

THE HISTORIES OF THE ALLEN AND ANDERSON FAMILIES IN LORNE

Two Allen brothers married two Anderson sisters

Told by Gary Allen



“Allen Cottage”

Painted by Robert Coy

Commissioned by Judith Bartle (nee Allen)

FOREWORD

My name is Gary. I wish to tell the story of my background and my good fortune being born into a family anchored by love. My good fortune being nurtured in the beautiful township of Lorne in an era when we were free and safe. My parents had limited formal education; they did not come from inherited wealth and their formative years were shaped by two world wars and a world-wide depression. They worked hard for what they achieved and they sacrificed self-indulgence for the happiness of their children; Judith, Barbara and myself. Fun and entertainment, in those days, were bound by community connections a fact that I believe helped form our core values.

I am motivated to complete this work to honour my parents Kathlene Cross and Norman Allen. Plus, 2025 is the 150th anniversary of Jesse Allen's arrival in Lorne to set out the market garden, in the area that we now know as the Kia Ora Caravan Park, to supply fruit and vegetables to Erskine House.

I have concentrated on the Allen side of our family. The Cross family from the Wild Dog is a story for another day.

I wish to thank the Lorne Historical Society for allowing me to reproduce many of the images seen below. In the process of writing this history I have added many photographs from the family collection not previously held at the Society.

Gary Allen

The Family Tree

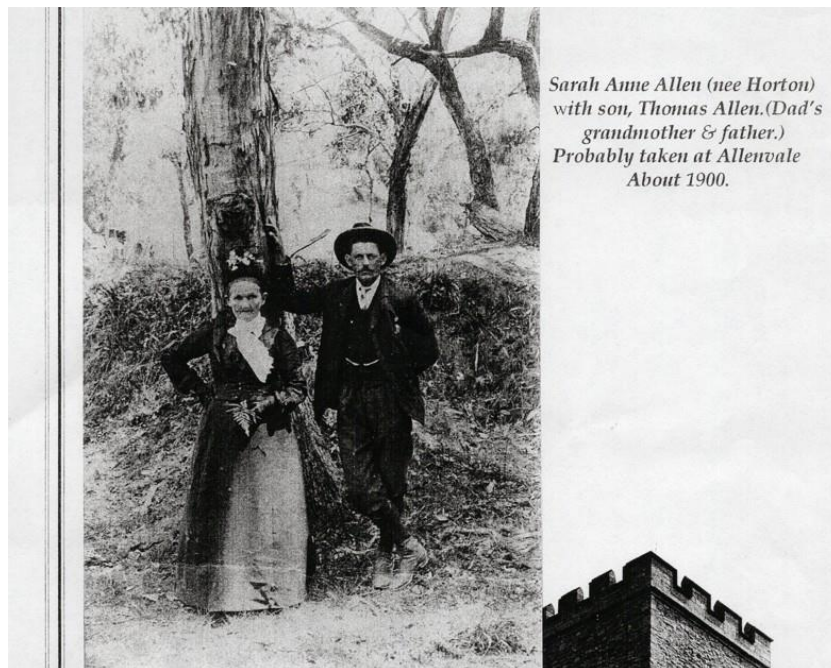
My thanks to Audeen Walls for her assistance. Audeen is passionate about family history. She provided me with the family ancestry as follows. Any errors contained below are mine, in my effort to summarize the information for this introduction.

Firstly, I have listed my father's paternal grandparents and my great grandparents.

Great Grandparents

George Allen: The Allen family tree can be traced back to William Allin (Allen), born in 1659 in Kempston, Bedfordshire. The family has roots in the area dating back several generations with notable members including James Allen (1587-1657, his son Roger and their descendants who emigrated to New England. The family is associated with Kempston Woodend with the large number of Allen families in the parish registers it is difficult to be certain of every individual to the main family line. The Allen name is of Celtic origin and is also found in Scotland.

Sarah Ann Horton The Horton family tree can be traced back to William 111 West (1583 – 1665), the patriarch of a line of Wests in Long Crendon. The family was a notable English family, connected to both noble and gentry circles and long-standing residents of the village. They were involved in various activities, including yeomanry, Quakerism and later, the Arts. John West (1690-1776) grandson of William migrated to the American colonies, his son Benjamin West (1738-1820) became a renowned painter, honoured by King George 111 and he is buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.



At the time of writing I do not have a photograph of George Allen

Richard and Mary Anderson



Richard Anderson The Anderson family have a tradition of brickmaking. To date I have a record of Francis Maisden Anderson, brickmaker was born in 1781 in Gillingham, Kent. He married Susan in Lewisham and they lived in Rochester, Kent. His Father was Francis Anderson, but the details of his history is currently unknown.

Mary Ann Gay The Gay family tree can be traced back to Piere Gay (d.o.b. unknown) who married Catherine Fouchet (born in 1615). They were French Huguenots who suffered persecution in France, in 1572 at the time of the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre they constituted 10% of the French population and by 1686 1%. At the time of writing this account I am uncertain when they fled France. However, Audeen discovered Joseph Gay was born on 8 January 1751 in Northfleet.

ALLEN HISTORY

On June the 22nd 1908 my father, Norman William Allen, was born in the front room of the house that became our family home in 1950. His mother was Charlotte Elizabeth Allen (nee Anderson) and father William James Allen. He was the fifth of six children. Sadly, William died two years later on the 17th of February 1910 from blood poisoning caused by pyorrhoea.

My mother Kathleen Myrtle Cross was born in Colac in 1917. Her father was Henry C Cross (Charlie) 1876-1942 and her mother was Catherine E Hewlett 1877-1957. My great grandparents farmed a property on the Wild Dog Creek near Apollo Bay. Their history will be the subject of another publication. My parents met when my mother came to Lorne to work at Carinya Guesthouse. They were married in 1938.

My great-grand parents migrated to the colony of Victoria in 1853 and settled in Highton, Geelong. My great-grand father George Allen was born on the 14th of February 1820, in Astwood, Buckinghamshire, England. On the 29th of February in 1848 he married Sarah Ann Horton who was born on the 13th of August 1829. They followed George's brother Samuel who emigrated to Geelong in 1852.

They sailed to the colony on the *Lady Kennaway* with their daughter Salome, who was born in 1849 and their son John Allen, who was born in 1851. On the voyage their third child Mary was born on the 24th of May. Mary was given the middle name Kennaway in recognition of the vessel they sailed on. It is my understanding that this was a common practice and it gave us the clue when searching for the details of their journey. The following is the entry in Wikipedia:

“Lady Kennaway was launched in Calcutta in 1816. In 1819 and thereafter she sailed between England and India under a license from the British East India Company (EIC). In 1823 she was sold in London. She made three voyages under charter to the EIC. In 1835 and again in 1851 she made voyages transporting convicts to Tasmania. On one voyage some of the convicts were young men for the Pankhurst apprentice scheme. In between, in 1836, she transported convicts to New South Wales. She made five voyages carrying immigrants to Australia, including young Irish women for the Earl Grey Irish Famine Orphan scheme. In 1847 her crew abandoned her in the Bay of Biscay although she seemed to have sustained little damage; she was salvaged and returned to service. She was finally wrecked on 25 November 1857 at South Africa.

Lady Kennaway sailed from Southampton on 9 May 1853 and arrived in Melbourne on 15 August. In addition to cargo she brought 274 emigrants, all of whom were in good health; three infants died on the voyage.”

George and Sarah settled in Highton, where they farmed 9 acres on the Montpellier Estate – Lot 6b. Although surviving the journey both Salome and Mary died at an early age. Salome in 1854 and Mary in 1855.



Their fourth child Mary Elizabeth was borne in 1856, Jesse Thomas in 1857, Thomas William in 1860, Sarah Anne in 1862, Susannah Kirwood in 1864, George Edmund in 1867, William James in 1869, Arthur Albert in 1871 and Eliza Grace in 1874.

In 1997, accompanied by my sisters Judith and Barbara, we went to Astwood. It is a small village in Buckinghamshire whose hotel still has parts dating back to Tudor times. We were told at the pub that we could call on a vestry member who would give us the keys to the church. We were thrilled. We were further surprised to learn that the parish records were still held at the church and not as is usual, held at the county office.

I found it very emotional to hold the book that listed the birth, marriage and death details of the family dating back to the 1700's. To stand at the alter and the font was to reimagine these events as little had changed to the internals. The church was bombed during the second world war, damaging the porch and the graveyard. With the wartime destruction and the passage of time it was impossible to work out who was buried in the plots and unfortunately there was no register of plot names.



The descendants of George Allen and Sarah Ann Allen (nee Horton)

- Salome b. 1849 d. 1854
- Mary Kirkwood b. 1853 d. 1855
- John b. 1851
- Mary Elizabeth b. 1856
- **Jesse Thomas b. 1857 m Sarah Anderson in 1884 , both died in 1946 (the year that I was born). In 1875 Jesse established market garden for the Mountjoy's on the site that is now the Kia Ora Caravan Park. In 1880 he then selected and developed the land now known as Allenvale**
- **Thomas William Allen b. 1860 "Ozone House" Lorne and Federal Coffee Palace, Orient House Colac. Married Mary Swayne in 1889, Mary died in 1896, Thomas later marrying Maria Naylor in 1903 (Perinoni, she had two children) d. 1938**
- Sarah Ann b.1862 married George Seal in 1880
- Susannah b.1864 married George Fredrick Kirkwood in 1889
- George Edmund b.1867 d. 1950
- **William James b. 1869 woodcutter – married Charlotte Anderson in 1897 – my grandparents d.1910**
- Arthur Albert b.1871
- Eliza Grace b.1874 married Henry Gilbert Dixon in 1892 d. 1957

Jesse Allen

Jesse was employed by the Mountjoy's in Geelong and at the age of 18 he moved to Lorne to establish a market garden to meet the growing food needs of Erskine House. The market garden was still operating in the 1950s. As I child I have a clear memory of playing in the Kia Ora cypress pines and looking down on the garden. The land is currently crown land used for camping. It is called the Kia Ora Caravan Park in recognition of the guest house adjacent to our family home.

I note that I began planning to write this history in April 2025. A year that is 150 years since Jesse's arrival in Lorne. My father's cousin Len Allen spent eight months organising a family reunion in 1975. Approximately 250 people met at the RSL hall for a picnic and barbeque lunch.



MOUTH OF ERSKINE RIVER, LORNE, VIC.

2088*LORNE - View overlooking the mouth of the Erskine River.

At the time of launching the history, this is the only photograph showing the garden that Jesse established, that I can locate. I am sure that there is one featuring Jesse, but I have failed to find it. You can see the garden if you look carefully at the lower left. You can see the fence and the start of the plot that was the size of the current caravan park. By the time this was taken Jesse had left to establish Allenvale.

Jesse described the journey: "On September 17, 1875, I made my first trip to Louttit Bay to lay out a garden and orchid for Thomas and Caleb Mountjoy. We were able to get as far as Big Hill by coach, thence by pack-horse to Louttit Bay. The journey took eleven hours. I wandered through the twenty feet saplings and swamp that existed between Mountjoy's and the Erskine River and with each step that I took up the river, I become more and more enraptured with its magnificent beauty. Any person who was privileged to see the Rapids before the orchard was planted on its west bank, or before the beauty was further spoiled by the quarry men working for the erection of the Pacific Hotel, must have been greatly inspired with the grandeur and natural simplicity of this fairy glen."

In 1880 he selected 98 acres on the St. George River, a property that he called Allenvale. Jesse married Sarah Anderson in 1884, the first marriage in the newly located All Saints, Church of England. Sarah was born in Canterbury, Kent. The family migrated to the colony in 1871 settling in Sebastopol, mining for gold and making bricks in Beaufort. Sarah was the fourth child of my great grand-parents, Richard and Mary Ann Anderson and she was the first in the family to come to Lorne in 1877, to work at Erskine House.

All Saints' Lorne held a Renewal of Marriage Vows Service on the occasion of the centenary of the first wedding, on the current site, on the 4th June, 1884 between Sarah Anderson and Jesse Allen. At the service, held on the 3rd June, 1984, Len Allen their son said:

"Right Reverend Father in God, to commemorate the centenary of the marriage of our parents, Sarah Anderson and Jesse Allen, married in this church on the 4th of June, 1884, and in thanksgiving for their many years of happy married life, I ask you, on behalf of the Church, to accept and dedicate this alter lectern."

The preacher and celebrant at the service was the Rt. Rev. David Penman Bishop of the Western Region, Archbishop Elect of the Diocese of Melbourne.

Allenvale became a site of much industry. Jesse planted an orchid and a vegetable garden to supply the hotels and guest house of Lorne. The Allenvale tearooms, a bush-hut near the bridge, became a regular stop for visitors hiking up to the many waterfalls. The tearooms became known as Raspberry Cottage. Tom Allen and Dick Anderson grew hops near the property that were used to make home-made hop beer. Cess Clissold in partnership with Tom Allen distilled eucalyptus on the site. The Armistead's put in the first spot mill "Skid Hill" on the Henderson Creek at the back of Allenvale. Jesse received three loads of off-cuts and waste per year, as payment from the mill, for the right of access through the property. In 1924 a motor track was surveyed and in 1925 the telephone was installed.



This is a photograph of Allenvale taken in 1912 showing Raspberry Cottage in the foreground, the homestead to left and the orchid in the centre fields. The cleared land at the top of the orchid is where the nine-hole golf course was located.

The following is an extract from a project undertaken by Leigh Hammerton whilst studying at the Gordon Technical College Geelong – 1942

These reminiscences were recorded from a conversation with Jesse Allen at Allenvale.

“I have vivid visions of the unspoiled beauty of Lorne stored in my memory”. Jesse arrived at the age of 18 to lay out the Erskine garden for Mr. Mountjoy (the site of the current Kia Ora Caravan Park). In 1880 he took up a holding (100 acres) on the St. George River, which he cleared with the help of William Asplin and his bullock team and he erected a house in the days when “It was necessary to make bricks since it was impossible to obtain timber for building.”

Describing his arrival in 1875, Mr. Allen states that, “The road was certainly rough, but the old coach bumped along; sometimes it missed and sometimes it deepened the numerous ruts along the track. As we came to each stream I wondered just how deep it would be, but the fords just slipped behind, and Big Hill was reached. Here we changed over to pack horses for the remainder of the journey. *According to his son Len, the journey took eleven hours.*

Our stores were received from the sailing ship “Henry”, which, in the absence of a jetty, hove-to as close to the shore as possible and a light boat capable of carrying three-quarters of a ton, made repeated trips to the shore. We pulled the rope, which was passed through the stern and nose and waded in and carried the goods ashore....provisions in those days were received on infrequent occasions, with kangaroo pie quite a favourite dish among the Louttit Bay settlers.

Our first butcher’s shop was a one-roomed one at the edge of the forest in Grove Road, owned and erected by Jim Dorman. Sometime later, this shop was closed and our meat supplies were obtained from Hamilton Dorman’s butcher shop at the foot of Mt. St. George, until the shop now occupied by Alsop Bros. was erected.

At first, Erskine House depended on a small tank and a two wheeled sledge for its supply of water. At peak periods as many as seven trips per day were made to re-fill the tank.

Today it seems hard to believe that fifty years ago we used to hoist a flag on the staff, then at Point Grey, so that the Warrnambool vessel would put in here for a passenger.

Lovely Lorne the Pearl of the Southern Ocean

Issued by the Lorne Progress Association, Lorne, Victoria. 1922

Price:- 1/

Foreword

The compilation of this booklet was undertaken by the Reverend A C F Gates and Mr Frank Beaurepaire of Lorne as a labour of love to endeavour to make a beautiful district better known. The descriptive matter was written and the historical matter collected from authentic sources by the Rev A C F Gates.

Readers may see the text in full by searching “The Graham Papers” at the Lorne Historical Society. I have produced some extracts to show that bush walks to the several waterfalls

through Allenvale became a popular activity for tourists in the 1880s onwards. The Society holds many journal entries that describe the flora, fauna and beauty encountered on these walks. Observation was part of human activity in those times, unlike the addiction to screens so common today.

“Phantom Falls are one of the nearest to Lorne. A quiet walk down gullies and over hills for a mile takes us to Allenvale, the only farm about. Looking down from the steep slopes of "Gentle Annie" the eye is enchanted with the sweet contentment of the scene. "Peaceful homes and healthful days"! The mind wanders back to the time when this was virgin forest, when its possibilities were first discovered by the trustworthy instinct of the true pioneer. In strong contradistinction to the sturdy work of subduing for forest, Allenvale is now the epitome of restfulness. Many tracks lead through Allenvale and the sight and scent of this genial garden invite many travellers to refresh themselves with strawberries, raspberries and other seasonal fruits.

Proceeding for a leisurely half-hour, we come to Phantom Falls. So densely was the forest timbered that when these falls were first discovered it was some time before they were found again and they were truly regarded as Phantom Falls until the discovery was confirmed. About 70 feet in height and with charming surroundings "all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters." Returning, the hills may be avoided by continuing along the banks of the St George to its debouchment between Teddy's Lookout and Mount St George. Every part of this glen is crammed with beauty. The Mirror Pool, a quiet spot where water-lilies bloom. It is an ideal place for a fresco tea with blackberries for dessert.”

Jesse and Sarah's family



Back Row: George Jim Harold and Stan
 Middle Row: Len (standing) Sarah Jesse
 Front: Abe Herb

- George b. 1885 m. Stella Read d. 1970
- Jim b. 1887 m. Laura Collins d. 1945 they had three children Verna, Stan and Geoff
- Harold b. 1889 m. Alma Cartmel d. 1972
- Stan b. 1894 d. 1910 he was accidentally shot climbing over a fence with a loaded rifle.
- Len b. 1897 m. Grace Alsop and they established Yendalloch, originally a small guesthouse built around Dalways from Reedy Creek. At the back of Yendalloch, Len built Lorne's first bowling green at 2 Gay Street – used for 11 years. Len became a councillor on the Winchelsea Shire in 1942 he died 1976.
- Abe b. 1898 m. Marj Crockett and they had one son Ron who managed Allenvale until its sale.
- Herb b. 1898 d. 1990

ALLEN FAMILY CELEBRATE 100 YEARS IN LORNE. Last Sunday, over 250 members of the Allen family gathered in Lorne from all over Australia to celebrate the 100th Anniversary of the arrival in Lorne of Jesse Allen. The family arrived in Australia in 1850, and Jesse was born in Geelong on 2-11-1857. He worked with the Mountjoy family in Highton, and came with them to Lorne on 27-9-1875. The trip, by coach round the coast to what is now known as Eastern View, and then by pack horse, took 11 hours. Jesse worked for Messrs Thomas and Caleb Mountjoy, the owners of Erskine House, as a gardener.

Great interest was taken in an up-to-date family tree executed by John Howard from Geelong.

Extract from the Geelong Advertiser

Thomas William Allen

As stated above Thomas (Tom) William was married to Mary Swayne, and according to family legend Tom owned Ozone House. My father in an interview with Graham Wheal talked about his Uncle Tom owning the establishment. In August this year Bryce Allen, whose mother lives in Colac contacted me sending copies of family photographs of Tom and his family stating that Tom was the owner of Ozone House. Mary Swayne died in 1896 and Tom left Lorne, married Maria Naylor and established The Federal Coffee Palace in Murray Street.

As a result of Linton Ferguson's wonderful work developing the Lorne Historical Society's website, Margaret Thomas of Geelong contacted the Society stating that she is the great granddaughter of Alfred and Anne Allen, the owners of Ozone House and did we have answers to some of her questions. To cut a very long story short, Alfred Allen is not related to our family. Margaret came down to Lorne with a copy of Alfred's will bequeathing the property after his death in 1909.

I am currently researching the possibility that Tom owned Ozone House and sold it to Alfred Allen after Mary's death. The confusion arose with the common surname.

William James Allen

My grandparents married in 1897. There's was the second marriage of an Allen brother marrying an Anderson sister (Jesse and Sarah's being the first). The photograph below is of the Anderson family near the Erskine Bridge taken in 1903. It therefore has both Jesse and William Allen in the photographs. There are very few photographs of my grandfather as he died in 1908. He is seated on a stump nursing his daughter Hilda on his knee, she was two at the time of the photograph.



William James Allen was born on the 29th of April 1869 in Geelong, Victoria. He died on the 17th of February 1910 in Colac, Victoria. He married Charlotte Elizabeth Anderson, daughter of Richard Joseph Anderson and Mary Ann Gay, in 1897 in Victoria. She was born in Sebastopol, Victoria. She died on the 31st of August 1953 in Lorne, Victoria. They had the following children:

The descendants of William James Allen and Charlotte Elizabeth Allen (nee Anderson)

William Allen was born on 02 November 1, 1892 in Carlton, Victoria. He died on the 18th of August 1956 in Bowral, New South Wales. He married Lillian Hahm on the 3rd of November 1917 in Brunswick, Victoria. She was born on the 5th of October 1892 in St Leonards, New South Wales. She died on the 9th of November 1981 in Burradoo, New South Wales. They had four children: Dorothy, Gladys, Harold and Douglas.

William's story is, to me, a very sad story that reflects the values of the time. As can be seen from his birth date he was born five years prior to my grandparent's marriage. My father was unaware that he had an elder brother. It was after my father's death that the family in New South Wales contacted us to explain the situation. In 1990 my mother, Judith, Barbara and I went to Newcastle to meet with Harold and his wife Joan, spending a memorable day with them.

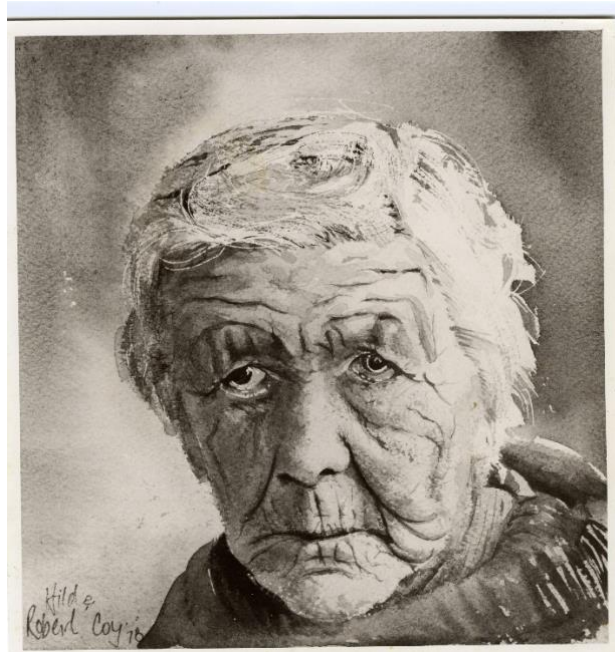
We were told that William was supported by members of the family in Colac and that as a youth he went to stay, on occasions, at Allenvale with Jesse and Sarah. We were also told that he wrote to my grandmother asking to meet her in Lorne, when he turned twenty-one. She agreed, met him, but she told him that she did not want any further contact with him. In today's context this would be seen as very cruel. I still think that even for those times she lacked compassion for her son. Equally sad, is the fact that his siblings were unaware of his existence.

Ernest Arthur Allen was born on the 6th of October 1898 in Bacchus Marsh Victoria. He died on the 29th of November 1985. He married Marion Beatrice Macauley on the 10th of October 1918 in Geelong, Victoria. She was born on the 25th of June 1891 in Terang, Victoria. She died on the 27th of May 1981 in Lorne. Ernie was employed at the sawmill on the Sea-Oak River near Allenvale as a winch driver. They would work and camp at the mill during the weekdays then come home for the weekend.

I remember Uncle Ern as a person actively engaged in the community. He was in the fire brigade becoming the captain. He also played lawn bowls and serving on the committee. He and Aunt Marion kept an orchid in the front of the house behind Grandma. I have a vivid memory of the delicious taste, but a poor memory of the apple varieties. He was a person who kept a sharp eye on his spending. Two things stick in my mind. Firstly, to save petrol he would roll his car down Grand Parade and start the engine when he was in Clissold Street. Secondly, he placed a small table next to the refrigerator to place items for storage and when the table was full he would place them in the refrigerator, thus saving on electricity by minimizing the number of times the door was opened.

His son Ron, worked for the SEC in Lorne and he married Winifred Hayward. They had two children Ken and Clive.

Lillian Hilda Allen was born on the 20th of November 1901 in Sebastopol, Victoria. She died on the 3rd of October 1980 in Geelong, Victoria. She married James Henry Higgins in 1922 in Victoria. She lived with her mother in Lorne after being deserted by Higgins. She had a son Ernest James Higgins (Jim).



This is a wonderful portrait of my aunt sketched by Robert Coy. The portrait not only captures her face (she was in her 70s), but her character. Hilda did not emotionally progress, intellectually she was a child. She with Jim her son, lived in the family home above ours in Grand Avenue, with her mother. My grandmother would often say “Hilda is my cross to bear”.

Hilda was a local identity, she delivered newspapers, walking the hills of her round. She also cleaned the church, which was an act of charity as the quality of the work left much to be desired. As the youngest child, she spoilt me, within her limited capacity.

Eric Richard Allen was born on the 11th of November 1903 in Lorne, Victoria. He died on the 23rd of May 1973 in Melbourne, Victoria. He married Jessie Ailsa McKinnon, in 1939 in Victoria. She was born on the 18th of November 1909 in Woodend, Victoria. She died on the 7th of December 1998 in Mentone, Victoria.

Frederick Horton Allen was born on the 10th of October 1906 in Lorne, Victoria. He died on the 28th of January 1955 in Wendouree, Victoria. He married Glory Maimee Reynolds in 1950 in Victoria.

Norman William Allen was born on the 22nd of June 1908, in Lorne, Victoria. He died on the 7th of July 1989 in Melbourne, Victoria. He married Kathleen Myrtle Cross, the daughter of Henry Charles Cross and Katherine Elizabeth Hewlett, on the 26th of August 1938 in Victoria. She was born on the 24th of April 1917 in Colac, Victoria. She died on the 21st of January 1993 in Lorne, Victoria.

Dora Mary Allen was born on the 19th of March 1910 in Lorne, Victoria. She died on the 3rd of March 2008 in Gayndah, Queensland. She married William Craig Morrison in 1934 in Victoria. He was born on the 24th of June 1907 in Killbowie, Dumbartonshire, Scotland. He died on the 5th of September 1992 in Tweed Heads, New South Wales. Bill Morrison was a builder in Lorne and they lived in Lorne Avenue and they retired to Kirra on the Gold Coast. They had two daughters Norma and Valda. Valda married Kevin Mills and they had two daughters Raylene and Tracey.

Below is a photograph of my father working on our home before we moved from Aunty Joyce's to Allen Cottage. I include the photograph here as moving up Grand Parade it shows my grandparent's house, then Ern Allen's.



Norman Willian Allen

As I have written, my father was born on the 22nd of June in 1908. He was born in the front room of Allen Cottage, being the sixth of seven children. He was enrolled at the Lorne School in 1913. His childhood was a happy one, save for the loss of his father, he was not even two when he died. He was closest in age to Fred who was two years older and they got into the sorts of mischief common in those days, for example raiding the neighbours fruit trees and when challenged, fiending innocence. Well at least, that is what they told us. I'm sure there are many untold stories.

Dad spoke of a task that he was given when at school, that being to sit with Ernest Bearepaire, two years his junior, to ensure that he stayed in the class. Ernest, a strong-willed child, was the youngest son of Sir Frank Beaurepaire and difficult to control perhaps because his mother died not long after giving birth. I am uncertain why dad was selected for the task.

In my university holidays in the later-1960s, I worked for Ernest Beaurepaire, who owned the Lorne Hotel. He had no recollection of my father's story.

In 1920 dad travelled over to Deans Marsh by coach and then by train to Winchelsea to see Edward, Prince of Wales who was in Australia to express gratitude to the people for their sacrifices during World War 1.

I was eight when the Queen made her first tour of Australia, in 1954. We were bussed to Colac to wave as she drove down Murray Street on the way to Camperdown.

1921 was a significant year. He often spoke about sitting on the bank in front of Gracedale Guesthouse, to watch the first car enter Lorne. This was the year that the section of the Great Ocean Road from Fairhaven was officially opened. He was thirteen and in his last year of school. Also, along with twelve other boys, dad was one of the original members of the Lorne Scout Group which was formed on the 1st of June, 1921. This is the year that Lord Baden-Powell conducted a world tour, visiting Australia. I assume that the troop in Lorne was formed to coincide with his trip.

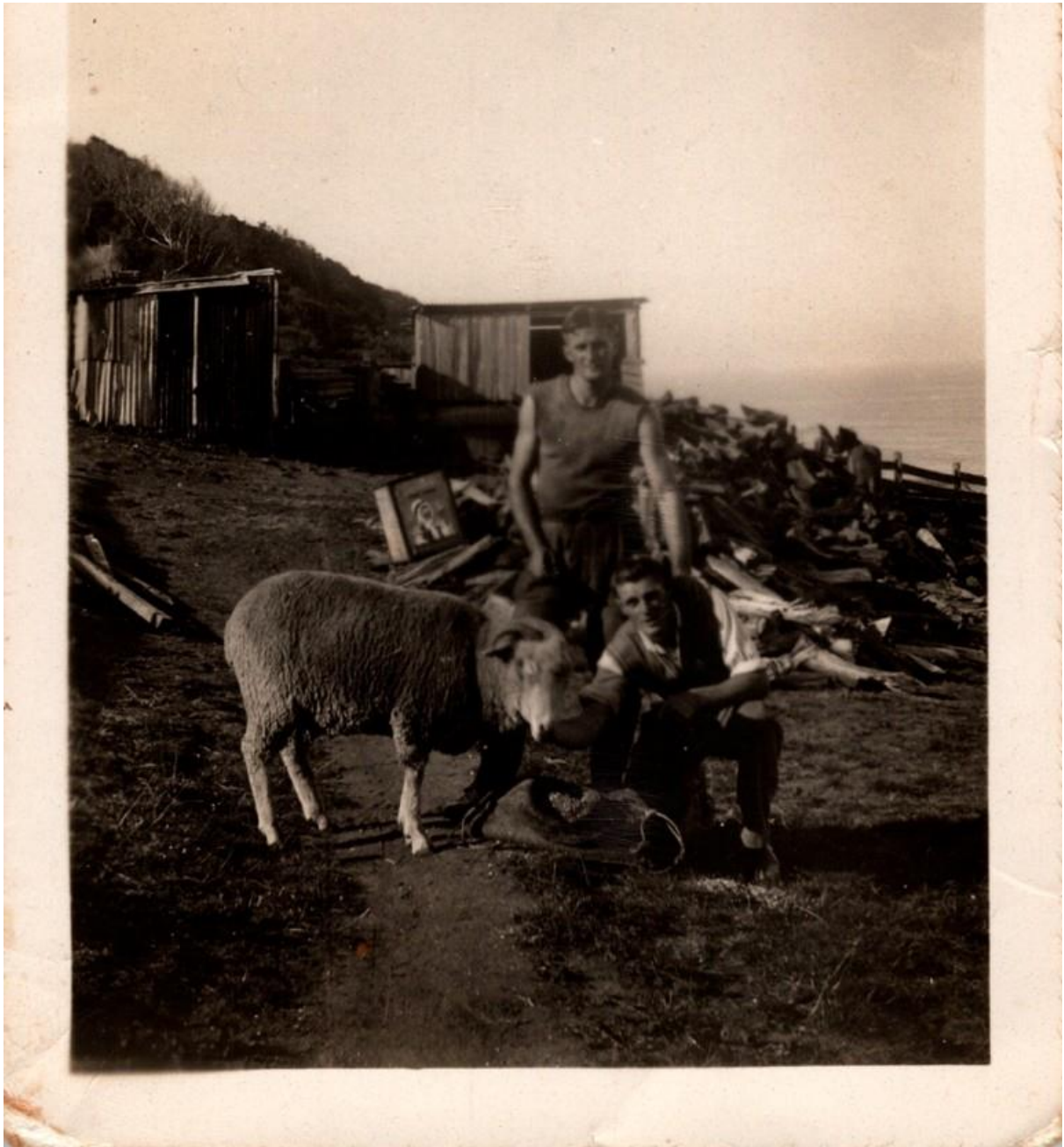
I was a scout in the 1950s and early 60s and at that time we had the rare distinction of being called the 1st Lorne Scout Troop Rudyard Kipling's Own

Working Life

The photograph below is taken at Erskine House at his first job. This is the earliest individual photograph that I can find.



Soon after this photograph was taken dad and the family moved to Trafalgar in Gippsland, he was 14. The family stayed there for 8 years, this was during the depression and was not a good time to have left, as October 1929 was start of the great depression. They returned to Lorne in 1930.



In the early 1930s dad worked and trained as a butcher. He is pictured here (standing) with his cousin Don Alsop. The photograph was taken at the slaughter yard situated below Queens Park. The site is currently marked with a plaque along the Tramway Track Walk past Hird Street walking towards the George River.

Shortly after returning to Lorne, he met Kathleen Cross, from Apollo Bay. She was working at Carinya Guesthouse and they were married in 1938. Below mum (on the right) is photographed with her close friend Florence Bennett, they are above the Carinya tennis courts.



My father trained as a butcher at the Slaughterhouse and both butcher shops (Eddie Ridgeway's in the area known today as The Riverbank Precinct and for Noel Challis in the original shop that first opened in 1889). The original butcher shop, the façade of which still stands, was built by Ham Dorman. The shop had several owners notably Bill and Jim Dorman, Toby and Jack Alsop and Noel Challis. My father worked for Noel who was a wonderful owner who respected my dad's skill and Noel showed great understanding of the difficulties dad faced due to his severe arthritis.



Sport

Dad was a very good sportsman. He played both football and cricket for Lorne, but it was in football that he excelled. He was recruited to play for the Geelong Football Club before the war. Sadly, he turned down the opportunity because in those days the players were not paid and the Club would not guarantee work, possibly a by-product of the depression. As he had a secure job in Lorne and he was intending to marry he stayed in Lorne. The second world war and arthritis intervened and he never played after the war.

I remember at his funeral a friend and teammate of dad came to me and asked “if I kicked with both feet, like my father?” I said no, without explanation, but it reinforced what I had been told about his skill as a footballer. When I was in form two at Lorne he purchased a pair of football boots for me and I “had a run on the wing”. I don’t remember touching the ball. It was the end of my football career. If he was disappointed, he never said so. To do so, would have been totally out of character.



Dad in the middle of the front row



In the 1935-36 cricket team, dad is top row second on the left.

The early football teams made use of the Bandstand as a changerooms and the visitors used some of the bathing boxes. The bandstand is shown in the photograph below.



Marriage

After they were married my parents lived in Auntie Joyce's house in Grand Parade. Her husband and mum's brother Gordon was killed at the She Oak quarry, where they blasted rock to make screenings for the upgrade to the Great Ocean Road. According to family stories he mistook the signal to blast with the all-clear siren. There is some doubt concerning this story as they blasted the rock at a set time which is not consistent with his confusion over the signal. However, his death was a shattering blow to the family, Georgina there only child was three years old. Auntie Joyce went to live with her mother and father (Ging and Alice Clissold), in the house next door.

Judith was born in 1939 and Barbara two year later. Judith remembers her attempts to silence the crying baby by attempting to drop buttons into her open mouth. Luckily for all concerned she was not an accurate shot.

World War 2 Service

My father enlisted into the Australian Army at Caulfield, Victoria on the 16th of February 1942. His service number was VX75628. He joined the 2/6 Field Ambulance Unit in South Australia and served in New Guinea. Below is a photograph that my friend Mal Booth, head of the research centre, at the Australian War Memorial, found when he searched the archives. This was several years after dad died and we were unaware of its existence.



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

062772



Image: AWM 4005149 The soldier with No. 10 on his arm is my dad.

The photograph was taken on Christmas Day 1943 in a field hospital located in the Ramu Valley. The patients are being served their Christmas meal.

My father rarely spoke of his war service, like many of the men who faced battle. His was the standard response when asked about his service, "Oh, I hid up a hollow log". We were told that his arthritis prevented him from joining a combat unit. However, due to the wisdom of the army

he was a stretcher bearer, evacuating wounded troops whilst under fire. I can only imagine that he witnessed unimaginable suffering and death.

This stoic mindset, so common in those who served, was evident many years after his death when I was researching the fires in 1939, known as Black Friday. There was a report in the Geelong Advertiser that noted that dad suffered burns attempting to save the diary which was close to many Allen family properties in Grand Avenue. He never told this story to us. To me it shows a great inner strength, accepting adversity with a calm determination not to get upset about things you cannot change.

He was discharged on the 4th of September 1944.

David, his son-in-law, retold the story of dad's brush with death before he served overseas. Before he went to Adelaide to enlist in the Field Ambulance Corps he was training at Bandiana training camp Victoria. He missed the first truck to take them to Melbourne. This truck was hit by a train at a crossing. All on board were killed.

He did not always march on ANZAC Day and he did not always wear his medals. He was awarded the 1939/45 Star for his service in New Guinea, the Pacific Star for entry into operational service in the Pacific theatre, the War Medal for full-time duty personnel of the armed forces and the Australia Service Medal for full-time duty not less than eighteen months.

During the war, to supplement her income mum took in Archie and Millie Colquhoun, both artists who loved painting scenes around Lorne. Archie was a prominent painter and an influential teacher, numbering Sir William Dargie among many of his pupils. They continued to visit and paint around Lorne after the war. Barbara who later became an artist was fascinated by them and their work.

Post World War 2

When dad returned from the war he must have upset the young Barbara as she went around to the front door, picked up one army shoe, went inside and threw it at him. He had obviously upset the routine. She said during his absence that she had two dads. Mum had a framed photograph of dad with two of his enlisted mates, with one friend almost identical to dad.

Mum frequently did floor exercises in the lounge and on this occasion it must have been in summer as she was wearing her bra and bloomers. In those days the insurance agents came to your house to collect the premium instalments. Judith invited him into the kitchen and called out to mum to "come here", which she did much to their mutual surprise, the insurance agent possibly went into therapy. Needless to say, Judith's little prank did not go down well.

I remember living in the house as I would go with dad to our eventual home to help him rebuild the fireplace in the lounge. I would attempt to pass him the bricks when required. One incident, that I'm sure I don't remember, but rather have memories from the stories told, involved me sitting on the high-chair drinking milk from a glass, dropping the glass, it breaking and I leaning over to look. Heedless to say I fell out of the high chair onto the glass. Luckily I did not lose an eye, but I still have the scars under my left eyebrow.



These photographs were taken during the forties when we were living in Grand Avenue. Dad when he enlisted, Mum and Dad with Judith standing and Barbara on Dad's knee and me in 1948, when I was two.

I was four when we moved into "Allen Cottage", as it is now called, in our time it was "Surfside". I vividly remember starting school in 1951 as I did not want to go. I cried every morning and grandmother Cross, who was staying with us at the time, left because she could not cope, that I was so upset.

The house on the corner of Clissold Street and Grand Parade was owned by my grandparents. It had two front bedrooms, a side bedroom, lounge, kitchen with an earthen floor a bathroom and a shed containing the laundry. The toilet was outside. Dad remodelled the lounge room and as I said he relocated the fireplace and he built a floor in the kitchen.

At the time, as a family we went to the Lorne cinema on a Saturday night. We stood for God Save the King/Queen, watched the Movietonews, a B Grade movie, interval and then the feature movie, with an ice cream or in winter a hot malted milkshake. Returning home, when the earthen floor was still in the kitchen was an adventure with Barbara insisting that dad or mum check behind the previously closed kitchen door to look for cockroaches. Often, if there was a war movie, I added to the excitement by vomiting outside the theatre soon after the movie started. We also attended the cinema for community singing, with the words to the songs displayed on the screen. The MC would often invite members of the audience to sing and much to our embarrassment, mum once stood and sang "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles". It was not a pretty experience.

A few years later they added a sleepout including a new laundry and on the other side of the kitchen the bathroom was rebuilt to replace the bath with a shower and an inside toilet. For a lot of this work he was assisted by my uncle, who was married to his sister Dora. Uncle Bill was a builder. He also constructed fences using bricks made from a common mould. There are several brick fences built with these bricks still around Lorne.

The property was on two blocks. The house on one and the other was a vacant block with a huge sycamore tree near the house and a beautiful weeping willow tree on the boundary with

Bonnie Doon. The block used for a vegetable garden, fruit trees and a chicken roost and yard. Dad was rarely idle. He was a keen gardener, the fruit and vegetables feeding the family. We preserved fruit, made jams and chutneys each year. The house was weatherboard and he aimed to repaint the outside every seven years and the inside rooms when needed.

Sadly, the sycamore tree was removed after limbs fell, closely followed by the weeping willow tree after Boonie Doon was pulled down and the land sub-divided for three apartment blocks. There is usually a bright side to the disappointment of losing a tree. The Diplock family from Colac purchased the block abutting ours and over the next twenty years, Lyn and Pat became firm friends.

Mum was not an adventurous cook, but a very good standard one. Her sponge cakes were outstanding and considering that she cooked them in a slow-combustion oven, I have possibly underrated her achievement. Her preserves were sought after by family members, particularly when we had left home and the Sunday roasts would fill the house with wonderful aromas when we returned home from Sunday morning church. Upon reflection, the fact that they were slow cooked intensified the flavour, something we now attempt more often. My favourites were her Mrs Beaton's fruit cake, her stewed nectarines and her boiled Christmas plum pudding. Thankfully, my dear niece Louise has kept this tradition, with me making the brandy sauce with my mother's words ever present, "not too much brandy".

Christmas was a favourite time of the year. It was always busy. In the late fifties and sixties my parents took the overflow guests from Kia Ora in the front two rooms for bed and breakfast, the other meals they had at Kia Ora. Mum provided a great breakfast; therefore, it is not surprising that they became regular guests. Dad worked long hours, but the overtime was very welcome as was the additional income from the B&B. After turning twelve we all had Christmas jobs, me at Drayton's Drapery and when at University, the Lorne Hotel. Again, we gave mum a portion of our earnings.

In the seventies the guesthouses in Lorne disappeared, as did the boarders and the Salvation Army playing Christmas carols outside each establishment. However, both Judith and Barbara were living in Melbourne and raising their families, therefore Christmas and the school vacation meant that the house was always full with their families.

Fishing

Dad loved fishing. After he stopped playing cricket and football his main recreation was fishing from the rocks around Lorne. He would fish with anybody who had a car, a rod and a passion for fishing. We often went with the Alsops, Indebergs and Morrisons for fishing and a picnic. In later years he spent many enjoyable hours fishing with Lyn Diplock.

I remember, as a child, he would take us fishing from the pier, particularly on nights with a full moon we would fish for garfish. Still one of my favourites to eat, ignoring the thin bones the flesh was firm and sweet. He would meticulously prepare the lines, attaching a floater and thread the grasshoppers that we had collected earlier from under the kelp on the beach, to the hook. I did learn to cast and watch the floater whilst reeling in the line. If I caught some fish, my interest waned when it came to scaling and gutting the catch. As usual, he was infinitely patient; untangling lines, rethreading hooks lost and cleaning the catch.

Community Service

My parents were actively involved in the Lorne Community, rarely in leadership positions as I think that they lacked the confidence. Dad was an exception when he joined the vestry of All Saints and after years of service he was invited to become a churchwarden, one of three.

Both were workers, they did the thankless but essential tasks in every organisation. Serving the school and church communities over the years. Mum would be in the kitchen cooking and serving for functions and fundraising events.



Sir Rohan Delecombe, Governor of Victoria visited Lorne in the late 1960's. There was a civic reception in the Lorne RSL Hall. He is seen here meeting the ladies working in the kitchen. They are from left to right: Glad Cooper, Kath Allen, Edna Norton shaking hands with Sir Rohan with Lorna Indeberg to the side of them.

My mother was a very active member of the Lorne Opportunity Shop, being a founding member who helped raise the funds to purchase the land and build the original shop. This has proven an enormous boom for the local hospital and the community through very generous support of welfare initiatives. Mum worked the phones tirelessly to, for years, organise the roster.

One extraordinary story of community service occurred when the hospital could not staff the night shift. My mother, Beryl Alsop and Lorna Indergerg volunteered to get basic training and in shifts of two, they would take the night shift twice a week. Dr. Byers naturally was on call and they would ring him if there was an issue. For obvious reasons this would not be possible today. However, this was an amazing effort as they returned home as I was going to school and dad to work. They would get a few hours sleep then attend to their work at home. I was something that you just did in those days.

Stories

For the 1956 Melbourne Olympic Games the Lorne School provided a deal that included a ticket into the MCG and return bus fare from Lorne to Melbourne, with the price being close to five pounds. I was ten and Barbara was fifteen and we were both eligible to purchase a ticket. Judith at that time was studying at teacher's college in Geelong. I have calculated that twenty pounds was the equivalent to \$2,000 today and was perhaps two weeks wage back then. It was a lot of money for a single wage family and when we took the brochures home to ask mum if we could go, she said for the only time that I recall, "you will have to wait until your father comes home".

Dad rarely went to the hotel after work, in fact, he rarely drank alcohol. This was a Friday and there was a work celebration, I do not remember for what, and he went with the team from the shop to the pub. He was late home for dinner. I can remember that we were having beef olives and mum put the casserole dish in the oven. The smell of the beef olives intensified and I sat at the table waiting for him to come home. When he arrived home he was slightly tipsy, again very rare. He sat down, mum plated his dinner and explained about the trip. After a momentary hesitation he said "Of course you must go. This is a once in a lifetime opportunity".

Looking back, it is obvious that it was a "once in a lifetime opportunity for them". However, the thought would never have crossed his mind. This was a huge sacrifice for them to make and now I appreciate that this was truly a generation who sacrificed much during their lifetime.

We went to the games on Day 10. Much of the day is now a blur, but I clearly remember that Betty Cuthbert anchored the 4 x 100 metres women's relay with Shirley Strickland leading, the javelin wobbling its way through the sky as Norwegian Egil Danielsen won the gold in a world record distance and Vladimir Kuts win one of his gold medals, either 5,000 or 10,000 metre run in Olympic record time. Barbara, on the other hand, did not see many of the day's events as she and Dell Inderberg slipped out to chase after boys in the city.

Dad loved to watch the football. At the local footy he would stand on the bank near the change rooms and he would be totally absorbed by the game. We took advantage by going up to him and asking for money for a pie. He would slip his hand into his pocket, produce a shilling whilst never taking his eye, nor his concentration from the game. You could go back after an appropriate amount of time had elapsed and ask again and most times another shilling would be produced.

In later years he was equally absorbed by most programs on television. On one occasion he was watching when Phil Cooke, the vicar, came to the house to check on some records that he kept as a Churchwarden. Mum knew where they were. She took Phil through the lounge room into the kitchen made him a cup of tea, gave him the book with the information and chatted for some time. Phil left and dad had no recollection of him paying the visit. Mum left him in no doubt as to his shortcomings in this regard.

From my perspective dad was the gentle, loyal, loving and hardworking partner in the marriage. Mum had the same qualities, minus the gentle. She was larger than life with a sense of humour that was real, but narrow.

He was very even-tempered. I can think of very few times when he was angry. As a five-year-old, I gave him every reason to be cross. He took great pride in his garden. His runner beans were in peak condition and ready to be picked. He said no to me, I cannot remember what I wanted. I got a carving knife, went to the trellis and slashed the beans. He didn't lose his temper. Mum took the disciplinary role.

Now compare that story to one many years later. Over summer, in the early seventies, he went to work at 5am to prepare the meat orders for the guesthouses and the hotels. He usually walked home for his lunch break. This particular day there was cricket on television and he wanted to remove his tie, relax have lunch and watch some cricket. When trying to undo his tie he only succeeded in tightening the knot. He said nothing, but he marched over to the draw containing the scissors. He took out the scissors and cut his tie then he sat down and ate his lunch whilst watching the cricket. A replacement tie was found and he went back to work.

He was very skilled at his trade, but his arthritis restricted his ability to go in and out of the refrigerators. He tended to prepare the meat on the blocks and to serve. He was renowned for giving the best cuts to the regulars, with several asking to be served by "Norman". Much to the chagrin of the others in the shop. However, he did not get quite the same reaction from mum with the meat that he bought home for us. Mum would regularly complain that we got the rubbish or that the meat was "off". He in his calm way would deny bringing home inferior quality meat and he forcefully stated that any meat would smell "off" if you stuck your nose directly on the meat and inhaled. He was correct on both counts.

Dad was very fond of John Tank, who with Connie took over the dairy in Polwarth Road from Kora and Lorna Inderberg. John kept some livestock on the paddock around the dairy. Dad for the reward of some meat would slaughter sheep for John. He was very shocked and saddened by John's premature death.

As a family we did not go together on holidays for three reasons. Firstly, the holiday season was the busiest in Lorne you worked to take advantage of the limited season. Secondly, we did not have a car as dad did not have a licence, I believe that he had a bad accident, but the details were not mentioned. Thirdly, they could not afford to take us away during the winter months we got by on a single wage. However, our fun was the family. I cherish the times attending family reunions and more particularly when the family was around the dinner table or playing cards. Judith and Trevor had three children; Louise, Peter and Kathy. Barbara and David had two children Scott and Michael. My parents loved having the grandkids around them. Life was simpler, but the pleasure in doing simple things was greater.

Grandchildren

Louise was born in 1962, the first of mum and dad's grandchildren. I remember the first day that Judith and Trevor drove to Lorne with Louise my father paced along the veranda well before they were due to arrive. From the moment that she arrived he never stopped loving her and all the grandchildren. The only time that he would say no, is when he could not afford any request. He ensured that he would plan to give little surprises to make any activity surprising and enjoyable.

Louise remembers the picnics that they went to at Shelley Beach, when searching for cowrie shells was a highlight. He would always have one or two in his pocket to make sure that they found one, much to their excitement. Pop, as the grandkids called him, would also take them fishing and for a picnic at one of his favourite spots at Boggaley Creek when he knew that it was safe when the tide was going out and that a channel in the rocks would have some fish.

At the appropriate season Nan and Pop would take them mushrooming at the George River and to pick blackberries at what we called "Grandad's Block", just past Babingtons Riding School. The smell of the mushrooms frying with lashings of butter and the taste of the blackberry jam lingers today.

Louise also remembers going to All Saints Anglican Church to help Nan, as she was known, to arrange the flowers when she was rostered to do so and to spend much time with her in the kitchen learning how to cook, particularly baking sponge cakes, a skill that she retains today. Thankfully for the family Louise still makes a Christmas Plum Pudding, one that mum always made for the family at Christmas. The only part missing are the sixpences and shillings cooked with the pudding, as it generally regarded as being unhealthy. In the day, I remember dad making sure that each of the kids had a silver coin in theirs.

In later years when Louise had met her future husband Mark and they would come down to Lorne, they would always go and buy a crayfish for a meal, mainly for mum to devour, which she always did with flair. Shells cracked, legs sucked dry and the "mustard" spread on the meat and saved to have on bread or toast the next day. She enjoyed eating crayfish no matter the location. Kathy, her other granddaughter tells the story of going to Robe and in a restaurant, the teenage Kathy leaving the table and staying outside and peeking in because of the embarrassment caused by the way her grandmother devoured the crayfish.

Louise reminded me that before they were married and for the first time that Mark stayed overnight in Lorne, Nan washed two sets of sheets so that the "sticky noses" wouldn't think that they were sleeping in the same bed, even though they were. *My note, oh how times have changed.*

A story that highlights the different natures of my parents is highlighted in a tale told by Louise when she and Mark were driving mum down to Lorne, with mum sitting in the front seat, leaning across to blow the horn at drivers she thought were too slow or getting in their way. *My note, an early Rumpole!!*

Great Grandchildren

There are, to date, six great grandchildren: Michael Beaton, Shae Beaton, Ryann Wurf, Jordon Wurf, Luke McCallum and Matthew McCallum.

Matthew McCallum when in primary school was asked to write a poem about a grandparent. Matthew instead went for a great grandparent. Scott found this and emailed it when he knew that I was writing this history.

Great Grandpa Norm

What my dad told me about my Great Grandpa

That his favourite thing to have for dinner was fish and ginger beer.
 That his favourite season was summer because it was cricket season, but he did like winter too because it was AFL season.
 That he had the chance to trial for an AFL club,
 but he had to go to war.
 That going to war changed his life as it gave him medical issues.
 That he had many passions including cricket, AFL, and playing cards.
 That he could waste away the whole day in the garden growing his own vegetables and fruits that his wife would make into jams.
 That he loved his job as a butcher and he would take meat home.
 That he could teach people how to cut chickens heads off.
 That he was small and he had a big bald head.
 That he loved going to the river or sea and fish for hours,
 and he would bring back his catch and have it for dinner.
 That he was a very fair person in every way.
 That he hated people playing cards with him that weren't very good and didn't play well.
 That my dad couldn't wait for summer where he could go up and stay with him.

To date there are five great-great grandchildren:

Alexia Day
 Finn Reid
 James Beaton
 William Beaton
 Elfie Wurf

At the time of writing Shae and Tim are expecting their first child.

I also note that Michael and Brooke have called their two boys James and William, being the name of William James Allen, their great-great-great grandfather. Looking back at the family tree they are common names for centuries.

I know that they were very proud of our achievements: Judith as a gifted infant teacher, with her first appointment at the Lorne School and continuing with her career as she raised a family; Barbara pursued her love of art and she became a member of The Melbourne Twenty Club and she teaches art in the tonal realism style; I also became an economics teacher and school principal. My appointment as principal of the Lorne P-12 College was in 1990, six months after dad died.

This is a favourite photograph of mum and dad taken in the eighties, not long before he died in 1989. He developed emphysema in his seventies, directly attributed to cigarette smoking that he took up during his war service in New Guinea.



I remember being alone with him at the Heidelberg Repatriation Hospital a couple of days before he died. He took my hand and he said with love and sincerity “you are now in charge Gary.” I was emotional at the time, as I am now as I write this. However, it later became a source of amusement within the family. The truth is, he was never in charge and therefore it was a mantle that he could not pass to me. It reflects the view at that time and it was said with love and concern for the wellbeing of the family. He never asserted a patriarchal role. He never dominated nor did he ever have such a mindset. He loved my mother and us and he did all in his power to make us happy. I only wish that I was half the person that he was.

Eulogy – Norm Allen

My father died on the 7th of July 1989. He was buried at Lorne, the service held at All Saints Anglican Church in Lorne. I wrote a letter to the vicar Phil Cooke, including some words that I asked him to include in the eulogy. I wrote:

Dear Phil,

My father was a gentle-man in every sense of the word. He was devoted to his family; as a husband, father, grand-father and great-grand father. His wants were simple, but they were always put last. He was hard working, kind, loving, proud and gentle man and I cannot think of a better epitaph for any person.

I rarely heard him raise his voice in anger; there are two notable exceptions – when mum beat him in Cribbage and when I, as a child, in a fit of anger cut down his crop of prized beans.

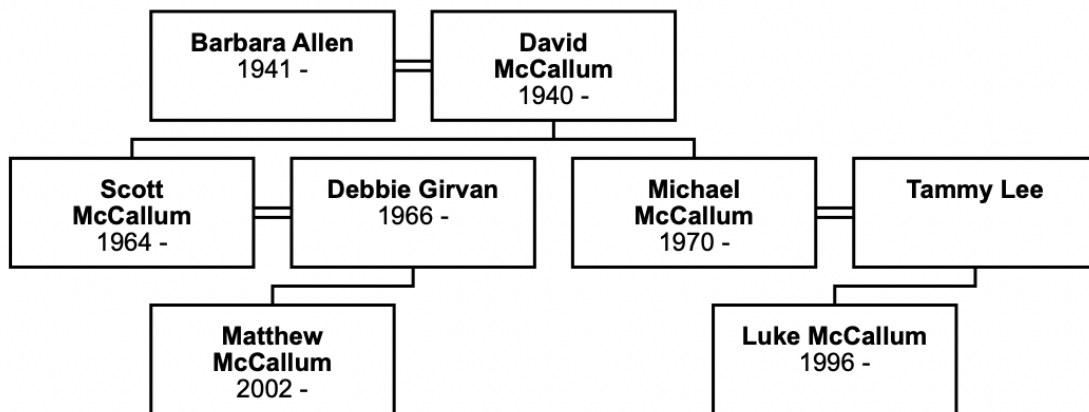
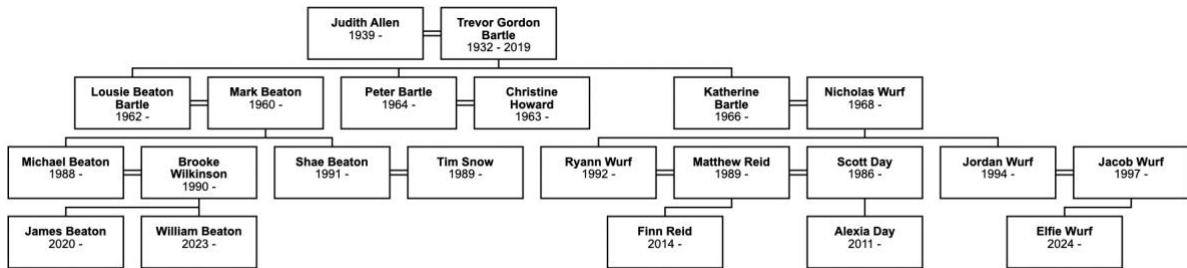
He served both the Lorne community and our country at war. At work he was an excellent tradesman, always cheerful, taking great pride in the quality of his service. Since the war he suffered constantly from arthritis. He would not want us to make much of this, as he never did. He never complained.

After twenty years teaching I have seen some children with horrendous problems, usually explained by a lack of love and care. I thank God that we were born into a family rich in love and care.

I know that my father believed in God. Of his perception of God, I am not absolutely certain, but I know he is now at peace and with his God.

Gary

Descendents of Norm and Kath Allen



Gary Allen

20/04/1946

ANDERSON FAMILY

My great grandparents, Richard and Mary Ann Anderson (nee Gay) arrived in Melbourne in January 1871. They lived in Kent and where were married in 1852 in Mary Ann's home town of Northfleet, a village that overlooked the Thames Estuary. Richard was a brickmaker who, by following the demand for his skills, worked in many townships in both Kent and Essex. By the time he emigrated to the Colony of Victoria in 1870 they had eight children and his older brother William had already sailed to the colony on the "Great Britain".

They told the story of lining up to receive their ration of lime juice before boarding the "Nineveh" in Southampton. They broke the journey at Cape Town, where the children were very impressed by the display of fruit in the rowing boats which came out to trade with the passengers. I am sure that they were less impressed with the ship's captain, who was so eager to avoid the horrors of the Cape Otway coast, that he sailed too far south running onto a reef on King Island. Crockery on board was broken and everyone agreed that they had "a horrible fright".

Fortunately, the ship was refloated and the passengers disembarked at Williamstown. The family then travelled by train to Ballarat then walked to Sebastopol where they fossicked for gold in the Magpie, Winter's Flat, Cambrian Hill areas. It was not long before my great grandfather and two the five boys went back to their trade of brickmaking, walking to their jobs even as far as to Beaufort.

James Anderson recalls travelling to Ballarat in Elford's dray, borrowed to take the boys to Eastern Oval to see the England cricket team play in Ballarat. They looked at the match from over the fence. Perhaps they could not afford the fee to enter the ground as when in Sebastopol the family paid a shilling a week to attend school as like in England schooling was not free. During this time the three youngest children were born, namely Charlotte (my grandmother), Celia and Sophia.

When it was decided to come to Lorne to make bricks for the construction of the Grand Pacific Hotel, Richard and the older boys; William, Dick and George, came first, walking a great deal of the way. Initially they lived at "Mathoon", a cottage near the Beal's property "Varna" and whilst there he set up a clay hole and pug mill on the land which he bought: the area now bounded by Otway Street, William Street, Polwarth Road and Clovelly Court, which suggests moderate success on the goldfields. Sarah, who later married Jesse Allen, came soon after to work for the Mountjoy family at Erskine House.

In 1878 the remaining members of the family James, John, Abe, Charlotte, Celia and Sophia left Magpie to travel to Lorne. James wrote:

"I remember something of the journey (he was 13) down from Ballarat in a horse drawn vehicle. It took several days and we boys often walked alongside looking for native cats in the stone walls. Father came up to the coalmine near Benwerrin to meet us, where we camped on the last night. On reaching Lorne we crossed the Erskine River at its mouth, as the ford had not then been built. We drove along the beach past Mountjoy's before turning in on the flat."

Richard built a small timber house up the hill in Otway Street, where he had set up his brickworks. Brick additions were made to the house at a later time. They called the property "Northfleet" after Mary Ann's village in Kent.



He had cut away the hillside for suitable clay and he had the pug mill and brick kilns nearby. He employed nine men who camped on the hillside and cooking for them was no small task. Again, James wrote; "Mother cooked with a camp-oven on an improvised fireplace in a burnt-out hollow stump which served as a chimney. It was not long, however, before my brother William built a chimney in our largest room and we had a proper kitchen. The fireplace had a bar across (after the manner of the one in Captain Cook's Cottage) and from that we hung our utensils." The boys cleared the paddock to supply firewood for the kilns which were thatched with the rushy grass growing on the islands or edge of the Erskine River at its mouth.

There were four rooms in the house for thirteen people, so the comforts were few. James described how the younger three boys slept on mattresses in the loft, to get to their bed room they climbed an outside ladder placed against a small door high up on the south wall. An underground well was built, but before that they had to carry supplies of fresh water from the river.

The boys also shot wallabies, koalas and possums for food and for their skins. Mr. Wallace the bootmaker who lived near the ford, gave the boys 6d. for a wallaby skin, 5d for a koala and 4d. for a possum skin. These skins he tanned and made into rugs which he sold to visitors. James worked for Mr. Wallace before the school was built.

Fishing provided an additional source of food. Richard purchased a rowing boat to trawl for fish. From the hillside clearing he could see shoals of fish moving into the bay and he would go down to the beach and row around the shoal with the net. From all accounts there were always willing helpers to haul the catch in.

The majority of goods came to the township by sea and until the pier was completed in the late 1870s, ships came in on the rising tide putting down kedge anchors to haul them up the beach. Unloading had to be a hurried job before the falling tide and with no mechanical assistance it was a strenuous job. The process was reversed to refloat the vessel, with some being stranded.

The older boys found employment helping to construct roads. Dick was one of a squad who cut the road underneath the rocky hillside under "Waverley", which in those days was the Staughton's property. William was in charge of the squad who made the road that became William Street.

Sadly, for the family in 1879 my great grandfather decided to purchase a vessel to sell materials in Geelong and Melbourne and in turn purchase those goods needed in the township. On the 29th of December in that year he purchased the Foam, a ketch that was built in Tasmania made of hardwood with pine topsides and deck, with a gross tonnage of 19.0. He made William the skipper of the Ketch.

The crew included Joseph Gay who was married to Polly, William's older sister and their first cousin, William Collins and a young boy Harris was a passenger enroute to Melbourne. On January 30th 1880, one month after the purchase of the vessel they set sail. James Anderson described the day:

"Till noon the sea was beautifully calm, but at about three o'clock a treacherous east wind sprung up. As the evening drew on, the fury of the storm increased and when night set in, it seemed to have reached its height. For three days there was little abatement, the ocean resembled a boiling caldron."

My great-grandmother walked the shores of Louttit Bay for weeks such was the extent of her grief. Her daughter Polly was pregnant when Joseph Gay sailed; their son Joseph William Richard was born a few months later. To my knowledge William had little or no sailing experience. It was suggested that the Foam was carrying more sail than was safe considering the light ballast and the fitful blasts of wind. Richard rode the coastline most days searching for signs of the crew or the wreck. He once came back certain that he had seen William's clothes on a line in Breamlea, south of Geelong. I suggest that then there was little variation in the style of clothing and such was his grief at the loss of his eldest son and I suspect self-blame that he was clutching at straws.

As a postscript, the road that William helped construct, leading from Marine Parade as it was then called and running parallel with Grove Road, was named William Street in his honour. Polly became caretaker of the beach baths (shown below) built near the existing pavilion, that were later washed away by an easterly storm.



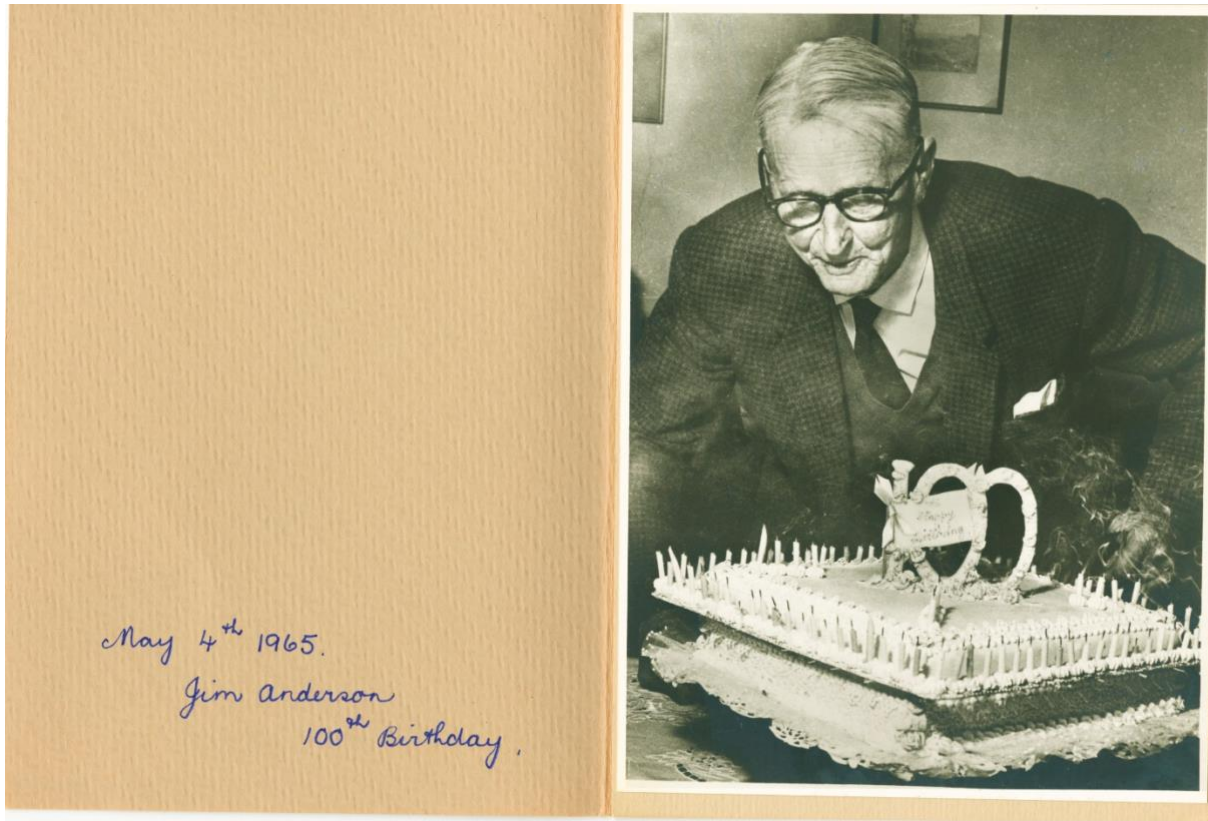
She later married a widower, Mr. Leckie with a grown-up family in Ballarat, then a Mr. Mitchell. Joseph William Richard Gay's children were Mary Calenso, Ann Taylor and Bill Gay. Bill was a well-known identity in Lorne, serving the Lorne football team as a player and then as trainer for many years. I went to the Lorne School with his daughter Annette.

The poem "**The Loss of the Foam**" was written by James Anderson

Below is the first verse of Richard's poem, there are twenty-four verses. I am currently working on the link that will display all of the verse for readers who are interested in the entire poem.

A lovely morning broke; at noon that day
 The "**Foam**" weighed anchor and stood out to sea.
 Her towering masts raked aft in grand array;
 Her sails - a snowy cloud - white as could be.
 Around her bows the sparkling wavelets play;
 They rise and fall and dance about in glee.
 So calm and tranquil lay the glassy ocean
 That on her deck was scarcely felt a motion.

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James was William's brother; cousin and brother-in-law of Joseph, the sixth of the Anderson children, the first pupil on the Lorne School's register when it opened in September, 1879 and later an unpaid pupil teacher commencing in March 1881. He was eventually appointed to the staff of The School in 1886. I met him in the 1960's after he celebrated his 100th birthday and he returned to visit his sister Sophie Alsop. I too was a pupil of the School and I returned in 1990 as the principal. Naturally, I have a deep connection and affection for The School and a kinship with James.



The Anderson Children

Mary Ann (Polly) was born in 1854. She married her first cousin Joseph Gay who was drowned on the Foam when it was lost at sea in 1880. Her son Joseph William Richard, was born after his father's death. His children are Mary Colenso, Ann Taylor and Bill Gay. I remember Bill Gay as a trainer for the Lorne Football Club and I went to school with his daughters Susan and Annette.

William (Bill) was born in 1855 and as described above he also was lost at sea on The Foam.

Richard (Dick) went to West Australia. His wife was Marian Snowden a Lorne resident. They had one daughter Stella Mary who married, but was childless. Dick died in York Western Australia in 1951.

Sarah married Jesse Allen.

George went to South Africa and was not heard of again

James (Jim) was born in 1865 and he married Alice Maud Spinner. They had two daughters Ethel and Maud. Jim died in 1965 in Melbourne.

John (Jack) was born in 1867 he married Etta. They had Phyllis, Rita, Jessie and Alma. Jesse died of diphtheria.

Abraham (Abe) was born in 1870 he married Julia Hiscock. When he died in 1908 Julia went to Tasmania and remarried.

Charlotte was born in 1872 she married William James Allen.

Celia was born in 1875 she married Rhys Jones and they had a daughter Lorna. Celia died in 1960 in Ballarat.

Sophia was born in 1877 married John Frederick Alsop. Their sons Jack, Len, Don, Noel and Alan. Jack and Don became butchers in Lorne (see photo next page). Sophia died in 1974 in Lorne. I have very fond memories of Auntie Soph as she remained close to my grandmother Charlotte.



The Anderson boys L-R George, Jim, Jack and Abe with the Leckie girls. They were the daughters of Polly's second husband.

Auntie Soph is on the balcony with cousins Norm Allen, Bill Gay, Don Alsop, Jack and Toby Alsop. The lower part of the shop is still on the main street – clothing stores.

