



*Town  
Town  
of  
Victoria Park*

*Local  
Local  
History  
Award  
Award*

*Submission 2021*

*Submission 2021*

*by Liz Deague*

*Daughter of Bessie (Betty) Ginbey (née Waterman)  
Family resident in Victoria Park from 1898 to 1959*

# Context . . .

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Memories of personalities, times, places and anecdotes as remembered by Bessie (Betty) Ginbey (née Waterman) whose family lived in Victoria Park from 1898 to 1959 were recorded, written and published in a book for family members entitled, "My Scrapbook of Memories" by her daughter (Elizabeth Deague) in the year 2009 when Betty was 91 years of age. This submission is made in the context that the following excerpts from this book relate in the main to Victoria Park but also her life story is intrinsically entwined with years living in Watermans Bay.

### The Waterman Family:

**Louis Waterman:** Betty's grandfather:  
Born: 1818 Died: 7<sup>th</sup> January 1906

**Alfred Waterman:** Betty's father  
Born: 30<sup>th</sup> November 1863 Died: 29<sup>th</sup> November 1931

**Elizabeth (Bessie) Waterman (née Goddard):** Betty's mother  
Born: 28<sup>th</sup> October 1890 Died: 16<sup>th</sup> August 1981

**Alfred Waterman:** Betty's brother  
Born: 17<sup>th</sup> October 1913 Died: 12<sup>th</sup> March 1978

**Albert Waterman:** Betty's brother  
Born: 23<sup>rd</sup> April 1915 Died: 18<sup>th</sup> July 2005

**Ronald Waterman:** Betty's brother  
Born: 28<sup>th</sup> October 1890 Died: 9<sup>th</sup> October 2011

**Bessie Muriel GINBEY (née Waterman):** Betty  
Born: 24<sup>th</sup> February 1918 Died: 23<sup>rd</sup> April 2016

In 1871 Louis, who was a hat and cap manufacturer in England, emigrated with his wife and children to Victoria to establish a hat manufacturing company there. In 1895, he sold his hat business and relocated to Perth bringing his only son, Alfred and four of his five daughters with him to start a life in Victoria Park, WA.

In 1912, Alfred Waterman (Father) married Elizabeth Goddard (Mother) in St John's Anglican Church Fremantle. Alfred was 49 years of age and Elizabeth was 22 years old at the time. In time, children Alf, Albert, Betty and Ron completed their family unit and their residence was 495 Albany Highway, Victoria Park for the next 61 years.

Alfred was prominent for more than thirty years in the commercial life of this state. He was general manager for Messrs Robertson and Moffat for many years then conducted his own furniture manufacturing business at Victoria Park adjacent to his residence. He was a Justice of the Peace, a Past Master of the Masonic Lodge of Victoria Park and a tireless worker for local charities. He was a lovable, generous and gentle man with a keen sense of humour.







# Pages of my Mind . . .

Excerpts from **“My Scrapbook of Memories”**  
representing the years of Betty Ginbey (née Waterman) and her  
family’s life spent living in Victoria Park.

## *In Victoria Park ~*

- 1 Montage
- 2 Unlocking My Memories . . .
- 3 My Father and his Family Arrives . . .
- 4 My Mother and her Family Arrives . . .
- 5 Properties Changed Hands
- 6 Family Life . . .
- 7 Studies and Employment . . .
- 8 In Times Gone By . . .
- 9 My Memories Unlocked . . .
- 10 My Dear Mother, Betty . . .

## **Acknowledgements** ~ *From the Victoria Park Library Local Studies Collection:*

*Albany Road Looking West c1920s*

*Albany Road Looking East Mint Street c1920s*

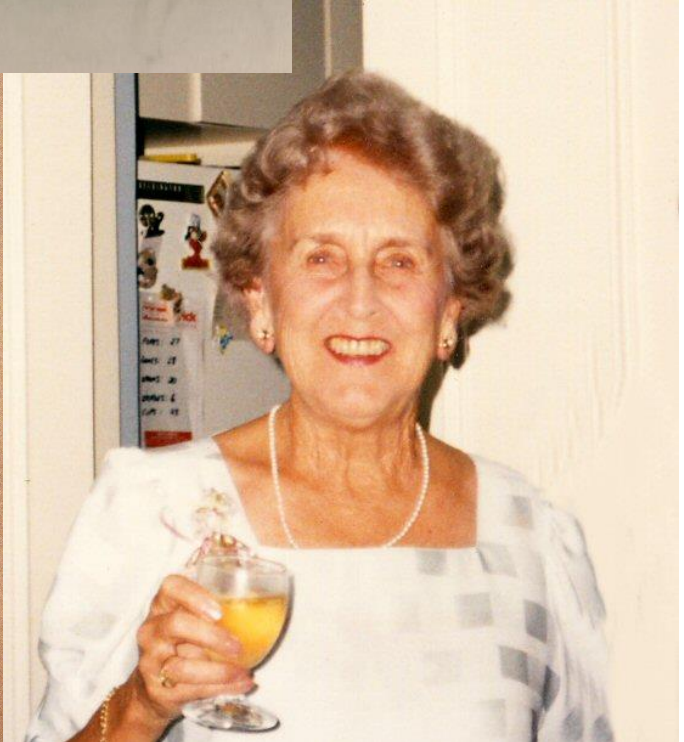
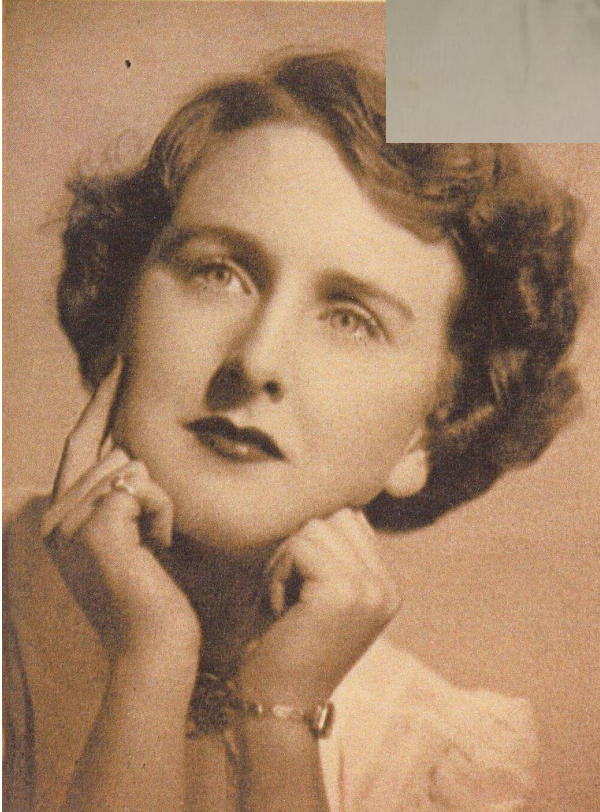
*Albany Road Savoy Theatre c1927*

*Albany Road East Victoria Park Primary School c1920s*

*Albany Road Broadway Picture Theatre c1920s*









# *Unlocking My Memories ...*

## *Unlocking My Memories ...*



**If you cannot get rid of the family skeleton, you may as well make it dance.**

*~ George Bernard Shaw*

**O**n some occasions these days, I find that I can go purposefully into a room to do something and once there, I have forgotten the reason for doing so! Here I must add that I'm quite relieved to know others have similar experiences and they're not even as old as I! It seems to happen more frequently with age but luckily it hasn't stopped me from recalling past memories.

But where or how to begin recording these memories is a daunting task. How can I possibly remember it all? Do I have to start at the beginning? Do I have to include everything or is it alright to leave some things out? Don't I have to have creative writing skills? I sincerely hope not because in the following text, I have tried to simply relate 'my story'.

Instead I've taken a look at my personal memories and dipped into subjects one at a time. Everyone has a story to tell and everyone's story is different depending on family and cultural background, attitudes, personal life experiences, levels of prosperity and individual interests.

My memories and words are drawn from my own perspective, how I saw life at a particular time and it may differ from how my friends and relations saw or experienced it. Memories, when shared with younger family members, can bring looks of disbelief at a world that doesn't exist for them now. I have written this story to pass onto my children and grandchildren. Perhaps they will see how different life was before fast food, fast transport and emails!

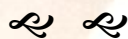
To my darling husband Jef ~ You came into my life in our youth ~ manly and steadfast, strong and kind and have remained so for all our married life. Good humoured, impish, with a youthful sense of humour, optimistic, forward looking. We realised in our youth that life would be unthinkable without each other.

To my much-cherished children ~ Stephen and Elizabeth, their loved ones Felicity and Neville and my treasured grandchildren Christopher, Rebecca, Cameron, Katherine, Charlotte and Benjamin ~ to be able to love them, to praise them, to pray for them, to be proud of them ~ they have made my life complete.

To those who believe in enriching our present and future by preserving the past.

To family who form the roots and to friends who make the blossoms.

C - L - I - C - K, the key is in the lock and turning . . .





*My Father Arrives . . .*  
*My Father Arrives . . .*



**By the time a child realises that maybe their father was right, they usually have a child who thinks they are wrong!**

*~ One of my favourite sayings*

I suspect as young children we were not interested in our family history and as I was only 13 years of age when Father died, his family's background is mainly what I remember Mother telling us. Therefore, I am very fortunate that our wonderful children Stephen and Elizabeth have done a huge amount of work to research a lot of old documents to locate evidence and supporting details to clarify events of the past. I have only faded recollections about my paternal genealogy.

Louis Waterman(n) was my paternal grandfather, Father's father. He was born in 1818 in Blunder then in the Kingdom of Hanover, now part of Germany and he was Jewish. The Kings of England ruled over Hanover and during the Napoleonic Wars the French occupied Hanover for several years but it was restored to King George 111 a few years before Louis was born. I did not know Grandfather Louis at all but stories tell that when his mother died, his father remarried. Unhappy with the relationship with his stepmother, at a young age he decided to emigrate to England and settled in Liverpool at 20 Williamson Street in the District of Islington which is in the County of Lancaster.

Louis worked as a tailor/milliner and manufacturing during that time in the United Kingdom was booming. The export of hats then amounted to about 130 000 dozens annually and nearly all went to the British colonies. This may explain the motive for Louis to emigrate and take his hat business to Australia.

In 1871 at the age of 53, he and his wife Grace with their six children, one of whom was my father Alfred (8 years old at the time), took unassisted passage to Victoria on a ship named *Cospatrick* to relocate to Australia and settled in Melbourne.

As time passed with the family living in Melbourne, Father became involved and won many trophies for cycling, billiards and was appeared in plays with the Shakespearean Society. He was eventually employed by Furniture Manufacturers called Robertson Moffat (RM) and at about the age of 32, he was asked by the Company's Management to move to Perth in order to start and manage a Western Australian Branch of Robertson Moffat which he established at 17/21 Goderich Street, East Perth.

At this time, his father Louis was aged 77. Grandfather sold his company L Waterman(n) & Co, a hat manufacturing business at 287 Little Bourke Street, Melbourne and on 18<sup>th</sup> May 1895, he and his only son Alfred then 32 years old, sailed First Class on the *Liguria*, from Adelaide to Western Australia, ultimately to reside at 495 Albany Highway, Victoria Park.



After the Great War there was great anti German feeling everywhere, hence the second 'n' was dropped after 1918. In those days there was no registry to change spellings, etc so it is interesting to note that the 'nn' spelling of his surname was only used on official documents.

Father's Business Card

I recall Mother saying that because of the double 'n' in the surname Waterman(n), during the Second World War years she destroyed photos, Bibles and any other possible reference to the family's background being of suspect connection to German origin. Therefore and unfortunately, there are no longer any photos of my grandfather that exist.



This branch of RM provided a variety of services and was described as a complete home furnishing, carpet warehouse. It offered cabinet making and upholstering services, tailoring and was a men's outfitters company, etc. They were sub agents for the Frister and Rossman's celebrated lockstitch sewing machines and had showrooms and offices.

In the early years of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, the firm RM, moved to 132-136 Murray Street in the city and was the largest property on the Connor Quinlan estates in Murray Street.

The State Electricity Commission occupied this same site many years later. RM had established a high reputation for quality and service.

In the years immediately preceding the start of World War 1 in 1914, the property owners of RM, Connor and Quinlan, decided to take over the business themselves and operate as the 'Robertson Moffat Successors' with partners TF Quinlan, AG Wald and HE Willis and A Waterman. Father was the Manager of this business.

I remember Mother mentioning to me that Father started a restaurant on the second floor of this building, and she used to tell me about the beautiful china and silver cutlery that he bought for this restaurant.

However, I suspect it did not do very well in these hard times of trade. Robertson and Moffat Successors lasted eight years (1914-1922) but was losing money during and after the Great War.

*The West Australian*, 19<sup>th</sup> December 1919

**Elite Styles in Race Wear at Robertson & Moffat.**  
(new Hay St. Emporium.) success

WAITING your inspection in our Windows and Showrooms, are Dame Fashion's latest decrees, especially appropriate for Race-time wear. The season's happiest mood is reflected in these charming offerings. Frocks and Gowns glowing with color, fashioned from the most favored fabrics, in many distinctive and appealing designs. Millinery that will set off your New Frock to the best advantage. Our fine display features the smartest and most exclusive of the New Season's creations.

**Frocks, Costumes, Coats**  
(As illustrated below)

A. 12—Cup Frock (as illustrated). One of the most unique styles in White Crepe de Chine, with an over-dress, panel effect, floral nixon, richly trimmed black beads; smartly finished with garle of silk cord.

A. 9—A Charming Frock (as illustrated), in Champagne Georgette, double skirt effect, smartly trimmed with beads and ribbon, fringe of sax.

A. 20—A Smart Cream Serge Costume (as illustrated), trimmings of silk braid, belted back, finished with buttons.

A. 1—A Charmingly Designed Frock in Black Crepe Georgette, tunic effect, finished with oriental trimmings and fringe.

A. 8—Smart Asson Dust Coat (as illustrated), with panel effect at sides, richly trimmed with black silk braid, square collar, finished with buttons.

**To be Seen in our Windows**

Coat and Skirt, exceedingly smart, in Navy Taffeta, relieved with touches of sand crepe de chene, finished with buttons of same.

A Charming Blouse in White Georgette, V-shaped neck, square collar at back, trimmings of lace and beads.

A Pretty Blouse in Sand Crepe de Chene, round neck, embroidered front, lace let in with falls of same, hemstitched.

The Most Striking Frock for the Cup Season is showing in White Crepe de Chene, with jumper effect, bodice in sand crepe de chene richly trimmed with wool stitchings, smart touchings of blue lace.

**Millinery (as shown)**

M. 1—Very striking large all cream Libre Straw, edged with touches of sand crepe de chene, finished high empire mount.

M. 4—Modish Black Georgette, quality trimmed quills, outstanding round narrow brim; finished softly, hanging loose veil.

M. 5—For the smart matron, very up-to-date All Black Model Toque, trimmed black ostrich mount, veiled in tulle to front, finished jet.

M. 2—A Charming Model in Black Tulle, smartly trimmed with sand ostrich feathers, caught with jade effect, sand ornaments.

M. 3—Large Black Libre Straw, lined black and gold brocade, finished curled mount round edge and back; spandant at back; jet rim.

M. 6—Large All White Taper Sailor, edged with wheat-ears; Georgette lining, and poppies.

We cordially invite you to inspect our Windows and Showrooms. We shall be glad to give the fullest information on styles and innovations for the New Season.



# THE GREAT SLOGAN OF AHERN'S, LTD.

(Late Robertson & Moffat's Successors)

SELLING FOR CASH. AND CASH ONLY!

CONSEQUENTLY SELLING FOR LESS.

NO ACCOUNTS. NO BAD DEBTS.

The highly successful and enthusiastic shopping of the City's New Enterprise (AHERN'S, LTD.) is due in a particular way to the decided policy of CASH TRADING. It means a Colossal Saving in working expenses, practically no Office Staff is required, a considerable saving in interest on outstanding accounts, and above all, the provision for the inevitable bad debts under the credit system, is not required. Therefore

**AHERN'S SELL FOR LESS.**

*The West Australian*  
Monday June 19<sup>th</sup> 1922

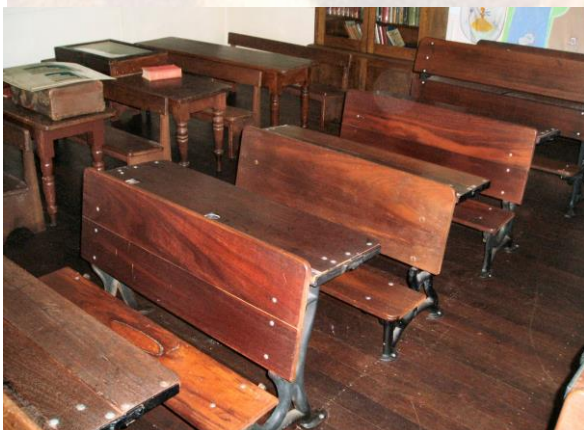
In 1922, the struggling company was taken over and managed by Thomas Ahern and other directors included T F Quinlan who was also licensee of the Shamrock Hotel, later to become The Savoy. Aherns survived until recently in 2003 when it was purchased by David Jones.

After the Ahern take over, Father then continued as a sole trader and furniture manufacturer, working from a factory building at the rear of our *Concordia* property at 495 Albany Highway in Victoria Park. Father had a number of employees and as 'an important aside' . . .

I recall that the workmen and our family all shared the same 'lavatory' at the back of our property. Mother, who was 'forever a lady', cut a template of pink felt which made a cover for the toilet seat. We used to take it to the 'lavatory' with us to help maintain standards of cleanliness and I dutifully used it but I don't know about my brothers!

A patent at this time was held by Father for the popular school desk with its hinged tabletop. A number of these desks are still displayed today in the Perth Museum also in the pioneer schoolroom at Applecross Primary School and in the Mount Flora Regional Museum in North Beach.

The Waterman name can be seen in the metal work on the frame.





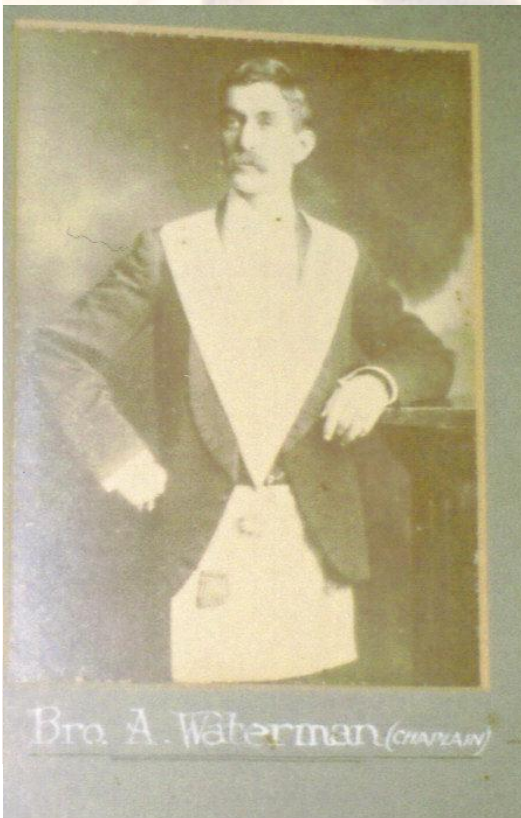


Amongst other fine furniture that Father manufactured, the dining table shown here was built at Father's furniture works at the back of *Concordia* around 1926. It was commissioned by James Brennan of Kings Park Road (Brennen Bros stores), West Perth. The table was used to entertain the Duke and Duchess of York (later King George VI and Queen Elizabeth) on their State Visit to Perth in 1927.

In 1929 when the Brennan family sold the table, it was purchased by the Packer family of Highbury, Albany Highway, Cannington. They were market gardeners and in due course, Jack Packer became a Councillor at the City of Gosnells and presented the table to the City in 1964 as a significant piece of furniture. It is still in use today in one of the Council Chamber rooms.

In 1924, Father was registered as a Justice of the Peace and he was a tireless worker for local charities. Mother told me that he used to regularly arrange concerts to raise funds. One of the earliest memories I have is being dressed in a kimono and on stage at a hall in Victoria Park.

Father was a Past Master of the Victoria Park Freemasons Masonic Lodge No. 48 in Temple Street and was very active in the Lodge history of this time. He was a foundation member of this lodge which was consecrated on 22<sup>nd</sup> February 1901.



This Masonic Lodge is still operating today at its original location in Victoria Park although these days, Lodge No. 48 meets there along with a number of other Freemason Lodges. Gracing its walls is a photo of Father on the Worshipful Masters Honour Board and he is also recorded as the Past Master from 1904/05 on another commemorative board.

Worshipful Masters Honour Board

I am advised that for Father to have been the Worshipful Master in 1904 and to progress through all 'the chairs', he would have been inducted into Freemasonry possibly a minimum of five years earlier in 1899. He resigned as Past Master in 1905.

My brother Albert also used to belong to this same Lodge as a Mason in his adult years and his daughter Dianne remembers him, ". . . heading off with his little case of secret men's business on nights that he had a meeting."

In the St Peter's Church, Victoria Park a plaque was given by Mother to honour fallen soldiers of World War 1.



The Wall Street Crash came in 1929 and no business registration is recorded in the WA Postal Directory after 1929 for either Waterman & Co or Waterman Desks Ltd. Father worked at Sandovers for about a year.

We then rented *Concordia*, our Victoria Park home to tenants to give our family additional income and moved to live at *Zephyr Villa*, Waterman's Bay which had previously been our holiday home.

For the next ten years we lived permanently at Watermans Bay and it was early in this period that Father's health worsened. Mother recalled that as Father's health deteriorated and when he became very sick, Alfred Sandover often visited Father. Donald Chipper, the Funeral Director, had returned from a holiday in the United Kingdom and had just bought the first motorised hearse. He was reported as saying, "*It is so successful that everyone is dying to get into it!*"

Father only went to hospital once that I know of and was not keen to return either because while a patient there, he was badly scalded by the boiling water from a hot water bottle that burst in his bed! As the nearest doctor was in Mt Hawthorn, Mother employed a nurse to live with us and to help look after Father.

No recollections of mine would be complete without reference to the idyllic days Father spent in our little piece of paradise during the years at Watermans Bay . . .





Father, Alf and Albert on the sands at Watermans Bay



Me sitting on the latticework in the front of *Zephyr Villa*

The death occurred yesterday of Mr. Alfred Waterman, who was prominent for more than thirty years in the commercial life of this State. He occupied the position of general manager for Messrs. Robertson and Moffat when that firm's warehouse was at the site now occupied by the buildings of the Electricity and Gas Department in Murray-street. In more recent years Mr. Waterman conducted a furniture manufactory at Victoria Park, in which suburb he had his residence. Mr. Waterman was a great enthusiast in our health-giving beaches, and prior to the improvements made on those more contiguous to the city became enthusiastic respecting the wide sweeping bay beyond Balcatta or North Beach. There he built a home which he used in the summer months, and to which he travelled by sulky on a rough road and for the last mile over a heavy sand track through the scrub. The place is now the populous Waterman's Bay where thousands congregate on summer days and where charabancs ply, while many hundreds of motor cars are driven along the excellently made roads. Mr. Waterman died at the bay named after him in his 68th year. He leaves a widow, three sons and a daughter.

On 29<sup>th</sup> November in 1931 and one day before his 68<sup>th</sup> birthday, Father's heart problems led to his death at his beloved *Zephyr Villa* and in the company of all his family.

I was only 13 years old when Father died and in those thirteen short years with him, we had much happiness in every way.

Mixed bathing, fishing, beach week-ending, and general coastal enjoyment received a local blow when died in Perth last week, Alf Waterman. That beautiful stretch of ocean beach beyond North Beach is now known as "Waterman's Bay," and well A.W. deserved all honor of having the resort named after him, his work for the welfare of the district being appreciated by all who knew him. For a lengthy period Mr. Waterman managed the local business of Robertson and Moffat, where now is the big Gas and Electricity Department Buildings in Murray-street, and later was with Harris, Scarfe and Sandovers, but since his retirement he has always been deeply attached to that part of the coast since named "Waterman's Bay."



I believe that a number of years after the death of Father, Mother was approached by the Roads Board of the time to donate a bench seat in commemoration of her husband being one of the foundation settlers of the area. This invitation was taken up by Mother and a bench seat was erected. It was located on the footpath overlooking Watermans Bay at the foot of Mary Street where the original house *Zephyr Villa* used to stand, on the northern corner of Mary Street and

West Coast Highway. The inscription on the plaque read something like, *"Donated by the Waterman Family in memory of Alfred Waterman (1863 - 1931)"*.

With the upgrading of West Coast Highway, this bench seat disappeared and in recent times another one was erected in its place. In 2005, the direct descendants of Alfred Waterman respectfully requested a plaque be attached to this new bench seat located on the foreshore at the bottom of Mary Street.

Bill Stewart, the Councilor for the Coastal Ward agreed and my daughter Elizabeth, represented the Waterman family at the City of Stirling October 2006 Council Meeting in order to put forward the proposal. Later, in a letter dated 8<sup>th</sup> November 2006 we were advised that the proposal had been accepted and that the plaque had been placed on the bench seat.

We feel sincerely proud that there again exists recognition of the part Father and Mother played in being foundation residents of their beloved Watermans Bay. Now we can proudly sit on the new bench seat, complete with inscription, overlooking our bay.



*My Mother Arrives . . .*  
*My Mather Arrives . . .*



God could not be everywhere and therefore he created mothers.

*~ Jewish Proverb*



Mary Elizabeth (Polly) Wilkinson was the eldest daughter of thirteen children to Mary and Charles Wilkinson and she was my maternal grandmother.

Charles had been a printer and an engraver and had his own lucrative business in Birmingham, England but in 1847 he decided to emigrate to Australia with his first wife Elizabeth and their two children. Sadly all three were suffering from tuberculosis at the time and they died shortly after arriving in Adelaide. Charles worked for the Adelaide Advertiser and after a time he married his second wife, Mary Wilkinson who was born in London. Mary had emigrated with a friend of her father's to South Australia.



James Coombs Goddard was one of thirteen children to Thomas and Charlotte Goddard and was my maternal grandfather. Thomas had been a blacksmith from Westbourne (Hampshire) in England and in 1853 Thomas agreed to let their son James at aged 16 years, emigrate to Australia with family friends, the Hammonds. The Hammonds had no children and had promised to look after James and treat him as their own. Thomas and Charlotte had welcomed them giving their son a chance to make good in Australia.

The Hammonds and James made their home in the South Australian pastoral area, east of Quorn at Kanyaka. They took over a lease of a Cobb's coaching inn and operated the Great Northern Hotel, known as the Black Jack Hotel.

As a young man in Kanyaka, James met Mary Elizabeth (Polly) Wilkinson who was a 'trained' nurse and a teacher and presumably had gone to teach in Kanyaka. In 1876 James and Polly married in the Great Northern Hotel when Polly was 22 years of age and by 1879 they had three children of their own.

Some time later, James contracted 'Sandy Blight' which is a layman's term for trachoma. It is a chronic infection of the eyes which in James' case lead to blindness. It is believed that the dirt, heat and flies caused the disease to become widespread in those days and it even left its stamp on certain place names eg Sandy Blight Junction in the Western Desert and the Ophthalmia Ranges in the Pilbara region of Western Australia.

Times were tough because the Kanyaka township had started to disappear due to the return of drought conditions and so James closed the hotel in 1881, sold it and moved to Adelaide where they leased a small cherry orchard in Uraidla in the Mt Lofty Ranges near Adelaide. Because James was blind, he could not work so Mary put her skills as a nurse and as a school teacher to use and started her own private school in nearby Summertown. For about eleven years she taught schooling and reared eleven children of her own of whom James only saw his two eldest. Mary also worked in the orchard and did other spare time jobs to make ends meet.

In about 1900, Grandfather James and Grandmother Polly Goddard, together with the children who had not already left home, sold the cherry orchard in Uraidla. Bearing in mind that a four gallon tin of cherries would have only fetched a market value of about three pence in those days, life presumably would have been very hard for them. They had eleven children . . . Charles, Charlotte, Millicent, Lucy, Isabel, Fred, Dora, Marjorie, Arthur and at the age of 44 years Polly gave birth to my mother Elizabeth Brooke (Bessie). At the age of 46 years she had their youngest child, Harold. At that time they took up residence in Victoria Park, WA.

In 1905/06/07 the Goddard family is registered in the WA Postal Directories of the time as living at Salisbury Avenue (now Kitchener Avenue), where the Blind School is presently situated in Victoria Park. This was a lovely home with stained glass at the front door.

*First Back Row (L-R):* Muriel Lucy Goddard, Charles James Goddard, Millicent Emma Goddard, Harry Gibson, Charlotte (Tots) Gibson (nee Goddard)

*Second Back Row (L-R):* Dora Grace Goddard, Mary Elizabeth Goddard (nee Wilkinson), Albert Stephen Philp, Isabel Eva Philp (nee Goddard), James Coombs Goddard, Frank Bargrave Tournay

*Second Front Row (L-R):* Frederick Coombs Goddard, Elizabeth Brooke Goddard

*First Front Row:* Harold Thomas Goddard, Charles Gibson, Arthur Coombs Goddard



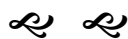
On the front steps of the residence at Salisbury Avenue on the occasion of Isabel's wedding

In 1907/08/09 the WA Postal Directories show their place of residence being Sunbury Road, Victoria Park.

In 1910 they lived in Mint Street, Victoria Park and in 1911 to 1920 they lived in Forrest Street, Victoria Park. Forrest Street was renamed Beatty Avenue in 1918 so therefore in the years 1919/20, Polly is registered living at Beatty Avenue, Victoria Park.

Sadly, I didn't know Grandmother Polly at all as I was only 3 years old when she died. I obviously didn't have the benefit of knowing Grandfather James either as he died before I was born but I do remember Mother telling me that even though he was blind, he took much pride in his grooming and caring for his handsome whiskers. James died in 1913, aged 76 years and Polly died in 1921 aged 67 years while visiting her daughter Charlotte living in Victoria.

Mother became a dressmaker and travelled by tram from Victoria Park along Albany Highway to work in Perth, possibly *Foy and Gibsons*.





# Properties Changed Hands ... Properties Changed Hands ...



The winds of heaven change suddenly; so do human fortunes.

~ *Chinese Proverb*

The following information concerning Father and his property transactions and places of residence is a result of research in the WA State Records Office, WA Batty Library, Landgate WA, Victoria Park Council Records and the Postal Directories of the time. In some cases definitive answers are not possible regarding the number of houses on properties Father owned or the timing of occupancies.

### **1895 and 1896:**

At 32 years of age, Father moved from Melbourne to establish and manage the Western Australian Branch of Robertson Moffat which was established at 17/21 Goderich Street, East Perth.

In the years 1895, 1896 and 1897, Father's address is registered in the Post Office Directory Archives in the Batty Library as "...*Concordia*, Mangles Street between Old Guildford Road (Lord Street) and Beaufort Street on the righthand Perth side near its junction with Stirling Street..." The name 'Mangles Street' was changed by gazettal in July 1897 and became known as 'Newcastle Street'. Interestingly, Ellen Mangles was the daughter of Captain James Mangles of Woodbridge near Guildford and was also the wife of Captain James Stirling.

Father rented this dwelling at 64 Newcastle Street (formerly Mangles Street) Perth in the North Ward of the Perth Municipality from Mr Thomas Mc Leary. He called the house *Concordia*. This was the name of the ship which had brought his brother-in-law Sonny Celle, from Italy to Australia in 1894. Unfortunately, recent identification of this location discovered that the house on this property had been demolished to make way for redevelopment.

Even though property exchanges in Watermans Bay are described here as well as those in Victoria Park, they are intentionally all included to illustrate the degree to which Father was forced to deal with the Great Depression which caused much hardship. Obviously business life was very tough during those years and triggered many property transactions.

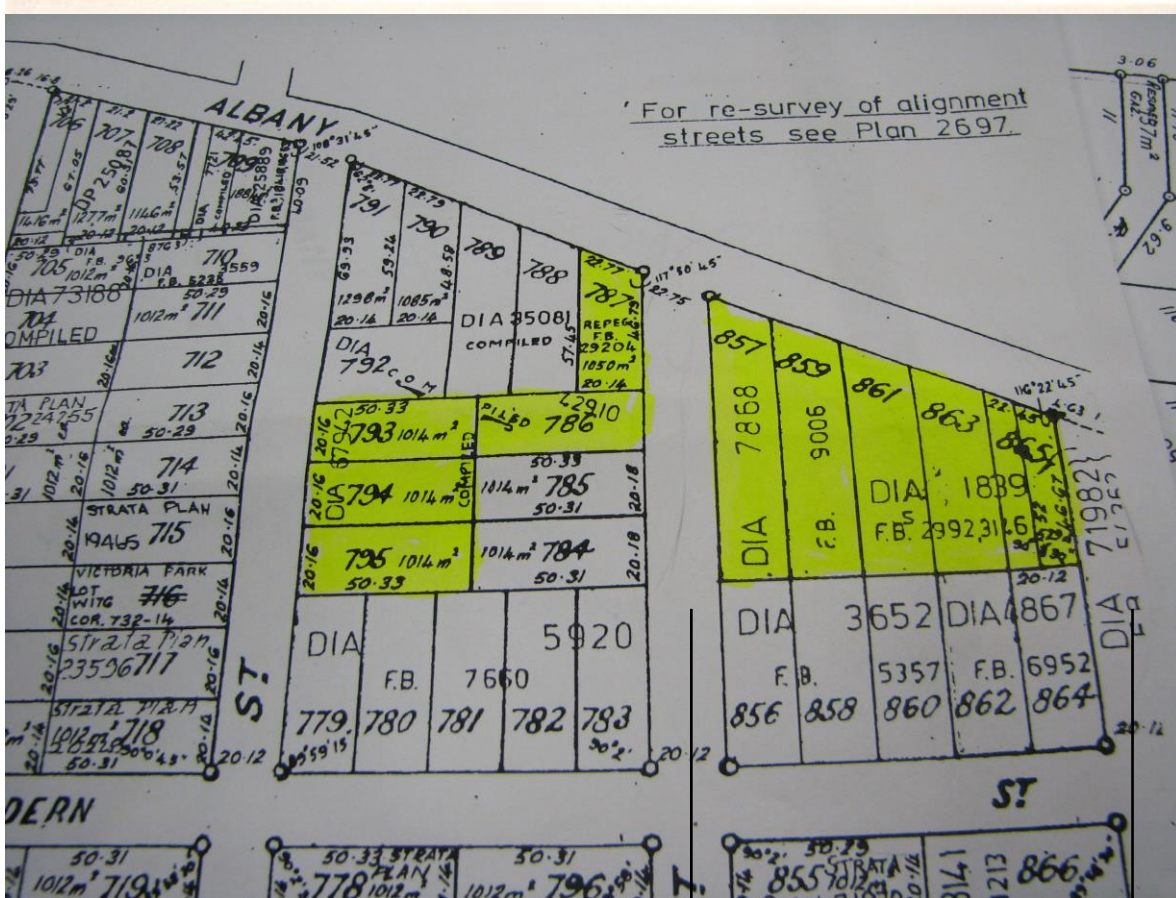
I can recall Mother saying that, "*No one wanted to know you if you had lost your money in the Depression years and some would even cross to the other side of the street to avoid a favour being asked of them.*"



After the first two years in WA, Father bought and sold a number of properties in Victoria Park (VP), this included land along Albany Highway, Manchester, McMillan and Temple Streets. He also bought and sold land in Watermans Bay (WB) along West Coast Highway and Mary Street.



The properties highlighted on the plan below were owned by Father on Albany Highway, Victoria Park (VP) and the transactions are recorded as follows:



Temple Street

Manchester Street

**1897:**

(VP) Father bought Lots 861, 863 and 865 Albany Road, Victoria Park from Joseph Whalley who in that same year had bought these Lots from Samuel Bean. It is interesting to note that in 1891, Lots 857, 859, 861, 863 and 865 Albany Road, Victoria Park were owned by S Bean, who was registered under 'Trade or Occupation' in the Council records of the time as a Hawker. A Hawker used to do house to house selling or sell from the street.

The records in the Victoria Park Municipality Rate Book of 1897/98 indicate that houses already existed on Lot 861 and Lot 863 and perhaps there existed two houses on Lot 865, each of these houses being separately rated.

**1898:**

(VP) Part way through this year Father moved from 64 Newcastle Street to Lot 861 and called the house on that Lot *Concordia*. He was obviously very keen on this name.



The Victoria Park Municipality Rate Book indicates the following:

(VP) Father's sister Rachael and her husband William George Greenwell occupied Lot 863.

(VP) C W Nicholls, a bank clerk, occupied the house on the western side of Lot 865.

(VP) Mr Philip Hugh Shimmin, a warehouseman, (same trade registered as Father) moved from 212 Stirling Street, Perth and occupied a house belonging to Father on the eastern side of Lot 865 (at the corner of Manchester Street and Albany Road).



**1899:**

(VP) The Waterman(n) address in the WA Postal Directory is listed as *Concordia*, Albany Road, Victoria Park in this year. At this time, the western portion of Lot 865 was occupied by my grandfather Louis Waterman and the remaining houses on the other Lots were still occupied by the same people from the previous year.

I do recall mention being made of construction or additions to one of the houses alongside *Concordia*. I believe this could have been the house that Grandfather occupied.

(VP) Lots 857 and 859 Albany Road were sold by S Bean to J R Johnston, a poultry farmer. I believe my father lodged an application for subdivision to vary the shape and size of Lots 861, 863 and the western portion of Lot 865 and these were referred to as Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4. Lot 4 was a very narrow lot of approximately 1.6 metres wide and an area of 68 m<sup>2</sup>.

This was connected by a Right of Way (ROW) to link with Manchester Street. The purpose of Lot 4 is unclear, but could have been created to include a wall or services. 1899 was the first time reference was made to Lots 1-4 inclusive in the Victoria Park Municipality Rate Book.



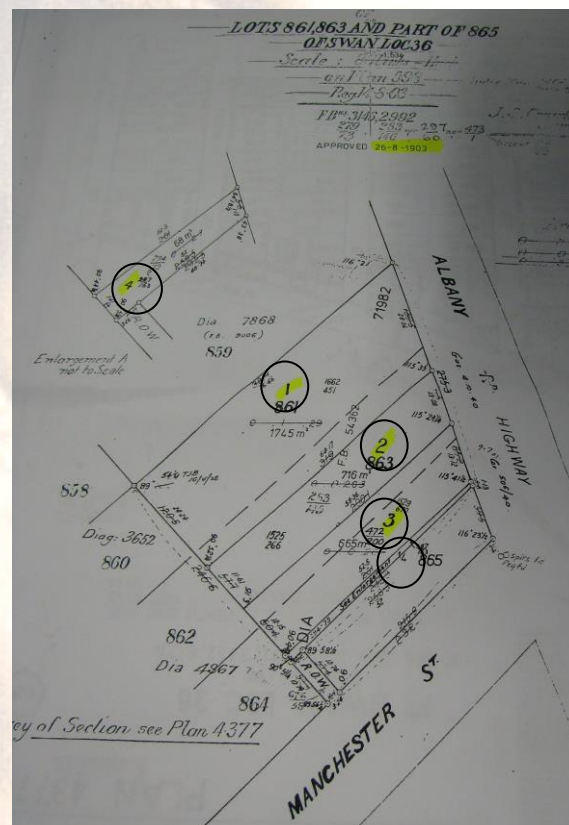
### 1901:

(VP) Lot 865 was subdivided into two Lots by my father in this year by means of 'sketch on transfer'. Father sold the eastern portion of Lot 865 to Mr Phillip H Shimmin. Shimmin owned this corner block until 1928 when he sold it to Miss Julie Boland, a school teacher at the local school. There was no change of occupiers of the other properties.

Father purchased Lot 857 (corner of Albany Highway and Temple Street) and Lot 859 from J R Johnston. Lot 859 was adjacent to *Concordia* and was always known to me as 'the big lawn', a large area of grass bordered by pine trees and accommodated a shed which later Father used for his furniture business.

### 1902:

(WB) In 1886, forty acres of land at 'Watermans Bay' was granted for £20 by the Colony Commissioner of Crown Lands, John Forrest, to an Upper Swan settler by the name of Edward Barrett-Lennard. This land was sold to two bank manager developers who subdivided it in 1902 and starting selling lots.



### 1903:

(VP) The new Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4 were formally approved in this year and Lot 1 was owned and occupied by Father.

Lot 2 was sold by Father to his sister, Rachael Greenwell.

Lot 3 was owned by Father but Grandfather Louis was the registered occupier. Father's sister Jessie and her husband Frank Pakeman also lived in the house on Lot 3 and are registered in the WA Postal Directory of this year. I remember being told that Jessie looked after Grandfather Louis as he was by this time about 85 years of age.

**1904:**

(VP)Father purchased Lot 787 from Albert William Gutmann (Freemasons Hall) in partnership with Alfred George Russell and William Beattie Gordon.

**1906:**

(VP)On the 7<sup>th</sup> January of this year, Grandfather Louis Waterman(n), died at the age of 88 years in Father's residence *Concordia* on Lot 1. He had been living with his daughter Jessie, in the house on Lot 3, owned by Father as part of his subdivision in 1903.

**1907:**

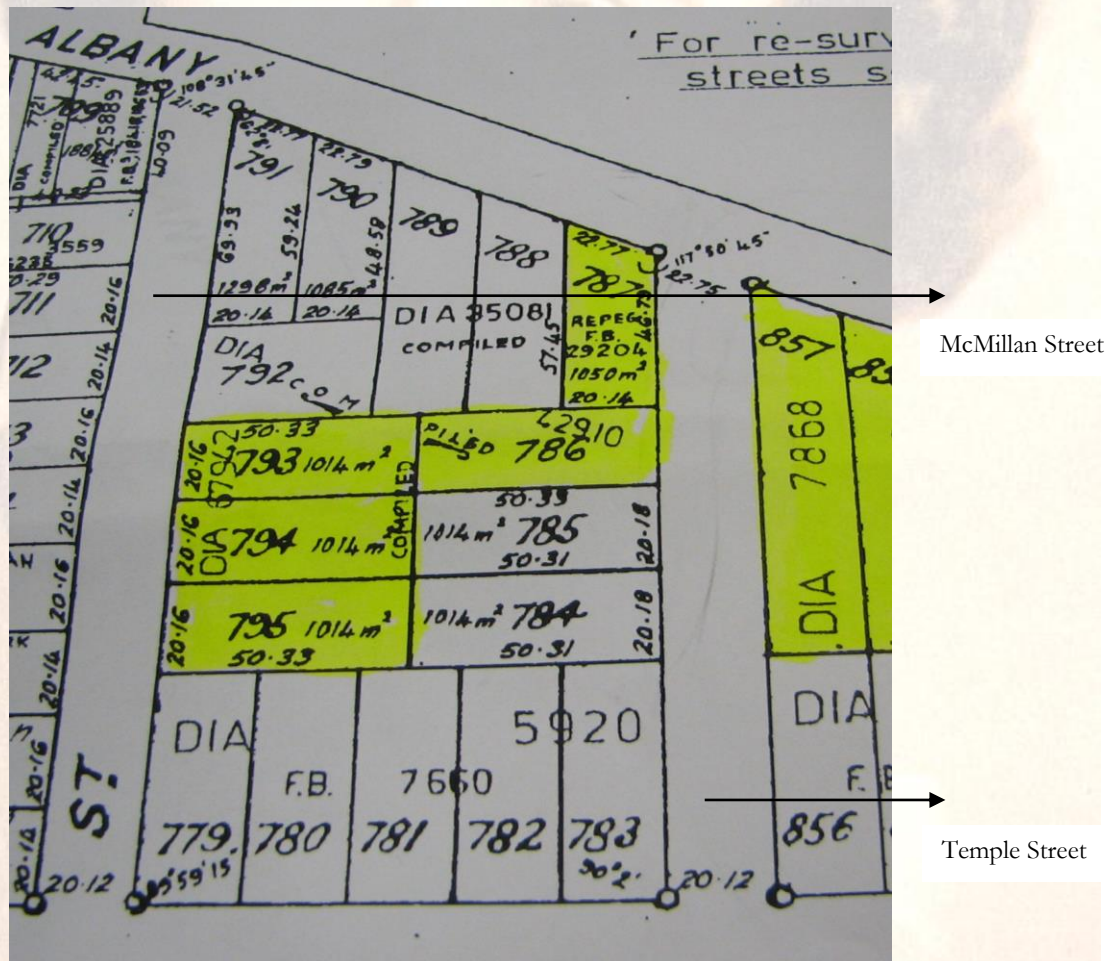
(VP)Father's interest in this Freemason's property Lot 787, was sold to Alfred George Russell, John Rushton and Joe Collins.

(VP)Father bought Lot 786.

(VP)Father bought Lot 793.

(VP)Father bought Lot 794.

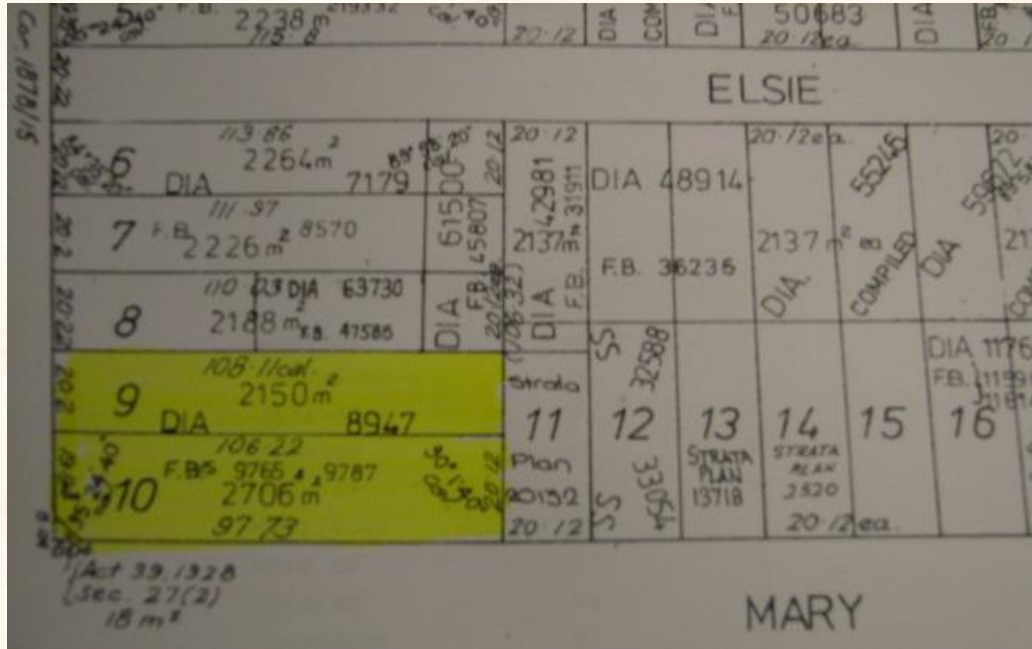
(VP)Father bought Lot 795.





**1908:**

(WB) Father purchased Lot 10 on the corner of West Coast Highway and Mary Street. The original fishing shack was a squatter's shack from before 1899 to 1908. Around this time, Father built the limestone cottage called *Zephyr Villa* on Lot 10 at Watermans Bay.



**1910:**

(VP) Father sold Lot 3 in Albany Highway, Victoria Park to Henrietta Haydon.

**1912:**

Father married Mother eighteen years after coming to WA. He was 27 years older than Mother.

**1913:**

Father and Mother's first-born son, Alfred was born on 17<sup>th</sup> October.

**1914:**

The Great War began.

Robertson and Moffat Successors started with four partners, one of whom was Father who was a partner and also the Company Manager.

**1915:**

Father's and Mother's second born son, Albert was born on 23<sup>rd</sup> April.

(VP) Father transferred the ownership of *Concordia* to Mother.

(WB) Father transferred Lot 10 West Coast Highway to Mother.

**1918:**

The Great War ended.

I was born on 24<sup>th</sup> February and Father was 55 years of age.

Waterman and Co was listed in the WA Postal Directory as 132 Murray Street, Perth.



(WB) In this year, the area was subdivided as the Mt Flora Estates, but initial development was largely limited to holiday shacks.

# NORTH BEACH

MOUNT FLORA ESTATES.

## WATERMAN'S BAY

THE FINEST SEASIDE HEALTH RESORT NEAR PERTH

**EASY TERMS**

10% DEPOSIT  
BALANCE BY 18  
EQUAL MONTHLY PAYMENTS.  
NO INTEREST.  
5% DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

ALL BLOCKS 1/4 ACRE and over  
and ALL STREETS 66 Ft wide  
ROADS MADE,  
STREETS and WATER FRONT  
LIT BY ELECTRIC LIGHTS.  
NOTE - ONLY BLOCKS WITH PRICES  
MARKED ON ARE FOR SALE.

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DAILY MOTOR BUS SERVICE.  
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at Perth Prices  
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AND COOL BREEZES

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NEW STONE & BRICK SEA WALLS  
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**POST OFFICE**  
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Five Dressing Rooms & Shade Houses

PURE WATER SUPPLY  
FROM PUBLIC WELLS.

Subject to Deposited Plan.

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7/5 MAY ST. PERTH. home B 4307

SOLE AGENTS

## Coast an early lure



How Mount Flora Estate was advertised.

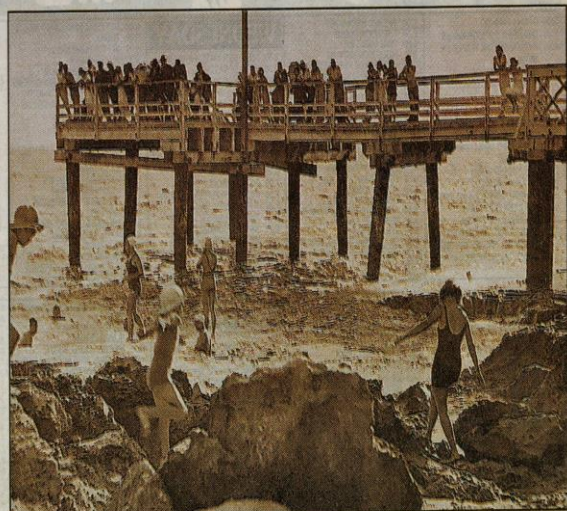
ANYONE looking for an oceanside home in 1918 could have done worse than consider the Mount Flora Estate.

Blocks in the estate covered areas then called Balcatta and North Beach - now known as Waterman.

Two hundred and 12 lots were advertised for auction on February 2, 1918. Prospective buyers were told the area promised "excellent bathing, boating, shooting and fishing" only 12 miles from Perth on a "well-maderoad".

Auctioneers Roberts Bros. boasted that the land, between Mary and Elvrestreets, included a local landmark, the Castle Hotel, as well as a school, church and every other convenience. It also offered a half-mile ocean frontage with land which "sloped gently down to the water's edge".

There were views to Rottneest, the Darling Range and Fremantle.



I do like to be beside the seaside... bathers and spectators at North Beach Jetty in 1923.



**1919:**

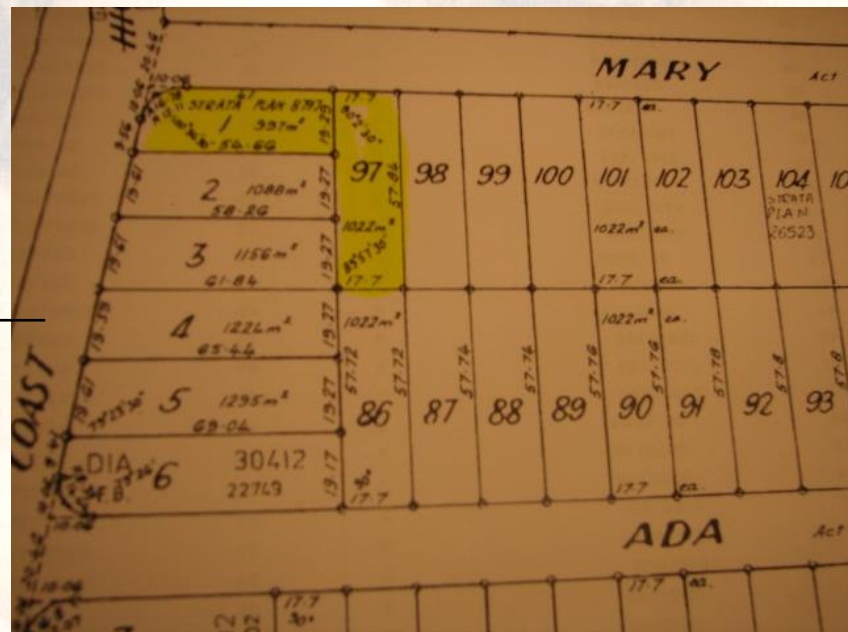
Father took Mother, Alf, Albert and me on a trip by ship to visit relations in Italy in this year.



**1920:**

(WB) Father purchased Lot 1 in Mother's name.

West Coast Highway



**1921:**

Father and Mother's fourth child Ron, was born on 13<sup>th</sup> January.

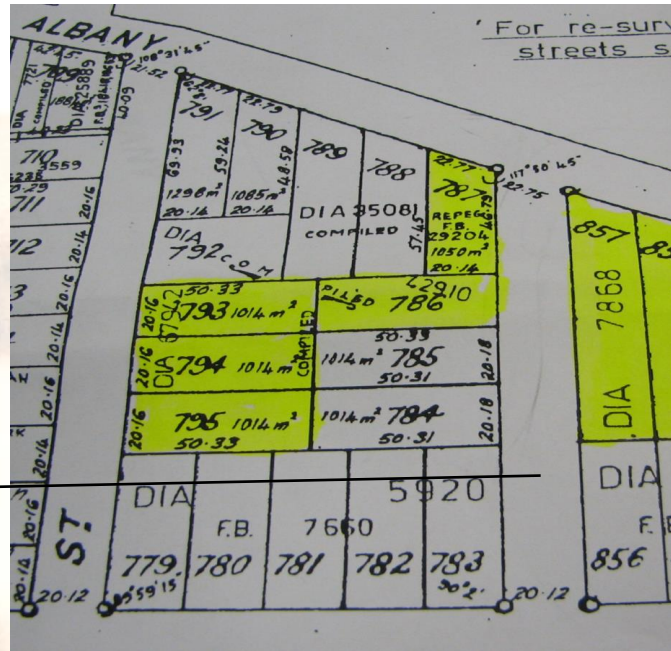
**1922:**

Robertson and Moffat Successors was sold to Thomas Ahern and other directors who included Tom Quinlan.

Father took Mother, Alf, Albert and me on another trip by ship to again visit relations in Italy. My first cousin, remembers, ". . . my family and I lived at Concordia as caretakers of the property while they were away in Italy."



- (VP)Father sold Lot 786 to Aherns.
- (VP)Father sold Lot 793 to Aherns.
- (VP)Father sold Lot 794 to Aherns.
- (VP)Father sold Lot 795 to Aherns.

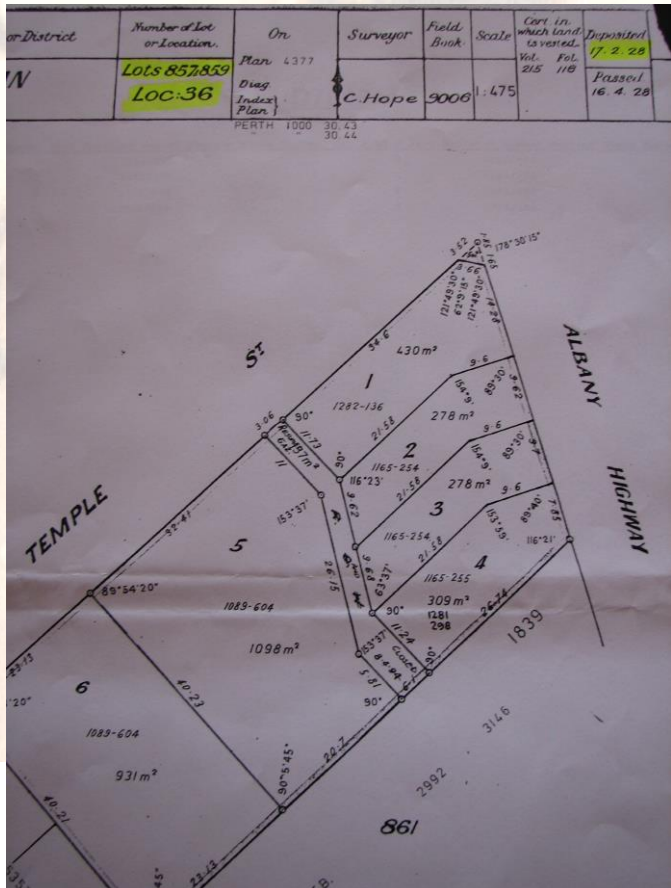


**1926:**

(WB)Father purchased Lot 9 along West Coast Highway in Watermans Bay in his own name. He bought it from Marjorie Brumage and Thomas Reynold who in turn, had bought it from Marie Brumage in 1916. She had purchased it from the original bank manager developers in 1904.  
 (WB)Father purchased Lot 97 in Watermans Bay in Mother's name.

**1928:**

(WB)Father sold Lot 1 to Hetti Smith.



(VP)Father received approval to subdivide Lot 857 and Lot 859 on Albany Highway into six lots.  
 (VP)On the four Lots fronting Albany Highway, he built a group of seven shops. There was one shop on Lot 1 and two shops on each of Lots 2, 3 and 4. All of these shops had parapet walls and were built as one structure. There was a six metre wide Right of Way at the rear of Lots 1-4 inclusive. Father kept Lots 5 and 6 which formed part of what we used to call 'the big lawn'.

The construction of these shops unfortunately coincided with the years of the Great Depression from 1929 – 1933. It was a period of no growth, high unemployment and many people experienced huge debt.



Father was approximately 65 years of age with a young family to support and his furniture business was incurring a high level of debt. This was because few could afford furniture at the time and most of the seven shops were vacant.

As I recall, Father set up a hardware shop in one of the shops and my brother Alf, operated this for a short while at a time when he must have been about 15 years of age. I think I can also remember that the corner block which now houses *Madison Avenue* (a house of ill repute!) used to be a bank.



Waterman name in aqua fascia cement 2007

Rear view 2007



Front view 2007

Corner view 2007



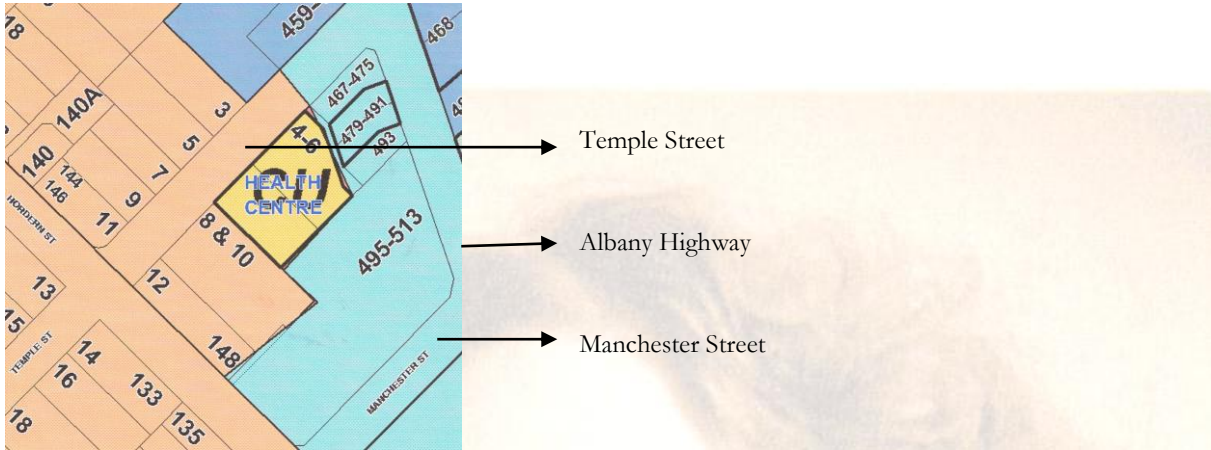
Eventually in this same year, Father had to sell the shops:

(VP)Father sold Lot 1 to George Turner.

(VP)Father sold Lot 2 to George and John Marland.

(VP)Father sold Lot 3 to Wilfred Berry.

(VP)Father sold Lot 4 to Reg Rushton.



2007 Plan showing house numbers of Father's properties

**1929:**

(WB)Father sold Lot 97 to Hetti Smith.

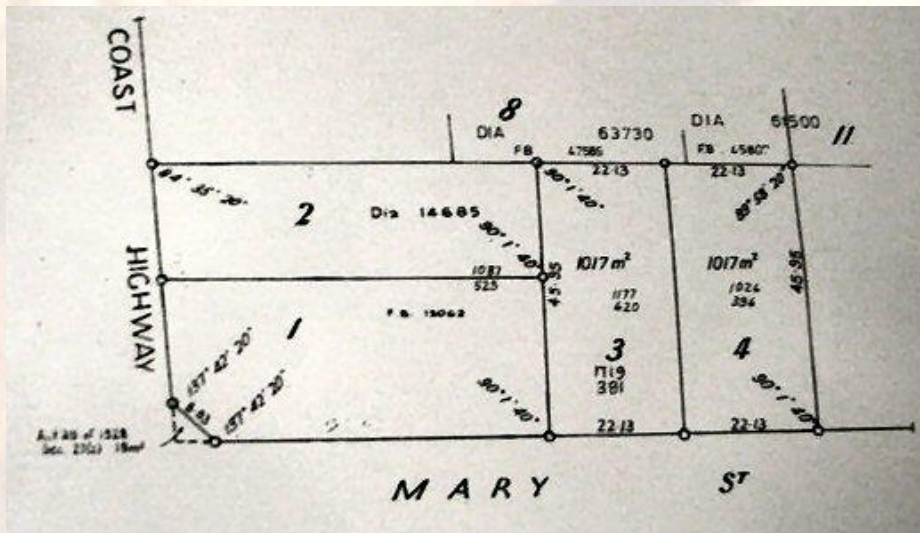
No business registration is recorded in the WA Postal Directory after 1929 for either Waterman & Co or Waterman Desks Ltd.

**1930:**

Father worked at Sandovers for a little time before he and Mother decided to rent *Concordia* and our whole family moved out to Watermans Bay to live permanently at *Zephyr Villa*. At this time, only five families were listed in Watermans Bay, which was registered under the Balcatta area.

**1931:**

(WB)Father subdivided Lot 9 and Lot 10 into four, these being Lots 1-4 inclusive.



(WB)On 4<sup>th</sup> September of this year, Father sold Lot 4 to Violet Steele (who was later my daughter's Godmother) and not long after this, Violet and Reg Steele built a holiday house there.



On 29<sup>th</sup> November and one day before his 68<sup>th</sup> birthday, Father passed away and left the following properties to Mother:

(WB) Lot 1 and Lot 2 in West Coast Highway, Watermans Bay

(WB) Lot 3 in Mary Street, Watermans Bay

(VP) Lot 1 (formally Lots 861 and portion Lot 863) in Albany Highway, Victoria Park

(VP) Lot 5 and Lot 6 in Temple Street, Victoria Park.

There was an outstanding mortgage on *Concordia* and payments were maintained by Mother. Albert and I used to go into Hay Street, Perth to make regular payments to Milner and Company, the Real Estate Agents.

**1939:**

World War 2 began.

Mother, Alf, Albert, Ron and I moved back to live permanently at *Concordia* in Victoria Park.

Mother arranged to build a small stone cottage on Lot 3 during this time (5 Mary Street). The idea was to rent this out to holiday makers for extra income but most of the time during the war years the property was vacant with the exception of school holiday periods.



**1945:**

(WB) On 18<sup>th</sup> April of this year, Mother sold Lot 1 and Lot 2 on West Coast Highway in Watermans Bay to Yanna Groundsell Carson.

I think *Zephyr Villa* had been rented to this Carson family while we were living at *Concordia* in Victoria Park during the war years.

Albert and Betty married.

**1946:**

Jef and I married.

**1949:**

(VP) Mother sold Lot 5 and Lot 6 in Temple Street, Victoria Park to M Litis.

**1950:**

Ron and Peg married.

**1955:**

(WB) Mother transferred ownership of Lot 3 at 5 Mary Street Watermans Bay to my brother, Alf.

**1959:**

(VP) Mother sold the last of Father's Victoria Park properties, Lot 1 *Concordia* in Albany Highway to Mortlock Bros, the Ford Car Franchisee. She and Alf then moved to Watermans Bay to live in the renovated stone cottage at 5 Mary Street.

When Mother sold *Concordia* in Albany Highway, Victoria Park, she also sold most of her lovely furniture that Father had made but she was able to keep a few special pieces. Among these was my bedroom suite given to me for my 10<sup>th</sup> Birthday, her oakwood bedroom suite and the dining room table and chairs, a book cabinet and sideboard.



**1978:**

Alf died peacefully in his sleep on 12<sup>th</sup> March of this year at 64 years of age and as he was not married, the property was left to Mother.

**1981:**

Mother had a devastating stroke and on the 16<sup>th</sup> August she passed away at 90 years of age.



**1982:**

(WB) Albert, Ron and I sold the last of Father's assets being Lot 3, 5 Mary Street, Watermans Bay for \$60 000. WA Trustees were prepared to sell the property for less but Ron obtained this better price and we divided it three ways.

**2007:**

After twenty five years, a two storey home at 75 West Coast Highway, Watermans Bay has just sold for \$ 5.2 million!

**2008:**

It is interesting to note that this year the property at Lot 1 on West Coast Highway in Watermans Bay which was sold to Yanna Groundsell Carson went up for sale at \$3.2 million and it is still on the market at this price as this book goes to print. The Carson family has owned this property since we sold it to them in 1945 and just out of interest I went to view the property while it was open for inspection and it still is a lovely location.

My visit certainly brought back a flood of memories. I could visualise the old row boat that we used to play on down in the front of *Zephyr Villa* at the corner of the property and the little old shed from which Mrs Carson used to sell her homemade pies and pastries. I could just smell them!



Carson Bakery shed on West Coast Highway (Drive)

Mother clearly remembered going down to Watermans Bay for weekends by horse and sulky during the early years of their marriage.

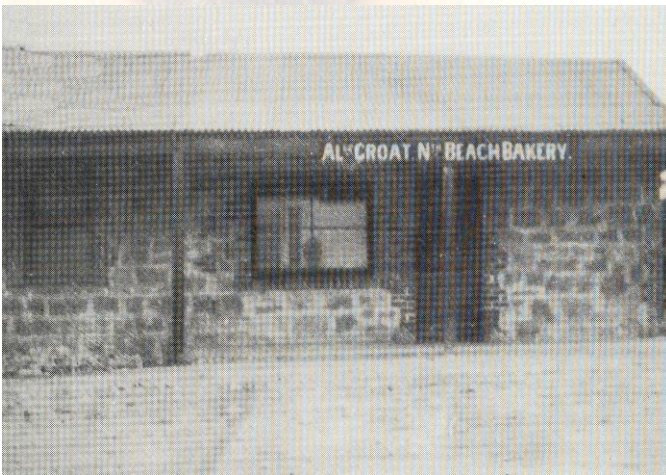


In the days before she and Father owned a motor car, Skipper Bailey (the owner of the firm which later became Skipper Chrysler) would drive them down to the Castle Hotel on the corner of Flora Terrace and Lawley Streets.





They would then be driven on by the local baker Mr Groat, in his horse and cart, on a 'black boy bark' lined track over sand hills to their limestone cottage.



Much of the area was covered with dairy farms in those times. Dad loved to fish off the reef at Watermans Bay. Mother told me that Father in effect created Grannie's Pool (we called it The Little Pool) by having a small section of the reef blasted which made a little swimming area with a sandy floor. This little piece of paradise would have been heaven for him and Mother.

The Bay and later the district, was for many years, known as Waterman's Bay and was a well known fishing spot. The Postal District of Waterman's Bay was approved in 1954. The pace of growth in Watermans Bay increased after World War 2 and in 1962 the name Waterman's Bay was shortened to Waterman. By the late 1960s the area had reached its development potential. In recognition of this growth, the town site was gazetted in 1964. Some redevelopment began in the 1970s, with new homes replacing holiday shacks.

In 1964, local residents wanted the name changed back to Watermans Bay however the request was rejected because it did not comply with the State Government policy at that time. In 2003 the Trigg, North Beach and Waterman Community Association conducted a survey of residents to determine the level of support for a change of name. Of the 564 households surveyed, 502 responses were received with 491 in support and only 11 households objecting to the proposal. In November 2003 the State Government Geographic Names Committee finally agreed to a City of Stirling proposal to change the name of the suburb from Waterman back to Watermans Bay.

Star Swamp Reserve covers about a 96 hectare area of Watermans Bay and is a unique recreational area which contains different indigenous flora and fauna. The Star Swamp bushland was declared an 'A' Class Reserve by the State Government in 1987. Watermans Bay also contains a number of small parks, including Watermans Beach and Laurie Strutt Reserve where the Water Tower Museum is located at the highest point of the suburb.



It was built in 1940 to provide scheme water to the surrounding areas and after the tank became redundant, it was converted to a museum and lookout in 1986. It now details the region's history and when I visited it, I was proud to see they have a board devoted to the Waterman family on display.



In 2008, an article published in *The West Australian* reported that a new Fisheries and Marine patrol vessel had been named after Father and called the PV Waterman. Watermans Bay has certainly been a paradise for so many years for my brothers and for my own family, children and grandchildren.

## New vessel 'faster'

*PV Waterman* is the name of a new vessel Fisheries and Marine officers will use to patrol the ocean off Perth's northern suburbs.

The \$482,000 boat replaces an ageing patrol vessel and provides officers with a faster and more versatile boat.

Unlike the previous vessel, which had limitations in certain situations, poor weather and adverse ocean conditions, the new 12.5m boat was specifically designed to meet the requirements of Fisheries and Marine Safety patrols.

Department of Fisheries' north metropolitan compliance manager Todd A'Vard said the new vessel provided a safer working platform for patrol officers working in difficult weather.

"It easily handles the worst weather the Fremantle Doctor can throw at us, can cruise at 30 knots fully laden with six crew and has enough range to go well offshore," he said.

"But, importantly, it has outstanding manoeuvrability. It can turn within its own length and also has a very shallow draught to deal with inshore compliance issues.

"*PV Waterman* is a much faster vessel than the patrol boat it replaces, which will be very useful in case of any emergencies we assist in or in responding to reports of shark sightings or marine incidents along the coast in Perth's



The *PV Waterman* will patrol waters off northern suburbs beaches.

Picture: Bruce Hunt

www.communitypix.com.au d299905

northern suburbs."

Mr A'Vard said the design of the aluminium fabricated rigid inflatable had safety benefits when inspecting and boarding other vessels at sea and would be capable of working rock lobster fishing gear.

He said it would also improve the ability of the department to monitor fishing bag limits and enforce marine safety rules.

Based at Hillarys, the boat will generally operate between Wedge Island in the north to Fremantle in the south and patrol through the Marmion Marine Park.

The vessel is named after fisherman Alfred Waterman, who built the first house in Waterman in 1908. The Department of Fisheries also operated a research facility at Waterman before it moved to Hillarys.

# *Family Life . . .* *Family Life . . .*



Call it a clan, call it a network, call it a tribe, call it a family. Whatever you call it, whoever you are, you need one.

*~ Jane Howard*



Father and Mother's marriage was a very happy one despite the age difference of 27 years. Mother always used to say to us that she, "... *would rather have been married to Father for the nineteen happy years that they had had together than to have been married to anyone else for a lifetime.*"

I recall the story of how Mother and Father met, as Mother would relate it to me on many an occasion. At the time of their meeting, Mother was living with her family in a house located in Sunbury Road in the vicinity of the Blind School in Victoria Park and near the railway line.

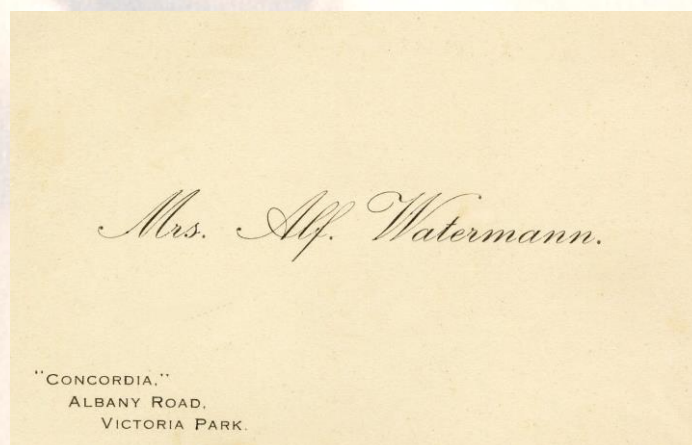
Her sister, Dora was a milliner by trade, Mother was a dressmaker and both worked in Perth, possibly *Foy and Gibsons*. It is said that both sisters would wait at the tram stop along Albany Road for the tram to come along and travel together to work. I have been told that, "*In her youth, Bess was regarded as the Belle of the Park due to her stunning good looks!*"

Father drove up to the tram stop one morning in his horse and sulky, stopped and asked if they would like a lift into Perth. They both accepted his offer and the courtship began. As the relationship developed, Mother recalled that Grannie warned her, "*That man is older and has a serious interest in you so don't tamper with his affections. Decide whether you wish to continue a relationship with this man or not!*"

Mother had another admirer at the time so hastily made up her mind and chose Father. I remember Mother saying that Father made her return all gifts given by her previous beau but I do have an autograph book that she kept which has a sketch of her in it, drawn by this suitor.

At 22 years of age, Mother married Father and she was twenty seven years younger than he was at that time. They were married in St John's Anglican Church, Fremantle and lived at 495 Albany Highway at *Concordia* in Victoria Park.

Calling cards became essential social and fashionable accessories. Leaving one's calling card at a friend's home was a way to express appreciation for a recent dinner party, offer condolences for an illness or simply to say hello.



Mother's Calling Card

I have very fond recollections of Father, a man of very strong character, a good man, well loved by all and was generous with a keen sense of humour.



A case in point was the time when Mr Mervyn came to our home *Concordia*. Mr Mervyn was a friend of Father's who briefly lived in a house owned by Father in Temple Street. Father mischievously suggested that we suck lemons in front of him while he played his flute to us!

Father was a kind man but stern and I can recall an occasion when I dared to say to him, "*You're only kidding!*" and was severely chastised for such slang! He was a remarkable man who had such a variety of interests, very worldly and a loving Father. He used to smoke a pipe and visions of the old spittoon come to my mind as I visualise Father sitting in the study by the fireplace. My brothers Alf and Albert smoked a pipe in their adult years like so many others of the time.

Actively interested in sport, Father won many trophies, one of which was donated to the Marmion Primary School for Sports Day carnivals. Father was an amateur Shakespearean actor too and poetry was his great love. I can recall that he would recite all verses of *The Wreck of the Hesperus* to us with great feeling. This was one of the best-known poems written by the American poet Longfellow and Father would often sit in his study of *Concordia* with us children on the arms of his chair and read it to us. I can still remember the first four verses.

As a young girl, I remember that he would have a sleep in the afternoon on a weekend on the verandah of *Concordia* and I think it was well deserved at an age of over sixty with four young children. As time wore on, Father began to have heart problems and I presume that this may have been an angina condition, as this seems to be quite a common problem in our family.

As a child I recollect that his tongue used to swell which also could have been something to do with his heart trouble. There was no medication in those days for this complaint and no doubt the stress of his business career didn't help either. Memories of him sitting on the floor with his arms lifted up resting on chairs either side of him to relieve the pain in his chest, are vivid to me.

He had been suffering with heart complaints for a number of years and his death was the saddest event of my childhood. He used to play cards at night time with us or sit me on his knee and tell stories that he would make up. He had a vivid imagination and I missed him. I was just 13 years old. My older brothers Alf and Albert were a great strength to Mother during these years.



**M**y recollections of Mother are particularly vivid from the time Father died. She was not only my mother but my friend as well, as we all pulled together as a family. She was a woman with much personal courage, strength of character and she surrounded my brothers and me with much love and happiness throughout her lifetime. Even though widowed at such a young age, she was a very contented woman, very independent and very loving of all her children.

She was a beautiful dressmaker and made all my frocks but I had to make the meal at weekends if I wanted any sewing done for me. After she had completed sewing, my job was to oversee all the raw seam edges inside the garments as she was very particular about 'quality assurance' and, *"If a job is worth doing, it is worth doing properly!"* She used to do beautiful crochet work and I use samples of it on my dressing table to this day. She also knitted lovely pieces and I still have tea cozies that she perfectly knitted while in her eighties.

She was a wonderful cook and her roast dinners, pastry and homemade plum jam were favourites with everyone. We would be in big trouble if she had cooked a roast dinner and we didn't come home at the allotted time. *"Just as well your Father isn't here, you wouldn't do it if he were around!"* was what she'd say. She could get quite cross and could often use 'the silent treatment' on us for a while. Albert was the only one who could break her out of this mood.

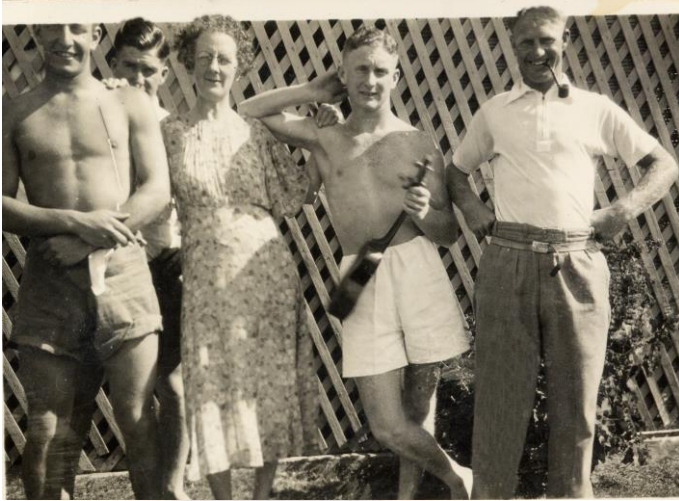
Mother had an incredible memory for reciting little verses like this one . . . *"My Mother said that I never should, play with the gypsies in the wood. The wood is dark, the grass is green, in came Sally with a tambourine. If I did, she would say, naughty child to disobey!"* One like the following is 'deep and meaningful', *"I do not like thee Dr Fell, the reason why I cannot tell. But this I know and know full well, I do not like thee Dr Fell!"* This one is a little gem of 'worldly wisdom' too, *"In deal tar is. In oak none is. In mud eels are. In clay none is!"* . . . whatever its significance!

She had lots of favourite little sayings too like, *"This job's jobbed said the old lady as she spat in the oyster shell and threw it into the ocean!"* These days I find myself using a few of her sayings like, *"Here's your hat, what's your hurry?"* if I want to move guests along and when someone needs motivating, *"Gird your loins!"*

She was 'a real lady' and her strongest language if she hit herself would be, *"God bless the Duke of Argyle!"* Interestingly, my husband Jef and I saw the Duke of Argyle's place of residence when we were in Scotland on holiday. I suspect he never realised how many times he had been blessed over the years and in what circumstances!



With her sense of fun and humour, Mother was very popular with our young friends and she would always welcome boys, girls and the many cousins who were constant company to us.



I well remember times when she would 'search and find' extra bottles of beer under the bed that my brothers had stowed there in preparation for parties. She adored her sons and Mother and I were great support for one another during the hard times of the war years when we spent this testing period together, while our men folk were away.

Jef, Ron, Mother, Albert and Alf  
at *Concordia*

I have treasured memories of our regular meetings each week. I would catch the bus from Applecross to Victoria Park to spend the day with her at *Concordia*. Together we would enjoy listening to the very popular radio program called, *Blue Hills*. It was an Australian radio serial broadcast by the ABC for twenty seven years about the lives of families living in a typical rural Australian location. The serial was set in a town called Tanimbla and *Blue Hills* was the name of the residence of the town's doctor. At one time it was the world's longest running radio serial and the famous opening theme tune was taken from a short orchestral piece called *Pastorale*.

In later years when living out at Watermans Bay, Mother used to catch a bus to meet me in Perth every Wednesday and we would have morning tea at Aherns at 10.30am and reminisce about the days Father was in management there. This was the restaurant which he had instigated all those years ago. Aherns' Tea Lounge had silver cutlery and silver service sets, the same that Father bought all those years before for the restaurant in the Robertson and Moffat store and chocolate éclairs were my favourite. She was still catching buses and meeting me in Perth when she was eighty.

Mother's favourite drink was ale or stout and lemonade. She loved playing cards and could often be seen playing Patience on her own by the hour and she also played Bridge. This was obviously good exercise for her brain because she was always 'sharp as a tack'.



The 6<sup>th</sup> July 1981 was a great day of sadness. Mother had a massive and devastating stroke. She went into the Osborne Park Hospital in a coma, didn't regain consciousness and after six weeks, God took her into his keeping on the 16<sup>th</sup> August 1981. I had to face the fact that death eventually comes to all of us.

Mother had fifty years alone without Father but talked about him as if he'd died only yesterday. What an example of loyalty and love. They were united at last. In retrospect, because we lost Father so early in our young lives, I think this helped to draw our family together, make us stronger and enjoy each other's company.



I entered this world on the 24<sup>th</sup> February 1918 and later on in that same year, after over four years of bloody conflict, World War 1 came to an end. On November 11<sup>th</sup> 1918, at precisely 11am, peace was declared.



I was born at the Rotunda Maternity Hospital (later known as Edward Millen Home) at 999 Albany Highway, East Victoria Park. The Rotunda Hospital provided women with an alternative to home birth and was established four years before King Edward Memorial Hospital, WA's first public hospital for women. Matron Baillie was the owner and matron of the hospital and her name appears on my birth certificate.

I was christened, "Ssshhh . . . *Bessie Muriel!*" but have always insisted that I be known as Betty. I can remember Mother being called Bessie or Bess and I always thought it sounded lovely when referring to her but . . . shudder . . . it's not for me, it reminds me of a cow!

I have always cherished this photo of me with Mother which was taken while on one of our overseas trips with Father to Italy.



Edward Millen Home has been heritage listed as it was built in 1912 and features a jarrah staircase, metal ceilings, tiled fireplaces and stained glass in a landscaped setting with a formal tree lined approach.



The Rotunda Hospital where I was born can be seen in the distance of this view along Albany Road looking east towards the Mint Street intersection c1920s. This is where The Park Shopping Centre is located today.

From the time I was born until about twelve years of age, my family and I lived at *Concordia*, 495 Albany Highway, Victoria Park.



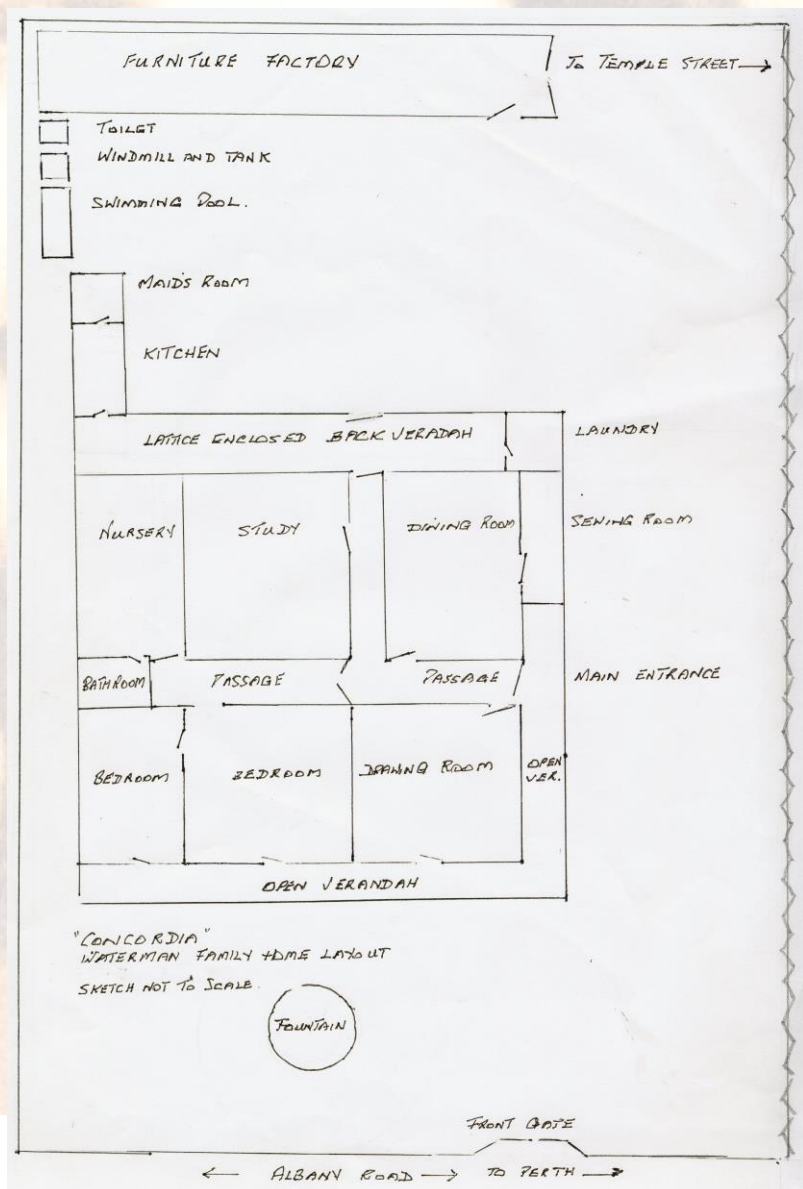
*Concordia* was a large sprawling home, comfortable and beautifully furnished. My bedroom looked out at the fountain and a big peppercorn tree, Mother and Father's bedroom was next to mine so we often traded places during the night. Father was a light sleeper so he would often sleep in my bed while I slept with Mother. The nursery was the room where all my brothers slept.



The sewing room was used by Mother a lot as she used to sew many a dress for me and I remember that she would use it to have her afternoon naps too. In the war years, Hazel Armstrong and her son rented the sewing room, together with the dining room as their 'home'.

They were self-sufficient in these rooms as they cooked meals there also. Later on, my brother Albert and his wife Betty, lived in these same rooms until they built their own home in Applecross. My brother Ron and his wife Peg also occupied these rooms before they moved to Watermans Bay.

Sketch of *Concordia* house plan remembered in 2005 by Jef





There was a room off the kitchen known as the maid's room which was occupied by Mabel. She worked for Mother for a number of years by helping in the house and looking after us. I can see her now making boiled eggs with fingers of soldier bread and butter for my brothers and me. I remember her as a lovely lady, a little younger than Mother who was very fond of her and theirs was a lifelong friendship. She married Stephen Sheppard, lived in South Perth and in later years, used to babysit our young children for us if Jef and I had to go out for the evening.

A feature of the front garden was the water fountain and a main reason for me remembering it is that it used to attract mozzies galore! It has had various auspicious 'resting places' over the years. From its original position at *Concordia*, it then spent a number of years lovingly displayed in the picturesque back garden of my brother Albert's Applecross home and then in a lovely setting in his daughter Dianne's Mandurah home. When Di sold this house, it graced the garden of my brother Ron, in Ravenswood.



Now the fountain has been transferred to feature in a beautiful bush land setting on the Dunsborough property of Ron's daughter Judy and it looks 'just right' in those peaceful surrounds.

In our back garden there was a swimming pool approximately 5m x 3m x 1.5m deep and this must have been considered quite a modern asset at the time. I don't know when it was built but I think it must have already been there when Father married Mother.

Its perimeter was made of a thick 1 metre high cement wall, on top of which I balanced as I walked all the way around. It had about four steps going down into the pool. I don't think it was much of a success however as it used to take an age to fill and I know it was regarded as a most momentous occasion for Father to fill it for us, only a few times that I can recall.



Mother sitting on the swimming pool wall



The water came from our nearby windmill but there was no pump and no flash equipment available to keep the bacteria at bay either. At the bottom of the cement pool there was a plug . . . in other words, it was one giant bath and it's a mystery to me how all that water managed to escape when emptied! I remember swimming in it only a couple of times so I think it was probably one of Father's brilliant ideas that really proved a bit of a white elephant.

The toilet down in the backyard was a standard in those days where the 'night soil' was collected by men on what we called the 'sanitary carts'. When we returned to live at *Concordia* in 1939, Mother had a toilet and laundry built onto the back verandah. We so 'progressed to' having a WC (water closet) with a cement cistern overhead, operated by pulling a chain and connected to a septic tank/sewerage, very fancy indeed!

The wide verandah across the front and down the side of *Concordia* to the passageway was lovely and cool. Father used to rest here on the cane lounge with a handkerchief plonked over his face to keep the light out. The back verandah was enclosed with lattice and in later years we had our wedding reception there.



Me and my 2<sup>nd</sup> Birthday Cake

Some of my very first recollections while still very young are of times spent in Italy when I was about three years old.

My father, Alfred went to Italy a few times on business trips. As previously mentioned, my brothers Alf, Albert and I accompanied our parents to Italy in 1919 and 1922 and we stayed with Aunty Carolina (Lena) and Uncle Sonny. On these occasions while spent on holiday overseas, youngest brother Ron was left behind at the Mogumber Mission here in WA where he was made very welcome by our Aunty Bertha (Lena's sister) and cousin Gracie.



Mother and me in Genoa



I fondly remember a time with Aunt Lena when we went to buy new shoes for me in Genoa. I was tired and needed to go to the toilet so . . . apparently, I can lay claim to 'toileting' in the ruins of the Colosseum!

L-R Albert, Aunty Lena, me Mother and Alf



In 1922, Mother and Father went on to England leaving the three of us looked after by Aunt Lena. Generally speaking, I don't recall too much of a fuss being made of birthdays but I do remember celebrating my 4<sup>th</sup> Birthday at this time in Genoa, Italy.

I well remember one event of childish delight whilst staying there. Aunt Lena had a large ball, probably made of paper maché or similar, filled with loads of lollies and suspended from the ceiling. We had sticks to hit and break the ball causing a great scramble for all the sweets when they fell down onto the floor. This was a novel experience for me and one that was obviously a thrill as I remember it so clearly. Aunt Lena made me a 4<sup>th</sup> Birthday cake with a 'Happy Birthday' message written in icing on top and 86 years later I still have this icing inscription but the cake's a bit stale!



Alf and me with Mother, Father, Billy and his father Sonny





Alf and me with chooks



Me at the front of *Concordia*

Times before I started school were spent at *Concordia* with Mother. My favourite toy was a special china doll which could close its eyes and it had hair too! Mother sewed her the loveliest frock made of fine wool with crocheted scallops around the hem and bonnet. It was beautiful and I thought I was the luckiest girl alive, however, my brothers used it for a football in the end! I used to play games like hopscotch and skipping on the back lawn of *Concordia* while my brothers and cousins played football.

As their only sister, I think my brothers were quite happy to play without me and so I don't remember many games played with them at all. I do however, remember a singularly uncomplimentary description they had for my legs being, ". . . *like matches with the wood scraped off!*" Ron remembers simple pleasures like using sticks to roll tyres along. He says, "*I felt like an aristocrat if I rolled a bike tyre with a stick instead of having to use wire through a wheel!*"

I do most definitely remember being a scallywag on one occasion when I put my fingers up to my nose, with the thumb of one hand under my nose and the fingers jiggling around in front . . . for which Mother gave me a damned good hiding.



Crawley Bay was often a place where we would meet relatives and this picture shows us all on one such picnic occasion.

Me on the shore



We had a ginger cat and a dog called Dodger at *Concordia* and in later years when we moved to Watermans Bay, Dodger came with us but with so much bush land out there he was bitten by a snake and died.

When about 8 years old, I started learning the piano from Vera Lester, a friend of Mother's from South Africa. She always looked very glamorous and was always beautifully dressed.



Miss Lester



She lived on Shepparton Road, Victoria Park and I would walk there on my own. I learnt music for about four years but didn't take any exams. My *pièce de résistance* was the *Norwegian Cradle Song* which I used to belt out with lots of flow and feeling! Mother could play this piece of music too as could our daughter when she learnt the piano so to be able to play this piece with gusto on the pretext of being 'a piano player extraordinaire' has clearly been a firm family tradition!

Luckily arthritis hasn't prohibited me occasionally tinkling the ivories of our own piano here at *Reefside Cove* these days but not as much as I should.



The Exley family lived on the block adjacent to our 'big lawn' in Temple Street, Victoria Park. Whoever owns the house nowadays has renovated it beautifully complete with white picket fence and latticework around the verandah. It looks very quaint indeed. They were quite a religious family and the daughters Berna and Jean were childhood friends of mine.

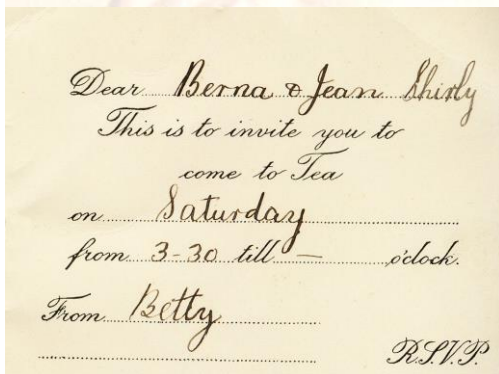
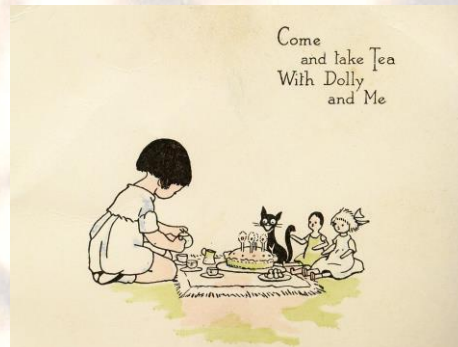


At Christmas time I can remember being impressed by the Exley household because their German Grandfather 'Parchy' used to buy a real tree and erect it in the front bedroom. He was a dear old chap and he was the first person to take me to the Royal Show because Mother wasn't keen on that idea. In later life Berna married Aubrey Holmes and they lived in the same Temple Street family home for many years until they retired. These days I still keep in contact with Berna and we have a telephone chat now and then with one another.



Berna with 'Parchy'

One memory the two of us love to share revolves around the fact that the Masonic Lodge to which Father belonged was situated opposite their home in Temple Street. 'Booze' was banned at the Masonic Lodge so some members used to hide bottles of alcohol in the hedge on 'the big lawn' opposite the Lodge. Mr Exley didn't approve of alcohol so while the meeting was being attended by its members, he used to hunt down the 'booze' in the hidey spots and break the bottles with gusto.



My Tea Party Invitation

I remember my 10<sup>th</sup> Birthday Morning Tea Party. Berna, Jean, Mary Tournay and about three other cousins were my guests and we played Drop the Hankie and other ladylike games.

I don't recall presents being given by guests in those days but on this birthday I do remember Father saying to me that I could go down to the shed at the back of *Concordia* where he had his furniture factory and, "Choose the wardrobe and dressing table that you would like for your bedroom!" Well, you can imagine my excitement at this prospect and so I chose the one I wanted, to which he responded, "You can't have that one it's sold, so choose another!" I duly chose another bedroom set and still have it to this day.

Father Christmas didn't play a big part in our lives. Unlike modern times these days, we didn't visit Santa, or put up a Christmas tree, watch any Christmas processions or decorate our house, but we each received a Christmas stocking and Mother would fill it with fruit. My present would often be a new singlet or two but I can't recall giving my parents a present in return.

Sometimes Mother or Father took us to afternoon tea in Perth and I'd be allowed to have my favourite treat, a 'Spider', made from strawberry soda topped with ice cream. These special occasions didn't happen often, when they did I thought all my 'Christmases had come at once.'

It was an exciting time when we went to the Savoy Theatre. It was close to our house and I do remember on one occasion when quite young, Father decided to take my two eldest brothers and me to the theatre for a treat. Father must have 'had enough' and became singularly unimpressed because for some reason that I never understood, he walked out part of the way through the film. I can remember being bitterly disappointed but we accepted his decision to leave, nonetheless.



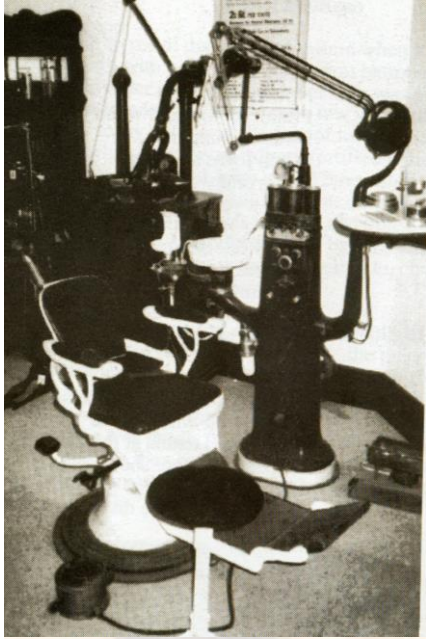
Savoy Theatre Albany Road 1920s

I don't remember spending a lot of time reading but I remember being fascinated with the bookcase in Father's study, full of 'the classics', beautifully bound and beckoning to be read. The Daily Mirror had a whole page devoted to comics so that was a favourite.

Mr Raphael, the dentist on Albany Road was nice and he had books there that we could read while we were waiting. Visits to the dentist were few and far between as Mother claimed that she, "*... didn't like to see us suffer in the dentist's chair!*"

Toothpaste was yet to be in common usage so instead I remember a little silver container with pink cream inside which we used as the precursor to toothpaste. Some children were told to, "*Just rub your teeth with salt or charcoal before you go to bed!*"





I needed most of my baby teeth taken out under chloroform when only very young but another method of extracting teeth was harsher. With one end of cotton tied around a loose tooth and the other end around a door handle, the door was slammed shut and then, “Hey presto!”

I don’t recall the Tooth Fairy being around though.

To this day I have an innate and lasting abhorrence of dentists mainly due to Mother’s horror descriptions of dentistry in her days.

When anyone had the misfortune to have an aching tooth, it would be days before the travelling dentist would pay a call to them in Uraidla, South Australia where they lived. They would sit on the sidewalk waiting for the travelling dentist to arrive and any offending tooth would be promptly extracted, no questions asked. When I think of my older relations of that era, I can’t remember many of them who didn’t have false teeth however, I digress . . .

**CONTINENTAL DENTAL CO. LTD.**  
A Full Upper or Lower Porcelain Gum  
Block Set of Teeth,  
**£2 10s.**  
REPAIRS TO BROKEN DENTURES FROM 5s.  
OLD PLATES REMODELLED FROM 21s.  
SOFT PALATE PLATES 1/6 REQUIRED.  
Painless Extractions, 1s.  
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METTERS BUILDINGS  
**764-766 HAY ST., PERTH.** (NEXT WESLEY CHURCH)  
& 79 MARKET ST., BANISTER ST., FREMANTLE.

I know Mother told me that she had suffered badly with measles as a young child and that disease had left her deaf in one ear. She coped very well with this disadvantage throughout her life. We would always have to be conscious of raising our voices just that fraction more so she could hear more clearly but let me tell you, we learnt never to underestimate Mother’s powers of lip reading!

Mother used to have some interesting cures for complaints and among them are a few I still practise today. She always professed that along with gargling with Condis Crystals or painting your throat with iodine, your sore throat was sure to improve if you tied a dirty stocking around your neck.

As a child I had measles, mumps and chickenpox and only time cured all. DeWitts Kidney Pills, Osborne’s Healing Ointment and Goanna Ointment for sprains were among other common medications of the day. The worst tasting medicine that I ever had was Castor Oil which was used once a week to ‘clean one out’. I recall ‘the good dose’ of Castor Oil that I was given before my tonsil operation which made me well and truly sick.

Albert and I had our tonsils out at the same time and Albert had the honour of being first. The nursery at *Concordia* was made up as a 'hospital' and the operation was performed by Dr Crisp at home. Ron also had his tonsils out later on when he was about 6 or 7 years old in a hospital in Perth and Mother brought him home by taxi the same day of the operation.

Some of the happiest times of my childhood were during holidays when we would often have many cousins staying with us and Father's love of 'things theatrical' became apparent when he would encourage concerts to be performed by the cousins on the side verandah. We would practise and then present items to all who would listen and watch. Poor unsuspecting neighbours were invited to attend. Admission was a silver coin and we would sell lollies for supper at Intermission.



Mother made these costumes for Ron and me

*Concordia* became a meeting place where many family gatherings were held, as most entertainment and social activities revolved around our vast family of uncles, aunts and cousins . . . we had so many of them! Many times Albert would belt out the tunes of the day on the piano 'by ear' and the singsong that ensued would always be happy and full of simple fun.

Also for a bit of fun on New Year's Eve, Father would encourage the tradition that involved all the men going outside and at midnight the one with the darkest hair knocked loudly on the front door. When the door was opened he was greeted with shouts of joy and kisses and all things were merry and bright! This was something Father instigated, a Scottish custom apparently, but don't ask me the reasoning behind it.

I didn't have any grandparent alive but I was close to all my aunts and used to see Auntie Rae and Auntie Belle a lot. Mother's sisters were all rather stern. Aunt Millie and Aunt Lucy lived in Victoria Park and at times I used to stay with Auntie Belle whose house was in Crawley located behind the University of Western Australia.

To get there I could take the long way through Subiaco or the shorter route by tram past the Swan Brewery, along Mounts Bay Road.

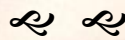


If I took the quicker way, I would be petrified because the tram lines closely followed the course of the Swan River and it seemed like the tram was practically in the water at Crawley Baths. Further on it passed by the new WA University. The journey felt very unsafe indeed.



Victoria Park was a childhood homeland full of family. My aunts, their husbands and families lived nearby in the houses Father owned on Albany Road, alongside *Concordia* and therefore I spent a lot of time with them in my youth and with all my cousins never felt the need to look far for company. Auntie Rae was a woman of small stature, as most of the Waterman family tended to be. I can vividly remember how her huge gold bangle bounced on her wrist as she played the piano for me while I danced around in her lounge room. I had great fondness for her as she was a lot of fun. For amusement during the war years, we would have many sing songs around the piano. To this day I can still visualise her gingery fringe, as it was known that she used to dye her hair with tea.

*Concordia* was a happy home but unfortunately times were tough when the Depression years hit. In 1930 our whole family moved down to Father's *Zephyr Villa*, Watermans Bay to live for the next nine years, until just after my 21<sup>st</sup> Birthday in 1939. Records show that Mother later rented *Concordia* to tenants Banj Fowler and Ernst Fleer, in an effort to earn additional money to relieve some of the financial strain of the Depression years.



# *Studies and Employment . . .* *Studies and Employment . . .*



**Education is what survives when what has been learned has been forgotten.**

*~ B F Skinner*



I know Mother was brought up very strictly in the Anglican faith and when a young girl she and her sister Dora were choir members of old St Peter's in Victoria Park. I remember her telling me that she would often see Father's Father in the congregation of that time, even though he was Jewish.

St Peter's was an old wooden church, located close to the causeway and Mother recalled the story of the Swan River rising so high one year that the building was flooded.



A weather board church was built to replace it in Leonard Street Victoria Park, where I was later baptised and when I was made, "*A Member of Christ, a Child of God and an Inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven,*" . . . if my old memory serves me correctly. Later this old church was rebuilt as the current brick church in which Jef and I were married.



I think Mother must have attended the Roman Catholic St Joachim's Convent in Victoria Park on Shepparton Road when she and her other siblings first came over to WA from SA. They lived in Salisbury Street, Victoria Park at the time and the convent was quite close to that address so the location of it would have been very convenient for them. Consequently my brothers and I were sent to this same school.

My brothers and I were also brought up in the Anglican faith and in early Victoria Park days, going to church with Mother was always a delight for me. I wore my best frock and we took it in turns for one of us to accompany her each Sunday night. I can't recall Father joining us at all.

I still have the one and only old family Bible that survived but sadly it is in disrepair. I well remember thinking it so very special with its beautiful coloured photos. As a little girl, I would save the brightly coloured foil lolly wrappers that I thought so precious and would lovingly hide them away inside the pages of this old Bible.





Memories of my first day at school are unclear and I can't recall if I felt anxious, scared or excited. I do remember an example of 'sectarianism' in a rhyme chanted at us from the state school students on our way home from St Joachims: "*Catholic dags, dressed in rags, eating maggots out of bags!*" or another one, "*Catholic dogs jump like frogs, in and out the water!*"

A very vivid memory is the day at about six years of age. This day was a turning point in not only my schooling but my brothers' schooling as well . . .

Sister Claire was lovely and I believe she taught Alf and Albert but Sister Alafonsus was hard, very scary and gave me the cane for I don't know what 'misdemeanor'. At the tender age of six one wonders what on earth I could have done to warrant 'the cuts'! She hit my hand with a cane so hard that she cut my wrist and it bled. She then gave me a Holy Card to take home which I suspect was meant to 'soften the blow'. I arrived home that afternoon and hid my arm behind my back but Mother suspected something odd and I was obliged to show the wound. My father confronted the nun over this incident and promptly withdrew my brothers and me from St Joachim's Convent. The church then offered Father a further order for his school desks as an incentive to get us to stay but Father refused.

I then went to the East Victoria Park Primary School and usually walked there with my brothers. It was located on Albany Road (Highway) where the Park Shopping Centre is now situated. I can remember getting into trouble with Mother and Father for regularly taking shoes and socks off on the way up the hill to school. We would keep them on until out of Mother's sight and then hide them in the bushes rather than wear the shoes and socks to school. In those days, it wasn't uncommon for school children to go bare footed to school, but it wasn't a state of which Mother and Father approved. In 1978 this school was relocated to Beatty Avenue where it is presently situated.

*"School days, school days, good old golden rule days. Readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic, taught to the tune of the hickory stick,"* was a popular song of the time.

There were rows of simple wooden desks, each one with an ink well hole in the top righthand corner. We wrote with a nibbed pen and ink and by holding the pen one would inevitably end up with ink-stained fingers. These inkwells were filled by chosen children each day and that was a 'big thing' if you were 'the chosen one' as you could get out of work that way! I think it was a job given more frequently to boys as I don't remember ever being given that lofty task.

We also used HB pencils or practised our copy plate writing on our slate boards using white chalk. The desks had a very rigid wooden seat meant for two pupils connected with a sloping desktop which opened to store books. Father marketed these 'Waterman Desks Pty Ltd'.

It was usually a very austere classroom with a fireplace set across the corner and you were in luck if you were elected a 'wood monitor' as that was an avenue for missing more work.



The smell of perspiration particularly after playtime and mixed with the heat of a warm day is difficult to forget. School sores or impetigo, a contagious skin infection that usually produces blisters or sores on the face and hands, was a common skin infection amongst the kids. A school doctor used to come to school to look for lice and I used to hope that I didn't have to suffer the indignity of them being found on my head and I think I successfully avoided them.

We had only one teacher to deliver all subjects except for Manual Training when boys learnt carpentry and sewing lessons were given to the girls. I liked English and sewing lessons best and in fact still have a few of my embroidery pieces. Teachers were referred to as Miss, Mrs or Sir, lessons were delivered with a 'no nonsense approach' and homework was given but not a great deal of it.

Punishment was meted out with a switch or a cane for whatever misdemeanor had been committed or 'lines' were given to those who needed to be reminded that, *"I must not talk in class."* One hundred or even five hundred times over these same 'lines' would be written by a recalcitrant. We chanted Times Tables with monotonous regularity but we knew them in the end.

I carried a small brown case to school while the boys wore a leather satchel on their backs. Our school day began at 9am and ended at 3.45pm with ten minutes for morning and afternoon playtime and an hour and a half for lunch. At lunchtimes, my brothers and I would go home for lunch and if we were lucky Mother would give us tuppence to buy an icy pole as we passed the shops on Albany Road on the way back to school for the afternoon. Today I marvel at all that walking carried out by my little legs! I never thought of wagging school as I don't think I would have had a chance of getting away with it.

We had school reports outlining our progress but not nearly to the same extent of the children's reports of today, thank goodness! Our parents had to sign our reports and at least they could understand 'percentages' and 'place in class', compared with the gobbledygook of today's school reports.

Unfortunately or perhaps fortunately, I haven't kept any reports to show my ability but I don't think I was any prize winner.

"Stinks doesn't it?"





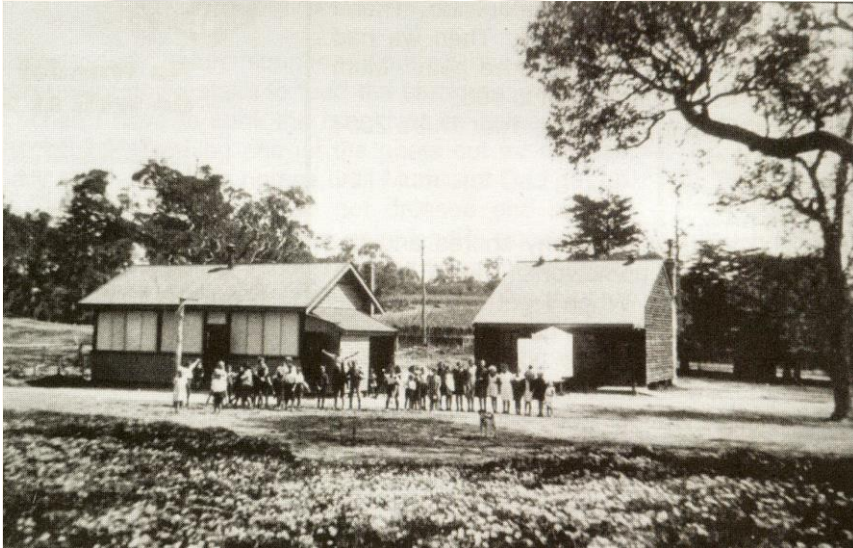
The playground was a happy place and a ball, a skipping rope or a game of rounders was all that was needed to keep us content. I didn't excel at sport, win any trophies or certificates nor were my parents enthusiastic sports supporters.

Team sports were all a part of the fun but I didn't have a favourite sport. For recreation it was always swimming and tennis for me.

'School' was something that one just had to do and there wasn't much of a curriculum choice. I wish I had worked harder. I also wish that I had more brain power.

Holiday time would arrive and we'd eagerly recite, *"Ten more weeks and we will be on the road to liberty. No more spelling and no more sums and no more smacks across our bums!"*

I stayed at East Victoria Park Primary School until I was approximately 11 years old and then in 1930 we went to live at *Zephyr Villa*, Watermans Bay where both Ron and I went to Lake Gwelup Primary School on North Beach Road. Father used to collect Ron and me after our day at school. Mr Murdoch was my teacher. Alf and Albert had started their working life at this stage.



Me in 1930  
Lake Gwelup Primary School



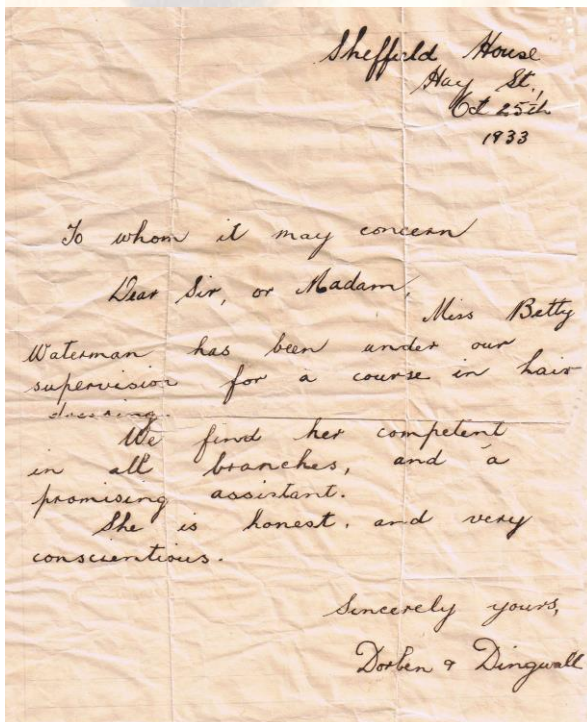


After two years at Lake Gwelup, I went to the Perth Girls' School in East Perth for my secondary schooling, up until the age of about 14/15. This school was on a bus route from Watermans Bay to Perth that ran only a few times per day and it took about an hour one way.

It is hard to believe that the location for the Perth Boys' School and Perth Girls' School at 53 Francis Street in Perth provided for most of the city's boys on the ground floor and most of the city's girls on the upper floor. In later years, while working at Bon Marché, I used to go to Night School in this building. These days it is the centre for the Perth Institute of Contemporary Arts (PICA). I attended the new Perth Girls' School which opened in East Perth where we wore a navy blue uniform, with a white shirt underneath, a white panama hat, black shoes and socks/stockings. This same impressive building has now been taken over by the Police Department.



I certainly wasn't a brilliant student and was very glad when Mother said I could leave Perth Girls' School. I think the most useful things I learnt at school were the social skills of being able to get along with people.



The legal minimum age for a child to leave school was 14 years as it was not uncommon for parents to need their children to get a job and make a contribution to the family coffers. I left Perth Girls' School at around this tender age, faced up to responsibility and started as an apprentice hairdresser of sorts, to a firm of ladies hairdressers in Perth. I didn't get paid and Mother actually paid them a weekly sum for the privilege of my apprenticeship! Good old generous Dohen and Dingwall, what would the unions say of this arrangement today?

After eight months of sweeping up hair clippings and endlessly practising my hairdressing skills on models with wigs, I decided this profession wasn't really for me!

In about 1934, after terminating my 'Hairdressing Apprenticeship', I joined Bon Marché (BM), one of Perth's largest departmental stores. Because of Father's business associations, Mother knew Mr Joiner, the Managing Director of Bon Marché and he agreed to employ me casually at first, during sale time. I was then promoted into the Office Department where I learnt how to use different office machines and performed typing and cashier duties.





# Bon Marché

Just Opened!  
**GENUINE  
 CONTINENTAL  
 TRAMMED  
 TAPESTRIES**  
 15/9 to £9/9/-

These include **FIRE  
 SCREENS** in "Ship" de-  
 signs; **FENDER STOOLS** in  
 "Jacobean" and "Queen  
 Anne" designs; also a large  
 selection of **CHAIR SEATS**.  
 All complete with wool for  
 working. Prices ranging from  
 15/9 to £9/9/ each.

The keynote  
 to Smartness!  
**McCALL  
 PRINTED  
 PATTERNS**  
 New Fashions are easy  
 to make with McCALL  
 Printed Patterns—the  
 only Pattern to feature  
 the patented printed cut-  
 ting line.

Be Glorified by  
**GOSSARD!**



"GLORIFIER"  
 69/6

Gossard's "GLORIFIER,"  
 "Mis Simplicity" style,  
 made of brocaded Lastez  
 yarn with a new bustline in  
 strong net. Sizes 31 to 36  
 in. bust. Price 69/6.

**Brassieres . . .**  
 Strong Net **BRASSIERES**,  
 built up shoulder in Longer-  
 line type. 34-42 bust. Price  
 2/11 each.



## GLOVES!

Illustrated at top—Genuine French  
 Real Suede **GLOVES**, medium tailored  
 gauntlet, slip-on style with smartly piped  
 design. In black, navy, pastel, mode and  
 white. Price 18/6 per pair.

Lower illustration—Imported Real Kid  
**GLOVES**, short tailored gauntlet, slip-  
 on style, featuring a smartly embroide-  
 red "Fern" design. In pastel, silver  
 grey and fawn. Price 18/6 per pair.

English Doeskin Gloves . . . 13/6

Elastic wrist, medium gauntlet, with  
 three rows piping. A smart, dressy style,  
 in natural and white only. Price 13/6  
 per pair.

Wherever Smart Women  
 Congregate, You Will Find

## REVLON! NAIL ENAMEL!

The Latest  
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"**PROLON**," a white liquid for use as  
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"Revlon" Cream **NAIL ENAMELS** in  
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All "Revlon" Products are One Price,  
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Our Manicure Salon has a full range  
 of "Revlon" Nail Enamels.

This sudden graduation from school to the school of life was welcomed by me and I enjoyed my working life. I worked from 9am to 6pm on weekdays and on Saturday the hours were from 9am until 1pm. Although the pay was poor by today's standards, I used to think I was 'made of money' when on occasion I would work overtime and receive an extra one shilling and sixpence tea money for my efforts!

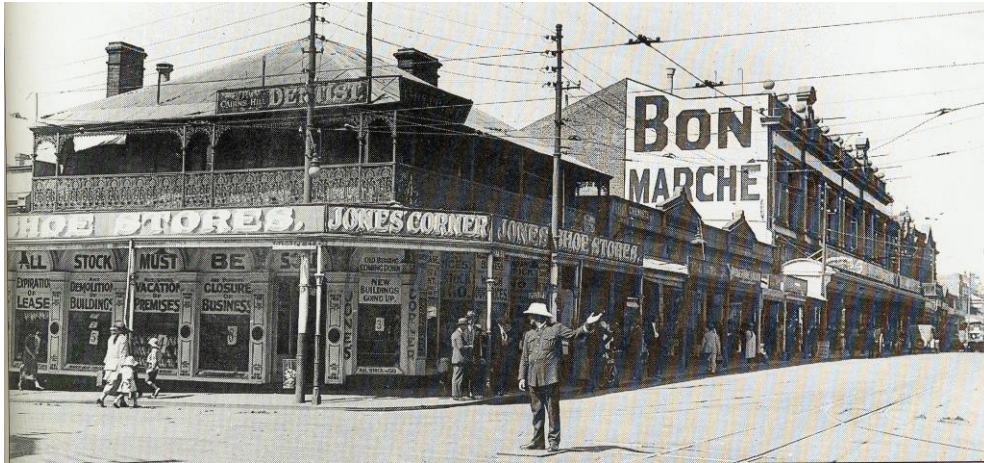
To this day, I still enjoy typing although I've now given away all the typing of business documents for Jef and the *Reefside* Strata Company.

I've always used the old ribbon typewriter system despite our children thinking they were helping by giving me an electric typewriter. I tried it, but couldn't get used to the 'soft touch'. What my little hands have lacked in size they have made up for in strength and unfortunately as I depressed the keys with familiar pressure, I would end up with one long line of the same letter! My piano teacher used to say the same of my 'heavy hand' at the piano keyboard too.

The Bon Marché building was in Hay Street opposite the Old Treasury building, extended half way back towards Murray Street and adjoined the rear part of Nicholsons Ltd where Jef worked. In the event of a fire or bombing raid, we often had drills to practise safe evacuation. With exit to Hay Street denied, the escape route for Bon Marché staff was to go to the second floor, move out through an emergency door, climb outside the building, walk precariously along a brick parapet wall, then enter Nicholsons via their emergency door and escape through those premises. The exit for Nicholsons staff was the same in reverse.

I always hoped that I would never have to perform these feats in a panic!





The Bon Marché store dominated Hay Street opposite the Town Hall late in 1927.

After finishing work for the day I went to the Perth Technical School in St Georges' Terrace and completed a course in Typing and Shorthand and also a course in First Aid and Home Nursing. I had to catch the tram from Perth to the terminal on Main Street, Osborne Park where Alf used to meet me in the car to take me home.

One night I well remember being so very frightened by the sound of footsteps following me as I walked from the tram terminal. As fast as I walked the steps paced me from behind! I was never so pleased to see my brother as he waited for me at the end of my journey that night. I often reflect now, just how good Alf was to unfailingly meet me each night.



I remember in 1937 when a little Tudor England was built in Perth. Three storey London Court, between St George's Terrace and central Hay Street, opened with fifty shops, fifty five offices and twenty four dwellings. It was an immediate success and something novel for visitors. Shopkeepers donned period costumes for the opening and a masked ball also celebrated the occasion.

With three brothers in the Australian Imperial Forces, I felt I should continue to stay home with Mother during the war. After six years of employment at Bon Marché and armed with suitable references, I applied for a position at Dalgety's Wool Company as it was a reserved occupation. Dalgety's was in William Street between St George's Terrace and Mounts Bay Road and was one of Perth's largest pastoralist firms.

For the next four years while employed at Dalgety's, I specialised in ledger and adding machines.

As men and women started returning home from the forces, they had to be placed in work so in January 1946 I tendered my resignation just days before I was to be married. This was what most women did at that time. I resigned from Dalgety's on 2<sup>nd</sup> January 1946 just prior to my wedding to Jef Ginbey.

*In Times Gone By . . .*  
*In Times Gone By . . .*

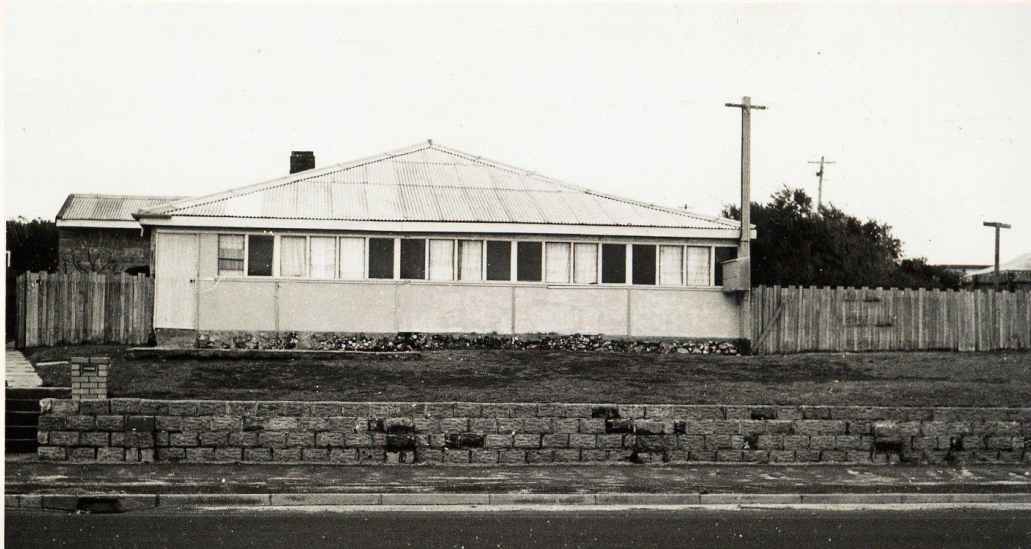


Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine!

*~ Benjamin Disraeli*



In 1939 when war was imminent the tenants had vacated *Concordia* in Victoria Park. Mother sold *Zephyr Villa* in Watermans Bay and the new owners took all the front lattice work down and replaced it with asbestos, I never did like the look of it!

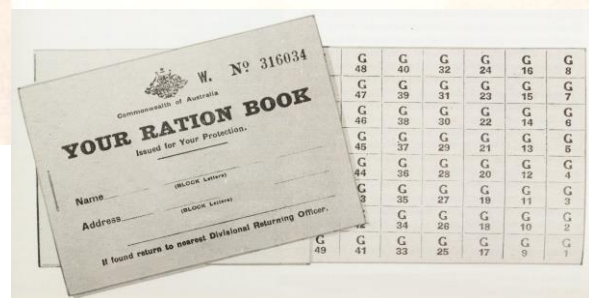


Mother, Alf, Albert, Ron and I returned to live once again in the home of my childhood. We found *Concordia* in a deplorable state. The tenants had really been ‘the tenants from hell!’ Chooks had been kept in the house and we all had a huge task to try to make the whole place habitable again.

Not long after taking up residence in Victoria Park, I heard the most memorable event that I’ll ever remember announced on radio. Australia declared war on Germany on September 3, 1939 and a new era emerged. We entered the war in Europe to aid our Allies in the United Kingdom and our lives took a changed course. We expected to be catapulted into immediate action but nothing came for a while. Months went by, preparations were made and entertainments went on.

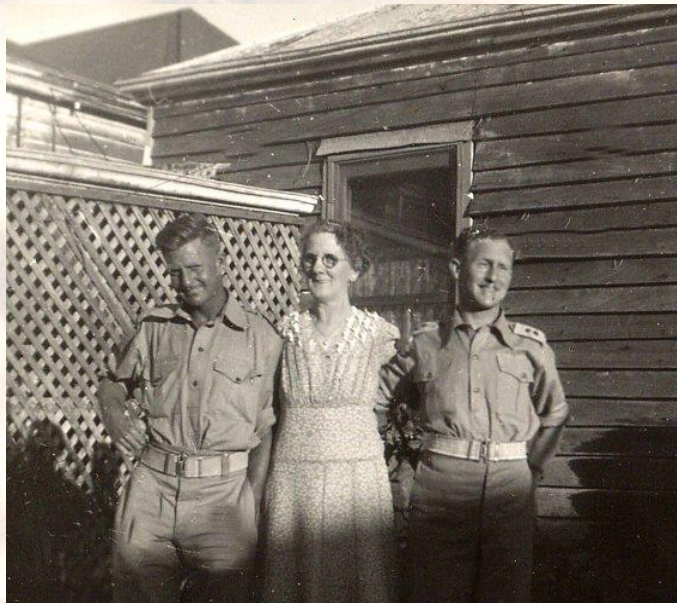
Life seemed quite normal as we went on with what we were doing but we were filling in time, playing the war game. Men were volunteering and disappearing from the workforce. First Aid classes were full to overflowing and I attended one in Shell House in St Georges Terrace. With the formation of the WAAF’s (Air Forces), the WAAC’s (Army) and the WRAN’s (Navy), girls entered into the war effort in both military and civilian mode. I was in the WAAC for a short period where I volunteered to pack rations, served in restaurants after work and did what was necessary. We all coped with a simple life and managed on a daily basis by being careful with money, putting aside some for a rainy day and I’m still fairly thrifty with food and clothing! Clothes coupons certainly didn’t allow the well-dressed man or woman to be clothed in the manner to which they liked to think they had become accustomed.

Ration Books were allocated and I still remember the rationing of tea at half a pound for five weeks, sugar one pound per week, butter at half a pound per week. Our food was rationed and on Saturday we’d have vegetable and shank soup as a staple.



My brothers and Jef volunteered in the early years of the war. It must have been heartbreaking for Mother to have three sons going away to fight. My eldest brother Alf, joined the Australian Imperial Forces, 7<sup>th</sup> Division Corps Transport Petrol Park. Apart from his service in Australia, he spent two months in Syria when the Vichy French were successfully pushed back. He spent some time in Damascus and after his return with that Division to Australia he went to the island of Morotai and then on to Balikpapan, a seaport city on the eastern coast of Borneo island, to fight in that campaign. Alf safely returned to Australia and continued on in the Army for a little while after the War was over before he joined civilian life.

Brother Albert joined the Militia Third Field Brigade before the War. He joined the AIF in 1940 and serviced in the Coastal Artillery Signals in Albany and Rottneest Island as a Lieutenant. Younger brother Ron, also an AIF soldier, was posted to an Australian Infantry Battalion Head Quarters and spent some time with the Army in the defence of Darwin, "With the help of a couple of others!" Ron amusingly adds.



Alf and Albert with Mother at Concordia



Jef's Soldier's Pay Book Army

Jef joined the AIF with the 2/3<sup>rd</sup> Field Artillery Regiment 6<sup>th</sup> Australian Division and served in the Middle East, Syria as a Lieutenant and as a Captain in Papua New Guinea. As a Lieutenant he was paid the princely sum of about nine shillings per day of which five per cent was allotted to his mother and he was even taxed on it too. Army pay increased as soldiers were promoted from rank to rank. Jef progressed from Sergeant to Sergeant Major to Lieutenant then Captain.

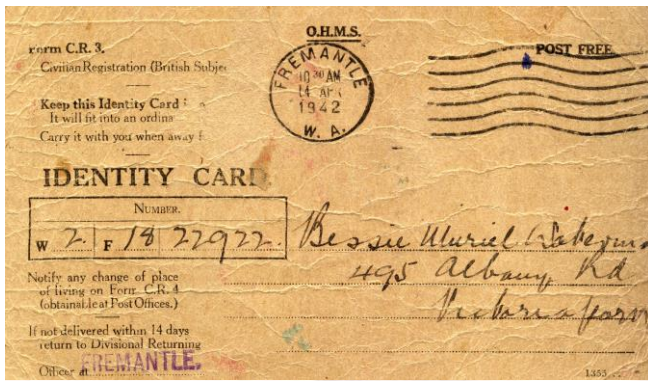
Soldier's Signature *Jef Lambie*

CASH PAYMENTS, FINES, FORFEITURES, AND OTHER DEBITS.

Date.	No.	Place.	Amount.	Prosecutive Total.	Officer's Signature.
		Forward	162 5	165 5	
17.7.42	29	6/5	5	170 5	<i>[Signature]</i>
25.7.42	30	6/5	10	177 15	<i>[Signature]</i>
19.8.42	31	6/5	5	177 15	<i>[Signature]</i>
30.3.42	32	6/5	5	182 15	<i>[Signature]</i>
9.4.42	33	6/5	5	187 15	<i>[Signature]</i>
20.4.42	34	6/5	20	207 15	<i>[Signature]</i>
19.5.42	35	6/5	8	215 15	<i>[Signature]</i>
27.5.42	36	6/5	10	225 15	<i>[Signature]</i>
3.9.42	37	6/5	8	233 15	<i>[Signature]</i>
		Forward	233 15	233 15	

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12

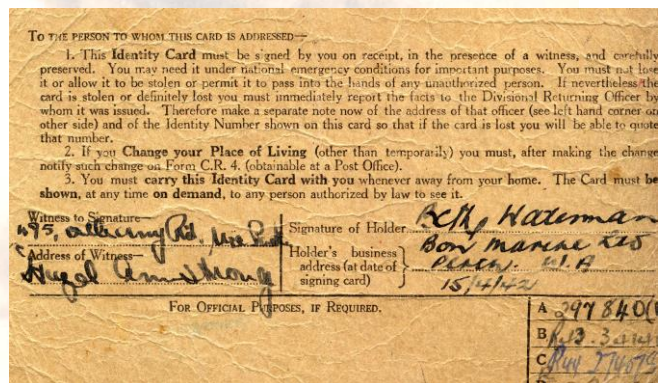




Throughout the war, we each had to carry our Identity Cards at all times. These cards were used when identification was needed for buying rations.

We counted ourselves lucky that we always had a bed to sleep on and food to eat and were always taught to be thankful for small mercies.

Telegrams were often viewed with apprehension as they could bear the tragic news of a loved one's death but it was truly wonderful when we received news of our men coming home on leave.



When some of the boys came home on leave we would go to dances or balls and try to forget the troubles of the times.

Toppers' New Year's Eve 1943/1944

Many, many hours each week were spent writing letters to family and others overseas to keep the flag flying. Courting times for Jef and I, were mainly spent writing to each other and that way we became very close. When Jef was a Captain, he (and other Officers of his Battery), had the dubious task of reading all letters written by his men and censoring them as a matter of security.

He had to use a razor blade to cut out dates and times of significance if the soldiers had mentioned them to their loved ones and often some letters would be in tatters if a lot of confidential information had to be removed.



With others, we contributed to the war effort by packing parcels for the servicemen overseas. I helped at Colour Patch in Howard Street, Perth. This was a place that provided meals for servicemen and a good few Americans were amongst the patrons at this time. Perth had suffered its first 'invasion', a friendly one thankfully . . . of Americans. It was almost as if one day there were no Americans and then in the next instant we were inundated with them. American Military Police personnel were very strict on maintaining discipline on all their forces while they were on leave in Perth and used to carry batons with them. Their obvious presence in the streets was a great comfort to me when each night, I walked to the tram stop in Murray Street to return home to Victoria Park.

The Perth Repertory Club was established in 1933 and I belonged to its city based Patch Theatre, founded in 1939 by Edward and Ida Beeby. It was located in Barrack Street and afterwards it moved to Munster House, Murray Street in 1940. It was an amateur theatrical club and served the State in dance and theatre. I was particularly interested in learning the dancing techniques associated with 'throwing veils'! I like to think that my movement to music as I threw veils and calico streamers around to entertain, was 'a thing of beauty and a sight to behold'!

Patch Theatre Company is one of the oldest continuing theatre companies in WA and derived its name from the stage curtain. It was a patchwork sewn by enthusiastic amateur players.



We were expected to cope emotionally with the difficulties during these sad, hard times and we did this with good friend and family support. It was very important to try to keep some semblance of normality as best we could.

All of Mother's sisters and brothers continued to be a large part of my life in Victoria Park. My aunts and uncles had many children and I had about twenty cousins in all. I saw a lot of them as many lived in Victoria Park and other parts of Perth so consequently we were never short of social occasions and gatherings. Hazel Armstrong and her 1 year old son Ron, rented the sewing room and the dining room from Mother at *Concordia* during the war years.

Sometimes Mother and I would go out and stay for weekend breaks in the stone cottage at Watermans Bay if it was not rented out or we would stay at the *Sandycroft* Boarding House at Watermans Bay.





When Japan entered the War and started its push into the South Pacific in 1942, Jef returned home with the 6<sup>th</sup> Division from the Middle East.

After further service in Queensland, he left with the 6<sup>th</sup> Battery of the Regiment for Papua New Guinea and participated in the long twelve month Aitape - Wewak Campaign against the Japanese.



On Monday 13<sup>th</sup> August 1945, a premature report of peace in the Pacific brought thousands into Perth streets. The crowds and office staff tossed paper through windows and had a rollicking good time.

13<sup>th</sup> August 1945  
St George's Terrace near Newspaper House

World War 2 had brought one of the greatest conflicts in history to Australia's doorstep. While the Victory in Europe (VE Day) provided some relief to Australians after six years at war, it was overshadowed by the continuing war in the Pacific. Victory in the Pacific (VP) was proclaimed on 15 August when the Japanese Government advised the allies of their surrender and put an end to a war that had cost 39 000 young Australian lives. General Adachi handed his sword to Major General Robertson of the 6<sup>th</sup> Division on 13<sup>th</sup> September 1945.

Official documents were signed at this surrender ceremony at Cape Wom, near Wewak in Papua New Guinea. Jef remembers standing close by the table pictured in this photo.



Only when the war in the Pacific ended could Australians really celebrate.



Whilst waiting to return to Australia, there was some time for the 6<sup>th</sup> Division to relax and wind down. Even though the war had ended, it was a sad fact that Australian soldiers' lives continued to be lost because the Japanese hiding in the jungle had not given up the fight and patrolling continued.



The boys all returned at different times and it was a very joyful time but for some who were wounded it was terrible. Most of the boys returning home didn't want to recall 'war stories', they just wanted to forget.

Jef and Bob Hunt after the surrender

In wartime, religion played a significant role in my life and I thank God our men escaped. We tried to keep up tradition and every Sunday morning Mother and I would go to St Peter's Church in Leonard Street.

Jef returned to Perth from Papua New Guinea with his Division and was discharged at the end of the War in 1945 at Christmas time. Each Remembrance Day I remember the many sacrifices that were made for us all to have peace.

When Jef arrived home from the war in Papua New Guinea in the latter part of 1945 we didn't waste any time 'tying the knot'! Our proposal of marriage wasn't entirely conventional as I was the one to ask Jef so he was most impressed and said, "Yes!" At the time we had been to dinner at his home at 31 Learoyd Street, Mt Lawley and we were on the last tram home to Victoria Park which ran at about midnight.

We didn't become officially engaged but having known one another for ten years (six of them being separated during the war years) we were as committed as we needed to be. We set about planning our wedding and all girls used to have what was called 'a glory box' in those days, filled with all things useful in preparation for marriage. Mother gave me a box that she had in the sewing room of *Concordia* but I didn't collect many bridal assets. I still have 'the box' today and it holds a whole lot of my bits and pieces.

We were married in the new year of 1946 on the 19<sup>th</sup> January in St Peter's Anglican Church, Leonard Street, Victoria Park at 3.30pm. It was a hot day but a lovely service, Canon Paice married us and Zilla's sister Mavis (Maddox), sang a hymn beautifully for us during our church service. Jef wore his Army uniform and looked very dashing as always. I had used my ration book to buy nice white silky soft material for a local lady to make my wedding suit. I wore a white hat and white shoes with a lovely spray of white flowers.



We had our reception at *Concordia* and invited about forty friends and family members to help us celebrate our marriage. Mother did the catering and we set up long trestle tables the length of the back verandah. I don't remember much in the way of special wedding decorations as our family didn't go in for too many 'frills' but telegrams were often sent at weddings and we were given many to wish us all the best for our wedding day.



The 1920s and the 1930s were a time of great change. People forgot the old and embraced the new.

***Fashion is made to become unfashionable . . . Coco Chanel***

As a young child I don't remember being very conscious about what I wore but I never wore hand me down clothes. Mother made most of my frocks, she was a wonder at dressmaking. My Sunday best outfit was always the newest and best I had and bows and ribbons were always a pretty addition to a little girl's hairstyle.

I had a fur coat that I wore when I was in Italy and Mother had a beautiful full length squirrel coat at about the same time. I have vivid recollections of Mother and the way she used to dress. She always looked beautiful in her clothes and had very good taste in fashion. She had her own sewing machine and made a lot of frocks for my doll and me.

Albert, me, Alf, Mother and Aunty Lena



Sightseeing was obviously still a formal affair with coats, fur collars, scarves, hats and ties being the garb for all. It must have been a cold winter!

Mother and Father with Alf, Albert and me in Italy



Quality Italian fashion . . . I recognise these shoes that my Italian cousins are wearing here as fashion styles which are even becoming popular today.

Father used to say, "*When a woman buys a new hat, it's as good as a tonic for her!*" Now he must have been influenced by his fashionable Italian relatives to possess that little bit of insight and wisdom.

My Italian cousins in Italy



Mother always wore a lot of black, always wore stockings and would never think of wearing 'slacks' so she and I have a lot in common. I wonder whether I get my propensity for wearing multi layers of singlets and petticoats from her too?



Father presented Mother with a beautiful piece of jewellery every time she gave birth to a child. When Alf was born he gave her a magnificent crescent shaped diamond brooch, when Albert was born he gave her a lovely double circular diamond brooch and when she gave birth to Ron he gave her the very beautiful pearl diamond drop necklace that she wore constantly. For my birth I don't recall any particular piece of jewellery. Mother told me that Father said part of the reason for giving her these expensive items was, *"In case you're ever down on your luck, you'll always have the means for buying a good meal!"*



Brylcreem was a brand name for a men's hair grooming product. The lyrics for the Brylcreem jingle were . . .

*"Bryl-creem, a little dab'll do ya! Use more, only if you dare but watch out, the gals will all pursue ya!"*

Its purpose was to keep combed hair in place, to slick it down while giving it a deep shine or gloss. The shiny 'wet' look it gave to the hair was fashion for men's hair styles for many years and 'parts' in the hair were common for men and women.

Long socks were 'the go' and I thought I was very special if I had a pair of patent leather shoes to wear. Of course little boys wore braces attached to their trousers and it looks like they've discarded their caps to the four winds and they've landed on the ground behind them.





Father always liked to go off to work with a flower in his buttonhole so he would pick a little blossom from the garden and pop it in his lapel.

It was not uncommon that Father should be down on the beach sands at Watermans Bay dressed in stiff white collar and tie, complete with waistcoat.

Hats, suits and waistcoats with fob pocket and fob watch were very popular. Businessmen wore suits going to a soccer game or sliding down a slippery dip. Father would even mow the lawn at *Concordia* in his suit.

I had a wonderful time in this period costume and even remembered to add the obligatory beauty spot on my cheek. This was all the rage at the time, copied from film stars who had made popular the addition of a mark on the cheek or somewhere just above the upper lip.



Albert and friend Bill Brown  
in their Surf Club blazers

My brothers Alf, Albert and Ron  
in their blazers







Skirts were full and prints were popular, Mother made these for me. We would often wear a little bolero jacket over the top.

I didn't really slavishly follow the fashion trends however I used Mother's sewing machine to make myself different outfits, nothing outlandish. Mostly, I was conscious of clothes needing to be practical but smart and Mother would often remodel old ones from previous years in order to get more wear out of them. The tam o' shanter beret she made for me was fashioned from one of her winter coats.



Pandering to 'looking good' wasn't the huge industry it is today or at least I don't remember the pressure to do so. A hair wash with soap once or twice a week was a necessity. As a young child I remember that we would use the red dye from book covers to give our lips a red appearance. We wore knee length dresses and usually cut our hair in short practical styles.

I never did like my straight hair! In fact as a little girl, Mother would wind sections of my hair around strips of damp rag and when dry and removed, I would have a head full of beautiful corkscrew ringlets.

Parasols and hats were popular fashion accessories and often complimented the dresses the women wore.



My fashionable music teacher, Miss Lester





There was always a professional photographer waiting in Perth's Forrest Place or St George's Terrace, ready to take one's photograph walking to or from work. I think everyone my age would have similar photos from this era. Snappy shoes!

To be considered properly dressed we would wear gloves, berets or hats with veils and nylon stockings made me feel very glamorous.



When I went to work, I used to tong my hair and often would singe it in the process! 'Tonging' involved having a long handled pair of metal tongs that I would first heat in Mother's wood oven then test on a piece of newspaper to see whether the paper burned or not!

Obviously if it did, then the tongs were too hot but when ready, I would clamp the end of a section of hair, wind it around the tongs and leave it for a minute or so. I would only tong one section either side of my head otherwise I would have been there all day.

Some fashion-conscious friends would go to the hairdressers to have a 'tong wave' for their whole head of hair.





Consider this little number a 'fashion faux pas' although it was a uniform that I was required to wear for WAAC (Army).

Ball dresses were a significant part of our wardrobe as we were constantly invited to surf club and Scout dances and balls. Balls at the Embassy and Government House were really something to be invited to and we would go to one or two a year if we were lucky as they were very expensive to attend.

### Kindergarten Ball.

ORGANISED by the Junior Auxilliary, the annual Kindergarten ball took place last night at Government House ballroom in the presence of His Excellency the Lieut.-Governor (Sir James Mitchell) and Lady Mitchell, who were attended by Captain Gordon Oldham, A.D.C. The viceregal party were met on arrival by the chairman (Miss Dulcie Allen), who presented Lady Mitchell with a bouquet of roses and carnations. The guests of honour included Professor R. G. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. R. Goyne Miller, and Miss G. Pendred.

Frank van Heurck's "Night Owls" provided bright music, and during the evening an exhibition tango was given by Miss June Irvine and partner, assisted by six other dancers. A feature of the evening was the dancing of the Valeta by this season's debutantes, trained by Miss June Irvine. Supper was served in the supper room below, which was gaily decorated with palms, Geraldton wax, marigolds and roses.

The committee responsible for the success of the function included Mesdames C. Sainsbury, R. Jacka and E. J. Fielding, Misses Dulcie Allen (chairman), Marjorie Southwood (organising secretary), Cathleen Atkinson, Betty Ellis, Eileen Noseda, M. Albert, G. Jones, G. Smith, N. Burkett, I. Smith, G. Edward, P. Rule, and J. Perry, assisted by the season's debutantes.

Lady Mitchell wore a graceful frock of tea-rose embossed satin and georgette; Miss G. Pendred, black lace; Mrs. H. E. Allen, black and white floral satin; Mrs. C. Sainsbury, ice blue lace; Mrs. R. Goyne Miller, black velvet; Mrs. R. Jacka, silver embossed net; Miss Dulcie Allen, red floral georgette; Miss Betty Ellis, gold ninon with mauve trimmings; Miss Marjorie Southwood, autumn-tinted floral georgette; Miss Cathleen Atkinson, white and gold embossed taffeta; Miss Noelle Burkett, black taffeta; Miss Gwen Edward, white waterwave taffeta; Miss June Perry, black taffeta; Mrs. Ken Cameron, turquoise satin; Mrs. W. E. Southwood, black taffeta; Miss Fay Rule, green shot taffeta; Miss Ada Shimenson, white trained frock of self striped satin; Miss Joan Forbes, scarlet crepe roubaix; Miss Marjorie Clegg, tunic frock of cloth of gold; Miss Norma Allen, white taffeta; Miss Jean Greig, white net and lace; Miss Kath Walder, black lacquered satin; Miss Val van Heurck, black velvet; Miss Marjorie Millard, floral marocain; Miss Jean Malor (Sydney), midnight blue self checked French crepe over scarlet taffeta; Miss Pat Broderick, brown shot taffeta; Miss Una Atkinson, white net and sequins; Miss Mary Langley, navy georgette; Miss Merle Levinson, tangerine taffeta; Miss Muriel Allen, black taffeta; Miss Nan Dunphy, red and green floral ninon; Miss Betty Shann, white draped satin; Miss Pat McManus, grey ninon with scarlet trimmings; Miss Nancy Macoboy, royal blue georgette over scarlet; Miss Geraldine Smith, mauve embossed cloque; Miss Eula Reid, brown self checked satin; Miss Jess Johnson, green satin; Miss Pat Hadfield, pink French crepe.

### Dance at Hale School.

THE annual dance of the Old Haleians' Association was held at the school hall yesterday evening. Despite the bad weather there was a large crowd of dancers, who refused to allow the rain to dampen their gaiety. The hall was decorated with the school colours, dark and light blue, and a profusion of palms. Music was supplied by Henry Cochran's orchestra and during the evening exhibitions of the swing waltz and tango were given by Miss June Irvine and Mr. A. Badger. Supper was served in the new wing. The committee responsible for the evening's arrangements comprised Messrs. D. J. Chipper, L. Ellis, P. Jacoby and G. Raphael.

Among those present were Archdeacon and Mrs. Riley, the president of the Old Haleians' Association (Mr. B. Summers) and Mrs. Summers, Mr. and Mrs. John Hargreave, Mr. J. B. Newbury and Miss Molly Newbury. Mrs. Riley wore a frock of black crepe patterned with bunches of pink flowers; Mrs. Summers, black velvet, fur trimmed; Mrs. Hargreave, russet red knife pleated taffeta; Miss Molly Newbury, ice blue spotted tulle; Miss Joan Richardson, ceil blue taffeta with pink floral design; Mrs. B. Hatswell, vivid floral matt crepe; Mrs. B. Crossbie, cream lace over almond green satin; Miss Muriel Lee Steere, black and red floral georgette with cape of black net; Miss Dorothy Bold, grape velvet; Judith Pestalozzi, midnight blue crepe trimmed with gold spotted taffeta; Miss Ruth Mawley, green and red spotted silk veil; Miss B. Flight-Smith, buttercup peau d'ange lace; Mrs. S. Benporath, black velvet; Miss Jeanne Forrest, white net banded with silk braid; Miss Audrey McLeod, Coronation red ninon; Miss Betty Fothergill, pastel floral crepe; Miss Dorothea Courtney, almond green cloque touched with red; Miss Kay Hancock, white crepe sashed with emerald green velvet; Miss Joy Metcalf, white organdie checked with red; Mrs. C. J. F. Henderson, Nile green georgette patterned with gold leaf; Miss Diana Davy, black chantilly lace; Mrs. M. Parkes, woodland brown silk lace; Miss Jean Fothergill, tailored ensemble of black taffeta; Miss Joan MacDonald (Goulburn), black French crepe; Miss Rita McGibbon, black cellophane taffeta; Miss Marjorie Lukies, floral matt crepe; Miss B. Mearns, white taffeta frock touched with black.

Others noticed among the dancers included:—

Misses Marie Prevost, Shirley Ashton, June McNab, Ruth Cale, Joan Rutherford, June Crownurst, Edna Filmer, Susan Nairn, Margaret Moore, Esme Motteram, Betty Waterman, June Sadler, Gladys Hepworth, Chrissie Read, Bonnie Ripper, Jean Boyd, Pauline Johnson, Dora Simpson, Rosalie Heweston, Vera Stratton, N. Nott, Dorothy Whittaker, Gwen Garland, Nancy Hardy, Pauline Bell, Nancy Acton, Isla McCall, R. Olsen, Betty Bird, Eileen Scurlock, K. Mulhall, Beryl

There were Fancy Dress Balls, or balls for associations like the Red Cross, surf clubs, journalists, sporting clubs and others. Tickets were sold in advance, everyone had a partner and the girls would wear long frocks and the boys always looked smart in their dinner suits.

I don't remember them wearing any of the fragrances or aftershave that is worn by today's males. We learnt ballroom dancing so we could waltz, quickstep and foxtrot and these were my favourite dances. A night of dancing gave us all plenty of exercise.

Everyone was always beautifully dressed and *The West Australian* reported on the balls, their attendees and what each lady wore.



When I was very young I had a black, two piece, wool knitted bathing suit that I wore with an orange bathing cap. Beach fashion was becoming more daring during my teenage years when Jantzens (franchise owned by maternal grandfather of Libby's husband, Neville) introduced costumes that were more comfortable. Long beach coats to cover bathing suits were popular.



I wore a beautiful long purple velvet dress that had tiny, covered buttons all the way down the back when I was Matron of Honour to my great friend Marjorie when she married and over the years this dress has proved a very handy 'period costume' for fancy dress!

In previous times it had been incredibly fashionable to have fair skin where women would go to extreme measures to keep their skin nice and pale. We would use potions of black tea on our skin when we were down on the beach to help us frizzle, fry and turn us as brown as a berry.





As an interesting comparison, this photo shows our relations in Italy and their beach fashion during one of our trips there when I was only 4 years old. In the mid 1930s, men wore a full trunk bathing suit which was cut away under the armpits and had a short skirt connected at the bottom. Some would roll the top down to their waist and this was considered very modern.



Now, this one is worth a close up! You could be forgiven to think that we might have been ready for bed instead of the beach! Zilla and I are resplendent in our beach gowns, complete with beach tote and sensible shoes for the beach sands!

During the war we couldn't buy stockings so we used to rub brown stocking cream over our legs to give them a tanned look.

Men no longer wore suits where ever they went but donned more relaxed styles of clothing like t-shirts and shorts.

Sunglasses completed the image.

Me far right at back,  
Jef on right at front







Me on my wedding day



Mother

Hats were often a fashion statement and because Mother's sister Dora, was a milliner she must have been quite an asset to the women in the family. I remember the short black hail spot printed veils which were attached to the hats that Aunty Bertha, Aunty Rae and Mother wore, no doubt very alluring and mysterious.

Shoes were always my 'sore point' as I have very small feet and to get the right size and shape has always been a problem. We danced for hours in stiletto heels and memories of this can make me wince even now. These shoes that I wore for my wedding could easily be worn as today's fashion . . . I should have kept them.





***Music was a huge source of entertainment for us.***

Musicians played tunes ranging from jazz to soul. Louis Armstrong was one of the most famous Jazz players and Bing Crosby's crooning was a favourite of everyone. People eager to forget their sorrow and leave their pasts behind them danced to favourite tunes or they listened to vinyl records played on a gramophone if they had one.

We didn't have a gramophone but singsongs around Aunty Millie's player piano were a favourite. It releases a flood of memories when I remember song lines like, "Be sure it's true when you say I love you, it's a sin to tell a lie," or "All I do the whole day through is dream of you," or "Me and my shadow walking down the avenue," and "Gee but it's great after being out late, walkin' my baby back home."



We had a little 'bitsa' dog called *Bing*. I guess Albert's love of Bing Crosby might have had something to do with his name. In fact Albert had a lovely singing voice and modelled it to sound just like Bing Crosby.

Bing died of old age just after I was married.

***Dancing was one of the major night time entertainments.***

Gilkinsons and Wrightsons were dance studios where you learned how to dance by practising in front of mirrored walls and we all set our standards by Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.

Every suburb had its dancing venues and almost every week there was a ball in each of the major ballrooms in Perth and balls were also held in Government House for special occasions.



We used to book a logue at the Embassy Ballroom and although liquor was illegal, it was tolerated so some would take it in small Gladstone bags. Dress standards and behaviour were strictly maintained. We would dance for hours on end.



***Pictures formed much of our entertainment although silent films were before my time!***

Quite often during the war years, Mother and I went to the Amusu You Theatre or the Broadway Theatre which was opposite the Broken Hill Hotel in Albany Highway, Victoria Park. The theatre can be seen advertising *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in the photo at the start of this chapter.

We would see history unravelling before our eyes throughout the news reels; we would watch slapstick comedy, drama and horror. We called it 'the flicks' because we sat there in the dark with only the flickering beam of light from the projector shining across the theatre to the screen. The film did indeed flicker. I even remember the small open air picture theatre on North Beach Road but I only went there a couple of times.

Filmstars from Hollywood were celebrities, among whom were Rudolph Valentino, Jean Harlow, Gary Cooper, Betty Gable, Garbo, Hepburn, Joan Crawford, James Cagney, Myrna Loy, William Powell, Clark Gable, and dogs like Rin Tin Tin and Lassie.

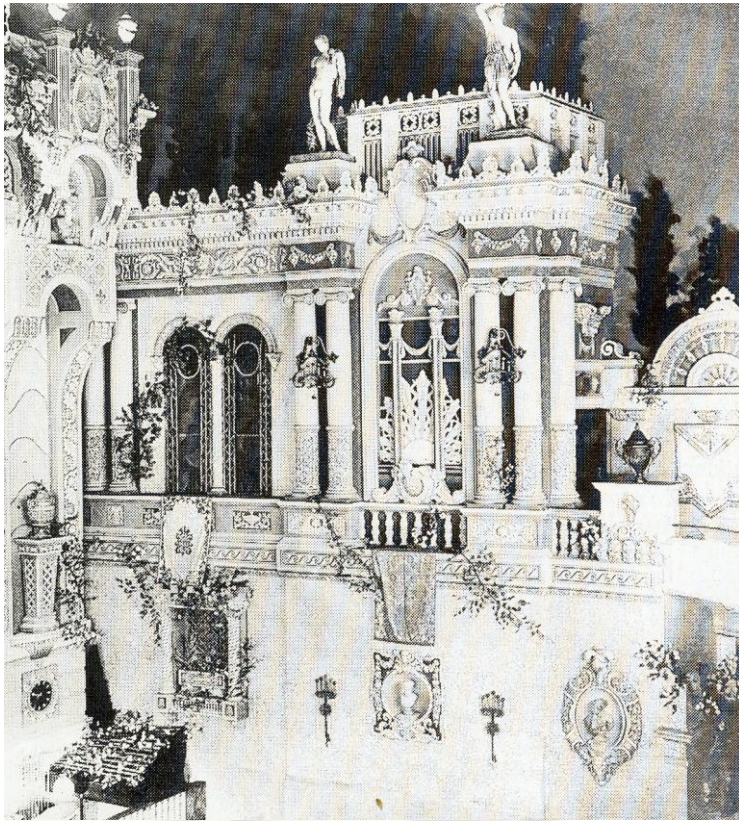
My favourite film star of the time was heart throb actor, Melvyn Douglas, who was 'swoon material', I thought! I made a scrapbook of all the favourite movie stars at the time and he featured prominently.



We had the Royal Picture Theatre and the Grand and the Ambassadors in Perth. This theatre had very ornate architecture with star like lights that turned the ceiling into 'the sky'. The Wurlitzer organ would rise into sight as if by magic and if one arrived a half an hour early, a recital could be heard. It was a marvellous picture venue.

Heavily embellished balcony Ambassadors Theatre



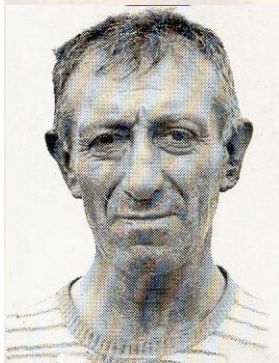


The Capitol Theatre was principally designed as a cinema but musicals and other shows were also staged.

Capitol Theatre Lower William Street

*Theatre played a big part in my upbringing.*

Ballet was not a major area of interest to our family but Father was hugely interested in Shakespeare and his works.



Father performing Shakespeare on the stage

Street theatre was common and probably the best known Perth eccentric of the era was English born Percy Button who was a knock about acrobat, mouth organ player, former bottle-o and news seller. Many a theatre or circus goer tossed him a sixpenny piece.



Percy was a mainstay on Perth streets turning somersaults and generally providing a festive feel. He died in 1954. Today he has been immortalized by the Perth City Council with a statue situated in the Hay Street Mall which shows him performing the tricks for which he was known as a Perth personality.

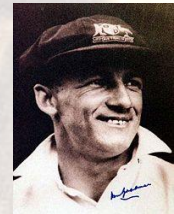


***Art has never been a passion or a skill that I can claim to have.***

I admire those who can. Ron's children are very artistic and Des and Jeff have used these skills to pursue careers in the visual arts. In fact I think all his children have talent in this direction. Albert's son and daughter take after him with their talent for singing and enjoyment of working with children.

***Sports like tennis, cricket and Australian Rules Football were by far the most popular.***

As a family we never went to any matches. Australians flocked to the cricket to see Donald Bradman who was a crowd favourite. His quick eye, good coordination and perfect footwork gave him a freakish ability to score lots of runs without getting out. The wireless had a massive impact on the sporting field. People could follow their favourite individuals or teams, without actually being at the sporting ground.



***Shops that I frequented in my young adult years are no longer in operation in Perth.***

Shops like Boans which was noted for its Christmas window display. In the front window at this time of the year a veritable wonderland of moving colourful fairytale characters would be displayed that captivated children from four to ninety four. As soon as 'spring had sprung', outside Boans, it would be a common sight to hear men calling, "*Sweet fresh Boronia, threepence a bunch!*"

Bon Marché was an exclusive, up market store where they made suits and shirts to clients' orders.

Foy and Gibsons had devised a system to combat the stealing of money. When a customer had paid for an item the staff would wrap the note(s) in a docket, place them in a canister, screw on its lid, click it into an overhead cable, pull a cord and send it hurtling across the store to the mezzanine level where the accounts department would take it. Surely a stroke of sheer brilliance!

Bairds, Moores, Aherns, Cox Bros-Economic are all stores of that bygone era.

We went shopping and bought Irish Moss Gum jubes, Lactogen the '*Safe summer diet for children,*' Mills and Wares biscuits, Bisto Gravy, Oxo Cubes, Relaxa Tabs for indigestion and Beachams Pills boasted, "*Hark the Herald Angels sing, Beacham's Pills are just the thing, Peace on earth and mercy mild, two for adults, one for child.*"

***Cars like the Model T were by far the most popular automobile of the 1920s.***

People flocked to buy them, and Henry Ford's revolutionary factories could produce them very quickly because of the moving assembly line that had been invented. People could now go and visit relatives or friends any time they pleased.

Father owned a few cars and I can remember the Studebaker that we had when I was young and later down at the Bay, he had a Morris Oxford which Alf and Albert drove after Father died. In the 1920s and 1930s, going for a ride in your Model-T motorcar was one of the best family outings there was.

The automobile of the 1930s had a canvas hood which could be pulled back on a sunny day. The hood was supplemented in windy or wet and cold weather with celluloid screens which were fitted into slots in the tops of the doors and provided some shelter.



Albert, me, Father, Ron and Alf



Our car had a running board on which you mounted batteries and spare tyres. The windscreen wiper was hand operated.

Fred and Harold Goddard, Father, unknown

***Trains in the 1930s were the main people mover.***

Perth Central Station had thousands pass through it every day. Trams were convenient as the tracks ran down the main streets and they served several suburbs around the city. Electric trams were fast revolutionising the way people travelled. The first trams could only travel a few kilometres an hour but by 1920, they were reaching speeds of up to 30km/h. Each tram was crewed by a driver and a conductor who issued tickets to the travellers.





Tram in William Street in 1920s

***Trams were convenient transport.***

Trams served Maylands up the Guildford Road and all the eastern suburbs were served up to Mint Street in Victoria Park. Jef used the tram service many times in our courting days and in fact I proposed marriage to him one night coming home to *Concordia* on a tram!

When living at *Zephyr Villa* I went to night school in Perth and the only way of getting home after the lesson was to catch the tram to its terminal opposite the Osborne Park Hotel in Main Street near the Osborne Park Picture Gardens. Alf used to drive in from the Bay and pick me up there. It could be unnerving and I always prayed that he would be there waiting for me - he always was.

One night I caught the wrong tram which went to Mount Hawthorn and so I had to get off and walk back to Osborne Park. Alf was still waiting for me, thank goodness. I had bought two pounds of butter at Boans. In those days, the assistant would just chop it off the slab, wrap it in greaseproof paper and hand it over with string wound around it with a loop for your finger. How I managed to get it home to Watermans Bay, I just don't know . . . it must have been in wintertime, surely.



***Trolley buses were not bound to rails like trams.***

They needed overhead power cables. This service started in the 1930s and made Perth the first Australian capital city with a regular trolley bus service. Trolley buses last ran in Perth in 1969 but the trams finished in 1958. I used to catch a trolley bus from time to time.



### ***Buses lined up in Wellington Street, outside Boans Department Store in the 1930s.***

The buses run by George James, left Watermans Bay at 8am and had terminals outside Newspaper House in the Terrace. I caught the bus everyday from Watermans Bay in my teenage years and it was a trip that took about an hour. The buses were pretty creaky old vehicles and I can recall the hill which nowadays is in the vicinity of the Karrinyup Golf Course being a real challenge for these old relics. To myself I used to recite the Little Red Engine chant, "I think I can, I think I can, I know I can . . .!" as it groaned up the hill. There weren't terribly many people to transport from the Bay so chatting with others wasn't an option but I used to while away the time reading books on the journey into Perth.

The single bus fare to Perth was one shilling and six pence and two shillings and six pence return fare (15 cents and 25 cents).

Weekly concession tickets cost ten shillings (\$1) and monthly tickets cost twenty five shillings.



### ***Household chores were much harder.***

There were no modern conveniences however while living at *Concordia* in the 1920s, Mother did have domestic help. I do remember that Father bought Mother an upright Electrolux vacuum cleaner (thought to be from electrical company L H Deague & Co, owned by grandfather of our daughter's husband, Neville) which must have been a very early model. Mrs Flynn did the washing on wash day which was usually a Monday and Mabel Sheppherd used to do other household duties.

We had our green groceries, milk, bread and ice delivered. Mr Manning the milkman would announce himself with the cry, "Milko!" and measure out the milk with a ladle from a big can into the billy which we had left out on the verandah. There was no pasturised milk then and we didn't have a fridge.

For keeping meat and drinks cold we had the old Coolgardie Safe on the back verandah where the breeze came through, Mother's favourite place to sit. The safe was a metal framed cabinet covered in hessian with a tray of water on top. Strips of wet flannel lay in the water and dripped down the cabinet sides.

Later on we progressed to a type of marvellous wooden cabinet with a compartment at the top to hold a block of ice. This was a rather magnificent ice chest but we never had any ice in it! I guess it needed a lot of ice to keep it cold and I can only remember it being used at Christmas time.

The 'sanitary man' called every week on his horse and cart and travelled down the back lane emptying our waste pan from a little trapdoor in the 'outhouse', built on the back fence line.

We had a wood fired Metters stove in the kitchen. I don't remember Father cooking at all and I really didn't have any great culinary skills either. When I married, Jef will tell you that about the only dessert I could make was jelly or stewed Satsuma plums and custard.



Sometimes, I watched Mother in the kitchen where everything she made was good, wholesome plain cooking and delicious. Her apple pies and pastry were of course homemade and legendary. Family gatherings didn't mean that we had special food but I just remember that we didn't go hungry and there was an awful lot of bread. "*What won't fatten will fill!*" we would often hear Mother say but what I liked best about Mother's cooking was her beautiful tasty soup and when I recall the smell of her Saturday roast dinners, the memory of them still makes my mouth water. Leftover roast meat was minced and little patties were made. Another of my favourite dishes from my childhood is spaghetti on toast . . . I have always been a plain eater.



We didn't get pocket money for doing chores but we were still expected to make our own beds and when we were older they had to be made meticulously, complete with hospital corners.

Occasionally, my brothers used to try to mow the lawn to help Father out . . . or I wonder whether this was just a pose for the camera? This lawn mower is a far cry from day's technology.

When older, washing and wiping the dishes each night was a regular job expected of us. Albert would always be in good spirits and could often make Mother laugh as he sang or played 'the drums' on the big tin tray in the kitchen. I still have this tray and have used it as a laundry tray all my married life.

Ron, Albert and Alf at Concordia

In the early years when our family holidayed at Watermans Bay, there was no electricity or water. We children would gather wood from Star Swamp for our chip heater and we used the rain tank for our bath water and drinking water supply. This should have been dreadful for our health because the lizards used to get into the tank. Only the Lord knows why we didn't get sick. Lighting was supplied by kerosene lamps, or we would hold a candle in a candlestick holder to find our way to our bedroom.



When we moved to permanently live at the Bay in my teenage years, Father had the power and water connected to *Zephyr Villa*. It was a great day when this happened as then we were able to use home appliances. I recall that some enterprising people made small radio reception crystal sets. Noel Steele made a wireless connection between our home to their holiday home on Mary Street, next to our cement cottage. Mother would go up to their home for supper with and would be entertained by our wireless program to them.

Ron, Albert, me, Noel Steele and Bill Brown

Father had one of these sets in the 1920s in Victoria Park but it never worked properly. An aerial was strung up to the roof to record a scratchy reception of radio broadcasts from 6WF in Perth which had opened in 1926.



As electricity became more widely used, things like washing machines and hot water started creeping into people's houses in the 1930s however Mother didn't believe in fans because she said, "They give you a cold!" In the 1920s, the wireless had just hit popularity and we would hear advertisements such as, "I like Aeroplane Jelly, Aeroplane Jelly for me!" across the airwaves.



Watermans Well c1937 – 1939

Wash day was Monday and when we arrived home in the afternoon, we had to be prepared for Mother being tired out as it was tough work. Washing water was hand pumped at the coastal stock route well located across the road on the beach and brought up in buckets to our house at Watermans Bay. Mother boiled the water with soda in a copper first. This produced a salty surface scum that had to be skimmed off before she could even start washing with the water! She washed our clothes by hand with a washboard. She had two laundry tubs which she set on a wash bench and used a bar of Signal or Velvet Soap which she cut into pieces and boiled to make a lather. The soap would be rubbed on the soiled part of the clothes, collars especially first then scrubbed on the washboard in the first tub. They would then be boiled in the copper and wrung out by hand before she put the clothes in the rinse tub.

Reckitts Blue was added to the rinse water to make the clothes sparkling white. Meanwhile starch would be cooking on the stove, diluted with water and after the second rinse and wringing of the clothes, she would dip tablecloths, pillow slips and serviettes into the starch solution to stiffen them. They would be wrung out one last time and hung up to dry on the outdoor washing lines strung between two posts with a forked stick in the middle to keep the lines propped up. I can remember people calling to sell fork props for the clothesline. If the clothes dried the same day, she would take the clothes down, dampen them, and roll them up to be ironed the next day. All that 'wringing out', no wonder Mother had such strong, capable hands!

Tuesday was ironing day. Of course, there was no permanent press back then so everything had to be ironed. Mother used what was called a sad iron which had a detachable handle. She usually had two irons to make the job go faster. She would heat the irons on the wood stove burner and when one was hot; she clipped the handle on to it and took it off the stove to be used. When that iron started to get cool, she would get the other one off the burner and continue then the first iron would go back on the burner to heat again. Phew!



These days Jef has accepted technology more than I although neither of us has bothered to battle with the mysteries of computers and in fact I've had a 'computer bypass'. Jef uses a mobile phone when he can see the numbers to press and I use a microwave oven to cook now rather than initially, when I used it as an extra cupboard.





*My Memories Unlocked . . .*  
*My Memories Unlocked . . .*



**I don't have to look up my family tree because I know that I'm the sap.**

*~ Fred Allen*

**J**n the year of my birth 1918, the population of Australia was approximately 5 080 912 and I was born on the Sabbath so according to the old rhyme, "*Sunday's child is fair and wise, good and gay.*" I was born under the astrological sign of Pisces so that makes me a bit of a 'fishy character' but it means I'm also a bit of a dreamer too.

My golden number for my birth date in 1918 is 19 and that's fortuitous as it happens to be my all important wedding day in January and 1919 was the year my darling husband Jef was born. My fortune cookie reads, "*Love conquers all!*"

My Pisces character traits describe me as, "*. . . loving agreeable company, very robust, knows how to make life comfortable, very active, natural, good companion but seldom friendly, falls easily in love but passion burns out quickly, gives up easily, will have many disappointments until the ideal is found, trustworthy and practical!*"

I'll leave you to weigh up all that information and conclude whether you think it fits but remember to keep the answer to yourself!

I have had a wonderful life full of faith, hope and love, as well as more than my share of grace and good fortune.

I grew up within a very secure and loving extended family with a very strong and supportive woman as my mother, a dear father who provided for his family well, even when he was no longer with us and three wonderful brothers who looked after me and treated me with kid gloves most of the time! I have had the great fortune to make true and stalwart friends.

I have been privileged to spend every day in relative good health, albeit with an angina condition but happiness aplenty. To have built a loving life with the finest man I've ever known has been God's truly wonderful blessing to me. Together we have children and grandchildren of whom we are so very proud to call our own and they continue to be the lights of our lives.

I believe that the woman is the heart of the home, to love and be loved. I believe that we should teach our children to love one another at home. They can learn this from their mother and father when they see their parents' love for each other.

I have simply tried to tell the story of my joys and sorrows, dreams and fears, triumphs and dramas. I think it's a good story and I've had a good time telling it although I'm conscious of really having done nothing more important than to breathe!

I have embarked on a road of life-long learning and know that although yesterday is gone and tomorrow is yet to come, today is a joy to live.

Now, in the words of Mother Teresa . . . *Keep the joy of loving Jesus in your heart, share this joy with all whom you meet, especially your family. God bless you.*

My cup runneth over!





# *My Dear Mother, Betty . . .*

## *My Dear Mother, Betty . . .*

**J**n her 99<sup>th</sup> year of age, my dear mother Betty (Ginbey), died of heart related problems on Saturday, 23<sup>rd</sup> April 2016 at 98 years of age. She was the last of the Waterman family, after which the suburb of Watermans Bay was named.

My dear mother was a gracious lady of faith, charity, strength and understanding. She was a matriarch who wrapped her whole family in her love and whose life was always about family and friends. Together with Jef, her soul mate and husband of 67 years, they modelled contentment, gratitude and strength of spirit and were a profound influence in the lives of their two children, six grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

Spanning 61 years, Victoria Park played a significant role in Betty's life and in the lives of many Waterman and Goddard family members through World War 1, The Great Depression and World War 2.



Relation Arthur Goddard was a soldier in World War 1 in the 3<sup>rd</sup> Regiment of Field Artillery. He was mown down by the Turks' machine gun fire during the landing at Gallipoli as he left the ship trying to get ashore. This was just before his 21<sup>st</sup> Birthday.

Arthur had enlisted on 17<sup>th</sup> August 1914 and was killed 26<sup>th</sup> May 1915. Goddard Street, Lathlain in the Town of Victoria Park is named after him. The inscription on his grave at Gallipoli reads: *1876 Gunner A C Goddard Age 20*



The shops that Alfred Waterman built in 1928 are still standing today and if viewed from the opposite side on Albany Highway, the name *Watermans Buildings* can be seen cast in the aqua cement.

When we look at life, the greatest happinesses are our family happinesses.

~ Her daughter, Elizabeth

