

# AUSTRALIAN WAUGH FAMILY SOCIETY

Newsletter #10 Nov 2011

Editor: Neville Maloney

15 Colin St

Bangalow 2479

02 66872250

neville@cottonsoft.com.au

Dear Cousins,

A newsletter of correspondence, it's been a year of interesting visits and news from members and loss. Thanks to all who keep in contact. The following are edited letters and emails from various lines of the family.

The following is an interesting story from Peter Honeyman. Some of you will be familiar with the "Words of Waugh" a series of family interviews written by his grandmother Christian Waugh. Chris Honeyman (nee Waugh) is the grand-daughter of "Aussie" Alexander Waugh 1814-1894. Her father was William Napier Reeve Waugh 1853-1945.

A copy of the "Words of Waugh" forms a large appendix in "A History of the Waughs" it can also be located on the Internet at <http://cottonsoft.com.au/waugh/WaughBOOKPt8App4.pdf>

*I found a recent Waugh family news letter in my late mother's mail. June Honeyman. She passed away at home, after a good day gardening end of 2009. She's stayed linked as father (Tom, son of Christian nee Waugh) had enjoyed the Waugh story. I'm not likely to follow, except some of you "family" may be amused by one personal tangential Waugh story.*

*My wonderful grandmother (Christian) had told me hints of Holman Hunt, who married 2 Waugh sisters. The first died shortly after childbirth, I think in Naples, while they travelled to Jerusalem. Hunt subsequently travelled to Jerusalem, and then built a house there, and long story, married the younger sister, and lived in Jerusalem, when this was a run-down part of the Turkish province of Syria, painting, and returning to London. Last trip was in 1892.*

*I live in Israel, and on one of my exploring walks, have found the house.. there is a wiki for anyone to see, Holman Hunt house, Jerusalem. What the wiki does not say, it is a most significant house, within a walled garden, on one of the most significant streets of Jerusalem, surrounded by equally historical houses. Naturally it is Israeli National Trust listed at highest level.*

*There the story may have stayed, only as a boast to my Israeli friends here, that my family were settlers in 1858. in Jerusalem. But my youngest daughter for her 1st year high school needed to write up her "roots", as a class project. This is usually a difficult project; so many Jewish families do not have a happy, continuous or stable, accessible family background. They lack records or much physical material. For example my wife's parents had fled Baghdad in 1950, along with all the other 120,000 Jews, had lost all property, and arrived as refugees to the emerging state of Israel, only grateful to the Iraqis not many were killed in their pogroms. They had arrived with a least a few photos of relatives and a university degree that was accepted.*

*So to follow the Hunt story and educate my daughter, we knocked on the door of the Hunt House, and introduced ourselves, as V tenuous relatives of Hunt. I was most welcomed, and quickly became involved in the ongoing story to rescue this house. The house had been divided into flats, and under an odd Turkish law, each flat had been "sold" for a fee, plus a small ongoing rest, by the owner, for the life of the occupant. The claimant overall owner of the house, was the Russian Orthodox Church. They were trying to take back the house, to clear out the flat owners by intimidation, and such activities as removing the roof, so as to make the flats un inhabitable, all illegal. Surely as a relative I could do something. The Israeli government has enough problems in international relations to face down the*

*Russians, so had back pedalled. And the labour about the house all looked like Russian mafia, so everyone was intimidated. I was thrown into the history of this house and the Hunts.*

*I could trace one direct descendant living in London. We communicated, his deceased father, a famous Afghan and "Stan" British Foreign Office specialist had undertaken much searching of family history to track down the ownership issue. The son passed me onto the new art historian researchers of Hunt, and in correspondence we could see ways to track down the records in the Bodelain collection in Oxford. Given the history of land ownership in Jerusalem, tile depended on paper trail. This would be a major undertaking. And at the same time, last year, I had my problems with the Russian, as I was teaching in the Russian Academies of Sciences in Yekaterinburg, and felt quite vulnerable, as I understood how "things worked" in such remote areas.*

*It seems the Russians are squatters, the Hunt House is caught in politics, and I'm getting a unique view of how Hunt looked at Jerusalem and the Jews in the late 19th C. (Peter Honeyman Sept 2011)*

From Noela Joyce

It has not been a good year. Mum took a stroke in February but fortunately has recovered surprisingly well; still comes shopping with me and we even managed to get her to Mantra on Salt for a week recently. She turned 90 in June so we enjoy every moment we can.

Following is information regarding my family to update the Waugh family tree.

Dad, **William (Bill) Gordon Waugh**, passed away on the 10th September this year aged 92 years. He had been shifted into the



William Waugh & Noela's son Hayden & his son Henry June 2011

nursing home section where he was about 12 months ago and finally his heart just gave out (or did he just give in as he was not happy without the company he had been used to in the hostel).

Henry Keith was born on the 30th August 2010 in Perth to Hayden & Nova Foote.

I am trying to get back to normal and am finally finding more time for family history research.



Noela & her dad, William (Bill) Gordon Waugh, August 2011.

This will be the 5<sup>th</sup> newsletter with information sent to me by **Nancy Fox** about of the life of her siblings. Previously we have read the stories of:

*Eric Thomas Waugh 20 4/1914 – 10/10/2007, John Phillip Waugh 15/2/1917 – 25/11/2007, Albert Mackenzie Oxley Waugh 21/3/1927 – 5/8/2008, & Monica Kathleen Waugh 28/4/1924 – 3/11/2010*

And now the last of these time capsules, the snippet of a life, has arrived from Nancy, she is the last one standing of her generation in her line of the family. The brother she describes is Noela's father from the story above.

**“Aussie” William Waugh married Frances Oxley Thorpe (the daughter of John Oxley), one of their sons, John Oxley Waugh married Elizabeth Muir and their son Gordon Lindsay Waugh who married Matilda Hurt (after whom the song Waltzing Matilda is named) are the parents of Nancy, and her brother Bill.**

**My Brother Bill** with Loving Memories (Nancy Fox)

William or Bill as he is (was) always known is the third child and third son of Gordon Lindsay Waugh and Matilda Ann Waugh. His fraternal Great Grandmother was Frances Oxley, daughter of John Oxley, she is buried in the Tenterfield Cemetery (1891)

Bill had 2 sisters and 3 brothers. He was born on 7<sup>th</sup> July 1919 in the Torquay Hospital in Tenterfield. His parents lived at Mt, Mackenzie, where they cared for grandfather, John Oxley Waugh, until his demise in 1926. Bill was of medium build, a handsome lad with brown eyes and a light olive complexion like that of his father. Over the years the likeness has matured.

Together with his five siblings he grew up in a congenial family lifestyle and carefree environment on the farm. Happiness is an essential factor of well-being, which was an influence on Bill with his happy disposition. He was baptised and confirmed in the Roman Catholic Church in Tenterfield. His education was at the Tenterfield District Rural School. A clever student always in the top placings of the class he was also active in outdoor activities.

With the advent of the depression Bill's education was terminated to assist on the farm along with his brothers Eric and John, he was engaged in farming chores; bush and pasture work and dairying with stud jerseys. He was also a member of the Junior Farmers, gaining success in local shows with poultry and vegetables.

Like his brothers he trapped rabbits for pocket money. I remember one morning I accompanied him to collect his catch, towards the top of the hill from the house. As I didn't know where he had set the traps I trusted him to tell me. Knowing Bill as a practical joker I thought he was joking about this so I put my toe on the spot and WOW I was trapped!!! Well he couldn't free me so he had to carry me, trap still on my toe, halfway down the hill, where Mum came to the rescue.

Construction of our first class tennis court was a special achievement for our parents and Bill played tennis, bowls, table-tennis and cricket with the family. He enjoyed ballroom dancing and photography and could even play a tune on a gum leaf! I remember in his younger days he enjoyed playing draughts with Mum, who was a player of renown. They battled several, long close games.

In his late teens he began work with the Edmonds family on their property “Myralee” west of Tenterfield. Later he returned home and then enlisted on 7<sup>th</sup> August 1942 in the Australian Army during WW11. His army number was NX118Q91. After initial training he was an Ack-Ack gunner in 2/33rd battalion - DON Company - 7th Division stationed at Rutherford Army base. Then he transferred to 105 Transport Company in readiness for service in New Guinea. At the Everton Park Army Camp in Brisbane he met and married Yerna May Gregg on the 3<sup>rd</sup> July 1943. After a week or two he was off to battle in New Guinea on the boat "MONGOLA".

In 1943 Bill witnessed an horrific crash of an American Liberator bomber at Jackson's aerodrome 12km from Port Moresby. While taking off fully loaded with bombs and heavy explosives it hit trees at the end of the runway breaking off its tail and crashed onto army trucks loaded with men from Bill's "Don" Company. Every man had ammunition strapped to his body; grenades, mortar bombs, 303 rounds and bullets for machine guns, 72 died and 62 were maimed, many soldiers were burnt beyond recognition. As a transport driver Bill endured a traumatic experience attending the scene, amidst blood streaming down the tarmac they tried to rescue the victims. Later it was found the cause of the crash was sabotage, fuel lines had been blocked with cotton cleaning rags. Next day, two negro culprits were court-martialed and shot.

I have read a number of books and have spoken to many ex-servicemen of WW11, they were at awful risk fighting face to face with the enemy but they suffered heat, sand and flies in the desert. Constant rain, trudging in water and mud and deadly mosquitoes and malaria in the jungles of New Guinea and sleeping on wet ground and living on "bully" beef "dog" biscuits, dehydrated mutton and eggs their staple diet, “THESE MEN WERE THE CORNER STONES OF OUR COUNTRY”



Bill returned to Brisbane and was discharged from the army on 21<sup>st</sup> November 1944. At first he settled on the farm at Mt. Mackenzie, later he was in partnership with Mum in a green grocery shop in Rouse Street Tenterfield. Upon the sale of the shop in 1949 he moved to work in Brisbane,

But with the love of the country in his blood he returned to Tenterfield where he built a house on the corner of Railway Avenue and Molesworth Streets, their two daughters, Denise and Noela attended school in Tenterfield. Bill worked as a foreman at Cowards rabbit freezing works close by for some time. He then gained employment on a works program using a mechanical machine digging trenches for laying sewerage pipes. On completion of this, he sold his house and moved with the contractors to Lismore.

He moved back to Brisbane where he ran a newsagent/convenience store at Red Hill, his home was attached to the shop. Here he met a young boy, Rod Laver, who lived nearby and later became a tennis Legend.

It was on Anzac Day 1959 that they moved into their new home at Carina Heights in Brisbane still owned by the family. In 1980 he bought his Chrysler Regal car, the last one to be made in Adelaide. He undertook various employment and finally was a sales representative

with Alpha Industries until his retirement in 1986 - aged 67 years

He settled into home and family life caring for his garden and enjoying some travel for a time. But the effects of war service had taken its toll, seeing him hospitalised over long periods for operations etc. Sadly for health reasons he was denied the enjoyment from the fruits of his labour.

Being unable to live in his much loved home, he moved to an R.S.L. nursing home in Brisbane. In 2010, Bill was 91 years old.

Sadly Bill passed away at Cazna Gardens Nursing Hostel -Sunnybank Hills – Brisbane on Saturday 10<sup>th</sup> September 2011.

Happy childhood days surpassed the sadness and loneliness he endured in his retirement. Although for many years living in hostels and nursing homes he still found enjoyment in his daily living. A true tradition of his ancestral family, A loving brother - too precious to forget. (Nancy Fox)

## **Ronald (Ronny) Harvey Cox (19<sup>th</sup> April 1927 – 8<sup>th</sup> January 2011)**

It was something of a shock after I received the phone call telling me that Ronny had died. I was in Brisbane and it didn't really sink in until I returned home a couple of days later. I knew his name for as long as I can remember and I knew that Ronny was somebody, I mean somebody important and I know that because Glady told me. Photos of Ron and his kids abounded in her house; he was the apple of her eye and in time I realized she had good cause for her belief. It was really only in much later years that I sat and listened to him talking with Dad (Jack) that I came to appreciate that he straddled two generations. They talked like brothers (Dad was only 9 years older than Ronny) but Ronny was of another world another generation of could do, did do, people and he thought big, Marineland, is just one example. The arrival of Ronny and Teuila as guests bought the best out in Mum (Ivy) they were her ideal of class, something to aspire to, both gracious almost to a fault. I still hear Ronny's deep voice, a voice of authority and whatever he told me I still believe, just because he said it.

The text below is the words spoken at Ronny's funeral by his son Brett; it is an oration that tells quite a story. It was set against a large screen with dozens of photos, photos of a strong confident man, Ronny Cox.

“I’m guessing that most people here have seen a Disney movie or two, you know those ones they call fairytales, well that’s what my life with Ronny has been. Ronald Harvey Cox was surrounded by many family members and friends that thought he was an extra-ordinary man. He set the scene for that fairytale movie which has been our family life.



19<sup>th</sup> of April 1927 in Murwillumbah the story begins, Harvey & Gladys Cox, farmers in the local area had their first child a son, Ronald Harvey. They went on to have two more children Ron’s Sister Audrey and his younger brother Merton. Times were tough, Ron spent his childhood growing up during the great depression, and money was tight so you made do with the simple things. Scooping cream from the top of the milk just collected at 4am on the farm was as close to any treat he ever saw, and if you know Ronny you would know he likes his sweets and cups of tea. Ron wasn’t too fussed on school but he attended, barefoot, and on most days. At age 15 that was enough, school was a distant memory as there were more important things to do, like ride motorbikes with Benny Johns, go spear fishing, blow up fish with dynamite and collect them when they float to the surface or blow boilers off shipwrecks and sell the scrap metal. I’m not sure but I think his partner in crime Frank Kirkham had the source to get the dynamite.

The depression made things tough and then the war made it tougher, his father Harvey enrolled for service, too old to be accepted, he lied about his age. Captured, Harvey spent 3 years as a prisoner of war; he returned home and died not long after at an early age from diseases contracted as a POW. His father away at war Ron had no choice but to forge ahead, didn’t matter if you knew how to do something, you said you did and work it out from there, the amazing thing was Ron was very good at all things he turned his hand to. Just this week Stu asked our family what Ron did, we all looked at each other and thought where do you start.



When he left school Gladys his Mother who he was very close to got him a job in a men’s wear store in Murwillumbah can you believe it, luckily there were a lot of Yankee soldiers with too much money. Ron moved on, he got a plumbing apprenticeship, didn’t last long said the bloke was a mongrel so quit. Just two weeks ago Mum had a plumber over repairing taps, Ronny followed him around, he said I was a plumber, and mate you go easy on us we are only pensioners. He shuffled back to Teuila, I’ve pulled a Vic, you know the island discount. Shit! Ronny the poor guys is from Oz Care it’s free. Mind you Ron designed, built and maintained the pumping system for Marineland. The Tweed Shire Council was the next stop then chipped bananas with his Uncle Jack in thongs, until they met a family of death adders in the field. Looking to make more money Ron moved to Brisbane, working for the Wheat Board, he was in charge of servicing the Briggs Stratton motors running the conveyor belts. Working double shifts Ronny was making about 50 pound a week and spent a lot of it at the

Pincinbah pub with his brother in law Noel. On the way home it was team work Noel laid on the bonnet of the V Dub directing and Ron would drive, not sure how they ever made it home.

Working in Brisbane did not stop him from returning home every week-end to go spear fishing with his mates, Frank Kirkham, Ben Cropp, John Reynolds, Bob Webb, Bill Hookway, Eric Mantin, and Tommy Thomas. Assembling these men was like contacting the A Team, the fish at Cook Is, Fido, 5 Mile and 9 Mile never had a chance. Selling fish on the beach or to local fish shops was a regular event, bad weather, storms & even cyclones didn’t stop them going out. I’m sure death was cheated on a number of occasions.

1953 saw the first ever Australian spear fishing champion Ron Cox, he would have retained the title in 1954 but there was this bloke, and he said Bretty "He had a lot more body fat than me, we were going fish for fish no- one else left, and it was freezing", it was held in South Australia, well he said "I didn't have a chance so I bowed out". Frank Kirkham was that man.

1958 Ron Cox – Ben Cropp Australian pairs Champion, there many other records and titles, which Ron rarely spoke about.

Ron was engaged to be married twice and they kinda didn't work out, I remember when I was having problems with a girl friend Dad told how he got dumped, Ron went down to see if he could win her back, flowers, chocolates and all dressed up and she told him to nick off. He had a bit of a chuckle and said to me you have to move on Bretty. By the way that girl friend is my wife today, Mary-Anne who Ronny loved like his own daughter.

As I said Ron likes his sweets, and every week-end after spear fishing he and Frank Kirkham would go to Charlies Milk Bar in Coolangatta to get a malted milk shake. It was at this milk bar he met his Polynesian Flower, Teuila Myra Greenwood. Ron didn't take long to realize this was a match made in heaven. Dad said to me, when I first met your mother I took a flathead around for her, I didn't like fish that much, well your mother cooked it up and it was beautiful, he never looked back. Teuila comes from a family of 6 kid's two sisters and three brothers, these guys were right up Ron's alley, it was as if it was planned, Vic, Del, Eric, Gloria and Erin were his blood, he often said these guys are my family. It's little wonder they all loved the water as well.



5<sup>th</sup> March 1955 Ron and Teuila marry. Living in Brisbane their first child was born, Tracey Erin, on 20 March 1959. Ron and family moved back to the Gold Coast, he took up a position with Australian Seafood Exporters at Tweed. 16<sup>th</sup> May 1962 I was born, Brett Ronald, at about this time Jack Evans had contacted Ron to ask him to join the Porpoise Pool Team, and he did. Capturing fish, dolphins, sharks, conducting shows, and training dolphins was a normal day for Ronny. One night he and his mate John Reynolds hatched a plan; Marineland of Australia was born. Selling their house in Ballow St Coolangatta Ron and Teuila used the money to start the dream. The rest is history. Marineland was a big success entertaining people like Bill and Sonia McMahan, Gough Whitlam. Humphrey Bear, Don Lane,

International Dignitaries, Olympic sport stars and the list goes on.

Time marches on and Marineland closes but Ron still had his prawn trawlers, The Sea Crest & The Blue Dolphin, every morning they would arrive Ron would be there to greet them and carry out any maintenance that was required. Still feeling for the closure of Marineland Ron sells the prawn trawlers and moves away from the industry. Eric his brother-in-law gets Ronny into property development it seemed like a license to print money. Like all good property cycles that too came to an end and Ron retires.

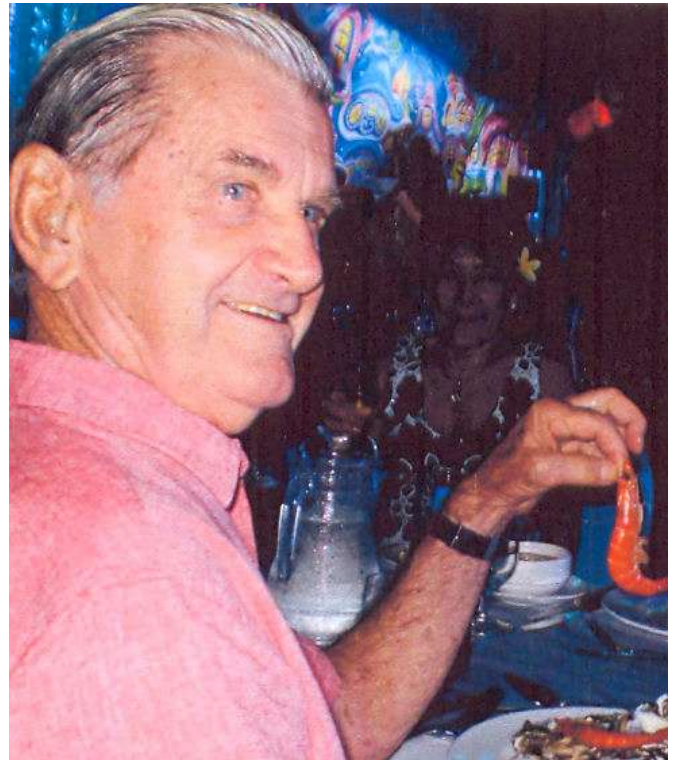
During this time many a good party was had with the Greenwood clan, whether it was at Marineland, The Villa Maria Winery in Auckland, Vic's house at Mangaree playing "Why Why Why Delilah" over and over, to the Golden Rainbow Motel in Broadbeach there was one thing in common, Ukulele playing foot tapping, songs being sung, and one heck of a good time.

Ron had and unwavering love for animals and children, at any family gathering he would be talking to the dog or sitting at the kids table. In the last weeks when I would visit the first thing he'd say was "Hey Bretty how's Oll", and if you don't know Ollie is our little fluffy white hand bag of a dog, we share custody of him.

Ron has two grandchildren Gabby and Georgia and from the time they were born he had a relationship that was incredibly close, the love they shared was like no other. Spoiling them with sweets some known to parents and a lot unknown was the norm.

My sister and I are growing up and he taught us to free dive, spear fish, fish with lines, shoot ducks, dive with scuba gear, ride motorbikes, repair things, and if ever we needed something done he knew how to do it. After giving away diving he continued to line fish, and was never short of a fishing buddy.

Things continue; my friends become Ronny's friends and second generation fishing trips begin. I can remember on the first trip all the boys are driving up and down the beach at Frazer and Ronny says here!!! We'll fish here! Everyone jumps out why here? Within minutes fish are lying all over the beach. I'm not sure what it was but he had the uncanny knack to pick it right, and catch fish like you wouldn't believe. 14 Years have passed from the first trip and great second generation friendships forged. One of my mates refused to go on the trips unless he was in Ronny's car, Dad looked after him a bit because I think he could see that Ricko got a bit fragile when he couldn't catch a fish.



Ronny loved his Land Cruiser which I have today and Mum believes it will just stop on the spot to get fish if we go again. Ron didn't always get it right, about 2 ½ years ago we did a fishing trip and we had a new kid on the block, after a day or two dad says "You know I can tell a man of the sea, well I'm sorry Mark you have a lot of wonderful qualities and skills but I don't think the sea is one of them." Maybe that was Ronny's diplomatic way of saying you're doing OK. Ronny loved a bargain on another trip he couldn't wait to present Martin my bother in law with a \$1.99 litre cask of white wine Silver Bullet and bear in mind that Martin is a bit of a wine buff.

Ron was the ultimate host, want a beer, get you a wine, gin, once he had done that he'd be in the kitchen making nibbles, mind you he would keep the grog flowing and when people were half tanked he'd slip off to bed. Still right to the very end Ronny wanted to please. Mum was having trouble with the whipper snipper, Teuila it's the spark plug, needs cleaning, so off he shuffles to the garage, Ronny !!! Get that flame away from the petrol can, he was trying to burn the oil off the spark plug to get the whipper snipper working for Mum. It was then decided he could not be left alone. Erin his sister and law would come over to sit with him while Teuila went shopping. "Erin I'm having a shower he'd say". "No way !!!" "Not on my watch". "Well I'll have a shave" "No you will not with that razor". So he tells her to get lost. 10 minutes later the bowl of macadamias comes out, the peace offering. "Want some nuts?"

Being in the spotlight was not for Ron he was happy to work in the background and let other people take centre stage, but from simple beginnings on the farm at Murwillumbah he has produced an amazing story and over achieved in every part of his life.

I could stand here and talk for hours, not just because there is so much to tell but because I am so so very proud to be your son. Whether you are known as Ronny, Mr Mr, Ronald McDonald, Putty or Dad many people loved, and thought the world of you.

We miss you so much Dad, love you and I hope and pray we will meet again one day. Love you Dad"  
(Brett Cox)

## Julie Hall (nee Palmer) 5<sup>th</sup> July 1952 – 15<sup>th</sup> September 2011

In September even more surprise another cousin has died. Julie Palmer the youngest daughter of Marion and Bob has been in hospital for a while and now while still a young girl, one of the younger cousins she has succumbed to cancer.

The picture of Julie with pen in hand is the girl I remember. The bright mischievous eyes and the slightly gangly frame she was the tom boy we visited in Mullumbimby.



Julie was the youngest in her family, the sixth, and all girls. Marion was the seventh daughter herself and she was not having another child because she thought that the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter would be something too special (Dad said probably a witch, Marion said extra spiritual). And while I thought that was just a family story the Internet abounds with agreement.

If there was ever a mother and daughter passing of the baton then Julie had that distinctive gravelly voice that was Marion to the core.

The Palmer family (Marion's line) of the John and Mary Maloney descendents has the most branches and they were all represented at her funeral. It seems that that is the only time many of the cousins get to see each other as well. Marlene, Julie's eldest sister died in August 2009. It was good to see her other sisters; Jean, Lyn, Dale and Robyn again.

Julie was born in Murwillumbah but lived most her life close to Mullumbimby. She married Peter Hall in 1974 and has two children Adam and Kellie. In recent years she had been living in Coffs Harbour and then Yamba.

**Happy 100<sup>th</sup> Birthday Elsie Dawes**  
"Aunty" Elsie will be 100 next year.  
The 16<sup>th</sup> of July 1912 was her day of birth

### More information online

Over the next 12 months I hope to add all copies of the previous newsletters and any other information I can to the website. Laura Blackburn should have all of Ron Main's newsletters scanned soon. Thanks Laura.

You can access the website at <http://www.cottonsoft.com.au/waugh/> it includes the full and updated copy of the book "The History of the Waughs".

As more and more of us get connected by the Internet and have email accounts I will now be sending the newsletter by email to those who would like copies sent that way or who would like copies sent to other family members. Just let me know the addresses you would like copies to go to, it seems an effective way of letting the next generation keep the links alive. Who knows this time next year we may have a Waugh Family Facebook page.

All the best for the coming festive season  
Neville Maloney  
Nov 2011