

Mount Lawley Matters

Mount Lawley Society

Volume 34,4 December 2011.

WEBPAGE : www.mountlawleysociety.org.au

MLS PRESIDENT'S REPORT: Paul Hurst



Secretary/ Newsletter

Beth McKechnie Email;
bmckechnie@bigpond.com

CONTENTS

Pg.1: President's report.

Pg.2 :Spring in the City Garden Competition

Pg 3: Spring in the City Garden Competition. continued

Pg 4: Early memories by Gwen Wilberforce, Courtesy of the Bandy family

Pg.5: Gwen Wilberforce continued

Pg.6: Gwen Wilberforce continued.

Pg.7 :Early policing in Mt Lawley #11 by Peter Conole

Pg.8: Early policing in Mt Lawley #11

Pg.9:The Aspinall family and 535 William St by Barrie Baker

Pg.10: Porteus family/ Hobbs family continued

Pg 11:Porteus family/ Hobbs family continued

Pg 12:Renovations 18 Almondbury Rd episode 5 by Darryl Ryan

Pg.13: Renovations 18 Almondbury Rd #5 continued

Pg.14 : Renovations 18 Almondbury Rd #5 continued/New Members and Committee

The MLS would like to hear from members who would be interested in contributing to the newsletter.

Views expressed by members are not necessarily those of others or of the committee.

Dear Members,

I hope that this newsletter finds you well.

Spring was a busy time for the Society. We participated in the second Beaufort Street Festival on 12th November which was a massive event. According to local media, more than 80,000 people attended the event which is testament to the popularity of the iconic Beaufort Street strip. We are fortunate to have this amenity on our doorstep which really makes our community a great place to live. Thanks to all our wonderful volunteers who helped on our stall during the festival. Our profile was once again elevated and we received a number of membership applications and photo orders following the event. Thanks must go also to the Beaufort Street Network who provided us a tent and position at the festival free of charge.

The Society also held our inaugural "Spring in the City" garden competition which was judged on the last weekend of November. The competition aimed to recognise the contribution of beautiful front gardens to the amenity of our character streetscapes. Read the article in this newsletter to see who the winners were!

Our annual AGM sundowner at the Coode Street Café on Friday 9th December was a wonderful way to celebrate the achievements of 2011 with our supporters and members. Generous raffle prizes were donated by Councillor Rod Willox and local member Michael Sutherland MLA. A genuine plea for volunteers by Society Patron Barrie Baker produced a number of new nominations for the Committee in 2012 – a fantastic outcome. The Mount Lawley Society Committee for 2012 is published at the back of this newsletter.

The Committee is sad to have Jan Wilkie leaving the committee this year; Jan has been a valued member of the committee since 2007 and we thank her for all of her support and time over that time.

Welcome also to the new Council members; Joe Ferrante for the Lawley ward on the City of Stirling and David Lagan for the Inglewood ward .

On the City of Vincent we welcome John Carey.

Finally, I hope you all had a relaxing Christmas and New Year break. Thank you for your support over the past year and we hope to see you in 2012 at some of the functions that we have planned (hopefully including a dinner at La Vigna)

We hope you enjoy the newsletter!

Paul Hurst
President

Mount Lawley Society "Spring in the City" Garden Competition

In recognition of the contribution that front gardens make to the character suburbs of Mount Lawley, Menora and Inglewood, the Mount Lawley Society held the inaugural "Spring in the City" garden competition in November 2011.

A number of nominations were received through our website after a very short advertising campaign. A panel of judges compared the gardens on Sunday November 27 and were delighted by the quality of the gardens nominated.

Generous prizes donated by Yates, Mia Flora Garden Centre in Inglewood as well as cash prizes from the Mount Lawley Society allowed the judges to award front gardens in the following categories:

- The best judged front garden in Inglewood;
- The best judged front garden in Menora;
- The best judged front garden in Mount Lawley; and
- The overall best judged garden.

The best judged garden in Inglewood belonged to Felice Byatt at 106 Stuart Street. Felice is now a new member of the Society and she also received a Yates prize pack. Well done Felice!

The best judged garden in Menora was the Elmitt's at 4 McPherson Street which is a lovely sprawling cottage garden full of colour. Roger and Veronica are also members of the Society. Well done Roger and Veronica!

The grandeur of Christina Gustavson's garden at 22 Almondbury Road, was awarded the best judged garden in Mount Lawley. Christina's garden also was judged the best garden overall. The design and presentation of this stunning garden is in perfect balance with the beautiful dwelling and streetscape. This garden, along with many others in Almondbury Road make this street one of the jewels of Mount Lawley. Well done Christina!



Behind the gates at 22 Almondbury Road – one of the finest gardens!

Christina with her prizes at the Sundowner/AGM



The judges were so impressed by the calibre of the gardens nominated, (we received more than half of our nominations from first estate on the east side of Beaufort bound by Walcott, Beaufort, Railway and First Avenue), that two additional gardens were highly commended. Mark Morskate's beautifully designed and manicured garden at 16 Alvan Street and Debra-Kaye Mitsikas wonderfully layered masterpiece at 14 Clive Road are definitely worth a look. Well done Mark and Debra-Kaye!



Mark Morskate's manicured masterpiece at 16 Alvan Street

The "Spring in the City" garden competition was coordinated by the Mount Lawley Society Committee and Society member, journalist and garden consultant, Deryn Thorpe. Deryn is a long-time resident of Mount Lawley, keen gardener and 2011 Print Journalism award winner for the Australian Horticultural Media Association. The competition is a great way to raise the profile of the Society in our community and we would like to hold the event again in 2012. If you would like to assist with the running of the event (in particular PR!) please email us through the website.



Paul and Deryn (from the Voice)

GWEN WILBERFORCE - nee *Bandy*, *Gwendoline Constance*

b20 JUL 1913 Perth .Oral history taken in 1999, courtesy of Peter Bandy, son of Lawrence Henry Bandy.

My early recollections of childhood at 77 Raglan Road, North Perth would be, I suppose, when I was very, very young - aged about 3. I went to Sunday School every Sunday morning. That's the one thing I can remember because my older brother (**Laurence Henry Bandy** 3 SEP 1911 -21 JUL 1984) took me there and it was only 2 houses away from where we lived. It was the North Perth Congregational Church on the corner of William Street and Raglan Road. I was enrolled there as a baby in the Cradle Roll Certificates so called when we were christened in that church. We lived in Raglan Road until I was 7. When I started school at 5 I went to Highgate Infants School which was down in Bulwer Street, North Perth. It was a very popular Infants School - very highly regarded in the Education Department. I went every morning with my brother and we'd go down William Street, past Hyde Park, which had a railing around it, and we'd always take time to have a little swing on the railings on the way to school. I spent all my Primary School years at the Highgate School. My other memories of Raglan Road were - I had a friend next door whose name was Brenda Jury - she was the same age as me - and friends opposite - Angela Johnson - she and her sister - can't remember her name. We used to play the normal children's games of hopscotch on the footpath and drawing and painting things after school. When we were very small children, we played with our dolls and prams etc and just went on different outings

with our parents down to our grandparents in 54 Cowle Street, North Perth. That I can remember very vividly because Grandpa Bandy (**George Bandy** born 24 OCT 1851 , died 1924) was a fantastic man with children. He loved them and loved showing and teaching them things, and with his wonderful, extensive garden, there was so much to do and see. He'd leave Mum and Dad (**Robert Henry Bandy** born 10 DEC 1879 died: 13 JAN 1971) in with Grandma (**Constance Brunetta Elsegood** born 20 MAY 1887 , died 15 JUN 1975 Perth) and he'd always take us into the garden right down to the bottom of his garden where there was a little creek running through with a little bridge over it which was very fascinating to us kids. And I can remember my cousin Betty (Aunty Maudey's daughter, Betty Francis) (**Maude Helena Bandy** . 22 SEPT 1878 d. 15 JUN 1958) married **Howard Francis** 1875 -1968) who used to come when Aunty Maudey visited. Grandpa, would take us down to the bottom garden - he had rose gardens down there. He even named a rose bush after the two of us - one was Betty and one was Gwenny. He used to always call me Gwenny. So we had very, very happy days at Cowle Street right from the time we were very young and even when we moved from Raglan Road to Glenroyd Street (I was 7).

I still went to Highgate School and for the rest of my Primary School days; I went from the small school down on Bulwer Street up to the big school as we called it then. This was in the next street along - I can't remember the name.



*Grandma Bandy Elizabeth
(nee Holder) 1934 or 35*

And we used to visit Cowle Street often for every occasion - birthdays, Christmas, and we had some very wonderful, happy days there, because Grandma Bandy (**Elizabeth "Betty" Holder** 1856-1935) was the loveliest, sweetest woman that anybody could

ever wish to have as a grandmother. She was really gorgeous. They were the days of Cowle Street. When we moved into 17 Glenroyd Street, we'd walk down to Cowle Street as we had no transport - Dad never had a car - and we just walked down William Street across through Hyde Park - sort of diagonally - which would bring us out to Bulwer Street and we'd just go down around the corner to Cowle Street which was quite easy. Walking in those days was no hardship really - we were used to it and that's what we did.

Raglan Road had a nice big back veranda along the back of it where we used to play quite a lot and I remember distinctly a sort of built-in table thing on one end of it where we used to sit and do drawing and writing etc and play any game that was available. We didn't have many board games in those days. The toilet was outside the back veranda. It was quite a large house, but I can't really remember the inside of it - isn't it strange? I should at the age of 7, but I can just remember the front and back verandas. We had a bath and I don't think we had a shower. We had a chip heater and we'd put bits of wood and paper in to heat up the water for the bath. It was a very nice home. We each had a bedroom to ourselves - the three of us. My parents moved into Raglan Road when they got married in 1908. We were all born at home. Mum had a stillborn child at first - a daughter, then Lawrence, me, and Bill. (**Colin George Bandy "Bill"** b18 NOV 1916 d1 OCT 1985), I don't remember Bill's birth. Strangely enough Bob's mother (*Bob is Gwen's husband Robert James Wilberforce b 1910 - 10th October 1987. His mother [known as Nanna Wilb] was Alice May Barr born 1886) and my mother both lost their first child.*



*Colin George "Bill" in his 2nd
World War army uniform*



1912 /1913 Robert and Connie Bandy with their first born - Laurence Henry Bandy.

We moved to 17 Glenroyd Street, which father built for the princely sum of about 800 pounds on a very large block of land and it was a very nice home. Built by a cousin of my mother's - one of the Goldings? We each had our own bedroom and all the facilities were very good - nice bathroom. Mum and Dad's bedroom was the front one, mine was the next, Lawrence's was next and I presume he and Bill shared that big bedroom off the dining room. Eventually, Dad had all the back veranda enclosed and made an extra little room on the end of that veranda and that was Bill's room. When Lawrence moved away, Bill went into the inside bedroom because mother always had live-in help. A girl who lived permanently in the house - a maid you'd call her - we didn't call her a maid, she was just Elizabeth or Jane or whatever her name was. We had several girls at various stages and they used to do most of the work for Mum because she had a lot of outings with Dad in his various positions with Freemasonry, cricket, work and social functions going on. Mum was fortunate enough to have help in the home. If they ever went away we just stayed with the girl in the house and she cooked and looked after us.

I still went to Highgate School and then Perth Girls' School in James Street for two years - and then I went to Perth Girls' Annex down in St George's Terrace which was originally Perth Boys I think. My father taught there in his younger days. And then they moved up to the James Street one which was Perth Girls and Perth Boys with just a connecting fence in between. I went

down there for 12 months because we had to sit for the Junior Exam in our 3rd year of High School. I took a Commercial Junior because I wasn't clever enough to get a Scholarship and go to Modern School or anything like that. But I did fairly well at school and passed my Junior quite well, and a couple of months after that I went to Business College for about 3 months and got a position in a lawyer's office in St George's Terrace where I worked for 10 years and left there to get married. It was the only job I had in my working career - a bit boring? I ended up as secretary to the main partner of the firm, Balpry and Godfrey at 66 St George's Terrace. Old Mr Balpry was the senior partner. It was in the Commercial Union Insurance building. I'd go to work by tram every morning in those days. I'd walk up to the corner of William and Walcott Streets. We were into the city in less than 10 minutes - down Beaufort Street, Barrack and to the river. Then it would turn and come back up again. It was before buses. The tram cost 2d to get into the city.

Perth was always a lovely city. We always enjoyed going into it because Aunty Maddie (**Madeline Maria Auror Hartland** born 17 SEP 1899 died 1996 - Connie [Grandma] Elsegood/Bandy's step sister) worked in Economic Stores and every time we went to town we'd go in and visit her. We'd go to the pictures - not often in the city - we'd go on a Friday night to the Astor - 6d it cost. The movies was our big outing, but I always had to go with my big brother - I wasn't allowed to go by myself until I was old enough to go with girl friends. There were several city cinemas and we'd go often with our parents. The Grand Theatre in Murray Street was the first one I recollect. Then they built the magnificent Ambassadors in Hay Street which we thought was out of this world. There was also the one in William Street - Hoyts - just down from Wesley Church. We'd shop in the city and do a lot of window-shopping and wander around. There was Economic, Bona's, Moores in Hay Street, Foy & Gibsons, Bon Marche, a very elegant store in Hay Street - the other side of Barrack Street. There were a few arcades - Zimpels was one of the first - the City Arcade which went from Hay Street down to Murray Street. Bairds Store which was on the corner of Murray and William Streets had a slogan: **"IF YOU COULDN'T BUY IT AT ANY OTHER STORE, YOU COULD ALWAYS GET IT AT BAIRDS"** They were almost like a country store which stocked EVERYTHING. We knew the Baird family - Hughie Baird played cricket with all the boys we knew. It was a really wonderful family store. Aherns was then built and it's still owned and run by the Ahern family.



Robert and Connie Bandy. The house at 17 Glenroyd St is behind them.

We would often go down to Cowle Street for Sunday dinner - very often. Aunty Rene (**Irene Mignotte Bandy** b. 2 APRIL 1896 d. 7 APRIL 1984) was always there because she wasn't married. Aunty Maudey was married after the 1st World War. She was almost 40 when she was married - well up into her 30's. I think she was 40 when she had her daughter Betty who was an only child. She was there because she was a music teacher. She had her own room at the top with a lovely piano in it. That's where she used to teach all her pupils. The great big kitchen we more or less lived in because it was a huge kitchen right across the back of the house, and Grandma always had the kettle on the stove and her teapot was always there with a pot of tea in it. She was a fantastic cook. We would have our meals in the big dining room which went off the kitchen. Then we'd just go outside and play and go around with Grandpa or go under the trees and see the pigeons in the pigeon loft. He'd tell us all the things he was doing in the garden. He was a marvellous man and wonderful with the children. We didn't spend much time in the house at all. We were mostly outdoors with him.

Physically, my grandmother was a very petite little lady - always very nicely dressed. She always had her apron on in the kitchen. It was a white, starched apron - I can see that vividly now. She was a lovely, gracious little lady; a very good Christian lady who went to church every Sunday morning up to St Hilda's Church in North Perth. She was always so lovely to us and gave us little treats like sweets and biscuits. My grandfather was not a tall man but quite well built. Always had his moustache and beard of course - auburnish hair. Always very well groomed even when he was working he was always clean and tidy and neat - never scruffy or anything like that. He was always so wonderful to us all. I can't remember him ever smoking. He may have had a pipe but I can't remember. Dad was always smoking from when he was 14 or something. He smoked everything - pipes, cigarettes, cigars - you name it.

All the children were born at Cowle Street as far as I know. In those days, women had their children at home. They didn't go to hospitals.

Maude was a lovely lady. She was more Grandpa's build - plumpish. None of them were very tall, but she was always bright and happy. She was always a very happy lady. She always gathered us around her and told us stories and played the piano for us. We always had to be out of the house when her pupils came. We were never allowed anywhere near the music room when her pupils came for their lessons. She left when she married. Colonel Francis (**Frederick Howard Francis** b. 17 JUL 1872 d. 22 JUN 1958) (he was a Colonel in the 1st War) was a South Australian and he lived in a part of S.A. which I think was called Cockatoo Valley. But his vineyards were in Lynwood. I think they're still there. Maudey went to S.A. and had her daughter there I think. But then she used to come over quite often and stay with Grandma and Grandpa and I can remember being with Betty her daughter quite often. Grandpa would take us both into the garden. I was a little bit older than her and I still correspond with her at Christmas time. She lives at Woodside in South Australia



*Henrietta Elsegood later remarried William Frederick Crawford Hartland (**Grandma Hartland**) middle front with daughter Maddie Hartland on the right, Brunetta Constance Elsegood (Connie) on the left, Leslie Alfred Hunt Elsegood (Les), Harold Charles (Goo) and Reginald Roy (Roy) left to right behind.*

and has two children; a son who is a school teacher, and a daughter who has had a health problem, has never married and has had a bit of a battle in life. Her name is Glenda I think. She still lives with her Mum and Dad. The father is an invalid and is getting on in years. Betty says she has had a very bad time in the last 12 months with him. He was a school-teacher called Alf Bruce, so she is now Betty Bruce. She seems to keep very active and is a great-grandmother. Her son has had grandchildren.

Then Aunty Maudey and Uncle Howard came over from S.A. and lived in Mandurah for some time. I used to drive Aunty Rene and Mum down to see them. Then Uncle Howard became very ill and they went back to S.A. where he eventually died. I expect they went back to live with their daughter. This must have been in the 1950's. She died in 1961 in S.A. where

she had remained after Uncle Howard died. She didn't teach much music if at all after she married. She had Betty rather late in life and just concentrated on bringing her up.

to be continued next newsletter.....

Crossing the line: early policing around Mt Lawley #11

By Peter Conole, Police Historian

In terms of law enforcement and preservation of the public peace, the former Maylands Police Station had a more limited impact on the people of Mount Lawley than, say, the North Perth station. The reasons are obvious and basically geographic, but at two levels policing activities in the Maylands area are of real interest in a Mount Lawley context. Firstly, the station and its officers operated in a rapidly expanding metropolis that required constant pooling and adjustment of resources. Secondly, the huge Maylands Police Complex that emerged in the 1960s became, as will be seen, a vital hub for a range of matters important to the entire population of the State. Therefore the nature of Maylands policing tends to be a bit complicated.

To begin with, the Maylands station and quarters that opened in Guildford-Bayswater Road, Maylands in August 1908 was one of six new foundations for the year. Commissioner Frederick Hare (Photograph 1) had moved his headquarters and a large slice of resources north of the line to Beaufort Street in 1905. His energy and lobbying ability had made possible a period of expansion. He arranged purchase of the Maylands lot and Constable William Ullman and his family moved into rented premises in 1906 until building operations were completed. Officer Ullman, a former farmer from South Australia, remained on duty at Maylands until his resignation in 1915 – a long stint at one place, but not uncommon in that era.

Few records of policing life at the station have survived. We know that work loads for the local officers increased in the usual way as population rose. A second constable was allotted to the place in 1916. There were only 800 residents in Maylands in the early 1900s and fewer still in Bayswater, which the station was also expected to cover. When the Great Depression started in 1929 there were thousands of residents. Newspaper reports of that year noted an outbreak of larrikinism and some public alcohol misuse in those areas, issues which required police attention. In addition, assorted patrol work had to be carried out in Mount Lawley as well. Some of that involved horse patrols, which were not completely phased out in the suburbs until 1952.

Inglewood station opened and became the 'capital' of a police sub-district in December 1940, enabling Maylands staff to report direct to there instead of more distant North Perth or Roe Street. An additional bonus came later in the 1970s and 1980s, when the Morley police district or division (one which changed names once or twice) made possible combined operations, joint patrols and other task sharing between the officers of five stations – including Maylands. The others were North Perth, Inglewood, Bayswater and Morley itself.

Some remarkable things had been happening in a large slice of the suburb since the 1960s, as shown by the attached aerial image of various police facilities in existence by the year 1985 (Photograph 2). In 1964 Commissioner James O'Brien put in a successful bid to take over land previously occupied by the Maylands Aerodrome. Transfer of branches, some facilities and associated building activities followed. The Police Transport Section and a new Driver Training School were placed there in 1965.



Commissioner Frederick Hare 1903



Maylands Police Complex 1985

Commissioner Richard Napier decided to establish a revitalised and well-equipped police school on the site and building operations began soon afterwards. Premier Sir David Brand and the commissioner officiated at the opening of the Maylands Police Academy on August 29, 1969. The Academy included administrative offices, lecture rooms, a gymnasium, assorted specialised training facilities, a library and parade grounds. The place became a major centre for police ceremonial events and public displays, such as recruit graduation ceremonies, which were presided over by senior officers and invariably involved the still popular Police Pipe Band (Photograph 3).



Commissioner Porter reviewing a parade of police graduates

Additional buildings were added to the Academy in 1984, whilst over the years there was a gradual rise in the number of specialised police units based at Maylands. For example, the Canine Section (Dog Squad) made its appearance in August 1993.

The Police Mounted Section had already arrived. One had been established for the metropolitan area in the 1870s and it operated out of the Roe Street stables from 1902 until space and resource issues necessitated a couple of moves. Stables and supporting facilities were built at Maylands and opened amid considerable pageantry on November 19, 1976. Regardless of the impact of motor vehicle usage, police and horses still had their uses as working partners, for example in some awkward search work, crowd control and guard duty. The section was also important for ceremonies and displays, some of them being focussed on visiting dignitaries, even royalty. (Photograph 4).

At a more mundane and suburban level, the officers based at Maylands station soldiered on until quite recently. There are records of sporadic repair and maintenance work, then of major changes in 1992 of the kind that impacted on all police facilities which had begun as combined stations and living quarters. In that year residential sections were converted into office space and an interview room, while the holding cell was also removed and new steel stairs were added.

The opening of a modernised and larger station at Bayswater in 1999 hastened the end. From about that time the Maylands station operated at reduced hours and was manned by only one officer. Then the station closed in 2005, to be briefly utilised by a specialised police unit. The Maylands Police Academy had already come to the end of its useful existence. As part of the 'tidal drift' to the northern suburbs, an innovative and exceptionally well-equipped new Academy opened at Joondalup in 2002.



Princess Anne at Police Stables 1970s

THE ASPINALL FAMILY AND 536 WILLIAM STREET by Barrie Baker

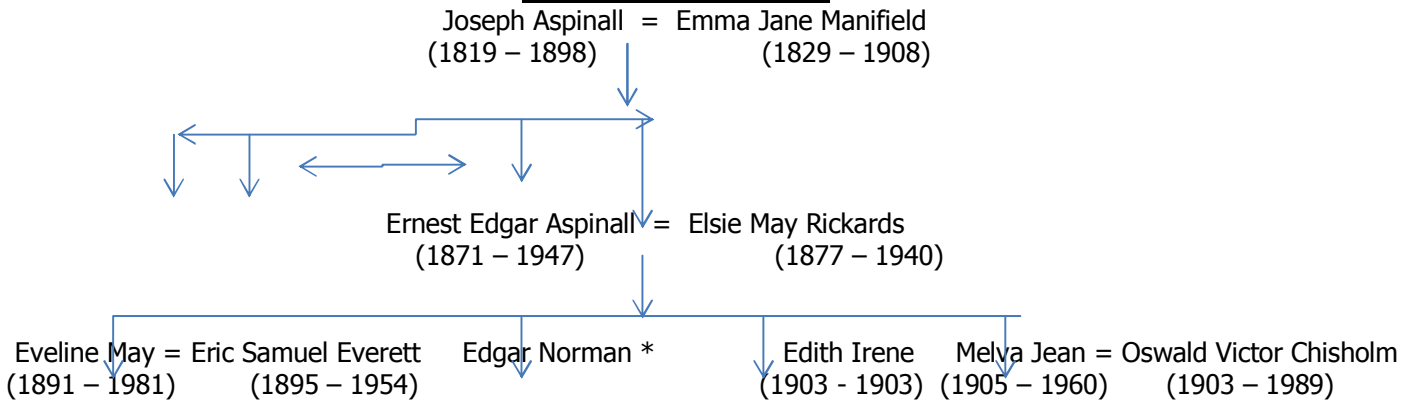


'Koonong', 536 William Street (2 Clifton Street) in its original state

History of the house:

1913 -1941:Ernest E Aspinall **1942 –1944:**John F Snow **1945 –1949+:** Leonard S Kelly **C 1960 -2012:** A Carras

THE ASPINALL FAMILY



* The dates for Edgar Norman are unknown but he died in his infancy

Joseph Aspinall: was born in Hull: was married in 1840: went to Victoria in 1948 on the sailing ship Whitby: buried, with his wife, in the Box Hill Cemetery.

Elsie May Aspinall: was living in Warragul, Victoria before coming to Perth in 1898 to marry Ernest Aspinall in Wesley Church, Perth on May 18, 1898. She was crippled by arthritis in later years, and greatly assisted by next door neighbour, Ethel Steffanoni ('Aunty Steff').

Ernest (Ted) Edgar Aspinall: was born in Nunawading near Box Hill on December 20, 1871: he was one of the first students at Camberwell Grammar School.



Ernest Aspinall as a boy



Eveline (rear), Melva(front left), Elsie, Ernest. Photo taken at 'Koonong', 1926

Following the request for information on the **Porteus** family , MLS discovered the Porteus/Hobbs family tree which helped to make sense of many of the photos that were donated to the Society.

We are continuing to publish a little on this extended family using some of the photos and documents we have been given and hope that a relative will wish to have this collection of family photos. **HOBBS family Continued**

Albert Hobbs married Maggie and they had 5 children Ivor, Rex, Lily ,Mary and Bert and they lived in Merredin



Ivor Hobbs aged 18 months

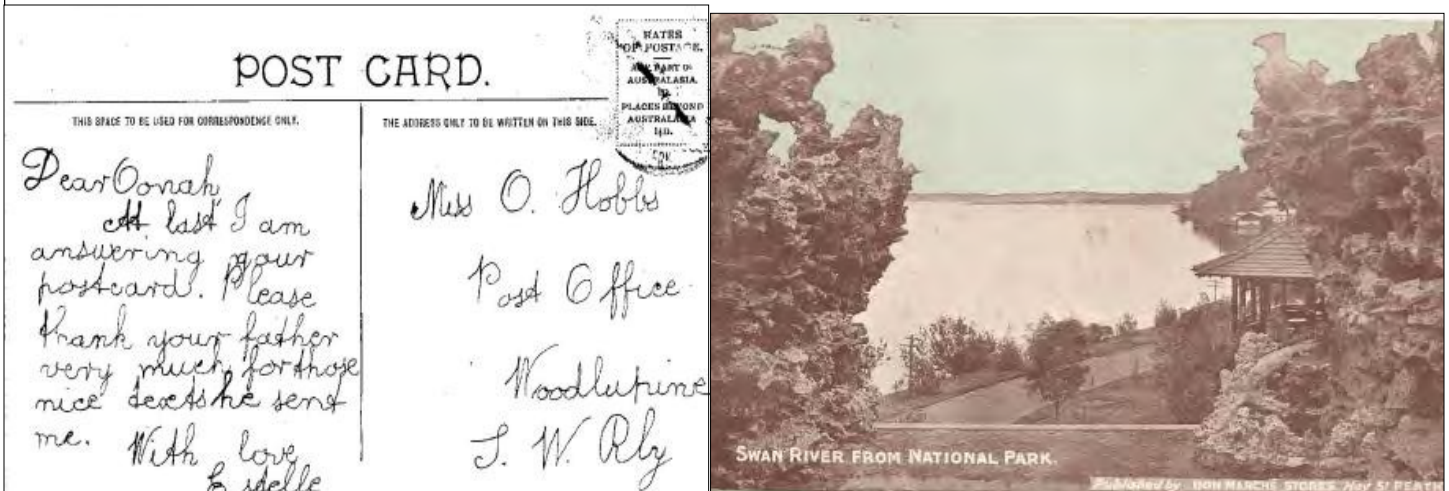


Ivor Rex Lily Hobbs



Mary Hobbs

Oonah married Leslie Armstrong. They had 2 children John Henry Thomas (Jack) and Basil .



POST CARD.

THIS SPACE TO BE USED FOR CORRESPONDENCE ONLY.

Dear Oonah
At last I am
answering your
postcard. Please
thank your father
very much for those
nice decks he sent
me. With love
E. Stelle

THE ADDRESS ONLY TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE.

Miss O. Hobbs
Post Office
Woodlupine
J. W. Rly

SWAN RIVER FROM NATIONAL PARK.

Published by: DON MARCHE STORES, 107 S. PEARSON

The MLS has many personal postcards such as this, as well as letters and other photos belonging to this family.

Next issue of the MLM we will show photos and documents belonging to the Porteus side of the family.

Duchess Meets Perth Digger



The Duchess of Devonshire chats at Gowrie House, Eastbourne (England), with George Dunn, of Perth, W.A., who was a prisoner of war in German hands for 4 years.

Nankivell Bowls Hobbs Forreest House

Now Ivor Hobbs is no cricketer; but he had established a strong partnership with a damsel named Flo Mansfield, and was all set for a long innings when bowler (better known as private detective) Arthur Nankivell took up the bowling from the St. George's-terrace end.

Nankivell had been warned by Mrs. Kathleen Hobbs, Ivor's wife, that hubby would be hard to catch out. So Nankivell decided to throw himself straight into the attack.

He went to Forreest House, where he'd heard that Hobbs was (or wasn't) playing the game.

Now, there are a lot of rooms in Forreest House. But Nankivell knew the Hobbs' reputation. Every time he'd ever read anything about the famous Jack Hobbs, he found the cricketer's name figuring among the centuries.

So, as he wandered around the passages at Forreest House, he walked past the closed doors with small numbers on them until he reached the 100's. "This is where we'll find Hobbsy," he murmured.

And sure enough, in room No. 121, Hobbs and his partner Flo Mansfield had just got set for a long innings.

And in a matter of seconds Hobbs was out. Nankivell had sent his middle stump flying. And great was the jubilation in Mrs. Kathleen Hobbs' camp.

After all, for 3 years Mrs. Hobbs had had a grievance. She reckoned that, when she married Ivor in Merredin in 1934, he promised that, every time he went to the crease, she would be his partner.

Yet, after a few years, Ivor Hobbs began to play with other fair cricketers; until finally he left his wife out of the team altogether.

So she made her own plans, called in a deadly bowler in the form of Nankivell, and bowled her hubby out.

At least, she called out "How's that?" and the judicial umpire, Mr. Justice Wolff, decided that Ivor Hobbs had been fairly bowled out at 121.

Now Mrs. Kathleen Hobbs can look for a new partner. She is back where she was before she teamed up with Ivor in 1934.

Hobbs Had A Brand-New Partner

Kathleen and Ivor Hobbs shook the confetti out of their hair in April, 1934. Then, for 8 years, they knew all the joys of a happy married life.

Then Mrs. Hobbs made a fatal error. She came from Merredin to Perth to stay with her sister for a while; and, during her absence she arranged for a girl named Dorothy Henderson to look after her husband.

Ivor Hobbs owned a picture show at Merredin, and soon Dorothy Henderson went to work for him. It wasn't long after that, Mrs. Hobbs told the divorce court judge, that her husband became so cool towards her that he shifted his bed from the bedroom on to the verandah.

Next step was when Ivor Hobbs frankly asked his wife to divorce him, offering her, in turn, a cash settlement. She refused—partly because she had heard whispers that Hobbs and Dorothy Henderson were living together.

So, early one morning last February, Mrs. Hobbs and private detective Nankivell raided a house expecting to surprise the loving couple. Instead, according to evidence given to Mr. Justice Wolff, out walked Ivor Hobbs and Dorothy Henderson fully dressed.

They admitted, it was alleged, that they'd been living together. However, Mrs. Hobbs and Nankivell didn't make use of that evidence; and it was only after a mysterious voice told lawyer Hale that Hobbs and a woman were in Forreest House that Mrs. Hobbs finally caught her faithless spouse.

Said lawyer Hale, addressing the bench: "Your Honor may come to the conclusion that, because of that message I received, this evidence was placed in Forreest House for us to get. Possibly whoever gave me the information hoped that, by doing so, Dorothy Henderson's name would be kept out of court."

Be that as it may, there is this fact. When Mrs. Hobbs and Nankivell DID catch Hobbs with a woman in Forreest House, that woman was NOT Dorothy Henderson. It was Flo Mansfield.

A Mysterious Message

Mystery surrounded, and still surrounds, the closing scenes in the Kathleen and Ivor Hobbs marriage.

Somebody sent a mysterious message to lawyer Hale telling him that he could get all the divorce evidence he wanted against Hobbs in Forreest House.

Who was that mysterious messenger? The court wasn't told . . . because nobody knows.

Secondly, after most of the evidence of alleged misconduct had been levelled against a woman named Dorothy Henderson, there was a twist to the denouement when a woman named Flo Mansfield was cited as the real co-re.



"Hobbs is out! Hobbs is out! Hobbs has been bowled out!"

Gosh, what a thrill those cries bring back. Memories of the pre-war Test cricket days when Australia waited breathlessly once the Englishmen had opened their innings for the cry—"Hobbs is out!"

Hobbs out! That certainly was sweet music in Australia's ears; because we knew what a stickler Hobbs was once he got set. Any partnership he figured in was sensational.

And now, with those days just a memory, Hobbs is out again! He has been clean bowled by a googly bowler named Nankivell.

But don't get us wrong; it's not the famous Englishman Jack Hobbs we're referring to now; but the man from Merredin, Ivor Hobbs.

RENOVATIONS 18 ALMONDBURY RD by Darryl Ryan

Episode 5 – Hacking Down the Undergrowth

It had taken Ali and I the entire morning to clear the vegetation and rubbish from the outside of our boundary fence and whilst we both felt much revived due to the continental rolls and chilled lemonade, there was still the inside of the block to be cleared.

By about 2.30pm, the heat seemed unbearable – it must have been close to 40 degrees in the shade and goodness knows what in the full sun. The prospects of elevating myself from a horizontal to a vertical position from the rickety verandah seemed insurmountable. As I lay there contemplating the effort it might take to sit up, it occurred to me that trying to remove years of grass and undergrowth with a pair of hand shears was more than likely going to be very hard work and take me a long time. This leads me to my next Golden Rule of Renovating.

RULE NUMBER THREE: You find out who your TRUE friends are when you actually start renovating an old house.

There are many people of whom no doubt you will be acquainted, who are perfectly good to have a pleasant dinner with or will be happy to accompany you to see a movie. In theory, these people may find your plans to renovate quaint or novel or even romantic. They might, in a completely un-esoteric way, enjoy listening, with glazed over eyes, to your description of the incredible transformation – much in the same way a doting parent might listen to a child who professes that they want to be a princess or fairy when they grow up. For these people, it is the promise of the finished product, the reveal, which is mildly entertaining. What they are definitely not interested in is precisely how you intend to achieve this goal – particularly if it remotely involves their participation.

There is another group of people you may know who are intimate and initiated in the cult of renovation. These people have either renovated an old house themselves, or, worse still, are also in the midst of renovating. Whether it be the former or the latter, there is no way, knowing what they know, that they can be tricked or cajoled into possibly assisting you with your dream reno.

When you start renovating, you will be amazed how many of your “friends” suddenly have Saturday appointments to have their prostates checked, ingrown toe-nails removed, in-laws to visit or a children’s ballet concerts to attend. If they are not previously engaged in this manner, then remarkably they will be stricken with some illness or ailment which prevents them from performing any manual labour. Shocking flu’, torn ligaments, ruptured disc, hernia, tendonitis, gastro, sunburn, are all legitimate excuses for absenting oneself from a renovation site.

Heed these words well – when you chose the path of renovation, it is a long and lonely road.

As I closed my eyes and tried to avoid the inevitable act of moving from the jarrah floorboards, a familiar voice rang from the direction of the gate.

“Hello in there!”

It was my old mate Wayne and his wife, Sandra.

“Darryl, you bugger, you’re not snoozing on the job, are you?”

I immediately sprang to my feet.

“No Wayne, I was just inspecting these floorboards – looks like we are going to have to replace them.”

Wayne cracked a cheesy grin from beneath his moustache, exposing two rows of gleaming pearly white teeth.

“Mate, I thought you might need this”

Wayne raised in the air, much like a highland warrior raising his battle axe, an object that had been hither to obscured by the long grass. It was, of all things, a whipper-snipper.

“Wayne – that is absolutely fantastic.”

In that moment, the Herculean task that lay ahead now seemed do-able, achievable, dare I say, easy.

RULE NUMBER FOUR: Power tools are good - especially when they are running properly.



As Ali and Sandra discussed the events of the morning, Wayne and I got down to secret men's business: the black art of bringing an inanimate object to life. Every man knows that anything attached to a petrol engine requires the proper ritual to be performed before the work can begin.

"There's only one thing", Wayne said, the smile fading slightly from his face, "She's a bit temperamental."

I naturally assumed he was not talking about Sandra. In fact, having owned a very old Rover lawnmower, I knew exactly what he meant.

"She can be a bit tricky to start," Wayne turned and whispered under his breath, in an effort to avoid saying it directly at the whipper-snipper's rotor.

As Wayne was the owner of the snippery beast, it was only right that he should perform the ritual required to summons its power.

"Now mate, you have to flick this switch and then press that black thing 3 times – any more than that and she'll be flooded." I nodded in solemn acknowledgement of the wisdom of his words.

"But before that, we'd better check that we've got enough line." As if manipulating the mandible of an exotic reptile, Wayne removed the reel from the head of the whipper-snipper to inspect the line. Curled like a lime green snake, the line snugly encased the reel, ready to reek havoc on the undisturbed and unsuspecting grass which lay before it.

Having satisfied ourselves that there was indeed ample line, Wayne reassembled the reel and gingerly placed the whipper-snipper at his feet. Then, adopting a pose like a sprinter on the starting blocks, he bent forward, placing one hand on the snipper's shaft and the other on its pull rope handle.

With the concentration of a gymnast about to attempt a difficult routine, Wayne crouched poised for 4 or 5 seconds, in preparing for the first pull.

I say the first pull, because we both fully understood and expected that the beast would not start first time. That only happens in the movies.

What I can honestly say I did not expect, was that Wayne would still be going 25 pulls later. I must say, I did admire his tenacity, however, it was clear that the snipper was not answering the call of its master.

"It's the spark plug," croaked Wayne, parched from the extreme effort in the burning sun. Producing a spanner from a nearby bag, Wayne began to wind out the small spark plug that lay in the heart of the tiny two-stroke engine. With the deftness of a dentist, he extracted the little plug, holding it between his thumb and index finger for us to inspect. Sure enough, it was coated with a black, sooty residue. Without further ceremony, Wayne wiped it on his shirt and restored it to the place from whence it came.

With renewed gusto, Wayne again positioned himself to start the snipper. In spite of Wayne's spark surgery, the whipper-snipper refused to work. Wayne pulled and pulled and pulled again, but the beast could not be coaxed into life. The sun burned relentlessly overhead.

"Hey Wayne – let me try" I said gently, as I could see he was faltering under the strain and heat.

"Naah mate, I've almost got it." Wayne was defiant. After 15 or so more pulls, however, his shirt was saturated with sweat and even Ali and Sandra had become concerned. "Give Darryl a go, Wayne – I bet he'll get it going" cooed Sandra. As much as it pained Wayne to do so, he stepped aside and let me take his place.

"Now mate – just go easy and watch out for the line if she does kick in." Wayne may have been broken, but he still knew the ways of the beast.

I lent forward and got a grip on the obstinate machine. Setting myself, I took a long breath and clenched my fingers around the handle of the pull-rope. Using all my effort, I pulled my right arm back as powerfully as I could, but instead of the sort of resistance one might normally expect, I almost jerked my arm out of my shoulder socket.

"Oooh!" winced Wayne "No compression." For those of you who may be mechanically illiterate, what had happened was the piston in the little motor of the snipper's steel body, was not in the proper position to create the resistance required to start the motor – resulting in the same sort of sensation as someone swinging a bat really hard, expecting to hit a ball, but missing it.

While I gingerly rubbed my arm, Wayne, Ali and Sandra waited to see what the next pull would bring. I had to redeem myself. I gripped the beast again, this time, putting a slight tension on the pull-cord to make sure I had compression. Anchoring my feet firmly on the ground and bending my legs like springs, I pulled the cord as fast and as hard as I could. Miraculously the snipper spluttered and coughed, belching black two-stroke smoke into the air.



"I knew I almost had her going!" declared Wayne triumphantly, as the whipper-snipper whirred with a high pitch buzz.

As it was Wayne's machine, it was only fair that he should have first go at the grass. To say that Wayne attacked the undergrowth would be an understatement. He relentlessly demolished it. Under his sweeping blows, blades and stems fell to the ground like the dead – although they were in fact already dead from lack of water, but never-the-less, fall they did. Bits of rubble, pipe and other detritus appeared, naked without their cover of weeds. Like a man possessed, Wayne continued down the yard, leveling each and everything thing that appeared before him. A couple of hours later he had finished and Ali, Sandra and I had raked up the resulting hay.

For the first time in many years, the block was clear. We had even found the underground power dome. As the sun began to set, we sat on the old verandah with the



esky and our friends. "Mate," Wayne said as he raised his glass," She's a good." And she whoever she was, was very good

WELCOME TO OUR NEW MEMBERS

Robin and Royce Furlong
 Paul and Yoshiko Collins
 Joan Crabtree
 Veronica Weber
 Kieran Looby
 Paul Nugent
 Erik and Denise Palmbachs
 Gillian Holly

Mount Lawley Golf Club
 June Ure
 Milan Chetkovich
 Maria D'Aurizio
 Roger and Veronica Elmitt
 Debra-Kaye Mitsikas
 Christina Gustavson
 Mark Morskate
 Felice Byatt

MLS Committee 2012

- Paul Hurst : President**
- Beth McKechnie : Secretary**
- John Wreford ; Treasurer**
- Ian Merker**
- Barrie Baker : Historian/ reports on City of Stirling/ Town of Vincent matters**
- John Baas :Represents Ratepayers Assoc**
- Andy Ross**
- Roger Elmitt**
- Christina Gustavson**
- Bruce Wooldridge**

Committee meetings are held 1st Monday of the month at the Mount Lawley Bowling Club at 8.00pm. All members are welcome to attend.