

The Cloudsdale Holiday Cottage

Jean Cato

The Rev. James Alfred Cloudsdale, rector of St. Michael and All Angels Church in West Hobart, and his wife Ivy bought a cottage for £70 from Leslie John Crozier on the 18th February 1932. This cottage was located in the Seaview Estate and up till 1928 had been owned by a widow, Mrs Fanny Isobel Macmillan Fletcher. I was one of Rev. Cloudsdale's family of four boys and three girls.

The first time we were taken to the cottage we were entranced with it. The block of land in front of it was also ours and they both faced the River Derwent. We had only to run through the block to reach the rock pools which contained sea anemones, crabs, bully fish, miniature shells and other jewels of the sea. The flower garden had a large variety of pelargoniums of all colours, carnations and other plants. Mother, being an avid gardener, became very proud of them. The flower beds had borders of small shells and rocks.

Inside the cottage was a large kitchen-sitting room, a large fuel stove, a bedroom and a sunroom which ran the full length of the building. This sunroom contained the bunks which were the length of two beds, with

matching blankets and sheets and we slept toe to toe. There was also another set of bunks at the other end and other furniture. From the bunks we could watch the ships sail up and down the river.

Other members of the family have strong memories of the rock pools where we spent hours playing, trying to catch bully fish. The fish would dart about so quickly that it was rare for one to be caught. They also remember the model boats that our Father gave us to sail in the pools.

We used to walk to Dixon's farm to obtain our milk and a large bottle of thick, clotted cream. The cream cost sixpence but I cannot remember how much the milk cost. We were treated well at the Dixon's farm and liked to go there as it was on the way to the "Grange".

Mother would sometimes take us on a picnic to a beach, either the beach near Dixon's farm or the beach below the Quarantine Station, together with some friends who went to school with us in Hobart. We also used to visit a small shop which was a short walk from the beach near the Quarantine Station.

We would swim, canoe and be so completely free. On arriving home, Mother would make what seemed like hundreds of pikelets which we ate as soon as they were cooked.



The Rev. James Alfred Cloudsdale and his wife Ivy.

JEAN CATO.

There were not enough hours in the day to do everything we wanted to do and without electricity we would get up at first light and went to bed as soon as it was dusk.

A dirt road led to our cottage from Browns River Road. Mr Scott-Power, the city organist, had his cottage next to our boundary fence, but tall trees hid most of it from ours.

In February 1932 Father purchased three more blocks of land, numbered 24,25 and 26. On the block behind the cottage my brother Tom [later the Revd. Cloudsdale] built, with help, a small chalet. It was used for Tom's scout troupe which often camped there. We girls were allowed to join in the camp fires and sing-a-longs.

Tom was a very powerful swimmer and for several years he swam in the Trans-Derwent River Race on Hobart Regatta Day. He would train for it by swimming from the beach near Dixon's Farm to opposite our cottage and back. Tom used to take some us fishing and we would usually catch enough for a meal.

Next to our block with the chalet was an apricot orchard from which we were allowed to help ourselves to the surplus fruit. Adjoining the orchard was the Quarantine Station. When we first went to Tarooma our parents took us to meet Mr and Mrs Vicary in the Quarantine Station, where we were given afternoon tea. From that time we were always welcomed and allowed to walk through the Quarantine Station to the beach. Leading to the Vicary's house was a dirt road with large trees on either side. Under the trees lay white crumb-like pieces and some days it was quite thick. Mrs Vicary said it was manna, as mentioned in the Old Testament (Exodus16). I ate some and found it was not unpleasant and so gave some to Mother and other members of the family.

To transport the family to and from the cottage Father purchased a navy blue ten seater bus from Guy's Bus Service. This bus was built on a Dodge chassis and had previously been used on the Hobart-Queenstown run.

Due to family illness in 1938 we did not have a chance to say goodbye to our Tarooma friends; the Vicarys, Hinsbys, Charltons and Dixons. Father let the cottage to David and Lucy Charlton and sold them the property on the 16th April 1953.

Reminiscences of Holidays at Tarooma

Russell Peters

Many years ago a prominent novelist was credited with creating the quotation "Every small boy and girl dreams of having holidays at the beach". I recall, as a small boy, dreaming many times of spending a long holiday at the seaside. My family consisted of my parents, a younger brother and sister, and we lived on the outskirts of the City of Hobart. At every opportunity our Mother would take us on beach picnics. Occasionally we would go on ferry rides which would call and stay the day at one of the many beach resorts along the River Derwent.

Our milkman, a wonderful man whose name was Mr Errol Jenkins, ran a dairy at Tarooma and delivered milk daily to our home and various areas in the city. Mr Jenkins owned several shacks at Tarooma, and to my delight agreed to hire one of them to my parents for a period after the coming Christmas.

As the day to leave drew near there was great excitement as we packed all the needed commodities and eventually set off into the city to catch the bus. Webster Rometch ran a daily service to Kingston and in those days this was the only public transport available that passed through Tarooma.

The trip to our destination appeared to take years, mainly due to the many stops the bus made picking up and putting down passengers, and dropping off parcels at various places. Finally we reached Tarooma and our stop was designated as a dirt pathway which led from the highway to the beach which is now called Hinsbys Beach.

In those days (early 1930s) the area was sparsely populated and consisted mostly of acres of fruit trees, market gardens and dairying. The pathway we followed is known today as Hinsby Road and our shack, quite close to the beach, is still in existence. It is now modernised into a comfortable home.

Imagine the eagerness of we children to reach our destination. Loaded with cases and bags we struggled down the rather steep, rough pathway. The grazing cows in the paddock lifted their heads to stare at us as we hurried

past. At last the shack was reached — our home for the next three weeks. Hastily we unpacked, searched for swim togs, buckets and spades, and then at last to the beach. It was deserted on our first day, but the white, warm sand and cool glistening water was most welcome. We played in the sand, built castles, paddled and splashed about in the water, and then went back to the shack for lunch.

The following days passed pleasantly for us, with warm, sunny days, cool evenings and quite light to a late hour. During the day our time was spent on the beach. Sometimes we teamed up with other children to play - we never tired of our happy times. One of our favourite pastimes was to go around to the southern end of the beach, on the rocks, particularly when the tide was out. Here amongst the thousands of pools left by the receding tide we would search for what we called "Bully fish". These small creatures were reddish in colour, about two inches long, very much like a miniature carp. We had no trouble in catching them. Being wet and slippery they would wriggle and struggle to be free of our small hands, but those fish provided us with many hours of fun and togetherness. We always let them go back into the rock pools to be swallowed up by the incoming tide.

The foreshore of the beach was dotted with boat sheds. Most of the residents had a dinghy because fishing in the bay was very popular. Sometimes when a fisherman came ashore with his catch he would give us a fish or two to take home to Mother. I remember one day in particular when we were given some mullet fish and hurried excitedly home with them. Our Mother cleaned and pan fried them. They were delicious, so much so that I ate too many and have not been able to face another mullet since.

Occasionally, with some ingenuity and a lot of luck, we would catch a crayfish. These were plentiful then, hiding away amongst the seaweed-covered rock ledges under the water. We had more luck prising off some of the thousands of mussels which clutched to the rocks. When lightly cooked they were very succulent.

The holidays stretched lazily from one happy day to the next for the children but the poor mothers still had their kitchen chores to carry out, even on holidays. However, one of the locals, Mr Tom Briggs, saw that the parents had some fun too. He was a live wire at organising beach parties for both parents and friends.

The parties were always held on the beach in the coolness of the evening. When the sun



Hinsby Beach, taken from the point between Tarooma Beach and Hinsby Beach, c1937.

PHOTO MAISEE FULTON.

had disappeared the folk would gather around a small fire, chatting to each other—the women possibly about their children, whilst the men shared a joke and recalled their past war experiences of just a few short years before. Mr Briggs, Mr Jenkins and my father served in the Artillery together during world War I. I remember sneaking down to hide behind the big boulders to listen to them singing their war songs. How inspiring it was for a small boy.

Eventually our holiday came to an end. We packed up once again, this time without the same enthusiasm as when leaving home. We trudged up the dirt pathway and boarded the bus for the ride back to the city and home. Our parents hired the same shack for several years from Mr Jenkins and each year, as we grew older, we experienced the same happy times at Hinsbys Beach.

The most memorable holiday was the year of my tenth birthday because I was so very sunburnt. I was unable to walk, sit, stand or lie down—just one big red, lobster-like blister—but I survived. This was the last year the family holidayed together at Taroona. No doubt the Depression years which followed were the reason that we did not go again.

Circumstances decreed that another twenty two years would pass before I again visited Hinsbys Beach. This time I returned to stay, bringing my own family and rejoiced in telling my children stories about Taroona.

Very little has changed at the beach. A few boatsheds remain but otherwise the area is the same delightful spot of years ago. The waves still roll in at night to break and run up on the sand, giving that same peaceful feeling as before. To walk along the beach now, to stand about where the grownups gathered around the camp fire, to watch the tide ebb and flow, recalling where we played, brings back such happy memories of the time when I was a small boy.



Reminiscences of Holidays at Taroona

Maisie Fulton

After the war ended in 1945 my husband and I settled on an apple orchard at Geeveston. Visits to Hobart were not frequent, but on one occasion we travelled around the Channel Road.

Most of the area was unfamiliar to us, although, as a child, I had gone to Franklin by the old steamer "Waldemar", passing the coastline from Hobart to Sandy Bay, Taroona, to Bruny Island, across the Channel past Huon Island and all the little jetties on the Huon River. A Taroona landmark seen from the early ferry trips was the large house, "Winmarleigh", later occupied by Sir John Morris. I don't remember other houses.

Continuing on our way to Hobart, Kingston was familiar, and over the Bonnet Hill to the Shot Tower. From there I was amazed to see that where there had been a few houses in the 1930s, surrounded by paddocks down to the rocks and seashore, now there were dozens of houses, a veritable settlement. I remember my astonishment. This was where I had spent many happy carefree hours.

A workmate had allowed myself and two girl friends, Elva and Vivie, the use of a cottage overlooking the sea. We must have travelled by bus for I remember leaving the roadway and carrying our suitcases and bags through a paddock to a cottage. We passed a gully where there was a runnell of water and a holiday house belonging to Mr Garnet Gourlay, who later lost his life in an air catastrophe. There was a road down the hill but we must have taken a short cut. The cottage was weatherboard with an outside loo. There was an open fireplace which we used for cooking our meals.

We were young, eager and ready to enjoy the sunshine, the sea bathing in calm waters and noisy surf. Otherwise we just roamed around the rocks and fossicked in the sandpools. For supplies of milk and eggs we walked northwards across a paddock to a small farmhouse with fruit trees around it.

Other members of my family came on later occasions—my sisters Mary and Gwen, and

young niece Gwenda. At one time a troupe of small scouts with their scoutmaster, Ron Walters, camped nearby.

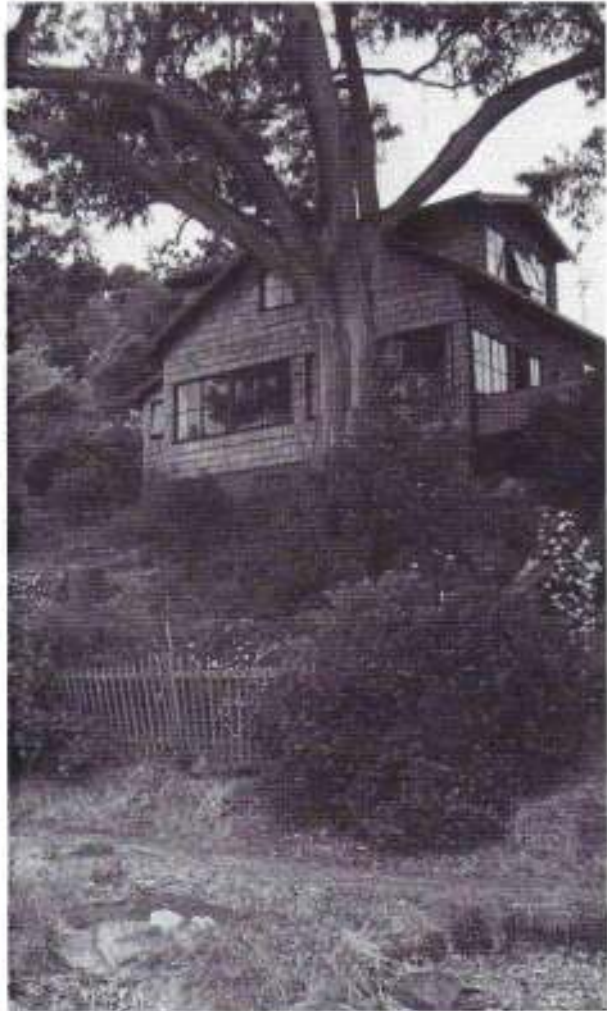
When it was time to return to Hobart a friend's old car was offered, but it refused to climb the road and had to go up in reverse gear.

These days people expect "mod cons" — home comforts away from home; but we had our full share of fun with the barest of essentials, including dealing with that outside loo! I don't think it hurt us—there was plenty of laughter in those days.



The holiday cottage overlooking the sea, as mentioned in the article by Maisie Fulton, c1937.

PHOTO MAISIE FULTON.



The same cottage to-day, but considerably altered and now number 8 Niree Parade.

PHOTO J.C.S. BOWLER.