

## REMEMBRANCES OF THE WILSON – BOULTER FAMILIES HASTINGS...AND BEYOND

This account was written by Nancy Black (nee Boulter) in November 1995. Nancy has since passed away.  
Comments and clarifications by editor are in italics enclosed by brackets

My great, great, grandfather, William Wilson and his wife, Margaret, arrived in “The Shelton” at Hobart Town on November 27<sup>th</sup>, 1820. [*The ship they arrived in was actually named the “Skelton”*]. He was described in the records as a Head Stonemason and often referred to as an Architect. [*In the passenger list of the “Skelton” William is shown as ‘Architect at Pitt Water (Sorell). The ship’s captain, Capt. Dixon wrote a book about the journey, which was published in 1822 and gave in the appendix, the names of the free settlers the ship carried. William was listed as Architect in this book. By the time the book was published in England, William was employed by the Government in Van Diemen’s Land (Tasmania). It is not known if he received the appointment before he left Scotland, or after he arrived in Van Diemen’s Land. In official documents it shows that William resigned and was succeeded by Mr David Lambe as Colonial Architect. William also held the post of Superintendent of Stonemasons.*]

As well as being involved in the building of bridges and main buildings around Hobart, he took up land near Sorell in Tasmania. Their first child, my great-grandfather, **WILLIAM SORELL WILSON** was born at Sorell on November 17<sup>th</sup> 1821. William Sorell was, so the story goes, a great favourite of the Governor, who wished to make a Grant of land to him, as he was the first free white child born in the County of Sorell. For some reason, never explained, Margaret, his mother, refused to take William to Government House to receive the grant. [*Amongst the records held in Tasmania is the following: “My father, William Hartley Wilson, landed in Tasmania in the year 1820, by the ship “Skelton Castle”, Captain Dixon being the owner. My father was the first Architect in Tasmania and in the Government employ. He had his grant of land in the Parish of Sorrell, where I was born on 17<sup>th</sup> September 1821 being the first male child born in the township of Sorrell - the then Governor being Colonel Sorrell, after whom I was named, and with whom my father was a great favourite. The Governor promised me a grant of land, and a good one, but my Mother would not go to Government House to accept it, as she*

*wished to go to her father who was a widower and hence, I did not get my grant.*

*William Sorrell Wilson”*

*..The reason why Margaret would not go to Government House, it is thought, is because Lieutenant Governor Sorell was living in a defacto relationship with a Mrs Kent, and his estranged, legal wife still back in England. Mrs Kent had been accepted as his wife when they had first arrived. Margaret was a very upright lady and the small number of respectable married ladies in the colony knew that by conventional standards they must not accept Mrs Kent and hence many did not go to Government House.]*

On 4<sup>th</sup> June 1856, at the age of 35 years, my grandfather married Eliza Wilson (no relation) at Glenorchy. [*Eliza is buried in the Mornington Cemetery*]. They had nine children. Late in 1856 or early in 1857, William and Eliza, together with William’s brother, John and his wife, Agnes moved to Victoria to live. I know nothing of John and Agnes’ movements. [*Eliza was living with John and Agnes at Mornington whilst her husband was working in Melbourne. She died there not long after the birth of her last child*]

William and Eliza’s first child, William Frederick was born in May 1857 and he died when he was two years old.

Margaret was their next child. She married John Niven. They did not have any children. I believe John was killed as a result of a fall from a horse.

ELIZABETH (my grandmother) was the next child [*buried in Tyabb Cemetery, Hastings*] and married **JAMES RICHARD BOULTER** and they had six children.

Ella, the next child - about whom I know nothing.

Jessie, who married William Ison.

Frederick William who went to the goldfield in W.A. and was not heard of again [*Frederick William was in WA but returned to Hastings, bought land. He went missing from Hastings after taking his bike to Frankston but he was never heard of again, despite many searches*].

Jane Turner, who did not marry [*buried in Tyabb Cemetery, Hastings*]

Albertha Sydney Wilson who did not marry.

Adelaide Ellen who married Claude Graves - I have no knowledge of their story. The only story that I heard was that Ella and Adelaide went back to Tasmania to live.

The story I was told is that William and Eliza looked at land on the Bellarine Peninsula near Drysdale but considered it not fertile enough. They went to the Mornington Peninsula in search of something more suitable. I was under the impression that William was able to procure a grant of land and in 1865 he purchased further land from a Mr T. Cross to add to that which he had already received as a grant. The Wilson land extended quite a distance along what is now Coolart Road - on both sides - from Hodgins Rd corner. It also went down Hodgins Rd and inland towards the now Hastings township.

Memories of the story told to me by my father

Elizabeth, my grandmother, married James Richard Boulter and they had six children.

James William (known as William) who married Mary Cathey and they had three children, George, Ruth and Winifred.

Hilda Elizabeth who married a Mr Wright. They lived in New Zealand. I think they had three children. Hilda died at childbirth having her daughter, Hilda in 1916.

ALFRED SYDNEY BOULTER, my father, who married Hilda Jane White and they had two children, Milton and Nancy (me).

Amy Ethel who married the Revd. William White. They lived in England and had one daughter, Naree.

Frederick Sorell who married Alice Smith, and they had two children, Ross and Frederick.

Bessie Venning who married Harry Harlow - no children [*Harry Harlow designed the new front for the Hastings Hall*].

My first memory of home is an oiled, weatherboard house called "Moralla" situated back from Hodgins Rd. You entered it down a drive with a hedge on both sides of the drive. There were pine trees all along Hodgins Rd. I always thought that the land was part of the government grant to the Wilson family. Prior to my father and mother marrying, they had built a house (also in Hodgins Rd) closer to "The Pines" - the Boulter family home. Dad had gone to World War I and when he returned, he and mother had arranged to purchase an orchard property in Doncaster. For some reason, the sale fell through and they returned to live at Hastings.

As they had sold their house to Uncle Fred, who by that time had married, they decided to build "Moralla" further down Hodgins Rd - this land finishing at Carpenters Lane. The house had a fine view of the bay of Western Port.

My grandparents' home was in Coolart Rd, called "The Pines". The Wilsons had originally run sheep, but as fruit growing became popular on the Peninsula, they commenced planting fruit trees. These matured whilst Dad and Uncle Fred were away at the War [*World War I*] and Grandfather, Grandmother, and Uncle Bill ran the property. After the War, the property was subdivided to enable each of the sons to own their own land. Uncle Bill (the eldest) was given the property on the west side of Coolart Rd commencing at Hodgins Rd. "The Pines" remained in the hands of the grandparents. Uncle Fred and Dad subdivided the property down Hodgins Rd. Ownership of "The Pines" remained with the grandparents until they died, and the living girls of the family inherited the money from the sale of this property. Dad also had 60 acres on the west side of Coolart Rd and a further 50 acres on the east side (I think the acreage is correct). These were always referred to as the "back paddocks". There was a creek running through one property and the out-of-season cows as well as horses were kept there. Wood for the fires was cut from either property.

Two of grandmother's (Elizabeth) sisters whom I knew well were Margaret and Jane. I also knew Annie (I think she must have been Albertha). She was considered to be a little eccentric by the family! She lived in a small cottage opposite the entrance to "The Pines", adjoining Uncle Bill's property. [*Albertha died aged 16 yrs and is buried among the Wilson family graves at Tyabb Cemetery, Hastings. Annie Wilson was Ella*] When I remember Margaret and Jane, they were living in a house opposite the Hastings Primary School. Jessie Ison, I know had lived on the west side of Coolart Rd, further up the hill, but as she had died before I was born, I know very little about her, except that her death was considered a tragedy.

My father had met my mother when my Grandfather White, who was a School Principal, was transferred from Inglewood to Somerville. Dad had been a "pupil teacher" for a year or so after he left school. He sang in the choir at Holy Trinity, Hastings. [*to be continued in next issue*]

## REMEMBRANCES OF THE WILSON – BOULTER FAMILIES HASTINGS...AND BEYOND (Cont.)

This account was written by Nancy Black (nee Boulter) in November 1995. Nancy has since passed away.

*Nancy's mother was Elizabeth Wilson, daughter of William Sorell Wilson (of Hastings) and Eliza Wilson nee Wilson. Nancy's father was James Richard Boulter. Nancy continues her story:*

My father had met my mother when my Grandfather White, who was a school principal, was transferred from Inglewood to Somerville. Dad had been a "pupil teacher" for a year or so after he left school. He sang in the choir of Holy Trinity, Hastings, and as well played a mean game of football for Hastings. He later trained with Melbourne but his football career was cut short by the War (World War I). He and mother had a lot in common. She was a new girl in the district. They were married at St Andrew's Anglican Church in Somerville in 1915.

My brother, Milton (Mick) who was five years older than I was, only attended at Hastings State School for a year with me. I remember being given a ride to school in a jinker and pony as I was considered too young to ride to school, some 4 kms distant. Milton left Hastings to attend the Malvern Grammar School and later Melbourne Grammar. I was, for the time being, almost an only child but ours was an open house and my memories are of my White grandparents staying with us often, and my mother's brother, James and his wife, and son Jim, being with us for at least a month over Christmas to escape the heat of Cowra NSW. Uncle James was the Civil Engineer for the Shire of Cowra. As well, Auntie Margaret (later Mrs Niven) and Auntie Jane Wilson used to move in during the fruit season, as they were both excellent packers of fruit. Dad supplied fruit for the export market, mainly to Germany, and fruit was stored in the Hastings Cool Store prior to being shipped overseas. My brother always seemed to bring other boys home with him during school holidays. They

had made a rough 9-hole golf course around the home paddocks and I was allowed to accompany them if I carried their golf sticks! As well, my two cousins, Ross and Fred Boulter who were our closest neighbours, made sure I was properly brought up by boys.

The family farmed in partnership for a long time until, as often happens with families, there was a falling out about something. Fortunately, although they did not again resume partnership, they remained good friends. As far as Uncle Bill Boulter was concerned, I know little about him and although he often visited my father, his wife would have nothing to do with the family so I never visited their home. There were three children - George Boulter (who I know was a school teacher and went to W.A.), Ruth Boulter and Winifred Boulter. The girls were not at Hastings State School with me having left before I started, but I do know that they were both very attractive and attended Frankston High School, travelling to Frankston by train very early in the mornings and returning home very late.

The depression had not made any impression on me whilst we lived at Hastings except for the fact that we seemed to have a lot of people having a midday meal with us and mother tried to find some small job for people so that they could earn a little money. The export market for fruit seemed to remain steady so we were one of the lucky families.

Mother and Dad were very community minded, being involved with most organisations around the peninsula. Mother learned to drive so that she could take people to meetings and outings. She was a Life-Governor of the Hastings Bush Nursing Hospital. Dad, amongst other things, was a Churchwarden and Synod representative of the Anglican Church and they both seemed to be happy and busy. For me, it was a happy

life. As well as attending school, I also learnt music from the Nuns at the Convent and seemed to be asked to perform at concerts. I was, in final year, Dux of Hastings State School. This is not as grand as it sounds as there were only about 40 children attending the school - families of fishermen and towns people as well as people from the surrounding farms.

We went to East Malvern very often during school term to visit my grandparents (Boulter), as well as to see my brother. We always left for home on Saturday evening to be home for church on Sunday at Hastings. Dad was a Lay Reader and used to take services quite regularly at the small churches attached to Holy Trinity Hastings. So life continued until just before my 12<sup>th</sup> birthday.

Grandfather Boulter died in August 1932 and I have a very vivid memory of him in the drawing room at *The Pines*. All his grandchildren had picked flowers from the garden and we placed these around him in his coffin. It was a wonderful way in which to contact in contact, for the first time, with death. Grandma Boulter was not the normal housewife. She loved the outdoor life and was a magnificent horsewoman. As a result, she had a lot of live-in help. *The Pines* was, for me, a lovely old home. It was one of the really early houses on the peninsula and had been added to as the family increased. It had two humps, which took in the main rooms - there was a step down when you came to the second hump (or up, as you never came in through the front door). There was a breeze way and then a kitchen, storeroom, and more rooms for whoever was staff and for the men to wash outside as they came in for meals. Our own home, built after World War I was a conventional one. I loved visiting *The Pines*, especially my grandfather, who had been in the Royal Navy when he met my grandmother. She had been in Melbourne when his ship came into port and they met at a dance. They had fallen in love, so he had jumped ship to marry her. He was three years younger than Grandma and always adored and spoilt her. All this was very hush-hush, as

he could have been charged with desertion if anyone had bothered to find him. It always hung over his head. Poor Grandma was very difficult after Grandfather died. It was sad as she just drifted from one of her family to the other for five years until she was knocked down by a car as she crossed a street in St Kilda and died soon afterwards.

Grandfather was a great storyteller and had the most wonderful record collection, which he always played for me when I visited. There was a special one I remember which was something about "they built the chicken-house and bunged the roof on first". Grandfather had an early trumpet wireless and I remember us all being in the room to hear Aunty Amy (nee Boulter) singing from England. She was known as *Rosa Alba* and she and her clergy husband had gone to England to further her career. Legend has it that she would have been really famous if she had not been singing at the same time as Dame Nellie Melba.

Dad's older sister, Hilda Boulter, had married a Mr Wright and they went to New Zealand to live. Dad and his brother, Fred visited New Zealand prior to World War I, and actually worked there for six months. Hilda died in childbirth in 1916 having her daughter, Hilda. I met Hilda and Cuthbert Rivers (the daughter of Hilda Wright nee Boulter) and their son, Richard. Richard was, for a time living in Melbourne - unfortunately I lost touch with him.

Uncle Fred and Auntie Alice Boulter were the wealthy members of the Boulter family. They had a manager on their property whilst they both lived in Frankston and ran a successful restaurant called *The Continental*. Uncle was very successful buying and selling property and eventually they moved to Surfers Paradise where they still bought and sold property although so-called retired. Uncle died whilst playing golf and Auntie was most hospitable to us allowing us to have holidays in one of the flats she owned at Surfers Paradise. Their younger son, Fred died whilst a student at Caulfield Grammar. He was only 14 years at the time.

## REMEMBRANCES OF THE WILSON – BOULTER FAMILIES HASTINGS...AND BEYOND (Cont.)

This account was written by Nancy Black (nee Boulter) in November 1995. Nancy has since passed away.

*Nancy's mother was Elizabeth Wilson, daughter of William Sorell Wilson (of Hastings) and Eliza Wilson nee Wilson. Nancy's father was James Richard Boulter. Nancy continues her story:*

Dad's sister, Bessie, was much younger than the rest of the family, having been conceived (so the story goes) on a trip to England which Grandpa and Grandma took thinking their child-bearing days were over. Bessie was very much brought up by the younger members of the family. Bessie met her husband, Harry Harlow, who had left the Royal Navy and was working as a draughtsman at the Flinders Naval Depot. [*Harry Harlow designed the newer front of the Hastings hall*]. Bessie and Harry married and they lived originally at Crib Point and then built at Somers where they had a beautiful home overlooking Western Port bay looking towards Cowes. They were able to remain there until shortly before Bessie died. Harry died soon after.

By 1933 it was established that my brother, Milton would not go back on the land and would commence a Law course at Melbourne University.

I had commenced school at Merton Hall in South Yarra. Dad engaged a manager for the Hastings property and my parents purchased a home in Kerford Street, East Malvern, close to Mother's parents. The manager did not prove successful, so "Moralla" was sold to Auntie Alice's brother. Dad, who felt that he could not work in an office having spent all his life on the land, went into Real Estate at Caulfield. Although not the usual Real Estate image, in his own quiet way, Dad did very well. I think that people found him non-threatening. Looking back, I realize just how much he gave up to be with his children. The depression was not quite over, but it was the

first time that I realized that money was not so freely available.

My brother commenced his Law course at Melbourne University. As well as attending university for lectures, he was articled. He did quite brilliantly, topping his years and gaining the Supreme Court Judge's prize in Jurisprudence. When he returned from the War, he went firstly to Adelaide where he could practice as both a Barrister and Solicitor, and then to the Bar in Sydney where he became a Q.C. (Queen's Counsel) and eventually, a District Court Judge.

I had a happy school life at Merton Hall, completing my Leaving Honours Year and enjoying playing sport. I had hoped to do Law, but my brother persuaded the family that it wasn't for girls! Instead of attempting to study Leaving Latin to commence Law, I went to Dacomb Business College and as well did what were cooking and needlework subjects at Emily McPherson College. The next year, I gained employment in a general clerical position at the T & G Insurance Co., later working at the Harbour Trust and finally for the rest of my pre-marriage working life, joining the Electricity Commission in their Personnel Dept. By this time World War II had become the major feature of our lives.

Milton, my brother, had enlisted in the Army early in the War and joined the Intelligence Corp. He had an interrupted embarkation, having to return from Perth when Italy entered the War. The ship he was on was meant for England via the Suez Canal. His war service saw him in the desert, Tobruk, Greece (where he was taken a Prisoner of War). He escaped on the border of Germany and walked through Greece and Turkey until he was able to rejoin his Unit. He was awarded a Military Medal for bravery, as he was the first Australian Prisoner of War to escape and rejoin his unit. When Japan came

into the War, he was first flown to Singapore, then to Java, and as the Japanese were pushing south so quickly, he was evacuated and was fortunate to get out of Java. After leave, he saw service in New Guinea where he remained until just prior to Christmas 1945 as he was one of the party accepting the Surrender from the Japanese. He rose to the rank of Major.

Meanwhile, life was very different for me. The fun of the first year after leaving school had disappeared. All the boys I knew were in the Services, and some were either killed or missing. A school friend, Shirley Black had a brother called Gordon. Their home in Toorak had been a meeting place on a Sunday evening for some 20 odd young people who met and had high tea together. Gordon was the oldest member of the group and had joined the Navy and saw service in the Mediterranean. They evacuated troops from Greece and during the Battle of Matapan, received extensive bomb damage. The *Perth* was sent home for a re-fit and the crew was given leave. Gordon, by now, was a Sub-Lieutenant. We had corresponded during the time he was away and our friendship had developed. We became engaged whilst he was home on leave, so another phase of my life began.

Gordon returned to the ship in Sydney and they came to Port Phillip Bay for exercises. He was to be transferred ashore, but instead, the *Sydney* was sunk and the *Perth* was sent straight to Java, where they took part in the Battle of Java Sea and the *Perth* was sunk. Gordon got ashore in Java to be taken a Prisoner of War. He was transferred to Burma as part of the Australian Forces that built the Burma Railway.

At this time, Melbourne was inundated with American troops - Navy, Army and Air Force. I worked one night a week at Ye Olde Dutch Café, situated downstairs in Collins Street, between Elizabeth and Swanston Streets, Melbourne and run by The Prisoners of War Association. It was very well patronized, not only by the general public, but

particularly by Service men and women home on leave. I also worked at the weekend in the caravan (which later became a shed) situated in St Paul's Cathedral Close where we served soup, drinks and biscuits to members of the Armed Forces.

It was a time of great stress. There was very little communication from my brother, Milton. Also, in the whole three and a half years Gordon was a prisoner, I only received three cards (each with ten words). It was, as well, a time of great bonding between those at home who had loved ones in the Armed Forces. My main outings were to friend's weddings when the boys came home on leave.

Eventually the War ended and for me, a hard time of waiting to see if Gordon had survived. As survivors of the P.O.W. camps names came through. Gordon's name was not amongst those from the *Perth*. He had been sent back up the railway to retrieve the *Perth's* records, which he had buried in a grave with one of their sailors. Because of this, his name was not included in any of the lists. Eventually a school friend who was married to Rohan Rivett, a War Correspondent who had been caught in Singapore, told me that her husband was due home. Gwen got Rohan to ring me and tell me that Gordon was alive and that his name was on the list he had brought with him. It was amazing joy.

Gordon got home earlier than most as he was flown out with the *Perth* records. He arrived in Melbourne looking like most P.O.W.s - very yellow, thin, but alive. People rallied with coupons for both clothes and food. The Flinders Naval Depot allowed us to purchase drink and iced the wedding cake. We were married at St John's, East Malvern, on November 27<sup>th</sup> 1945.

We spent our honeymoon at Clifton Springs - the only place with any accommodation - and we were lent a house at Kalorama until Christmas. Because there was no accommodation to rent or buy, we lived with Mother and Dad. They gave up their bedroom, which was very generous.

## **REMEMBRANCES OF THE WILSON – BOULTER FAMILIES HASTINGS...AND BEYOND (Concluding)**

Nancy Black (nee Boulter) wrote her memories about her family in November 1995. Nancy has since passed away. Nancy's mother was Elizabeth Wilson, daughter of William Sorell Wilson (of Hastings) and Eliza Wilson nee Wilson. Nancy's father was James Richard Boulter. Her story continues on after the conclusion of World War II when she marries Gordon Black.

People rallied with coupons for both clothes and food. Flinders Naval Depot allowed us to purchase drink and iced the wedding cake. We were married at St John's East Malvern on November 27<sup>th</sup> 1945. We spent our honeymoon at Clifton Springs – the only place with any accommodation. Because there was no place to rent or buy, we lived with Mother and Dad. They gave up their bedroom, which was very generous, until at last we were able to rent one of a pair in Alma Street, Chadstone. We were very fortunate to at last have our own home. There was no way you could buy a car or get the phone connected, until I became pregnant. Dad was very generous, but petrol was rationed, so we became good walkers and users of public transport. Unfortunately, my first two pregnancies miscarried, but eventually our daughter, Jenny was born and this brought us both tremendous joy. Within three months, No. 7 Manning Road became available for us to buy and we commenced the delight and sometimes horror of renovating our own home. It was an old Victorian home with every ancient inconvenience (now known as a renovator's dream). Fortunately Gordon was very handy and he had a cousin who was a very big builder and able to slip our bathroom and kitchen equipment in when he was ordering for Prince Henry Hospital. I can remember cooking on a small stove in the hall, near one of only three power points in the whole house. We slept in one room and had the rest of the furniture in another, except for a couch and three chairs. It was a wonderfully dry and sunny winter and Jenny slept soundly under an orange tree in the back garden whilst workmen renovated the house. We had to scrub every wall and ceiling as they had been painted with Kalsomine. Every room, as it was finished, was a real bonus. The laying of carpet just prior to Christmas was unbelievable. Gordon was, meantime, trying to complete his Commerce Degree at Melbourne University as well as work. It was a marathon effort, but for us No. 7 Manning Rd was a very happy home.

They were great years, with wonderful friends and neighbours and a street full of children who played happily together. Our only sadness was that we did not have any more children, but Jenny seemed happy with plenty of neighbours

with whom to play. She commenced kindergarten and the neighbourhood morning teas began. I played tennis and we all became interested in working for various charities.

Gordon and I had taken up church again. I became involved in the Mothers' Union and Gordon became a Vestryman. Because I was still young and enthusiastic, I became interested in Deanery meetings of Mothers' Union where they had good speakers on interesting topics. There I met up with Dame Marie Breen who asked me to become her Secretary to the Social Responsibilities Dept of Mothers' Union. As I wanted to save the world, I became involved in politics, joining firstly the Women's Section of the Liberal Party and later, the Malvern South branch. I was elected as a Member of the State Council of the Liberal Party and certainly got an insight into how the Party worked. Canon Russell Clark, the Vicar of St John's felt that it was time all the small women's groups in the parish joined together and he asked me to organize a large group which was a great success, raising a lot of money and forming good friendships within the church.

By now Jenny had attended Little Lauriston in Malvern for three years. Little Lauriston was an offshoot of Lauriston and only had children until Form 3. She was now old enough to travel on public transport and commenced school at Merton Hall in South Yarra. With more time to spare, Marie Breen involved me as one of the original members of The Children's Films and Television Committee. We screened films for children at Camberwell during school holidays. As well, I was a member of the Children's Book Council, a Delegate to the National Council of Women and a member of their Social Welfare Standing Committee. Through Mothers' Union, I commenced High-rise flat visiting and became involved in teaching English to migrants in the flats on a one-to-one basis. My other interests were the Crippled Children's Malvern Auxiliary and being Treasurer of the Caulfield Hospital Rehabilitation Auxiliary.

In 1964 my much-loved father died of a coronary. He had been a diabetic and as this was his second coronary, they were unable to save him. Mother lived with us for a time. The following year, Gordon's mother died and Gordon's elderly father was bereft.

Gordon had become very involved with the Malvern Elderly Citizens' Welfare Association, firstly as their Treasurer, drawing up their Constitution, and then later as President of the Association. They were to build a hostel in Malvern. I became involved with the Fund-raising Committee and worked at their Opportunity shop in Malvern and was a Meals on Wheels driver. I was later on the Building Committee of MECWA House and the Nursing Home.

Jenny completed school, gaining a Commonwealth scholarship and went to Monash University where she completed her Arts Degree and Diploma of Education. She taught with the Education Dept at Footscray Girls High School and at Ballarat High School. During a holiday trip overseas, she met Howard Brown and in 1973 they were married.

It was at that time that I commenced working part-time. Through my interest in migrants, I was aware that the Commonwealth Govt intended to conduct an Immigration Survey. The survey was only to last for four months, so it seemed possible that I could fit it in. I sat for the Commonwealth entrance exam, pass and was employed. After the Survey was completed, the Bureau of Statistics asked if I would like to stay on with them training interviewers and doing some pre-survey sampling. As this was only part-time and with periods of work four times a year, I agreed.

Mother, by this time had become a very bad arthritic sufferer and could no longer manage at home. For the last two years of her life, she lived at *Malvern Green* in Malvern and died in Cabrini Hospital in 1974.

The Revd. Barry Huggett, Media Officer with the Melbourne Anglican Diocese, asked me if I would help him to establish an Information Office, which was being funded by the Diocese. I agreed to do this on a part-time basis and I remained there for seven years during which time I became their Media Officer.

I had become Melbourne Diocesan President of the Mothers' Union. During my four-year presidency, I was a member of the State Government International Year of the Child Advisory Committee. I became aware that Mothers' Union could get Commonwealth Government funding for the St Alban's After-school Program we wished to establish for children from the Hotham High-rise Flats. This program is still operating, running as both a "Before" and "After" School Program with the funding from the government and money received from Trusts, and raised by Mothers' Union.

This was a time when the then Archbishop – Archbishop Dann – seemed to think that I should be the "Diocesan Woman" on most ecumenical

Committees so I became the Anglican representative on the Melbourne Ecumenical Affairs Committee, the Anglican/Roman Catholic Mixed Marriage Commission and the Victorian Council of Churches. I was also elected as a Board member of the Mission of St James & St John. From my own parish, I was a Vestry member and later, a Churchwarden and a Synod representative. When Archbishop Penman became Archbishop of Melbourne, he asked me to work as his Personal Assistant, based at Bishops court in East Melbourne. It was a well-known fact that he never stopped working so I said that I would give him six months, in which time we would try to find a full-time replacement. I actually worked at Bishops court for some nine months. I then moved to Anglican Homes for Elderly People where I became their Public Relations Officer and remained in that position until I retired. They asked me to remain as a Consultant, working 20 hrs per week. I still spent one day a week at the office (written in 1995) as I am involved in writing the 50 yr old history of the Homes.

During my time with Archbishop Penman, I was Australian President of the Mothers' Union. There were some 15,000 members throughout Australia and it required some juggling to fit it all in. I was required not only to visit interstate, but as well to go to a meeting in England (the world headquarters of the Society). It was not an easy schedule. When I completed my term as Australian President, I joined the Editorial team who published *Mia Mia*, the Australian Mothers' Union magazine. I am at the moment, the only Life Vice-President of the Australian Mothers' Union. I now work voluntarily with the Archbishop of Melbourne's International Relief and Development Fund one day a week and I am responsible for the quarterly Newsletter as well as Media releases. In 1992 I completed my Certificate in Pastoral Care, which enables me to work as a Pastoral Worker. I visit the *Olive Miller Nursing Home*. I also belong to the Women of the University Fund that meets each Wednesday at *The Mews*. We work for under-privileged children. As well, I work at the local Ecumenical Opportunity shop in Caulfield where we distribute to charities over \$60,000 each year from articles sold in the shop.

In 1989 I was awarded an A.M. (Member of the Order of Australia) for services to women and children. It was a happy time when Gordon, Jenny, Howard, and Katie were able to accompany me to Government House.

On 27<sup>th</sup> November 1989 Gordon died in the Austin Hospital and so ended 44 years of happy married life. After Gordon's death I moved to a smaller home in Ashburton. My brother, Milton died in September 1983.



