

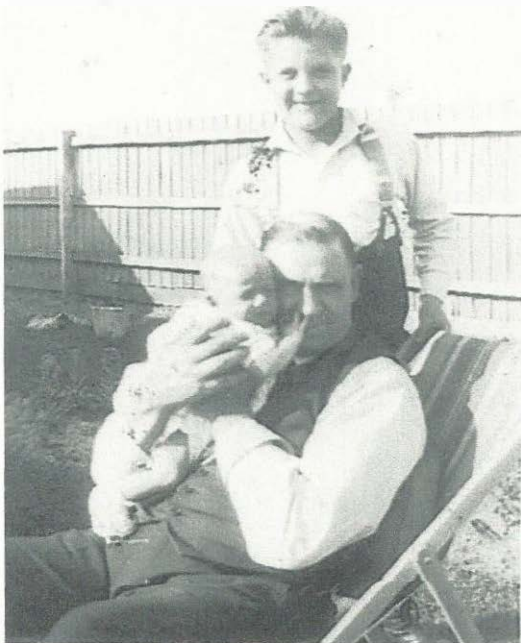
CRM



ISABELLA BLAIR
COLLIS RAYMOND & UNKNOWN
(AT TIME OF PUBLISHING)



ROY, COLLIS & UNKNOWN (AT TIME OF PUBLISHING)



COLLIS & ALBERT MOSS
& LES (BABY)



COLLIS RAYMOND MOSS
& ELIZABETH MARY JACKA-DUNCAN



ELIZABETH MARY & SADIE DUNCAN
IN OXFORD ARRIVING AT THE WEDDING.



COLLIS & ELIZABETH MOSS
CUTTING THEIR WEDDING CAKE



ROY & COLLIS



ISABELLA & ALBERT MOSS
& ROY



JERVIS HOLLOWAY & ELAINE
(MYRTLE HOLLOWAY NEE
MOSS'S HUSBAND)



AUNTY IVY WITH ELAINE
& SANDRA AT BOX HILL SOUTH



IVY MOSS WITH ELAINE,
SANDRA & RUSSELL PARKES
NURSING HELEN MOSS
(GORDON'S DAUGHTER)



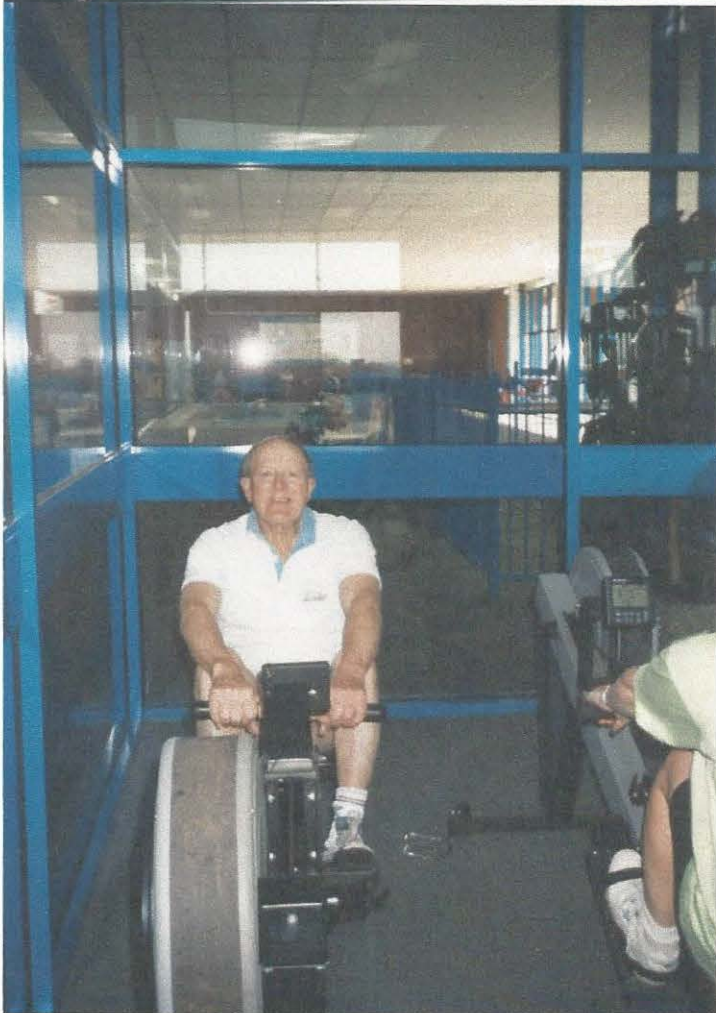
COLLIS MOSS OPPOSITE
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MAN & WIFE! - OXFORD - Mr. & Mrs. COLLIS AND ELIZABETH MOSS



NUKUALOFA TONGA 6/9/73 CRUISE HOLIDAY RHMS "PATRIS"



7 OCTOBER 1999 – COLLIS MOSS

INTRODUCTION

One lazy, sunny afternoon, in the year 1997, I went to see my father for a coffee and a chat.....**armed with a tape recorder and a list of questions!** Mind you most of those questions were not required! Dad was as usual, more than ready to share fond memories of his childhood and the many adventures and events that he experienced as a young man, up to the present day.

The following pages have been transcribed as accurately as possible from the two cassettes I used to tape our conversation, so it is written very much in the 'first person'. The only parts of the conversation that are **not** included are my words which were mainly questions and reactions to some of the things Dad told me as much of it was unknown to me until then.

I hope any family member that reads this '**incomplete**' account of my fathers' memories find that it also triggers some of their own memories. I hope that it also may inspire to record them, so that family members in the years to come will benefit from some insight into their relations and ancestors.

These pages of course, only contain a **small** percentage of my fathers' memories, it would take more than a couple of hours over a cup of coffee to achieve a book of memoirs. However, I have also included two letters, transcribed word for word, that were written by Roy Albert Moss, my fathers' brother and Mrs. Elaine Hart, who were kind enough to share with me some memories and insights of their own.

I hope you enjoy these pages as much as I enjoyed my Dad's coffee and conversation.

Dad Wishes
I hope you enjoy
Reading the pages that
follow
Jane.

SOME of The Life and Times of Collis Raymond Moss

I was born in 13th February 1923 in Station Street, Fairfield at a nursing home. Station Street is the main street in Fairfield and Fairfield is near Heidelberg and not far from away from Ivanhoe where I first met your mother. So my early days that I remember were in Fitzroy where we lived at 255 George Street, opposite St. Mark's church. I can remember when I used to go to the kindergarten which is around the corner only a few hundred yards away (which is still a kindergarten I've found out in recent years), I went to kindergarten because mum and dad used to work, and mum picked me up after work. I was there till I was about four, I was four or four and a half when I started school in George Street. We lived in George Street, and I went to George Street State School, which was just down the hill a bit. All of my relations lived around in the same area everybody lived very close.

In the early days of school, after school I used to go back to the kindergarten where mum and dad used to pick me up, and in the early days living in George Street opposite the church were very pleasant because I used to go to the church pictures, they weren't "talkies" in those days, and I would go to the picture at night and see these silent films with somebody playing the piano.

My brother Roy was ten years older than me and in those days he had a motorbike, he was seventeen. He used to drive a Harley Davidson, it was full of chrome and I used to clean it on Saturday on the weekends and get

my reward of sixpence, which would buy me a lot at the shop. You could buy a big bottle of drink for about tuppence or thruppence and if you bought a penny worth of lollies, you would get a big bag of lollies. Those were the days. I can remember even when I lived there going to the movies at the Regent Theatre in Johnson Street, it was a Hoyts theatre and I used to go there Saturdays it used to cost about four pence to go in, and I can remember seeing my first sound movie there. It was in the late twenties I was only a boy then, five or six or seven or something, that's going back awhile. I remember the first movie I think it was the Al Jolson story, the chappie who sings the Jolson songs.

One thing I remember very well about that time, it was 1929, my young uncle (Myrtle's son) Gordon he used to work at the newsagents, and every Christmas he would give me one of those English Manuals, back in those days all the good books came from England and they'd be full of comics and so forth, and I can remember 1929 and I had this book he gave me and I thought it was wonderful, I've never forgotten that anyway. Over at the church I used to go to the gym and play basketball. Oh, another thing I remember, this house we lived in had a verandah and I used to love sleeping outside, even in those days I was a fresh air fanatic and I used to sleep out under this verandah and there was a tarpaulin for privacy, the one thing I really liked about it was on Saturday morning the paper would be delivered, and I used to hop out and get it, it was the Sun Pictorial and it used to have the comic called Ginger Meggs and I would be sitting up in bed reading. But one night I must have come uncovered and I got a very bad cold and I ended up with dry pleurisy, which nearly killed me. From then onwards I used to sleep indoors, I remember with this dry pleurisy one the treatments in those days was a mustard plasters, that they would put on your chest and would burn like hell!! I used to

watch the clock and say, "How long have I got to go mum?" I had to have it on for an hour or so, I don't think it ever did any good. Today if you wanted a mustard plaster doctors would just laugh at you. As far as remedies went in those days, it was a mustard plaster on your chest and it would burn your bloody chest. I was a very sick boy for a long time but I finally got over it, but that experience left a big impression in my mind, I have **never** forgotten that!

What else can I tell you about those daysWell, where I lived all my relations, my cousins and uncles and aunties all lived within about a hundred yards of this part of Fitzroy, and my grandmother lived on the corner, my auntie Alice lived a bit further up across the road with the Ruthvens. All my relations lived in George Street, Fitzroy, just about all of my relations lived in that street or just around the corner and Auntie May, everybody lived in that area, all those sisters you know about and my cousins we all lived on each other's doorstep. I thought everyone else lived the same way, that's how it was.

During my school days there were two boys that I was very good mates with, one was named Harry Levi and the other one was blind in one eye, what was his name? Anyway these two friends of mine we used to get together. Harry Levi was very keen on experiments, and as we got older we moved to another school, but Harry used to like experimenting with bombs, gun powder and things. Harry took my other friend down to Studley Park down Collingwood way and he made a bomb and it blew up. Of course Harry got out of the way, but this other friend Terry O'Rourke was his name, the one with the one eye he got blown up, he wasn't so lucky he finished up in hospital. He survived it all, I think he

lost his hair and all sorts of things, but luckily it didn't seriously injure him but he was bad enough to be in hospital.

Back a few years ago somebody told me about Terry O'Rourke having a hardware shop up in Carlton in Rathdowne Street, where he might be now still, he's had that for years. Mum and I went up to Carlton to that chicken and noodle place, afterwards mum had to meet her sister Iris, and I went up to the shop but he wasn't there but his wife was there, I told her who I was and she said Terry was up in the street putting a radio in his car, and I walked up to Terry and said "Terry, do you know me?" cause we hadn't seen each other in about 30 years or even longer. The last time I saw him was when we were cycling together at the Northcote Amateurs. Terry didn't recognise me so I had to tell him who I was, anyway I understand Harry Levi lives out in Greensborough now, I know they're both still alive. I haven't met Harry since I left school. They were my two best friends.

Getting back to Fitzroy around about the early 1930s when the Great Depression came, dad was put off from work, he worked at Myers' in the boot factory. In those days he was earning about five pounds a week, which was a fair amount of money for a tradesman. They had a limited amount of money in the bank, about ninety pounds which is a fair bit of money for those days, they could either use that money till they eventually went on the dole, but they decided to buy a little shop up in North Fitzroy and this little shop is just off St. Georges Road and Edgemont Street,...oh yeah...I remember it was on the corner of "Tranmere Street" and "Edgemont Street" just a little corner shop, it was a mixed business. What happened was that dad started a woodshed out the back selling wood too and we would sell green groceries, and one of

my fondest memories was when dad and I used to go to the Victoria Market to get the vegetables, now I was just a boy about nine, ten or eleven, and I used to love getting up early in the morning with him. I used to think it was a great adventure getting up at five or six in the morning to go to the Victoria market to get the vegetables. I used to like wandering around looking to see everything and finding out why dad used to buy things. They were some of the fondest memories, getting up and going to the market.

When I left George Street, Fitzroy to go to North Fitzroy, I had to change schools to the school nearby, the Alfred Crescent School opposite Alfred Crescent gardens near the football ground, Fitzroy Football Ground as it was in those days. I rather liked it there and my fondest memories of the school are just next to the school was a big "Weeties" factory, and when they were cooking the Weeties the lovely smell would come over. I've never forgotten that.

Eventually, we left that shop we did pretty well in that shop, we moved back into Fitzroy and then took over a shop just near the Fitzroy Town Hall. The shop belonged to my mother's Auntie Cecilia, and she was a real moneybag, she had rings over her fingers and she had plenty of money, never let a penny out of her grasp. We took the shop over because the people before couldn't do any good with it. Mum and dad made a big business out of it but when it got to a stage where it was doing really well she wanted the shop back for her son. We finally had to leave the shop, but before I tell you about that....I carried on from Alfred Crescent school to North Fitzroy Central which was still in North Fitzroy and I used to walk to school everyday, it was a few miles but I rather liked the school and I went to school at North Fitzroy Central and of

course Harry Levi went there too and I can remember he was a big strong lad and I remember we used to have a teacher there who taught us science and he was a real strapman, - he used to give you the cane for anything, his name was "Gazzard" and he was a real stinker. One day he picked on Harry and he 'pulled out' Harry for something and he tried to push Harry around and Harry started wrestling with him and we all started cheering him, it was funny, we were cheering on Harry. Harry could have pulled him over....anyway, it finally all settled down, the headmaster called in Harry's mother who had to come up to the school, and it was all cleared up, but we loved that bit of episode 'cause Harry was big enough and strong enough to take this bloke on Gazzard was his name, I've never forgotten his name, he was always teaching us stuff about sewerage and so forth for science – how to operate a sewerage farm and all that rubbish. So eventually when I turned fourteen I got my Certificate, mum and dad didn't realise the advantage of education, they thought I should have gone onto high school not to university but I didn't. I was fourteen, time to go to work, so I got a job in North Fitzroy working in a hardware store, it was only 15 shillings a week that was the sort of money they paid in those days, I stayed there for not quite a year. My father spoke to uncle Fred who worked in the city in Melbourne in a place we thought I was going to be a plumber, but it was a plumbers and builders supplies, sheet metal workers. So Uncle Fred got me a job there and so I used to ride my bike therethe beginning of the war was 1939, I was still at that place, but what happened was they went into voluntary liquidation and eventually they were going to close up, so uncle Roy (I owe him a great favour) he suggested that I go to the Commonwealth Aircraft down Fisherman's Bend and they were starting to make aeroplanes. So I went down there, I remember dragging dad down I was only seventeen saying "you better come with me," and I remember the day we were down there,

it was in 1940 the Japs had just bombed Pearl Harbour, to cut a long story short I got a job and eventually I became an apprentice, a 4 year apprentice which was the best thing to ever happen. I started at 30 shillings a week there, but to become an apprentice I had to drop it back to 15 shillings a week that was a big thing, and mum and dad weren't too keen on that but I said it was the best thing to do because I get a chance to go into a drawing office and do things, so I became an apprentice. I had to drop back to 15 shillings a week, eventually next I grew up to 30 shillings a week, it was the best thing to ever happen as I was able to get experience in a drawing office and go to school at RMIT in Melbourne and do my apprenticeship course and learn all about drafting and eventually when the war finished in 1945, I carried on there but General Motors started to advertise in 1947 for people with drafting experience who worked in the aircraft industry, they wanted to train us as automobile draftsmen and so forth so I went down there and applied, and they took a long time to let me know, and one of my friends already had notice and I thought this is no good so I rang them up and I said "look, I want to know what is going to happen because I can get a job elsewhere," and that was the best thing, because I pushed them and they said "okay you can start" and I joined General Motors before they started making the first Holden, I joined them in 1947 and we only had three prototype Holdens in the garage and they had been built in America. I joined them as a detail draftsman and I was coping pretty well with my experience in the aircraft industry, but I had a lot to learn, but I was learning and I was at RMIT learning all about it. It was later that year that I met your mother it was August 1947. I had been working at General Motors for about six months or nine months. Getting back to how I met your mother, I used to like going out to Heidelberg Town Hall because the girls were nice out there, they used to wear flowers and things and there was mixed dancing. In

those days I used to go to all these various dances in the city and all over the place, and one of my friends who I worked with at Commonwealth Aircraft, Fred Lycart, lived down in Preston and we'd been over to Heidelberg a few times. This particular night in August I said "let's go out to Heidelberg, the girls seem to be nicer out there, there's nice surroundings and a good band." So we went out there and later on that night I saw this little person standing alongside a pillar and I walked over to her thinking perhaps she'd like to dance, so I went across, and it was your mother! We got talking and we started talking about films, Al Jolson films, The Al Jolson story. We'd both seen it and we talked about how much we'd enjoyed it. Auntie Marie was there too that night, because what had happened was your mother was never allowed to go to a public dance without a friend, so auntie Marie had come down and her best friend from work, and Marie used to like going there. The four of us got talking later on, and Fred and I were invited home for a cup of tea at her place, and her mother only lived down the road about 200 yards down the street, just a stone's throw from the Town Hall. That night that bloody Fred was chasing around after your mother, and I was talking to Marie, and I think he gave your mother a first kiss that night. Before I got a go he kissed her! Anyway, later on that night I was talking to your mother I'd told her I'd ring her, so I did the next day and I arranged to go see a movie in the city after work. She stayed in town but I went home and spruced up, and I was travelling in the tram to meet her and she was standing outside the Capital Theatre in Swanston Street, just opposite the Town Hall. It was a beautiful theatre, and the show they had on that night was "Notorious" with Cary Grant, and it turned out your mother had been there the previous night with Maries' brother. There I am on this Friday night meeting her, anyhow I got on this tram going into the city, and I got up to Victoria Parade near the Eye and Ear Hospital (near

St. Vincents Hospital) and the tram from Thornbury crosses over at the other tram line and we get up there and the tram ahead of me had been hit by a truck! It had wiped the whole side of the tram off and some people were injured, it was a terrible mess and there were ambulances everywhere. I don't think there was anyone killed but there were people injured. My tram couldn't get past this other tram, so I jumped out of the tram and ran across the road and caught a tram coming from Richmond way, and that took me down to the Theatre. I was really late and your mother was cooling her heels, she didn't like the idea of going home by herself, if she'd gone home that night she might have wanted to wipe me off. When I got there I explained the situation, and that was the start of our big romance.

I used to meet your mother quite a lot on Friday nights, we used to go to dinner at the Russell and Collins and your mother was still a Catholic then so she'd have fish and I'd have chicken and she used to hate that. Eventually in 1948 an English friend of mine from General Motors told me he could get me a job in Oxford where his friend was the Chief Engineer in this big motor body building firm and steel company in Cowley, Oxford. I wrote to them and they wrote back saying yeah, we'll give this chap a job, in those days jobs were plentiful, so I said to your mother I was going over, and we weren't engaged then. But we'd been seeing each other a lot, about two or 3 times a week, going all over the place dancing and doing all sorts of things, and I had even taken your mother to either the boxing or the wrestling, which is somewhere she hadn't been before at the stadium in West Melbourne. She wanted to go there so I took her there, she also wanted to go to the Yarra Bank where all the activists were on a Sunday morning. One Sunday it was very embarrassing, we had to leave in a hurry. The fellow was talking very

obscenely it was something shocking. Anyhow I had told your mother that I was going to England and I remember her mother asking, "What do you want to go to England for?" She wasn't a travel person at all, but I always wanted to go overseas. I used to watch the ships going down the Yarra during the war years and wished I was on one of them. Your mother talked me into getting engaged before I left. I said "Well what's say (I was going anyway, nothing was going to stop me), we'll see how things work out, and if all goes well you come over and we'll get married". They were very happy times, and finally I left on that ship from Port Melbourne Pier the "Esperence Bay" a shore saddle ship, which her father helped me to get on because it was pretty hard to get passage in those days after the war. It was a wonderful trip, I had a wonderful journey across to Ceylon, the Suez Canal and Malta and on to South Hampton, it was marvellous. I had a wonderful trip.

Finally I got to Oxford, actually, I didn't go straight to Oxford I went to this friend's from General Motors, his wife's mother and father lived near Oxford, and I stayed there for a day or so in the country, unpacked my bicycle assembled it and rode onto Oxford and saw them about starting and arranged my "digs" just up the road from the factory where there was a Miss Simpson, and that's where I bought lodgings. I started work there, and everything went well, so about 10 months later your mother came over and we were married in Oxford in March 19th, 1949. By that time I had friends in London, I had met Harold and Gladys, and the Deans up in Hereford. The Deans didn't come up but the Harris's from London came up for the wedding, and Miss Simpson my landlady was there, she loved that. Mum and I were married in a Catholic church in a lovely part of Oxford. We stayed over there till the end of 1951 and in the meanwhile we had done a lot of cycling, a lot of tandem riding. We did a tandem

journey to France, we cycled down to Paris and stayed there for a week and before coming home we did a trip up to Scotland with a young couple from Oxford, some cycling friends of ours. While we were in Scotland we swan in Lock Loman and other rivers and locks. It was summer time so it was nice and cool.

We eventually came home at the end of 1951 on a ship. We came back because your mothers' father had died, and her mother was all alone and we felt it was time to come back, even though we enjoyed ourselves very much over there. When we came back we went to stay in Hawthorn with Beth's mother, Mrs Vera Duncan, and we stayed there for awhile. We didn't want to live in the inner suburbs, I had always wanted to live in the country, so we went looking for houses out Ringwood and Croydon way and we bought an old car, a nice little car but it cost a lot of money to keep going. We finally found a house at the top of a hill overlooking Croydon with a beautiful view of the ranges. We finally bought this house and we got a loan from the State Savings Bank. We lived there from 1952 till 1960. Colin, Andrew and Jane grew up there having been born in the hospital in Kew at St. Georges Hospital. They were very happy times out there because the boys got into the scouts and I became the Scout Master helping out with things. We had a pretty busy time when Jane was bought home, Jane had to be fed four hourly feeds and I used to have to get up on the graveyard shift and give her four ounces of milk and then Jane would burp most of it up and I'd have to give her some more because we couldn't put her to sleep unless she had had her four ounces of milk. Beth was tired, she was worn out. When we brought Jane home we used to call her a skinny rabbit but we soon fattened her up. We lived there till 1960, when I decided to change jobs and move to International Harvester which was over in Dandenong.

I worked there for a few years and they decided to move the Engineering division down to Geelong, but I didn't want to go because they weren't prepared to pay me enough money so I got a job in Bentleigh, with the Repco company. I stayed there for nearly twelve months, and finally I joined International Harvester in Geelong because they were willing to pay a reasonable wage. I travelled up and back from Croydon for some months with some other guys, and finally we bought the house in Mitchell Street in Belmont, Geelong. Jane was still going to kinder, and then she went to the Belmont State School, and the boys went there too. Colin went to Geelong College after that but eventually all of you ended up going to Oberon High School and later Belmont High School.

Those were some happy days. We used to go down to Bremlea in the summer time to the beach, and they were great days because when we lived in Croydon we used to have to travel to Chelsea, which took about an hour and a half to get to the town and by the time you got there the wind had changed and it was cold, at least living in Belmont we got to go to beautiful beaches down at Bremlea. We used to enjoy those days growing up there. But eventually these squash courts next door to us were going to be built and Beth wasn't very happy. It took almost twelve months to sell the house, and in the meanwhile your mother had been looking for houses all over Geelong, down in Ocean Grove, we looked everywhere. Finally, Beth found this house that we are living in now in Fairbrae Avenue, and we sold the house in Mitchell Street and settled in here.

It wasn't a very nice house when we came here, it was a bit of a dump, but it looks alright now. That's the brief history of our life. But there is lots of things I have left out! We moved here in 1972 this coming August

it will be 25 years since we've been living here. In 1974 we did a cruise on the "Patris". Colin didn't want to go but Andrew and Jane came along. We had a marvellous three week cruise. On that cruise we went to New Zealand and Tonga and we went to American Samoa, we went to the Fiji Islands, we had a marvellous trip. Then from there we went north to Vila from Vila we went back to New Zealand to Wellington where we met our friends there, remember the nice lady that invited us home, Jean, she had a heart attack some years later and died. We had a nice trip back home to Sydney then around the coast to home. Another year we went on another cruise on the big ship Australis? It was two years later and we went to some of the same islands again.

In 1976 Beth and I did a trip on a Russian ship which took us to Manila and on to Hong Kong. A lot of nice things have happened since we've been here. Mum and I did that Japanese trip later on and Jane rang us up in Japan, and in 1981 we did that trip back to England so we've had some happy times here.

Going back to my school days, I remember another one of my teachers up in North Fitzroy Central School, she was our Latin teacher and everyone called her "detention Aggie" because she was always good on giving out detentions. I was one of her favourites because I was a sportsman and I played for the school team, cricket and football and I was lucky enough to play in premierships. Anyway she was a good teacher, I was her favourite. Back in those days during winter time we used to go away for a weeks holiday to Phillip Island and she used to come away with us. We used to play a football match while we were down there and she used to watch us play, and I was captain of the team, a lot of the boys playing weren't in the team at school though. Because I was a regular player in

the team I was a little rough with them and she likened me to a Roman Gladiator, she used to talk about them in Latin history because she was the Latin teacher. I remember on Fridays when I had to leave early to play at another school, I used to put my hand up to leave early and she used to say "Oh yes, yes Colin, Colin's got to go away and play for the team you know." I was one of her favourite boys, I don't think I ever got detention from her. Later on, she was a spinister, they found her clothes at the top of the cliff they think she threw herself over the cliff, she'd committed suicide. She used to play golf, and on certain days she'd wanted someone to take her golf caddy. Just near the school used to be the Alfred Crescent Railway Station, it's still there. I had a truck and she used to engage me, I think she gave me sixpence to take her and her stuff to the railway station. I was one of 'detention Aggies' favourites!

There was another teacher there too, he used to help the sports master, he was a very good mathematics teacher and he used to come to football matches, I got on really well with him too. In those days at North Fitzroy Central I played with some well known sportsmen. There is a family in Fitzroy, the Harvey family, they had sons and some of them I played with became top cricketers. One played for Victoria, but the other one, the youngest one, Neil Harvey became a famous test cricketer for Australia, he played with Bradman. Neil came along after I left the school. When I was playing football at North Fitzroy, I played there in 1944 and got on the Seniors list, Neil came along to training and he introduced himself to me, and I'd met him before and he said "you played with my brother's at school", Ray and Mickey and another, whose name I can't think of now...I said "yeah that's right!" Little did I know in years to come he was going to become one of the most famous Australian cricketers and left hand batsman. While I was in Oxford, he played in Oxford with the

Australian test cricket team against Oxford University. The Harvey brothers were well known cricketers, and everybody who knows about cricket knows about Neil Harvey, that he played with Bradman and he was always a regular with a good score.

I won a silver medal for running at one of the sports meetings. I don't know if it was in a sack race, but I think it was in a running race. I finally gave that medal to one of my girlfriends, before I met your mother of course! I don't remember who was my first girlfriend was. There were lots of girls I took out.

As a young boy I think my most favourite toy or possession was my bike. I had a three wheeler bicycle, but all I wanted was a two-wheeler. Eventually I turned this three wheeler into a two wheeler, I pulled the forks out! In those days they were expensive and I remember one of my friends had a two wheeler with soft tyres. When I was a little boy I had a motor car, a little peddle car, and I loved it and I would wear a soft peak cap. I used to like those English manual books that they would turn out over Christmas time, and I liked comics. I liked Laurel and Hardy, that sort of thing.

My mum was a good cook. There were roast dinners every Sunday, tripe and onions, I love tripe and onions and she used to cook a beautiful apple pie, oh apple pie!! Mum also made lovely bread and butter puddings, she was a great cook, no doubt about it. Mum used to work in the boot factory when I was a little one, in the days when a lot of mother's didn't work. My mother was a great gambler, a card player and she was a lucky card player! She also loved the horses, she liked to go to the races, enjoyed the atmosphere and watching the horses run and would like also

to have a flutter. Dad didn't mind going to the races, but he wasn't a gambler, he'd play a game of cards but he would only put in sixpence or something. He wasn't keen on betting big money and there were occasions where he wasn't happy when mum had been gambling. He was a softie though, she was determined she was going to do what she wanted to do. Dad used to capitulate, he didn't like to have cross words and so forth.

Dad was a good tradesman. He was a good all rounder. He was a good electrician, he got some training and he was good at the job.

Dad like his football and when I was a little boy he used to take me to football matches. I can remember as a little boy, about five or six games of football matches. I remember going down to South Melbourne to watch, it wasn't graded so you had to be tall to see them, and I remember dad used to put me up on his shoulders to see the match. After awhile he'd get tired so I would get down and to keep myself amused I used to fill the cuffs of trousers of the people around me with stones. It's funny how you remember those things!

After I went to England, Johnny became my dad's border. He was known to the rest of the family, I think he may have been a border with one of the other aunties at one stage, actually Jacky Finn was his name. A matter of fact when Auntie Vera died recently he rang Roy, he saw the notice in the paper and he sent flowers but he didn't leave his address. He was a very shy man with a heart of gold. He came to live with mum because he didn't have a home so he filled a gap when I went away. I think he worked in a boot factory.

Going back to England, there was a guy in a drawing office in Oxford, very nice chap who lived just outside Oxford at Addington that's where they made the MG Sports Cars. He was always fiddling with cars and of course mum and I had been doing all our travelling on a tandem. We'd ride out and then get the train up to Wales and start riding again, anyway we got to the stage where we'd save a bit of money up and this chap had a car and it was going for 90 pounds, that was about 9 weeks wages and it was a 1934 Singer, 4 cylinder and hydraulic brakes, most cars had mechanical brakes so it was well ahead of its time. Anyway, he said it went very well and we were wanting a car to start travelling further so I bought it. I remember we were living in this little village ten miles out of Oxford, we had taken this sort of semi-detached brick house after another young draftsman who I worked with in Oxford, he moved into Oxford, he recommended me to the lady owner so we moved in ten miles out of Oxford, beautiful part of the country, in Baldwin near the Cotswolds.

This house had everything, furniture and all that, oh, we had some furniture at our place so we took some of our bits and pieces we had bought but it was pretty well a furnished place we were moving into. However, the bed sank and I had to put a big piece of four x two in the middle to support the mattress (laughing) oh it was a bit 'hard'! This place had 'tank' water, but for fresh water I used to have to go next door, through the gate, it was a common gate to the other part of the house and there was a 'well' there and I used to wind this bucket up to get this fresh water from the well, it was beautiful water it would make beautiful tea. Anyway, one day I wound the bucket up and there was a mouse in it, a **dead** mouse, it had fallen in (laughing), but we kept using the water, it used too make beautiful tea. Anyway, by the time we moved out there, living ten miles out from work I had to have more than just a tandem to

get to work, so we bought the car, that's right I remember buying the car. I remember one of the first things we did, there was a little town called **Wallington**, not far away, oh about five or six miles away, and I remember driving this car at night to the cinema at Wallington, we were going to the movies, it was one of our first nights out and oh I was tickled pink, you know with this car, it was a sort of a ...umm it was a four seater type and it had a hard top, sort of, it was fabric but hard. Anyway, I can remember driving at night with all the lights on the instrument panel, and you know, oh everything worked and it was in good condition it had been looked after you know, but it had a hole in the floor near the brake and a draught used to come up and your mother used to complain about that. Anyway we thought we were 'made' with this car and it was a 'Singer 9' 1934, it wasn't that old, it was still 16 years old but it was in good condition, so we had a lovely time in that car. Oh! One Easter we drove the thing down the Landsend right down the bottom end, when I told these boys in the office I was going down to Landsend they thought it was a long way away, but of course it was only probably 100 to 150 miles that's nothing, but in those days, to the locals that was a long way to go for a holiday. We drove right down to Landsend to the bottom and I remember we broke the tail light and I put a red rag over the light, in those days you had to have the lights on at night, the local cop came along and knocked on the door and I told him it broke on the way down, at least I had the red light on, so he let me off, but told me to get it fixed as soon as possible.

They asked us about Landsend, they told us if you go any further you would be 'silly', we got to Landsend because the 'silly islands' were just below that part of where we were. Anyway mum and I used to travel a lot in the Singer 9, the last year we were there in the summer time we

took a trip to Scotland and our English friends came with us Gordon and Cecilia, they are the ones that live in America that I correspond with, they now live in New Hampshire north of New York. Anyhow according to Cecilia, we had a marvellous time camping at various places. When we came back home, they then went to America to live, we haven't seen each other since 1951. Before coming back home we took a trip on the Continent and took this car over with us. When we lived in Brogabore this chap Wally came over to England, he was a Melbourne boy and he knew my brother Roy who gave him our address. Then, of course we got to know Wally, he worked on the newspapers, he said "if you ever go to the Continent I coming with you". When we decided to do this trip on the Continent before coming home, we told Wally, he packed up his job and came with us, he became my co driver. We went over on the ferry with the car and we decided to put in 50 pounds each in the kitty as housekeeping. We were camping we had our sleeping bags and tents. First of all we went over to France, and then over to Belgium, went through Denmark and North Norway, Sweden, it was August time and the weather was lovely. By the end of August it was starting to getting cold so we decided to head down South, we headed down to Germany, right down South and we finally got into Austria and finally came down the coast to Italy to Venice which we visited then onto Rome and finally came up to the west coast past the Leaning Tower of Pisa and then up to France and then home again. We were away for about two and a half months, we had some lovely times. We were buying all our food from the farmers, we had to make our money spin out.

We were in Switzzland and we asked a young chappy if we could camp on his land, he said we must be very poor anyway we camped there and he bought us some eggs that night as a present. Everybody thought we must

be very poor because it wasn't long after the war and we were travelling around. When we were in Germany in Barvaria we visited Hitler's hideaway place in the mountains Britzguard. We visited Innsbruck in Austria where they have the festival every year, we were on our way to Vienna but our car was getting a bit sick and we couldn't get over the hill. What we did was head down south over the big mountain pass, I remember we were stopped and a big American car stopped and the fellow said we would not get over the mountain, but we did. Coming back through France we were pushing the car to start it every morning, because what was happening the petrol wasn't too good and the valves were coating up with carbons and one morning we couldn't push the bloody thing. What happened a tow van came along and we asked him if he could tow us to the nearest town and he towed us in. We went to a garage and he said "oh its su pa pas", that's the valves, he said he didn't have any and he would make some out of fridge valves, he had a beautiful workshop, a crummy old looking town, the French are very good mechanics, he looked under the engine, he fixed it all up, it cost me 10 to 15 pounds that was a lot of money in those days, the car went like a bomb.

We got home and dropped Wally off in his town. Some months later we finally came home, but for some reason the ship was held up and in the meanwhile I sold the car to a second hand dealer and I got 80 quid for it, I paid 90, we were away for about two and half months and did about fifteen thousand miles on it, we had a lovely time in it, but eventually we were held up with the ship so we stayed with our English friends of ours Gordon and Cecilia at their house in Oxford, they live in a very old part of Oxford called St. Ebbs very ancient part, we were living in this tiny little house, they weren't very well off, he was a draftsman, anyway we

got the train to Oxford and then came home. I haven't seen them since that day, but we have been corresponding.

I don't remember Roy coming on holidays but I used to go away on camping holidays with mum and dad. We used to go away with mum's other sister Auntie Carrie and Harry Secombe to Gisborne, it was always at Christmas time. Harry was a great shooter, Harry and dad would go shooting and bring back rabbits and so forth, I used to love fried rabbit!! What I would do was sleep in the back of the car with my books and torch, I can remember those days, they never used to take me shooting in those days (maybe on one occasion) I was too young. I really can't remember Roy coming on those holidays, by that time say I was 10 and Roy was 20. Roy was very good to me while I was growing up. Roy had a very good friend Les Legget , he used to live around the corner, they were tin handlers, they used to go the races and the greyhound racing and I used to badger Roy to take me, he used to take me to White City Greyhound Racing, which is near Footscray way, I used to love going out there, it was night time and they would have these big drums with coal, beautiful heat in them and it would be cold nights, you would sit down around the drum and Roy would bring round the hot dogs.

They used to go play billiards and I used to go with them to the billiard room up in Smith Street, Fitzroy. I think I told you a long time ago I used to watch them play billiards and there was a guy who used to whistle a particular song which has stuck in my memory "my canary's got circles under his eyes". Roy and Les they were very good friends, they were like brothers, unfortunately Les Leggets family all had heart complaints and they were all dying, I think Les Leggets died in his 50's or 60's. They were a very nice family the Leggets. They lived in a better class house

than us it was a brick house and big, they lived just around the corner from us and across from their house was this lolly shop that I used to go and buy my drinks and for one penny I would get 12 wrapped sweets, a big bottle of drink for four pence and a bag of spuds for a couple of shillings, but you have to remember the pay was only five pounds a week then.

When I was going to school one of my friends Lenny Henderson, who lived close by around the corner they had a milk shop, anyway one of his brother-in-laws was in the IRA and they used to play cricket on the Saturday and I joined the Ragabites in Fitzroy so I could play with the Collingwood Ragabites cricket. I was a member because I wanted to play cricket. I played cricket for a long time but in the summer months I also enjoyed swimming so I eventually gave up cricket and started swimming, I never joined a swimming club.

Getting back to football, in those days, a little later, as you know I was working as an apprentice at Commonwealth Aircraft during the war years and then what happened as far as sports was concerned, doing shift work didn't leave a lot of time to play sport but I did enjoy cycling. I was always keen on bikes. The lad I told you about, the one with one eye that I met at St. Georges State School, what happened his brothers were great cyclists, one of them won the Warrnambool to Melbourne race, there was Terry and Gordon O'Rooks, the brother won the big race I forget his name now, so I met Gordon and then said "why don't you take up cycling?" and join the club. I joined the Northford amateurs cycling club, I started road racing and track racing, one of our training runs was out through Heidelberg past your mother's house, so there I was back in those days in the early 40's cycling past your mothers place, (not

knowing I would meet her one day and marry her) down Heidelberg Road at Greensborough and we would go all the way around and come through Preston, we used to do that twice a week as a training run, when I met your mother I told her years ago I used to cycle past your house and she used to see the cyclists passing her place and she probably saw me. Little did she know that one day she would marry one of the cyclists. We used to have an annual race with the Preston Cycling Club at the Northford Amateurs and one year there I finished second, but what happened there was two of us watching each other very closely and we let this Billy Emmet get away and I think he won, this other chap and I had to sprint towards the end, I was a great sprinter and I beat him, that's how I came second. One year there, there was a 15 mile race and this same guy Emmet was there, when it got towards the end Billy didn't think I was taking the turn and I sprinted and I cleaned him up and won, after the race he was crooked. I won a track race at Epping one day, but I did enjoy the cycling I was in, as a matter of fact I was in the junior amateur race and I came back with the finishes, I used to have a three speed on the bike and it kept playing up so I decided to go with the fixed wheel this day, and it was getting towards the end and I thought I had a chance of winning this, it would mean getting a Victorian title, I made my run I hit the front but unfortunately I only had the one gear, the others were changing up their gears, if I'd had the gears and had been a bit more cagey I would have won the race.

I had to go on shiftwork for awhile down at the aircraft plant, I'd start working at 11 o'clock through to 7 am in the morning, you did that for about 3 weeks and then go on afternoon shift from 3 o'clock till 11 am., Another shift from 7 o'clock to 3 o'clock, Finally I got off that shiftwork, I didn't go back to soldering, what happened we had a shop in

Carlton that was a good shop too, we moved from the Collingwood shop to Clifton Hill, brought a house then mum and dad got itchy feet and brought another shop. We eventually moved to Thornbury that's when I started playing football, I started playing with the Fitzroy Sub Districts for a couple of years and I won the most improved player, I was about 21 then, I thought I would go down to Collingwood, I liked to play with Collingwood. So I went down to Collingwood to train. The famous Collingwood coach Jock McCahill was still coaching then, I wasn't very happy about coming on Monday's and Wednesday's because I was doing my course at RMIT, and I said "couldn't I come on Tuesday's and Thursday's, that's when the seniors train"?, he told me to see the Secretary, he was a real officious bugger, he said "if you can't come Monday's and Wednesday's you can't come at all", so I went up to Fitzroy, I could train Tuesday's and Thursday's and I got the trophy for the most improved player for the sub districts and they were interested in me, I played in some of the practice matches and I did so well I got on the seniors list and that entitled me to three dollars a week payment. I played seventeen games with them until I dislocated my cartilage playing against Richmond, in those matches I played down in Geelong at Kardina Park, played at Footscray and Collingwood and when I played in Geelong that day (that was in the early 40's) I got paid 3 pounds for being the best player. When I played against Collingwood I got 3 pounds again for being the best player, we won that game too. Unfortunately when the finals came Fitzroys Seniors were in the finals and I was trying to get my knee right, I got pretty close and they decided it was a bit risky and I didn't play, the finals were played at Collingwood Football ground, we won both premierships. Anyway I played one more game, but because of my knee Fitzroy were not interested in me.

When we moved to Thornbury there was a guy down the street who was an umpire and he said why don't you go play for Carlton, which I did for one game in the seconds but my knee wasn't too good, and then eventually my Sandringham friend Ian McKenzie said why don't you come and see me, we have good coaching and we have had a very good year, so I played for the seconds but I had to watch my dicky knee, and I eventually got one game with the seniors we played over at Coburg, my first seniors football match and at the time I was learning the clarinet, my clarinet teacher was a keen Carlton supporter and he knew I played football. I told him I'm playing over at Coburg, he lived at Elwood he sent me a lovely telegram, we won against Coburg and I did very well considering the knee, eventually next week they had to bring the full forward back and I had to go out, later on I was playing very well in the seconds and I remember playing down in Williamstown, the Williamstown football ground overlooked the ocean and I could see all the ships, anyhow I had a good game down there and what happened towards the end of the season the regular winger for Sandringham hurt his knee and they said I would be playing, but that Saturday he hurt his knee I jarred my knee badly and I couldn't play. If I had of played I would have been in the premiership team and Sandringham won the premiership and I am in the premiership photo because I played one game, and down there in Sandringham today there is a big photo the wall the first premiership team and I'm in it. After that season in Sandringham I umpired for a year with the VJFL, I used to umpire locally and also I used to go Bacchus Marsh and Ballan to umpire those country matches, boy did I get abused being an umpire. The next year I had the chance to go to England, so that was the end of my somewhat sporting career, I did some cycling and swimming. I used to swim for FIFA, I was training for the 3 mile swim with my friend Jack Bennett the school teacher when, I lived

at Thornbury we used to swim a lot in the summer months in the river. What happened I didn't swim because I went to England but Jack swam. As it turned out I'm glad as it was freezing cold day and everyone was cramping up. We used to swim in the river and in those days the rivers were clean.

I had a chance to buy a clarinet it was called a simple system I started to play with that. I was being taught in Burke Street, Melbourne at the time and my friend Jack Bennett said why don't you ring Ian Pederford he might take you on, so I rang him he was a top teacher, but he was also at 3LO playing, Ian Pederford used to play with the Leggets at a ballroom in one of the suburbs in Melbourne, so he took me on, and I was learning from him, he was teaching me the classical stuff, eventually he got me another clarinet but I wasn't a natural I really had to work hard at it, I suppose I should have started when I was younger. I was playing it when I met your mother but she wasn't very keen on it. I still have my two clarinets stuck away somewhere.

This friend of mine Jack Bennett during the war years we used to go to the Tockaderio in the city, the service men would go there, the place was full of smoke, you would go home at night and all of your clothes would reek of smoke. I used to have to hang my suit on the line every Sunday morning to get rid of the smoke it was terrible. Before we went to North Fitzroy I joined the choir, I was learning and I was getting close to getting my white robe. The vicar of the church was well known in Melbourne, he had his own radio program on 3LO he was known as Brother Bill, during the depression year he had a soup kitchen going and he was a great talker, so when we moved that interrupted my career as a choir boy, but my brother Roy was in a choir.

When I was about 10 or 11 years old I became interested in stamps and when we lived in Fitzroy near the town hall I used to go to the book shop in Smith Street, Fitzroy, they had all these old stamps I would get my stamps from there. I've always been interested in stamps, even today, I always felt it fascinating.

I became interested in astronomy after I retired, I think astronomy should be taught at school, I can't understand why more people are not interested in it. Astronomy is taught in America, but in Australia I don't think astronomy is taught much, I think astronomy is taught in the Universities. I think astronomy should be a fascinating subject for kids as they are growing up.

During those years with Jack Bennett, the school teacher friend of mine, we rode our bikes up to Albury, I was 21 years old then, I hadn't been out of Victoria then I hadn't been out of the State. We set along one side of the river along the Murray River and rode into Echuca. We were both pretty tired and a truck came along and we asked if we could get a lift onto town, so we through out bikes on the back of the truck, the truck belonged to the people who make the great soft drink up there. The truck driver asked us where we were staying, we said under the stars so he asked us to stay with him for the night, so we turned up to this household and it turned out one of the sons was a former Richmond footballer and of course my friend Jack Bennett was a Richmond supporter, anyhow they said they had extra beds so we could the stay the night there, they gave us a meal, boy the hospitality given to us was great, especially when they found out that Jack was a Richmond supporter. You know I haven't been back to Echuca since. We came back through Bendigo after we left Echuca.

The following year we did another trip, we rode down to Werribee, Werribee in those days the main street was a dusty road, a one horse town, there was a railway station a few shops and you rode your bike into a cloud of dust. We came off Werribee just near Avalon airport, we slept on the side of the road in our sleeping bags mind you.

The next we rode into Geelong and rode along the foreshore, then we rode down to Anglesea, I had never been to Anglesea and then to Lorne, we visited one of our friends and I had my first swim at the beach at Lorne in the ocean, I thought the water would be warm, the temperature was about 100 degrees but the water was freezing, I froze.

We carried down onto the coast and we finished up having Christmas dinner at Lavers Hill, we rode on around the coast to Port Fairy, Warrnambool and Portland, it rained at Portland it was hard sleeping on the boards under the stars.

Unless we do something about the greenhouse effect the earth could be in a mess in years to come. We have to do something about the gas emissions. The earth could be in a difficult situation in 50 years time. I won't be here then.

When I was a boy we didn't have all the communication, radio, television, electronic stuff and technology we have today, we just had electricity, we communicated with morse code, we didn't have direct communication from one globe to another. Electronically we have come a long way but on the other hand where we have come a long way is in the medical field, the event of vaccines and drugs have come a long way, I remember after the 1st world war influenza killed millions of people

right throughout the world. If you got the flu it was a death sentence years ago.

Years ago the event of Penicillin which came about just before the 2nd World War, that saved millions of people, if we didn't have a lot of these drugs we have today and the medical knowledge we have today millions of people would be dead. For instance, Andrew wouldn't have lived if Penicillin hadn't been invented in about 1921. These 2 Canadian researchers in Canada got this Penicillin from calf livers and there was a little boy who was dying and they tried it on him and brought him to life and that's how it started off, they invented insulin. Insulin has saved millions of people, medical discoveries has come a long way and of course communication age, video recorders, television and the rest and now of course computers. You think that computers today is the ultimate, even your mother can sit down in front of the computer and can correspond with people across the world she can type a message straight away and it can be there instantly, that's amazing. These pictures your mother gets from Mars coming from America are marvellous. If someone had said one day back when I was a little boy that you would have all these wonderful electronic gadgets you would believe it.

My main goal at this stage of my life is to keep fit and healthy and I can only do that by doing all the things that I have been doing all my life. I feel that if I hadn't kept fit and healthy and not let things get to me I wouldn't be here today, you have to have a positive way of thinking and enjoy life, I enjoying life today as much as I did when I was younger, a lot of older people at my age are not enjoying life with crook hearts and other things.

My other goal in life is to finish my family history one day and put all my films on video tape. I would like to do a bit more travelling and go to the North Island of New Zealand and as far as your mother is concerned she would like to go over to the UK and visit Scotland and go to visit places where her ancestors came from. I enjoy my footy and enjoy going to Melbourne to all my haunts, your mother meets up with the girls and I go and visit my haunts and then meet up with her later. I've seen quite a few places up there, I've been to South bank, the Old Melbourne Jail, there's always some exhibition somewhere.

Christmas was a big deal even when I was a boy with a traditional Christmas dinner and the family together, Christmas pudding with thrupence and sixpence which we still have today, we have carried on the tradition, that was always a big thing.

When we lived in George Street, Fitzroy as a boy about 8 years old, next door to us was a couple called the Camerons, Mr. Cameron was a sign writing, he was a beautiful sign writing, we always got on very well together, Mrs Cameron was a nice person, and at Christmas time she always used to give me two shillings and that two shillings to me was a big deal, it would buy me lots of bottles of drinks and lots of sweets, I'd almost buy the shop out!! Two shillings would be over two dollars a day then, it was a lot of money in those days. Two shillings was a lot of money then considering the wage was only 5 pounds a week. Two shillings would buy you a big bag of spuds. Back in those days the depression days rabbits were plentiful and they used to come around the streets and sell rabbits for sixpence each that would be about 5 cents for a rabbit, they were beautiful rabbits. When we lived there, there used to be a funny sort of guy his name was Mossie, his sister used to make pickled

cucumbers, he would come around and sell his bottles of pickled cucumbers. I don't know if that was his real name, but I never forgot Mossie with his pickled cucumbers.

At Christmas time back in those days we used to go away with my Uncle Harry and Auntie Carrie for a few weeks, a camping holiday up to Gisborne, Hastings and Bacchus Marsh places like that, I used to love all that. Sometimes we used to stay home for Christmas Day. We never used to go a long way, maybe 50 or 60 miles those days was a big adventure, the thing of going interstate was going to the other side of the world. Living at Fitzroy we all had our own Christmas dinners, we never used to go to one place with all the families because they were big families, the Ruthvens there was about 5 or 6 in that family and the Tonks, that's Aunties Carrie's family were about 5 or 6 there, but we used to see each other a lot because we lived so close.

Mum would prepare roast chicken and Christmas pudding, there was nothing fancy, apple pies and things like that, we used to decorate the house for Christmas. For birthdays mum would decorate the house with streamers and balloons and slices of bread with hundreds and thousands and soft drinks and things like that. Every birthday was a celebration with my friends. Easter was generally the same thing with Easter Eggs.

I never forgot those days I used to go to St. Marks cinema just across the road, they put on a film the Sign of the Cross back in the Romans and the Christians and the feeding of the lion, that left an indullable memory on the mind, Christians being fed to the lions and the swording, I never forgot that, they have made other films since then.

Back in the 1930's in Fitzroy they were doing a lot of work on the streets, making asphalt, this friend of mine Harry and I used to look upon lead as being a precious metal. They used to use lead in the sewerage pipes, and we were always on the lookout for bits of lead, we would hoard it up and sell it, we'd make a few shillings out of it. We used to look upon lead as a valuable commodity back in those days.

BOOK 2

ROY ALBERT MOSS REMEMBERS.....

These are the words of Mr Roy Moss written to Mrs Jane Foot (nee Moss), his niece while passing on information for her Genealogy studies into the Moss Family Tree. Some of the information is in very short 'fact' and point form which was the way in which they were written and or transcribed in the original letter(s)

Re: "sister of Mrs Solomon" – I can recall speaking to my mother about this one – "she married her cousin," his name was Charles and he was a celebrity pianist (I can recall the kids "lining up" outside his house for lessons. It was also whispered "he used cocaine".) There was no family. Regarding his wife – grandma Moss (Mum) used to call her Auntie Annie.

Mrs. Webster (Cecelia) had one son his name was "Arthur"

Mrs. Hart – Sarah

Mrs. Mendoza – Sorry cannot help. Must have been deceased when I was very young.

Sol Solomon (His name was Sol. Solomon).

"Roy was adopted as a baby and was given Grandma Blair's maiden name. (Could be a dark secret involved, I was never told, - but I was named after him.)

Re Mrs. Webster – she had a grocers shop in Napier Street, Fitzroy for many years, there were stories that she "overcharged" the various members of my

mother's family and that she loaned them money at exorbitant rates of interest (especially Auntie Amy Ruthven).

Eventually, many years later when I married, my parents took over this shop and made a good living for many years. My childhood was spent living in Fitzroy, during that time my parents rented two houses in George Street and another in Napier Street, also Fruit & Veg Shop Johsm Street, Fitzroy.

My mother had four sisters and five brothers and with the exception of Albert (whom they called the "umbrella man", he worked for Lord & Kingston umbrella makers for many years) they married, had families and lived within sight of St. Marks Church spire. They were all very much Fitzroy minded and produced a Captain and a Brownlow medallist (Alan Ruthven).

With the exception of the "umbrella man" they were all involved in the footwear industry. My grandfather was a sole-sewer. He was particularly good to me and paid me nine pence per week for doing his messages. He had a "sore" leg and I would go to the local dispensary several times a week to collect the necessary medications. He made me very proud when he told me stories that he was born in Glasgow and that he attended Edinburgh University.

My mother told me when I was young (she was a very keen football supporter), she would dress me in the Fitzroy uniform and take me to all the games and I would proudly lead the team onto the field. My father was a Collingwood supporter and on Saturdays "they went their own ways".

When my mother became pregnant with my brother I changed allegiance and became a member of the Collingwood Football Club (for something like 40 years).

In the early 1920s we lived at 255 George Street, Fitzroy. At this time I would have been about 10 years of age and became a member of St. Marks Church choir. The kids were very dependant upon St. Marks for recreation (in addition to spiritual guidance) we lived right opposite. It became recognized that I had a (very) good soprano voice and was welcomed into the choir. It suited me too, because sometimes the bride would want the choir for her wedding and we would be paid two shillings and sixpence (25 cents), sometimes we would attend 2 weddings for our attendance.

St. Marks had a dynamic vicar and he was most keen to minimise crime in Fitzroy and to keep kids off the streets, boys and girls. He name was Rev. R.G. Nichols. He devised an idea of building a “social settlement” building on the church property. Ultimately after a tremendous amount of fund raising by the parishioners and donation, the building was completed. It comprised of a library and gymnasium hot and cold showers (unheard of at that time for a poor suburb like Fitzroy) dressing rooms etc. and a kitchen, upstairs the girls also had something similar and were well chaperoned.

Eventually the boys became part of the Church of England Boys Society and the girls – Girls Friendly Society. It was a great success, the kids for miles around wanted to become part of St. Marks.

I should tell you at this time of my life bikes were very popular especially “Malvern Stars”, I knew my parents could not afford to buy me one but I was determined to own a bike, so down I went to the local newsagent and got myself a paper round. Six shillings (60 cents) a week (6 days) was the remuneration, plus threepence per dozen, for the papers I sold outside the Fitzroy Post Office after I completed the paper round. All of this meant being on the job at 6 am Mon. to Sat. When I had “saved up” 2 pounds (\$4), I did a deal with a cycle maker in Gertrude Street, Fitzroy (Navy Cycles) who was prepared to build me a semi-racer for fifteen pounds ten shillings (\$31.00); 2 pounds down and five shillings per week until paid in full.

Despite a cold winter everything was going well until one day disaster struck. I used to place the bike against the post office wall (with my papers) whilst I would hop on the cable tram to sell my papers. When I came back to my “STAND” the bike was gone, STOLEN. BROKEN HEARTED, I reported the matter to the police who eventually recovered the bike – minus the wheels, handle bars and pedals. Did another ‘deal’ with Navy Cycles who for the sum of eight pounds ten shillings re-conditioned the bike. This amount was added to the balance I already owed him. (The deal was done because I was a good payer).

Time moved on and on the 14th December 1926 I turned 14 years of age and resolved to leave school. In the new year I applied for a position with a firm trading as Greer and Ashburner, wire workers and weavers, (anything in wire), “AS OFFICE BOY” one pound per week.

This firm was founded on the gold fields of Ballarat by Mr. James Greer's great uncle in 1849. My boss was Mr. Hugh Greer, a big strapping 6ft 4" man 16 stone. He was extremely generous to me. He fought with distinction in the 1914-18 war and was brother to Mr. James Greer, the senior partner.

Hugh devoted a tremendous amount of time teaching me bookkeeping and the rudiments of accountancy. I soon caught on, gaining lots of responsibility, and increases in salary. Mr. Hugh's greatest fault was over-imbibing "the grog" at lunch time. He would frequent his Service Men's Club and invariably come back to the office "pretty full". He knew everything would be O.K. because he had me filling in for him.

I still kept up my association with St. Marks but was drifting away a little because I had gained two staunch friends Les. Legget and Archie Rayne who eventually became my best-man and groomsman.

Still went to see Collingwood with Dad on Saturdays (my friends were Fitzroy supporters), on one particular Saturday after we arrived home, Auntie Amy Ruthven walked down the passage "fuming":- (about 2 hours previous Collingwood had given Fitzroy a "helluva hiding"). She said "ROY MOSS I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU BARRACK FOR THAT ROTTEN COLLINGWOOD YOU WERE BORN AND BRED IN FITZROY. That's all I want to say". She then turned around and left. ("flounced out")

I met her two daughters (Rene and Mavis, some 68 years later), told them the story and they said – “Yes! that would be Mum”.

Back to Hugh Green, one day he came back to the office – drunk, and in coming through the front door bumped into Mrs. Ashburn sending her sprawling. Needless to say the culmination was – he was sacked.

“Greatness was thrust upon me” – the partners considered I had the ability to take over his job! My salary was increased to three pounds five shillings per week “which was comparative to employees in the firm more than twice my age”.

By this time I was 16 years of age and for a short time a member of His Majesty’s 29th Battalion Infantry Forces. We were drilled once a week and had to attend the Williamstown Rifle Range some Saturdays. We were issued with a uniform, rifle and a Record Book.

About this time I started to have a love affair with Harley Davidsons (I’d also had an infatuation with a girl friend, but it petered out) keeping in mind I was earning good money, paid Mum one pound per week and after tax I had a clear two pounds (rolling in money) per week. Decided to buy a 10 – 12 h.p. Harley with a Dusting side car for one hundred and twenty nine pounds from Milledge Bros – Elizabeth Street.

“Altered my Army Record Book date” to obtain all that needed to be done”?
Or perhaps 16 was a requisite age?

One Sunday in 1928 I was driving down a street in Altona with Billy Leggett in the side car, why I was in Altona I cannot even tell myself, I don't know where the suburb is – today.

An attractive young girl was walking down the Main Street and she appeared to be very upset. I stopped the bike, walked over to her and said “have you got a problem”?, she said she had missed the last train to the City – I asked her where she lived – Brunswick – and I said if you care to ride on the pillion I'll take you home. I saw her next night and that was the beginning of an affair that lasted 63 years!

Your Dad remembers the first time I brought her home to meet our parents – in George Street – “opposite St. Marks”. We were married when we were 21 and lived in Murrumbena for the first years until – Les came along. Eventually we saved sufficient money to put a deposit on a house at Burwood where the kids (3) were educated close by and married from. Les went to Scotch, John went to Trinity Grammar, Rosemary – Tintern C.E.G.G.S.

I resigned from Greer and Ashburn when I was 39 years (1951) to go into business on my own account, manufacturing fire-side furniture. When this commenced to lose its popularity (due to kerosene and then gas-fires) I sold the business in 1955 to take up a management position in road/rail transport.

The “mighty” Brambles Transport took over “me” and the Adelaide based company I worked for in 1960; I worked for many years as their Rail

Manager and finally finishing my working career as National Accounts Executive in 1974.

Brambles were very generous to me (I worked very hard for them) and on my farewell send-off presented me with the keys of my 2 year old company car as a parting gift.

During World War 2 Greer and Ashburn were a protected industry we manufactured Gun and Air plane components.

162A FORTESCUE AVENUE
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31/12/1996

Dear Jane

I am sorry not to have replied promptly to your letter, but thought I would get the bustle of Christmas out of the way before replying.

Ivy was a very dear and important part of my life for 30 years. She was my mothers' best friend – having been army officers together for many years. I am not sure exactly where they were stationed – I think S.A. and around Kalgoorlie. I know they both left the army as officers – but still attended – originally at either Tooronga or Malvern corps and later at Canterbury Corp. Mum and Ivy worked as machinists and lived at Malvern.

When my mother married fairly late in life, Ivy continued to live with her. When I was about 18 months we moved to our home in Marash Street, Box Hill South and Ivy naturally came with us. She worked in a Delicatessen, a pork butchers' shop in the city (POTTS') and also worked at some stage as a telephonist at a taxi base in Auburn. When my mother died in 1958 she gave up work to be housekeeper and carer to myself, sister and brother. This she did for about 10 years – eventually moving to live in her holiday house at

Seaford when my father remarried. She lived very happily there – with Myrtle her sister – until her death in 1970 or 1971, she is buried at Springvale Crematorium in the 'BANKSIA' unit.

Ivy was a very lovely person – kept always in the background & was rather shy. I was particularly close to her and my children and sister and brothers children called her Nanny. She was a very good knitter and taught me to knit. She also loved gardening and would work in the garden for hours. She and my mother were always very close and she was a very loyal devoted friend.

I have enclosed some photos of Ivy and other members of the MOSS family. Ivy did not like having her photo taken – so there are very few. I guess you are Gordon's daughter – one of the Photo's is of Helen as a baby.

I have given you my telephone number – if you would like to call for more information I would be happy to chat to you.

Best wishes to you and your family for the New Year.

Elaine Hart.