

20th Century Pioneers

by
Mrs Nora Moore (nee Jarvis)
Baldivis
Western Australia



Dorothy Jarvis with Nora, Joan and Raymond



Family Home in Earls Hall Road, Eltham

A personal account by Mrs Nora Moore of her family's migration in 1923 from London to the Peel Estate in Western Australia as part of the Group Settlement scheme.

It tells of the hardship and happiness experienced by Thomas and Dorothy Jarvis and their children Ray, Joan and Nora in re-establishing the family in a unfamiliar environment during the depression and war years.



*Family outside new home
at Group 68 Baldivis*

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by Mrs Nora Moore (nee Jarvis), Balddivis, Western Australia

London 1922.

A London in a post-war depression of the 'War to end Wars' with massive unemployment and increasing poverty.

Our family, my parents, brother and sister, struggling in that same depression to retain some semblance of our former living standard — and fighting a losing battle.

With the return of the soldiers from the World War, vast numbers, including dad, of former munition workers at the arsenal. In Woolwich, had been stood down to provide jobs for these returning soldiers.



Tom Jarvis "The Entertainer"

Luckily for us my father was a professional conjurer of some standing and was able to keep the wolf from the door by means of quite lucrative engagements at parties, at homes etc.. However, as the depression worsened even this means of livelihood came to an end with fewer engagements.

It was at this time that the papers were calling for families to populate Australia, and in particular W.A., under a farm scheme organised by the late Sir James Mitchell.

In the suburb of Eltham, where we lived, a committee was formed - The Eltham Migration Committee - and all those interested were invited to attend. Our neighbour, and closest friend, being the president, persuaded dad to go along.

It was at this time that, with the onset of winter, my brother Ray suffered a very severe attack of asthma. Our doctor, Dr. Milton, warned my mother, "Mrs

Jarvis if you don't take your son to a warmer climate you could easily lose him." For two nights he attended my brother, two nights of deep anxiety for us all. This finally, was the decisive factor which contributed to our decision to migrate to Australia.

Our friend meanwhile left for Australia and sent us glowing accounts of the climate and although he admitted the conditions were hard, he still could visualise a good future in our 'Promised Land'.

I can well remember bringing in the letters on a cold Spring morning and hearing my mother excited call, "Come here, all of you, I have news. We sail for Australia on the "Orvieto" on June 23rd. This, then, in 1923 was the start of our new

venture.

Can you imagine the next month or two? Visits to Kennington near Ashford to see much loved grandparents for a final good bye. Excitement tinged with some sadness as we farewelled our many cousins, aunts and uncles with whom we had spent all our school holidays in the country village. The bustle of house cleaning, packing and selling furniture. Above all the arguments what to take and what not to take. My mother was prepared to bring all our household goods together with the proverbial "kitchen sink" but dad was adamant, "We are allowed so many hold boxes and we already have too many." Imagine mum's disgust when having left her best china and the mangle home, we had fewer boxes than our fellow passengers. Dad had assured her that we would never use good china where we were going so she had purchased all enamel ware, plates, mugs, etc.



Ray, Nora and Joan in London

Finally, on a cold wet overcast morning we, together with other friends, boarded a charabanc for Tilbury Docks amidst the tears and good wishes of our friends.

The Passage

The "Orvieto" proved to be quite a comfortable ship. At this stage I must admit to a complete ignorance of what a good voyage should be from a grown up point of view, for ourselves it was adventure, we were pirates, deep sea fishermen, you name it. We were spoiled by the crew, allowed the run of the ship. Every night our cabin steward smuggled in a hot cup of cocoa and biscuits through the window above my head on the top bunk, which I passed around to my sister and our friends, and which we hastily gulped down before the mothers returned.

Children's sports, fancy dresses, dances and cards were a daily form of entertainment and when Fremantle came into view on the 26th July, we were very sorry to see the end of our voyage. However children soon forget and here again for a nine year old was more adventure.

Fremantle welcomed us in pouring rain, and what a sight we must have looked. Mum and her friends in their long English button up boots and obviously "pommy" clothes, were, it was quite evident, straight from the "old 'earth". Mum's first comment was, 'People over, here must be poor, the children are all barefoot'.

Australia looked quite foreign to us with its little houses and streets lined with Norfolk

piners. This also, I remember, was where I had my first introduction to toffee apples. I can still visualise that little shop on South Terrace with its dish of apples surrounded by quite a swarm of flies. But I was undeterred and fly or no fly a toffee apple I meant to have.

By the end of our day of arrival we were installed in the "Migration Home" as we called it, on South Terrace near the Fremantle Hospital. This had been a barracks I believe, but is now replaced by fine modern buildings.

The gentlemen were in wards on the ground floor while ladies and children were allocated the upper floors. Here we were to remain for one month while our "humpies" or twelve by ten feet corrugated iron shacks with sand floors were being built. I must confess here that the ladies proved to be quite a headache to the poor superintendent. After a month of close confinement on a ship, they were ready for some fun. Out came roller skates and there they were, up and down between the beds practising twists and turns etc. Finally we were asked to "Please be quiet ladies! Your husbands cannot get their sleep". The men had duties to perform such as potato peeling, dishwashing, and various kitchen chores. My father had brought out a very good Chinese costume from England. One night, at midnight, the ladies dressed a tall sixteen year old lad in this outfit, complete with pigtail, broad flat hat and wide sleeves. With his hands tucked in his sleeves and on slippered feet, he did a tour of the men's wards. After being threatened with a gun and a tin of Nestle's milk pulled from under a pillow, the lad decided it was time to beat a hurried retreat, as by this time all the lights were on and the place was in an uproar. The poor old "super" demanded to be let into our ward, whereupon fully dressed ladies jumped into bed, shoes and all, with the poor hapless "Chinaman" in hysterics under the furthest bed.

By this time the "ladies" were awake and the poor man was pleading more in sorrow than anger, "Ladies, I appeal to you, as a gentleman to ladies, will you please quieten down!". After numerous other escapades and many arguments, as by the end of the month his patience was completely exhausted, I'm sure he must have been glad to see the back of us.

Camp Life

By August the weather had improved slightly, but was still very wet. Once again we packed and were on the move. We drove along mile after mile of white, rough, hole pitted road, the Mandurah Road, so different from the bitumen highway of to-day. The roadside was unfenced apart from the few remaining post and rail stretches as we came past the 10 mile well and East Rockingham, which had been settled early last century by Sir Thomas Peel after whom our future home was named.

By mid-day we had arrived at the twenty five mile peg. Behind us came Mr F Churcher's truck carrying house hold effects. Our campsite was not discernible from the road as it was located over a steep hill entirely overgrown with prickly mimosa in full flower giving the lovely effect of a cloud of yellow.

The track leading to the campsite was much too heavy for motors to use as it had been made loose by the use of heavy drays and horses used to carry machinery

and feed for these same draught horses. So picture, if you can, our arrival at our new home which we were to occupy for the next twelve months or more. As we struggled over the hill laden under pillows, chairs, meat safes, cases and pots and pans, we resembled a bunch of itinerant salesmen.

Clouds of bush flies accompanied us to add to our discomfort. I still do not know what our mothers reaction was to the scene that met us as we reached the top of the hill. For ourselves, the children, it was really high adventure tents and huts scattered among the shrubbery with the horse stables in the background and a gang of welcoming dads who had come out a week or two ahead.

Our shack was the first over the hill - this was situated approximately a half mile south from what is now known as Sixty Eight Road, which was the number given to our group of twenty families. These men and their families were to be our almost constant companions for the next twelve months: Messrs. Upton, Woolgar, Howell, Black, McGeehan, Hawes, Cross, Bearfoot, Shorthouse, Aldridge, Harmer, Wilson, Beckett, Osborn, Goddard, Abbot, Goldie and Forsythe.



Group 68 menfolk

Two four foot beds each side, a stove and cabin trunk and hold boxes pushed under the beds on the sand floor, seemed to completely fill our "house". Meals were prepared on a camp fire and eaten off enamel plates using a hold box for a table and ends of beds for chairs. Imagine my mother's anguish when our neighbour produced china plates to eat off, with what rancour she eyed my father.

The weather, again, became uncharitable and gave us some difficulty in preparing meals. For us it was bliss. No school and very few chores. Our water, which came from a well near the swamp, was not, as yet fit to drink, so all our drinking water was carried from an old coaching well used by travellers last century, and pulled up by means of a long post on a "Y" shaped upright with a bucket and rope at the end. As this well was a mile away it was a daily event for all the mums, dads and kids armed

with buckets and billies, to walk along the road singing as we went.

Wood for the fire had to be picked up and stacked daily but apart from this we had little else to do. For wash days a large tree had been felled and flat spaces had been chopped out at regular intervals with a small flat area for the soap. As this tree was located near the swamp we carried our soiled linen and bath tubs down there when necessary. Bed linen was boiled in kerosene tins.

Having completed our chores, the rest of the day was our own in which to get into mischief. We formed two groups, the Kangaroos and the Buckeroos. As there were sixty children in camp we had no shortage of numbers. Bows and arrows and slings were made in the bush away from the gaze of our parents. Bags of nuts were the "swag" and the Idea was to capture as many bags and "prisoners" as possible. We built a hut for daily "pow-wows" and dug a hole inside the surrounding fence. With the enthusiasm of kids our hole became eight feet or more deep with a post and rope with which to let our prisoners down. One day we captured a highly strung girl and let her down into the hole and left her with the hole covered. Her screams of terror attracted the group foreman who released her in a state of near hysteria, took her home, and immediately notified our parents. Mr McCormick, the foreman, ordered us to pull down our hut and fill in the hole. The danger had not occurred to us.



Nora and Joan (arrowed) with Group 68 children at Camp site

So a new game had to be found. Armed with stones we would wait till nightfall and at a given signal, we pelted stones at an occupied shack, deriving much satisfaction from the noise, then raced off to the bush leaving a poor hapless "prisoner" tied to a nearby tree, to bear the brunt.

By this time my mother thought something should be done about our education and some discipline. A bush hut was built, covered with hessian, and some seats installed. Mum certainly was a trier, but her efforts were unsuccessful from the start. Quite a number attended school for a few weeks, but we had no books and those children who did not attend, made life very trying for her. She gave up in despair and turned her attention to us.

Every day, at midday, we took our fathers lunch to him wherever he was working. At this time the government was paying us £3-10 weekly and the land was being fenced and cleared. Bulldozers were most certainly not the order of the day. Each tree was dug around to expose the roots. These lateral roots were chopped through and, if possible, the main "tap" root.

The tree was then pushed over, if small enough, or pulled by a snig chain and horse. These trees were then cut up and stacked, the large trunks being "snigged" by a horse. When dry, they were burnt. What a thrill we all had, when accompanied by our dads we went from fire to fire, stoking up at night, and a lovely sight it presented. We would sit around the fires and sing quite often.

One night we all decided to hold a dance in camp. We chose a flat spot between tree trunks for convenient seating, and all day we children carted hundreds of gallons of water to dampen down the sand. At the appointed time a Mr Wilson opened proceedings with his violin. He. was a very competent fiddler and the music was a success, but we had underestimated the strength of the sun. By about 9pm we were ploughing through heavy sand, so our dance ended up as a sing song.

As the weather improved we were able to build a verandah onto our shack. Bush poles were used with wattle intertwined for walls, and paper bark a very effective and water proof ceiling. Now we could purchase a table and chairs and become civilized. Another room of similar construction was built on the side in which my sister Joan and I slept. My brother, until this time, had occupied a shack with another friend who had come out six months before his wife.

Our sanitary arrangements were quite good - if crude. A large hole was dug and four posts covered with hessian formed the walls. Seating arrangements were varied and unusual according to each mans ingenuity. At regular intervals a member of the family would be stationed at each corner and the whole contraption would be resited at a new place with necessary holes and pit waiting to receive it. It was soon apparent that something more substantial than hessian was needed, so it was replaced by bran bags stitched together, as small boys became Inquisitive when it was necessary to answer the call of nature at night with hurricane lamps.

Quite early after our arrival something had to be done about milk as many of us disliked powdered milk. My father and our neighbour, Mr Upton, purchased a cow each from Mr Sloan of East Rockingham, who often rode in to visit us in camp. Daisy and Lucy duly arrived. Bells were also bought as they could wander right over to Long Point and quite often did.

Mr Upton had come from a farming family so was able to milk, but my father was completely in the dark as to the whole procedure. When Daisy's milking time arrived word went round that dad was to have a lesson. At the appointed time we all went up to the newly built yard, dad with a bucket and stool, followed by a mob of excited onlookers. Poor old dad! Lucky for him old Daisy had the rickets caused by eating zamia palm nuts so wasn't too firm on her feet. However, with some help from Mr Upton and a lot of encouragement from the kids, he managed quite well. Empty fruit tins, it was found, held just over a pint, so we made wire handles for these and soon had a twice daily milk round.

Mr Upton's son, Reg, started a sweet shop in the house, with a good display of Allen's chocolates, toffee apples, all day suckers etc.. His younger brother found out that the large display card contained real chocolate and promptly ate it whereupon blows were struck with us kids cheering them on. We also found out that the sticks from the toffee apples could be smoked. It didn't deter us when we realised a bitter

fluid emanated from the end in our mouth Toffee apples were popular from then on, until we were caught and once again our parents stepped in.

Every week, Mr Woods from the 13 mile (Wellard), came with groceries in a horse and cart. Mr Butcher, the butcher from Mandurah, came also with meat once weekly. A Mr Thomson - Peggy Thomson to us as he had an artificial leg, - brought fruit and vegetables. When the customers were satisfied he would always drag out a case of apples from under the seat, and standing up in his cart, would throw them in every direction. What a scramble there was for apples!! Mention must be made of Mr Sinclair from East Rockingham, who, with his wife and daughter, came with fruit and vegetables

During the summer months, visitors on their way to Mandurah would quite often throw out papers and sweets for us, and an occasional bottle of beer and the daily paper.

Some weeks after our arrival 70 group was formed. Mr Churcher would call in and say "Come on kids, how about a ride to Stake Hill?" Off we'd go, too naive to realise that upon arrival at Stake Hill, beds, bed clothes, safes etc., would have to be carried for a mile, as their camp was further in from the road. But we enjoyed every outing despite these drawbacks.

Occasionally some of the ladies could get a ride into Fremantle. Hitch-hiking, in those days, was perfectly safe. Everyone was your friend if you were on a settlement. What wonderful people we met, always helpful and most kind to us in our new country.

So the year passed and Christmas approached and with it the heat. Now masses of fleas began to render our nights almost sleepless. My mother devised a scheme for their certain eradication. When the sun was at its zenith and the temperature had soared to over one hundred, out came the bedding, and was laid on patches of hot, clean sand. She was certain that nothing could live in that heat. There they stayed for some time. That night, "There you are now," she said, "You'll have a good sleep tonight." But the schemes of mice and men oft go awry - and so did mum's. That night was the worst we had ever spent. All night we chased the little monsters. The next morning Mr McCormick from East Rockingham, our foreman, informed us that they came from the sand!! The purchase of huge amounts of powders and flea exterminators finally resolved the whole affair - and we slept.

Preparations for Xmas were evident everywhere in camp, some even sporting a few limp streamers. Some of the more enthusiastic lads went out hunting for wild turkeys a week before Xmas and came back triumphantly bearing Mrs Forsyth's Xmas turkey which had wandered away in the bush. As it had been decapitated, it was apparent to Mrs Forsyth that she would need a substitute for Xmas and she was most unhappy, but with the true spirit of the time, agreed to forgive and forget. The boys genuinely believed they had killed a wild bird and their sheepishness must have touched her heart

For our family, mum had conjured up a bottle of wine and a new kerosene tin, which thoroughly cleaned, was to have the honour of boiling our Xmas pudding. The pudding was boiled successfully but how to get it out was a problem, as it had been

cooked in a cloth and swelled considerably. A number of attempts to pull it out only aggravated the position, as the cloth was broken and water let in. She finally dislodged it, but not before the water had almost ruined it. However, we had an enjoyable meal and the pudding was very good in the centre.

After the New Year, which was also duly celebrated, we were promised a little outing in a very modern sulky. Mrs McCormick arrived from East Rockingham early one morning and drove my mother, Joan and myself, to East Rockingham for lunch. How we enjoyed that lunch in a real house -and no flies!! After lunch we picked grapes and figs and were then driven to see old Mrs Sloan, who lived a short distance away and who was Mrs McCormick's mother. Here again, we had some more figs and some fine, juicy mulberries from the old trees. By the time we were driven home we were absolutely tired out, but what a wonderful day we'd had!!

The heat of summer was now right upon us, a summer of such intense heat as we had never known in England. Most of our energy was, sapped out of us, so a large part of our days were spent under the now versatile kerosene tin, perforated with nail holes and filled with water. This afforded some relief for a few moments, but the filling of the tins proved much too strenuous for us in the heat, so we just had to "grin and bear it". The children, myself included, spent some time under a shady tree on the Mandurah Road, hoping that a traveller to Mandurah would take pity on us and throw out a bottle of lemonade or strawberry cream and soda, which they sometimes did; but how far did one bottle go between a mob of thirsty youngsters

During the year, builders had been busy erecting the twenty group settlement homes, comprising two, twelve by twelve feet rooms, and two, twelve by fourteen, and a back and front verandah. Wells for each home were also being sunk, and a cow shed dairy and feed shed being built. Each block consisted of approximately two



Typical Group Settlement House

hundred acres or thereabouts, containing some swamp country and a larger amount of sand country. On this we were to become successful dairy farmers eventually. This was the opinion and the hope of the government and settlers. Alas for their high hopes.

One Saturday morning in late summer, my father laid out a map of the district. "Tomorrow," he announced, "we will be balloting for our blocks, and this is the one I would like." He pointed to a block about a half mile in from the Mandurah Road, on the present Sixty Eight Road.

By this time many roads had been put down. On summer nights we would stroll

along these newly made roads watching the progress being made. Bird lovers would be pleased to know that only one banksia tree had been left upright along this road. This tree had a piece of white cloth tied round its trunk. Birds had nested in a very low branch and were late hatching so it had been left.

I well remember my brother, sister and myself, one Sunday night, running along this road with our parents strolling behind. Suddenly Ray produced a napping hammer, "Look what I've found" he cried excitedly. It wasn't long before Joan and I had also "found" a few hammers. By the time our parents had caught us up we had quite a good haul. "Just you put those things back where you found them," ordered dad, "they have been hidden over the weekend." But how could we remember all those places? We wondered later, how many men were inconvenienced the following Monday while looking for their tools of trade.

Our New Home

The day for the balloting of blocks arrived and when dad came home and announced that he'd picked the very one he wanted, we were overjoyed and excited.

Shortly after we were once again packing, and again, with some sadness, as we really had enjoyed our camp life despite its drawbacks. However, I have no doubt that our parents welcomed the thought of a real house again. And so we moved in. Our only problem at this time was mum's objection to using the well for drinking, as we as yet had no rain water in our tank. Mr Wilson had been down finishing the deepening of the water, and she was loathe to drink it despite Mr Wilson's assurances that his feet had been washed thoroughly. But "beggars can't be choosers" and she finally overcame her objection.

Now furniture had to be purchased, and extra beds. Here my mother, always a good home-maker, proved her ingenuity. Kerosene cases which had held two, four gallon tins were "begged, borrowed, or stolen", many yards of blue material were purchased in a sale at Boan's and heigh presto, we had what we considered a very smart "front room". Two cases at each end, upright, made book shelves cum armrests. Two on their sides, cushioned and the whole lot painted with ezywurk, the poor mans paint, formed our "sofa". The floor was ezy worked, curtains hung and a variety of animal skins - kangaroo, wallaby, fox and native cats, strewn over the floor. By this time my brother had become a very professional hunter with keen eye and



Ray Jarvis—"The Hunter"

steady trigger. The two smaller rooms were bedrooms and the two larger rooms a dining room and "front room". Dad closed one end of the back verandah in and moved the stove out to form a kitchen. One end of the front verandah was also closed in for an extra bedroom for Ray. As there had been no provision made for a bathroom, we purchased a large urn, which stood on the stove all day. Bran bags and enamel bowls were stacked in one corner and at night each of us took his or her bowl and "mat" and retired to the privacy of our bedroom for a "bath". So the non provision of a bathroom was really not such a drawback. In the summer we used a shower near the well. This was a very ingenious contraption, holding five gallons of water and having a false bottom (perforated). A plug fitted above the bottom of the shower. This had a long chain which, when pulled, pulled above the handle, raising the plug and allowing the water to run through. Mum had bought it from some mysterious sale in Fremantle and it certainly proved its popularity in summer.

About this time, my mother, who had been a keen horse woman in her girlhood, decided to buy a horse and teach us the equestrian art. Peter, an ancient and very tall chestnut horse, now joined our family. Our house, being about one hundred yards from the road, was a quite sufficient distance for us to learn to ride in, and still be under mum watchful eye. When we finally proved ourselves proficient riders mum agreed to allow us on to the road. She opened the gate - but



Nora, Joan and Ray on Peter

Peter absolutely refused to budge past the gate. This was his regular beat and that was that. After much cajoling and a few surreptitious switchings with a twig from ourselves, Peter finally moved slowly to the road with a very aggrieved air. We had this same difficulty for some time before he decided to co-operate.

Gradually we became organised, even to the point of commencing a kitchen garden down on the swamp.

School Days

Meanwhile, at Karnup five miles away, a school had been completed so this was the end of our freedom. One Saturday the menfolk walked through the bush, blazing the trees as they went, finally coming out to Mr Ingarfield's property at the corner of Karnup and Baldivis Roads, as they are now known. The following Monday several mothers followed the blazed trees with the children - about twenty or thirty in all - in Indian file behind. This procedure was followed for a week. By this time we had made a very clear track, and thereafter we were unescorted. What joy! Wild horses roamed the bush, as did emus and kangaroos. School was far from our thoughts as we gave chase with absolutely no hope of catching our prey. Our late arrival at school was attributed to distance or lack of bush knowledge for some time, but gradually Mr Grice "toughened up" and six of the best for the boys and lines for the

girls was the order of the day. It was amazing how punctual and regular our attendance became. School at this time consisted of two rooms, the first under co-teacher, Miss Jackson, having classes of “bubs”, first and second. Mr Grice, in the other room, taught third, fourth, fifth and sixth standards.

Later, as we had no means of going to metropolitan schools, those of us in older groups, graduated to seventh and eighth with weekly assignments. Somehow, despite our best efforts, these assignments never, or rarely, were finalised. Mr Grice was a very just man, but a firm disciplinarian, holding a B.A. degree, who taught us French, Geometry, Algebra, etc. We since; have realised how lucky we were to have had such a fine teacher.

In the manner of children the world over, all newly arrived teachers have to be submitted to various annoyances just to prove how far they can be pushed before administering punishment. We found that by clamping the head of a pin into the hinge at the side of the desk we could extract a melodious ‘ping ping’ from it. By all ‘pinging’ together quite a melody was produced. At first Mr Grice ignored it thinking perhaps that we would tire of our ‘game’ which most of us did. Myself being more persistent continued blithely on my way. Finally Mr Grice said, “Put your books down everyone, you two” - pointing to the occupants of the front seat — “turn your desk to face the class and stand at the back”. He then seated himself at a vacant seat and pointing to me said, “Now Nora, sit in the front desk and bring your pin.” Puzzled, I obeyed. I wasn’t puzzled for long. “Play us a tune,” he said. I sat there, hoping I would die or be swallowed up. “Come on” he repeated, “Play”. Reluctantly I clamped the pin into the hinge and commenced to play to the obvious enjoyment of my classmates. After a short recital I was ordered back to my seat and Mr Grice continued his endeavours to instil the geography of Europe into our unreceptive brains. But be sure, I never ‘ping-ed’ again.

Directly opposite the school was situated Mr Frank Churcher’s store, a popular rendezvous at lunch time with the school children. Biscuits, cool drinks and sweets were regular purchases. Empty bottles were stacked behind the shop, until Mrs Churcher discovered that these same bottles were being taken from the rear and presented again at the counter for the penny rebate. The bottles were promptly shifted, but not before the boys had made quite a lucrative haul.

Mr Churcher had the mail contracts, delivering the mail bags, sealed and stamped, to each



Later School Days

group settlement which had its own post office. My mother ran group sixty eight post office or Yangimup, as it was called. He also picked up groups of men to work on the drains early in the morning, returning later to take bus loads of children to school. This bus, with seats along each side and one along the middle, was completely enclosed with cyclone wire, and known to the kids as the "monkey cage". Any arguments among the boys were settled by the driver. Mr Churcher would stop the school bus, call out the two contestants, and watch them fight it out. The remainder of us were kept in the bus until the fight was decided, whereupon the contestants were made to shake hands and we continued on our way. After school we were taken home, whereupon he then picked up the work gangs from the drains. He had a very busy, but I imagine, a very profitable time, as he also delivered feed. We were glad enough to have the conveyance, after a year or two of walking ten miles daily, in rain or heat.

One mile east of the school the Serpentine drain was situated and we would walk down during lunch hour in the summer to paddle. Later this was declared out of bounds by Mr Grice, as some of the more affluent of the boys who had by this time acquired horses, rode down to swim there completely devoid of clothes. Some of the more defiant boys continued to go - only to be greeted on their return with six cuts. One boy in particular, a wild lad from Stornaway, would line up for his punishment, eye Mr Grice defiantly, spit on his hand, rub it down his pants, receive his six cuts and repeat the performance. How Mr Grice restrained his feelings I will never know!!

For giggling during singing lessons and such misdemeanours we would occasionally be expelled. After a couple of days home he usually relented, but he was certainly regarded with some respect by the children who had run so wild over the past year.

When Mr Grice left in 1926 he was replaced by Mr J.T.Tonkin, (later to become Premier of WA). He also was a fine teacher and firm disciplinarian. After much work on his part I finally managed to win a scholarship to Northam Senior High School. He had a very charming wife, with a nice voice and a love of music, who gave us our singing lessons. At this time Mr Tonkin was not involved in politics, but in my last year at Karnup he became a candidate for Murray - Wellington, standing against Mr McLarty of Pinjarra. Mr McLarty won the seat and many years later became Premier of Western Australia. During his years among us he and his charming wife visited our homes, attended many functions unofficially and was always ready with a sympathetic ear to listen to our troubles and help in any way they could when called on. Both homely people, they always joined us in any festivities, in our 'cuppa' and were held in high regard by all.

Soon, with the clearing and fencing completed, the farmers each took delivery of a spring cart and draught horse. Jerry joined the rapidly growing family. He adored my dad, and dad's appearance at the door of the house was quite sufficient to call forth a loud whinny from him. If my father called his name he became really excited.

Being now provided with some means of transport, we were able to attend the dances. The centre wall of the school had been replaced by a complete wall of sliding panels. These were pulled aside thus forming one large hall. What wonderful times we had there!! Settlers and their wives, government employees and gangs from the drains would congregate there and a wonderful spirit of bonhomie was

abroad, engendered, perhaps, by the distance from the neighbours.

During the summer holidays many families drove to Long Point and camped there with the fishermen. Right on the point lived many Italians in neat huts with bunks inside. This was the Long Point Fishing Co., under Sabadore Paparone. Further south - about one mile - lived Mr George Willis, Mr William Rankin, and Charlie Ellis, a round jolly man of twenty stone, with a large girth and a constant smile, very popular with the children, George Willis was the owner of some two hundred acres there and two cabins - his own built to represent a ships cabin - and the other, which housed Bill and Charlie. A flag staff had been built and on Sundays when we drove over in our spring cart, someone would be on the look-out for us. Bill was the proud possessor of an H.M.V. gramophone, complete with horn, and a large assortment of military tunes. On seeing us within hearing distance on would put on a march and each cart was "played in".

During those first trips to Long Point, we quite often saw a group of Aborigines camped near a hill about half way across to the point. This hill, the highest on the plain, was known to all as One Tree Hill. Many years before, someone had driven a stake into the ground and placed an inverted kerosene tin over the top. From a distance, this stake and tin resembled quite closely a small tree. Hence the derivation of the name. It was a land mark familiar to all.

The fish were taken to Fremantle by horse and cart, one horse (Ned) in the shafts, and Texas in the lead. How Bill loved his horses and what a blow it was to him when Mr George replaced his horses with a boat which we watched being built and fitted with a huge ice box to sail the fish to the fish markets. Years later, this boat was replaced by a Ford truck.



Bill Rankin, Joan Jarvis, Nora Jarvis and Charlie Ellis taking fish to Fremantle from Long Point

Nearly every Sunday for thirteen years we rode to Long Point to swim and help to pull the fish in. Long Point was eventually sold after Mr Willis's demise to Dr Field-Martell, when it became a Naval Station and rest centre for sailors during the war.

Religious Education

During these first few years in Australia, our religious education had not been neglected. One day, while we were still in camp, into the camp, on the fattest mare I have ever seen, rode a stalwart, bronzed man in a wide brimmed hat. Handsome as a Greek god with the bluest eyes and white teeth, his name was the Rev. Sherwin, and his horse Nila. Nila was a one man horse. At the approach of a stranger her teeth flashed and her ears flattened - no one ventured near her. At regular intervals

Mr Sherwin would ride her right to the Murchison stopping on his way to take services at various centres. He held a few services in the feed shed, where the congregation occupied pews made of bags of chaff. He was a fine preacher, respected by all and a man's man, but I'm afraid the rats and mice, of which there were many, occupied most of the children's attention, to the exclusion of his endeavours to save our souls. An expert axeman, he would chop wood, or help in any way about the camp while he was there. He commenced to build a church with the help of a band of children, who carried the reeds from the swamp while he thatched the roof in a most expert manner. Shortly after this church was started, the camp was disbanded and he returned to the Murchison, leaving the unfinished church, a monument to his industry, a little landmark which stood for many years until time and the weather caused it to disintegrate. For a year or two he visited us at school periodically, but eventually left Nila with a friend at the 13 Mile and went to England.

After Mr Sherwin came Mr Ramsay, to guide us into the path of the lord. A mild mannered little Scotsman, he would insist on our desks being cleared, the top turned back and our arms folded so as to pay full attention to his lesson. As we could scarcely understand a word he said, we thought it logical to place a book, unseen of course, on the ledge formed by the turning back of the desks. This we would read during lessons; but we underestimated Mr Ramsay. Without any pause in his sentence or any alteration in his voice he would say "Put your books away, girls and boys" and continue on. He lived for some time at "Chesterfield House", an old coaching inn at East Rockingham, with his wife and family of three boys. The youngest was kicked by a horse and died tragically, the second, Ernest, went down in an R.A.N. battleship while serving his country during the war, and the third, Ian, an electrician, was electrocuted while repairing lines on the South West Highway. He finally took his broken hearted wife back to their "hame" country, Scotland.

Periodically, ministers of differing denominations would visit us bringing gramophone recordings of their scriptures. This was a never ending source of annoyance to my mother who objected to having "other peoples' religion pushed down my throat". One persistent gentleman came quite a number of times, till mum's patience was exhausted, Like Winston Churchill, she declared that the best means of defence was attack. One particular Sunday she said, "I'm going to push my religion down his throat this time." Not believing that she would have the temerity to do just this, we remained just inside, peering through the lace curtain. After some exchange with the 'gentleman of God' their voices became clearer and he was heard to say "Despite the fact that your family are grinning through the curtain, I will convince you that Armageddon is near." The 'family' withdrew, red faced, to retire under a three penny piece in the nether regions of the house.

Days on the Farm

By mid 1925 we had been issued with a few cows, so for us days of camping were finished, and dairy farming began. Government financial aid was withdrawn and we were "on our own". Also by this time, some of the settlers had decided that this was not for them and had taken jobs in Perth and the suburbs. Others had left for

Manjimup and Northcliffe where the climate was said to be cooler. Yet more arrived to take their place. Many mistakes, laughable but rather sad, were made by these butchers, bankers, smiths, etc. who had come to try their hand at farming, such as the man who fenced a paddock and left it gateless. Still another planted a bag of bran, hoping for a wheat crop.

It was such men as these, triers all, who were castigated in later years, but the failure - and it was a failure at the beginning - of the whole enterprise could only be blamed on the unsuitability of the land for dairying, the incompetence of some group foremen, and the onset of the depression.

Karnup by now had become the proud possessor of a brand new pianola. We had an enthusiastic P & C and on a Saturday night the strains of Barney Google and Rollem.

Girls, could be heard above the sound of the dancers feet.

Horse races were held at the back of the school and the R.S.L. band attended. This, together with stalls and games, was a talked about event for weeks after.

At this time also, Mr Tom Harrison from Serpentine, my father, and a few other enthusiastic settlers, banded together to form a concert party. Davey Patterson from seventy group could always be relied upon to render "Come Back Nanny", with tears streaming from his eyes.

My father intrigued the audience with his slight of hand prowess (*photo*), Tom Harrison obliged with a song or two. He possessed a fine voice in his younger days. Joan and myself made some small contributions with Mrs. Banner later playing the piano for a final dance.

On looking back to those early days when we had little or no form of outside entertainment, I realise how much work and ingenuity was put into the organisation of these concerts and outings to form an almost constant round of social life, and how much happiness It created around us.

We now had regular, twice daily milking to do and the milk to separate. The cream was taken into Fremantle by Mr McPharlane's trucks for butter making.

Although far from comfortable, financially we still managed very well with the aid of our kitchen garden, a few fowls and home made butter and bread. My brother made a very valuable contribution to our menu at this time, with kangaroos, bronze wing pigeons, grey duck, turkeys and other wild game. In fact I don't think there are many birds with which we haven't at some time experimented.

Even poor old twenty eights were put into pies if we were hungry and the need arose.



Tom Jarvis "The Conjuror"

My father cultivated the swamp, growing maize, cow peas, and turnips for the cows in summer, and managed to have a small haystack of oats in winter. But despite all his endeavours it soon became very apparent that something was wrong. The cows became very thin - so thin in fact, that some were grateful for the small comfort that the still burning remains of our clearing fires afforded them. We now realise that they were "coasty". Being near the coast they needed trace elements and much more concentrates which we just could not have afforded. Gradually the settlers became disheartened by these setbacks, and left in large numbers to seek other means of subsistence.

Still, a few replaced them, among them Mr Alf Free, or Mickey Free, as he was known, a horse breaker. For my sister, riding a horse was just a means of transport from place to place, as she was somewhat nervous. For myself it was my life, and many a horse old Mickey Free would bring round for us to see when he collected his mail, leaving one with me to ride. At Long Point, too, bands of horses were driven into the yards with high rails, where they were broken in. We loved nothing better than to sit on those rails watching the breaking-in operations.

Conditions soon worsened on the farm, settlers left and McPharlane's found it was not worth coming out for the few remaining farmers. Fortunately for us, my brother Ray managed to obtain work with the government. His job was to collect the cows as the farmers left, bring them to our farm where he milked the best of them for a couple of weeks to dry them off, whereupon they were driven on to the coastal plain which was owned by the government.

Soon hundreds of cows were running on the sand plain, and other stockmen were employed to help. Arthur Posselt from Serpentine, a bright lively young man, who was soon so tragically, to lose his life. His friend, Eddie Coleman, now at Serpentine. Joan and I would join them all in the cattle musters and we would run the cows into the yards amidst the noise of cracking whips, barking dogs, and the "Hey, hey" of the musterers. Wonderful days, but busy with the cows to milk later.

More settlers left. The post office which had been an additional, although not large, help to our finances was taken away and now began a ride each week, twice



Tom Jarvis "The Gardener"

weekly, to collect the mail from Wellard seven miles away where Mr Willows had a store and post office. A small hospital also was situated there and quite a large government depot for machinery and feed. In later years, after the closure of the hospital and depot, the store was run by the late Mr Ben Miles. Still later, Mr Johnson ran a small post office until his demise a few years ago when it was abandoned and replaced by a roadside delivery made by milk trucks. Nowadays this postal delivery is run from Medina by a contractor.



Nora and Joan would ride to Post Office in Wellard

Farming conditions now worsened. A depression settled over the land — indeed, over the world. The cows from the sand plain had all been driven south to supply new groups which had been formed round Northcliffe. Ray lost his job and by 1929, life indeed had become a grim endeavour to live adequately.

I was at Northam High School where I had been for one year. As my board and lodging was costing my parents more than the remainder of the family had to live on, my education, had of necessity to be abandoned. Agriculture Bank inspectors still came round periodically in an endeavour to collect interest from the farmers, which of course was quite impossible. Many were threatened with foreclosure which never eventuated as no one would replace the farmers and the land was at least being caretaken.

At this time a Captain Farley from Mandurah was milking a few cows to supply the week end campers. He was a retired sea captain, a grand old man from the East India line, who liked to keep himself busy in his retirement. From a few visits to Mandurah we had become known to him and he gave me quite a lot of employment. His dry cows were sent to Serpentine to the saleyards and would be replaced by another. After the morning milking I would ride to Mandurah, collect his cow and drive it home - a distance of eleven miles - which would allow me time to be home for the afternoon milking. The following morning I would help with the milking and take his cow into Serpentine, about thirteen miles. This also would allow me time to return for milking. For this trip he paid me a generous one pound ten shillings. With the proceeds from these jobs I finally acquired a hundred or two laying hens. It was a lot of work, but I was in better financial circumstances by this time than my parents, so was able to contribute to the family up-keep without leaving home as my brother was in poor health and quite often I was called on to take his place on the farm. Sometimes I had found it necessary to do his caretaking job on abandoned farms. But even in those hard times we were together and very happy.

Social services were unknown apart from a few groceries to the out of-work men in

the city, where many men chopped wood for housewives in return for a lunch. At this time the Ugly Men's Association in Fremantle took pity on many of the surrounding farmers and sent out boots and blankets which were greatly appreciated. Now we were the only farmers left in our district of the original settlers. My father flatly refused to leave and determinedly struggled on. Unfortunately we lived so far away from the centre of things that we were never able to avail ourselves of any these gifts handed out by charitable organisations. Indeed we still lived quite well as my mother was a good manager.

Karnup School was now struggling to keep up the required numbers to keep it open, and very few farmers lived in the district. Mr Tom Cameron was teaching there and every week Joan, Ray and myself walked through the bush at night to visit him, when he would introduce us to the intricacies of auction bridge. A very fine player himself, he would spend many patient hours instilling into us the many angles of call and play. We found it well worth the effort but we had some misgivings when we had to rise at 4.30 next morning!

At weekends our friends, the Uptons, who had been in camp with us and now resided in Victoria Park, came to visit us in their car. How we envied them their car! One weekend they stayed and Alec offered to do my part in the milking shed in order that I could "sleep in" a luxury which I had not had in a long time. Imagine my disgust when dad tapped at the door and whispered, "I have no chaff for Jerry, can I have your mattress?" He must have a feed before he goes." If I didn't love my dad so much I would have cut the "mattress" and poured it over his head, however I resigned myself to my fate, and taking my bedclothes found another bed on a floor augmented by animal skins and cushions.

In early 1931 Mr Bentley of 66 Group had leased some land for his surplus stock near our farm. One day he rode in in a state of alarm. "Have you seen a pom?", he asked. Joan, who had come out to ascertain his wants, replied "what colour is it?" at which he burst out laughing. "It's wearing glasses and leggings," he said "In fact he arranged to meet me at the corner where we split up to ride round the lease, I think he must be lost. If he turns up, tell him I've gone back to milk." Some time later a very sheepish "pom" arrived having regained his bearings. Introductions were made and Frank Moore became a regular visitor to our house. Unbeknown to us then of course, he later was to become my life partner.



Frank Moore "The Pom"

At this time the centre of social activity had moved to Wellard where the local farmers had formed a Wellard Hall Committee led by Mr Pike, our local leading horse trainer's father. The committee, with the consent of the government, had acquired two abandoned group houses and built quite a large hall. Much hard work and endeavour had gone into the building of this hall, but it had proved very worth while. Dances were held here regularly and, in fact, they became so popular that people from as far a field as Fremantle, Carlisle, Mandurah, Rockingham, Serpentine and

surrounding districts attended. These dances went on till three and four in the morning, and a "good time was had by all". In fact they were held until the advent of Medina when they were abandoned. The old hall may still be seen used as a machinery shed on Mr Tom Williams farm on Dog Hill Road.

Another local and very popular identity was Mr George Harvey, the foreman of Group 70. He was a man of short stature, wide shoulders, and a large heart. An ex-farmer from Devonshire in England, he was always the friend in need. Tough, ingenious and with the thickest, bushing eyebrows and bluest eyes, or what could be seen of them, he never failed to lend a hand when requested. He finally decided to leave his job. Such was his popularity that immediately a farewell "bucks" party was organised to take place in an empty house. On the appointed evening the members of Group 70, carrying a new kangaroo skin bridle for a going away present, congregated at the house together with the usual keg as was the custom at these functions. As the evening wore on Old George was lifted on to the mantelpiece in a state of inebriation, and on being presented with his bridle, requested to make a speech. It was short, "Well, boys," he said, "I had no idea I was so popular, seeing as you will miss me so much, I have suddenly decided to stay".

And stay he did, until about twenty years ago when he passed to a well deserved rest in Fremantle Hospital. However his memory will always remain with those of us who were privileged to know him.

Another centre of social activity was the school at 82 Group on Dog Hill Road. Here the locals held dances when Mrs Humphreys would play the piano. Such music as "Dream Kisses" and songs of the moment were played for dancing. Here too was the headquarters of the "Idealist" Club, which was formed for the younger element when hikes, horse hikes and outings were organised. On Thursday nights get togethers held when the girls had competitions and the boys arranged sparring matches.

Mr Haines also lived on Dog Hill Road. He also was a well known identity given to poetry writing when any unusual event took place. Wearing a battered hat, shoes nearly always patched up - sometimes with wire - and with a wet looking cigarette always in his mouth giving the appearance of having grown there, he would wander around followed by his dogs, aiming his camera at all and sundry. He was a keen amateur photographer who lived till nearly ninety and could always be relied, on at the Annual Farmer's Union Xmas "do" to render one of his poems of which he had a large and miscellaneous collection. When my parents left the district in later years, he offered the following;-

*The thing that always gets me grieving,
Is when I hear of old folks leaving,
Those who have borne the ruck and rough
And stuck it out because they're tough,
Back from the days when folk would say
A woeful lack of matter grey
Lurked 'neath the dull unshapely hats
Of those who dwelt on Folly Flats,
If they apply that rule to us,*

*We're not the sort to make a fuss
We'll take Dame Folly's cap and bells
And from them weave our immortals
We came in youth we stay till age
And then at last we turn the page
And only memory remains.*

With his demise a couple of years ago at Mandurah, when he lived with his son after many years of "batching" on Dog Hill Road, went one of the colourful "characters of the "Peel", Vale Old Bill.

The Depression and the Dairy Industry

And so came 1932, a time of still deep depression. By this time, although desperately poor, we had learned to live with it and still manage to have some fine times. During this period my brother was called upon more than ever to supplement the family larder, as we were able to buy one weekly joint only at Mandurah on Saturdays. On the plains were a number of pools - "Clarkies" pool and "Himus's pool among them - into which the wild ducks would come at night. Camouflaged with dark clothes and with our arms covered so as not to attract attention, here Ray and I would sit behind a bush before sun down waiting for the poor birds to alight the water. Immediately a duck or two "lined up" in the gun sights, off would go the report. Unsporting, yes, but who thinks of sportsmanship when an empty stomach needs filling and quite often Ray would sell a pair on the Mandurah Road, already cleaned, for two shillings which paid for his hair cut.



Ray Jarvis

Now came a time of discontent among the dairy farmers. Milk, for which we were paid the miserable amount of six pence per gallon, was being retailed at three and four pence per pint in the towns, a discrepancy which it was generally agreed, was much too great. A meeting was called at the local hall, and the large gathering agreed to call a strike, the only farmers strike which I can recall in over fifty years.

Mr Churcher again came to the fore, His truck picked up the men at four thirty in the morning, and the various pick up points were picketed. "Dumps" were watched at local points onto the railway sidings at Byford, Mundijong and Serpentine from which the milk was railed to Perth to the factories. Most were in agreement, but a few unfortunate farmers had their milk poured out onto the roads and siding platforms. The Police were called in, and although sympathetic to our cause, still, nevertheless had their duty to perform.

One or two settlers were arrested and made to "cool off" in the local lock up

overnight, but they felt that it had served a useful purpose as shortly after this in 1933 the Milk Board came into being and the industry became stabilised. Prices were increased and definite quotas established giving dairymen a much better income with fewer anomalies.

My father also acquired a small milk quota. The milk in cans had to be taken a distance of five miles twice daily. Poor old Jerry had to take this up to what is now the corner of Baldivis and Folly Roads pulling the heavy spring cart. Other settlers also transported their milk to this "dump" as it was known locally. One such was Mr Smirk who had a large milk supply and a nice light horse and cart. Everyday we passed his farm in the bush, trying to beat him to the road if he came out while we were passing, an ambition which we never achieved. At this time Len Smirk was young and full of fun and quite often sabotaged our track with Zamia palm nuts which were buried just under the sand, almost causing our milk cans to tip over. However he compensated for this by having a warm fire going at the dump where we could all warm ourselves on cold mornings while waiting for the truck to pick the milk up. This wait at the corner of Folly and Baldivis Roads, where numerous farmers congregated was always enlivened by the discussion of general topics - the weather, the economy, politics, etc. In 1933-34 the main topic was Hitler, "the fellow who had suddenly become Chancellor of Germany." Nobody was inclined to take him seriously until the burning of the Reichstag and the German withdrawal from the League of Nations in 1934. With the introduction of conscription in 1935 in Germany a feeling of uneasiness pervaded the discussions and it was generally agreed that 'the fellow meant business' and that we could be heading for yet another war.

With the arrival of the milk truck all conversation ceased and the milk cans were sorted and loaded. This milk truck service was another of Mr Churcher's business acquisitions, run from the present St Albans road where he had now purchased a farm recently abandoned by a farmer from 66 group.

Can you imagine the heartbreak of these men when after years of work and loneliness they simply sold their milk cans and any unwanted household effects and walked out with little or no money. Many of these properties lay vacant for years, attended only by such as my brother and his co-government workers who remained there for a few weeks to dry the cows off and later to attend their water troughs which had to be filled with water by means of a rope and bucket.

Once again the industry settled down. A company was formed, money raised and some endeavour made to transport milk with their own vehicle, thus saving, it was hoped, some of the costs. This company's enterprise showed signs of producing a very successful venture. Unfortunately after a year or so, some trouble arose, caused it was felt by not having outside management. The driver, very overworked, but admittedly at his own original request, was doing the twice daily trip of nearly two hundred miles. His claim of massive overtime was sufficient to bankrupt the company not really on its feet, and thus another project came to an end, a project they felt that might have become eventually quite successful.

Family and Friends

For our family, life went on its way much the same. In 1934 I celebrated my 21st birthday. By this time Joan was being visited by Mr Alf Powell, our present Shire President, who was managing a farm - Moana's Mount - at East Rockingham for Mr Dvoretzky. Despite our poverty somehow we produced a very good spread and with one bottle of wine, purchased from local vineyards at Spearwood, now out of production, to toast the occasion, we spent a really happy evening. We pulled up our "mats", which had begun to shed their hair by this time and needed replacing, shifted all the furniture out and the Rexionola gramophone held pride of place. Dancing was the order of the evening until the spring in the gramophone broke. Not to be beaten we took it in turn to wind the handle which caused some irregular timing but increased the hilarity of the proceeding, proceedings so different from today's expensive functions with their attendant costs, Somehow I don't really believe, that they were less happy occasions as we were all in the same state of poverty and really enjoyed what pleasures we had.



*Alf and Joan Powell
with daughter Jan*

Quite often on a Sunday morning, if we had visitors, we would arrive home at three or four o'clock in the morning after a Saturday dance at Karnup or Wellard and kick the football around on a moonlight night in the paddock, then have a "cuppa" and off to the milk shed, to collapse on our beds after breakfast for an hour-or two, then ride to Long Point for a swim. The energy of youth!

Frank, my intended at this time was working for two shillings weekly and his keep. In some mysterious way he had managed to save the princely sum of thirty shilling with which to purchase a bicycle as at this time he was walking down to pay us a visit - a distance of seven miles. Mr George Foster, his employer, later married his present wife, Cely Powell.

Many happy gatherings we had together playing various card games and "tip it" or grab donkey or even sometimes staying up till all hours to listen to the test matches on Mr Harry Beards wireless on the short wave band. Sounds dull, you say, but to us it was a wonderful time, and we were never bored, life was much too busy.

George Foster now owned a Ford motor, thus he and Frank and Alf were more easily able to travel to Fremantle. On Sunday nights as many as sixteen people climbed aboard to go to Rockingham for a swim. What a catch for the present day traffic police it would have made! Rockingham at this time had little else but Mr Grigg's Rockingham Hotel, Mr (Dickie) Bennet's store, a fish shop, and a few

holiday cottages along past the hotel aptly named "The Love Nest", "You and Me", "Happy Days" and similar names. The beach was very quiet except during holiday times when the usual influx of visitors from town took place, with many camping on the beaches under shade houses which had been erected there.

The year 1932 saw a further decline in our finances, the "depression" continued with still mass unemployment.

Through the agency of our friends the Uptons in Victoria Park, I was notified of a vacancy as a nursery governess on Booloogooroo station near Carnarvon. Early in 1933 I sailed with Mrs Campbell and her small family on the M.V. Koolinda bound for that part. For almost a year I remained there. The climate was good, my treatment excellent, and all in all I really enjoyed the experience as I had become quite run down. However I missed my home environment and my friends as there were no other girls of my age on the station, so by Xmas I was back, returning on the M.V. Kangaroo.

Shortly after my return we purchased an old Chevrolet utility — a superior K model for those interested — and began a twice daily trip to Mandurah taking milk round the shops and camps. Although quite profitable during the tourist season the distance was quite a draw back and some profits eaten up in the purchase of tyres - not always new.



Dorothy in the Chevrolet Ute

In fact quite often we travelled with a cover from an old tyre with broken walls put over our own "flat". Necessity was certainly the mother of invention in those pre war years.

We quite enjoyed that year of milk vending, meeting new people with their differing personalities. I well remember an old wooden beach house crammed with holiday makers ordering a gallon of milk daily. Further along the road was an ultra modern - for those times - cottage with an expensive caravan parked beside it. "Please bring one pint of milk daily" was the order given and a kerosene tin provided. A young friend of ours who was assisting us inquired very politely "which corner madam?"

Any reader who has travelled to Mandurah may still see an old, long, low, mud brick house a mile or two North of the "Devil's Elbow". This house was built in the early 30's by one T Hull, a big man with a huge capacity for work. It was made from Mud bricks, the mud from the swamps, and built by himself and his family. About fifty yards south of this house was a small corrugated iron shack in which camped an old stockman employed by the McLarty brothers of Pinjarra. On our way to Mandurah we quite often stopped to inquire if he required any stores from that town.

He was a good stockman and well regarded by his employers but was given to periodic bouts of heavy drinking which, - although months apart - lasted a week or two during which he lived in a state of constant inebriation. During one very long stretch of complete sobriety he rode to look for stock over the sand plains near the coast. Riding over the crest of a sand hill he came upon the body of an elderly man in a state of advanced decomposition. He took one horrified look and his ride to Pinjarra to report to the police made Dick Turpin's ride look like a gentle ride round Rotten Row and he didn't sober up for some time.



Ray, Joan, Frank Moore, Nora and George Foster

During the early, thirties, although not exactly financial, we had managed to acquire several horses, so that we were able with' a horse apiece, to derive a lot of pleasure from horse riding. This sport one of the finest - almost went out in later years with the advent of cars,

but has once again returned to favour and is now enjoying quite a boom.

One of our best loved horses, Ivy, was acquired in an unusual way. She came into our paddock one day with a saddle and bridle, with broken reins. In answer to an advertisement in the "lost" column, we contacted her owner who gave us one pound sterling reward. Quite a windfall! However a few weeks later she returned. We notified her owner again, in fact countless times. He finally told us to ride her. When, after many years, he came to claim her we had become so fond of her that my mother pleaded with him to sell her. He agreed to let her go for thirty shilling so having already had the pound we had quite a bargain for ten shillings. Three generations were to ride her before she died at over thirty years of age. He was everybody's favourite, but a source of some argument in our younger days when we all rode together, as to who would ride her. Mum usually settled the argument in no uncertain manner.



Dorothy Jarvis on Ivy

On one occasion we had all ridden to Long Point one Sunday, and Ray had agreed to come home to help dad milk the cows and give us a day off. He left a note to say everything was fed and all was "O.K.". Imagine our horror upon arriving home to find vegetables strewn everywhere half eaten fruit in the same state and over the remainder of the floor a carpet of flour. "Everything O.K. indeed!" said mum nearly in tears. Meanwhile the pigs which had broken out, stood there eyeing us triumphantly, covered in flour. We had bought three bags at one shilling each from a Panamanian vessel which had burnt in Fremantle harbour, for pig feed. The first bag was decidedly smoke flavoured, the second very faintly so, but the third was quite untouched so one can guess to what use we put it in those days, and what a saving it had been!

Another occasion could have turned out to be quite serious. My brother had caught a fox - another means of boosting our income as the government were giving five shillings per head for their eradication as vermin - and asked us to ride to Rockingham to collect the reward. Joan and I called in for a friend, Evelyn, and we set off. It was winter time with intermittent patches of sun. We turned in at the gate opposite the end of Sixty Eight Road, and rode briskly along, all enjoying the ride and the lovely day. Upon reaching Mr Mead's paddocks we gave the horses a drink and we were about to continue on our way when a light breeze sprang up and the windmill turned causing the shadow to move. Evelyn's horse shied and bucked unseating her, when she fell and hit her head on a large strainer post lying on the ground. Her head was cut deeply exposing the bone, and she was in a state of semi-consciousness and shock. There we were, miles from everywhere and at that time of year few, if any, cars travelled on the plains. Fortunately I was wearing a clean shirt of Ray's that day. I tore the tail off and wrapped it as firmly as I could round her head which was now bleeding copiously. We put her on the horse, Joan led mine and I walked beside Evelyn holding her on as best I could, both of us by this time thoroughly frightened.

For once, I'm sure, the gods smiled on us, as we had gone barely half a mile, when a car came along and who should be in it but Dr Martell on his way to Long Point. Can you imagine with what relief we put our friend into his car, and how we thanked our unbelievably lucky stars. Needless to say, we never collected our five shillings, and Evelyn was in hospital for some days.

Quite often too, during our first few years in Australia we organised some picnics to Peel House near the Devil's Elbow on the road to Mandurah. This old house, now nearly demolished by vandals, then consisted of two or three rooms, with a narrow verandah in the front. No rooms seemed to connect, one apparently came outside and along the verandah to reach the adjoining room. All the walls of these rooms were even then covered in initials and graffiti, but were otherwise undamaged except by time and weather. A well had been dug nearby and had been stone lined. The whole paddock was covered with buffalo grass, surrounded by a post and rail fence, fig trees had been planted last century. Under the shade of these gnarled, twisted old trees, the foliage of which touched the ground forming a complete hide away, we would picnic. Once again the old

house would come to life with young voices and our trusty gramophone supplying the background music. After lunch we busied ourselves picking figs to take home in the cart for jam making. These days we really looked forward to.



Dorothy Jarvis and Nora

But time marches on and our Mandurah project having

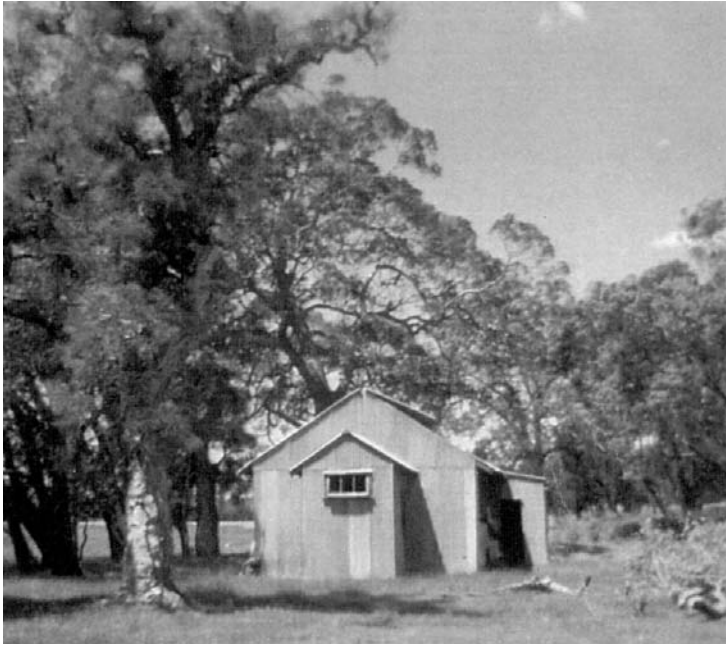
become unprofitable through distance and running costs, plus the fact that it was not a consistent income as Mandurah was a holiday resort, trips to Perth have become fewer.

We were also, of course taking our milk in the opposite direction, to the corner of Baldivis and Folly Rd as it had become known. By this time also cars were replacing horses and spring carts and it was necessary for me to occasionally take my brother driving our old 'Chevvy' to the milk 'dump' picking up other neighbours' milk on the way in order to curtail our running expenses. Our old 'ute' did a stirring job except for occasional bouts of stubbornness when a 'carby' had to be cleaned or a handle cranked to enable the old girl to take off - which she always did eventually.

The year 1932 saw a further decline in our finances, so much so, in fact, that dad finally decided to give up the struggle to farm on 68 Group. As we were the only remaining settlers left on that group we felt that we had put up quite a good fight. The outcome was that we moved to a vacant block on 66 Group on Baldivis Rd which had recently been abandoned by a friend - Mr Jack Bentley - who had returned to England. Although he had farmed quite successfully here he yet was unable to sell it, so, as was the custom then, he simply 'walked out' after selling his milk cans and miscellaneous tools etc. My parents continued to farm here for a number of years after thirteen years of trying to convince dad that we were fighting a losing battle on '68.

It was a very sad and disillusioned family which finally left our dear old home of so many happy memories of bygone years. However it soon became obvious to us that the land here was extremely good and our chances of success much brighter - and so it turned out later when we finally settled in and acquired more milking cows.

During 1932 also a branch of the CWA (Country Women's Association) was formed - the Wellard branch. Meetings were held at first in members' homes but



St Albans Church/Hall

later in the little wooden church , St Albans at the corner of Dog Hill and St Alban's Roads.

This church hall was used for many functions and celebrations, but only one wedding was ever held there - the wedding of Dorothy Webber of 81 Group to Stirling Jones.

Still the depression continued and we all began to wonder if things would ever return to normal. Somehow we struggled on as we still had quite a good social life. Dances at the Wellard Hall, whist drives and a few rare visits to

Fremantle kept us fairly well amused considering the poor circumstances of ourselves, and indeed the whole community.

By 1935 Frank decided to try and get a passage to England. With this in mind he went South to Albany but was unable to get any ship's captain to give him a working passage to England. After camping on the beach for a couple of weeks and living on sausages at two and half pounds for one shilling, and still unable to get work he decided to return to familiar surroundings where he was well known and well liked and more easily able to get a job.

Upon his return he approached Mr Churcher once again for work which he was given. Shortly after this Mr and Mrs Churcher moved to Rockingham and offered Frank the opportunity of taking over our present farm. Frank and my brother Ray formed a partnership taking over the bank debt and promising the two first milk cheques and a few odds and ends around the farm in payment . These same farms, under today's Inflationary pressures are now being sold between one thousand and six thousand dollars per acre according to size.

At this time four people were employed on our farm but after having paid a transfer fee and, very necessary box of groceries the 'partners' were completely 'broke' and certainly unable to employ labour. So much against Franks principles as he had worked with these men as his mates, they were unavoidably given notice. A large number of cows were being milked and much of their days



Frank and Nora Moore

were spent In the milking shed and separating surplus milk.

In 1937 - March 27th - Frank and I were married in the rectory at Rockingham - there being no church at that beach resort- by the Rev. Purdy. Mrs Purdy had laid a red carpet along the passage way and with a few friends the ceremony was performed, all returning to my parents farm for a small celebration. And how happy we were despite the humble conditions.

My parents remained until 1946 when they retired to Rockingham where my dear old dad passed away in 1956. My mother stayed with us for some time when she decided to leave for England to be with a widower brother and it was here not far from her birthplace that she also passed away five years later.



Dorothy and Tom Jarvis in Rockingham

Married Life

I now take up the story of my life with Frank.

Prior to our marriage, with typical Yorkshire thrift, Frank had amassed the princely sum of forty five pounds. For twenty pounds he lined the four rooms of the group settlement house (imagine) and with the remainder bought sufficient furniture to manage for the time being. We had a most hilarious time going from second hand shops to auctions at private homes, vying with determined looking ladies with a 'buy this over my dead body' look and others determined to buy hosepipes and washing wringers (hand turned) at any price and nearly always finally paying as much as a new one would cost. So far removed from the present day 'down payment' and terms but at least when we managed to get them home we had no payment worries.

We bought a brand spanking new lounge for fifteen pounds and two other bedroom and dining room suites (new) for five pounds each just prior to our marriage and after we had spent many months on Sunday between morning and afternoon milking time (our only spare time) clearing out the 'wild life' with caustic soda and staining and painting.

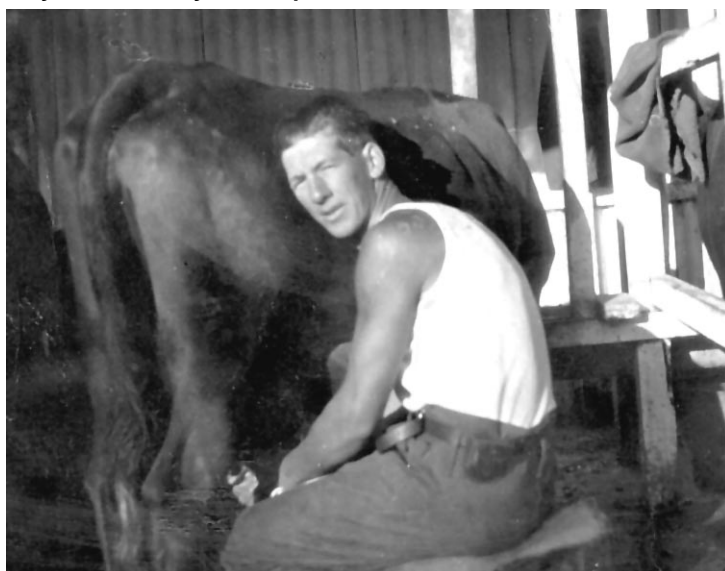
To my eyes the effect was magnificent and we had a rewarding feeling of self achievement. In fact one dear old lady friend of ours cooed gently "This is lovely I haven't seen anything as nice as this since I left Paris," This was real repayment for all our hard work of which we were so proud. We had also managed to get a very good axminster carpet from the auctioned home of an M.L.A. for an unbelievable sum of five pounds which really added the finishing touch.

I wonder how many young newlyweds derived as much fun as we had when getting our home together?

Finally with sixteen pounds in our pockets we left for Bunbury on the lower west coast on a two week honeymoon. Fares and board decimated this amount considerably. However we hiked for many miles and managed to borrow two ancient bikes with which we pedalled round Bunbury, and to hire a boat for one shilling in which to spend a few hours of fishing. It didn't matter to us whether we caught any old fish we were very happy just lounging around as this we knew would be our last holiday for many years and indeed it was.

We returned home by train alighting at Mundijong where Ray was to pick us up, as we had sent a telegram the previous day. Nine o'clock came and Ray hadn't arrived. By this time we were somewhat worried as we were almost penniless and the hotel would be closed. The Mundijong Hotel at this time was owned by Mr Dick Walsh. We decided to throw ourselves on his hospitality, asked for a room for one night with a promise to pay later and were received by him and his good wife with great kindness. You may be sure upon our arrival home this was the first debt to be honoured.. Such were our struggles for existence in what is now known as the 'good old days'. Compare the sumptuous weddings of today with our modest celebrations. I think they suffer by comparison.

The first year of our marriage in 1937 was still one of continued struggle. Many hours were still being spent in the milking shed to the neglect of the farm work. So our first big decision was made, and a milking machine - the first in the district - was installed. Many of the older farmers, still very conservative, came to see how it performed then decided to wait and see how successful these young farmers found it. Once again the question of finance arose as we had also bought an engine driven separator and although by this time the lean years were passing dairy farming was still a continued struggle to make ends meet. However we managed very well despite the fact that quite often I had to keep house on less than ten shillings weekly. Soon more milking machines arrived to replace hand milking in the district.



Frank Moore—Hand Milking

By 1939 a much more prosperous air pervaded the district and just when we had decided that our endeavours were becoming worth while war was declared. My brother, who in the meantime had married the local school teacher from Group 81, Kath Stephen, and Frank were called up for war service. Ray was declared unfit and Frank, of course was in a protected industry - much to his disgust.

With the sinking of the 'Athenia' bound for America came our first shocked realisation of what was to lie ahead. Somehow we had little heart for work that



Frank Moore best man at Ray's wedding to Kath with Kath's sisters

morning while listening to news bulletins from the B.B.C. All in all, war to us was something to be read about and listened via radio at night, so little affected were we by it in our day to day life. Then in one age group shortly after the commencement of hostilities quite a number of local lads - some close friends - were pronounced fit, in fact it was a matter of pride to the district, and so they were inducted, mostly into the navy. During many encounters at sea in HMS 'Hobart', 'Perth' and 'Sydney' some of our young friends made the supreme

sacrifice. A shadow was cast over us all - these were our mates the sons of our neighbours with whom we had worked and shared our heartbreaks and festivities over the years. Such is war and its utter waste of human life.

During the war apart from the local dances at Wellard our radio provided most of our entertainment. On winter nights in particular we would sit in front of a roaring fire with our feet on the mantelpiece listening to plays and talks. On Sunday nights the 'Amateur Hour' was broadcast from Perth when local amateurs displayed their various talents. Mr Court (now our Premier, Sir Charles) a very fine performer, competed and won on one occasion, with a cornet solo. The war years, apart from labour, gave us few problems. Our 'lucky country' was issued with ration cards which we all felt were over generous in comparison to the desperate needs of many war torn countries, - our mother country, England, included. Any spare tickets we had I gave to many an unknown sailor bound for England during war service, and gratefully accepted. Regular food parcels which we sent to our loved ones in that country, were rarely received, being either sunk at sea or taken by unscrupulous people working in the ports - much to our disgust.



Patricia Margaret Moore

With 1940 came our first born - Patricia Margaret - a fine bouncing baby, a delight to her father. Unfortunately these happy events were always overshadowed by the progress of war and we could have wished for better times to have our babies.

Here I must interrupt myself to tell you of an amusing incident which I still manage to chuckle about when reminiscing. We decided by now we could afford to buy a sink top - a real sign of opulence on a farm. Off we went from second hand shop to second hand shop in Fremantle - to no avail. When about to give up the search one

shop man said casually 'There's a second hand shop in Bannister St.' This street was recognised as the most popular of the 'red light' districts - so Frank was disinclined to go along, but with the typical woman's determination I swept his scruples aside and away we went. Just as we arrived the owner had sawn off a four inch square from the corner of a beautiful snow white six foot draining board — just what we wanted "How much do you want for your sink top?" said Frank, "Look, mate" he replied "I've just sawn a bit off."



Nora and Frank Moore with Pat

"That's okay" quoth Frank "I'll straighten it up." "Give us the price of a drink," he said. Frank generously (I thought) gave him two shillings and took it out. Standing it against the fence next door he told me to wait until he had fetched the ute. Although I had my baby and pram I still was prepared to defend the much wanted sink top with my life - or so I thought.

About two minutes after he'd left a taxi pulled up and a smart looking woman in her mid thirties stepped out. She saw my sink top and "Ha" she said, "what's this - a sink top" with which she put her arm round it and proceeded to drag it along the lawn - while I stood open mouthed - nonplussed but visions of my old wash up dish came to the fore and I timidly coughed and said "Er - excuse me but that's my board" whereupon she hauled it back, thrust it at me and pushed us all, baby, self and top, along the street yelling "Get away from my house and keep away" I have never been so humiliated in my life. By the time Frank came back I was nearly dissolved in tears. He hesitated between "having a piece of her" and calling the authorities. But I had had enough and was only too anxious to go in peace.

When our sense of humour finally overcame our ire we decided that perhaps the baby in the pram was a bad advertisement for her and in any case had Frank have entered her 'house' maybe he wouldn't have returned — the temptation would have been too great.

So the sink top was duly installed and many years - and many scrubblings later I had managed to make it a thing of beauty as white as snow Then tragedy! While scrubbing at it one day my brush went through the whole top - it was just a shell The sink top which I had taken so much pride in and suffered so much to acquire had been eaten away day by day by the voracious nibblings of white ants - right under my very nose so to speak.

By 1942 amid a shocked and unbelieving world, Singapore had fallen and Dunkirk and the withdrawal of troops from France had taken place. We just couldn't believe it Singapore was impregnable But it was true and now England and her allies had their backs to the wall. By 1942 also, my brother Ray, once again became seriously ill, the work proving too hard for his frail constitution after



Ray and Kath Jarvis with son Ian

his many years of chest trouble.

He, his wife Kath and son Ian left to live at the Upper Swan on a small vineyard where she too could supplement their income by means of her art, as she was a fine artist.

Since 1938, too, my sister Joan had been married to Mr Alf Powell (our present Rockingham Shire President of many years standing) and was living a few miles away on Dog Hill Rd (noted for its large number of dogs resident there in the past, and its hilly terrain) where Alf had taken up yet another abandoned property formerly farmed by Mr Alf Banner of Group 125.

The departure of Ray and the shortage of labour left me with little alternative but to once again resume my duties in the milking shed. This break had, until the last few years proved to be my only from the shed, a chore which I had never disliked except for our inability to have holidays. But life 'down on the farm' often has its lighter moments, as for instance when we had a sick cow. We tried

every remedy but to no avail. With the 'togetherness' renowned in country areas some of the local farmers had come to offer help.

After some discussion it was unanimously decided that it was a 'vet's' job. The vet duly arrived, and after an examination decided an injection was necessary. The poor animal by this time was in great pain so much so, in fact, that her reason had left her. With a roar of agony she put her head down and charged blindly. There was a generally hurried exodus, but guess who was in the 'firing' line? With one leg raised I was ready to hop through the nearest fence - but I was too slow. With a final roar the poor creature lowered her horns and tossed me straight over the fence, where I sprawled in the loose sand. She then fell into a nearby round trough of water, dead as a doornail. My all male audience though concerned for the cow, could not suppress a chuckle to my mortification.

Now, of course any addition to the family was out of the question and Pat was to remain our single little chick for nearly seven years. She spent much of her infancy in a cot in the feed shed, she slept during milking time and when awake watched the gambolling mice which, never failed to intrigue her. Far from detracting from her progress this treatment seemed only to increase her growth. When working in the hay paddocks we put her under a shady tree on her blanket with toys and the family cat - Darling, Pat called her dolls and all the pets Darling. She grew into a very robust child later pushing her bike to school at Baldivis in all

weathers. She is now in charge of a kindergarten in Orelia a new suburb of our industrial area of Kwinana with its steel works, refinery, and chemical and fertiliser works, etc. This area, now occupied by a shopping centre and smaller suburbs, was bush country over which Frank walked on one of his farm jobs to search for the cows.

With much government research going on into the needs of the land, trace elements, pesticide sprays, fertilisers and similar aids Baldivis and the surrounding districts is now universally recognised as some of the best dairying country in W.A.

In 1945 floods caused us much worry. The Zig-Zag road (known for the short distance between bridges and its zig zag direction) was made impassable by water lying four or five feet deep covering even the fence posts. The Serpentine River burst its banks and many days were spent by all filling bags with sand and stacking them to form a break - a very successful operation and a tribute to the tenacity and industry of the farmers.

Drains and paddocks became choked with debris from surrounding areas. A serious shortage of feed followed, but once again we managed to carry on despite the fact that many paddocks were only suitable for cutting hay in two or three foot widths on the top of each 'land'. Now the public works dept. brought along drag lines to deepen and widen the drains until today few problems present themselves except the lack of rain.

Fire also caused much distress during these years, as we had not formed an efficient fire brigade. Nevertheless it was truly wonderful the manner in which every farmer arrived at a burning farm armed with knapsack sprays or wet bags to assist in quelling this menace. Crops became heavier thus presenting a greater hazard. How heartbreaking it is to see a crop in which one has taken so much pride being ravaged by flames and completely destroyed. A wonderful community spirit, at these times, existed in the rural areas. At the first sign of smoke out come the farmers some of whom maybe one hasn't seen for some time. Night and day occasionally these fires have been policed and always a welcome 'cuppa' being distributed on the outskirts of the fare by women folk, many of whom assisted with wet bag and still others with young families having to replace husbands at milking time when they are 'on duty'. A successful extinction of the fire meant a 'keg' later for weary fire fighters many of whom had had little sleep for nights but still had their herds to attend to twice daily. Hard times but happy times. The formation of a very efficient fire brigade, the help of the shire council with the issue of large tractor-drawn water tanks and the improvement in the behaviour of tourists going through has put an end to these worries.

With the passing of the war years and their accompanying work pressures, Joan and I were able to leave for Frenchman's Bay near Albany on the south coast for three weeks' holiday. What bliss! Lazy days on the beach or tramping the surrounding country side inspecting the places of interest and the unusual flora

and fauna which inhabit these areas. This holiday was again to prove our last for many years.

The dairying industry had now become more stabilised, many farmers had bought areas of land, still unused thus enlarging their existing farms. Milk quotas were increased on a production basis and post war Baldivis assumed an air of prosperity. At last it seemed that Sir James Mitchell's words were to come true. "Those who 'stick it out' will prosper." Although never an affluent industry and a seven days a week job dairy farming still remains one of the most stable and comfortable means of livelihood under normal circumstances.



Peter and Valerie Moore

1947 saw the arrival of our son Peter and an overjoyed little sister became his 'instant' mother, which proved a great help to us particularly on wet days when we could leave him in the house during milking times. Peter later went to Baldivis primary school then to the then new Kwinana High School. From there he left for Harvey

Agricultural H.S. and is now running our home farm.

At this time, 1966, Kwinana H.S. was only a three year high school and Valerie, our youngest born in 1951 went on to John Curtin in Fremantle and is now teaching at Churchlands H.S. in a Perth suburb. Kwinana H.S. now has a large attendance and is at last a five year high school of modern buildings and large proportions being situated quite near to the industrial area with its refinery and steel works.



Nora and Frank Moore

In 1944 an incident had occurred which occasioned us some sadness. The old Karnup School - with all its old records — was destroyed in a bush fire. Looking back over the years as I drive past memories return, some happy, some sad of our early days. Of the settler on hearing of the impending visit of the late King George (then Duke and Duchess of York) mistakenly thinking he would be passing Karnup, arrived with his horse groomed and decorated and his trumpet polished to welcome the royal pair. How we kids giggled at his splendid appearance and how disappointed he was when they passed through Serpentine many miles away, when he dolefully went home. Of the heart broken mother miles from a doctor driving into Karnup with a spring cart containing her baby who had passed away in the night. I wonder if she realised with



what sadness and sympathy we silently watched her pass to catch Mr Armstrong's bus which had started a regular weekly service to Fremantle: Of the sound of singing coming daily across from Mt Tinson's dairy where his good wife was separating the milk and turning the handle for long periods accompanied by songs of the times.

Their farm was adjacent to the school - some one hundred yards away - and Mrs Tinson knew us all by name and was well aware of our misdemeanours and their subsequent punishments. They both at eighty seven have retired to live in a suburb of Fremantle.

Present Day — 1979

Once again Karnup has returned to bush from whence it came, - the only remaining memorial being a line of pine trees planted by us in our first year at school - 1925.



*Joan Powell and Nora Moore with Mrs Tinsen
at her 60th Wedding Anniversary*

Times have again turned full circle and once again

a depression is with the dairying industry - indeed all farming. Pat has her own family in Medina and Val lives in a suburb of Perth. Inflation is rife and milk from a modest four pence per pint has now soared to twenty four cents still not sufficient to cover our costs. Wages and feed bills have risen in sympathy as have cost of living and general expenses.

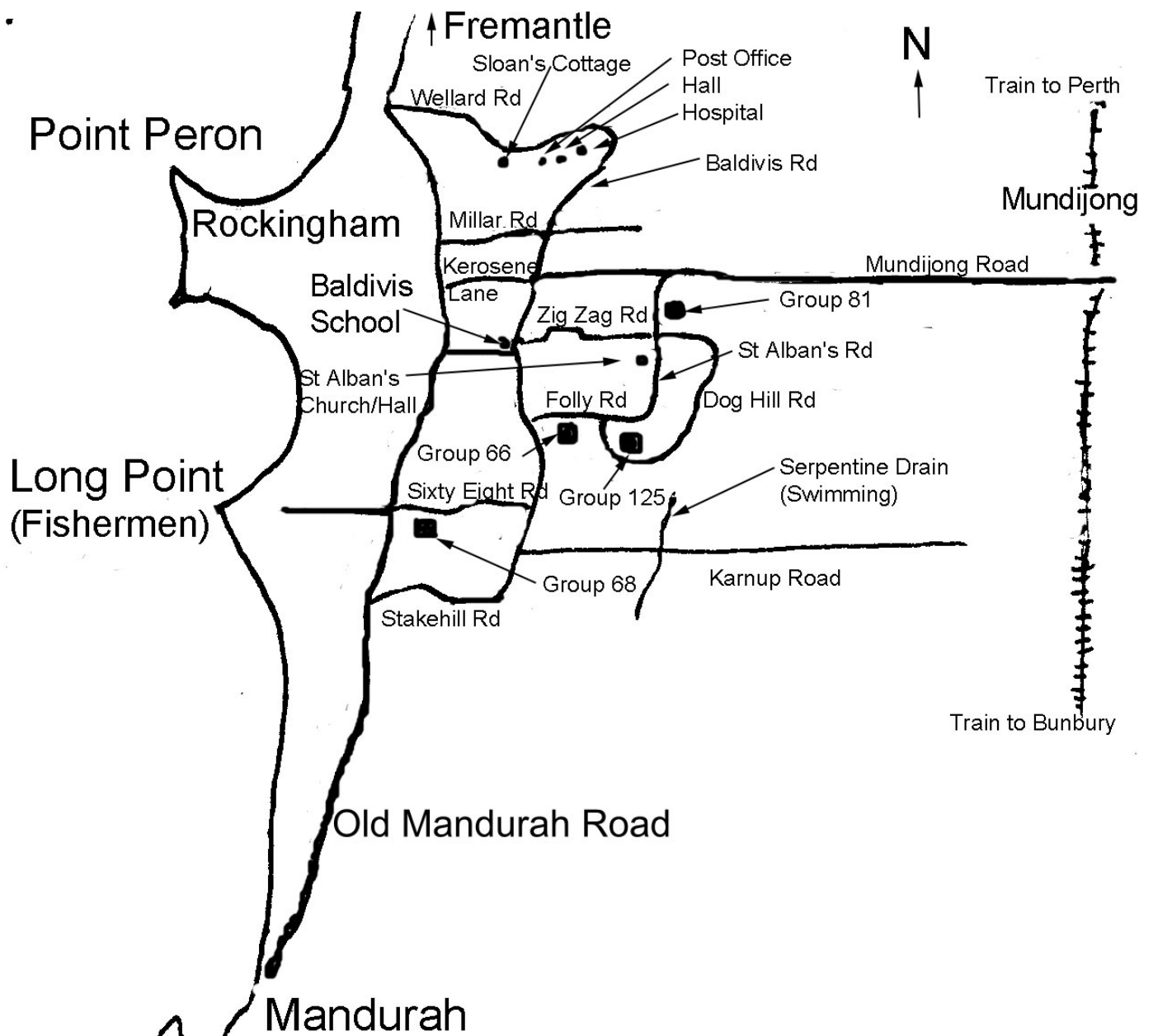
Once again there is a general exodus from the dairy farms. Only three local farmers now produce milk. Over the last twenty years with the growth of Medina and districts and the spread of Rockingham we now find ourselves less isolated.

Numbers of farmers have taken jobs and others with the upsurge of land prices have sold their farms paddock by paddock to incoming buyer who with the stress of modern life have come to 'get away from it all' and to enjoy our countryside, which although almost suburban now, still remains rural.

Much water has gone under the bridge since our arrival in Australia. We still live in our old (asbestos now) home among smart 'b & t' 'b-in-o' houses. We do not trim our old kerosene lamps neither do we remain isolated without telephones, but I feel that we lack so much that made life worthwhile years ago and having had such a full life we can almost feel sorry for those who come after. What is in store for our children in the next decade? I cannot say that we can be proud of the heritage we leave, but I have no doubt that they, like ourselves, will struggle through as did we who went before.

Our grandchildren help us now and take a delight in hearing of the 'olden days'.

Map of Baldvis showing Groups





Frank Moore and Ray Jarvis on a cow.