

The butcher, baker and greengrocer used to call regularly. Any heavy goods from the railway would be delivered by Mr. Carey on his flat top horse drawn lorry. His son, Mr. Bill Carey met every train, to convey passengers and their luggage to their homes. He would wait at the foot of the stairs and help to carry the luggage to the vehicle, and if needed, into the house. He drove a horse-drawn carriage, similar to an enlarged dog cart with a roof.

Mr. Brownlow, one of nature's gentlemen, ran the Macquarie Store (now the real Estate Office in Wascoe Street). We used to get our groceries from him. The Wall Bros. had the other general store on the corner of Ross and Park Streets. Mrs. Hunter lived across Ross Street. She was known as Nurse Hunter and was relied on as our local "Health Service" midwife – a tireless, cheery friend to all. Dr. Higgins was based in Penrith and looked after our serious health problems. He would drive up from Penrith if necessary.

Father planted quite a few fruit trees. He and Mother were good gardeners – dahlias, gladioli, stock, poppies etc. No natives, other than wattles, waratah and Christmas bush were popular in those days. Dad always seemed to be pruning fruit trees and rose bushes. It is a pity we did not understand the value of mulching in those days.

It was a very peaceful existence – lots of walks, book reading etc. Mother had the company of a young State Ward for a few years. Her name was Lily. She was a pleasant lass and kept in touch for many years.

Two important occurrences are my first real memories. Firstly at the age of three years and two months I can remember the bell at St. Peter's being rung with enthusiasm and for quite a long time and everyone being so delighted, with much kissing and hugging. It took me a long time to realise it must have been 11th November 1918 – any wonder they were reacting after four long years of horror. The second was probably about a year later when Alec Dunn picked me up pointed to the steam train going down the grade and told me it was the last train to go down the line, through the old tunnel to Emu Plains.

Our Uncle, Mr. Colin Wallace who was married to Mum's sister Meg, had been an Infantry Lieutenant in France and had been wounded twice. He was the schoolmaster at the little Primary school at Luddenham. A natural teacher, good cricketer and a born entertainer, he is still remembered by the old hands in Luddenham.

Quite regularly the two of them would drive up to see us in this "T" Model Ford car. The road from Luddenham was by no means an all weather motor road in those days and a few points of rain would result in the trip being cancelled. They had to come up Mitchell's Pass and Aunt Meg said they had to reverse up the hill to Lennox Bridge once when the car played up. Just as well there was not much traffic on the road in those days! We used to walk out along Glenbrook Road to meet them and have a car ride. What a thrill! It was always a pleasure to see them. Until I went to Primary School we did not see many folk outside our little home base, but it was a happy, friendly, safe area – very few motor vehicles to worry about.

I started school at about seven years of age. Mr. Wurth was our teacher and the little one room school brought quite a change to my existence. Mr. Wurth was a good teacher and a very practical man. By arrangement the children were allowed to bring their pre-school brother or sister to school with them, in case of emergency, essential shopping trips by the mother and so on. We had cricket lessons, practical gardening and I think we all learned to share his appreciation of the verse and humanity of Henry Kendall. Henry Lawson and "Banjo" Paterson.

The social centre of the Village was the old timber School of arts, situated at the north-east corner of Glenbrook Park. Dances, occasional concerts, school concerts and for a few years, evening gymnasium classes for the young folk were held there. And I must not omit the annual Cot Ball. (*organized by residents of Glenbrook, proceeds devoted to a cot in the Renwick Hospital*). It was after one of these Balls that the old timber building burnt down – a real blow to the Village.

However, the main general interest was in tennis. The public courts were in the same location as at present and a great number of the homes had private courts. It was the popular activity for young and old. Frequent tournaments at the weekends and regular mid-week games at the various private courts with afternoon tea parties, were the rule.

(continued overleaf)