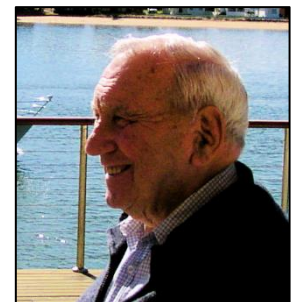




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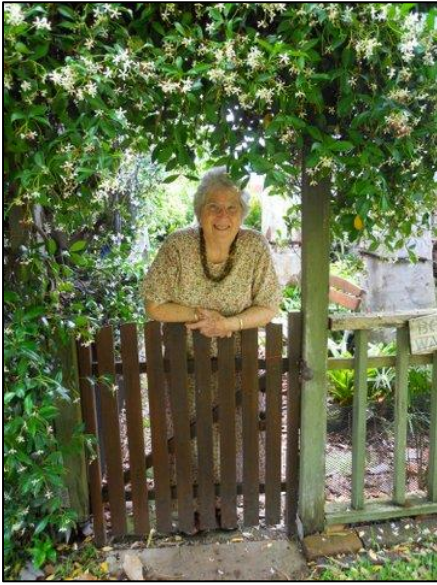


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TOM and ANNE JACKSON

From the time Tom and Anne Jackson came to live at Wagstaffe, they become important, valued and loved members of the local community. It is said that in any group of people, 20% do 80% of the work. Anne and Tom belong in the 20%. They volunteered to work, help and socialise in many different ways and along the way made many, many friends.



It was December 1982; Anne and Tom Jackson were thinking about retiring when they visited friends, the O'Gradys, who lived above the beach. They went for a drive and Tom saw a fisherman catch a fish. He was 'hooked'.

Tom was a builder, so they looked at land in Albert Street but decided it was too steep. Real estate agent, Mary McKinney, took them to the last place on her list – a house $\frac{3}{4}$ finished at Wagstaffe. She didn't have a key, so they looked through the windows and Anne as well as Tom said, "This is it!"

It was not to be. A farmer from out west had put a deposit on the house and it was not until some months later that he had to pull out because of lack of funds. Mary rang Anne (Tom was away playing golf) so Anne made the decision to buy the house.

Their house at Longueville was sold in a depressed market so did not fetch the million dollars it was worth. An interesting man bought that house. His name was Josephsen; he was Swedish and an entrepreneur, the owner of every haberdashery shop in Europe. He rented the contents of the house, furniture, and linen too, so Tom, Anne and Ben, aged nine, moved into the Wagstaffe house in 1983 and sat on crates for a couple of months.

There were a few weeks of school left in the year, so their youngest child, Ben, started at Pretty Beach Public School. He made friends in time for the school holidays. He joined Nippers too.

Tom finished the house. Anne and Tom's other five children were grown up and continuing their education or pursuing careers. Anne became involved at the school with the P&C, Reading and Catechist.

The house, on one of the original narrow waterfront blocks, in Wagstaffe Avenue became a very special house! Special for its comfort and welcoming warmth.

Tom was famous for inviting people to go home with him so at the drop of a hat, Anne would be serving morning or afternoon tea. Anne is a baker so very likely there was cake or biscuits ready to serve.

The family attended mass at Walsingham in High View Road and began lifelong friendships with other members of the congregation there.

A group of at least eight women, who met there, began a very special activity and that was quilting. The quilting group met weekly until the second last member died. Anne is the last of the group and remembers the years of friendship, the work and the many quilts that were produced.

Anne and Tom cared deeply for the environment and were soon involved in the Killcare Wagstaffe Trust and attended every meeting for many years. There are many stories of course and the Trust continues to address issues in 2022 but Anne remembered and related a funny one; an event whereby Hogie Van Euyk, (he was a photographer and a small slim man) took on Bob Hudson when he took umbrage at the group which was meeting at Wgastaffe Hall and threw rocks on to the roof.

The Trust formed in 1980/1981 but before that, a group of people, interested in the environment, met at Allan Strom's house.

Allan Strom became famous in the area for his dedication to the environment and expansion of the National Park. Allan decided there should be a bird-watching group and decided Judy Adderley would be the right person to lead it.

Tom and Anne joined the group and ventured out monthly on bird discovery forays that led them to many different sites across the local area and beyond. Bird-walk, with various leaders continued to meet, walk and bird-watch until ????





Bird-walk celebrating Christmas at Judy Adderley's. Many members here have stories included in this history. They include Tom and Anne Jackson, Judy Adderley, Ann Bowe, Helen Warliker, Meg Fromel, Alan Cameron and Silver Ware.

Anne had belonged to U3A (University of the 3rd Age) in Sydney before she came to the coast so when she heard there was a group with similar 'intellectual aspirations' meeting at a little house in Kincumber where the shopping centre is now located, she was keen to join. Eventually U3A was established and Anne for many years travelled with neighbours to attend and found the courses to be excellent. The meetings were held in a variety of places including Kincumber Hotel and Gosford Leagues Club, both very supportive.

Anne and Tom worked for Meals on Wheels for thirty years. Anne remembers the days before the delivery of packaged food.

She joined the bevy of women who cooked the food. The food was prepared in huge pots. Anne didn't drive so her job was to sit in the back seat holding one of the huge pots on her lap. They would arrive at an old person's home, set the table after finding the plate and cutlery, and ladle the food out of the pot. Things have changed. Tom was a driver and delivery man. Anne tells a story of how she was carrying one of the large pots and stumbled; luckily the pot was empty.

Anne attended the Gosford Technical College's Woy Woy campus where she learned dressmaking. It was a four-year course, and she went every Monday and caught the local bus to get there.

Tom believed he was a member of St Vincent de Paul from birth. For the time they helped locally, it was to deliver food vouchers to needy people and there were five or so clients in our area and more in the caravan park at the bottom of Wards Hill.

In latter years, Tom worked at the workshop at West Gosford, making furniture that is sold in the St Vincent de Paul stores.

Anne did not belong to the CWA (Country Women's Association) but was asked to speak to the Gosford group about her grandmother, Ethel Crowther OBE, a famous member of the CWA in northern Queensland. Anne's daughter, Margot, researching to add to the story she is writing about her grandmother, phoned Townsville CWA and explained who she was, to be told by the woman on the other end of the phone, Ethel Crowther is **my** great grandmother.

Anne was also a very good neighbour and was called on to help many times. She recalled a period of time when she slept at Thelma Ross's house after Thelma's husband, Bill, died and she was too nervous to stay in the house by herself.

A story told elsewhere is about the Halvorseth family: Alfred, Betty and disabled son, Alfred Junior, who lived across the road. After the death of Alfred Halvorseth, Anne and another neighbour, Lee Hogan, helped clean and fix up the interior of the house (and found thousands of dollars secreted away). Tom and Bob Badger worked on the exterior. After Betty Halvorseth moved to Henry Kendall Village and young Alfred went to Peat Island, Anne and Tom stayed in contact and visited them.

Of interest is a recollection Anne has of a photograph in Betty's house, The woman in the photo, Betty's mother, looked exactly like Anne's mother. The woman came from the same village in Ireland as Anne's mother and had the same maiden name. Six degrees of separation.

Tuesday was fishing day, so it was spent with a friend on the wharf at the front of the house. Tom met with success quite often and enjoyed the 'catch'.



Very often it was blackfish or bream and mullet that started with Melbourne Cup Day. And prawns until Fisheries took his net away. Anne remembers professional fishermen off-loading catches of huge yellow-fin tuna and one day Tom appearing with a large fish under his arm and its tail around his feet. He cut it up and shared it among the neighbours.

From the very beginning of his relationship with Wagstaffe Point and our peninsula Tom's love of the environment and our community was very evident.

He gave his all on many fronts.

A neighbour, Clive Dent, was the president of the local branch of Neighbourhood Watch for the years that it existed. Tom attended the meetings and Tom and Anne's home became a 'safe house', part of the program whereby children could seek shelter if needed.

Tom's practical knowledge was appreciated too. When the major drainage plan was devised for Wagstaffe, he said Wagstaffe's little beach would be washed away and as a result of his concern the plan was modified.

Tom and Anne joined the Progress Association in 1984 and attended every meeting until their age and health made it impossible. In 2007, the Pretty Beach/Wagstaffe Progress Association became the Wagstaffe to Killcare Community Association, but Tom didn't ever accept the name change. To him it was always THE PROGRESS.

He is remembered for the fact that he could be called on to repair stuff. Maintenance at the hall was his thing and along with his mate, Michael Rasic, their input was invaluable.



Look at the hall's traymobile – back on its wheels because of Tom.

He is also remembered by one Progress President for his oft repeated command, "Point of order, Madam Chair!"

Tom with his long grey beard and walking stick became a local character, well-loved for his friendliness, humour and gruff charm. He was a stalwart of the 'Progress' Association's activities: Bushcare, Trash and Treasure, Australia Day, the Carving Project and maintenance of Wagstaffe Hall.

Tom was there for every important event. The Association has become famous for Australia Day at Wagstaffe and Tom had an important role every year. He read the Australia Day Prayer with great meaning and sincerity. See the photograph on Page 4.

Tom delivered *Talking Turkey* along Wagstaffe Avenue month after month for more than ten years.

He was also a dedicated member of the Dog Track Bushcare team. He removed an enormous amount of unwanted Asparagus Fern along the waterfront, the original defined area that was improved by the volunteer bushcarers of Pretty Beach Bushcare.

What about Trash and Treasure? Tom loved it and was a wonderful salesman. His department was furniture, and it gave him great joy to watch new owner take away ‘treasure’.

Tom died in 1916. Mesothelioma, the disease many builders suffer late in life, killed him. His funeral was held at Holy Cross and that is where he is buried. There was a time when his skills were needed, and he was involved in the upgrade of the little church at South Kincumber.

The Community Association took responsibility for his wake. Held at Wagstaffe Hall, it was a special gathering of the people in Tom’s life and there were many.

Located at Wagstaffe Hall. the seat pictured above was built by local craftsman, Ken Tough, and is a beautiful piece of furniture. It is dedicated to Tom Jackson.

No longer able to take an active role, Anne, aged 93 in 2022, continues to be very supportive of the work done by the Community Association.

Anne is a keen reader and visits the Council’s library van fortnightly. She has been a member of a local book club for the last ten years of so.

A member of the Half Tides Rock choir for its duration, she likes to sing and her story tells us she and Tommy loved to dance.

When Helen Menzies invited local people to join her writing group, Anne responded with enthusiasm. She had many stories to tell and as a result has written her autobiography in two volumes: *Bits and Pieces of My Life* and *Herding the Sheep*.



SID JENKINS

by Helen Dufty

Sid Jenkins of Hardys Bay Parade is one of our fine old, active citizens. His body is fit, his mind is clear and his laugh is infectious. But he doesn't get to local events very often and it was a privilege for Helen and David Dufty to interview him on camera and they will include some of their interview on film later, as well as in this brief snippet of biography.



Sid Jenkins' grandmother bought a block of land for about £80, which was 'quite a bit of money in those days', and the family built the house (see photo on the next page) on the hillside at 5 Hardys Bay Parade, Killcare Extension. It was built out of bush timber and pieces of old iron. This was in the early 1920s.

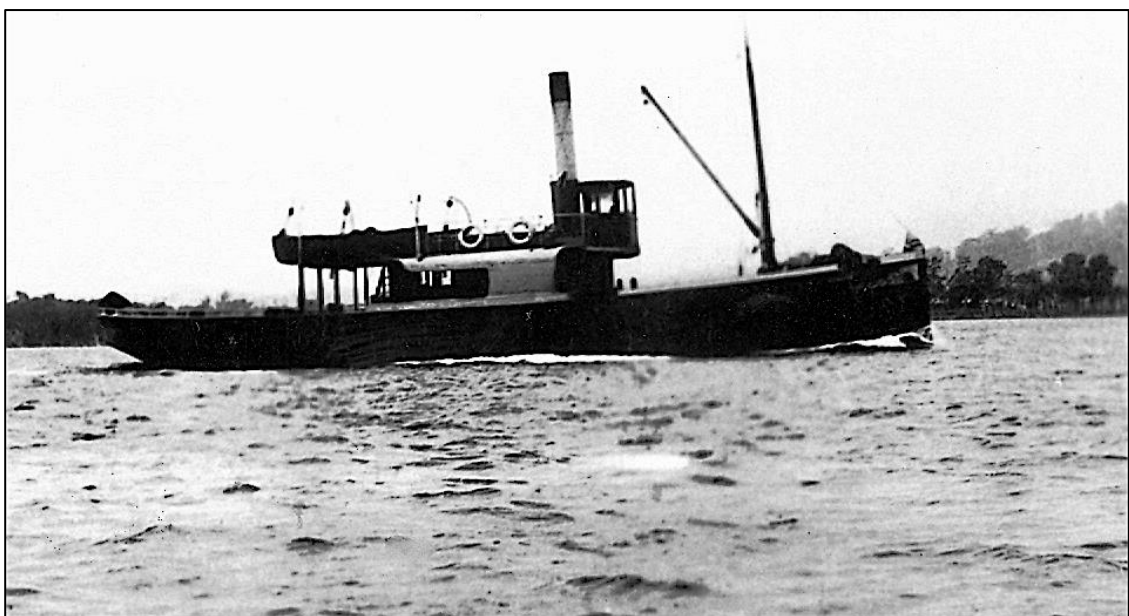
Sid lives at that same address, but in a much more recent house, closer to the street. The old house is still there, over eighty years later, up the hill, behind his house. As he describes it, "...in those days nobody stopped you cutting down any trees." They were just a local resource for building or burning. People could do what they wanted.

Nearby, Ralph Dick had a small sawmill, and he supplied the timber for the bakery. This had to be cut 10 inches long to fit into the oven. No permit was needed.



The Jenkins' house: home to Sid Jenkins during the Great Depression

After the house was built with help from all the family, they would come from Sydney on the *Erina*, a coastal steamer, and spend the weekends there.



Coastal steamer, the *Erina*, which brought Sid and his family to Killcare from Sydney

By necessity, a separate little house for the dunny had to be built and at first they had to empty the pan themselves and bury the contents in a hole nearby. Later, much later, there was a service to change the pans and bury the waste in a site near Putty Beach.



During the depression, his uncle, Ozzie Jenkins, who could not get work, came to live here. Sid wanted to come too. His mother allowed him to live with his uncle and aunt for about 4 years. He was about 8 years old when he started school at Pretty Beach and had a long walk around the bay. Sometimes his uncle would row him across to a wharf on the point at Hardys Bay near the present dog track. There was no road then, just a bush track from the wharf at Killcare Extension. Sid is still a very good walker, so all that early walking has paid off.

They all lived in this one small bush house. The women slept in a bedroom at one end and the males slept in the living room. Sid slept on a sofa for 4 years. "We had our big table out here in the summer. That was where we had our Christmas. They were good days. You never get those days again." The smile on his face says it all.

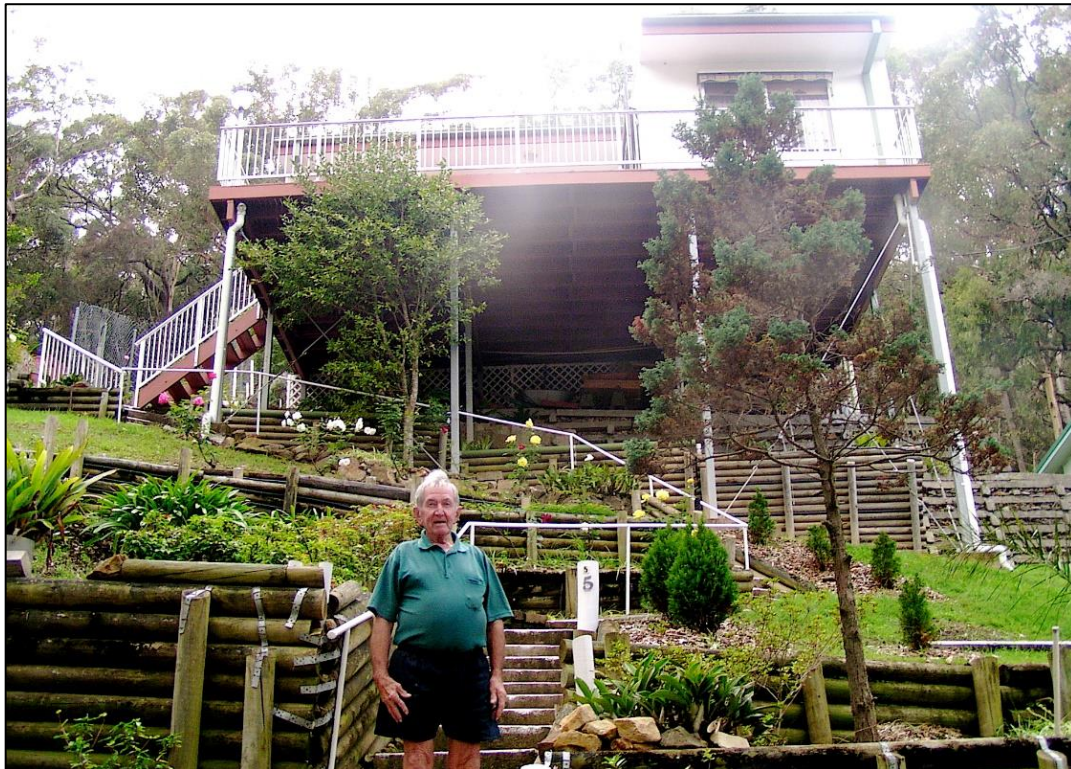


The Jenkins had to build a fence around their land to keep out the Rileys' dairy cows, which wandered around the bay all day but came back at night to 'the bull pen'.

At the time of the interview, the old fence post was still standing at the front corner, where it was erected over 80 years ago. However, a new road has now been built in front of his house and the historic post is no more.

Below their house was a sandy beach and a little further along, there was a mineral spring where Sid remembers his grandmother doing the washing. They had a clothes line on the beach and the boys would spend their time catching mullet, while she did the washing. His family also owned the next block of land. Further around the bay Jack Riley's house was located.

Sid retired from work and came back to live on the family block at Killcare Extension, where a new house was built and Sid still climbs the stairs and tends his beautiful roses, as he continues his march into his eighties with his head and chest held high.



Helen Dufty 2008

EIGHT YEARS ON THE CENTRAL COAST

A MEMOIR - RON JONES

I remember visiting the Central Coast from the age of six years, travelling by steam train from Central Station to Woy Woy (adult fare 5s/3d return). From Woy Woy we caught the ferry to the Hardys Bay Wharf. There we visited an old friend, 'Nanna Moore', who lived in a house on the hillside above Hardys Bay Hall. The Hall was halfway between Hardys Bay and Killcare.

Later in 1933 when I was eight years old, my parents and I moved to Pretty Beach Extension (PTE). The house Dad purchased was on the waterfront five or six houses from the PBE Wharf towards Hardys Bay.

The closest house to the wharf was owned by Mrs Halloran whose son, Bert, was our local pianist. She also had a granddaughter, Yvonne, who I played with (she was a couple of years older).

Dad named the house 'Bolton'. He had played soccer with the 'Bolton Wanderers' in the UK. In 1934, Dad built another house at the back of 'Bolton' and Mum named it 'Rookery Nook'. The front was facing Arthur Street (now known as Heath Road).

I can still see Pop Holwell, our local baker, each morning whipping his horse up the hill to our house, his cart bouncing along with him holding the reins. Coming to a halt he would toss me the usual half loaf and then take off at a gallop. I often wondered how he got paid.

I attended Pretty Beach Public Primary School. The headmaster and only teacher was Mr Allen. In the school room facing the black board, there were eight rows of single desks, with eight desks in each row. Each class was in a row. Mr Allen spoke to each class in turn utilising one blackboard. Mr Allen lived across Brisbane Water at Booker Bay and travelled across by launch, morning and afternoon. One day he brought his son, Ken, with him. He came on the second day but not the third. It didn't seem to work out. We also had another teacher occasionally. Her name was Ms Roach. Our school maximum was forty and 75% were barefooted. I was the only boy wearing shoes (sandshoes).

My best mates were Albert and George Booth who lived in a house called *Zambezi* at Hardys Bay.

The council had now started the installation of poles for electric power.

Dad purchased an inboard motorboat; the main reasons being:

- to go to the Gosford markets every Thursday
- for Dad and his mates to go to the Masonic Lodge at Ettalong each month
- to go fishing between Lion Island and Lobster Beach

I turned 11 years in September 1936, this being my last year at primary school. The next year I went to Gosford High School. Having not travelled any further than Killcare Beach, the thought of the trip to Gosford did not cheer me up. I left the house at 6.30 am and walked to Wagstaffe. There I met up with a couple of old schoolies and followed them onto Murphy's Wharf (the ferry owners). The ferry left for Ettalong at 7.00 am. Our driver on my first day was Ted Myers (a friend of Dad's). I remember some of my companions on that first trip were Don and Bill Hanscombe (Wagstaffe), Bruce Naylor (PB Extension), Jack Battishall (Hardys Bay), June Reynolds (Wagstaffe), and Alan Cameron (Hardys Bay). From Ettalong the bus took us to Woy Woy for the 8.15 am steam train to Gosford. We then had a nice refreshing walk of about half a mile to school. Our return trip was simplified by picking up a ferry at Woy Woy to PBE arriving at 5.45 pm.

Travelling to Gosford High became routine. The winter months were very hard to take before electric power was installed. My room was the closed off end of the 'L-shaped' verandah. Lighting the lamp in the dark each morning became a problem until Dad bought me a small torch. Then after a quick sluice in the wash basin, it was time to eat; Mum had set up breakfast of boiled egg, toast and milk. Cereal was expensive and eggs were free.

Tuesday nights were a big deal. The Big Wash! Mum did her clothes wash on Tuesdays and left the watery suds in the fuel copper. She warmed up the water for my arrival at 6.00 pm. I would bail out the copper into a large, galvanised tub and have my weekly bath. Water was very precious. We did not possess a shower.

Saturday night was our big treat. The ferry called at all wharves for the folk to visit the Woy Woy Cinema. The cost was 1s/6d. I could only attend every second Saturday until I luckily was offered a job. Going to the pictures I sat with June Reynolds. In the cinema I even put my arm around her and at interval I bought her an ice cream. I was twelve years old and had my first girlfriend. Going home on the ferry, in the back seats we even kissed. A couple of years later June and I had a drastic parting.

On Saturdays Dad always liked to have a bet on the horses and then listen to the races on our two-valve battery radio. His bets were normally 3d each way and sometimes 6d. I used to pedal down to the bookmaker (Ted Myer) at Pretty Beach. He was in a house eight doors up from Holwell's Bakery at the end of the wharf.

Ted was a friend of Dad's and this day he offered me a job on Saturdays to pick up bets from other clients. They lived between Wagstaffe and Killcare.

He would pay me between one and two shillings which I accepted. Now I could go to the pictures every Saturday, but June was the problem - would she be allowed.

During the 1914-18 War, Dad joined up in Sydney and was posted to France. From the war his lungs and heart became gas affected. He picked up meningitis and eventually arrived back in Australia in one piece but not very healthy. He suffered a number of bad spells. Each time if I was available, I would ride to Crowe's Store at Pretty Beach to phone the doctor at Ettalong who would arrive 2-3 hours later in his outboard boat.

This happened at least twice a year after Dad had built Rookery Nook. I was in second year at high school when the doctor said we should move closer to medical care. To move Dad, you would have required a 100-tonne crane, so we stayed put. Mum and I could tell Dad's days were numbered and he was only 54 years old.

I spent every Sunday at Killcare Beach, being a nipper in the Surf Life Saving Club. When I turned thirteen, I obtained my Bronze Medallion. One Sunday we were having a few beach and swimming events and I asked June Reynolds if I could pick her up with my bike to watch the events. She made some excuse to her father, and I picked her up at Pretty Beach. There is a large hill on the road between Hardys Bay and Killcare at the back of Hardys Bay Hall. The roads were red bauxite with lots of pebbles. On the hill my brake cable snapped with June on the seat. To slow the bike, I put my foot on the front wheel. The foot eventually slipped into the spokes and June left the seat and landed on the gravel road. She was taken to Gosford Hospital with facial and arm injuries. That was the last time I saw June, as by the time I recovered, the family had moved to Sydney.

A chap by the name of Jack Lumley had moved into Hardys Bay. He was an ex-prize fighter (lightweight champion) and he started a boxing gymnasium in Hardys Bay Hall. Dad was keen and he liked Jack, so I joined (6d to join and 3d per hour for lessons). I went every Saturday morning for two hours. Dad complained but never told me to stop, until my first fight. Jack Lumley asked Dad if I could fight one of the boys from Morisset Boys' Home. They had challenged the Woy Woy Gym Club to a boxing tournament. At that time, I weighed seven stone. Dad agreed. It was three rounds with both at the same weight. When we arrived Jack said, "Ron, you won't be fighting, your boy has absconded into the bush." Later Jack was told that Morisset had a boy without a fight. He weighed eight and a half stone. It was agreed to only spar - no hard stuff.

After the first round I found out he was a south paw. Jack complained their boy was not sparring. They told the boy to soften up, but I think he was deaf. I saw out three rounds worse for wear. We shook hands and I smiled when I saw his grazed chin and black eye. I felt as if I had been hit by a train.

I thought I would see a good fight when Jack saw Dad. With his fist in the air Dad called Jack "A punch drunk idiot, having a boy fight with a one and a half stone disadvantage". Jack said, "Sorry Pop", then walked away. So did my fighting days.

Travelling to Wagstaffe from Pretty Beach, moving past the bookmaker's house and turning left, there was a small fruit and vegetable store on the left owned by Mr Whiting. I was very friendly with his son Don. Both Don and I had a small gang of followers. We used to have friendly fights with catapults up in the mountains surrounding the bay (the war was getting to us). I do not believe that bay was ever named. Dad referred to it as 'Sandy Bay'. If you spend time up in the mountains, they are special. There are a number of caves we used to play in, and Aborigines had lived in. One particularly large cave, overlooking Hardys Bay, had a floor covering of seashells and carbon handprints high on the wall. Seashells could be found throughout the mountains proving that they had been water-covered at some time.

Don Whiting's fighting quality led to him joining the army and being killed overseas.

There were two goods carrying ships - the *Erina* and *Gosford*. Each would carry approximately 100 tons. The *Erina* arrived from Sydney every second Tuesday and the *Gosford* on Thursday.

In November 1938, I was in second year and on the last Tuesday of the month, the *Erina* steamer pulled into our wharf. I was home preparing for exams, so I ran down to the wharf. It unloaded two cardboard covered chairs addressed to Sam Jones. I said to the sailor, "That's my Dad," and he replied, "Sign here." I did and the *Erina* steamed off. The two chairs that arrived were a stiff back for my Dad, and a rocker for Mum. They now reside in my home, as new but 76 years old.

Christmas 1938 arrived with most of the family crowding into the house. Beds everywhere! I hoped that Dad would survive. This was a busy time for me, races on Saturday and Monday. I collected a lot of bets and required a shoulder bag. On Saturday Ted gave me three shillings. On Monday after my second trip, I rode up to the bookmaker's house. There was a large fellow standing at the gate. I didn't recognise him, so I rode past, up to the veggie shop and turned around. On the way back Ted was talking to the stranger on the verandah. Ted ignored me so I rode past to Crowe's Shop. Mr Crowe said that someone must have informed the police from Woy Woy. So now I didn't have a job.

Mum and Dad used to walk each Sunday, sometimes going to church. The church was on the road to Wagstaffe, on a hill just past Whiting's fruit shop (I wonder if it is still there). When we first moved to the area, I was baptised in the church.

Whilst they walked, I climbed up the mountain at the front of our house to a special large flat rock and studied for my Intermediate Certificate.

This rock was the gang's meeting place. Before Christmas we gathered Christmas Bells, mostly from the valleys leading down to Pretty Beach. Then we all divided our spoils evenly on the rock.

During 1939 I met John Caulfield at Killcare. We became close friends. His mother lived in a house on a large piece of land near Killcare Store. John wanted to build a hut behind the house to get away from his sister, Joan. So, John, Don Whiting, Colin Gow (who had moved into the fold) and me built a hut.

I never realised how much I would become attached to it. Mrs Caulfield was very good to us, cooking pikelets and bringing us snacks. Ted Myer (now ex-bookmaker) was a very good friend of hers.

The time had come. It was now November 1939, and I was preparing for the Intermediate Certificate.

I was leaving the house for the Surf Club when Dad took off in the launch for Ettalong.

He was very friendly with the publican at Ettalong and each Saturday Dad picked up supplies for himself and his mates. Arriving home at lunchtime, I could see that Dad was on his way back and walked to the wharf to give him a hand. He steered the boat into its mooring at the side of the jetty, but he didn't stop the engine. He was sitting up with his eyes closed. The boat slammed into the piling and jammed under the wharf. I jumped in and stopped the engine. Dad was lying on the bottom of the boat. The first crisis over, I realised I was pedalling to Crowe's Store for the phone, and Dad was in bed, how he got there, I cannot recall. The doctor arrived and stayed two hours and Dad eventually opened his eyes.

I sat for my exam, how I don't know. Dad was in a bad way. Christmas arrived and Mum only allowed close family to visit. Dad passed away a few days after Christmas and he missed seeing my name in the paper, passing the exam.

Mum and I stayed on at Rookery Nook and I passed the Leaving Certificate in 1941. Then Mum said, "We are off to the big smoke Ron, to put you to work". The houses were sold in 1942 for 230 pounds.

Ron Jones, March 2014

THE JONES FAMILY OF PRETTY BEACH

Stephen, Narelle, Miriam, Rowan and Naomi

by Narelle Jones

THE JONES FAMILY's connection with the Pretty Beach/Killcare area began in the early 1980s. Stephen and Narelle married in June 1983 and had been searching for the right place to build a home before this time. We both grew up in Sydney but knew we did not want to settle there. Stephen had a long connection with the Central Coast as he had spent weekends and holidays at Bateau Bay since 1969 and although we travelled both south and further north of Sydney in our search for land or house, the Central Coast kept drawing us back. The first time we drove into the Killcare area it felt so 'right'.

We initially looked at houses but realized that neither of us had a renovator lurking inside, so concentrated on finding a piece of land to do the 'owner-builder' thing. We found a real bargain in our block of land in High View Road but discovered we couldn't fulfil our dream of building a mudbrick home as there was too much slip in the land. So, Stephen set about designing a timber pole home, and although it took several years to accomplish the finished (well, almost!) product, we finally moved into our home in March 1993, which also happened to be the year our elder daughter started school. Miriam was born in Sydney in 1988, and our son Rowan in 1990.

We spent most of those early-married years in Drummoyne but travelled up and down to Pretty Beach weekly when the house building was going on. When Miriam was almost four years old and started asking about going to pre-school, we decided it would be better for her to get to know her future school friends at Pretty Beach, so we enrolled her at Walsingham Community Pre-School.



The first stage of building our house, 1991

She attended two days a week in the year, before she started school, so this necessitated a few nights' stay each week in the area.

We had been most fortunate to meet a very generous neighbour, who at that stage only rarely used her holiday home in Pretty Beach.

She allowed us to live in the house during the building process. During 1992, Stephen lived almost full-time in that house, and Miriam and Rowan and I spent half the week there – from Saturday to Tuesday.

Wednesday mornings meant an early start as I had to be at Wentworthville Community Centre to conduct pre-school music and movement classes by 10am. Miriam used to join in the classes and Rowan took advantage of the childcare that was provided by the Centre. Later in the week, I also took classes at the Burwood Montessori Pre-School and the Mosman Community Centre and spent the rest of the time washing and preparing for the return to Pretty Beach on Saturday morning. The house we stayed in at Pretty Beach had no running water and Rowan was still in cloth nappies!

Our community involvement before actually living here full-time included attending Hardys Bay Community Church. At that stage, the church had no pianist and was using tapes to accompany the singing. It became known that I could play piano, and by the time we moved into our house I was playing weekly for the morning service and am still the regular pianist.

So, between church, pre-school and the playgroup at Wagstaffe Hall, we had met many people before moving full-time into the area. Some of those people became close friends and remain so today.

We weren't quite ready to move into the house when Miriam started school in February 1993, so we remained living in our neighbour's house until we finally moved into our own home at the end of March. Some of the house remains unfinished, but the garden has certainly grown and the lantana, privet, camphor laurel, ochna etc remain a challenge.

NARELLE

I grew up in Eastwood, the third of four children. I attended Denistone East Primary School and Ryde High School. Tennis was my main sport with forays into basketball, netball and hockey at high school and beyond. I learned piano from the age of 8 until 16 and did a lot of accompaniments for school concerts, as well as playing at my local church. Having studied Indonesian throughout high school, I was chosen as a Rotary Exchange Student and spent a year in Jakarta in 1980.

On my return, I postponed the idea of university for a while (16 years to be exact!!) and decided to do a secretarial course and try to get a job using her Indonesian language. This did eventuate but the job was not at all fulfilling, so after doing a bit of temporary work I secured a job at Teletronics Pty Ltd, which manufactured cardiac pacemakers. From my interest in the work there, I did a cardiac technician's course and subsequently worked at Concord Hospital and then at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, until just before Miriam's birth in 1988.

Being a mum has been my most important job since then, but a course in early childhood music at the Sydney Conservatorium led to quite a bit of work in that field in Sydney, before moving permanently to the Central Coast in 1993. I have continued to offer early childhood music and movement classes in the area from that time until the present day and I have been teaching piano for about 12 years to local children (and the occasional adult!).

Bob Pegg was Principal at Pretty Beach School when Miriam started Kindergarten in 1993, and when part-way through the year I offered to start a choir, he was immediately enthusiastic.

Initially, a senior choir was formed and then a junior choir was added later in the year. Although I had a few years' experience taking early childhood music and movement classes, I had never taken a choir before but felt that this was a way to introduce more music to the school. The choirs were well attended and performed at school functions and in the local shopping centre during Education Week.



Pretty Beach School Choir 2007, getting ready ...and performing

Photo: Greg Judd

This initial involvement in music at the school has certainly expanded over the years. From the time Miriam was in Year 1 in 1994 until 2008 when Naomi started high school, I took weekly music sessions in my own children's classes, the choir, and for a few years there was a Year 6 percussion band as well.



Kindergarten scene in *Australians All* in 2001

When Rowan was in Year 5, Naomi started school, and in that year, 2001, the then Principal, Jill Godwin, gave permission for a whole school musical to be held. Together with Shelley King and Beverley Callow, we chose a musical called *Australians All* and set about producing Pretty Beach's first ever full-scale musical. Shelley and Bev directed, coached students with their lines and pulled it all together, while I taught each class their song and organised a parent/ex-student band to play for the performances.

Of course, so many other people were involved in very many ways: choreography, costuming, publicity amongst them, and the final result was a great success, leading to a resolve to have a musical bi-annually.

Two years later, both Shelley and Bev's children had left the school, so Jill gave me the task of choosing an appropriate musical. After searching for some time in the catalogues of school musical companies and exploring resources at other schools, I had still not found a musical I thought appropriate for K-6, so started musing on some ideas of my own.

One of these took hold over the December/January holiday break, and when school went back, I tentatively presented my idea for PBTv (Pretty Beach TV) to Jill, who was so enthusiastic that I then had to go home and write it! I took well-known songs from different eras and played around with the words to make them relevant to the current time or a particular scene in the play. Each class prepared a scene representing a different genre of television program (children's TV, soapie, news, sport and weather, home improvement, advertisements, quiz show), and these were linked by several students and their teacher going on a school excursion through the television studios.



Year 1 doing the 'ads' - PBTv, 2003

The musical was well-received, and this inspired me to have another go two years later. By this time Vicki Redrup had begun her term as Principal of Pretty Beach School. In 2005, I wrote a fairy tale musical called *A-roundabout*, using primarily European folk and classical music and writing a few of the songs herself. This was my first foray into music composition, which was an exciting step in itself.



Year 3 / 4 were gypsies in *A-roundabout*, 2005



Below: Year 6 African scene - *Webs – the proverbial musical*, in 2007

The musical in 2007 saw *Webs – the proverbial musical* being performed. This time I used music from various cultures around the world, particularly for the dances, but wrote five of the seven song tunes myself. Each class performed an act based on a different proverb.

Productions involved a huge collaborative effort from the school community. The staff is enormously supportive, and a large number of parents get involved in every aspect of the production. It has been a huge learning experience for me and one I would not have wanted to miss.

During much of this time (since 1997), I have been slowly plugging away at a teaching degree through the University of New England. The light is now visible at the end of the tunnel, and I will finally graduate in 2009. At least I will get there before Miriam completes her degree in 2010/11. Studying through UNE has meant a number of excursions to Armidale to attend residential schools. I initially enrolled in a Bachelor of Asian Studies and majored in Indonesian. However, because of my involvement at Pretty Beach School, I realised that primary teaching was more to my liking and switched to a primary teaching degree in 2003. For several years I taught Indonesian to Years 4, 5 and 6 at Pretty Beach, so that, together with the music, has given me considerable experience already in working with children in the classroom.

STEPHEN

Stephen spent his early years in Balmain with his parents and grandmother in a small cottage on Ballast Point Rd, overlooking Snail's Bay. Life was full of special pleasures, including Sunday baked dinners, riding high on his father's shoulders and watching the activity on the harbour. Tugs and ferries were always going back and forth and directly in front of his house were the 'dolphins' where bulk carriers would moor for loading and unloading.

'Uncle Jack' next door was a Nicholson's ferry skipper, so Stephen had many special treats such as seeing the start of the Sydney to Hobart yacht race from the wheelhouse of the *Promote*, going with him on the *Balmain* to Erskine Street ferry run and, under strict supervision, being allowed to steer the ferry - or at least hold onto the wheel, while Uncle Jack steered the ferry.

After the death of his father and grandmother, Stephen and his mother moved to live with her parents in Drummoyne, and it was in this same house that we lived during the early years of our married life. Stephen first attended Birchgrove Public School, then Drummoyne Public School for a very short while before going to the OC class at Summer Hill. Drummoyne Boys' High was just around the corner and from there Stephen attended Sydney University, studying Science and ending up with an Honours Degree in Biophysics. When growing up Stephen's main sporting interest was cricket, as his father had been a first-grade player for Balmain and NSW. We still have his dad's cap from those days.

After graduating, Stephen tutored in physics at UNSW. He was fortunate in making a couple of friends in the biophysics laboratory who, like him, were fond of bushwalking. Over the next two years, they went on numerous walking trips in the Blue Mountains, the Budawangs, northern New South Wales and Tasmania.

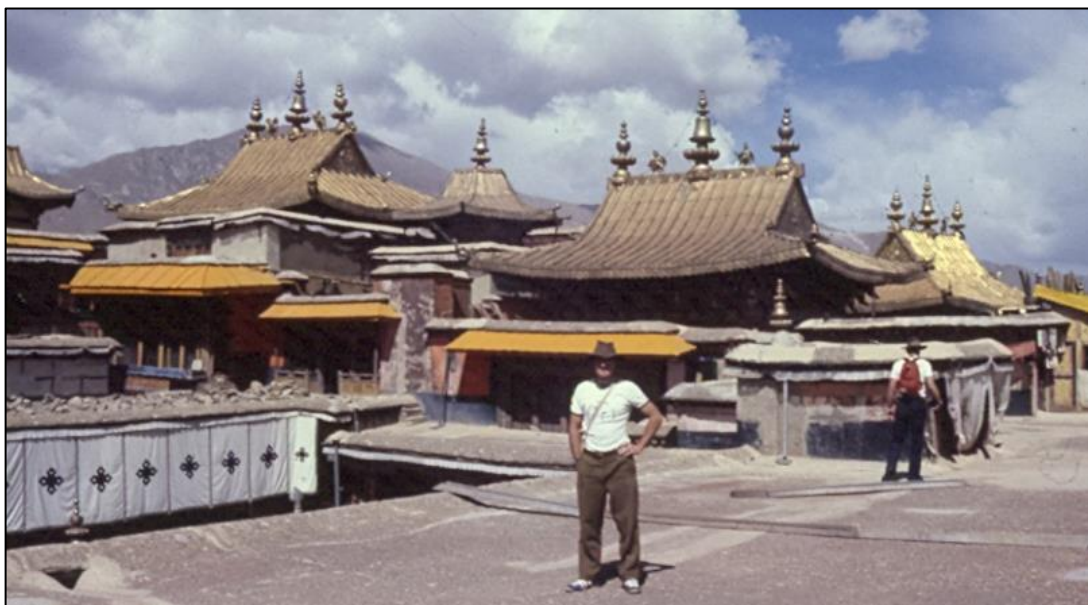
After two years, it was time to leave the university environment. He answered an

advertisement in the newspaper that sounded interesting but somewhat mysterious and the next thing found himself the junior but central member of a team at Teletronics, performing a feasibility study to assess the commercial potential of a new device being developed by a Professor Graeme Clark at the University of Melbourne.

Over the next six months Stephen read hundreds of papers and conducted dozens of interviews, looking at technologies, asking professionals their opinions, chasing down figures on what and how big the potential market for the device might be. In the end the team gave the device - the cochlear implant, also known as the bionic ear - a big tick. Cochlear implants have since been implanted in around 60,000 people and Cochlear Pty Ltd is now Australia's best-known manufacturer of implantable devices.

In 1979, after finishing the cochlear implant feasibility study, Stephen travelled around Europe for six months, the first three with a friend in a Kombi and the latter three backpacking on his own. He visited 16 countries and learned hitchhiking could be both infuriatingly frustrating and a source of delightful surprises - all in the one day. On returning from Europe, he rejoined Teletronics in the Marketing Department, liaising with the Research and Development people on the development of new pacemakers. The highlight of his career at Teletronics came in 1983 when he married his secretary!!

In 1980 Stephen was part of a Himalayan Expeditions trip, which was the first to enter Tibet from the Chinese side since the Chinese takeover. They trekked to Base Camp 3 on Everest and had some interesting cultural exchanges with the Tibetan people who had never seen such hairy white men before (a couple of red heads were a particular curiosity).



Stephen standing on the Potala (Dalai Lama's palace), Lhasa, Tibet



Above: Mt Everest from the Rombuk Glacier Right: Street scene in Lhasa



Lawn Hill National Park

In 1984 Stephen moved on to Sirotech which at the time was the technology transfer arm of CSIRO. Since then, he has worked at Sun Computers and at Ventracor who have developed a Left Ventricular Assist Device (LVAD), or artificial heart. The work at Ventracor involved a number of overseas trips to Europe, Asia and the USA.

In 1995, Stephen was co-leader of the first group of divers to scuba dive in Lawn Hill Creek and the Gregory River near the Riversleigh fossil site in the Gulf Country of Queensland.

When we first moved to Pretty Beach, Stephen's special interest in botany led him to conduct an intensive study of the native flora in our immediate area. This led to him setting up his own ecotour company offering kayak and mountain bike tours of the Central Coast. Walking in the bush and exploring life in the ocean (both botanical and animal) remain favourite pastimes.

The swapping between jobs in the high-tech, mainly biomedical field, and local jobs, highlights a dilemma Stephen shares with many 'Coasties' - to commute or not to commute. On the one hand there is a much wider range of job opportunities in Sydney, especially in specialist fields; on the other hand, three to four hours every day – 15 to 20 hours a week – on the F3 or the train robs commuters of many opportunities to participate in family life and to actually *live* on the Central Coast. Getting this right remains a work in progress.

Stephen enjoys the great sense of community on the Bouddi Peninsula. He has been an active member of the Pretty Beach Public School P&C, being president for 2 years. He particularly enjoys fireworks nights, where, over time he has honed his skills in mass barbecuing and up-selling to 3-affle-tickets-for-the-price-of-2 on the gate. He is a member of Hardys Bay Community Church and for a number of years ran the Kids' Church there.

Apart from his professional interests in science and technology, Stephen is interested in literature, history and many social issues. A very enjoyable outlet for this interest was poetry nights organised by the Wilsons in Hardys Bay. At the first of these Stephen drummed up the courage to recite a couple of his poems. They were very well received. Encouraged by that, he entered a poem in Spike Fest event, organised by David Dufty to celebrate Spike Milligan, and was fortunate enough to win a prize.

Stephen is currently working from home in product development.

One of Stephen's poems:

RAIN

Rain,
Is very plain.
It doesn't come in chocolate, malt, vanilla or champagne.
It doesn't come with honey, sugar, lemon, black or white.
It doesn't come in full strength, mid-strength, new or old or light.
It doesn't come as decaf, mocha, instant, short, or long.
It doesn't come in Kenyan, Turkish, weak or flat or strong.
It doesn't come with lime or cola, orange juice or herb.
It doesn't come with olives, shaken, pureed, mixed or stirred.
It doesn't come with bubbles or with cinnamon on top,

But for watering plants and drinking and for washing it's the drop!

THE CHILDREN

Our children have loved growing up in Pretty Beach. Our proximity to Lobster Beach, as well as Killcare and Putty beaches, has given them the privilege of having the beach as part of their everyday lives, instead of just a Saturday expedition or an annual holiday, as it was for us when we were children. The bush, particularly the large, uncleared section of land next to our house, has afforded them many an adventure, whether it was weed-bashing, hobbit explorations, or the building and riding of 'the bike track'.

Rowan and his friends built this track entirely on their own as young teenagers, developing not only building skills, but also valuable experience in co-operation and weed recognition (they were not allowed to damage any native plant or tree in the course of building), and of course the skills required to actually ride the track. Much of this has been captured on video (including some of the falls!), and these are valuable memories as the boys have all moved on now to work, apprenticeships, HSC and more time out on the waves. The track is overgrown and is being dismantled, although there are whispers that some of the boys would like to rebuild it and get back into riding.



Rowan riding the track



All the children are keen players of and listeners to music.

MIRIAM saw someone play the violin when she was very small and was persistent in her requests to learn the instrument. This opportunity came about when she was six years old, and we began with a Suzuki teacher at Narara. This led to opportunities playing in the Opera House and Sydney Town Hall and attending Suzuki workshops at Macquarie and Sydney Universities. Between the ages of 9 and 11, Miriam learned bluegrass and country fiddling from Mick Albeck, one of the country's top fiddlers in this field. We took her up to the Tamworth Country Music Festival two years running so she could do some busking, enter talent quests and have a country music experience.

Mim busking in Tamworth 1997

She was selected to perform a solo in the Central Coast Schools Showcase Concert when she was in Year 5. That same year she started learning in traditional, classical style at the Central Coast Conservatorium, continuing there until after her HSC music performances. She worked her way through the Saturday morning string program and from the Junior Orchestra to the Training Orchestra and finally the Central Coast Symphony Orchestra.

During her high school years, Mim developed a strong interest in folk music, playing gypsy, Macedonian and Celtic tunes among others, and when she decided to have a gap year and do some travel after her HSC, she based her itinerary around two fiddle camps in Scotland: one in Aberdeen and the other on the Isle of Skye. Her musical tastes have diversified further in recent years as she has been playing violin in a locally based progressive metal band, as well as in the Symphony Orchestra at Sydney University where she is studying for a Bachelor of Arts/Languages, majoring in Spanish and Political Economy.



Rowan, Naomi and Miriam performing as a bush band with friends at Wagstaffe Hall, 2001.

Miriam is already well-travelled, having had five months in Denmark as an exchange student when she was 15, then three months in Europe during her gap year, spending time in Scotland, England, Spain and Denmark, and in January 2008 she spent almost a month in Japan with a high school friend. They had both studied Japanese for the HSC at Gosford High, and Miriam had gone on to further study of this language at uni, but has now decided to concentrate on Spanish as her major.

In 2009 Miriam will spend the second semester studying at a university either in Spain or Latin America as part of the requirements of her degree.

ROWAN spent five months as an exchange student in Torino, Italy in 2006. He had a fabulous time living with two different families who were both keen skiers at Bardonecchia, which was less than an hour's drive from their homes. Rowan honed his snowboarding skills during the winter months and prior to this regularly rowed on the River Po with his host brother, Andrea. The following year Andrea spent his long summer holiday here with us, attending Gosford High School with Rowan, making lots of friends, improving his English and learning how to surf.

Rowan is studying both Italian and Spanish for his HSC and plans to travel again late next year, after earning some money in his gap year.

Rowan's musical pursuits started with guitar lessons when he was six, but he became very keen on playing the drums, having had some practice and tuition from the drummer at Hardys Bay Church. He was given a drum kit for his tenth birthday and learned both guitar and drums for a while, but has concentrated on percussion during high school, studying at the Central Coast Conservatorium. He has played at the church, in a band with some local boys, with his sisters and has been teaching local children for three years, both individual lessons on drum kit and a group djembe class at Pretty Beach School. At the current time, he is enjoying working with guitarist Riley James who lives in Killcare, exploring different genres of music in their playing.



Rohan and Andrea in Italy October 2006

Sport has been a big part of Rowan's life. He started at five with soccer and kept with this for many years, but along the way he has also played basketball, roller hockey, ice hockey, indoor volleyball, and indoor soccer and spent a lot of time on the mountain bike riding. His latest passion is dance, mainly hip hop, but branching into various styles of Latin dance, including salsa, zouk and bachata tango.

Rowan was School Captain at PBPS and

Miriam and Naomi were both Vice-Captains during their final year.

Rowan was also Vice-Captain at Gosford High in 2008. All three children thoroughly enjoyed their time at Pretty Beach School, participating in the great variety of cultural, sporting and academic activities that were offered.

NAOMI started Year 7 at Kincumber High in 2008. She is also a keen sportsperson and a keen musician. She loves to play soccer and dance, and to perform in anything musical. She was a member of the cast of *The New Jungle Book* at Laycock St Theatre in July 2007 and will be playing in the orchestra of *Alice in Wonderland* in January 2009.



She has been learning the violin since she was four years old and has had many chances to perform in the last few years. She is part of the Junior Orchestra at the Central Coast Conservatorium and was selected as a soloist in the Central Coast Schools Showcase Concerts in 2006 and 2008, and in the Youth in Performing Arts (YIPA) concerts this year (2008), where she won a scholarship. Together with her friend, Elissa Koppen, who lives in Killcare and is an extremely talented flautist, Naomi has also played at the Regional Education Day Service and Hunter Central Coast Regional Music Festival in Newcastle, as well as in the Showcase concerts, at YIPA and at the Pearl Beach Proms.



Rowan participating in the ANZAC Day service at the Cenotaph at Hardys Bay RSL in 2002 when he was School Captain at Pretty Beach.

The girls are expanding their repertoire in different styles of music and hope to do some performing on the folk festival circuit next year, and perhaps some busking.

When not playing music, dancing or running around on the soccer field, the beach and the bay are two of Naomi's favourite places, whether she is kayaking, swimming, or jumping off the wharf with friends. She is keen to learn Spanish like her brother and sister and has already caught their travel bug. New Zealand is her furthest destination so far. She is very fortunate to have friends who ski, who have invited her twice to spend a week at the snow with them, so she is the most accomplished skier in the family even though she is the youngest!

As a family we love our home and surroundings here in Pretty Beach. We enjoy living in this community and making use of cultural and sporting facilities both on the Central Coast and further afield in Sydney. The circle is turning as Miriam is now living in Sydney and participating fully in university life, although she frequently comes home on weekends. Rowan will travel again in 2009, so for several months we will only have Naomi at home.



Naomi performing a gypsy piece at YIPA (Youth in Performing Arts) at Laycock Street Theatre, June, 2008. (Myshots.com.au)

We came to this area as newly-weds looking for a place to build a house. The house is built, but more importantly we have built a home, from which the children can come and go, with or without friends, and we hope to still be living here when our grandchildren are asking if they can bring their friends for the weekend!

Narelle Jones 2009



The Jones family at Stephen's 50th birthday party, November 2004

Following Narelle's death on 10th June 2020, Phil Donnelly, then president of the Bouddi Society wrote this to inform Bouddi Society members:

For those of you who may not have heard, Narelle Jones passed away on Wednesday. A cruel blow to her family, her untimely death will be deeply felt by the Bouddi Society, of which, of course, she was a life member, and the wider community. Narelle created a space in this community which she filled with music through her own personality, through her teaching, performance and the encouragement of so many others. Supremely talented herself, she was humble, generous and gentle, qualities which endeared her to so many. Her legacy lies in the love of music which, due to her, so many people will carry in their hearts. I think Narelle would like that.

So full of life and laughter. A beautiful person. Rest in peace, Narelle.

THE JONESES OF HARDYS BAY

by Lyn Lazarus et al

My name is Lyn Lazarus and this is the story of the Joneses of Hardys Bay. Five generations of Jones's have had an association with 'The Ba' beginning with my maternal grandfather, William Clinton Jones, close to 100 years ago.

William Clinton Jones (b. 1877 d. 1943) was a builder and a St John ambulanceman from Killara, Sydney. He used to bring his family to Como Parade, Pretty Beach, to camp in a hut, which he built from flattened kerosene tins. They used bracken fern and small tree branches as mattresses. The family consisted of his wife, Helen, and children, William (Bill) b.1904, Alma b. 1907, Leslie (Dick) b.1908, Albert (Bert) b.1910, Doreen b. 1912, Harold (Harry) b.1915 and David (Dave) b. 1919.

Before leaving the camp each time, Bill Snr would soak the wooden piers with sump oil to prevent termite attack. One day a huge bushfire swept through. Bill commented that it was no use going up to 'The Bay' as the hut surely would have burnt down. When they did again return, they found that the bracken fern around and under the hut had burnt but the hut still stood, unscathed.



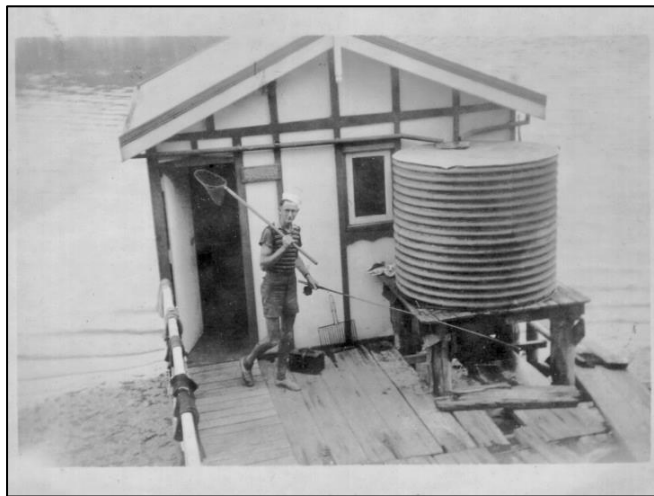
The hut at Como Parade Pretty Beach – the local dairy cows are grazing nearby



William Clinton Jones

Eventually, Bill rented his little hut at Como Parade to a First World War returned serviceman for 10 shillings a week. Bill never saw any rent money. He ended up giving the property to the man.

The Jones's continued to enjoy their love of the bay at the boatshed on Hardys Bay Parade. The Jones boys and the Tuckerman girls (Elsie, Marcie, Dulcie and Nancy) from Sydney used to go up to 'The Bay' and camp in the boat shed. One day, Nancy Tuckerman took a trip to the makeshift outdoor loo when a big gust of wind came and blew the building far away, leaving Nancy on the throne, exposed to the elements. The little boat shed is still there (2008).



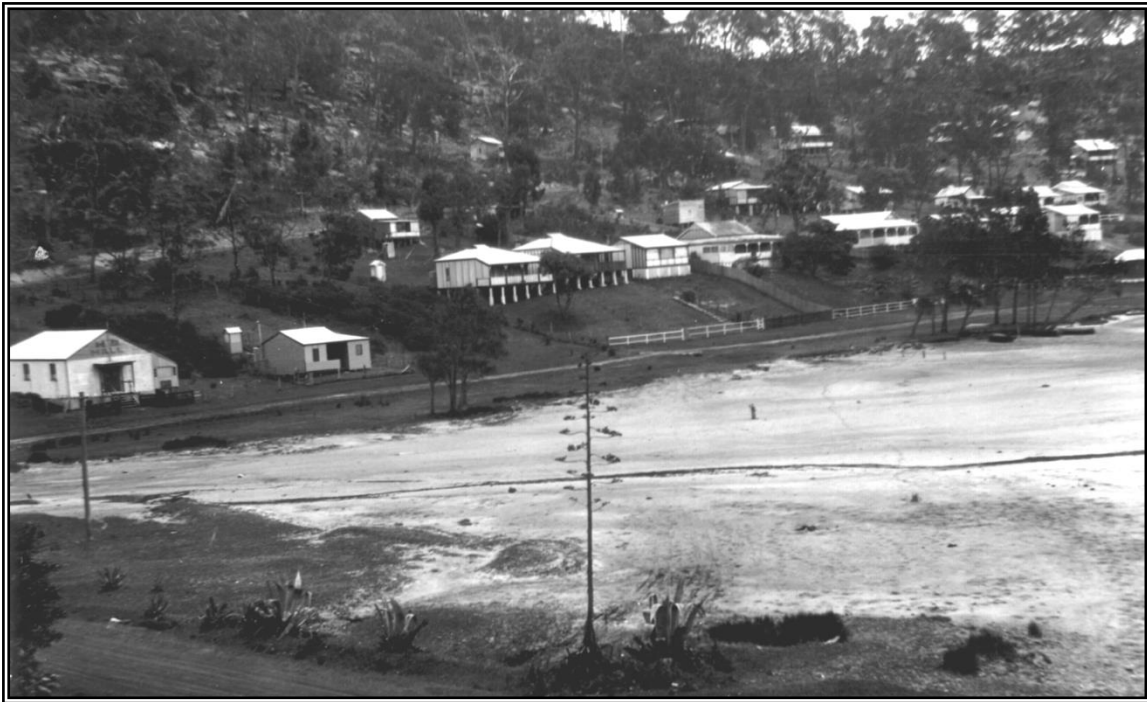
Above: Harry going fishing Left: The Tuckerman girls



The Tuckermans and Jones's at the boatshed

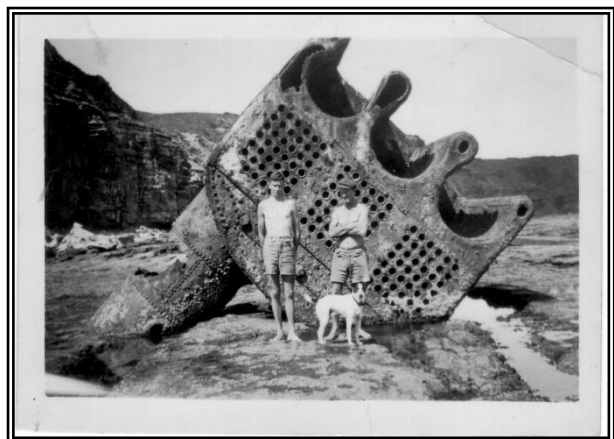
The Tuckerman family later used to rent a cottage to the left of *Douglas* on Heath Road (behind the hall) for holidays.

Harry used to 'knock around' Hardys Bay with the "Wy Worry" boys on their old pushbikes. How come they were called the "Wy Worry" boys? We figure they may have stayed in a cottage by that name.



From left: The Community Hall, Dick's block, Cass's home, *You and I* up on Heath Road. Mr Montgomery lived there to care for his rental properties. *Sally* in front of *You and I* being one of them. Pre 1939.

Bill for some reason needed to go to Newcastle. By the time he returned to Killara from work on the day he was to sail, it was late, windy and raining, so he decided that Newcastle would have to wait for another day. The ship he was planning on boarding was the ill – fated *Maitland*. The boilers of the *Maitland* were washed ashore virtually intact and for many years lay on the rocks at the northern end of the beach.



Left: Doreen and her father Bill standing near Boilers from the *Maitland*, captained by Captain Skinner; it went aground on 6.5.1898

Right: George, Doreen's husband, and his father-in-law, Bill and Bill's dog 'Patch'

The Story of *Wonga*

by Don Jones, son of Dick and grandson of Bill

The 1930s saw a number of Bill's children married, namely Bill Jnr, Dick, Alma and Doreen and they had outgrown the old knockabout boat shed. Whilst the new families continued to holiday at the Bay it was time to look for something more permanent.

After a search for the right block of land, Dick purchased an elevated block, fronting the waterside reserve next to the Hardys Bay Hall in 1940 at a cost of forty pounds.

By the time building was due to commence, the younger Jones boys had joined the army and building a weekender was left to Bill Snr and Dick.



Wonga 1941

Materials were delivered to Hardys Bay wharf by steam ferry, either the *Gosford* or the *Erina*, up the coast from Sydney. Working only on weekends and holidays, it was a slow process. It was a typical weekender for the period, consisting of a bedroom, kitchen, an open verandah on the front and down one side and a lattice lean-to out the back next to the water tank. No electricity, no water inside and no bathroom. Bathing facilities consisted of an iron tub under the stars. The house was called *Wonga* and it was considered a mansion when compared with the Jones clan's previous haunts.

Wonga at The Bay became the holiday destination of choice for Dick's siblings, children, grandchildren, in-laws and friends. After the Second World War (1945), electricity was connected (four lights and one power point) and a kerosene refrigerator installed. Sheer luxury had come to *Wonga*.



Wonga after renovation in 1951

In 1950/51 Dick, Harry, George (Doreen's husband) and Don (Dick's son) teamed up to update *Wonga*. Again, working only on weekends, the verandah was widened and enclosed, kitchen cupboards with a sink were installed and the back of the verandah was closed off to form the dining room. A new roof was built to complete the renovations. To provide bathroom and laundry facilities a concrete block room with a flat concrete roof was built out the front and adjoining the house so as to form a deck.

The concrete for the deck was mixed in two wheelbarrow type hand- mixers and carried up to the deck in buckets. Unfortunately, the interior was never completed and remained a tool shed.



Wonga after renovation in 1968

Wonga was again updated to accommodate Dick and Thelma in their retirement in 1968. The front was extended to provide another bedroom; a bathroom/laundry was added to the back of the house and included a toilet connected to a septic tank. A garage was built down the front. This time, the work was carried out by a local builder, Stan Woods.

Thelma passed away after only a few years ‘in paradise’ but Dick entrenched at The Bay, always welcoming anyone who wanted to spend their holidays at The Bay. His teenage grandchildren liked to visit Pa Jones to liven up his weekend, especially on cracker night when they would light a bonfire down the front, trying to outdo the other bonfires around the bay. Dick would spend most of the night keeping the fire down and raking the ashes.

In 1984, *Wonga* had another facelift when the old fibro was covered by a synthetic material, aluminium windows replaced the wooden sash windows, and a timber deck was added to the front. Dick enjoyed many hours on his new deck, especially with his sister Doreen and her husband George, who retired just a few doors away at 27 Heath Road. Dick passed away in 1991 and the baton passed to Don and Gloria to carry on the Jones’s association with The Bay. Since that time, fourth and fifth generations of Bill Snr’s family have enjoyed the pleasures of holidaying in *Wonga* at The Bay. In 1995 Don and Gloria’s son, Anthony and his wife Debra were looking for a seachange on the Central Coast.



Wonga given facelift, 1984

They lived at *Wonga* for several months until they bought a property at Umina. During their stay at *Wonga*, Anthony supervised the connection of the toilet to the main sewer system.



Wonga was rebuilt in 2002

In 2002 it was Don and Gloria's turn to retire to The Bay. *Wonga* was again subjected to the builder's hammer. This time the builders were Anthony, Don and Gloria's son

(and great grandson of Bill Snr) and their son-in law, Adam. Whilst a completely new *Wonga* now stands on the site, the original piers and the 1940s and 1950s flooring still remain as a memory of the *Wonga* of old.

Reminiscences of George

Bill's sons, Dick, Bert, Harry, Bill Jnr and Dave all signed up to serve during the Second World War. Bill jnr. served for just three months before being recalled – he was a medical instrument maker for Elliot and Co. -- his trade was of crucial importance.

Bill Snr received the sad news of Dave's death in the Middle East from the Hardys Bay post office. Dave was just 22 years of age.



Bill Snr, Harry & Dave circa 1935

Dick married Thelma in April, 1934 and surprise, surprise, they spent their honeymoon at Hardys Bay, not at the boat shed but at a cottage named *Av-a-rest* in Araluen Drive opposite to where the marina is now. They had two children, Don and Noelene. When Don married Gloria in 1955 they spent their honeymoon at *Wonga* at The Bay!

The Jones kids were friendly with another Jones family – this one from Lindfield. There were 11 kids in the family and the boys from both families were keen cricket players. My father, George Alfred Jones, from the Lindfield gang, took his first trip to Hardys Bay as a guest of Doreen. He was about 16 or 17 years of age. George and Doreen were married in September 1939. Their honeymoon, accompanied by Bill Snr, was spent in one of the cottages owned by Mr Montgomery (Monty), near Hardys Bay wharf. Three children completed the family, Lynette (myself), Joyce and Barrie.



From left: Thelma, Bill snr, Dave, Harry, Dick, Alma, Doreen in front holding Don - son of Thelma & Dick - & Ray Jones, nephew of George

Reminiscences of Lyn

William Clinton Jones passed away in August 1943.

The Community Hall was built close to Waterfront Reserve (Araluen Drive) and up the back, was a shed where the menfolk gathered to enjoy activities such as card games. Rumour has it that one day a disgruntled wife set fire to the shed, blistering the paint on *Wonga* as a result.

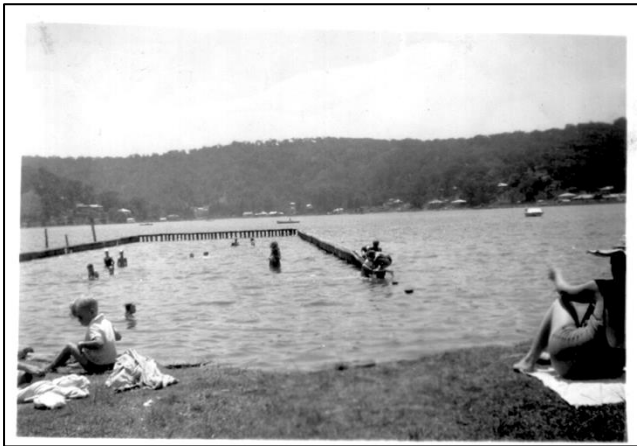


The hall with the shed up the back

Dances were held on Saturday nights in the hall and as children, we enjoyed listening to the music drifting up the hill to where we were tucked up in our beds, which were all lined up on the open verandah.

The mattresses were made either of horsehair or kapok and blankets were created by Thelma from pure wool suiting samples sourced from Dick's place of employment. The old tree in the back garden was decorated with the heads of the many notable fish, caught either in the bay or from the beach, for all to admire.

Reminiscences of Don



Hardys Bay swimming pool

There were many fish stories told around the kitchen table but the one that I remember best and was there to verify, was when Dick and Harry went fishing at Killcare Extension wharf one Christmas holidays in the late 1940s. Harry was all rigged up with his light line and rod to catch blackfish whilst Dick was prepared to catch anything that came along. I went to catch the live bait.

After several hours, the only fish caught was my bucket of live bait. In desperation Harry put a big hook on his light line with a live fish and cast out into the bay. No sooner had the bait hit the water when the float disappeared. The result was the biggest flathead we have ever seen. Because of the light line and rod, Harry was in no hurry to bring it out of the water, playing the fish gently. The net broke after several attempts to get the fish in the net. In desperation, Dick wrapped a hessian bag around his hand and lay on the lower deck of the wharf and when Harry brought the fish to the surface, Dick grabbed it and threw it on the wharf. On our walk back home, we called into the 'Orange Spot' for a rest and a milkshake. The fish soon caught the attention of the locals and was quickly put on the scales to weigh in



at 12 pounds. The head of the flathead was nailed high on the tree out the back of *Wonga*. No fish caught before or since came close to the flathead caught by Harry on his blackfish rod!

The sea park – from *Wonga* - Cass's on the left and the Hall on the right

Reminiscences of George

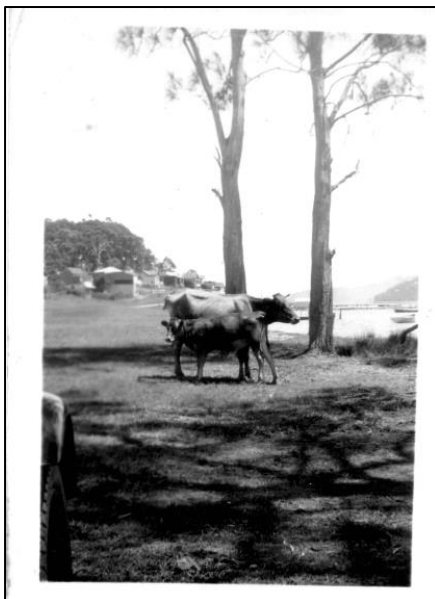
George and Doreen used to travel by steam train from Hornsby and ferry from Woy Woy to Hardys Bay wharf. Turo liked to meet the ferry and insisted on carrying the luggage from the wharf to the house. George was always quite embarrassed as he was over six foot tall and Turo was somewhat smaller. Doreen was often presented with flowers from Turo, no doubt sourced from along the way. On leaving the bay, any leftover provisions were given to Turo.

The story goes that one day while fishing from Hardys Bay wharf, Turo hooked onto a keg lying on the bottom. There was no bung so someone rode his pushbike to Gosford so that all could partake of the spoils. Turo was an excellent swimmer and used to dive for lobsters at the northern end of Putty Beach. He was considered a kind, trustworthy person who was very good to the local children.

Reminiscences of Lyn

The 'sea park' was a fenced area across the corner of the bay opposite the hall. It was built with logs spaced so that sharks could not enter and was topped with dressed timber. A favourite past-time was to see how far one could walk along the top before falling off into the water at high tide. There were swings and a see saw and at low tide, millions of beautiful blue soldier crabs marched along the sand. At low tide, George, my sister Joy and brother Barrie and myself would set up a game of cricket and before too long, we'd have all the local kids and holiday makers come to join us – it was such fun.

The surf carnivals were really something. The beautifully varnished timber surf-boats would arrive from beaches far and wide. Both Dick's family and George's family would trek over to Putty Beach to enjoy the day's activities. No sunscreen then! Our Mums would make up a concoction of brown vinegar and olive oil. After slathering ourselves with this foul-smelling stuff we would spend the day frying. The most painful bouts of sunburn were the result.



Another cure, this time for splinters, was a dark brown hard stick of something called 'black jack'. To use it, one had to melt it over a flame, same as sealing wax, and then it would be applied to the site of the wayward piece of timber, hopefully to draw it out! I suspect these days, one would end up charged with physical abuse by using such a cure!

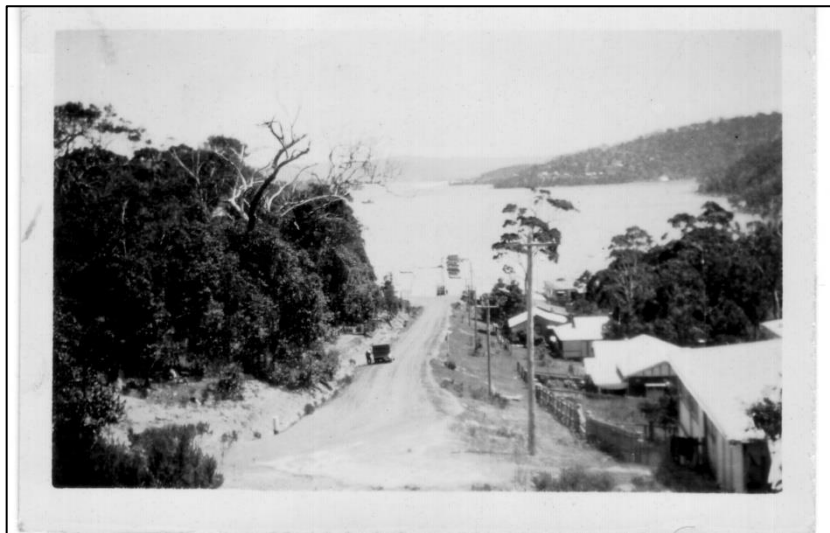
The local dairy herd spent their days wandering around the bay. Generally, there were no fences, so all the fibro houses were devoid of paint to the height of the cow's heads as they grazed along the walls, trying to reach every last morsel of grass.

Responding to terrified screams coming from the back garden my Mum found one of Bert Myer's cows licking up and down the back of my neck – a scary experience for a toddler!

In our ignorance as kids, we convinced ourselves that all the black ones were bulls so gave them a wide berth, especially if we were wearing red! Bert Myer used to deliver milk from his herd, and vegetables mostly homegrown, from his truck. He and his wife, Jean, have a home in Blythe Street, Killcare. Jean has now passed away. Bert, having spent all his life at the bay, is now traversing the country with a friend, coming home for the odd week or two before setting off again to discover some new part of our beautiful country. Bert (aged 90) and George were still good mates until George passed away in August 2008 at 91 years of age

Reminiscences of George

One day, George was coming from Sydney and was waiting at the ferry wharf at Woy Woy, when Mr Carson, who lived half way up the hill from the 'Old Killcare Store' leaned on the wharf railing which unfortunately gave way, sending him crashing into the water.



Killcare Road, looking towards Killcare Wharf

George rescued his hat as it floated away and as Mr Carson was embarrassed about the incident he chose to travel home outside on the ferry, with George keeping him company. A stiff southerly came up and, soaking wet from his ducking, he began to shiver violently so George gallantly offered his cricket jacket to help keep him warm.

Reminiscences of Lyn

After a week's work in Sydney, Joyce and I used to travel by steam train from Hornsby station to Woy Woy for the last stage of the journey to 'The Bay' by ferry to spend the weekend with our parents, Doreen and George. While travelling home on the ferry, the local ladies, colanders on their laps, not wanting to waste time, prepared the beans for dinner.



Lobster Beach in foreground

Reminiscences of George

On the left of the then RSL Memorial Hall, was a little cottage up on the hill belonging to 'Danny the Fisherman.' I don't think we ever knew his surname. It too was a holiday house. One day Danny asked George to assist him to put up a sheet of fibro. George was off to Lobster Beach that day so couldn't oblige, so Mr Green, I think his name was, came over from Heath Road to help. Mr Green was up the ladder manoeuvring the fibro sheet when a big gust of wind came and broke the fibro over his head. A bit of a disaster really. Danny had an old lawn mower with yards of cord, with which he used to start it. When he finally got it going, he took off as fast as he could go up and down the hill, leaving one corner at the bottom – this bit was just too hard, so it became a bit of a jungle. To stop the mower, he would run it into the bank.

Reminiscences of Lyn

Mr and Mrs Cass, an English couple, lived next door to *Wonga* in a little cottage built close to Waterfront Reserve. Every holiday, on the night before heading home, it was obligatory for us to visit them after dinner, to enjoy sing songs around the piano.



Mrs Cass (on the right) in front of her home which by this stage had been raised, with Nell & Frank Blow from Sydney who stayed at *Wonga*

One of Mr Cass's favourites was *Oh, those Golden Kippers* - a play on the then popular song about slippers! One night after enjoying a bath, he found he was unable to get out so Mrs Cass let the water out, gave him a blanket and there he stayed 'til the next day. On another occasion, while visiting one evening, we found the whole house filled with smoke. Dear old Mr Cass had stuffed so much paper and wood in the fireplace that it had gone up the chimney, leaving no space for the smoke to escape.

After George promising Mrs Cass some leather jackets, we all went off to Maitland Bay. Our family didn't have a car, so we caught the 6am bus to the Maitland Store but we always walked back home. George caught about nine fish, which he put in a sugarbag and then into a rock pool. Unfortunately, the tide came in and the bag and leatherjackets were washed away. Not having time to do more fishing, we set off along the beach for home and hey presto, halfway along, there was the bag and inside, all the fish. Their spikes had become caught in the mesh. They were doomed from the start! By the time we climbed the hill to the road and then trekked home to the bay, it would be dark, when Doreen would then cook the catch of the day. Generally, dinner was about 9pm. She didn't even like fish!

Quite some years later, I, with three friends, Milton Lazarus (later to become my husband), Jeff Piper and Owen Jones (no relation), set off from Pittwater in an old 18-foot sailing skiff to sail to Maitland Bay. It was Easter time, so we were well prepared with a drop of whisky and Easter eggs, plus basic provisions, to celebrate the weekend. We had a rifle attached to the shrouds in case any shark got into his head that we might be fair game - we had very little freeboard. The boat's sails were canvas, and it sported a bowsprit. It was extremely exciting riding the surf onto Maitland Bay beach. We camped under the stars but were not particularly popular when the local ranger paid a visit - there was no camping allowed at Maitland Bay! The spirit of Easter prevailed, and he allowed us to stay. Getting the heavy wooden boat back through the breakers was a great challenge but we made it and survived the whole adventure, though the sails suffered badly, ending up somewhat tattered. The boat was later donated to the Maritime Museum.

On Saturday nights a 'picture ferry' ran - not sure whether it went to Woy Woy or Gosford. On the odd occasion it would run aground on a sand bar near where the Rip Bridge is now on its way home and would have to stay there until the tide came back in to float it off. There also was a market ferry.

Reminiscences of George

Bruce and Shirley Thompson lived in the little cottage up the hill off Araluen Drive near the junction of Araluen Drive and Heath Road (the address now No. 6 Flora Ave). Poor Shirley was a 'fisherman's widow' - Bruce was never home! One day, George saw him at the shops. He was somewhat knocked around - cuts and bruises everywhere. On enquiring what on earth had happened to him, Bruce related about how he was fishing in the bay when his anchor rope got caught on an oyster lease. Standing up forward, he began tugging furiously. Of course, the rope suddenly came free and overboard went Bruce.

Unable to get himself back on board, Bruce had to call for help. Luckily for him, the owner of the lease was working close by so came to Bruce's aid and plucked him from the water 'like a sack of spuds' and set him on the punt. Asked if this was the only time anything similar had happened, he admitted that near Half Tide Rocks, he stepped overboard, thinking the water was a few inches deep – big mistake – it was many feet deep. This time he had to get himself back on board.

Bruce kept a goat to keep the grass down. One day, he tethered him too close to the track up to his house. On trekking up the hill, the goat gave him a good head butt. Bruce retorted, "I'll get you, you old b..." upon which he crash-tackled the goat. Bruce's mate, waiting at the bottom of the hill, had tears rolling down his cheeks as Bruce and the goat, locked together, landed at his feet. Bruce and Shirley retired to Noosa from where they have since passed on.



29 Heath Rd, Alma's & Cliff's home

Doreen's sister, Alma, purchased properties at Hardys Bay – No 27 and No 29 Heath Road and 126 Araluen Drive, named *Sally*, one of Mr Montgomery's homes. She and her husband Cliff Chambers retired to No 29 while she rented the other two, eventually selling No 27 to George and Doreen. After some years as a holiday house, No 27 became their permanent residence in retirement.

Until Doreen died aged 88 years in 2001, Doreen and George, for some time, received Meals on Wheels, delivered by Les Walker and Esther Seymour.

One night, the dunny man was busy collecting from the rear of *Sally*, leaving his truck on Heath Road. Unfortunately, the truck began, all by itself, to roll down the hill. The dunny man managed to catch up but by this time about three full cans had tumbled out of the side of the truck and down the slope, spilling their contents. Some poor mate was roused in the middle of the night to bring his front-end loader and lots of dirt to bury the spill. Beryl from *Sally* supplied cups of tea to ease the pain of the whole incident.

Both No 29 Heath Road and 126 Araluen Drive were eventually sold as Alma and Cliff moved to the South Coast. Alma died at age 100 years of age in 2007

The cottage at No 27 began life as a boatshed on the waterfront near Hardys Bay wharf. At some stage in its life, it was moved up the hill to its present location.



27 Heath Rd, George & Doreen's home

It stands on blocks of sandstone and logs. Mr Montgomery (Monty) renovated and lived in this little house, named *You and I*, to oversee his rental properties along Waterfront Reserve. Over the years it has had bits and pieces added on and now consists of two bedrooms, a bathroom, kitchen and living area with a deck that overlooks the bay. The original part is a bit of a Heath Robinson' affair with not too many right angles, which causes some concern to any builder unlucky enough to be employed to build any additions!

Harry and his wife, Joyce, eventually settled at Mc Masters Beach in their retirement, moving later to Brentwood Village at Kincumber. Both have since passed on. They had two sons, David and Glen.

Bill Jnr married Daphne and had two sons, Ralph and Ron. Bert married Gladys and remained childless. These two families didn't seem to spend time at "The Bay".

Cliff and Alma had two sons – Cliff Jnr and William.

Mr and Mrs Cass's home, Danny the Fisherman's and *Wonga* have all just recently gone to where all good old homes go, and in their stead stand some most impressive new homes including the new *Wonga* on the left of the photo.



As a result of visiting family or friends, a few folk have decided to make a part of 'The Bay' or its surrounds, a piece of paradise for themselves. The parents of Lolita, my workmate, purchased a property at Killcare close to the shops, family friends made Bensville their retirement home after spending many happy times at 'The Bay', Barrie's mate for a while owned the little house next to the old Hardys Bay Post Office, Gloria's brother retired to Killcare and Anthony and Debra for a while lived in *Wonga* before moving to Umina, then to Wambera... such is the charm of "The Bay".

Many thanks to George and Don and Joyce for their contribution and Don for proof reading the story of The Joneses of Hardys Bay.

Lyn Lazarus

JIM MACFADYEN

Bev Runcie and Ann Bowe



Jim Macfadyen has played various roles in the life of the Bouddi Peninsula over many years.

Jim Macfadyen's love of the area goes back to his youth. He thanks Jim Tubby for his introduction to the Killcare Surf Club from 1959 on. Along with many young men from the inner suburbs of Sydney, he visited often to spend time at the beach so Jim's association with the area began before he lived here permanently.

Jim grew up in Newtown, went to Newtown Tech and served his apprenticeship as an electrician at the Metropolitan Water, Sewerage and Drainage Board (now Sydney Water). He rose through the ranks until he was appointed as a senior manager and a political adviser. He retired after 43 years with the Board.

Jim is one of those people who sees his life as one of dedication to the betterment of others and so from early times took on roles of leadership with many different organisations. Jim was active in the scouting movement and in the Newtown Rugby League Club, which made him a life member. From 1959 on, thanks to Jim Tubby, a number of locals from the Newtown/Erskineville area were introduced to the Killcare Surf Club. They became regular members coming up at weekends. Jim has an unbroken record of active membership of the Surf Club from that period to the present. He was president of the Surf Club for many years.

Jim met his future wife here in 1962. Pam's family lived in a fibro house in Heath Rd. Jim and Pam married in 1966, soon moving to Bass Hill. His immediate interests were the Bass Hill RSL Soccer Club, where his two sons, Brad and Troy, played. He was recognised by the Club, which honoured him with Life Membership. Jim and Pam moved to Pretty Beach in 2000 to a new house in Heath Road, built on the block that belonged to Pam's parents, so fulfilling their longstanding love of this area.

Life Membership has been bestowed on him by all of these: Newtown Rugby League Club, Bass Hill RSL Soccer Club, Bass Hill Diggers Bowling Club and Bass Hill RSL Youth Club, where he helped to institute playing programs and facilities for over 700 children; Jim was elected a Life Member of the Killcare SLSC in 1981 and in 2008 he was elected a Life Member of the Central Coast SLSC. A highlight of his many selfless endeavours over the years occurred in 1999 when he received the Australia Day Citizen of the Year Award from the Bankstown City Council. A member of the Labor Party for almost 40 years, he was President of the NSW branch of the Electrical Trade Union. He was awarded life membership of both the Party and the Union.

With their sons, Jim and Pam formed the Macfadyen Racing Syndicate and own six horses, with five trained at Gosford and one at Rosehill. Jim was elected as a Gosford City councillor in 2004 and elected as Mayor of Gosford in 2007. To try to understand the many issues he has been involved in you need only Google his name or go to the website of the Gosford City Council. He has constant demands on his time due to his ongoing commitments. No quiet retirement 'By the Bay' for Jim. He is a prominent and active member of the local Bouddi Peninsula community.

In retirement at Pretty Beach, he became a Councillor with Gosford City Council in 2004 and served as Mayor in 2007. The Wagstaffe to Killcare Community Association appreciated his role as chairman of the GCC Australia Day committee for his support of the Australia Day event at Wagstaffe.

Jim was again President from 2002 and deeply involved in the design and construction of the magnificent new clubhouse, (the third for the club). One of Jim's finest hours was on Friday 8th May 2009 when, as current President of the Club, together with Mayor Chris Holstein, he opened the new surf club building at Putty Beach.

Jim, at left, and Chris are photographed with Colleen Smith, then aged 83, who was famous for having attended the opening of all three Killcare Surf Clubhouses.



PAMELA MAINSBRIDGE

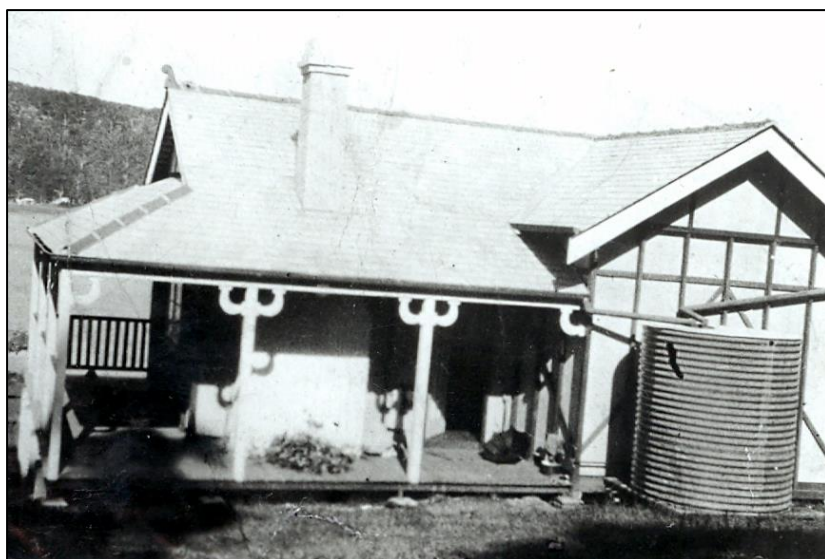
“Reflections on my childhood...” told to Geri Levett

Pam Mainsbridge, nee Kirby, has been coming to Killcare since the 1930s, staying at her family's house 'Leyton' at Hardys Bay, on the Reserve (now known as Araluen Drive). She is now a resident of the area.

The advertisement for **Leyton** was seen by Thomas Kirby in *The Sydney Morning Herald* and he travelled by train and launch to see it. It was 1930 and the family were looking for a quiet place to visit on weekends because Thomas wasn't well. Thomas Alfred and Dorothy Kirby bought it for £700 with £100 down and the rest paid off. The house has been owned by members of the Kirby family ever since.



Leyton (front and rear) in the 1930s: now 174 Araluen Drive.
Photo: P Mainsbridge



At the onset of WW1, Thomas and his friend (who became his brother-in-law) put their age up and enlisted, aged sixteen or seventeen. For the duration of the war, Dorothy Jensen, the sister of his friend was a regular correspondent and a good friend of Thomas's. His service in the war left him 'not a well man'. On his return he became a dentist with a successful practice post-war. He married Dorothy. Unfortunately, Thomas Kirby had been gassed in World War 1 and died when Pamela was only eighteen months old. Thomas had had only a few years to enjoy the weekend escapes from the city to Hardys Bay because he died in 1933. Dorothy, who was a milliner, continued to pay off the house and bring the children, Moya, Alan and Pamela to visit after their father's death.

Like many of the families who had weekenders in Hardys Bay, Pam's family resided in Sydney. Their home was in Fivedock. The long trip here didn't deter the family. They caught the train from Strathfield to Woy Woy and then the launch to Hardys Bay.

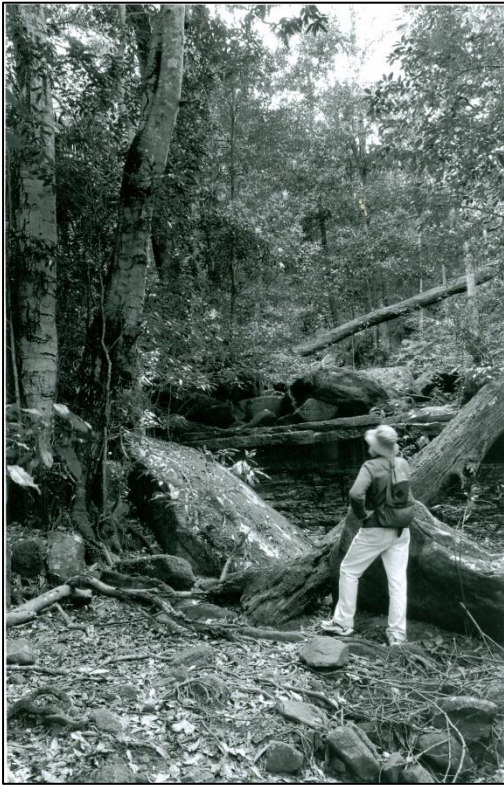
Early memories of arriving at Hardys Bay wharf included being welcomed by Turo, who met every arrival. Turo was an Aboriginal, who was believed to have come to Killcare in the 1920s; he lived on his own at Hardys Bay. He died in the 1940s. (Turo Park in Pretty Beach is named after him.) Pam reflects on Turo: *"...we just adored him...he was Hardys Bay to us."* Turo was loved by the children and... *"he would always have a story to tell you..."* He was a personality and knew how to answer children's questions! As Pam's mother was a widow, he would pass by their house and call out to her to check on her. Once they arrived from Sydney and he was not there on the wharf. Dorothy went looking for him and found him very ill.



Turo with Pamela (left), Moya, Alan Kirkby and Enid Bryant. Photo: P Mainsbridge

As a child, Pam spent most of her time on the water ways or at the beach. At the age of ten, she was able to row across to Ettalong, where the butcher was or she would walk with other children to Putty Beach, via tracks behind Araluen Drive (the present Nukara Avenue) or swim in the baths at Hardys Bay. The grass on the foreshore was kept short by the roaming cows.

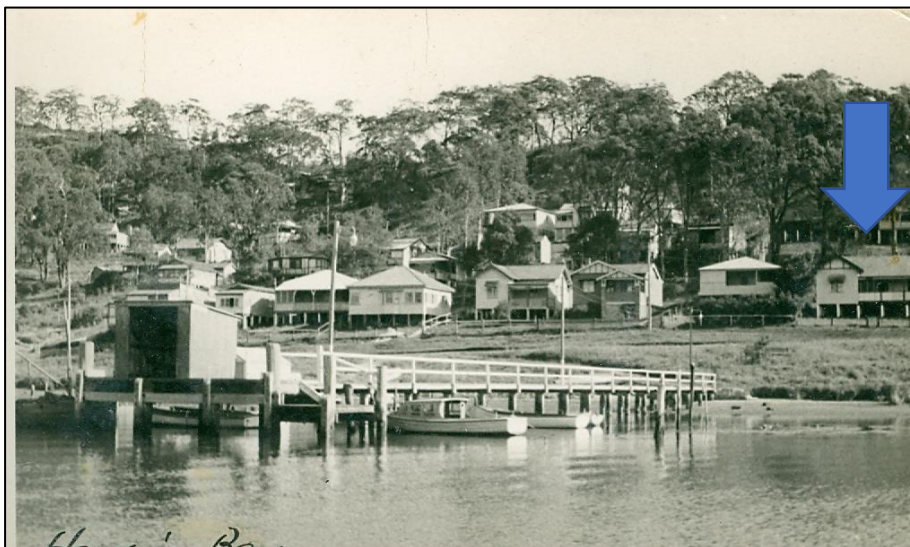
In the evening they would roll down the slopes of the Reserve. They would also “*pick up an iceblock or an ice-cream*” from one of the half a dozen shops that were in the area.



Fletcher's Glen. Photo: J Thiering

It was tradition to go for a walk with the family in the evening. There were also picnics with the family at Fletcher's Glen (which was called Ford's Gully). There were picnic tables to lay out the feast which mother had prepared. Climbing up the waterfalls was also a must!

Fortunately for the kids: “*Weekends were never dull...*” There were dances at the hall for the teenagers. As the light was lamplight, they didn't worry too much about what they looked like. They would dance until they dropped. Pam remembers the dances at Easter time, finishing at midnight in time with their religious commitments. “*Teenage years were a lot of fun!*” There was surfing and dancing at the Hardys Bay Hall (now the church and before that the RSL, which was moved to its present location in 1983). Lobster Beach was a popular picnic spot too. The ‘Taxi boys’ and the ‘Wy Worry Boys’ were well known identities of Hardys Bay.



The arrow points to *Leyton* opposite Hardys bay Wharf.

Crabs were caught off the Killcare Extension and boiled up on the fuel stove. Oysters were always sold at Hawkesbury River station in long oyster bottles. In the 1940s, there were fewer oyster leases than today.



The original home exists today, and her sister Moya has the original deeds. It was typical of other houses in the area. It was used by the family as a holiday house predominantly on the weekends and in school holidays. In particular, it was occupied for four to six weeks at Christmas and January and over Easter.

Reminiscing on her weekender, Pam declared that: “*It was an original weekender of Hardys Bay.*” Built of fibro, with the living room and kitchen in the middle with verandahs all around for comfortable sleeping on hot summer evenings. These verandahs were often enclosed and later became bedrooms. The toilet was up the back and there were no bathrooms, but part of the back verandah served as the wash house, being partly enclosed by lattice. Sadly, very few of these classic houses exist today but Pam remembers *Sunshine* on Araluen Drive. It was reputedly built by inmates from Broughton Hall at Callan Park, a psychiatric hospital in Sydney. That house is no longer standing.

Pamela continued to come until she actually had to ‘book’ **Leyton** so she purchased a cottage in Fraser Road, a cottage she enjoyed living in very much. When she decided to live there permanently it meant commuting to work to the job she enjoyed very much. She was a court reporter taking evidence for transcription. Her shorthand was excellent.

Her partner, Vic, alerted her to a block of land for sale in Araluen Drive. She bought it and built a beautiful house and in 2020, aged 91, she is still there enjoying the view of the boats coming and going in Hardys Bay. Always stylish, her house reflects her excellent taste.



The Kirby girls, Moya and Pamela, Australia Day at Wagstaffe, 2009. Photo: D.Dufty

Reflecting on her time in Hardys Bay Pam declares that: “*We just had a wonderful time... and loved being here!*”

**A STORY of FOUR FAMILIES –
the Martins, Hulmes, Battishalls and Styles
by Robyn Warburton**

This story of four families: that of the Martins, the Hulmes, the Battishalls and the Styles recounts their close relationship with Killcare, Hardys Bay and Martinsyde, the house at the beach, where the story started.



1956 View of *Martinsyde* with the Surf Club on the left.

Alex Martin married Bertha Hulme, one daughter of a large family of daughters, from Manchester in England. Alex, Bertha and some of her siblings emigrated to Australia. Alex and Bertha adopted two Barnardo Boys. Another daughter, Pauline Hulme, married John Battishall in Australia. Their daughter, Phyllis Battishall, married Ray Martin, one of the Barnardo Boys adopted by Alex and Bertha Martin. The second husband of Clara Hulme's daughter, Violet Leno, was Bill Styles. We can surmise that it was Alex Martin's marriage to Bertha Hulme and his purchase of land at Killcare, which ultimately brought the Martins, the Hulmes and the Battishalls to Killcare. The Styles family may already have been there. Their stories make interesting history.

The story of the Hulmes, as we know it, begins with Charlotte Ann P. Robinson, who was born in 1850, in Manchester, Lancashire. She was the daughter of Thomas W Robinson and Elizabeth Pelston. Charlotte married James Hulme.



James Hulme, aged 47 in 1888, father of the family, most of whom, emigrated to Australia.

Charlotte Robinson and James S. Hulme were married in the December quarter of 1872, in Manchester. James was a greengrocer, who was born in the same city in about 1841. James later became the Fire Chief of Manchester and when he died in 1903 he was given a state funeral. A memorial in his honour can be found in Manchester and the family believe there is a memorial in Westminster Abbey as well.



The Hulme sisters: Back: Lottie, Bertha, Pauline and Lucy.
Front: Mother, Charlotte, and Clara in Sydney, circa 1915.

James and Charlotte had nine children:

Emily E. Hulme was born in 1874 in Manchester.

Charlotte A. (Lottie) Hulme was born about 1875 in Manchester; she died in 1966 at Wyoming, NSW.

Bertha A. Hulme was born, 1877, in Manchester; she died in 1935 at *Roma*, East Gosford.

Helena/Eleanor was born c.1880 in Manchester.

James Hulme was born c.1884 in Salford Broughton; he died in 1961 at Campsie, N.S.W.

Lucy Robinson Hulme was born c.1887 in Salford, Broughton; she died September 20, 1970 at Gosford.

Pauline Hepzibah Hulme was born, 1889, in Salford, Broughton; she died 1982 at Avoca Beach.

Clara Hulme was born c.1892 in Salford Broughton, Manchester, Lancashire; she died at Melbourne.

Rose Hulme, aged 19, she died at Melbourne.

Bertha Hulme married Alexander Martin in 1903. The marriage was registered at Prestwich in England. Alex and Bertha Martin, Lottie, Lucy, Pauline and Jim Hulme arrived in Australia from Manchester on the *Ortona* in 1907. They were accompanied by a friend, Ethel Ward, who escaped a difficult life in England. They initially settled at The Rocks in Sydney.

Their mother, Charlotte, and her remaining daughters, Eleanor, Clara and Rose, who died in Melbourne shortly after arrival, followed her children to Australia in 1912.

In 1909, Pauline Hulme married John Battishall (1883-1940). Their four children were Charles (Chick) (b.1910), Phyllis (b. 1912), Keith (b. 1918) and Jack (b.1928). Phyllis married Ray Martin in 1936. John Battishall died in 1940.

In 1943, her mother, Pauline, re-married. Her second husband was Charles Thomas Battishall (her first husband's older brother).

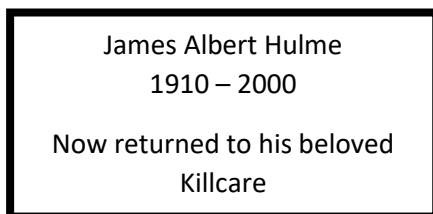
Clara Hulme married Andrew Leno and their daughter, Violet (Vi), married Richard Keegan before World War 2, and Bill Styles after the war. Several descendants of these families have contributed to the story.

Today, the family thinks it is quite remarkable that the Hulme family consisted of so many daughters and only one son, James (Jim Snr). Jim Hulme's first wife was Florrie. They had two children, James and Lucy. After the death of Florrie and in his retirement, James married his second wife, Daphne. They lived at Killcare in the house Jim owned in Grandview Crescent, which he had bought from his sister, Lottie.



Jim & Florrie Hulme with Jim Jnr and Lucy (circa 1914).

Jim and Florrie's son, Jim Jnr, didn't ever live in the area but must have visited and loved it, because a memorial, dedicated to his memory, has been placed at Hardys Bay near the Yum Yum tree:



Alexander Allan Martin was born in the parish of St Nicholas, Aberdeen, Scotland in about 1878, the son of Allan and Annie Martin. He was apprenticed for seven years to Russell & Sons, Aberdeen. He had previously served three years in the Aberdeen Rifles (Volunteers), before migrating to Australia. His occupation in Australia was described as poultry dealer/farmer.

They initially settled at The Rocks in Sydney but then moved to Killcare when Alex acquired some 120 acres of land there after the end of the First World War. The family believes that Alex Martin received a Soldier's Settlement on his return from the war. The *Woy Woy Herald* article (dated 1935), following Bertha Martin's death, states that the original lot was about 1,000 acres (see Pg.10). Soldier's Settlements were never so generous. Alex Martin's occupation, as shown on his enlistment form, was poultry dealer. Whether he pursued this occupation at Killcare or in Sydney, is not known.

He built the house, *Martinsyde*, on the land which covered the hillside down to the western end of Putty Beach and extended for about a kilometre towards Tallow Beach, taking in the

present Hawke Head Drive. The house, which adjoined the present Killcare Surf Club, became known as *The House at the Beach* and later as the *Martinsyde Tea Rooms*. Alex Martin established a dairy farm there.

It survived several renovations over the years until it was finally demolished in 2008.

Alex martin was 35 years and 3 months old when he enlisted in the AIF on December 15, 1914. He joined the 2nd Battalion and served at Gallipoli.

Alexander Martin was 6 feet tall or 5 feet 11 inches (depending on which document you read), 168 lbs (11stone, 4 lbs) with a fresh complexion, grey/blue eyes and dark brown-grey hair. His church was the Church of England.

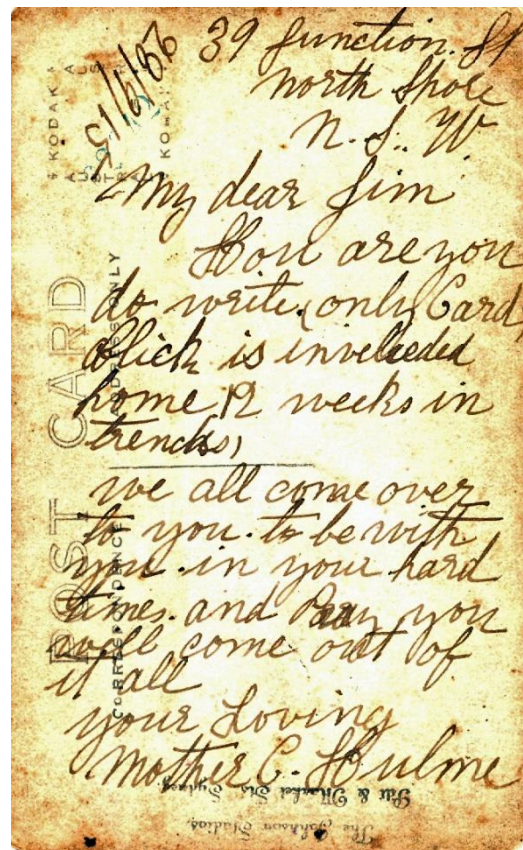
He was also a very sick soldier. In July 1915, his medical report states that he was suffering from diarrhoea and in August from lumbago. More seriously, his condition was described as enterocolitis and enteric fever. Another report states that he 'developed enteric at Gallipoli'. He was returned to Australia on the *Ulysses* in September, 1915 and was discharged in January, 1916.

A note sent to Jim by his mother, Charlotte, on the back of the photograph of her and his sisters (above), tells him that Alick (sic) had been invalided home after twelve weeks in the trenches.

(Charlotte also expresses sympathy for Jim 'in your hard times'. What tragedy can have occurred at this time?)

A glutton for punishment, Alex Martin re-enlisted on June 27, 1916 at Liverpool, Sydney. His stated age at this time was 38. Bertha, his wife, was living at the family home at 39 Junction Street, North Sydney. A hand-written annotation on his enlistment form suggests that his sister-in-law, Lucy Hulme was living at *Martinsyde*, Killcare – Woy Woy, 1916. Alex embarked on *The Euripides* on September 9, 1916. His experience as a soldier does not appear to be a happy one on this voyage. He was charged and 'admonished' by his commanding officer and had to forfeit three days' pay for being AWOL. One hundred-and sixty-eight hours detention was his punishment for drunkenness.

After disembarking at Plymouth on October 26, 1916, he... 'proceeded overseas to France, 13/12/16'. By March 1917, he was hospitalised with 'trench right foot'. After another stint in the trenches, he... 'developed trench fever at Polygon Wood, Belgium'.



Bertha wrote a letter enquiring as to Alex's whereabouts at this time. Dated December 28, 1917, the letter relays information she received from Alex, saying that he was in England suffering trench fever.

The reply from his commanding officer does not satisfy her enquiry. The major tells her to forward the letter to him and if the case appears serious, he will follow it up, but he points out that minor cases of indisposition are not reported to his office.

Alex Martin was sent home, suffering from 'premature senility' and other medical conditions. The report said that he was suffering senility prior to enlistment but that it was 'aggravated by active service'. He returned to Australia on May 13, 1918, as a result of medical unfitness; he was discharged from the Army on August 13, 1918.

Meanwhile, Ethel Ward, their friend from Manchester, married James Moore, who was born in Cooktown, New Zealand.



The wedding of James Moore and Ethel Ward in 1915. Back row: Pauline, Clara, John Battishall, Bertha, Eleanor, her husband George Yates, Lottie, unknown woman.

Middle: Charlotte Hulme, unknown baby, Lucy, Jim Moore (groom), Ethel (bride), unknown man.

Centre front: Chick and Phyllis Battishall. The identity of the other two boys is unknown.

Jim and Ethel Moore also came to Killcare. The Moores originally lived at Mascot. Jim had a leg amputated after being involved in a motor bike accident. They were childless. They operated the mixed business on the southern side of the intersection at Killcare during the 1940s. From other accounts in the history, they were very accommodating and friendly shopkeepers, often staying open to serve late arrivals.

Stories are told about how occasionally, Strawberry, one of Martin's cows, was dressed up and sent into the store. The Moore's lived behind the shop, where there was also a small hall. Dances were held there and the Moores served refreshments. There was rivalry and competition with the store across the road.



Three lads pictured outside Jim & Ethel Moore's shop on the corner of Killcare Rd and Araluen Drive.

Alex and Bertha Martin had no children of their own. No doubt they needed help on the farm. In 1924, they adopted two Barnardo's boys from England, Aleck Blewden and Ray Barsley. Ray changed his name to Martin. When he grew up, Ray married Phyllis Battishall, daughter of Pauline Hulme and John Battishall.

D 5596 **Nº 35**

CERTIFIED COPY of an ENTRY OF BIRTH.
Pursuant to the Births and Deaths Registration Acts, 1836 to 1874.

Registration District Nottingham

1910. Birth in the Sub-District of Nottingham North West in the County of Nottingham

Columns:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
No.	When and Where Born.	Name, if any.	Sex.	Name and Surname of Father.	Name and Maiden Surname of Mother.	Rank or Profession of Father.	Signature, Description and Residence of Informant.	When Registered.	Signature of Registrar.	Baptismal Name, if added.
333	Twenty Eighth February 1910 151, Birkin Avenue, U. D.	Raymond	Boy	-----	Cissie Davis Barsley. a Servant. (Domestic)	-----	C. D. Barsley, Mother, 7, Cowley Street, Westminster, London.	Seventh April 1910	C. Ford. <i>Registrar.</i>	

I, **J. ALLAN BATTERSBY**, Superintendent Registrar for the District of **Nottingham** in the County of **Nottingham** do hereby certify that this is a true copy of the Entry No. **333** in the Register Book of Births No. **123** Book is now legally in my custody.

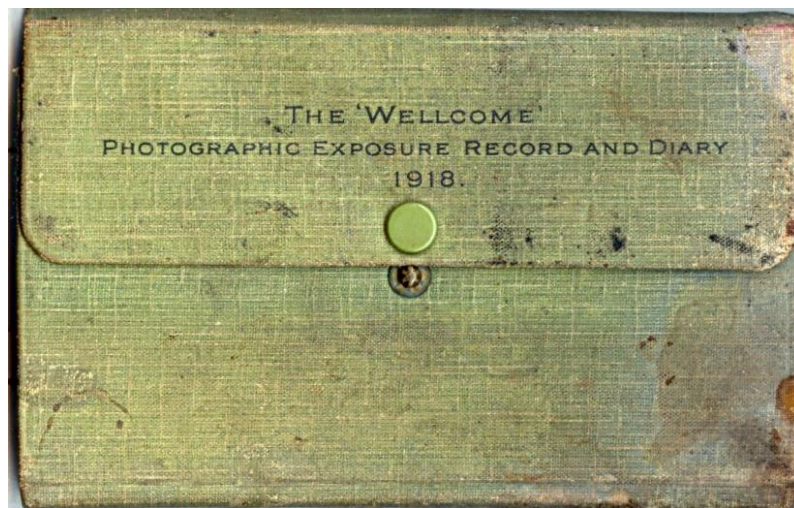
WITNESS MY HAND this **17th** day of **January**, **1929**

CAUTION:—Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this Certificate, or (2) uses it as true, knowing it to be false, is liable to Prosecution under the FORGERY ACT, 1913.

[Signature]
Superintendent Registrar

This is the Birth Certificate belonging to Raymond Barsley, who changed his name to Ray Martin. His mother was Cissie Davis Barsley, a domestic servant. She was unmarried. Raymond was born on February 28, 1910. The story tells us that Cissie took Raymond away from the woman who had cared for him for most of his life and relinquished him to the care of Dr Barnardo. Did Cissie simply give him away because she did not have the money to support him; did she hope for a better life for him or was there a more sinister reason?

Dr Thomas John Barnardo was concerned at the proliferation of homeless and unwanted children in England. He wanted to give them shelter and a home. The first of the homes was established by Dr Barnardo in 1868 to house children, boys at first and then girls, who were found on the streets of London. When Dr Barnardo realised that opportunities in Britain were limited for the children, he looked to the colonies. Thousands of children were sent to Canada and Australia. Ray was subsequently transported to Australia, as one of the Barnardo Boys.

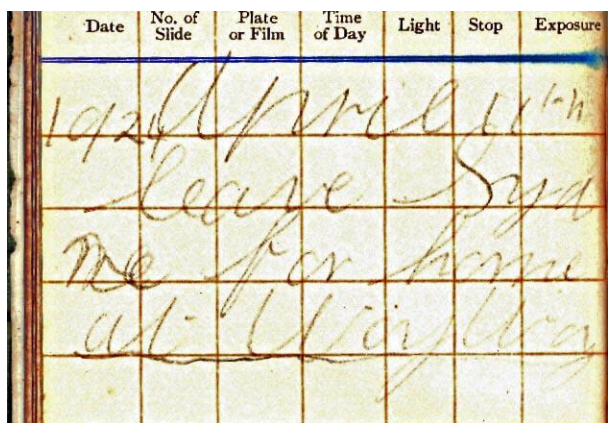


On his departure, Ray Barsley was given a small book, ***THE 'WELLCOME' PHOTOGRAPHIC EXPOSURE RECORD AND DIARY 1918'*** which reflected an important interest of Dr Barnardo - photography. Detailed instructions explain photographic principles, the exposure of photographs and developing techniques.

In the back of the little book are the pages where Ray kept a diary, a record of his voyage to Australia.

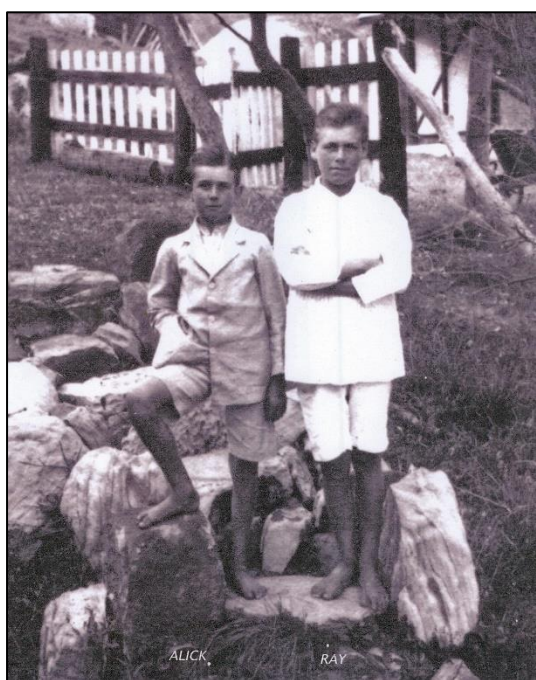
The first entry reads, *Trip from England in the year 1922 set sail on the ss Moreton Bay 1st April'. The diary records the sights he saw on a daily basis from April 12, 1922. Entries (copied as written) on another double page read: '15th/22 past the lighthouse off port at dinner time and saw the coast of portugal; April 16th/22 Just past near land early morning we saw many rocks and inlets I saw mountains covered with snow went through Gibralta very fine scenery; 17th April in the morning we found ourselves in the red Sea; meditarain sea we could see land all day long.*

The last entry in this part of the book reads: 12th May reached Fremantle 3 oclock morning.

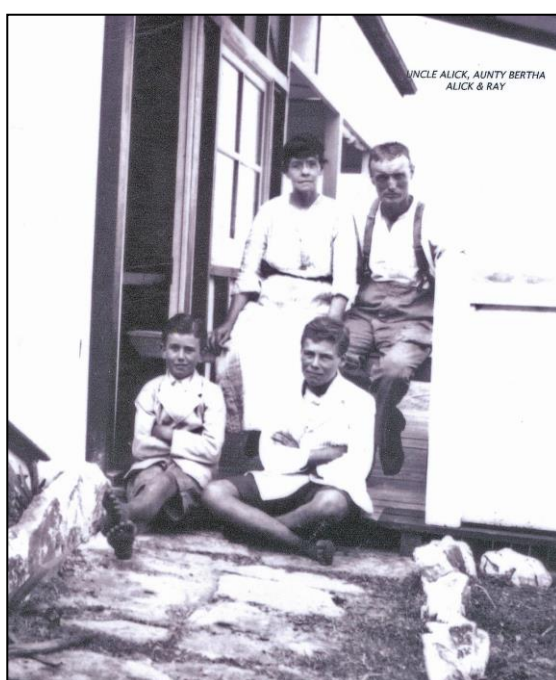


An entry in another part of the book records his arrival at Killcare. He wrote: *1924 April 18th leave Sydney for home at Woy Woy.*

Aleck Blewden, the other boy adopted by the Martins was a year older and he also left London in 1922, so his circumstances were similar. They were most probably adopted at the same time.



Ray Martin and Aleck Blewden



Bertha, Alex, Ray and Aleck.

Alex Martin operated the dairy at the beach for quite a number of years after World War 1, during the nineteen twenties and into the nineteen thirties. At some stage he added the tea rooms. The tearoom was there in 1929, because it was the location for the inaugural meeting of Killcare Surf Life Saving Club. No doubt, the boys, Ray and Aleck worked hard. Milking would have had to be done twice a day. The cows had the freedom to roam wherever they could find grass. Photographs, such as the ones below, show that land clearing had taken place and the cows kept it cleared.

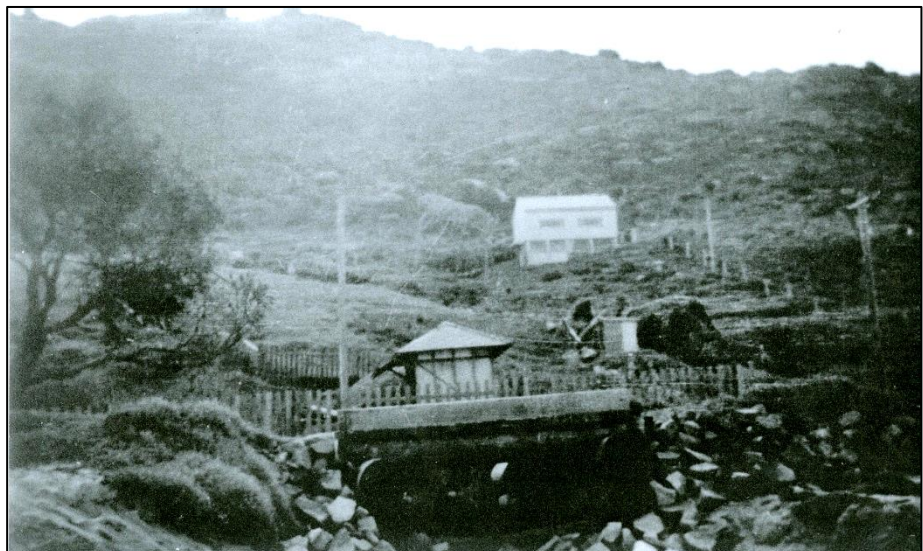
The cows would readily return at milking time and were not necessarily milked in specially built bails as there is no evidence in the photographs or memories of the people telling the story, of purpose-built out-buildings. When the cows had calved, rounding them up was quite a different story. Huge searches were undertaken to locate the cows and their calves.

Alex Martin developed a reputation as a cranky man (most likely as a result of the war which was not kind to him). Jack Battishall remembers being afraid of him and Uncle Alex 'roaring' at him, if he ran through the house.

Clara Hulme married Andrew Leno. They had a son and five daughters: Leo, Clara Violet (Vi), Doris, Charlotte (Lottie), Beryl, and Olivia. They lived in Melbourne. Vi came to the dairy farm twice, once for six months when she was 13 (about 1930). She says there were cattle grazing on the hill and along the beach. Her aunts loved her so much that they wanted to adopt her. When her mother, Clara, heard this, she sent the money for Vi's fare and immediate return to Melbourne. In the early 1940s Vi's daughter, Fay, remembers visiting the only other house in the beach area, probably the green shack, pictured on the hillside above the beach. It was owned by the Lukes family and known as *The Green House*.



Above: Looking down on Martin's Dairy. Below: *The Green House*



Killcare's Loss

LATE MRS. A. A. MARTIN

The sad news of the death of Mrs. Martin, wife of Mr. A. A. Martin, of 'Martinsyde,' Killcare Beach, came as a great shock to the many friends of the deceased lady throughout the whole district where she was so well and favorably known. The late Mrs. Martin had not been in robust health for some time and had periodical turns of illness, which, for a time incapacitated her for routine household work. Last week she had occasion to visit Sydney, and on her return she felt unwell. Her condition for the worse increased rapidly, and the ambulance was called to take her to a private hospital at Gosford. Despite all that medical attention and careful nursing could do she sank rapidly, and passed away on Saturday morning.

The late Mrs. Martin was of a most generous nature, kind to a fault, and always had sympathy for any one in distress. Where practical sympathy was needed, it was found in her. There was always earnestness in her generosity, and kindness indicating that both were deep seated and innate, and scorned any thought that they were merely for display. Those who knew her intimately were never mistaken about her genuine actions, and the fine nature which prompted them.

The deceased lady is survived by her husband, Mr. A. A. Martin, two sons, Ray and Aleck, six sisters, Emily, Lottie, Eleanor, Lucy, Pauline, and Clara, and one brother, Jim. She had attained the age of 58 years.

Several years ago — soon after the end of the war — Mr. Martin, who was a returned soldier, and at one time a member of the mechanical staff of the original Sydney 'Daily Telegraph,' took up about 1000 acres of land at Killcare Beach, and, although the block was surveyed as far back as 1837, Mr. and Mrs. Martin were the pioneers of that part of the district. They built their home there, and conducted a dairy supplying milk to the surrounding localities. Part of the property was subdivided and sold, but progress in this direction was arrested by the outbreak of war, and the slump which followed.

The funeral on Sunday last was by motor from Gosford to the Church of England portion of Kincumber cemetery. A launch conveyed a large number of residents of South Brisbane Water to the cemetery, where they joined the funeral at the church. The obsequies at the graveside were conducted by the Rev. H. M. Rupp, of Woy Woy. A large number of wreaths were placed on the coffin, and best sympathy was expressed to the bereaved family.

Bertha died in August 1935, aged 58 (*Woy Woy Herald*; dated August 9, 1935) at **Roma**, East Gosford. The article says that at the time Bertha was survived by husband, Alex, two sons, Aleck and Ray, and six sisters Emily, Lottie, Eleanor, Lucy, Pauline and Clara and one brother, Jim. The obituary speaks well of her, saying she was a kind, generous, earnest person, well-respected in her community.

Colleen Smith remembers Bertha and the kindness she showed her family when Colleen's baby brother died suddenly. A coffin was needed, and Bertha and Alex Martin drove to Gosford over very rough roads to procure one so the baby could be buried at St Pauls, Kincumber.

Many people attended Bertha's funeral which was also held at St Pauls Anglican Church at Kincumber. A white cross marks her resting place. Alongside her grave, is the cross bearing her husband's name.

The newspaper clipping describes Alex and Bertha as being pioneers of that part of the district and having established a dairy, supplying milk to the surrounding localities.

It also states that part of the property was sub-divided but only some blocks were sold because war intervened.

Title deeds for two parcels of land have been located. When Alex died in 1939, he bequeathed the land to Lucy. Both parcels of land were transferred into Lucy's name in 1940 and it is interesting to note that both Alex and then Lucy mortgaged the land at various times between 1929 and 1942, with the Commercial Bank of Australia. The documents also show that caveats were put in place and that the mortgages were discharged.

It can be surmised that Alex Martin did not make much money and probably ceased to operate the dairy when Ray took it over the hill in 1936. Lucy's only income was from the refreshment rooms, so she was not a wealthy woman.

MARTINS
KILLCARE BEACH
 ESTATE
 near **WOY WOY & COSFORD**
 Choice Building Sites right at **KILLCARE OCEAN BEACH**
 and 5 minutes from Brisbane Water on Erina Shire's Scenic Circle.

Frequent Launch Service from Woy Woy
 The Scenic Road from Gosford right to the Estate.

For
PRIVATE SALE
 by the Vendor:
A.A. MARTIN Esq.
Killcare Beach
via Woy Woy

TERMS
 5% Deposit, Balance
 over 5 years, quarterly
 payments - Interest 6%.

Solicitor to the Estate
A.D. Hickey
 Gosford.

Surveyor to the Estate
L.A. Bannister
 Gosford.

All dimensions etc are subject to Deposited Plan

Local Sketch

F. Cunningham & Co. Ltd., Litho, Sydney

The advertisement for the sub-division of land belonging to A. A. (Alexander Alan) Martin is not dated. Is it from the time of his thwarted attempt to sell off the land?

Pauline Hulme was a younger sister of Bertha and one of the many Hulme sisters. Pauline was born in 1888. She was aged forty when Jack, the youngest of her children, was born in 1928. In 1940, her husband John Battishall, accidentally drowned while fishing with his eldest son, Chick, off the rocks at White Bay. John reached forward in order to land a fish when he was swamped by a large wave and washed into the sea. His body was found a week later in Sydney Harbour.

To receive the Widow's Pension, Pauline had to live in her own house. The house she owned was *Boronia* at Hardys Bay. She moved there in 1940, with her youngest child, Jack. Jack Battishall was twelve years old. Later Pauline remarried. Before John came courting, she had been wooed by John's older brother, Charles Battishall, but she sent him away, as he was 'too old' for her.



Boronia with Avarest behind and Jack's boat below

After John's death and in her widowhood, Pauline consented to marry Charles, so her name did not change. It remained Battishall. Jack was pageboy at his mother's wedding. Pauline's older children Chick, Phyllis and Keith were all married at this time. The family thought well of Charles, who was a good man. Pauline and Charles lived at Killcare.



The boys going off to Gosford High School.

Back row: Ron Walters, Jack Battishall, John Corfield, Allan Cameron, unknown, Bruce Naylor.

Centre row: Alan Stewart, Colin Stewart, Frank Osborne, Bevan Hallinan, Tom Starr. Front: Neil Stewart.

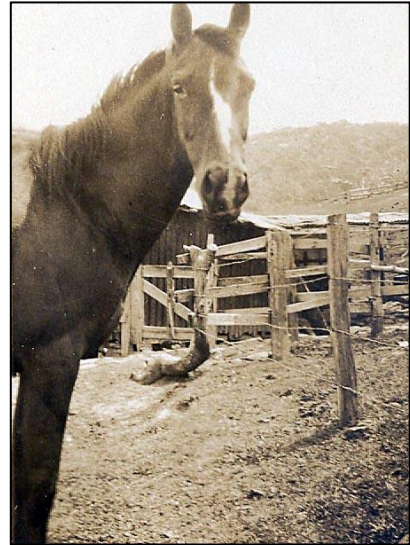
Jack Battishall was twelve years old when he came to Hardys Bay. He attended Gosford High School and each day would wait for Ron Walters, his friend from the farm on Wards Hill Road.

Ron would leave home at 6.15am to walk down the hill to Killcare and Hardys Bay, calling in for his school mates along the way. Eventually he would arrive at Jack's house and the group of schoolboys would catch the launch at Hardys Bay to go to Gosford High School.

Jack remembers the old dairy horse, Bonnie, very well. She would allow him to climb on her back underneath the pear tree in the backyard, so that he could reach the fruit.

All the boats in the district were removed as a precautionary measure during World War 2 and taken to Gosford Racecourse. The collectors didn't find Jack's boat and it can be seen under the house in the photo of *Boronia*. His was the only boat spared, so he happily used it during the war.

Lucy and Lottie Hulme remained unmarried. Lottie had an unsuccessful engagement and Lucy was left at the altar. Her prospective husband already had a wife. The two women worked for their living.



Bonnie the old dairy horse.

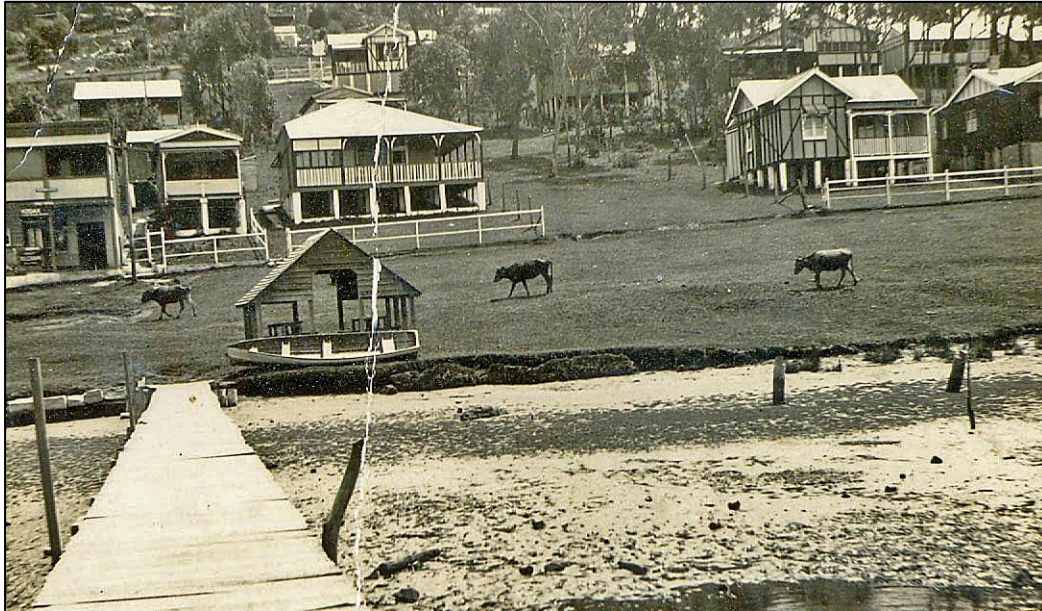
Before coming to Killcare, Lottie ran a boarding house at Katoomba. Henry Lawson was a 'guest'. Lottie would have liked him to pay his rent, but he had better things to spend his money on, so he gave Lottie poems in lieu of rent. He came home 'drunk and disorderly', one too many times so Lottie, having had enough, threw his clothes out of an upstairs window and told him to find somewhere else to live. The poems did not survive Lottie's moves. Lucy owned a shop at North Sydney, beneath the railway line leading to the Harbour Bridge.

When Bertha Martin died in 1935, Lucy Hulme left her home in North Sydney and came to Killcare to care for Alex until he died. Alex Martin died on the July 3, 1939. He left his property to Lucy.

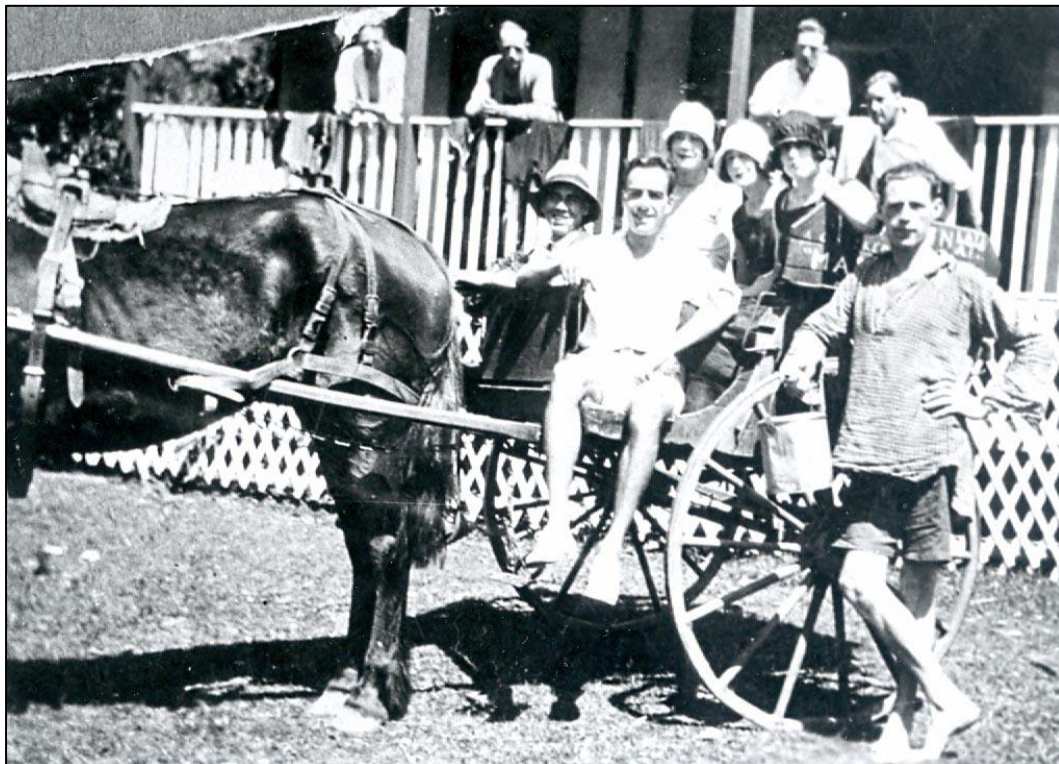
The decision meant that the adopted sons, Aleck and Ray, were left nothing. Out of fairness and probably community pressure, Lucy divided the property and gave Ray Martin the land on the other side of the hill, where Hardys Bay RSL is located. Ray had established a dairy farm there in 1936, when he married Phyllis (Phyll) Battishall, daughter of Pauline Hulme and John Battishall. Ray and Phyllis's son, Keith, was born in 1938 and their daughter, Dorothy, was born in 1939. Ray operated the dairy until he went to war in 1941. Aleck Blewden married a local girl, Mavis Johnson, and went to work and live in Sydney.

The cows wandering along, past the wharf, Hardy's Bay Post Office and the summer shed, could very well be going home to be milked at Ray Martin's dairy at the end of the unmade road, The Reserve (now Araluen Drive). Although the cows wandered freely looking for grass, there was no problem finding them, if they didn't have calves. Once a cow had a calf, she became a different animal, protective and very unwilling to part with her offspring. The cows had to be followed secretly. A cow, udder swinging, would often be seen chasing a truck because her calf had been loaded on-board. The story is still told about one cow whose calf was being loaded into the back of Ray's truck. The cow came round to the front and stuck her horns into the truck's radiator. Expensive revenge!

Another cow was able to undo the lock on the gate with her horns. The bull was kept penned but on one occasion escaped and barged through the nearby tennis court wall, much to the chagrin of all.



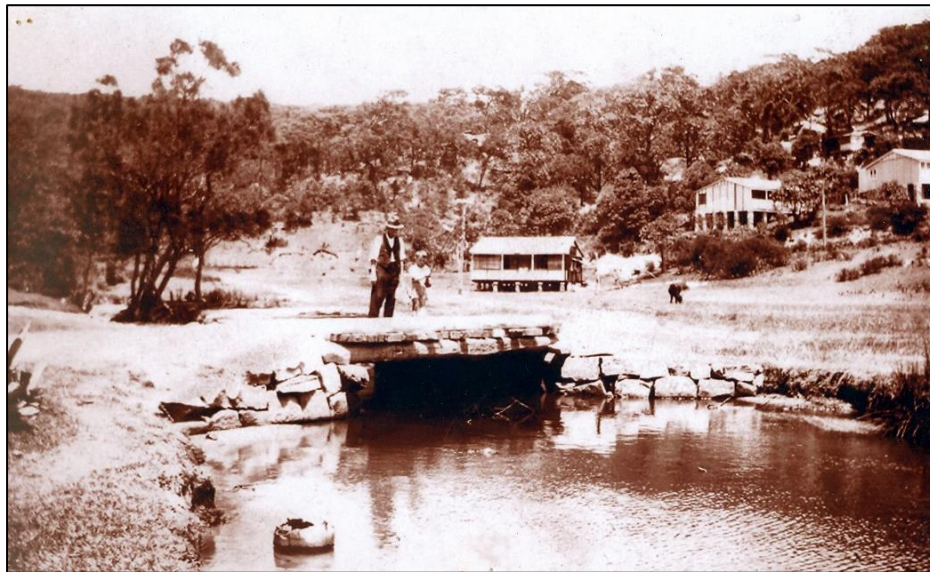
Cows on 'The Reserve' returning to Ray Martin's dairy.



Ray Martin and his Milk Cart or probably taxi. Photo: Gwen Dundon

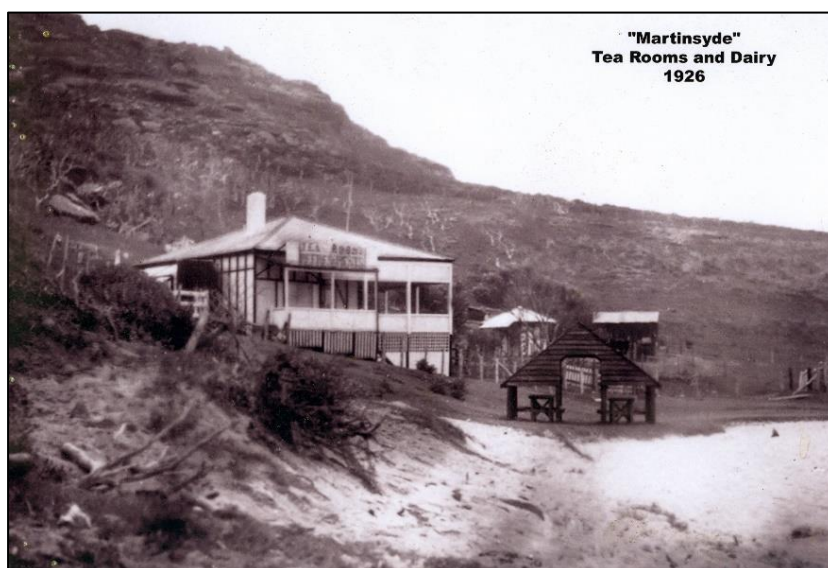
It eventuated that Phyllis and Ray owned the house where the dairy farm was established but not the land; it was mortgaged. Feeling sorry for them, Mrs Eason, a local businesswoman, gave them a block of land in what we now know as Araluen Drive and the house was moved.

Wally Worthington was a boat builder at Killcare, (58 Araluen Drive). He organised the shifting of the house, which was a great event, witnessed by many. Logs, a truck and Lance Frost were instrumental in the move. They had to take the house across the creek which added to the difficulty. Phyllis lived there, in that house, and at another time in a house named *Av-a-rest*; she also owned *Cosy*, a house located higher up, above Araluen Drive.



Mr Worthington was responsible for building the first bridge across the creek at Hardys Bay (above). Alex Martin and his adopted son, Ray, are pictured on the bridge.

(A curious fact: Wally Worthington only had one leg and so did his neighbour, Jim Moore at the store, next door. Wingy Bob only had one arm. Jim Tubby visiting as a young child was in awe.)



Martinsyde Tea Rooms and Dairy

Lucy built a small house, *Blink Bonnie*, just in front of *Martinsyde*, on the sand. She possibly lived there because she continued to operate the tea rooms in the big house. *Martinsyde Tea Rooms* had a good location, being adjacent to the beach. The running of the shop was shared by members of the family, who often visited, staying in a self-contained flat at *Martinsyde*.

Lucy sold off some blocks of land for income. Neville Hazzard, a local Real Estate agent at the time, told Lucy there was a buyer interested in purchasing the remainder but did not reveal the name. He deceived her because it turned out to be Oskar Speck, to whom Lucy did not want to sell the land and had told Mr Hazzard this fact. Mr Speck owned a great deal of land and was interested in acquiring more high land along the ridge, because in those days it was believed that the bridge would be built from Ettalong, across the water, to the peninsula. Eventually, Lucy sold the remaining lots of the original property to Ron Walters for one thousand pounds. Lucy also bought a house, around the corner, in Beach Drive, where she took up residence.



Lucy Hulme outside her house in Beach Drive

The beach and visitors to the beach played a large role in the lives of the people at this time in the peninsula's history.





On the back steps of Martinsyde – Couple on left - Viv and Vi Pate; Couple on right - Ray and Phyllis Martin. Others unknown.

Killcare Surf Lifesaving Club was well-established. The Killcare Surf Life Saving Club (KSLSC) was established in 1934, after two swimmers were caught in a rip (in 1929) and it was decided that a regular patrol was needed. The first meeting was held at the Martinsyde Tea Rooms, operated by Alex and Bertha Martin. Many of its members travelled to the coast from the city at the weekends.

Here, a group of young people are seated on the back steps of *Martinsyde*. They are dressed for the beach and as *Martinsyde* is just across the road from the beach it would have been often visited by family and friends, coming for the weekend or for holidays. Young surf club members rented Lucy's house, *Blink Bonnie*, so they were close to the beach. *Blink Bonnie* was so close to the beach that the little house was often swamped by sand and had to be swept out to make it liveable.



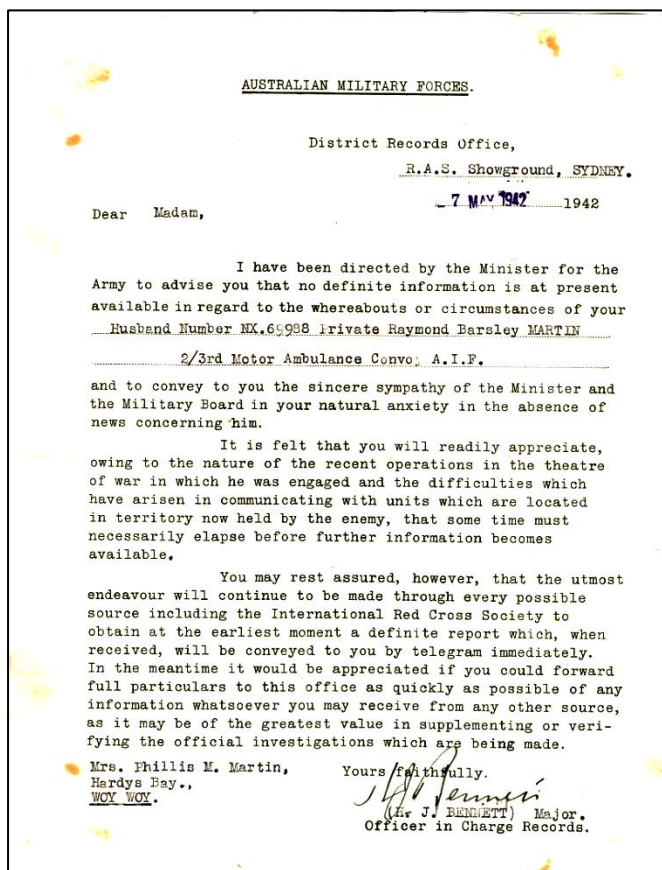
Close-up of the summer shed like the one in the photograph of Martinsyde Tea Rooms. This one was at the eastern end of Putty Beach, Fishermen's End.

The story takes us to the outbreak of World War 2, a sad time for the Martins.

Raymond Barsley Martin enlisted on 12th March, 1941 at Paddington, NSW. His birthday was February 28, 1910 so he was thirty one when he joined up. His next of kin was Phyllis Martin. He left Phyll at home with the children, Keith and Dorothy. He served with the 2/3/ Motor Ambulance Convoy. His rank was Private.



Private Ray Martin pictured with a military ambulance.



He was captured when Singapore fell to the Japanese and put to work on the Burma railway.

In March 1942, he was declared missing in action, not much more than twelve months after his enlistment.

His wife, Phyllis received this letter, dated 7th May 1942 from Major J. Bennett, Officer in charge of records.

Ray died, a Prisoner of War (POW), in a camp on the Thai side of the River Kwai on May 20, 1943.

The international Red Cross sent this letter to inform Phyllis of her husband's death from dysentery. He was 'inhumed with honours'.

Telephone: B 6374

Telegraphic Address:
"BURCROSS"

MB

IN REPLY, PLEASE QUOTE:

NX69988 Pte R.B. Martin



N.S.W. DIVISION

**RED CROSS BUREAU FOR WOUNDED,
MISSING AND PRISONERS OF WAR**

**3rd FLOOR, OCEAN HOUSE
34 MARTIN PLACE
SYDNEY**

4th September 1945

Mrs. P.M. Martin
Hardys Bay
WOY WOY

Dear Mrs. Martin,

We have been advised by our Central Bureau, Melbourne, that the following cable has been received through International Red Cross, Geneva:-

"TOKYO CABLES NX69988 PTE R.B. MARTIN DECEASED THAI CAMP
DYSENTERY 26/5/43. INHUMED WITH HONOURS."

It is with deep regret we pass this sad news on to you, and wish to express the sincere sympathy of this Society in your great loss.

Yours faithfully,

B. R. Riley
B. R. Riley
HON. DIRECTOR
per */B.*

Excerpts relating to the deaths of Ray Martin and Richard Keegan from

The War Dead of the British Commonwealth and Empire

<i>Burma Railway Bunchuanlong Cemetery</i>	
MARTIN, Pte. RAYMOND BARSLEY, NX.69988. A.I.F. 2/3 Motor Ambulance Coy., Australian Army Service Corps. 20th May, 1943. Age 33. Husband of Phyllis May Martin, of Woy Woy, New South Wales, Australia. 1. F. 11.	M. R. o. H.
MARTIN, Gnr. REGINALD WALTER, NX.29786. A.I.F. 2 15 Fd. Regt., Royal Australian Artillery.	M. R. S.

Mrs. F. A. Bennett, of Wembley. 2. D. 56.	K. C. 19 K. F.
KEEGAN, Pte. RICHARD WILLIAM, VX.62612. A.I.F. 2/3 Ord. Store Coy., Australian Army Ordnance Corps. 2nd May, 1943. Age 26. Son of	
126	

Richard Eugene and Ruby Leah Keegan; husband of Clara Violet Keegan, of North Carlton, Victoria, Australia. 1. L. 36.	
KEELEY, Flt. Sgt. PERCY NORMAN, 785003. R.A.F. (V.R.). 113 Sqdn. 24th January, 1942. Coll. grave 10. M. 10-12.	
KEEN, Gnr. LEONARD ARTHUR, 910109. 118 Field	

THE WAR DEAD OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND EMPIRE

The Register of the names of those who fell
in the 1939-1945 War and are buried
in Cemeteries in Thailand

KANCHANABURI WAR CEMETERY

Part III
(Has—Mas)



LONDON: COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF
THE IMPERIAL WAR GRAVES COMMISSION

1958

Phyllis Martin's cousin, Clara Violet (Vi) Leno (do you remember the child who wasn't allowed to stay at Killcare) was first married to Richard William Keegan. Richard Keegan also died in Thailand. His headstone is only two rows away from that of Ray Martin. This meant that the two soldiers laboured and died in the same terrible place. Richard Keegan died on May 2, aged 26, just three weeks before Ray. The two men were unaware that they were related by marriage; they were married to cousins.

Vi had a daughter, Fay, with Richard Keegan. She married her second husband, Bill Styles, during the 1940s. They had two sons, Ross and Graham.

In 1992, Phyllis Woods (Martin) and her daughter, Dorothy Jenkins (Martin), flew to Thailand, to meet up with Jack and Shirley Battishall who had been to Europe. They visited the headstones belonging to Ray Martin and Richard Keegan, in the war cemetery at Kanchanaburi in Thailand.

Clara's daughter, Beryl Leno (sister of Vi), had been a very sickly young adult. She suffered from asthma, and because Melbourne was so cold, in 1944, she (unlike her sister) was sent to live with her Aunt Lucy and Aunt Lottie at *Martinsyde*. She was still there when she met Joe Blackall, on a blind date at Luna Park. He was a soldier from Queensland and was working at Hornsby Hospital.

Beryl Leno married Joe Blackall and the marriage service was conducted at St Peters, the little church at Wagstaffe, in an Anglican week. Known as 'the hall', services alternated between denominations, dependent upon the denomination of the visiting clergyman.



Wedding Party from left: Jack Battishall (best man), Phyllis Martin (Matron-of-Honour), Joe Blackall and Beryl Leno (bride and groom, Jim Hulme and guests. The Flower girl is Dorothy Martin.

Ray Martin's widow, Phyllis, continued to live in the house that had been moved and relocated, after she became a war widow, and when she married Stan Woods in 1952. Stan's wife had died from an aneurism, leaving him with two children, Heather, aged 12 and John, aged 2. Heather was told this story. Before her death, her mother said to her father, "If anything were to happen to me, Phyllis Martin would be a good person to take up with." And that is what happened. The Woods children were brought up, along with Phyllis and Ray's children, Keith and Dorothy Martin. To go to work, Stan Woods rowed across the bay every day to Bullions's Boatshed at Booker Bay to catch the bus and then the train to Sydney. He worked as a joiner at Anthony Horderns. Later on, he worked locally as a builder and his name often appears in the history stories for having built the house described.



John Annand, Keith and Dorothy Martin with Annand's house in the background.

A great deal of voluntary work was undertaken by the women of the family. The Red Cross and Junior Red Cross had been established in the district, towards the end of World War 1, and to begin with, the Red Cross was the only social and charity organisation. It would have been very active during the Second World War.

Phyllis Martin and her aunts, Lucy, Lottie and Florrie Hulme, were among the women of the community, who worked hard for the Red Cross. The women of the peninsula would have been just a tiny part of the world-wide brigade; women who worked tirelessly to help the war effort through the Red Cross Comforts Fund. They rolled bandages, knitted socks and balaclavas, sewed parachutes and made fruit cakes to send to 'our boys'.



Hardys Bay Hall, centre left of photo, across the road from the bay.




HARDY'S BAY PUBLIC HALL.
 Good dance floor 50 x 25
 Refreshment Room. Suitable for
 Picnic Parties, Socials, Public
 Meetings, etc.
Can be leased or hired

Apply: Mr. W. MOORE, "Rocklea," Hardy's Bay
 or
 Mrs. J. BOOTH, 30 QUEEN STREET, GLEBE

111

The Hardys Bay Public Hall had a big and very important part to play in the lives of the residents throughout the history of the area. It brought the community together and was the hub, the meeting place for people with a variety of purposes. Many events were held there.

Dances were held regularly with Bert Hallinan playing piano and Clarrie Peaker playing saxophone. Balls, which were much dressier affairs, were held there also.

Teenage balls were also memorable events, and the children loved the fancy-dress parties arranged for them.

When suppertime arrived guests would take a cup from a clothes basket full of cups which would be carried around, closely followed by the teapot. Suppers, consisting of home-made goodies, were delicious.



Lucy Hulme (front left) with the 'younger' generation at a ball at the Community Hall at Hardys Bay.
 Back: Phyllis & Stan Woods, Ray (husband of 'young' Lucy Hulme), Keith Battishall, Jim Hulme Jnr
 Front: Lucy Hulme, 'Young' Lucy (daughter of Jim & Florrie), Mollie Battishall (Keith's wife) Gwen Hulme (Young Jim's wife) and daughter, Valmai.

Jim and Florrie Hulme retired to Killcare. In his retirement, Jim was very active in the community. He was one of the people instrumental in the establishment of the Hardys Bay Sub-Branch of the Returned Soldiers League (RSL) following World War 2. The RSL was founded, using a room adjoining the public hall to begin with. Originally it was part of the South Erina RSL. The name was changed to Hardys Bay Sub-Branch in August, 1950.



Jim Hulme is the tall man, marching in the foreground, taking part in the Anzac Day march from Killcare to the RSL, which was held each year for many years.



Mr Ingram, Principal of Pretty Beach Public School was given the honour of unveiling the new war memorial. Some local men and a clergyman, who would be a visitor are looking on. Clarrie Peaker can be seen on the right, with bugle in hand. This event would have occurred circa 1950.



A member of the Red Cross lays a wreath on the newly dedicated War memorial.

The girl is wearing the Red Cross uniform of the day which consisted of a white dress, white veil and a red jacket or cape.

R. B. Martin
1939 – 1945

Many wreaths have been placed on the memorial. The memorial would have been of great significance, the war not long ended, looming large in the lives of the people at the time

The monument was moved to the new site when the RSL relocated in 1983.

A plaque on the wall behind remembers Ray Martin.





In the late 1940s, the RSL acquired the hall for its club premises and renamed the building.

It became the RSL Memorial Hall.

The hall was used until 1983, when new premises were built in Heath Road.

The families in this story would have been part of its history. The building now houses the Hardys Bay Community Church.

The Minutes Book of the Hardys Bay RSL Women's Auxiliary is a record of the meetings of the auxiliary which met for the first time on December 13, 1949. Miss Hulme (Lucy) and Mrs Hulme (Florrie) were present at the first meeting. Originally designated South Erina Sub-Branch, the name changed to Hardys Bay in August 1950. The minutes for the first meeting show 'a roster was drawn up for the fi-e dances to be held during the Xmas holidays by the RSL League'. The dances were held on Dec 24th, 25th, 30th, 31st and Jan 1st. In 1950/1 there were **seven** dances at Christmas time!

At monthly meetings, events were planned and included social evenings, housie, balls, juvenile balls and dances. Donations were made to causes such as The Iron Lung Fun but mostly the Hardys Bay Sub-Branch benefited. The Hulme ladies, Lucy, Lottie and Florrie, were among the numerous women who had a large role to play during the years that the RSL Auxiliary operated in support of the RSL.



Important women of the community and the stories. Standing: Anne Cameron, Mrs Tindall. Babs Murphy, Dorothy Jackson, unknown, Irish Whiting, Phyl Woods, Enid Murphy, Phyl Annand, Jean Murray. Seated: Marj Smith, Anness Murphy, unknown. The children are not named.

Regular Monthly Meeting September 8th 1952.

Regular Monthly Meeting of the R.S.L. Women's Auxiliary was held on September 8th 1952. Meeting opened by President Mrs Murphy at 3.10. P.M. with 2 minutes silence to our departed comrades. Assist. Secretary read minutes of previous meeting moved by Mrs Edwards seconded Mrs Hansen minutes be received. Moved by Mrs Patterson seconded Mrs Meyer the be adopted Carried.

Correspondence. From Northcott Appeal Re Miss Australia also suggestions on how to raise funds for the appeal.

Moved by Mrs Brady correspondence be received seconded by Mrs Sandford. Carried. Treasurer's Report moved by Mrs Patterson seconded Mrs Fraser report be received Carried. Moved by Mrs Patterson seconded Mrs Fraser Secretary ask all members to send donations of food for stall on October 4th.

Received £4.14.0 for duchess set. From badges received £11.16. - with badges still out. Competition was won by Mrs J. C. Hansen. Meeting was closed at 3.55 by President in peace & harmony. Afternoon Tea 3/-.

	Income.	Expenses.	Balance.
Hause			
August 6 th			£2 = - = 9
£2 - 9			£1 = 19 = 6
13 th 1 - 19 - 6			£3 = 14 = -
20 th 3 - 14 - -			£4 = 1 = 3
27 th 4 - 1 - 3			£11 = 15 = 6
£11 - 15 - 6.			

A. E. Murphy



A Central Coast Express Hospital Supplement photo published in May 1966.

Back: Emmy Board, Mrs Hatman, Pauline Battishall, Daphne Hulme (Jim's second wife), Noeline Jackson.

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

Front: Mrs Cass, Mrs Tait, Mrs Green.



Phyll Woods, on her retirement from the Auxiliary, accepting flowers from Gosford Hospital Executive, circa 1995.

Phyll Woods (Martin) was the first Secretary of The Hardys Bay/Killcare Hospital Auxiliary, when it was formed in 1946.

In 1966, Phyll was President, when Gosford Hospital's extensions costing \$1,200,000 were opened on May 7, 1966. The auxiliary was still going strong and Phyll held executive positions throughout its time.

'Donation of monies and equipment presented to Gosford District hospital approximately \$6000 since the formation of the auxiliary'. (Central Coast Express Hospital Supplement, 1966)

Miss Lucy Hulme was the first Treasurer and was still attending meetings in 1966.

For many years, tennis was an important part of life on the peninsula. Holwell's tennis court in Venice Road, Pretty Beach was the venue, where the ladies gathered weekly to play.



Back: Elsie (surname not known) Meg Stewart, Phyllis Annand, Babs Murphy, Vi Osborne, Dorrie Dickson, Elsie Wright, Mrs Wilsmore, Mavis Johnson (married Aleck Blewden), Pearl Smith. Front: Ann Cameron, Phyll Martin, Ros Wright, Sylvia (surname unknown).



Family group at Martinsyde circa 1941 – Phyllis Martin (standing), Lucy and Lottie Hulme (kneeling), Peg Battishall (Chick's wife) (sitting). The children are boy on left unknown, Dorothy Martin, Janice Battishall, Keith Martin, Frank Battishall.



The house in Grandview Crescent, owned by Lottie Hulme and sold to Jim Hulme



Jim Hulme and his sisters at Martinsyde c. 1956. Back: Jim Hulme.

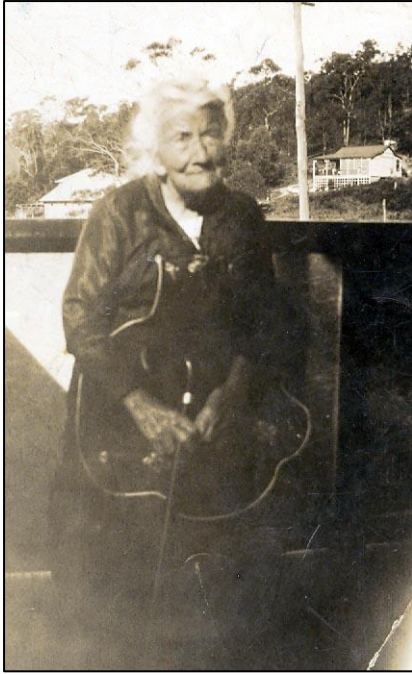
Front: Charlie and Pauline Battishall, Clara Leno, Lucy Hulme, Lottie Hulme.

In later years Pauline (nee Hulme) and Charlie Battishall lived at 14 Beach Drive, with Lucy and Lottie nearby. After Florrie died, Jim Hulme married Daphne Hampson, a friend of Pauline's, in 1957 and they lived at *Mon Desir*, No. 21 Grandview Parade. Following Jim's death in 1961, Daphne lived with Pauline. Frank Battishall, son of Charlie, holidayed there too. (Pat Battishall remembers Afghan hounds). Daphne's daughter also lived in Beach Drive. After the death of her husband, Andrew, Clara Leno lived in a house which was located towards the point in Araluen Drive, Hardys Bay. This would have been during the 1950s.

Income. Rent.		Expenditure	
Rent Mrs Wright		5 th May Mrs Wright cleaning	2
5 th May	8-16-6	Washing Blankets	2-0-0
12 th May Mrs Yuille wed.	1-10-0	9 th May Double adaptor plug phone	1-11
26 th May " " "	1-10-0	14 th Jones & Sons - 2 lbs	1-0-0
2 June " " "	1-10-0	5 th July Phone book & clock	2-0-0
9 June " " "	1-10-0	5 th July Jones & Sons - 2 lbs	1-0-0
16 June " " "	1-10-0	Electric light account	6-15-6
23 June " " "	1-10-0	New Primus Burner	7-10
30 June " " "	1-10-0	11 Aug Jones & Sons - naphthalene	8-8
7 July " " "	1-10-0	9 Oct Jones & Sons - 2 lbs	1-0-0
14 July " " "	1-10-0		
21 July " " "	1-10-0	Receipts 9 Sept 34-6	
28 July " " "	1-10-0		
4 Aug " " "	1-10-0		1-10-0
11 Aug " " "	1-10-0		2-0
18 Aug " " "	1-10-0		1-0
25 " " " "	1-10-0		10-0
2 Sept " " "	1-10-0		2-4-0
9 " " " "	1-10-0		
	34-6-6		

Rent Book kept by Reuben Battishall for *Devon* at No.5 Killcare Road

The following information was supplied by several members of the various families currently living in or near the area. Jack Battishall (son of Pauline and John Battishall and brother of Phyllis) lives at Hardys Bay. His paternal grandmother was Sophia Battishall, who spent her last years at Beach Drive, Killcare and died there, aged 102 years in 1946. His uncle, Reuben Battishall, never married and spent the last years of his life at *Devon*, No.5 Killcare Road. Joanne Battishall (niece of Jack, great niece of Reuben and great-grand-daughter of Sophia) lives at Pretty Beach. She found a little book belonging to Uncle Reuben. In 1951/52, *Devon* was let and the income and expenditure were recorded (see photo above). Two tenants were Mrs Wright and Mrs Yuille (familiar names in the area) and the weekly rent amounted to one pound, ten shillings. Expenses included cleaning, the washing of blankets, a double adaptor, a Primus burner and naphthalene. The electricity bill was six pounds, fifteen shillings and sixpence. Often Reuben came with the house when rented out to visitors.

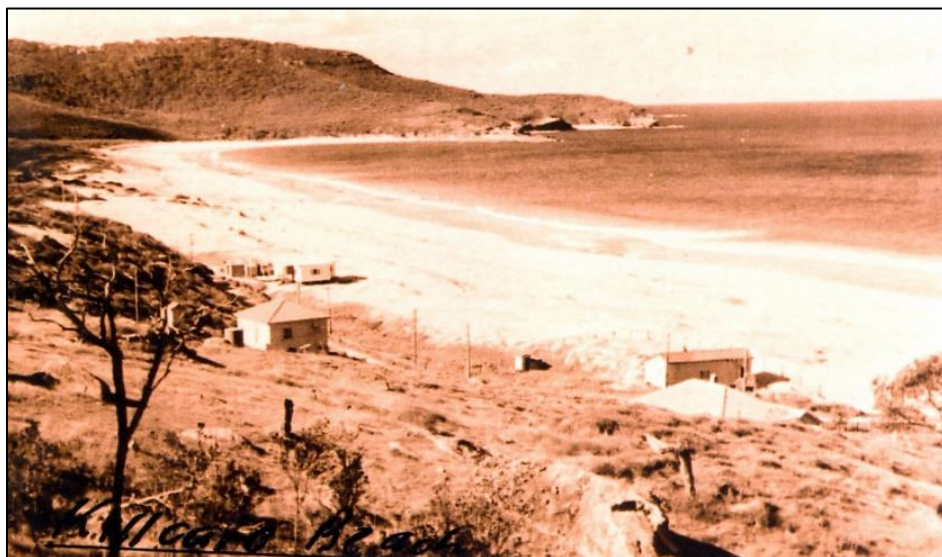


Mrs Sophia Battishall, matriarch of the clan, lived her last days at Killcare.

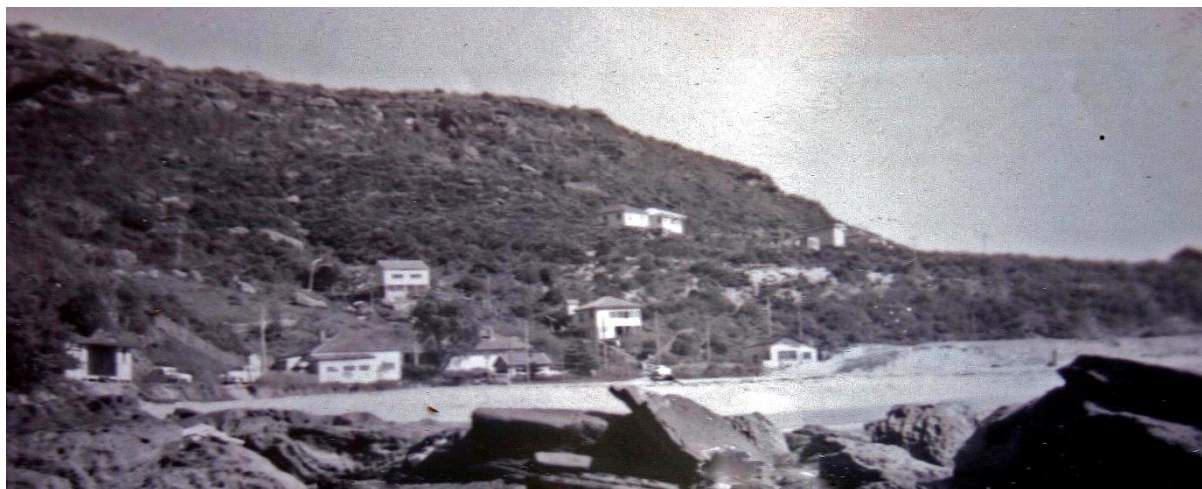
One of Reuben's nephews was Len Battishall and he and his wife, Pat, retired to Killcare. They built *Bathaven* in Beach Drive, where Pat Battishall, aged 92years, still lives. Len was mates with Stan Woods and they shared a love for motor bikes. Stan's daughter, Heather, married Jim Tubby, long-time member of the surf club and now its historian. The Tubby's house, *Tumble-In*, was in Grandview Parade behind Uncle Charlie's house in Beach Drive. Jim Tubby has made a wonderful contribution to the History Project.

Charlotte died in Sydney in 1929, aged 79. So, what became of the other Hulme sisters and their offspring? Emily, the eldest daughter, married and went to live in Scotland. Eleanor Hulme married George Yates. The Yates family lives in Queensland. Beryl Blackall corresponded with Jim Yates. The youngest daughter of James and Charlotte, Rose, died in Melbourne shortly after arrival, aged nineteen.

The four families had and still have a strong connection with the area. Clara's daughter, Beryl, and her husband Joe Blackall lived at Killcare in the years after the war. Joe worked at Gosford Quarry, where he made the headlines when a large rock fell on his shoulder. Beryl was never a well woman (do you remember the sickly child?) and her family were fortunate that she lived for seventy-eight years. Beryl's daughter, Marian Semmens (nee Blackall), has fond memories of living at the beach as a small child and starting school at Pretty Beach Public School, although she was only there for a short time. She also remembers many holidays that she and her brother, Robert, and cousins, Ross and Graham Styles, spent with Aunt Lucy and Aunt Lottie.



This photo apparently taken in the 1940s brings it all back for Marian! The roof of *Martinsyde* can be seen in the foreground to the right. *Blink Bonnie*, Lucy's little house, is on the sand just in front. Left of centre is a house built in the same era, now owned by Annette Gero, and another little house can be seen on the sand further up the beach. This house belonged to Mrs Hopkins and her husband who had a 'gammy' leg. This house, too, was often swamped by sand; so much so, that Marian remembers a remarkable occasion when she saw a goat on the roof. The same houses can be seen in the following photo taken some years later in the mid-fifties.



1956 – From left: The Surf Club, Martinsyde, the Green House (on hill), Blink Bonnie (right of tree), the Gero house, the Hopkins' house.

Marian remembers Jim and Ethel Moore, living in a tiny, one-roomed house spanning the creek near the beach. (Is this the little house on the bridge in the photo on [Page 9?](#)) She now thinks it is probably where they stayed for holidays, as they often visited Killcare in their retirement. In retirement they had moved to another small house, this time in Bowral.



Jim Moore and Marian Blackall.



Ethel Moore

The couple were very much loved by Beryl's family. To support Beryl when she was unwell, the children, Marian and Robert, were often collected by Jim and Ethel and taken to Bowral for holidays. After Jim's death, Ethel was taken in by Beryl and Joe and spent the last eight years of her life with the Blackall family.

It was at Killcare that Clara's daughter, Vi, met her husband Bill Styles, who was born in 1915 and started coming to Killcare from age seven. His mother was Alice Styles and she lived in Beach Drive, Killcare.

Bill bought Lot 35 (No 13) Grandview Crescent in 1947 and built a shack on it, now owned by Ross Styles. Graham Styles also owns property in Grandview Crescent.

This story is not finished, because in 2008, some of the protagonists are still alive and many of the descendants of the four families live on to tell the story and maintain connection with the area. Vi Styles is 90 and Chick Battishall is 97. Vi's sons, Ross and Graham Styles, often visit their holiday houses at Killcare and Chick's granddaughter, Joanne, lives at Pretty Beach. Dorothy Jenkins, who contributed so much to the story, lives at Hardys Bay. Dorothy is guardian of her mother, Phyllis's, photographs, letters and ephemera, which have helped tell the story so well. Marion Semmens lives at Saratoga and her memories have also helped considerably.

An interview with Jack Battishall, who talked about his family...and his memories of *Martinsyde*, began the story so we will end the story with Jack. Jack is retired and lives with his wife, Shirley, in their house in Heath Road, Hardys Bay, across the road from his boyhood home, *Boronia*.

And the houses...Alex and Bertha Martin's house, *Martinsyde*; Pauline's house in Beach Drive; *Boronia*; *The Green House*, the Gero House and the house and the shack in Grandview Crescent are still there today in 2008, renovated to some degree, but recognisable.

Robyn Warburton would like to acknowledge the following people for their help in telling this story: Jack Battishall (son of Pauline Hulme); Dorothy Jenkins (granddaughter of Pauline Hulme and John Battishall and daughter of Ray and Phyllis Martin); Marion Semmens (granddaughter of Clara Hulme); Ross Styles (grandson of Clara Hulme). And Jan Worthington who provided historical information.

Photos: Jack Battishall, Dorothy Jenkins, Gwen Perrie and Pam Mainsbridge

Jean and Noel Melvin

by David Dufty

This story is about a talented and delightful couple, who retired to Killcare and who, in their own distinctive ways, have brought great delight to many people in our local community, the Gosford area and indeed to many parts of Australia. This biography is written with appropriate bias by David Dufty, Jean's brother and Noel's brother-in-law. Noel's section of the story draws on my interview with him for the National Film and Sound Archives and my eulogy at his funeral.

Jean the Artist



Jean Dufty's grandfather, Alfred Dufty, was a 'photographic artist' who not only took photos of ships but also could turn such photos into colourful images of ships at sea. Water and boats became a feature of Jean's paintings.

Jean's father was a keen sketcher, and she grew up in a room with a fine drawing of dogs done by her mother, framed and hanging on the

wall.

She loved to draw as a child and so it was not surprising that after leaving Hornsby High School, she studied at the alma mater of many fine Australian artists: East Sydney Technical College.

This led to a job in the advertising industry where her skills and her sense of design were most acceptable.



During the later war years, she worked at the Beaufort Bomber Factory, and this was to change her whole life. Here, she was courted by a handsome young man, who was just beginning to make his mark as a singer. The attraction was mutual, and they married in 1945.



Their son, Graeme, was born nine months after the wedding, to be followed two years later by another beautiful baby, Glenys. Life was not easy for mother and children with an itinerant singing husband, but the family survived these problems.

Jean continued her painting, many being of Sydney settings with old houses and harbour views. Her paintings have always been in demand, and they have provided her with some pocket money. One painting was commissioned by an Indonesian diplomat as a gift to President Sukarno. One was presented to the Governor General, Sir Zelman Cowan. Many others went as presentations to corporate executives. She had people waiting for work to be done and her lifetime art works are prodigious in number.

Jean was an active member of the Ryde Art Society and did art workshops in many parts of NSW.

She visited Norfolk Island, where the Dufty family had links, and did a number of paintings based on her sketches there.

The family had close connections with the Central Coast with a holiday house on Cochrane Lagoon at Copacobana and Noel's mother living at Davistown.

Jean was recruited as an art teacher at the Kincumber Adult Education Centre, newly established by her sister-in-law, Helen Dufty. She was a natural teacher, and her students were keen and appreciative of her help and encouragement.

At long last, Noel retired and they found a suitable house in The Scenic Road Killcare, with a double garage to accommodate Jean's studio. Jean belongs to the Central Coast Art Society and exhibits regularly at various exhibitions with many prizes, commendations and sales.



She is an active member of the group, which paints in local areas every Tuesday and runs excursions to paint-worthy spots. You may see them quite often painting by the Bay. These paintings capture so well the local scenery with the patterns and colours of the casuarinas, the blues of sky and water, the billowing clouds and their reflections, the small boats in the Bay and the ageing boatsheds on the shoreline.

All are beautifully framed, and her atmospheric painting of Hardy's Bay pictured above glows on one of our walls.

Jean was a keen supporter of the 2006 multi-media event 'Bouddi Reflections' at Wagstaffe Hall, which attracted great interest from local artists and photographers.

Jean helped with the hanging of paintings, including four of her own. Three were landscapes but the fourth, seen here, was an experimental multi-media work called 'The Spirit of Bouddi', which was inspired by a photo of nature's artistry on the cliffs at Maitland Bay and includes reminders of the symbolism of Aboriginal art.

Animals are another love, and she has painted an Australian animal for all of her grandchildren and great grandchildren.

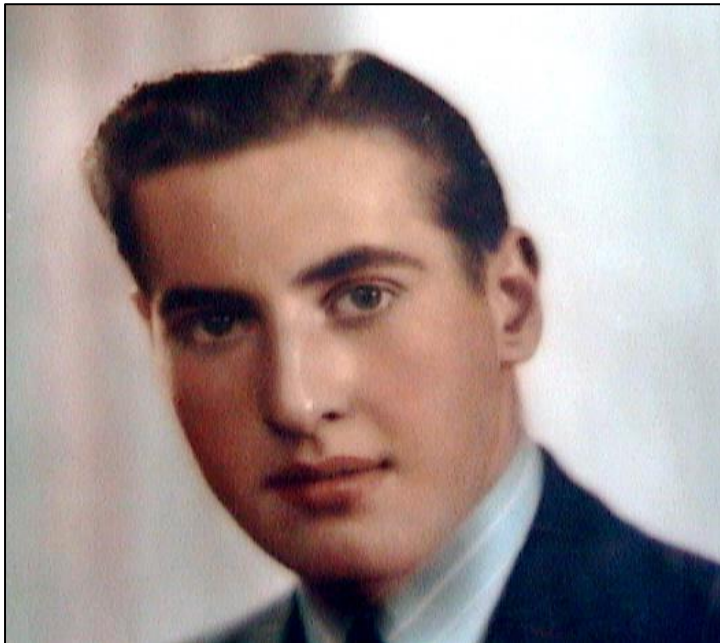
At the time of writing this Bio, Jean is 88 years old and still an active artist and a beautiful sister, sister-in-law and friend and neighbour, amongst many other virtues. Her vitality, active life and good genes help to account for Jean's amazing youthfulness.



Noel the Singer

Noel Melvin's childhood was not an easy one and he told us that life really began for him at his wonderful school, the Enmore Activity School, which fostered the abilities of every child with the help of outstanding teachers like Bob Staines and Alan Strom. So, he had a very early connection with our local area.

Very soon his music teacher realised that a glorious bass voice was coming from this 15-year-old boy. So, they got him to sing in the school concert to considerable applause...and he never stopped singing from that time to his dying day at the age of 78.



He was a slim young man on the ABC Youth Show at 16 singing 'Congo Lullaby' (My Little White Dove) for a fee of two guineas. He was soon winning prizes at the Sydney Eisteddfods, including the Open Bass Championship while still a teen-ager. His prize included the fine portrait shown here.

He nearly ruined his voice by singing too much the wrong way, but Vern Barnett at the Sydney Conservatorium helped him to repair the damage.

He then learnt from the fine basso, Stanley Clarkson, and so developed the great art of voice production, which he passed on to countless students since and which sustained his voice for the next 60 years.

His articulation was superb. You could hear every word he sang. His range was amazing. He could project his voice strongly to the back of the Sydney Town Hall. His interpretations of a huge variety of songs were most insightful.

Noel won Uncle Frank's Amateur Hour with a prize of 50 pounds. This made it possible for him at the tender age of 21 to get married to Jean as explained above.

When he was 22, he was asked to sing the bass solo in the St. George Society's *Messiah* at Sydney Town Hall. Stanley Clarkson wasn't pleased: it was 'one of my Messiahs'.

Thus began a wonderful career in Oratorio in which he once estimated he had sung the bass solos in the *Messiah* 168 times.



Noel won the ABC Vocal and Concerto Competition. He then won the prestigious Mobil Quest (see photo left) with a beautiful rendition. It was the folk song 'Randall my son', which we have on a CD.

Dame Joan Sutherland won the same quest, and Noel sang on various occasions with Joan, but he was not destined to study, sing and live overseas in the heady operatic world but to devote his life to Australia and its musical scenes and, with many thanks to Jean, to have a stable, rich and abundant family life.

This included beautiful children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, many of whom share Jean's and Noel's talents in performance and art.

Of course, Mum and the kids didn't have their Daddy home every night at 6 o'clock, for Noel spent much of every year travelling around Australia, performing with our fine symphony orchestras and top conductors. He performed the bass solos in *St. John's Passion* under Henry Krips and the baritone solos in Faure's *Requiem* under Sir Eugene Goossens.

The ABC looked after him well and at one stage he had his own radio program 'Noel Melvin Sings'. He performed in pioneer television shows doing opera, which went out live. There were three cameras, and someone waved to you which meant look at this camera, but it was all most confusing, and Jean would watch the show and ask when he got home: 'What on earth was going on there?' The photo below shows Noel on the left singing in the ABC production of Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*.



Noel sang *The Prologue to Pagliacci* dressed up in his clown suit and as he reached the great climax 'Ring up the Curtain' his clown hat fell off to the hilarity of all who watched. Noel sang an excerpt from this aria to introduce *The Place Where the World Turns Around* at Bouddi 2000 in Wagstaffe Hall.

Noel had lots of amusing travel yarns. Two singers and accompanist, Joan Allan, were engaged to sing at Warren, travelling by train but the train didn't stop at Warren as arranged so they had to pull the emergency chain, get off at a small siding, and make their way back on one of those little trolleys that you push and pull, hoping another train wasn't coming their way. On another occasion Joan was playing a piano solo, when one leg of the grand piano fell off and she continued valiantly with a slowly sloping piano, to the delight of the audience who must have thought it was a comedy act. It was.

Noel also had to supplement the family income by working at the Amory Reception Centre at Ashfield, where he sang schmaltzy songs at wedding receptions like *I Love you truly* and of course *I'll walk beside you through the passing years*.

And Jean did just that for Noel. Let me quote his exact words:

'I am eternally grateful that I had such a wife, for you couldn't have done what I did and travelled as much as I did, without someone to back you and to have a home base that was so serene and so solid, and everything was done to help you'. He was also very happy that Jean was able to continue her own career as an artist.

After all those years of travelling and bad diet, Noel set up his studio at home and so began his fruitful role as a teacher and conductor. Joan Allan (see photo below) again assisted as accompanist and as a teacher in her own right. Joan had been Peter Dawson's (see photo left) accompanist. Noel followed in Peter's footsteps with his ballad singing but added the great oratorios to his repertoire.



His teaching involved not only solo singing; his students were involved in musical productions and gained confidence and experience and much enjoyment from these activities. His performing group, the Lyndell Singers, raised thousands of dollars for charity.

Noel loved conducting. He was choirmaster at Holy Trinity at Concord West for a time, building up a choir of 40. He was described that year in the Anglican Journal as 'The Anglican of the Year'.

Noel had raised funds for the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children, so they asked him in 1965 to take on a job, fund raising plus some administration. He helped in setting up the schools and hostels for deaf and blind children at North Rocks. He was sent overseas and learnt about the latest advances for the care and education of deaf, blind and multi-handicapped children. He was Acting Director of the Royal Blind Society for a short period. In 1974 he assisted the Royal Blind Society in setting up the new Talking Books Programs. He used his knowledge of music and theatre to create the Mitchell Street Theatre, so that blind adults could participate in drama and music.

In 1987, he formed and conducted the N.S.W. Masonic Centenary Ensemble, which made a number of CD recordings and raised considerable sums of money for various charities.

In the Masonic fraternity, he was elevated to the position of Grand Director of Music and was responsible for the performance and standard of Masonic music throughout N.S.W. and A.C.T. for a period of 27 years.



Those years of 'so called' retirement at Killcare have been most enjoyable and very full ones for Noel and Jean. Noel described them once as the best years of his life. Noel found an excellent local accompanist and friend just up the street, in the person of Paul Edgar and they performed together at countless local concerts and service clubs and all for charity. *The Road to Mandalay* hushed and delighted a group of noisy young Lyons Club members at a cabaret type occasion. His spine-tingling voice filled the Wagstaffe Hall on varied occasions.

His diary was always full. He and Paul practised hard for every performance and there was no way any of us could change his abundant way of life. He had a warning heart attack while in action but it didn't stop him, nor did his loss of a kidney to cancer. He was very grateful to Gosford Hospital for their care and was a popular patient with the staff.

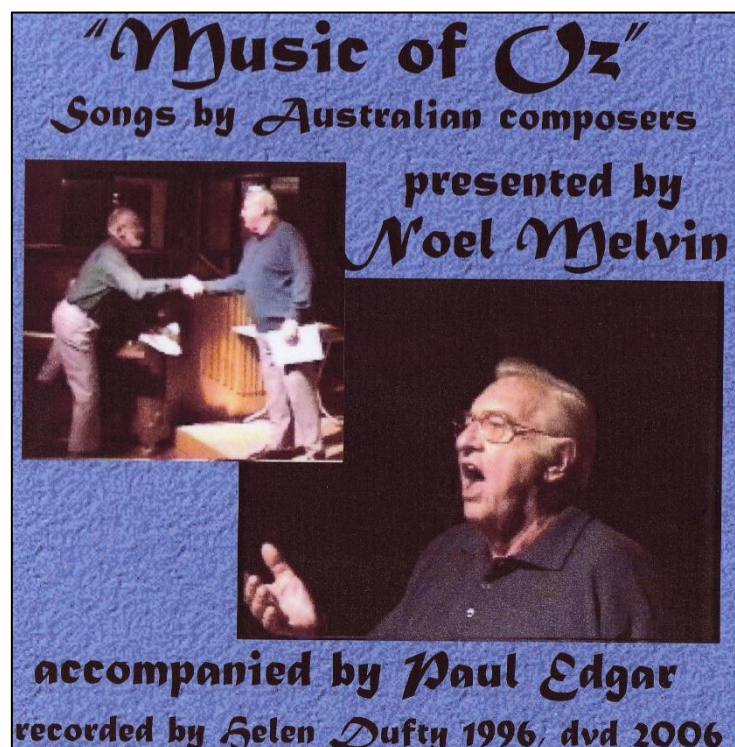
He was a most popular member of the East Gosford Probus Club, serving them well as a committee member

He was still fully active right up to the afternoon he lost consciousness at the Sydney Masonic Temple, so he never sang that night.



He concluded his interview for the National Film and Sound Archives with: 'It was a wonderful life, and I wouldn't change it'. As another fine performer Edith Piaf put it, 'Je ne regrette rien'.

There is one regret for us and that is that we don't have records of him, available to the public as we do with Peter Dawson and Joan Sutherland. Many fine tapes were lost in a disastrous fire at the ABC. Helen Dufty has assisted in this matter by preparing CDs and DVDs of Noel's work, including local performances, and a CD and DVD of Australian songs performed by Noel and Paul Edgar have been passed on to the National Film Archives, as well as a CD of performances recorded throughout his career.



The conclusion of my eulogy was:

Dear Noel,

You will never die

While we who are here

Are still alive

And your story will live on

When we are all gone.

You set a swift tempo

And sent fine melodies

Ringing in our hearts.

You helped make life a song

Which we sang together.

For all who had the pleasure

Of knowing you

And those who saw you perform

You are an Australian treasure.



Noel Melvin and partner as clowns gets '*The Place Where the World Turns Around*' off to a good start at Wagstaffe Hall during Bouddi 2000

And there is more

I have characterised Jean and Noel by their gifts as ‘artist’ and ‘singer’ but they are above all fine people with many roles in life, as complementary and devoted partners, caring and loving parents, grandparents and great grandparents, with a wonderful circle of friends who have supported them through life’s challenges:

two people who have made a fine and distinctive contribution to their artistic, local and wider communities.

Photo of clowns by Elaine Odgers Norling. Other photos are from the Melvin and Dufty Collections.

HELEN MENZIES' STORY

by Bronwyn Harrison

“I’ve been a writer all my life,” says Helen Menzies, the author of exciting children’s stories with a local setting. “Between teaching, sports journalism and policy roles in Equal Opportunity and Disability, I’ve written for most of my career.”

More recently, Helen has written her memoirs: *The Survivors’ Affair*, telling stories of her life, each sparked by a public event or the death of a public figure – either where she was when she learned of the person’s death, or memories of their life, or the reflections they inspired. The book is highly personal and interactive – readers comment how it inspired them to contemplate their own lives as the stories unfold. (“Where **was** I when I heard about...?”)

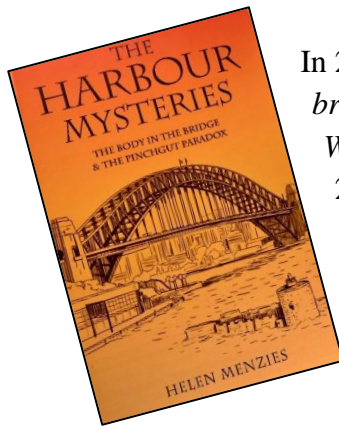
Since living in Wagstaffe, Helen has run Life Writing Classes. “Everyone has a story to tell,” she says, “and everyone’s story is fascinating.” The classes take participants through key parts of their lives and ask them to write (say) about first memories, childhood friendships, influential teachers, first loves, travel. “People’s stories are amazing,” says Helen, “It’s always surprising how each person’s story inspires others - participants learn as much about writing from listening to each other’s stories as they learn from me.”

Helen’s favourite children’s author is Arthur Ransome who wrote the *Swallows and Amazons* series about two families of children holidaying in England’s Lake District in the 1930s. “It’s beautifully written,” she says, “and I was drawn to the stories about an idealised childhood.” So, when Helen decided to write children’s books, it was natural to base the stories in the idyllic local area – renamed ‘Ducks Crossing’ (for obvious reasons).

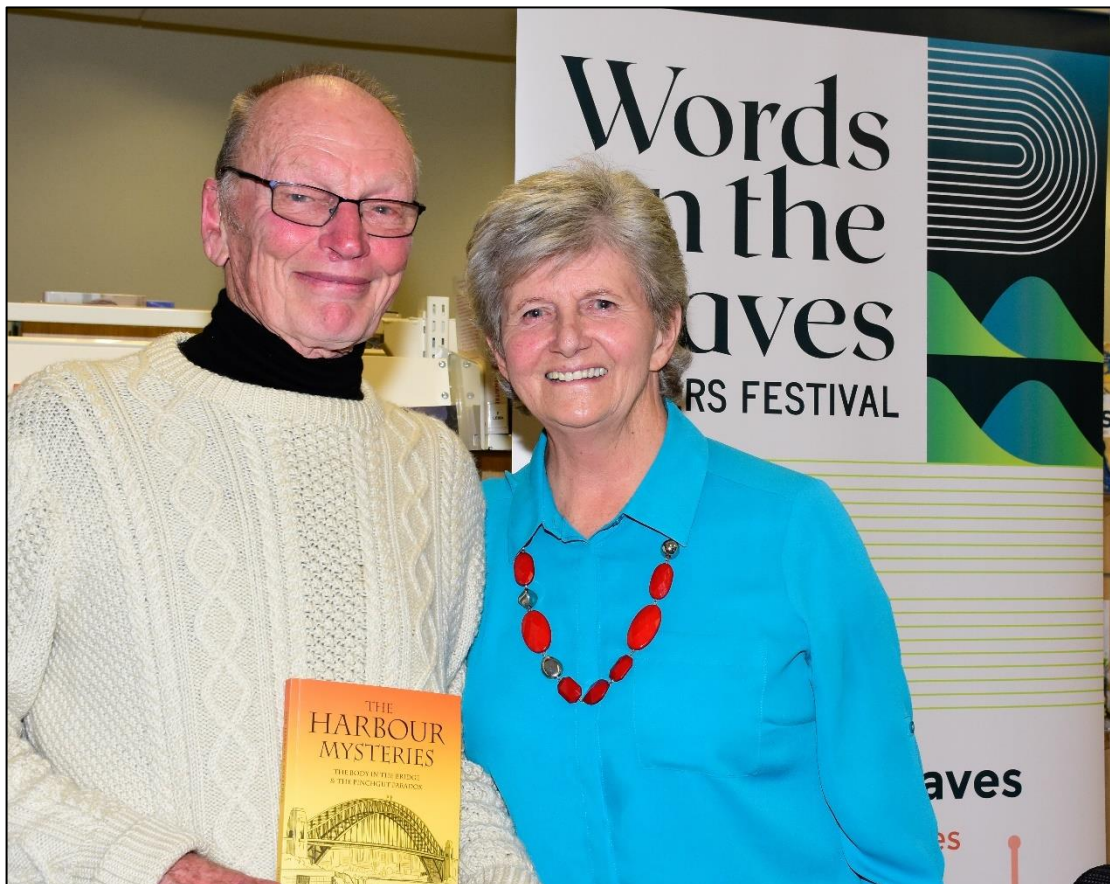
The audience in the photo below is enjoying a tribute to Helen at one of the launches held at Wagstaffe Hall. Was it Dawn Fraser who launched one of Helen’s books?



The three books in the series, *Ducks Crossing and the Secret Shadow*, *Ducks Crossing and Thunderbolt Island*, and the most recently launched *Ducks Crossing and the Hungry Dingo*, tell the adventures of children who settle here after their parents were killed in London in WWII. While the stories are fictional, they could well be based on actual events, since Helen draws heavily on local history as well as ‘writing in’ characters currently living in the area. “I like mixing up fact with fiction,” says Helen. “If readers can relate to some of the factual background, it helps bring the whole story to life. I love writing. I love transporting people into that magical world.”



In 2021, Helen published *The Harbour Mysteries The Body in the bridge & the Pinchgut Paradox*. As part of the Writers Festival, *Words on the Waves*, the book was launched by John Bell in June 2022 (see photo below).



THE MOORE HOUSE

Above Lobster Beach is a unique house built by one of Australia's finest photographers, David Moore. Firstly, David's daughter Lisa provides some vivid personal memories. Then, Philip Drew views the house from an architect's viewpoint. All photos are by David Moore unless otherwise credited.

Lisa Moore

Whenever Dad got the chance, he would squeeze his four children and an array of camping gear into the VW station wagon. The Coolites would be strapped to the roof racks with fraying ockie straps tight around them and we'd putter up the highway. He searched out wild spots, often nowhere near any sign of other campers, amenities or fresh water, but always with a beach nearby with rocks to climb and driftwood to collect. After many adventures and misadventures, he finally decided to pack the tent into storage and look for something a little more comfortable and permanent but with the same sense of 'wildness' about it.

My father was David Moore (1927 – 2003); he was a photographer, and he had a passion for the bush and rocks and gnarly trees that was as strong as his passion for photography. He had an array of fascinating people who were his friends, work colleagues and party mates. It was the late 60s and they all had a very serious determination to make their mark in the disciplines of design, architecture and photography, while often going to great lengths to look like a bunch of hippies who just arrived from Nimbin. That was the fashion of the time.

Dad had spent his 20s in London shooting for the big picture magazines and on arriving home in 1958 (with by then my mother and a baby daughter) he was given an assignment by Time Magazine to shoot the Australian outback; a dream job; the country that he had missed so much in dreary London. Through the 60s he was often away for weeks at a time on assignment on various continents of the globe. He needed a refuge, a quiet place where he could become grounded and be totally separated from his other life in his city of Sydney.

The spot of land he found was beautiful and represented a challenge he relished: a rocky outcrop on a ridge surrounded by twisted angophoras above Lobster Beach. I'm sure Dad must have felt that this was 'position perfect'. Views to the west were over Broken Bay towards Pearl Beach, Umina and Ettalong, views to the north extended up to Brisbane Water and the rock outcrop further up the hill protected the location from the strong southerly winds. The land to the south beyond the outcrop was Bouddi National Park.

Mum remembers his excitement when he snapped up the large block for next to nothing. She was now married to the architect Ian McKay and managed to persuade Dad to engage Ian to design his house. Dad's fundamental wish was for a 'lean-to with luxury', a simple structure that was open plan in nature and able to accommodate his friends and ensuing children. Having been briefed by Dad, whose idea it was to situate the house on the rock platform where it sits today, Ian presented him with two initial designs which did not fit the bill. Dad's response to the final design, according to Ian, was a silence of fully five minutes before he said, 'Let's do it!' and went off to make a model from foam core board which he then placed in situ to photograph. Together they were breaking new ground; this wasn't just any old house; it was seen as completely mad by the locals.

It presented a complex Japanese jigsaw puzzle to the builders. This was on top of the fact that the location presented extremely difficult access for trucks, delivery vans and visitors alike. I'm sure the locals were thinking 'who on earth are these people?' I heard a rumour that Dad was being labelled as the mad professor and had collected various other nicknames by the locals down the hill. That didn't matter; we felt far enough away not to bother about such things.

Building began in about 1972 and the four children and various friends accompanied Dad up to the site to witness the raising of the two vertical beams that were to support the complex web of joinery that completed the structure. It was a difficult and exciting day with high winds, no cranes, a tangle of ropes and a few terse words from the builders. I got the impression that everyone, who wasn't directly connected to Dad, thought the whole building was madness from the beginning. The beams finally found their footing and the rest of the building gradually took shape. Dad was very determined to 'tread lightly' on the landscape and he gave strict instructions to builders that they were to take the utmost care not to disturb the environment when delivering materials. So consequently, when the house was finished it



Moore House above Lobster Beach

Photographs by David Moore copyright Lisa, Michael, Karen and Matthew Moore



Upstairs bedroom

Photographs by David Moore, copyright Lisa, Michael, Karen and Matthew Moore

It's a place that has been designed for holidays and so the inside space is open plan and brings people together around a long wooden table. Looking out from any part of the house one feels enfolded by the elements and the surrounding bush. The windows that wrap the northern side, leading onto the huge balcony, give the feeling of being completely in the environment, yet sheltered from it. As kids we hung out in the central suspended bedroom that hangs from the roof beams. The band of angled windows to the west and east gave us a view through the treetops to the sky, stars, storms, light and down to the water. We were kings and queens of our domain. We could peer down through a long opening to the side over the kitchen and watch the food preparation. The other side of the platform offered views over the central table, and we would pretend to 'spy' on the adults. The 'elevation' effect continues from the huge balcony – through the twisted pink angophoras down to the bay and across the water to the northwest, and from the southern side where the ridge climbs up to a rock

The adventure in arriving at 'the Bay', as we fondly named it, added an additional bonus to the experience. The journey from Sydney would start on the freeway that ended around Mount White. Then we'd drive for miles curving down and up hills with the sound of bellbirds in our ears and would often end up getting caught behind an early model caravan spitting smoke. Finally, after passing Gosford and Macmasters we'd wind down to Hardys Bay and we knew we were almost there. We'd pass the bays and the fibro shacks until we arrived at the Wagstaffe General Store where there were always a few old locals having a beer and a chat outside. Dad would stock up with a few supplies and we'd head up the hill and turn left at the fire trail. This was the fun bit.

The trail was often almost canopied with lantana and the last hill was especially bad after rain. Unless it had been graded there were often two canyons of clay to slip and slide around. The relief in arriving was enormous.

Our arrival was always announced by my brothers, sister and me running out to the deck and jumping up and down near the corner where a bench seat wrapped the trunk of a massive, twisted angophora. The suspended deck's vibrations caused a rumble from the tank below that was like a deep and distant thunder and we revelled in the sound. It was a confirmation of arrival in a place that we found to be remote and wild. In those days the only other house on the ridgeline was a little fibro shack that seemed mostly deserted.

Those times we would rarely visit the local neighbourhood and, always having come completely prepared for our stay, we would spend our time walking and exploring the bush and the bays. Dad had a habit of naming trees and rock outcrops. The large flat rock lookout to the south above our house was named 'Top Rock', the rock outcrop to the north and closer to Half Tide Rocks was called 'Frog Rock'. An angophora to the south, and behind where the National Park's lookout now is, was called 'The Mother Tree' as a branch had grown



'The Impossible Tree'

Photograph by David Moore copyright Lisa, Michael, Karen and Matthew Moore

completely in a circle. Further up the fire trail was the 'Moose Tree' and the best tree of all was 'The Impossible Tree'. This tree is located on the southern ridgeline of Lobster Beach, and it has been battered by the winds so much that its branches twist and curve down the hill in an impossible tangle. We would often take visitors there and everyone would climb the tree and sit all over it. These days the trunk has become too large to climb, which was a huge disappointment for my children when they were younger.

When Dad was at the house alone or with his partner, he would spend hours building rock paths and clearing lantana, bitou bush and other weeds, coming back covered with scratches. He devised a pulley system to move massive rocks by himself, placing and integrating them with the landscape so as to look as natural as possible. These paths now extend to the east and west and along the ridgeline of 'Top Rock', from the house to the public pathway and to the beach, as well as the path from the driveway to the house.

Lobster Beach, in the early 70s, housed a few old fellows in shacks along the beach and around to the southern side of the bay. The shacks had been thrown together with discarded scraps of tin and local stone and we often saw smoke coming from the crude chimneys. As children we were a bit hesitant to go near the shacks and disturb the residents, but I do remember one day meeting an old bloke on the beach who told us tales of electric eels. He told us that his grandchildren would visit him regularly at his shack, coming over from Ettalong in a tinny. They would hunt down eels and all stand around in a circle holding hands with the eel providing the final link between hands. He told us the kids loved getting an electric shock from this and would we like to have a go? Fortunately, no matter how hard we hunted that day, we couldn't find any eels. We went home a little disappointed and also a little grateful.

The land around the beach and beyond was owned by the Broken Bay Pastoral Company until the National Parks & Wildlife Service (NPWS), came into ownership in 1976. All the shacks were demolished, and everyone left except for an old fellow known as Sam Moore.

He re-built his shack that the NWPS discovered and pulled down; then he rebuilt again higher up the ridge using only corrugated iron. He had cats to keep him company and we were amazed at how he managed to exist for so long in the bush.

I remember walking home one evening from the shop and seeing what I thought in the darkness was a large boulder in the middle of the fire trail. It was Sam having a rest from his walk to the shop and he told me not to be frightened but he needed a breather. Some years later I heard that he fell from a cliff and was helicoptered to hospital. We never heard about him after that.

Before the NWPS took ownership the rough track to the beach extended to the southern creek; then descended to the beach. As kids we thought we could find a quicker way to get to the water and would often slide on our bottoms down some eroded clay sections and through the lantana, ending up filthy and in need of a swim.

A year after building the house, a young boy came to the door and told dad that an elderly woman down the road wanted to speak with him. He obliged, went and had a cup of tea and a chat. The woman told him that she owned the block of land that separated his block from the National Park that extended down the hill past the corner in High View Road and up behind the houses. She told him that she had noticed him caring for the bush, clearing the weeds and because of this, she wanted to sell him her block. He was thrilled and struck a deal.

We spent many summers at the Bay and many wintry weekends exploring the bush, the bays and Tallow Beach. The house originally had an enormous metal fireplace with wide gaps in the sides and a chimney that shot out at a 45° angle to the roof. For the first few years we would endure this 'designer' fireplace and the fact that no matter how much we added extra tin to the sides, the smoke would still billow out and rise slowly to the bedroom upstairs. Finally, Dad came to his senses and replaced it with a much smaller version and a vertical chimney that worked perfectly.

After twenty years of travelling to the Bay, Dad hankered for a shed and a place to build things. He discovered in Tasmania a little town about an hour from Hobart. He bought a weatherboard house with an enormous shed that used to house the owner's bus. He put his energy into the house, shed and land, repairing and renovating it in a simple style reminiscent of American Shaker architecture.

What about the Bay? He then called a real estate agent and was about to sign off on a deal to put the Bay on the market when his children discovered his plan. We were horrified, Mum was horrified, and a meeting was called to convince him to keep the house and land. I don't think he realised how important the place had become for his children and grandchildren. He relented and decided to hand over the management of the property to his children. We were thrilled. After he died in 2003, we scattered his ashes from Top Rock on top of the grass trees and the flannel flowers below.

In the last twenty years our fire trail access had slowly become cut off. The parcels of land to the north on the ridgeline were subdivided and the houses, that were built there, needed driveways that dissected the fire trail. It became impossible to traverse and our new neighbours weren't happy for us to cross their land. This situation was able to come about as the fire trail was apparently never a gazetted trail and therefore the neighbours had every right to build their driveways over it. For a while we began to use the closest neighbour's

driveway (then owned by the McCalls) and eventually, much to our relief were able to buy a right of way access over this driveway, but we still had problems negotiating the top section of the fire trail. We finally had had enough of the mud and the ditches and laid concrete for an easier passage.

In the time between 1970 and now the area has changed significantly from a sleepy fishing village of fibro shacks to a mixture of original houses and some rather large residences. Over time our house had become damaged with white ants and dry rot, so we had to replace the deck and do some other repairs. I decided that it was necessary to consult with the original architect, Ian McKay, and discuss our plans so that he would feel comfortable with any changes in design that had become necessary to comply with today's building standards. Ian was living in Byron Bay and commuting quite regularly to Sydney, so I called him and arranged to drive him from Sydney to the Bay to discuss the project. He walked in and was amazed at how the house had held up over the years. Every builder that I have spoken to has been similarly amazed that a house, made mostly of Oregon, has managed to weather the elements as well as it has. Ian was delighted to be included in the design discussion and finally said to me that a house had to 'evolve' and that he was happy with our plans. He was also surprised that he had originally suspended the deck with so little support (something that Dad had to remedy when he got sick of his children jumping on the deck to make the tank rumble) and he laughed at his ambitions as an emerging young architect.

Our children love the place as much as we have and appreciate the fact that they have a place to escape the hectic life of the city. We often have friends who spend weekends in the house with their families and they all comment about how lucky they are to be able to share the house, some even saying that it is their favourite place on the planet and that their children call it the 'Tree House'.



Philip Drew

Philip Drew is a Sydney-based architectural critic and author. The following article is a shorter version of one reproduced in Architecture Australis, Vol.91, No.4 July/August 2002. The article is reproduced in full at the following website:

<http://www.architectureaustralia.com.au/aa/aaissue.php?issueid=200207&article=6&typeon=1>

The bush around David Moore's Lobster Bay house is thick with angophoras. These wildly contorted and intensely sensual trees invite comparisons with a photographic series of nudes which Moore began after he moved into the house. In these works, he approached the body in the same way as he approached landscape, treating it as a living changing landscape that related directly to the forms of the angophoras and the eroded, shoreline rocks.



Concealed in the angophoras, the house is difficult to find. It sits isolated, astride a bony ridge, in the shadow of a hill named Top Rock. The house was intended as an isolated retreat. Following the break-up of his marriage, Moore wanted somewhere tranquil and peaceful where he could take his four children on weekends, which was less trouble than camping, and which was near the bush so he could go bushwalking. For convenience, it also had to be less than two hours from Sydney.

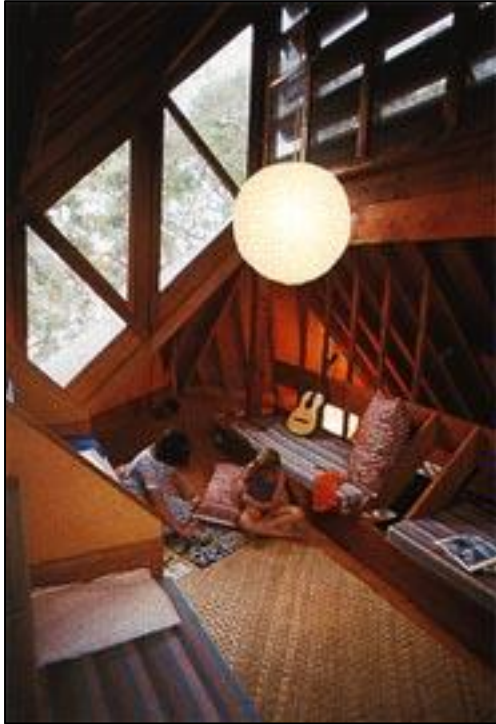
Moore acquired the site on High View Road at Pretty Beach in December 1968.

On the western edge of Bouddi National Park, occupying the north slope of the ridge, it has wonderful views of Brisbane Water, Ocean Beach and Pearl Beach.



In addition to the magnificent angophoras, the site had rock outcrops covered with scattered lichen. Moore recalls that he... 'didn't want the house to interfere with the landscape'. He considered the land to be more precious than anything that might be built on it.

Architect, Ian McKay's first scheme went out the window fairly quickly. The second, an irregular wing which hooked onto and curled around a large rock outcrop on the ridge, didn't fare much better. MacKay was struggling to come up with a suitable scheme. In discussions,



Moore said he wanted the house to sit like an insect. At this point Moore went away to think. He then made his own sketch which became the foundation for MacKay's third design.

Moore's proposal was for a roughly symmetrical building centered around the living space with kitchen behind, master bedroom on one side, bunk rooms attached to the opposite side, and the entry between them. MacKay found this 'very interesting.' He modified it by stacking the bunk room over the living area, making the house perfectly symmetrical and more vertical.

MacKay introduced two standard timber trusses propped up in an 'A' by rafter beams. At its top, the vertical face of the truss above the opposing rafters was exposed to let sunlight into the upper bunkroom through horizontal louvres. To this basic A-frame foundation, MacKay added wing roofs on each side to cover the two bedrooms. The resulting pyramid shape is like a bird, but it also resembles a tent pitched with its guy ropes stretched wide from the central support. The house took nearly four years from start to finish. The design and the drawings were completed in September 1969. The builder, Peter Velling, did not start till March 1971 and the job was completed and the house occupied in June 1972. The total cost was \$27,524, including \$2,632 in PC items.



This figure seems astonishing when compared to today's inflated costs. The bearers and rafters were made of sawn Oregon lightly sanded, with 3/16" plywood for ceiling and walls, and a Super-Six A/C roof. The Oregon has weathered to a satisfying grey and now blends with the surrounding angophoras, small Bloodwoods, and Coastal Banksias.

While the house feels like a tent inside, its unity is complicated by the upper sleeping level overlooking the main living area. The simplicity of tent living is echoed by the placement of the deck next to the living space facing west for the afternoon sun.

The bunk room is snug, and cave like with views out through the trusses on each side and down over the living area. This creates a wonderful connection between children and adults and moves the space vertically. The ladder up to the bunk room provides one of the most arresting details. This challenging piece of climbing apparatus is made of individual timber foot pads mounted on a metal pipe. MacKay also designed a fireplace, with the chimney flue on the diagonal following the ceiling slope. However, the fire smoked, and people cracked their heads on the hot flue, so it was replaced by a more practical vertical flue and a Canadian fireplace design passed to Moore by Colin Madigan.

The Moore House is obliquely Wrightian, yet it also departs from Wright's dicta in significant ways. It is very Australian in its reticence and sits lightly on the bulging rock shelf. And, whereas Wright often extended a wall past the roof eaves so that his houses appear to reach out symbolically into the landscape, MacKay takes his architectural cues from the landscape. This is a crucial difference. Where Wright starts with the 'manmade' and acknowledges nature outside it, MacKay allows the outside to work its way into the house. The Moore House nestles on the rock much in the way a bird might choose to build its nest.

Moore spent 15 years eradicating the lantana and bitou bush and getting the land in shape. He also thinned the bush as a precaution against the fires which threatened the house on two or three occasions. However, after more than 20 years, Moore's familiarity with the site grew to the stage where it no longer offered him surprises and he felt a need to move on. His children rebelled, insisting he keep the house. This passing down of the Lobster Bay house will add a new stratum of knowledge to it.

The Moore house is a thoroughly Australian masterpiece, because, while it is subtly Wrightian, there is no obvious literal borrowing and no noticeable quotations.

Moore came from an architectural family (his father was the famous architect and painter, John D. Moore, and his brother Tony was also an architect) and he was accustomed to exploring architecture through his photography. He possesses a critical architectural intelligence that at times placed great demands on MacKay.

This has resulted in an exceptional work, inspired by the contorted structuralism and gestures of angophoras (that most human of Australian trees), the bulging rock outcrops, and the spirit of the bush itself.

The Moore House is about the transient occupation of the land, about camping and the bush. It derives its special outlook from a consideration of bushwalking as personified by the late Milo Dunphy. Non-Aboriginal occupation of Australia has been so brief, and as new arrivals we need to discover the bush so we can become more than mere sojourners. Moore saw himself as having a custodial role for the land.

This is embodied in the house, in the way that it rests lightly on the rock, and to the degree that it is a catalyst for the discovery of its surrounding.

Moore recalled later that he found new meaning through photographing the rocks and trees, the beaches and the ocean. The bush, with its subtle seasonal changes, gently affected his photographs, which are lyrical as a result.



Lobster Beach House – Photo: Lee Casey from the Bouddi Collection of Photos

BERT AND JEAN MYER: KILLCARE PIONEERS

by Helen & David Dufty & Bruce Lay

Bert Myer is a Killcare pioneer having lived here for all but two years of his long life and being a student at Pretty Beach School from its second year. He has been a part of three industries of the area: dairying, market gardening and fishing and he and Jean have been active community members. Here are some of their stories aided by Bert's memoirs and photos and by interviews by Helen and David Dufty and Bruce Lay.

Beginnings and Early Memories

Bert Myer was born 4th May, 1917 at Turramurra one of seven children, four boys and three girls: Annie who died aged ten, George, Ted, Rose, Bert, May and Frank. They came from Turramurra, to live permanently in Blythe Street, Killcare in 1919. Frank was the only child born at Killcare.

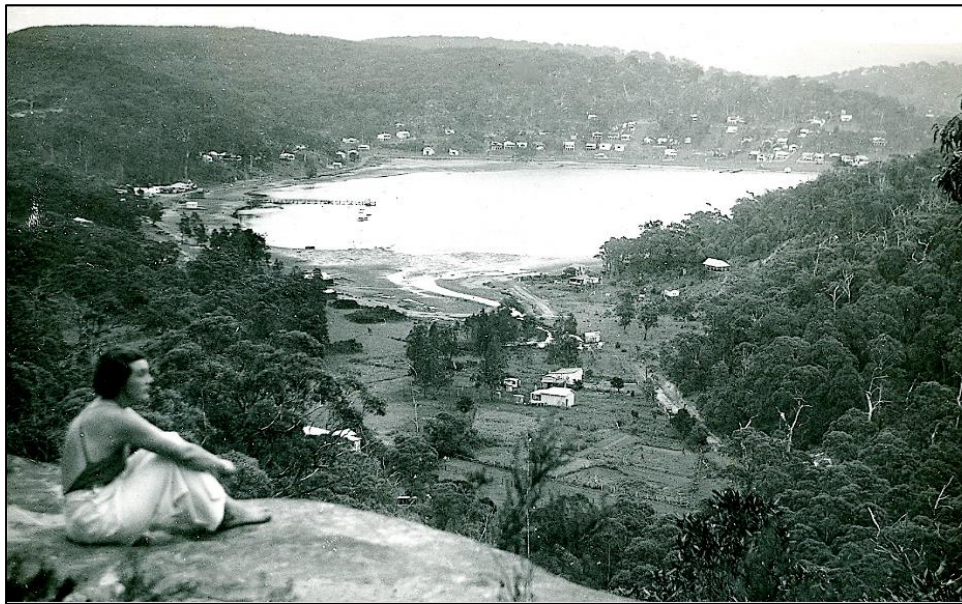


The Myer family about 1927. From left George, Ted, May, Bert on Snowy the draft horse, Mick, Annie, Frank on Billy the pony, and Rose. Bert used to ride Billy to Empire Bay with a three-gallon can, to collect extra milk at Christmas time from Harry Palmer's dairy at Empire Bay (near present Service Station).

Bert's parents were Nicholas George, known as Mick, and Annie Elizabeth (Ashton). Mick was a builder who built a lot of local houses, as well as operating a Dairy Farm. They also had pigs, poultry and grew all their home vegetables in Blythe Street. You won't find the old Myer home now as it got eaten by white ants and had to be demolished. It was a small external frame house. They enclosed the verandahs with hessian to serve as sleep-outs for the kids. The stone cut steps remain, as well as the brick garage built by Frank.

They also owned land near Fletchers Glen, now Fraser Road, where a natural creek flowed from the Sylvan Falls on top. This Glen was named after George Fletcher, the District Health Inspector. Their property was on the Glen (west) side, with Jack Ford running a dairy farm on the high (east) side. For the Myer family it was pretty much subsistence living.

Bert went to Empire Bay School from age 7 to 9. Ted and Rose also walked with Bert over the hill to Empire Bay each day, around the waterfront (no mangroves in those days) and over the saddle near the Murray's old house, a distance of about 3 miles. His father, Nicholas, was one of the parents to request a school at Pretty Beach. Pretty Beach School opened in 1927 and Bert attended the school from 1927 – 1932. The first teacher lived at Booker Bay and rowed to and from work every day.



Looking down from Wards Hill Rd onto land, at Killcare, including Myer land, farmed by local families. It is now a residential area.



Jean remembers her uncle, Bert Annand, was also a pupil when the school first opened. He attended school for a little while, missing many days.

Bert remembers the school principal Charles Allen (pictured in fancy dress) with great admiration and says he was treated with respect by his pupils. His favourite subject was Geography. He also remembers a vegetable garden, that was located between the school and the front fence (now the Year 1 room), which was well tended. Cricket, tennis and occasional swims in the pool were his sports. Bert spent every spare minute fishing and thinks he had the best place to grow up and to live in.

The family dairy farm was one of several in the Killcare area. Bert left school when he was 14 to work on the farm. He delivered milk to the local residents, so he knew many people, who always made him feel welcome for a meal. One resident he remembers fondly was Turo, to whom Bert delivered milk at his cave shelter in Pretty Beach.

He says he was the first Aboriginal to get an old age pension. Turo was considered to be a real gentleman, loved by all, especially the children.

Bert has other memories. According to him, Putty Beach was named after a big yellow dog called Putty owned by the first professional fisherman, Alex Cameron. Alex and Putty went fishing on the beach every day and so everyone referred to it as Putty's Beach.

Bert also questions the Aboriginal origin of the word 'Bouddi'. Bert says the Park was first established by the Conservation Trust, which had Marie Byles (Secretary), Mrs Sourry (Treasurer) and Mr Dingleidai (President). They combined their names and came up with Bouddi.

Bert believes that the naming of the local landmark, Oxley Rock, is evidence of the explorer John Oxley's visit in 1821.

The Hardys Bay area had several large middens, evidence of which can still be seen in the school grounds and other local sites. Peter Shenk, a Dutchman, had a shell grit processing shed on the waterfront at the end of Hardys Bay Parade, where evidence of an old jetty can still be seen. The shell grit for lime was then shipped to Sydney by steamer. In those days the Bay was deeper and larger ships could come to the wharves. He had a steam engine, which ground up the shell grit taken from the large area of ancient cockle and oyster shells in the Bay. This would have been the first steam engine in the area. Most of Sydney's early lime came from mining Aboriginal shell middens. Later other sources of lime were located, and the shed closed and was demolished in about 1924-5. Schenk died of silicosis.

On the Killcare waterfront Bert also remembers the first shop, the first bakery owned by Fred Holwell at Pretty Beach, the first butcher's shop and the tent where they used to sell grog but the owners 'drank themselves out of it'.

Work and Marriage

During the Depression years, Mick Myer bought each of his sons a block of land in Killcare, costing approximately twenty pound a block. Only Frank and Bert did not sell their land.

Bert's father died in 1939 so Bert ran the Dairy and during the war years supplied the Army with milk and vegetables. The Army was stationed at Killcare Beach and on the headlands along the coast during that time. There was barbwire along the beaches and most of the small boats were towed to Gosford so the enemy wouldn't commandeer them. Many of the wooden ones rotted away

Jean Annand was born in Petersham, Sydney. Her parents, Jack Annand and Dolly Beldon, had a holiday cottage at Hardys Bay and Jean visited at weekends.

Bert met Jean at the Hardys Bay Hall where great dances were held regularly. They travelled by ferry to Woy Woy, where they were married in the Presbyterian Church. The local people collected money and bought the couple a canteen of cutlery as a wedding present.

After their marriage they rented 18 Blythe Street for ten shillings a week for 12 months and then purchased the house from the owner, Peggy Blacklow, for two hundred and fifty pounds.

Twelve months later they purchased the adjoining land for fifty pounds from Jim Blacklow. The house was built in 1924 by Jim's father, Dick Blacklow. Dick had had a poultry run at the top of Blythe Street. It is an external ironbark frame house, fibro-clad by Bert just after WW2. The wrap around veranda was enclosed during the 1950s. Most of the timber came up on either the *Gosford* or *Erina*, steamships from Darling Harbour.

Bert planted this land with fruit trees and grew vegetables as well. They had a chicken run at the top of the block and raised pigs and had cows on the Fraser Road property. The produce was sold to the local community when Bert did his weekly rounds as a travelling greengrocer. This garden area was a picture with flowers and fruit over many years.



Bert selling his produce at Hardys Bay. Photo Shirley Hood.

Bert describes the lifestyle as sustenance. The dairy's animals and vegetable production was to service the local market consisting of holiday makers and weekenders. 'They hired extra cows for the holiday traffic'. The holiday makers came up on the train to Woy Woy and then used the ferries. Road access and cars only came after WW2.

Jack Ford had a dairy nearby in Fraser Road. There was also the Martin's dairy above the beach at Killcare, and another dairy at Wagstaffe. When Ray Martin died in Changi, Bert bought his cows.

While they were competitors, they got on well with the Fords, who had nine children, but less so with the Martins. The Myers used to meet the ferries with a can of milk. They helped carry the luggage of holiday makers in return for selling their milk. Bert's brother drove the ferry, which helped in lining up customers. He delivered from cans into 'billies'. The morning delivery was by horse and sulky, the afternoon usually by bike. Bert reckons his right arm is two inches longer than his left from holding a three gallon can while he was cycling.

He transported the milk cans by pony, making local deliveries. They also had an extensive orchard on their Blythe Street property. The fruit trees were mandarin and oranges and stone fruit. Strawberries were also grown. The main vegetables were beans, potatoes, tomatoes, chokos and pumpkins. The chook house was in the top, southeast corner. The pigs and cows were located in Fraser Road. He sold vegetables supplementing supplies from time to time from the wholesale markets in Gosford. Bert sold his produce off the back of a 'ute' in the 1950s-60s. He would go off on an errand and sell on the honour-box system.

There were a lot of local shops then. He recollects the names of 14 -15 of the shopkeepers from the western side of the Bay. He still grows some things on the slope above the house and some citrus also remain.

They used off-roof water, reticulated into the four 1000-gallon iron tanks that remain. He extended the lives of the tanks by cladding the outsides in chicken wire; they were then rendered and painted white. They still hold water. The garage was built by his brother, George, in the late '40s.

He does not recollect seeing brush turkeys until about 20-25 years ago. He thinks the numbers were controlled by Aboriginal hunting and does not think that foxes were a significant factor. When they started reappearing, he protected the chicks from predators such as currawongs. He fed them oats etc. He is fond of the turkeys, while acknowledging that they are now a nuisance in terms of gardening and would have prevented his livelihood if they had proliferated earlier. He has his vegetables well protected with chicken wire. They used to trap the turkeys and take them to the gully at MacMasters. This proved futile. There were also attempts by some locals to destroy their mounds. When breaking them up did not work, sump oil was poured over them – this seems to have been more effective.

Jean was extremely talented, making all her own clothes. She also introduced some local ladies to the art of dressmaking. Knitting and crochet were more of Jean's accomplishments, which she also taught to others, who were interested in learning these skills. Jean went to the library and learnt how to make fishing and prawn nets.

Through her friend, Pam Moore, who was doing a course in cake decorating, she was introduced to the skill. She learnt how to decorate many kinds of cakes from Pam, and from books at the library. Many local girls had their wedding cakes made and decorated with extremely fine work by Jean, who gave the cake as a gift or only charged for ingredients. (See photo).



Jean also had many other craft skills, including shell work on pots, lampshades and so on. She taught these crafts to others.

Jean assisted in raising money to build the Wagstaffe Hall, which opened in 1954.

In about 1957 Bert obtained a Professional Fishing Licence and fished the beach with nets for three or four years, also catching lobster in pots off the rocks. Over the years many families have enjoyed a fish dinner as a result to Bert's generosity.

He eventually returned to the fruit and vegetable run until retiring. The garden blocks in Fraser Road were then sold to supplement their income.

Over the years many local children and adults came and stayed with Jean and Bert, some for short or long term, some for weekends. All had a warm welcome there.

Retirement

Bert and Jean kept busy in their retirement. They were keen readers and made good use of the Bookmobile from Gosford Library: an asset to this community at that time (see photo).

They had many old friends and there was plenty to do in the garden and in community groups.





Long term Killcare residents and friends: (from left) Jean Myer (nee Annand), Bert Myer, Joan Smith (nee Clucas), Ruth Hawkshaw (nee Clucas) and Alan Cameron. See biographies of Ruth and Alan.

Bert and Jean celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary in 2002 with warm greetings from their family and friends.



Jean died in 2005 after a long illness and for most of those years Bert cared for Jean at home. Bert became extremely depressed after losing his lifelong partner and his doctor told him to get away from the house and have a good holiday, which he had never had.

To the rescue came Hazel Johnson, who had been a friend of Jean and Bert's for over 60 years. The Johnsons were a prominent family in the area. Ken Johnson built the marina about 50 years ago. Her parents owned the store at Killcare, now a café. After the war years it was known as 'The Orange Spot Store', oranges being a big part of Gosford life in those days.

Hazel has assisted Bert in his daily life and accompanied him on holidays, visiting many parts of Australia: Darwin, North Coast, Canberra, etc. Two highlights are pictured below: a trip in the Ghan and Bert's first ever flight in a plane, where they were invited into the flight deck.



A much deserved, new lease of life thus opened for Bert, who had seldom gone far from Killcare. At 90 plus years of age there is no more milking the cows, cutting firewood, delivering the milk by horseback; no more fruit picking and gardening and hawking the results around the area; just interesting travel, good friendship and a sleep after lunch.



18 Blythe Street Killcare: the family home once surrounded by orchards and gardens.

The Story of Frankie Oates

by Robyn Warburton

Robyn Warburton put together the story of Frankie Oates from information contained in the eulogy given on November 22, 2007 by Kim Oates, Frankie's older son; memories recorded by her sister Joyce Favelle and her nieces, Coralie, Kathi and Vicki; conversations with her friends, Betty Hazel, Thelma Fraser and Helen Warliker; Vale - Frankie Oates by Marion Anderson, President of the Umina Branch of Australian Red Cross; the obituary written by Harriet Veitch (Sydney Morning Herald, February 26 2008) and Robyn's taped interview with Frankie on October 17, 2007.



Frances Alcorn was born on 10th February, 1920 in Perth, Western Australia. Sometime later, the family moved to Brisbane and eventually to Sydney. Her father, Franklin Alcorn, was a Church of Christ minister. Her mother, Lily Pettiford, could best be described as a feminist, in the best sense of the word, long before the term 'feminist' had ever been thought of.

Ministers were paid very little in those days. The morning collection provided the stipend for the Minister and his family to live on. Kim and Terry (her younger son) remember Frankie telling them how each Sunday evening, she, her younger sister Joyce (Joy) and her parents would sit at the kitchen table and count the pennies, the 3d's, the 6d's and even the occasional shilling; money which had to sustain them for the following week. When Frankie's father had the church at Hurstville, there was no collection at the evening service, so as to encourage the young people to go to church and this is how Frankie met her husband-to-be, Wal. Ann Jackson, another friend of Frankie's, added to this part of the story. She recalled Frankie telling her that the weddings, baptisms and funerals performed by Pastor Alcorn were often paid for with a bag of fruit.

They may have been poor but theirs was a generous family. Frankie learnt about practical welfare as she was growing up during the hard times of the Depression. She said to her friend Pat Alderton, "Welfare started at our back door - with my mother."

People were always coming to the minister's house for some sort of help: some money or some food, nearly always given in exchange for doing some odd job, gardening or wood chopping.

Even on those occasions when there weren't really any jobs needing to be done, some minor chore would be assigned. Her parents firmly believed that when the person receiving help had given something in return, their self-respect was maintained.

The family did not know until the last minute if extra places would need to be set for lunch or dinner. The Rev Alcorn often brought home needy people. He would say, "Just put another cup of water in the stew."

Frankie recalls exhortations to be good, because they were the 'PKs' (the parson's kids).



Frances and Joyce

Kim remembered that his grandfather (Grandpa) was the big thinker, the visionary, not so interested in the detail, but generous too. He recalled, "Grandma was always concerned that he may give away his watch to a needy person if he had nothing else to give. (He once gave away his coat.) Grandma was generous too, but she was more practical. She knew what was going on. She kept an eye on the detail and you couldn't pull the wool over her eyes." Frankie told her friend and neighbour, Betty Hazel, that her mother was 'wont to take a dip in the font' on hot days. However, Joy recalled the only time that occurred was once in the country town of Brookton, WA on a very hot day. Kim went on to say that Frankie was fortunate enough to inherit from her parents, the generosity as well as the practicality.

Frankie attended Bexley Public School, St George Girls' High School and Miss Hale's secretarial college. She enjoyed a pleasant social life during her teenage years, with the church at its centre. Young people would gather at the Alcorn's house to listen to music and dance but not with each other. Betty Hazel recalled Frankie telling her they would have to dance with the broom.

However, Joy cannot remember any dancing at all in the home, unless it was joyous dancing up and down the hall or in the garden. Frankie worked at Millers Timber and Trading, Bridge Street, Sydney, where she was a happy and efficient secretary for five years, before she was married. "You didn't work in those days when you were married," she said.

Joy, Frankie's sister, contributed to the story. As young children Frankie and Joy were fairly normal, enjoying one another's company for much but not all the time. As teen-agers they (in Joy's words) 'battled' along. They shared a bedroom which meant one dressing table, one mirror and one light in the middle of the ceiling, not things really conducive to harmony.

One of them would want to read in bed; the other would not. One would be asleep when the other came in, turning on the light and so on. As a result, there was often friction between the sisters.

In spite of this difficulty, Frankie often amazed Joy with her generosity. Joy relates how she was with a theatre group and needed a glamorous pair of pyjamas for one of the scenes. She knew Frankie had a gorgeous pair of pink silk pyjamas in her trousseau and so she tentatively asked if she could borrow them and Frankie answered, without hesitation, "Yes."

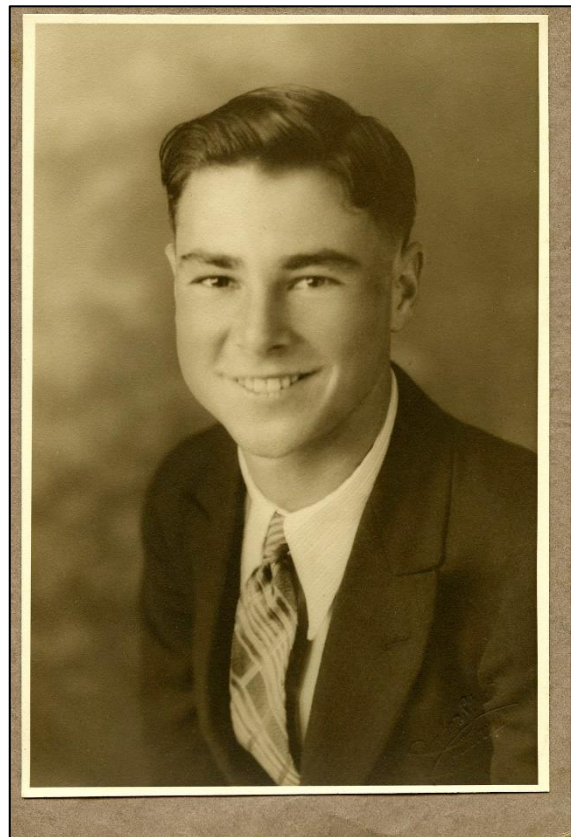
During the war years, collecting a trousseau was almost impossible. Joy asked Frankie if she could use the bride's maid dress Frankie had worn for her friend, Mary's, wedding to make some clothes for her trousseau. Once again, Frankie without hesitation said, "Yes."

Once Frankie and Wal were married, Frankie and Joy settled down, 'to battle' no more. Joy remembers Frankie's generous spirit and the friendship shared by the two couples. Wal was friends with Joy's husband, Geoff, before their marriages; a reason Joy believes was a factor in their closeness.

Frankie met Walter Oates at Hurstville Church of Christ, where her father was the minister. Kim said, "The old family photos show that they were 'a truly stunning couple, with 'film star looks, envied by Terry and me.'"



Frankie, a beautiful young woman.



Wal Oates, a handsome young man.



Frankie and Wal married in 1942. It was wartime and Wal was working in a protected industry. They began married life at Bondi but because of financial problems and the fact that Frankie soon became pregnant, they left their beloved Bondi and returned to the family home at Bexley.

She went on to talk about the house that Wal built. "Wal built the Padstow house with great difficulty. Although the war was over, building materials were in short supply and he would often have to wait for six months, for an order of timber or suchlike to be filled. Wal was a very meticulous builder, but it was all very difficult.

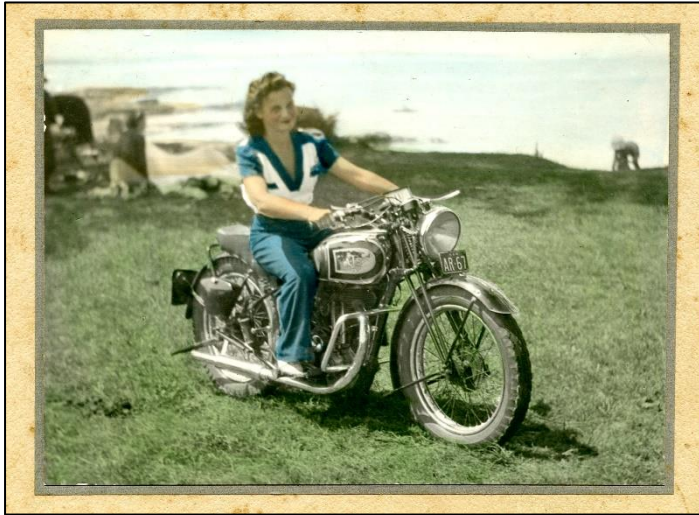
For some reason carriers delivering supplies would just drop them at the gate of our parents' home. I remember Frankie and myself carrying a very heavy bath round to the back of the house and also a stove. If left out in the street, they would have been stolen in no time. There were other young people trying to build at Padstow at the time.

They were all calling one another by their Christian names, which was quite novel at that time, and I remember Frankie saying, "I don't mind them calling me Frankie now, but will I like it when I'm 80?" We know the answer to that.

Wal and Frankie shared the Bexley house with Frankie's family and did not move to Padstow until Kim was four years old.



Wal and Frankie, photographed in Sydney



Frankie 'riding' Wal's motorbike.

The photo of Frankie on the motor bike reminded Joy that it had a role to play in their circumstances at the time. She said, "The motorbike was Wal's. He rode it to get to work in Lithgow, during the war years. He had an accident whilst riding it and broke his leg, so they had to leave the Bondi flat and come to live in spare rooms at our parent's house. Kim was born there." She added that she did get a ride on the bike and always wished she'd had more.

Kim and Terry were very lucky. They had good parents who loved them and taught them by example. They were raised in a working-class suburb, where life was sometimes tough. There were not rich in material terms but rich in love and in having parents who encouraged them and who understood the value of good education.

She was involved in their school activities at Padstow Public School and at Canterbury and Picnic Point High Schools where she attended canteen. Frankie had a very close relationship with Joy and her family. If Joy's little girls were performing in a concert at school or dancing class, Frankie would often be there. She didn't drive so she travelled by train and bus, perhaps needing to walk some distance. She never forgot a birthday. She often made a character birthday cake as a treat. Coralie, Frankie's niece, remembered the characters, Humpty Dumpty and Dolly Varden, amongst the novelty cakes. Coralie and her daughter were inspired by Frankie to continue the tradition, although they could not emulate Frankie's skill, her 'fine art of cake decorating.' Coralie was pleased that her aunt travelled to Queensland for her wedding. Frankie loved dogs. Coralie had a dog, Maverick, that took a liking to Frankie which was mutual.



Wal and Frankie

Coralie talked about the family visits, the picnics and special birthdays. Kathi remembered travelling to Padstow to visit her aunt and uncle at home and after being welcomed with a long, cool drink, being amazed by 'the wonders to behold.'

Coralie remembered, "There was always a corgi or two, just like the Queen's. Kim maintains there was only ever one dog at a time and an enormous fish tank. It was heated and it lit up. "Amazing!" Kathi went on to say that her grandmother loved a good chat and loved to know what was going on in the lives of the younger generation. Frankie's niece, Vicki, only remembered good times. She said, "I have been thinking a lot about Auntie Frankie lately and the good thing is that the stories, I think of, make me laugh."

She remembered a story Frankie told about being dumped in the surf and how she (Frankie) couldn't get up because she was laughing too much. Vicki recalled Frankie laughing with everyone and sipping champagne at her wedding and Kathi agreed. On the day of Frankie's funeral Kathi wrote, "It's true, Frankie enjoyed a little champagne at family weddings - and although I can't be with you today - with champagne, I will toast the woman I called Auntie Frankie." Frankie loved people and enjoyed life.

Frankie was always there for Joy and her family. When Geoff, Joy's husband died suddenly in 1971, she just couldn't do enough to help Joy. Frankie continued to support Joy throughout the years that followed.

Joy remembers the time in 1982 when she was planning to take Kathi and Vicki to Canberra to be near their sibling, Laurie. She was a little nervous about telling Frankie of the move, but she needn't have been. Frankie was happy for them and as excited as Joy, at the prospect of trading in the aging Austin 1800 for a new car, their 'nice new Nissan Bluebird.' It meant that Joy could still travel weekly to see their mother in Sydney and visit Frankie too. Distance didn't separate the sisters in the least. Joy maintains, "Frankie was a sister who travelled the family road; a sister who shared the joys and sorrows." Frankie was a very much loved and a special sister to Joy and a loving aunt to her nieces.

Frankie was the bridge linking the families as they grew up and went their various ways. Frankie was a proud and loving grandmother and great-grandmother, always interested in her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, with an uncanny ability to remember birthdays and other details. She kept everyone informed about weddings, babies, graduations and travels. Her cards and letters, 'with lovely words,' were always appreciated. Kathi said, "She never judged, just sent love. Frankie was wonderful, a consistent, generous correspondent; unlike the rest of us she never forgot a birthday or an occasion." Betty Hazel remembers that she constantly wrote letters and sent cards. Get well cards were sent to friends of friends if they were sick.

Frankie was involved in an amazingly wide range of activities - all with the intention of helping other people. She was one of the early pioneers of Padstow Methodist Church. The church started in a tent and then moved to somebody's back verandah (when the tent blew down). Eventually, enough money was raised for a rudimentary building. She was involved in multiple church activities there, including the formation of a Christian Endeavour group

which Kim and Terry attended. She helped set up the Community Aid Centre at Revesby with a branch at Padstow, providing food parcels and clothing for people in need.

Bankstown's Women in the Community was established by Frankie and Phyllis Johnson, both women believing that women should have a 'say' in the social issues which concerned them. Domestic violence was of the utmost importance.

Her particular concern was for women and children's welfare. She was one of the founders of *Betsy*, the second women's refuge (after *Elsie*), at Greenacre in 1975, to be established in New South Wales, where victims of domestic violence, were helped. It was opened to mark the United Nations International Year of Women in 1975. *Betsy* was named in honour of Elizabeth Mathias, a Sydney socialist and charity worker.

She did a welfare certificate to improve her skills, although her family suspected that those skills were always innate. Girls had no organised activities, so she started a physical culture group to help young girls.

She was one of the early Lifeline volunteer counsellors with a great capacity for compassion. She joined in 1963 and in 1974, qualified as a member of the Australian Institute of Welfare Officers. of Lifeline she said modestly, "For 'twenty-something' years I answered the phones." When pressed she simply said she was a counsellor.

Kim stressed that she supported lots of people in need: new migrants, single mothers, people with no family of their own, people who were down and out. And she 'hung in there' with them, helping them as they raised their children, staying in touch, giving advice without being pushy and often seeing the next generation arrive. And she always aimed to do it in a way which helped them develop their self-respect.

She even supported the Avon lady! This meant that each Christmas, whether the family liked it or not, they received Avon products.

Kim said, "It's often asked why some people from adverse circumstances, the sort of people Frankie attracted and cared for, do well while others from similar circumstances, don't do as well. The research shows that those who do well are those who have access to a role model; someone they can depend on; someone who provides stability; someone who cares for them." Kim believes Frankie was that person for so many people.

She found time to learn to massage therapeutically, during her time at Bankstown, so she must have helped people with this skill as well. Helen Warliker told of the time just a few years ago when Frankie massaged her chest after she had come home from hospital, still quite ill after having pneumonia.

Wal and Frankie discovered Killcare through Mr Muddle, who was the principal of the local school, when he retired to Killcare. They bought the land in the early 70s and Wal built a holiday house, going up at weekends until it was completed. In 1974, there was a huge storm and the roof (along with several others in the area)... was blown off. The replacement home was built by a local builder. After Wal's retirement in the early 80s, Wal and Frankie went to

live there. They soon became entrenched in the activities of Killcare. Wal taught himself to play the organ which was the 'in thing' at the time (the mid-seventies). He also painted very good pictures and Betty Hazel, their neighbour, was sorry she didn't have one hanging on her wall.

Frankie had been a church organist for many years before moving to Killcare. She was on the Padstow Methodist Church organ roster from the early years. She continued to play the organ at the services at St Peters. Frankie and Wal delivered Meals-on-Wheels and they were always interested in folk who were having difficulties, such as single mums. They were members of Killcare Wagstaffe Trust.

In 1992 she received an OAM. This was awarded for her voluntary work with a wide range of community activities over many years. Her work with the women's refuge and welfare of people was recognised too. Thereafter, she maintained she had to keep up the good work to justify the award but her friends and family knew she simply worked to help people because she loved to.

Despite being on a pension, Frankie was a regular supporter of a range of charities. One was Anglicare. About once a month, Frankie and her friend, Pat, would spend a day at Lisarow.

The charity would give out staples to needy people. Of Anglicare she said, "It was somewhere for people to go; people down on their luck, needing food, with bills to pay." June Drinkwater and

Shirley Battishall helped distribute goods and goodwill. She took up collections for many causes such as the Fred Hollowes Foundation and organized fund-raising lunches to support Fred Hollowes. She was a counselor with the Good Samaritans. Other organizations she supported were V.I.E.W. Club and Overseas Missions.



Frankie with Wal at Government House, Sydney.



Wal and Frankie Oates cut their anniversary cake, with granddaughters, Carlie and Danielle.

Kim said, "For over 50 years, our Dad was Mum's rock. They loved each other deeply, with Dad quietly in the background, relaxed, tolerant of all the business and so supportive." Theirs was a wonderful fifty-year marriage. Wal died in 1993.



The Hospital Auxiliary: Back row; Shirley Battishall, Jack Battishall, Clive Dent, Mary Dent, Bonnie Smith. Middle row: Beryl Wardell Rosemary Moore, Phyll Annand, Frankie Oates. Seated; Phyll Woods.

Frankie was a member of the Hardys Bay/Killcare Hospital Auxiliary which had been in existence from 1946. The members met at Wagstaffe Hall and worked to raise money for Gosford District Hospital.

Red Cross had been long-established on the Killcare Peninsula but Frankie, who joined in 1985, became an important member, a driving force. During the October 2007 interview, Helen Warliker helped her remember the time when she joined the Wagstaffe Branch of the Australian Red Cross. Frankie had become friends with members of the local branch: Patty and Ted Bailey, the postmistress and the postman, operated the post office when it occupied the small building next to the liquor shop at Killcare; Dr Ross Henson had his surgery next door; June and Ross Henson lived in Araluen Drive.

June Henson was the patron of Red Cross in those days and Pat May was a stalwart. Frankie was easily encouraged to join. Meetings were held every Wednesday. Frankie became Honorary Secretary of the branch and held that position until the branch closed in July, 2000.

Activities included street stalls and the annual collection, Red Cross Calling. Money was raised and sent overseas. Each year on Anzac Day, members would represent the Wagstaffe Branch at the wreath laying ceremony at the memorial at Hardys Bay RSL.



Phil Drummond, Kathy Pile, Thelma Fraser, Margaret Keogh and Frankie Oates at Hardys Bay RSL, Anzac Day 2004.

Frankie was one of the coordinators of Red Cross Calling for the Bouddi Peninsula. She also did many years of Telecross, receiving her ten-years' Service Medal in 2003. She continued until 2006 when ill-health finally made her give it away.

The local branch of the Red Cross took part in the street parade, *Bouddi 2000, a Celebration of Time, Place and Community*. In the photo below, Frankie and her friends are preparing for the parade in Turo Park. The parade began at Turo Park and ended at Wagstaffe Hall.



Preparing for the parade: Frankie Oates (front right) with members of Wagstaffe Red Cross: Phil Drummond, Thelma Fraser, Joan Metcalf, Gwynneth Flood, Patty Bailey and Shirley Battishall. Turo Park, June 2000.

Frankie distributed Red Cross merchandise for many years, particularly at Christmas time. She took over this job from Marg and Len Brown. To begin with, Frankie and Paddy Bailey organised and distributed Red Cross Christmas cards from her 'room' at Killcare Heights. A big job but Frankie was up to the task. Another project she was involved with was Trauma Teddies.

Frankie was not a great knitter, but she was good at organising and delegating. Four members of the branch met weekly to make the soft little dollies, which were distributed by Frankie to the Children's Hospital at Westmead and Central Coast hospitals.



The Trauma Teddies pictured, waiting to be distributed, represent just a few of the many knitted over many years. They were passed on to comfort children in distress.

Frankie's friend, Flo from Padstow, would crochet around the edges of towels and tea-towels and return them to Frankie who always had a room of 'stuff' which she would collect and distribute to those in need

When the Wagstaffe Branch of Australia Red Cross closed she joined Umina Beach Branch. She continued to distribute Red Cross merchandise. She did it for many years. At Ettalong she bought a villa with a double garage especially so the 'stuff' could be stored. If someone was clearing out 'mother's house' they would send her 'stuff.' Sometimes, she had to sort the 'stuff,' a lot of which was rubbish. Betty thought this was most unfair, but Frankie did not mind. Donations of children's clothes were called for and Frankie would distribute them to needy children.



Marion Anderson, President of Umina Branch of Red Cross, with Frankie Oates.

Marion spoke of Frankie with affection and enormous respect. She remembered the years that Frankie spent helping others. She went on to say that Frankie was never President of a branch but was always very active, thinking and implementing ideas. She was a very active member of the Branch with donations of goods to the Trading Tables and Street Stalls and successful ideas for fund-raising. She continued distributing Trauma Teddies and premi-baby caps to hospitals and selling merchandise. She was a very resourceful lady.

In 2003, with the death of the Branch Patron, she was invited to take the position, which she was honoured and pleased to accept. The title reflects the respect given to a long-standing benefactor and guardian of the organisation.



Members of Umina Beach Branch: Marion, Jeannette, Eileen, Pat, Frankie, Rose, Kathy and Gloria at the Generous Givers' luncheon at Umina Beach Uniting Church.



Frankie Oates cutting the cake at the Red Cross birthday lunch.

As Patron, Frankie cut the cake at the 37th Birthday Luncheon at Everglades Country Club, Woy Woy. She is pictured with Jeannette Dewie (Treasurer), Maureen Johnson (Regional Manager), Marion Anderson (President), Pat Munday (Secretary) and Les Anderson (Marion's husband, roustabout and chief supporter).

Frankie's involvement with St Peters, began with her friend, Patricia Jagelman. Helen Warliker first met Frankie at Patricia's house. Frankie was looking for a church to join. She chose the Anglican church and became a member of the congregation of St Peters, the little church at Wagstaffe. She worked for many years to help the church and was famous for the church fetes, held every Easter Saturday at Wagstaffe Hall for many years. For all of the years that she was a member of the congregation, a bible-study group met at her place, at Killcare as well as at Booker Bay.



St Peters Anglican Church, nestled among the trees at Wagstaffe.



Left: Mrs Franke Oates, a Wagstaff Warden, with Bishop Roger at the Closing Service of St Peter's Wagstaff.
Right: Young members of the Green Point congregation sing a song.

Frankie Oates and Bishop Herft at St Peters, Wagstaffe: newspaper clipping from The Express Advocate, November 1996.

The church may not have been commissioned but Frankie was very involved in the decommissioning of St Peters, a sad event brought about by the diminishing congregation, in 1996. People had died or grown old and so the history of the little church, which had been a community hall as well as a place where many marriages, christenings and funerals had taken place, came to an end.

Bishop Herft conducted the final service at St Peters on November 15, 1996. Following the closure, the remaining church members went to All Saints, the Anglican Church at Empire Bay. Sadly, that little church also closed.

Frankie joined St Pauls at Kincumber where she developed a relationship of mutual respect with Rev Arthur Copeman.

Frankie wrote the following piece to tell the story of the little church, which may not have been

commissioned as a church. It seems that it began its life as a community hall and developed into a church. To begin with, visiting ministers took services at the hall, so the denomination changed along with the visiting minister.



Frankie Oates and Bishop Herft at St Peters.

"ST. PETERS " - WAGSTAFF

Almost 90 years ago, a Mr. Ransley held church services in his home at Wagstaff. As the congregation grew, Rev. Tanner came across by rowing boat from Woy Woy.

After World War 1, Mr. Ransley, with the help of locals, as timber cutting was the main industry, built a hall for dances, the proceeds were to be used to pay to build a Church of England on the present block bought for 10 shillings by the Diocese of Newcastle. As well as services, baptisms, funerals and weddings were held.

Later, Frank Vehyl, a local resident, gave Sunday School lessons, and donated pews for a church to be named St Peters. Most of the furniture and fittings were donated as memorials. All, or most, weddings etc. took place at St Peters as it was too difficult to travel to St. Pauls, Kincumber, which was started with Home Services in 1830 and a church built in 1844.

The graveyard is of historial importance as early settlers are buried there; Will Davis, the first teacher, Mary Hardy of Hardy's Bay, James Dunlop, Astronomer, "Turo", Aboriginie of note and more recently, Russell Drysdale.

St. Peters was closed, after much deliberation, mainly due to many deaths and ageing, on 15th December 1996 by Bishop Herft, and the few remaining members now worship at "All Saints", Empire Bay.

Frankie Oates
Nov.15, 1999

Now the story takes us back to Frankie's last days and the kind thoughts conveyed at her funeral. Frankie was very proud of her two sons, Kim and Terry. Frankie described the work of her sons: Kim, is a paediatrician, a former Professor of Paediatrics and Children's Health at the University of Sydney and Chief Executive of the Children's Hospital at Westmead who now does projects for the University and the Clinical Excellence Commission. Terry is a solicitor, practising at Bowral and Sydney. He ceased to work for a large firm, preferring to help people in need of legal assistance by not charging exorbitant fees.

Kim and Terry believe they may have inherited some of their mother's good characteristics, and for that they are very grateful. These strengths have helped them throughout their lives. Also appearing occasionally are some Frankie's more irascible characteristics, for which, they beg their wives' understanding.

Frankie was busy right to the end. Until about a year before her death, she was still doing a regular welfare shift at Woy Woy and until just a few months before, she was helping with Kids Club at the Empire Bay church. She was selling Red Cross Christmas cards and other items in preparation for Christmas, 2007 when take ill. When Marion Anderson, the Red Cross President, visited her in hospital a week before her death, offering to go over to Frankie's place to help sort out the Christmas cards, Frankie's response was, "No, leave it. I'll be home on Saturday, and I'll do it then." Kim saw that as typical of his mother; busy, organized, looking after others and looking ahead. Her love and interest in her family was an intrinsic part of her nature and her life was dedicated to helping others.

She found being hospitalised very inconvenient. She was only in hospital on two unplanned occasions. She made the above statement to Marion at her last hospitalisation when she was admitted for a check-up and a few days rest after a minor fall at home. It was expected that she would be at home after a few days, but she died suddenly and unexpectedly. She had asked the nurse for a second helping of ice-cream but died while the nurse was getting it.

The cards were in her garage, and she had them ready to go, when she became sick for the last time. Marion said, "Frankie died with her Red Cross boots on."

Vale Frankie Oates, the piece Marion wrote for her funeral, talks about her good works and summarises her involvement: "Frankie was involved with many charities as well as Red Cross – Good Samaritans (a counsellor here), Anglicare, Life Line, V.I.E.W. Club, Fred Hollowes Appeal, Overseas Missions, and was a pastoral carer in her church." She also said she Frankie was the founder of Padstow Physical Culture Club.

Frankie died on November 17, 2007 at Gosford Hospital. Rev Arthur Copeman conducted the funeral service at St Pauls at Kincumber. He and Stephen Powter were thanked for having ministered to Frankie over the years. St Paul's Ladies Guild provided the refreshments.

Marion Anderson concluded her words about Frankie with, "We will miss her enthusiasm, kindness and caring nature."

The family supplied the photographs.

URSULA OLD: ARTIST

A Biography by her daughter, Thomi Graham

(See also Bouddi Artists)

Thomi Graham has written the story of her parent's connection with Killcare Heights. Her father's Central Coast history goes all the way back to the 1920s and her mother began coming in the 1950s. Soon they bought land and built a house, holidaying there until with retirement, it became their home. More importantly, it is the story of Ursula, the artist.

My parent's association with the area

My sister Robyn's recollection is that Dad (Cedric Old) had camped around Lake Cochrane with his university mates in the late 1920s and loved the area. She recalls seeing a photo of him there with his friends in front of a T model Ford. Mum and Dad subsequently camped at *Seabreeze* estate at MacMasters Beach, during the early 50s in a caravan, when the children were small. Apparently, Dad would return to the city to work during the week and come up for weekends. Mum and our Oma (her mother and our grandmother) looked after us. Mum loved taking us to Little Beach. During that time, they bought land at Killcare Heights, where they later built their weekendend, *Yanderra*. We holidayed at Killcare Heights during the 60s and 70s. We would often invite other families to stay with us.



The oil painting, *May Holidays* (1959), shows me with my brother and sister fishing with our friends on Killcare Wharf. I am standing in the middle – no longer allowed to fish. I had dropped too many lines in the water.



Mullet Fishing (1962) was painted after Mum had been sitting on Putty Beach, watching the fishermen catching mullet.

When Dad retired from his legal practice in Sydney in 1973, they moved to *Yanderra* and he continued working as a lawyer from home. Mum joined the Central Coast Art Society. She was a committee member for many years, and later a life member. She also donated a sculpture prize to the *Showcase '98 Exhibition*, held at Gosford Regional Gallery, in order to recognise and encourage exhibiting sculptors.

Mum's association with Art

In 1932, Mum left school at the end of what today would be Year 10 and went to study art at East Sydney Technical College. Classes were held in the large and very old sandstone buildings, which were originally Darlinghurst Gaol. She caused quite a stir to be the first female student to wear trousers to lectures. She says that doing so was not so much a rebellious feminist statement, as simply because she was so cold in the draughty, old gaol. She notes that she studied there with Fred Leist, Douglas Dundas, Charles Meere and Frank Medworth.

Mum worked as a commercial artist, after leaving Tech., preparing posters which were used as advertisements in those days. She says that working in a commercial setting did not suit her, as she liked to work slowly, thinking about things, rather than rush her work to meet a commercial deadline. She didn't like to have to produce art on demand.

At the age of 56, Mum decided to try her hand at making a serigraph, which is a picture made by a screen-printing process. Over the next thirty years, she went on to produce over 200 serigraphs, winning awards and commendations at exhibitions in almost every year from 1972 to 2001, when she was 85 years old.

How Mum came to silk screen printing

The Ku-ring-gai Art Society arranged for a guest speaker, David Rose, to present a talk and a demonstration of printmaking. Mum was immediately interested in this medium and started experimenting with it. She was later to attend a weekend workshop, where the various techniques were demonstrated, at New England University, presented by David Rose, a well-known artist from the Central Coast.



Ursula found silk screen printing fascinating. She liked the challenge of the flatness of the surface, the flattening of the 3D images. That constraint offered her, paradoxically, scope for different effects.

The technical process

Serigraphs, or silk screen prints, are not reproductions but limited-edition originals.

Mum would firstly sketch her picture. She would then work out in her mind's eye the colours and layers that she would need. Then she would draw each layer separately and cut out stencils from newspaper.

The colours are printed by pulling a squeegee across a screen, over which is stretched a length of silk. The silk is strong but fine. The parts, not to be printed, are covered with a stencil. There is a stencil cut out for every layer of colour, and the picture is gradually built up.

Mum simply used newspaper to cut out her stencils. She had to take great care in lining up each new layer of colour – if it was not lined up exactly the entire print run might be ruined.



Each print might have as many as 60 or 70 layers of colour built up one upon another. Each stencil is destroyed as it is removed from the screen, and so the edition of prints cannot be added to, once completed. Mum had a little clothesline strung across my bedroom where the prints were hung up to dry, after each 'pull'.

This slow and laborious process required perfect technique. One print would usually take some months to make from start to finish. Mum used to say: '...you have to be a little bit mad to do this!'

Sometimes Mum would make a run of some fifty prints. In later years the runs became smaller, about twelve or so.

Mum exhibited throughout NSW. Many local councils held annual art exhibitions, as did the local art societies. She was constantly packing up paintings and organizing couriers (or herself or us!) to drop off and collect paintings – all over Sydney and NSW country towns.

The back seat of her little Honda Civic was invariably folded down and there were always old towels and blankets ready to protect artworks.

She was always taking prints to be framed. She became very friendly with her framers, and they would pull her up a chair and chat at length, to decide upon what mount colour and which frame style would best suit the artwork at hand. The framers put on exhibitions of her work in their shop at East Gosford on a couple of occasions.

Ursula won many prizes and commendations at exhibitions. Her works are held in many collections. The State Library of New South Wales has purchased several of her prints, including those of butterflies, brush turkeys and kookaburras.

Life Drawing

Mum's father liked to draw and she thought she inherited her talent from him. Helga (Mum's sister) tells me that Ursi (as she was known) drew and sketched all the time, as a child. She continued to do this all her life. I can remember when our family was watching television at night, Mum would sit with the newspaper on her lap, and there would be sketches down all the margins of the paper, often of the dog lying on the carpet, or of us kids sitting in front of her or whatever! All over the house, scraps of paper such as used envelopes would be covered with sketches.

Mum joined a life drawing group in Kincumber. I remember her saying that her skill in this regard definitely improved with practice. She would head off with her sketch book every Wednesday and found this a wonderful way to keep in touch with other artists, and to keep drawing, even after the printmaking had become physically too difficult. She drew the models mainly in crayons and pastels.

At the end of her career, at the age of 86, in 2002, we helped Mum organise a Retrospective, at the invitation of Gosford Regional Gallery. Her works were displayed very effectively, and opening night was a great success. Ursula took the opportunity to invite many of the local artists who had become her friends and put on a magnificent dinner at the gallery for everyone. It was a very fitting way to mark the end of a long career.



Not
that
she

stopped at that point. Mum entered a hostel/nursing home in 2005 and has continued to paint small canvasses – now with her left hand as her right has become unusable due to the many small strokes she has suffered. Sadly, now she is unable to walk, speak, read, write or express herself in any way. But her art therapist tells me, when a paintbrush is placed in her hand, she feels so comfortable with this tool that she just starts to paint!

Thomasin Graham, 8th October 2008

Ursula's prints are still available and Thomi can be contacted at:

thomasin@bigpond.net.au

MARJ and ERIC PEARSALL – A TRIBUTE

by Robyn Warburton

Eric Pearsall was born in Yass and raised at Rye Park in the NSW Central West. As a young man, he worked with his father on various properties in the district.

Marj worked at The Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children where she was a seamstress. She remembers being there throughout the war years and afterwards making the nightdresses and pyjamas for the children who were patients at the hospital.

Eric and Marj married Marjorie in 1952. They spent their working years at Warriewood and Dee Why in Sydney.

It was Marj and her mother who bought the house in Araluen Drive over 50 years ago. A workmate of Marj's, Norma, accepted the offer of £900. The house at Hardys Bay became what was essentially, at that time, a popular weekender for the Pearsall family and friends.

Eric retired in 1970 so they sold their house at Dee Why and became residents of the peninsula. He and Marj chose to retire at Hardys Bay in the house they had visited regularly as a weekender, the house that became *Maisie*. Actually, it was the second house in the street to be called *Maisie*. Originally a fisherman's cottage, the Pearsalls added rooms to the front of the house and a deck across its width. The fuel stove which they used in the early days is still there.



Maisie, Eric and Marj Pearsall's home at 148 Araluen Drive

This is how the house got its name. One day a fellow stopped outside the house and declared: "This house is *Maisie*!" and Eric and Marj Pearsall believed him and called the house *Maisie*.

Most probably the man was wrong because the original house was located further along the street and the roofline of this one differs from the original *Maisie*.



The first ***Maisie***, owned by Wilfred Thompson, at 140 Araluen Drive.

Throughout their long association with the area, Eric and Marj won countless friends through their close interest and involvement with church and community affairs.

Eric enjoyed the house for a long time, passing away in 2008 aged 94. Eric and Marj had been married for fifty-six years. Across the road a seat commemorates Eric Pearsall, in recognition of his contribution to the local community.

The family welcomed the idea put forward by their neighbour, Susan Johnston, that a special seat in his memory be placed on the reserve across the road from their house. Members of the Hardys Bay Residents Group pursued the matter and with Council's permission the placement of the seat, with a plaque, was carried out.

In 2018 Marj is still there, enjoying life, aged ninety-seven.

Her close friend, Mary Daviel, said this about Marj: "Marj turns 100 on March 6 this year (2021) and, exuding serenity and wisdom, speaks with love and gratitude of living life in Hardys Bay. Marj represents the people of yesteryear who were happy with their small house. Over time, they have added a layer of richness to the area as they reminisce on the past when time was not of the essence and when walking and talking to passersby was a simple pleasure."

Marj's ambition was to live until she was one hundred years old, and she achieved that. In March 2021 she turned one hundred

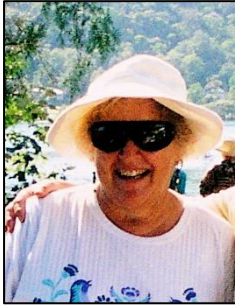
A seat commemorates long-time resident Eric Pearsell, in recognition for his contribution to the local community was placed at Hardys Bay opposite the house. He died in 2008 at the age of 94. The plaque attached to the seat says: Eric Pearsall 1914 – 2008. Over 50 years in Hardys Bay. Eric loved the Bay and was loved by everyone.

A plaque has been added to remember Marj. It says: Marj Pearsall 1921 – 2021 Always at the heart of life in Hardys Bay. Married to Eric for 62 years



GWEN PERRIE'S STORY

by her daughter, Alexandra Perrie



Gwen Perrie is a long-time resident of Pretty Beach, very much respected for her knowledge of the local area and her contribution to the local affairs.

She was a member of the Pretty Beach/Wagstaffe Progress Association from the early 1990s and was instrumental in many decisions which positively helped the local community, including the big one, the renovation and rebirth of Wagstaffe Hall.

Gwen's early years

Gwendoline Joan Greenhalgh was born in Auburn, Sydney and spent the first four years of her life growing up in the inner-city suburb of Paddington. The outbreak of WW 2 saw many men leave their families and Sydney become too expensive for some to manage. Gwen's mother, Isabella Greenhalgh, relocated the family to Wagstaffe in 1940, to find cheaper housing when her husband, Stan, was stationed in WA. The area was populated mainly by mothers with children and old men, unable to enlist. A small cottage on Wagstaffe Avenue was the family home for the next few years.

In those days the area was only accessible by a gravel road from Gosford via Macmasters Beach, or alternately a very steep winding, gravel road up Wards Hill - built during the depression by unemployed men who referred to it as Ward's Nightmare. Murphy's Ferries provided the only other means of public access with trips to Ettalong and the rest of Brisbane Water.



The Wagstaffe Waterfront

The houses in Pretty Beach /Wagstaffe were all old holiday and fishing shacks (see photo). There were two shops in the area, one at Pretty Beach and the other at Wagstaffe. Bread was delivered by horse and cart by Mr Holwell, who lived in Venice Rd.

Pretty Beach public school consisted of a single room with a glass divide and the school's only teacher, Mr Alan, rowed across from Ettalong every day to teach. Gwen spent six years at Pretty Beach Public School, and like all the local children, went to school by jumping along the rocks lining the beach.



Pretty Beach Public School



Sunday School Picnic at the beach 1948.

In summer, she and her friends swam in the bay after school and entertained themselves by jumping off the dozen or so large pontoons moored off Pretty Beach wharf for the duration of the war. Gwen believed they were stored in the bay in case the Japanese bombed the Hawkesbury River Bridge, effectively cutting off Sydney's access north.

Sunday school at the little church in Wagstaffe Avenue was an integral part of all social life, concerts and picnics. As well, dances were a highlight during these years.



A Sunday School concert, 1947.

Utilities in those days

As a sleepy little hamlet, the area had few modern facilities - no electricity, running water or sewerage. Pans were collected by the dunny man and emptied at the northern end of Killcare Beach, then referred to as Fishermen's End. At Easter time each year, local fisherman would net runs of mullet leaving Brisbane Water and Gwen and her friends would help pull the fish in and take home enough fish to feed the family for a week.

With no electricity, Gwen's family had chickens, a vegie garden, a cow and a pig - fattened up each year especially for Christmas day! (Gwen couldn't eat pork for many years after many 'pets' met a sticky end). The cow, 'Jenny', frequently escaped and wandered to the far end of Hardys Bay, (to a small, blue house) to visit the local bull. Gwen's job was to walk around the road to fetch her or jump off the school bus from Gosford High and drag her home for milking. She took the milk to Jack Smith's small farm in Pretty Beach (between Como Parade and Venice Rd) to have it separated and a small amount of this was churned into butter to supplement the family's diet. If the cow didn't give a full bucket, Gwen would top it up with water to avoid getting into trouble.



Cows on the move!

Not all homes in the area had tanks when Gwen was growing up. Some properties sank wells but in drought years it was not uncommon for locals to use Pretty Beach School's tank water as an emergency supply. The local children often bathed in the bay during the summer months, using special 'salt water' soap.



Gwen and Belle, Christmas 1946

As the two local shops had only limited foodstuffs, Gwen would often accompany her mother and the other local women, (all wearing their Sunday best), on fortnightly trips to Ettalong or Gosford via Murphy's Ferry. These rather social days not only served to top up essential supplies but also provided the occasional treat, such as a bag of broken biscuits for a penny. Any diversion from the usual diet of porridge, eggs, milk and vegies was welcome.

The Post War years

Gwen met her father when he returned after the war. She was in primary school at this point. This marked a transition not only for her family but for the community as a whole, as families adjusted to the presence of husbands and fathers again. This sparked a building boom in the area, as new family homes were built - including theirs in High View Road. Severe lack of building materials became an issue.

Gwen's father, Stan Greenhalgh, and other returned servicemen built Wagstaffe Hall from materials paid for and donated by the local community. This provided a meeting place and a wonderful venue for social events in the area. Local dances, weddings and fetes were enjoyed by all. Stan Greenhalgh worked for the Postmaster General in post-war years.



Early 1950s, Gwen's father laying cable at The Rip

Gwen goes to work.

Gwen attended Gosford High School for three wonderful years. When the school bus regularly broke down or became bogged, she and the other passengers would either hitch a ride or they would have to walk miles to get home. Her determination to learn was never dampened. However, girls were not encouraged to 'finish' school and were made to leave and enter the workforce to help pool money for the family.

Gwen left, reluctantly, at the age of 14 years and 9 months to start her first job at her uncle's trouser and shirt factory on Heath Road. Work started at 7am and ended at 5pm every day for the four months Gwen worked there. Gwen hated it and quickly found work with Mr Darcy's real estate office at Ettalong. Gwen caught the ferry to work each day from Wagstaffe to Booker Bay and would walk to work via a small book shop where she'd hire a book for threepence a day!

If Gwen forgot the keys to work, she'd run down to Ettalong Beach where her father left his rowboat (after rowing to work at the PMG depot in Ettalong). She'd 'steal' the boat, row back to Wagstaffe, run home and get the keys, row back to Ettalong, moor the rowboat and run back to work before anyone realised! If she was lucky enough to get to work early, she would help out at Ettalong cake shop and help ice the nienish tarts and get one for free! Always a huge treat! Around the age of 16, Gwen went to work in Sydney. Every Sunday afternoon Gwen would go by ferry to Woy Woy and stand on the train station platform with at least fifty other local kids doing the same. She rented a room in a house at Bondi during the week and worked at David Jones city store in the administration office.

Her next job saw her working for the War Memorial Hospital at Waverly, again in administration. On starting this job, her manager informed her that the last staff member 'in' had to make coffee and pick up morning tea. Her feeble coffee making attempts saw her quickly removed from this role, much to her relief.

A new position with a large Sydney law firm run by Mr Glasheen was to prove her passion and the offer to do her articles was one she had to turn down as she had just started a family. This missed opportunity was her biggest regret.

The Surf Club



Surf Carnival circa 1954

On her weekends back home at Pretty Beach, Gwen became involved with Killcare Surf Club. Girls in the surf club were a first for the movement and all being very strong swimmers, they competed in many events at carnivals around the area, including the march past.



Bathing beauties at Killcare



In 1953 Gwen was named Miss Killcare!

Married Life

Gwen met her soon-to-be husband, Max Perrie, at Pretty Beach when she was 16. Max's family had owned two cottages on Pretty Beach Road since the first land release in the area in the late 1890s. *Linga Longa* - the front cottage, and *Rest a While* - the back cottage, were used at any opportunity by the Perrie family, relatives and friends as a wonderful holiday destination, to escape the bustle of Sydney life.

Married life on Collaroy Plateau and three children later, Pretty Beach was not forgotten. The tradition of holidaying at Pretty Beach continued until 1980, when Gwen and Max decided to move back to the area for good. The old cottage was loaded onto the back of a huge semi-trailer to begin a new life on a property in Wyong. Retirement in a newly built house led to several years of pleasure until Parkinsons disease and a massive stroke saw Max spend the last 11 years of his life in Orana Nursing home at Point Clare. Gwen visited him devotedly, every day, until he passed away in 1997.

The Progress Association

With her husband in a nursing home, Gwen decided it was time to 'give back' to the area she'd grown up in and loved. She joined Wagstaffe, Pretty Beach Progress Association around 1989 and sat in meetings at the crumbling progress hall, which her father and many others had built for the community so many years before. It was here that Gwen met Fay Gunther, and both being very strong and determined women, they decided it was time to give the hall some much needed TLC and restore the valuable community asset. With the backing of fellow progress members, Gwen and Fay worked tirelessly to gain funding for the project: Federal Government grants, Commonwealth Work for the Dole programs and much fundraising went into what has now becoming a jewel in the area.



The Bookends presented to Gwen and Fay

The rejuvenated building now stands as its own testament, being used by the community for functions ranging from weddings to fantastic Australia Day celebrations. Gwen and Fay earned somewhat of a reputation as being a tough pair of women – even being referred to comically as ‘the bookends’ by various Gosford councillors and politicians. Cr Chris Holstein maintained ‘they put the squeeze on him’. Gwen and Fay were awarded a grand set of wooden bookends in recognition of their efforts at the hall’s official 1999 opening and even have a plaque in their honour! In 2005 Gwen and Fay were responsible for the beautiful, new kitchen at Wagstaffe Hall and replacing the old ceiling with a new and better one.



The real Bookends! Gwen Perrie and Fay Gunther.

Not just content with the hall, Gwen and Fay, along with a very dedicated band of fellow Progress Association members, went on to improve many more public facilities in the area such as the tennis court at Pretty Beach, installation of free public electric BBQs and new benches and tables in Turo Park and at Wagstaffe, and even a beautiful new boat ramp at Pretty Beach. Their tireless pursuit of Federal, State and local Government funding made them well known to many officials and though not always ‘liked,’ they earned much respect!

Gwen has also spoken on many occasions on local radio and at Council meetings, regarding development in the area. She has represented the area on working parties for other local topics involving – Turo Park Flood Plans, the Bouddi Peninsula Study, the Australia Day committee. She was one of those instrumental in getting local landowners to deed land to the community to restore public access to Box Head. She’s even attended protest marches accompanied by her grandchildren! The list goes on...

Other committees Gwen has been involved with are - the Australian Golf Veterans Association, district golf committees and Brisbane Water and Everglades Golf Committees.

Awards

Gwen has received several exciting and prestigious awards in recognition of her efforts for the community. These include:

Gosford City Council Community Service Award - Australia Day 2000 & 2004

Centenary of Federation Award 2000

Certificate of Appreciation International Volunteers Day Central Coast 2000 & 2001

International Year of Women - finalist 2004.



The Present Day

Gwen bought a small country cottage at Merriwa in 1992 as a stress reliever during the years of her husband's long illness. Refurbishing and renovating this property proved cathartic and it was whilst working in the surrounding gardens she exchanged greetings with a country gentleman - Rex Hunt - and the rest is the future!

Gwen and Rex have since been enjoying their lives, divided between Pretty Beach and Merriwa and numerous caravan trips exploring Australia.



Gwen and Rex inspecting a mine in Central Australia



Gwen and Rex

DAVID MALCOLM PHILLIPS REMEMBERED

by Karen Peterson

David Phillips was the beloved husband of Karen Peterson. He led a quiet life at Wagstaffe. Many people were unaware of his fame. He was a very successful scriptwriter for many of the television shows that these same people loved to watch.

DAVID PHILLIPS was born 1948 in Luton UK. His parents Eileen and Malcolm Phillips (a renowned actor) came to Australia with 6 months old David.

Malcolm put his son on stage with him at an early age. David became a child actor, appearing in 'Sound of Music', 'Oliver', 'Man of La Mancha' 'Canterbury Tales'

He was 'Steve Koslowski' in ABC's long running 'Bellbird', understudied Chris Pate as Jesus in 'Godspell' and played 'Heinz' opposite Jack Thompson in the movie 'Petersen'.

Writing started with Bill Harmon requesting him for 'Number 96', which brought him from Melbourne to Sydney with his partner, actor Karen Petersen, whom he had met when she performed 'Hair' in Melbourne.

They moved to Wagstaffe in 1976. Local identity 'Stal' recognised Karen from being in '96', and with David writing for '96' they were soon cheerfully greeted with, "Hi there Number 96," by him.

For five years David commuted to Sydney every day via bus and train. He worked as staff writer for Grundy Television on 'Neighbours', 'Young Doctors', 'Restless Years', 'Sons and Daughters', and 'Prisoner'.

In 1982 he went freelance and wrote scripts for 'A Country Practice', 'Flying Doctors', 'GP', 'Chances', 'Blue Heelers', 'McLeod's Daughters', 'Water Rats', 'Wildside', 'Murder Call', 'Holly's Heroes', and many more. They were all written from his desk in Wagstaffe. He called it, 'the island from which I venture out and happily come home to'.

David's closest friend was 'Tom the Staffi', aka 'Tai Chi Tom', who came to visit one day, and never left. Tom was the first to know that something was wrong in 2001.

Diagnosed with Melanoma, David lost the battle on July 26, 2004, just two days after his 56th birthday.

Too young, too soon, but his mother wondered, "Perhaps God needed a good scriptwriter."

DAVID, MALCOLM PHILLIPS

24.07.1948 - 26.07.2004

THE PICK FAMILY of PRETTY BEACH

Living at Pretty Beach in the Depression Years

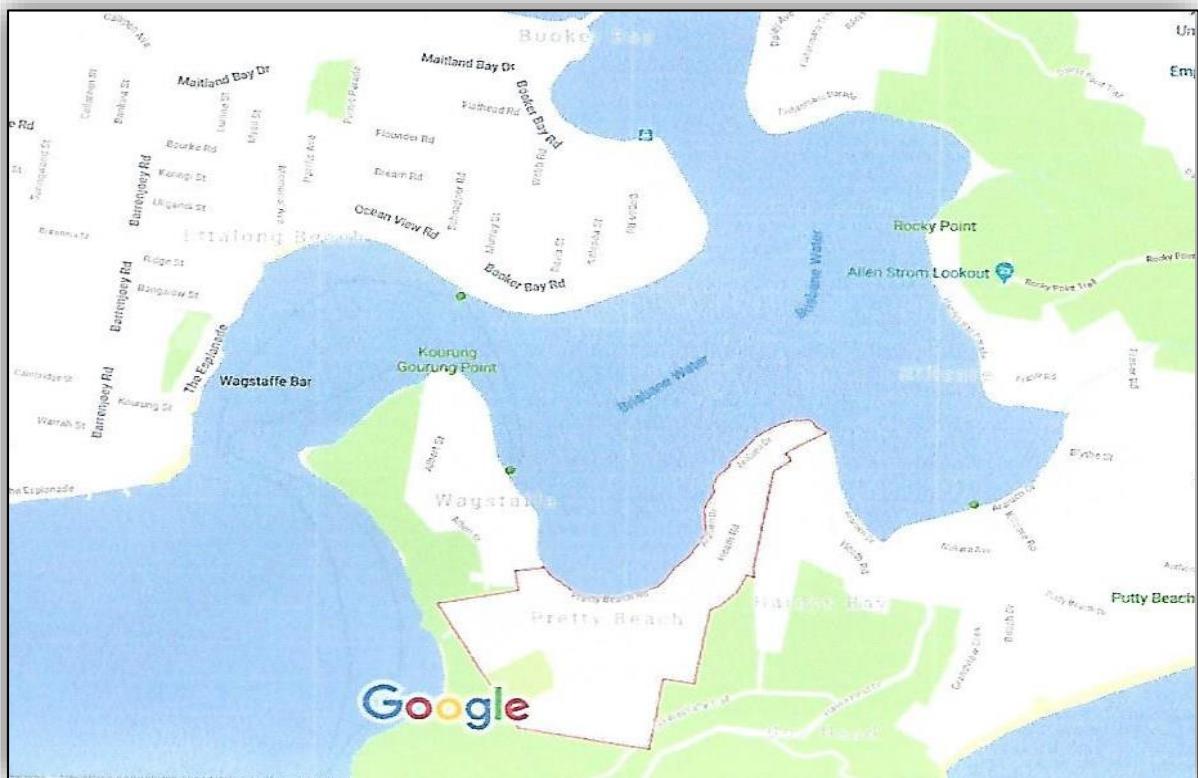
By Ann French

The story of the Picks at Pretty Beach followed Ann French's interview with Thelma French (née Pick) at Minchinbury Manor Nursing Home, Rooty Hill, NSW on 14th November, 1917. The editor has taken the liberty of adding some extra information to the story based on the recorded interview submitted with the story. (Robyn Warburton Ed.)

To begin with, Ann asked Thelma to talk about herself. Thelma provided the following information: "I was born on 23rd August 1921 at Watsons Bay, and we had such good times growing up there; our house was close to The Gap, first road back. I had three brothers, Bill, Arthur, Les and one sister, Helen. But we lost our home in the depression; there was no work. We lived in a community house with lots of other families at first but then we moved to Pretty Beach. I was about 13, I think."

Here is the story.

William and Margaret Pick lived in Diamond Bay Road, Vaucluse near the cliff known as 'The Gap' since their marriage in 1917. At the commencement of the Great Depression in 1929 their family had grown to five children: William 11, Arthur 10, Thelma 9, Leslie 7 and Helen 5.



With the onset of the Depression the impact for many families was devastating. With no work or income, other than basic dole payments, people lost their homes and were forced to move and live in less than adequate dwellings.

William, who was a sawyer, had been out of work for some time and unable to keep up payments on the mortgage. In 1936 William decided to take his family to live at Pretty Beach and with their meagre possessions they sailed by boat from Sydney. The house was a small beach house, located directly in front of the bay and was furnished.

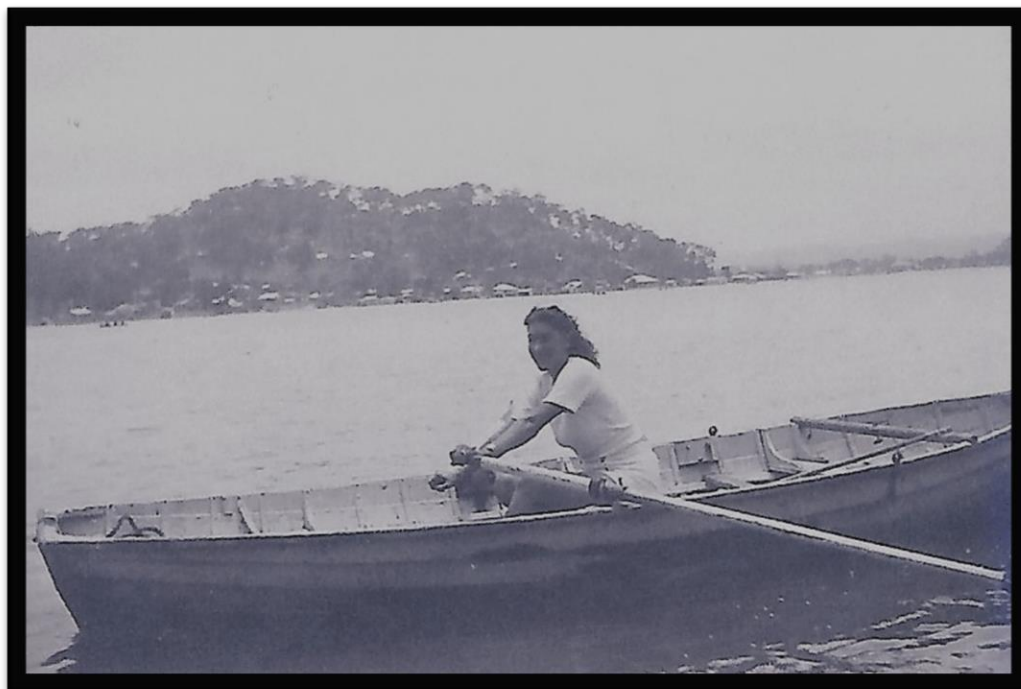
Pretty Beach was isolated with access either by water or one road which had been recently resurfaced but no electricity, so hurricane lamps and candles were required. Electricity came finally in the late 1930s.

William purchased a wooden rowing boat, and this little boat became an integral part of their lives. All of the children became competent rowers as it was their transport across Brisbane Water to the larger nearby towns but most importantly the family used it for fishing to supplement their diet. William put a centreboard on the rowing boat and a rudder so the children used to sail all over the place in that. It's a great feeling."



Thelma French (nee Pick) remembers she was known as an accomplished and strong rower: "As good as her brothers," it was said, but on this particular day in 1938 she found herself in real trouble. Rowing hard against the waves and strong currents, she rowed the small wooden boat across the Wagstaffe Bar between Ettalong and Pretty Beach.

She recalls, “I would have had a mighty battle on my hands to get back to shore” as she tried to land the boat at Wagstaffe but was unsuccessful and now Thelma had to push on, “...with my strength failing I tried and tried; it took a lot of effort. I rowed with all my strength and reached Pretty Beach. I just let the boat beach itself and tumbled out on the sand.”



+Thelma asked Ann had she ever met the Baileys. Ann responded in the negative and Thelma went on to say that the Picks met the Baileys at Glebe. “They were in the same situation that we were in. When we moved up there, they used to come up for weekends and Mrs Bailey always brought a big piece of meat and various stuff and they never came in to bludge. They were great friends. We used to have great times there.”

Going to a dance at a hall was a common form of entertainment in the 1930s. Thelma and her father would often attend dances at Ettalong Hall which they rowed to and came back well after midnight across the dark bay.

Thelma recalls fondly, “Dad decided to teach the youngsters in the district to dance. He loved dancing. Taught me to dance when I was eleven years old.”

Thelma continues: “Dad hired a hall and put on dances. He played the accordion; neighbour Bluey Halloran played the piano, and another neighbour (Clarrie Peaker?) played the saxophone. Dad was the MC. We used to charge a shilling entry fee and in those days you didn’t put on anything useless, it was always in aid of something, in aid of the war effort, in aid of this, that and the other; well, this was just in aid of ourselves. Asked how many people attended the dances, Thelma replied, “We used to get a great crowd actually, especially at Christmas time.”

And one year, on New Year’s Eve, they had bonfires all around the Water’s edge...Pretty Beach, Hardys Bay, all around, all the way up.” So, we had the dance until midnight and then everyone came outside and lit the bonfires.” The interviewer said, “That must have been spectacular.” Thelma’s response? “It was absolutely.”

By 1939 just before World War 2 began, Thelma moved to Pymble where she was employed as a domestic with a family. William obtained work as a labourer on the of the replacement Hawkesbury River rail bridge. William lived at Pretty Beach until 1954. He then lived with Thelma and her family at Castle Hill until he passed away in 1960.

Thelma sums up that time during the Depression years: “We had great times there (Pretty Beach); we had the minimal of everything, but we had enough.

Ann thanked Thelma for telling her of her time living at Pretty Beach.

THE RADFORDS OF WAGSTAFFE POINT

by John Moran and David and Helen Dufty

Ernest and Isobel Radford and then Rod and Pat Radford (see photo below) of Wagstaffe Point are significant figures in the history of Bouddi Peninsula and of the Woy Woy Peninsula. This story is drawn from Rod's own writings and from interviews with Rod and Pat Radford by John Moran and David and Helen Dufty in 2008.



Annie McDonald and her children

Rod begins his stories by telling you about his remarkable little Scottish grannie, Annie McDonald, 'a snode wee bodie'. Fortunately, Rod's mother, Isobel, has written and published a moving biography of Annie entitled, 'So Strong her Love'.

Annie left her husband who was a drunkard and therefore an incompetent businessman and set up home with her four children and no money at all. Despite all her problems, she was able to start up a successful drapery business in Sunnybrae, Scotland.

Concerned about her son John's health, 'Granny McDonald' (as she was known locally) and children migrated to Australia where, again after great difficulties, she established a dairy farm at Shepparton.

Drought almost destroyed them, but she turned to fruit growing when a cannery was opened, and so succeeded again in her efforts.

The former sickly John (second on the left) became president of the cannery and then was elected to State Parliament and became Premier of Victoria.

Isobel (on the right) started her own successful business in Shepparton. There she met Ernest Radford and moved to Sydney to marry him and that is where Rod was born.

Rod was Annie's first grandchild and he and Annie had a special relationship. It is clear that Rod has been strongly influenced by his indomitable, hardworking and caring grandmother.

Her influence is also seen via daughter, Ann (on the left), who was a great Scottish dancer and established the McDonald Dance Studios in Ashfield and later Croydon. Ann's daughter, Margaret Markham, carried on the studio and from it emerged the outstanding dance and performance high school, The McDonald College, with its distinctive tartan. Her brother, John Butt, was principal and one time owner of the Australian School of Physical Education, now at the Sydney Olympic Park.

Rod also had early dance training with his Aunt Ann and years later, when living at Wagstaffe, he and his mother conducted lessons in social behaviour and ballroom dancing for the local youth, with the aid of other parents and a Mrs Brady and her accordion. Lessons were first held at the Wagstaffe Church Hall and then at Wagstaffe Community Hall.

Rod's father, Ernest ('Darkie') Radford, was a third generation Australian of Cornish origin and worked as a railway timekeeper. His first interest in Wagstaffe, before meeting Isobel, was to visit the camp or cottage in High View Road, rented by a group of railway mates interested in fishing. Rod was Ernest and Isobel's only child but there were other relatives, including his cousin, Don, who also came to our area and was the father of Terri Mares, well known for her work with the Killcare Nippers.

Rod first came to Woy Woy by steam train from Sydney in about 1924 with Ernest and Isobel, when he was four years old. After that Rod's parents came for regular fishing holidays to Booker Bay and then to Wagstaffe Point, where they rented a holiday cottage from 1931.

There were ferries going to Saratoga, Davistown or Wagstaffe and on the other side of the railway, Wilson's Ferry took people to Woy Woy Bay and Phegans Bay.



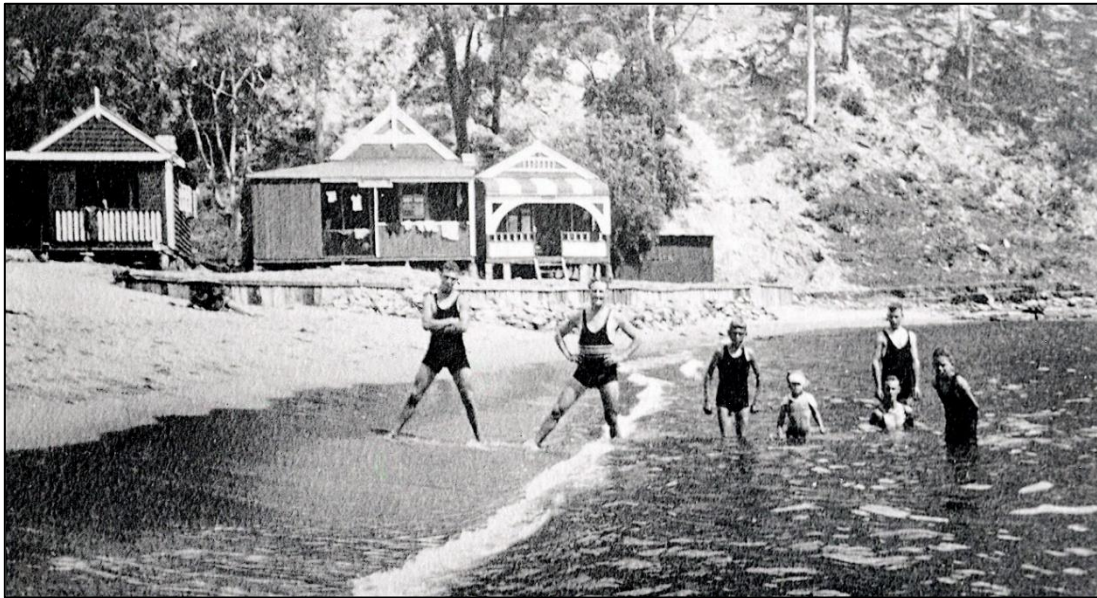
One of Riley's buses

Riley's White buses took holiday people to Booker Bay, Ettalong and Ocean Beach, even stopping directly in front of any required house. Rod came again for successive holidays from 1931 and remembers Turo waiting for the ferry boat. The Wagstaffe ferry would stop at all public wharves or any private wharf after passing through the Rip, where the water runs fast in and out with the tide.

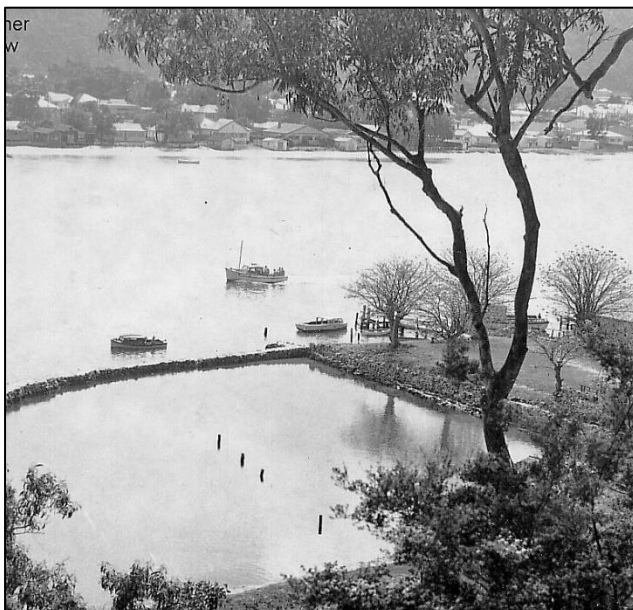
On getting to the last wharf at Wagstaffe, they would go to their holiday house, fronting a beach of golden sands, sometimes with biggish waves. From there, they looked across to Ettalong, from where his father hired a rowboat.

He learnt to row, and his family would use the boat at all times, day and night, to fish. They got most of their bread, butter and food from the store at Ettalong owned by Mr Lucas.

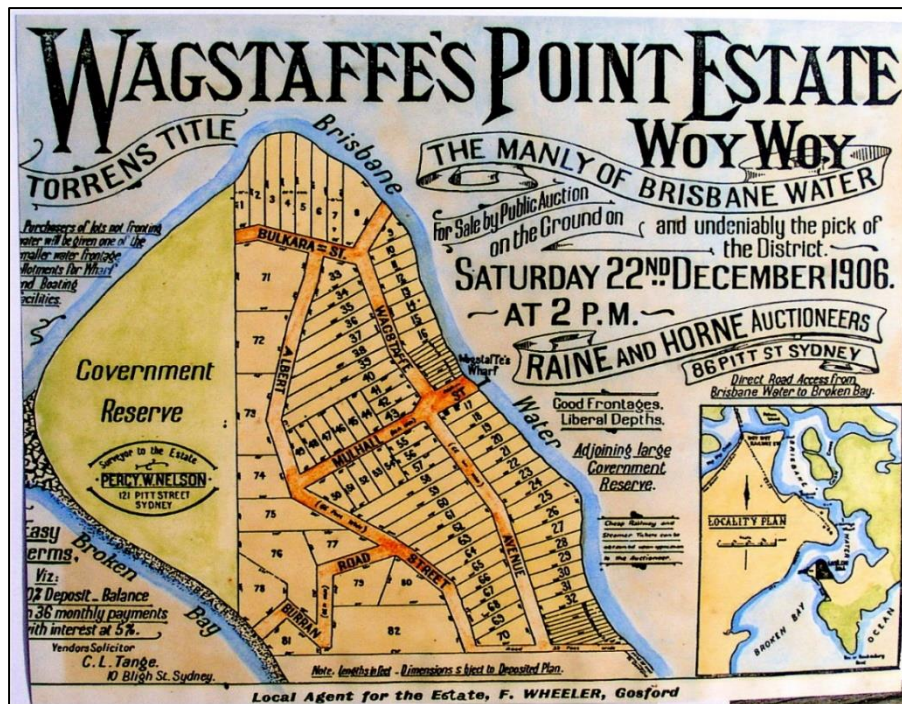
There was no electricity at that time, and they had a stove, which burnt wood collected from the bush. He often saw porpoises in the bay and sometimes, but not often, a big shark. And so, they had holidays like that each year.



San Toy scenes in the early days



Land, Holiday Cottages and High Tides



They discovered that the cottage and land they rented at Wagstaffe Point was for sale so they bought it in 1939.

They came regularly to the Point, sometimes renting the house to friends; meaning they would have to stay in the shed. Rod's parents were not the first to own land at Wagstaffe Point, as the present sub-division had been made in 1906. The estate map below shows the extent of the blocks, some part of which had been eroded by floods and tides over the years.

Next to the Radford's land were two blocks owned by the Horne family from Tamworth.

This included an attractive waterside building with an oriental shaped fascia board, which the music loving Hornes called *San Toy*.



San Toy or *The Emperor's Own* was a musical comedy in two acts set in China, first performed at Daly's Theatre, London, on October 21, 1899; it ran for 768 performances. It would be politically incorrect if performed today. The Hornes had three cottages, which they also let out.



San Toy flooded in 1920

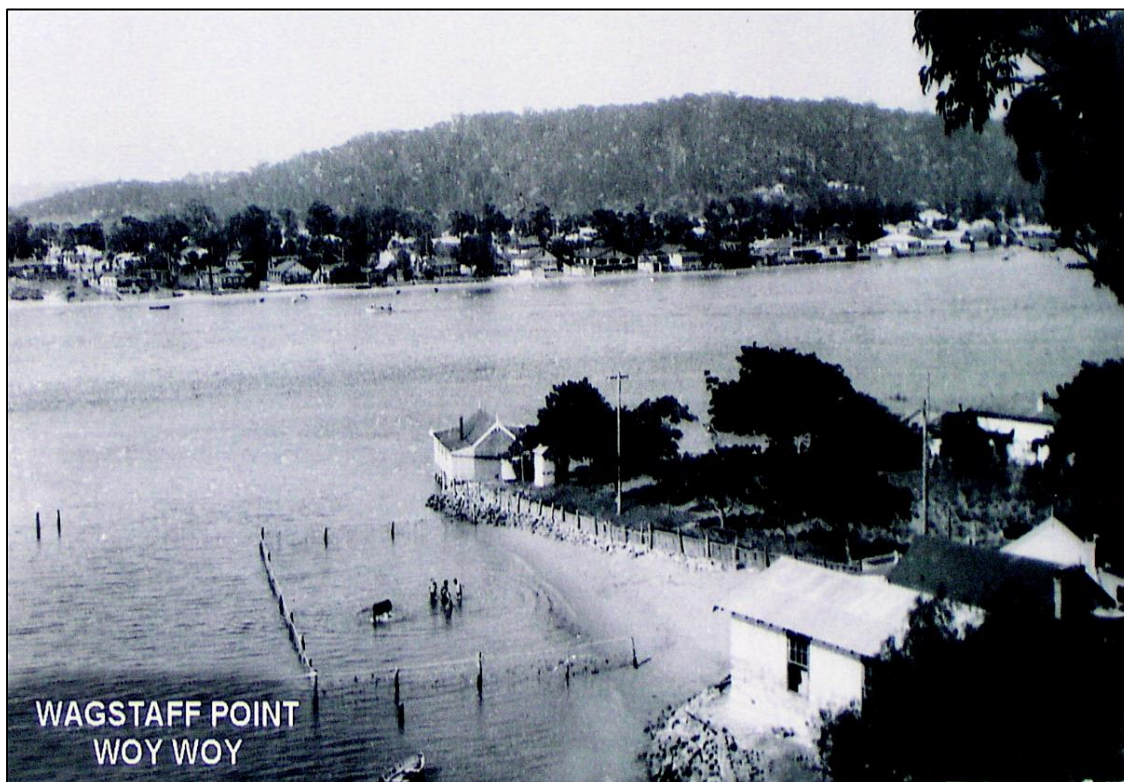
There was a narrow beach at the Radford's end of the Point but there was a problem with this area. Since the original sub-division, huge tides had washed away some of the original land. In the photo above, you can see how high the tide was in the big flood of 1920, just after the Horne's had built their waterside building.

Here is what Rod writes about another high tide: *During the winter of 1956, two days of storm and heavy rain on the top of a normal high tide, (estimated at 6 ft 6 inches), increased tidal levels to a record of 7 ft 6 inches with considerable wave action. Water inundated low land and entered many boatsheds. Coastal low roads were flooded. San Toy cottage, built over the water on piles, was lifted up and destroyed, just before the top of the tide.*

Immediately, on this change the storm and wave action ceased and floating debris was easily picked from rowboats. The topping of a seawall was smashed into separate lengths of about 3 feet, consisting of three upright stones set in a concrete base. Each broken section was rolled over once or twice; each piece of upright stone being a comfortable lift for a man. The three stones and base were too much. An electric light pole was slanted to a 45-degree angle, with wires on the ground making dangerous any repair work and the base of a coral tree was partly washed away. All this indicated how previous erosion had taken place since 1916.



San Toy destroyed in 1956.



Radford's properties, circa 1939-40, with '*San Toy*' and Horne's adjacent property, '*Silver Spray*', in the foreground. Built from sandstone, quarried on their land, it was just finished in time for Christmas letting.

The Radfords, as early as 1938, started building a seawall to protect the beach and the cottages. They also fenced off a swimming pool in the area (see photo below). However, the first blocks had just enough flat land left after erosion for a house. There was steep land behind them and water in front.

With the help of local tradesmen, the Radfords learnt how to cut the rock on the hillside, and they extended the sea wall out to the line where they considered that the blocks had reached at the time of the 1906 sub-division.

The Radfords then got permission from the Fisheries Department, to reclaim the land behind the seawall, to ensure that the lots were safe from the powerful tides. This reclamation was a huge task. Further rock was cut from the cliff face, which was part of their lots, so it was rock from their land. Many photos are available in the Radford's album of this arduous achievement.



Reclaimed land fronting the cottages.

There were further problems, however. The Gosford Council challenged their right to undertake the reclamation. The Lands Department got into the act and wanted to make a charge for Permissive Occupancy. Some local environmentalists also objected to the reclamation work.

The situation was finally resolved by chance. Rod Radford, attending a conference, saw on display an old photo, shown below, which established that before the years of erosion, the

blocks had extended out to the reclaimed area. As a result of this photo the Council accepted the reclamation, and the Department of Lands gave up their idea of charging permissive occupancy. Other nearby waterfront homeowners also benefited from this ruling.

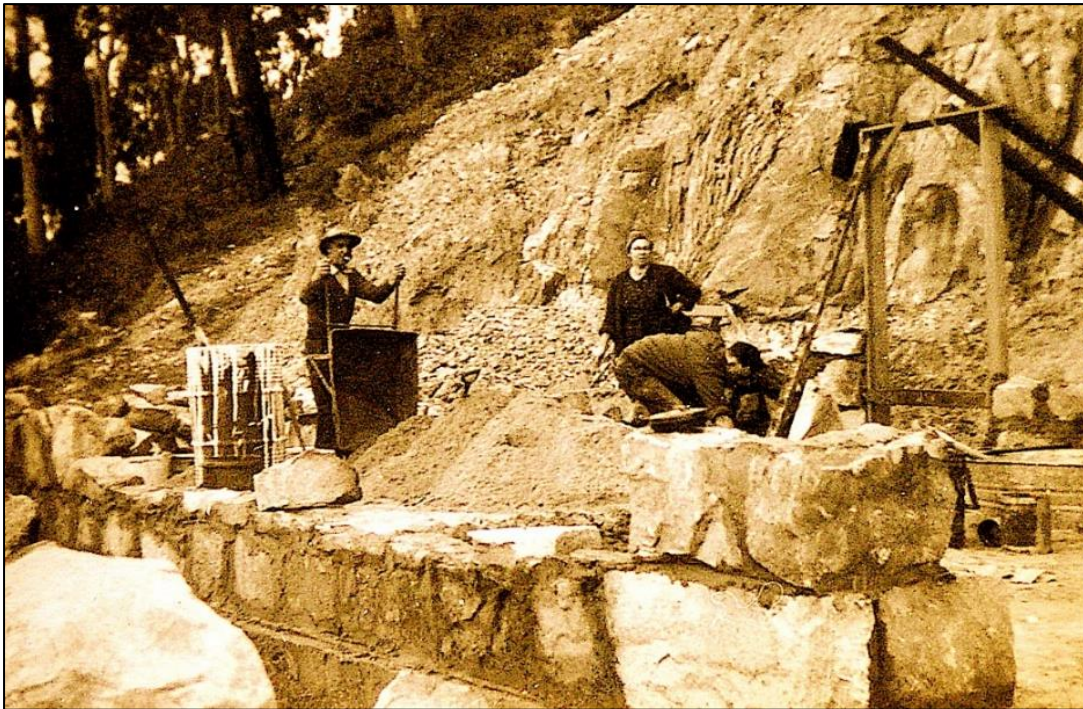


Photo showing the extent of land before the 1920 erosion. Note the wharf, also destroyed by erosion.



Reclaimed land today (2008)

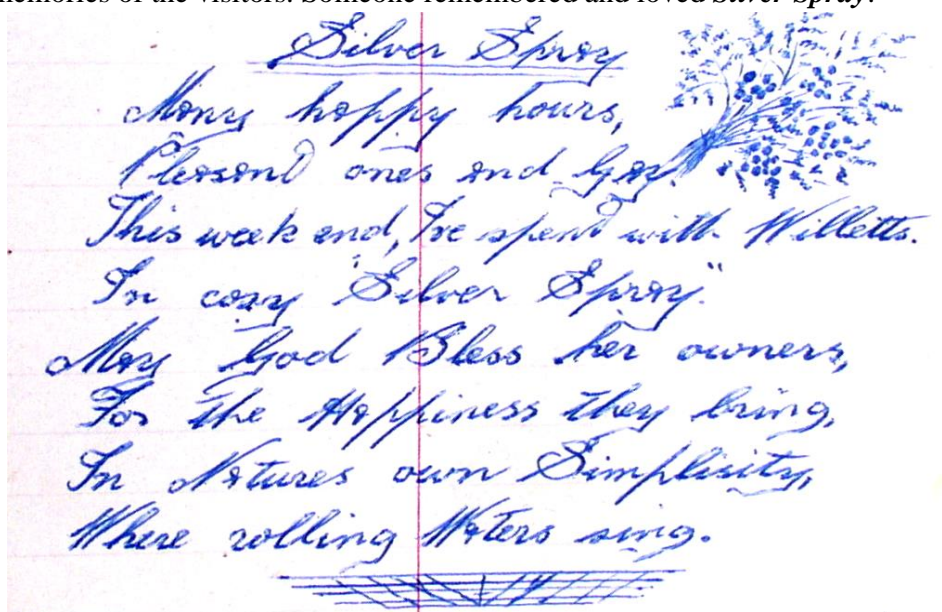
Silver Spray



Ernest and Isobel Radford, (Ern and Belle), with an Irish stone mason, constructing *Silver Spray*, from rough local sandstone.

The Stone Cottage, *Silver Spray*, was one of the holiday houses built after the Radfords acquired two more blocks of land. It was constructed using the sandstone blocks cut from the hilly part of the property which stretched up to Bulkara Street above. Local tradesmen had been consulted and the family learned to do the work needed. They can be seen working in the photograph.

Holiday makers enjoyed quiet fishing holidays on the point and appreciated the cheap rent charged if they were regular tenants. You can see the poem found in the diary, kept as a record of the memories of the visitors. Someone remembered and loved *Silver Spray*.





Silver Spray above and other cottages above and below



Life at Wagstaffe Point and the San Toy Estate

The Horne's decided to sell Lot 4, adjacent to Radford's Lot 3 so the Radfords purchased the block with its two cottages. Later, they decided to call all the area they owned, with its holiday cottages, *San Toy Holiday Estate* and then *San Toy Estate* after the old *San Toy* building.

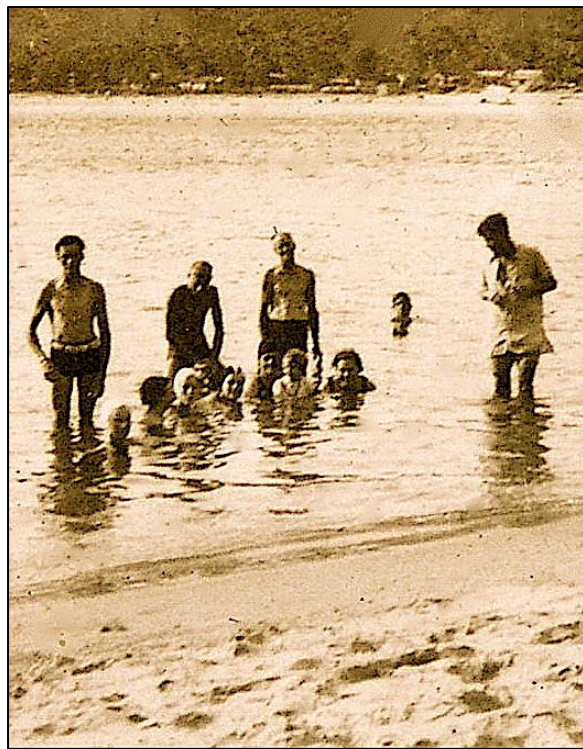
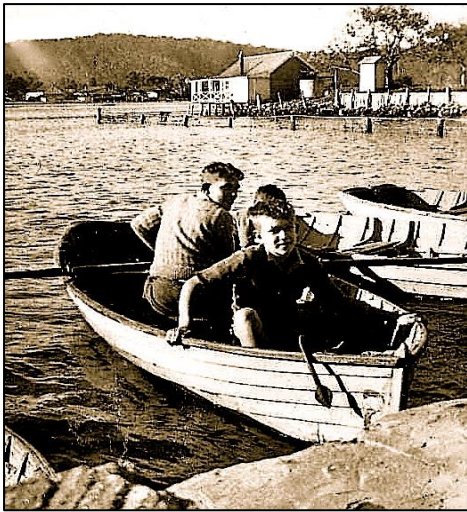
The photographic essay below gives some sense of what a great place Wagstaffe Point was for holidays for many years, with its inexpensive holiday accommodation and then with consolidated land for recreation. The Radfords still have their Visitors Book with lots of warm memories recorded there.

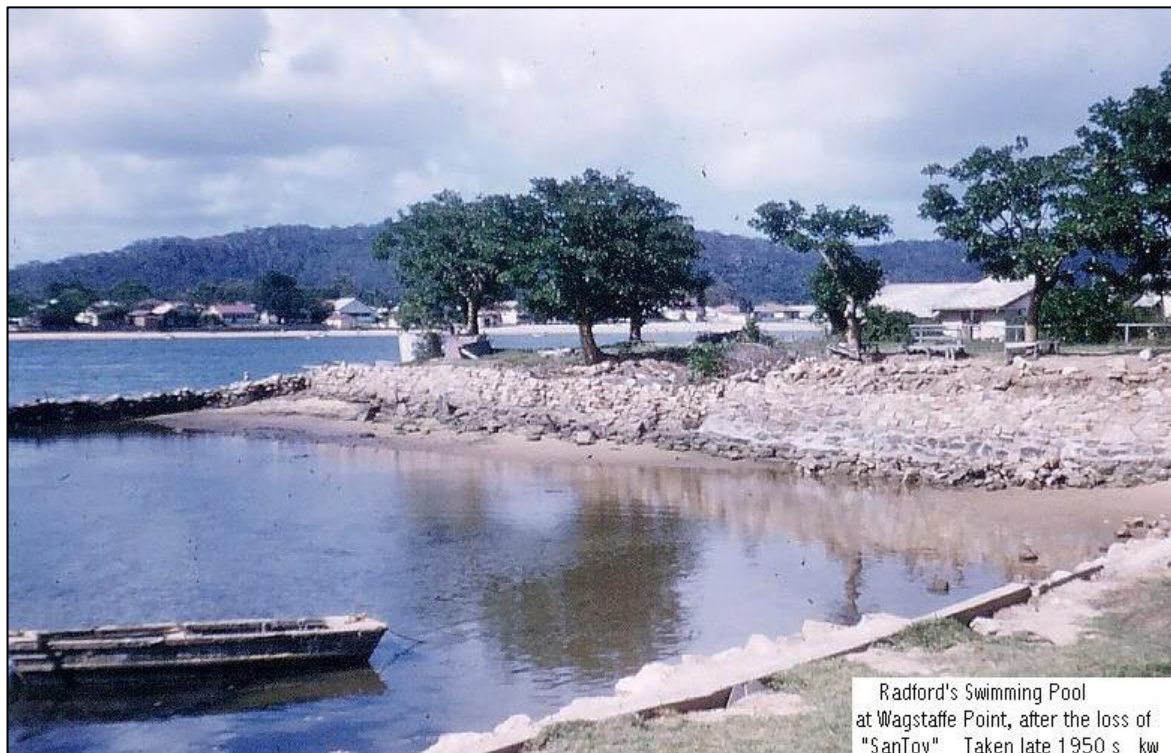


One King's Birthday weekend. Members of the Argyle Club, a church group, playing rounders on reclaimed land.



The Hornes at home at *Bluebird* in the 1920s (above) and Radford relatives swimming in open waters (right), before the wire baths were made.







Holiday over. Above: Everyone is dressed and ready to catch the boat.

Right: Waiting on the wharf for the ferry.



However, with the development of better roads and of camping areas along the coast, families became more mobile and fewer families came to spend fishing holidays at Wagstaffe Point. Some houses then became permanent rentals for not-so-well-off local families, including some pensioners so the area met their needs too.

Rod's family originally lived in Sydney's inner west and Rod became apprenticed as a pharmacist in the area and did his courses at the University of Sydney.

Pat also lived in the inner west and gave up her job with an insurance firm in the city, to work with the Sydney City Council Burwood Office at a higher salary, as her family were experiencing difficult times with her father overseas and later in the forces. By good fortune, Rod was working in the pharmacy on the opposite corner and the two made contact. From those meetings, romance developed, and marriage followed in 1945.

Rod loved the Central Coast so much that Rod and Pat moved from Sydney to live permanently at Wagstaffe Point, where his parents had bought further blocks next to their first holiday cottage. He opened a pharmacy in Ettalong after the end of World War 2 in 1946 (see photograph above). Ettalong was still just a holiday settlement, and it was difficult to know where the town centre would be, but he chose Ocean View Road, near Ettalong Wharf. The first pharmacy was part of an unused billiard saloon.

The second was designed by draughtsman, Laurie Heron (designer of Wagstaffe Hall), and built nearby.



Rod Radford's Chemist Shop at Ocean View Road, Ettalong.

The roads were still dirt roads as you can see in the photo. There was no bridge to Gosford along the waterfront, only the steep road up Bulls Hill to Staples Lookout. There was one doctor at Ettalong and another in Woy Woy and originally no ambulance.

The Radford's Pharmacy became an integral part of the life of the area and became widely known when Rod bought his amphibious car and delivered prescriptions in it after hours. The photos show Pat and Rod in the shop and Rod delivering a prescription. They were taken by Ron Berg and published in *The Woman's Weekly* of July 31, 1968.



Rod loves singing and has been a part of performing groups in the area.

On the home side of the water, Rod and Pat were active members of the Pretty Beach/Wagstaffe Progress Association and helpers in building the Community Hall (Wagstaffe Hall). Rod served a term as president of the association. In the photo at left, his mother, Isobel, is tending to a stall at Wagstaffe with grand-daughter, Margaret. 'Granny Radford' was a great local identity in the local community for many years. Rod and Pat looked after both their long-living mothers at Wagstaffe Point, until their last days

Prior to the building of the community hall, funds were made from running open-air pictures on vacant land belonging to the Berry Family. Later, they were held in the community hall.

Woy Woy Shire Council managed the Woy Woy Peninsula. Gosford had its own shire and Wagstaffe was in the Shire of Erina. Many years later they were made into one - Gosford Shire. There were two cinemas: one in Woy Woy and one at Ettalong. Every Saturday a ferry would take people to the pictures at Woy Woy. Umina only consisted of a few scattered shops.

The Woy Woy Peninsula continued to grow. A Chamber of Commerce was established about fifty years ago. New businesses were encouraged by the government to open up in the area. Roads were improved and drainage helped to minimise local flooding. The telephone changed from manual to automatic. Sports areas were developed, tennis and netball courts, football and cricket ovals, bowling clubs and the Everglades Golf Club were established. Churches of varied denominations were active. CWA, Rotary, Apex and Lions Clubs helped to unite the district and people who loved music combined into groups and gave many concerts.

The railway was electrified and the arrival of refugees from Holland, Hungary and other places brought added cultures and added effort. So, over those fifty or more years, Woy Woy Peninsula has grown with lots of tradespeople, pharmacies, doctors and specialists, two hospitals, retirement villages, supermarkets and shopping plazas, all connected with an extensive bus and taxi system and thousands of private cars.

Rod Radford was very much a part of the development he describes above, being involved with Rotary, church and business groups in Ettalong and Woy Woy. The Rotary Club of Umina, which he has belonged to for 57 years (in 2008), awarded him their top honour of the Sapphire Pin.

Sad farewell to San Toy

San Toy Estate continued until the Radfords found they were paying more land tax, rates and upkeep than they received from their rentals, so the situation became untenable, and the blocks would have to be sold with only one dwelling permitted on each block. The sad part for the Radfords was giving the tenants notice, but the tenants realised that for some time the Radfords had been carrying them. Some local people were critical of this move, as others had been critical of the land reclamation. This, in spite of the many contributions the Radfords have made to the communities of Woy Woy and Wagstaffe and the inexpensive accommodation and other kinds of help they had provided for so long for so many people.

They had helped build the new hall, supported film showing, organised youth dances and concerts and served as guarantor to the bank loan for the Killcare Life Saving Club's building.

So the blocks were sold one by one and the Radfords retained their own block and house. The blocks now contain residences very different from the original ones. All these houses are safer now from the exceptional tides but maybe all such waterfront blocks will one day have problems if global warming continues as some predict.

At the old gate, built with local cut sandstone from the demolition of *Silver Spray*, you will find a plaque commemorating the Radford Family who achieved so much over nearly 80 years in the Woy Woy and Wagstaffe areas. The gates are well worth a visit. The letter boxes (pictured) are still there and speak eloquently of happy days.

Rod and Pat have lived in quiet retirement for many years but are still active in varied ways, including Rotary for Rod and Probus for both of them.





Rod likes writing poetry, as well as singing and sketching, and the reflective poem below catches the spirit of his life, which owes much to his Scottish grandmother, Annie, and mother, Isobel, who were both energetic and purposeful people, caring family members and good citizens too, and to his own deep Christian faith.

1. Extended Thoughts from Henry Kendall's

"The Last of his Tribe"

As we stand with the glint of the sun in our hair
And gaze at the scene all around,
Do we think of the joys that may have been there,
Or the dreams that we've changed as a race,
Or the sorrows we've caused as a race.

The dreams that we dream and the schemes that we scheme
May last for a decade or two,
'Til some brighter dream, some better scheme
Demolish our work of the past,
Or embellish achievements to last.
We've builded our towns and cities of stone

We've trampled on things in our haste.
We've cut and we've hewn, destroyed and we've strewn
The glories of God we've laid waste.
The glories of God we've debased.

We'll use all this land, this glorious land
For purposes all of our own.
We'll plough and we'll dig with tractor or rig
Please God! There's a scheme in our dream;
Please see there's a God in our dream.

And when we achieve the things we achieve
May it be to the glory of God,
Without need to regret the things we've destroyed
But with pride in the things we have wrought,
Great pride in the things we have wrought.

Rod Radford

A Few Unforgettable Memories

Here is a taste of some of the memories that Rod has jotted down. He has written many more and has a wonderful set of memorabilia relating to these years. His 'stuff' fills the top floor of their house and we are most appreciative of Rod and Pat for making these valuable archives available to the Bouddi Peninsula History Project and we honour the work of the Radford family in our area over some 80 years. David Dufty.

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL PHENOMENON

About twenty years ago, a lady wrote to the Sydney Morning Herald editor, quoting an experience after having seen a large number of Magpies, grouped in a circle, similar to people at a meeting. Several months later Pat and I were surprised by a similar experience. It occurred on the waterfront rocks and hillside of Boudi National Park, half way between our place and Half Tide Rocks, on a mild to warm sunny mid-afternoon. As we approached, comparatively motionless, occupying the rocks we noticed an unusual number of Magpies, in the form of a wide rough circle. We estimated there were over 100 birds. In the trees on the hillside, there was more bird movement with a greater noise. After trying to count the number in one tree and multiplying by the number of main trees we estimated at least four hundred more. A few pairs were seen to be arriving over water from Umina. As we kept walking slowly, the birds on the rocks, without haste, formed up in the same manner behind us and otherwise seemed uninterested in us. Continuing our observation, this situation seemed to exist for some time, yet when we returned, all the Magpies had dispersed, quite unobtrusively. Knowing the territorial demands of birds and particularly Magpies, we feel privileged to have had such an unexplained experience.

ANOTHER ORNITHOLOGICAL PHENOMENON

Shearwaters or Mutton Birds are an amazing migratory bird, and the Central Coast is an important part of their migratory pattern. After crossing thousands of miles of ocean, their landfall is almost to the day at Wagstaffe, before continuing their flight to their nesting place in Bass Strait. My recollections of this regularity of arrivals, indicates a major decrease in numbers. In recent years we have seen weary birds, drifting on the incoming tide and even dying from the effects of their exhaustion. The apparent paucity of numbers, contrasts with my recollections of their arrivals in the 1940s. On one occasion, the area of some 20 to 50 feet above the waves was dotted black with vibrant activity. The birds travelled within a few feet of the top of low waves, both bird and waves seeming to accelerate with an even southeasterly. As they approached the broken waves on the sandbars at the mouth of Broken Bay, the birds would zoom up to a higher level and return to the open sea, some four or five miles, to repeat what seem to be their enjoyment. The moving black mosaic was almost hypnotic but unforgettable.

CHARACTERS

In my early days of pharmacy in Ettalong and because we lived at Wagstaffe, we endeavoured to supply a delivery service and so complement the work of the various doctors who, at that time, tried to maintain medical attention to what was then a back block. We did this daily by launch along the foreshore to several shops.

For a couple of years, we used the services of ‘Captain’ Andrew Higginson, a local from Pretty Beach. He was a character in his own right, dressed in calf length trousers and a jaunty captain's cap.

He would embarrass us, until we got used to it, by putting on a song and dance act in the shop, when waiting for the deliveries. When he had gone, the entertained customers would invariably ask, ‘Who was he?’ to be told: Andrew Higginson. Again, the invariable question was: ‘Not the Andrew Higginson? I remember him with Gladys Moncrieff in Maid of the Mountains.’ The women also invariably continued: ‘Wasn't he a heart-throb?’ - more statement than question.



Andrew Higginson and Flo Young in waltz song, ‘I love you so’. Photo: With permission of the National Library of Australia.

On one occasion, I was pleased to receive his excited commendation the morning after I had had the pleasure of singing on 2GB's Amateur Hour broadcast from Sydney. After emphasising that I had the potential to be successful in the musical world, he conceded: “Pharmacy is a more stable profession.” He also substantiated his remarks with a letter, which I still retain. His own performance that day was on a greater level than usual. When he passed away, the district lost a character. Photos and postcards still exist that help to bring Andrew back to life in his prime.

Here is a story of another ‘character’. At Wagstaffe, we have had a variety of tenants. One family had a father, tall and angular, who as a returned soldier, suffered a stress problem aggravated by drinking bouts. Sometimes at night this would necessitate the mother and children escaping to the scrub on the hill behind their accommodation. My dad would attempt to talk with the rampaging giant with some short-term success. That part of the story I tell with sympathy and sorrow. The balance of the story, as it affects me, has enough humour to be worth telling.

Our pharmacy, on the corner of Ferry Road, near Ettalong Wharf, had two doors to the street frontage and large folding doors to the side one. The shop had lots of glass fittings and stock. On this day, the referred to gentleman was, unknown to me, dealing with his wife in an ungentlemanly manner, some distance from the pharmacy, with some concern to bystanders.

His wife seeing a white-coated bystander, (the local dentist who disappeared to ring the police), connected the white coat to the pharmacy and me. My first knowledge was of the man chasing the wife through the shop between the doors. On intervening, I was confronted

with the decision of breaking a lapel grip with a - was it to be a downward, an upward or a sideways wrist movement? At the same time, I was always conscious of finishing up among the glass and stock.

She, hanging on the folding doors, called out, "Save me, Mr. Radford!" Unchivalrously and unjustly but perhaps with wisdom I replied, "Beat it! You're just as bad as he is." The lapel grip then loosened almost before my downward wrist movement and after mutual glaring, he departed to stand on the footpath with an increasing number of bystanders remaining on the safer sides of the roads. Tim, a rippling muscled lifesaver, wanted to straighten out the problem and required a few reassuring words that all was now resolved. Next day, as I opened the pharmacy, the husband was there to apologise, and I hastened to assure him it could happen in any respectable home.

Rod Radford 2008.

THE RADFORD AMPHICAR

This is an account of the Radford amphibious vehicle, as told by Rod Radford, henceforth known as Rod to John Moran and David Dufty, who tell the story making use also of the references and resources listed below.

Is it a car? Is it a boat? It's an... **Amphicar!**



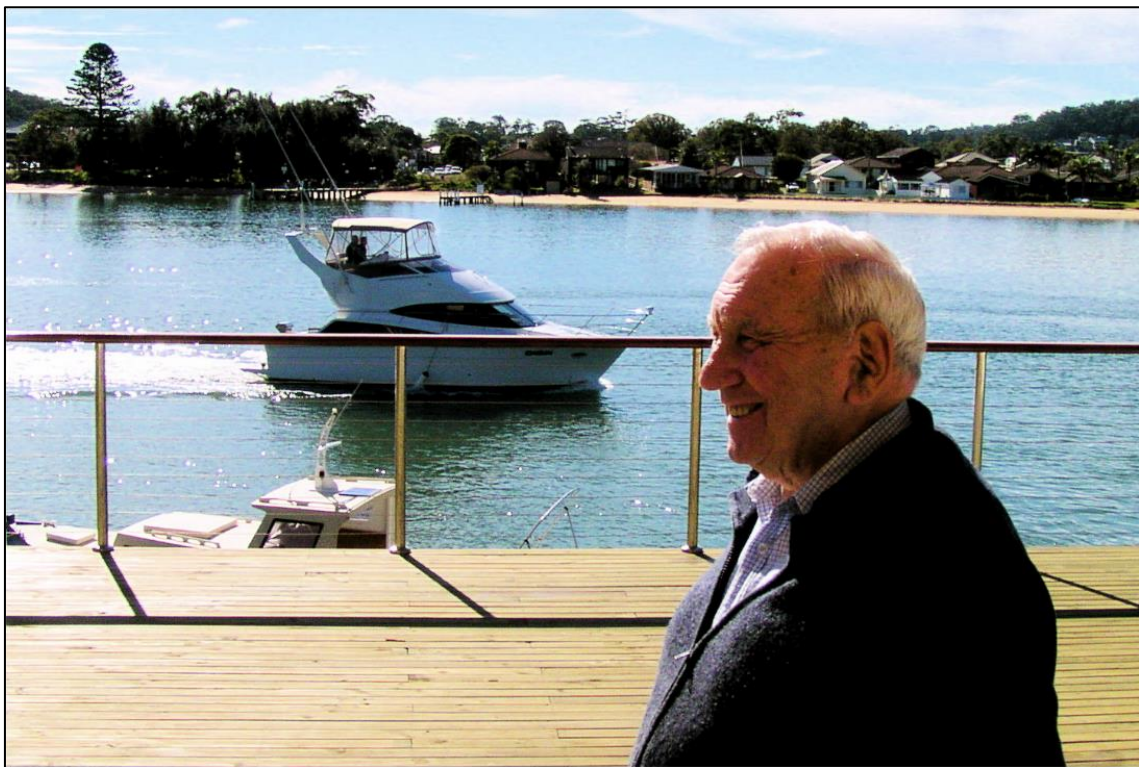
Thinking locally

There are many rich stories about the Bouddi Peninsula and its people. This story involves a prominent local man (the subject of a separate Bouddi Bio), his novel solution to a frustrating problem, very new and unusual technology, an object of public curiosity and an Australian first. The story also illustrates a geographical area otherwise known for its physical beauty – the Central Coast of New South Wales.

Rod first came to Wagstaffe in 1930 as a ten-year-old boy. His mother had purchased a holiday home on the shores of Brisbane Water where they could look across the estuary to Ettalong just a few hundred yards away – later to prove a tantalizing prospect. The family subsequently moved from Sydney to Wagstaffe to live, increased their land and property holdings and established what became known as the San Toy Estate. The boy, who holidayed at Wagstaffe with his family, in time became a young married pharmacist still living on the family estate. Now wanting to also work in the district, he opened his own pharmacy at Ettalong in 1946, just across that short stretch of water from his home at Wagstaffe. In so doing he created for himself an ongoing dilemma.

The Dilemma and its Solution

Many would perhaps find this a delightful dilemma and clearly not insuperable. Nevertheless, in order to understand what we will assume was a somewhat welcome conundrum, consider the geography of the Central Coast, that complex land and water mosaic that sometimes rendered a journey less straightforward than at first glance. So that for Rod to drive to work at Ettalong from Wagstaffe in 1946 entailed a round trip of some eighty (80) kilometers via Gosford appropriating up to an hour of his day. Yet there was his pharmacy in view just a few hundred metres from his home across a narrow section of Brisbane Water. Frustrating indeed! This situation was to prevail until the opening of the Rip Bridge in 1974 linking the Woy Woy and Bouddi Peninsulas. For many years, Rod's solution took advantage of the shortest, most direct and most pleasant route. At first, he would row back and forth across the water to Ettalong. Later he made the crossing even faster by motorboat.



Rod Radford reflects again on the challenging gap between his home and his Ettalong pharmacy

While these were enjoyable means of commuting to work, they were never completely satisfactory. The vagaries of the weather and water conditions, security of the boats at Ettalong and lack of a vehicle over there were among the drawbacks.

The ultimate and most creative solution to Rod's delightful dilemma was of course the subject of this narrative, the extraordinary Amphicar. An article in the *Sydney Morning Herald* prompted his interest in the ground-breaking (or was it water-breaking?) amphibious car. He immediately recognized its potential as an interesting and better alternative to the

conventional watercraft he had been employing. Furthermore, it offered other advantages for his professional practice.

First Rod needed to do some research. Thus, local mechanic Joe Ginsburg indicated he would be able to repair and maintain the vehicle. On the debit side the local agent for Amphicar had concerns about the possible corrosive effects of salt water. This led to a delay of two years in obtaining a warranty. Despite this, in 1965, Rod went ahead and purchased the first Amphicar sold in Australia. The challenge of embracing new-fangled technology was not going to hold him back.

Indeed, he may have been attracted to the idea of pioneering a new form of transport in Australia! The bright red Radford Amphicar was made in Berlin, West Germany. Having arrived in Adelaide by sea it was driven to Sydney where, following inspection and registration, it was ready to motor to its final destination at Ettalong.

Its arrival there was featured on television. With many overland miles already on the odometer it was driven into the water for the first time at Ettalong with Rod at the wheel and the rest of the Radford family on board.

At a somewhat later time, it appeared on the Bob Dyer BP television program. It was shown motoring around the local area, on land and in the water, and of course being filled with BP petrol. It also made an appearance in Sydney, against the Harbour Bridge and the slowly growing Opera House, as seen in the photo below from Rod Radford's collection.

The Amphicar in Action

The time came for the vehicle to be put to work. Passage of the vehicle from the water on arrival at Ettalong's sandy beach initially proved a little tricky. It stalled on the first two attempts before the optimum exit speed was found. The drive across the beach and up steep Cable Road to the nearby pharmacy was then negotiated without further difficulty. This daily



debarkation was later improved by laying sleepers at the Ettalong exit.



Rod also set to work on the Bouddi side of the channel. He built a boat (or was it a car?) ramp and a track from their property to Wagstaffe Avenue (see photo) thus better connecting them to the local roads on that side.

Having fluidly solved the problem of travel to and from work, Rod turned his attention to improving customer service with the Amphicar. It was put to further use in the practice, delivering supplies by land and water as far as Empire Bay. If you were lucky enough to have a property on the water, you were the recipient of a hand delivered five-star service!

Although a private vehicle, in a rare instance it was used for a medical evacuation – unfortunately the patient had died. Authorities in parts of Europe actually employed the Amphicar as a first aid and rescue vehicle. In retrospect it might also have played a valuable emergency role on the Central Coast.

Not surprisingly the Radford Amphicar attracted popular interest. The novelty of this car-come-boat resulted in small crowds gathering at Ettalong to view its arrival and departure. Rod said, “I get some astonished looks from holiday makers when I drive into the

water and cruise off among the boats.” A July 1968 article in the *Australian Women's Weekly* noted that, ‘...it is especially popular with the children who all long for rides and during the summer school holidays Mr Radford frequently has a carload of young passengers when he delivers prescriptions’.



Driving the vehicle ultimately became a family affair with all members of the family taking their turn at the wheel. (Photos on this page from *Australian Women's Weekly*.)

Rod owned and operated two of these vehicles over a period of some ten years, each having a



life span of about five years. Spares for the second vehicle were obtained by stripping the first. Replacement of suspension and brake linings was required due to saltwater corrosion. As a watercraft the Amphicar behaved well in most weather conditions including rough water. Rod once

said, "On one occasion I did not realise just how choppy the water was until I switched the headlights on."

The second vehicle owned by Rod was sold for 10 pounds to a Mr Rowan Hatfield of Indoorapilly QLD. He has been restoring the vehicle over a three-year period and hopes to exhibit it here for a short period when the restoration has been completed.

The only other Amphicar on the Central Coast known to Rod was situated at Toowoona Bay.

Thinking globally

As previously noted, the Amphicar Corporation, owned by the Quandt group (which also owned BMW), manufactured the Amphicar in Berlin from 1961 to 1968. Several thousand vehicles were produced in that period with the great majority going to the USA. While other groups have since attempted to produce a better and more successful amphibious car, Amphicar remains the only civilian amphibious passenger vehicle ever mass produced. Reportedly, there are several hundreds of these vehicles still in use and spare parts remain available in the USA.

It has been claimed the reason Amphicar failed commercially was the high cost. Rod paid some 1600 pounds Australian in 1965 compared with approximately 900 pounds for a VW Golf or Mini Minor.

However, a change in USA Government regulations in 1968 put a stop to direct importation into the USA. Given that the USA accounted for 90 per cent of all Amphicar sales it is hardly surprising that the Amphicar Corporation folded in that same year. The level of fame achieved by the Amphicar was not solely due to its novelty status.

It captured public attention by making several serious sea crossings including Africa to Spain, San Diego to Catalina Islands and three English Channel crossings.

Enthusiasm for such stunts must have been dampened however, when one was run down by a ship in the Strait of Gibraltar. Amphicar also achieved celebrity at the movies and on TV. It appeared in several movies, including 'Pontiac Moon' in 1992. TV appearances included the Avengers episode *Castle Death* (1967). Pop videos included Madonna's *Start me up* (1983), surely a suitable theme song for car (and boat) lovers, if ever there was one. Perhaps the piece de resistance was a 1960s Pepsi commercial that showed an Amphicar driving into the water at over 50 mph! The website, *amphicar.com* lists over sixty articles that have been published in the traditional press. Others have appeared in Australian publications.

Thinking technically

In order to understand the relative commercial success of Amphicar it is necessary to kick the wheels and have a look under the bonnet. The two-door body is made of heavier gauge steel than standard cars. All vehicles are convertibles and were available originally in just four colours, Beach White, Regatta Red, Lagoon Blue and Fjord Green (aqua). The maximum passenger capacity is said to be five adults, if three are squeezed into the compact back seat.

The engine is a British built four-cylinder Triumph Herald motor generating 38.3bhp. Maximum speed on the road is about 70 mph on land and 7 mph on water. It thus became known as the 'Model 770'. The enhanced quality of the joining is said to make it 100 per cent watertight, likewise the collapsible soft top roof.

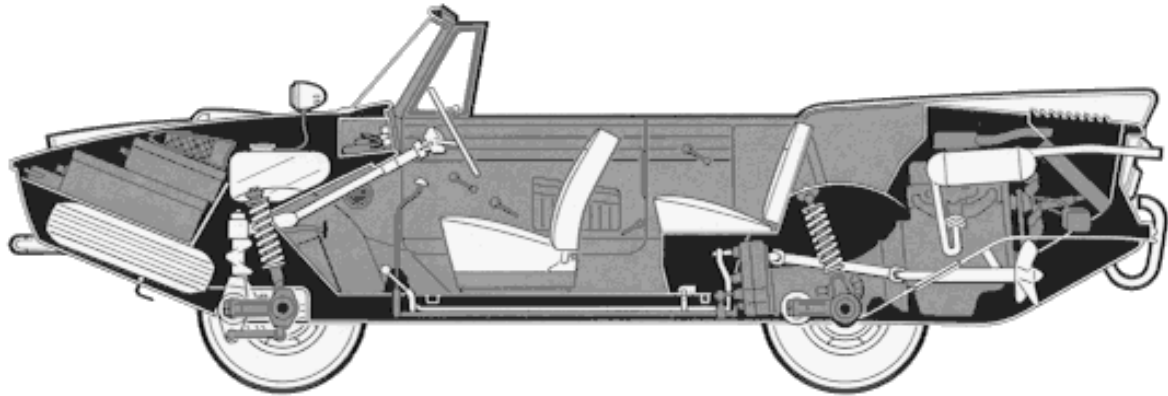
The 14 inches of free board between the waterline and the passenger compartment doubles, with both the window and the soft top when up, in helping to keep the interior free of wash. The short wheelbase, big wheels, rear engine, generous clearance and all independent suspension give the Amphicar some of the qualities of a 4WD.

The land transmission is a 4-speed plus reverse unit while the water transmission is a unique 2-speed unit with single forward and reverse gears. This 2-part transmission allows the wheels and propellers to be operated independently or simultaneously. There are twin nylon propellers and the front wheels act as rudders.

The Amphicar had twin auxiliary fuel tanks with fuel consumption claimed as '30 miles to the gallon'.

A review of the Amphicar in the June 1965 edition of *Modern Motor* stated, 'Considering the dual nature of the Amphicar, its handling on all surfaces is quite remarkable'.

More detailed technical data appears below in the following illustration of Amphicar in cross-section.



In conclusion

The Amphicar was in many respects a remarkable vehicle which, along with its pioneering owner, Rod Radford, makes a most memorable subject for yet another Bouddi story with not only local but also worldwide significance.

Sources and resources

A Google search under the word 'Amphicar' for example www.amphicars.com from which our cross-section diagram was drawn and the Atlantic crossing photo.

Other photos were taken from cuttings, held by Rod Radford, especially from *The Australian Women's Weekly* of July 31, 1968 with photos taken by Ron Berg. Permission to reproduce granted. Current photos by David Dufty.

THE ROWLING and HIGGS FAMILIES

by Peter Rowling

Between about 1932 and 1942 Edward Rowling (a survivor of Gallipoli and the Somme) used to travel by train with his wife, Eileen, and family to Woy Woy and then catch a ferry to Pretty Beach where they would stay at *Cromer*, a house on the corner of Como Parade, a couple of times a year. These were holiday trips occupied mainly by fishing and relaxing. Edward also joined in community events and often helped out in the management and maintenance of order at dances held in the little church hall in Wagstaffe Avenue, St Peters.

One of Edward's sons, Eric, used to recall how drums were set for sharks in the channels of the bay in front of Pretty Beach Rd. Fishing trips varied from walking to the Tallows to catch Salmon and Kingfish, walking to any of the local wharves to catch any variety of fish, or rowing a boat to a favoured spot to target a particular species. Eric also told stories of how he would row his father and another man to Lobster Beach to catch Garfish which were in such great abundance that the adults would roll all their cigarettes before leaving because there simply wasn't time to do so once fishing started.

Not always were these vacation stays during the normal school holiday periods. This led to Eric on one occasion while fishing on Pretty Beach Extension, being approached by the then Principal of Pretty Beach school to come to school "where he belonged". This would have been about 1939.

With the threat of Japanese invasion around 1942, properties went onto the market in and around the area. Edward saw this as an opportunity and bought what was then quite a large property at 6 Como Pde in 1946. It was Lot 12, part of Portion 32 which was granted to William Spears on 7/7/1835. The vendor in 1946 was a "superintendent" at a mental health facility and Edward told stories of how this person would bring patients with him to Pretty Beach where as "therapy" they engaged in the construction of the original house on the property.

Edward and Eileen used the house as a holiday cottage until Edward's retirement around 1960 when they moved in on a full-time basis. They were hosts to regular holiday stays from their daughter, Enid and two sons, Roy and Eric, and their respective families throughout the 1950s and into the 60s.

In early 1962 Edward & Eileen subdivided the property into 3 parcels of land, one of which was passed on to each of their male children. These properties became # 4 (Roy and Dorothy), #6 (Edward & Eileen) and #8 (Eric & Margaret) Como Parade. Margaret and Eric moved permanently into #8 upon their retirement in 1989, but prior to this from about 1965 they used the house as a weekender and holiday house.

Originally the block of land in Como Parade was roughly an upside-down L-shape and large. As explained above it has undergone subdivisions and now consisted of four blocks.

A further subdivision took place in about 1980 when Number 6 and number 8 were broken up to create 6A. This is owned by Peter and Diane Rowling. It is a vacant block of land.

Eric died in 2014 aged eighty-four so No.8 is the only property in Como Parade with a member of the Rowling family in residence and that is Eric's wife, Margaret (Edward and Eileen's daughter in-law). The small weatherboard house fronting Como Parade was built pre-1930 by the superintendent of a facility that could very well have been Peat Island.



Peter and Diane Rowling have kept their long-time link with the area visiting their family weekender, *Duz Us*, at Wagstaffe. Pictured below, *Duz Us* is on the waterside corner across the road from Wagstaffe Hall and opposite Wagstaffe Store. This is the continuation of the story begun above.



This story starts with Alan Jorgensen who worked as a salesman for Columbia Pictures. In the 1960s he delivered films for screening at Wagstaffe Hall. He shared his discovery of a good place for holidays with his sister, Merle, and her husband, Eric Higgs, who were happy to rent a flat in the place across the road from Wagstaffe Hall (now *Duz Us*).

The place across the road, opening onto Wagstaffe Square, began its life as a greengrocer's shop, 'Wonderland', owned and operated by Walter Sidney (Sid) Osborne who lived up the hill in Mulhall Street. Sid owned the shop and a truck and stayed in business for a couple of years in the late 30s.



The Stewart family operated Wagstaffe Store and Mrs Stewart can be seen at left with the sign 'GREENGROCER' boldly on display on the shop's roof behind her and across the road. The roads were in bad repair and Alan Stewart only remembers two motor vehicles in the area at that time, their car and Sid Osborne's small truck which he used, to go to Gosford for fruit and vegetable supplies.

For a time, the front corner of the building was turned into a doctor's surgery and a fellow, described as a 'rogue doctor', operated a practice there. There is a story of someone having their broken arm set in none-too-clean circumstances.

The shop was turned into a house, certainly by the time it was owned by Harold Strachan whose home stretched across the front having two bedrooms, a living area and kitchen, with two flats behind the residence.

Each flat, arranged mirror-image-wise, consisted of two bedrooms and a kitchen cum sitting room, where everything happened. The entrances were at the back. There is also a room now (and probably then) used as a storeroom. So, there is more to the property (that used to be a shop) than you think.

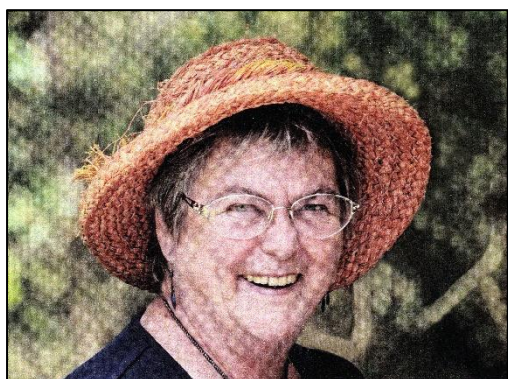
Alan Jorgensen stayed in one flat and the Higgs family stayed in the other and holidayed there every Christmas for a few years. When their daughter, Diane, was about nine in the late sixties the property came up for sale and the Higgs bought it.

They figured *Duz Us* was a very apt name. The family then came not only for Christmas but for Easter and school holidays too.

Mr and Mrs Higgs have grown elderly and are no longer able to visit but the house has not been forgotten. It has become a large and very comfortable holiday destination for the now extended family.

A TRIBUTE TO BEVERLEY RUNCIE

by Robyn Warburton and Bev's Book Club Friends



Beverley Runcie and her husband, Don, discovered Killcare in 1965, on their way home from a picnic at Little Beach. They were immediately attracted to the place and bought land. Once they had a house and a family they visited often until retirement time came and they moved to Putty Beach permanently. They became involved in local organisations and interested in the history of Boudd Peninsula. Life was good on the coast.

Don and Beverley Runcie built their house in Anthony Crescent in the 1970's. Beverley told the story of the house for *More than Bricks and Mortar*, Robyn Warburton's book about Bouddi Houses and People.

More than fifty years (in 1965) ago, Don and Beverley Runcie picnicked at Maitland Bay searching for history; an ancestor survived the sinking of the paddle-steamer, *SS Maitland*, in 1898. After struggling back up the track with the heavy esky (a once only endeavour) they pressed on and at the spot along The Scenic Drive where you can look down at the expanse of Putty Beach there happened to be a salesman selling land. 'Kilcare (sic) Beach Estate' advertised the new subdivision below. They chose Lot 59 (No.8) on the high side of Anthony Crescent, purchase price \$2,990. They secured it for just \$200.

It was before pole houses so finding a design to suit the difficult block was hard. Local real estate agent, Neville Hazzard, looking for future sales, encouraged them to build - to establish precedence. Bisley Homes kit homes had the answer. The plan for 'Flinders' would have straddled a watercourse on the block, so Bisley's architect suggested 'Lawson' modified with an elevation.

By 1974 they not only had a holiday house but three children. The surf kept them awake to begin with; the problem was solved with curtains, 1970s style! The house lost its guttering in two big storms, one of them the 1974 monster. Putty Beach Drive was troublesome in rain until it was sealed in early 2000s. The building of a weekender at Putty Beach led to a life-long love of things environmental for all of the Runcie children and the choice of career for two of them. Imagine the excitement the three children experienced every time they visited: the exploration, the adventures and occasional dramas.

Enjoyment and adventures followed. The beach was close and important; the discovery of special places and plants followed. Bouddi National Park featured. The children's horizons grew with them and there were always books on hand to find out more. They learnt to abseil and scuba dive, handy for later careers.

The family's interest in the environment continued. They were still exploring the bush on the annual family holiday in the Snowy Mountains when the children and grandchildren came together with Don and Bev to enjoy each other's company and the great outdoors.

Retirement had brought them to the coast, and they became valued members of the local organisations, Killcare Wagstaffe Trust and Wagstaffe to Killcare Community Association. They joined a local music group and Beverley joined a group devoted to the study of poetry. She was already a long-time member of the local Book Club that began meeting in 2004.

Circa 2012, Don and Bev decided to renovate the house and with excellent taste and choices, the house became stylish and up to date. Now, long-time permanent residents, Don and Bev enjoyed their renovated house.

In 2007 David Dufty launched the Bouddi History Project. Don Runcie's contribution was a factual account of the Indigenous people who lived here first: *Aboriginal People Over Time*. Beverley launched into researching the history of the first settlers who made their homes on the Bouddi Peninsula and *European Settlers and Their Land* was the result. This required extensive research and the detail Beverley achieved is remarkable. Her career as a librarian and cataloguer certainly supported the historical document she produced.

Her next very ambitious project was to discover the origin of the place names of the streets, roads and special places on the Bouddi Peninsula.

I, as a local historian, was consulted at times and was 'instructed' at one point with Bev's statement: "I am writing about the streets, you write about the houses." Thus 'encouraged' I did exactly that and produced the book described above, *More than Bricks and Mortar*. Bev was called on as a consultant of course for that book too.

Again, Bev's research into the naming of the places was fastidious and the compilation of facts to explain the place names will amaze the readers. The book that came together as *Signposts to the Past* had not been published at the time of her death in 2022.

So, Beverley is to be considered our most fact-driven historian, a master of in-depth research.

Don died in 2021. Bev was encouraged to think about moving to an aged care facility but no, she chose to stay at home in her house where the back door opened onto quite pristine bush.

Beverley was a valued member of our local Book Club. Here we have a compilation of the thoughts expressed by her fellow members at her passing in September 2022.

She was a gentle person with the true meaning of the word: gracious, good-hearted and kind.

She had a warm and unassuming nature that, unsuccessfully, belied a formidable intellect, shown in her passionate interests in history and literature and particularly poetry.

Her book selections were always great choices and her contributions thoughtful; the depth of the research of her subject was always profound. She always seemed to have interesting background information which made her very well read.

She loved books and was so learned, concerning the books we read and about all sorts of subjects, and so generous with her time and expertise in leading our book club and sharing her wealth of knowledge.

Bev kept the roster, a record of who was hosting in which month and with what book.

Beverley was a lovely person; she had a generous, humble and kind personality and a lovely sense of humour in her own quiet way.

Bev was an unassuming person, always more than thoroughly prepared and an encouraging, inclusive book club member. She was admired for these attributes.

We remember her as a treasure, and she is sadly missed.



The photo above was taken at a Book Club meeting at Peter and Jill Baxter's home at Killcare Heights.

The members present are clockwise from front left: Phil Donnelly, Robyn Warburton, Alex Sharp, Bill Gregor, Jill Baxter, Bev Runcie, Ann Dillon, Fiona Atkinson, and Ray Bass.

Robyn Warburton & Co. 2022

