

LIFE HISTORY OF NELL ROSEWALL BUDGE & COLIN BUDGE

with some Family History details

written in 1986.

I was born on the 18th April, 1916 at Crystal Brook in the North of South Australia. Christened NELL ROSEWALL-FRY, younger daughter of ADDIE (nee EMILY ADELINE NETTLE) and HENRY JAMES FRY.

My sister, GWENETH JEAN FRY was born on the 25th August, 1909 at Port Augusta.

My Mother was the second to youngest in a family of nine children of MARTHA (nee MARTHA ROSEWALL) and EDWARD NETTLE.

My Father was the second to eldest in a family of four children of JANE (nee JANEWHITE) and JOHN LIDDON FRY.

My Grandfather NETTLE came out from St. Agnes, near Truro, Cornwall and firstly went to an Uncle at Kapunda, then to Burra and worked in the mines there.

My Grandmother Nettle also came from St. Agnes near Truro in Cornwall with her family when she was a little girl. Her family of Rosewall also worked in the mines at Burra. On the 31st July, 1862 EDWARD NETTLE and MARTHA ROSEWALL married, aged 27 and 20 respectively.

"A cutting from the old Bible reads as follows:-

NETTLE - EDWARD - Arrived South Australia on November, 28th, 1856 on board the "Lord Hungerford" which sailed from Liverpool (England) aged 20.

Mr. EDWARD NETTLE, who died at South Terrace last week, was a colonist of 49 years. He arrived at Kapunda from Cornwall in 1856, and entered into mining pursuits.

In 1857 he went to the Burra, and lived there for five years. He married MISS MARTHA ROSEWALL, daughter of Mr. Thomas Rosewall of that town. In 1862 he went to Moonta, where he resided for six years. When gold was discovered in Victoria he, with others went over to that State, and took up his abode at Steiglitz goldfields for about 10 years. In 1877 he returned to Moonta, and (with the exception of three years) which he spent in the Northern Territory in charge of the Wheal Dunks Copper mine, resided there until 1891, when he came to Adelaide to live.

In 1892 he went to Hillgrove, New South Wales, as underground Captain of the West Sunlight mine, which position he held for about seven years. In 1899 he again returned to Adelaide, where he resided until his death. The deceased left a widow, two daughters - Mrs. W. J. JAMES, North Unley, and MISS A. NETTLE and four sons - Messrs. E. J. NETTLE, of the Education Department, Hammond; W. J. NETTLE of Messrs. Barrett & Nettle, Port Pirie; and H. and A. NETTLE of Western Australia".

The two-storied house where they lived is still standing on South Terrace, Adelaide.

My Grandmother FRY was the daughter of CHARLES WHITE and JANE (nee Bower) and she was named JANE after her Mother. Grandfather White had an Estate at FULLARTON (a suburb of Adelaide) and WHITE AVENUE is named after him where the family lived in the lovely old home there.

Great-grandfather CHARLES WHITE came out to South Australia in 1836 and

he and JANE were married on the 21st November, 1840 in the HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, ADELAIDE by the Rev. Howard, Colonial Chaplain. He was drowned in the River Torrens at the age of 80, c1900. ^{Write-up in WHITE/FRY} FAMILY HISTORY FILE.

My Grandmother JANE FRY (nee WHITE) married JOHN LIDDON FRY on the 16th September, 1875, at the Church of England, POONINDIE, S.A. He left Plymouth on the 23rd January, 1866 in the "Atalanta" arriving in South Australia on the 15th April, 1866 at the age of 22.

The family story goes that Grandma was engaged to be married with her wedding gown and wedding cake ready. She went over to stay with her brother at Port Lincoln before the wedding and on the ship over met and fell in love with this highly cultured English gentleman Fry. I do not know how much time elapsed but she sent for her wedding gown and cake and they were married at Poonindie. I am given to understand that her Mother never forgave her for breaking her engagement.

Grandfather Fry ran a coach service from Streaky Bay, also had the first stone building of a General Store at Streaky Bay. Then had a store at Elliston, bought the hotel and had a farm. Understand Fry's well is still there (this was used as a stopping place to water horses and for the coach run. Later they moved to Hammond (which is now practically a ghost town but in those days there were very high hopes for a big expansion). He leased the Hotel there and ran it until his death on the 11th June, 1897 at the age of 53. My Grandmother then carried on the running of the hotel from 1898 until 1905.

They had four children JOHN CHARLES; HENRY JAMES; ERNEST LIDDON and JULIA MAUD (who married EDGAR HALL of "Hurtle Grove" Eurelia (Stud sheep property).

The name LIDDON had always fascinated me so I looked through microfilm records at the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints and found that on the 19th November, 1783 a JOHN FRY married SARAH LIDDON at Axminster, DEVON, ENGLAND. Hence the family name of LIDDON passed on. My Grandfather JOHN LIDDON FRY came from DEVON. When we went to England we went through the charming village of HONITON, DEVON — the birth-place and home of GRANDFATHER FRY.

After Grandfather was settled his cousin ARCHIBALD FRY came out from TAUNTON, SOMERSET. The only relative to come and settle in Australia. Uncle Archie was a chemist at Bordertown and also took up large farming areas at Wirrega, out of Bordertown in South Australia.

Uncle Archie used to receive Christmas hampers from the BRY family of the firm of CADBURY, FRY, PASCALL. As they were related. Also, the line goes back to ELIZABETH FRY, the famous prison reformer. Books of her life in the Adelaide Library are well worth reading. I have read them all and the journals.

COLIN'S GRANDFATHER WILLIAM BUDGE was the son of JOHN BUDGE of DEVON. WILLIAM was born in 1828 and came out in the "SULTANA" which departed from the Port of Plymouth on the 1st day of May, 1851, arriving at Adelaide, South Australia on the 10th day of August, 1851. He was listed as an Agricultural Labourer of Devon, as were most of the migrants, particularly the assisted passage ones.

GREAT- GRANDMOTHER BUDGE, came out from Cork, Ireland in the "SOUTH SEA" despatched from Plymouth and arrived at Adelaide on the 30th day of July, 1855. She was listed as a Domestic servant, aged 21 years. I understand that due to the potato famine in Ireland hundreds of young girls had to leave their homeland and hundreds came to Australia and many others to America. They were married on the 10th August, 1858 at St. Patrick's Church, Adelaide.

From records I have obtained from St. Aloysius Church, Sevenhill, South Australia six children were baptised by the Rev. John E. Pallhuber, three on the 28th April, 1863 at Pichie-Richie (which is out of Quorn, in the North of South Australia) and three on the 16th September, 1868 at Pichi Richi and Hookina. What a hard life they must have endured up there in the early days of the state. William was 30 and Honora 23 when they married in 1858. WILLIAM died on the 20th April, 1885 at Port Augusta, S.A. and HONORAH on the 15th January, 1909 at North Kensington S.A.

COLIN'S FATHER FREDERICK was born on the 22nd OCTOBER, 1872 and his Certificate of Baptism was in the Baptism files of St. Mary of the Angels Church, Parish of Port Lincoln, S.A. Diocese of Port Pirie and he was baptised on the 5th day of March, 1873.

All of the children of William and Honora were baptised Catholics but later renounced the Catholic faith and in the main became Anglicans. Family members do not know the reason but surmise that Honora must have had a disagreement with the priest.

Colin's Father FREDERICK was born at Pinkerton (out of Quorn).

GRANDFATHER FREDERICK BUDGE married LILLIAN WEST MANFIELD on the 15th January, 1896 at FARINA, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

GRAND FATHER JOHN WEST MANFIELD. His Father JOHN WEST

died and his Mother re-married - MANFIELD. Her son was adopted by her new husband and given the name of MANFIELD - an JOHN WEST MANFIELD. (His Father John West had been an officer in the Indian Army.) When he was seven years of age they came out to Australia.

On the 19th June, 1875 at Kensington, South Australia JOHN WEST MANFIELD married CHARLOTTE NORTON WILSON a lovely elegant lady. They had seven daughters and twin sons who died in infancy. Daughters ELIZABETH, LILLIAN WEST (who became Grandmother Budge), HILDA, EFFIE, ADA, POLLY (Mary) WINNIE.

Grandfather MANFIELD was a very enterprising man - he was at Albany, Western Australia, Melbourne and Adelaide but was very well-known for opening up a chain of general retail stores in the far north, HERGOTT & OODNADATTA. SPRINGS (now MARREE) FARINA, INNAMINCKA & BIRDSVILLE. There are many photos in books of the North of J.W. MANFIELD'S STORES (depicting also the camel teams which took the stores to the outback stations and also donkey teams were used).

Grandmother Charlotte died on the 15th June, 1913 at Adelaide and Grandfather Manfield re-married EDITH. He died at Sister Rowe's Hospital, Wakefield St. on the 31st January, 1931. He had lived in a beautiful big house on the Broadway, Glenelg after he retired. His second wife, Edith, and he bought another house at Kingswood where they lived and where she died in the early 1950's.

GRANDFATHER FREDERICK BUDGE, born 22nd October, 1872 at Pinkerton was only about thirteen years of age when his Father William died. One of his older sisters lived at Farina and he went to Farina and during his years JOHN WEST MANFIELD was very good to him and befriended him. On the 15th January, 1896 Frederick married LILLIAN WEST MANFIELD, who was then only 18 years of age. There were eight children, KATHLEEN MANFIELD BUDGE, EILEEN CHARLOTTE, WINIFRED, FRED JOHN WEST, LORNA ADA, LILLIAN ETHEL, HAROLD (known as Mick) and the youngest COLIN.

FREDERICK bought the FARINA store - COLIN was the last to be born at FARINA and they left there when he was about six years of age. FREDERICK, LILLIAN and family came to Adelaide. They lived in a lovely house at Hawthorn and Mick and Colin were sent to Kyre College (this became SCOTCH COLLEGE and they are Foundation scholars.

When they lived at Farina the three eldest daughters, Kathleen, Eileen and Winifred were sent as boarders to Miss Dowd's School for Young Ladies at Glenelg. When they left their Father did not permit them to work - they

follow^{ed} the pursuits of young ladies of that time and did Embroidery, Crochet and Tatting work, playing the Piano, Violin and they had studied Elocution.

Son Fred was a boarder at Queen's College. He later studied Metallurgy. The twins Lorna and Lillian attended St. James Private School

In 1923 Grandfather Frederick had a General store at Riverton and returned to Adelaide about 1926. They lived at Seacliff for a short time and then moved to Holbrooks Road, Lockleys and then to Wainhouse St. Torrensville, which was a lovely big house with a lawn tennis court.

During this time Colin attended the Thebarton Technical High School.

His Father worked at the Adelaide Electric Supply Co. as an instrument fitter. He died suddenly of a heart attack on the 9th August, 1935 and Grandmother Lillian on 6th December, 1939.

Winifred married at nineteen years of age and the marriage only lasted a year. Sometime after she took up nursing as a career and was a triple certificated Sister. Becoming Matron of the large Gippsland District Hospital at Sale in Victoria where she stayed for about fifteen years. Having to attend conferences at Canberra and in Sydney and lecturing. Before her retirement she was Matron of the Berri Hospital in the Riverland in South Australia.

Grandfather HENRY JAMES FRY was born at Sheringa, out of Elliston on the West Coast of South Australia on the 7th December, 1878.

As mentioned earlier the family moved to Hammond in the North of the State and when Grandfather was only in his teens he worked for Tuckwells General Store at Wilmington. They had stores at Hammond, Wilmington and Willowie, where his brother Liddon went to work. After gaining experience the two brothers started a General Store at Eurelia - Liddon doing the rounds of the properties with goods. Many years later Liddon married and worked for the stock firm of Bennett & Fisher and spent over forty years at Melrose as their longest serving Manager.

HENRY JAMES (known as Harry) went to Port Augusta to work for the long established firm of Young & Gordon. He married EMILY ADELINE NETTLE on the 30th September, 1908. They lived at Port Augusta where Gwen was born. EMILY ADELINE (known as ADDIE) was musical - able to play the Piano, a good Elocutionist and Soloist (having a contralto voice). She played the organ in the church and was in demand for concerts.

HARRY played the Violin, was a keen sportsman playing in the Cricket team, also Tennis. They went on boating parties and he had been a good shot as he and his brothers used to go out shooting Wild Turkey on the Willochra Plain and in the Alligator. Port Augusta was very hot and sandy and my Mother, Addie, said that when the North winds blew the curtains would be covered with red sand. She had a little aborigine girl to help her in the house. There were no modern conveniences in those days. A drip safe to try and keep some food fresh and cool. Most of the older houses had a cellar.

My parents left Port Augusta and went to Crystal Brook where my Father worked for a Mr. Claridge. I, NELL ROSEWALL BUDGE (nee Fry) was born there on the 18th April, 1916, at home - the Crystal Brook Hospital had not been built at that time.

When I was about two years of age my parents moved back to Port Augusta and my Father again worked for Young & Gordons. They were very friendly with the Young family and years later after the Second World War when my husband, Colin, had to go to Port Augusta in the course of his work, he used to talk to old Mr. Young who remembered my Father Harry so well, also Colin's Father and Grandfather Manfield when they were at Farina.

My parents left Port Augusta and my Father and Mr. Alex. Hall (at Wilmington) started a General Store in partnership. There was a drought on which lasted for a long time and the farmers did not pay for their groceries and goods in money - they would bring in a box of eggs. Like the old time "barter system". My Father and Uncle Alex. as we called him were owed hundreds of pounds (which incidentally was never paid back to them).

My Father then went to work for a Mr. Dowling at Orroroo who had a General Store. We all liked Orroroo, despite the dry, dusty environment. My parents lived in two different rented houses while our new home was being built. It was a lovely home and we thought it very grand, but by to-day's modern ones, it probably was ordinary. It was built on a large-fronted block and the fence had big concrete pillars right across to the drive-way. We left Orroroo when I was ten years of age as Mr. Dowling sold his business. We went to Adelaide and lived in Dulwich Avenue, Dulwich and Dad obtained a position with J. Tiddy & Co. at Maitland. I am not sure, but think he was Manager as there was a house to go with the position. This was situated opposite the cemetery; my Mother

did not want to go and live there, with that outlook, so we stayed on at Dulwich, while Dad found another house for us to move into at Maitland. During this time I attended the Rose Park Primary School and Gwen worked at the big store of Charles Moore & Co. in Victoria Square. Dad used to come back every week-end to be with us. We eventually had a house to move into at Maitland - in a nice location. I (NELL ROSEWALL) attended the Maitland Primary School for part of the year in Grade VI and Grade VII, in which grade I sat for the Qualifying Certificate and was Dux of the School (I still have the medal which was presented to me by the Headmaster H.H. Penny - who later became Dr. H.H. Penny).

The following year I went as a boarder to the then Presbyterian Girls' College at Glen Osmond. This was a beautiful school in very large grounds - it also had an indoor swimming pool. It is now called Seymour College. During the year my parents moved to Adelaide and my Father ran the Colonel Light Gardens Unofficial Post Office and store. My Sister Gwen, had a hairdressing business there at the store too. I completed the year as a Day girl. This was in 1930. I sat for and obtained a Part Scholarship at both Muirden College and Stotts Business College and decided on Stotts Business College. I studied Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Filing, Business Practice and English.

I attended for the full day for a year and the Principal, Mr. Crosbie, wanted my friend Ina Wegener (who later became Justice Keith Sangster's wife) and myself to obtain good positions. These were not easy to come by as it was depression years. I attended Stotts for a half day for the first six months of the second year; then obtaining a temporary position with the South Australian Farmers' Co-Operative. The first day I started I was given the opportunity of a full time position with Goode Durrant & Murray Ltd. in Grenfell Street, so I gave a week's notice (on my first day) and started at Goode Durrants the following week. This position was not as good as I had expected as I had to run up and down stairs to each department on three floors (not permitted to use the lift), picking up the invoices from each department to all be typed out. I was not getting any Shorthand practice and I did not want to lose my high speed at this; so I went back to Night school to keep it up, and as Chartres Business College was nearer King William Street where I had to catch the tram I attended there as at that age I did not want to have to walk down a street to Stotts Business College at night. I was paid 15/- per week. We

were expected to dress well. Always with a hat, gloves, stockings and handbag. It cost 5/- per week for tram fares - 4/2d. if one bought a weekly pass and then later one was able to get a monthly pass. We started work at nine o'clock - everyone had to sign on and a man stood by and if one was a second over nine o'clock one's name was under the line, as at the stroke of nine o'clock, a line was drawn under the last name. There were no such things as morning and afternoon tea breaks. We had three-quarters of an hour for lunch (no lunch room). I would often meet one or two friends (we would all have lunch we had brought from home) take this with us to one of the Milk Bars (these were everywhere and very popular places) we would get a Milk Shake for four pence (even this stretched our finances). One could order all flavours, Vanilla, Strawberry, Chocolate, Lime, Raspberry etc. Beautifully whizzed up in a tall container - froth right up to the top - and we would have a straw. We worked until our work was finished - no such thing as overtime. We also worked on a Saturday morning. Colin worked at Goode Durrant & Murray too - that was where I met him and the romance began. He worked in one of the departments and during stock-taking they would have to work back - sometimes until eleven o'clock at night - no over-time but they were allowed 1/6d. for tea money.

During my three and a half years at Goode Durrants some of the staff applied to the Arbitration Court regarding their wages. Yes, an increase was given - mine amounted to sixpence a week and as it came in mid-week on a Wednesday - in my Friday's pay packet I had my rise THREE=PENCE as it was for half a week. When I left there to work for S. KIDMAN & CO. my highest pay I received was 27/6d. a week - I started at Kidmans at 30/- a week and I thought this was marvellous - a whole 2/6d. better. When I left nearly five years later my pay was £2.17.6d. How different what the Private Secretaries earn now in 1986. I was Secretary to Mr. Bird who had been Sir Sidney Kidman's Confidential Secretary. We had to be well experienced and efficient. It was nothing to take 50 and 60 pages of shorthand at a sitting. We had to be able to attend to those who came to the office, type legal documents without an error, do book figures, sheep and cattle markets, answer the switch board - I also kept the Sheep and Cattle Improvement books of all the Stations. I enjoyed working there as the staff were all so nice. Mr. Walter Kidman, Mr. Sidney Reid, Mr. Walter Gooch the Chartered Accountant. We were

taken out to "Eringa" at Unley Park - home of old Lady Kidman for a party.

To "Holmfield" home of Mr. & Mrs. Sidney Reid on South Terrace. Also to Mr. & Mrs. Walter Kidman's home at Unley Park - all for parties to celebrate some occasion. I remember one very hot day Mrs. Sidney Reid rang up and said to bring the staff down for a swim (they had a house also on the Esplanade at Henley Beach) as it was too hot to expect us to work in the hot office. Our offices were on the top floor and it was hot, no air-conditioning in those days. Mr. Walter as he was known drove me home to get my bathers.

When one of the staff became engaged or was leaving to be married - we were given a great party in the Board Room. When I was going to be married I had a lovely party given to me and was presented with a beautiful Cut Glass Sherry Decanter and glasses.

When Mr. Walter Gooch became engaged to Ruth Mitchell - sister of Judge Roma Mitchell, I remember we dressed a broom or mop up to look like a bride and then there was the inevitable celebration in the Board room. This romance called for a great deal of excitement as he was older (or so he seemed to be to me and was considered one of the most eligible bachelors around the city).

Also, there was excitement when John Ayers started taking out Peggy Letcher (whom he later married). Reg. and Burns Reid also worked there as clerks. Reg. first as the office boy - running errands and getting our lunches - his Father believed in starting at the bottom and learning and working one's way up.

During my single working life I played Tennis in the Gana Tennis Club at Reade Park. Also belonged to the Physical Culture Club run by Miss Eileen Hogarth. I learned the Piano, the Banjo Mandolin (a man came all the way from Unley on his push-bike to teach me - the cost of the lesson was 1/-). I learned Singing for a short time but I never had the gift of a glorious voice like my sister Gwen, who was well-trained and used to sing in Eisteddfods. She also played the Piano and the Banjo Mandolin. In April 1936 my sister Gwen married Edgar Augustus Whittington, affectionately known as "Whitey". Whitey's first wife had died and left a son Geoffrey Onslow. He was a nice little school boy attending Pulteney Grammar School. Geoff. and I often went to the Colonel Light Gardens Picture Theatre together. Geoff. grew up to be an excellent Golfer and he and his Father won many Father and Son Competitions - their handicaps were one and the other three.

After Gwen married she was given professional golfing lessons and she and Whitey were members of the Marino Golf Club. After they had been married about five years they had a son Philip Henry - who is now a Senior Partner in the Chartered Accountant Firm of Touche Ross, in Grenfell Street, Adelaide. Philip is married to Jan Norton, who has a daughter by a previous marriage and Philip and Jan have two sons Timothy and Edward and they live in the old family home of the Whitingtons, "Colonna" in Robert Street, Glenelg.

During my single days I used to play the piano in the Kindergarten for Sunday School at the Clarence Park Church. Gwen sang in the choir. We had a Drama Club and three act plays were put ^{on} the church hall. The young ones of the church grouped together and formed an orchestra - I was in it and played the Banjo Mandolin. We were quite in demand to play an overture before the play started and then in between the acts.

We would have orchestra practice once a week.

My parents, Gwen and I also belonged to a Social Club called the "Gang". Dances were held in a hall in the city - parents and some older members would play bridge or other card games in a room while the dance was in full force. There was a couple who joined who used to be on the stage and they got a concert party together from the members. These performances were really good - one in later years made a great name for himself as "The Great Magician". We also used to have a giant camp at Port Noarlunga. The organization must have been tremendous as all of the tents were transported and put up ready for use with stretchers in them. A huge marque set up with tables and seating for meals. All the cooking was organized. Also a stage at the end of the marque where concerts were held and a programme of outdoor events was arranged. Gwen, my cousin Jean Nettle and I went. We wore what was then the very height of fashion - BEACH PYJAMAS with very wide legs and we topped the outfit off with a big floppy hat each.

I had not been to Port Noarlunga for years and when I went I could hardly recognize it, the way it has grown, but from a point of view of nostalgia, I prefer it the way I remember it when we spent such happy times down there when I was young. How well I remember the sun-burn - the blistered back from sun-baking up on the sandhills in a backless swim suit. The dances in the local hall and how we danced - no sitting out around the wall as wall-flowers - we were all friends together.

We lived in two different rented houses in Kandahar Crescent, Reade Park, then Dad bought a block of land in West Parkway. Uncle Jim and Auntie Annie Nettle lived in a corner house and this block of land was part of their property which was really too big for them, so Dad had a new house built. It was a Freestone Tudor - with a Terrazo front verandah - also the bathroom floor was terrazo. The garage was attached and there was a cement drive and cement paths all around. While this was being finished we moved in and lived with Grandma Jane Fry at George Street, Parkside. This was where the Kingswood tram went down and she lived not far from what was then known as Park Terrace and is now re-named Greenhill Road. When we lived in the ^{new house} I was going with Colin, he was living with his sister Eileen (Mrs. Felix Pavia) in Fourth Avenue, St. Peters and he used to ride his bike to see me of a night. This was sixteen miles there and back and he was pleased to do it. It was almost unheard of for young men to be able to own a car in those days. Some were lucky enough to have a loan of their Father's. This was the custom when we would go to a Ball at the Palais Royale on North Terrace where all the big balls were held. One of the young men in the party may have his Father's car and as many as was possible to fit in would be driven home. This meant a late hour for the last one to be dropped off as everyone nearly always lived in a different suburb.

Colin and I played Golf - not as members anywhere - but there was a Club called the St. James Park, Private Golf Club. This was at the top of Springbank Road - Clapham. We used to pay one shilling for a round. What fun we had. Sometimes we would go and have a round at Marino Golf Club where Whitey and Gwen belonged. Of course, we were not in their league but we enjoyed it even though the golf course was so hilly and it was often remarked that one needed to be a "mountain goat" to get around it.

For years from the time Colin was young living at Torrensville, he was keen on yachting and for years he was a member of the "Zenith" crew - this was a fourteen-footer. He and a friend, Allen Smith - (who later became Commodore of the Yacht Club) made a catamaran themselves. I went out with them a few times on this. Colin also played Cricket for Goode Durrant & Murray and he attended the School of Mines (now the Institute of Technology) for night school. He studied Wireless Telegraphy, Sheet Metal-work and did Cabinet making. Also later on he did a course in Sales and Management by correspondence.

When we lived at Orroroo my sister Gwen and Kit (Uncle Lid's elder daughter) spent a year in Adelaide living with Grandma Fry. They learned Millinery, Dressmaking and Music. They made many friends at St. Oswald's Church where they attended with Grandma.

Colin and I became engaged in 1937, having a three year engagement, as the wages were so small and we had to save up for our furniture. We never contemplated buying anything on Time Payment. This was unheard of in our family. We were able to get a brand new Freestone house in Winchester Street, Malvern, just off the Unley Road, to rent. All our preparations were made and we furnished the whole house, carpets, curtains etc. and were married on the 14th September, 1940. I had a lovely glory box, so we were well provided for with linen and all the necessary household goods. We were married in the Clarence Park Methodist Church, which is straight across the street from where my Father had his business after having to give up the Unofficial Post Office in Goodwood Road, Colonel Light Gardens when it was made into an official one. Our reception was held at the Grosvenor.

When Colin boarded with his Sister at St. Peters he was always saying to her that he was going around to "The Avenues" for a meal or to stay (this was said as a joke). So, for the first night Colin booked in for us to stay at "The Avenues Hotel". We had a loan of my Father's car - which was an Essex with a dickie seat. One does not see this type of car now - but Gwen's husband Whitey had a car with a dickie seat. Very handy to give two people a ride but one was out "in all the elements".

Colin had to take a fortnight's holiday from work - but one only got paid for a week - this was the rule. So off we set - Renmark the next night (Sunday) then on to Redcliffs, out of Mildura to stay with Marj. McGlasson (now Mrs. Gerard Woods) - Marj. was my first bridesmaid - I had three Marj. McGlasson, Muriel Tucker (later Mrs. Gordon Billing) and Jean McDonald (who died in Melbourne leaving two young children - she was married to Lou Maloney). Marj's parents had mauve and pink sweet peas on the dressing table - the same type & colour fresh flowers which the florist had attached to the bridesmaid's muffs. Colin and I went to Canberra, Sydney and down the coast for our honeymoon. The car performed very well and we had a wonderful time. We settled into our home but how we had to scrape to manage - paying £1.50 rent out of £4.60 - plus Colin's tram fares to go to work. He used to take his lunch. I had £2 for housekeeping. We had a gas stove so had gas and electricity accounts to pay. Refrigerators, washing machines and vacuum

cleaners were real luxuries and only for the well-to-do. We had an Ice chest we had bought from Margaret and Doug. Goode for £1. The ice-man used to call with blocks of ice (that was another expense).

Grandma Fry gave me her old carpet sweeper and I thought I was just made. We used to save up to go to the Picture Theatre up the top of the road - the tickets were 1/9d. but we would really enjoy those rare outings.

Jennifer was born on the 30th September, 1941. I nearly lost my life having her, I haemorrhaged so badly and they had great difficulty in stopping the bleeding. I was in hospital for nearly four weeks and Colin had to surrender one of his Insurance policies to pay for all the hospital bills. The war was on and we were certain it was inevitable that all of the young men not in essential services would have to go. Colin volunteered and enlisted to go into the Air Force. He waited and waited for his call up, which did not come from the Air Force. Then the compulsory call-up for the Army came - he, with dozens of others were sent up to Woodside Army camp for training. He was only there for ten days when they were sent to Winchelsea in Victoria. He had only been there a short time when his Call-up came for the Air Force. I went in to see the head Air force man who said that this had happened on a number of occasions and as he was already out of the State they could not get him back. This was a great disappointment as Colin would have preferred to have been in the Air Force.

When Marj's husband came back from the Middle East in the Army he was able to transfer to the Air Force, but at the time soon after the Japanese had come into the War it was a very different story. Colin was in Sydney during the time the Japanese submarines attacked in Sydney Harbour. He was posted to Darwin and was there during the bombings. On his return from Darwin he was posted to Watsonia, an Army Camp in Victoria and was expected to be there for some time. During this period one could not get a seat on a 'plane, unless there was an official one cancelled. I was trying to get over to Victoria to see him and would ring the Air office each day to see if I could get a seat. This went on every day for a fortnight and then they said to me "Why don't you border-hop". This meant that one got a train to Mount Gambier - then a bus to Ballarat - then a train to Melbourne. Hoping that one's Identity Card would not be checked over the border. I thought I could not do anything like this, but when another day following another day and I could not get

there to see Colin - I decided to do it. Eva Porter - the wife of one of the soldiers who was with Colin in the same company wanted to go, so we went together. Me with Jennifer as a little tiny child. After arriving at Mount Gambier in the night - I was able to have a few hours sleep at what I remember was a boarding house - I had to wake Jennifer up at three o'clock in the morning, then had to walk to catch Ansett's bus to go to Ballarat. In those days Ansetts ran a Coach service between Mount Gambier and Ballarat with really old buses - one could have hardly called them coaches. We had to stop somewhere along the way and I think change into another one - it may have been at Horsham - I just cannot remember, but we did eventually get to Ballarat - where we had to put in several hours to wait for the train to Melbourne. On arrival at Spencer Street Station - Colin and Maurie Porter were there to meet us. Colin said "We have got to hurry to get a train from Flinders Street to go to Greensborough". Hurry - after all I had been through. I had my choice of carrying Jennifer or the suitcase. We made the train to go to Greensborough, which was the nearest place to stay to be in easy access to come from the Watsonia Camp when they had time off. I had not reckoned on a terrifically long walk from the station - all up hill - once again, to carry either the heavy case or Jennifer. The hilly countryside around there is similar to Mount Lofty. Here we were, trudging uphill when whizz over head - a bullet - I was almost ready to drop without that. Evidently someone was out shooting and we were in the path of the direction - lucky for us it was not a bit lower. Well, we settled into the boarding house (which was run by the brother of the Minister for Army at the time - Mr. Ford). Another soldier's wife who lived near Eagle on the Hill in Adelaide was also staying there. (Mrs. Jack Spurgeon). All went well for a short time and our husbands were able to visit us when they had leave - then Colin's company was the first to be sent out. How I regretted the waste of time when I could not get over legitimately and had to resort to border-hopping in the end. I had to spend another month in Melbourne as all of the personal Identity cards were being checked at that time and I could not get home. I even bought a weekly ticket to travel on the trains, so I got to know Melbourne very well. One day I took Jennifer to Ivanhoe to see "Bambi" - the renowned Walt Disney film. How she hated it and cried when Bambi was out in the forest in the rain - we had to come out and go back to Greensborough.

Dad told us that as boys, his Father would not have them taught by a woman school teacher, so Uncle Lid and Dad (Henry James) boarded in Wilmington and went to school there to be taught by a male schoolteacher. They had their own sulky and drove home to Hammond to spend each week-end with their parents. We were given to understand that Grandfather Fry had been educated at Eton and wanted his sons to have a good education. Uncle Charlie, the eldest son, went to Way College in Adelaide, but Grandfather's untimely death put a stop to Harry and Lid being able to be sent. His Father was always very particular about their clothes and appearance and even as small boys their suits had to be made. Right throughout their lives my Father and Uncles were always very well dressed and took care with their appearance.

Earlier I mentioned that while working at the office of St. Kidman & Co. the family were very good to the office staff and on one occasion when Lady Kidman returned from a trip to England, she brought me back a lovely Powder Compact which she had bought in Bond Street, London. Also, when Mr. Walter Gooch returned from his honeymoon he brought a present for each one of the girls in the office. Mine was a beautiful scarf.

After Colin had been advised the date for his call-up to go into the Army, we had to start packing up everything in our home. I thought that I was going to be able to still live in the house, but it would have been impossible to pay the rent (which was high for those times) out of a Private's Army pay. There was a couple I knew who were looking for somewhere to live and it was arranged with them to come and share the house and rent with me. When I approached the land-lord to inform him of this, he would not agree to it and said he would not allow the house to be sub-let, so my dear parents wanted me with Jennifer as a very young baby of only a few weeks to come and live with them. The land-lord was a Methodist parson and he and his brother, also a Methodist parson owned the house jointly. They let the house to a Major and his family who were living opposite at the time. Evidently, there must have been a notice for them to vacate their premises, but the Methodist parson seemed to have the arrangement well in hand for them to come to our place, almost immediately I had told him about the couple who were coming to live with me. It did not seem like much of Christian charity to me at the time.

My parents home had been built so it would be convenient in size for them so there was no excess of space. There was a nice big lounge

with a bay window - double doors opening into the dining room. Opening off the entrance hall was the main bedroom. A very nice bathroom and a large kitchen which opened into a lobby at the back and a sleep-out with twin beds, wardrobe and dressing table. So Mum and Dad gave up their bedroom for us and they used the sleep-out for their bedroom. Mum still kept most of her clothes in the big wardrobe in the main bedroom so naturally, with all of the house furnished there was a minimum of pieces I could bring, which necessitated our whole house of furniture and effects (which had taken the space of a three year engagement to save up for) had to be stored. Our large double wardrobe and a small cupboard for the baby were the only pieces of furniture I was able to fit in and everything else had to go into storage. Fortunately for me, the shop my Father had at Goodwood Road, Kings Park was very large with a huge section to the back which had been used for unpacking stock, so this was where all of our belongings were put. Colin had gone to Woodside ^{Army Camp} and the furniture carriers with their big truck, or pantechican whichever it was, came to transport all of our belongings. As Jennifer, I think, was only about ten weeks old I was still feeding her, so I had to be at the house to supervise the move - then ride in the truck with the baby over to the shop to say where I wanted the furniture etc. to go. Then back to the house. I remember, sitting on the floor, of what had been the nursery, feeding Jennifer, in between the next trip. I will never forget it - wondering how long it would be for the war to be over and I would live with all of my things again. It turned out to be eight years before we were able to have all of our things with us.

During the first twelve months my Mother had a stroke - this was a very worrying time - having a young baby in the house could not have been the best for her but she was wonderful to us. I used to take Jennifer out for long walks in the pusher - I walked for miles - to give Mum at least a spell of perfect quiet. Gradually the power came back in my Mother's right arm - it was like pins and needles in her arm, but she never regained the power to be able to turn a door knob or hold a cup and saucer.

I was pleased that I did that border-hop as mentioned the Company that Colin was in was one of the first to be moved out. They were sent to Canungra in Queensland for Jungle Warfare training. After all this they did have some leave in Brisbane and they were at Chartres Towers, but were not given any embarkation leave, which was the usual procedure. They were sent as replacements to Jaquinot Bay in New Britain. Also they were in New Guinea - the unit they replaced is written up in the book "Khaki & Green". It was the

2/22nd. - a Victorian unit. A lot of the lads with Col. came from around the Nhill and Stawell area. Of course, the censorship had to be very strict so we did not know, at most times, just where Colin was. How I waited and looked forward to his letters. In those days the postman blew his whistle and when I would hear the whistle up the street I would go out. At this particular time I had not heard for quite a while and there was a letter - I said to the postman "Thank Goodness I have a letter" and his reply was "He could have been killed five minutes after he wrote it" - how insensitive can one get. I certainly will never forget that.

All wives and mothers were issued with a badge with a bar at the bottom when their husband or son, or sons, were on active service. If one was away there would be one star on the bar and if a mother had two sons serving, then there would be two stars on the bar. One would see so many with these badges pinned onto their frocks or jackets when riding around in the trams or in the street.

We all had ration books and ration tickets for petrol. Also clothing coupons - but this was a small price to pay in comparison to what the boys in all of the three services were going through. We had a V.A.D. group in our suburb and I joined and went to this. We learned St. John's Ambulance First Aid and emergency Air Raid Precaution drill. My two friends Gwen Green (nee Boots) and Betty Thurgarland (nee Moyle) who lived nearby and whose husbands were away went to these classes and sometimes we would meet to spend an evening in each other's places.

I used to go into the city quite a lot and look around the shops, with Jennifer in the pusher. There was a Newsreel Theatre in Rundle Street at the time - the programme would last for an hour - then run continuously, so one would see women coming in with shopping baskets to have a rest. It is a pity it has now gone. I would sometimes go to a Matinee as it was very rare to do anything of a night. When Jennifer got bigger Mum, Dad & I would occasionally go to the Picture Theatre on Goodwood Road - the Colonel Light Gardens Picture Theatre. This was eventually taken over and turned into a "Tom the Grocer" in later years. I played the piano of a Sunday for Sunday school at the Colonel Light Gardens kindergarten where I took Jennifer.

The years went by and at long last the war was over. I went into the city (on my own) and joined with the revellers on V.P. night. Troops started being demobilized - so many coming home, but not Colin. Their Company was at this time at Rabaul where they were guarding 300,000 Japanese prisoners. Here he stayed for another six months after peace was declared.

All he wanted to do was get out of the Army. He had been injured while out on manoeuvres^{out of Darwin} and had been put into the Intelligence for six weeks and not on active duty - he was in the office for a short time and then was sent into Arnhem Land surveying for the maps. Also in New Guinea he had dysentery severely and lost two stone in one and a half days. He had also developed a foot complaint - it was like a spongy fungus with the most abhorrent odour. On patrol he would have to carry a spare pair of socks and put something on it. After his Jungle Warfare Training Course at Canungra and they were sent to Chartres Towers awaiting embarkation, the Doctor said that his feet should be operated on. Colin declined as being there awaiting their orders to be sent on, he did not want it to appear that he was "sponging" and all of the others would be sent on and he left behind. But this complaint was a constant thing and even years after he came out of the Army this "sponginess" was there and it was a most unpleasant task to wash the socks - also the sheets where his feet rested of a night. When he came home, my Mother cried when she saw him. He weighed only 8½ stone - he is six feet tall and a big build. He was so yellow from the Atebrin they all had to take. He used to twitch in bed and sometimes in his sleep he would call out "they've got me". We back home, (only what we have seen in these later years on television,) have very little idea of what it must have been like and what they went through and one never asks nor do we talk about it - only the light side and some of the "funny things". He said that once after their Jungle training they were in Brisbane and Colin and two of his mates were on leave together. At that time the different denominations had supper or food at whatever time of the day it was after their Church services. Colin is an Anglican, Mick Maloney was naturally a Roman Catholic and the other one a Methodist. So they went to the three - for the "as he puts it "a free feed after". Mick's service went on and on - the benediction would be said and they would get up ready to depart - and on it would go again, it was not until this had happened a few times they realized it was a continuous service and you could get up and go out.

There were many Americans out here - they certainly did look smart in their uniforms. I never met any but saw a lot in the streets in the city. It was always said that if one wanted a taxi and the Americans wanted one - the Australians did not stand a chance of getting one as they had plenty of money. Evidently the same with the Australian girls - they liked the Americans as they gave them Nylon stockings - which were a real luxury. Colin came back from Rabaul six months after Peace was declared and was discharged then.

We decided that we would have a holiday, so we went down to Victor Harbour and stayed at "Pipiriki". Colin had decided that he did not want to go back to Goode Durrant & Murray and be hemmed in, in four walls, although before he went away he had been out on some country trips, mainly with a senior Traveller (Doug. Goode) and also Colin and his friend, Ron Tidemann (who was our best man and is still a good friend) had done a few trips for the firm, nevertheless their positions were in the Warehouse. Ron. had been in the Air Force and did not go back but went into a Government position in the Statistician's Department. When Colin went to see the Head one regarding his position, he said "we are starting all of those who come back at the salary they were getting when they went away to see how they go if they are capable of doing it". Colin had worked there ever since he had left school and if they were not satisfied and wanted him to be tried out, he did not intend to go back. So while we were down at Victor Harbour he came up to Adelaide and had an interview with Castrol Oil Co. He would be their Northern Representative (they did not call them travellers after the War). He would be supplied with a car BUT we had to live on the territory, somewhere, where it would be reasonably central. Central ! when he had to go to Broken Hill and Wilcannia; Iron Knob, Whyalla and Port Augusta. When he started it even took in Port Wakefield and all the area down to it. Across to Burra and Peterborough. Down South to Yacka and across to Red Hill.

I said I would go anywhere to live, just so long as we could be together after all the years. As mentioned it was six months after peace before Colin got home, so thousands and thousands had already got themselves settled - houses were at a premium. Colin started on his Northern Castrol job - I still lived home with Mum and Dad. Colin would make enquiries in all of the different towns re somewhere to live. We were not restricted to any particular town, just so long as it fitted in with the trip. I came up on one trip and went to each real estate agent in each town. Eventually I was able to get half a house at Gladstone, thinking that if we were on the spot we would hear of something better as on two or three occasions my Father had been in touch with ones he knew at Crystal Brook and we missed out. We also missed out on one to buy at Gladstone by half a day. So, I was prepared to take this. When I went home and told my parents what it was like, I think they were pretty apprehensive but by this time another six months had gone by since Colin had come home and we still had not been able to get

anything - it was a whole year since Peace had been declared. Our things still stored in the back part of the shop. I used to go down and spray the moquet lounge suite to keep the moths out and to check on the carpets - which were carpet squares.

Well we moved in - we had one bedroom, so Jennifer still had to be in a single bed in our room. We had a lounge and our own kitchen - our own front and back entrance but had to share the bathroom. (What a mis-nomer) - a tin bath - weatherboard walls where the creeper on the house used to grow through - we had a chip heater so at least we could heat some water for a bath. The old wood stove was all cracked - the ashes used to come all over my roasts - the floor was cracked cement: no such thing as a sink. I used to pump the water from outside and have a bucket in the kitchen and wash-up in a dish. (So did a lot of other people then). We had an old "pit" lavatory down the back-yard - complete with red and black spiders. One day even a snake. But, heavenly we were able to get our main Bedroom suite and carpet, our Lounge suite, carpet and the dining room side-board and kitchen suite brought up by carrier. We did make the place look really nice and homely. There was no laundry - a wooden stand under a tree on which one placed two big tubs. I pumped and carried the water and heated it in a copper outside by the stand with the wash tubs. We had a clothes line with wooden props, as did most people at that time (before rotary clothes hoists). One of the first things Colin did was to cover the walls of the back lobby with Malthoid and painted them cream. Installed a wood copper there and a two compartment wash trough with a hand ringer. I still had to pump and carry the water but this was marvellous to be under cover and so convenient.

I settled down to life in a country town where I did not know anybody. In those days Colin's Broken Hill trips lasted for a fortnight, so he was away over the first week-end and came home at the end of the second week - usually over the week-end but sometimes he was able to make it late on the Friday night.

I had been brought up in a very stable and happy home and had never come across any "peculiar neurotic people". Perhaps we were lucky as we did not have any "queer relations". So it came as a great shock when the woman who owned the house which we shared turned out to be a "complete neurotic". She had had "shock treatment" (which was not as common-place as it is to-day). Also the neighbour right next door was one too who had had treatment. The other side was a vacant block, but the next house also had one of these neurotic women. I wondered what I had struck. The one who lived in the house we shared would cry, clasp my hands and carry on - throwing herself around and wailing like a Banshee. I was scared and used to put a chair under the knob of the bedroom door of a night. When she was "herself" she was a very kind person and I used to do all I could for her; even taking her breakfast in to her. When I got to know people in the town, one lady who knew her very well told me that I was being "used up by her" and to stop waiting on her and being so kind to her and that she "put on acts to gain my sympathy".

The people who lived at the back of us had the same name as us "Budge". The old couple were alive then and they had known Colin's parents and said they thought we were connected about four generations back.

Lillian and Joan Budge became very good friends of ours - particularly with me as Colin was away so much. Lillian was a school-teacher and Joan a Hairdresser. Lillian was Jennifer's first teacher at the Gladstone Primary School and she was a very good teacher. At one time she told me that when her pupils started school in Grade I (it was called then) she told them that the first thing they had to learn was that they had to "do as they were told" as right throughout their lives they could not do just as they pleased. The children did really respect her and her discipline and she was greatly loved. (I have been into quite a number of "open space class-rooms" in these latter years - children lying on the floor - walking around when it suits them and doing just what suits them - it must be hard for them when they do go into the work force in their teenage years and have to accept to carry out duties they are asked to do.

After only being settled - I think it was about 2 - 3 months, we went down to Adelaide to spend the October holiday week-end with my parents. We went up to Belair for a picnic, including Gwen, Whitey and Philip. We had had a lovely day and just before we were going to come home Dad and Whitey were walking along - it was a slight decline, the grass was fairly dry and was slippery and Dad's legs went out in front of him - when he fell and we heard a crack. His knee cap was broken. What consternation - he had to be taken to the Royal Adelaide Hospital - they operated and poor Dad did suffer. After he came home a Physiotherapist used to come to the house three times a week - every day Dad had to exercise it - he would get his legs over the side of the bed - the injured one would be rigid and he would have to work it - beads of perspiration would come out on his face. Eventually when he could walk again he always used to say "Well they took my knee cap away and took the Rheumatism with it" - he had always suffered with it but after the operation it was better.

I stayed down in Adelaide and looked after the shop for Dad - I enrolled Jennifer into a kindergarten at Kings Park, just near the shop. After kindy came out I had Jennifer at the shop with me. Colin would come down over a week-end when he could. Mum had another stroke at this time and had to go to the Ashford Hospital. When the Doctor was called into Mum at home he asked me to assist him while he did a Lumbar puncture (I did feel so upset).

I had to naturally be down to look after the shop - a family friend Mrs. Snell in the next street was very good to me. When Mum came out of hospital Gwen had her at their home in Rutland Avenue Brighton and looked after her.

I was down in Adelaide from the October holiday week-end until Jennifer had to start school in February. As mentioned I had only been in Gladstone for 2 - 3 months so had to then start to live in the town and start to live with Colin after being separated for so many years. I did not mind the inconveniences of our half a house but did wish that Colin did not have to be away so much.

When Jennifer started school I joined the Mothers' Welfare Club and really threw myself into working for school. Throughout the years I was President for several terms, Secretary and Treasurer. Colin was Chairman of the School Council. We used to organize Pet Shows, Children's Frolics, working bees for the Library, Food and drinks for Sports Days. During the following years the Welfare Clubs (in view of the Flinders Ranges) had a combined meeting at Port Pirie to form an association, which I attended, the Welfare Club members were asked for a name for the association and it was decided to name it the Flinders View Association. I made many friends and got to know a lot of women over a

Col. away
on his
trips.

wide area as I attended many social functions with the Welfare Club and attended many Welfare Birthday Parties, Luncheons and we met at combined sports days. I was nominated for Assoc. President but could not accept with

During the years I played Tennis, firstly in a team but had to give that up as I could not stand up to having to play matches in the heat but I played Social Tennis of a Wednesday afternoon and was President of the Ladies Tennis. Colin and I also played Golf, Colin and I worked very hard for the Golf Club - I was Ladies President for several terms and Colin also held the position as Secretary. He also was Scoutmaster for three years and I used to help him and take the Scout troop if he was unable to be back from one of his trips for the Friday night when it was held. I was also President of the R.S.L. Ladies Auxiliary for many years. Colin having held the positions of Sub-Branch President for several terms, also Treasurer and Secretary - at present in the year 1987 he has been Secretary for seven years continuously. We both worked and helped to establish the Playground in High Street - also helped to raise money for the Swimming Pool to be built - also the War Memorial Gates at Tresylva Park. Colin was on the Trotting Committee for one year and in latter years he and John Cracknell formed the Business Men's Association and organized the festivities for each Christmas Eve - in those days there would be carol singing, a procession, with some from Port Pirie who had taken part in the J.C.'s Christmas Pageant. A beautiful old vehicle from Booyoollee Station would be decorated, in which Father Christmas would arrive and Christmas stockings would be given to each child with a bag of sweets. The Lions Club now organize Father Christmas to appear in the street on Christmas Eve. I also played the piano in the Kindergarten, sang in the choir and attended the Church Guild at the Methodist Church and helped to look after and travel with the small children for the annual Sunday School Picnic. We attended the Anglican Church when we came here at first but at that time they had no Sunday School and I wanted Jennifer to have Sunday school teaching and I still do not believe in children being sent but to be taken so attended the Methodist Church, in which I was brought up - my Mother's family all being very staunch Methodists. My Father's family were all Church of England so occasionally I went to the Church of England with my Father. Colin and all his family were Church of England and he used to be a Choir boy and also an Altar Boy at the Riverton Church but he used to come to the Methodist with me from time to time but always contributed to the Methodist Church.

My Dear Mother had another stroke and we travelled down to Adelaide in the early hours of the morning, she did not regain consciousness but I felt that she knew I was there as when I held her hand there was a slight pressure when I spoke. She passed away on the 3rd June, 1947 and she is buried at the Centennial Park Cemetery.

We were naturally very concerned for dear old Dad being left on his own. He still had the shop and he really appreciated having that to go to every day as it was an interest for him, meeting different people and the travellers from the various firms calling. He was able to get a couple who used to live at Orroroo when we were there and the wife did the housework, cooking etc. and her husband helped to look after the garden. This did not work out as well as we had hoped - she had the place smelling like a hospital and she was obsessed with cleanliness and everything was disinfected and poor old Dad was like a stranger in his own home. They left eventually and the next time I went down to stay I asked Dad what had happened to nearly all the linen out of the linen press - same with so many household articles, dishes etc. out of the sideboard. They had been gone for over three years and one day turned up with dozens of our things - completely filled the kitchen table. They said they had found them "mixed up with their own things" - after THREE YEARS.

The next housekeeper was a lady who had a son who was a taxi driver and every Sunday afternoon he would come out to visit her - I was there on this particular afternoon and I was sitting in the dining-room and on his way out he went out the back door - down the side path passed the dining room window with a big parcel under his arm. Evidently she used to stock him up with groceries etc. and wrap up in a parcel for him to take. She also would say, from time to time when she had been over to the Goodwood Road to do the shopping that she had dropped the purse and some of the money rolled down a grating and she would need more housekeeping money.

The last housekeeper was Miss Dora Jones, who originally came from Gladstone and was Dorrie Pinch's Aunt who had been in Western Australia for some years and was looking for a position back here in Adelaide. She was a very good cook and she was pleased to have a home. My Father had such a wonderful nature and was always very easy to get on with and he just let her do things the way she wanted to do. She was housekeeper there for thirteen years until my dear Father died. Miss Jones then went as housekeeper to a 98 year old man at Toorak - and when he died she looked after another who was 100. She was well into her seventies. She died at the age of 98

in the Crystal Brook hospital - where I used to visit her.

My sister Gwen and her husband Whitey were very good to Dad and they used to have him down nearly every Sunday. Dad used to love to come and stay with us as he just loved the North and we used to take him out around the countryside. At one time we took him up to the Carrieton Rodeo where he met so many of his old friends whom he had known since he was a boy.

Gwen's husband was the State Manager of Charles Gabb & Co. and he was also on the Board and used to go to Melbourne for Directors' Meetings. Gwen and Philip would go to Melbourne with him and stay at the lovely old Windsor Hotel if these meetings coincided with the school holidays. When Philip was a young boy, one place Gwen always had to take him to go and see was "Tim the Toyman". It was very sad to lose Whitey in April 1961 and then our Father in the same year on the 26th November 1961.

In the early days of coming to Gladstone to live we were constantly on the look-out for a house, as mentioned earlier we had half a house. The Real Estate Agent here had said to us that "we were just the type of young married couple they needed in the town". We were very naturally very excited when he told us that the house opposite to where we lived would be becoming vacant when the present tenants were leaving as the husband was taking up a position on the River Murray. He said that when the house was vacated it was going to be sold and the arrangements were made that we were to have first offer. Living opposite I knew when they were packing up to move and went to see the Agent and he said "It is yours". This was on a Thursday and Colin was at Broken Hill. I had made arrangements for Colin to sign the agreement on the Saturday and had rung Colin at Broken Hill. He was so anxious to get back to complete this that he left Broken Hill immediately and we went to finalize this A DAY EARLIER than the appointed time, to be told when we got there that the house had gone. He had sold it to someone else - I broke down and sobbed and sobbed - this all happened to us only three weeks after my Mother had died. I had never come across anyone who would be so dishonest and double-cross. The one he sold it to did not even need it for a home to live in as he was a very wealthy farmer who also had a beautiful home in the town and he let "our place" to a teller in the National Bank. We have never forgiven the man who "put it over us" and all these years have never felt we could trust him. If Dad and I had been a bit more "worldly-wise" I think we could have taken it to court as I understand that for the first five years after World War II ended that Returned Soldiers got preference. We never did find out why he did this to us. There had never been any question regarding the price - he stated what the price was and we accepted it - did not try to beat him down at all, so think he wanted to "keep in with this very well-to-do man, who was also reputed to be the biggest customer of the National Bank here. Why did he say to me "it is yours" - I will get the papers and agreement fixed up - make an appointment and then we went a day early to be told it had been sold. He would not do anything until the tenants had left and there was vacant possession but repeatedly said - you have the first option. So it is my advice to my daughters, sons-in-law and grand-children to have so called promises in Black and White and duly signed. I know that at this time 1987 you Anne and David have found this out regarding your neighbour's non-payment of her half of the dividing fence. It is a sad fact that not everyone's word can be taken as all people are not honest.

With so many houses for sale these days, it seems strange that it was almost impossible to get one. After three years - the lady died whose house we were sharing and it was going to be sold. It really was not much of a place with no conveniences so we decided that we did not want to spend hard earned money on it as we were able to get a nice big flat at Laura. This house had been used during the War to house the Land Army girls who worked in the Flax Mills. The kitchen was 28 feet long with a huge range, cupboards all around the walls. A huge lounge/dining room, two bedrooms and Colin put louvres in the sleepout off the main bedroom. We could rent this for twelve months, so we moved up there. In the meantime we still kept looking and making enquiries for a house to buy and where we still live - at 30 Fifth Street, Gladstone, was coming on the market when the people who owned it were able to get a house suitable in Adelaide. There were eight people trying to get this place - we had the "so-called first option" but we were very wary about this. It was not as though we were so enamoured with the house but that it was the only one we could get and knew that we would need to do a lot to it to make it into a more comfortable home. The house where we had lived in Sixth Street - in half the house was bought by a teller in the Bank - then when he left, the Railways bought it - and then it was demolished as it was condemned and eventually the block of land was sold and a new house built there.

For the eight months we lived at Laura I enjoyed it - I joined up the Welfare Club - I still played Golf at Gladstone and was able to get a ride down with another Laura lady who played there. I attended the Church and found the Laura people very friendly. I used to have the ones from Gladstone with whom I had become friendly up for afternoon tea or for an evening get together.

As Colin has often said he should have told the firm that we were not going to stay and put up with the position regarding our housing. I often wonder now why I did not complain but I am sure that it was that I was so grateful that Colin had come back from the War, that material comforts seemed to be of secondary importance. When some of one's friends' husbands and men with whom one had worked did not come back - one who had worked with us died on the Burma railway; others we knew had been prisoners in Changi Prison camp - two of my friends' husbands missing - one shot down over Germany and the other on an air raid flight - Timor - and not to know what happened to them - so presumed dead - so to me it was unthinkable to not be grateful for what I had and to be living in our wonderful country - free - not under enemy rule. Throughout all of these years I have tried to be Christian-like, but I still feel that I cannot trust the Japanese. Any nation signing Peace Pacts and bombing Pearl Harbour at the same time - bombing Darwin - midget submarines in Sydney Harbour and their atrocities in the Pacific - attacking Singapore - no-one was starting a War with them - they just bombed and fought to try and get our country. They would not give up and as dreadful Nagasaki and Hiroshima was - there would have been millions more killed if it was allowed to go on. Shocking for women and children to be killed in these areas but Japan never considered it - I could never trust them and do not like them getting such a foot-hold with their big investments in our country. This young generation cannot be blamed for what the previous generation did but I do feel vigilance is always needed.

When Colin took the position with Castrol Oil this was to be for a two-year period. He did work hard and so conscientiously and never spared himself and it got to the stage that the firm did not want to transfer him at all. So here we stayed. During these years there was a "Gentlemen's agreement" with all of the Oil companies that one company would not take employees from another. Colin was approached by another of the Oil companies - this would have been a better job and probably have led to quite considerable promotion. Colin being "true blue" to Castrol would not accept this other position. Throughout the years other employees have not been so considerate and have accepted other positions in the same field. We have often wondered since had this been a mistake not to have done so. The firm had not been concerned at all regarding our housing. Now we are older and having had things "put over" us perhaps we would act differently, but I always feel that one has to live with "oneself" and feel right inside.

Throughout the years here Col. has worked so hard to make our home convenient and comfortable. One would not recognize it now as to when we bought it.

Jennifer grew up here, attending the Primary School and the Gladstone High School. Jennifer played Tennis, taught in the Methodist Sunday School and played Basketball. She was taught the Piano by Mr. Cecil Wild of Laura. I used to help with the school concerts and I taught Jennifer and Judy Osman song and dance routines which they performed on the stage at the Gladstone Institute. We took Jennifer with us on many holidays - to Port Lincoln - where we had an awful holiday "shack" at Tulka - down near Sleaford. We stayed at Victor Harbour, we used to go to "Hurtle Grove" at Eureka - Uncle Edgar and Auntie Maud Hall's station. When Colin was away at the War I used to take Jennifer up there and also to stay with my friend Elma Cox at Orreroo. After the War we went to Melbourne - stayed a week down on the Mornington Peninsula at Dromana - visiting my bridesmaid Jean McDonald, Lou her husband & family on the way up Melbourne, where we stayed on St. Kilda Road. We also did a week around Mt. Macedon. We went for lovely drives through Fern Tree Gully. Jennifer had just completed her Intermediate at this time and Flo Morris (our next door neighbour) sent us a telegram with the results. Jennifer did very well. Then she went on the next year to do her Leaving - she gained her certificate with five subjects. She obtained a position in the office of Mr. A.C. Read who ran a large motor business in the main street. Later Jennifer sat for tests and was accepted for a position in the then Savings Bank (Now State Bank) in Gladstone. In those days there was only the Manager and Jennifer, so Jennifer held a very responsible position - having to do all the teller's work - being responsible for cash, (when left on her own during the Manager's lunch hour) also having a set of keys for the strong-room as the Manager's and Jennifer's keys were both needed to open the door. Jennifer would often work late and had to make all the figures balance. She was paid the same wage as a male teller would have received. During this time Jennifer was very involved with the Rural Youth and was Secretary of the Gladstone Club - which was held at Georgetown. It was a very strong Club in those days with Rallies being held in different towns in the North, so that ones became well acquainted with boys and girls over a wide area. At one time when there was a Rally here we had nine girls staying in our home. It was at one of these that Jennifer met and became friendly with Margaret Kellock of Burra - Jennifer stayed there - Margaret became a life-long friend of Jennifer's and is David's God-Mother. It was through the Rural Youth that

Jennifer met John. They had met previously at Rural Youth functions, but it was at the Clare Rally that they saw a lot of each other and on John's way back home to Yunta, Jennifer brought him in to have tea and to meet us. John and his sister Elizabeth and also his cousin Janet Bailey used to come down here to our place. My sister Gwen and Philip came up here and we all went up to "Old Wyedown" out of Yunta for John's 21st birthday party. It was a luncheon and afternoon tea and they had a tennis party on the lawn tennis court. John's parents had bought a property out of Lucindale, in the Callendale area and named it "South Wyedown" and they spent their time going from Yunta down to the South East, so it was decided that when John and Jennifer married they would live out of Yunta and Kath and Laurie in the South East. However, this did not eventuate as Laurie's cousin bought "North Wyedown" and Laurie was able to buy the property adjoining "South Wyedown" - so they were then all down at the South East.

Throughout the latter part of Jennifer's High School time I had Anne in 1958 so tried my best to have all of Jennifer's teenage friends and look after our dear little Anne.

I joined the Mothers' & Babies' Assoc. again - started a Pre-school Kindergarten and was President. Arranged fund-raisers including Mannequin Parades in our Garden and became Patroness for several years after Anne had started school.

Colin and I took Anne with us when we went on an organized tour of Tasmania - she was only 3½ years old and was the youngest they had ever had on a tour. There were seven young teen-age girls on the tour and they really mothered and looked after Anne. After our tour during the next two or three months Colin had been getting pains in his chest and went to the Doctor who said it was indigestion and gave him a white powder to take. Colin had a very severe attack at the Shipyards at Whyalla and on the 1st August, Anne's fourth birthday at home he had another bad attack. The Doctor made him rest and then he was sent to a Heart Specialist in Adelaide. By the results of the cardiograph, he had suffered several attacks, and this last one was massive - scarring half of his heart. Colin was very ill for five months, losing 4½ stone. It was impossible for him to carry on the work he had been doing and Castrol created a position in the office for him. We moved into my late Father's house at West Parkway at Reade Park. The firm used to send a car to take Colin to the office and bring him home early but he was unable to stand up to all this so he resigned - having to have a medical for the firm to go with their report to Head Office. He was paid a pro rata of his superannuation but missed out on the long service leave as in those days one had to work for twenty years before being eligible - Colin had been there for seventeen. We came back to Gladstone and took over Dorrita Drapers as a partnership between Col. and I. Col. had to take things very easily and quietly and had to come home and rest for 3 to 4 hours in the middle of the day. We employed a few people - including two part time, so it meant that nearly everything went out in wages and expenses. I went down to the shop as much as I could - sometimes getting someone to look after Anne, but I preferred to have her with me. As Dad became stronger he was able to be there more and then we did not have to engage so many on the staff. As time went on I used to go to Adelaide to do the Frock buying for the new seasons' ranges.

About a year after all this happened Col. and I went on a River Murray cruise on the "Wanera" as it would be quiet and relaxing. This left from Mildura and went up to Wentworth and also along the River Darling - from Monday to Friday.

The business was quite good for the first few years, but then the Gladstone Gaol was closed and with all of the Wardens and their families and the administrative staff leaving the town that made a big difference. Then the Army Camp closed and also staff in the Railways were transferred and not replaced so we had a lot less customers. Supermarkets were opened at Port Pirie and a big per centage of the people from here went over there to do their shopping which made a tremendous difference to all of the little local shops. We carried on as it was an interest for Dad and was also a living although not very good, but we could purchase all of our clothes and house linen wholesale which did make a difference.

A Ballet teacher came to Gladstone every week so Anne learned Classical Ballet for four and a half years. We did not then have Brownies or Guides in the town so I took Anne to Brownies at Laura every week which she enjoyed. Unfortunately, Anne never liked school - although when it came to her last day at High School she cried as it was the last day. Anne had been studying Shorthand and Typing and she wanted to go to Adelaide for more training so we enrolled her at the Muirden Advanced Secretarial College on North Terrace. Anne had achieved 80 words per minute at High School but at the College they started her right at the beginning again - which was a pity as it kept her back to have to start all over again. This I think was one of the reasons why she did not want to stay and when she would come home over some week-ends did not want to go back, but in the end she said she realized that she needed "that piece

of paper" meaning her completion of the course. Coli and I went down for her Graduation and we felt very proud of her. During her year at the Muirden College Anne boarded at Meithke House on Dequetteville Terrace, Kent Town. A lovely old two-storied home for girls. There were 56 there - some University and Teachers' College students and ones doing other Tertiary courses. We stayed at the Flinders Motel the first night, ^{Anne} was at Meithke as we did really feel it as Anne would be away from home and wanted to be near her while she was settling in. She came to us at the Motel at breakfast time the next morning.

During Anne's year at Muirdens she said that she did not want to be in an office but wanted to be a nurse so put her name down to try and get accepted after she had finished her commercial course. She had three replies for interviews for Adelaide hospitals but decided that she wanted to do her training in the country so she applied for the Crystal Brook Hospital to be trained as an Enrolled Nurse - she was accepted. The nurses from around this northern area have to do their lectures and block training at the Port Pirie Hospital. Anne did very well and obtained a credit and we were sorry that she did not want to go on and do the three year course to be a sister but she said she had been studying for so long and had had enough - which was quite understandable.

When Anne was only five years of age Jennifer and John got married. As there was no catering done here at that time, Colin also had to take things quietly, it was decided that the wedding would take place at St. Peters' College Chapel - John's old school and the reception at Russell Court at Glenelg where Jennifer wanted it. We took a flat at Greenways North Adelaide as it was very convenient to St. Peters. Anne was Flower girl, John's sister Elizabeth and Jill Moody (Jennifer's friend) bridesmaids. With Tony Charlick and our Philip Whittington, Groomsman and Best man. Six weeks prior to the wedding Anne got Glandular Fever and she was so very ill, she lost a lot of weight and it was doubtful if she would be able to be in the wedding party, Jennifer did want Anne to be in it, so it was a big relief when she was able to do so.

Jennifer had been married for two years when Andrew was born. I wanted to go down beforehand but they thought it better if I waited until the baby arrived, so as soon as I had word I went down and stayed at Millicent as Jennifer was in the Millicent Hospital and I stayed at a motel there then went out to the property and got the house cleaned and already for her return home. Colin Sister Win came up here and looked after Colin and Anne while I was away. I also went down just under two and a half years later when David was born.

Colin, Anne and I went down to Lucindale many many times during the following years - sometimes even leaving here at 4 a.m. after having the shop opened for Christmas Eve so that we could be down there with them for Christmas. Jennifer and John had Anne down for several holidays. I remember one time I was so nervous about letting her fly down to Mount Gambier in the 'plane on her own and they picked her up there. Anne was still at Primary school at this time. There is only seven years difference between Andrew and Anne so they always played well together and have always remained good friends. David and Andrew have always been very good boys and have grown into lovely young men of whom we are very proud.

My Auntie Carrie Fry at Melrose had a great-niece Margaret Fathers living here at Gladstone and Margaret's little girls Susan and Dianne were very great friends of Anne's and we used to take them all out for picnics, tadpolling and they would come here a lot to play as I kept boxes of dressing-up clothes for them. Margaret would also have ^{Anne} up there and she would have her to stay a night if we asked. Also Anne's other friends were Valerie Roberts and Sally Harslett. In 1972 we went to Singapore - to Perth by train and then by ship to Singapore and Anne stayed with Margaret Fathers and Pam Harslett. Also Anne's God-mother Eula Zerbe and Eula brought her to Port Pirie to meet us on the train on our return. We did buy a lot up there and brought so many things back for all the family and our grandsons Andrew and David.

The holiday week-end at the end of January we usually went to a motel at Wallaroo and the Harsletts always took a beach house so Anne would have a play with them over the week-end.

Anne went to the Methodist Sunday school and also taught there. At about the age of fourteen Anne was confirmed and she joined the Church Youth Group, which consisted of young people from other denominations and was held at Laura as well. Anne attended a Christian Seminar at Belair, also one at Canberra where she stayed in the National University Campus, and while she was at Muirdens attended one week-end at Victor Harbour - this one did not work out so well for Anne as the ones from the Church Youth Group up here said "she did not belong with them" - she naturally felt very hurt just because she was studying in Adelaide.

In 1979 Colin and I went on an overseas trip. Edna Mellen looked after the shop for us and her husband Gordon did the books. Edna was such a capable and honest person and we were quite confident to leave things to her. We left Sydney in the "Oriana" taking six weeks to reach Southampton.

It was a wonderful cruise - we did optional tours at every port as wanted to see as much as we could. It was so fascinating through the Panama Canal - the Bahamas and Bermuda. As well as up the West Coast of America - seeing San Francisco and Los Angeles. The glorious Vancouver. On arrival we toured all the main sights in London - did a tour of England, Scotland and Wales and then nineteen days on the Continent by "Global". We spent two nights with our young friends Rowena and Roger Warrington at their home in Sussex. I won a Jackpot at Bingo on "Oriana" of over \$500 which we used for Tours. I had made all the arrangements and preparations I could - including the big birthday cake I cooked before I went and had arranged to have it iced and decorated before we came home in readiness for Anne's 21st Birthday party we held in the R.S.L. Club rooms - where Jennifer had held hers. At this time Anne was living in the Nurses' Home at the Hospital at Crystal Brook - she had been there for some time as found it more convenient than driving to and fro all the time - particularly when she was on night duty. Colin had bought a lovely little car for Anne a Toyota Corolla which she paid him back for in installments so Anne could be quite independent in being able to get to work when she came home from the Nursing Home.

Anne had been friendly with David McPherson, who lived here at Gladstone for some time and they became engaged. David worked at the B.H.A.S. in Port Pirie and they looked at houses and were able to get one in Prince Street and David moved in to have it ready by their wedding. Anne and David were married in St. Albans, Gladstone by Father Mark Sibley on the 18th October, 1980. Anne really liked Mark and felt she would like him to marry them. We held the reception in the Gladstone District Hall with Daph. and Ron Wenham engaged from Jamestown for the music. The catering was done by Jamestown Ladies. Anne's bridesmaids were Maria Ballantyne and Dianne Bavington and Brendan Casey and Leith Symons, Best man and groomsman.

Anne kept on nursing and travelled back and forth from Port Pirie to Crystal Brook Hospital as she wanted to be established before she had a family. Daniel was born on the 18th October, 1984 and Sarah Jane on the 22nd November, 1986. They are beautiful children and Anne is a wonderful little Mother. After Anne and David married Anne attended the Florence St. Uniting Church and joined the Florence Singers. Anne has a lovely voice and this group of ladies (all dressed in uniform frocks) have sung at many places. Anne also joined the Church Fellowship and at the present time is Secretary. She cooks and helps with their Church Fetes. Anne also did a Counselling Course for Lifeline and was a Volunteer Councillor at the office in Port Pirie until she had to give it up with the children. David is a member of the Car Restorers Club in Port Pirie and is a good mechanic. The old utility he fixed up he and Anne entered for the Bay to Birdwood Rally. David has done several Night classes at the Tafe College and he holds his Certificate for Refrigeration and Air-conditioning. It is nice to have them living in the vicinity so are able to see them fairly often and see the lovely grand-children growing.

When it was our Ruby Wedding my sister gave us a party at her place with my close friends and our wedding party. Also when we returned home our Gladstone friends entertained us at dinner.

When Colin had his 70th birthday in 1983 I hired the supper-room at the Gladstone Hall and had a formal sit down dinner for about fifty. I did all the cooking and put in the deep freeze - except Jennifer brought Quiches for the entres. I hired a woman to be in the kitchen - our family, including the grandsons waited on the tables. It was a lovely night and everyone enjoyed themselves. The next day we had 25 - 30 here for lunch - including my sister, Colin's sister Lorna and Alton and nieces and nephews including Judith & Tom from Roxby Downs and Marjorie & John from Arcoona, out from Woomera. Also nephew John Pavia & Beth & Margaret & Alf from Adelaide and our dear friends the Tidemanns and Marj. & Gerard Woods from Adelaide.

When it was my 70th birthday last year (1986) we had a family dinner at the Clare Motel - Anne having organized a beautiful birthday cake for me and Jennifer an Orchid Spray. Gwen, Philip & Jan were up from Adelaide. Then the following week on the actual day the 18th April, we had a big dinner at the Travelway at Pt. Pirie with all of our Gladstone friends and Marj. & Gerard Woods and Shirley Hogben were here from Adelaide with my sister Gwen.

When Jennifer and John's Andrew was christened it was at All Souls Church, St. Peters and we all went back to the Arkaba where they were staying for the Christening Party. When David was christened it was at the Lucindale Church and the party back at their home and we went down to the South East for this. Anne and David had Daniel christened at the Florence St. church in Port Pirie and they had a lovely B.B.Q. Luncheon party after - Jennifer, John and Andrew were up, also Gwen, Philip, Jan & Family. I am typing this before Sarah's Christening which is to be on the 22nd March at the Florence Street, Uniting Church and a B.B.Q. Luncheon afterwards for between 30 - 40.

In September/October 1982 Colin and I arranged a trip to Hong Kong. We went to Sydney in the Indian Pacific, we love train travelling and find it so relaxing. We stayed in Sydney overnight and then flew to Hong Kong - what a wonderful sight with all the lights arriving at the air port at night - it is just like fairy land. We were transported to the Miramar Hotel - an enormous hotel - there are two hundred shops in the complex of the hotel. Eleven restaurants - all different types of food and decor. French, Italian, Chinese etc. We were taken on several sight-seeing tours and we did quite a bit ourselves and through the shops and markets. The shopping is fascinating. We went on a cruise on the Harbour and had dinner one night on a Floating Restaurant. We went across the water on a Hydrofoil to Macau where we stayed the night in a beautiful hotel - this is an old Portugese port. The next day we did a most interesting tour into China. It quite depressed Dad to see the conditions under which they were working and living. We visited a Commune and were taken through a house, it was so primitive, but the inhabitants were so proud to show it to us. Dad did not want to go through as he felt it was an invasion of their privacy but at this commune they have the tourists. There are little stalls set up and they naturally like ones to buy. Those two little green ornaments (which someone said were made from sand-stone) were bought there. (These are on the cabinet in the lounge near the white boy statue.)

When Anne was fifteen we went on a trip to Queensland by train. Boarding the "Indian Pacific" here at Gladstone to Sydney and stayed overnight there. Next day getting the overnight train to Brisbane where we stayed for four days with my life long friend Roma Moten (Mrs. Manton and her husband.) We had booked a trip to Surfers Paradise and also one to the Darling Downs - seeing many places and beautiful scenery on the way. Roma and Neil took us for a full days trip to the Sunshine Coast - having our lunch at Noosa Heads - also visiting the Pineapple Plantation at Nambour. We also went to Currumbin to see the hundreds of birds being fed with bread and honey. We left Brisbane on the Five Day Rail and Coach trip to Cairns. Staying overnight in motels and at each stop for lunch - coaches or taxis would take us on a tour of the area. The train held ninety passengers in two rail cars joined together with a luggage van and we had a rotation of seats each half day. The driver would stop at any points of interest so passengers could take pictures and he gave a commentary which was most appreciated as there were overseas passengers on the train. We stayed at Cairns and enjoyed the trips we had booked previously - these included a launch trip to Green Island, a day trip to Karunda in the train, then by coach. It is magnificent scenery up there - we visited a Rain forest. Another day trip to Palm Cove, Ellis Beach. Beautiful coastline and on ocean side of coach saw vicinity across ocean towards where the Coral Sea Battle was fought. We were very interested in Port Douglas where we had lunch. Mossman was beautiful with glorious trees and flowers and Vandas Orchids. Went to Yule Point to go along beach and see coloured stones also went to Hartley Creek Zoo which is in a garden setting, the main attraction is Charlie the Crocodile - biggest in Australia. During the Five Day Rail and Coach tour from Brisbane to Cairns as mentioned when we stopped for lunch and taken to a hotel or restaurant we were then taken on a tour of the town and the surrounding district. We saw around Gympie, stayed the night at Bundaberg - I was very interested to see the Sugar Cane fields as I had never seen them before. Next day at Gladstone for lunch and tour and that night stayed at Rockhampton - beautiful Cotton Tree in flower. On way to Mackay saw lovely Brolgas and White Ibis. I loved the Travellers Palms and all of the exotic shrubs. Had morning tea at Proserpine and journeyed to Bowen - there we were met by hostesses and each coach had a Golden Girl Hostess to give a commentary - we were each given a souvenir of a huge Tomato with a small packet of Salt (from the Bowen Salt Lakes. Also saw for the first time Kapok trees all out in Yellow blooms, these are the emblem flowers of Bowen. En route again stopped at a place called Ayr for afternoon tea - also stopped at the Burdekin Bridge to take photos. This one was built in 1957, Colin went over the old one during the war - this was low over the very wide river bed. Arrived at Townsville, had a lovely dinner and were then taken for a night tour, fantastic from Castle Hill, a restaurant had been built but part of it had been destroyed in the last cyclone - the first cyclone they had had for thirty years. Seventeen bombs were dropped on Townsville during the war by the Japanese - one huge crater could be seen near the outskirts. After our few days stay in Cairns we got the train to Proserpine where we stayed overnight and then did a day's trip in a launch from Shute Harbour going to three Islands in the Whitsunday Passage - we visited Mole, Daydream and Hayman Islands. The scenery is magnificent we had lovely weather - blue skies and blue seas. We left Proserpine and travelled back to Brisbane by train, where we stayed a couple of days - then on to Sydney. There was a train strike and were unable to travel back in the "Indian Pacific" and afterwards had to come back through Melbourne to Adelaide and then back to Gladstone. I have given more detail about this holiday as was my first and probably will be my last trip to Queensland - which I think is a wonderful state.

When Jennifer and John with their two sons Andrew and David were so well settled at their property at Lucindale, John, unfortunately contracted very severe back trouble, undergoing four months of physiotherapy and traction, the Specialist said he would have to undergo an operation on his back, which was duly performed, followed by physiotherapy and constant daily exercises and then being fitted with a brace. He was then told he would be unable to continue with the heavy type of work needed to be carried out on the property. So the two properties were sold. At this time John's Father was ready to semi-retire in any case and John's parents moved to Renmark, where they had spent quite a lot of time as they kept a boat up there. Jennifer, John and boys moved into a house on John's Uncle Harold McDonald's property "Cluain" - about five miles from where they had lived, this property being run by his two sons Byron and Willie McDonald and John worked and gained experience at Mr. Wiltshire's Hardware and Electrical business in Millicent. During this period Jennifer and John had decided they would like to live up on the River Murray so had a beautiful home built at Paringa and John obtained a position with the Renmark Co-op. at Renmark and the family moved there. John and his Father had a luxury house boat built which they leased to Mr. Scholes who ran the Liba Liba House boats and theirs was No. 18. They had this leased for eleven months each year and had it for a fortnight each for their own use. We spent a holiday week-end with them on this. John's parents had three flats built which they let furnished - living in one for a time and then had a new home built at Parings - also building another houseboat and after their lease expired with Mr. Scholes for No. 18 John's Father ran their two houseboats, now named "Nomad" from their mooring at Paringa. John withdrew from his share in No. 18 and John's sister's husband Graham Redway went in with John's Father for a time, then withdrew. He and Elizabeth at this time were managing a caravan park at Beachport - then left and bought a house at Paringa and started a business at Berri, which has proved most successful and at the present time (1987) have sold their house at Paringa and bought John's parents flats and are living there.

During John and Jennifer's time at Paringa, Jennifer had a part time position doing the books for the "Patisserie" in Renmark - also having lessons in Pottery, purchasing her own pottery wheel and kiln and having all the special wiring required and set up in a "shed" in the garden of their home. Her pottery was in great demand and she had outlets at Renmark, Barmera and Avenue Range (in the South East) Craft shops. She had also been invited to exhibit at Mildura (100) pieces having to be displayed and for sale at the big Easter Exhibition at which about 80% of hers were sold. After about eight years at Paringa they decided they would like to live in the city and at first they rented a house at Flagstaff, while awaiting the sale of their home at Paringa and then buying a home at Blackwood, not far from the Blackwood High School where David completed his schooling.

Andrew attended Roseworthy College completing and graduating in a two year course in Farm Management - he is now working in North Queensland as the outback life is his choice and David is doing a four year course at the Institute of Technology to be a Geographer. John is working at Barrow and Bench on Unley Road and Jennifer has a very good full time position with a credit union firm. John belongs to the Historical Train Society and derives much pleasure from this association and has many interested friends in this and has many historical train trips, taking photographs and continues his interest in oil painting. They attend a number of Art and Pottery exhibitions, plays at the Festival Theatre and take an active part in the Coromandal Valley Anglican Church. At present Jennifer is also studying at night classes at the Tafe College doing a course in Physcology - they do a lot of entertaining as so many of their friends from the South East and River Murray now live in the suburbs of Adelaide and they have adjusted very well into their different life-style.

During our years here at Gladstone, as mentioned earlier, Colin and I became very involved in community affairs and I was very delighted and proud when Colin was made a Life Member of the Gladstone R.S.L. Sub-Branch. He is only the second member of the Club, since its inception, to have this honour bestowed.

I have been a member of the Gladstone Country Women's Association since my early days here and was presented with a Service Award for 25 years active service.

Throughout the years we have made our home an "open house" and many of our life long friends have come and stayed - meeting our Gladstone friends and thoroughly enjoying their stay in the country and coming to know and appreciate the countryside on the many sightseeing trips. My sister Gwen has come to know our Gladstone friends very well and in the past we invited her to bring her now late friend Nita Dyer to stay and also her friend Win Biak. Also Colin's sister Win on several occasions and to bring her friend Phyl and our friends here have always shown great hospitality to any of our friends and relations. When it was our friend Os Growden's 70th birthday, Gwen and our friend Shirley Hogben were included with the guests to celebrate at the Barossa Motel at Lyndock.

While Anne was quite small Gwen came with us on a trip up North and we stayed at a motel at Port Augusta and we drove around Port Augusta so Gwen could see where she went to school as a small child - Gwen was born at Port Augusta (was christened at St. Oswald's Church of England at Parkside) which was Grandma Fry's Church. We went on to Whyalla and had a good look around there. On the way home we drove around Wilmington and saw the house we lived in there and also the school Gwen attended - our Father ran a General Store. (Fry and Hall) - Alex. Hall was Uncle Edgar Hall's half-brother.

Another time Gwen, Colin and I went on the "Ghan" to Alice Springs as we wanted to do this before the new line was put in, which was to be re-routed. This was a memorable trip and we did many sight seeing trips, including the Olga and Ayers Rock. Also Hermansburg Mission and Palm Valley, St. Helen's Station, Old Telegraph Station etc. We stayed at two beautiful motels there - also on one of our day trips we met a very nice little English girl, who spent the time with us and we invited her back to our motel for dinner at night - we have since always kept in touch and she is now married with two children - she is Rowena - Mrs. Roger Warrington and lives in Worchestershire. On this trip we also met three other very nice women who travelled on the same train up to Alice Springs and back and one kept in touch with Gwen for a while and another Gwen renewed her acquaintance on a Bowling Trip to Perth and how delighted she was to meet up with Gwen again.

When it was our Auntie Carrie Fry's 90th birthday, Gwen, Colin and I went to Cowell for this. We stayed in a lovely on-site caravan at Whyalla the first night - then at Cowell at the Jade Motel - having dinner at night at the Franklin Hotel with Auntie Carrie's friends and relatives - mainly woman, so Colin did not come to that but had dinner at the Motel. Gwen and I had an ^{ed.} afternoon tea party with Auntie Carrie and her friends. The next day we travelled on to Tumby Bay and lunched with the now late Archdeacon Bastian and his wife who used to be here at Gladstone. We then spent the next two nights in a holiday cabin at Kirton Point at Port Lincoln - a beautiful setting - we had dinner at night at the Tasman Hotel. We wanted to see Elliston and Streaky Bay where Grandfather Fry used to be in his young days - and our Dad was born at Sheringa, just out of Elliston. We had not been there before or Streaky Bay so we had a good look around there. Had booked a self-contained flat right on the foreshore - it was very nice and all would have been well but for a compressor at the back which went off and on automatically all night so poor Gwen did not get any sleep. On the way back we came up the other side and stayed at a motel at Kimba, having dinner at night with Muriel Lock (Ellen Growden's sister) and then going out to see her home afterwards. We had arranged after our Eyre Peninsula trip to go and stay with Marjorie & John (Oag) at Arcoona Station out of Woomera for a few days - at that time they were going through a very severe drought but over on Eyre Peninsula they had had wonderful rains and the wild flowers were the best they had had for many years, but at Arcoona Station they were having to cart water from Woomera.

One time Philip and Gwen were up here and we went for a day's trip up to Wilpena Pound and back - on the way back we stopped at Cradock Hotel and had a drink - there is nothing there but they told us that of a Saturday night they have up to forty people in - one bringing a piano accordion and there is singing and dancing and ones come from the surrounding stations - evidently going on into the early hours of the morning. After leaving Cradock we went to Hammond where Grandpa and Grandma Fry ran the Hotel. It is just a ghost town now. Grandpa Fry is buried in the Hammond Cemetery. Although it looks so barren on the Willochra Plain it does give one a feeling of such vastness and to me there is something enchanting about the Northern part of this state and the magnificent Flinders Ranges.

When Jennifer was about twelve or thirteen we hired a caravan from Albie Fahey who ran the Commercial Hotel here at Gladstone and invited our niece Barbara Budge to come too for company for Jennifer. Syd Thompson (the Dentist here) and his wife Mabel and their two children hired a caravan and we set off down to the bottom of Yorke Peninsula. We stayed out of Warooka at Turton Point (only one farm house there then) believe it is now quite a tourist resort. We stayed there and used to go out for short trips during the day in the cars - down to Corny Point and to see the wreck of the ship "Ethel". This is our only caravan holiday - but have slept in on-site vans on occasions. We have never been back to the bottom of Yorke Peninsula again but it is a very nice area.

Betty and John Gribble used to be here in the National Bank and after they were transferred to Mt. Gambier we went down there and had a holiday with them - Jennifer was still in Primary school then. John rose to a very high position in the Head Office in Sydney and we had dinner with them at their home and called to see him at his office on one occasion.

I had only been to Sydney for a few days on our honeymoon in 1940 so thirty years later we went - the first year of the running of the "Indian Pacific". As it comes through here at Gladstone one can board it and alight here (when the arrangements are made) so we had quite a send-off at the station by our local friends. At this time our old friends Marj. and Gerard Woods called to see and specially to "wave us on 'bur' way". They had Marj's cousin Vera from Frankston in Victoria, son and daughter with them for a trip to the Flinders Ranges so they were there at the station to see us off. Marj. told me afterwards and has mentioned it many times throughout the years that to the two young ones this was the "highlight" of their trip. To think that we had to get on this new luxury train at a station where there was not even a "platform".

Another time we had a lovely week on the "River Murray Queen". There were facilities at Goolwa where one could leave one's car and one could make arrangements to go aboard about five o'clock on the Sunday - have a light tea, sleep the night and breakfast the next morning (which we did as could then be all unpacked ready). Those who had not boarded the night before came down from the city and we were able to watch all the activity of arrivals. The ship then left and we went across Lake Alexandria and then up the River Murray - returning to Goolwa on the Friday night and sleeping on board and leaving on the Saturday morning. This was so relaxing, beautiful meals and entertainment of a night. Gwen did this trip at one time and also the one on a bigger and later one "The Murray Explorer" which left from Renmark, but I believe is now up around Mildura and Mr. Veenstra, who builds these river boats has had another new one launched which is a paddle wheeler similar to the old river boats used on the Mississippi in the days gone by. On the Saturday morning after we had got off at Goolwa we had arranged to spend the week-end at Victor Harbour before coming home. George Wohlstaed who came out from Germany and used to be here at Gladstone and had also managed the Barossa Motel had been asked if he would manage the new one which had been built - called the "Apollon" - was lovely all in a Greek decor. George gave us V.I.P. treatment and we had the best suite (think it was the honeymoon one). We had not been to Victor Harbour for years and we were amazed at the growth there and all the new houses. We had not been down since Jennifer was a school girl - we had taken a furnished flat (by an advertisement in the paper) and had invited Jill Moody to come too for Jennifer. It was a shocking flat and we could not stay there but had to do so for a couple of nights until we could get into a boarding house - this was run by the Budge family's old friend Mrs. Bott's sister). We were very cramped at this boarding house but it was clean and we had comfortable beds. So for the two nights at the "Apollon" with V.I.P. treatment it was a far cry from our previous stay at Victor all the years before. The flat we had then was advertised in the "Advertiser" and rather than just accept what was in the paper Dad said for me to ring and get the details. When I rang the owner said that it had just been painted, in pastel colours, that it was self-contained and was in a very good position, so we booked it. The street was a very nice one and it was in a good position. When we were shown to our - so called self-contained flat we found that what had been a side verandah running the whole length of the house from front to back had been partitioned inside and all enclosed on the outside - one stepped straight into what was "the living room" containing a stove, a sink, the top of an old wash-stand on legs (which was the table) and three kitchen chairs pushed under, a small cupboard for provisions. This opened straight into the bedroom - no bathroom or toilet and I said to the owner, it is supposed to be a self-contained flat and he remarked that the bathroom was down the passage (a door from the bedroom opened into the passage) and everyone who had a flat off the passage used the one bathroom. No easy chairs, lounge room or anything like that. We unpacked the car and when we went to put our provisions in the small cupboard and I opened the receptacle to put the bread in, there was old bread in it which had gone mouldy, and the cupboard had not been cleaned out at all. Next we came to put some clothes in the bedroom's wardrobe and much to our disgust there was a chamber pot in it with urine still in it. This was too much for us and we had no intention of staying - even though it would mean losing our deposit, but as mentioned earlier we could not get in anywhere else until we were able to move to Mrs. Bott's sister's Guest house, so we had to make the best of it for two nights - Dad could not even get his legs under the "table to have a meal". We heard raised voices coming from the "flat" next door - the owner was telling the man next door that he could not keep his dog (which he had brought down with him) the man said to the owner "the b.....y place isn't fit for a dog". When we went down the back yard to put our scraps in the garbage bin it had maggots in it. How the owners got away with all this we do not know as we thought that people letting out places to holiday makers would be checked over by a Health Inspector. I was not going to put the next bit in but when Gwen read through this she said "you haven't put in your experience when you went over to Tulka" as she thought it was one of the funniest experiences she had heard about.

I will leave the name out, but a very nice couple were here at Gladstone in the Shell Co. and the wife's Father lived at Port Lincoln and he owned a beach "house" at Tulka which we were told he let and how much we would enjoy it over there as it was right on the sea, so we duly wrote and booked it and Colin, Jennifer and I set forth for our holiday with the arrangements for us to collect the key from the Father in Port Lincoln. He gave us the necessary directions, one travelled out on the road to Sleaford and he said the place had all been thoroughly cleaned and in readiness for us - we could not miss it as it had three Norfolk Island Pines in the part of the house facing the road and there was a large random stone chimney on the outside - this all sounded really wonderful. So we arrived - it was just a fisherman's type of cottage. We went inside - the "so called bathroom" on the left - a kitchen about 6' by 4' on the right - as dark as a cellar - then into the room - the one and only and in which the fire-place was situated - this was so deep and must have gone back about four feet. Along each side wall ran the bunks - four double bunks - two double-decker each side. These were made of rough wood with wire-netting strung across and wheat bags placed on top - these were our mattresses. A wooden table to eat off of and some kitchen chairs. Wooden rafters across the inside of the roof from which hung a kerosene lantern - this was our light. By the time we had unpacked it was getting dark and I went into the kitchen to prepare some tea - it was like the black hole of Calcutta - there was an old wood stove which we had got going and I cannot now remember if it was that night or the next but think it must have been the night after we arrived as we would probably have been too tired to go out the first night and remember that I had taken eggs, bacon and tomatoes to cook to have something which could be done quickly and as mentioned we had been told that everything had been cleaned and made ready for us and it was so dark in the kitchen (I do not think there was even a window) and I cooked our tea in the big black iron fry pan and we went into Port Lincoln to the pictures. We got the "good" seats up in the dress circle and during the film I started to feel very squirmish and tried to fight against it until it was apparent that I had to make a hasty exit and said to Colin and Jennifer that I had to go - Jennifer (who was just a little school girl) naturally did not want to leave and miss the film - I had to rush - leaving them behind and tried to get down the stairs before I "erupted" but could not quite make it and somehow got myself outside - across the footpath to lie down with my head hanging over the gutter with the worst bilious attack I have ever experienced in my life. Colin came hurrying out of the picture theatre and seeing my predicament - kept saying "You have got to move" and trying to get me up - all in the middle of this terrible bilious attack and he said "You have got to move - PEOPLE WILL THINK YOU ARE SHICKERED". At that stage I couldn't have cared what anyone thought. It definitely must have been from the fry pan as it was "the tea" I had eaten - but it did not affect Colin or Jennifer - fortunately. During all of this time - Jennifer was still sitting up in the dress-circle watching the pictures and did not want to have to leave it so I could be taken back to our "shack". Years and years later when Jennifer was grown up she was at the pictures and when she came home she said "Now I know how that film finished that I could not see the end when we were at Port Lincoln".

Another "funny ??" incident was when we stayed at Dromana on the Mornington Peninsula. We had a book from the Victorian Tourist Bureau with photographs of places for accommodation. This place at Dromana looked like a mansion - big two storied place catering for one hundred guests - overlooking the sea. Beautiful - so we booked. This was the end of the year when Jennifer had sat for her Intermediate Examinations and we had booked to stay a week on the Mornington Peninsula (and do trips all around there - which we did and enjoyed) a week in Melbourne - staying on St. Kilda Road and then the last week around the Mt. Macedon area. So we duly arrived at Dromana - yes it was a lovely looking building. Our bedroom was so small - a double bed against the wall on one side - a single bed jammed up against the bottom of our double bed - a wardrobe for clothes. Only one could get out of bed at a time as that was all the floor space there was. There was a community dining-room where each person had "his own table". We all used the one kitchen - we went out as much as possible for meals. One night we, with another very nice family - the husband was the Manager of the Melbourne Gas & I think it is termed Fuel Co. and their two daughters, went up to Arthur's Seat Restaurant as none of us wanted to prepare any meals at the Guest house as one woman had cooked a roast and put what was left in the meat safe and a "rat" got to it. The day we were going to leave Dromana to go up to Melbourne for a week, was a very pleasant morning but overcast but quite suitable for a morning on the beach so I put on some shorts and off we went onto the beach. There was only a slight breeze and I stretched out on the sand. I have a very sensitive skin and have always had to cover up as I burn so easily but with this type of weather I thought with no sun and not much wind I would be quite alright. When we went back and prepared to leave after lunch my legs looked like boiled lobster. I had a most uncomfortable trip up to Melbourne as my legs felt as if they were on fire. That night I put some

cream on them and spent a most disturbed night and in the morning my legs were all stiff and I said I would have to stay in bed. We had arranged to take Jennifer up to the Melbourne Cricket Ground etc. - we were going to have dinner at night up in Melbourne and go to a show, so with my condition being self-inflicted and Colin really could not do anything to help me - off they went with the words that if I could make it, I could meet them at a given time and place and we would have dinner and go to the show. I was really in agony but thought as the day wore on that I had better try and make it. I dressed and went to get the bus and could barely lift a leg high enough to get up the step. I must admit that I got very little sympathy as should have covered up to go onto the beach and when my legs were seen to was told that I had second degree burns and after all these years still have little brown marks on the tops of my legs. Since that time I very rarely go on the beach and have to cover up from head to toe and look with amazement at all of the ones who can lie out in the sun in bikinis.

I did not mention that "the holiday house" at Tulka's bathroom had a tin bath - no water laid on and there was a copper out in the open which one was expected to heat the water in and then bucket into the bath. That was to be the general idea but the copper had a hole in it, so we heated water on the old wood stove and had to bath in about two inches of water. The toilet was not on the house block but one had to cross over to the other side of the road; this was one of the old pit types which one had to empty the pan and bury the contents when one was vacating the house. For the younger ones who read this in years to come, most houses had these in the earlier days and for families there were two holes in the wooden seat which went right across from one side to the other - one large round hole and one small one for the children. When we had the half a house when we came to Gladstone there was one of these and a night-man came once a week to attend to the pans. In 1986 in the monthly Council Newsletter was written that there were still six houses with these in the town and that they had to have a septic system installed and even now in 1987 there are houses which do not have drainage pipes to take waste water and have a pipe to just run outside onto the ground which I am certain cannot be very healthy and must breed mosquitos and flies.

After the experiences of accommodation at Tulka, Victor Harbour and Dromana we became very particular and also sceptical of booking into any holiday house or flat.

When I was expecting Anne, Dr. Wilbur Joynt the Gaenocologist in Adelaide to whom I had been sent would not allow me to travel after the seventh month so I had to be in Adelaide which was a long time and upsetting to have to leave Jennifer and Colin in Gladstone and also to have arrangements for Jennifer to stay at friends' places when Colin had to be away on his trips. I stayed with Colin's sister Eileen Pavia for a while - then with Marj. and Gerard Woods and then with Gwen and Whitey at Brighton. Poor Whitey, with Gwen, driving me from Brighton, right up the Anzac Highway to the Calvary Hospital at North Adelaide - not knowing if they would get me there in time as when I was sitting in the lounge about nine o'clock at night the water broke without any warning - so was a hasty exit and we all heaved sighs of relief when we were at the hospital but Anne was not born until midnight the following night with me having to be given five injections the next day to induce. After about ten days I went to Townsend House on South Terrace where mothers with their new babies could stay for attention if there were feeding problems etc. We had wonderful attention and I met some very nice women there. I had very severe Haemorrhoids and the Gaenocologist said that when Anne would be about three months old I would have to have them operated on. Eventually all the arrangements were made - Anne was just about five months old then and I was all packed ready to go on a Monday into Ru Rua Hospital and on the Saturday before, when Colin was going out to Golf he was involved in a very serious car accident, so the operation had to be cancelled until a later date, which could not be carried out until Anne was eleven months old. She was admitted to Torrens House to be looked after while I was in hospital - which at that time necessitated about ten or fourteen days in hospital. I had been in a lot of trouble with my feet - being told that if they were not operated on I would finish up in a wheel chair - so thinking I would not have Anne all disrupted, arrangements were made for my feet to be operated on straight after the other operation - so I came out of hospital for the week-end and back in on the Monday. Little did I realize that this was going to be such a severe one - a Bone Specialist did it and my left one was in plaster nearly up to my knee and the right one in splints, so I could not even balance. We had to engage a young nurse to come and look after Anne when I came home - she was a Kanatani trained one from New Zealand who had taken several cases in South Australia. Up until this time Anne had been quite a good baby and slept well but I learnt later that she never settled down at Torrens House and after she came home she never ever slept well and even as young as she was having to be away from me for a month must have had an effect. It was two years before I could wear ordinary shoes - two of my toes are permanently stiffened.

It is now early January 1989 & have just read through what I have typed. I realize that it should be edited and arranged into a better sequence but will leave as it is and add various pieces of information to it as it is. Had I intended to write into a book I would have written in chapters but only wanted to set down parts of our family life for my descendents - particularly for the grandchildren. The following paragraphs will be varied and not in any way in sequence but just odd points of interest as come to mind. I have quite a lot of A4 typing paper so am using this now instead of buying any of the foolscap size used in the other pages.

When Jennifer turned 21 years of age she was transferred to the Head Office of the Savings Bank of S.A. which was in King William Street in Adelaide. All of the girls employed by the Bank in their country branches were transferred to the city. Jennifer boarded with Colin's eldest brother Fred and his wife Helen. Jennifer did notice the difference having to leave earlier of a morning to get a bus to travel to the city after being accustomed to only have to walk into the next street to the Bank here in Gladstone. Although she was twenty one she dropped in her salary as here she was being paid a male teller's salary as that was the work she was doing but in Head Office she said "no brains were needed" as she only had to do one type of work and not all the different types of work in which she had become experienced in the country branch. She worked in Adelaide for only eight months as she and John were going to be married and she gave her notice six weeks beforehand to enable her the time to help with the painting and to get the cottage ready where they were to live on the property. This was very comfortable and quite large but after a few years a beautiful new home was built. Jennifer worked very hard outside and they established a lovely garden. Jennifer was very artistic and she made articles from natural dried pods, grasses etc. and a Craft shop sold some of these to tourists at Mount Gambier. As Andrew and then David became old enough for school they had to travel 26 miles in the school bus to the Lucindale School which made a long trip of over 50 miles return so as each started school at five years of age they were kept at home for a day now and then to rest - the other Mothers with children in that area did the same. Andrew and David were always obedient and lovely boys and they have grown into very nice, independent young men of whom we are very proud. Jennifer worked for the school Welfare Club and became President of the Club, John was on the School Council, Jennifer was also a member of the Children's Hospital Auxiliary and John rose to be the Worshipful Master of the Masonic Lodge. We went down for his Installation and Ball and it was a credit to Jennifer as the decorations were superb and she had made beautiful Gold with Black decorations and she wore a stunning black and gold ball gown to tone in with the theme.

As mentioned earlier in these notes John had to have a back operation and the properties had to be sold and as an interest as John was no longer able to play sport he took up painting and we are very proud of his natural talent and in 1986 he exhibited one of his paintings at the Laura Art & Folk Fair and this painting was sold. He exhibited another one in 1987 and this too was sold and he also won the A section Award of \$200 in the Acrylic or Oil Section - we did feel this was a great tribute to him.

David has just received his results and we are so proud of him as he gained Seven credits and one distinction in his course - this year he hopes to get some more experience in a Town Planning Office - he had two short periods of work experience in their Town Planning Office at the Adelaide City Council. David is also doing very well in the band called "Soul Purpose" in which he is a member. They play at various Christian Youth Concerts around the state and they have a tape recorded and intend to make more. In January of last year they played at the Myer Music Bowl in Melbourne when Cliff Richards (the world famous singer) was out there Andrew is doing very well in North Queensland and he has worked up a very good business with his contract work, so we feel very proud and also thankful that our two grown-up grandsons are such steady and well motivated young men who are both so well adjusted and self-reliant.

At the time of writing this - Anne & David's two children are only two and four years of age respectively. Daniel, four, is a very bright little boy and is highly intelligent with a wonderful memory and feel sure that he will do well. Sarah is only two years of age so is very early days but she is very quick to learn. The following will be a little on the town of Gladstone.

The year before I came to Gladstone to live a Branch of the Country Women's Association was started. I joined and at that time the meetings were held in the Memorial Hall. After a short time we were able to lease part of the Eudunda Farmers' building in the Main street and we worked very hard to raise all the money necessary to equip and furnish our club-rooms. At that time we had 108 members and it was very active. We held fund-raising functions, making scones and selling to the business people along the main street for their morning tea - also catering for the livestock sales over at the sale yard, having a number of social functions and going to other branches within our Group - named the Dolling Group - after Mrs. Dorothy Dolling. We helped other organizations, particularly the then Mothers' & Babies Association who used our rooms free of charge and also raising money for a large new sink, linoleum and blinds for the Institute kitchen and the supper room and for beautiful velvet curtains for the stage and the curtains for the wings. At that time the Port Germein Branch was establishing a holiday house over there and we contributed to that. Unfortunately as the years went by, our membership declined, many of our members leaving the town and no new ones joining and after the Senior Citizens started our numbers went down considerably so by 1988 we only had five members left and we had to go into recess. We gained permission from C.W.A. Headquarters to dispose of all of our possessions and the money from the sale has to be kept in the bank for twelve months in case it is possible to start again - which I think will be an impossibility. It was a lot of work sorting out everything and contacting all the other branches in the Group to come and get any handicraft materials they would like and to sell any articles they needed for their own Branches. The service clubs and other organizations in the town were contacted to give them the benefit of obtaining articles very cheaply and this gesture was very much appreciated. Everything else which was left was sold at the Lions Club Auction. The money is invested and after twelve months will be distributed to local worthwhile organizations, such as the St. Johns Ambulance and the Emergency Fire Service and our C.W.A. State project. It was very sad to me after working and helping with this Branch for over forty years. The Dolling Group hold a Music & Arts Festival every two years and I played the Piano for our Gladstone Music item and also took part in sketches for our Arts item. At the last one I won for the Dolling Group in the Music section and then had to play at Jamestown to compete in the final Festival in which the winners of the other Groups had entered.

In 1986 - the Centenary Year - I was asked to play at our Town Hall when a night of musical entertainment was held as a Centenary Function. People from all over the North were there and ones from Kadina, Moonta, Port Augusta and many other places took part. The Florence Singers from Pt. Pirie took part Anne was in that choir and their singing was beautiful.

In our early years here the Gladstone Sub-Branch of the R.S.L. held their meetings in the Memorial Hall and it was decided that they would raise the money to build their own Club-rooms. We worked very hard raising money for this and the R.S.L. Women's Auxiliary was formed. I was President of this for many years and we raised all the money to equip the kitchen. The R.S.L. members also raised enough money to purchase sixteen acres of land - this is leased out on a long term agreement so is a regular income for the Sub-Branch. They support two Legacy Wards and every year I sell Legacy Badges and Badges for Anzac Day. We serve hot scones, coffee & rum after the Dawn Service each year - the St. Johns Ambulance members, Cubs & Boy scouts, Brownies & Girl Guides march with the men to the cairn in the Main Street for the service and the laying of the wreaths.

As in most country towns we had the Institute Library. Col. was on the Committee for seventeen years and in the latter years I was Secretary. Five years ago the Institute Library had to be closed as the State Library system was changed and in most cases was being replaced by a Mobile Library service or amalgamated with High school libraries. We have the Mobile Library and after a member of the Libraries Board from Adelaide had come and culled out books which were being added to the Mobile library stock, it left at least five thousand books. These I sorted into the different categories and displayed on large tables on which I placed placards - compiled a roster of our old committee members, advertised the hours for the selling of the books - there were so many expensive and beautiful books and people obtained wonderful bargains as the prices ranged from only 10c. to the highest 50c. I had to stack all of these books away when the Supper room was hired out - then I would have to get them all out again. There were still hundreds and hundreds left after all of the selling and eventually I packed up cartons and cartons of them and gave to charitable institutions: including about ten cartons, in two trips to the ...

Home at Myrtle Bank, the Red Cross at Port Pirie, Laura and Crystal Brook. The Laura Hospital, St. Vincents de Paul and Salvation Army at Port Pirie. Lutheran Church at Crystal Brook when they had their shop sale, also the Anglican Church Shops at Jamestown and Port Pirie and the Mission to Seamen and the Goodwill Store at Port Pirie. I also gave a lot to my sister who then passed them on to the Red Cross and St. Judes at Brighton - all of this I only finished in 1988. With the money raised from the sale of the books - (which was just over \$300) the ex-Institute Library Committee wanted something which would be useful for the townspeople, so after conferring with the local District Council, it was decided that a Lectern would be very useful for the stage, also to have two large pot-plant holders for either side of the stage. The prices the Council obtained from illustrated pamphlets they had obtained from different firms for a Lectern were so expensive, it was decided that as Colin was willing to make, he would do so. He is a very experienced craftsman and he made a beautiful polished wooden lectern and two wooden plant holders to match (in which was placed a large plant saucer and a large plastic bucket so they could be used for large flower arrangements as well. On these three articles were attached a metal engraved plaque. The timber materials were the most expensive but this still left a small balance so we bought an imitation wrought iron table in white for the foyer of the hall and an Indoor Palm in a basket holder for the Council Office. The Gladstone Institute Library was established in 1876 (I wrote to Adelaide to establish the date as they did not know here and research was done at the Archives of the State Library to obtain this for me.) We did want this part of the Institute Library in Gladstone to be available to the community and had the date engraved on the plaques.

For many years now about the second Sunday night in December there is a Christmas Combined Church Service held in the Hall - conducted by the different denominations, with each taking it in turn to organize. The Lectern will come in very useful for this occasion. A huge Christmas tree is decorated and people take gifts for needy children. All the young ones line up and walk around in a queue and place the gifts under the tree. Whichever Church's turn it is - arranges to have all the toys packed up and distributed - they mainly go to Adelaide but the last time when it was the Roman Catholic Church's turn they took the toys over to Port Pirie for St. Vincent de Paul's Mission to distribute as evidently there are so many in great need over at Port Pirie. It is always a lovely service with items and the Nativity Scene. The last few years ones have been asked to bring a plate of supper so that everyone has an opportunity to have a chat and mix together over a cup of tea.

On the previous page when I wrote about our C.W.A. Branch here having to go into recess as it was no longer possible to function, I also sorted and have taken to the District Clerk of the Council, a lot of our memorabilia so that it can be preserved and to be of interest to future generations and to have shelves and two glass doors attached to the shadow box in the Foyer of the Hall. Our town of Gladstone was named after the Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, one time Prime Minister of England - our town oval is named the Ewart Oval (after his second christian name) and our C.W.A. memorabilia was sent to us from our C.W.A. Overseas link - Hawarden in Wales - which is the home village in Wales of The Hon. William Ewart Gladstone - the large picture of Hawarden Castle (his home) we have presented to the District Council to be placed in the foyer. His marble bust stood on a pedestal in the Memorial Hall for years - this Hall was also used as the Institute Library but after the Mobile Library was started, the Memorial Hall was used for the storage of the books - comprising about 20,000 books. The bust of the Hon. William was left amongst all of the books and I wrote to the District Council objecting to this as felt it was an insult to such an illustrious man, particularly after whom our town had been named. Throughout the next five years I kept asking re the removal of his bust to the foyer and eventually a new pedestal was made and a square glass dome to cover the marble bust - so now it has a pride of place in the foyer where it can be seen and appreciated by the general public. The Mobile Library books are now kept in one of the buildings at the old High School and the Memorial Hall is now the new Council Office of the amalgamated Rocky River District Council.

Colin and I joined the Jamestown Branch of the National Trust. The old railway station was converted into a Museum and we were both on the roster to show people through. We are still members and wherever we go we always make time to go through the various National Trust buildings and museums throughout Australia and when in Perth we did the very interesting National Trust walk in the city of the many historical sights from a detailed pamphlet put out by the Trust. I also joined the Family History Group at Jamestown and found the contact there invaluable in the compiling of our Family Histories and also meeting ones from other areas and the excellent speakers we had at some of our

I also joined the Penguin Club - Group 26 Jamestown. This is an excellent Club and the skills of Public speaking and correct meeting procedure are taught. Anne also joined when she was sixteen and at that time was the youngest member in Australia. We enjoyed a very good social life and we were invited to other Clubs and visited the Burra, Clare, Port Pirie and also special lunches and dinner meetings in Adelaide and I attended the first ever at the Rothmans Auditorium at the Centennial Hall at Wayville where the three best speakers from the Rostrum and the Penguin Club combined and were before critics. It was a most enlightening evening.

During Colin's years with Castrol Oil Co. he gave several lectures on Oil and one was at the request of the District Council of Wilmington. Colin qualified in a course in Industrial Oil Technology and this Oil technical knowledge was invaluable when dealing with the industrial plants, such as the Broken Hill Associated Smelters at Port Pirie, the different mines at Broken Hill, in advising for the correct oils for the plant and all the machinery for the Menindie Lakes Scheme (where he went for eight years during the construction, also at the Whyalla Shipyards and going out on sea trials there (it was a big loss to Whyalla when these were closed). Colin obtained the highest sales figures (outside of the Adelaide square mile) for the whole of the State. He never spared himself and no matter how good the figures were, a quota was set for each quarter and would be expected to be increased sales in the next. Colin asked to be transferred to a smaller territory but they would not agree to this - even when he explained it was getting too much for him and at 49 years of age he had a massive heart attack, being laid up for five months necessitating through his health having to resign. I think the reason they would not transfer him to a smaller area from the one he was on was that he had worked it up to such a high standard that he was too hard to replace as after he had to resign they had five different representatives in the one year and as each one started he would come and confer with Colin, but each one of these would not stay on this huge area as they found it too much for them. Eventually the firm took some of the territory off but Castrol lost a lot of business after Colin left as with each new representative he did not call on all of the outlets.

During the seventeen years Colin was with Castrol we always had a beautiful big car such as Customlines - these were replaced with a new one every two years as Colin has such a huge territory to traverse.

It was a practice of the Company that when each Representative had been employed for three months an Insurance Policy was taken out which was paid for by the Company for Five hundred Pounds - a little later another was taken out for Two hundred and Fifty Pounds - making £750 to be paid up by the age of sixty and held by the Company. As mentioned earlier Colin had to resign due to his health, he was asked by the State Manager if he wished to carry on the policy to pay for himself until he was 60 years of age, to which he agreed and consequently did so. These two policies were to be paid at death. As mentioned the Company took out these policies so we had not seen the documents but they were duly sent and were in the Security pack at the Bank. About two years ago we wrote to the Insurance Company to ascertain the total value of the policies and if one surrendered what the amount would be. When Colin received their reply that the surrender value would be \$700 we could not believe it as Seven hundred and fifty Pounds - (One thousand and Fifty Dollars) had been paid - commencing right back in 1946 we naturally expected that Bonuses and interest would have been added - growing each year to make a quite substantial sum. Much to our complete disbelief we were informed that these two Policies were "Without Profits". We immediately recovered the Documents from the Bank and perused them thoroughly, to find that in the smallest print were the words "Without profits". How any company - let alone a huge international one could take out policies like this we just cannot understand. The last payment was made when Colin was 60 in 1973 - it is now 1989 so this Insurance Company - the Prudential Co. must be holding thousands and thousands of dollars - completely interest free - no bonuses added and no pay-outs until death. This certainly was a great disappointment to us and beyond our comprehension.

The firm's car we could use privately, but naturally had to pay for the petrol for our pleasure. After Colin had to resign and we had bought Dorrita Drapers we bought our first car. Colin was aged fifty - we were so thrilled to own our own car. How different nowadays when nearly all the young ones own cars - thinking it is their right and not a privilege - even from the age of sixteen and even so many of the unemployed somehow manage to run cars. The registration and running costs are high - even if the vehicles are "old bombs".

Back in 1972 when we went to Singapore, Malaysia and the Island of Penang in the ship the "Centaur" from Fremantle Norma & Doug. Blair, Gwen & Peter Hatherly, Nan & Bob Dimond and Faye & Cec. Dawson made up our group booked from South Australia and every year since we arrange a get-together. The latter years the Dawsons have been unable to do so, but we other four couples go to a different place and stay for a week-end. It is lovely to keep in touch.

My sister Gwen and I went and stayed at the Commercial Hotel in Orroroo for their Centenary. The week was full of nostalgia for both of us as we went to school there - I started school there and we both enjoyed meeting up with so many of our old school mates and residents of the town. This was held in 1973 - Gwen and I were given the real V.I.P. treatment. Seated at the Official Table at the Luncheon on Show Day and having to do some judging of old time sulkies and other horse-drawn vehicles with the occupants dressed in the fashions of "Yester year". We went to five unveilings of plaques on statues in one day - out to Rye (this was out on the Walloway Plain (my Uncle Edgar Hall went there as a child) - we also went to Black Rock for another and had lunch at the old Black Rock Hotel. The entertainment and the organization for the whole time was marvellous - including a Formal Ball in the Orroroo Town Hall and at the same time a Disco was held in the Football Club Rooms for the younger generation - or older ones if they desired. A marvellous concert was held (so many attended that they had closed circuit T.V. in the Supper room to cater for the over-flow. We attended the "Back-to-School" and also booked on one of the sight-seeing tours. We both had the lovely warm feeling that we were "back home" with so many of our wonderful childhood memories and meeting so many who remembered our parents so well.

I feel I have been very fortunate throughout my life as I have made so many wonderful friends whom I have retained - two going back to my first school days at Orroroo and later school days at P.G.C., Stotts Business College and through my other associations in adult life. Marjorie Woods (nee McGlasson) and Muriel Billing (nee Tucker) were two of my bridesmaids and our first friendships were made when boarding at P.G.C. together. We are still very close friends. Jean Maloney (nee McDonald) my other bridesmaid's friendship was made at Stotts Business College. (Jean died very young leaving two children) - she lived in Melbourne. Muriel McLeod (nee Carter) a life-long friend - we attended the Rose Park Primary School also P.G.C. but her parents and mine were friends in their youth. There are so many - my friend Shirley Hogben (nee Chappell) friends since the age of fourteen - she lived opposite my parents at Reade Park and we always keep in touch. Once a year I try to organize a meeting place in the city of Adelaide and we meet for lunch - there are usually twelve of us and it is lovely to have this gathering as even with most of them living in and around Adelaide the suburbs are so wide-spread that some do not see each other and appreciate it when I am able to get them altogether. Others in this group are my old friends Edna Morrell (I was one of her bridesmaids) - Ina Sangster (nee Wegener - old friend from Stotts Business College), Joyce Tidemann (nee Richards) Colin's best friend's wife (her husband was our best man) Bett. Moody (one of my early Gladstone days friends).

Colin and I have made some wonderful friends during all of our years living at Gladstone. Eula and Laurie Zerbe, who are Anne's Godparents and Anne's other God-Mother was my Cousin Audrey Ward (nee Hall) now deceased. Ellen and Os. Growden (Os is now deceased and Colin misses him very much as they were such close friends for over forty years.) Nita and Harold Klemm, Jean Read, Mona Humphris and our next door neighbours Hazel & Bill Bawden, also Merle & Bill Frith of Crystal Brook. We have spent so many happy hours in each others company - celebrating birthdays, wedding anniversaries, dinner parties, Christmas and New Year parties and these close friendships have been very rewarding.

Eula has always been wonderful to Anne, who loves her very much, and the interest Eula shows to Anne's children. We were very proud when Eula was made the State President of the Country Women's Association. We spent a lot of time together working for our local Branch. Together we judged the "Show Girl Contests" and one year the final of the Northern Show Girl Contests at the Clare Show. Throughout the years we raised a lot of money at the local level and Eula organized large fund-raising functions at the state level.

The C.W.A. owned many properties and when Anne was small we stayed at the Grange Cottages on two occasions and also the beautiful Dolling Court at Unley Park - these have now been sold and money from Dolling Court has been used to update the Club on Dequetteville Terrace, Kent Town. There are very well-appointed motel units there and we have stayed at the Club and in the motel units on many occasions. Colin and I also spent a most enjoyable holiday in the Spencer Group Holiday House at Port Vincent which was very well equipped and most comfortable. Also the Holiday House at Lake Bonney at Barmera.

I just want to mention so it is recorded - Jennifer's Christening was at the Clarence Park Methodist Church - a private one at three o'clock in the afternoon - my sister Gwen and her husband being the Godparents. My Mother, Father and Colin's sister Eileen Pavia and tiny Philip (Whittington). We had a small afternoon tea party back at the house in Winchester Street, Malvern, where we had everything packed up in crates ready for moving to be stored as this was the last Sunday before Colin was going into the Army.

Anne's Christening was held in the Gladstone Methodist Church - also a small gathering back home afterwards for luncheon. Anne had to be christened at the eleven o'clock morning service as they did not do private ones by this time. I was still having to wear "big type slippers, tied on" as my feet were still swelling badly due to the operation on my feet, so for our little Luncheon party were the Godparents - Eula & Laurie Zerbe & my cousin Audrey - her husband Allen, Audrey's Mother (my Father's sister - my Auntie Maud Hall) my Father and I am not sure if my sister, Whitey & Philip were here) and our Jennifer, who was a great help as she was a young teenager.

I will record here in case Jennifer and Anne have forgotten that your Father Colin is Philip (Whittington's) God-Father. Auntie Maud Hall was Gwen's GodMother - but I often wonder if I had any as I never heard of them. In the Methodist Church they did not have Godparents (I think they still only do have Sponsors) although Anne was able to have Godparents for her children.

My cousin Audrey established a beautiful Museum on Weeroona Island (which is out of Port Pirie). After she died and her husband only six months after - everything was sold, all the contents of the museum, the two houses, all the blocks of land they owned on the island and it was left to the Uniting Church Property Trust. As my Grandmother Fry's wedding outfit was on display in the Museum, I wrote and asked if I could get it before the auction so that it could be donated to the National Trust. This I was able to do and it is now on display in the National Trust Museum at Port Pirie. Grandma Fry was married in 1875 and I felt it should be preserved and on display for future generations. It was a great disappointment that we grand-daughters - my cousins Kit Teasdale, Moida Freeman, my sister Gwen and myself were not able to have the opportunity of buying back our Grandmother's personal Jewellery, Silverware etc. which had always been in our family, although we had offered if the Secretary of the Uniting Church Property Trust had it valued and we were prepared to pay whatever the valuation was. They did get it all valued but we had to bid at auction. Gran's Silver Butter Dish \$700

My sister Gwen's sister-in-law Sylvia Pearce (nee Whittington) was first violinist in the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra and her husband George was a brilliant musician and taught at the Adelaide Conservatorium and a Piano Examiner for examinations and when Gwen's stepson Geoffrey was young his Aunt Sylvia and Uncle George offered to teach him and asked him what instrument he would like to learn to play and he said the Ukulele - we did laugh and could imagine their re-action.

Gwen was widowed at the age of fifty-one and throughout the years she did many interesting trips with different women friends. To Queensland, Sydney and Canberra, Western Australia (sight-seeing and also with members of the Brighton Bowling Club), the River Murray cruises on the "River Murray Queen" and the "Murray Explorer" also to New Zealand, Tasmania and sea cruises on Russian and Chinese ships, to Rabaul, Guam, Japan, Hong Kong, Singapore, Shanghai and flew from there to Beijing (known in the past as Peking) and whilst there visited the Great Wall of China. Gwen said that when she put her foot on the Great Wall she could hardly believe that she was there and had actually seen it - built so many thousands of years ago.

Wherever Colin and I have travelled in Australia we feel how lucky that we were born here in this wonderful country. Every state has so much in beautiful scenery. There are such contrasts - the vastness of the Outback - the wide plains, mountains, rivers, the Great Barrier Reef and the islands just off the coast, the snow fields and the glorious autumn leaves and the flowers in Spring, coupled with our unique native animals and birds. I am very glad that at long last there is more concern being shown to the preservation of our environment and hope that our future leaders will show more foresight than only being concerned with ruining so much of our natural landscape for the sake of greed and money when the pressure from big developers step in.

Looking back through the years I seem to have been involved in many community affairs. My Mother told me that I led a Polannaise at Wilmington with my partner being a little boy named Reggie Baker - I understand that I was about three or four years of age. My Mother was involved with fund-raising at that time for the Wilmington Memorial Hall. At Orreroo when Harold Raymond, the Blind Violinist came to give a concert and raise funds for the Blind I used to sell

tickets - I would have been about eight years of age. Harold Raymond was a wonderful person and my Mother gave of her time and energy to support him and this worthy cause. Also at Orroroo, we children of Primary School age used to be given Ballroom Dancing lessons after school in the Town Hall. A Children's Ball was organized for funds for the school and the Ball always started with the Polannaïse. Being taught dancing at such an early age did help us with our dancing capabilities in later years. Also, at the end of the year there was the School Concert and Prize Giving in the Hall - attended by proud parents, grandparents and close interested friends. I always seemed to be on the programme to recite and I remember at one concert I recited "Who Wants a Pup" and in my arms I held a gorgeous small puppy and when I recited the last line of the poem "Who wants a Pup" and held the pup out to the audience - a small voice called out "I do Nell". Memory is a wonderful thing that after about 65 years when I was typing about the school concerts that this came back to me.

When we moved from Orroroo to Adelaide we lived in Dulwich Avenue, Dulwich prior to going to Maitland to live. I belonged to a Physical Culture Class run by the Church of Christ at Dulwich and during our time at Maitland when I was in grades six and seven, my Sister Gwen and I both belonged to the Physical Class run by a Mrs. Eddy, who was the Policeman's wife. At P.G.C. I did Physical Culture and all the years we lived at Reade Park - right up until I married I learnt physical culture and was selected for the State team to compete in the Competitions at Ballarat. I had just started in my new employment at S. Kidman & Co. and did not like to ask for the time off to be able to go to Ballarat. Many months later when I told my boss, Mr. Herb. Bird about it, he was sorry I had not asked as he said it was an honour to have been chosen to be a member of the State team but back in those years we never expected to have any holidays until we had worked for twelve months.

During my school days I always sold Badges and Raffle tickets for various charities, mainly those with which my Mother was connected for fund-raising and when I was a little older and single and working I was on the Committee of the Three Societies Ball which was held at the Palais Royale. I would also get up a large party and sell tickets for other balls held at the Palais for different charities. While working at Goode Durrant & Murray I was on the Social Committee. After all these years fund-raising functions and more money seems to be needed for more and more charities, research and missions for needy people, despite all of the Government Welfare. Even now at seventy-three years of age I am still selling badges for Legacy, Anzac Badges and helping in other ways to raise money needed and collected for the Salvation Army Red Shield Appeal at Georgetown and Gladstone but I do feel that in some cases it would be kinder for ones to learn to be a little more self-reliant when they have their health and could learn to grow a few vegetables and help supplement their food and in so many other ways. As the old saying goes "Give a person a fish and he has food for one day" - "Give him a fishing line and he has food for always". Hand-outs are necessary to help ones through a difficult period but it is kinder and best in the long run to teach ones to be able to help themselves.

I had been brought up by my parents with the principle of "What can I do to help - not what can I get out of it". My Father told me that when he was young, he made himself a promise that he would try and do a good deed every day of his life - no matter how small. He definitely did carry this out. I have tried to follow in this manner but at times my good deeds seem to "blow up in my face" and have wondered "Is it worth while trying" but one keeps trying and hopefully does a little good along life's way. My Father was a wonderful person, so kind and good natured and he used to say to me "If you cannot say anything good about anyone - do not say anything at all". When one meets with dishonesty, deception and malicious gossip, how hard it is to find anything good to say, so in my Father's words and teaching "It is better not to say anything at all". We do not judge.

If we try to spread a little understanding, love and compassion but remember that each and everyone of us are responsible for our thoughts, words and deeds and to do the best we can and instil discipline, self-control and responsibility into the upbringing of our children. As a child how well I remember singing a children's hymn in Sunday school and one line "You in your small corner and me in mine" - if only we all "cleaned up" our own corner what a wonderful world it would be.

Nowadays there is so much emphasis placed on the statement - "It is the fault of society" - these words are used by all different age groups but so very often by younger people. When ones make this statement I wonder do they ever stop to consider just what makes up a society. Society is made up of people - so if society is not going in the way the masses of the people think is a desirable state, is it not then up to each and everyone to do his or her best to try and make it better. We are so fortunate to live here in Australia where there is freedom of speech and voting rights and not under the yoke of a dictatorship as some of the peoples of the world try to survive in such a down-trodden manner. We are free to express our views whether they are complaints or suggestions. I have written on several occasions to Federal Politicians in Canberra, to State Members and to our Local Government on various issues and with suggestions which affect the general population and in most cases I have received replies and thanks for my interest and concern and in a number of instances my suggestions have met with success. I have always found it is much better to write to the "top" and not waste one's time complaining to neighbours or anyone who will listen and not bother to go to the right authorities. Not petty personal matters but for the good of the community. My Mother always said to me "Do not depreciate yourself" and I think that this is very sound advice. Have belief in oneself and be prepared to accept responsibility for one's actions - each one of us has to live with oneself and feel comfortable and right within and to do the best one can for One's fellow-man. One word which should be applied to every facet of our day to day living - RESPECT - on a personal basis one has to earn respect to receive it - apply it to everything - respect for our own bodies, other people's feelings, properties, environment, other cultures and all living creatures.

One meets many trials and tribulations along life's way but to be envious and jealous of another's good fortune is not the way to happiness and contentment but try to be grateful and thankful for what we have.

Colin and I will be celebrating our Golden Wedding next year - 1990 - Fifty years of marriage. We have had to surmount many disappointments and set-backs, the heart-break, strain and worry all through the War 11 years with Colin in the jungles of New Guinea and not knowing from one day to the next if he would return, but I had to learn to accept all situations and to adapt, which I know it has been rewarding in recognizing how little material possessions mean and not to let minor frustations worry me and to count my blessings and be thankful.

We still have and value the love and companionship for each other that we had in our youth. We learnt to give and take and to try and see the other's point of view - even if we did not agree - we talked it through without harsh words or turning it into an argument. We are all individuals and naturally have differing views - how boring if everyone thought the same and were just "yes men".

We have had a wonderful marriage, two wonderful daughters and four grand-children and we pray that they and their descendants will have rewarding and fulfilling lives.

Just a little advice. When I was young and worked at the firm of Goode Durrant & Murray the lift walls were covered with sayings and verses of wisdom and one I have always remembered read:-

"It takes sixty muscles to frown and thirteen to smile
so why waste energy".

How wonderful it is when one is given a cheery smile - it definitely is well worth while to try and carry this out.

Also

"Man has made a million rules when only ten are needed -
if one lives by the Ten Commandants one will never
go astray. "

Church has always been a major part of my life - irrespective of one's denomination so long as one is a Believer and lives a good Christian life to me is the main thing. I had been brought up a Methodist but attended the Church of England from time to time as my Father was a Confirmed Member, so felt a part of each, so several years ago I became a Confirmed Member of the Anglican Church and Colin and I attend St. Albans at Gladstone regularly.