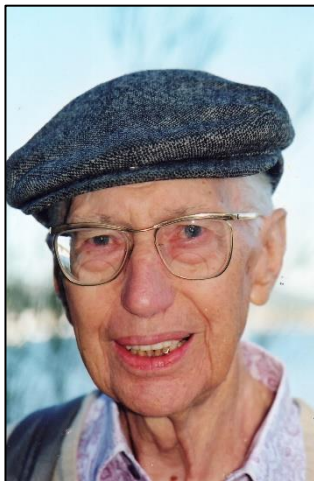
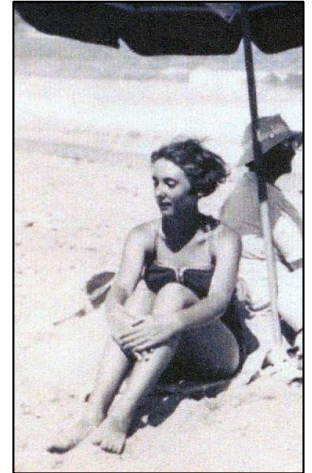


BOUDDI BIOS – Volume 2 E – I
Robyn Warburton (Ed.)

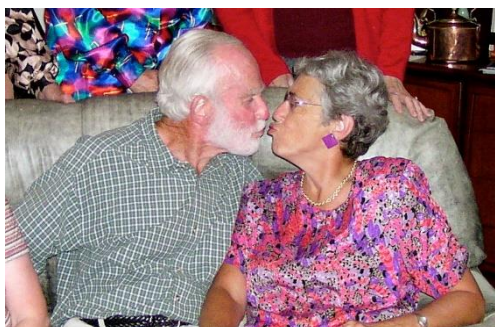


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PAUL AND MIRIAM EDGAR

by David Dufty



Paul and Miriam Edgar have been two of Killcare's most vital residents over the last 15 years. They are a caring and creative Christian couple. They have moved to a retirement village at Davistown but are far from retired from community life and continue their interests in our local area and in the wider Gosford community.

David Dufty

Paul

Paul Edgar was delighted to be asked to play the first pipe organ installed on the Central Coast on November 18, 2007, at the dedication of the Woy Woy Peninsula Catholic Church of St John the Baptist. Who else? There was no other local pipe organ player of his experience available.

Paul started learning the piano at the age of seven. To get to his music lesson from his home in Artarmon he insisted on riding the long journey on his big, red-wheeled scooter and later his pushbike. His family attended Chatswood South Methodist Church (with a pub on the opposite corner like *Aldbourne* mentioned below), which helped to give him a background in faith and sacred music. The church had a fine pipe organ, which he started learning at the age of 16. One of his teachers was state fast bowler, Bob Hynes.

Paul went to North Sydney Boys High School where he was a great asset to music teacher, Mr Buck. Paul moved through his piano grades and was awarded his A.Mus. A. He continued to improve his skills on the organ, and these were well tested by his role as organist for the Methodist Crusader Choir at the Sydney Town Hall.

This organ was the biggest in the world when it was built in the 1890s, and had five manuals and a pedal board to play plus 1200 pipes.

Music as a profession was always an uncertain one so Paul trained as an Optometrist and was well suited for the job with his conscientious care and concern for other people. He continued in this work at Chatswood until his retirement in 1988 but managed to find countless hours to devote to music and of course to his family.

For ten years, from the mid-fifties to the mid-sixties, Paul was pianist and organist for the Royal Philharmonic Society of Sydney, with many performances in the Town Hall. From the mid-seventies to the mid-eighties, he was pianist, assistant and full-time conductor of Willoughby Choir.



Paul at the console of the Sydney Town Hall organ in the 1950s.

He also played the organ for the Willoughby Orchestra, was on their committee, and prepared the Symphonic Choir for special celebrity performances in Willoughby and at the Opera House. Paul also trained and conducted the Lydian Singers, who were the first choral group to appear on TV in Sydney.

Paul was choir conductor and organist at St. Stephen's Anglican Church at Willoughby. He spent 30 years at this church as organist and choir conductor. They performed *The Messiah*, Bach's *Magnificat* and other Bach cantatas all with orchestral accompaniment. They did many programs for the Sunday evening ABC program *In Quires and Places*. A select group of 12, the St Stephen's Singers, also sang for radio and on the concert platform.

Miriam

Miriam Stock was born in Aldbourne, Wiltshire, a 10th century village complete with church and pub opposite one another. She learnt to write on a slate in the village school.

The family moved to Reading during the war years and lived in a huge house with a waiter lift, in which the children rode up and down. Her mother tended a garden, growing all kinds of fruit and vegetables. Her grandfather had been a belt boy in a coalmine. Her father was a farmer and then the owner of a foundry, which did well during the war years, hence the move and the big house. He was an inventor of various kinds of machinery, including a combine harvester but patented nothing. All this came to an abrupt end when the government nationalised the steel industry and the family ended up in two rooms. The family could not afford to send Miriam to university, so she took a secretarial course.

Thus began Miriam's years with Pan Am. She went to a training school opposite Windsor Castle. Her brother had come to Australia, so Miriam was posted to the Pan Am office in Sydney.



Miriam Edgar in her Pan Am uniform greets the High Talking Chiefs of Samoa.

At the Sydney office she was soon training others in the skills of the travel industry, organising flights for highflyers such as Lady Lloyd Jones and Gough Whitlam and tennis players, Ken Rosewall, Lew Hoad and John Newcombe.

There was also much travel to offices around Australia.

Miriam needed accommodation in Sydney and was assisted by an Anglican Bishop whose view was that you should, “Find your spiritual home before you find your temporal home.” He was running a mission at St Stephen’s, Willoughby so she found a spiritual home and a temporary temporal home there: an event which was to change her life for ever.

The rector listened to voices in the congregation and appointed them to the choir, so she ended up in the choir under choirmaster, Paul Edgar, and became friends with Margaret, his wife, pregnant with their first child.

Miriam and some girlfriends then took on the running of a boarding house for ten girls in Glebe, which was a challenging experience, involving lots of caring and helping. She continued attending St Stephen’s during those years.

Margaret and Paul Edgar had three boys but tragically Margaret died of cancer when the boys were all very young. Paul needed all the help he could get in raising the boys and still keeping up his music and daily work. Margaret’s mother was very helpful but couldn’t do the whole job. The church members could see that Miriam and Paul were very suited to one another and even Margaret had suggested before she died that ‘Paul should marry Miriam’.

Fortunately, Miriam and Paul both arrived at the same conclusion and their courting began. So, Miriam and Paul were married, and Miriam retired from Pan Am and took on the brave task of raising three very lively young boys who soon accepted her as 'Mum'.

Miriam and Paul then had a child of their own and Miriam thus raised four boys but still found time for church activities. She became the first woman Parish Nominator, Parish Counsellor and Parish Warden. She was also Property Warden and had a long spell on the Board of Directors of Deaconess House.

Then came another turning point. When the boys were able to look after themselves, she did her matriculation exam and enrolled in an Arts degree at Macquarie University, together with number three son Andrew. Miriam did brilliantly in her courses and gained qualifications in Psychology, needed for the next stage in her life.

Paul and Miriam at Killcare and Kincumber

Paul and Miriam bought land and built a holiday house at Avoca in 1971-2 and visited the coast regularly. On Paul's retirement they lived there briefly but looked for another place to live and ended up in 1993 overlooking the ocean at Killcare Heights close to old Chatswood friend David Dufty and to David's brother-in-law, wonderful professional basso Noel Melvin. Paul and Noel became immediate friends and a great asset to the Central Coast as a duo. They performed at dozens of events such as service club lunches, always to the delight and appreciation of local audiences.

Paul and Miriam joined the active Uniting Church at Kincumber, where there were other old friends. Paul took over the Kincumber United Church choir and plays regularly at services on their electronic organ. Paul is now an elder at the Kincumber Uniting Church and he and Miriam have played a major role in many activities at the church and in the local community, including helping at the large and demanding Car Boot Sales and the 'Breacky Club' for school children at Kincumber Community Centre.

Miriam was able to use her counselling skills, especially in organising groups on *Separation, Bereavement and Divorce*, which continue today. She was also responsible for bringing the *Seasons of Growth* to the Central Coast, which is a program for children facing these issues in their families. She has also been able to personally counsel many others with problems within the scope of her training.



Paul and Miriam thanked by Pastor Frank for organising the fine pastoral program 40 Days of Purpose at Kincumber Uniting Church.

They fitted in well to the Bouddi Peninsula community and have been involved in music groups, community barbecues, informal beach gatherings, hiking groups and in Miriam's case, regular tennis and yoga groups.

Paul and Miriam Edgar are fine examples of talented, enthusiastic, energetic, caring, community and family oriented Christian people. Their four boys, and their families, all relate well and have found satisfying careers.

Paul and Miriam have organised many concerts at the church with top quality instrumentalists and singers, and vocal groups, including their own choir and Acapella group. They participated in the 'Growing Together' program at the church, which included a fine educational program on Australian music by Noel and Paul. Helen Dufty filmed this program, and it is now in the National Archives of Film and Sound.



Paul: as an empathetic accompanist for leading Killcare violinist Gwynneth Grant prior to their performance at Wagstaffe Hall.

Paul also helped to organise and perform at charity concerts at the Wagstaffe Hall for local community groups, including accompanying long performing violinist, Gwynneth Grant, and rising soprano, Lucy Bailes. He is a most sensitive and responsive accompanist as well as solo pianist and organist. Paul and David Dufty have worked together and recorded some songs with the Bouddi Peninsula as their theme.

Paul is constantly in demand for his services. He has presented organ recitals back at St Stephen's, Willoughby. He has performed with the Gosford Philharmonic as pianist and organist. He has looked after the Peninsula Choir when its leader has not been available. Paul plays duo electronic organ pieces with Gosford Uniting Church minister, Greg Woolnough. However, we look forward to hearing at last a pipe organ recital on the Central Coast at St John the Baptist, with Paul sharing his extraordinary skills with the people of our pipe-organ-deprived area.

Photos: from the Edgar and Dufty collections.

David Dufty 2008

**THE STORY of
CLIFF EMERSON
and the HOUSE at No.1 WAGSTAFFE AVENUE
by BRUCE LAY**

Cliff Emerson lived at No.1 Wagstaffe Avenue for many years. His name may not have been on the title deeds, but he had a proprietary air and was a very happy occupier of the house that had a long history. Bruce Lay spoke to Cliff on 3rd February, 2008 and here is his story as told in that interview. This 'bio' links with the story 'Houses of the Twenties' found in Bouddi Stories Volume 2 - Growth.



The address is Wagstaffe Avenue, but the house is the first house on the waterfront side abutting Pretty Beach Road. It is a remarkable, intact early house with accretions and is very prominent due to its position. Hence, it evokes the character of lifestyle found there in the early twentieth century. The previous owners were the Brandstaters. The Brandstaters also feature in the stories of the Harper family.

The house now presents as a row of three different sized gables facing the water. It is clad in fibro with iron roofs, a charming but dilapidated ensemble in an overgrown and unruly garden. The house is built to the seawall and has a long jetty to reach the channel.

The house, both inside and out, is an exceptionally intact early timber house, part of the Wagstaffe Subdivision. Looking at the house, the main section on the west side was the original, single-fronted house comprising two rooms.

French doors opened to what was an awning-style verandah, now enclosed; the second room described by Cliff as the dining room has a brick chimney, and a kitchen is in a skillion to the street side. The second smaller gable comprised one room and is now Cliff's bedroom. It was originally a separate room, possibly used by another member of the household. Cliff put in a connecting door.

The third gable was originally a boatshed, clad in lapped hardwood palings, now fibro clad. This is now a two-roomed addition to the house with pipe-rail pergola, built by Cliff on the waterfront side, providing a small outdoor terrace with pot plants. The garden to the street frontages includes scrubs, vines and a vegetable patch.

There is an external dunny which retains a 'Hygiea' chemical toilet that does not require water for flushing. This toilet pre-dates the sewer which arrived about ten years ago. Cliff also added a lean-to on the Wagstaffe Avenue side for the bathroom. The original bathroom, a tin tub, was in an outbuilding.



The house is called *Arrovil* with the name suspended on the wire entry gate off Pretty Beach Road and on the waterfront face of the house.

Cliff was born in Lidcombe in 1930 but went to school at Toukley. His first job was at Toukley, curving iron for fabricating water tanks for an unreliable boss. Later, as there was no work there, he and his three sisters moved to Sydney. His first job there was as a metal polisher and metal worker. He then worked for Vanderfield and Reid who had a sawmill at Mooney Creek. After that, he spent thirty years working with Young Bros in Thomas Street in the Haymarket. They were potato produce merchants. He used to deliver up to twenty bags of spuds to fish and chip shops around the city every day. This underpins his current poor health and severe arthritis. Cliff is quite bent over. He did this job until he retired in about 1980, when pre-cut chips destroyed his livelihood. But Cliff had no regrets, times had to change, and it was a tough job.

Arrovil had been purchased by his wife in about 1962. He moved up permanently when he retired. Before that the house had been used for weekends, often long weekends because he had Friday off. He had married a divorcee with three children. The children were now grown up and had their own families. His wife lived elsewhere but he enjoyed having his stepchildren up to stay.

We then discussed the history of the house. He does not know the origins of the name *Arrovil* and neither did the previous owners. He produced the old systems title with translations and notes made by his wife. The property was part of the crown grant made to Patrick Mulhall of 1841. The first transfer of the current property being Lots U and V of DP4961 was to a George Bayly, commercial traveller of Marrickville. On his death it was transferred in 1922 to Amy Bayley, presumably his widow.



The house was purchased from a Mrs Dorothy Brandstater. Cliff recollects that Charlie Brandstater used to scavenge timber as flotsam from Tallow Beach. He did likewise to do work on the house. The timber was either thrown overboard from ships dropping lumber off in Sydney or timber floating down the Hawkesbury. He used to haul salvaged timber up from Tallow to his ute on Hawke Head Drive. He said if he was lucky, he would find a rubber thong to use as a shoulder pad to make it easier to carry it.



In the photograph above, No.1 Wagstaffe Avenue is the double-fronted house on the waterfront to the right of centre. The photograph was taken in 1932.

He thought the house was built by the Aldersons. However, the sale and the long ownership by the Bayleys suggest otherwise. The house is characteristic of early twentieth century modest timber houses, Federation in period and style. It is weatherboard outside (now clad in fibro) with pine-lined interior rooms. It has four Panel solid doors and a gallery style front door on the waterfront side. Thus, it has similar characteristics and is probably of a similar age to 138 Pretty Beach Road which was probably built around 1914.

Cliff said he only made minor changes to the house, including enclosing the the verandahs on the waterfront side with fibro and aluminium framed windows. He also added the pipe-rail pergola on the waterfront side using salvaged timber. He said he *put it up for fancywork*.

We discussed the upkeep of the jetty. The jetties this end of the Avenue are very long due to the shallow edge into the bay at this point. Sydney Waterways has been trying to cut them back to 100 feet but have compromised with his, so that he can reach the channel. His jetty, like many others, now has concrete piers rather than the original timber piles. His mate has helped him with the maintenance.

I asked him about why he liked living here, was it the fishing? He says: "I never worried about the bloody fishing" with reference to having to clean a lot of fish when he was a child living at Toukley. He likes the place for its peace and quiet. And for the last twenty years he has had to buy his own bloody potatoes.

He has friends come up from time to time and he knows many of the localsof similar vintage including his neighbours at No.3 Wagstaffe Avenue, Peggy and Don Whiting. He knows Bert Myer and remembers Les Morgan who sold us Nos 138/140 Heath Road about twenty years ago. He still sees Les who returned from Queensland as he did not like it and now lives at Woy Woy. The follow-up interview with Les reveals they are cousins.

Cliff's story confirms the common story that the area provided recreational and retirement options for manual workers, able to live simply from local produce and make do. That intense loyalty remains, and they hang on, until like the Whitings next door, their health fails.

Cliff has been prominent in local community groups and there is a photo where we see him working hard on restoration of the Maitland Bay Store by NPWS and local volunteers to turn it into an environmental centre.

Recording his and other stories is therefore important to a vanishing history. Given the modesty of his dwelling on a prized waterfront site, it would seem most unlikely that it will survive his own departure. This emphasises the fragility of the evidence of settlement of the area, particularly for waterfront properties.

The house at No1. Wagstaffe Avenue did survive Cliff's departure. It was bought in 2012 by Graeme Troy. Graeme had a long history with the house as he had holidayed there from the time he was a child. He developed a friendship with Cliff over the years. The house was renovated much to the interest of the many locals who drove by and saw the latest improvement over the time. It is now a very comfortable family holiday house with a new, long jetty. See the photograph below.



PAT EVANS

NATURE LOVER AND ARTIST

by Helen Warliker



Pat and her husband, Stan, lived on Babs Rd, quite close to Terry and me when we came to Killcare in 1979. Stan had recently retired from the bank, and they had added on to their holiday cottage. They were both in the army during World War 2 and met afterwards. They spent most of their married life raising three children in several locations around NSW during Stan's postings as bank manager. On retirement he was very active in Legacy. Pat usually marched on Anzac Day in Sydney.



The Coastwatch Bird Watch Group: From left: Gordon and Margaret Adkins, Margaret Hunter, Helen Dufty, Maureen Simpson, Maureen Tyler, Judy Adderley (leader), Pat and Stan Evans and Cliff Emerson in front.

Photo by Helen Warliker, who was also in the group.



Gordon Adkins, Alan Strom, Pat Evans (a fellow volunteer) and Margaret Adkins help to get the Maitland Bay Centre ready for use.

Pat and I shared a particular interest in the environment, attending the Stroms' monthly meetings and outings, and also Judy Adderley's bird walks.

Pat had cultivated a delightful native garden at the back of the house and belonged to the society for Growing Australian Plants.

When the Maitland Bay Centre was opened to the public, Pat and I started putting native flowers (with National Park's permission) in the window and then doing duty there. We always went together as our husbands would not allow us to go singly!

She was also an accomplished artist. Her drawing of a mangrove adorns the cover of the *Bouddi Peninsula Study*, to which she contributed sketches of the local flora, and which still sell at the Maitland Bay Centre.

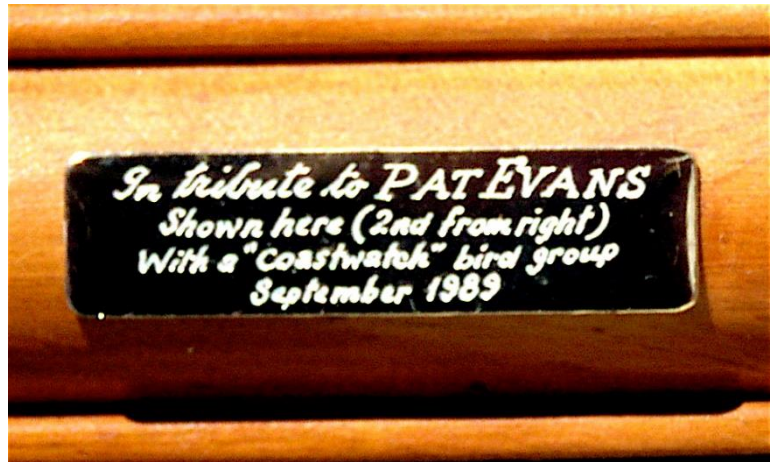


At one point Pat was carefully nurturing a small tree on the nature strip outside their home when the owner of the house next door chopped it down.

Pat was furious and berated the fellow. Whereupon he went to the Purnells, his next-door neighbour on the other side for consolation. He gave them a bottle of kiwi fruit wine and next Christmas when the Purnells came to us for Christmas dinner, we had a good laugh about the incident. We didn't open the bottle until a long time later. It looked and tasted awful!

In the early 90s Pat began to develop Alzheimer's disease which she fought all the way with anger and tears. When she could no longer do things at home she would go walking. She had always been a good walker but would sometimes get lost.

The community, including Maureen Tyler, Dallas Cleland and Judy Adderley, all rallied 'round. Stan went to an Alzheimer's carers meeting once a fortnight but would pretend it was a Legacy meeting. Pat would stay with us as he did not like leaving her alone.



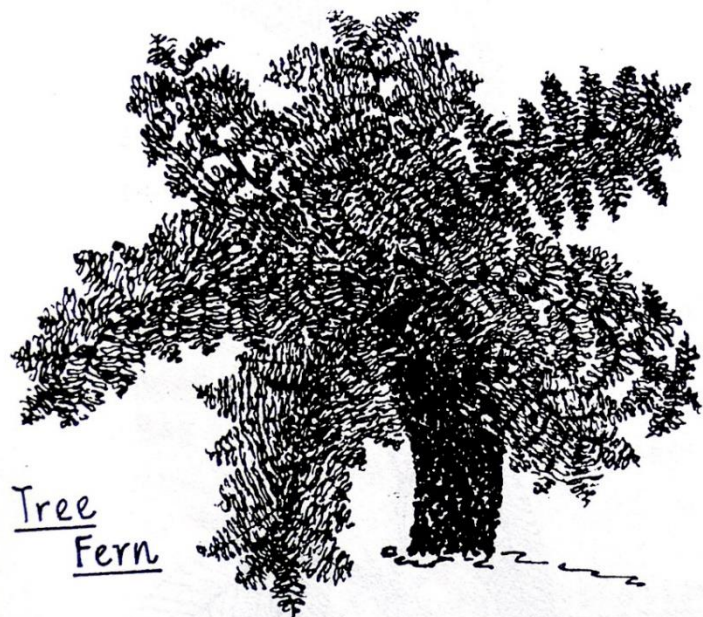
She was usually quite distressed, but Terry would put on a Strauss CD and the music seemed to cheer her up and we would all dance. Pat was quite musical.

Later, Pat had to go into care and finally died in 1997 at the age of 73.

We decided to hold a little memorial afternoon tea at the Maitland Bay Centre for her soon afterwards. Allan Strom had a great regard for her and suggested a photo (shown on page 1) of the bird walk group and a plaque in her honour. Sadly, he died the day before the gathering. It was celebrating her life and the lower room was adorned with all her paintings: a fitting farewell we thought.

A few years later Stan died, also from Alzheimer's disease. Stan too had been a fine member of the local community and a great companion on walks.

Helen Warliker 2008



Sketches are by Pat Evans from Bouddi Peninsula Study: Coastwatch.

HELEN FERGUSON - A Tribute

by Ann Dillon, members of the Old Wags Bridge Group et al

Helen Ferguson was a long-time resident of Pretty Beach. She was a quiet, reserved person. For many years she cared for her invalid husband. Bridge and golf were important activities in her life and she was very good at both. The Pretty Beach/Wagstaffe Progress Association (now the Wagstaffe to Killcare Community Association) recognised her community spirit by nominating her for an Australia Day award. After her husband's death, she became the companion of Graeme Anderson and life expanded for Helen. At that time she took a greater role in the work of the Association, helping the community. Her accidental death was a tragedy. She is missed by many members of the community.

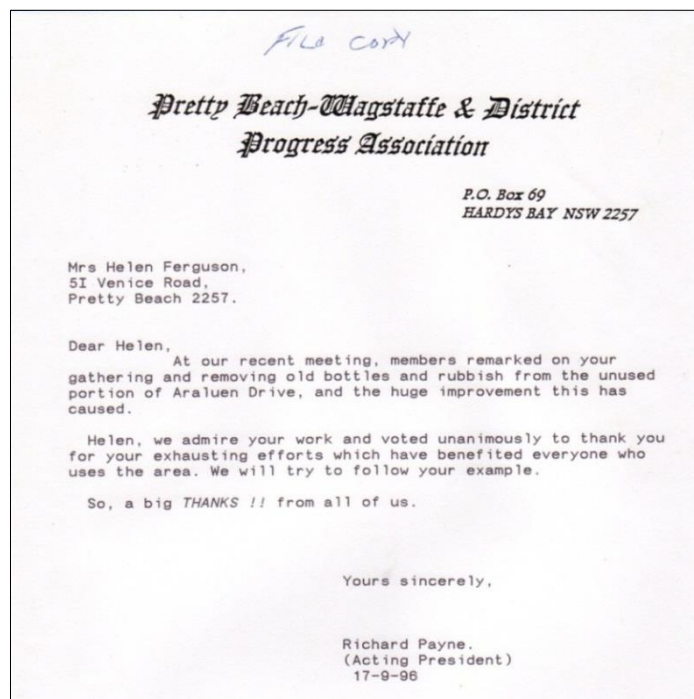
An excerpt from People, Place and Progress by Robyn Warburton tells the story of her nomination. A significant item in the Association's Minutes of September 1996 was the motion raised to thank Mrs Helen Ferguson of Venice Road who picked up rubbish along the water's edge adjacent to the unmade section of Araluen Drive, now known as the Dog Track. Each morning, as Helen walked her dog, she cleaned the foreshore by collecting rubbish and bottles to dispose of or recycle. Helen was still doing this service to the community more than ten years later.

Helen's efforts are acknowledged in the letter at right from the Progress Association in 1996.

In 2005 she was nominated by the Association for an Australia Day Award for this effort which enhanced the scenic walking track.

Helen was also credited for the establishment of the Old Wags' Bridge Club at Wagstaffe Hall in 2000. The Bridge Club was thriving in 2010.

At the Australia Day dinner hosted by Gosford City Council, Helen Ferguson and Ann and Chris Dillon were nominations for the Australia Day Awards.



Here is the story of the Old Wags Bridge Club told by Ann Dillon. In the year 2000 after completing the renovations on the Wagstaffe Hall, the Committee members of the Progress Association, as it was then, decided that we would like to encourage use of the hall by community groups. We approached the CWA and other groups and also Helen Ferguson, who lived locally, to give Bridge Classes in the Hall. Helen took up the challenge with great enthusiasm, and so the Old Wags Bridge Group came into being.

Helen was excited to share her passion for Bridge and over the intervening years has passed on this gift to more than 100 new players. A wonderful achievement!

The Old Wags Bridge Group is Helen's legacy to our little Bridge community, and she was very proud of our growing confidence and competence in the game. We have been meeting every Friday since the first lessons under her tutelage and watchful eye. Helen was keen for the group to meet in a warm and friendly atmosphere so that we could make new friends and play Bridge in a relaxed environment. Though, I must say, we do vie to win the chocolate bars every week!

Early on, Helen was caring for her husband, Bill, through a long illness, and after he died she was very much a loner. Then she met Graeme Anderson and he helped her organise our little Bridge Group. Their friendship blossomed and so did Helen. A deep affection for each other grew and it has been a delight to see... Helen opened up like a flower, and she has been very happy with Graeme over these last few years, enjoying wonderful companionship and cruises along the way.

Helen and I became firm friends over the years, and I shall miss her very much, but we will keep her legacy alive as we play her beloved Bridge in Wagstaffe Hall on Friday afternoons.
Ann Dillon

Helen became an active member of the Community Association and played an important part in the Association's two main annual events, Australia Day and Trash and Treasure. For a couple of years, she was also the enthusiastic editor of Talking Turkey as well as looking after the hall. She was Convenor of Wagstaffe Hall but it was too much and she chose to devote her time and energy to the hall and she did a great job. She maintained the standard set by people before her and was proud when presenting a beautifully cared-for venue to so many hall users.

So, she did more than her bit at events, but she was very hard to catch on camera. She was a server of breakfast at many Australia Day celebrations but not captured in a photo. She liked to help at the Art Shows as well, working on the Sales Table but Trash & Treasure was her favourite event. She attended committee meeting as hall Convenor and had opinions on all Association matters and issues.

We feel privileged to have this photo here.



Helen and Graeme Anderson were photographed at the wedding of Jeanette Martin and David Lonie in 2018.

Helen Ferguson died in July 2019 after an unfortunate car accident.

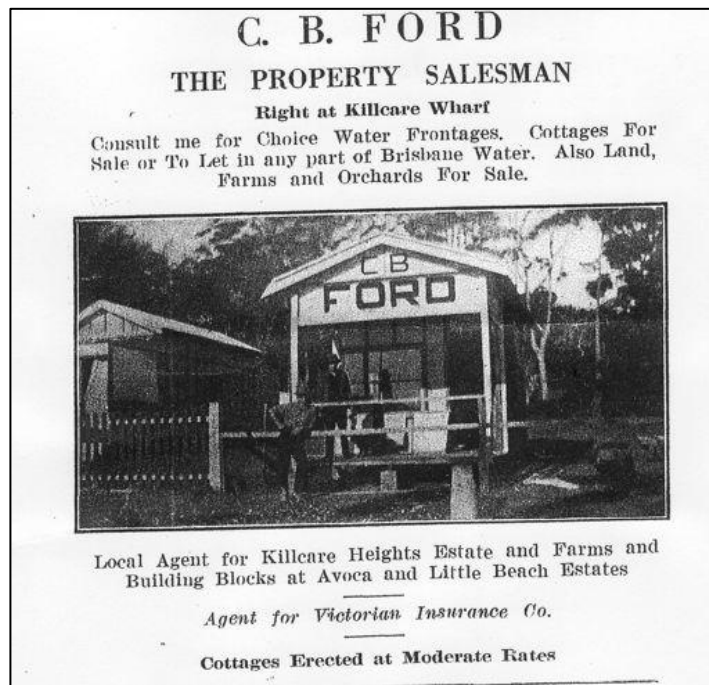
Ann Dillon et al 2019

THE FORD FAMILY of KILLCARE

by Robyn Warburton

This is the story of one of the earliest families that came to the peninsula and stayed. Five generations of the Ford family have been closely linked to many aspects of the community.

Charles Bentley Ford married Margaret Middleton and had six children, Sylvia, Dorothy, Archie, Charlie, John Thomas Middleton (Jack) and Ivy. He and his family came to Killcare in 1914. The timing was significant. It was the beginning of World War 1, and so that his sons would avoid the call-up, they moved to Killcare and became primary producers. At least, the sons went on the land, C.B. Ford became a businessman.



CB Ford's advertisement in a local publication.

Charles Bentley owned property at Fishermen's End and Grandview Crescent. He established the Real Estate business at Killcare. Colleen Smith, consultant to the history-makers, confirms the fact that C. B. Ford (Charles Bentley Ford) was the first Real Estate Agent. She believes his shop was to the left of the Old Killcare Store, where there



Mary Mc Mary McKinney's Real Estate - Araluen Real Estate

had been Mrs Briscoe's small mixed business and where Real Estate agent, Neville Hazzard, later had his office.

However, the family disputes this claim and maintains that his office was at No 60 Araluen Drive which eventually became the site for Mary McKinney's Real Estate office (see photo above), thence Araluen Real Estate and now (2008) Ray White Real Estate. Bert Myer believes 'Old Ford' was there for a long time before the Myers came in 1917. (It was only three years.)

From the description in the advertisement above, it appears Charles was the agent to consult if clients wanted: 'Cottages For Sale or To Let in any part of Brisbane Water'. There were 'Also Land, Farms and Orchards for Sale'.

TOURIST GUIDE

ERINA SHIRE
The Wonderland of N.S.W.

Land, Sea and Mountain Scenery
Killcare Heights Estate
Killcare Heights Estate

HARDY'S BAY :: **WOY WOI**

The Sub-division unrivalled in the whole of the State. Views from the Ground are considered by world travellers as equal to anything they have ever seen.

294 LOTS 294 LOTS 294 LOTS

Liberal Frontages and Depths

Come and see the beautiful Broken Bay with its sentinel—Lion Island—Barrenjoey, Palm Beach, Woy Woy and its surroundings, with all their charms. See the views in this publication of the surrounding District. Look at the photo on the opposite page, which has been taken especially for the Estate, and is featured on the lithos.

Access.—Regular Train Service to Woy Woy, thence an enjoyable thirty minutes' run by launch to Hardy's Bay, where our representative, Mr. Ford, will meet you. To visit by car, take road from Gosford to Kincumber, and thence by The Scenic Road.

Has the N.R.M.A. established a camp in false anticipation within half a mile of the Estate? Will land values go back in the locality? Are not the same opportunities offered to you as were extended to others at Manly, Bondi, Pittwater and kindred resorts? Will the proposed Port Service from Ettalong to Wagstaffe improve values or not? What bearing will the new road—Sydney-Newcastle—have on this Estate? Ask yourself these and other questions. Be your own adviser. Compare these prices and see if you are not offered something out of the ordinary in land values.

Blocks may be purchased from £20 to £50 Deposit, £5 per block. No Interest, and the Balance spread over Five Years in 20 Instalments

Write for further information, lithos, and price lists to the Agents:

F. WHEELER

ESTATE AGENT ——— GOSFORD

City Representative: Newth & Co. Ltd., Estate Agents, Angel Place

Local Agent: C. B. Ford, Hardy's Bay

When writing, please mention this publication

It says he was the 'Local Agent for Killcare Heights Estate and Farms' and 'Building Blocks at Avoca and Little Beach Estates'. He was also the agent for the Victoria Insurance Co. 'Cottages erected at Modest Prices' is another offer. This was in the days when Hudson Ready-Cut Homes, ready-to erect, preconstructed houses were transported by steamship, carted to the block and erected, either by the owner, on a DIY basis, or using one of the local builders.

The first sub-division and sale of land occurred at Wagstaffe in 1906 but who was the first Real Estate Agent? Most probably it was C. B. Ford.

The advertisement at left, found in the Erina Shire Tourist Guide tells us that C. B. (Charles Bentley) Ford operated a business at Killcare.

C. B. Ford handled sales for Arthur Rickard and Co. of Sydney and F Wheeler of Gosford.

The advertisement above for the Killcare Heights subdivision, is dated October 23, 1928. By reading the advertisements, not only information about the area is revealed, but also the strong feeling held by the agents of the vendors, regarding the beauty of the peninsula.

Transport options are offered. The train journey followed by the half-hour launch trip is described. The Scenic Road has been constructed from Gosford to Killcare and we also learn that the northern road, the Sydney to Newcastle Road has recently opened.


There is suggestion of the proposed punt service from Ettalong to Wagstaffe. It did not eventuate but what a difference it would have made.

The NRMA has established a camp within half a mile of the Estate.

"Daily Telegraph" 23/10/1928

A BEAUTIFUL WEEK-ENDER OR A PERMANENT HOME BY THE SEA
KILLCARE HEIGHTS ESTATE
 HARDY'S BAY, WOY WOY

3/6 PER WEEK



View from Killcare Heights Estate, showing Killcare Beach, Killcare, Palm Beach, Barrenjoey, Broken Bay, and Lion Island.

LAND, SEA, AND MOUNTAIN SCENERY
 The Subdivision unrivalled in the whole of the State. Views from the Ground are considered by world travellers as equal to anything they have ever seen.

294 LOTS
 Liberal Frontages and Depths.

294 LOTS
 The NRMA has established a camp within half a mile of the Estate. Land values are bound to increase in the locality, especially after the completion of the new Northern Road. A punt service will be established from Ettalong to Wagstaffe, giving easy access to the Estate. Compare these prices and see if you are not offered something out of the ordinary at land values.

Blocks may be purchased from £20 to £50. Deposit £3 per block. No interest, and the balance spread over Five Years in 20 instalments.

F. WHEELER, ESTATE AGENT,
 When writing, please mention this publication.
 City Enquiries to F. ECONOMUS, CATHCART HOUSE, 11C CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY.

GOSFORD
 Local Agent: C. B. FORD, Hardy's Bay.
 Phone 31287.

The advertisements paint a picture of a 'happening place', and it would seem that Charles Bentley Ford and his business were helping to make it happen. One story passed down through the generations tells the tale of a land swap. Charles swapped a block of land at Killcare for a shack on a plot at Lobster Beach. It eventuated that the titles were not exchanged. The Ford family were hard-pressed to lay claim to the Lobster Beach land when National Parks took it over and dismantled the shacks. However, when the 'owner' of the Killcare land wanted to sell in the early 80s, the name, Ford, was still on the title. Stephen Ford says there was little to bother about, possibly a 5th of a 9th of the value. The person in question had been paying rates on the land for many years so the Ford family allowed things to be resolved amicably.

Of Charles Bentley and Margaret Ford's offspring, it is John Thomas Middleton Ford, whose story continues the Ford's ongoing relationship with Killcare. He was known as Jack, and he established the dairy farm in Government Road (originally No.18 and now No.32 Fraser Road) and continued to operate it until the 1950s. He raised a large family there and some of his descendants still live in the area. It is Jack's line of descendants which will be pursued here.



The photo shows well-dressed members of the community. Jack Ford is standing in the back row, fifth from left, with hat and moustache.

Jack Ford married Hilda. Little is known about Hilda, except that her mother came from New Zealand. She was much younger

than he was.



Adults from left: Mrs Ford Senior (Jack's mother, Margaret nee Middleton), Hilda Ford, Mrs Callinan (neighbour), John Thomas (Jack) Ford. Hilda is holding eldest daughter, Betty. The other children belong to neighbours.

Dairyman, Jack Ford, is pictured with his wife and first child, Betty, mother-in-law and neighbours in the photograph above. The family thinks Hazel is pregnant with her second child, Walter (Wally), who has an important place in this story. The cow bales and horse-drawn milk cart are in the background. Evidence of the cow bales was still there in the 1960s.

The Fords went on to have nine children. Their children were: Betty Margaret, Walton Middleton (Wally), Sylvia May, Hilda Carol, James Thomas, Sandra Joy, Maria Violet, Glen Wayne and Shayne Anne. Wally was called after their neighbour, Walter Callinan. Their house has been described as very small, having a sandstone floor and consisting of a living room and two small bedrooms (and another tacked on) with an attached lean-to kitchen out the back. Where did they all sleep?

One theory says that the children's arrival spanned quite a few years and that the older children had left home before the youngest were born. Daughter-in-law, Hazel (married to Wally), supports this; her daughter, Lynda, was born before Hilda's youngest, Shayne. Hazel also said the girls shared their mother's bed.

Life on the farm was hard. The cows had to be rounded up. Often, Wally had to go as far as the headland, where the Marie Byles look-out is now. Sometimes, if the cow was stubborn, he would have to take off his jumper, wrap it around the cow's neck and drag it home. There were times when the cows fell over the steep ravines and were killed or injured on the rocks below.

Jack used his horse and cart (pictured above) to deliver the milk. In those days, the milkman carried the milk to customers in gallon containers. He carried pint and quart measures to deal out the required quantities. At one time Jack Ford was known as the 'midnight milkman' – the morning milk would be delivered any time between 7 a.m. and noon and the night delivery between 4 pm and 10 pm. It was believed that he would give very good value to the customers he knew during the week, but very doubtful amounts, to the visitors at the weekend.

Hilda Ford, although small in stature, must have been a hardworking woman, either a 'tough lady' or a very matter of fact, 'let's get on with it' type person. Colleen Smith relates this story. Colleen's mother, Mrs Beasley, was the possessor of two white towels which were loaned to each new baby in the district, on its arrival. She took them along to the Ford

household, soon after she heard of the birth of a new 'Baby Ford', only to be told that his mother was in the shed, milking the cows.

(QUOTE NO. AND SCHOOL)
Pretty Beach
 SCHOOL

No. 180

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia
SCHOOL SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

GOSFORD, N.S.W.
 BRANCH

In account with **Walton Middleton Ford**

IF YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS NOTIFY THE SCHOOL AT ONCE QUOTING THE ABOVE NUMBER

DATE	DEPOSIT AMOUNT	WITHDRAWAL AMOUNT	BALANCE	TEACHER'S INITIALS	DATE	DEPOSIT AMOUNT	WITHDRAWAL AMOUNT	BALANCE	TEACHER'S INITIALS
1944 June 26	1 -		12 6	CA	1944 June 25	1 -		1 3 6	CA
July 10	1 -		13 6	CA	July 3	1 -		1 4 6	CA
July 17	7 6		15 -	CA	July 9	6		1 5 -	CA
July 24	1 -		16 -	CA	July 16	6		1 5 6	CA
July 31	1 6		17 6	CA	July 23	1 -		1 6 6	CA
Aug 7	1 -		18 6	CA	Aug 13			1 6 6	CA
Aug 14	1 6		1 -	CA	Aug 30	1 -		7 6	CA
Aug 21	1 -		1 1 -	CA	Nov 6	6		8 -	CA
Sept 12	6		1 1 6	CA	Nov 13	6		8 6	CA
Sept 18	1 -		1 2 6	CA	Nov 20	6		9 -	CA
EXAMINE PASS BOOK AFTER EACH ENTRY			FORWARD £ 12 6	EXAMINE PASS BOOK AFTER EACH ENTRY			FORWARD £ - 9 -		

Walton Middleton Ford's Pretty Beach School bank book, dated 1944.

Water had to be carried from the waterfall (now Fletcher's Glen). This job fell to Hilda or one of the kids and daughter-in-law, Hazel, also remembers carrying water. The children went to Pretty Beach School. If there were jobs to be done at home, they were kept home to work. Wal helped his father a lot.

Wally Ford, the second eldest of Jack and Hilda's offspring, enjoyed growing up at Killcare and going to

Wally Ford attended Pretty Beach Public School from 1939 to 1945. He had stories to pass on to his children. Here are the stories he told for the school's 75th birthday celebration in 2002.

Things were different when I was going to school at Pretty Beach in the early 1940s. I remember when a group of boys got hold of a sulky someone had abandoned. Arthur Beasley, Ted Stirton, Ted Parker and I were among them. We would meet up at Killcare, throw our

bags in the sulky and pull it along the flat and up the hill, some kids got a ride. When we got to the top of the hill above the school we would drop the shafts, hop in and ride the sulky down into the school yard, near where a house is built now; the only thing to stop us was a patch of lantana.

Unfortunately, some of the boys decided to do the same thing down Killcare Road one weekend and crashed through the shop window, owned by Jim Moore at the time, and landed in the bedroom. Needless to say, we had the sulky taken from us and had to walk to school after that. I daresay it was dangerous but certainly a lot of fun.

Our teacher, Mr Allen, didn't believe in sport but he certainly believed in scripture and if you didn't attend the bible classes you had to do hard labour. If it wasn't in the garden, it was the air raid trench, which zigzagged across the playground, near where the fixed equipment is today'.

Stephen added to the story: *During wartime, schools were encouraged to dig air-raid trenches. Wal hated the job imposed on them by Mr Allen, the headmaster, (disparaged in Wal's opinion by the description, 'a churchy Bible-basher'). The boys found it hard-going and it is believed that if anybody bothered to look, they would find many tools buried in the schoolyard.*

Another story concerns a girl named Joycie Copal who used to run away from school. The boys were sent to fetch her back but often found this an impossible task. Another story is told about balls being thrown in inappropriate places, such as through the staffroom window and into the cup of tea, being enjoyed by one of the teachers at playtime.

Jack, 'Pop' Ford, was 'a bit of a dreamer'. He wanted things to be done but did not necessarily have the wherewithal to make them happen. However, he was 'tough on the kids'. They had their chores to do, and woe betide, if they failed to do them.

Life was hard on the farm and in Bert Myer's words it was 'sustenance living'. The Ford family would have bought fruit and vegetables from Bert Myer down the road. Jack worked for Bert sometimes. Other goods were purchased at the corner store.

Fish was plentiful and Jack liked to fish and no doubt they kept chooks and bought meat from the butcher at Hardys Bay when he opened for business. And they had plenty of milk.

Jack died in 1968 at the age of 66. Jimmy, who was in his early twenties, died at around that time too. He committed suicide.

Hilda outlived Jack by quite a few years and continued to live in the Fraser Road (previously Government Road) house with the children growing up and leaving home one by one.

The youngest son, Glen, never married. He was a Gyprocker, a hard-working and hard-living man. He often brought his mates home after a night out and Hilda would cook for them. She didn't mind and seemed to accept Glen and his lifestyle. Although, if they started to fight or argue, she put her foot down, and sent them home.

The family owns a small medallion containing a photograph on each side. The subject is Charles Bentley Ford. They think Glen has a strong resemblance to his grandfather who looks like King George V.



Hazel B Hazel Bush thought Wally Ford (above) was a very handsome man. Hazel is Hazel is standing on Heath Road above the house.

She did her last year of schooling at Gosford High School. For a short while she worked at King's Clothing, the factory in Heath Road and then she went to work at Stamina Clothing at Gosford. Coming home from work one day she happened to be travelling on the same ferry as Wally Ford, who was on leave from National Service. Wally 'chased' her to begin with but gradually their relationship developed.

Hazel thought that Wally was handsome too. Wally grew up and became apprenticed to a carpenter, Sid Whiting (brother of Don Whiting). Wal was a hard worker. Hazel Bush came from Croyden Park. Her parents bought the house at 21 Mulhall Street and they moved to Wagstaffe when she was fifteen.



Here is something about Wally's National Service. A letter (see copy below) arrived from the

Commonwealth of Australia, Department of Labour and National Training; Wally was required to present himself on April 29, 1953.

He had been called up to do National Service. Among the instructions delivered, regarding time of train necessary to reach Hornsby in time and a free rail pass on presentation of the call-up notice, was: 'The Army has requested that you provide yourself with a cut lunch'.

Wal did his six months training at Ingleburn, to be followed by a period in the Reserve.

A letter arrived in November 1953: 'This opportunity is taken to welcome you to 17/16 Inf (Infantry) Bn (Battalion), the North Shore Regiment, to which you have been transferred'. Details of parades and bivouacs followed but Hazel does not recall Wal having any army commitments following National Service. A friend tried to talk him into volunteering for Korea, but he didn't want to do that.

After a courtship of a couple of years they became engaged in December 1955 and married at Gosford Registry Office in May 1956. To begin with, they lived with Hazel's parents at Wagstaffe. Following that period, they moved to Ettalong because Wal's work was there. All of the children were born during this time. Wal and Hazel had five children: Lynda May, Ian Wayne, Warren Mark, Stephen Maurice, and Sharon Lee. According to Hazel, Wal had a 'rotten' temper but was good man and a loving father.

At different times, they actually bought two blocks of land at Ettalong with the intention of building a house. They must have known there was something better out there. Those houses were never built.

COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA
DEPARTMENT OF LABOUR AND NATIONAL SERVICE

National Service Registration Office,
77 York Street,
SYDNEY.

CALL-UP NOTICE

To..... Walton M. FORD, (Reg'n No. W12390.)
..... Government Road, HARDY'S BAY. KILLCARE. N.S.W.

Pursuant to Section 26 of the National Service Acts 1951, you are hereby called up for service with the Citizen Military Forces.

You are required to present yourself for service at 12 noon at Army Training Depot, Pacific Highway, Hornsby on the day of April, 1953, to the Army Officer-in-Charge of Draft.

You should travel on the train departing Gosford at 10.18 a.m. on the 29th April, 1953. The Station Master at Gosford Railway Station will supply you with the necessary rail ticket on showing him this Call-up Notice.

The Army has requested that you provide yourself with a cut lunch. A "Welcome to your Army" Booklet is enclosed.

Dated this..... 29th..... day of April..... 1953.
..... J. P. Butler.....
..... for Secretary.

NOTE. PLEASE BRING THIS NOTICE WITH YOU WHEN YOU REPORT AND HAND IT IN AT YOUR UNIT. If you incur expense for fares, meals or accommodation en route (additional to any provision already made for you) essential to enable you to comply with this Notice, you may obtain on arrival at the Training Centre, for completion and submission to the Service authorities concerned, a form of claim for recoupment up to the limits prescribed. If a claim is made, this Notice should be attached thereto.

If you are a member of the Citizen Forces or a Cadet you should inform your Unit H.Q. of your Call-up as soon as you receive this Notice.

N.S. 27A L.N.S. 9/52.



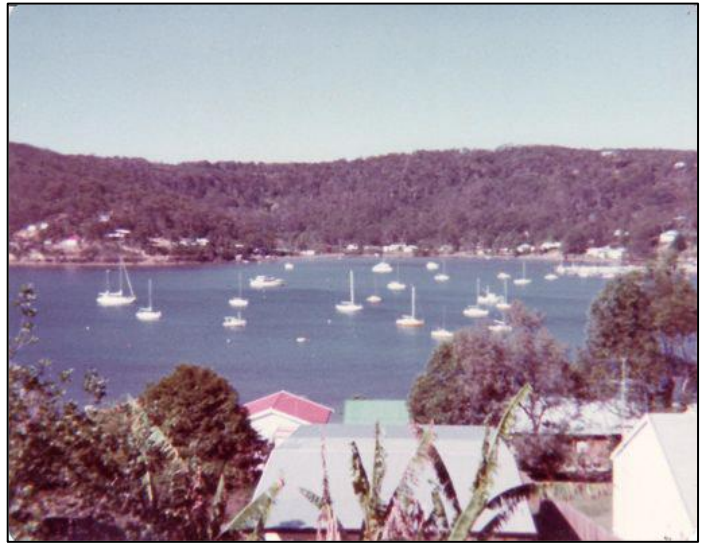
They were staying with Hazel's parents when they saw a property for sale that interested them. It was on the hillside above Araluen Drive at 45 Heath Road. The block had two cottages on it, *Southport* at the top and *Uki* below. The view across the water was very pleasant. It fitted the bill.

They had *Southport* demolished and renovated *Uki*, to become the large family home, needed to accommodate a growing family. It took two years to renovate the house, but eventually it was finished, and they moved to Heath Road in 1965. In 2008 Hazel still lives still there.

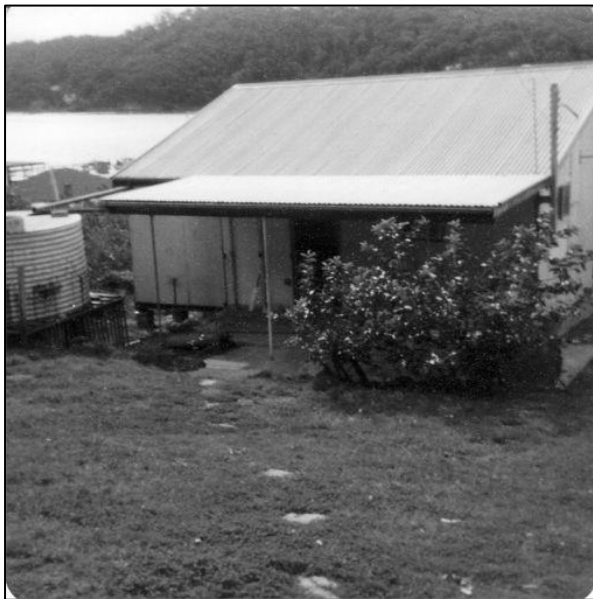
Every one of the children went to Pretty Beach Public School. They were the second generation of Fords to attend Pretty Beach School.

Wal and Hazel's daughter, Lynda, married Ron Rider and in 1975; theirs was the last wedding held at St Peters, Wagstaffe.

Their youngest son, Stephen, has helped tell the story of the Fords of Fraser Road. After leaving Pretty Beach Public School, he went to Erina High School. He was apprenticed to his father and became a builder. Stephen remembers his father loved to go fishing. Stephen is married to Cathy Woulfe. They have two daughters, Sarah and Melissa.



Two views of Hardys Bay from Wal and Hazel's house at 45 Heath Road showing the changing the changing times.



The cottage in Heath Road which Wally renovated.



Above: A later view of the path to the entrance off Heath Road.



Top: Wally, Warren and Stephen; Hazel is in the middle; Front: Ian, Lynda and Sharon.



Hazel likes this photograph of her children: From left: Sharon, Stephen, Warren and Ian

Pretty Beach Wagstaffe Progress Association held a Nostalgia Day on Australia Day in 1995 and again in 1996. On the first of the occasions, Ian Ford's daughter, Nichole Ford was invited to speak, representing five generations of Fords having lived at Killcare; beginning with her great-great grandfather, Charles Bentley, her great grandfather, Jack, her grandfather, Wally, her father, Ian, and her own generation: Nichole, Daniel, Martyne, Sean, Melissa and Sarah.



Nichole Ford leaving Wagstaffe Hall on Australia Day, 1995.

The story of Pretty Beach School includes interviews with three generations* of the Ford family who attended the school and recalled memories of their time at the school. (See Wally's memories above.) Except for a break between Sharon, who left in 1978 and Nichole, who started in 1982, there has been a Ford at the school from the time Jack's oldest daughter, Betty Ford, started in 1938 until 2004, when the youngest Ford, Stephen's daughter, Sarah, left for High School.

* The Camerons, the Beasleys and the Hogans can also claim this fame.

Stephen attended Pretty Beach School from 1967 to 1974. Here are his memories, told for the 75th Birthday Celebration in 2002.

I find it hard to choose one good memory of the school. If I did it would be 7 years long. The environment at Pretty Beach PS helped build friendships that have lasted 35 years and a lot of these friends still live locally.

The bush classroom was always there and we were allowed to venture up through the bush to the rock platforms during lunch. Some of the boys would try new routes and see how far we could get during lunchtime.

I can remember standing on the rock platform at the top with Ross Holloway, Greg McCall, Brett Beasley and Pommie (Andrew McDonald) and hearing the bell ring faintly. We would then run all the way back down to school. I am sure Gibbo rang the bell early to allow us time to get back.

When I started Kindergarten, they had just finished removing some camphor laurel trees to make way for the oval. Improvements to the grounds were an ongoing job. They sometimes involved the students in planting trees along the bank on the eastern side of the oval. We nurtured the trees but because they were planted in clay only a few survived.

I am not sure if it was Greg McCall or me who planted the conifer that is growing there today.



The bay and baths at high tide

We looked forward to summer when the tide and weather were right. It was always a great break in the days when Mr Gibbons (Gibbo) would announce swimming time.

Another job was burning out the large tree stumps. This seemed to take a very long time. We would collect firewood from up in the bush, dig around the roots and spend time before school, at play lunch and lunch time stoking the fire. One fringe benefit of this job was toasted sandwiches and sausages, barbequed on a shovel. I can also remember smoking a bit of cane left over from basket weaving, which in hindsight was pretty silly.

I recently helped at a working bee at the school. Then, and almost every time I walk into the school grounds, the memories come flooding back: things like learning to ride my bike, bike races, billy cart races, being projector boy, lunch boy and school captain with Julie McCall, and spin the bottle behind the weather shed.



Always memorable - lessons in the lower bush classroom and the bush track leading to the upper bush classroom.

Once when Brett Beasley and I had a dispute in the playground, Gibbo made us both put on boxing gloves and he put us in the library to 'sort it out'. It would have been funny to watch as we were probably best friends again by that time.



Three generations of Fords at Pretty Beach School. Top: Stephen, Wally and Ian. Bottom: Sarah, Melissa and Sean.

I loved Pretty Beach Public School then and I'm sure my two girls, Melissa and Sarah, love it now. The location makes you appreciate the environment. The school has always benefited from great community involvement which helps develop an appreciation of the community in which we live.

Stephen's daughter Melissa Ford attended from 1997 until 2003 and her sister, Sarah was a year behind, 1998 to 2004.

Melissa had this to say in 2002: I love going to Pretty Beach School because everyone is so friendly. We have great school surroundings, the bush on one side and the bay on the other. We have nice teachers (well, most of the time). My favourite part of the school is the bush classroom. Down the bottom is a great place to sit and up the top has a great view. Even though our school is very small, it is still a great school.

Here are Sarah's thoughts: I love Pretty Beach PS because of many reasons. One of them is the bush. I love the bush surrounding the school because it adds a natural touch to the area. Also, most other schools just have buildings around them instead of bush. The bush also provides us with a bush classroom that is great for learning about nature. I also like the bay.

Once when I was in kindergarten, classes actually stopped to watch a pod of dolphins go past. There are great friendships at Pretty Beach Public School and almost everyone knows everybody's name.

Wally passed away in 2008. Hazel has just begun to go through his things and was surprised at what Wal kept. She found cards and gift-wrapping paper, painted by his children and given to him many years ago.

What else will she find?

Of Hazel and Wal's family, Warren now lives in Queensland, but the others live on the Central Coast. Ian and Stephen and their families live not far away from Hazel at Hardys Bay and the original property in Fraser Road.

Robyn Warburton 2008

UNCLE DAVE'S PLACE – 'PACIFIC'

A Memoir of Childhood Holidays by Trevor Fowler

It's not just the beach I remember, it's much more than that: it's the smell, the sounds, the texture and the feelings. Killcare is certainly a special place for me, for it's the place where special memories are stored.



The Fowler family: [from left to right] John, Trevor, Ron [Dad], Ian and Audrey [Mum]. Source of photo: unknown

My fathers' best friend, David Yates, bought some land at Killcare just after WWII. It was 70 Grandview Crescent, a small bush block with unrestricted views of Killcare Beach and the Pacific Ocean for which he named his house - *Pacific*.

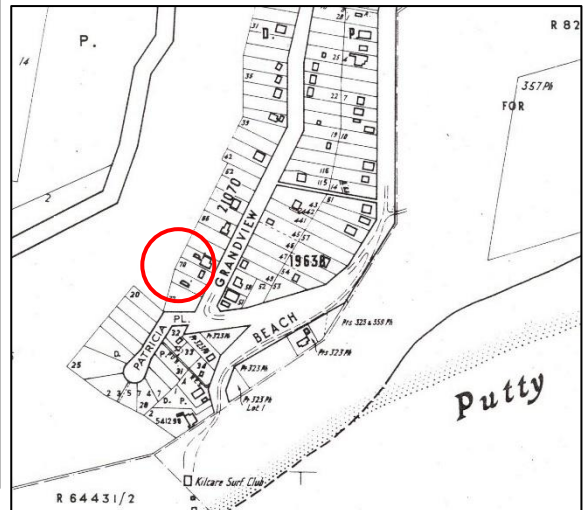
Uncle Dave, as we called him, wasn't really our uncle as such, but he was dad's best friend from earlier times, when they both grew up in the Sydney suburb of Chatswood. He was a Navy man and to some extent this was reflected in the architecture of the house he built.

The house had elements of a navy ship: a galley kitchen with servery window; small, but very practical bunk rooms; one with walk through access to the master bedroom. Entry to the house was via a small vestibule at the rear that led into one large living space for meals and sitting. There was no phone, no television – it was a true holiday house in that sense - a place to relax, unwind and enjoy the wonders of nature that Killcare has to offer.

Pacific was built circa 1955 with some help from a professional builder who assembled the timber walls and roof frame. Uncle Dave then went about lining the house and constructing the internal walls to form the main spaces. It was in this period that my father tagged along and discovered the area for himself. The rest, as they say, is history. The original holiday house was extensively renovated in the early 1980s, but it was the years previous to this that I wish to share, as this was the time when we used the house for our family holidays. Uncle Dave kindly let our family use the house and so we did for many August school holidays. We ventured up from the suburbs of Sydney in the late 60s and early 70s.



The original House – *Pacific*, circa 1975.
Photo: Dorothy Audrey Fowler



Pacific circled, 1971. Map – courtesy of
Gosford City Council

The house was simple but had everything modern for its day. There was a large picture window made up of nine standard windowpanes [this would have been high tech back in those day] and the outhouse also had the latest in technology, a Hygeia Dissolventator, a toilet that had a rotating base activated by lifting the seat up and down. It required added chemicals to reduce the waste. This type of toilet was available between 1945 and 1975.

Uncle Dave had two large water tanks to the rear and there was a single garage beneath the house with a steep gravel driveway. There was a meat safe under the sub-floor and the steps from the front to back were something that I remember quite vividly. The sound of the steps under my feet signalled our arrival and the start of our beachside holiday. They were naturally compacted sandy steps, bordered by bush rock. The whole site was surrounded by coastal heath and until neighboring houses were built, there was no way of knowing where the property boundaries were.



The Bogey Hole at Killcare Beach. Photo: Gosford City Library



The floor Plan of *Pacific* at No 70 Grandview Crescent, Killcare. Hand sketch by Juliette Churchill

Mum and Dad had the main bedroom of course; Ian and I had the walk-through bunk room and John being the older brother had his own private bunk room to the east. There were open shelves at each end of the bunks for stowing clothes and things, a window, and that was about it!

In those days it was a long car trip, especially for a child. “How many more bends?” I used to complain from the back seat of the Ford Cortina. There was no F3 freeway and no Rip Bridge. We had to drive for hours on end along the old winding Pacific Highway, through Gosford, and then finally along the Scenic Road, which for us wasn’t too scenic as it was always a late and dark Friday night.

Ian McCall owned the general store back then and we would drop in there, before arriving at the house, to pick up a box of groceries. Colleen Smith would open up especially for us. The shop seemed huge, and it had a Candy Counter with King Billy Bears – my favourite!

The trip wasn't over yet. Once we got to the house Mum had to get the car up the steep gravel driveway with Dad looking on.

It would take several attempts, as the wheels spun, for mum to get the car into the garage. We would then be led up the steps and around to the front door, where the ritual of lights on, toilet and bed quickly followed, as the holiday would start the very next day!



Dad standing in the steep gravel driveway.



Pacific circled: 1959 Aerial Photo –
courtesy of Gosford City Council

When we awoke the next day, it was like magic, as mum would open up one of the suitcases to reveal brand new plastic buckets and spades for the beach. We never ever saw her pack them. We did not have bikes or electronic games; the holiday was based on the simple pleasures of going to the beach, bushwalks, picnics and sightseeing.

For me, Killcare is Bouddi National Park. It is one of the smallest, but in my opinion, one of the best National Parks and it is located so close to Sydney. My Dad used to call it a *gem* of a National Park and in many ways I must agree. No matter how much the built environment surrounding the park grows and changes, the park itself remains the same – an old friend, a place I visit to bushwalk and rejuvenate the soul.

The beach of course was the main attraction with many days spent down at the 'Bogey Hole' (what we called the southern surf club end). After a morning session at the beach, we would go back to the house for lunch, sometimes inside and sometimes outside, depending on the day. If we were outside the kookaburras would visit and try to steal away with our sausages. We called one of the kookaburras 'Fatty Boombah'! He was always there.

At the back of the house there was a small flat area with two director-style chairs and a timber bench, and this was the area where we would de-beach: remove sand from feet, hang towels and put buckets and spades on the timber supports for the water tanks.

Nightly baths were short and shared as we depended on tank water – I remember the stickers next to the hand basin – TANK WATER, DO NOT WASTE.

There was also the wireless radio located either on the kitchen servery or a shelf nearby – this piece of technology was (almost) the only link to the outside world! There was the public phone booth, adjacent to the carpark along Beach Drive – for emergencies only.

The milkman was a special treat for us – we would hear his cow horn in the distance, and we knew we were in for some flavoured milk.

My parents led us on many walks in Bouddi National Park and being a coastal park, these walks had many points of interest: lookouts, views, vistas and beaches. We did all the walks in the park, and I remember the hardest one still to this day, Maitland Bay. This walk had many steps! I remember halfway down there was an inscription in the sandstone, GOOD WATER IN FERNS and we used to clamber down the north side of the track to a small creek to drink the water. Today the inscription has been chiselled to obscurity, as the surrounding development has rendered the water unfit for drinking – but I still point it out to my children when we are on that walk.

I guess when you are young everything is an adventure – I remember one day when we, my two older brothers and I, decided to bush bash from the back of Uncle Dave's place to the top of the ridge behind the house – with the fire trail being our ultimate goal! We had already blazed a track to a large sandstone rock platform on earlier occasions. It was slightly higher than the roof of the house with expansive views. As boys, we would often go there and do boy things.

One day we had a grand venture. We pushed our way through thick scrub to reach what seemed to be an impenetrable obstacle, a horizontal band of sandstone. We managed to find our way through this area and headed onwards and upwards, finally reaching the top and low and behold, there was the fire trail. We left notes along the way, as if we were the first ever to set foot in the area. We then walked down the fire trail and back along Grandview Crescent to the house. There were many adventures like that one.



The outhouse was also the home of ‘Simon’ the diamond python, a carpet snake! He was always coiled up along the ridge plate of the roof and I can’t believe to this day that I used to go there when Simon was around – only in the daytime of course. At night there was the enamel potty under our bunks which made a distinct metallic sound during the wee hours – pardon the pun!

During the 70s there was a major storm that created massive sand hills along Killcare Beach. Today they are virtually non-existent, but as children the dunes were so much fun; jumping off and sliding down them. Fossicking along the beach was also one of my favorite things: collecting driftwood to build things and finding things that had fallen off the passing ships at sea.

My parents were church goers, and we would inevitably go around to St. Peters, Wagstaffe on each of the Sundays that we were there. Father John Kerr was the minister and Frank Vehyl the assistant. Frank would also play the organ and sing. This is something you don’t forget, a simple organ and a small congregation of parishioners all trying to stay in tune. The church sat amongst the gum trees, and you can imagine the sound of the hymns resonating out into the tranquillity of the Wagstaffe peninsula. Today it has been converted to a house.

There would be one day set aside during the two-week holiday when we would venture into East Gosford as a treat. There was a large newsagent there that doubled as a general store and toy shop and if we were good, we were able to choose a Corgi car or something for the beach.



Souvenir Flag: these were available from the Hardys Bay General Store in the 70s in a variety of colours.

Uncle Dave eventually renovated the holiday house with the idea of renting it out to begin with and one day retiring there. During this era, we rented several other houses in Killcare Heights, Pretty Beach, Wagstaffe and for a few years in a row we stayed in a house in Beach Drive – during this time my brothers were elsewhere, and it was just myself and dad.

I would go off exploring on my bike. With a keen interest in architecture, I would go off and explore every road, looking for the perfect place with one of my favorites being the house, designed by Ian McKay, perched up on the rocks above Lobster Beach.

So that was our holidays at Killcare in a nutshell! I am now 42 years old with a family of my own. I take them up to Killcare whenever I can and they enjoy the same pursuits, the bush, the beach and the beauty that Killcare provides.

Once we are out on the tracks and past the main lookouts, we can enjoy Bouddi as if it were our own.

Killcare remains as a sacred place for me - and Bouddi even more so. I can return at any time, partake in any activity or simply sit on a rock and reflect in a place that has helped shape my life.

Trevor Fowler 2008

THE STORIES OF JAMES BURNS FRASER (1878 -1963)

and his son, JAMES WILSON FRASER (1907 - 2008)

told by BRUCE FRASER great-grandson and grandson

James Burns Fraser bought land at Killcare in the 1930s. He visited for holidays and following his retirement, came to live in Blythe Street in 1946. His interest and work in the community earned him the posthumous honour of having a road named after him. Government Road became Fraser Road sometime in the 1960s. His son, James Wilson Fraser, had a long relationship with Killcare, first visiting in the early 1930s and taking up residence after his retirement in 1973. He died, aged 100, in 2008.



James Burns Fraser and his wife, Sarah, with their children Jane (Jean), Florence (Flo), Mary Maude (Maude) and James Wilson Fraser (Young Jim), aged six, 1913.

EXTRACT ENTRY OF BIRTH, under the 37th Sect. of 17 and 18 Vict. Cap. 80.

No.	Name and Surname.	When and Where Born.	Sex.	Name, Surname, and Rank or Profession of Father. Name, and Maiden Surname of Mother. Date and Place of Marriage.	Signature and Qualification of Informant, and Residence, if out of the House in which the Birth occurred.	When and Where Registered, and Signature of Registrar.
88.	James Burns Fraser.	1878 August Thirteenth 6h. 15m. A.M. 14 Balgay Street, Glasgow.	M.	Edward Fraser, Garry Drive, Jane Fraser, Mo. S. Fraser. 1877 February 28. Glasgow.	(Signed) Edward Fraser, Glasgow. (Present)	1878 August 29 th As Registrar. (Signed) Wm. Anderson

Extracted from the Register Book of Births, for the District of St. Mary, in the
Parish of Glasgow, this 29th day of August, 1878.
Witnessed by
Minister of the Gospel
Rev. S. G. Galloway
Registrar.

James Burns Fraser was born in Scotland, the son of Edward Baxter Fraser and Jane Burns.

His birthplace was the stationmaster's cottage at Monifieth, out of Dundee, and his birthdate was August 13, 1878 (see above: the copy of his birth certificate).

When he was about seven years old, his family emigrated to New Zealand. They stayed for a year or so before making their way to Australia. When Jim left school, the first job he had was at Mort's Farm at Bega. Does this mean that the family lived and worked on the south coast of N.S.W.?

The family believes that Jim's schooling would have been minimal and knows for sure that Jim ended up at the harbourside, inner city suburb of Balmain, Sydney. Very importantly, Jim's employment with the local coastal ships, plying the coast of N.S.W., shaped the person he was to become. The life on board the ships was hard. Each man had to provide his own paillasse. He was a stoker and the job meant going to sea for periods of time. He would have joined The Seafarers' Union. There was a time when the family was very poorly off; stories have been passed down about his need to 'nick' potatoes to feed his family.

DECLARATION BEFORE DISTRICT REGISTRAR OR MINISTER

I, James Burns Fraser of 59 Ryan St. Lilyfield Bachelor
Great Britain being duly sworn, do on my oath declare ☒ do solemnly and sincerely declare and affirm
that I have attained the age of twenty-one years ☒ that I have duly obtained the written consent required by the "Marriage
Act," nineteenth Victoria number thirty, and I believe there is no impediment or lawful objection, by reason of any kindred,
relationship, or alliance, or any former marriage, or the want of consent of parents or guardians, or any other lawful cause, to my being
married to Sarah Rachel Wilson of Gooden St. Balmain Spinster
daughter of John Wilson of Gooden St. Balmain Labourer
and I hereby further declare that I have full knowledge that if I swear or affirm falsely I shall be guilty of perjury, and be
liable to be punished accordingly.

(Signature of Bridegroom) James Burns Fraser

AND I, the said Sarah Rachel Wilson Spinster being duly sworn, do on my oath declare ☒ do solemnly
and sincerely declare and affirm that I have attained the age of twenty-one years ☒ that I have duly obtained the written consent
required by the "Marriage Act," nineteenth Victoria number thirty, and I believe there is no impediment or lawful objection, by
reason of any kindred, relationship, or alliance, or any former marriage, or the want of consent of parents or guardians, or any other
lawful cause, to my being married to the said James Burns Fraser AND I hereby further declare
that I have full knowledge that if I swear or affirm falsely I shall be guilty of perjury, and be liable to be punished accordingly.

(Signature of Bride) Sarah Rachel Wilson

DECLARED and sworn ☒ and affirmed by both the parties named this 13th day of August, 1899, before me,
James Cosh being the Minister or Registrar.

THE CONSENT of John Wilson of the Bridegroom was given in writing to the marriage of the said Sarah Rachel Wilson
with James Burns Fraser being under the age of twenty-one years.

THE Consent of John Wilson of the Bride was given in writing to the marriage of the said Sarah Rachel Wilson
with James Burns Fraser being under the age of twenty-one years.

No.	Birthplace.		Age.	*Father's Christian Name and Surname.	Father's Rank or Profession.	*Mother's Christian Name and Maiden Surname.
	Town or County.	Country.				
BRIDE-GROOM	<u>Monifieth</u>	<u>Scotland</u>	<u>21</u>	<u>Edward Baxter Fraser</u>	<u>Turnacellan</u>	<u>Jane Burns</u>
BRIDE	<u>Kiama</u>	<u>N.S.W.</u>	<u>17</u>	<u>John Wilson</u>	<u>Labourer</u>	<u>Sarah Ann Evison</u>

* If deceased, the fact should be stated.

Wedding certificate: James Burns Fraser and Sarah Rachel Wilson.

In 1899, Jim was a bread-carter at the time of his marriage, at twenty-one years of age. (Quite a few years later, his son Young Jim [Wilson Fraser], as a young boy, remembers going with his father on the horse-drawn cart, to collect money from customers on Saturday mornings.)

He married Sarah Rachel Wilson, who was born at Kiama, on the south coast of N.S.W., another reason for thinking Edward Baxter Fraser and his family resided on the south coast and that is where Jim met Sarah.

Jim and Sarah produced four children, three girls and a boy. Their names were Jane (known as Jean), Florence (Flo), Mary Maude (Maude) and James Wilson Fraser. The family's tradition was to use the mother's surname as part of the son's name. We have Edward Baxter Fraser (Jane Baxter's son), James Burns Fraser (Jane Burns's son) and James Wilson Fraser (son of Sarah Wilson).



Jean Fraser, circa 1915.

Jim served in World War 1 and the family photograph on Page 1 was taken before he went off to war. He fought in France as a gunner in a howitzer unit but after two stints in hospital was returned to Australia in 1917 and discharged. The family is unaware of the nature of the hospitalisation.



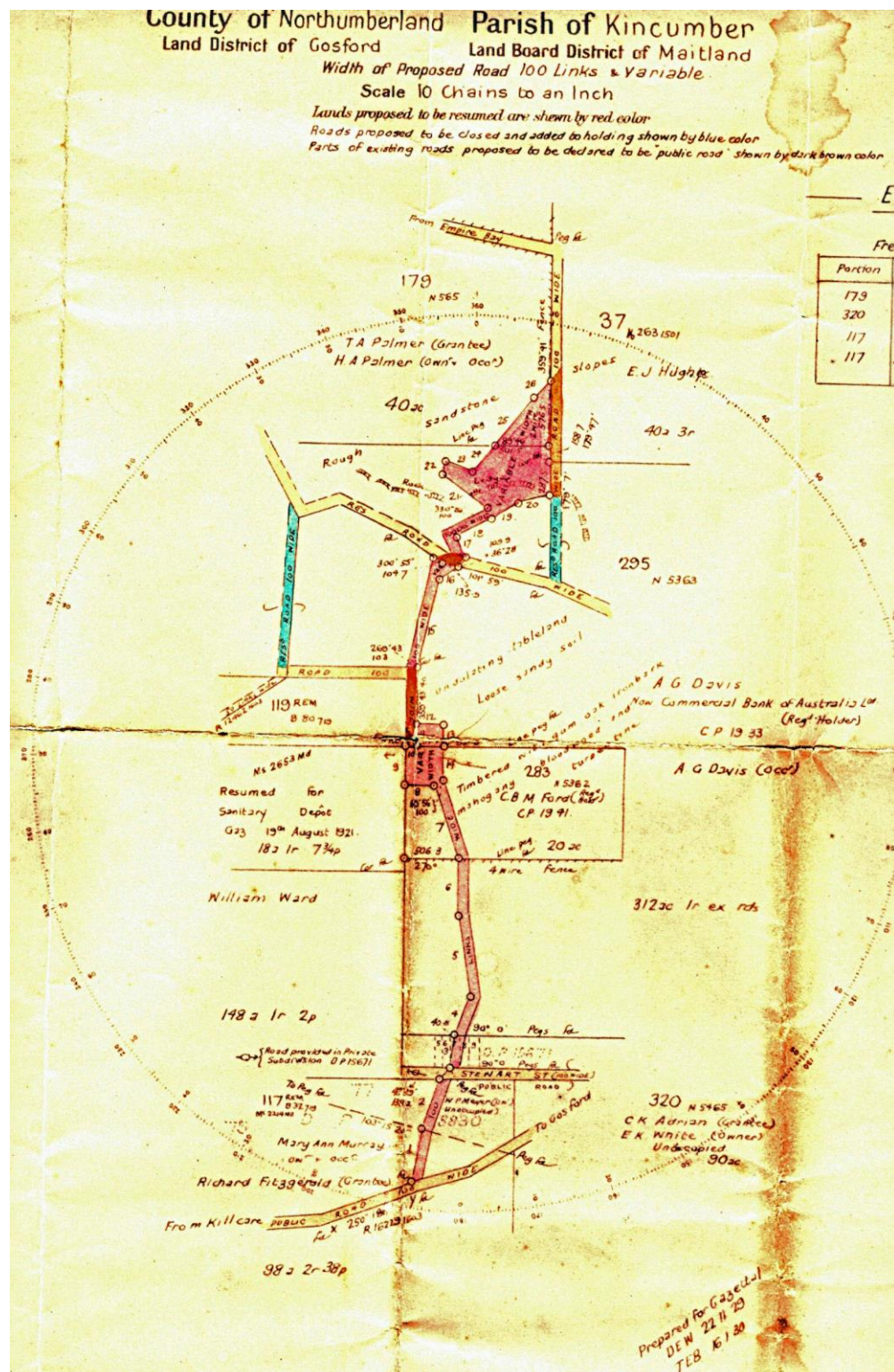
Wedding: Jean Fraser and George Walford.



Wedding: Flo Fraser and George Mackenzie.

In the 1920s, Jim's daughters, Jean and Flo, were married. Jean married Abram Walford, who was known as George. Flo married George Mackenzie.

During the 1920s Jim set up a business, making baskets. Snows department store was one of his customers. The business fared well for a few years but eventually soured when cheaper Japanese imports entered the market.



Young Jim would have been a teenager when he went to work for his father in the basket-making factory.

Working with Jim was a man named Bill Meyers, who became a friend. Their sons became friends as well. Young Jim spent a lot of his time when he wasn't working with Young Bill Meyers. The Meyers were connected to the Central Coast.

Young Bill learned to be a shipwright at Empire Bay, although he never lived on the coast and Mr Bill Meyers Snr owned land at Killcare.

Mr Meyers sought advice from Jim Snr. Erina Shire Council wanted to route Wards Hill Road through the land he owned at Killcare. Jim advised his friend to allow that, without knowing that it would be to his advantage one day. (See map above.)

Mr Bill Meyers owned two blocks of land at Killcare. James Burns Fraser would buy one of the blocks, the block with the house on it. Young Bill Meyers owned the other block, and at some time, he married Flo Mackenzie (nee Fraser), his friend Jim's sister. It was Flo's second marriage.

Jim and Bill would often visit. A story is told about Jim and his girlfriend, Chrissie (who would become his wife), visiting Killcare in the 1930s. Chrissie rode pillion on Jim's motorbike but had to get off and push, when the bike was stuck in the sandy surface of The Scenic Road.

After Jim let go of the business, he went to work as a storeman at Mort's Dock and that is where he finished his working life. In 1946, at the end of the war, James Burns Fraser and his wife Sarah (Nan), retired to Killcare, to the house on the one of two largest tracts of land, (as seen in the sub-division map on previous page), in Blythe Street, Killcare. Grandson Bruce describes his grandmother's first impression of the house which was a very original, holiday house with different levels and a rough verandah: "Nan broke down and cried. There was no electricity, no toilet, just a 'long drop' in the bush; the fuel stove was black inside, and the tap came through a hole in the wall, from the tank outside. Where was her well-appointed home at Campsie?" They set to and improved the house, which was to become the Fraser home for the next sixty years.

Jim and Chrissie Fraser with their sons, Malcolm and Bruce, grandchildren of Jim and Sarah, regularly visited and came for holidays. The boys chopped wood and helped around the house. Old Roley was Young Roley then and he often worked in the garden and trimmed the hedges.

What became of Jim and Sarah's daughters?

Jane married George Walford. George Walford became a business partner of Jim's in the basket-making business. Because George was a gambler with a bad attitude, and not good at managing money, he and Jim fell out and relations became strained with the in-laws. Jane died, giving birth to her third child. George had a hardware business at Petersham.

He remarried but his second wife could not cope with the children, Norma, Greg and Shirley, so they were shuttled off to the Salvation Army. Greg was close to Auntie Flo, so some degree of connection was kept.

Flo's husband, George Mackenzie, returned from the war 'a bit of a mess'. Their daughter, June, was in show business and died in a fire at the Tivoli Theatre in Sydney. Subsequently, Flo married Bill Meyers. They couldn't have children of their own so adopted Russell, a boy in a needy situation, with a connection to Nan's side of the family.

Maude married Lyell Paterson, who was in the US Navy. She went to America to live following her marriage. They had one child, Dawn. Maude returned to Australia in 1948 and went to live in Killcare to be close to her mother and to help her. Her husband, Lyell, had a car which benefitted the older Frasers who didn't. Maude and Lyell rented one of Charlie Fraser's houses in Killcare Road and lived there.

The land Jim owned amounted to about seven acres, bordering Stewart Street and running to the Scenic Road above and Blythe Street below. There were six blocks on one side of the road and six blocks on the other side. In the late 1950s he sub-divided the land and gave blocks to his children. His daughters sold their blocks, but 'Young Jim' kept his: three acres from Blythe Street to Wards Hill Road up the hill.

Jim tried to encourage Maude to build a house at Killcare but her husband, Lyell, 'ruled the roost' and refused to build. Lyell would often go to Hardys Bay Post Office and buy sheets and sheets of first issue stamps. When he died, that was all that was left to Maude. She took them to a dealer but whether their value was fully realised, is unknown.

Not long after Jim's arrival in 1946, moves were made to establish a Sub-Branch of the Returned Servicemen's League (R.S.L.); Jim helped in their endeavours. The men met in the small building attached to Hardys Bay Hall. The South Erina Shire Sub-Branch of the R.S.L. came into being in 1947. In 1950, the name changed to Hardys Bay Sub-Branch. Meanwhile they wanted a liquor licence, and this is where Jim came in. Through contacts in Sydney, he was able to expedite the matter and the club became licensed.

The Ladies' Auxiliary was set up to raise money for the Sub-Branch and other good causes. They ran a variety of activities and functions which included dances and housie. Jim and Lyell like to play housie and often went to the club. There is every reason to believe that Sarah was involved in the R.S.L. Ladies Auxiliary, the Hospital Auxiliary or Red Cross, all very active and worthwhile local organisations.

Jim certainly threw himself into local causes. He worked to raise money for the Fire Brigade. They needed a truck and the first vehicle purchased, a Blitz truck, was the result of determined fund-raising. He was still selling raffle tickets for the Fire Brigade in his eighties, much to the concern of 'Nan'.

He was very active in the area and worked for the community. He has been credited with being one of the men (Clarrie Peaker is also remembered), who opened the local branch of the Australian Labor Party (A.L.P.). From his earliest days, when he lived in working-class

Balmain and joined the Seafarers' Union, he was very interested in workers' rights. He was black banned by his steamship employer for his unionism. The unions led to the establishment of the Labor League, the forerunner of the Labor Party. The Balmain, New South Wales branch of the League (along with a branch in Queensland) claims to be the oldest in Australia (*Wikipedia*). Jim was there, in Balmain, at that time so it is no wonder that he brought Labor ideals with him to Killcare. The local branch is still active and meets at Empire Bay.

He is also believed to have been a member of the Hardys Bay Progress Association which may have been called South Brisbane Water Progress Association, in those days. He may have been President and Clarrie Peaker, Secretary. Clarrie Peaker 'wrote a good letter'. Clarrie told 'Young Jim' that his father, having lobbied the council, was responsible for the installation of the seawall along Hardys Bay waterfront. No doubt he worked with Bob Brading, who was on the Council at the time, and is also given credit for the seawall.

He also was a community correspondent with the local newspaper, *The Gosford Star*, submitting stories of local interest.

He enjoyed living in Blythe Street. When Bruce visited, he remembers the local shops that his grandparents patronised. Mr and Mrs Thomas owned the 'Orange Spot' on the corner of Killcare Road and Bay Road (now Araluen Drive). Next door was the little shop, run by the Smiths. It later became Neville Hazzard's Real Estate business. Ken and Hazel Johnston lived next door at No.44 and operated the marina, across the road. Charlie and Thelma Fraser bought the Johnstons' house later on. Barnes's store was on the southern side of the intersection.

Jim belonged to the Masons, upholding the ideals of the lodge, liking their idea of service and integrity. Sarah would have gone along with him to ladies' nights. 'Young Jim' was not interested in the lodge and nor is Bruce but grandson, Malcolm, has carried on his grandfather's tradition.

Jim Fraser died in 1963. Fraser Road was named after him in the 1960s. Formerly it was Government Road. Clarrie Peaker had nominated him for his work in the community: the A.L.P., the Fire Brigade and the Progress Association. It is a good way to remember a good man and a keen community worker.



James and Sarah's grandchildren: Back: Bruce, Malcolm, Greg, Russell. Middle: Norma, Dawn, Shirley. Front: Sarah and Jim.
Diamond Wedding Anniversary, 1959.



James and Sarah's great-grandchildren:
Back: Marcia, Jeannette and Diane Doyle. Front: Nanette Perram, Nan (Sarah) and Kylie Ward, Granddad (James) and another little grandson, Suzanne, and Stephen Doyle, 1959.



Long-time Killcare resident, Jim Fraser, was always a singing and dancing man. He has enjoyed singing ever since he sat on his grandmother's knee and at age one hundred, he still bursts into song. He is supported by a close and loving family.

Jim was born James Wilson Fraser on November 2, 1907, at Drummoyne, Sydney. His father was James Burns Fraser, and his mother was Sarah Rachel Wilson. He was the only son and the youngest child. His big sisters were Jean, Florence (Flo) and Maude. Jim grew up in the Balmain, Lilyfield, Leichardt area. He attended Rozelle Public School until eighth grade.

Jim's first decade included the World War 1 years and his father's service in the army. When he left school, he went to work in the family's basket factory.

'The Dancing Man' – Jim Fraser. Photo: Barbara Morgar

When his father gave the business away, Jim was too old to be apprenticed but he joined the motor industry as an 'improver' and this led to qualifications as a motor mechanic. He worked in the industry for most of his life.

As a young man, whilst single, he went to all the dances in the district. He became a very proficient ballroom dancer and looked forward to the dances held in the town halls of his and the surrounding suburbs. He also liked to travel north, across the Hawkesbury River to Woy Woy and its environs. He often visited with his friend, Bill Meyers, (who learnt to be a boat-builder at Empire Bay), and whose father owned a large tract of land at Killcare.

Clarrie Peaker, who later told Jim about his father's work for the area, was a musician, playing the trumpet at the dances, held at the Hardys Bay Hall on weekends. Jim remembers there was a pianist, Bill Hallinan, drummer and sometimes other instruments.

Jim and his friend, Bill, attended the dances. There was always a good roll up of people with the hall full. One New Year's Eve he remembers a moonlight excursion.

Jim went to the pictures at Woy Woy on the specially run ferry, the 'picture ferry'. Later, there was a special bus service to the pictures in Gosford. Pictures were also shown at Wagstaffe Hall during the 1950s.

Jim's earliest memories of Killcare are of the northern end of the beach (Fishermen's End). He remembers the fishing tower used by the Camerons to see the fish coming in. He remembered them in a boat, taking a net out and scooping them up. Mullet was plentiful.

He also recalled that the Bogey Hole was more 'marked out' with big rocks then.

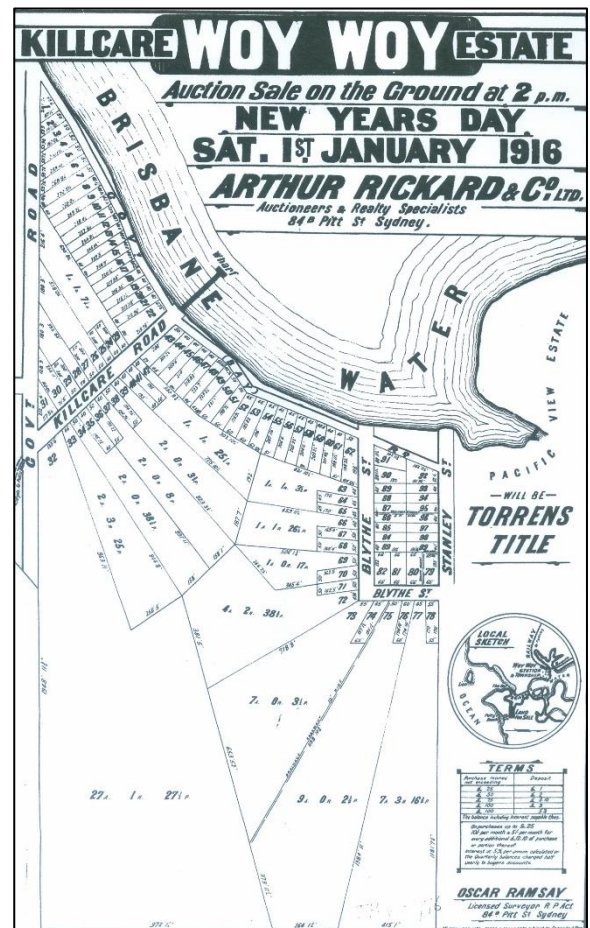
During the Depression, Jim obtained a job in a garage at Burwood. It was there that he met Chrissie, who became his wife. They bought a house at Campsie, (now Belfield), and raised their children, Malcolm and Bruce, there. WW2 saw him building aeroplane engines.

At the end of the Second World War (1946), his father, (James Burns Fraser), retired to Killcare, to the large tract of land, (as seen in the sub-division map at right), which he had purchased from Bill Meyers.

He believes his father, Jim Fraser Snr, can be credited with having the seawall along Hardys Bay installed. Fraser Road was named for Jim Snr. Clarrie Peaker, who also worked for the Progress Association, told Jim about his father's work.

Jim and Chrissie regularly brought their boys, Malcolm and Bruce, to Killcare to visit their grandparents so the family's interest in the area continued.

Opposite the house is the location of a tiny grave. At some long-ago time, a small child died. Jim heard a story about two sisters drowning but does not know if that is related to the story of the grave. Council became interested at one time, and it was deemed to be a heritage site. It was cleared and fenced. He recalls that a Frenchman was interested at that time, but he didn't find out anymore. Jim believes the other significant historical site on the waterfront marks the place where Ward had his workshop. He said that you can see the stone wall at the water's edge.



In 1973, it was time for Jim to retire and he and Chrissie moved to Killcare. They found that the house needed a lot of work done to it, to make it habitable so they renovated and settled in. Jim and Chrissie became involved in the local community.

Jim's contribution to the community was considerable. He became a warden of the church, St Peters at Wagstaffe, and joined The Hardys Bay Killcare Progress Association, the Killcare Wagstaffe Trust and The South Bouddi Group. He was president of the Progress Association for several years. He recalled the time when ownership of the beach was threatened by National Parks. Alerted by Bert Myer, Jim attended a meeting at Hardys Bay Community Hall, where a protest was lodged; the proposal was changed, and the community retained the beach.

Jim was interviewed by Jill Baxter in June 2000, for her book, *Reflections from the Beach and the Bays*. He talked about the siltation of the bay, which now covers the sand that was there forty years ago. He felt that it was now ruined and believed roadwork and development followed by heavy rain had caused the situation. He remembered Jack Stokes, who lived on the corner of Fraser Road, could take his boat under the Noble Road bridge.

After his wife died in 1982, Jim took comfort in ballroom dancing once again and Myee Olive (first white child born at Kurnell) was Jim's friend after Chrissie died. She had twin granddaughters. He went to the various venues around Ettalong and to the monthly Caledonian (Scottish) dance held at Gosford.

Freddy Adams and his wife, Enid, who lived at Wagstaffe, knew him from Belfield. At the Seniors group they attended, Freddie ran the games and dances. One game he remembered involved three stones (lemons) all put in middle, but Jim would rather have dances.

When interviewed by Jill in 2000, Freddy aged 96, was still going strong as was Jim, aged 93, attending a fortnightly social on Tuesdays and a Saturday dance. Jim joined with his



Jim Fraser aged 100 years. Photo: Robyn Warburton

friends, singing to entertain the others in the group. They sang old songs like *Who were you with last night?* Jim also sang solos for the audience, especially those who could no longer dance or take part in the games.

He was still dancing well-and-truly into his nineties. When he finally had to give it away, he may not have been able to dance, but he still attended the dances at the Ettalong Club to watch and listen to the music.

He was also a great walker. In his late eighties he would think nothing of walking from his doctor's surgery at Green Point to Kincumber shopping centre, when a bus was not available, much everyone's surprise.

At one hundred years of age, Jim can still hold a tune and when he finds himself in a gathering of people, he often burst into song. At his respite centre he is known as 'the singer.'

He has always loved to sing - around the house, at parties, 'smokos' and social gatherings. Jim still enjoys life, being very well cared for by his son, Bruce, and Bruce's wife, Helen. He makes the best of his circumstances. With his cheery disposition he is loved by all.

Robyn Warburton interviewed 'Young' Jim just before his one hundredth birthday, so she could tell his story in Talking Turkey, the newsletter of the Wagstaffe to Killcare Community Association. She was thrilled to be serenaded by Jim on that occasion. Another long-time resident, Eva Fulton, celebrated her one hundredth birthday at the same time. Colleen Smith supplied the headline for the front page of Talking Turkey "KILLCARE SCORES DOUBLE CENTURY".

Supplementary information for the story was found in the transcript of the interview, Jill Baxter had with Jim on June 14, 2000.

Epilogue: James Wilson Fraser died on 18th March, 2008, at Gosford Hospital. Below are the words he asked his family to read at his funeral service. It is a very fitting tribute to a happy man, who liked to share joy with others.

I'd like the memory of me to be a happy one

I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles when life is done

I'd like to leave an echo whispering down the way of happy times

And laughing times, and bright and sunny days

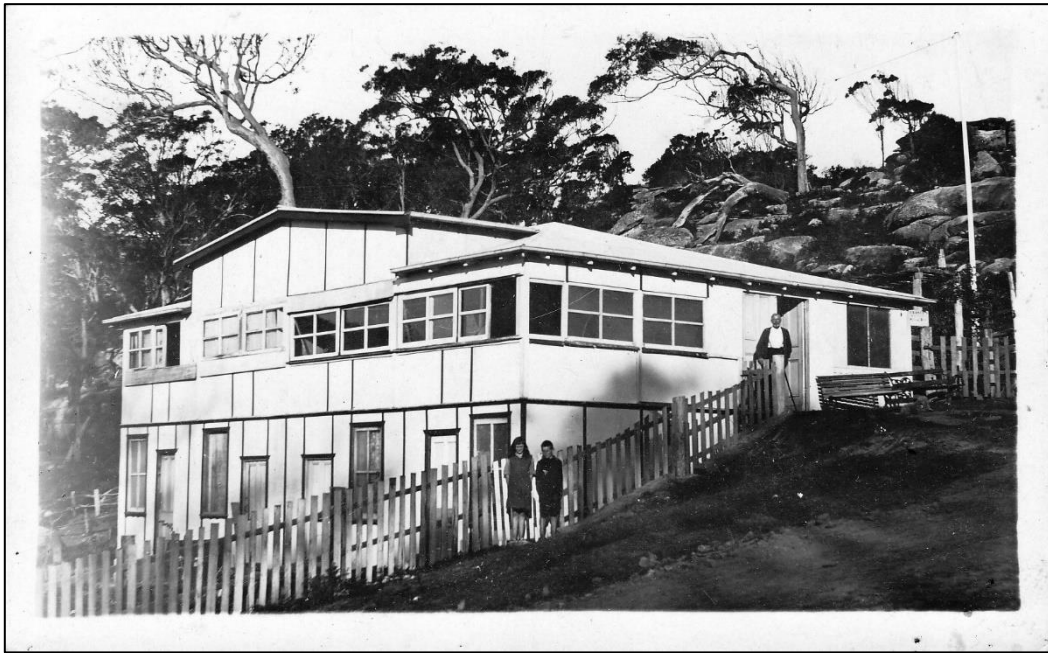
The photos belong to the Fraser Family Collection.

Bruce Fraser 2008

THE FRASERS OF KILLCARE ROAD

by Robyn Warburton

The demolition of the old Fraser home at the top of Killcare Road, Killcare in 1973 prompted local resident and friend, Bette Young, to think about the passing of an era - the old time folk and the fact that this was one of the first homes to be built in Killcare. Thomas and Martha Jane Fraser and their children, Eileen, Charles and Andy, were among the most well-known and prominent people of the peninsula. Bette's original story was published in the Express Advocate on October 24, 1973. Spurred on by this, Thelma Fraser, wife of Charles (deceased), and her son, John Fraser, sat down one day in April, 2009, to write the story of the Frasers as they remembered it. Mary McKinney's story of Real Estate on the peninsula provided more information. Robyn Warburton has blended the various sources to tell the story of the Frasers of Killcare Road.



The Fraser house at the top of the hill, No 27 Killcare Road

Thomas and Martha Jane (Doll, to her friends) married in 1884 and operated a grocery shop in Artarmon, Sydney, until Thomas's health forced them to retire to the quieter life of Killcare. After retiring, Mr and Mrs Fraser purchased 32 acres (part of the *Killcare Woy Woy Estate*), consisting of three adjoining blocks, thirty-two acres in all, from Arthur Rickard on 1 January 1916 and built their home at 27 Killcare Road, Killcare. They were ably assisted by a family friend of Mr Fraser, James Irwin, who was a steward on board the ship *Colac* which travelled the world. He was very affectionately called 'Daddy Jim' by the family.

Their large tract of land was comparatively virgin bushland. The trees had to be felled by Thomas himself and hand-cut into piers for the foundations of the house. It wasn't long before they built the house and retired there. As further additions to the home became necessary, more trees were felled. Joe Childs was the builder mainly responsible for the additions.

As electricity did not arrive in Killcare until many years later, house lighting at night was by homemade candles or the inevitable kerosene lamps of the era. Because there was a paddock for cattle and the means to grow vegetables, they believed they could make a life at Killcare.

Mr and Mrs Fraser didn't have children of their own, so they adopted three children, Eileen, Charles and Andy, most probably from the Kincumber Orphanage. Another child was adopted nicknamed 'Big Andy' but the story of 'Big Andy' has been lost in history and none of the family was aware of his subsequent life. Eileen was the oldest, followed by Charles who was born in 1914. Andy was much younger and a later addition to the family. Charlie didn't ever talk about his origins. His wife, Thelma, and his children knew that he was born in Marrickville but little else. However, on occasion he liked to visit the church at South Kincumber, if there was an event such as a fete taking place, so it seemed as if there was a vestige of interest in the orphanage there.



Charles and Andy Fraser

Andy, on the other hand, was very interested in finding his parentage and managed to discover that his mother was living with his half-sister who did much to discourage him in his quest. They lived on the Arterial Road at St Ives. He tried again late in life to no avail. Looking back, Thelma said, there was a time when Andy and his mother were only four doors apart. Andy had come to live with her and John at St Ives and Andy's mother was a patient in the Lady Margaret Orthopaedic Hospital just down the street. A sad irony.

To begin with there were no shops in the Killcare district, and all supplies, mainly produce, were purchased by auction on Market Day, which was Thursday, at Gosford. The auctions were conducted by Mr. Buscombe.

On Thursdays everyone went to Gosford. It was the only entertainment of the week. Other supplies of staple foods were brought from Sydney by the steamships, *Erina* and *Gosford Star*, and if the steamers failed to arrive, the Frasers and other residents went without.

The three children were always well fed, clothed and disciplined with a family motto, ‘Idle Hands Make Mischief’. In return for a good family life, the children were all expected to work, and were maybe a little overworked at times. When Charles was about twelve years old, he was required to bring the milking cows back from the Frasers’ land, now known as Killcare Heights, and milk them.

Mrs Fraser used to measure out the milk into buckets which Eileen had to deliver down the road to those people who purchased milk from them. Eileen was only of small stature and this task was very taxing. In later life Eileen used to tell the story of her milk delivery; occasionally, towards the end of her deliveries if she thought she had insufficient milk to satisfy her customers’ needs, she would go into someone’s yard and add a little water to the bucket!

It was well-known that Mrs Fraser expected the children to finish their chores in the given time AND meet her high standards. Often, they would have to do a job for the second time.

On Market Day she would leave them to scrub the floor while she went to Gosford. If the little ‘tests’ she had planted were not disturbed, she would make Eileen and Charles scrub the floor again.

Eileen and Charles were forbidden to go to the beach. Ina Young from Balmain was a good friend of Mrs Fraser and visited often. Feeling sorry for the children, she brought them each a swimming costume. One Market Day, the ladies went to town; Eileen and Charles donned the ‘cossies’ and had a lovely time, swimming in the pool, adjacent to the wharf at Killcare. The cossies were still damp when they put them back in the drawer. Most unfortunately for them, Auntie Ina decided she wanted to see whether the costumes still fitted the children, and their escapade was discovered.



Looking down Killcare Road, from the Frasers’ house, towards the wharf and swimming pool. Photo: Arthur House

Eileen recalled that when the home at Killcare was first built, the roads or tracks that existed were of red clay. In particular, she remembered an enormous cave to the right of the house which was eventually blasted for road making.

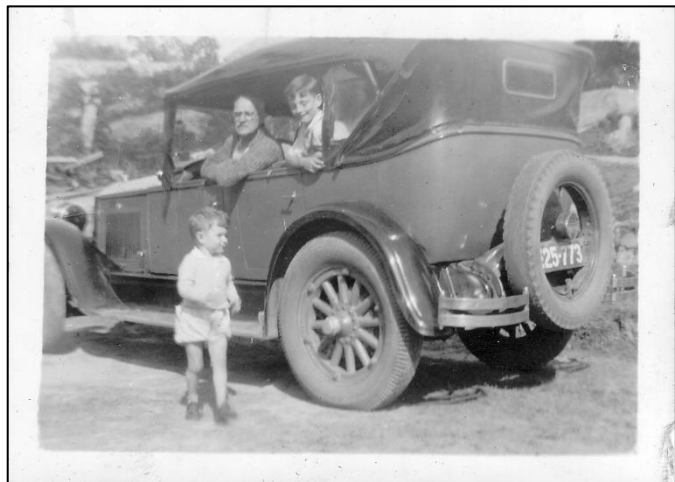
Once the Fraser house was built, it became synonymous with 'Good Will' due to the wonderful hospitality visitors received there. It was variously known as Frasers Dairy, Frasers Guest House, Frasers Catering and Frasers Restaurant. As nobody in need of either food or shelter was ever turned away, it could well have been called Frasers Private Hotel. Mrs Fraser, a wonderful cook, used to sell Devonshire Teas with homemade scones, cream and jam. Charles used to make real ice cream in an old-fashioned wood churn. Naturally, the milk and cream came from the Frasers' dairy, which they started with six cows. Mrs Fraser used to also make the most delicious fruit cakes called 'Pound Cakes' because of the measurement of the ingredients

They used what produce they could grow themselves: fish caught locally and the occasional bird, hunted and shot, for a succulent game pie. Beans were grown for many years. The favourite pet of the Fraser children was a five-foot goanna, which to their delight, their dad fed by hand every morning.

Eileen recalled vividly that one could walk anywhere in the district and gather wildflowers; waratahs, rock lilies, Christmas bells, bottle brush and flannel flowers, with no law against picking them in those days.

In 1926 progress came to the peninsula. The bullock track to Gosford was turned into a road of sorts, naturally still red clay. (It was not until 1959 that the road was sealed).

The weekly trip to market, made in the T Model Ford, became not only the only entertainment but a kind of Bush Telegraph service. It stopped on the way in, at every home between Killcare and Gosford. The Frasers took messages in and brought messages and mail out.



Tom Fraser, Charles and Andy in one of the cars.

Eileen also vividly remembered that in wet weather it was necessary to put chains on the tyres of the Ford for the trip to Gosford. Particularly hazardous, was the run down the 'Serpentine', due to the roads being almost impassable with mud and clay. Thelma recalled a short-cut, via Warri Road, taken by Mr Fraser in order to bypass The Serpentine.

In 1927, Pretty Beach School was opened, thus making the progress to and from school less arduous.

The three children started their schooling at Pretty Beach Public School and went on to Gosford High School. As Charles used to tell the story; getting to High School each day was a feat in itself.

He used to leave home at 7.00 am to walk, or sometimes be driven, to Wagstaffe from where Mr Jones rowed them to Ettalong to catch a bus to Gosford High School. Charles enjoyed his studies and was devastated when Mrs Fraser made him leave school to start work doing various jobs in the area. He must have come to enjoy working for 'Doc' Martin who later wrote a glowing reference for him which Charles treasured all his life.

Also in 1927, the Frasers were the proud owners of the first crystal radio set in Killcare, and later a radio with a cabinet handmade by Jack Young, Bette's cousin who also made the surf club's first reel. It was most interesting to find that Eileen still had the original cabinet built by Jack in her home at Crows Nest.

When the road to Gosford was constructed, it divided the Fraser's thirty-two acres into two portions, the top piece being of 22 acres. The ever-thrifty Martha decided the land was not worth paying rates on. Thereafter Eileen took over the rates until she sold the acreage to N&K Developments sometime later in the 1960s. An advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* of May 1964, states that 'land at Killcare is just across from Barrenjoey, yet a million miles from care' and 'view holiday land with surfing beach and calm Brisbane Water half a mile apart'. The land was priced from one hundred and forty-five pounds – full price for a block of land. Bette wrote in 1973: It is interesting to note, that had the land remained in her possession, it would at current prices, be worth well in excess of one million dollars.

The Fraser's home, as previously mentioned, was famous for its hospitality, especially Martha and daughter Eileen's cooking. Scones and fresh cream were a specialty as well as an unusual type of confection in those days. In those days it was not unusual to see cows, either belonging to the Frasers or the Fords, wandering around all over the district and woe betide the child who left a gate open, thus allowing the cows to wander into properties and eat the gardens.

The conception of the Killcare Surf Life Saving Club and building of the clubhouse in 1934 was recalled with amusement by Charles. One of the founders, 'Doc' Martin, paid Charlie's yearly subscription of two shillings, and when the list of members appeared in the local papers, Charles well recalls his mother putting him on the mat to find out whether he came by the money honestly.

He also remembers once as a child, remarkably, having nine-pence, and spending days and weeks wondering what on earth one could buy with such an enormous amount of money. Bette remembers in later years, having spent one penny on a sugar bag of violets in the Gosford Auction, being thoroughly scolded by her Uncle Dave Mac for wasting money on such a ridiculous thing. She knew how Charles felt about the value of hard-earned money. She also found it difficult to imagine anyone actually bending and stooping to pick a sugar bag of violets and then have them sold for one penny.

Although they were strictly brought up, at night the entertainment was well and truly on at the old house. The house vibrated with songs and hymns around the piano, and the playing of bagpipes.

As in most homes of the period, the Bible was read by father prior to an early bedtime. At Christmas time, a friend of the Frasers, Sarah McIlwraith, and her husband Dave gave a party for all of the children of the district, with 'Pop' Jervis standing in for Santa.

But, as the majority of the people of Killcare were either first-or second-generation Scots, the big night of the year was New Year's Eve and many were the parties held then, at the Fraser home. Eventually, trees were felled down near the Killcare Wharf and a space cleared by the residents for the party. Thereafter, the men and boys spent most of New Year's Eve gathering firewood for an enormous bonfire. After dusk on New Year's Eve, the fire would be lit and the crackers and fireworks went off all night, until daybreak, accompanied all the while, by the sound of the bagpipes and the local folk dancing around the bonfire which always seemed to last all night too. It was a spectacle which Bette saw herself many times in her childhood and found very memorable.

The Fraser ladies, Mrs McIlwraith, and Dave Mac's sisters, Mesdames Young, Turnbull, and Wardrop and many others, ensured that there were plenty of goodies to eat, and soft refreshments.

Bette then went on to talk about the children of Thomas and Doll. Although Charles left home first, it wasn't long after his departure from Killcare that his sister Eileen also left. She went to Artarmon in Sydney to begin employment as a nursemaid for a family who took her with them to Melbourne.



Eileen Percival at Crows Nest.

On her return to Sydney, she met and married Sidney Percival and together raised a son, Ronald. Not long after, Sid was shipped overseas to serve in WW2 and Eileen worked as a housekeeper for a family at Cremorne Point in Sydney.

She boarded with a family friend, Mrs Stewart, at Mosman. The tram fare from Mosman to Cremorne was twopence and sometimes, to conserve her budget, Eileen used to walk the distance.

Sid returned, still intact, from WW2 with a magnificent head of curly, black hair. They lived their lives in a charming house, a 'doll's house', at No.11 Devonshire Street, Crows Nest.

Sid worked on the North Sydney Council for many years while Eileen was employed, for a short while, at a local greengrocer's shop.

Their son, Ron and his wife June, had three children, Mark, Gary and Narelle. Sid passed away on 24 April 1985, and Eileen passed away a few years later.

John, (son of Charles), remembered visiting as a child and every time he was admonished to be quiet. Sid was an avid punter and it seemed to John that the radio, broadcasting the races, took precedence over the visitors. Also remembered, was Sid's shock of curly black hair. Sid was rather vain about his hair and if complimented, he would touch his finger to his tongue and give his temple a proud little pat.

Charles left home after a serious disagreement with Mrs Fraser and walked bare footed to Scone in NSW to join a friend of his and obtain work. He had only a change of clothes with him and slept under bridges along the way. At one point on his trip a stranger, seeing the size of Charles, gave him 5 shillings with the advice he should keep it in his pocket to avoid being judged a vagrant. When he arrived at Scone, he couldn't find his friend but found work clearing scrub land. He worked for ten shillings (\$1) per week 'all found', working six full days a week with only eight hours free time on his day off. From here he moved on to Peak Hill, where the harvest was underway; he obtained work loading large, heavy bags of wheat onto drays for 1 shilling a bag.

He was asked if he could handle a team of horses to which he replied that he could, although he had never handled anything more than the one horse which he used to ride. Charles was a big, very strong man by this time and could handle whichever job he set his mind to. After work at Peak Hill cut out, he moved on to Glen Rock Station, near Barrington Tops in NSW, which was managed at that time by Dooley Hearn. Charles was employed doing farm equipment maintenance including repairing windmills. At this time, he commenced study to become a station bookkeeper which required him to study at night by candlelight after his station duties were completed.



Charles worked with this team of horses at Moree.

Also, whilst at Glen Rock he learnt to drive and being a non-drinker, he was chosen to drive the truck with the other station hands for outings to the hotel at Moonan Flats, at the base of Barrington Tops. There the men could enjoy a drink of beer, knowing they would arrive home ‘in one piece.’

At Glen Rock he made friends with Dick Bedser and the friendship endured for a lifetime. After leaving Glen Rock Station, Charles moved to Mr Sinclair’s property at Moree, where he worked at various aspects of station life including wheat harvesting and sheep work. Over time he gained experience in station work and he became competent at handling teams of horses or mobs of cattle.

During his time at Moree, he was able to finish his bookkeeping studies and progress to studying accountancy with Hemingway and Robinson. His old textbooks from that period are still kept in his office as keep sakes. He remembered being photographed with his cousin, Jean Johnson, at the Royal Easter Show, nervously waiting for his exam results. He need not have worried as his results were in the high 90% range.

Whilst in Sydney at this time he saw a newspaper advertisement for a station bookkeeper position at Red Hill Station, Adjungbilly (near Gundagai). The station was owned by Herbert Fields Pty Ltd at that time. During his tenure at Red Hill, he met his future wife, Thelma Cassidy, from *Lyndhurst*, Adjungbilly.

Thelma recalled their meeting. Because her father worked at the station, the family was allocated a ration of meat each week. The children took it in turns to go to the homestead, *Cotway*, to collect the allocated meat. It was Thelma’s turn and as she approached the house on her horse, she saw a mob of Hereford cattle being driven by a couple of young men. One of them called out, “Did someone tell her?”



The next time she went, she was greeted by the message, “The accountant wants you to go to the office.” Charles was the ‘accountant’. They began to chat about what they liked to do, and Thelma asked him to go to the local dance. It didn’t matter that he had ‘two left feet’.

Their courtship began with the dance. They played tennis and went riding together at the weekends. Sometimes they went to Gundagai for a meal. The outings continued until the time came when Charles had to return to the city to finish his studies. He said, “I’m coming back for you one day.”

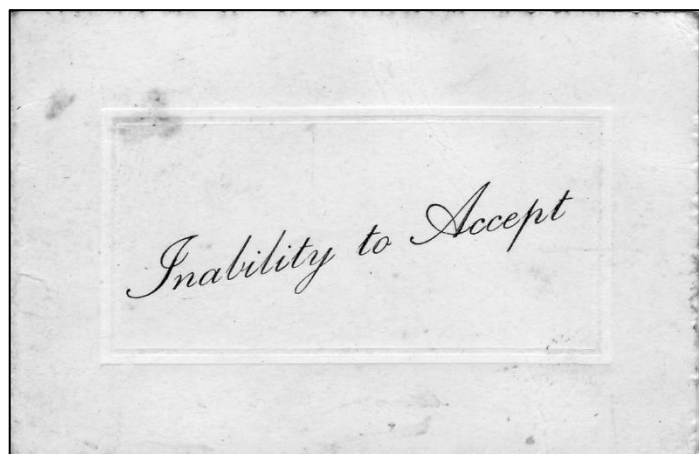
Wedding Day: Charles Fraser and Thelma Cassidy.

He sent her letters and gifts throughout the time of their separation. When, at last, he returned to ask for her hand in marriage, she told him she didn't think she would make anybody a good wife because of the bouts of rheumatic fever she had suffered. In his disappointment he threw down the little box he was carrying.

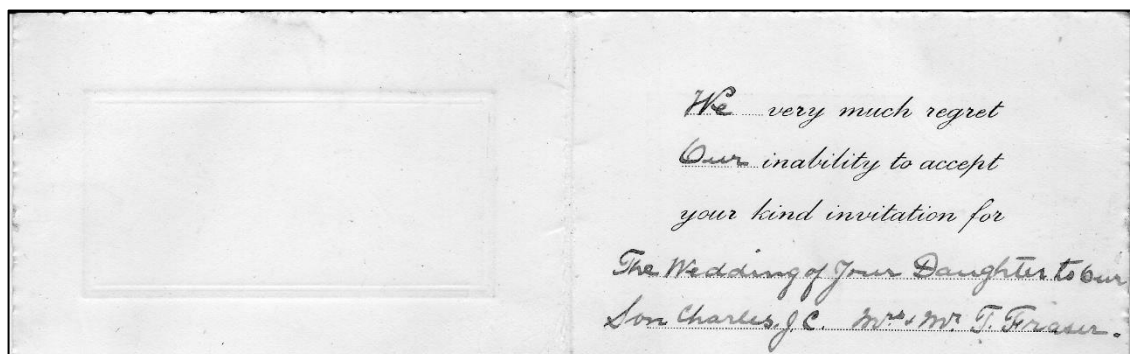
Thelma saw reason and the box was retrieved. It contained a ring from Sam Lands in Sydney and would have cost Charles his wages for two or three weeks.

Charles was Presbyterian but Thelma, who was Catholic, wanted to be married in the 'beautiful, little church' at Adjungbilly, which she had always attended. It was built of galvanized iron and looked 'like a shed' but Thelma loved it. It was replaced by a bigger, better church a short time after she left. Their wedding was a joyous occasion, attended by their families and friends.

Mr and Mrs Fraser were not in good health at the time of the wedding and would have found the long journey very taxing. They sent the 'Inability to Accept' card, pictured here.



The 'Inability to Accept' card, sent by
Mr and Mrs Fraser.



Charles and Thelma honeymooned at Collaroy, north of Sydney, in the cottage belonging to Martha Fraser's brother. They, then, went to Killcare for the following weekend. Thelma went, with 'fear and trembling' because she had not met Mr and Mrs Fraser as they were unable to make the journey to Adgungbilly for the wedding. The picture at right was taken at the top of Killcare Road outside the Frasers' house.



Charlie Fraser, with boomerang, at the top of Killcare Road. It was their honeymoon.

The boomerang belonged to Charlie's father and ended up in a tree. It was retrieved with great difficulty. Thelma believed it was still to be found in her house somewhere.

Following their marriage, Charles and Thelma lived at Neutral Bay in Sydney. Charles worked at Wynchcombe Carson, Pyrmont. Thelma said John was her twenty-first birthday present and in the years which followed Charles and Thelma went on to have a family of three sons and two daughters.



Andy and Jan's engagement party. From left: Sidddy and Eileen Percival, Charles Fraser, Andy Fraser, Jan's brother, Jan, Jan's father, Thelma Fraser, Jan's mother.

When Andy left school, he obtained employment at Mr Holwell's bakery at Pretty Beach. He worked later at the Orange Orchard at Green Point, riding bareback on his horse to and from his work. It was also his task to help Lance Frost cart wood for the Fraser house.

Andy joined the Army in the mid-1950s as a plant operator in the Engineer Corps during which time he severely hurt his back in an accident. He spent some time in Sydney Hospital; the injury left him in pain for the rest of his life.

During subsequent employment at Rosehill Racecourse, Andy met his future wife, Jan, and they were married in Sydney to later raise two sons, Darryl and Glen. Due to his pain from his injury Andy was forced to change employment and became a lift operator in a Sydney building. He and Jan unfortunately parted, and Andy passed away on 31 July 1998.

'Daddy Jim' Irwin was an important member of the Fraser household for many years. Mr Irwin used to tell the most interesting stories of his childhood in England and his travels. His mother was very poor but also very mean. When sago pudding is made with water it is blue and very unappetizing. She made it this way for Jim's breakfast. If he didn't eat it, it would still be there for his lunch. He left home at eleven years of age and made his own way in the world. His first job was running messages on the docks. Listening to his stories, names of exotic ports rolled off his tongue: Rio de Janeiro and Valparaiso as well as lots of other ports his ship visited. In some of these ports a lot of his shipmates died from Yellow Fever and he often wondered when it would be his turn. Mr Irwin would always visit Killcare whenever his ship berthed at Newcastle. He would catch the train to Woy Woy and the ferry across the water. He would always bring presents for the Fraser children, probably the only presents they ever received.



'Daddy Jim' Irwin

When James Irwin, 'Daddy Jim', finally left his life at sea, he retired to Killcare to live with Martha and Tom Fraser. He would help with the cooking and household tasks. Eileen, Charles and Andy and their families came often for visits. Thelma recalled it was only weekends at Killcare for her family because Charles rarely took time off work. This would have been 'a lovely period' in their lives. The children got to know their grandparents and 'Daddy Jim.' They went to the beach and explored the area. Thelma remembered the wonderful roast dinners served for Sunday lunch. Jim bought Tom's first car and owned property in conjunction with Mrs Fraser.

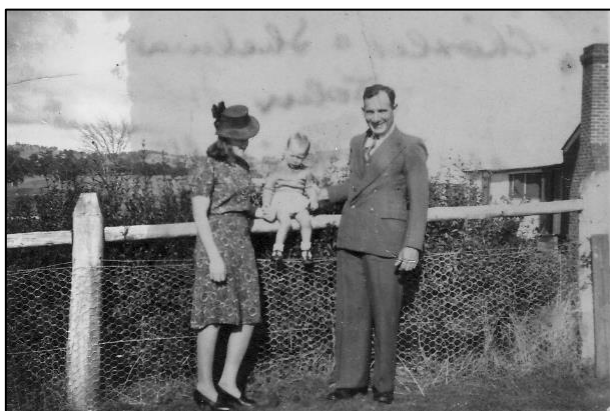
When Mrs Fraser became ill 'Daddy Jim' cared for her with the help of the District Nurse, Peggy Holland. She suffered hallucinations which the family found disturbing. During the period of her illness, Eileen and Thelma took turns to stay at the house and help care for her. Mrs Fraser passed away at home at Killcare on 1 July 1953.

It was not long after this date that 'Daddy Jim' became ill himself and was moved to the Princess Juliana Hospital and subsequently to Crows Nest where Eileen Percival cared for him. Thelma on occasions helped care for him there. He was suffering from tuberculosis. Thelma recalled the day the doctor came and said he must go to the hospital. Eileen left the room crying. 'Daddy Jim' asked Thelma to wash his feet and he gave her wads of pound notes, kept in the drawer by his bed. The money was for his burial. 'Daddy Jim' passed away at North Shore Hospital on 3 May 1959.

He was remembered as a beautiful person and a great storyteller. He was a beautifully spoken man with a soft, gentle voice. He would gather the children and later the grandchildren around him and tell wonderful tales of his eventful life. A lasting memory John has of 'Daddy Jim', is looking up at him as he stood on the stone-flagged floor of the kitchen, sporting the big-buckled, wide leather belt that he always wore.

Tom Fraser lived on at the house by himself. When his health began to fail, Charles tried to encourage him to go to a nursing home in Sydney. Tom wouldn't hear of it. One day, Charles farewelled him, promising to return next week. Tom passed away overnight. Leaving Killcare would have been too much to bear.

After the death of Mr and Mrs Fraser, the house was used by fisherman and the family came for holidays sometimes. Thelma recalled coming with her friend, Sadie, and having to clean up and get the house in order so they could holiday there. The family also remembered staying at two other houses Charles owned at Killcare.



Thelma and Charles with first-born son, John,
at Red Hill.



Putty Beach: Charles and Thelma with
John and Ian, holidaying at Killcare.

The old house gradually fell into disrepair. Bette found it terribly sad to see the old home deteriorate and eventually be demolished. She remembered it as a home that rang with laughter and warmth. She found it sad too, to see the passing of the two original Frasers, those wonderful, memorable people.

Charles and Thelma had five children, John, Ian, Mary-Anne, Margaret and Peter. John, the eldest, and his wife Mary had three daughters, Lisa, Kelly and Traci-Ann.

Eldest daughter, Mary-Ann, married Jim Wickham and their children are Alexandra and Geraldine.

Ian married Dorothy (Loui) Shenks and had Scott and Emily.



Thelma Fraser with baby daughter Margaret



Mary-Ann Fraser at East Lindfield, just before she started nursing career.

The youngest daughter, Margaret, remained unmarried, and often spent her holidays with mum and dad at Killcare.

Youngest son Peter at the time the article was written (1973) was in Perth, having helped his father and the construction workers to put in the new road on the Fraser Hill.

Eileen and her husband, Sid Percival, had one son Ron. Ron and his wife June had three children, Mark, Gary and Narelle. Andy, who served with the Australian Army, married Jan, and they had two sons, Glen and Darryl.



Two photos of Charles Fraser:
businessman in Sydney.



Charles was a self-made man. He was always very interested in furthering his education from the earliest time when he studied book-keeping on the property at Singleton, until he established his accountancy practice in Sydney. With the business located in Sydney, Charles conducted an accountancy practice of his own for many years. Many of his clients were the owners of Chinese restaurants. When pressed, Thelma conceded that he was probably a ‘workaholic’. He worked very hard for all of the years he was in business in Sydney.



The house at No. 46 Araluen Drive.

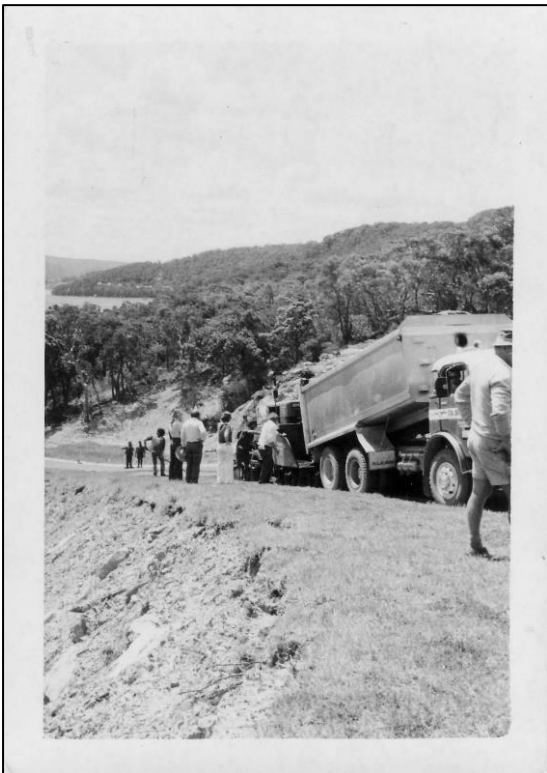


'Lord of all he surveys' reads the caption on this photo.

He knew that when the time came, he would retire to Killcare but first he wanted to sub-divide the land he had acquired.

The real estate agent, Neville Hazzard, rang Charles to tell him that land at No. 46 Araluen Drive, Killcare was available for sale. This block gave access to his other land, and he was able to go ahead with the new estate.

His acquisition of land at Killcare led to the sub-division. There was no provision for Charles in his mother's will. She may very well have thought having a successful business in the city meant he could fend for himself. Eileen saw the injustice and divided the piece that she inherited, so that Charles had something. He then proceeded to buy Andy's land and several other blocks. Martha Jane Avenue in Killcare was sub-divided in two stages by Charlie Fraser in 1972 an



Road base delivered to Martha Jane Avenue



Building Martha Jane Avenue; pouring the hot tar.

To begin with the family prepared the land. John recalled taking on the job of clearing a block when he was a teenager. His father arrived to find him neglecting his chore. John was enjoying the company of a girlfriend, which did not go over very well. Peter, too, worked on the construction of the road.

Gosford Council approved the name, Martha-Jane Avenue, for the new road on the Fraser Estate which was sub-divided and advertised for sale in 1973. Charles's naming the new road on the new Fraser Estate, Martha-Jane Avenue, was a tribute to his mother. Charles placed a caveat on the sale of the blocks. He decreed that only brick houses were to be built.

After conducting the accountancy practice for many years, when the time came to retire, he and Thelma knew Killcare was the place for them. They lived at 46 Araluen Drive. He was active in many community groups which included being Patron of Killcare Surf Club and Treasurer of the Garden Club.

He had a magnificent vegetable and flower garden, as well as a very impressive cymbidium orchid collection. He also had his own beehives which produced delicious honey.

Charles was very interested in all things Scottish. His interest began as a child with the New Year's Eve parties, organised by Mr and Mrs McIlwraith and held at Killcare. When they lived in Sydney, Charles took his family to the New Year celebrations at the Showground. Thelma remembers the throwing of the caber. Charles passed away on 27 August 1995. He loved the bagpipes so his son, Ian, arranged for a bagpiper to play at his funeral.



Thelma visiting Sydney.

Charles didn't ever find the time to visit Scotland. However, Thelma and Peter travelled to Edinburgh and saw quite a lot of the country in a hired car. As they stood on the border of England and Scotland they wondered, "Why isn't Charles here?"

Thelma Fraser is an important member of the community. Aged 87 in 2009 and still going strong except for her eyes, Thelma has a busy life, surrounded by family and friends. Peter lives with his mother, still in the house at 46 Araluen Drive, Killcare and does what he can to help her. Thelma suffers macular degeneration and finds losing her sight very frustrating.

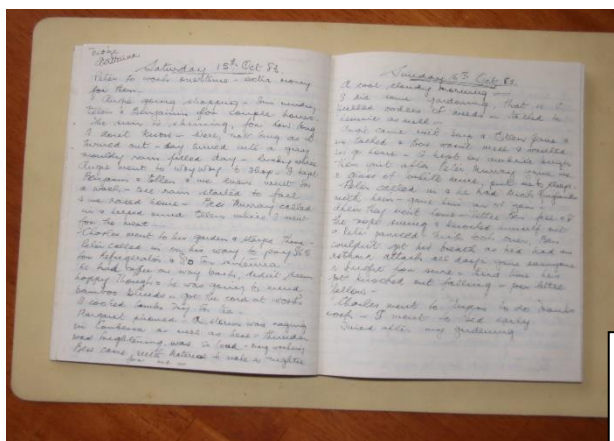


Thelma when she was a young woman.

Thelma was born on September 2, 1921 and raised in Adjungbilly. Her father worked on Red Hill Station. He drove the bullock wagon, carrying the wool from the sheep station to the railway at Tumut. She had a happy childhood and girlhood. She attended Adjungbilly Public School.

She liked to go riding, play tennis and dance. She was happily courted by Charles when he worked nearby and following their marriage she moved with him to Sydney's North Shore, where their children were born and schooled. Life was comfortable. Holidays were spent at Killcare, where she developed an affection and respect for Mr and Mr Fraser and 'Daddy Jim.' Thelma says although Mrs Fraser may have had a reputation for being a hard woman, she found her to be very kind and very hospitable. The years passed and her children grew up and established their own lives. Eventually retirement time arrived.

To begin with, Thelma was unhappy about leaving her friends and social activities in Sydney when they re-located to Killcare. However, it didn't take long before she was happily involved in the various activities on the peninsula: Red Cross, the Friday Friendship Club and the South Bouddi Group. Her house is very comfortable, well-designed and attractive. It had been owned previously by Ken and Hazel Johnson who operated the marina across the road. They had had the house renovated. The builder was Stan Woods.



Thelma has a large box full of exercise books which turn out to be diaries. She has written, on a daily basis, the happenings of her family and life at Killcare. There is a record of the weather, the births, birthdays and important days that were celebrated as well as some very sad occasions.

Opened page of diary dated, Aug '83 to Feb '84

Photo: Robyn Warburton.

Thelma cooked and cleaned, gardened and kept hens, minded grandchildren, welcomed visitors and visited friends. No doubt if one were to peruse her diaries very closely, there would be a record of significant local events, contained in the pages as well. Her life is no longer as busy with domestic tasks but is quite fulfilling with outings and the visits of a close and loving family.



Thelma and Friday Friendship friends celebrate with lunch.



Thelma, aged 87, at home at Killcare

Photo: Robyn Warburton

Photographs in the story are from the Fraser family collection unless otherwise acknowledged.

Robyn Warburton 2008

MEG (MARGARET) FROMEL

by Helen Warliker



Mutton bird in flight by Meg Fromel

Meg Fromel and Helen Warliker are sisters so we have encouraged them to write a brief Bouddi Bio about each other in the style of the 'The Two of Us' in Saturday's Herald Good Weekend Magazine. Meg's story about Helen is in Volume 4 of 'Bouddi Bios'.

Helen and Meg share an interest in writing verse, and we have included two of their poems in each of their stories.

Meg is also a painter and we have included her paintings in both contributions.

After the death of her husband, Meg followed Terry and me (Helen) to Killcare in 1987, buying a house near the beach which is important to her. Still unsettled, she returned to Mt Wilson in 1988 for 18 months and later to Blackheath in 1992 for 6 months. Since then and until recently she would threaten to move to Katoomba where she also has a house. However, with increasing age (she is now 80) her restlessness seems to have left her.

Since Terry's death in 1995, she and I have grown closer and perhaps more dependent on each other. While we share common interests and activities, our lifestyles are different, and we could never live under the same roof!

Meg's consistent interest here has been bushwalking with the National Parks Association, and this involvement has led her to India, Nepal, Tasmania, Queensland and Alice Springs as well as north and south of Sydney. She has also been to New Zealand to walk and to Canada to visit relatives.

Painting has been a lifelong occupation, beginning with the East Sydney Tech Art School. She has also had exhibitions. She has recorded her Blue Mountains and Alice Springs

walks with paintings, and just recently has been doing maps and small paintings of her walks in Bouddi and Brisbane Water National Parks. Music is also important to her.



She took up the flute again and had lessons for some years at Gosford Conservatorium. Occasionally she would join Win Fenson and me in a trio.

She is an inveterate chatterer! She can get people talking. At the Maitland Bay Centre she manages to have conversations with almost every visitor.

She is the ultimate recycler, never wastes anything and is always mending or remaking something. She usually makes her own Christmas and birthday cards. Her house is awash with colourful paintings and mats.

She keeps irregular hours, often waking in the middle of the night to read or write letters. She reads a lot and has an enquiring mind. She is totally unpredictable, doesn't like to commit herself and changes her mind. However, once she has made an appointment she will keep it, usually arriving ahead of time.

An unorthodox person, she is known to family and friends as eccentric. However, she has always loyally supported me through 'thick and thin', always looking out for me. I couldn't wish for a better sister.

Springtime in Killcare

I am sitting on my deck, in the morning sun,
Listening to the birds and children on the run
To the nearby beach with their boards and bikes,
And sometimes sprightly walkers
Making long bush hikes.
The mallee gum's in flower
The wild geranium too,
The scented pitt-o-sporum
The red callistemon.

It's springtime in Killcare

Summer's not far away and
People come from far and wide
To spend a holiday,
And families bring their children
Who love the sandy bay,
Whilst older ones move to the
coast
their homes and stay.

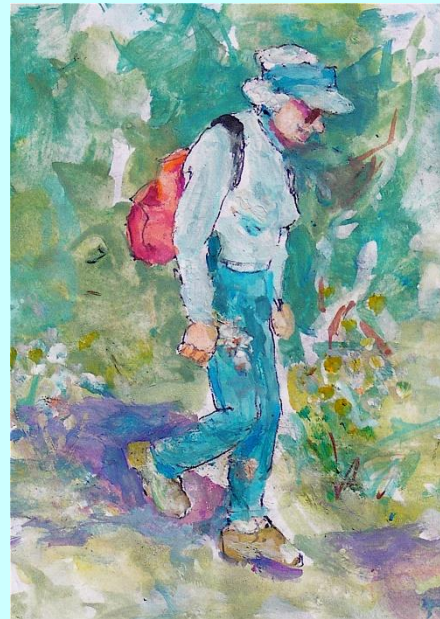
It's springtime in Killcare



To build

From 'The Girl from Killcare'

The girl from Killcare who came down from the hills
Where life was much slower without any frills,
Took to walking on beaches and wide sandy bays
Through forests and palm groves and steep mountain
ways,
Travelling by car, train, ferry or bus,
Her way to these walks got longer and worse
And growing much older in years all the time
She took to her pen to write poetry and verse.
In Darky's old house surrounded by trees
With a glimpse of the sea and an easterly breeze
Not far from the beach within easy reach.



Built of fibro and wood on good solid earth

(The land was valued at very high worth!)
She lived in this house called 'Sunny' for years

Until new neighbours came with machines and ideas,

Who developed both sides, which reduced her to
tears.

Her privacy ruined plus her drainage at rear

And apart from the noise, she lived in great fear.

But she thought it all over for wherever she went

She would carry her doubts 'til her days were all
spent

So she decided to stay for some time or more

With the sound of the sea and the waves on the shore.



EVA FULTON

told by BARRY and ROBYN FULTON

Long-time resident of Killcare, Eva Fulton, celebrated her one hundredth birthday on November 14, 2007. Eva is a bright happy lady who looks back on her life as being rich in love and fulfillment. Supported by her son, Barry, in 2009, she still lives at home in Killcare.



Eva Fulton aged 100 Photo: Robyn Warburton

Eva was born in Marrickville, NSW, in 1907. Initially her parents owned a mixed business, a shop in Randwick and that is where Eva went to Primary and High School. When she left school at fourteen, her parents moved to Sydney's north shore. They bought a mixed business, a shop at Lane Cove. Her mother took care of the business while her father drove a taxi at Crows Nest. Her father's name was James Mandel Dickson but he was known by his nick-name, 'Sugar'. He was a well-known character in the taxi business, popular with the other drivers, the customers and local businesspeople. The family holidayed at Woy Woy twice every year.

Eva grew up in a close, loving family. After leaving school she worked in the family's shop. Jack Fulton worked in a grocery shop nearby and in spite of having cigarettes on hand, he insisted on crossing the road to buy them from Eva. Jack also helped Eva when she worked in the kiosk, run by her parents, at the local picture theatre.

Romance blossomed and Eva and Jack were married on August 27, 1927. Eva fell pregnant with Hilton and moved to various north shore suburbs, following Jack's work with the Main Roads Board – building the Pacific Highway. Hilton was followed by Barry (1931) and Beverley (1933). It was the time of the Great Depression.

During the Depression years Jack tried a few jobs without great success. At one point he was a milk carter and Eva remembers receiving lampshades, blinds and cutlery in lieu of payment.

Jack gave that away too. Eventually he went to work for the Water Board, where he worked during the war and beyond. During the war years, he served with the Civil Construction Corp, working on projects such as Richmond Airstrip, Woronora Dam and Garden Island Graving Dock. When Jack's work took him away from home, Eva was left to look after the 'home front'.

Eva and her friends joined the War Effort, knitting socks, scarves and gloves to send to the soldiers overseas. They organised fund-raisers too. All sorts of 'turn-outs', including dances and balls, were held so that the women felt they were doing 'their bit'. The women met at Eva's house weekly and formed a strong bond of friendship which lasted beyond the war years. The offspring of these women, their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, are still regular visitors to the cottage at Killcare.

Eva was a wonderful wife, mother and housekeeper. She was always buying something to improve their situation. The 'cash-order' man, selling goods on time-payment, was a regular visitor. She was never out of debt but managed to keep up the instalments. Barry remembers, "... as kids we were always well-fed and clothed neatly." Baby-boomer Robyn, born in 1947 and Eva and Jack's fourth child, surprised the family with her late arrival. Jack left the discipline to Eva. As Barry puts it, "Jack didn't want any punishment to be dealt out. Dad would say...too late now. You should have handled the problem at the time." So she DID! Barry recalls terrific times at Narrabeen, Booker Bay and Tuggerah Lake with Eva's 'girlfriends' and their families. He remembers, "There would be four families, eight adults and a dozen kids, all shacked up in one house."

Later, for weekends and holidays, the family often visited Eva's sister, Nita. Nita, who moved to Hardys Bay in the mid-fifties, owned a house towards the point, in Araluen Drive, Hardys Bay. Holidays were spent walking and fishing, but it was Killcare Beach that was the biggest attraction. Eva and her family loved the beach. The 'Bogey Hole' was a safe place for young children and as they grew up, they enjoyed the surf beach. Barry also remembers his mother handling the finances of the boys until they got married, when their wives, 'the girls', took over.

The family's love for the Killcare area goes back a long way. When it came time to retire - where better? Jack and Eva had bought the cottage at Killcare in 1959 and retired there in 1962.

Sadly, not long afterwards, Jack, who had always been a smoker, was diagnosed with lung cancer. He died in 1964.



Young children playing in the 'bogey hole'

Persons are cautioned against alterations

C 217551

Scale: 80 Ft. to one inch.

NOTIFICATION REFERRED TO

Amongst the reservations and conditions contained in the Grant above referred to are reservations of minerals.

Roy W. Miles
Registrar General.

No. C 455085 TRANSFER dated 9th July 1936
from the said Catherine Mason to Adelaide
Amelia Mason of Sydney, New South Wales

Produced and entered 9th July 1936
at 5.15 p.m. o'clock in the forenoon.

Roy W. Miles
Registrar General.

No. 6214959 TRANSFER dated 10th November 1950
from the said Ethel Alberta Hutchinson to Johnathan
Coulter of Kilsnoe, Pennsylvania

Produced and entered 21st December 1950
at 5.00 p.m. o'clock in the forenoon.

J. H. Wells
Registrar General.

Eva Elsie Fulton of Lane Cove,
Married Woman, is
now the registered proprietor of the land within described.

See TRANSFER No. 4652266 dated 1st November 1950
Entered 1st December 1950.

Johnathan

The deeds to Eva's cottage. Eva's name can be seen on the bottom, right hand entry



A view of Killcare from above Grandview Crescent. Eva's cottage is middle, right



Eva's cottage, behind Granny's cottage
(middle left)

Barry remembers his mother as "...one who everyone came to; to seek help and understanding and although not interfering, she could help, with just understanding and sympathy for her friends and neighbours." Eva remembers good neighbours, such as the Drennens, who lived across the road. There was also Granny Webber next door, Jack Gibson, principal of Pretty Beach School and Mrs McKinnon, a schoolteacher. Ethel Curry, who was a spinster, lived on the corner of Putty Beach Drive and the laneway. Colleen Smith was also nearby.

Eva's cottage at No.18 Putty Beach Drive is tucked behind Granny's cottage (now a Bed and Breakfast Guest House). It is small but comfortable. Her grandsons liked to visit in their youth, bunking down on the floor, anywhere possible after surfing all day.

Eva continued to live in the cottage and became the magnet for all the family holidays. Her four children grew up and married and produced children of their own.

She entertained sixteen grandchildren who loved their holidays at Killcare and being taken to the beach by their grandmother.

She was famous for ‘managing’ the children. She didn’t put up with any nonsense or bad manners. When they became teenagers, they continued to come. The boys joined the Surf Club and would bunk down in the house at the weekends.

That generation also grew up and had children. Now Eva has twenty-nine great-grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren so there are five generations of Fultons who come together often, especially for celebrations. Eva’s one hundredth birthday party was a very important celebration.

Eva was quite an adventurer. Robyn recalls the stories of some of her mother’s adventures. Eva walked the Sydney Harbour Bridge on the day that it opened in 1932. She also flew with Kingsford Smith in the famous ‘*Southern Cross*’. At the ripe old age of 67, she travelled to England and Europe. At 91 she joined a bus tour from Perth to Darwin and was reportedly the life of the party. Robyn also sees the importance of remembering her mother’s love of people, travel, parties and life in general and that Eva can be quoted as saying, “They won’t get me without a fight; I’ll go kicking to the end.”

Eva still lives in her cottage at Killcare, cared for by her son, Barry. Although she is not so steady on her feet as she used to be and finds it difficult to follow conversation, she still is a bright spark and very willing to do what she can to help around the house. She still washes, irons and sweeps the leaves. She also continues to be very hospitable.

The family would like to dedicate a seat at Killcare Beach in memory of Eva’s love for her family, the beach visits and the hours she spent watching over the children there.

Acknowledgements: Robyn Warburton, who wrote the story would like to thank Eva Fulton for the interview in November, 2007. To celebrate Eva’s one hundredth birthday, the story KILLCARE SCORES DOUBLE CENTURY was published in *Talking Turkey*, the Wagstaffe to Killcare Community Association’ newsletter. Jim Fraser of Killcare also celebrated his one hundredth birthday in November and Eva’s friend, Colleen Smith, is to be thanked for the headline. Barry and Robyn Fulton were of great assistance in supplying the details of the story.

Photographs: courtesy of Barry Fulton

Barry and Robyn Fulton 2008

FAY GUNTHER'S PART IN PROGRESS

by Robyn Warburton

Fay Gunther bought the little cottage in Wagstaffe Avenue in 1996. She described it as 'a derelict wreck' which needed to be rebuilt entirely. She wished, however, to keep its original ambience. She believed it had been built during the time of the First World War on land that had been subdivided in 1906. The original 'derelict wreck' was transformed. It became a cottage of infinite charm, with a comfortable kitchen/living/dining area, two bedrooms, a bathroom and a small utility space at the back. Furnished with interesting items from times-gone-by, such as a dresser complete with blue and white china, the little weekender was always warmly welcoming and practical (and Fay was an excellent cook.). Many a decision has been made on her front verandah, an important meeting place.



Fay's cottage at 18 Wagstaffe Avenue

Fay soon became interested in local affairs. She joined Pretty Beach/Wagstaffe Progress Association (now Wagstaffe to Killcare Community Association after the name change in 2007). The election at the 1996 AGM produced a significant new person willing to take on an executive role. Fay Gunther became Vice-President of the Association. In 1997 the need for incorporation of the association was instigated and achieved by Fay. The Progress Association became an incorporated body on March 10, 1998. It meant the Association had become '...a force to be reckoned with' and that 'the members had entered a new era of Progress'.

From February 1998 until the AGM in May, Fay chaired the meetings in the absence of the elected president and so by default assumed the position which became official at the AGM.

Fay was President, Gwen Perrie was elected Secretary and Bill Gregor, Treasurer.

Hall restoration was on the agenda. Introduced by Fay, the first Trash and Treasure was held in 1998 to raise money for the refurbishment of Wagstaffe Hall. It has since become an annual and famous event held on Easter Saturday each year. The recycling concept has all parties winning. The residents are encouraged to have 'a clean-up' and donate their 'junk' to the sale. Their 'trash' becomes someone else's 'treasure'. When the doors open at 9.00am the crowd is ready to pounce on bargains.

How did the make-over begin? An offer of huge importance turned up - the chance to apply for a grant of money to improve the premises. Fay Gunther and Gwen Perrie saw the opportunity and prepared submissions. Two submissions for GCC Grants were lodged with Gosford City Council. Both were successful and there were others. Fay Gunther's contribution was already being felt. A rescue package was needed and an outstanding one was delivered. A recipe of imagination, innovation and hard work was called for and who better to produce it than the two forces that emerged on the Progress Association scene at that timely time - Fay Gunther and Gwen Perrie. Gwen had been a member of the Pretty Beach/Wagstaffe Progress Association since 1989 and Fay for a shorter time. Their commitment resulted in the total renovation of Wagstaffe Hall. It began with the demolition of the old toilets.



The ugly old toilets were the first to go!

Local surveyor, Jonathan Burke, surveyed the site and architect, Karen Burke, drew up detailed plans for the renovation and modernisation of the hall. The work began with the demolition of the old toilet block. Amazing to think now, that the toilets were built between the hall and the view of the bay. An eyesore. The Work for the Dole scheme was questioned but all in all it was appreciated because the business got underway quickly. Stage 1, the building of the new toilet block was completed. The work on the subsequent stages was then undertaken.



The projection box and front wall removed for the renovation.

Local tradesmen, such as John McLean seen in the photo below, offered their services and were happy to contribute their skills.



Fay watching on as local builder, John McClean, prepares to work.

Fay Gunther, in partnership with Gwen Perrie, set to work to renovate and recreate a building that is not only a very practical and convenient meeting place but a beautiful venue, where people come together to enjoy very special events or celebrations. Wagstaffe Hall has given new life to the community because of the number and variety of activities that happen there.

Weddings and birthdays are often celebrated at the hall as well.



Gwen Perrie and Fay Gunther (The Bookends)



An unexpected presentation of a pair of polished timber bookends was made by the Mayor, Cr Chris Holstein. He called Fay and Gwen ‘The Bookends’ because ‘they put the squeeze on me’, referring to their tenacity in acquiring what they needed for the renovation. He was full of admiration for what had been achieved at Wagstaffe. However, it was their prescience that was remarkable. Fay and Gwen had the foresight to see what the hall could become.



Wagstaffe Hall following renovation in 1999

Fay and Gwen did not stop there. They continued to apply for grants and improvements to the hall and environs followed.

It has been Fay's way with words that has resulted in the association being the benefactor of quite a few grants. It is difficult to put a grant application together but Fay, having the skill, was successful with grants for the hall renovation, the improved tennis court at Turo Park, the path to the disabled toilet and having the hall ceiling replaced; a bubbler, complete with dog bowl, was placed adjacent to the gate.

The gate? George McDonald became famous for the welding job he did to attach the padlock to the chain to lock the gate. Graeme Anderson is to be thanked for the tank and watering system that keeps the lawn and garden looking good and Bill Gregor was responsible for the noticeboard which has been a handy asset.

Now back to Gwen and Fay. The huge achievement for the year 2005 was the installation of the new kitchen with Fay Gunther and Gwen Perrie responsible.

Fay also helped Walsingham School successfully apply for a grant to help with the building of the new Pretty Beach Community Pre-School

Her poems are entertaining too. Here are two of them.

ENDANGERED SPECIES

by Fay Gunther

Our chosen place which time forgot
In recent times has lost the plot
The secret's out, house prices rising
Some kind of change is not surprising
What's happened to the fishing shack
Ramshackle dunny out the back?
Not good enough, the old weekender
Replace it with La Stupenda
Out is the Spanish hacienda
In vogue is steel and cement render
No thought at all if it will blend.
Whatever is the latest trend
Make sure it is concrete, wall to wall
No room for nature left at all
Contribute nothing but the character
Of a nuclear reactor
Pause and reflect amidst such beauty
The privilege brings us a certain duty
Let nature rule, don't weigh it down
Leave arrogance behind in town
The simple life does not require
A mansion in which to retire
Take time to sit on your verandah
a leisurely meander
It's all here, no statements needed
Let nature flourish unimpeded
Don't fall in love with yesteryear
Then cause it all to disappear.

Waterbirds wading, winkling, waddling

Arresting avian aerobatics above

Grain-gathering galahs gregariously gleaning

Satins' seductive sapphire-strewn seclusions

Territorial turkeys tending thermal tumuli

Assiduous arboreal artisans abound

Fuliginous frogmouths' furtive feathered forays

Fanfares from flamboyant free-flying flocks

Exhilarating ecological Elysium.

by Fay Gunther



Local people protesting unwanted development in Wagstaffe Avenue.

Fay was also quite militant when it came to objecting to unwanted development such as a proposed DA for the block next to the shop in Wagstaffe Avenue in 1998. She led the way as many residents turned out, brandishing signs, to register their objection to the development with its proposed 2 storeys and a garden room which made 2/3 storeys. It also meant that she had to speak to the matter at the Land and Environment Court, just one of her appearances there on behalf of the association. The campaign was successful.



The proposed Supershuttle service from Gosford CBD to Sydney CBD caused extreme distress. Again, led by Fay, the support for the campaign at Gosford to oppose the Supershuttle was impressive. The banners carried were creative and effective. The people were unanimous in their concern for 'the environmental repercussions'. No ferry!

The Ferrymaster's Cottage was demolished on 1st August 2001 by the owner. Fay Gunther contacted Council as the demolition was taking place - to no avail. The new owners lodged a DA for a very large house to be built on the cleared block. The Progress Association raised objections based on bulk and land coverage and GCC agreed, rejecting the Development Application. The Land & Environment Court upheld GCC's refusal of the DA. Negotiation between the owners and the Association resolved some issues and agreement was reached.

Tom Jackson expressed the appreciation felt by all members: 'Fay Gunther's presentations (at Council and the L & E Court) are outstanding'. Fay was extremely articulate with both voice and pen, both skills much admired and appreciated. However, she chose not to invest in technology which made communication difficult. And her handwriting? Famously bad.

The Association objected to National Parks introducing parking fees at Putty Beach. The community did not win that one.

The latest indignity addressed by Fay (and many others) is the Colourbond fence erected in Wards Hill Road at the entry to the peninsula. In 2019, The Land & Environment Court has given him seven years to remove it. Ha. He is very rich and will defy the order for as long as he is able.

In this wonderful community of people with high ideals as to conserving character and working together, he is an anomaly. In 2022, he is currently objecting to the phone tower designed to help many people in black spots receive communication by telephone.

At the AGM in April 2000 Fay Gunther was appointed the Public Officer and remained in the position until 2021. She also served on the Heritage Committee for several years. Fay, as well, for many years attended the Combined Progress Association meetings held monthly.

The Progress Association (and now the Community Association) has always had sole management of the Turo Reserve tennis court and was responsible for its upkeep and maintenance. For many years, Fay was the Convenor of the Turo Tennis Court committee and was involved and important in the bids to improve facilities at the tennis court such as preventing the corellas from eating the markings on the court and improving the tennis shed.

First mention of the Association having a newsletter was in the Minutes of July 2001. The idea, which, first broached by Gwen Perrie, was picked up enthusiastically by Fay Gunther, who coined the name *Talking Turkey*. After all, the brush turkey IS the emblem of the Association. The first edition of *Talking Turkey* was published in August 2001. Bill Gregor designed the layout and was the editor for the first few years. Robyn Warburton then took the job and except for two years when Helen Ferguson was the editor, continues in the role

Because the Nostalgia Days were held on Australia Day, there was a flag-raising ceremony to commence the proceedings each time. The 1995 event was to be the first but not the last flag-raising ceremony at Wagstaffe. Breakfast became part of the event - sausages with buttered bread and onion.

In 2009, Fay Gunther took responsibility for the food, meat patties (not sausages), egg and onion served between bread. The job is huge and Fay at the helm, meant it goes smoothly. Many hundreds of people turn up at Wagstaffe each year. The Australia Day flag-raising ceremony and breakfast, begun by the Progress Association, and now organised by the Community Association, has become an institution.



Fay taking a break on
Australia Day

Trash and Treasure continued to be held on Easter Saturday from 1998 until 2019 (see photo below). COVID 19 meant it had to be cancelled in 2020 and 2021. If it resumes, Fay will be remembered for her leadership in making the important decisions and bringing the community together to benefit all.



The crowd looking for bargains at Trash & Treasure 2019



Fay was famous for being something of an ogre when it came to protecting the kitchen during Trash & Treasure and you can see her here, guarding the doorway. She was also ready to accost anyone who attempted to gain entry for a preview of what was on sale.

She also accosted friends of workers who had called in to help at their friend's bequest. Who are you? What are you doing here?

She also held up a fellow who was sweeping the hall after the event one year. He had been called on to help as a volunteer with fresh energy, needed after the tiring event. She wasn't to know that this fellow was an esteemed naval commander awarded an AM for his service and his service to the community: he had introduced Meals on Wheels to the area.

Here is a 2022 update to Fay's story. Unfortunately, Gwen suffered Alzheimer's Disease and died circa 201. Fay died in June 2021 when her heart failed during treatment for pancreatic cancer which had been diagnosed in February of that year.

Her legacy will be remembered and to top it off, the contents (suitable for sale) of her little cottage will be donated and sold at Trash & Treasure 2022. And what beautiful contents. Fay loved blue and white and there are so many beautiful blue and white items, it is quite overwhelming. Fay collected blue and white china: dinner ware, urns, vases, ornaments, bric-a-brac, platters, canisters and more. The Association will benefit as will the people taking home such 'treasure'.

To remember Fay a seat, with a plaque, has been placed above the wharf at Wagstaffe. Fay loved the spot and she also loved visiting Putty Beach and having a coffee at the kiosk under Killcare Surf Club. The grassy area at the kiosk will benefit from a pathway to be named "Fay's Way". The funding for the pathway will come from Fay's estate.

Fay loved dogs and always had a loving companion by her side. Here she can be seen with Pippa at Putty Beach in 2020.



Fay and Pippa at Killcare Beach Kiosk

Robyn Warburton 2021

THE HARPERS

by Bruce Lay

The author, with his wife Sarah and friends, Amy and Michael Noone, co-own the property known as 138 & 140 Heath Road, Pretty Beach. The property has two houses on it, 138 the frontage occupied by the Noones, and 140, up-slope, occupied by the Lays as weekenders. The front house was probably built at the beginning of the subdivision circa 1913 and hence is one of the oldest houses in the area. The back house was probably built in the twenties. While having a family reunion and an 80th birthday celebration for Margaret Harper at Wagstaffe Hall, Laurel Castle and her cousin Denise McNeice called into our property, which their family called 'the cottages'. The family stories follow from this meeting. Denise's story describes a carefree life, lived in the outdoors, with minimal parental supervision unimpeded by her disability, deafness. Members of Laurel Harper's family holidayed and lived in Pretty Beach and Wagstaffe.

Members of the Harper family holidayed and lived in Pretty Beach and Wagstaffe, because Eric and Winnifred Harper owned 138/140 Heath Road from 1939 to 1974. (The largest midden in the area is below the escarpment above 138 - 146 Heath Road.) Charlie and Dorothy Brandstater who owned No.1 Wagstaffe Avenue were also friends of the Harper family. They holidayed together with Harper children often staying with them. Their house, one of the oldest in the area, is one of the few surviving old timers on the waterfront and a landmark of Pretty Beach. This house known as *Arrovil*, now painted brown with a red roof, Laurel says was always painted white when the Brandstaters owned it.

Laurel's Story



Laurel (Harper) Castle was born in 1931, and is now 76 years old. She had an older brother, Fred, born in 1930. Their parents were Eric and Winifred Harper. Eric was born in 1910 and Winifred in 1909. Eric's family were sheep farmers at Upper Horton via Barraba in the New England area. His first jobs were as a drover and shearer. Winifred Clark came from Glen Innes and Eric and Winifred married in Tamworth where he was rabbiting during the Depression. She was with the Salvation Army and Laurel has a 1907 wedding photo of Winifred's parents' wedding, both in Salvation Army uniform. The grandparents were from Adelaide; one side being a Clark, the other a Bruhn. Eric and Winnie moved to Sydney in 1929 and Fred was born in Hornsby the following year.

Eric was lucky to get work two days a week with the Main Roads, building the arterial road at Roseville during the Depression. Main Roads supplied milk and bread to its workers. They lived in Chatswood, and he used to walk to work. He also fished in the Lane Cove River, which included catching eels that Winnie cooked in many ways. The eels were also used for soap and candle making.

Eric then became a painter and decorator, working all over the north shore, and his skills enabled him to become a contractor doing camouflage work during the War. He worked all over Australia during this period running teams. Grandfather Clark had been a builder, building houses in Ryde, which may have been a leg in for Eric in the building trades.



Laurel (in the white dress) at Pretty Beach near the Brandstater house at 1 Wagstaffe Ave, circa 1945

Uncle Stan married Dulcie Harper and built a house, which still survives at 21 Chase Road in Turramurra. Stan had been gassed in WW1 and building the house probably assisted his recovery. Eric and Winnie purchased this house for 410 pounds when Laurel was 18 months old. As they were friends with Dorothy and Charlie Brandstater of Pretty Beach, they often went up to visit them there. Dulcie and Dorothy were friends, and this led to Eric and Winnie's purchase at Pretty Beach. The couple purchased 138/140 Heath Road around 1939. They also shared a caravan with the Brandstater, used as spill over for the kids.



The Harper kids stayed in the Brandstater's boatshed at No. 1 Wagstaffe Ave. Pretty Beach.



View of cottages from Pretty Beach Extension Wharf in 1955. Nos. 138/140 Heath Road are above the left side of the road.



Front cottage, 138 Heath Road with Win (Laurel's mum) to left and friend Alma Rowe to right, taken in 1955.



No. 1 Wagstaffe Ave. in 2008. Photo Bruce Lay

Laurel recollected the weekend journeys with their mother when they went by train to Woy Woy and then by ferry, or with their father by car, a '27 Chevy. They drove up to Brooklyn on Friday nights, they made camp and tea on the Hawkesbury River (they took up camp stretchers and a primus) and took the first ferry across the river in the morning. They drove on via Gosford and the Scenic Road, which was all gravel, to arrive before lunch; the kids jumped into the Bay, while Mum prepared lunch. She recollects that they mainly went back on Mondays, so the trips were mostly extended weekends. She remembers that there were two ferry services, one was the Murphy's with a cross in front. They took whatever came first. She remembers that there were only a few houses at each of the stops.

Once there, the kids roamed all over, including going to Lobster Beach and Putty Beach to swim, using dirt tracks and the fire trails. Once, Fred built a raft with a broom and sheet sail, knocked off from his mother, and set sail with Laurel to Lobster and when seeking to return got caught in the change of tide and ended up close to Tallow and the bombora. Laurel remembers being very scared. Their father turned up and pulled the kids off, leaving behind the craft, broom and sheet. They were not allowed to go to Tallow Beach, but they went anyway. She rarely went to Killcare to swim. They also went over the top when they went to Killcare. She remembers the high dunes and the fishermen's cottages at the beach.

Their route to Tallow was similar to ours; up the slope to the midden and then along under the escarpment south to where it reduces to a scramble up the rock slope to the fire trails above, which are used the rest of the way. She did not note the midden as they were so common as were the carvings especially around Turramurra and Ku Ring Gai Chase, also not notable in Laurel's eyes. There was a lot of shell at Lobster. They used to pick oysters off the rocks but were not keen on the pippies. Fred caught worms as bait.

She recollects that they used to visit a bearded hermit who lived at Lobster.

Their dad used to fish (and there were lots of fish) in Brisbane Water. She said, "They would just go like that!" He gave misleading information to visitors about location and choice of bait to keep his spots to himself. Many of their dad's mates would go up there (Brisbane Water), leading to many of them buying properties in the area.

They bought fresh bread and milk daily from the Pretty Beach bakery and the adjoining general store. When asked about chooks and eggs she said that exchanging goods; '*swapsie*' was the norm.

Laurel continued to go up there during her teens and remembers ferry trips to the cinema in Woy Woy.

She married in 1950, had four children, lived in Newcastle and hence rarely visited Pretty Beach after that. When they did go, her children spent many hours, as she had done, exploring the area. Her last visit would have been around 1960.

They also let the 'cottages' with her mother supplying linen. They were used by holidaymakers at all times of the year and sometimes she would come up by train to set up. Her family would use either house, or both depending on circumstances.

The top house (140) was in better shape initially and it was used while Eric fixed up the bottom house, which had been in terrible shape.

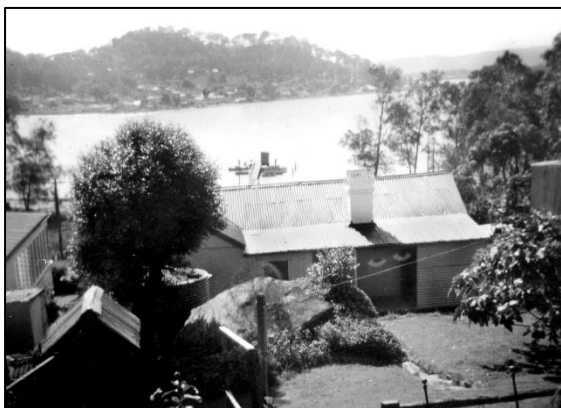
Her father enclosed the verandah (now the dining room) of the top house as the parents' bedroom. The front room was the kids' bedroom; the middle room was the lounge. While it already had a kitchen range, Eric put in an electric stove.

Winnie was a keen gardener bringing plants and cuttings from the Turramurra garden, including roses and geraniums.



The top cottage, No. 140 in 1952 – Eric enclosed the verandah as additional sleeping accommodation.

A magnificent purple/red rose survives next to the front steps of No.138. However, upon later conversation with Les Morgan, who sold the property to the current owners, it was revealed that they had planted the rose. They also grew vegetables mainly close to the top house, where the soil was good, and Winnie would water down the toilet waste to put on the garden (Eric was squeamish about this practice).



View from the top cottage – the rock remains, but not the dunny, the tank or the chimney.

Initially, the dunny had a pit, but Eric got a pan from the contractor at Turramurra and used it up there. The only service during that time was electricity. Hence there were tanks to both sides of the house for rainwater. These had rusted out when we purchased, and they were removed. Eric also re-levelled the floors to 138 inserting new brick piers, where required. Some of the stone piers survive, described more accurately as a pile of stones.

Her dad lined the back lean-to laundry and bathroom with masonite. Denise McNeice describes it as a breezeway. They put stretchers onto the verandahs for spill overs.

They levelled and grassed the steep slopes and built dry stone retaining walls, which survive, both between the two houses and above the top house. She and the kids collected the stones and built these walls. She grew mainly root vegetables like potatoes which were good for the soil and parsnips, carrots, spinach, tomatoes; things that were hardy and did not need watering due to the absences. They also had citrus and fruit trees between the two houses.



Win Harper at the top house –
view to Wagstaffe

The surviving spindly peach trees were there. They also had grapes. Winnie made a lot of preserves.

We discussed the problem of brush turkeys creating havoc with the lawns now. She said she does not remember turkeys and was surprised.

Their Aunt Flo (Flora Marshall) also bought a house at 101 Heath Road, near the hairpin corner on the waterfront side. Flora Marshall re-married Arthur Butler. While there, Win's cousins built the flat roofed house next door and lived there until their death. Denise's sister and husband, Lorraine and Max Ridden, bought Aunt Flo's house and lived there until she died. Her youngest daughter, Lenore, fifteen at the time continued to live there until the late 1990's.

They sold 'the cottages', probably in 1974 as they had bought a holiday house in Toukley. Her parents stayed in this house while her father worked on the building of the Munmorah Power Station. They sold 'the cottages' furnished, so Laurel asked about any remaining furniture. The cedar sideboard found in No. 140 sounds like one of their pieces, having belonged to her parents. It had a separate shelving unit over for the display of dinnerware (since departed). They continued to reside at Turramurra.

She remembers the inaugural trip of Ron Radford's red amphibian vehicle. They hoped it would sink! (She was eight or nine). She remembers the dance hall in Araluen Drive, now the Church, where they went to fancy dress dances.

Her mother died young at 65, in 1974. Her father died around 1994 aged 84. Both died at Toukley. Fred, who had settled at Ettalong, died in 1996. They had other family at Toukley.

Laurel saw Denise Harper, a cousin, as a different generation. Denise's family used to visit and stay over for the holidays and Laurel's family looked after the younger five cousins.

Laurel commented, “When I think of family, Mum and Dad came to Pretty Beach in 1939 and the family continued to stay in the area until 2000. It must have had something going for it for over sixty years.”



View to Wagstaffe from 138 Heath Road in 1955.

Denise's Story



Above: Denise being held by Bryan with Laurel in the white dress to the right at Pretty Beach in 1947, close to No. 1 Wagstaffe Avenue.

Denise (Harper) McNiece was born at Pretty Beach in 1946. Denise's biggest surprise was that she was born in the top house, No. 140. The family often stayed in the top house at Pretty Beach and Denise decided to arrive early.

Her mother was booked into Strathfield Hospital for the birth because they lived in Granville, but they did not make it. She thinks her father would have assisted, but otherwise there was no help available.

She was wrapped up and they then went into Strathfield Hospital, as arranged. Denise was born on the 20th December 1946, the fourth of five children to Myra Constance Clark and Linden Royce Harper, both born in 1912.

The five children in order were Jeffrey, Bryan, Lorraine, Denise and Berice. In 1954, both parents died very young (aged forty two), when Denise was eight, Denise ceased to stay in 'the cottages' after that, although she did stay with her Aunt Florence (Flo) Butle at 101 Heath Road.



Right: Myra and Elizabeth Harper (Eric's mother) at the Brandstaters', Pretty Beach.

Denise was born deaf and only learned to speak after several operations when she was nineteen. Her recollections of play at Pretty Beach with her siblings and other kids are entirely happy and free. She remembers it as an 'all play zone'. She does not recollect being teased; she was good at switching off, she describes it as, 'going into oblivion'. She never went to school except to a trade school later to learn domestic skills.



She remembers spending about half of her time at Pretty Beach, in all seasons. She recollects playing around the large rock behind the front house but mostly swimming in the Bay below the house and at Wagstaffe.

View to Wagstaffe from 'the cottages' Denise swam in the bay, ignoring the pool (to the left)

She and her sister often swam out to the sandbar. There were sharks and dolphins, but that was not a concern.

They also walked to Lobster over the ridge for swimming and picnics and often returned via the half-tide rocks. She remembers the Radford's cottages on the Point (not known to her as San Toy). They used to eat oysters off the rocks and catch fish including eels. They also went to Killcare beach; the surf did not bother them.

She remembers Laurel's mother as Win or Winnie, (Winifred). Her mother was called Nip (Myra). She remembers that Win was a keen gardener and that the kids were drawn into the gardening and stone walling pursuits, without realising it was work.

Once, the boys pinched a fishing boat, chopped down a tree as a mast, drilled a hole in the boat and set sail. They sank close to the sandbar.

They packed for the trips with their school cases stuffed with their pyjamas, swimming costume and a good dress. The family lived at Granville and used to travel up either by car, or train and ferry. She remembers often being car sick due to the winding roads.

They went to the Pretty Beach Bakery for bread and the adjoining store for groceries. She remembers there was a butcher at Hardys Bay. Her parents had chooks at Granville and may have killed them for meat. There was an ice chest at Pretty Beach.

At No.140, the top cottage, her parents slept on the former verandah, (now the dining room) and the children used the front room as their bedroom. The middle room was barely furnished but a living space. The back unlined lean-to, now the laundry and bathroom, was a breezeway with doors at both ends which were always open. She remembers Laurel's dad, Eric, lining them with masonite. She remembers the claw-footed bath that still remains.

I mentioned that when we took up several layers of lino, there were a lot of wartime papers underneath. She remembers the papers being used. The power was connected but water was from the tanks. Nightsoil went onto the garden, as it did in Granville – good for the fruit trees. She remembers Mrs Brandstater's unusual *Hygeia* toilet that remains.

After their parents' death the eldest boy, Jeffrey, was already in the navy, Bryan looked after Denise at Granville, the other sister was not interested and the youngest child, Berice, was taken over by her Aunt Flo who lived at 101 Heath Road.

Denise married Des McNiece in 1970. Des was born in Ireland and came out at fourteen. They have two surviving children, a boy and a girl.

Photographs are from the Harper collection.

Bruce Lay 2009

MARGARET HARPER

by Bruce Lay

Margaret Harper was married to Fred Harper, son of Eric and Winifred Harper and Laurel's older brother. Margaret now lives in West Gosford. She spent some years with her young children, living in the Radford cottages on Wagstaffe Point as well as spending time at 138 Heath Road.

A 'Book of Life' called 'Margaret' was written in 2007 to present to her at her 80th birthday party. This text has drawn in part from Chapter 4 of that story, called 'Going it Alone'. This story adds to the recurrent theme of people making do and even having a pleasant life from the Depression into the 1950s. It should be read in conjunction with Houses of the Twenties and The Radfords of Wagstaffe Point.

Margaret's Story

Margaret, who celebrated her 80th Birthday at Wagstaffe Hall in May 2008, was born in 1928. She was the youngest of four children, born to Jane Shearer, who was born in 1883, and Reginald Griffith (Griffo), born in 1890. She was a late child; her mother was 45 when she was born. The family had lived at Arncliffe but moved to Asquith when her father, Griffo, got a half time position with the railways as the Depression set in. They had chooks and a veggie garden to get by.



Margaret's children Gail, Sandra and Gary
at Half Tide Rocks in 1962.

After the Depression Griffo got a full-time job and the family got a free railway pass so they rented cottages first at Woy Woy, and later at Repton on the north coast for the summer holidays. In 1940 they moved to Hornsby. Griffo retired in 1950 to a cottage at Sawtell called *You'll Do*.

Margaret left school at 14 to work at a cake shop in Hornsby. Later she worked at Edments City Store. She was a friend of Laurel Harper and met Fred Harper at a dance in Hornsby in 1948. Her parents were not keen on the romance, considering them too young. Her family were Presbyterian and Fred was a bit dashing with a penchant for cars.

Later he got an MG. They married in 1950 in Hornsby with 20 Griffiths and 80 Harpers present and honeymooned at The Entrance.

Margaret had four children in succession, Ian in 1952, Gary in 1953, Gail in 1955 and Sandra in 1957. Ian died at three of nephritis. The family moved into a Housing Commission house at Rydalmere.

But it was 'a hand to mouth existence' for Margaret, as Fred kept most of the money for himself. Fred left the family several times. Fred's primary occupation was a butcher until he became a marine engineer with Halvorsen's at Bobbin Head in 1954. By this stage her parents had moved to Wamberal. Margaret moved to Long Jetty to be nearby and when one of the children became ill, she pushed them all in a pram all the way to Wamberal.



Their first home on Radford's San Toy Estate – the stone cabin.

Fred's Aunty Flo, (Florence), lived at 101 Heath Road. Flo referred Margaret to 'Granny Radford' (as she was called), who 'offered refuge to people down on their luck – drunks, widows, and deserted mothers'.

Margaret moved into one of the Radford cottages with a chip heater, a metho single burner stove, and an outside dunny. Mrs Radford allowed them to stay without payment for six months until her supporting mother's pension of five pounds a week came through.



Their second home on the Radford Estate – 'Bourneville' in 1962.

They lived off St Vinnie's vouchers and on the 'tick' at the shop. Later they moved into a larger weatherboard house on the Estate called *Bourneville*. They lived off 'big pots of stew with lots of mince, flour and potatoes' with produce purchased at the Wagstaffe Store. She also rowed across to Ettalong to go to Flemings. 'Mostly they had cold water, as they had no shillings for the meter'.



They bought clothes from St Vinnies and received a lot of support from local families; people they did not know until they moved there. She comments that when coming home from school at Pretty Beach 'the kids put their pennies together to buy a half loaf to share on the way home'.

In 1960, she was being picked up by a truck each morning, to pick beans at the farms behind MacMasters Beach.

Margaret pictured at work on a farm at MacMasters Beach.

In 1963, Margaret moved into 138 Heath Road, the Harper's front house. Her mother came to stay but died shortly afterwards. Fred returned and moved the family to Booker Bay/Ettalong; Margaret says, "I only accepted him back for the sake of the kids," but in 1965 he left again. At aged ten, Gary took on the role of 'man of the house'. While living at Ettalong, Margaret helped to establish the Umina and Woy Woy District Youth Club and got involved with the Scouts.

Her father, Griffio, lived with them for a while but died in 1959. By 1969 Gary was an apprentice with the railways in Redfern. Unfortunately, Gary died at 48 of a heart attack.



Above: Griffio on the front veranda at No.138.
At left: Griffio in the yard



Margaret's sister, Lucy, commented that 'Megs had a really hard time' as this snippet of her life, while living on the Bouddi Peninsula, shows. However, her resilience also shows in her community involvements in Ettalong, and her penchant for line dancing in her later years.

Photos: The Harper family collection.

Bruce Lay 2009

Richard Harper - a Tribute

by Robyn Warburton



Richard Harper was a loyal and hard-working member of the Pretty Beach/Wagstaffe Progress Association which became the Wagstaffe to Killcare Community Association. Richard was responsible for the change of name. Some people are made to serve a community and Richard was one who served our community well. He used his experience as an engineer to report on development in the area and other Council matters.

He was an engineer by profession – a very clever man.

He already had an interest in Gosford City Council when he joined the Association before the AGM in 2004 where he became the official liaison person with Council for the next several years.

He was a member of various Central Coast Council committees during that time, so his knowledge was valuable. One of those committees was the Floodplain Risk Management Committee. He reported Council matters at every Association meeting during that time.

There were some very serious issues during that time such as the need for a new boat ramp which is something that Richard was involved in and reported on until it became a reality.

So too, was his help invaluable, at the time (2010) the major multi-storey development was proposed for Hardys Bay. He fought along with the community to have that development refused permission. As well as the Community Association, his family and friends were aware of the effort he put into this cause.



He was practical too and hurried the Council along when they removed the landing and piles at Wagstaffe Wharf. He ensured that they were quickly replaced.

He helped Bill Gregor to install the noticeboard behind Wagstaffe Hall.

In 2010 Richard Harper and Bill Gregor were nominated by WTKCA for the Australia Day Awards offered by Central Coast Council.

He was an important worker at the Association's annual events, Trash & Treasure and Australia Day where he was always a marshall, in charge of keeping the people safe as they found their way to the seats in front of the stage away from traffic in both directions.

It was Richard who proposed the name change of the Association because Pretty Beach/Wagstaffe Progress Association did not reflect our close association with Wagstaffe Hall. The association became Wagstaffe to Killcare Community Association (WTKCA) in 2007.

Richard was elected Vice-President of the Association in 2008, 2009 and 2010. His role was to liaise with Council which he did very well. He continued to give reports in 2011 and into 2012 but less effectively. Alzheimer's disease was catching up with him and he went into care in 2013. He died on Friday 5th August, 2013.

His memorial service and wake were held on Thursday at the 16ft Skiff Club at The Spit.

Robyn Warburton 2013

RUTH HAWKSHAW and JOAN SMITH

By David & Helen Dufty



Ruth Hawkshaw and Joan Smith in 2007, daughters of Ernest Clucas

Helen and David Dufty interviewed Joan Smith and Ruth Hawkshaw in 2007, with help from a camcorder. The following story is partly based on a transcript from that video. It is hoped to use part of this video in a DVD, which will include a delightful rendition of the song below. Joan is now sadly deceased. Bruce Lay has also interviewed Ruth and this story contains material transcribed from his interviews.

When the only easy access to Hardys Bay was by ferry from Woy Woy Station, people would often enjoy a sing-along as they sailed along to their destinations: all the old favourites but Ernest Clucas wrote this special song to be sung on the way to Killcare.

Just down the Rip, past Booker Bay

Keep right on sailing you'll reach Hardys Bay.

When you get there go to Killcare,

If it's pleasure you're seeking you'll find it right there.

Killcare, Oh Killcare, where would you go but to Killcare?

See all you can, every man, then take a look at the girls,

With their high ties, time flies, everyone says over there.

Well ta-ta my dear, we're coming next year to old Killcare.



After the Boer War, in about 1902, Joan and Ruth's father, Ernest Clucas, left his birthplace of Douglas on the Isle of Man, where his father was a stonemason and his uncle a builder, to build a stone hospital in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe, which was then Rhodesia. They worked there for seven years. He met an Australian who was a builder on the Sydney North Shore, before the Sydney Harbour Bridge was built of course, and who was recruiting tradesmen to go to Sydney with him from South Africa. Builders were greatly needed in Sydney as the city expanded.

Two men decided to join him: Ernest Clucas and a Londoner called Joe Booth, who was a painter and decorator by trade and who had fought with the British in the Boer War and stayed on to work and travel around southern Africa, especially the Zambezi area.

Joe Booth was an orphan boy in London and was taken to be cared for by the 'Blue Coat School', which was an institution in London run by the Order of St John, which cared for abandoned boys in London. The boys wore a uniform, which consisted of a dark blue cassock, rope girdle and sandals on their feet and were well known in London in 1900.

When they arrived in Sydney on January 26, 1908, Ern Clucas and Joe Booth worked for the Australian builder that they had met in South Africa.

Both Clucas and Booth and the builder, Jim Park, served with the Australian troops in WW1.

After they returned, they settled down to family life. Ernest established his family home at Gladesville. They worked mostly on the North Shore, commencing at North Sydney. They also met another tradesman, Fred Saunders.

In 1922, they discovered the holiday settlement of Hardys Bay, which had been subdivided into building blocks. Joe Booth purchased a block on Heath Road for a dwelling and a block on the waterfront. He built the Community Hall on the latter site to be let for public functions and which later became the RSL Club and is now the Community Church. Joe Booth built his house of stone and called it *Zambezi*. *Zambezi* is now owned by Glenda and Stephen Dunlop (Ruth Dunlop's eldest son) at 30 Heath Road.

Ern Clucas and Fred Saunders both purchased a building block on Heath Road, first called Arthur St. Ern Clucas built his house at 26 Heath Road. He called it *Douglas* after his birthplace on the Isle of Man. It is now owned by Karyn Staples. Fred Saunders' house is now owned by Brian Green.



As seen above, *Douglas* was a timber and fibro cottage, typical of the area. When the roads improved it was possible to drive up from Sydney, but it was a long drive on some rough roads.



The people of Heath Rd and Araluen Drive, Hardys Bay were working class people from suburbs like Balmain and Glebe and many of them built their own homes. They were not the well-off retirees of the present day. In the group above you can see Joe Booth with the soft cap. Joe was a London Cockney. Next to him is his wife Kitty holding their daughter Zetta. On Zetta's right is Joan Clucas and above her is her mother, Marjorie. *Zambezi* is in the background.

The locals created a friendly holiday community with plenty of social activities including dances, skits and Housie in the nearby community hall.

As already noted, people came to Hardys Bay by train and ferry. Ernest Clucas's daughters, Ruth and Joan, described the scene at Woy Woy Station on a Friday evening after the afternoon train had arrived. The women and children would make their way to the launch at the wharf, carrying their baggage, while the men raced over to the Bayview Hotel on the corner to down a schooner (or two). The deckhand was Clarrie O'Reilly, who would help stow the luggage on the top of the boat. (Clarrie lived to about 100 and died only recently.) The launch captain would sound the whistle when he was ready to sail, and the men would all run over from the pub and jump on the launch as it left the jetty.

The women would complain about how they had kept them all waiting by having too much to drink, but this put them all in a good mood. Ernest, with the help of his mandolin, would start the singing as the boat sailed along the Woy Woy Channel and everyone would join in: 'Fall in and follow me, fall in and follow me...'



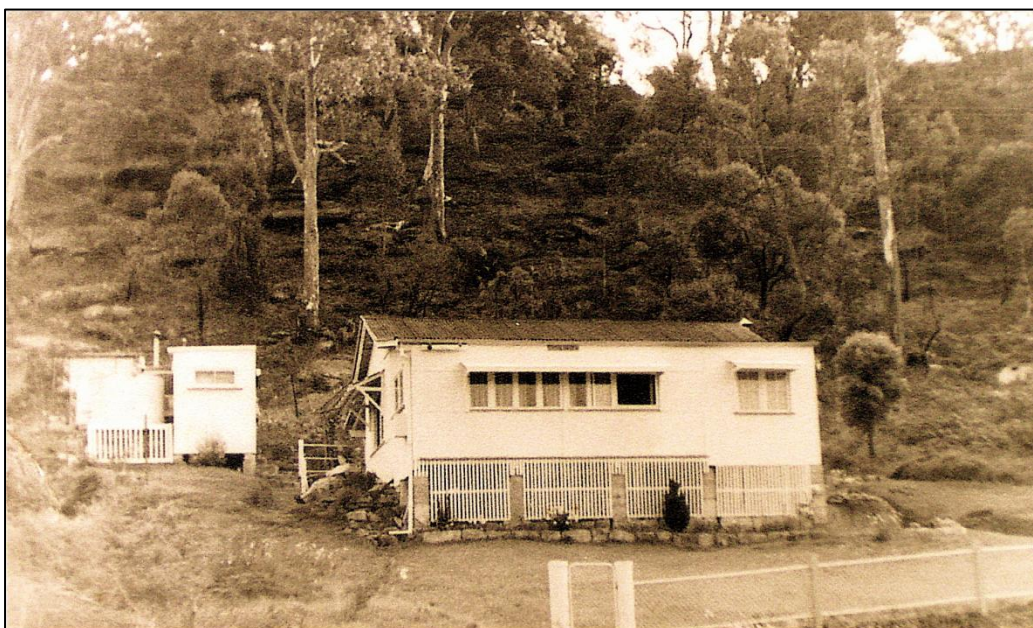
Hardys Bay was the first stop, and then the launch went on to Killcare, Killcare Extension, and then back to Pretty Beach Extension, Pretty Beach and Wagstaffe. The launches were owned by two gentlemen, Mr Murphy and Mr Owens. Opposite the Hardys Bay Wharf (it was Nock's Wharf) there was a small shop where you could pick up anything perishable that you needed. That Hardys Bay wharf no longer exists.

For the Christmas holidays Ernest Clucas would buy a 5-gallon keg of beer at Hornsby and carry it on his shoulder to the train, onto the ferry and then up the hill from the wharf to their house.

He would throw a handful of currants into the keg and that beer would last him and any male visitors right through the holidays, because in those days only the men drank beer.

Joan was about 9 years old when they first came to their holiday house at Hardys Bay, and Ruth about 2. Ruth was born in 1925. When interviewed they could both recall those days very clearly. In the Christmas holidays when their aunt and uncle and cousins visited from Glebe, the children would all sleep on hessian bags filled with bracken fern, which they collected from the hillside above the house. A great holiday was had by all.

After Ernest retired around 1952, he built the lattice along the front of the house, as seen below, and improved the outdoor 'dunny'. Ruth describes their toilet as very posh because it had 2 windows, one covered with wire for protection and one with a shutter.



The Dunny Man had access to the pan via a door in the back of the toilet. Norfolk pines were planted around 1960 and became the grandchildren's Christmas trees.

The Clucas family then built *Shoalhaven* at 48 Heath Road. The family visited year after year for holidays. The story does not tell us when *Shoalhaven* was built.

Not all the holidays were so successful. In the street in front of *Shoalhaven* originally there was a huge old tree. During the war Ruth had a boyfriend, who was in the army. He was on leave and having a holiday with them. He said that he had lots of experience felling trees as he came from a property in Tasmania, so he offered to fell this one. Lots of neighbours came around to help and the tree was cut down. Unfortunately, the experienced tree-feller caused the tree to fall the wrong way and it knocked down the telephone and electric light wires in the street. It was a Saturday afternoon and the Clucas family were very unpopular for some time after that.

Ruth married Donald Short and had three talented daughters. Donald sadly died in his forties.

When Ruth (nee Clucas) and her second husband, Ross Hawkshaw, retired to Hardys Bay, they demolished the old house at 48 Heath Road in about 1982. They then built *New Shoalhaven* which is still there.



New Shoalhaven with its now even bigger Norfolk Pines.

Ruth and Ross became happily involved in the local community. Ross had a role to play at the Hardys Bay RSL Club. He was a director on the club's board. Ruth, amongst other activities, became secretary of the Hardys Bay Branch of the ALP.



Ross Hawkshaw

Ruth was always interested in the history of the peninsula and contributed to the History Project begun in 2007. She is one of the stars* of the film, *The Bouddi Peninsula: A Time Tour* produced by David Dufty. She was always willing to sing the song (her father's composition) with the refrain, *Killcare, Oh Killcare* that she remembered her father, Ernest, singing on the launch trip from Woy Woy to Hardys Bay. *Colleen Smith and Bert Myer are other stars in the film

After Ross died in 1997, Ruth sold *New Shoalhaven* in and moved to Umina Beach, where she now lives and continues to have an active life in the community.

David and Helen Dufty 2009

MY WAGSTAFFE YEARS

by John Heron

John Heron lived at 68 Wagstaffe Avenue as a young child. His memories of the time and some events are vivid. He found his father to be a remarkable man and proudly relates his achievements. Laurie Heron designed Wagstaffe Hall and his role as it was built was important. He then became the first projectionist. He combined this job with that of iceman and draughtsman which makes the story a delight to read. John likes to visit Wagstaffe and does so occasionally.



My parents, Laurie and Sylvia Heron

The building of Wagstaffe Hall by John Heron of 68 Wagstaffe Avenue, Wagstaffe

My Dad, Laurie Heron, designed and helped to build, Wagstaffe Hall. He also designed Radford's old Chemist shop, on the corner of Bangalow Street at Ettalong.

My Dad had hired a carpenter to do the bricklaying, because the community could not afford both and he did not think a bricklayer could do carpentry. He also hired a labourer to assist the builder/brick/chippy. The labourer was (I think) possibly a local boy from Mulhall Street. This young fellow who was a smoker and a beer drinker at 15 or 16 years of age had worked on two or three other building jobs.

Most of the kids in Mulhall Street left school at the end of Primary school as they could not cope with High school – or they and/or their parents didn't think going to High School was worth it.

Dad came home from work on the first day of the hall build, stopped to see how the builder was going and found out to his horror that the builder had gone one row higher than the row on the other side of the main door, (now the door to the storeroom) but it was the same row – row one.

Needless to say, Dad sacked him on the spot, but he kept the labourer.

The next day Mum, Dad and I came down to look at the hall and see how it could be fixed.

Dad told my Mum that the bricklaying carpenter had started on the left-hand side of the entrance, gone all the way around the hall and finished on the right-hand side of the entrance and had decided to come up one row higher – on purpose!! What was to happen when we got to the roof level? Dad didn't know and I don't know if the builder knew or not and what would it look like? People would come from far and wide to laugh at Wagstaffe Hall and the locals for allowing it to go ahead. Dad's solution was to divide the Hall into sections. Each wall and window area and the doorways between the columns was a section.



Dad got Rod and Pat Radford and Rod's Mum, old Mrs Radford, to help get the community involved (which was not going to happen before). The Radfords knew everybody in the community, so it was a good solution instead of the builder doing the whole job. I went down to the square to see the hall with my Mum on the first day and there were people everywhere.

Granny Radford and granddaughter, Margaret under the Coral Tree in Wagstaffe Square.



Digging the trenches for the foundations of Wagstaffe Hall

I remember being over at the shop, near the petrol bowlers with my dad, talking with three men who were not happy with Dad sacking the (so called) builder as they wanted to talk to him and get him to fix it and build it the way it should be built, but (as Dad said) that would require taking out the row that was already built.

The community really got involved with the hall – we were going to build ‘our Hall’ by ourselves – that was very exciting as you can imagine.

Everybody who wanted a job was given one – as long as (1) they were capable or (2) they were needed. The arrangement was conditional because we couldn’t have too many people on the building site at any one time. Dad told me to get off the site because I was only say 4 years old and then he later told these three men that they could not come on site – even though he needed them, as there would be too many people on site so they waited until some people left.

I believe the building was done on the weekend on Sundays. There was a supervisor to co-ordinate everything but if you did not want to be involved on the weekend then there was a week-day supervisor who was probably told what to do and what not to do by the main weekend supervisor. If you wanted to do some work during the week or you had something to deliver or to install, like the windows, then you had to phone or call in on the week-day supervisor, as he had to take you on site to help you or supervise your job and incorporate it into the hall.

Dad got told off once when he went on site with Mum and I without telling anyone; after all everybody else obeyed the rules, why not the designer/draughtsman?

Mum and I went down to the hall on the weekend when the hall was coming up to the roof level and Dad told me that the walls were divided into sections, and he showed me how the three teams (a bricklayer and a labourer) beside Wagstaffe Square were each laying their

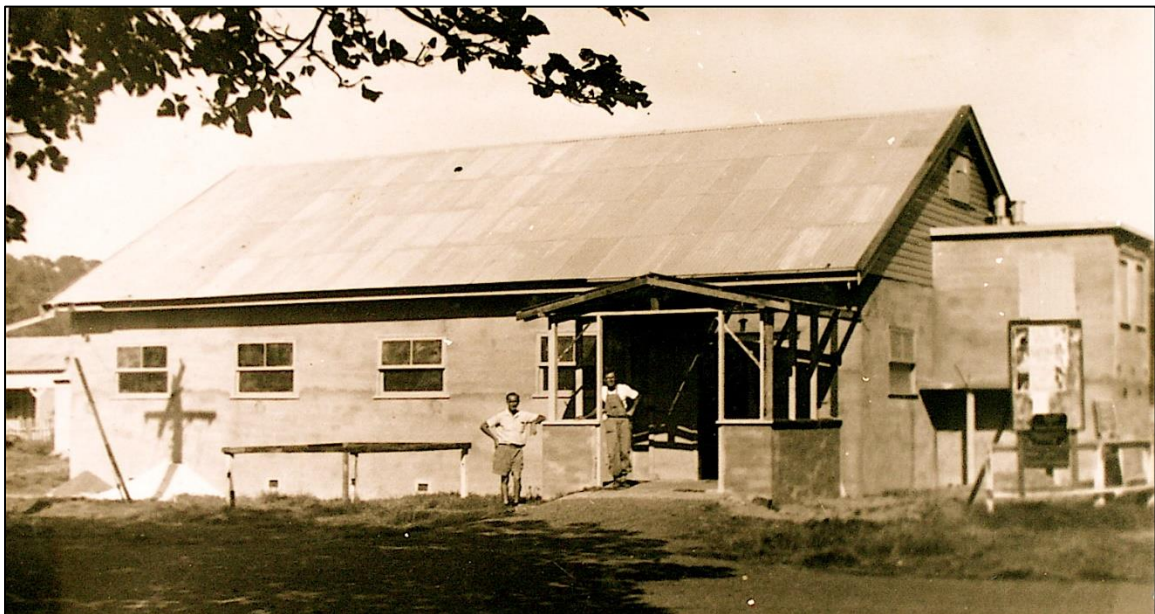
bricks (or Bessa Blocks/Bricks) differently. You see each section had to have a different gap in the mortar for all sections to be the same when they got to the roof level.

Now Dad told me that this row had to be $\frac{1}{8}$ th and this one $\frac{3}{16}$ th's and so on but I didn't know what numbers or fractions were, so he showed me on his ruler, but I didn't believe him; then I said, "What about this one? What about that one?" Yep, they were spot on.

He even had a team doing the sections incorporating the doors. The end walls were divided into two sections each, and he had one team of three, two bricklayers and a labourer, doing the columns.

Nothing was done quickly as almost everybody was inexperienced at everything.

Now What?



Nearly finished - good 'progress' has been made on the building

After my father sacked the builder, we had a meeting that weekend (on a Saturday when people would be catching the ferry to go shopping). We found out all the ins and outs of the (just started to be built) hall so that everybody knew what was what, not that there was very much.

Rod Radford suggested we sack the young labourer from Mulhall Street and employ a more experienced labourer, an older guy (not present) who was working full time (Monday-Friday) somewhere else.

This guy did accept when he found out he had been nominated by Rod Radford. What he did was show or tell the volunteers how or what to do.

I remember him talking to my Dad, Laurie Heron, laughing about what an easy job this was compared to his week day job where he was told what to do all the time, even though he knew what to do and what had to be done, say later on.

Here, he was treated with respect and his knowledge of the work site was valued. He liked it so much he said he would “almost do it for nothing” – almost – but he had bills to pay. Still he enjoyed working with the community. I think this guy must have been the site supervisor.

I think this meeting was just about the hall. Another meeting (or two) was held at night to select who was to do or could do each particular job.

When the hall was finished, it then had to be cement rendered, which added a lot more to the cost, and is why the hall looked so dull and drab in early photos and why it now has a lovely wooden exterior.

We did have some tradesmen: the floor was laid by a tradie, the electricity was done by a professional electrician and the roof was put on by a roofer but I think that the drainage was done by Dad or an ex-plumber – did we have a kitchen and water? I don’t know, no idea at all.



The people flock towards Wagstaffe Hall for its grand opening in 1954.

Above: Laurie Heron is the man with hands in pockets.



Shire President, Cr Brown, did 'the honours' and opened Wagstaffe Hall on April 17, 1954.

Why was Wagstaffe Hall built in the first place?

Well, I know the answer to this so called 'obvious' question. Before the hall was built, everybody would go and have their entertainment at someone's house that had lots of space. They often said, "Let's go to the Heron's house."

Mum and Dad (Sylvia and Laurie Heron) used to teach ballroom dancing at our house, on the front verandah, with Rod and Pat Radford also teaching. Mum didn't like this (well she did and she didn't); she didn't like it because some of the parents let their kids go wild, while other parents told their kids 'to be good – or else'.

The week to follow was time for 'the pictures' – for the kids, but what about the adults? We couldn't fit them all in and our house was not a hall like they had at Hardys Bay.

By the way, Dad arranged with the Gosford Cinema to show the pictures/movies after they had finished at Gosford, which was a real coup for us.

We and other families could not go on in this unco-ordinated/disjointed manner; a hall would involve the whole community every time. We had to have a hall.

Pictures and Parties at Wagstaffe Hall

We had pictures (movies) on Friday and Saturday nights with two pictures per night. That is what we did back then. Every cinema/picture theatre showed two films per show.

If you had asked me – way back then – and I was able to answer you – at four, five or six years

of age, what job my father did – in one answer, I couldn't have told you, even though I knew the answer.



Here's the reason why. Laurie Heron (my quiet ole Dad) got up at 3 or 4 am, drove his flat-bed truck, the one with no doors and roll-up blinds to the floor for the wet weather, from Wagstaffe to Gosford and then to Woy Woy, to pick up ice from Woy Woy Ice Works and then he became 'The Iceman' as he delivered ice around Woy Woy and Ettalong. He then left his truck at Woy Woy station and got the train to Sydney, where he went to work (late) at S.T.C. (Standard Telephones and Cables) at Alexandria, where he designed STC radios. He got one for Mum's sister, Nat, a red and white art deco design, she had that radio for years and she loved it.

After work he would come home, like everybody else, but on Thursday night he would stay back and do his overtime (for being late arriving in the mornings). He would stay overnight at his mother's place at Hurstville.

After coming home on Friday night and having a quick tea he was off down to the hall to put the pictures on – he was now a projectionist, not an iceman, not a draughtsman. He was the projectionist – 'The Picture Show Man', in living black and white.

Now to run the pictures at Wagstaffe Hall, we had to have a new arrangement with Gosford Cinema. Dad got in contact with a guy who had a motorbike with two panniers (boxes for you non-bikies). They came to an arrangement that he would be paid to go to Kincumber Hall at interval and swap over the pictures (I saw this happening once at Kincumber) and return to Wagstaffe Hall within 15 to 20 minutes.



All repairs had to be paid for. The guy had an accident sliding on his bike once, but the pictures were delivered – not very quickly mind you, but by the next person driving by, while the motorbike rider was driven back, on his own bike, after having his leg bandaged up. The driver went back in the car.

When Mr Heron left the area, Mr Naylor and Mr Bashford took over and continued to operate the projector for the next decade.

The Show at Wagstaffe Hall

Once we went to a show of some kind down at the hall that had lots of different things in it. It was a show with people doing anything and everything. These people were not just from Wagstaffe although lots were locals from Pretty Beach, Hardys Bay, Killcare, also Gosford, Ettalong, Woy Woy and as it was school holiday time, we also had visitors from Sydney etc.

Most of what I remember was chaos, funny or not, I could not believe it.

One part that I do remember was a comic clown cow, a costume which obviously had two men inside, that came out of the side door on the right; then it came over to me and gave me a lick – with a real tongue. It went from my chin right up to my hair – some lick, eh!!!!

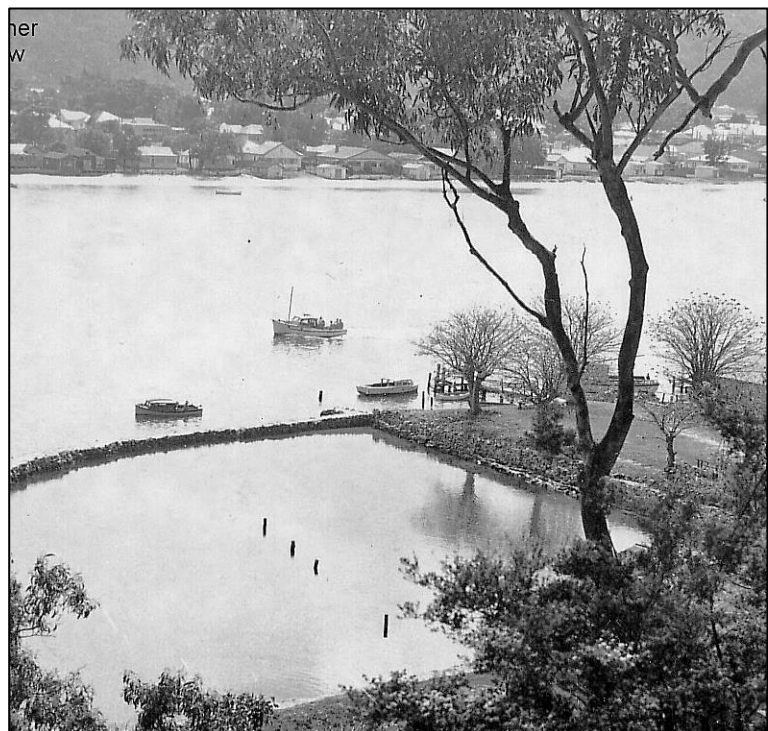
It then went down the aisle clicking its heels back and front, left and right, most of it coordinated, some of it not; it then came back up the aisle and went over to the kids on the left of the aisle and it licked two of those kids.

It then jumped and clicked its way out of the side door (this is the kitchen) with much applause and cheering, and I was left dumbfounded with my mouth wide open. I could not believe it, nor could I understand what had happened – still can't.

San Toy Tidal Pool

Once we went down to the Radford's *San Toy Estate* to go to Half Tide Rocks (This was in the 1950s when San Toy was a little estate of holiday shacks – each well made, but not as big as a house) when we came across Ron Radford down at the little beach at San Toy quietly building a tidal pool – by himself!

He told me what it was, why he was building it and how it worked. I was really amazed.



And to top it off he told my Mum that he had gone and broken up the sandstone himself. He said, “that was the least I could do”, i.e. to build a pool where kids, big and small, could go for a swim and not be afraid of sharks.



Cottages at San Toy.

Araluen Drive

We left Wagstaffe once and Dad stopped at the Heath Road/Pretty Beach Road, intersection and saw a work gang bitumising Heath Road (it was a dirt road), so Dad asked the foreman what was going on and the man said that they were bitumising Heath Road, instead of Araluen Drive.

Dad asked why and the guy said they were doing Heath Road as it had residents on both sides of the road, but Araluen Drive only had residents on one side and only at the Pretty Beach end; also, rocks were falling down onto Araluen Drive, so it was going to be closed.

I remember as a little kid being driven along Araluen Drive from Pretty (awful) Beach and admiring the nice houses that they had there, and I still do.

I told my Mum and Dad that “this area was a lot like Wagstaffe, from the hall to Pretty Beach Road (on the hill side of the road) only much better and “could we move here?” The conversation went like this. Could we? No sorry, son. Oh, come on Dad why can’t we move here? Money. Money. What’s that got to do with it? Sorry mate, wait ‘til you go to school, then you’ll find out why.

When I went to school, I asked my teacher and my school mates this particular question and they could not give me an answer. They never thought of money or maths.

I returned to Killcare recently – (March 2010) and for the first time I drove down Araluen Drive, since it was closed (it's been a long time) and I found out where the rocks came from. A creek (now a drain) flows down the hill and in wet weather down would come the rocks and cars would have to stop and move the rocks out of the way. (Ah, it was lots of fun driving around here - dodgem rocks, Wards "roller coaster" Hill Road, hair-pin bends and Mad Martha. What a life. Who would want to live (or die) anywhere else?

The Two Red Books

When I was a kid (about eight years old) we came across two red books all about the Bible; every page had fantastic pictures/scenes from the Bible. It was called *The Desire of the Ages*. We had no idea where it came from, but it was printed by/for the Seventh Day Adventist Church.

In 1993 I joined the SDA Church in Coffs Harbour after moving there in 1988.

In about 2005 a guy I knew asked me about my life, "I know you're a nice guy John, but I don't know anything about you. Where did you grow up etc.?"

So, I told him I grew up on the Central Coast.

"Oh, that's funny. I used to go door to door selling books on the Central Coast." So he told me all the places he went to.

"I went to Wyoming, Gosford, Toukley, Budgewoi, Wyong, Woy Woy, The Entrance but the longest single run I did was to Pretty Beach." I said, "I used to live at Wagstaffe."

He replied, "No, I didn't go there. I had had enough."

Then I remembered that my Mum's best friend lived at Pretty Beach. She was Gwen Perrie's mother. I do not remember her name. (I found out it was Mrs Greenhalgh.)

So, I told him about the two red books, and he said they had been printed about two years before my sister Val had been born in 1938 and as this woman was Mum's best friend, they would make ideal christening presents for my sister, so I am supposing that she gave them to us.

I had found the salesman after all these years. I found the man responsible for us having the books in the first place. Unbelievable! Other people confirmed that he and I were both correct and they had the books, still at home in their library, in one case.

I was telling another friend of mine in church this story and he said, “I used to live at Pretty Beach and go to Pretty Beach Primary school.” I said, “My sister used to go to Pretty Beach Primary School.” “What was your sister’s name?” I said, “Val Heron.” “I know Val Heron. I can’t say that I remember her face, but I do remember her name, but she was two or three classes below me, but yeah, we all shared the same classroom.”

This man was known to everybody as “Junior”, “Junior Burke”. He was in the Surf Club, as was his sister “Bubbles Burke”. You can see their pictures on the wall at the Surf Club.

Mum, Dad and I went to Killcare once for a surf carnival and we were very proud when my sister, Valerie Heron, marched past us as the flag bearer for “The Women’s Surf Rescue Squad” and shortly after (the next year) we had to leave Wagstaffe so I could start school in Sydney and Mum could get away “at last”.

The Coast Road

My dad, Laurie Heron, found out that the D.M.R (Department of Main Roads) was going to build a new highway. This was to be instead of the Pacific Highway and to be called The Coast Road.

The road was to come up to Palm Beach from the Pacific Highway around the Gordon/Pymble area and was to go in a tunnel under the Palm Beach Golf Course on Barrenjoey Head then head to and go under Lion Island (for stability purposes); then head to the end of Umina Beach using Mt. Ettalong for the exit/entry tunnel mouth.

It would then go past the front of Umina Beach township (where the caravan park and the recreation reserve is now) through the back of Ettalong Beach until it got to a spot where it could turn and come straight over the water to land at Albert Street – good-bye San Toy Estate and good-bye to any house in Albert Street.

Mum and Dad thought this would be a good idea as they would be able to sell tea and scones to the weary travellers. We were going to make a fortune. Rod Radford and San Toy would go, but Boy! we were going to be rolling in money – but it never happened, did it?

We went up to Wagstaffe while staying at my sister’s place (Val) at The Entrance, once and saw the Radfords who told us they (Main Roads) had built “The Rip Bridge”.

After renting out our house to a family, we went up to clean it and then see some of our old friends and neighbours.

We had to stop at the shop, and I was told to go in and get some bread and milk. I went in, saw who the new owner was and came running out, very excited. I said “Mum, Dad come inside you’ll never believe who owns the store – it’s Mr Levy, Ian’s Dad, from school.” My school mate’s dad, Mr Levy, had decided to move to Wagstaffe after Ian left school. We could not believe it.

Years later we saw Mr Levy on “The News”. He was down in Victoria protesting about people shooting ducks in the “Victorian Duck Hunter Season”. He was in the water, collecting any injured ducks (they could keep the dead ones), fighting with the hunters. He would not give back any live ducks. Mr Levy and his helpers were fighting with the hunters 3, 4, 5 or more at a time – it was full on.

We saw Mr Levy on “The News” for years after that, until Victoria stopped the duck hunting season. After leaving Wagstaffe, Mr Levy became a real estate agent at Punchbowl in Sydney.

Visiting the Hall

While staying at Avoca one year, we decided to see how Wagstaffe was going now that we had left.

We stopped at the hall, as it was open, and Dad was rather proud of his creation and how much it was being used.



This is how Wagstaffe Hall looked for most of its time.

A woman spoke to Dad, very excited to see him again and told him and Mum, very proudly, that she had organized the women to make the curtains and her husband had made the windows, as he was a retired carpenter.

She told us about all the jobs, big and small that the community did and that not many people knew (most didn't) what they were doing, (but a few did).

They were supported by those who did, and everybody encouraged everyone else, even if you had no idea what job somebody was doing, you would encourage them. If they were a bit doubtful, a lady said to Mum once, “I don't think I'm doing a very good job.” “Don't worry, be positive, you are doing a good job”. “What job has she got?” Dad said. “I don't know, never even seen her before,” said Mum.

What Does Mum do for work?

When I was a kid, asking this question would have been crazy. Everybody's Mum was a housewife, no mothers went to work – well except for Pat Radford that is. I thought Pat was amazing, as she went to work and she was so smart, a very intelligent lady and so nice too.

I thought she was the best Mum ever and I thought her kids Margaret, Ian and Graham were so lucky with a great Dad as well.

My Mum was Sylvia Heron, and while Dad was a draughtsman for STC, an iceman and the projectionist for Wagstaffe Hall, I had no idea about my Mum – none. She was just a housewife and would read magazines as far as I was concerned.

That was until I met Gwen Perrie a few years ago. Gwen told me that I should be very proud of my Mum as she was a colourist. She would colour up black and white photos. I was told she was very good, a very talented lady. She would get a supply of photos from a photographer in Gosford. Dad would pick them up from a pre-arranged location in Gosford, Mum would do the photos and Dad would put them into someone's (large?) letterbox, also pre-arranged.

What did your Dad do for a Living?

After my dad retired from work, I asked him one day what he had done for work early on in his life. I'm glad I asked because he told me things I had never heard of before.

Laurie Heron: bootmaker, fitter and turner, draughtsman, iceman and projectionist.

After he left high school, he went to work for his father, George Heron, who had a shoe repair shop in Diment's Arcade, below Woolworths in Hurstville.

Now Dad didn't like being a shoe repairer one little bit, but as he looked like Gary Cooper, the ladies loved him and they would say things to him like "Oh, Mr Heron, you're so nice. Will you do my shoes for me; they're such a good pair of shoes, I'd only trust you to do them. Would you?"

Well of course Dad always said yes, but Dad was so busy saying yes to these lady customers (more often than his dad) that it got him into trouble. They would sort out the shoes and his dad would do the hard jobs and my dad would do the easy ones. Dad had to ask his father to tell him what he had done to the "special" customer's shoes in detail, so he could tell them as though he had done them himself.

He studied draughtsmanship by correspondence as his parents could not afford to send him to Uni.

After Dad got married, he worked for a firm that built and installed machinery for factories. One was Bundaberg Sugar Mill, in Bundaberg, Queensland.

Dad was designing the big flywheel when the manager told him to go to Bundaberg and install the machinery at the factory; another draughtsman would finish the wheel.

While he was inspecting everything, he decided to count the gears on the flywheel he had designed before the machinery was turned on. He then found out it had the wrong number of gears; then he told the G.M. to not turn it on. If he did, Dad said the wheel would seize up before it rotated one full revolution.

Dad rang Sydney, told them what had happened and was told the other draughtsman had re-designed the wheel – whoops, bad idea. The wheel had to be redesigned and remade, with people working overtime day and night to finish it.

Meanwhile, the big wheel in Bundy was lifted outside by crane and dumped in grass beside the factory. It was nothing more than a piece of junk. But Dad said this wheel was big, really big.

It was so big that it had to have its own train, probably about four wagons: one behind the steam engine, the wheel wagon, one behind the wheel wagon and the guards van or passenger carriage, for the wheel workers/lookouts/man-Friday.

This train had right of way over all other trains; it was not to be stopped.

When it passed another train, it had to be one track clear of it, so lots of passes had to be made in the station yards – but only on the correct side. I can imagine some passenger trains being un-lucky enough to have to pull into a station, away from the platform, let the train go through, leave and then reverse into the station.

This happened all the way to the Queensland border at Wallangarra, where everybody and everything had to change trains – except for the crew in charge of the wheel. They stayed with the wheel (after changing trains of course).

Then the same thing happened in Queensland and also in Sydney. Signalmen told the people in charge that this wheel could not go past some signals as they were too close, they would have to be removed.

So, they were removed if they were too close and this was the second time, although not as many had to be removed the second time. Don't forget all of this second trip and remaking the second wheel was not necessary; it was just because of one little mistake.

When my dad got back he went up to this guy who “re-designed” his wheel and sacked him. He had no authority to do it, but he did it anyway. The manager then profusely apologized as it was he, who let this (so-called) draughtsman, redesign Dad's fly-wheel.

He then worked at S.T.C., designing radios.

He worked beside guys who designed various styles of black telephones that went into almost every house in Australia.

He then moved on to “Admiral” as head of the drawing office. While there he only managed to design two T.V.s.

After Admiral decided the market in Australia was not big enough and decided to go back to the U.S.A., he then moved on to H.M.V. as a draughtsman again.

While there, he designed quite a few televisions, stereos and radios. He designed the “Little Nipper 12”, the first transistorized TV B&W (a 12 inch) with triple power supply, battery, car battery (via the cigarette lighter holder) A.C. power (240volt).

He also designed the first two colour T.V.s for HMV – “The Ambassador” and “The Diplomat”.

The Japanese decided to buy HMV, so they closed it down in their 74th year, just after colour came in. But Dad retired before it closed.

He started a company of his own, making picture frames, “Heron Productions”. He did this for me, but it was too labour intensive, and it was becoming very popular. It was so popular, we could not find buyers as they were scared off because of the amount of work involved, while the big companies were happy to see us fold.

Dad got gangrene in 1976 in his right leg which he had to have amputated – twice, one halfway above the knee (1976) and then 9 months later (1977) halfway below the knee.

He lasted for 7 years and died of a heart attack in 1983. My Mum died of a stroke in 2009. My sister, Val, died from an aneurism in 1988, two months after her surprise 50th birthday.

The Grader Man

My Mum, Dad and I were going to Gosford one time and Dad came across a big pothole that he had just missed, so when we got to where the grader driver used to live (just up from Killcare Beach SLSC but on the main road) Dad told him. Without skipping a beat, he gave Dad “the ole righto – one finger salute” and without saying a word to us or telling his wife, got on his grader and took off to fix the pothole and I thought, Wow, how’s that for service and on the advice of one man too. Wow!!

We saw him a good while later while visiting Wagstaff and going to the pictures as a family. He came up to Dad and told him about the pothole and said he went and fixed it properly only because he’d seen Dad at the hall as the projectionist. He said he would have just put a barrier in front of it for anyone else, as his wife nearly had his tea ready. My Dad was a well-known man and very respected by the community, but to me he was just “My Dad”.

Letting out our House

The old house at 68 Wagstaff Avenue was let out sometimes, not on a very regular basis, I don’t think.

It was a good idea to let out our house as it was a big house. It was easy to divide our house in half simply by dividing the verandah, by locking it up so they had their own privacy, and also by locking a bedroom door; it was that easy.

We came up from Sydney to clean up after each letting, but one time we found the house in a complete mess with rubbish, newspapers and other garbage right through the house, also crayon writing on the walls.

We went down to the garage, as they had a car and found to our amazement a pile of shoes about four feet high. We could only see odd shoes, no pairs, so we went through the pile of shoes and found three pairs of shoes.

Admittedly they did have six or seven kinds, but why all the odd shoes? Needless to say, all three of us worked like Trojans to get that place clean in the two days we had. We even worked that night because we had to leave about 12 noon the next day in order to get home, relax and all be ready for work on Monday morning. What a weekend. It was one that we never forgot.

Being a young kid at Wagstaff

I don't remember much about Wagstaffe, regarding me at all and I remember even less about my sister Val, but I do remember some.

My earliest memory is of me being in a cot on the front verandah-come-sunroom with Mum on my right and sister comes in and picks up this little yellow duck, gives it to me to squeeze, then I throw-up, she laughs and then goes away. She had plaits then and as she was 10 years older than me, she must have only been about eleven or eleven and a half years old.

I went down to the Square with my mother when the hall was finished/almost finished and while she went inside, I saw to my amazement a group of men digging up "our beach" beside the wharf. I went over, mouth agog, and proceeded to ask them exactly what did they think they were doing and why? I told Pat Radford this in 2009 and she told me (I think) that they were bringing in better telephone lines (no more operators). After that I became rather humble and went over to my Mum at the hall.

One time we came down to the square and after asking my Mum (yet again) we finally went over to the café (across from the store) and had tea and scones (I had a drink). Then my Mum said to me "Are you happy now?" (Very mean).

I would have left right then, but I was not game enough. I would have thought she would enjoy going there, but apparently money was in short supply at the time. I still enjoy a nice quite 'cuppa' at a local coffee shop.

Snail Races at the Heron's Place

When I was at Wagstaffe we had a dog each, Val and I. Hers was a black medium-sized Pomeranian, called Peter, and mine was a kelpie, called Rex, and I have almost no memory of them.

What I do remember was me having “snail races” on our back verandah.

(We had no radio, TV was yet to come to Australia and I couldn’t read yet).

I would round up the contestants, put them in a circle and they were off. Well sort of, as you can imagine, no betting would take place, except for me. I was the only one allowed to bet and if anyone did, I would tell them to “go away and mind your own business”.

You could only stay and watch if you were backing the same snail to win as I was. That way we would all win or we would all lose and no “smarty pants” winner.



The interior pf Wagstaffe Hall.



Gwen Perrie and Fay Gunther, responsible for the renovation of Wagstaffe Hall



Wagstaffe Hall was renovated in 1999. Here is how it looked in 2008.

Rob Himbury's Story



Rob Himbury has been a resident of Killcare Heights for more than thirty years. He was always a musician – a drummer. He played in school bands from a young age, in the Royal Australian Navy Band, in bands in Sydney for many years and finally in bands on the Central Coast.

His contribution to the local community has brought joy to the many people who have listened to him play for many years.

As I sit here in beautiful Killcare Heights approaching my 83rd birthday I reflect on my life and wonder what would have happened to me if I had not followed my heart and pursued a career in music I always wanted to play drums

It all started at age 11 when I joined a Brisbane Primary School Drum and Bugle band.

The family moved to Katoomba in the early 1950's where I joined the Katoomba Brass Band in 1952. My parents who had always been supportive, bought me a 2nd hand drum kit which would have made a dent in the household budget.

The math's teacher who 'moonlighted', playing piano around the local guest houses formed a school dance band. Eventually while still at school, I played drums for him. He was paid two guineas (\$4.40) and I got 7/6 (75 cents). Plus, he got to drink the two bottles of beer that were left behind the piano!

As there were no drum teachers on the Blue Mountains, I discovered one who lived just out of Bankstown. So, the Saturday routine was an **early morning** steam train trip to Strathfield, a bus to Bankstown and a 2km walk to the teacher's house at Mt Lewis for a ½ hour drum lesson. Then a reverse journey back home arriving about 5pm.

When I left school I moved into a boarding house at Dulwich Hill with several other mountain boys and took a job at Palings Music Store in Sydney in 1955 and began a course in the 'University of Life'. There were several well-known jazz musicians working at Palings in their 'day jobs'.

My playing was constantly improving and one of the guys offered me a job in his band so he took me up to the Musicians' Union signed me up, then to David Jones to buy me a dinner suit. The arrangement was he paid for the clothes and I repaid him out of my earnings with his band. I will be forever indebted to Charles Duncan. Eventually I joined up with other young musicians playing in Jazz Clubs around Sydney.

After doing compulsory National Service in the Army Band I decided to further my studies and travel at the same time, so in May 1958 I joined the Royal Australian Navy Band as a percussionist. Suddenly I was gaining experience in string orchestras, concert bands, dance bands plus the normal ceremonial duties of a service band.



During my 9 year tenure I toured Australia extensively plus 2 x 12 month deployments in the Fleet Band aboard the flagship HMAS Melbourne.

I had married my wife Jan in 1961 so she had to tolerate my constant touring and being at sea away from home. Unfortunately, I was away when both our children were born. However, Jan was thankful to be able to stay with her mum and dad at these times.

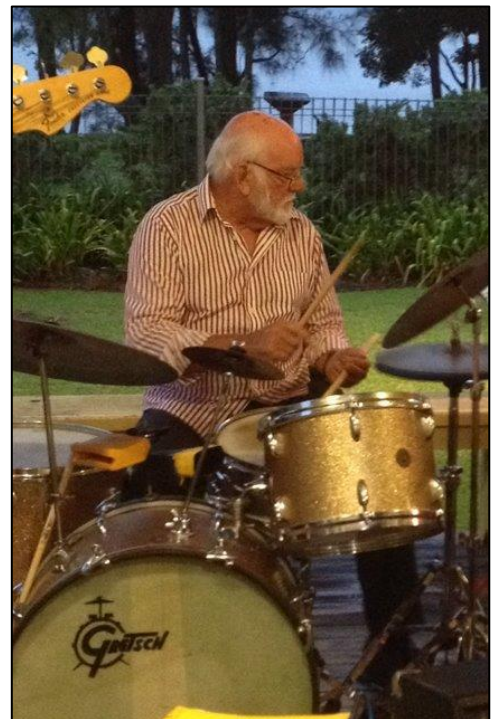
I left the Navy in 1967, took a day job at a Sydney Music Store and started what turned out to be a 30 year+ music career playing at times five nights a week in some of the better Sydney Clubs.

My Navy experience came to the fore as I was an experienced musical sight reader when accompanying regular production shows.

In those halcyon days most clubs had at least a five-piece band and at one club where I was playing, they extended the already large stage, froze it over and staged an Ice Follies for a week with an augmented band.

Eventually Jan and I decided on a sea change, bought a block of land at Killcare Heights in 1985, built a pole home which we moved into in 1989. At the time, the Central Coast Concert Band Musical Director, Robert Bedwell, was an old Navy mate of mine, so I joined them for a few years.

Then I met a lovely Hungarian guitarist/pianist; Lorant Gacsay on the beach. He introduced me to Marilyn and Richard Collins, talented local musicians, who had formed The Bouddi Big Band with whom I played for many years doing concerts all over the coast including a few Australia Day Concerts at the Waggy Hall.



At this time a small group was also formed to play at MacMasters Beach SLSC on Wednesday Mornings which continued on for close to a ten-year period, along with the occasional musical soiree on the Wagstaffe and Killcare waterfronts before my “other life” finally caught up with me and I retired.



Rob Himbury 2021

SHIRLEY HOOD

Reminiscences about holidays spent at Wagstaffe from 1926 to 1940.

The following document is a letter from former Wagstaffe visitor, Shirley Hood, to her sister which provides us with a delightful picture of Wagstaffe from the 20s to the 40s. Shirley now lives in Sydney.

4th July, 1999

My Dear Bess,

We have been so delighted to know that Ian has found a wonderful place at Wagstaffe – it seems almost too good to be true! This news has made me think back to so many things which we enjoyed in this little part of paradise when we were children, in the late twenties and right through the thirties. I felt compelled to write them down so that Ian could have some background of the place. Of course, I know it has grown since then, but it will still be a wonderful area in which to live and relax and I hope, if he knows what has gone before, he will enjoy it even more with his wife and family, not to mention the occupants, at times, of the granny flat.

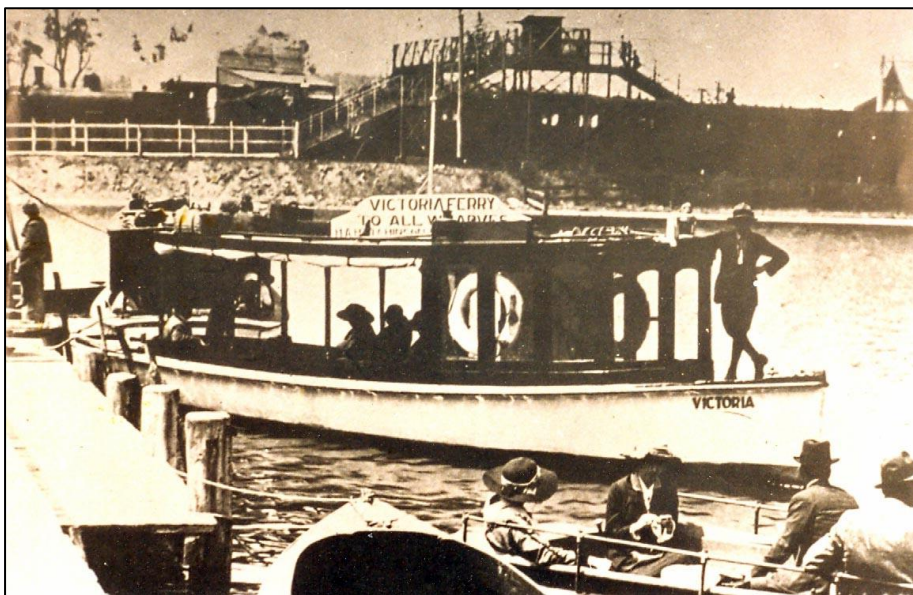
My mum and dad spent their honeymoon in a cottage at Hardy's Bay, which belonged to people who lived in Park Ave, Drummoyne, which is where my grandpa lived. The Becks who were artists and Mrs Beck Snr, who lived in Lenore Rd as you know, also had a cottage there. The Killcare peninsula, around the Broken Bay area on its north side and the Blue Mountains area, were The Places for holidays in those days. The cottage where mum & dad stayed was called *Kookaburra* and was on the hillside above Hardy's Bay Wharf.



Manly House adjacent to Wagstaffe Wharf with launches moored.

While they were there of course they explored the local area as dad was always a great one for hiking. so they were soon at Wagstaffe itself where Dad discovered a great friend with whom he'd sailed on Middle Harbour – Harry Brothers and his two sisters – Agnes and Miss Maude Brothers. They had a big guest house so, every year afterwards, for some years until I was about five, we stayed at Manly House, generally with some of our grandparents, too. After that, our annual visit was to cottages right on the point itself where we enjoyed freedom and the great outdoors for an idyllic six weeks.

Our holidays began, as I expect yours did too, with a trip to Central in a Hains Hire Car, and then, dressed in our best, we went by steam train to Woy Woy, enjoying the excitement of the tunnels when we had to quickly slam the windows shut to keep out the smoke and the soot.



Wharf and Town Centre Woy Woy, circa 1928

When we arrived at Woy Woy station, we had to walk down to the wharf area – a very busy place in those days with launches departing to all parts of the Gosford/Broken Bay foreshores, such as Kincumber and Empire Bay, as well as ‘ours’ which went as far as Ettalong.



Wharf (above) and Riley's Buses. One of Riley's buses (below)

There were buses which also went to the Ettalong area, but we had to do our journey by launch as there were no roads into Wagstaffe. There was a sort of track from Gosford which could be negotiated by brave motorbike riders.



The only piece of 'road' in the area ran from the Bakery at Pretty's Beach round to Wagstaffe. Once a day, the Baker, with his horse and cart would rattle around to the General (& only) store at Wagstaffe, with a load of fresh, crusty, hot and delightfully aromatic bread. You will note "Pretty's" not "Pretty" as that area was originally owned by Mr. Pretty.

We always enjoyed the launch trip, the steady chug as it struggled through the Rip and around Broken Bay and we felt we were almost there by the time we reached the wharves of Killcare and Hardy's Bay. On the jetty at Hardy's Bay, we were always glad to greet the only local aborigine, Turo. I suppose he was the last of his tribe. A pleasant, very black old chap, with a white grin, and a circle of white curls around the dome of his shining black head, and a great source of knowledge about local fishing spots. I used to wonder about his name and years later I was quite astonished to discover the town of Truro in Cornwall, U.K, which makes me wonder even more about his name.

After a wonderful six weeks it would be time to do our journey in reverse and the hardest part was trying to put on our shoes after six weeks of running about with bare feet.

Even though Wagstaffe had its influx of summer visitors, it was still a very quiet place where everybody knew everybody. The school for Infants and Primary was at Pretty's Beach, about half-way to Hardy's Bay and I think it was a two-teacher school.

The main excitement was caused by the rival launch companies – the Murphys and the Owens – one obviously Roman Catholic and the other not, and people were most particular about selecting the 'correct' one. It would never do for a good Protestant to think of travelling safely with Murphy's and vice versa, and as far as I can remember this division persisted all the time we went there. After some years of passengers carrying suitcases from the station to the wharf, one of the launch owners dreamed up the idea of capturing passengers at the foot of the railway steps by waiting with a luggage trolley and shouting the destination of his launch. The opposition followed suit of course and competition was so keen they'd almost struggle to grab your suitcase to put on their trolley and away they'd go.

Sometimes, on arrival at the wharves, a passenger would discover she'd accidentally been claimed by the 'wrong' launch and a hasty change of luggage was demanded as no-one would travel with the opposition.

I presume there must have been a good share of both faiths living there as both ferries were well patronised & there was no shadow of the 'splits' once people arrived! Happily!



Manly House, the guesthouse at Wagstaffe.

Manly House was a very big Guest House, part of it two-storey and it was right beside the main Wagstaffe Wharf, on the left. Over the water, they had a boathouse with quite a few rowboats for guests and, I think, a small tidal swimming pool. The grounds went all the way up the slope with trees and garden seats for guests. Then, on the flat and right to the corner, was Manly House, two-storey for a large section. Attached was a long narrow one-storey section of rooms with doors opening on to the 'square' - the big grassed open area outside, which had a large shady tree and the village pump. These rooms were arranged so that on their other side was the hallway and an inside entrance running along but they were let to fishermen who could step outside to go out at any time so as not to disturb other guests, as fishermen were at the call of the tides. Before these rooms were reached there was the entrance to Manly House and a pleasant, wide, many-seated verandah – a great place. Of course, it was dinner, bed and breakfast and room service. The three members of the Brothers family did it all, including the washing and ironing - without electricity! The fishermen mentioned, gave their catches in at the kitchen and it was specially cooked for them, or, when it was a big catch, it was put on the menu for all.

Our family often took up other guests when they holidayed at Many House. My parents were married in March and our holidays there, were in March until our missing out on school ruled this date out. Well, one year there was an Englishman named Lionel with us and he and Dad went out fishing in a rowboat. Dad caught an eel which he refused to throw back as he said Miss Brothers cooked eel excellently and for the remainder of the time, while they fished, the eel wriggled, and Lionel shrieked and declared it to be revolting. When dinner came round, eel was an item on the menu. The menu was not printed, but recited by Agnes, so Dad was astounded when Lionel said, I'll have 'eel'. Dad waited a while for Lionel to explain his change of heart and then said, "I thought you wouldn't eat 'eel'." Lionel leapt to his feet and bolted out to the kitchen. I thought she said "veal" he cried, while Dad & everyone else collapsed with mirth!

Manly House, therefore, occupied one side of the wide public, grassed area leading up from Wagstaffe Wharf and beside the wharf were tidal public baths. Opposite Manly House was just the side fence of a waterfront place. Many years later we discovered a little greengrocers shop had been put there up, near the corner of the cross-street, facing the 'square' and opposite the fishermen's rooms of Manly House. On the corner of this cross-street & just beyond the end of Manly House stood a single streetlamp – an old-style square-glassed container on top of a post which Harry Brothers lit each night. I think it was the only streetlight there. It was a kerosene lamp of course.

Diagonally across from the rear of Manly House was the General Store which truly stocked just about everything. The people running it lived at the back on the premises, but it had set hours - probably the daylight hours. Around the front and the side was a wide verandah just the right height for sitting on the edge so that adults could rest their feet on the ground. At the end of the side verandah was a little room, its door and the waist-high window beside it taking up the width of the verandah. This was run by a stout and discreet lady called Miss Perkins, who knew everyone and, no doubt, their business as well. The Post Office kept business hours and the highlight of the day was the arrival of The Mail.



The mail taken by wheelbarrow from the wharf to the Post Office.

Anybody who was anybody was duty bound to join the verandah mob for that. The mail came up from Sydney by steam train to Woy Woy station and was collected by whoever was running the launch which arrived at Wagstaffe Wharf at 12 noon. Sharp eyes would monitor its progress round the earlier wharves to check it was on time and 12 noon represented the high point of the day at the General Store where locals waited and exchanged news, especially relating to fishing spots, and the coming and going of regular visitors.

The launch arrived with the extra bustle and importance of unloading the mailbags and the Sydney daily papers and a 'local' always wheeled a barrow down for these and had the pleasure of being the centre of attention as he wheeled it back. The papers went into the store for sorting & the names of those ordering to be placed on them. The Post Office door was importantly opened to receive the mail bags and the little window was ceremoniously and officially shut so Miss Perkins could sort the mail.

No-one budged off the verandah and simultaneously with all this bustle the Baker came dashing up the red gravel road, standing up in his cart & flourishing his whip as the horse did its best to gallop in style and so make quite a commotion. The hot bread was then delivered into the Store and the baker waited to take back papers to the little shop at Pretty's Beach. As children we were terrified of the Baker, a huge man with bright blue eyes, red hair & beard & a loud voice – quite a figure! Meantime the locals continued their slow conversations and waited – time had no major importance at Wagstaffe, just the tides! (Except, of course, if the 12 o'clock launch was late!)



Eventually, Miss Perkins would rattle up the little window with a flourish and a quiet queue would sort itself out and people would ask for their mail, and then go into the store for bread and papers, etc, and gradually the 'crowd' would melt away. I suppose there would be a daily group of a dozen, or less – a crowd for Wagstaffe.

We used to go for the mail when we were staying at the Point and usually collect it for people in the other cottages belonging to where we stayed – our Big Mission of the day!

Before I finish commenting about Manly House, I must mention that they had a very big room downstairs which was used for local dances and was referred to importantly as The Ballroom. Miss Brothers and Agnes played the piano for dances or to entertain their guests in the evenings. Across the road from Manly House, i.e. the road which came round from Pretty's Beach, was a big block of land owned by Harry Brothers, which ran a fair way up the hill. Here was kept Torchie, a quiet soft-eyed Jersey cow which Harry milked. There were stables and sheds near the road, and we went, as small children, to watch Torchie being milked but we did not enjoy the cup of warm rich milk we were given to drink as a treat. Politeness did not allow us to refuse!

Torchie seemed to supply the needs for Manly House but there was a local Dairy. The road which came round from Pretty's Beach ran on up the hill past the General Store and finished at the water's edge, after suddenly dropping down the steep incline. It was grassed for its full width and was only used by pedestrians and the cows from the local Dairy. This was set on a big piece of land beyond the General Store and facing the backs of the waterfront homes in that section where Ian will be living. The house was at the back of the block on the slope and the cows had a good-sized area in front but were regularly let out to wander because they'd return at milking time, and they also wandered at night. There were not many, if any, houses beyond the Dairy on that side of the road but at the end of the road where it dropped down to the water was a ramshackle hut where Old Bill lived, a local identity and a famous local fisherman who lived a spartan but happy life there and was eventually discovered dead in his bunk from a heart attack after the locals had discussed whether anyone had seen Old Bill around and after due deliberations decided to investigate.



Old Bill fished the tides from the shore unless someone took him on their boat. An excellent shore area for fishing was off Half Tide Rocks – between the last house along The Point and Lobster Beach. Here Old Bill checked the moon and the tides and when both were ‘right’ kept his appointment with jewfish. He was seen walking with a ‘beauty’ along the waterfront from Half Tide Rocks to his hut, the fish draped with the head over his shoulder and the tail near his ankles. Local excitement was great and reached fever pitch when Old Bill said he’d go round at such and such a time ‘and catch its mate tomorrow’ and he did! Right on time!

By the time I was about six or seven we stopped our March holidays at Manly House, though we continued to visit the Brothers family, of course, and stayed in one of a little group of cottages right on the flat land at Wagstaffe Point. They had their own jetty where the launch stopped, and which was almost opposite the wharf where it stopped at Ettalong. There were tidal baths beside the jetty and also mooring for the rowboats, one of which belonged to each cottage.



Shirley grows up: Shirley and her family holidayed at Wagstaffe for many years.

There were three cottages and a waterfront boatshed in this group. Beside Old Bill’s hut on the road, there was a big piece of grassed vacant land (enjoyed by the dairy cows). Alongside the vacant block were the three cottages and about two other waterfront places and then three more owned by a Mr. Horn who had some connection with ‘The A.M.H’. Next there was a little corner sandy beach and finally Half-Tide Rocks which curved around a headland. Further along was Lobster Beach.

The cottages where we stayed had a clay tennis court, too, and when we first went there, they were owned by a Mr. & Mrs. Waterman (most appropriately) and their daughter, Rita, whom we properly call Miss Waterman though I think she was all of twenty then. Behind this little settlement at the Point rose the hill of headland, tree-covered and bird-haunted.



Bourneville in the front, Mavis behind and a glimpse of Tipperary.

The three cottages were *Bourneville* at the front and another one at the back behind. On its own was *Tipperary*, where we stayed. Behind *Tipperary* was the owner's laundry so when they 'boiled up' on Washing Days. Mum also did ours then, too – not much clothing for us as we went about a lot of time in our cossies, of course. People could swim, anywhere there, when the tide was in, but if it was very hot, it was considered safe, at low tide, to row across to Ettalong and swim beside the wharf area in a 'dead end' low tide section between the beach and a big sand bar – this area was beyond the wharf towards the area of Broken Bay. Then, on the start of the run-in, on the far side of the sand bank where the channel is, it is or was a great place to fish and especially for landing flathead as you can drag them in on to the sand and give them little chance to bite through the line and escape. We used to catch flounder and bream, too, there.

A long set of concrete steps, set beside the tennis court, led up to the end of the crest of the road which led down to the store but going to the right it was possible to walk along a track on the ridge of the hill which led behind the dairy and finished up at a look-out called Dog Face Rock which overlooked Lobster Beach and the open waters of Broken Bay towards Lion Island and, when turning about-face, looked down on Wagstaffe. We liked this walk because cotton plants grew there, and we could pip the prickly balls.

We had water tanks and no electricity so had an oil lamp and candles supplied and although there was a fuel stove in the kitchen/living room, we only used the kitchen primus to cook the fish we caught.



An early view of Wagstaffe from Albert St.

Now, I would like to back to Wagstaffe for a moment and the square near the Wharf, which Manly House faced. This held the Village Pump as mentioned, and we used to see, when we stayed at Manly House, the Dairy Lady come every day with a bar across her shoulders and a bucket suspended from each end and energetically work the pump handle up and down and fill each bucket and walk off with them. We were rather in awe of her, too, poor thing, and thought she might be a witch. No doubt, on thinking back, she may have had a sad story, because she always wore black, including a big black hat, and her hair straggled from its bun as she worked, but in those days, we kept a wide berth of the Dairy Lady, though when we stayed at the Point we put out our billy and enjoyed the milk. She must've been a very hard-working woman.



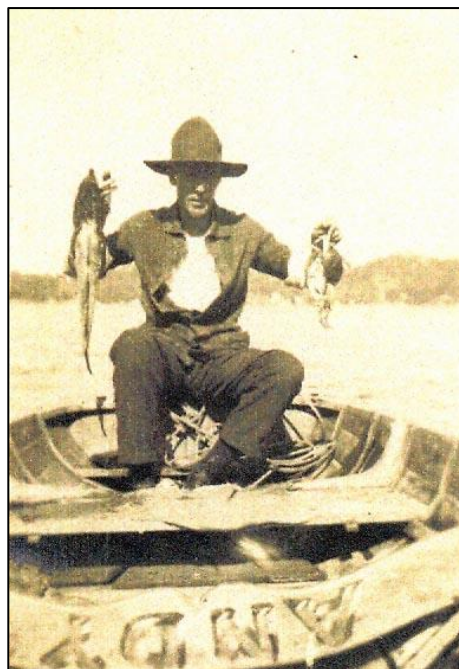
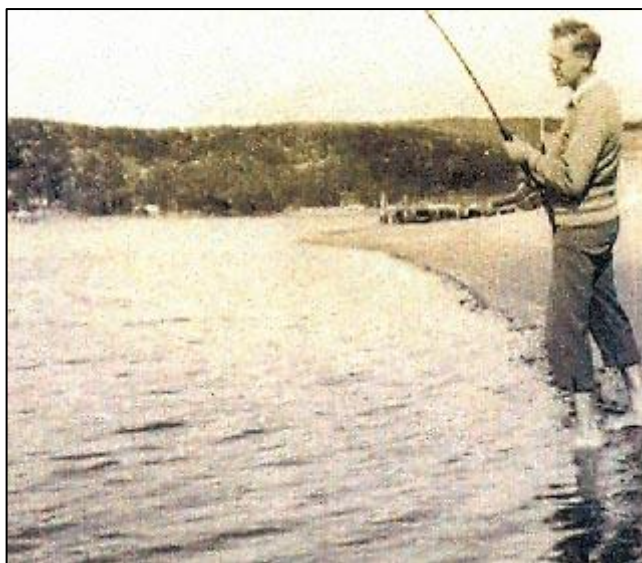
Mulhall Street: the street described, still unmade but with telegraph poles.

The only other piece of local road in Wagstaffe, also completely grassed, led on from the part I've called the square and went straight on up the hill, beside the General Store and up quite a way towards Dog Face Rock, although it petered out into a track before it reached the Rock (Mulhall Street). There were a few cottages on either side of this road, some let to holiday people but most occupied by locals. About halfway up, there was one where the man had a big backyard, where he grew blood plums and luscious black muscatel grapes. We used to walk up there to buy them when we stayed at the Point and they were delicious.

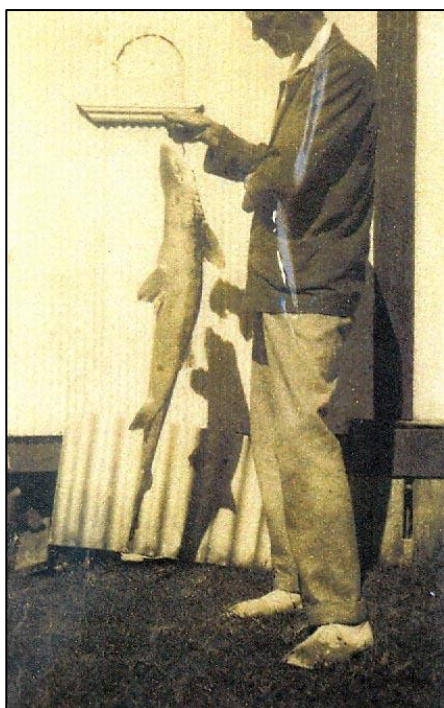
We only shopped at this orchard and The Store and added the fish we caught to our diet. However, there were two small sea-going ships which ran a regular service from Sydney to Gosford. They were *The Erina* and *The Gosford* and they chugged past our jetty on Tuesdays and Thursdays and the crew (three, I think) always gave us a wave as we always waited for them. They carried goods mostly to Gosford and fresh supplies for Thursday Market Day at Gosford. There were special market launches on Thursdays, the only day they went to Gosford. We used to make use of these little ships and just before we were due to arrive for our holidays, mum would pack and send by ship, a big wooden cabin trunk with bed linen, towels, swimming costumes and any extras which would fit in and Dad would order two big food hampers from Anthony Hordens – one for then and one for later – and so we ate well, without fuss – and had a great time. Some people did row across to Ettalong to buy meat but I can't remember shopping there except for ice creams, as a treat! The boats unloaded our trunks etc. at our wharf.



The steamship, *Erina*.



Ralph Davies loved to go fishing.



The main channel came into Brisbane Waters beside this sand bank and right the way along beside the jetties at The Point and around beside the jetties where Ian will live, to the Wagstaffe Jetty so, no matter the state of the tide, the launches could call. This channel was a great place for fish so many people fished off their jetties on the last of the run in, on the turn, and on the first of the run out. Otherwise, the flow was too swift as the water raced along the channel and as young children we were forbidden to row to Ettalong at these times.

Even the men, if they did, going straight (almost) across from The Point to Ettalong would almost only need to use one oar strongly. It was easy to be pushed off course. There was also a good wharf near Pretty's Beach School where green weed grew and which was haunted by black fish (black bream) and some people seemed to row and drop anchor and fish over the mud flats at Pretty's Beach and Kilcare but I don't know what they caught. At low tide these flats were exposed and we used to see thousands of blue-shelled little soldier crabs scuttling about.

In March there was great excitement when ‘the garfish ran in’ as they came in great schools and I remember one man who, with a pal, ventured into Broken Bay itself and came back with the bottom of the boat full of garfish which he emptied on to the sand ‘for all’. Otherwise, the odd big jewfish caught mostly by locals caused the most fuss until one day my brother earned temporary fame by catching a blackfish with a prawn for bait.

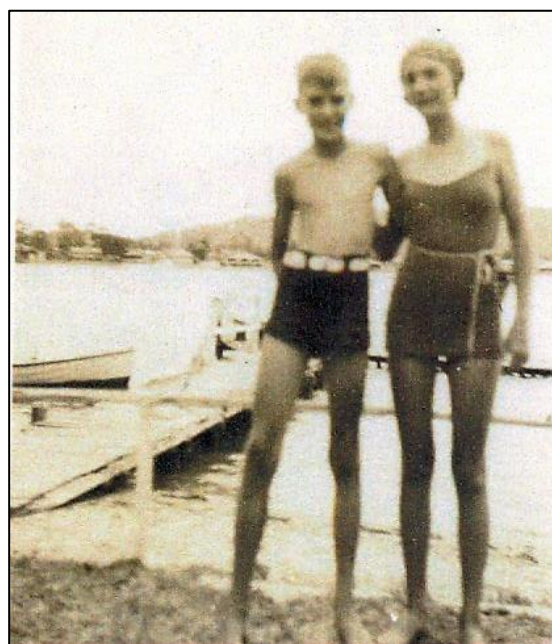
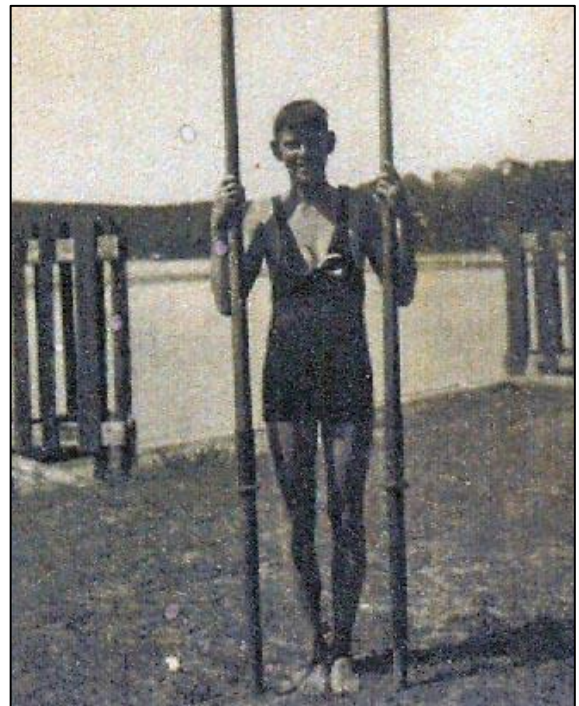


Sunset from the sandbank near Ettalong Beach.

Many people kept the tiddlers they caught for bait – either cut up – or whole to tempt ‘a big one’ but twice a day a man in an open motorboat toured round Brisbane Waters calling ‘prawn-oh-prawn-bait’ in a musical cadence and people hailed him from their jetties. We also caught plenty of leatherjackets (to eat) and when we caught an octopus, we used to turn the body inside out and cut up the tentacles for bait.

On Lobster Beach, at the far end, in the 30s, were several weather-stained tents occupied by lone men, where blackened billies stood about, and stray and rather greyish clothing items flapped from bits of line tied between trees. We always exchanged ‘hullos’ and they did lots of silent fishing. Periodically their tent-flaps were tied shut so we guessed they went away to work for their dole – mysterious, silent loners.

Our regular holiday 'outings' included rowing to Ettalong to swim, fish or buy ice-cream; a walk or two up to Dog Face Rock, as our Dad had made the steps out of tree branches which led on to it; a big day out at Putty Beach and another day walking around Box Head. The only other thing I should mention about Ettalong was that beside the wharf there was a boatshed on the beach with row boats for hire and many were moored in the blind channel outside and near the wharf. One hot night when it was low tide Dad decided a swim was a 'must' so he rowed us across and we had a long dip there; listening, to what we thought were boats bumping together in the swing of the water! Then we discovered it was a whole school of porpoises, rolling along in the channel.



Three more holiday shots of Shirley and Philip Davies at Wagstaffe.

I should also mention a great highlight of our week. When we stayed at The Point for the six-week holidays, Dad used to come and stay from Christmas to New Year, when the factory closed but then he went back and took his annual holidays in May when we had the 2 weeks for school holidays at Blackheath. He did come up for each weekend, a much-anticipated occasion. He'd come up on the Friday night steam train to Woy Woy which met the last bus to Ettalong, which dropped him off near the beach beside the wharf and opposite The Point. At the point, we would be eagerly on the look-out and we'd see three torch flashes and know he was there. Then Mr Waterman would row across and collect him – Dad at the ready with his shoes and socks in his hand and his trousers rolled up and we'd be waiting to see him jump out! Later, we were old enough to row across ourselves – a thrill! The return journey was on Sunday night.

It must have been in the mid-thirties that Manly House burnt down. No doubt it was not surprising, in a way, because there were elderly permanent guests who smoked and read in bed there, as well as fishermen lighting candles & lamps at all hours and of course there were only water tanks, no endless supply, so the whole lot burnt to the ground. My Dad was there – he must have been on a flying visit to see Harry and he took a photo of the flames. I found this little black and white photo and posted it, with a note and my address to 'The Secretary, The Wagstaffe Historic Society' but it was never acknowledged. There was, I believe, no loss of life, but even when we visited Shirl & Allan there, nothing had been built on the site. I suppose people go further afield these days, but it is still a lovely place up there.

Our day out to Putty Ocean Beach was organised by Dad and often included people from the other cottages, so several row boats usually set off with picnic baskets and swimming gear. It was timed so we could row over on the run-in of the tide and back with the run-out. The boats were moored to Killcare Wharf and the oars and rowlocks were left in the little shop across from the wharf. Then, shouldering our bundles we'd walk to Putty on a white dirt road mostly with open bushland and wildflowers on either side.



The Bogey Hole at Putty Beach.

Then it was down to the beach for the day. The change room was officially labelled ‘dressing shed’ but we were rather cautious about the holes in the wooden floor. We swam in the Bogey Hole, a frothy rock-encircled natural pool where ocean waves created surges; we explored wonderfully pristine and beautiful little rock pools and collected shells along the deserted beach. My mum especially collected lovely little shells which had a natural tiny hole in a corner. These were in demand to decorate the edge of crocheted milk jug covers. We were only disappointed once at Putty when the bogey hole was full of small octopus. We surfed in the ocean and admired two porpoises frolicking in the waves, but we did miss the fun in the bogey hole.



Shirley, Essie, Philip and Ralph Davies at Putty Beach in 1940, their last extended holiday.

Our other big day was a long and interesting hike. To reach Box Head we walked from Wagstaffe towards Pretty’s Beach but when the road curved left we struck off into the bush on the right on a track which led us all the way – it must have been close to Shirl’s Mum’s little cottage. Most of the walk was over flat sandstone rocky surfaces and sandy tracks with bush flowers and scrub and the views were great.

We walked around Box Head in a sort of circle and lunched looking out to sea and across the entrance to Broken Bay to Palm Beach. Then we walked near the cliff edges and could look down on the waters just inside Broken Bay. There were often launches to be seen and one day we saw one where the passengers were dangling their feet in the water and below the boat we could see in the silhouette of a shark, effortlessly gliding behind them.

We had to shout in unison to make ourselves heard and you should've seen how quickly their feet came out of the water. The last part of the walk was between tall bushes which met overhead, and the track was criss-crossed by webs where large, fat, grey spiders hung so we stooped very low and hurried and were always glad to emerge safely. The track led down to Lobster Beach and from there we could easily walk back to the point.

I suppose I should also mention the dunny man who came to the cottages every Monday morning and his aroma announced his coming. He'd run down the steps with two pristine pans and dash back up with two full ones so he must have been tough. We never did see his 'cart' so I don't know if a horse waited patiently or whether he'd somehow 'spirited in', in an old truck.

Well, the dirt road I mentioned from Pretty's Beach had been grass when we first went there, so when it was gravelled, I mentioned it in a letter to my friend, Nell Matthews, who decided it must run all the way from Gosford. She and her then-fiancé, Les, decided to use it and arrived, rather worn out, as Nell had come on the pillion. It was decided they simply didn't want to go back that way so we created a local sensation by sitting the bike in the row boat, tying it upright. With Les sitting in the bow seat to row and Dad in the middle to row on the other side of the bike, we edged into the water. I was sitting on the stern busily bailing all the way to Ettalong, where we arrived safely! Then Les got the bike on to the nearby road and we rowed back for Nell and took her across and away they went - back to Sydney.

In January we always had wonderful King tides, too, when the grass flat near the cottages went under water and one year we had a three-day cyclone when the waves lapped the doorstep of our back cottage.

We also had some events with the dairy cows wandering there at night. The cottage had two bedrooms which opened on to a long, partly enclosed verandah which had an opening out on to the grass. Mum slept across the end of this and lo! one night she opened her eyes to see a cow gazing soulfully at her. She sat up in surprise and startled the cow which couldn't turn around and made a great clatter escaping backwards.

I also think people called Streets ran the 'Protestant' launch first & lived in a lovely brick house near where Ian must be, so they must've sold out to Owens. Murphy's were on the waterfront beyond Manly House towards Pretty's Beach.

In the summer, the owners of the cottage moved out of *Bournville* and into the boatshed and *Bourneville* was let to keen fishermen who fished the night tides until they felt the lack of sleep. They were very tired but Old Bill was predicting jewfish, so they compromised by setting their lines, trailing them across the front grass and bringing them into their bedroom windows. They put the corks in buckets so that when there was a bite and the lines ran, the corks would rattle, they would wake up, leap outside and haul in their huge catch. The first part of the plan went well and they fell into bed and fast asleep. Hours later, a large and noisy rattle of the buckets - lines obviously running out at a great rate - fishermen out of bed in the pitch dark - trousers to be donned before they could emerge, of course, but where were they and who'd hidden the matches?

The torch was dropped and rolled under the bed, or somewhere, and the lines streamed out and the confusion and bad language flowed too, so that the row woke the owner who came out of the boatshed with his torch and discovered a large and very confused dairy cow totally entangled in fishing liners. A long untangling process followed and finally all was well except – no jewfish and no lines. Sadly, they had to be cut! That's the best fish story I know. And it's true!

At Wagstaffe, we made our own entertainment, and it was also a case of early to bed and early to rise with swimming and fishing and some rowing governed by the tides. Weekdays meant going for the mail, at noon, of course. We played some games with other children and built the most elaborate sandcastles, villages, or other designs on the beach. We read and usually brought up several board games as we were keen on chess. Every evening we gathered on seats in front of the cottages for guessing games or listened to stories – Dad told some beauties. Every evening when we went to our cottage mum read us a chapter from a book, by lamplight and we enjoyed *Treasure Island*, *Little Women*, *Guy Mannering* and many similar classics over the years.

I remember long, sunny, blue-skied days with gentle breezes; the sounds of bush birds; the chug of the launches; the slap of the water against the bow of the row-boat; the cry of the prawn man; the squeak of oars in rowlocks; the sound of fish flapping on the hard sand; the sudden summer storm or the steady drum of rain on the tin roof and water gurgling into the tank; the quiet, starlit nights when the heavens blazed with familiar constellations and the pure light of the planets but best of all I remember the peacefulness and safety of such a little haven. I hope most of this still remains along with the occasional local character.

Well, Bess, I'm off to bed. I hope I've given you a picture of what Wagstaffe once was and I hope Ian will enjoy much happiness there with his wife and family.

Love to Jeff & yourself from

Shirley 2006

Acknowledgements: Thanks go to Shirley Hood for the beautifully hand-written letter to her sister, Bess, which has become an historical document for the story it tells of holidays spent at Wagstaffe.

Judith Wheatley typed the letter and turned it into a Word Document.

Robyn Warburton edited the letter and added the photographs which help tell the story.

Photographs: Courtesy of Shirley Hood and Gosford City Council.

THE STORY OF AMY HUDSON

PIONEER OF WOMEN'S CRICKET

by Robyn Warburton

Amy Hudson was most famous for her international cricketing career. The respect afforded her by her family and friends and the writers of cricket history, encourages us to value her role as a sporting hero and a pioneer among women. Having achieved the unique position of being the only woman to twice tour England and play Test Cricket for Australia, Amy has a unique position in Australia's cricketing history. Also of great importance was her connection with Pretty Beach which went back to the nineteen twenties. This story was written in 1999 following an interview with Amy for Jill Baxter's book, 'Reflections from the Beach and the Bays'.



Amy Hudson's story was written by Robyn Warburton drawing on several sources: conversations with Amy's sister, Janet Hudson, and her nephew, Bob Hudson; a piece written by Bob Hudson following the death of his aunt; copies of Amy's scrapbooks titled *Australian Women's Cricket Team Tour of England 1936 - 1937* and *Australian Women's Cricket Tour, 1951* held by The National Museum, Canberra; the taped interview with Robyn in 1999, one of the interviews which preceded Jill Baxter's book, *Reflections from the Beaches and the Bays*. cricinfoaustralia the home of www.baggygreen.com.au; *Fair Comment, The Life of Pat Jarratt 1911 – 1990* by Audrey Tate

Photographs and newspaper clippings - courtesy of: Amy's scrapbooks, Janet Hudson, The National Museum, Canberra and Gosford City Library.

Amy Hudson's nephew, Bob Hudson, was a prominent member of the Killcare community. When Amy Hudson, his beloved aunt, died on June 7, 2003, she was remembered fondly by Bob who did not want the death of his aunt to go unremarked. He chose to put into words a tribute to his aunt for the local newsletter, *Talking Turkey*. He titled the piece, *Central Coast sadly loses another sporting hero*. Bob's memories of his aunt begin this account of her life and achievements.

Bob wrote: *Amy lived a long life and spent her youth playing cricket, representing Australia in the first International Touring Women's team 1934/1935 when the English women's team visited Australia. She went to England with the Australian Women's Cricket team in 1937, playing in the third test at Kennington Oval and again in 1951. In those days each player had to finance herself, as there were no government funds or sponsors. Amy's mother held delicious afternoon tea parties to raise money. Amy also played continuously for NSW.*

Amy's Baggy Green Cap is in the National Museum in Canberra along with quite a lot more of her cricketing memorabilia. There are also photos and memorabilia pertaining to Amy in the Bradman Museum at Bowral.

Amy was always ready to help and give advice, which the advisees did not always heed. However, she did provide them with 'her strong sense of values, fairness and (understanding of) right and wrong.

Amy and her brother Robert (Bobby) were inseparable, from their birth to the end. Right to his last days, Bobby was planning how to help Amy. On his death bed he asked me to promise to look after Auntie Amy, which I pledged to do. Being her nephew, I enjoyed a life-long friendship, which blossomed over the last six years of her life.

When my father became too ill to drive, I took her shopping and wherever she wanted to go. The family misses both Amy and Bobby.

Bob Hudson, August 2003

Amy was born in Glenbrook on 5th February, 1916, and grew up in Annandale. She remembered the hardship of the depression times (The Great Depression, late 1920s and 1930s). Her family was working class and times were difficult.

She attended South Annandale Public School and Petersham High School before leaving school at the age of fourteen to help her family survive the Depression years.

An acquaintance of Amy's, Anne Jackson, contributes a detail to the story, which relates Amy's introduction to cricket. Amy told Anne that a group of boys were playing cricket in the street and dared her to join them. She did and so began her relationship with the game that became such an important part of her life. Being the only girl in a street with twenty boys was a good reason to join the fray. As long as her brother and cousin were with her, her father would allow her to go down the road to play with the boys.

When Amy saw a photograph of the Sans Souci women's cricket team in a newspaper, she said she would love to play in a team. Her mother helped her found the Annandale Cricket Club. The club was 'thriving from that time until Amy's retirement in 1953,' (*cricinfoaustralia*).

Amy recalls that 'they' laughed when her mother began the women's cricket club, *The Waratahs*, but when the local people knew the girls were serious, they rallied around and supported their efforts. The cricket club was helped greatly by the *Leichardt Westgate Weekly* and the two brothers who owned the picture theatre in Johnston Street, Annandale. Amy's mother persuaded the owners to advertise for players and before long they had two teams playing in the local competition. Her mother was Secretary of the Annandale Club and later became Secretary of the NSWCA (New South Wales Women's Cricket Association). Amy played locally from 1930 and was only sixteen when she made her debut as a fast bowler in the state team. She was still a teenager when she first played for Australia in 1934/5 against the English team visiting Australia. She played in the Third Test in Melbourne.

In early 1937 a Women's Cricket Tour of England was being planned for June that year. Amy said she didn't know a cricket team was being chosen. She "just played for the love of the game and my club." A neighbour came running up Nelson Street, waving a paper. The first team ever to travel overseas had been chosen. Amy said, "There were photographs of most of the girls that were in the team and mine was there. Everyone was really and truly happy about it, but I wasn't. I was upset. We were only working class and it was the height of the Depression and I wouldn't be able to go."

Her community had other ideas. Amy continued, "Anyway the people - talk about working class sticking to working class..." The people of Annandale, Forest Lodge and Glebe went to work and organised a door-knock appeal and other events. To raise money, her mother served delicious afternoon teas. They helped her get the money together.

The fare was seventy-three pounds, a lot of money in those days but Amy believed it was value for money, "... with the trip being six weeks there and six weeks back and six meals a day on the ship."

AMY HUDSON FUND heads a news item in the local paper, *The Westgate Weekly News*. Mrs W Johnston, Mayoress of Annandale, thanked the paper for the publicity needed to help Miss Hudson 'with the huge task of raising sufficient money to pay her expenses.' She had four months to find the money and needed seventy-five pounds for the fare and another fifty pounds for expenses. A program of planned events followed, and the subscriptions already received are listed. She was helped by her local council, Annandale, and the adjacent councils, Leichardt and Glebe. Donations of one or two guineas would have made a huge difference but the local citizens, other public and sporting bodies were called on to help too and gave varying amounts. Donations of one shilling or just a penny were also very welcome. The required amount of money was raised.

Australian Womens Cricket Tour of England 1936 - 1937.
In preparation of the 1st Womens Cricket Tour in England
Early March 1937.

NEWS

AMY HUDSON FUND

Mrs W. Johnston, Mayoress of Annandale, has expressed appreciation for the publicity given in last week's issue of "The Westgate Weekly News" to the above fund, the result of which has brought support from many quarters. Miss Hudson, as readers are now aware, has been selected to tour England with the Australian Ladies' Cricket Team, an honour she has won by sheer merit and hard work. Having gained selection, she is now confronted with the huge task of raising sufficient money to pay her expenses, each member of the team having to deposit £75 before boarding the Jervis Bay on March 20, in addition at least another £50 being needed for equipment and personal expenses. Every local citizen can do something to help lighten Miss Hudson's financial obligations, either by direct subscriptions or by attending the social functions arranged by the committee organising the fund.

The following entertainments have been arranged: Tuesday next, Leichhardt Town Hall, a dance, tickets 2/-; March 2, School of Arts, Glebe, dance, tickets 1/-; March 23, dance, Glebe Town Hall, tickets 2/-; On March 18, a long voyage afternoon tea will be rendered Miss Hudson at Farmers', Pitt Street, the hostesses being Mesdames W. Johnston (Mayoress of Annandale) and J. Taylor. Tickets 5/-.

The Leichhardt Council on Monday night last decided to donate £25/-, while Ald. Stewart promised a personal donation of £15/-.

This is practical support, which we hope will be followed by other public and sporting bodies. Direct subscriptions will be received at the

Glebe, Annandale and Leichhardt Council Chambers. The following subscriptions have been received to date—Dr. C. W. Abernethy £1/1/-, Mr. Robert Stuart £1/1/-, Mr. L. Johnston £1/1/-, Mr. Caldwell £2, Wines Ltd. £1, Mr. J. Melton and family 15/-, Mrs. W. J. Johnston 10/-, Mrs. John Taylor 10/-, Mrs. George Marshall 10/-, Mr. F. Howe 10/-, Mr. P. McDonaid 10/-, Mr. Randall 1/-, Miss M. O'Brien 1/-, Tranway 1/-, Friend 1/-.

THE SUN, TUESDAY, MARCH 2, 1937

GIRL CRICKETERS KEEP FIT



Members of the Australian women's cricket team for England intend to be in the best condition when they leave Australia. Here they are taking part in physical exercises at Leichhardt's.

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The team aboard *The Jervis*, 20th March, 1937.

SAID IT WITH FLOWERS – their cabins transformed into bowers of flowers...

The team members were feted in the lead-up to the voyage. The NSW members and one Queensland member, already on board, set sail for England on the Jervis Bay on 20th March 1937. On board were 400 people bound for the Coronation of George IV. Their first port of call was Melbourne where the team disembarked to play a match against Victoria at St Kilda. The match was drawn. The Victorian representatives joined the team. The next stop was Hobart.

Australians Womens Cricket Tour of England 1936-1937.

Women's Cricket team Sail from Sydney
20th March 1937.

OFF TO ENGLAND

AUSTRALIA'S WOMEN CRICKETERS

When the *Jeune Bay* sails for London to-day she will carry away the first Australian team of women cricketers to seek cricket honours abroad. They are going to see the Connaught, dine in the House of Commons, take tea at No. 10 Downing Street, and play cricket—lots of it.

WHY do women play cricket? Why, if it comes to that, do they play golf, tennis, and basketball? Why do they swim, sprint, jump, dance, hike, fly, skate, ski, and climb rocks? It is all part of modern woman's determination to share with men the joys and physical and mental blessings of healthy outdoor activity. They play cricket because they like cricket, and that is all there is to it.

There is Australian girl who will set forth upon their great adventure today are going to play ten one-day matches against the counties of England, six two-day matches against the districts, and three and four matches, each of the duration of three days, against the women of all England. And in the last three to be played on July 18, 19, and 20, they will tread hallowed turf at Lord's. That will be the biggest moment of the tour. On those three days 15 Australian girls—ladies, modernly, elegant, and strong-willed, active, and athletic—will make the dream of every true-blue cricketer.

When an Australian 'foot cricketer' goes to England he needs a skeleton suit of bones to define his role.

modern—Mrs. Olive Penfield, of New South Wales, a sister of Miss Edith Bennett, formerly sports organizer of the Y.W.C.A., Melbourne, is determined that her team will see to 'settle' what it steps on to English soil.

The girls will not be allowed to wear shorts or skirts on the cricket-ground, and stockings are obligatory. The uniform consists of a short-sleeved, cream-colored shirt, a divided skirt of cream wool or cloth, a white, short-sleeved, button cap, and an Australian bush—sag, in fact, that is smart, cool, and sensible.

All the members of the team except one are married. The captain is Mrs. Ronald Peden, the captain, who has done so much to set women to playing the interest of Australian women in cricket. Mrs. Peden, who was captain of the Australian team which played against the English visitors.

By EDWARD AXFORD

Secretary's term in 1935, is a daughter of the late Peden, president of the Legislative Council of New South Wales, and dean of the faculty of law in the University of Sydney. She was married to the second Peden about a year ago, and visited her mother-in-law in England last year. She has had a brilliant musical career, is a musician of note, and has a diploma in education. She

likes to study her profession. She, too, is a cricketer, having produced a score of 112, including 28 fours, in one of the matches.

Another Sydney girl, Miss Alice Wilson, is daughter of a fine kindergarten in Sydney. She will stay in London in June. She is a medium-sized woman whose record this season included 100 for 3 and 20 for 20 against Queensland last year for 16 and 20 for 40 in this season. Miss Wilson, formerly an amateur footballer, who spent many Christmas seasons this season, is engaged to marry Peden in Sydney, and Miss Alice Wilson, the niece, is daughter of a boat factory in Sydney. The other two members of the New South Wales contingent are Miss Helen, and Miss Amy Hudson. Miss Hudson is a strong bat.

* * *

The only Queensland girl with the team is Miss Ruth Smith, aged 21 years, a school teacher with a batting average of 24.6 and a bowling average of 19.125. She is a freeman in the women's department of a firm in Brisbane. The sole representative of South Australia, Miss Joan Gammage, a good left-hand bowler. Western Australia is represented by Miss Mary Leggat, a stenographer, who has been known to score 100 in an interstate match.

It is likely that the team will be strengthened on its arrival in England by the inclusion of Miss Barbara Peden, sister of Mrs. Peden. Miss Barbara Peden, who is a lecturer of mathematics at the University of Sydney, is

The Melbourne Herald headline marks the team's departure.

Hopes were high. GIRL CAPTAIN PROUD OF HER TEAM was the headline of the story written by *Melbourne Herald* Sportswriter, Pat Jarrett. Margaret Peden, the captain, described them as, 'A keen group of girls who will fully justify their selection to represent Australia' and... 'The girls are the type who will pull together and build themselves into a fine combination.'

'Miss Hudson is a strong bat,' was the description of Amy in another publication at the time of departure. This article tells us, 'The 15 Australian girls who will set forth upon their great adventure today are going to play ten one-day matches against the counties of England, six two-day matches against the districts and three real test matches, each of the duration of three days against the women of all England.'

Australian Womens Cricket Tour of England 1936 - 1937.

Departing Melbourne for England March 27th 1937.

GIRL CRICKETER'S MASCOTS



HOLDING HER MASCOTS on high Peggy Antonio, Victoria's hope in the Australian women's cricket team, sees her last of Melbourne from the Jervis Bay. The ship left from Port Melbourne for England today.



Miss A. Hudson, who played for Australia against a Victorian team on Thursday.

A Man Looks
At Girls'
Cricket

By Hugh Buggy

Let the cynics scoff as they may. Girls CAN play cricket! At St. Kilda today they played it with gusto. It was a tonic to watch them.

I HAD never seen either the girls of the Australian team for England, or any other girls, play cricket before. But I had written 300,000 words about the five "bodyline" Tests in 1933. All the cricket I knew was the grim and dolorous masculine cricket, the prolonged travail of Test matches, the agony of batting collapses, the terrible attrition of batting recoveries.

I went to St. Kilda today to scoff. I remained to praise.

I HAD all the masculine prejudices against girls as cricketers. I thought of stamina; I thought of small dainty hands.

How could they spin a ball?
How even could they grasp it?
How could girls with slim legs run with untrickily batting pads?

How could girls who are afraid of mice face a stinging drive through the covers?
One by one today the prejudices weakened.

FIRST of all, why do the controllers insist on calling it women's cricket? No mature woman in the thirties could play cricket as these boyishly slender, long-legged girls played it today. It's a misnomer.

They are girls—radiantly healthy and vital girls. Why call them women? These girls fielded like terriers. They pounced on drives and square-leg shots like an eagle. There was no timidity. The ball sizzled across the green. It was picked up by some dancing diminutive person with the nonchalance with which she would recover a dropped powder puff.

MARGARET PEDEN and Peggy Antonio walked out with a smile to open Australia's innings.

How different this was; how different from the look on the faces of Test openers—the look of men about to face the gallows or the guillotine.

All the girls hit the ball hard. They scoffed at absurd "digging in" and "wearing down" and much of the other pompous ritual and fustian with which men surround their cricket.

HERE was the next striking point about girls' cricket. They play in silence. Where you might expect soprano squeals of delight at a dismissal, there are none. Nothing but a decorous silence. It's just another fallen wicket.

I had been accustomed at the fall of a wicket to a field of men sprawling on the grass like weary coal miners or axemen.

The girls don't sprawl. They don't leap about to emphasise their triumph over a fallen opponent. They stand quietly in their places, pluck a blade of grass, and look at their fingers.

Their snap in the field and their constant energetic aggression could well be copied by the men.

Amy Hudson, wielding her cricket bat, poses for the camera.

Seasickness prevailed as the ship weathered a 'cyclonic storm' after leaving Melbourne. One newspaper reported: 'Mollie Flaherty was nursemaid. Amy Hudson and Alicia Walshe also have been of great assistance to the manager, Mrs Peatfield, who is a good sailor.' Matches were also played at Adelaide and Perth when the ship called to take on board more team members.

The team's shipboard routine was established with the girls beginning the day with exercises on deck at 7.15am. Each of the girl's deck chairs sported a green and gold ribbon with the girl's name on it. Their manager, Mrs Peatfield, would write reports throughout, 'an interesting record of the unique tour.' Amy enjoyed the voyage and felt the team was well-catered for with a swimming pool and a net erected on the deck so they could practise.



Dated expressions and a patronising attitude are typical of the reporting of the day by some, but not all, men. 'The rules by which the girls are in duty bound to abide show how seriously they take their mission... 'physical jerks' for an hour before breakfast. They must take part in deck games, must not smoke, drink nor gamble, and must not eat chocolates, cakes, gravy or pickles.' This man possibly retrieved the situation by finishing with, 'Australia wishes its girl cricketers bon voyage and victory.'

However, Hugh Buggy wrote, 'Let the cynics scoff if they may. Girls CAN play cricket. At St Kilda today they played with gusto. It was a tonic to watch.' Edward Axford was also supportive, 'It is all part of the modern woman's determination to share with men the joys and physical and mental blessings of outdoor activity. Life on board the ship was enjoyed by all. Amy helped organise a children's sports afternoon. She was also keen to use 'the most popular innovation, the ladies' swimming pool.' Margaret Peden and Amy were the first to use it. The celebration of fellow team-member, Nancy Clement's birthday, with dinner, dancing and supper afterwards, was a highlight of the trip, as was the day spent in Colombo.

Australians. Womens. Cricket. Tour. of. England. 1936 - 1937.

Columbo April 21st 1937.

WOMEN CRICKETERS. THEIR CODE OF "DONT'S."

COLOMBO, April 21.
The Australian women cricketers had elephant rides during a brief stay ashore. Questioned regarding their code of "Dont's," one of the players said: "We wish the more boresome folk should would appreciate our position and not make things difficult, even for the fun of witnessing our embarrassment."

April 1937

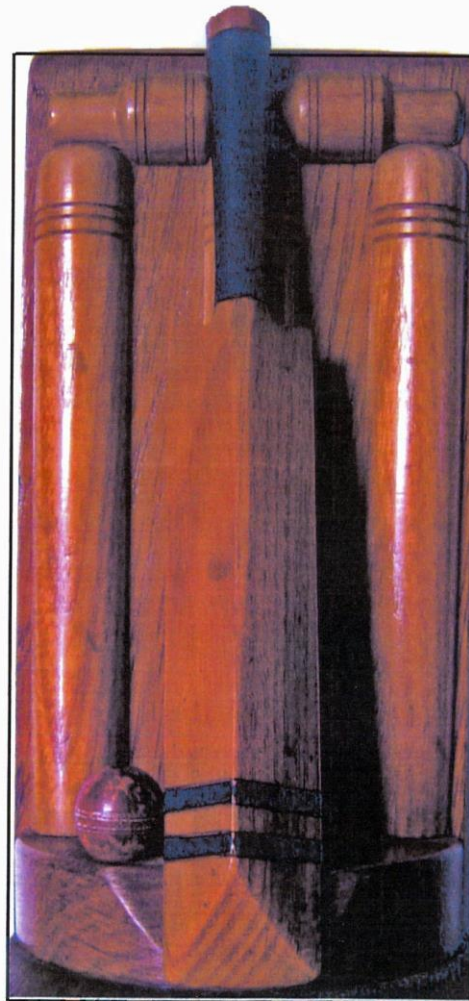
GIRL CRICKETERS KEEP FIT — NEW HIGH



Keeping fit aboard the
Loris Bay members of

The inauguration of the Women's Cricket Association of England took place in 1926. Interest in the game grew steadily and this was marked by the willingness of the men's clubs to make some of the most famous grounds available for the matches with the visitors from Australia. But they would only be able to practise at Lords.

*Australian Womens Cricket Team
Tour of England 1936 - 1937.*



The first volume of Amy's scrapbook is titled, Australian Women's Cricket Team Tour of England 1936 - 1937. It is a collection of Amy's newspaper clippings, compiled during her time away and provides insight into the preparation for the tour and the cricket matches and tests played in England. Identification of the newspaper and the date are given where they occur, but most clippings are dated but unreferenced in the 1937 collection.

The scrapbook begins with the preparation for the tour which began in March 1937. Inter-state matches were important in the lead-up. Miss H Pritchard and Miss A Hudson were 'responsible for New South Wales' best partnership, 73 runs, in the match against Victoria at the S.C.G.' To keep fit, the women worked out at Langridge's Gymnasium. (*The Sun*, March 2 1937)

Although unreferenced, we know the *Melbourne Herald* published many of the reports written by Pat Jarrett, 'who had the unusual distinction of being a woman sportswriter with the *Sporting Globe* in the 1930s.' (*Fair Comment*, Pat Jarrett's biography by Audrey Tate.) Pat had been a champion sportswoman in her youth. She earned twopence-halfpenny per line for her first efforts, covering women's sport in her spare time. Her belief in herself, her ambition, good memory and willingness to work hard, earned her an interview and a job with the *Melbourne Herald* and *Sun News-Pictorial*. She became a full-time journalist and in 1934 reported on the first women's cricket Test series when England toured Australia. She is an important part of Amy's story as in 1937, she accompanied the Australian women on the voyage to England and covered the matches and tests for the *Melbourne Herald*.

During the Depression years of the 1930's interest in sport relieved the harshness of the economic reality of the times. Sport was no longer limited to participation by the wealthy... and women, their femininity no longer seen to be in danger, were entering the world of men and sport. 'By 1931 women's cricket had gained wide social acceptance; in fact, the 1930s were to become known as the golden decade of women's cricket' (*Fair Comment*, Audrey Tate). There were more than one hundred women's cricket clubs in NSW and Victoria with up to 1500 women playing regularly. More than 3,000 women played in the other states. Margaret Peden, who became captain of the first Test teams, was a prime mover in the establishment of the Australian Women's Cricket Council in 1931.

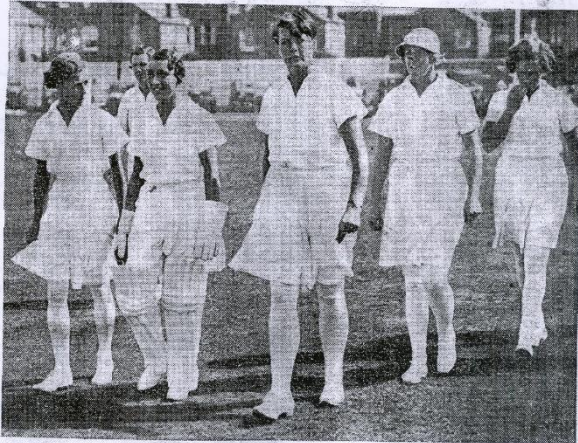
When the ship docked at Southampton, the team was met by Betty Archdale, captain of the 1934 English touring side, who was later to become a leading figure in girls' education in Australia. Officials of the English Women's Cricket Association met the team at Waterloo Station. They were cheered by a large crowd. They were 'whisked off in all directions,' to be billeted with families. Because of a difficulty with shipping schedules, the team had arrived a month early. They would spend the following three weeks playing with district sides. Margaret Peden issued each girl with an exercise plan which they were exhorted to follow in these weeks apart. However, on the following Thursday they came together to visit 10 Downing Street for a tea-party hosted by Mrs Stanley Baldwin, wife of the Prime Minister. Mr Baldwin also 'paid a surprise visit to the party' and chatted to the team. He had been an umpire so knew all about the game. On 22nd May the team left for Holland to play two one-day games. They stayed for five days, as guests of the Dutch women cricketers.

The Association had been inundated with requests to billet players so a 'week about with different families' was arranged. The advantage of moving between locations allowed the visitors to see more of England and parts of England generally missed by tourists. At first, the English organisers were unable to purchase a vantage point for the visitors, from which they could view the coronation parade.

However, seats were obtained, and the women viewed the Coronation procession from Constitution Hill. Many exciting plans were made for the team. They included a visit to 'a charming old-world mill-house' set in 'delightful, English sylvan surroundings.' Other outings planned included visiting Lord Derby's famous seat, Knowsley, and a dinner with The White Heather Club, the first women's cricket club in the world. The women met the Australian High Commissioner when they visited Australia House.


Australians Womens Cricket Tour of England 1936 - 1937.

BY WOMEN CRICKETERS.



MISSES C. VALENTINE, M. TAYLOR, E. SNOWBALL, B. ARCHDALE, C. PARTRIDGE, and M. RICHARDS, members of the English team in Australia in 1934-35. Of these players only Miss Snowball and Miss Taylor are in the English team at present playing the Australians.

The complete Australian Womens Cricket Team to Tour England in 1937.



The complete team of Australian Women Cricketers at present touring England, taking the field for their first practice in Kent. This week they played their first test at Nottingham, and after dismissing England for 204 runs, lost nine for 91.

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A newspaper item from Nell Murray, a journalist, in London on March 20 gives the English perspective. It reports that not more than four of the players that visited the 'Commonwealth' in 1935 will compete against the Australian Test team. Miss Marjorie Pollard would probably captain the side and was the most experienced player in the country. She was unhappy that... 'Betty Snowball, our star wicketkeeper will not be able to play.' Amy Bull had just received an appointment as headmistress to a school in Surrey so her participation would be limited. Myrtle McLagen, well-known to the Australians, and all-rounder, Molly Hide, would be members of the team. It was decided that the matches would be umpired by women.

The English women lacked practice as they had been unable to practise as a team, because of extensive flooding in England. A 'close and exciting struggle' was promised, especially as... 'After all, our men have failed us and it is up to the women now to put England back on the map of cricket.'

Australian Womens Cricket Tour of England 1936 - 1937.

June 2nd 1937.

Girl Cricketers, 3-256 In First Match

Century Partnership By Opening Pair

LONDON, Wednesday.

OVER 1000 people saw the Australian women cricketers open their tour today against Kent, in fine weather. By lunch they had scored 205 runs for the loss of only three wickets.

Mrs. Peden and Miss Peggy Antonio put on 102 in a fine opening-wicket stand before Miss Antonio was caught while attempting to turn the ball to leg.

Kent bowling and fielding were good, though the team was unable to pin down the Australian girls, fours coming frequently.

Miss Pritchard and Miss Smith settled down to a fourth wicket partnership which was unbroken.

Miss Pritchard and Miss Smith put on 132 in 75 minutes, each hitting seven fours.

Miss Antonio made 52, Mrs. Peden 46, Miss Pritchard not out 74, Miss Smith not out 68.

At tea, Kent had lost three wickets for 63.

GIRL CRICKETER HITS OUT



PEGGY ANTONIO, the "baby" of the Australian women's cricket team at present touring England, scores a boundary to leg, in the match against the Kent County Women's Cricket Association.

Marjorie Pollard, the leading figure in English women's cricket, was to broadcast a running commentary of the match along with a summary at the end of play. Unfortunately, these broadcasts did not reach Australia.

The Australian team met with success in their first four matches. Kent was defeated by 83 runs in their first encounter. The next headline boasted, **READY FOR TEST - GOOD CRICKET BY GIRLS** – 'Australian girl cricketers defeated East England by six wickets at Chelmsford,' They went on to beat the Midlands team and the Warwickshire team at Birmingham in one-day matches.

The English selectors were present for the first time at the Chelmsford match and watched the Australian girls play. Pat Jarrett reported, 'Several times I watched them (the selectors) wearing worried frowns during the bowling and batting against East District.'

WOMEN'S CRICKET

Australia Wins First Test

VICTORY by 31 RUNS

Test cricket was next on the agenda. The first test was played at Northampton on 12th June. The Australian team started very well with 300 runs in their first innings, the highest score Australia had made against England. England were 96 runs behind after their first innings - 'The batting had neither the power nor the variety of strokes which marked the Australian innings.' Although **AUSTRALIAN GIRLS FAIL IN SECOND INNINGS** was the headline the next day, the Australians prevailed and won the first test by 31 runs.

June 30th 1937.

DAY, JUNE 30, 1937

APPEAL WAS IN VAIN

AUSTRALIAN COLLAPSE LEADS TO TEST LOSS BY 25 RUNS

FIVE WICKETS GO FOR 10

FINE EFFORT BY MISS GEORGE

(From Pat Jarrett)

LONDON, Tuesday.

AFTER leading by 80 runs on the first innings the Australian women's cricket team to-day collapsed in their second innings against England, at Blackpool and was beaten by 25 runs. The five wickets fell for 10 runs.



The English wicketkeeper, Miss Snowball, appealing for l.h.w. against the Australian, Miss B. Peden, during the first women's cricket Test at Northampton. The decision was "not out."

Very steady and unlike the happy-go-lucky cricketer Australians know, Miss Winnie George saw a procession of batsmen come and go and the Test slip away after she had lost Miss Holmes, who had made a solid 33.

Misses Flaherty, Walsh, Wagemund and B. Peden and Mrs. M. Peden were dismissed with only 10 runs added to the total.

Miss Pritchard provided the fireworks for the holiday crowd, making 45 runs in 50 minutes. Her pace between the wickets would have earned her a place in any of the star teams.

It seems the lot of Australia to have an injured player for the last wicket, as Miss Peden, who injured her knee yesterday, suffered from synovitis and had Miss Holmes as a runner.

Miss Antonio, who took 5-21, flighted the ball cleverly, and her success as a bowler somewhat compensated for her failure as an opening batswoman in Test.

Two changes will be made in the next English team, Misses B. Arundale and Mary Collins replacing Misses Child and Haddock.

SCORES IN WOMEN'S TEST CRICKET

ENGLAND—First Innings			Second Innings		
	O.	R.		O.	R.
M. GREENWOOD, c Wagemund, b Flaherty	12	12	M. LOUIE, b McLeary	17	17
B. JACQUES, b Flaherty	17	17	B. JACQUES, b Flaherty	17	17
F. SNOWBALL, c Ash, b Holmes	10	10	M. K. HIDE, b Antonio	21	21
M. J. HADDESLEY, st Wagemund, c Antonio	5	5	J. DAVIS, c Wagemund, b Antonio	9	9
B. HILTON, c Ash, b Antonio	25	25	B. HILTON, c Ash, b Antonio	19	19
M. J. PITCHER, c George, b McLeary	8	8	J. WHELAN, c Wagemund, b Antonio	10	10
M. CHILD, not out	10	10			
Total	101	101			

BOWLING		
	O.	R.
Flaherty	17	12
Smith	10	10
Holmes	11	23
McLeary	11	11
Antonio	21	21
Walsh	6	2

AUSTRALIA—First Innings

Second Innings		
	O.	R.
F. ANTONIO, c Snowball, b Whelan	4	4
F. HOLMES, l.h.w., b Hide	23	23
B. PRITCHARD, b Whelan	41	41
M. FLAHERTY, b Hide	9	9
M. WALSH, c Lowe, b Hide	1	1
C. McLEARY, c Davis, b Hide	1	1
M. PEDEN, c Nelson, b Wagemund	3	3
A. WAGEMUND, c Nelson, b McLeary	3	3
B. PEDEN, l.h.w., b Hide	2	2
Total	106	106

Runners: Whelan 2-29, Whelan 2-24, Hide 1-20. England won by 25 runs.

SELECTORS CRITICISED is the headline of a small report which goes on to admonish the English selectors for underestimating the Australians and to regret the non-selection of Betty Archdale who had captained the side which visited Australia in 1934/35.

Only one clipping tells the story of the second test. AUSTRALIAN COLLAPSE LEADS TO TEST LOSS BY 25 RUNS was the headline, followed by FIVE WICKETS GO FOR 10 so the team lost the second test which was played on 30th June 1937. The third and final test was played at Kennington Oval (The Oval) beginning on 10th July. Amy played in this Test, scoring 10 runs in the first innings and 11 runs in the second. Unfortunately, it rained and ended in a draw. The crowd numbered 6000.

Amy was proud that the team played on all the big grounds in England, The Oval, Old Trafford and Headingley and were the first women to practise at Lords, THE FIRST LADIES OF LORDS was the headline. She was also surprisingly humble and self-deprecating. She said, "We had a few wins, but we were only amateurs compared with the English women."

Amy was primarily a batsman during the tour, but she did bowl sometimes. She later developed skills as a leg-break bowler. She didn't play in all the matches but appears to have contributed to the success of the team, when she did have a role. The quoted excerpt from *Wicket Women* tells us that she played in the third test at The Oval; the scores are not included there but can be found at cricinfoaustralia.com.

In the program, issued at the time, Amy's profile consisted of, 'Miss Amy Hudson likes walking and fishing' which is something of an understatement. Amy developed great and lasting friendships with many of the girls as they shared her love of fun, adventure and travel. Molly Hide, the English captain became a good friend; the friendship being maintained in spite of distance. Amy returned to England where she travelled extensively. A memorable holiday was spent with Norma Whiteman, hiking in the Lakes District.



Amy at the crease.

The Australian flag mounted on her rucksack drew a lot of attention and they were often given lifts by Australian tourists. She also went back to Holland and later visited Scandinavia.

Pretty Beach was also a popular destination. The girls often accompanied Amy on visits to the family's holiday house, where they had a wonderful time, walking, swimming, fishing and of course, eating, talking and laughing. Peggy Antonio was a special friend of Amy's as they shared a common background; they were the only team members from working-class families.

The other girls came from professional or academic families and had learnt their cricket at private girls' schools, based on the English model. Amy and Peggy were sought-after guests during their time in England and were often invited to visit and talk at schools and social functions. They were popular because of their no-nonsense, 'down-to-earth' personalities. They represented ordinary people. One of Amy's favourite and endearing expressions was 'Blimey Charlie.'

Amy and Peggy were very natural and relaxed, not having the restraints which come with a strict upper-class upbringing. Two stories, told by Amy's sister, Janet, illustrate this. The two girls were in Petticoat Lane and were 'dying for' fish and chips. They bought some but there was nowhere to sit so they turned their team blazers inside-out and sat on the gutter to enjoy their fish and chips.

On an occasion when they were staying at the country house belonging to an aristocratic Lord and Lady (whose name Janet could not recall), they were to attend a reception at a local church hall which meant they would be home late. The Lord of the House assured them that the butler would be there to let them in. Their response was, "Don't trouble him. Let the old boy go to bed. We'll let ourselves in."

The women's cricket drew large crowds of spectators. 10,000 spectators turned up to the last game the team played against Surrey. The popularity of women's cricket had been fuelled by the success of the tour. Everywhere they went, the visiting Australians were feted and hailed as ambassadors for Australia and for women's cricket. The game may have continued to grow exponentially but that was not to be. War intervened. All sports were affected by the onset of the war. Women's cricket was put on hold for the duration.

A tour of England had been planned for 1939 but with the onset of war the trip was cancelled. Amy said, "I was under The Manpower during the wartime, and you couldn't just get out of your job." She worked for MacKenzie's Food warehouse, packing food for the troops overseas. Because she had to work forty-eight-hour weeks there was no time for cricket.

Amy's career blossomed after World War 2. She played in all states and New Zealand. She became a fixture in the Australian team in the series against England in their tour of Australia in 1948-1949. She finished the series with an average of 46.25. 'Her well-flighted spinners – she had changed from a medium pace to a leg-break bowler in 1948 were effective at Melbourne where she took 5-46 and at Sydney 3-28.' (*Wicket Women: Cricket and Women in Australia* by Richard Cashman and Amanda Weaver, Kensington UNSW Press 1991).

Amy's sisters, Janet and June, were also keen cricketers. They were twelve or thirteen years old when they began to play in matches at Hogan Park, Annandale. They moved up the ranks to represent New South Wales in state competitions in Victoria and Queensland. Janet Hudson recalled some good times. Country versus City matches were memorable affairs. Janet recalled wonderful times when the country girls would visit the city, staying at the YWCA or being billeted by cricketing families. The Women's Cricket Association held memorable Combined Christmas Parties.

Each team was invited to put on an item which turned out to be great fun; often the players sported costumes and make-up, which made them unrecognisable. Janet recalled a concert at the Macquarie Auditorium, when Rene Dunlop and Freda Bird performed an hilarious and risqué monologue in a 'sing-songy' voice. She was admonished for repeating some of it when she got home.

Janet and June were very proud of Amy and her achievements. Amy captained *The Waratahs* and was known as 'Captain Stay-Put' because she was able to stay at the crease, without being dismissed, for a very long time. She was credited with saving many a match. The beloved coach of the NSW team was Mr Griffiths, known as 'Griffo.' The team often arrived for practice as the men were finishing theirs. The girls were invited to bowl to the men as the men appreciated the girls' ability to place the ball as instructed and so give them specific stroke practice. The men, who were bowlers, were more interested in bowling the batsmen out. Amy experienced great pleasure and awe in bowling to legendary batsman, Archie Jackson. Janet recalled the betting that occurred on the sidelines of the matches. Often the men bet ten shillings on a ball.





Photo taken on day of arrival, 13th May, 1951 at the Cumberland Hotel, London.

Amy was very modest about her inclusion in the team of 1951, saying, "I was lucky enough to get chosen to play with the team which toured England in 1951." However she was also very proud of her achievement, "They can take records off you for bowling and batting ... but I was the first woman to go to England twice and nobody can take that off me."

The second volume of collected clippings tells the story of the Australian Women's Cricket Tour of England 1951. The team arrived in London on May 13th 1951. As well as all clippings being referenced and dated, Amy has added handwritten captions to describe each photo.



Although women's cricket was once again growing in popularity and gaining respect, the attitude of some male writers was even more patronising fourteen years after the first tour. 'My Lords – And Ladies!' was the headline in Frank Butler's Column. He went on to say, 'The cricket gals of England and Australia claim they are more daring than mere men.' (*News of the World*, May 20, 1951); 'Good Shot M'am,' was followed by 'The fair maids of Kent were summarily dismissed,' (*The Star*, May 21, 1951). Another lead-in was, 'The First Ladies of Lord's,' (*News Chronicle*, May 21, 1951).

Possibly the words, 'How's that,' is of most interest in the cartoon above. When did that become the catchcry?

However, a growing number of sports writers wrote fair assessments of the matches without prejudice. James Stagg wrote a very positive and encouraging report in *The Daily Mirror*, May 21, 1951, describing the Australian team and the expectations of its members. The tour would consist of three tests and nineteen other games. The women promised to ‘...brighten cricket. No dull face-saving tactics for them; every match, says Mollie Dive, their captain, will be fought out to a definite result if she has anything to do with it.’ He went on to compare them favourably with the men who played cricket.

Marjorie Pollard, who was a major player in the 1937 test; broadcasting, playing and sometimes captaining the English team, was still on the scene in 1951. She submitted reports to *The News Chronicle (Central 5000)*. There weren’t any cheeky, chauvinistic jibes in her versions of the play.



Amy and ‘the kids’ with Harry Marseilles on an outing.



Tea at Lady Caley’s: Amy Hudson, Val Beatty, Lady Caley
(‘Darling’s’ Mum), Mavis Jones, Ruth Dow and ‘Darling.’

Australian Women's Cricket Tour of England 1951.

THE STAR

NEWS CHRONICLE, MONDAY, MAY 21, 1951

MONDAY, MAY 21, 1951

The first Ladies of Lord's

THE "Ladies of Lord's"—the first ladies to bat and bowl in the nets at Lord's—played a serious game of cricket

at Sevenoaks (Kent) on Saturday. They are the Australian women's cricket team, here to play English women and holders

of the Ladies "Ashes." Five thousand men and women watched the opening match. They saw the Australians defeat the best of Kent's women and girl players—and below are the pick of the action pictures of the match.

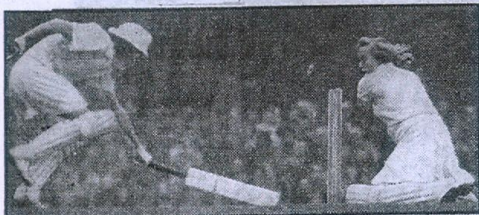
"Good Shot M'am"

IT isn't cricket—or is it? Conflicting views were expressed today on the quality of women's cricket following the opening match of the Australian women's touring team in which the fair maids of Kent were summarily dismissed.

Diehards alternated between apoplectic attacks on feminine Bradmans and Larwoods and exclamations of "Good shot m'am."

One man—among many—who feels that the Kent and Australian ladies added lustre to the Sevenoaks Vine ground, the country's oldest dating back to 1734, is groundsman Jim Bonnett who gave me his views on the tourists.

"They play grand cricket and if they have a weakness in the wrist they still manage to crack the ball very hard," he says. "They are being criticised for not hitting the bowling out of the ground but if any woman can bang the ball clean over the 75 yards boundary I have still to see her."



THE "Lindwall" of the Australian side, 25-year-old Alma Vogt, runs up to the wicket to deliver a fast ball. Miss Ceila Robinson, the Kent captain, is ready to make a run. "Howzat?"—and it was out. Miss Betty Wilson (left) is stumped by the Kent wicket-keeper, Miss M. Rosewarne. The balls fly. Australian opening bat, Miss Joan Schmidt (right), smiles down at the wicket, after being bowled for four runs.



During Visit to Cambridge College.

Matches were punctuated by outings, civic receptions, social events and practice. Amy, in 1951 had not changed when it came to her sense of humour and love of good times with good friends. She was older than many of the team members, so she called them 'the kids.'

Amy remembered her visit to Lady Caley's house with humour, at the expense of the son of the house, whose name she never learned. His mother constantly referred to him as 'Darling' so 'Darling' he became in Amy's stories thereafter.

The team practised in the nets at Lords. When they played at Skegness, Amy Hudson and Joan Schmidt opened. The Australians won by 123 runs. The Red Lion Hotel at St Alban's was their headquarters when they played the Eastern Counties. A draw was declared when rain stopped play. 'This (Friday) evening the players and officials will be guests of the Dean of St Albans and on Saturday the Mayor is giving a civic reception, followed by a dance.' (*The Herts Advertiser & St Alban's Times*, May 25, 1951). The team won when they played Norths at Old Trafford but 'just failed to win a fluctuating game against the combined Notts and Warwickshire side.'

The Australians won by 91 runs at Beaconsfield where they played Bucks and Leics (Buckinghamshire and Leicestershire) (*News Chronicle* May 31, 1951). The Royal Turks Head Hotel was their base when they visited Newcastle on Tyne. Amy is pictured with a cricket ball so we can assume she bowled in the match played there but the scores are not evident. They defeated North of England at Old Trafford scoring 282 runs to their opponents' 58 runs. (*News Chronicle (Central 5000)* June 9, 1951). The match with Notts and Warwick at Birmingham was drawn. (*News Chronicle (Central 5000)* June 14, 1951).

Australian Women's Cricket Tour of England 1951.



'Dracula' 1st Test Scarborough

Amy, second from left, photographed with the team taking the field to play the first test at Scarborough on June 16. 'Dracula First Test Scarborough' is the caption Amy wrote below the photograph of herself with bat. Was this her nickname or was she being self-derogatory?

Her sister, Janet, thought the name may have been attributed to the 'home-perm' which Amy's mother had thoughtfully applied, especially for the trip.

The match was an exciting and closely fought contest. In the first innings, 'England gained a first innings lead of 35.' 'Amy Hudson, promoted from first wicket as a pre-lunch stop-gap stayed three hours twenty minutes to score 70 and steer Australia out of trouble' (*News Chronicle* (Central 5000) June 19, 1951). Amy was 48 not out in the second innings. She took three wickets in the match. The match was drawn.



Amy Hudson and Lorna Larter opened the batting at the team's next match at Trent Bridge, Nottinghamshire, where they played the Midlands team. **BIG TASK AHEAD FOR MIDLANDS** and **TOURIST ATTACK WAS MASTERED** were the headlines in the local paper, *The News Chronicle*. 'A brilliant 79 by Eileen White, a Nottingham player, plus some hard hitting by the captain, Mrs Valentine, helped a representative Midlands side to draw their two-day match with the Australian women cricket tourists at Trent Bridge yesterday,' (*News Chronicle* (Central 500) June 26, 1951). Amy scored 58 in the first innings.

Lorna Larter and Amy Hudson, openers at Trent Bridge, Notts.

The news-clippings below tell the story of the second test which was won by Australia. The second test was played at Worcester. England didn't get their hopes up at the end of the first day's play. **TOO EARLY FOR REJOICING YET** was the headline on Monday July 2. Tuesday's headline was **TEST WICKET MAY DECIDE RESULT** and Marjorie Pollard's report went on to say, 'The result of the second women's test match between England and Australia is delicately poised. At the end of the second day's play at Worcester, Australia have seven wickets in hand and need 100 runs for victory and have all day to get them.' At the end of play, 'Australia beat England by two wickets after a morning of tense, nerve-racking cricket in this second Test match.' In this test Amy scored 23 runs in the first innings and was lbw bowled for a duck in the second. She took a wicket in each innings. Marjorie Pollard went on to say, 'As one match has already been drawn, England to keep level, must win the last test at the Oval.'

Australian Women's Cricket Tour of England 1951.

PAGE 12—THE STAR TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1951

NEWS CHRONICLE (CENTRAL 5000), MONDAY, JULY 2, 1951

Too early for rejoicing yet

By MARJORIE POLLARD

OVER 5,000 spectators saw England's women cricketers make a bad start, recover to reach the modest total of 158 and then, before the close, take four Australian wickets for 85 runs in the second Test which opened at Worcester.

Having lost eight wickets for 101, England were saved from complete collapse by Barbara Murray, of Surrey.

Going in at No. 9, she played fluently and with real courage and with D. McEvoy put on 45 runs. England did well to get four Australian wickets, but it is too early for rejoicing. Joan Schmidt, Lorna Larter are still there, and Betty Wilson and Valerie Batty have yet to bat.

Scores.—England: First Innings 158 (M. Duggan 29, R. Sanders 24, B. Murray 29, B. Wilson 3 for 40; M. Craddock 2 for 24, N. Whiteman 2 for 35). Australia: 85 for 4 (J. Schmidt 37 not out).

NEWS CHRONICLE (CENTRAL 5000), TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1951

Test wicket may decide result

By MARJORIE POLLARD

THE result of the second women's Test match between England and Australia is delicately poised. At the end of the second day's play, at Worcester, Australia have seven wickets in hand and need 100 runs for victory and they have all day today in which to get them.

The wicket may be a deciding factor. It never was a batsman's paradise, and now dust flies up as the ball pitches, and occasionally one pops disconcertingly.

Australia were out for 120 to give England a first-innings lead of 38. Of these Betty Wilson made a determined 41; without her Australia would have collapsed.

ENGLAND

First Innings 158.

Second Innings

M. Macfarlane c Whiteman b Hudson 23. C. Robinson b Jones 3. W. Leach lbw b Wilson 12. M. Duggan lbw b Whiteman 20. J. Whiteman c Larter b Wilson 0. M. Saunders c Painter b Wilson 0. M. Gray b Whiteman 7. B. Murray b Wilson 34. M. Johnston b Whiteman 3. D. McEvoy b Craddock 0. M. Leckwood not out 0. Extras 15; Total 120.

Bowling.—Jones 1-14, Whiteman 3-34, Craddock 1-12, Wilson 4-42, Hudson 1-6.

AUSTRALIA

Saturday's close 63 for 4. J. Schmidt lbw b Duggan 42. L. Larter c Saunders b McEvoy 1. B. Wilson not out 41. V. Batty c Leckwood b Duggan 0. N. Whiteman not out 3. Craddock c Saunders b Duggan 0. M. Jones lbw b Duggan 0. Extras 11; Total 140.

Bowling.—Duggan 5-40, McEvoy 2-33, Macfarlane 1-10, Leach 1-5.

Second Innings

J. Schmidt lbw b Leach 27. M. Allett c and b Macfarlane 15. B. Wilson not out 10. A. Hudson lbw b Leach 0. Total (3 wickets) 59.

England Women v Australian Women Worcester third day.

Overnight Close: England Women 158 and 120 Australia Women 120 and 59-1.

ENGLAND FIRST INNINGS 158 (WILSON 3-40). SECOND INNINGS 120 (Wilson 4-42).

AUSTRALIA FIRST INNINGS 120 Duggan 5-40).

Second Innings

J. Schmidt lbw b Leach 27

M. Allett c and b Macfarlane 15

B. Wilson c Leckwood b Duggan 10

A. Hudson lbw b Leach 0

M. Duggan lbw b Macfarlane 8

V. Batty b Duggan 14

L. Larter b Duggan 3

N. Whiteman not out 10

M. Batty not out 8

Extras 3

Total (3 wickets) 59

RESULT: AUSTRALIA beat ENG-

LAND by 2 wickets. 1-87, Leach

BOWLING: Duggan 4-87, Leach

2-10, Macfarlane 2-31.

NEWS CHRONICLE, WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1951

Test won by two wickets

From MARJORIE POLLARD

WORCESTER, Tuesday.

AUSTRALIA beat England by two wickets after a morning of tense, nerve-racking cricket in this second Test match.

Set to get 100 more runs for victory to take their total to 158, and with seven wickets in hand, the captain, Molly Dive, partnered by Betty Wilson, tackled the job briskly and bravely.

Runs came at about one a minute and it all began to look too easy. Then came a change. Mary Duggan, bowling superbly, took both these so-important wickets.

Boundary hit decided

The Australian players who came after were apprehensive and worried and eight wickets were down for 131. The bowlers were on top. But Norma Whiteman and Myrtle Craddock, at Nos. 9 and 10, began to show enterprise and resolution. The runs trickled on to the scoreboard, yet even when it showed 156 for 3 victory for England still seemed a possibility.

Then Myrtle Craddock, taking her courage in both hands, lofted the ball to the top boundary—and Australia had won.

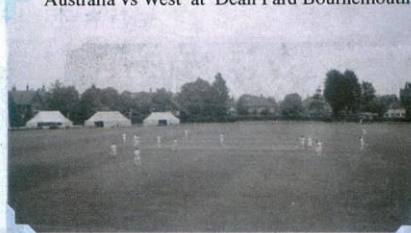
As one match has already been drawn England, to keep level, must win the last Test at the Oval.

ENGLAND 158 and 120 (Wilson 4-42).

AUSTRALIA 120 (Duggan 5-40) and 160 for 3 (Wilson 55, Duggan 4-57).

July 7-9 1951

Australia vs West at Dean Pard Bournemouth



*Australian Babo. Bournemouth
Joan Schmidt strikes Amy Hudson
partner*

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Amy and Joan Schmidt opened the batting in the match with West of England at Bournemouth. Amy scored 107 and Joan 122. The Australians won the match by an innings and 10 runs. Meeting mayors (civic receptions) were an integral part of the tour. A news-clipping describes the team meeting the Mayor of Bournemouth, so the civic and social aspect of the tour continued. The photo below shows Amy and team-mates meeting the Mayor of Eastbourne.



Meeting the Mayor of Eastbourne: Mollie Dive, the Mayor, Gladys Phillips, Amy Hudson, June James and Betty Wilson. Mrs Mills (the Aust Team Manageress, (with hand over eyes), can be seen at the end of the line.



The team visited the Rowntrees factory.

The crowd was large at Mitcham when they played Surrey and photographs show a policeman holding back a swarm of people so the cricketers could return to the pavilion across the road from the ground. The games were drawing large crowds which reflected the publicity given to the sport. **WALTZING MATILDA TO GREET AUSSI CRICKETERS; WOMEN FROM DOWN UNDER DUE AT PIER TODAY** was the headline in the *Southend Standard* on July 12, 1951. Southend-on-Sea saw the Australians play the English touring side which had visited Australia for the 1948-49 tour. With the help of Lorna Larter, the Australians won the match by four wickets. 'In the final over, Lorna Larter hit the second ball to the boundary, stumps were drawn and the crowds ran on to the pitch but after frantic signals from the enclosure, play was recommenced - they thought one run was needed. Miss Larter promptly swept the next delivery to the leg-side boundary.' (*Cricket Notes by Mid-Off*, July 15, 1951). Amy's name does not appear in the results of this match.



The tourists won easily, by 190 runs in their next match with a combined side of local players at Oxford. The matches, played at Ealing Dean and Eastbourne were drawn. Amy scored 18 runs in the first and 27 runs in the second game.

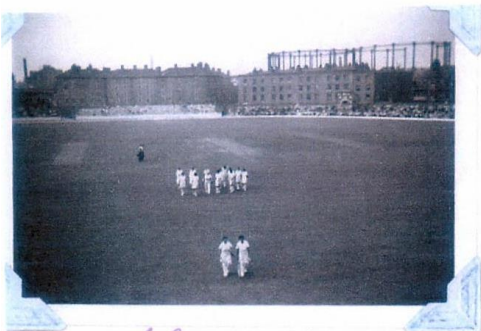


Joan Schmidt and Amy Hudson opening at Southend-on-Sea.

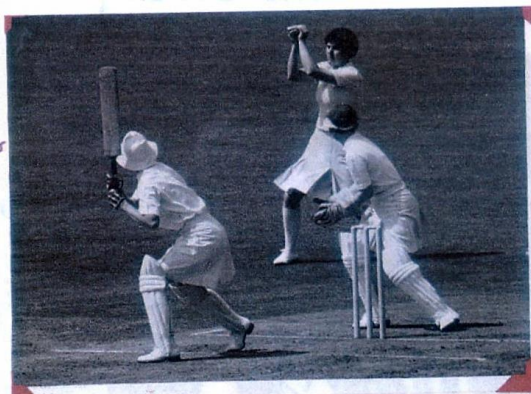
With the third and last test on the horizon, Mollie Dive, the Australian captain, was concerned that two strong members of the team would not be able to take the field. Betty Wilson and Myrtle Craddock were carrying injuries. This meant that Gladys Phillips, at 18 and ‘baby’ of the team, had a chance of playing in the third test. Gladys had hit the fastest century of the tour at Oxford, hitting 130 runs in 90 minutes.

If we are to believe the photographs and newspaper stories, the third test lived up to every expectation as a finale to an exciting and eventful tour. It was played at The Oval. The other games had been played at minor fields. Between 8,000 and 9,000 people attended the match. ‘ENGLAND TAIL SHIVERED’ by Marjorie Pollard describes the first day of play. ‘Australia, with all their wickets in hand, need only 214 to equal the England total in the women’s test at Kennington Oval.’ At the end of the second day, she wrote, ENGLAND WOMEN’S TEST TEAM LEADS AUSTRALIA BY 85 RUNS AT THE OVAL, after another day of thrilling cricket.’ (*News Chronicle (Central 5000)* July 31, 1951). England won the match, and the rubber was drawn.

Australian Women's Cricket Tour of England 1951.



*End of Australia's innings
3rd Test at the Oval.*



*Bolly Dive caught in slips by Mary Buggan
during 3rd Test "The Oval". Grace Morgan
W.K.*

Val Batty 3rd Test "The Oval"



*Australia Bats 3rd Test
The Oval*

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News Chronicle August 1, 1951

Gladys Phillips didn't play. Betty Wilson had recovered.

'Inspired bowling by Mary Duggan, who at one time had taken five wickets for five runs, enabled

England to beat Australia in the third and last test match of the season by 137 runs at The Oval yesterday.' (*Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* August 1, 1951.) They may have been defeated but Amy had a great game. 'One player, Amy Hudson, defied England for nearly two hours and was undefeated in the end.'

The tour was a great success. It was a drawn series. The first match was a draw; the Australians won the second test and the English team won the third. The Australian Women's Test Cricket Team could hold their heads high.

They had played well and were wonderful ambassadors, a credit to Australia and Amy Hudson, our cricketing hero, had played an important role and helped make it happen.

'But do women really know much about cricket? I'll say they do,' Harry Ditton, 'Our Special Commissioner,' praised the skill of the team, 'The batting techniques, the footwork and the strokes of some of these players and the speed with which they send the indifferent length ball to the boundary are a revelation.'

It may have been curiosity and the novelty of seeing women play cricket that took Harry Ditton to the match at Surrey, but his description of the play sums up the impact that the cricket, played during this tour of England, had on the people at that time. 6,000 people, typical of the crowds drawn to all the games, attended the match at Surrey. Huge interest was aroused. Harry Ditton wrote, 'Women have achieved incredible feats at many sports but how do they shape at cricket? One example that they set the men, above all others, is in the speed and the enthusiasm with which they pack in the overs and go for the runs. Time-wasting is reduced to a minimum.' He praised the skill of several players including our Amy. He wrote, 'The manner in which Amy Hudson, the Australian opening bat, forces the ball away off the back foot is indeed classic. He asked a well-known club cricketer, 'Would they give a fairly strong side of men a run for their money?' The cricketer demurred but Harry concluded, 'I wonder...' (*News of the World*, July 15, 1951).

Australian Women's Cricket Tour of England 1951.

Following is a copy of the Souvenir Programme for the Australian Women's Cricket Tour 1951.

Note the Advertising!!

WELCOME from WISDEN'S

to the Australian Women's Cricket Team

Members of the world famous women's cricket team and cricket fans for over 100 years, we are proud to honour their achievements from Australia. May their tour be rewarded by increased success.

Two Important Publications

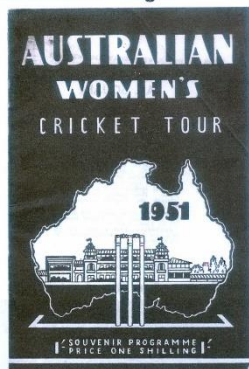
THE M.C.C. BOOK for the YOUNG CRICKETER

The M.C.C. has compiled a series of interesting photographs and articles of first-class cricket from 1900 to 1950. It is a valuable addition to any cricket library.

THE M.C.C. DIARY 1950-51

This diary is designed to provide the cricketer with all the necessary information for every cricketing season. It contains details of every match, including the names of the players and the results.

The Naldrett Press, 29, George Street, London, W.1.



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Miss J. H. M. Cox, M.B.E.

General Secretary
Miss M. Bagnall

It is a pleasure to welcome the Australian Women's Cricket team to England this year. We have the highest confidence in the team, and we are sure that they will make a most successful tour.

But it is not only as cricketers that we welcome them, but also as representatives of a country to which we owe a great and lasting debt of gratitude for their loyalty and affection shown to us in so many ways during the critical war years.

We wish them every happiness during their stay among us.

F. J. Bacon Maxwell.

In the Souvenir Programme for the Australian Women's Cricket Tour 1951 (price one shilling), F J Heron Maxwell wrote the welcoming foreword. He had happy recollections of the friendships made during the 1937 Test tour. He wrote, 'Thousands of players are anxiously awaiting friends from overseas.' He also paid homage to Australia's role in the war which had not long finished. He saw the women as... 'representatives of a country to which we owe a great and lasting debt of gratitude for their loyalty and affection shown to us in so many ways during the critical war years.'

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Australian Women's Cricket Tour of England 1951.

ITINERARY

Date	Match	Location
Sat. May 19	Australia v Kent	Stamford Bridge, Kent
Sun. May 20	Australia v Essex	County Ground, Chelmsford
Fri. May 25	Australia v Lancashire	Old Trafford, Manchester
Sat. May 26	Australia v Yorkshire	Headingley, Leeds
Sun. May 27	Australia v Warwickshire	Nondescript Park, Birmingham
Fri. June 1	Australia v Northamptonshire	County Ground, Northampton
Sat. June 2	Australia v Gloucestershire	County Ground, Gloucester
Sun. June 3	Australia v Wiltshire	County Ground, Salisbury
Fri. June 8	Australia v Middlesex	County Ground, London
Sat. June 9	Australia v Surrey	County Ground, Surrey
Sun. June 10	Australia v Hampshire	County Ground, Southampton
Fri. June 15	Australia v Devon	County Ground, Devon
Sat. June 16	Australia v Cornwall	County Ground, Cornwall
Sun. June 17	Australia v Somerset	County Ground, Somerset
Fri. June 22	Australia v Glamorgan	County Ground, Glamorgan
Sat. June 23	Australia v Monmouthshire	County Ground, Monmouthshire
Sun. June 24	Australia v Wales	County Ground, Wales
Fri. June 29	Australia v Ireland	County Ground, Ireland
Sat. June 30	Australia v Scotland	County Ground, Scotland
Sun. July 1	Australia v Northern Ireland	County Ground, Northern Ireland
Fri. July 6	Australia v New Zealand	County Ground, New Zealand
Sat. July 7	Australia v South Africa	County Ground, South Africa
Sun. July 8	Australia v India	County Ground, India
Fri. July 13	Australia v Pakistan	County Ground, Pakistan
Sat. July 14	Australia v Ceylon	County Ground, Ceylon
Sun. July 15	Australia v Sri Lanka	County Ground, Sri Lanka
Fri. July 20	Australia v West Indies	County Ground, West Indies
Sat. July 21	Australia v East Indies	County Ground, East Indies
Sun. July 22	Australia v Australia	County Ground, Australia



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—unusually broad handle for preference—
—superior quality—
—made by hand at 100 years' experience and tradition.

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HARRIS & PARKIN LTD, Paisley Factory, CO. DORSET.

As worn by the English ladies team

Page 36

Australian Women's Cricket Tour of England 1951.

ALL FOR A FEW PENCE

Don't miss your chance to see the Australian Women's Cricket team in action. They are playing at the County Ground, Chelmsford, on Saturday, May 20. Tickets are available for 6d and 1s. Buy them now!

Women's Shop—South Sea

Message from the Australian Women's Cricket Council

To all members of the Women's Cricket Association, the Australian Women's Cricket Council and the affiliated associations and provinces: we welcome you to the tour of Australia in 1951.

We are sure that you will find the tour a most successful one. We are sure that you will find the tour a most successful one. We are sure that you will find the tour a most successful one.

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Excerpts taken from the Program.

Australian Women's Cricket Tour of England 1951.



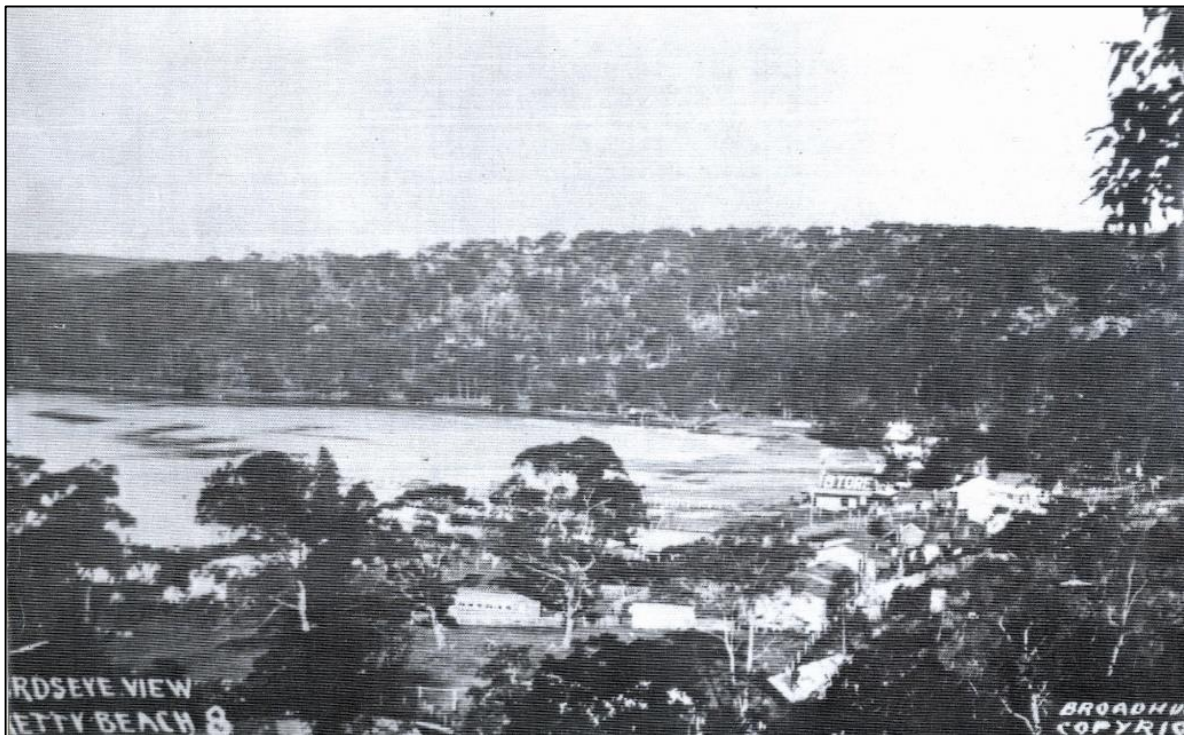
Last page of the Souvenir Programme for the Australian Women's Cricket Tour 1951.

Sponsor: Persil - a typical and topical cartoon of the fifties.

Amy's profile reads, 'AMY HUDSON (NSW) – Age 34. The only member of the team who toured England in 1937, this canny opening batsman is capable of forcing the pace or of holding the fort as the situation requires. Also tosses up slow leg-spinners. Toured New Zealand in 1948 and played against England in 1948. A packer and amateur photographer.'

When asked about her role in the team Amy said she was considered an all-rounder but had been chosen for the 1951 tour because she had changed her bowling style. She described herself as a 'tripe merchant.' She said she delivered 'a lot of tripe and hit a few wickets. "I was a fast bowler to begin with but then I changed to a leg-break bowler. The English women found it difficult to play against the leg-break bowlers and I don't think the English men could either, a good few years ago." However, the photographs, news-clippings and results show her importance as an opening bat as well as bowler. She had an important role in the three tests and most of the matches played during the tour. Amy remained modest when it came to her achievements.

Amy regretted that women's cricket had not maintained its popularity in the ensuing decades, but she continued to take an interest in the cricket played by men and followed the progress of the Test teams and the matches played. However, she wasn't happy with cricketers who played for money, and she said she was often "ashamed to be Australian with some of the ways they go on with the Sri Lankans and the Pakistanis." She said cricketer Don Bradman played in the era when you played for your country, for the love of your country... and she was proud that she did too.



A view of Pretty Beach (circa 1928) at the time Amy's family first saw it.

Amy couldn't remember what first brought her father to Pretty Beach but thinks he and his brother often visited Patonga and heard about land for sale at Pretty Beach. Her father bought the block of land in Venice Road and built the house. Her father liked fishing and he knew everybody. She remembers they came often for holidays and weekends. The family caught the steam train to Woy Woy. Mr Murphy, who owned the ferry, wouldn't wait if the train was late but Ted Myer, his off-sider, would. She remembers the ferry would call in to the private jetties as well as the public wharves.



Pretty Beach Wharf with shops opposite, circa 1940.

Visitors did not need to bring much in the way of supplies because there were shops at Pretty Beach. Holwell's Bakery was on one corner and Crow's owned the shop across the road. Cooked prawns and fish were sold to the weekend visitors. Many men owned shacks at Lobster Beach and came every weekend to fish. There were weekenders and holidaymakers too. They would order their necessities from Mr and Mrs Holwell. The shop would be closed at six o'clock but when the launch was heard approaching, all the lights would go on and Mr Holwell would be there to make sure his customers were attended to. The orders were collected and the people, often with children in tow, would make their way to their houses. She remembers the launch taking people to the pictures at Gosford on Thursday nights.



Amy pictured with friends, Alice Weigemund and Hazel Pritchard.

Amy recalls the visits with her brother and two sisters but more memorable were the times she came with her cricketing friends. They slept in their sleeping bags on the lounge room floor. A neighbour at the back, Jack Smith, would mark the track to Tallow Beach with whitewash so Amy and her friends could follow it easily. She liked to swim at Tallow Beach because she didn't like the weeds in the baths and she didn't like the surf, having nearly drowned at Coogee when she was a child. They sometimes walked to Lobster Beach but 'it was something terrible coming back.'

The block of land, which now has a creek running through it, was a full block to begin with. She described the sudden change "...and then out of the blue, water came rushing down and it was a foot deep for a while and it just got deeper and deeper, so we had to build a bridge over it." She goes on to tell the story of how she and her friends decorated the bridge for its grand opening the next day "... but a storm during the night and washed the decorations 'to billy-oh'. I can still see the disappointment on the faces of those who were looking forward to it (the opening)."

The shed preceded the house and was extended with an army hut. Because of a shortage of building materials, it took a long time to build the house. It didn't have a roof. "Out of the blue, a truck came up here with roofing (materials) on it - aluminium. It was a surprise, a pleasant surprise. My brother and a friend had organised it."

Nobody had radios in the early days. Her father had a crystal set and although admonished not to touch it, Amy couldn't resist fiddling with it, when she went past.

Amy couldn't remember any roads into the area in the very early days but when her mother became crippled with arthritis and found it difficult to walk, Amy decided to learn to drive and with the assistance of a cricketing friend and her husband, bought an old car. Asked about the trip, she said, "The road was winding. You had to go down the big hill and over the Hawkesbury. There wasn't any F3." She described the road through Kincumber as pot-holed and very rutted, "You didn't know if you were going this way or that way but luckily the car was an English Standard (Vauxhall) car and was very heavy, much heavier than the cars today or the first FJ Holden that came out ... the chassis underneath, it was like railway lines. It didn't squash up like the modern-day cars." The car had been 'up on blocks, owned by a serviceman,' so it was probably 1944 or 1945 when she acquired it. "I called her Anastasia. Gee, she was a lovely, old car." Amy was twenty-eight when she got her licence. She suffered travel-sickness if she was a passenger but was fine if she drove herself.

Amy remembers artists, named Hutchings, who owned the house next door. It faced the water as there were no houses to block the view. There were two large statues in front of the house. Mr and Mrs Hutchings would set up their easels out the front and 'happily paint away all day.'

Amy has vivid memories of the three old houses in Venice Rd; Homesdale and Ferndale (owned by the Thompson family) and Weona, owned by an older couple. Amy's brother, Bobby, and six or so of his mates rented Weona for 'donkey's years,' coming every weekend to swim and fish. The house came up for sale. The price was eighty-five pounds. Bobby and his mates could not find that amount of money so lost the opportunity and Weona was sold to someone else.

Amy looked back with something like wonder at the neighbourliness of the local people of those bygone days. She spoke of people being trusted with the keys of their neighbours' houses and how they would open them up for airing before the owners arrived. She found the community spirit of those times inspiring.

Amy concluded that she was very happy with her life and her achievements. She enjoyed living at Annandale during her working life and missed the inner-city activity when she moved away but she also felt privileged to be able to retire to Pretty Beach where she found so much peace and happiness. She expressed a feeling of pride when she talked about her cricketing career and reiterated that she was the only woman to go to England, not once but twice, to represent Australia and play Test Cricket.

BERYL HUGHES

by Robyn Warburton

Beryl is truly a remarkable woman. She came to Killcare as a small child so has lived here for more than 90 years. Her family has been an important part of the local community for many decades. Pretty Beach School played an important role in their lives. Beryl and her siblings all went to school there. Beryl was the well-respected cleaner for thirty-eight years and her sister, Dawn Peaker, was president of the P & C for many years and Colleen was secretary. Colleen became a valuable source of knowledge and contributed greatly to the Bouddi History Project. Beryl helped too and provided photos for the collection.



One of the earliest photos of Killcare Wharf, Killcare Road and only one shop, the shop on the southern corner – 1920s.

The Beasley family came to Killcare during the Depression after losing their home at Wentworthville. She remembers the unemployment of the time and because her father worked weekdays at Eveleigh Railway Workshop, they were better off than most. On his return home on Friday night, they met him at the wharf with a lamp. Her uncle's family lived with them, and he worked on the construction of Wards Hill Road. There was no electricity, sewerage or town water - or many cars. It was before 'The Old Killcare Store' was built. Two families owned motor cars, the Owens and the Frasers, and the Martins had an old truck.



An early photo of Killcare Wharf, Thomas's Store and Killcare Road - 1930s.

She went to Pretty Beach School and Gosford High School: a long walk, ferry, bus and train trip. Beryl first worked as an usherette at the cinema in Woy Woy owned by Clarrie Riley of Rileys Bay. The Rileys had a farm on Rileys Island; she visited often because she was 'keeping company' with one of the Riley boys. She joined the Land Army during the war. The war meant more difficult years and struggling families without men. They had all joined the armed forces.

For many years she had a penfriend, Megan, in Wales whose family had decided to come to Australia. One sad day, she received a letter from Megan's husband, Emlyn, to say Megan had died so only Emlyn and his son David came to Australia and Beryl helped them settle. The friendship developed and ultimately, she married Emlyn in 1960. Together, they brought up David and two adopted boys, Michael and Gwynn.

Beryl was most famous for her work as the cleaner at Pretty Beach Public School. She worked there for thirty-eight years. The children became very fond of her and thought of her as 'Nanna'. She watched the children grow up, become adults and have children of their own.

Beryl Hughes' house was originally one of Mrs Ellyard's flats that were rented to visiting holidaymakers. They were moved to make way for the *Araluen* home units. This one ended up at No.1 Killcare Road. It is one of several rented properties, she has lived in.

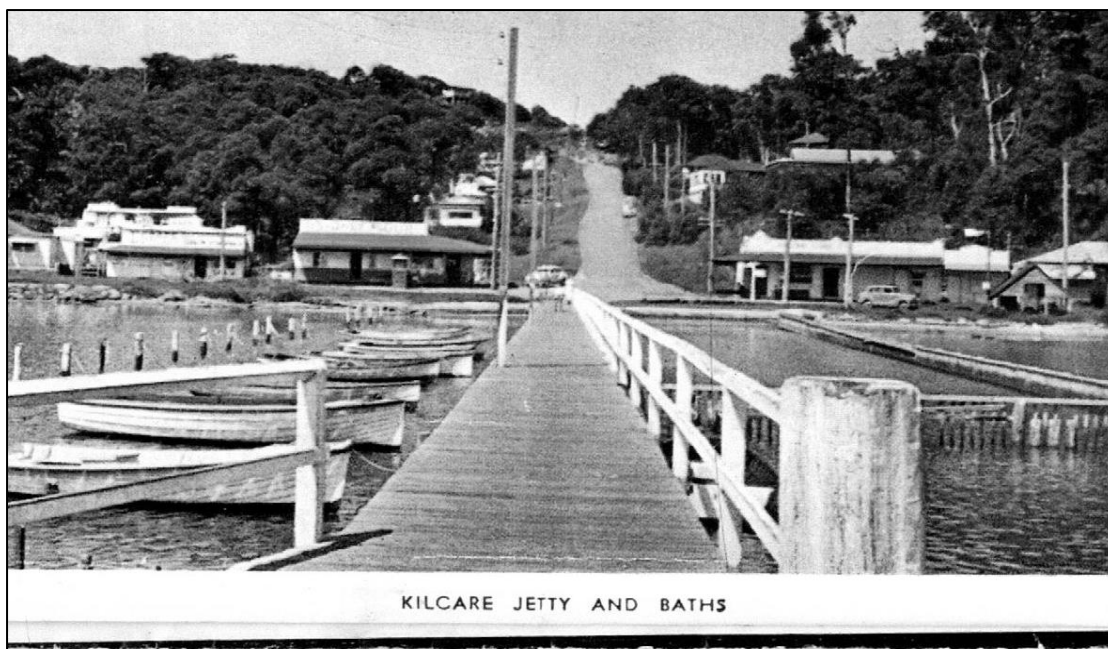


Photo No.3 'Killcare Jetty and Baths' - 1940s

In 2018 Beryl is nearly ninety-seven and has lived in Killcare nearly all of her life.

Mention of Beryl's family can be found throughout *Bouddi Bios*: Arthur and Valmai Beasley (her parents), Colleen Smith and Dawn Peaker (her sisters) and Clarrie Peaker (her brother-in-law). The family members, except for Colleen, are buried at St Pauls at Kincumber. Colleen died at Maitland. Colleen's story is told in Volume 4 of *Bouddi Bios*.

Robyn Warburton 2018

DAVIS ('BILL') HUGHES

Sir Davis Hughes, who played a major, if controversial, role in the completion of the Sydney Opera House, was a member of our local community for a number of years. His story has several sources: Wikipedia, Bob Carr and neighbours in Heath Road. D. Dufty Ed.

Hughes was born in Launceston, Tasmania in 1910, and was educated at Launceston High School and the University of Tasmania. He became a teacher at 17 years of age. He was a school teacher in Tasmania from 1927 until 1935 and at The Armidale School from 1947 until 1950. His career spanned the harsh years of the Great Depression and the prime ministership of that other Tasmanian schoolteacher, who made good in conservative politics, Joe Lyons. Like other members of his generation, he saw service in the Second World War as an officer in the Royal Australian Air Force from 1939 until 1945, a squadron leader. He married Joan Johnson in 1940 and they had one son and two daughters.

Whilst there are many other sites covering Davis Hughes and his role in the building of the Opera House, on his death, Premier Bob Carr provided this tribute to Davis Hughes in Parliament, as reported in *Hansard*, April 30, 2003. Other speakers followed and you can get the full account at:

www.parliament.nsw.gov.au/prod/parlment/HansArt.nsf/V3Key/LA20030430030-67k-

This House desires to place on record its sense of the loss this State has sustained by the death on 16 March 2003, of the Hon. Sir Davis Hughes, a former Minister of the Crown.

That political career began in 1945 when, at war's end, he was elected to Armidale council. The Hughes family had moved to the New England region and Davis Hughes took up a teaching post at The Armidale School. Recognition as a local teacher and alderman gave him the profile he needed to win election to this Parliament in a by-election in 1950. He succeeded his mentor, David Henry Drummond, who was the conservative Minister for Education under three Premiers — Bavin, Stevens and Mair—and an eminent Country Party figure. Sir Davis Hughes's inaugural speech was a heartfelt tribute to Drummond and a closely argued plea in favour of more support for rural education.

It is fair to say that Sir David Hughes's career, even excluding the Opera House saga, was not without its disruptions, setbacks and challenges. He lost the seat of Armidale at the 1953 Cahill landslide election, and he spent three years in the political wilderness. However, he handily filled those years as Mayor of Armidale. He won back the seat in 1956 and quickly asserted himself, becoming the Country Party leader two years later, when that other conservative warhorse, Michael Bruxner, finally retired from the leadership, although not from Parliament, after a record 30 years in that position. *[Interruption]*

I assure the House that I am not at all tempted to break that record. It is interesting how different the National Party is today.

Sir Davis Hughes's leadership was sadly short and stressful.

It culminated in a breakdown in February 1959, at which time he was hospitalised. Honourable members who have held high party or ministerial office will have great sympathy for the strains such positions can impose. Remarkably, the people of Armidale stood by him as their representative and re-elected him only one month later. In fact, he continued to be favoured by the people of Armidale—that great city—until his retirement in January 1973.

I am sure that the member for Northern Tablelands will recount many stories and local lore about Davis Hughes.

At this point in Mr Carr's tribute, Wikipedia's version of the events at the Opera House, have been included.

With the election of the Askin government in 1965, Hughes became Minister for Public Works, with responsibility among other things for the completion of the Sydney Opera House. Hughes refused to accept Jørn Utzon's approach to managing the Opera House project and, specifically, to give permission for the construction of plywood prototypes for its interiors. He cut off Utzon's funding so Utzon couldn't even pay his own staff. Utzon was forced to resign, and Hughes immediately accepted. The Opera House was subsequently completed according to designs that were not consistent with Utzon's original vision.

Of course, 1973 was the year of the effective completion of the Opera House. Davis Hughes had done the job that Bob Askin had given him, one of the hardest, and he was to be rewarded with a not unattractive position—one that this Government was happy to see abolished—the succulent plum of New South Wales politics, the agent-generalship in London. He served honourably in that role under three successors, including Neville Wran.

I will not debate the merits of what Askin and Hughes did in those distant, turbulent years with respect to the Opera House. I withheld judgment when I released the relevant papers in this House some years ago. At the time I queried who could, with the benefit of hindsight, condemn the Minister when he was faced with the constantly rising construction bill and the pressures of the state budget. Publicly available literature covers the controversy, including Phillip Drew's book, *The Masterpiece*, the monumental *Utzon* by Richard Weston and Elias Duek-Cohen's little book, published in the white heat of 1966 and reprinted a few years ago. I follow the old Roman dictum, "say nothing but good of the dead". Davis Hughes diligently pursued the objective he laid down for himself in his ministerial statement in this place dealing with completion of the Opera House while containing its costs following Utzon's resignation in 1966. On 9 March he stated: "If we are to have an architectural gem—maybe one that will be outstanding in the world—we still must consider the question of costs in relation to the social needs of the people...If you people who are coming here making complaints about not enough schools, the drought and so on, are willing to let the costs of this opera house escalate to any level, I shall not be a party to it and neither will the Government."

That central understanding dominated Davis Hughes's 7½ years as a Minister, and he lived with its consequences for the final three decades of his life, and the question he drafted for his friend at the Central Coast luncheon confirmed that.

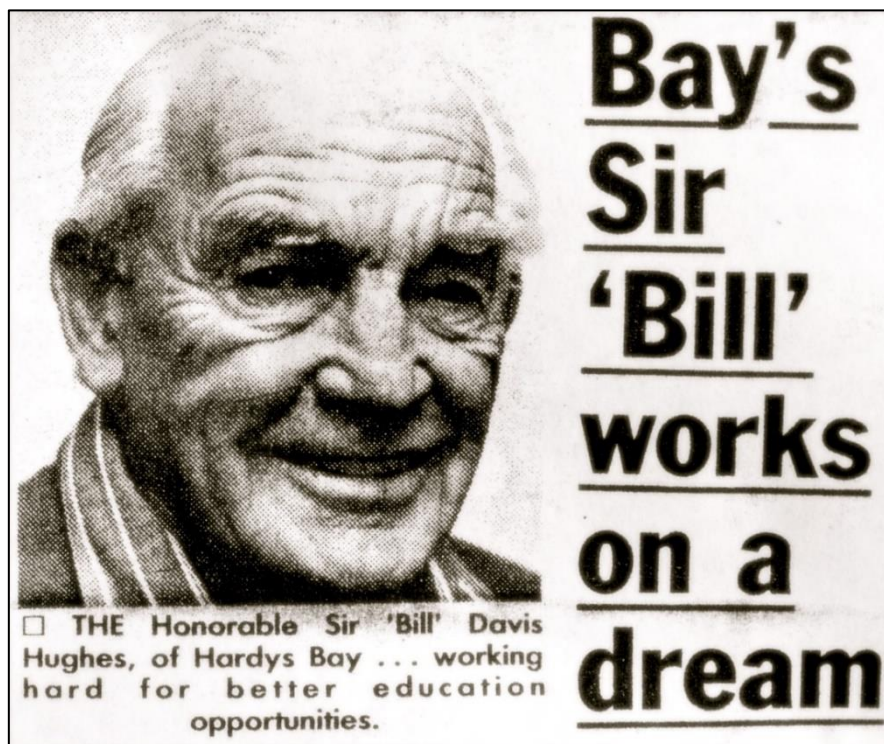
To his credit, Sir Davis never resiled from the decisions of those years; his self-defence was courageous and consistent, as confirmed by that bold question.

Wikipedia also informs us that Davis Hughes was knighted in 1975, two years after retiring from parliament

Sir Davis Hughes was indomitable at the age of 92. I think that is how we should remember this figure. As the history of the New South Wales Parliament shows, he began as a country schoolteacher and, through the processes and extraordinary chance of democratic politics, into his hands was placed the great responsibility of managing the construction and financing of the building of the century. It is remarkable to think of a country schoolteacher representing the people of Armidale, going through the stresses of party leadership, including the crisis in his career in 1959, and, in the Coalition Government elected in 1965, being given the responsibility of the Opera House, which has turned out to be the building of the century.

No matter how one regards his custodianship, it is clear that of all the Ministers who have had the honour of holding the Public Works portfolio, Sir Davis Hughes will be remembered with the best of them. He will be remembered as the man who—doing it his own way, to evoke Frank Sinatra—finished the Sydney Opera House according to his keen sense of respect for his office and for the people he served. I invite all members of this House to join me in honouring his memory. His story is part of the civic history of Armidale; it is part of the history of conservative, country-based politics in New South Wales. His association with the Opera House is part of the story of the world's most remarkable modern building.

The Hughes and the Central Coast



Bill Hughes, as he was known by his friends and neighbours, and his wife, Philippa, settled in Heath Road, Killcare, after Bill retired from his busy life as a State MP. Later they moved to Tarragal Glen Retirement Village.



Daphne Montague, a neighbour, provides this brief memoir and this late afternoon photo taken at the Killcare Marina.

Peter and I had spent the day fishing with Bill when this photo was taken. He loved to go out fishing in his boat and would ask Peter and Otto Adderley to accompany him.

We would often meet up with Bill down at the Bottle Shop, which ran the local Tab. He enjoyed a few bob on the horses and was also very interested in our pick of the day. We also shared a few drinks with Philippa and Bill over the time they lived in Heath Road.

Bill and Phillipa were keen and popular members of the East Gosford Probus Club and the undated cutting comes from the Probus Club's archives.

The reference is to a submission made by Bill to the Senate Standing Committee.

The subject was Education and Training on behalf of the Employment Education Centre Open University Committee, whose members included Gosford Chamber of Commerce President, Les Graham, Gosford City Mayor Pat Harrison, James Mudge and Tudor Davies. Although there were some favourable responses to the idea we never did get a British type Open University but it gives us some idea of Bill's ongoing concern for education and community. All Australian universities now have on-line programs, although entry may not be as open as the Open University. Bill Hughes died at Erina.

Because of his fame, Davis (Bill) Hughes is remembered in our history, as a resident of the peninsula.

David Dufty 2009

MYRA ISAAC AND BEN

by Ben Isaac

Myra and Ben Isaac, as well as being great personalities, have both made active contributions to our local community. Since writing the following, Ben has collated, published and launched the book 'Myra's Poems' which fully expands the following story and provides a fine selection of her poems. Copies available from Ben Isaac. David Dufty Ed.

Myra devoted most of her time during retirement to writing 'her book' on the 'History of Women through the Ages', which was unfinished due to her deteriorating heart disease. However, she expressed her life's impressions (a woman's point of view) concisely in poetry, which she had been writing since she was a teenager in Scotland.

Her poems, written between April 1946 and 1999, are a response to her life in Scotland, India, England and Kenya and finally in Australia. They reflect Myra's passion for social justice, truth and the preservation of our Natural Environment. The poems also express her love for humankind, especially talented women in their struggle to actively participate and contribute to a world dominated by men.

We often discussed our lives and it had always been a pleasure to listen to Myra's recollections of her childhood in Glasgow, her youth and her quest in life. She was an erudite, modern, compassionate and independent woman, who drew inspiration from St. Augustine's confession: 'Our hearts are restless until we find rest in Thee'. One of her personal notes reads:

Read all the library of saintliness

But think not God to scan

There still is something in God for Thee

Unknown to any man.

I have included two of her selected poems. They reflect on her first beginnings in Glasgow in the mid-30s living in High Rise dwellings devoid of the opportunity to respond and relate to nature and its wonders. Hence, her escape into the writing of poetry throughout her life, expressing her thoughts, feelings and impressions from the time she travelled abroad to Oslo in Norway as a delegate representing Scotland and the World Conference of Christian Youth in July 1947.

This event opened new vistas to the wide world of diversity and post-war challenges facing the Youth of the World. After giving up the opportunity to study medicine due to her poor health, she took up piano teaching. After graduating she became an accomplished pianist and managed a private piano practice in Dumbarton, Glasgow.

Myra's father was a Ship Building Engineer at Yarrows on the Clyde and an excellent part-time clock smith. Rumour had it that he did not charge his church members.

Through her Methodist upbringing and Fellowship, Myra offered her services to the Methodist overseas mission. After her Theological studies (London University) and training through Selly Oak College, Myra was appointed to India in Bangalore to serve in the area of Youth work and the Education of Women with families and single women. Towards the end of her term, while helping a well-known choir to sing Handel's *Messiah*, Myra met me, her husband, Ben.

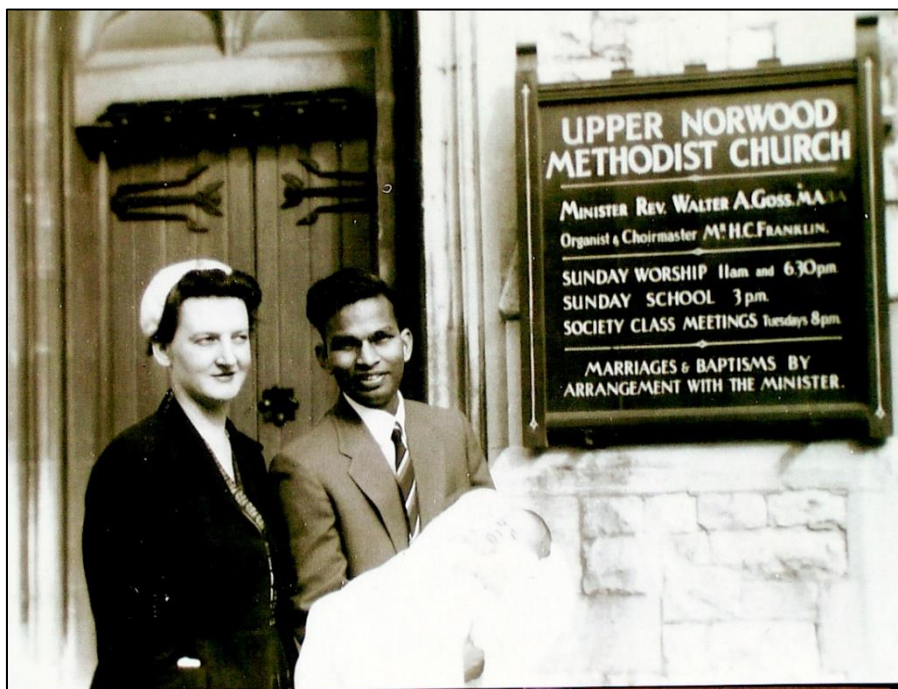
I was born in Sholingur in Central India, studied at St Columba's High School near Madras, and then graduated from the Madras Christian College established in 1839. I came to England for my post-graduate education.

Myra and I were married in South Harrow, England. After doing part time study at a Church of England College in Chelsea, London, I graduated as a fully-fledged teacher in England. Prior to this I worked with the London County Council, Westminster.

After we had our two sons, we were seconded to the Ministry of Education in Kenya from London and served as Teacher Training Lecturers and later I served as Headmaster of a new secondary school. We came to Australia in 1965 and after serving as teachers at Frensham School, Mittagong, I changed over to the NSW Department of Education.



Opening of a new laboratory at Kirangari High School, Nairobi, Kenya. Minister of Education, Anglican moderator and Ben Isaac lead the way.



Myra and Ben, after the Christening of Gary, at Upper Norwood Methodist Church, London.

I took my Masters Degree doing part time study at the University of Sydney. I was appointed Head of a high school department in Social and Environmental Studies and later seconded as State Education Consultant at the Head Office, Sydney.

Before our retirement, we came to Killcare and chose Jacqueline Avenue to build our home. It has been a productive and a challenging but enjoyable life with friends and relatives.



Myra and Ben take Roy and Gary to India to meet their relatives and learn about one of their cultural heritages.

Arriving at the Killcare/Wagstaffe Peninsula with her husband Ben, Myra Isaac (nee Hutchins), made a significant contribution to the Killcare-Wagstaffe Trust Inc from the early 80s as the Hon Treasurer, until her passing in 1999. Myra was also one of the volunteers at the Maitland Bay Environment Centre, which she enjoyed immensely.



Myra at home in Killcare with Roy, Mary and granddaughter, Lauren. Lauren has her first piano lesson.

Ben and Myra chose Jacqueline Avenue as the place to build their house at Killcare Heights. They lived a productive and enjoyable life in the community: making friends, playing tennis, enjoying music with local music groups (Myra helped organise the latter) and attending the Uniting Church at Kincumber. They made a significant contribution to the Killcare Wagstaffe Trust; Myra was the Hon Treasurer from the 1980s until her death in 1999 and volunteered at the Maitland Bay Centre which supports Bouddi National Park and Ben still does.

Myra was an excellent mother to our two sons Gary and Roy and grandmother to our two granddaughters, Lauren and Jasmine (children of Roy and Merilee).

So now for examples of Myra's poems, which have also inspired Ben to write verse.

Myra's poem, written in 1986, is about the futility of the arms race, and the prevailing obsessive desire for material possessions, and also the problem, according to the media, of the growing rate of suicide among the young.

A tomorrow-hope

It lies within each

To ignore the props of mind-ease

To refuse to be what must be must be

To fight for a right to hope.

I deserve contempt if I do not

I deserve such joy if I do

Such joy so there is

No place for fear and dread

Of boredom and cement jungles

Of sudden death and twisted limbs

And torture of new-born young.

No fear and dread

Of fire from the sky and the earth

A long dark night and the end of beauty on earth.

The choice imperative:

My duty to adore this earth

And fan the white-hot anger of hope

To destroy annihilation.

The powerless have passion

The meek do inherit the earth!

Myra's second poem shown here from 1985 is a sort of catharsis, when remembering the lack of contact with the natural environment in the Glasgow of the 20s, 30s and 40s in childhood and adolescence. There is a realisation of the really deep resentment felt at this deprivation due to cultural and physical circumstances still found in many large cities. And there is still resentment at such forever lost opportunities for growth in those formative years. Crime and amoral human beings are the obvious results of living in cement jungles, and we forget this at our peril.

Do not forget

A kind of childhood

Hindsight, insight to exorcise

Catharsis.

Glasgow, '25 and grassless

Canyons of grey cement for us.

Down those sixty spiralling steps

For Mum each wash day

Monday

A dungeon tunnel to washday blues

No sun is shining in tenement square

In backyard ghetto

Inside cement, inside cement.

Flat topped wash house back to back

Six foot gap to jump to dare

Children of women with rough chapped hands

Scrubbing-board scrubbing, steam house smoke

Inside cement, inside cement.

Mince for dinner, a shout
A “jelly piece” to hand
From upstairs window
For “Glasgow keelies” in the street
Ringed with iron fences, cement gardens
Chalk the pavements, hop the squares
Bounce the ball, wall on wall
Turning, twisting, clapping, pounding
On cement, on cement.

Chalk the pavement, “ladies faces”
Chalk the walls of gas lit ‘close’
What goes on behind each door
McDuffs, McDermotts, Rankins, Baileys
The Lindsays, Bells, Jacks and Taylors
Hearts and minds as granite walls
Unbeknown and colourless
Taciturn
Like cement, like cement.

Dad is coming, Dad is coming,
From the shipyards, from the tram,
Working clothes and cap on head
Among the throng of dingy brown
Giggling we pounce from shopfront doorway
Grab his hands and bear him home
Smiling

Up those sixty spiralling steps
To a cheerful kitchen gas-lit
Light from coal-fire dancing
In the canyons of grey cement.

Glasgow '85 no longer grassless
But then so much regret
So much resentment
So many years deprived of earth and sky
Not knowing the yellow harvest moon
A sight enormous above the trees
I know you, deprive ones
In cement cities, in shanty towns
Bring in the green, the will to be with earth
To exorcise the iron in the soul, and bury
The canyons of grey cement.

Glasgow '95 no longer grassless
A kind of childhood
This time, childhood of hope, children of hope
Children's children do not forget
The past exorcised, you live in hope
Do not forget
Do not forget.
Myra Isaac 1985



A GIRL ON THE KILLCARE ROCK

**I saw her seated on a lonely rock
Last summer, above the sands of Killcare's shores
A tortured face she wore, to observe not:
The screeching whitegulls in flight and out of sight,
The Right Whales ambling in and out the bight
Southward bound with their calves, to train them right;
Yet, she only saw in her deep distress
The agony of her soul in pain.**

**What melancholy befell her youthful soul
Disconsolate on that solitary knoll?
Could the loss of a loved one have taken its toll
Powerless to pluck herself from her thrall?
What lay ahead she seemed not to care,
To ease her torment, she had to bear
The agony of her soul in pain.**

**Around her the sandstone sculptures of bygone eons
Mutely displayed their contoured motifs of many scions
Could such pristine beauty that surround
Fail to dispel her agony profound?
Perhaps the numinous alone can dispel her grief
As turbulent as the bomboras's reef,**

To ease her agony of soul in pain?

The charmed sunset lingered on the horizon and yet,

Appeared to hasten towards the hills out west

Soon dusk would set to witness the rest:

The faint wink of the lighthouse at Barrenjoey's Head

And the silhouette of the girl on the rock further ahead.

Did the whispering somnolence of the incoming sea,

Soothe the agony of her soul in pain?

Ben Isaac 2008

*Ben has always been a fine tennis, cricket and hockey player. Today there are three local tennis groups who benefit from his ongoing tennis skills and his good companionship.
David Dufty (Ed.)*



Ben, photographed with members of his college hockey team in London.

Reference

Isaac, Ben (ed) *Myra's Poems*.
Killcare: Ben Isaac, 2009.

Photos: Ben Isaac