garden and terraced the sloping block with stone garden beds and built a flight of stone steps up through the centre. Joan milked the goats The children, John, Gilbert and Alison, attended Pretty Beach School.

Mrs Joan Reid became quite an important personage in the area. She worked as secretary to the Real Estate agent, Jack Stewart, wrote a column for the Express Advocate newspaper, reporting on local affairs; she was a member of the Pretty Beach Wagstaffe Citizens’

Association and Hon. Secretary of the Peninsula Advancement Association, made up of representatives of the various community associations on the peninsula and chaired by Cr Bob Brading. Her relationship with Mr Southern and Mr Stewart was a subject of gossip.

Dudley and Joan were quite cultured and possibly ‘lived before their time’; they would have enjoyed the artistic community of today. Joan was a slim, dark-haired lady who wore her hair in a coiled plait around her head. However, she was not the most well-liked person, not exactly fitting in all that well with the society that was here then. She was rather authoritarian, and stories circulated about her making demands on the school principal. Joan and Beryl had a ‘falling out’ over a tree. She was a rather manipulative person. People felt sorry for her husband when she decided she didn’t want him anymore. She threw him out, sold the house and built a new one across the road on the corner of High View Road and Venice Road.

Across the road, living at *Glen View*, was a recluse of a man, whose name was Mr Southern. The Reids came to Pretty Beach because of Mr Southern. He was a friend of Joan’s. He also befriended Mrs McLeod-Lindsay, the victim of a notorious crime which occurred in Sydney. She survived the attack made on her by her husband but suffered brain damage. He had bashed her with an iron bar. He was convicted and went to gaol. Mrs McLeod-Lindsay came to live with Mr Southern at Pretty Beach. To begin with, she had three small children who were badly neglected and probably taken in by the equivalent of D.O.C.S. in those days.



The house, *Glen Luen*, built by Joan Reid, on the bend of High View Road.



Bill with a shark caught at Lobster Beach.

Memories of the 1950s and 60s are always accompanied by the aroma of freshly baked bread, wafting around the hills in the early morning. It was a smell, wonderful to experience. Mr Holwell's apple turnovers were so delicious that Bill's children would save their pocket money during the year to buy some in the Christmas holidays. The recipe was a well-kept secret.



Bill and children walking along the fire trail.

We often used to go on bushwalks. In the photograph at left, Bill can be seen leading his children, Helen, Colleen, Bill, Ken and Julie and the Morgan children, Leonard and Glenda, along the fire trail.

We found it to be very exciting when they cut the fire trails because it made everything more accessible.

When we were able to buy ice from Baldwin's ice-works at Pretty Beach our life became much easier. We were able to keep milk, butter, meat and fish cool.

Later, when Bill's brothers built their homes in High View Road on their blocks, Jack and family and Harry and family joined the group at Killcare and by that time, the treat was ice blocks from the shop at the beach.

The families holidayed again and again, often playing tennis in the afternoons at Holwell's tennis courts. At Christmas Mr Vehyl, the Sunday School teacher, would gather his young singers and his organ in the back of his truck and drive around the streets singing Christmas Carols.

On New Years Eve, The Dodd family, the Morgan family from Ashfield, Mr and Mrs Johnson (Jan Morgan's parents) from Haberfield and the Reid family, who lived at Pretty Beach, would gather at Fisherman's End of Killcare beach for an evening picnic.

Just before midnight, everyone made a procession of cars outside Pretty Beach School. With jam tins attached by strings to the back of the vehicles, they drove around the streets at midnight, honking horns and calling out 'Happy New Year' to all who came out of their homes, to welcome the New Year.

Bill has a love of music. He can play the mouth organ, piano and organ and still today, the hills of Pretty Beach can hear him playing his organ. Bill can play by ear, a true gift. If you sing a song, he can play it. The Dodd home had many sing-a-longs around the piano.

Work, interspersed with holidays at Pretty Beach, continued until Bill retired at the age of 70. When Bill retired, he still did not let the grass grow under his feet. He returned to his love of wood and working on his lathe, made the most wonderful things. From tables to rocking horses to jewel boxes, Bill could and would make anything we asked for. Every day, he still went up to his shed and worked all day. Beryl was clever with her hands too, knitting and sewing, and making every sort of craft imaginable. She would help Bill with little touches.

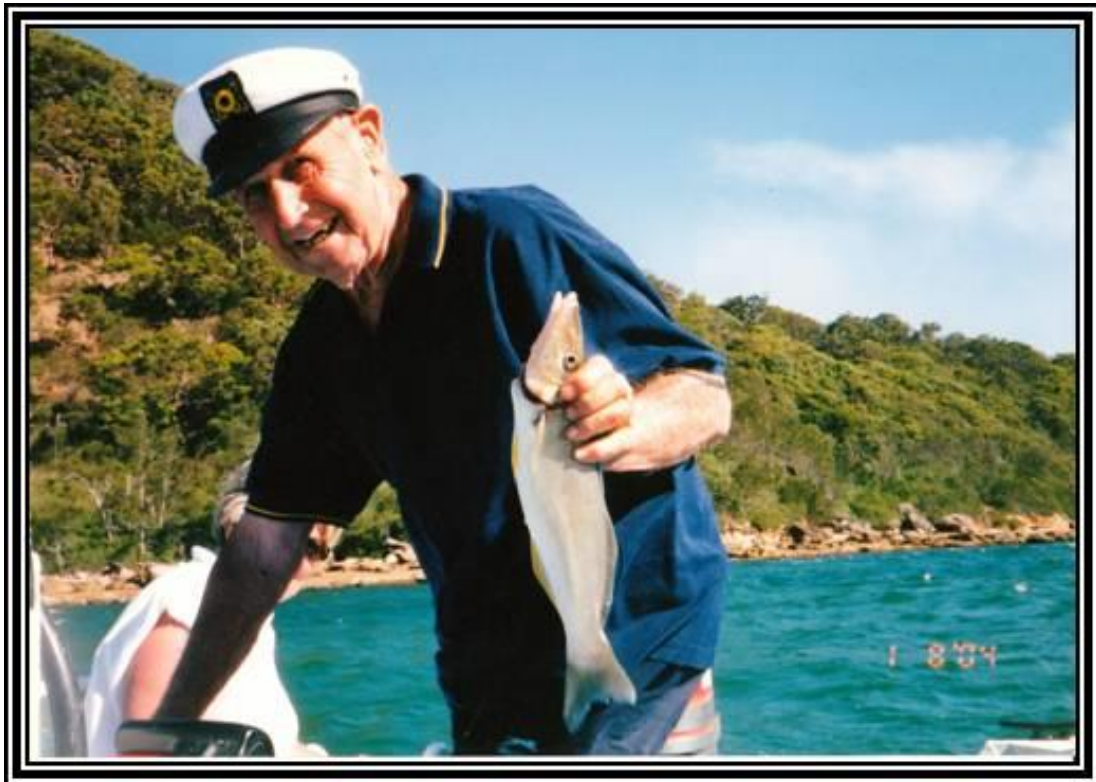
Years later, Harry sold his house and Jack and Patsy retired to their house at Pretty Beach. Jack passed away in 2007. Mrs Patsy Dodd, Jack's widow, still lives at 77 High View Road in 2008.



Bill's boat, *Sinbad*, at Pretty Beach wharf.



Bill caught this jewfish.



Below: Bill on the *Sinbad*, still fishing with a whiting caught at Lobster Beach



Treasured family photographs of Bill and Beryl.



Bill & Beryl Dodd, Helen, Colleen, Bill, Ken, Julie

The Dodd family held a wonderful family reunion at Wagstaffe Hall in November 2004, which most family members and extended family were able to attend and enjoy, reminiscing about the happy times spent over many years, coming to Pretty Beach.

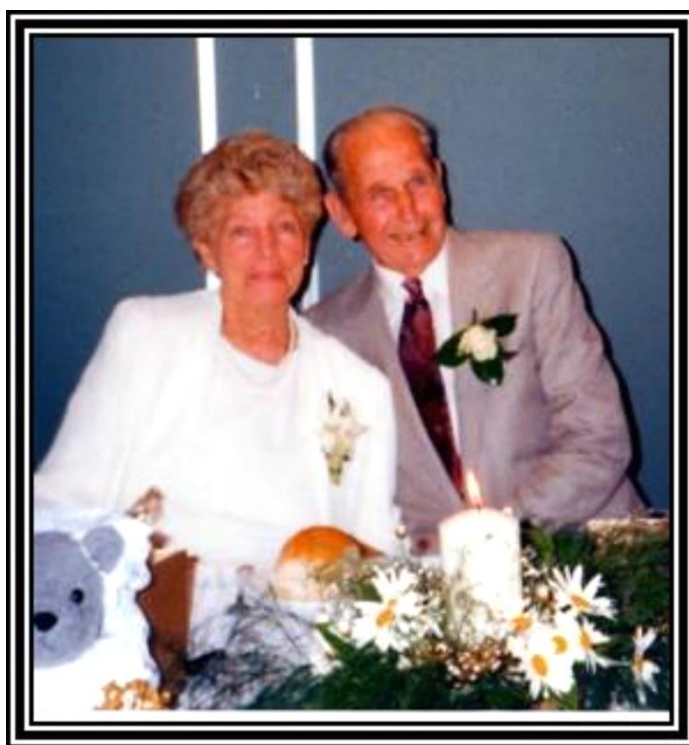
Bill and Beryl had five children. All of them married. Now Bill has 13 grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren (with another two on the way). They love their Old Pa dearly.

Bill has had an amazing life. He worked hard and always had great patience and caring. He is devoted to his family. He is a man, who was self-made. His hands were his tools. He is so very talented in so many ways. Bill met and married Beryl and their partnership instilled great values in their children.

The successful business they made together was a source of pride and example. Bill has overcome a heart attack and bowel cancer, but he will never overcome the loss of his beautiful Beryl. They were a wonderful team.

In 2008, Bill still enjoys fishing in his boat, *Sinbad*, at any opportunity. Give him some bloodworms and a good tide and he can out-fish anyone. He knows every good fishing spot around the bay and Lobster Beach. He is still regularly seen on his 'Gopher', driving around to the Wagstaffe Store to buy some hot chips or scallops.

Bill is remarkably independent, living in the very same house he built all those years ago, a place that has given him many happy memories, in an area of the peninsula the Dodd's have been visiting for the past eighty-five years.



Bill & Beryl at their 50th Anniversary Party.

Pretty Beach is a place of true meaning for Mr William Alfred Dodd.



Bill Dodd on the deck of his house at 67 High View Road,

Helen Wake and Colleen Scott 2009

Photo above: David.Dufty. Bill Foster's photo is acknowledged on Page 128. Photos of houses on Page 127 from the Bouddi Collection. All other photos from the Dodd collection.

TURO DOWNES

by Bruce Dunlop

Turo Downes passed away in 1942 at the age of about 86, after living more than 50 years in the Brisbane Water district. He was buried at St Pauls Church of England, Kincumber, the church yard in which so many historical pioneers have been interred. The inscription on Turo's grave reads, 'Respected by all'. This fact was obvious to all who had had the pleasure of his company.

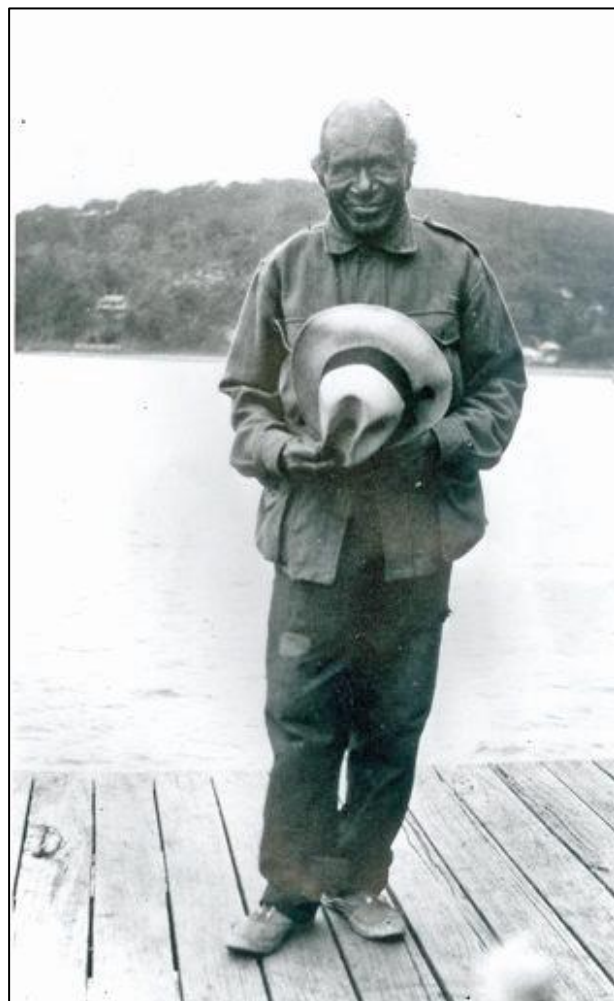
I was only 15 years old at the time of his passing, so my impressions are that of a remembered childhood and time spent by my brother, Don, and me, fishing and bush walking with Turo. He was a past master at everything he did. Fishing. Swimming. Running. Rowing. Turo was an accomplished card player and loved an occasional rum, the latter causing a few brushes with the law. He had a remarkable memory for names and faces and when meeting the arrival of the passenger launches (ferries), he would greet people that he had not seen for a long time, by their first name, especially the children, and for them he would change his voice to a type of falsetto, which would amuse everyone. Many of the young ones would be terrified of his black skin but given enough time he would win them over.



Turo with some of his young friends at Hardy's Bay. Left to right: Pam Mainsbridge (nee Kirby), sister Moya, Turo, Alan Kirby, Enid Bryant. Photo: Pam Mainsbridge

It is thought that Turo grew up in the Torres Strait area of Australia, where he may have had contact with Japanese Pearl divers; this could account for his swimming and boat craft ability. Whilst in Japan, I heard a Japanese man speak to his dog to stop it barking; he shouted 'Kuroi', the Japanese word for black. This word, evolving into 'Turo', may have become used as a nickname for Turo, as he was extremely black; you may say ebony.

Turo lived in two places in the Hardys Bay/Killcare area that is known today. The first was at the old house originally owned by William Ward and then by Mr Mullen, (two historical figures featured in this publication), located on the high ground behind the present Fire Station. In the 1930s, he was living in a humpy built from flattened kerosene tins, covering a bush timber frame for the walls and corrugated iron for the roof, the whole measuring not three metres square. This home was situated on the high ground, on the corner of Heath Rd, behind what is now No.82; this was before any houses were built. The view was extensive, taking in The Rip, Booker Bay and Hardys Bay, so Turo had a good idea of what everyone was doing and what launches (ferries) were arriving and departing and by them, the time of day, as they ran on time to meet the steam trains at Woy Woy.



Turo with his old, white Panama hat

Turo was a small man; he was bald with a tuft of white hair on each side of his head; he wore an old white panama hat, sand shoes, black trousers, and an old army tunic. In the winter he wore an army great coat.

He fed and befriended many cats and dogs and there were always a few sardine cans about his camp. His needs were small, and he lived the simple life. When he died, a Police Officer threw a lighted match into his 'humpy' and everything was consumed by the flames.

Charles Swancott in his book *Enchanted Waters* published in 1961 states: *A Contractor named Dunk came from Northern Queensland and he brought with him an aboriginal named Turo Downs, who was a wonderful swimmer. To see him plunge into the ocean from the rocks at Killcare Beach (Putty Beach), swim under the water to the sea caves and reappear with a threshing lobster was a sight to remember.*

In the same story, reference is also made by Mr O.G. Huxley, who knew Turo, when the latter was cook, deckhand and general factotum on board Captain Anderson's *Tereza*, employed in carrying firewood from Wood Port, Erina Creek to Sydney. The Captain met Turo at Hardy's Bay in 1930 said that Turo was capable of bringing the ship from Sydney to the Broadwater by himself if necessary.

Mr C.V. (Clarrie) Riley told me a story about Turo, which was both humorous and sad. Turo was a friend of the Callenders, an old local weekender family, who looked out for Turo. At this time, he developed pneumonia and it was decided to send him to Prince Alfred Hospital in Sydney. Wrapping him in a blanket and laying him on the roof of the passenger launch, he was conveyed to Woy Woy station and then placed in the Guard's van of the steam train for the trip to the Sydney Hospital. His recovery was slow, but he was eventually discharged into the care of Mrs Callander, who lived in Leichhardt when in Sydney.

Turo with William & Mary Ann Montgomery.
Photo: Gosford Library



Their son gave Turo his bed on the front verandah and everything settled down until the early hours of the morning, when the milkman arrived and as was his practice, for a joke to surprise the young man, who usually slept there, he pulled down the bedclothes, to reveal not the usual sight but a very surprised Aboriginal man.

Turo was a close friend of my family, which was very large; my mother and father's families both having property in Hardys Bay, from where they met and married in 1920. Mary Ann Montgomery (my great aunt) and her husband, William, first came to the bay in 1911 and purchased land in Heath Rd in 1918, at which time there were only two houses in existence. George and Mary Waring purchased the same year, followed by Hugh and Thomas Dunlop, upon their return from the Great War in Turo lived for many years without pension or support of any kind, except income from casual work, fishing or the gifts of friends. I recall that when our holiday was over my mother would send me with a message for Turo, to call in and pick up any food left over after our stay, we would be travelling home by launch and train.

Eventually, several local friends of Turo applied on his behalf and he received the aged pension. It was said he was one of the first Aboriginal people to receive the pension (whether this is true or false is unknown).

Fishing with Turo and other children on Hardys Bay wharf for tailor, hardy heads and yellow tail for bait to catch flathead and bream was the main entertainment for children on school holidays and Turo was a great teacher, being very skilled in the sport. We had many walking trips with Turo to swim in the Bogey Hole (rock pool) at Putty Beach and sometimes to help Alex Cameron, a professional fisherman and others, with catches of mullet and garfish, which they netted at the eastern end of the same beach, known as the Fishermans End.



Turo and William Montgomery returning from a fishing trip. Photo: Bruce Dunlop

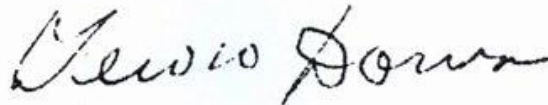
On other occasions, the word would go around, and we would be off on a walk to Maitland Bay and view the remains of that famous wreck, parts of which were still visible at that time. Turo claimed that he had been involved in the original rescue of the survivors in 1898.

To go to Maitland Bay, the track taken from Hardys Bay was up the Rainbow Falls in the corner of Killcare (now Fletchers Glen) to the heights, along the Scenic Rd and then down into Maitland Bay. Turo would lead the way and have the 'billy' boiling for a cuppa, when everyone arrived on the beach.

During the 1930s, the sighting of sharks in the Brisbane Water was quite a regular occurrence and children were not encouraged to swim outside the swimming baths provided. These were constructed from bush timber, driven into the bay and held together at the top with battens; the side panels did not reach the shore at king tides and on one occasion a large shark, two metres or more in length, had chased a school of mullet in the shallow water along the shore and had trapped itself in the baths. Everyone had vacated the water before this happened.

Turo was soon to the rescue in a rowboat, rowing it with the footrest board like a canoe, as the oars were not available at short notice. Turo commenced hitting the surface of the water with the board and after much splashing and noise chased the shark out of the baths, much to everyone's amusement and cheers of encouragement. In reflection, Turo was about 80 years of age at that time; it was a great effort for a man of that age.

I have recently been given a copy of Turo's signature by local historian, Gwen Dundon, which is very well written (see below) and must have taken some time to accomplish. The name is shown as 'Teurio Down'. Common usage is Turo Downes.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading 'Teurio Down'. The script is cursive and fluid, with the first name 'Teurio' written in a larger, more prominent hand than the surname 'Down'.

Also included with this information was an extract from a talk given by Gifford Eardley, who was the President of St George Historical Society in 1966-67, and interested in the S.S. Erina, which was built at Erina Creek in 1903 and carried cargoes to and from Sydney:

These cargoes were always interesting, with large quantities of beer, both in casks and bottles, regularly shipped for Gosford wharf; from here the brew was delivered by horse drawn vehicles to all hotels northwards to Wyong and eastwards to the Entrance. In fact, the S.S. ERINA became known as 'The Beer Boat'. This lucrative traffic ceased when the Railway Department decided to lower truckage rates and advance other concessions favourable to the brewing interests. The conveyance of Hudson's Ready Cut Homes, destined for erection as 'week-enders' was another lucrative cargo, likewise considerable quantities of second-hand timber (complete with rusty nails ready to tear the skin of the unwary), sundry doors and windows, discarded roofing iron, and odd and old mortar covered bricks, were taken to the various ports under instruction from those who preferred to build their Brisbane Water shanties from such recovered material. Mrs Hydes of Paddington, a house demolition specialist (who worked like a man), was in great demand for such supplies. She was generally accompanied on her delivery run to the Erskine Street Wharf by a full-blooded aboriginal named Teuro Downs. According to reports, this gentleman had been educated to become a Lawyer but gave away this profession to help with the loading and unloading of Mrs Hyde's cart and stacking the contents aboard the S.S. ERINA.



S.S. *Erina*. Photo: Patricia Mainsbridge

Turo Downes eventually settled down at Hardy's Bay, where he was greatly respected, and to a certain extent maintained by the local residents. His nose for the presence of a bottle of beer was uncanny and no doubt this particular degree of skill was developed by his early years of training as a black tracker. In his peregrinations around Hardys Bay, he was always accompanied by a cat and a small black and tan terrier of nondescript parentage.



Turo in his rowboat at Hardy's Bay c 1920.

Photo: B Daff

Gwen Dundon has also made available to me a copy of Turo Down's death transcript dated 31st October 2007, which gives his date of death as the 6th December 1942 at Hardys Bay, aged 86 years, and place of birth as Flinders, Queensland. His parents were Peter Garran (father) and Tilly Paris (mother).

Many different possible origins abound as to where his roots commenced; one believes that his name meant 'Turo of the Downs' - the Darling Downs in Queensland; another is that he was a local aboriginal and had relatives in the Wyong area. This transcript backs up the belief that he was born in the Flinders River District of which Hughenden is the main town and situated on the Darling Downs.

The thoughts in this article are my own and I am sure others will remember Turo as a remarkable person, respected by all.

Bruce Dunlop 2008



Turo, everybody's friend, at the Hardys Bay Store.

The song below was composed for a concert at Wagstaffe Hall and sung by students from Pretty Beach Public School under the direction of Bev Callow with words by David Dufty and tune by David Dufty and Paul Edgar.

TURO YOU'RE A HERO

Turo you're a hero
We love your friendly ways.
Turo you're a hero
You made our happiest days.

You taught us how to dig for worms
And fish for flathead too.
You took us for walks to Maitland Bay
And told us stories new.

Oh.... Turo you're a hero
We love your friendly ways.
Turo you're a hero
You made our happiest days.

You met the ferries at the wharf
And gave a welcome true.
You made a home in an old bush hut
With your moggies and a dog or two.

Oh.... Turo you're a hero
We love your friendly ways.
Turo you're a hero
You made our happiest days.

You ran as quickly as a kangaroo
And swam like a fish in the sea
And nights around the kero lamp
There were cards and a cuppa Billy tea.

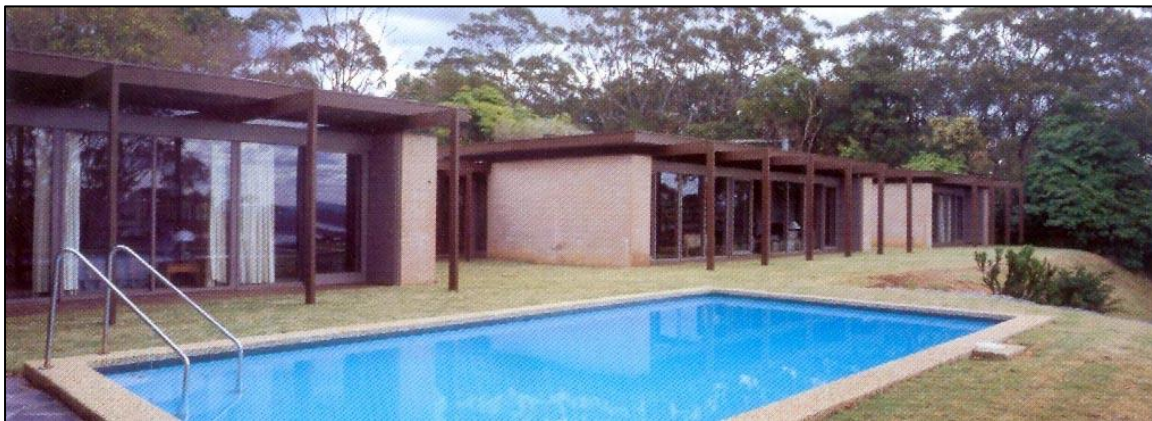
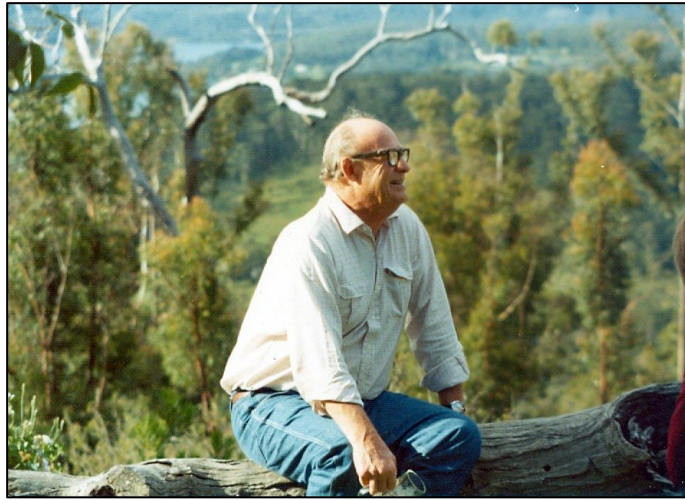
Oh.... Turo you're a hero
We love your friendly ways.
Turo you're a hero
You made our happiest days.

David Dufty

BOUDDI FARM – CONVERSATIONS AT THE TABLE

by Lee Casey

In 1966 the man who was described at the time by critics as Australia's greatest living artist, Russell Drysdale (right), at the age of 54, purchased a strip of land between Maitland Bay Drive and The Scenic Road, Killcare Heights, known as Bouddi Farm. It was to be his home until his death in 1981 – it was where he worked on his art and entertained, with his second wife Maisie, a wide group of friends and leading personalities in the fields of literature, art, music, academia, and business.



The Drysdale home – Sotheby's sales brochure 2001.

Russell Drysdale, later to become Sir Russell Drysdale (he was knighted in 1969 and received the Companion of the Order of Australia in 1980) and Maisie, widow of artist Peter Purves Smith, built *Bouddi Farm*, their Guilford Bell designed home at Killcare. Its focal point was the living area lined with floor to ceiling bookshelves and containing a large refectory table and adjoining bar designed for entertaining. Their neighbours from the early seventies were Lyell and Sybil Medley. Their home had been designed by Peter Hall, who succeeded Jorn Utzon in the Sydney Opera House saga. They became firm friends and frequent visitors. Sir Russell and Lady Maisie both had a casual and very relaxed approach to entertaining. Sybil was an expert at organising food, often helping with the cooking, not Maisie's forte. There was never a shortage of drinks.



Bouddi Farm – Drysdale home with swimming pool, studio left of house, and through the lime orchard, the Medley home right. 1970s.

Drysdale, known to all his friends and family as “Tas” (his sister apparently used to call him “Tuss” in their younger days and this over time became Tass or Tas) loved holding court at the dinner table at *Bouddi Farm* and interspersed his painting with long lunches and dinners often with distinguished, like-minded guests.

Regulars at ‘The Table’ included one of Australia’s leading medical scientists, Sir Derek (Dick) Denton, founding director of the Florey Institute; his wife Dame Margaret Scott, founding director of the Australian Ballet School; composer Peter Sculthorpe; artist Margaret Olley; award winning documentary film makers and Killcare Heights residents Dahl and Geoff Collings; writer Miles Franklin; award winning author Murray Bail; Australian Reptile Park founder Eric Worrell and his wife Robyn; authors Charmian Clift and George Johnston and their sons Jason & Martin; Nadia Wheatley, children’s author and future biographer of Charmian; artist Donald Friend’s companion, Donald Murray (Donald Friend, who first met Drysdale in the 1940s and remained a close friend, was at the time living in Ubud, Bali); and of course neighbours Lyell and Sybil Medley.

Lyell was an inveterate photographer. His camera was the source of all photos in this article – unless otherwise credited.



The Bar – 1975: Tas, Murray Bail, Don Murray, Margaret Bail, Maisie, Peter Sculthorpe, Lyell Medley.



At table 1975 – Margaret Scott & Prof Denton (red hat),
Murray Bail



Dahl Collings and Sybil Medley

Lyell's two daughters by his first marriage, Gay (with her husband John Lysenko) and Joy, often holidayed at Bouddi during the 1970s. Gay and John lived in Melbourne and Joy in the USA.

Gay says, "We were not part of the inner circle of the Drysdales – like Lyell and Syb – but were very generously accepted and invited to Bouddi Farm when we were up there. Other friends in the area were also most hospitable – the Adkins, the Collings and the Worrells. It was a most welcoming community. Mais and Tas were especially generous inviting us to trot up through the lime orchard with the kids for a late afternoon swim."

Gay and Joy recall 'The Talking Log' -- a large tree trunk laid lengthwise overlooking the magnificent Brisbane Waters on which Drysdale and his male (women not encouraged) guests would sit after lunch/dinner and continue their conversation over another drink (or two).

The Talking Log

Left to right

Prof Dick Denton

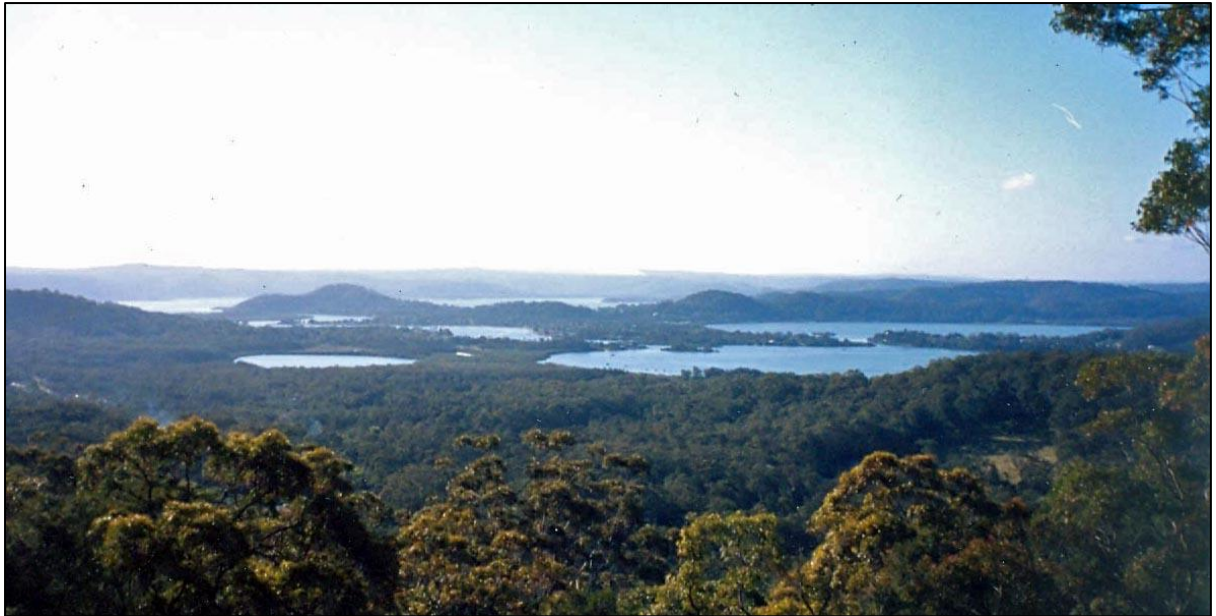
Russell Drysdale

Murray Bail

Angus Denton

Lyell Medley



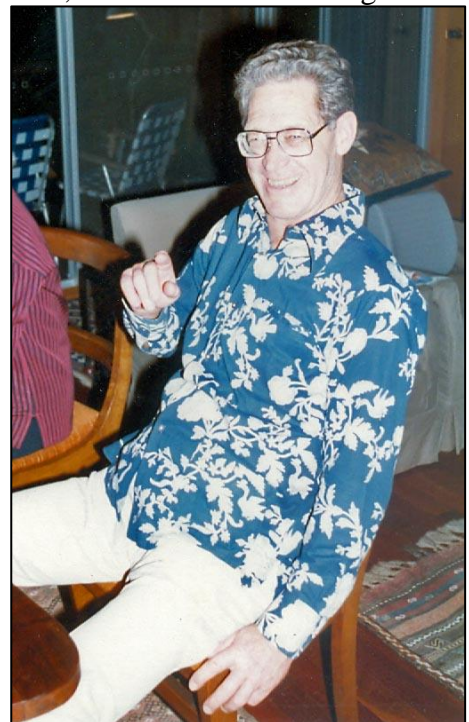


Lyell, who retired as an Executive Director of Brambles in 1974, had been a regular visitor to Killcare before settling there permanently with his wife, Sybil. Commenting on the close friendship between the great artist and the retired businessman, Joy said, “By the time they both met, each in their sixties, they had each lived different lives that allowed them to explore the world, and particularly travel and develop a deep appreciation for Australia – its natural history, physical geography, its incredible anthropological roots, and its culture – through both ancient and modern art. They both had strong interests in business and could sit on The Talking Log or at the dinner table and keep the flow of conversation and ideas flowing and developing.”

“I think they both really valued each other’s intellectual company and Dad, who was actually quite introverted, was a perfect complement to Tas, who would hold court at the dinner table.”

There was another factor – both men had lost their first wives and one of their children to suicide. Joy: “I think both men were quite private in their grief over such tragic losses.

Having another man who understood and empathized would have been a source of some comfort and support for both of them, giving an emotional depth to their mateship that extended beyond the other more intellectual and practical aspects of daily life.”



Lyell Medley



Sybil & Maisie

According to Gay and Joy, their stepmother Sybil was the practical cog in the Bouddi Farm wheel. Gay: "Tas was a procrastinator by nature and in the early days his paintings would sometimes be transported, not completely dry, by rail to Sydney for an exhibition. The paintings would sometimes suffer during transport. Syb suggested that her Central Coast Carrying Company trucks, usually carrying delicate cargo such as eggs and fruit, may be the safer way to transport the art." And so it was. Sybil had a very close relationship with Maisie and helped organise the entertaining among other things.

Gay says both Tas and Maisie were gregarious, a little eccentric and extremely generous.

Inscribed Drysdale sketches were often given as Christmas and birthday presents.



With the inscription 'A return to youth – Happy Birthday Lyell' and signed 'Russell Drysdale 28:x:79' the pen and ink sketch left was a birthday gift for his friend Lyell Medley. (Photo - courtesy of Joy Park).

Faith Bandler, an early activist for Aborigines and Torres Straits Islanders was another regular visitor with her husband Hans. They inspired the Drysdales to donate a drawing by Tas, of two children for the cover of the Federal Council for the Advancement of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islanders fundraising Christmas card.

The following two sketches were also gifts to Lyell and Sybil.



The Stockmen – Pen and Ink Bouddi 1977

Below - Children - Pen & Ink Bouddi Xmas 1977



Initially, Drysdale continued painting in a room in the house, but he subsequently built a studio to the north of the house where he produced a number of works including some to be exhibited in London in 1972. Gay says, “Tas and Maisie both liked to have their personal space – Tas had the studio, Maisie had a room in the house known as ‘the sulking room’.”

Few biographies of the great artist give much space to his time at *Bouddi Farm* and the happy years he spent there with his friends and family. But he continued to produce fine works of art there.

As the Victorian National Gallery publication *Russell Drysdale 1912-1981* by Geoffrey Smith comments:



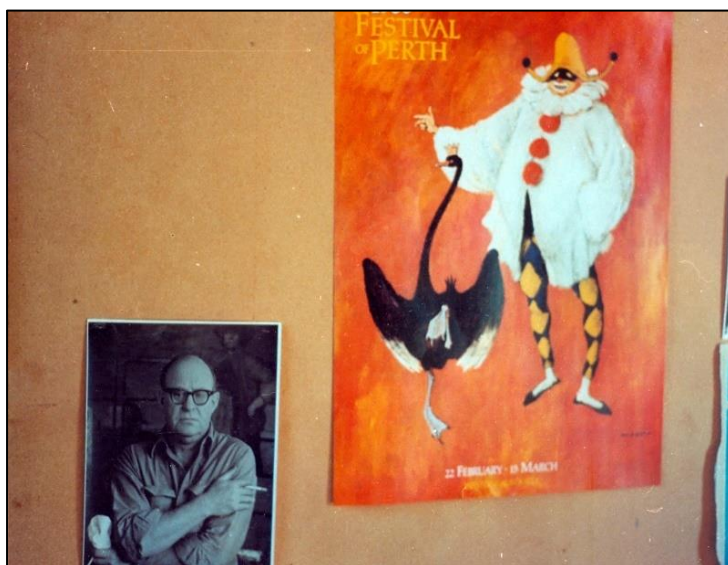
The Studio

In June 1971 Drysdale was again painting for a London exhibition scheduled for the following year. He worked in a new studio that had been built at Bouddi Farm. Of the twelve paintings exhibited at the Leicester Galleries, *Broken Mountain* (painted Bouddi Farm 1972) was the largest.

The same NGV publication includes three other major works painted by Drysdale at *Bouddi Farm*:

Grandma's Sunday Walk 1972, *The Mourners* 1968 and *The Old Boss Drover* 1967.

Drysdale continued to be active in his Bouddi studio throughout the seventies both painting and sketching and in new fields. He was invited to produce a poster for the 1980 Festival of Perth - he said he'd never tackled a poster before. He designed the poster (below) a copy of which he hung on his studio wall along with a photographic self-portrait.





The artist in his Bouddi Farm studio in the late seventies – Wilson Art Gallery brochure



His studio wall also included photographs and drawings of potential works. Note the photo of former Prime Minister John Gorton, an old Geelong Grammar school friend, whose portrait he painted for Parliament House in Canberra while Gorton chatted with fellow guest George Johnston. Gay said the portrait was rejected by the Government of the day, so he gave it to Gorton.

Drysdale also tried etching for the first time at *Bouddi Farm*. The Farm also inspired visiting artist Margaret Olley to paint *Hawkesbury Flowers* in 1973.



When asked if he were considering retirement, Russell Drysdale is credited with saying, not long before he died, that he was painting as well as ever. He added, “Artists like old soldiers never die, they just fade away”. However, it is not unreasonable to believe he would remember the years he spent at Bouddi Farm not for his artistic endeavours (after all he had nothing to prove) but for the friends and family who joined him in enjoying the delights of the Bouddi Peninsula, not the least of which was dining at the long table.

And dine they did. In addition to those already mentioned – artist, designer and gallery director Hal Missingham; artist Charles Gosford and wife Lynette; former Prime Minister John and Bettina Gorton; composer Ross Edwards; Walkley Award winning journalist and poet Elizabeth Riddell; author Barbara Ker Wilson; author Fay Weldon; activist Faith Bandler and husband Hans; Sybil’s mother Millie Martin; art critic Lou Klepac and his wife Brenda; Professor of Surgery, Miles Little and wife Penelope; Maisie’s sister Brenda, wife of Canadian writer Robertson Davies.



Dahl and Geoff Collings lived a short walk away in a house in The Scenic Road overlooking Maitland Bay.

Gay comments, “Dahl was so modest and self-effacing, in contrast to Geoff. Tas used to say, ‘Beware when Geoff gets up to talk.’”

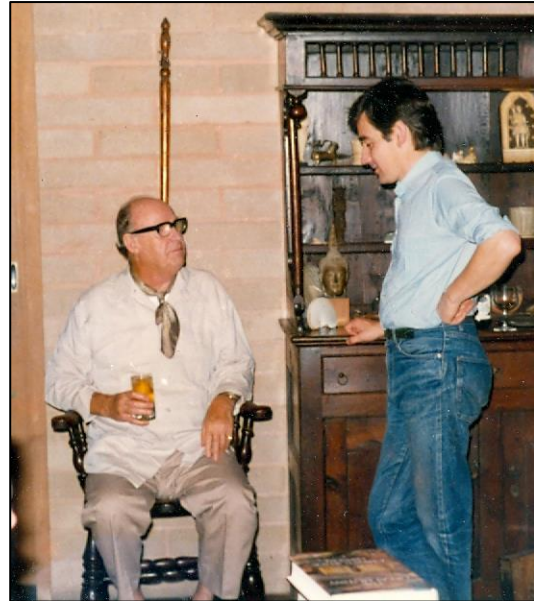
Dahl and Geoff were responsible for a set of highly acclaimed documentaries about Drysdale, Sidney Nolan and William Dobell.

Dahl & Geoff Collings (left) with Tas
(in Russell tartan) 1975

Joy adds, “Dahl was very hospitable. She used to invite us over sometimes with Dad and Syb but also alone. She was a very good painter. The house they lived in was fabulous. Very Greek-like. They had spent a lot of time in Greece with Charmian Clift and George Johnston. Their daughter Silver, who later married sculptor, Laurie Ware, was in Greece for a lot of the time I was here.

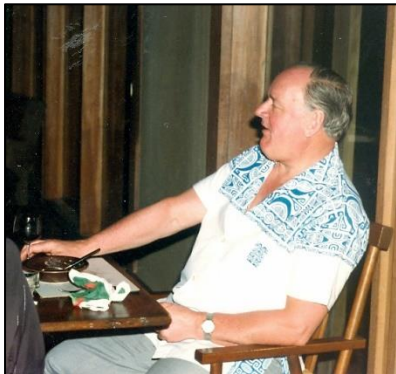
“Dahl and Geoff frequently ate at the Drysdales’ and the Drysdales ate at the Collings’. While Bouddi Farm was the magnet there was still a fair bit of reciprocity.”

A frequent visitor was Murray Bail, who was Trustee of the National Gallery of Australia from 1976 to 1981 and later won the Miles Franklin Award for his novel *Eucalyptus*. John Lysenko recalls a barbeque at the Medley's when publisher Ron Turner, a celebrated wit, asked Murray how he came by his name. Murray replied that his parents had lived near the Murray River in South Australia and his mother chose to name him after that famous stretch of water. "Well," said Ron, "Just as well they didn't live near the Onkaparinga."



a

Tas & Murray Bail in conversation



Ron Turner

Lady Maisie Drysdale approached everything with enthusiasm, often with a cigarette in hand and a glass of white. She embraced the local community and was generous with her support for the Arts and the indigenous community.



Maisie loved to feed the local wildlife, albeit somewhat flamboyantly, particularly the ever-present Brush Turkeys that wandered through their front lawn.

Tas used to call Maisie 'The Birdwoman'.



This inspired a series of sketches in 1977, titled *The Birdwoman of Bouddi* which were displayed at an exhibition in Perth in 1999 presented by the University of Western Australia at the Lawrence Wilson Art Gallery.

The inscription on the sketch left, published in the Wilson Art Gallery brochure for the exhibition reads:

‘Relaxed picture of the Birdwoman calling gently to to (sic) forest dwellers’

Russell Drysdale died of a stroke in 1981. There is a memorial to him at the base of a large tree in the grounds of St Paul’s Anglican Church, a small sandstone church near the Avoca Bay Drive roundabout at nearby Kincumber. Peter Sculthorpe composed a special piece of music for the funeral ceremony





A simple stone reads *Russell Drysdale Artist 1912-1981*



Maisie entertains. l-r Barbara Ker Wilson, Margaret Bail, Maisie, Geoff Collings

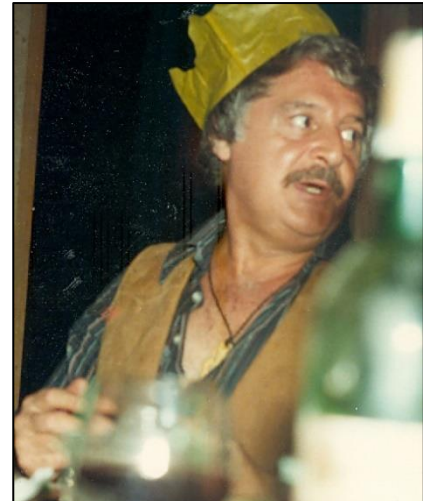
At bar- Ron Turner, Miles Little, Murray Bail

After her husband's death Maisie continued to entertain at Bouddi Farm. Regular visitors continued to be old friends Murray and Margaret Bail; Peter Sculthorpe; Miles and Penelope Little; Dahl & Geoff Collings; Barbara Ker Wilson; Professor Dick Denton and Margaret Scott.

In 1984 Peter Sculthorpe was staying at Bouddi Farm for Easter. In his autobiography *Sun Music*, he writes in his journal:

Sybil Medley and Margaret Bail provide an enormous baked fish. Maisie follows with her current special, a Nuse Torte. We celebrate the publication of Dick Denton's new book The Hunger for Salt. Dick's wife, Maggie Scott, prepares me for the Soviet Union with stories amusing and hair-raising.....

In bed, I skim through Vale, Pollini from a collection of short stories by George Johnston and Charmian Clift. Hope I'm not keeping people awake with my laughter.



Peter Sculthorpe celebrates at the Farm

It occurs to me that George and Charmian often stayed in this very room. Tass's Brandy Jack and a Souvenir de Sudan look down at me from the walls. Musing upon my Piano Concerto, I feel very pleased that the opening chord of Irkanda IV is embedded in it. I did this for Tas.

Maisie was devastated when a number of artworks were stolen from her Bouddi home in 2000, including Drysdale's *Man with a Death Adder*, valued at more than \$350,000. It was later found undamaged, along with the other stolen works, in a church at Marrickville in Sydney. She later bequeathed the painting to the Northern Territory Art Gallery and Museum.



Man with a Death Adder



Maisie selecting material, with help from her friends

Maisie, who studied librarianship in Melbourne and held several positions in the public library systems of that city, put together a large collection of papers relating to her life with her first husband Peter Purves-Smith and second husband Russell Drysdale.

Drysdale's daughter Lynne Clarke donated the collection to the Australian National Library.

The State Library describes the collection as follows:

The bulk of the papers relate to her life after her marriage to Drysdale in 1964. There is correspondence, diaries, cuttings, papers relating to Bouddi Farm and a large number of photographs which include early family portraits. There are papers relating to the careers of both Purves-Smith and Drysdale which include photographs of their artwork, exhibition catalogues, writings and rough sketches. There are papers relating to Drysdale's involvement with The Pioneer Group and the National Art Gallery Committee. Included in the collection is the original manuscript score of a 1966 work by Peter Sculthorpe dedicated to Drysdale and entitled Red Landscape.

Maisie died in 2001. Her obituary, written by Murray Bail and published in the Sydney Morning Herald on July 11, 2001, is headed *Maisie Drysdale -Librarian, conversationalist 1915-2001*.

She was the widow of two important Australian painters, Peter Purves-Smith and Sir Russell Drysdale. Maisie Drysdale, who has died aged 85, met the artists when she was a fellow student at the George Bell School in Melbourne from 1936-38. But most of her life she spent reading, mostly novels, or else in intense conversation with friends or people who were about to become friends but hadn't yet realised it.

Drysdale had a passionate interest in theatre, opera (rather than music), films and to a much lesser extent art. As she once said, 'I am the audience.'



Maisie's will included a long list of bequests to friends, art galleries and museums, including her considerable collection of artworks, paintings, sculptures and books. One friend received 'the bronze Buddha with the spike head, my dining table and Irian dance shield.' Another, 'my Indian sculptures and silver fish knives.' And another, 'all my children's books.'

Murray Bail received 'the copyright interest that has devolved on me from my late husband, Sir Russell Drysdale, in the painting *The Drover's Wife* which is now held by the National Gallery in Canberra.' The painting had been used on the cover of Bail's book *The Drover's Wife and Other Stories*.

Another close friend, author Barbara Ker Wilson, in an obituary published in *The Australian* in June 2001, wrote that although Maisie did not develop her own artistic talent, (her passions would always span the dual works of art and literature), in later years she worked in libraries and bookshops, maintaining her contacts with writers, editors and publishers, and taking a keen interest in children's literature as well as adult works. It was her conversational brilliance, which continued throughout her life, that was treasured by her friends.' Ker Wilson continued:

The Drysdales' vast circle of friends included well-known painters, actors, writers and musicians from Australia and overseas, others who reflected their wide interests in archaeology and history, and just ordinary folk.....

The Drysdales' hospitality at the home they built on the NSW Central Coast was unstinting, creating fond and unforgettable memories of that long table at Bouddi, where wit, repartee and often outrageous ideas circulated, with Russell and Maisie presiding at either end, as the acknowledged leaders of each gathering.



Bouddi Farm mid 1970s -- neighbours and close friends -- Maisie & Tas, Lyell & Sybil Medley & Lyell's daughter Joy.

Gay Lysenko & Joy Park provided most of the material for this article. All the photos, unless otherwise credited, were taken by their father Lyell Medley or with his camera. Joy now lives at Killcare Heights while Gay and her husband John have a weekender there – both not far from Bouddi Farm. Lee Casey 2008

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DAVID DUFTY

Helen Dufty begins the story of her husband, David.

The first time I ever saw David was early in 1945. He was performing at The University of Sydney's Student Union Hall, singing with great gusto and with many arm actions, the famous 'Waiatapai' by Australian composer Alfred Hill. The singing was great but the ending was a shock to the audience as, accompanied by a very loud shout, he jumped suddenly from the stage to the floor below. It was quite a jump! It wasn't until 12 months later, when I was sent off to teach at Broken Hill High School, where he was already teaching, that I found out that he was not a violent young man at all. He took his job very seriously; he was also very creative, writing a special social studies program to suit the mining town location and the probable future of many of his young students. He was an inspiring teacher.

He started his concert producing days there by organising the rest of we young people from a couple of the Broken Hill Methodist Churches into concert programs for outback towns, like Menindee and Wilcannia, (where Ted Noffs of Kings Cross fame was a young probationary minister). Of course, we also gave the Broken Hill people their cultural 'lift' as well. We were very much amateurs but had some interesting experiences and lots of fun!

David can't really help it. Music and drama are in his genes (and his dreams). He has the example of his grandfather and two grandmothers, who were singers and performers, many years ago in the British colony of Fiji. They produced, sang and acted in the newly written Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Many years later, he learnt hundreds of songs sitting on one grandmother's knee. She must have loved it, to know that her singing would be carried on.

His mother and two big sisters all encouraged him, and he sang and performed in concerts at his Primary School and Sunday School. In fifth class, he was chosen to go to a Special School for bright children at Artarmon and that was wonderful, as his teacher there encouraged all his class to be creative. High School was a bit of a let-down, unfortunately.

His inherited gifts of a fine intellect, a fine voice; organisational and dramatic abilities have enabled him to put into practice some of his theoretical ideas. His promotion of all the arts has reinforced his concept of 'everyone as an artist'.

However, he was an intellectual at heart, so at the age of 36, he went to Stanford University in California and began study for a PhD, which he completed in 2 years instead of the normal three. That was a very stimulating time. He had three children at this time, all needing to be clothed and fed. Fortunately, I managed to get a good teaching position, which covered this need, and I came home with a PhT, known among wives of students there as 'Putting Hubby Through'.

On returning to Australia, he pioneered studies of Asian cultures for Australian schools, resulting in a new high school course, and then the study of Australian culture, again resulting in a new course called 'Society and Culture', established by David.

It is still a favourite HSC course in many high schools. He wrote books and produced multi-media teaching materials. His ability to do all these things was greatly enhanced by the advent of computers. What a difference that made to his retirement. Words and photos and music have flowed ever since, now able to be produced so much more easily. Both David and I took to computers with ease.

David had only brief training in drama, singing, piano, painting, sculpture and computers, being mainly self-taught. That made no difference. The 80th birthday CD he produced, illustrated a lifetime of involvement in music, drama and poetry. Computers and modern sound equipment made it possible for CDs and DVDs to be produced right at home as has the output of the whole 'History Project', involving dozens of local writers.

To finish off, here is one of David's illustrated poems, highly relevant to the project and based on David's ecologically based idea of speaking directly to other inhabitants of our world, which he calls 'I to I Communication'. Perhaps you too remember this house.

Old Holiday House

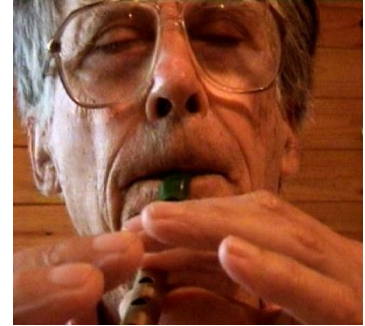
With your outside dunny
And your ancient tanks now rusted and runny
must hold
Of delirious or dreamy days of old
When all through the long hot summer
Parents and kids and granny
Filled every nook and cranny.
It was two to a bed on the open verandah
There was Jimmy and Joe and Jill and Miranda.
The mozzies bit every girl and fella
Despite the smell of the citronella.
We hoped for fresh-caught bream for sure
But got fish-n-chips from the local store.
Jimmy strained his ankle and couldn't go

But thanks all the same for all the joy
You have brought to every girl and boy
And sometimes to grownups and grannies too.
Old holiday house
Sadly, you've gone
A huge new home has taken your place
Only fading photos and misty memories live on.
Joe nearly drowned in the undertow



DAVID DUFTY

by Robyn Warburton



Instrumentalist: Harmonicas, flutes, autoharp, folk guitar and siffleur



Singer, actor, song leader, chorister, concert organiser, author, multi-media-maker, producer.



Robyn Warburton continues David's story.

David Dufty: educator, singer, actor, song leader, chorister, poet, concert organiser, author, multi-media-maker, producer.

David Dufty is a keen promoter of all the arts and has always reinforced his concept of 'everyone as an artist' by being involved, and involving others, in a variety of creative activities and presentations. In his professional life David was a pioneer of studies of Asian cultures in Australian schools and in Studies of Australian society and culture. He wrote books and produced multi-media teaching materials. For his 80th birthday he produced a CD, illustrating a lifetime of involvement in music, drama and poetry, giving it away to everyone who came to his celebratory concert at Wagstaffe.



I first became aware of David's work in helping people preserve and become more aware of the special environment in which we live. However, my connection with David is not environmental but cultural. David is a founding member of The Bouddi Society, which is a group of people dedicated to bringing special events to our community. He is a man with a wonderful mind and imagination. He not only dreams up creative and interesting ideas for performances, presentations and exhibitions, he manages their production as well. He inspires and motivates those around him and as a result we are blessed with rich cultural experiences. We live in a small place, which has a fluctuating population because of holiday homes and weekenders, but we have a wealth of talent, which David draws upon and utilises, as he develops his ideas until they become a reality. Often, quite well-known people such as John Bell and Anna Volska, part-time residents, Graeme Blundell, Judy Nunn and Bruce Venables who live here, to name some, have a role to play at David's request and willingly give their support to our local cultural activities and community fund raising.

I have been involved with David since the Year 2000. In that special year David's ideas resulted in *Bouddi 2000*: exhibitions, a parade and a multi-arts production which David coordinated. He wrote and produced *The Place Where the World Turns Around - a celebration of time, place and community*. This 'more than a play' told the story, the history of where we live and why it is so special. David's script brought together people of all ages. The local school children from Pretty Beach Public School took part as well as other members of the community, young and older. The production was entirely original with music written by local composers, a slide show with photographs of Bouddi by local photographers, as well as singing, dancing, acting and artwork. David made this happen.

Two other events have been very significant in the recent past. In 2003 David took part in Spike Fest, a combination of events involving Woy Woy and the wider community, a celebration of Spike Milligan's life and work. This involved a *Comic and Crazy Verse Competition and Cavalcade*. David's role involved encouraging the local poets and anybody else to put pen to paper, and the schools in the area to participate.



He then brought the winners together for an afternoon of performing fun and frolic where the prizes were awarded. This resulted in a book, which David edited; titled *Finding the Goon Within*, it is a showcase of local poetic talent. It must be mentioned that David is also a very good poet.

Another huge event, which happened in October 2005, was a Multi-arts Exhibition, *Bouddi Reflections*. This also involved the MacMasters Beach Progress Association. There were people who doubted that we could pull this one off, but we did and it was a huge success. The volunteers always work hard, but not as hard as David and his wife, Helen. David advertised the event, calling for the local artists, photographers, potters, poets and filmmakers to create a work of art or more, with the local area as the theme. The response was overwhelming, and the exhibition was huge. The opening by writers, Judy Nunn and Bruce Venables, was very special. Many artists benefited by the sale of their work and a local charity, Bouddi Wildlife Fund, received \$6,000. David exhibited some excellent photographs, so he has yet another talent. Helen still found time to produce two films.

As well as these major happenings, throughout the years David was instrumental in promoting concerts which showcased local talent and the 'Afternoon by the Bay' series, where people of note performed and talked about their life in their particular field.

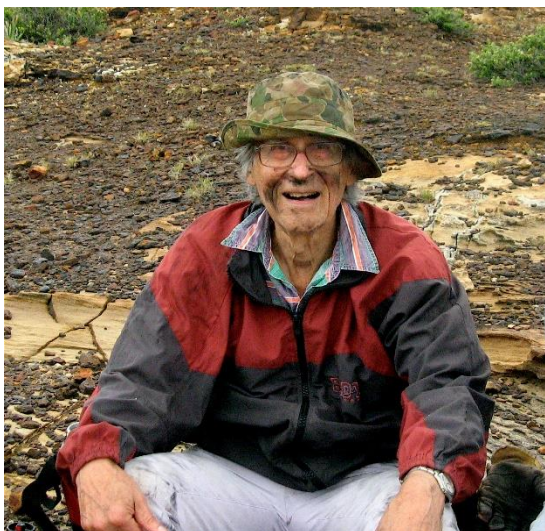
A series of Classic Film shown at Wagstaffe Hall was another successful venture. David led the way and now other members of the Bouddi Society Committee are constantly thinking about what the community would like and finding the ways and means to do it.

I can believe that David dreamt many of his wonderful ideas. Helen said he often sought pen and paper immediately on awakening to write down whatever had come to him during the night. Writer, poet, actor, photographer, entrepreneur, producer, motivationalist, creative genius, teacher... and more... see the introduction.

I believe David Dufty's cultural contribution to the community was outstanding. I know of no other person who did what he did or who could do it. The only benefit he received was knowing that he has brought pleasure and joy to a large number of people. He was a very special person who willingly shared his creativity and generosity of spirit with the community.

July 28th 2006, was a very special day for David Dufty. He turned 80. To celebrate his birthday David put together a concert called *With a Smile and a Song - Music in Our Lives*. Local choirs, singers and musicians came together at Wagstaffe Hall to present a program of music, which reflected David's lifetime of interest in music, and his love of music. There were many opportunities to sing-along and the audience loved it. The choir from Pretty Beach School was only one of the highlights. David produced a CD to mark this special time in his life and this was given away to all who came. David played a significant role in our community and achieved a great many things.

David Dufty received a National Award, a Member of the Order of Australia (AM), in June 2007.

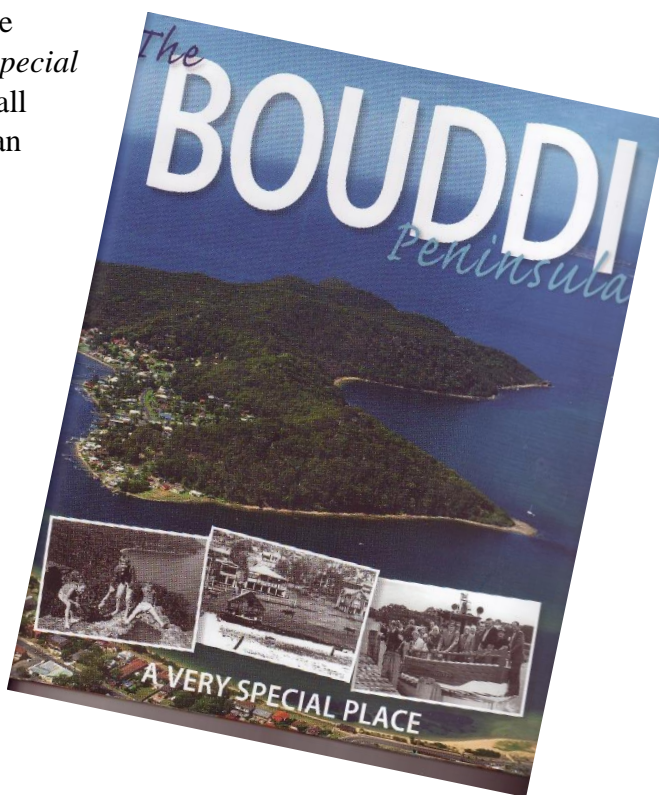


David after a hard half-day's work clearing bitou bush in the Bouddi National Park.

He will be remembered for his contribution to the environment, especially the huge improvements the 'weed warriors' made and are continuing to make in Bouddi National Park. David Dufty and Robert McClure established the 'Bitou Bashers' in 2001 and cleared Maitland Bay of weeds. The group became Bouddi Bushcare in 2003, working at twelve different sites in the park, with the major work being done at Rileys Bay: the work that has seen the removal of such unsightly weeds as bitou, asparagus, lantana and privet. The regeneration of native species follows and is wonderful to see. This work is done in cooperation with NPWS and volunteers.

A very significant project he undertook was to discover (or uncover) the history of the people and life in our area. The Bouddi Society, with David at the helm, called on people to undertake research and write chapters to be produced as a CD-ROM to begin with and a book as the culmination. This project was an incredible success with contributions, stories and photographs, flowing in from many people. The beautiful book, *The Bouddi Peninsula, a very special place* was the outcome of the project, one that all members of the community are proud of and can thank David Dufty for.

Helen Dufty and Robyn Warburton 2009



THE DUFTYS: HOUSE AND SOCIAL ECOLOGY

by David and Helen Dufty

We have a long attachment to the Central Coast. Helen's father was a baker at Woy Woy in the 1920s. David and his family came for holidays from the 1920s. Helen and four school friends spent many holidays helping Mitchell Shakespeare of East Gosford with his bee keeping and rowed and fished the surrounding waters in the 40s. We built a holiday house on the Lake at North Avoca in the 70s and began a love affair with Avoca Lagoon, Maitland Bay and other beauty spots. This is our story.

By the 1980s it was time to make a 'Sea Change' from our old hometown of Sydney. We looked at blocks of land on the heights of Killcare with views to Manly but were warned of the raging southerlies by Don and Marie Anderson, now moved to calmer Woy Woy. One day, in 1980, we saw a 'For Sale' sign nearly opposite the track to Maitland Bay. It was for four household blocks, which had to be consolidated before they could be built on. Being 7A land, there could be only one dwelling and being on The Scenic Road that house had to blend into the environment. Despite early farming, natural vegetation now covered the block, including Eucalypts and huge 'Forest Oaks', plus weeds like Lantana and Bitou. The latter was unknown to us then but would figure prominently in our lives.



We thought about it but not for long: the block was large enough to build a north facing ranch house: flat for our old age; sheltered by trees from the southerlies and the westerlies; with a non-care native garden and glimpses of the sea and Brisbane Waters. The neighbours were the famous Russel Drysdale and his wife, Maisie. Maitland Bay (just a kilometre straight down the slope opposite) made it a waterfront reserve property. We sold the North Avoca holiday house, bought the land and put a large old caravan on the block under the trees and that was our new holiday house. (We never did get to know 'Tas' Drysdale, as he died in 1981, aged 69.)

Having lived in an award winning Pettitt and Sevitt, open-to-nature house in Turramurra we knew what we wanted so we searched the ads for project houses that we could adapt to our block. We sighted a small advertisement mentioning a New Zealand house called a Lockwood Two. Some of their houses were already built on the Central Coast so we looked at them and were impressed. Investigating further, we met the Australian agent who was an architect and found out that the whole house could be designed by him and us in New Zealand Cyprus Pine to suit our needs. Every last detail, like light fittings and power points had to be decided ahead and shown on the plan. It would then be shipped to Australia and fitted together by Tony Slape, the local New Zealand born builder; no nails needed. The exchange rate was good, and the price was right, so we signed up and have been delighted ever since with our choice. It certainly survived the only earthquake we have had, as it was designed to do.

It was a while before Tony had cleared out some big trees and laid the slab but finally the bundles of ready-cut house arrived on our block and he put the house together, every marked piece in its right place and by Easter 1983 we were able to move in.

We sold and said farewell to our Pettitt and Sevitt on a pouring wet day. The boys moved to an inner West house bought with the price difference, and Helen gave up her job as head of science at Marsden High School. David began his commuting days from Woy Woy to Redfern - much lecture preparation in train (and sleeping). No worries! Helen, in the meantime began a new career by starting a well patronised adult education centre at Kincumber.

The house faced north with lots of glass. The outside walls were made of a sandwich of pine and redwood, which insulated well against heat and cold. The inside walls were all pine.





The end walls were made of double brick, so it got classified for insurance as a brick house. In the middle of the main room was an attractive and very efficient chimney, which has provided an effective winter heating for the whole living area. Beams were of laminated pine with a cathedral roof of golden timber, which glowed in the winter sun as its rays stretched right across the living room.

The house was in the middle of the now consolidated block and around us was natural bush, full of Burrawangs and including a mini-rain forest with lithe lianas decking the treetops.

We planted more local Bangalow and Cabbage Tree palms which liked the deep lateritic soil, formerly used for tomato and passionfruit farming. Trees were left along the street and the house with its green steel roof and timber colour blended into the Scenic Road landscape. Sadly, some more recent houses don't seem to have followed those regulations, once enforced by the local council.



This house has now been our home for 24 years and we have felt more a part of the community of life here than in any of our previous dozen dwellings. We share the block with many local birds, including this brown pigeon eating the Breynia berries right outside our front door and the Brush Turkeys to whom we pay a small rent, (all our compost). They have a fine mound in our jungle, and we have had quite a few fluffy, high-flying babies.

Our son Stephen and partner Lynne built us a small pool, which soon attracted varied frogs which chorus well the whole year round, especially in wet weather. The pool has also attracted dozens of different birds, that appreciate this watering spot, especially in dry weather.

With Tony's help, a few years later, we added a new study of local pine, but it doesn't glow like the New Zealand pine. Tony also built a large red shed which was soon packed with David's books and archives but there was still room for a table tennis table and the shed was a great asset for getting ready for Bouddi 2000 with banners and parade hats painted on the table and hanging from the rafters.

Finally, we added a Queenslander room, surrounded by palms, which has proved a wonderful asset, especially when we have had 80 plus people for Dufty and Percival reunions. Here are some of the family having breakfast.



Our regular music group has also benefited from our comfortable chairs and twice upgraded sound system, as the acoustics are great. Better still is our big bathroom with its strong reverb, which has been the scene for a number of recording sessions as we prepared the CD for David's 80th birthday. When you sing in the spa bath you sound like Pavarotti. Well, that's my story, not Helen's.

Our house and 'garden' reflect our interests, values and lifestyle, which we share with many like-minded friends, and which have been consciously adapted to the local environment. David has walked down to Maitland Bay hundreds of times. Springtime near our house is extraordinary with the multitude of wattle, orchids and then flannel flowers.

However, David was horrified by the Bitou invasion and was inspired to follow the local Bitou bashing tradition and try to clear Maitland Bay of Bitou and Lantana. Bulimah Beach followed and now the group has a huge task at Riley's Bay assisted by National Parks Officers and the Green Corps. The Bitou Bashers are pictured at right.



Less welcome visitors to our locality are foxes, deer, feral cats, dogs running wild with their mates and sad young people who steal to support their habit, crash their cars on our bend, or vandalise the national park and lookout. But we love bushwalkers and kids and tourists on eco-excursions and the nearby Maitland Bay Centre is a very special place.

Woy Woy and Kincumber are reasonably close for trains, shopping and church; indeed on one occasion, when our one car was being repaired for hail damage suffered while Helen waited for David at Woy Woy station, David walked to and from Woy Woy via Maitland Bay Drive and the Rip Bridge. There is a bus to Gosford at our door, but it is infrequent and meandering. This is a community symbiotically linked with cars.

We did have a little bit to do with Lady Maisie Drysdale and her bird loving manager, John Wakeham, but more important was Helen meeting up again with Alan Strom (see photo below), who had helped her with school excursions and now lived close by.

Alan and Beryl soon had us joining their historical and environmental groups and becoming part of the talented team that produced the invaluable Bouddi Peninsula Study for the Killcare Wagstaffe Trust.

Down the road lived Jim Hunter who joined us up to the Killcare Wagstaffe Progress Association, which later became The Bouddi Society. Judy Adderley had us bird watching. Close by is David's sister Jean Melvin, a fine landscape artist. Her husband, leading basso Noel Melvin, sang all around the Central Coast accompanied by near neighbour Paul Edgar.

Jean's paintings, our son Peter's paintings, other son Stephen's sculptures, David's photos, Helen's tapestry and lots of art and artefacts from our world travels adorn the walls and shelves. There are loads of photo albums, slides and home movies to help us continue to enjoy our days in the sun and to share them with family and community as well.

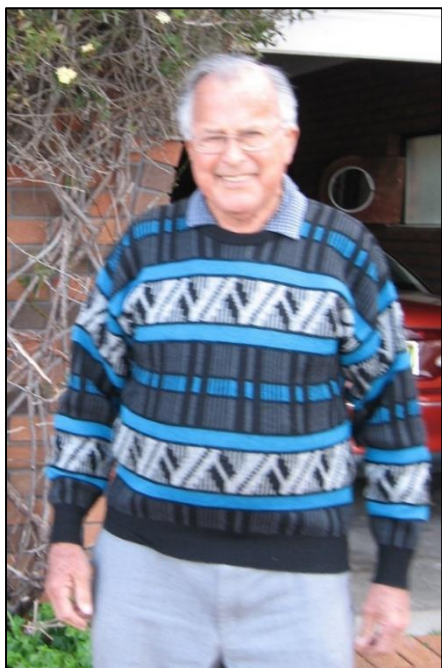


Whether on misty mornings, on bright winter days, or at brilliant summer sunsets we continue to rejoice at having found this wonderful place and neighbourhood and to have become an active part of its history and ongoing ecology? Magical Maitland Bay can be seen above.

BRUCE DUNLOP of 70 WAGSTAFFE AVENUE

by Bruce Lay

This story was written by Bruce Lay in researching 'the houses of the twenties' piece. Other related interviews include Ruth Dunlop, who is Bruce's sister-in-law, Ruth Hawkshaw and Bert Myer. Bruce did plumbing and building in the area, and is very knowledgeable about local buildings. This Bio links with the section on Houses of the Twenties.



Bruce was born in Harden Murrumburrah in 1927. His dad was a railway worker; his parents having married in 1919. They came from Sydney, but their families had weekends in Hardys Bay. Many railway staff holidayed at Hardys Bay as they received a concession for the rail connection to Woy Woy. His Mother's uncle and aunt, William and Mary Anne Montgomery, built four houses in Hardys Bay. They bought vacant land from the first subdivision in 1917.

The name Hardys Bay was then associated with the western side of the Bay and the north side was known as Killcare. Hence the main wharf to the north side is known as Killcare Wharf and the wharf on the western side is Hardys Bay Wharf.

Bruce has a 1908 photo of the family in front of a gingerbread house (which may have been on the northern beaches).

His grandfather Hugh Dunlop and an uncle, George Waring, holidayed at Bayview. They had a launch which they moored at Brooklyn. They got to know Hardys Bay on fishing trips. It is likely that they knew *Sheokes*, the external frame house at Bayview, and it could have inspired the use of external frame in the houses they subsequently built in Hardys Bay. External frame became the most common form of construction in the twenties.

The Montgomery Houses

Bruce's grandparents Mary Ann and William Montgomery first bought vacant land in Heath Road and built their first house, *U and I*, at No. 27, shortly after. The core of the house was a boatshed moved up from Hardys Bay, seen in the photo taken on the now demolished Nocks Wharf.

U and I survives opposite *Zambezi* at No.30, now owned by Steve Dunlop, Ruth Dunlop's eldest son. Between 1920 and 1930, Mary Ann built *Sally* on the same lot as *You and I* but now located at No.126 Araluen Drive.

This house remains but with major changes and additions, including a large deck on the waterfront side. The Montgomerys subsequently built *Goodenough* at No.75 Heath Road. This is now much altered and enlarged.

View from Nocks Wharf. The small boatshed to the right was relocated as the central room of *You and I*. The house above it to the left is Ruth Dunlop's house, *So Long Letty*, one of several built by the Montgomery family.



So Long Letty was the next house built, with *Monterey* behind it at No.164 Araluen Drive. This is now owned by Bruce's sister-in-law, Ruth Dunlop. This was named after a 1918 musical comedy as were two other of the houses. This house is much altered, having had several substantial renovations. *Monterey* has been demolished.

The Montgomerys' houses were let, when not used by the family. Rentals were mainly by word of mouth, often to railway workers through the network. Both Bruce and Ruth's fathers worked for the railways. A rowboat and linen came with the rental, usually 7 shillings and 6 pence a week. Bruce used to walk to the surf beach twice a day (not patrolled) but they mostly swam in the Bogey Hole. The Council blasted the hole in 1932 to enlarge it.

Goodenough

The Dunlop and Waring families built this house at 75 Heath Road at the same time as the Montgomerys. This house remains, within much larger additions, including an upper floor at the level of Heath Road.

Bruce showed me two photos in discussion of the early houses of Hardys Bay. The first was taken from Nock's Wharf, named after Nock's Store at No.160 Araluen Drive. This jetty no longer exists being replaced by the current Hardys Bay Wharf. This early photo shows the boatshed that was moved to be the main room of *U and I* on Heath Road. It also shows a line of row boats. All of the houses had their own boats, which were hired along with the holiday houses.

Other Heath Road Houses

Zambezi at No.30 was built by Albert Booth around 1930. Ruth Hawkshaw knows him as Joe Booth. He formed a partnership with Ruth's father Edward/Ernest Clucas as house builders. This house was built from roughly shaped sandstone cut from the site. This is the only extant early stone building in the area. This is now owned by Steve Dunlop, Ruth's eldest son.

It was renovated and extended about twenty years ago, including enclosure of its verandahs, but is otherwise intact. This makes it locally rare and important.

The demolished house on No.60 Heath Road may have been Bob Murray's. He went inside for murdering a local man.

No.73, a simple post WW2 fibro house but well-detailed, was built for a Sydney dentist called Taylor.

Bruce bought 86 and 88 Heath Road and moved the house from No. 88 onto No. 86 in order to sell No. 88 as vacant land. He also enlarged No. 86 in 1988. The house was moved across the slope on runners. He says he almost lost it into Heath Road.

Turo lived in a humpy above the hairpin corner of Heath Road, but his cave is behind No.84. There are other rock shelters in the area known as Turo's cave. Bruce has several photos of William Montgomery with Turo. Turo was a well-respected Aboriginal man and a long-time resident of Hardys Bay. He became a local identity because he met every ferry and helped local people.

No.74 was the Massey's house.

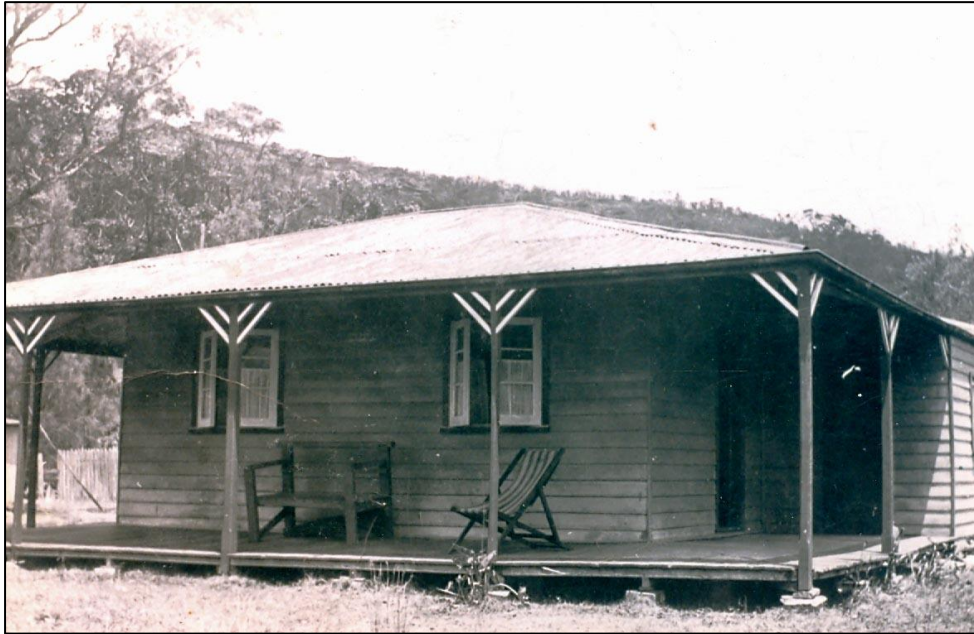
Other Araluen Drive Buildings

The building which is now the Community Church was built by Joe Booth as a Soldiers Hall, a memorial for the First War, and used as a community hall. Many veterans lived along the Reserve (now Araluen Drive) and supplemented their pensions with fishing.

No.132, the Collingridge's house, had a large house on the site, now grassed. Did it burn down?

Pretty Beach

Bruce noted the stone structure behind the mango tree on the former Holwell's Bakery site as being the foundations for the ovens.



In discussing No.4 Venice Road on the creek next to Turo Park, Bruce noted that Heath Road connected to this point through the Pretty Beach School site, making Venice Road the main connecting road between the settlements. The current Pretty Beach Road was created later, by reclamation.



Photos of Araluen Drive (west side of Hardy's Bay. Mitchell Library, State Library of NSW

The panoramic series of photographs of this foreshore was taken in the mid-1930s and shows the edge almost fully built up with predominantly external frame type houses. Many remain but are altered and overlaid with fibro. Bruce's view is that external framing was popular as only a single cladding was required, both cheap and transportable for holiday houses. The framing was often painted dark or black and the fibro white, or perhaps not painted. This black and white look was probably fashionable and also provided a cheap styling; something of a Tudor look (but also somewhat Japanese given the Arts and Crafts preferences of this period, most evident with stained timber for interiors, particularly with California Bungalow styled houses). Creosote, for protection against termites, could also explain why they were black. However, Bruce says the Montgomerys favoured battleship grey. This led to a family joke, that they had a source for the paint used by the Navy.

The photo of the log bridge over Araluen (the southwest corner) at the Heath Road junction, shows a simple house behind, near the current RSL Club. Bruce says this was moved from the beach front. A few houses were built on the dunes near the surf club, below Martin's Dairy, but were moved due to shifting sand.

Wagstaffe

Wagstaffe houses in contrast to the Hardys Bay houses were somewhat grander, particularly on the waterfront; they were more like Federation period timber houses in Sydney. This included his aunt, Mrs Waring's surviving house in Mulhall Street, which stood in substantial grounds. They grew grapes for their own use. Mrs Waring retired there in 1945. The Hanscombe family's dairy was on the other eastern side of Mulhall Street. There was also an old house at the top of Mulhall Street; now replaced. This site is called the 'Eagles Nest' due to its panoramic views. He describes the mosquitoes in this area as '4-engine jobs'.



Mrs Waring's house in Mulhall Street.

Most development in Wagstaffe was along the waterfront with few houses up-slope, as steep access was a deterrent. Mulhall Street was a grassed street, as was the Hardys Bay leg of Araluen Drive known as The Reserve. The grass streets were grazed by the dairy cows in the afternoons. Some roads were red gravel, some crushed sandstone. Heath Road was crushed sandstone. Beach Road was sand with wheel ruts from the trucks going to Martin's Dairy at the beach.

Bruce came to Hardys Bay to stay with the family throughout his childhood and working life in Sydney as a plumber and builder. He first built a weekender at MacMasters Beach and then when his view was built out, bought No.70 Wagstaffe Avenue as a vacant block in 1976. He built his current house for retirement and moved in, in 1979.

He confirmed Bert Myer's information about the transport services. He said the steamships, the *Gosford* and the *Erina*, came from Day Street in Darling Harbour, usually arriving on Thursday mornings bringing bulk supplies, including building materials. This would have included bricks which would explain the prevalence of common brick piers. He thought that the earlier piers could have been timber. He recollects most structural timber and frames as being hardwood.



This gracious homestead in Wagstaffe Avenue is currently occupied by John Moore, a retired engineer. Further research on this important house is desirable. Cows grazing maintained an open woodland landscape in contrast to the dense bush of today.

Water reticulation was done in 1979. Bruce got a lot of plumbing work out of that, doing the connections.

Bruce recollects the seawall being constructed in Hardys Bay and the difficulties of founding the stones due to extensive oyster beds. The number of shellfish in the Bay including pippies and cockles (in the black mud) paints a picture of a cornucopia for the Aborigines.

Conclusions:

1. Buildings confirm a pattern of development in the twenties with the use of cheap timber; mostly external frame houses for holiday use; including rental when not in use by the families.
2. An association with railway workers and particular intergenerational families – hence the prevalence of more than one house on some lots.
3. Original holidaymakers had a love of the area and hence there was a shift to living there permanently, as they were able, particularly on retirement or during the scant circumstances of the Depression. Many women and children lived in the area during the World War 2 years.
4. The architecture tends to confirm a link with Bayview, and possible dissemination of the use of the external frame from *Sheokes*.
5. Hygiea chemical toilets were common in the area prior to pan service.

Bruce Lay 2009

RUTH DUNLOP'S STORY

by Bruce Lay

As a person associated with the area all of her life, Ruth regrets the incremental loss of the modest early houses. She notes that '118 Heath Road is beautiful'. That is the only remaining external frame house, with the frame exposed. This story relates to 'Houses of the Twenties' found in Volume 2 of Bouddi Stories.



Ruth was born in the Crown Street Hospital in 1934 and grew up in this very elegant Colonial Georgian terrace at 16 Pitt Street, Redfern. She lived in Redfern for 21 years, hence we talked about a lot of common ground, as I live in Newtown. Her family name was Garrett. Her father was a fitter and turner at the Eveleigh Locomotive Works. Her mother's family had a fibro house at Empire Bay: No.5 Kendal Road. She visited on holidays and used to walk to Putty Beach, to the end now called Killcare Beach. They swam mainly in the Bogey Hole.

In discussing the nature of the area, including Empire Bay, she said it was a poor area; families working for the railways went up there as they got a free pass for Christmas, and went via Woy Woy and the ferries plying Brisbane Water.

Cheap building, the use of fibro, and the prevalence of external frame underpins this. They got a 'free feed' by prawning in Empire Bay, fishing, collecting pippies etc. in contrast to the more desirable northern beaches of Sydney. She saw the completion of the Rip Bridge in 1972 as the main point of change.

Mrs Mary Ann Montgomery was a sister of Bruce and Don's grandmother. William Montgomery, Mary Ann's husband, had purchased a good many blocks between Heath Road and Araluen Drive from the start of land sales in 1917. Most purchases were on 9 December, 1918. Their first house, *U and I*, at 27 Heath Road was built shortly afterwards. The core of this house was a boatshed moved up from next to Nocks Wharf just above Nocks Store and Post Office at 160 Araluen Drive. This house remains, somewhat altered, a simple weatherboard house. The core is a simple gable of the boat shed with verandah like awnings around. Even though it is altered, the house is substantially intact.

In the '20s they proceeded to build a house called *Sally* on the same block but below, fronting Araluen Drive. This is now 126 Araluen Drive. Then they built another house further along

Araluen, closer to the point, called *So Long Letty*, which is now Ruth's house. There was a second house behind *So Long Letty*, called *Monterey*, which has been demolished.



The western side of Hardys Bay in the 1930s. Most houses are external frame, many remain, now overclad with fibro.
The Montgomery family built some of the first houses.



Ruth was an enthusiastic member of Killcare Surf Club. Here we can see her competing in a Surf Lifesaving Carnival at a Queensland beach.

Ruth was an active member of the Surf Life Saving Club as evidenced by this fine photo from the Dunlop Photo Collection.



So Long Letty

She met Don Dunlop (Bruce's younger brother) on the beach. He was a fitter and turner in Alexandria. They married and lived in Belmore and continued to visit Empire Bay.

After the death of the Montgomerys, Ruth & Don purchased *So Long Letty* and came and went until they retired there 15 years ago. Don died 9 years ago. Ruth's career had been as an office manager at Myers. They have three children, Steve, Gayle and Allan. Steve lives at No.30 Heath Road, in *Zambezi* at 26 Heath Road.

So Long Letty as volunteered by Ruth has been altered a number of times, including replacement of the roof after storm damage and has little left of the original house. It has the appearance of a 1950s fibro and timber coastal house. Nevertheless, Ruth is concerned about the erosion of character and the heritage of the area and wants to see the character conserved. She considers No.118 Heath Road, a beautiful building.

In discussing the houses and particularly the prevalence of the use of external frame, Ruth remembers the demolition of a hardwood frame house in Empire Bay and how hard it was, commenting that most of the Araluen Drive external frame houses from her recollection were softwood (Oregon). The evidence was their vulnerability to termites. She commented that they were built in a hurry; it was a business; most of them were let to holiday makers, mostly by word of mouth. When asked about finishes, she recollects that most houses were unpainted, but mentioned an awful smell, probably creosote. This tends to confirm Gordon Grimwade's view that creosote was used in North Queensland to protect exposed timbers. Grimwade is a FNQ architectural historian. This would be consistent with the black and white 'English' look.

Ruth had an excellent photo of *Martinsyde*, the Martin's Dairy house on Killcare Beach, next to the present surf club.

This has been replaced by a simple post WW2 timber house, recently purchased by John Singleton. This photo shows the use of external frame clearly. The cows grazing on the grass streets around the Bay and in the 1930s photos are presumed to be Martin's cows.



Martinsyde 1926

In recollecting her visits to Empire Bay and Pretty Beach, she expressed her preference for Pretty Beach; it has everything - the Bay, the Beach and is much prettier. She also expressed regret at the loss of baths. There were baths next to the Killcare Wharf and another in the north-west corner of the Bay at the junction with Heath Road. There were swings and play structures within the baths, on the intertidal flats.

In discussing my interview with Bert Myer, she remembers his Holden 'ute' when he was a greengrocer. Bert would tell them what he had that day and go off on an errand and leave it to them to pick their produce and leave the money.

She also mentioned the Oscar Speck story with reference to a newspaper account of his adventures in coming to Australia from Europe by kayak. He made his fortune first in opal mining and then in marketing them. He bought his block of land in The Scenic Road in 1952 and built what was for the area then a very impressive brick house. He died in 1995 aged 88.

In mentioning other families and houses, she mentioned Marg and Eric Pearsell who have lived at 140 Araluen, *Maisie*, for over 40 years. She also mentioned Jim Fraser who is over 100, and his son Bruce, who lives in the Fraser Road area. Also mentioned was Lex Cameron, the nephew of Allan Cameron. Lex is a local surveyor, from the firm of Cahill and Cameron in Gosford. Ruth was happy to share her experience and knowledge.



Postscript: The above photo is of *Zambezi* as it is today showing how many old houses, this one of built of stone by Joe Booth, are still with us today and well cared for by members of a long established family.

Ruth remembers the first 'Hudson Readycut' home which was built in Hardys Bay, which her father always referred to in somewhat disparaging terms as 'that Hudson Readycut'! It was at 108 Araluen Drive on the corner of Heath Road and is now replaced by a two-storey house. The 'Readycut' was called *Sunny* and would be well known to older residents. But would it have lasted as well as *Zambezi*?

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