


John Heath



80 Years Young



### John Robert Heath: This is Your Life!

Born 16<sup>th</sup> June 1928 in a hospital in Prahran somewhere...?

Father - John Samuel Robert Heath

Mother - Eileen Wynne Kirk

Baptised 25<sup>th</sup> August, in the Presbyterian Church in the congregation of St. Georges, Geelong

Brothers - Peter born 16<sup>th</sup> Dec 1932 and Michael born 28<sup>th</sup> Oct 1937.

Attended Camberwell Grammar 1933 and 1934. Then Camberwell South State School before transferring to Oakleigh State School in July 1937, finishing there in 1939.

John's parents bought a Church in Oakleigh in 1937 and converted this into a residence. They sold the Oakleigh Church in 1961 - after 24 years.

Has fond recollection of a surfing holiday at Kennett River in 1937 - loved the surf and wept openly when it was time to come back to Melbourne...

Generally pre war would holiday on the Peninsula. Was in a guest house in Seaford when Chamberlain declared war with Germany in 1939.

Attended Dandenong High School in 1940. Parents envisioning a career in horticulture. Class photo shows John in form 3 in 1942. He completed form 6 there in 1945.

Enrolled and was accepted into Dentistry at Melbourne University in 1946, however began studies in Science 1 and then transferred straight into 2<sup>nd</sup> year Dentistry in 1947 - graduated in 1950.

Travelled to London to begin studies in Orthodontics in 1952 and 1953. Resided in a Flat in Holland Park with Viv Hill (JSRH taught Viv in 1950-51 and was 15 years senior to John) John studied at Eastman Dental Hospital and also a Fellowship at the Royal College of Surgeons.

John met a beautiful young woman from New Zealand in February of 1953 when she was rostered to chair side for him. Her name was Noeline Perrott....

John moved back to Melbourne to begin work at JSRH Dental practice at 129 Collins Street, in February 1954 - moving to the newer Coates building in 1961. An offer was made to Viv Hill to join the practice. He accepted the offer - returning from an inaugural Professorial position at Bagdad University.

Noeline moved back to Te Awamutu in New Zealand. They both continued to correspond via written mail, and then Noeline travelled to Melbourne in May 1954 to meet 'the Heath clan'. John then announced their 'engagement', to his family on Mothers Day. He then travelled with his mother to NZ to marry Noeline on December 29<sup>th</sup> 1954, his mother being the only Heath relative in attendance. Honeymoon was at Parua Bay, New Zealand.

John and Noeline returned to Melbourne and took up residence for a couple of months in the Oakleigh house looking after John and also his younger brothers, while John's parents holidayed in Europe. They then rented a house at Yarbat Avenue in Balwyn before purchasing in Maple Street, Blackburn. This was in 1956 - Melbourne Olympics were on.

Children entered John's life in 1957, 1958, 1960 and 1962. Penny, Philippa, Clifford and Shelley in that order.



John began a Masters Degree in 1958, finishing in 1961. It was hard to concentrate on study with young babies about and so John would disappear out to his new Kombi van in the driveway of their home. He bought a nice new car to handle the travel to Shepparton, where he travelled 1 day per month to attend to country patients. He began this commitment in 1954, finishing in 1978 - over 24 years. This is roughly 400 km round trip, equals 115000 km all up.... Highway 1 around Australia is 20,000km long - therefore equivalent to almost 6 times around continent....

John and Noeline purchased 7 Murdoch Street, Camberwell in 1961 to raise the young Heath clan. They placed great importance on good education and sent the girls to PLC and Clifford to Scotch College.

They bought their Sorrento house in 1969. This enabled a continuation of John's childhood holidaying adventures on 'the Bay' whilst allowing his young family to begin a lifetime of adventures of their own.... He is a keen Swimmer and Snorkeler. He is also a keen

Sailor and was an active member at the Sorrento Sailing Club - maintaining 7 boats for his family in one year. He also tried his hand at windsurfing....

John was also a regular Squash player, playing weekly with Ian Gillies for over 20 years and was a member of the Willison Park Tennis Club. He has also played tennis, at least weekly, with a group of friends for over 30 years. He encouraged his children to play as well their boyfriends. He supported and attended the Melbourne Arts scene - Opera, Theatre, Ballet and Classical Music. He became a member of the University Ski Club where he was a hard working (almost) founding member and spent many winter family holidays in the snow - enjoying cross-country as well as downhill piste. He was a keen bushwalker also during this time, including both these passions with overnight trips sleeping out in the snow.

John joined the Melbourne University Freemasonry Lodge in 1964 and became Lodge Master in 1966. This was a role he took on again in 1993. He continued a tutoring role at Melbourne University on Fridays until he was aged 75, in the year 2003.

In 1985, John purchased 2A Wills Street, Camberwell and moved his Orthodontic practice there from the city. They sold their Murdoch Street residence in 1993. This was a very big year in John's life. He also purchased a residence to move to in Boston Ave, Balwyn, sold the practise in Wills Street Camberwell, to officially retire on Australia

Day 1994, bought a 4wd and a caravan. 1981 was another very big year as Penny, Phi and Clifford all got married that year (and Shelley moved in with her future husband).

These happenings have allowed John and Noeline to travel extensively around Australia interspersed with regular very active overseas jaunts. They continue to bike ride extensively, regularly riding 20 -40 km in a day and John maintains a large fleet of family bikes. He is still a keen swimmer around the coast and has become a canny Bridge player - with the assistance of an equally canny Noeline...

He is a devoted driver for the 'oldies', transporting them to day activities... Unfortunately, when you achieve the age of 80 years young, you are no longer covered by insurance, so John is, reluctantly, no longer able to continue this service.

Oh, one last item that I forgot mention is his love of a great football team, which tasted success in last years Grand Final for the first time since 1963.

To be continued...

Ian (in consultation with the whole family)





Noeline

John has been my lover, my husband  
and the father to my children, but  
most  
of all - he has been my friend for 56  
years.





Michael, being younger than John by almost 10 years, almost feels he was of a different generation to John. It was not just age that separated them, but a vastly different temperament. It appears that probably from quite a young age John was focused on achieving his personal best. Where this ambition came from is unclear, but it certainly manifested in his academic approach to his education. Michael says in contrast to both him and Peter, John used to always receive high marks in school. Michael saw John as "such a SWOT", and yet John was apparently not competitive - at least not with his brothers.

In personality John was in stark contrast to his father, who was lavishly indulgent, especially in the area of cars and wine. Rolls Royce's and Porsches were the preferred modes of transport, and French wines were in abundance in the cellar. Exotic food prepared by his mother - herself a passionate cook and co-author of a culinary feast of recipes. Whilst most people sufficed with meat and 3 vegies, the Heaths dined on crayfish, eggplant, olives, pate and other such unknown delicacies.

Whilst John has never cared much about cars, he certainly followed in his fathers' footsteps in relation to wine, to the point of befriending one of the pioneering wine growers in Victoria - John Brown, and collecting wine all his life.

His appreciation of fine food has always been apparent, but pursued in a more restrained fashion than his parents.

In the early days John wowed Michael with his ability to create rockets. He used many sheets of foolscap paper, reeds from the lake in

I must admit becoming a member of the Heath clan was extra ordinarily daunting. Both the John's - their thought processes, especially your father, has taken me years to understand? With so many facets all very diverse I was relieved that on one level" the garden and painting" I could have some discourse with him without feeling totally at sea.

For Michael, John is the very special brother' the cog in being a Heath.

Fondest  
Pamela



Oakleigh, and a mixture of potassium chlorate, sugar and carbon. John seems to have possessed an understanding rare to kids of his generation, of exactly how much of each ingredient to get the most impressive effect. But in reality no-one could ever really predict in which direction and at what velocity the rocket would launch, or whether it would simply explode. Michael recalls one such rocket firing directly at their retreating figures, not just once but circling for a second assault!

He also has a vivid recollection of their chook shed in a pitiful state, thanks to another wayward rocket.

Middle brother Peter (and a friend) took the whole rocket stage to its final climax and conclusion when he blew up the spillway at Albert Park Lake - for which they were in serious trouble. Needless to say John was not a part of this fiasco.

John's propensity and passion for gathering bits and pieces and creating something resembling a bicycle...! goes way back to his youthful days. Michael remembers a beautifully stylish, slender, French, water-cooled "Velocette" auto cycle which John rode during his university days. There is no doubt this was quite a talking point on the rough streets of Melbourne.

In recent years Michael has come to appreciate John as a highly intelligent person, but he still maintains there is a "Dark Horse" hidden within.

This was compiled by Shelley Heath from a telephone conversation with Michael Heath 15<sup>th</sup> June 2008







## John Heath

John Robert Heath was born on the 16th of June 1928. That means he is 80 very soon!

As the children of this remarkable man, we have decided to create a tribute to him, to mark and celebrate this occasion and to wish him well.

As someone who has been important in his life we are hoping that you may be able to find time to share some observations, memories, thoughts etc about your relationship with John over the years. We are especially interested in the influence he may have had on your life.

We plan to create a lasting memory for John with these thoughts, by collating them into a booklet. We will present this to him, as a gift, on the occasion we celebrate his 'coming of age' later in June!

If you have one or two photos from the past you could send, (electronically is fine) we would be happy to have them too.

Thoughts can be in whatever form is easiest for you... and are being collected and collated by Phi.

Email to [ipcull@bigpond.net.au](mailto:ipcull@bigpond.net.au).

Fax to 03 98445279.

Post to 12 Tunnel St, Warrandyte, 3113

Or just call Philippa (0401050220) or Ian (0401050191).

It would be marvellous to have your thoughts as soon as you can, but as long as they are received before June, which is a couple of weeks before we celebrate with John.

Thankyou for helping us to understand what has made John the man he is today and with us, celebrating the achievements and challenges that have contributed to this.

We are privileged and glad to be able to honour him on the occasion of his birthday.

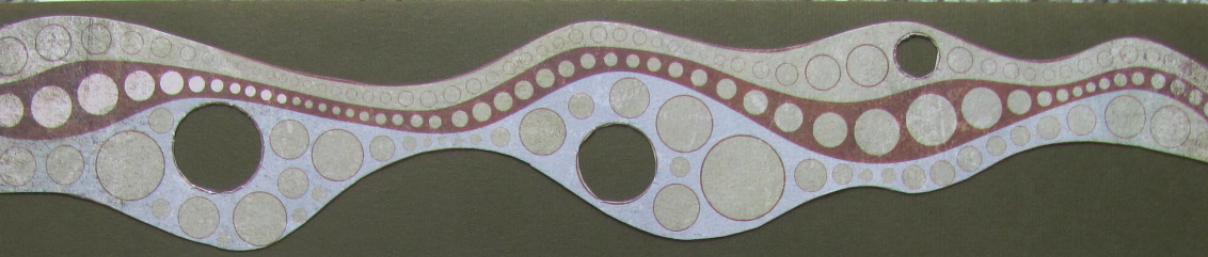
Dear Phi

"I had an exceptional human being and beloved brother".  
Penny, Philippa, Clifford and Shelley

Admire and I wish John all the very very best for his 80th and the very best of health and happiness for the rest of his life. Our Best wishes and thank you Phi. Peter







Words about John for his most significant of birthdays, the 80th.

As the youngest cousin of John's generation and the only female I am in a unique position. I have a less proximate view of John as a young man and I have the female version. A more proximate view came later.

My memories of early times are hazy, but there are a few from my childhood in the late forties and early fifties. When the cousins got together John Junior (as he was sometimes called), was the lanky ring leader of all sorts of adventurous masculine behaviour with his two brothers Michael and Peter, and my three brothers, David Ian and Noel, at 'Merry Meet' in Highton, and no doubt at other places too. I was warned against them.

Sometime later he married the New Zealand belle Noeline. No woman was ever good enough for the eldest son, or any son for that matter, but Noeline was made of sterner stuff and stuck by her man. John Senior and Eileen were formidable in every way but we honour and remember them for that. Their lives were creative and exotic. They pushed a few boundaries. And there was always a sleek, very loved and rather spoilt dachshund under the table waiting for a tidbit.

One day John arrived at 'Merry Meet' all grown up, looking dapper in a suit and striking with his Roman nose, and announced over one of the seductively alcoholic and gastronomic events that dining in a Heath household inevitably was, that a new addition to the family was imminent. There was much delight and much debate with Peg and Noel, my parents, (they were formidable too), about the appropriateness of nomenclature, especially when last but not least, after three daughters a son arrived.

As John and Noeline's tribe multiplied we watched from the edges as they were nurtured in so many ways through science and art, as had the generations before them. There was always a family music recital to be listened to before lunch, or a model

airplane to be tested from the upstairs window. Later these experiments developed into more full blown talents.

John having joined the brotherhood of the tooth, (John Snr. and Noel Snr. before him), spent many Saturday mornings under the tutelage of Uncle Noel, a man of skill and grace. John responded to such attentions proving to be a superb sculptor of the mouth. Many years later as a tribute to Noel, and as a generous familial gesture, he attended to just too much of a gap between the front teeth of Jonathan and David Spear, (my sons), creating winning smiles and sparkling rows of beautiful teeth.

For these attentions my family and I were most grateful, not only because of the 'flash as a rat with a gold tooth' look created by his eminent skills, but also because it gave the youngest (me), and the oldest (John), of our generation a chance to revisit each other with the wisdom of age. It has given us all the opportunity to keep the family fires burning. We have shared some Christmases together and we have helped to celebrate John's sixtieth, his seventieth and now in spirit his eightieth birthday.

John and Noeline are interested in things, and they are carers and nurturers, both of the mind and the spirit, and especially of their greater family. For this we are most grateful. They are a touch eccentric like all interesting people, and they rise to a challenge each in their own way. We see it also in ourselves. It's genetic, no escape, in case you thought otherwise!

It is for other writers to elaborate on John's more particular skills, achievements and qualities, but I would like to say that I have been fortunate to have John and Noeline present in my life, and the men in my life, Peter, Jonathan and David, and their wives Lilian and Jelmor, all appreciate the interest that they have taken in us. We wish John the happiest of birthdays, and we hope if we ever reach such an eminent age that we will have done it with the same energy and enthusiasm as John.

From Felicity Spear (nee Heath). June 2008.

During the few days before the wedding we were entertaining John and his mother, with considerable interest, of course, and a certain amount of anxiety. We visited Rotorua, where Eileen collected mud from the hot pools said to benefit the skin, and made a face mask. We also visited Mount Maunganui, which was then an old-fashioned beach resort, but has since developed into a Surfers Paradise. We climbed the steep little mountain for the view, and were coming down when gentle rain began. John sat down in the doubtful lee of a bush and suddenly recited, very rapidly, the little rhyme from A.A.Milne:

Let it rain, who cares?  
I've a train upstairs,  
With a brake which I make  
From a string sort of thing,  
Which works in jerks,  
"Cos it drops in the spring  
Which stops with the string  
And the wheels all stick, so quick  
That it feels like a thing  
That you make with a brake, not string...  
So that's what I make  
When the day's all wet,  
It's a good sort of brake,  
But it hasn't worked yet.

I knew then that I was going to love this man!

After the untidy and unexpected mastectomy my mother had in 1964 John and Noeline brought all four children to a rented house at Murray's Bay, in Northland, for their summer holiday, and thanks to the airline their luggage finished up in a South Island city. John sat on the beach for two days wearing a city suit and tie, to the astonishment of holiday-makers wearing nothing but swimsuits. I think we erased this memory later with happy holidays together.

I blame John for introducing me to wine with my meals, after a childhood of being taught sobriety. Just try to talk me out of this custom nowadays!

He is unfailingly courteous and self-effacing, and never argues. A wonderful, knowledgeable man and a great friend.

Love, Margie



It has occurred to me that a verse I wrote ten years ago, while your parents were holidaying up north, may be an illustration of my happy relationship with my brother-in-law, (and my sister).

#### Connections

"Tell her to look at the moon!" called John  
To his wife on the telephone  
To me in my winter kitchen,  
From the equatorial zone.  
"Look at the moon," said Noeline,  
"And we will be looking, too."  
So out to my starlit deck I went  
For a family rendezvous.

Double the normal rainfall  
In this far from typical year,  
Few of those nights I have always loved,  
Shiny, crisp and clear,  
But there tonight she was waiting,  
A slender curve of light,  
On her back near the west horizon  
In the cold New Zealand night,  
Through the interlace of branches,  
High over the flooded land,  
While attendant stars stood with her,  
Watching on either hand.

And in scented, tropic twilight,  
On the north Australian coast,  
They greeted me in the silence,  
And were suddenly, warmly, close.

July 1998  
Margie





### Penny's bit

When I was young, Dad was always such a reliable hard worker. And there was just as much work to do around home on the weekends. I didn't appreciate then the challenge of constantly maintaining a house. I just took for granted that everything worked, and we had comfort and ease,

As well as his orthodontic practice, Dad contributed greatly to numerous students at Uni, in his role as a teacher. Over the years he taught undergraduate Oral Pathology and Orthodontics, and then for many years taught postgraduate Orthodontics. His students deeply appreciated his broad understanding and perspective in his teaching, and he inspired many to greater heights.

He did have time to have fun too: tennis, skiing, sailing, dinner parties, conferences, wine bottling (and drinking)....and of course lots of wonderful friends. He has enjoyed music, theatre and ballet in many forms, and more recently made great friends playing Bridge. He is an active member of Probus, and edits the newsletter every month for them, and also drives "the elderly" who need support each week.

Dad has been a wonderful support to our family, and I am now benefiting from his skill in bike maintenance, as I ride around Croydon and keep fit.

We have all enjoyed many wonderful holidays at Sorrento, thanks to our Dad's foresight in purchasing a little house there for \$4000 back in the early 1970s.

Mum and Dad have been able to see a lot of Australia with their caravan, and take such a lively interest in all local culture, industry and people, wherever they go.

They are an inspiration to us all to be Life Long Learners, never letting our brains get lazy, or our bodies. Dad is still riding his bike and playing tennis regularly, and keeps very healthy!

Thanks Dad for your contribution to me, and to us all.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!



### The Green "Kids"

The grandchildren have internalised various "Grandpa" expressions, which endear him to us.

Steven mentions "Earwig" which means "Hear we go", and "Open your cakehole".

Sam remembers "Show us your face" and the sleight of hand trick with a cork in the hand which disappears when he passes it to you.

Aurin remembers "You're not a dickhead", which means you're pretty smart!

Also from Steven- A Grandpa-like yodel coming from the front door would immediately tell me that the grandparents were here.

Deb- remembers jokes and stories, and Grandpa always doing funny plays on words and languages; and supporting me in my dream of becoming a Steiner teacher.

Dad, what can I say! It has been a total privilege putting this book together. I have learnt a lot about you, but also a lot about me, and us!

From you (and mum) come our values. You have always been a gentle, generous gentleman, able to hold on to what you think, but also able to hear and accept another's view. Your vibrant interest in everything life offers and willingness to put yourself out there and join in, and to actively pursue understanding of how things go together, is amazing.

As youngsters, we were such a lucky family. Although we had everything we could possibly need, we never had more than that, we never thought what we had, was a right or took it for granted. How better to really savour and enjoy life's pleasures!

We learnt to value things, your passion and skill for fixing and making things from other things, but also the respect and care you took with things we owned; from bikes to boats! How many coats of estapol did you actually put on how many boats over how many years, between the odd coats we contributed?

Although a lot of our lives happened while you worked, it was your gentle guiding presence that grounded us all.

Wishing you many more happy birthdays and bottles of great wine!

Love Phi







My earliest memories of John go back to when at around the ripe old age of 19 or even 20, Phi and I and a bunch of 'diggers' were planning a bushwalking trip up into the rough tracks of the Howqua Valley. My car broke down in Hoddle Street and Phi and I ended up at J&N's, where they generously offered the use of their new 'green Lancer'. I was a long haired hippie clone at the time and was quietly impressed by both parents generosity. As I got to know John, he impressed me as being a bit of Jekyll and

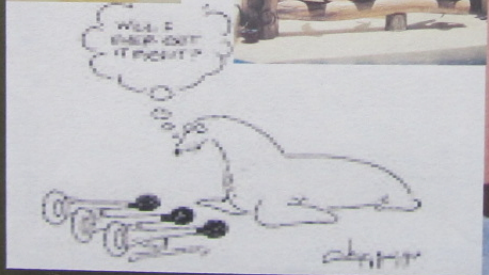
Hyde character. During business hours he would blend beautifully into the high end of town with suit and tie and toffee accent, but within 10 minutes of getting home would have slipped into his secret underground cellar behind the 'barrel door' and supplied all visitors with a G&T or brandy and dry. 'How many of us are there' he would ask. The burgeoning Aussie drawl and the larrikin glint in his eye became a little more reassuring to me....

I soon became intrigued by his capacity for adventure, his love of many aspects of life, his appreciation of amazing food and wine and his genuine and warm acceptance of anyone - me included - into his home and family. I have lots and lots of fun memories of Giovanni and will enjoy elaborating on many of these with family and friends in Lennox Head. I also have no doubt there will be many more to follow....

Love and best wishes E



So if ever you see a Drum Major wiv band, think of Alfred,  
The sometime Drum Major!





Sealions and Seals (by Cyril Fletcher)

I must tell ye of Alec, my fishmonger friend,  
how he come to train sealions and seals,  
'Cos 'e first star'ed life is a very sma' way,  
selling 'addocks an' kippers an' eels.  
'E sol' skate an' plaice an' codlins an' all,  
a variety of fishes 'e sells,  
And as there was plen'y of all kinds of fishes,  
there was plen'y of all kinds of smells!  
And so it fell art - I mean it happened one day -  
'e got tired, you know 'ow one feels.  
So 'e shut up 'is shop, and 'e went to the circus  
where one act was sealions and seals.  
I must say - it is sport - 'e'd been given a seat,  
'cos someone 'ad complied wiv 'is wishes,  
And 'e sat by the ring in the very same suit  
in the which 'e'd been sellin' 'is fishes.  
When a nice girl ses "Programs?", 'e ses "Not for me,  
I seen all the acts on the bills."  
'An 'e sat by the show munchin' apples an' sweets  
when on comes the sealions and seals.  
At first they was doin' their stuff as they should,  
and the audience whistles and shorts  
While one played the cornet, two stood si-by-side,  
and was balancing balls on their snarts.

Then all of a sudden the trainer realised  
they'd not got their minds on their act  
And 'e saw in a trice that to finish the show  
'e'd 'ave to use plen'y of tact!  
But the scent o' the suit o' my fishmonger friend  
was too much for them sealions and seals  
And as they had not had no food for some hours  
You can tell 'ow an 'ungry seal feels!  
And the sealions and seals star'ed making for Alec  
A-flappin' their fins wiv lard squeals,  
And before 'e 'ad time to get up off 'is seat  
He was smovered in sealions and seals  
But he made 'is escape an' 'e ran for 'is life,  
Wi' the sealions and seals at 'is heels,  
He got 'ome in the dark, 'is wife ses "Who's your friends?"  
ses "They're not friends, they're sealions and seals."  
And Alec felt sorry, so 'e opened 'is shop,  
to get food for them sealions and seals,  
And they liked 'im so much that 'e taught 'em new tricks,  
while they ate up 'is kippers and eels.  
So that is the tale of my story of Alec,  
and one vital point it reveals:  
An' that is you can't keep a fish shop as well  
if you want to keep sealions and seals!

Transcribed from the live by Clifford



Clifford and Laura

Hey Dad  
It's a Mad  
Thought in my head  
Going round  
Cos there's always so much more  
Going on  
Than ever you let on  
How many wild illuminated moments  
Have flared out brightly in the darkness  
To be contained  
Lest they overwhelm  
Or disturb the stillness  
Or threaten ones very existence.  
How gifted are we Dad  
To randomly receive  
From you  
Little insights  
The treasure trove releases  
As the wonder of age and wisdom  
Reveals  
How delicately you tread  
Yet how pervasive  
Is your energy of encouragement  
Hey Dad  
It's a Mad  
Thought in my head  
But Go for it  
Just Do It!



Shelley



WHEN I THINK BACK TO MY MEMORIES OF  
GRANDPA, THEY ARE OF TIME SPENT IN HAPPY COMPANY  
WITH HIM ENTERTAINING US WITH MAGIC TRICKS AND  
RECITALS; BUT MOSTLY OF A MAN NEVER TOO OLD  
FOR A GOOD JOKE.

CYCLING THROUGH WILLIANSTOWN  
IN SEARCH OF AN ICE-CREAM PARLOUR

STARING, FASCINATED, AT SPECIMENS ON THE WALL (PURNELL)  
THINKING - HIS INTERIOR DESIGN SKILLS ARE UNIQUE.

SEALIONS AND SEALS

THESE MEMORIES ARE ONES I WILL ALWAYS TREASURE.  
HAPPY 80TH, JOHN  
MAY THERE BE MANY HAPPY RETURNS.



Daniel

## HAPPY 80th BIRTHDAY GRANDPA!



Its really cool being able to go up to the snow and get some time on the slopes with Dad and you. Three generations of Heaths skiing together!

I have so many great memories from Sorrento, especially the big family trips when I was a kid. The first fish I ever caught was out on that tinny with you.



You and nanna have brought into this world one of the most supportive and loving families around, I think we're all proud and thankful to be a part of it.

Lots of love, Joel



### My Grandpa:

Just like the strong, ever trusty jetty posts that support the Portsea Pier, my Grandpa has always been a constant, sturdy influence in mine and the entire extended families lives. Grandpa loves to have fun and more than anything he likes to have fun with his family. Many fun trips have been spent together at Mt Buller, Mount Hotham, Falls Creek, Sorrento, Point Nepean, Pt Leo, Inverloch and Narooma. We have also had many day trips to beautiful gardens, reservoirs, bush walking outings and cousin days at local parks.

One particular outing to the Maroondah Reservoir with all the cousins when I was about 13, I experienced Grandpas cleverness. I remember none of the cousins wanted to go for the 2.6km walk around the dam. Grandpa disappeared away from the arguing mothers and children and appeared back announcing 'Hey all you lot, I bet you can't carry this log all the way around the track.' He was standing over a log that was about 3m long and would have weighed a solid 50kgs. Well needless to say, the challenge was accepted, and off we all marched singing 'hi ho, hi ho, it's off to work we go.' With 1km to go, the marching turned to trudging and another argument arose amongst the 12 little workers. Should we keep going or not? being the ring leader of the cousins, I developed an uncanny skill over the years at convincing the cousins, to do a wide range of tasks and needless to say, we continued. I did however negotiated a paddle pop for each of us from our task master if we made it the full trek back to the cars. Well I sure enjoyed my paddle pop, but my arms ached for days!

My Grandpa is the most caring, bighearted person. He and Nanna even drove all the way to Sydney to visit when I was working and living near Dural in 2006. He also made the trek to come and make sure I was ok and happy when I was working as a ski instructor at Mount Hotham. Of course there were benefits of having a grand-daughter living on the



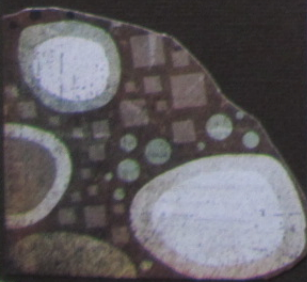
greatest mountain in Victoria. You get to show her around the mountain reminiscing on the way it was back in the old days. You also get to tell many tales of mad adventures ducking and weaving through the trees, powder days where you lost your skis and had to hike out, stories of blistering long trips up the village chair wearing wet old woolen gloves, carving up the runs doing giant GS turns in the Orchard and feeding the burramys parvus bickies and cheese in USC. My Grandpa sure knows how to live life to the fullest!

I have always treasured the times Grandpa and I have shared together and there have been so many fantastic memories created with grandpa and the family. When I reflect on all the times we have spent, a smile the size of a dinner plate appears very promptly on my face.

My Grandpa has shared with me his favourite things to enjoy in life, from fine food and very fine wines, he's taught me how to surf, snorkel and have the best time at the beach, we've been bike riding at a wild pace, we have prepared, cooked and eaten fresh caught fish and shell fish, but above all he has taught me to always enjoy time with the most important people in life, your family. Because of Grandpa's influence I find that my favourite things in life are all the activities I have experienced with Grandpa. So thank you Grandpa, for showing me how to gain maximum enjoyment in life.

Grandpa has so many admirable qualities: he is adventurous, kind, gentle, wise and supportive and has always been such a good role model for all his children and grandchildren. I have learnt so much from my Grandpa, but above all, the most important lesson I have learnt, is that 'life is not about the destination, but rather the journey' and I think grandpa's every breath affirms this message to all lucky enough to have crossed paths with him.

Sandy Coull 20.6.2008



I can (and will) always remember  
sitting on the chairlift with  
Grandpa up at the snow with 2  
strangers and grandpa farting as  
though it's just part of the  
conversation.

Also, I LOVE talking anatomy and  
chemistry with you! Infact, I really  
aspire to take after you in terms of  
my future study and dedication to  
my chosen field. Thank you for  
inspiring me, and allowing me to  
share some really awesome  
experiences with you! I love you  
lots, and wish you all the best for  
your 80<sup>th</sup> birthday! Congratulations  
on this milestone occasion.

Love always, your grand daughter,  
Bron. xx



I never really thought of  
grandpa, it's just that he was  
always there! With a squeeze  
on your knee, a 'show us your  
teeth', and a grin that reminds  
me of skiing!

Happy Birthday, I love you  
Grandpa,

Fiona





Grandpa, still fit and skiing with us at age 76, and telling us about the things he's experienced on the slopes in years gone by. It's great being able to get out on the slopes and have a day with the family.

Getting all the gang together for Christmas, birthdays, and family events has always been good fun, and I'm glad that we've got grandparents who support that as well as Nanna & Grandpa do.



Of course, after a long day out with the family, it's great to sit back, and have a conversation over a barbecue lunch and a glass of wine!





Thanks for flying us all up to  
Lennox, looking forward to a  
week of  
your laughs. I'm hoping I can  
avoid too many horse bites and  
praying to  
god I'm not staying in the same  
house as you're ridiculously  
loud  
snoring!  
Love you,  
Jo



Grandpa you are an absolutely  
wonderful person! I am looking  
forward to sharing a nice  
bottle of Grange with you on  
your 90<sup>th</sup> birthday!  
Cheers!  
Lots of love Angela

I met John Heath at the commencement of secondary education at Dandenong High School in 1940 as co-students in form 1 (a). We shared classes and extra curricula activities through to the first matriculation year in 1945.

I came from Murrumbidgee State School among 5 from that school and John from Oakleigh but we never travelled together. I used the train or bike, John travelled on a Grenda bus. It took some time to settle into a wartime school with students mainly from the East and West Dandenong schools but with people from Koo-wee-rup, Cranbourne, Berwick and Pakenham and places in between that were then separate communities but now being absorbed as outer suburbs of South East Melbourne.

John was quite shy but always polite and thoughtful of others. We learned to respect his particular skills in the arts, particularly with music. He introduced me to the clarinet and its vibrating reed.

I attended parties at the Heath household in the old Presbyterian Church in Warrigal Road, Oakleigh. The front room was half of the church and the rest of the house was in two storeys in the back half. It was a place of great interest to me as from 1936 to when it was acquired by John's parents it had been my Sunday school.

We sat together under some remarkable teachers. Miss Carpenter being our guide into the mysteries and delights of English and producer of plays we both had parts in. We ran around the Dandenong countryside out along Stud Road and the Dandenong creek in cross-country running. I don't think we did much more than the minimum of cricket and football but

played tennis at school and various other places, including the grass court in front of our family home on the corner of Chadstone and Dandenong road (now occupied by a McDonalds).



By our 6<sup>th</sup> form year we had lost much of our shyness and enjoyed our studies. The 3 classes at each year level to the third form were reduced in the 6<sup>th</sup> form to 10 boys and 9 girls who were trusted senior members of the school community and worked hard. John with great success among John Loveridge, Noel Fletcher, Noel Courtney, Eric Mitchell, Shirley Ward, Heather McPherson, Betty Bevis, Patsy Dow, Jean Browne whose names come readily to mind.

On the 8<sup>th</sup> August 1945 or about then Mr. Sanderson, a vigorous red headed Yorkshireman came into the first period of the day and wrote on the blackboard "E = MC squared" and said "They've done it" and proceeded to expound on some of the problems which had to be overcome in order to bring off the terrible nuclear bombing of Hiroshima which rapidly brought about the end of the war.

John was always interested and interesting with skills in directions few of us had but prepared to share with us the world of music and orchestras and personalities.

I am sorry to have lost contact and glad that John went to the trouble of finding me on our farm at Skipton. Judith and I send our best wishes to John for his 80<sup>th</sup> birthday on 16<sup>th</sup> June.

John Dawson



What an opportunity has been presented to me by the Heath family; to give my thoughts on John on this auspicious occasion.

I will start at the beginning - when I first met John. My parents (I too had a dentist father) were invited to the Heath residence in Oakleigh. To be honest, I can't remember John, being about 12 at the time, and more interested in the unusual home in a church, and his mother's dachshunds!

Around 1946 or so, both families met while holidaying at Sorrento. It was suggested that John and I should have a game of tennis. He was not the good player he is today, and I was not impressed.

The 3rd encounter took place in the foothills of Mt Hotham, where both couples were staying overnight before going up the mountain. John had his sweet young bride from New Zealand and they told us they were renting in Yarrabot Ave Balwyn - good heavens- we lived in 108!! and friendship rapidly grew.

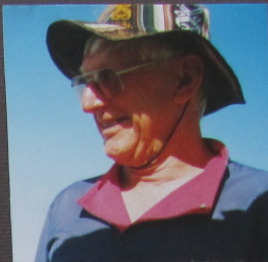
It is impossible to write about John without including Noeline. They have always done so much together both at work and play.

The early years found us enjoying times together on the beach at Sorrento, with our four offspring and their four. Children played in the sand, swam in the shallows watched over by Noeline and me, while Frank taught John dinghy sailing. My children tell me now, that they were scared of John, he made funny faces and said funny things they couldn't understand.

Time passed, children were busy at school, John and Frank would have a few family-free days skiing on the mountain slopes. Young people went on to tertiary education of one kind or another, but we kept in touch - dinner parties at each other's homes.

Then the offspring married and grandchildren began appear. 12 for Heaths and 12 for Woods, however I am now in front with a great grandchild.

Into retirement mode, we found the Heaths to be keen caravanners, so away we went; country Victoria, through central NSW, as far as Carnarvon Gorge, and then to QLD, Longreach, then onto Fraser Island. John would provide entertainment with his mouth organ. Or reciting (on request) from his repertoire, how does he remember them all? Many amusing episodes occurred on our trips. At Merimbula, John and Frank insisted on erecting tents near the water on a steep slope. Noeline and I preferred a more level site higher up, but to no avail. We all spent a restless night sliding downhill in our sleeping bags to the bottom end of the tents! As we put the tents fairly close together, during the night I poked Frank telling him to turn over as he was



snoring, an indignant reply 'it's Heath!' Noeline says she never hears him, this is hard to believe, as it is a mighty sound! One of our best holidays was out o Broome, on a 20 meter aluminum twin hulled launch from which we waded ashore carrying swag and little tent, followed by dinghy with cook, food, table and chairs. We visited beautiful, wild and remote places. Fishing also resulted in John being quite successful.

On our sailing activities on our Noelex 25 John and Noeline accompanied a number of times, on fort Phillip Bay, Cippiisland Lakes, and also Tin Can Bay i QLD when they were in that area. They became stoic and hardy seafarers, as one needed to be with Frank at the helm, I think they enjoyed most of it

In recent times I have benefited from their kindness by including me in their small Probus group, on many occasions staying several days in caravan parks in country Victoria.

It has been our good fortune to have John and Noeline residing in the next street in Balwyn When there was sickness our home, beautifully cooked meals would just appear on the doorstep, and I know many others received this generous and welcome help. John also drives a bus weekly for Balwyn elderly citizens, not always an easy task getting them in and out of the bus

Since his retirement John has become a useful handyman, and cheerfully assists others when called upon.

As a bicycle repairer and creator I believe he has no equal! Both he and Noeline cycle regularly and go some distances.

Bridge is a passion for them, as is music and concert going. Both still play the piano. Theatre and ballet are still enjoyed. I know of no other couple who fill retirement years so actively and still find time for family and friends.

John is a quiet man; I have never heard him raise his voice in anger no matter the provocation. A keen and enquiring mind, interested in the arts, drama, the natural world, trees, plants, birds, all information is stored in an incredibly retentive memory. Compassionate and caring with a keen sense o humour and a dry wit.

He is a steadfast and reliable person whom I am delighted to have as a very dear friend.

John, with much love I wish you a wonderful 80<sup>th</sup> Birthday.

Betty



"Hullo, I'm John Heath. How do you like my new uniform?" were the first words spoken to me when I arrived for an interview for a receptionist job in his Collins Street practice in 1982. He had a new jacket on and it had his name embroidered on the top pocket. "A bit too ornate I think" he said. And that was my introduction to the quietly spoken gentleman with the big hands who clearly loved his profession and changed the faces of thousands of young Australians. I worked there with Michael Shearer, Jan, two Jennies and Michelle. Noeline introduced herself when she burst into the office one morning, thrilled to bits that she had just managed to find a two hour parking spot for 50c! Viv and Joan Hill were part of the scene early on, and there were others too of course, some of whom I remember and some not. We had patients of all shapes (please read "jaw shapes"), sizes, nationalities and ages. We celebrated our America's Cup win with a champagne lunch, ordered the correct regalia for John's ceremonies at his Masonic Lodge and arranged overseas trips. And so a special relationship began that over the years has developed into a wonderful friendship between the Heaths and the Marquardts.



John introduced me to "The Italian Waiters Club", to native orchids, to the latest orthodontic headgear, to cleft palate dental management, to Jeffrey Bowell with the loud voice down the road and of course to the finer points of wine tasting. I've never managed to retain much of the information about wine, but have nevertheless managed to share a few bottles of it with him!! "You'll drink anything won't you Rosie?" he says as he pours another glass!! He is partially correct of course, but I don't drink beer!! We share a love of gardening, particularly our vegie patches and classical music. Our political persuasions differ but we have great conversations and each other's company we enjoy.



John and Noeline invited Dick and me to join them on several of the "Tour de Muscat" rides in Rutherglen where we thoroughly enjoyed camping, bike riding of course, wine tasting, meeting their friends and lots of wonderful food. We've stayed at Sorrento and enjoyed beach walks and bridge. We've ridden our bikes together on numerous occasions. On one such occasion John knew of a short cut from Williamstown road to the bike path under the Westgate Bridge so we took it. Halfway along this track the surface was very muddy, but we manoeuvred our way through - well, 3 of us did, and then the sound of Noeline yelling "John! Why on earth did we HAVE to come THIS way? You are ALWAYS finding short cuts that don't work!!" - She was stuck, the wheels totally jammed up with mud - and she was furious. All we could do was laugh, but John naturally placated Noeline, fixed her bike and they caught the train home from Flinders Street!!



What a great friendship! What a lovely man! How privileged are we, to be asked to share his 80<sup>th</sup> Birthday Celebration with his family and friends. Thank you. And here's to you John Heath - with a Domaine Chandon Sparkling Chardonnay or a 2001 Patricia Pinot Noir & Chardonnay Brut from Brown Brothers, or - what the heck - you choose John!

Rosie and Dick Marquardt





Dear Heath Family,

The difficult part is actually putting things down on paper - the Heaths have been such an integral part of the Basser's life for so long and even now, when we only seem to make contact a few times a year, it is as though we spoke only yesterday.

Two of the things I think Julian would want to articulate with regard to his relationship with John over the years is -

1. The wine weekends they went to when all you children were really, really little. Usually - always - on the Melbourne Cup weekends. Calling on the Browns at Milawa, and being wined, dined and sold copious amounts of red that they had sent to Melbourne in barrels to our New Street Brighton home and where the guys would come to bottle the wine, as well as indulge in a barbecue - or spaghetti - or some such. "Twould be a really dissipated day. I remember at other times, or all on the one weekend, they would visit Seppelts, Orlando, Morris, Chambers over the years and I am sure many more I don't remember (don't forget I wasn't there) and many a time I think they actually slept in the hay lofts or simply wherever they found themselves.

2. These long weekends eventually - I guess when everyone got too old to over-indulge in the same way - turned into "fishing" weekends. I remember they went to Wye River a couple of times where it apparently rained each time - Julian took me there once when we were on one of our driving holidays, and it rained then, too.

Then Bruce Coucher suggested they go to their place at Sheeppond Flat and they had such a fantastic time - in comfort - that that is where they went each year.

Perhaps the guys still go, but Julian was not able to after about 1995, if not earlier.

Another memory - the Victorian Fern Society trip to Tasmania. This time Noeline and I were included. Probably the worst trip I have ever taken. I think John and Noeline think I was a spoilt princess, but at no stage in my life have I had to endure being housed in school camps, where you had to line up with tin cup and plate for the meal, and women in their 70's and older had to climb up on to bunks to go to sleep - and married couples were not allowed to be together. I don't remember the year this occurred but probably sometime in the 1980's.

Adrienne



Geoffrey Bowell

Some stories regaled by phone, June 08

Howqua trips. Bruce Cowcher had this great place up on the Howkua, 25 acres with 2 bluestone houses on them. The bloke who built them had worked for Melbourne City Council and was allowed to have 2500 recycled bluestone blocks. He apparently had taken 4000, lost his job, but had built these 2 houses. One night the blokes were all asleep, about 1 am the bloke up the road turned up.

His place had been arsoned and he had nowhere to go. The blokes probably went to Howqua at least 18 times. Maybe some still go?

And then there was the time John had prostrate trouble in Yea. It was OK because there was a medico in the group who soon had things sorted out.

And then there was the time Rex(?) had flown with 4 blokes (John, Julian, Geoffrey and a 'clothes salesman') to Fraser Island in a tiny plane (he was an ex pilot). The idea was to fly along the radio signals to Parkes. They then flew around town a couple of times to notify the bloke in the aeroclub in town that they needed fuel. By the time the bloke got there, they had almost finished filling.

Trouble was the pump dials hadn't been turning over for most of the fill. They had probably got about 30 gallons uncounted. When they told the bloke he told them not to worry, as it was someone else's fuel! They flew on to Orchid Beach where they landed for lunch. After lunch they all had a fly (assisted by Rex!). They flew on to Maryborough where they hired 2 x 4 wheel drives and drove to Fraser Island. There were these 4 blokes from Kingaroy that showed them around for a few tinnies of VB.

Then there was the time they went to Bemm (Bum!) River. It rained the whole time so it was dull. Bassier suggested a trip up to Two Fold Bay to play the Pokies. They got to Genoa and the road was closed. They asked the police what was happening, and they were told the bridge was under threat. As they stood and watched, the bridge washed away. No-one except Bowell had a jacket, so the others sat and shivered in the car while Bowell stood in a flimsy slicker directing traffic.

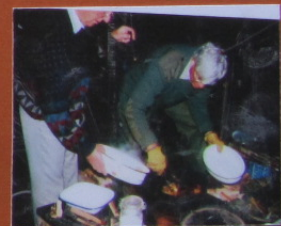
After a time they headed back down the road, stopping at Cabbage Tree. The bloke there was making a huge fire for the cold wet mates. A stoush nearly happened as, unusually, John was taking the Mickey out of the bloke.

There was another time there was nearly a stoush over the right thing to do if confronted with a tiger snake.

Memories of JRSHeath; his Rolls Royce and 'Royal' nose, and Eileen's renowned cooking.

Memories of the bike riding especially the time John and Noeline fell down the crack in the bridge in Camberwell and tumbled off the tandem!

Many fishy stories, Eucembene, long weekends catching 44 Couta...





Kath Binns

The Binns' family sends their heartiest best wishes to John for his 80<sup>th</sup> birthday.

Here are a few memories transcribed from a telephone conversation:

John Binns enjoyed being JH's neighbor at Sorrento and found JH to always be hospitable and generous.

Kath recalls how helpful John was on the few occasions she crewed for him in a sailing race. He warned her in advance of events which enabled her to learn from the experience and feel empowered rather than belittled by 'not knowing what to do'.

Andrew recalled one day as he and John were jumping off the rocks at Bridgewater, seeing they were in close proximity to a large stingray. In quite a panic they scrambled out of the water. John's chief concern was that Noeline should not be informed of how close they had come to being snuffled up by the large sea monster.

Anita remembers John always singing "Allouette", especially at orthodontic conferences. (No doubt with a stylish French accent.)



4 Marock Place  
Salwyn  
3103  
12-5-08.

Dear Philippa,

Reflections of a person's past are usually considered as an ordinary rather than for a birthday party. What are we to do when John is 90? Will we all go for a bike ride?

Now Philippa, there are few contemporaries left to recall elements of John's life span for he has become a very old man. However, rather than progressing to a simpleton he has fine tuned his acuity.

John was fortunate from early on, for Noeline chose him as her husband, so any songs of praise ought to be shared between them. To my knowledge John and Noeline are the only couple who collaborated in work and also played bridge together!

Our children were much the same age. The Heatts lived at Marock Street and the Wilsons at the hill at Wattle Valley Road. They played at Wilton Tennis Courts and at the Sorrento Sailing Club.

John had the oldest Minor dingy in Australia - number 59. Ours was 13027. Under his guidance the Heatts competed with about 30 other family Minors in races at the sailing club and like the rest of us were usually beaten by Old Roy Heatt or the Simpsons. As I recall it, John's

racing excellence was in inverse proportion to his endowment for speed. Has it that he never won a race. His commentary after a race was an admixture of acceptance and whimsy.

In a self deprecating way John devoted himself to me as a contest who was very pleased to be otherwise engaged since hanging up his scalpel. For such a professional he was (he is) extraordinarily articulate, being able to converse on subjects both serious and frivolous and more importantly giving you the opportunity of reply.

When we were between homes - staying in Boston Road, John made us very welcome and introduced us to the people and the ways of life there.

By the good fortune of experience we know John deep in a bonding affection with his family, a good friend, a man of scholarship with an amusing sense of humour and this above all a compassionate and caring man.

With best wishes for your compendium,  
Philippa  
Yours Sincerely

Rae Wilson.  
RAE WILSON.





10th June '08

### About John

We first met John in the company of Noeline, quite by chance, at the then "Little Theatre" - 1959.

Noeline & I had crossed paths as students at the School Dental Service training centre in Wellington New Zealand a few years earlier.

Living in Melbourne's Eastern suburbs; not too far apart, our friendships flourished & there were many get-togethers & news babies & the raising of a total of 8 children!

Barbeques & John's wine, other dainty plates & mini travels.

Flinders Ranges 1988. A noteworthy dawn to dusk 27 Km walk. Across, over the



ridge & around Nilpen Pond. We slept well that night.

Another lovely 10 day trip together was in Tasmania not long after the Port Arthur massacre. Little flights & cruises & peaceful motoring & good company.

A few times doesn't cover the fun times over 50 years!

May we still continue to enjoy meeting together - keep on keeping on Noeline & John.

Congratulations & Happy Birthday, & love  
Ted & Sheila



Thank you for the request to contribute some memories of my association with your father John.

I first met John just after the Second World War when we entered the Dental Faculty at the Melbourne University. We spent five years together gaining knowledge and skills in Dental Science.

During those years we had a close association with Max Burleigh, Richard Hardham and Ray Meldrum as we had all come to the university straight from school, as we were all too young to have been to the war.

One year we all attended the Dental Follies and John produced a home brew that he had made from she-oak cones. It packed such a punch we were all nearly paralytic. I remember I had to carry my partner to the car, not a very romantic night.

While we were all still sober I recall the first rendition that I had heard by John of the famous Sea Lions and Seals with that wonderful accent. I remember he competed with Ken Woodard who was murdering "Shine on Harvest Moon".

Our graduation was celebrated at the Latin restaurant in Latrobe St, with Max, Richard, Ray and our parents. Later that month John and I headed off to Buffalo to try some skiing. John was at home on the Cresta run, while I struggled with Dingo DeIl. John developed love of skiing and has continued ever since.

When we were married we visited each other and I remember a visit to the old converted Church in Warrigal Rd, Oakleigh which reminded me of a medieval castle with John seniors collection of paintings and death masks of artist Meldrum. John took us into the garden to see his new pride and joy. It was a new yellow Volkswagen. I thought he was mad as there was no engine under the bonnet. John always liked to be different.

I remember celebrating our mutual (either 40th or 50th) birthdays with the Hardhams and Noeline and John at a trendy restaurant Burratti Castle in Kingsway. We celebrated a rather noisy night ending with a somewhat inebriated version of Sea Lions and Seals.

Regards Raymond



We enjoyed many wonderful dinners with Noeline and John at Murdoch Street and always finished with a visit to John's fabulous cellar. We saw evidence of his notorious bottling activities. We also remember our visits to Willison tennis courts. John has always had a great love and flair for classical music, in fact I used to call him Johann Sebastian. Once John was regaling us with the magnificence of Sibelius and I thought he was talking about a new recruit for his beloved Geelong cats.

John suggested that I join the Melbourne University Lodge. I did become a member when the lodge met at Collins St. I did not remain for many years as I kept forgetting the charges. However John continued a successful time with the lodge and became Master on two occasions. He enjoyed the fellowship of the brethren.

In more recent years when we both had houses at Sorrento, John and Noeline would visit us at Vision Ave, when we had a group of Kooyong members join us. After lunch at their Sorrento home, I remember John and Noeline taking Bev and I for a walk. The walk turned to be a trek over the sand dunes on Sorrento back beach. Up and down soft sand we were completely exhausted. John and Noeline, not a sign of fatigue. I think John thought he was Percy Cerruty revisited. They told us later that they were in training for a future overseas trip.

Last March we joined the Heaths and the Milners with the Hardhams at their Red Hill properly for lunch. It was John's idea to celebrate our impending eightieth birthdays and to thank our ever patient spouses for putting up with us for all these years. It was great day which was capped off with another Sea Lions and Seals with a stronger accent than ever.

John will have a super birthday with all his wonderful family and friends around him.

Congratulations and very best wishes for the 16<sup>th</sup> of June.  
Bev and Hayward.



John Heath has been our friend since we first met him in London in the early 50's at the beginning of our Orthodontic careers. My wife to be, June Rees was selected for the first advanced training programme as a dental auxiliary at the Eastman Dental Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, London where the University of London had established the Institute of Dental Surgery as part of the British Postgraduate Medical Federation in 1948 which incidentally was the year I completed my undergraduate degree in dentistry at the University of Sydney. In 1950 after consolidating my experience in general dentistry in New South Wales I commenced the fulltime course in general dental studies at the Eastman Dental Hospital. In addition other dental graduates from Australia and elsewhere took hospital appointments including Dr C.V.Hill from Queensland. Slightly older and thus more experienced than his colleagues, Viv was to play an important role in John Heath's early career. Viv knew John Heath's father who was an early Orthodontist in Melbourne with many original ideas and also great ability as an artist (a life size portrait of a distinguished member of the British Dental Association painted by John's father was hung in their reception foyer.)

Viv Hill had worked in John Heath's father's Collins, Street Orthodontic practice and brought to London skills and techniques which were advanced by London standards. Later John Heath also worked in the Eastman Orthodontic Department and was assisted on occasions by nurse Rees who was chairside Viv Hill. June later moved into the General Treatment Room to be a personal assistant to Leslie Leggatt in advanced dental procedures. Thus Viv Hill, John Heath, John Reading and June Rees were friends and colleagues. Viv and

John rented a flat in north-west London.

John Heath's sense of drama-humour and entertainment led to his participation in the hospital's end-of-year revue. Thus the curtains on the refectory parted to reveal to the delight of the staff in the audience three Orthodontists in dark suits and "dog collars" to become "The Parsons of Puddle", a quaint traditional act introduced by Hugh Lester Leech and assisted by John Reading and John Heath.



So John Heath was musical and an entertainer as well as a dentist and orthodontist. He met Noeline at Eastman when she enrolled to work in the Children's Department. John R Heath had a memorable two weeks holiday in the spring snow of Austria staying in the Sporthotel Ausicht perched with six other buildings on a snowy ridge at Hochsölden. Our ski group of 16 only had 4 members who did not speak German. Thus, being older, I was known as "Oberkiever" and John

R Heath as "Underkiever". So the command "Schnell, Underkiever" meant something on a steep mountain. I preferred "langsam". Post skiing John H's mouth organ solos from the hotel verandah attracted a handful of small change targeting my upraised ski cap.

At the end of our spell in the snow we got the single-seater open chairlift for the 20 mins descent to the village of Solden and railway station to board the train to Innsbruck where JRH turned right to explore Vienna and JFR headed to the Channel rain, and work in London.

Subsequently June and I became engaged and six months later were married in Ealing on 5th February 1955. Six weeks later we joined the passengers on the thirteenth voyage of the P & O liner Oransay to disembark in Sydney on April 1st.

I had accepted a position in an established orthodontic practice in Macquarie Street.

John Heath married Noeline and settled in Melbourne in an Orthodontic practice in association with Viv Hill. John was ahead of his time living in a deconsecrated church building. JHR and JFR independently remained in private practice as specialist orthodontists and had honorary teaching positions at their universities.

They also served their specialty as officers of the Australian Society of Orthodontists. Both JRH and JFR were in turn Honorary Secretaries of the ASO.

So you see our careers intertwined in many ways but one puzzle remains. It concerns my wife June who always thought she was a birthday twin to John and they both exchanged Birthday Greetings on the 14 June. This celebration points out that John was, in fact, born on 16th of June 1928.

John, your family and friends congratulate you on your wonderful life.

John Reading

VICTOR AND DENISE WEST - TRIBUTE TO  
JOHN HEATH

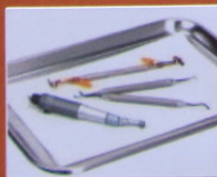
I am sad that Victor is unable to write this himself but I do not have to guess at what he would have said.

Victor has such a depth of respect for John, both professionally and personally. They shared so many precious times together. Intellectually

Victor felt there was a true meeting of the minds. He also felt that their senses of humour were also perfectly aligned and appreciated the way that John could see the funny side of even the most challenging situation.

We both are of the view that John is a person of immense integrity, never shirking from his beliefs and always standing by his friends.

Victor and I feel proud to call him a friend and trust that he enjoys a very happy 80th birthday surrounded by those he loves the most.



John and I were colleagues doing Dentistry together, but after Graduating in 1950, I spent the next 20 years living in Gippsland. I did not meet up with John again until the 90's when he and Rhys Milner got together to organise our year reunion. Since then we have been playing tennis together at Rhys's home on Tuesdays with some of our other colleagues and friends, and hope to continue having many more tennis days together. I would call John a good friend and a gentleman.

Peter Eves



## SNIPPETS FROM THE LIFE & TIMES OF JOHN ROBERT HEATH.

First impressions were of a cultured young bloke from a rather alternative family. Mother was a Cordon Bleu cook, no meat and three veg in that family, and father, the epitome of a Collins Street Orthodoxist, and on the other side of the coin, an artist who had learnt under Max Meldrum. They lived in a church! a mini Montsalvat. It was the venue for a truly venerable 21st birthday party.

At Dental School he excelled especially on his auto-bike, a machine that launched by furious pedaling then when the engine fired it took off like a rocket. This was not surprising as at this time the Heath boys went through a phase of rocket making, not big enough to worry the Russians, but they terrorized the neighbors' and their dogs and cats. The arsonist period culminated in John taking several of us to Torquay for a camping weekend in his father's Jovit Javelin. Lacking a roof rack we tied the tent poles under the car, result engine heat ignited them starting a fire, in Moorabool St Geelong.

The highlight of John's London period other than meeting Noeline, learning about sea lions & seals, and studying, was to throw a Guinness Party,  
How many gallons did that keg hold John? It is lucky that "Guinness is Good for You".

And the last 50 odd years? Just more and more of the same, Bon Gourmet, Bon Vivant, formidable on the piste, should have entered the Tour de France, and it was to Australia's loss that he did not try for our Davis Cup team.

A really good all round bloke.

R.G.H.



My earliest recollection of John was when I opened the door of our (with two other girlfriends) flat in London. This man in a dog collar looking for all the world like a "proper vicar", standing on the doorstep. There was a hush from the assembled guests! We quickly found that he was Richard's quirky friend from Australia! Hilarity was quickly restored.

Joan Hardham

I have known John for 62 years. As students we had minimal contact but were nevertheless friends.

On graduation our paths parted, and, did not really converge until about 15 years ago, when he joined me in organising our 'year' reunions. Soon he became the 'driving force' as the 10, then 5 year meeting, gave way to annual events.

To mark our 50th he organised all he could find, to submit a history of their life since graduation. The project would never have 'got off the ground' without his enthusiasm--- the end product was presented to the group and very well received. A bound copy is in the ADA library.

John has continued to organise these, now annual events--- the numbers are falling, but those able to come, have a great day.

John and I are now great friends, play tennis weekly [and weakly] and socialise regularly ---even drive the same 4x4 cars.

He is essentially an individual with an infectious zest for life---long may he continue to brighten the lives of all who know him.

Rhys Milner







#### Ian Gillies early memories of John

My earliest memory of John is at the Oakleigh Church kicking a football that went on the road. We were little boys. John's father came out saying he would fix the broken ball.

We were in the same year at University. In prosthetics, both John and I were told to slow down or they would start failing us... This is because we both used to take work home to each of our fathers laboratories to complete. In the end we both got third-class Honours.

We played squash for many years - for always it seems. The only thing that changed was our rest periods getting longer. And so we got more chatting done...

Falls Creek belonged to the SEC and I remember at the bottom of the road, down at Mt. Beauty, we had to sign on and then off again when we came off the mountain. It was just a dirt road at the time - late 50's. Once, Len Ryder, John and I walked from Mt. Hotham to Falls Creek. We didn't have Langlauf skis, only alpenes with skins. We put them on to climb up and took them off to ski down. I remember a creek crossing where we couldn't find a snow bridge. We had to take our trousers off and cross holding our skis over our heads. I thought I would never warm up. But the glow standing there in bare feet on the other side, I will never forget.

In those days, we used to stay with John Brown senior at Milawa on the way to the snow. We would sleep in the cellar in our sleeping bags. John Brown would take us round the big barrels to sample each. By the time we got into our sleeping bags, we were quite happy to be sleeping on the floor.

John and I are very old friends.

I am sure it will be a marvelous celebration with all of the family.

Transcribed from a phone call 8 hours before Ian flew out to compete in the Masters Games in Judo.

More than thirty years ago, I bought a house with a tennis court. Quite quickly, some of my friends decided that Thursday afternoon was to be my tennis day, and they started to arrive. I was very keen to have a regular group, and it was not long before others were introduced to me, including John Heath. He was not the best player in the group, but he must have felt this himself, because he took some lessons. Very quickly he improved, and amongst other things, he learnt to do the most extraordinary twisting serve that has ever been seen. He still uses it occasionally, but generally the effort is so great that he loses the point anyway.

John is a quiet thoughtful person, but sometimes he likes to be bossy. At first, he was not satisfied that the balls we used were good enough, so after his complaints, it was not long before the others voted him into the position of purchasing the balls, collecting the money (although not from the owner of the court) and distributing them as he saw fit. He has done a great job for years.

John is a friendly and generous person. He often introduces me to wines that I don't know. In fact, my memory of him in association with wine goes a long way back. My wife and I dined at his house at one time, when he searched in his cellar for old, well matured, bottles of Riesling. After cellaring for some twenty years, the wine had gone golden, honey coloured, and it was a delight to experience its flavour. I believe we sampled a number of bottles on that occasion. I was impressed with his cellar, and with his knowledge of wines. Since then, he has frequently brought me bottles of interesting wines, and if I have shown interest, he has ordered cases of them for me.

I can certainly say that John is a sincere friend, one to be trusted and relied upon, and loved by many. He is still a very active tennis player, and he now wins many sets, because he has remained young.

Max Cooke





Many thanks for inviting me to participate in your tribute to John - a gesture he richly deserves!

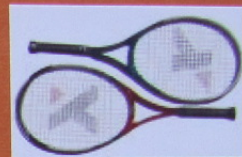
My association with John extends over 28 years; not only as a fellow member of Max Cooke's tennis club, but also as, with Prue, a guest made so welcome by the outstanding warmth of the hospitality extended to us by John and Noeline.

It may seem mundane, but sharing tennis matches with people can often provide insights into personalities and characters. John has always shown respect and encouragement for his partners, and been unfailingly generous with his acknowledgement of his opposition's finer shots.

Another aspect of membership of our tennis group has also been revealing; although an informal organisation, someone nonetheless has to take responsibility for buying the balls and collecting the reimbursement due. Over all these years, John has volunteered to do this, [often at bargain prices], and then painlessly extracted the money from us - as befits a Dentist!

Finally, I would like to acknowledge what a caring person John is. As well as family, numerous friends have always found him both solicitous and ready to assist where he could, in an hour of need. As for John's turning 80, it's hard to believe! Many thanks again for this opportunity,  
My very best wishes,

Mick Madsen.



Whilst I have been playing Tennis with John at Max's for at least 20 years I cannot claim to know him intimately but I consider your Dad to be

1) a real Gentleman

2) a good sport

3) unlike nearly all other members of our Tennis group he is probably a better player today than 20 years ago - I think he worked hard at his game and the results show

4) a most helpful friend who - with his wife - is always prepared and active to help a friend in need

Greetings

Erik (J. Jensen)

I am very pleased to hear John is now 80 years old. I remember the occasion when he complained that he and his young partner did not beat me and Phil Law playing together when we were 80+ and 90+. Johns' tennis is bound to improve now he is also 80+.

He is the longest established inhabitant of the tennis court in Talbot Ave, excluding Max and his dog. John has always been associated in my mind with tennis balls. He ran a small wholesale ball business supplying us over the years, but never declared a dividend. Recently he tried to persuade Max to use softer balls to slow the game down, without getting a response. He also suggested that the net could be lowered by four inches and the court marked out rather smaller. He told me I would be more comfortable if I used a wooden racquet again. John had comfortable ideas for the game but his main picture was always balls - absolute balls!

John described our tennis group as part of our life style, and I agree. I know that our tennis skills are not up to the quality of our musical surroundings, but he has been equally lavish in praise of both sport and art.

John joins the OBE's with distinction and should ignore the number 80. 15, 30, and 40 are enough. Just keep bouncing your balls around the court

Love all I say

Sincerely (after 32 years)

Derek





I should like to congratulate John  
on his octagenariation.

I regret to say that I am about to leave for  
Japan, but meantime I shall add these quips  
to the list:

John is:

- \* As a concert goer: judicious
- \* As a dinner host: bright and smokey.
- \* As a tennis partner: complimentary
- \* As a tennis opponent: deceptive
- \* As a human being: exemplary.

Cheers,  
Reg Grouse



My contact with John has been  
over recent years at Max Cooke's  
tennis group. On the court he is a  
keen, but gentlemanly and  
unruffled player whom it is a  
pleasure to partner. In  
conversation off the court one  
discovers that he has a keen and  
enquiring mind, always ready to  
adopt new technology and to  
explore new places with  
enthusiasm. More personally, his  
caring and concern have created, I  
believe, a good rapport between us.

I enjoy his company, value his  
friendship and respect his advice.

Robin Stewardson

## JOHN HEATH

Good friend, my Professor, Travelling and Conference companion, Wine enthusiast, mentor, teacher, great host, enthusiast for life, guide through the morass of hype and dogma that was and is the Art & Science of Orthodontics, friend.

Mary & I entered John's life in the late '70s.

His Orthodontic partner, Viv Hill had given a course in Wellington, and invited those present to visit the practice.

I took him up on his offer. John & Viv graciously hosted me in their practice for many hours over the next 3 months.

In the course of this time they took me in hand and taught me the essence of Orthodontics. What else could I do, but become an Orthodontist.

John's influence and guidance over succeeding years was of such quality that they are the criteria which current graduates are given.

We soon got to know Noeline, and thus a great friendship was forged.

He (and Noeline) are great travelling companions.

We remember having only half a day available to explore in the Bay of Islands, so we rustled up a seaplane, and got to Urapukapuka in 20 mins instead of 3 hours.

We had a great picnic. John prised Oysters off the rocks.

We went to the European Orthodontic Society Conference in Rhodes together, and, with the Posillos took a trip to Marmaris in Turkey. Can't find the photo, but I can still see John and David jumping on a suitcase trying to fit a carpet into it.

We walked through Tuscany together, discovering the hard way that all little Italian towns are on top of hills.

Arriving in one little town early one afternoon, John said to me "It'd be a shame to be in Italy, and not have an Italian haircut."

I told him I'd forego the experience.

A little later, Noeline passed by – I offered her a drink, she declined, then asked where John was.

When told he was having an Italian haircut, she said, "I'd better have a Brandy, then"

John returned. He observed that he'd asked them to take "this much off" – about half an inch. Unfortunately, that's all they left on!

We shared a Bed & Breakfast in Copenhagen. We visited the Tivoli gardens, and I parked the car.

It wasn't there when we returned: Towed for illegal parking. (See encl invoice – found today! We had actually paid it!) We duly went to the Police Station, where John realised we were in for a lengthy wait. He commented that there was no point in all of us being up half the night, and took the girls home. I got in 3 hours later.

We ski-ed together. They once came to stay at Harrods with us to ski Mt Ruapehu. When the weather packed up we went to the Chateau Tongariro

We can claim to be their Bridge Teachers. On the several days the mountain was closed we showed them the basics of bridge. The pupils long since surpassed their teachers!

We've bush-walked, sailed, tasted wine and stayed with each other. They even came to Tullamarine and played bridge with us when we had an unforeseen flight delay stopover one night.

We are sorry we are not present: To us he's forever young, and we send our congratulations and best wishes for his 80<sup>th</sup> Birthday.

Michael & Mary Taylor





I was lucky enough to be invited to work with John Heath from Dec 1981 until he left the city in the mid 80's. We worked together in Coates building. Initially with Viv Hill. It was Viv's practice that I purchased. As

I was a graduate of Adelaide and John was one of the few Victorian orthodontists who at the time used the "Begg" technique I was hoping to gain post-graduation experience in a technique widely utilised in Adelaide.

At that stage I was intent on returning home.

For me this was a most fortuitous choice of practices, as I was soon to learn this was only one of the many aspects to John's ways, which made him stand out from his peers as unique.

I was in many ways very inexperienced in the "business" aspects of dentistry and orthodontics - and John proved of very little help to me in this area. However he was to be an invaluable inspiration in the area of professional integrity. So many business relationships in Medical/Dental specialist practices are polarized by ego and uberous, and John illustrated that none of these were required.

Although in my "neophytic stage" (as John would have called it) he must have often felt like saying "just do it like this for God's sake Mike" - he always resisted. For me he was a "gentle" mentor - and I am very grateful. I remember the lunches in the early 80's in the "Italian waiters club" - where John reminded me his father and his avant guard friends would play cards, drink wine and tell yarns into the early morning. Another eatery was "Society" - but I suspect this was Viv Hill's choice rather than John's - Viv often returning from these lunches with little prospect of effectively treating the afternoon's patients.

I looked at John as my orthodontic "father", a person who acted in a way that made me feel he held my interests as important as his own. His advice was only given when requested and then with great respect. I can credit John's assistance in these early days with forming the foundations for my future professional life. However his good humour, his love of life, his enthusiasm, and his integrity has given me a greater gift to carry with me in all aspects of my life.

As with many others I am very grateful for having been so closely associated with John.

Mike Shearer





I first encountered John R Heath in his role as 'parent of a PFA-er' At that time, in the early '70's Penny and siblings were regular attendees of the Frank Paton Memorial Church, then referred to as Deepdene Presbyterian church. After the evening service it was customary for the youth at that service to invade the homes of members and socialize. (If the truth be known, now, it tended to be a legitimate means for the males to view the available 'talent' in the membership without fear of divine retribution being cast upon them for not paying attention to Don MacRae's sermons ~but that's a different matter). John and Noeline would open their home to said invasions and would be visible although not imposing upon the gathering very graciously.

Following those 'days' John next loomed large in my life as an instructor of "Functional Appliances and Therapy" to the Orthodontic post graduates at the University of Melbourne. (A bit of background is required here~ Certain sectors of the orthodontic community not only in Melbourne but worldwide, view(ed) functional appliance therapy in a similar way to Philipino faith healers and Haitian Black Magic). John however was able to show wonderful results with this form of orthodontic treatment to the profound joy and appreciation of patients and parents who realised that the child could be competently treated without jaw surgery, (or as the public has come to refer to it, as having the jaw broken!) (How crass!) John published articles in the Orthodontic literature providing ample, credible evidence to the effect that this treatment protocol is not only effective

but a very viable treatment option in modern day orthodontics.

With the vision and support of Dr Vic West, then head of the orthodontic post graduate programme, Functional Appliance therapy was a confirmed part of the undergraduate training so that it, in turn, could be part of the modern orthodontist's armamentarium.

John was able to demonstrate that an appliance, (some may call it a 'contraption') resembling a 500 gm lump of plastic with wires and loops protruding from it at bizarre angles was able to lead to a very desirable orthodontic result. There are many orthodontists practicing this treatment philosophy in Australia very successfully and it is in no small part attributable to the John that it is so widely used.

When John started to inform his patients of his impending retirement, at least one patient's mother burst into tears at the prospect that her 2 children were no longer to be under John's care. I, as John's practice's successor, was shortly afterwards introduced to this mother, who promptly burst into tears again. Ho Hum!

I have come to know John as an avid advocate of orthodontics who had a wonderful rapport with his patients and their parents. He has been a significant contributor to the dental health of many, many people and played a significant part in the enhancing the SMILES index of Melbournites!!

Happy Birthday Dr John, may there be many more for all to enjoy.

Greg White





I first came to know John in 1993 and will forever be grateful to him for the opportunity he gave me.

People give you all sorts of things in life; John gave me a chance.

After 20 years of raising a family, to re-enter the dentistry workforce at around 45 years of age, with no current clinical experience, presented a daunting and possibly futile challenge. Who would be prepared to take me on?

John was about to retire and could not predict the future of his practice further than nine months hence. He was looking for a smooth and happy transition to retirement. It was agreed John would accept my lack of current experience in return for a smiling face and a commitment to building a happy workplace. John was very patient and tolerant, despite my very nervous clinical disposition!! It was indeed a very happy nine months.

John ultimately sold his practice to orthodontist, Dr Greg White. Now, fifteen years later, with my own business, Smileybytes Pty Ltd, I am still working in that same practice.

Even now, outside our clinical relationship I remain in regular contact with John and Noeline. He has been a great mentor and I look upon him as a member of my extended family. He has even been the Landlord to my two daughters when they first moved out of home to the residence at 2 Wills Street. He has helped me with so many things as various as changing a car tyre, to riding a bike and gardening. I know I could always turn to him if I was in need.

Over the years in practice, John built up a collection of staff and patient snippets and photos. He asked me to be caretaker of it when he retired. This I have lovingly done, often showing it to current members of the staff at Greg White Orthodontics.

I am including a number of snapshots which I believe encapsulate different facets of "Dr John on the job".

I wish to thank John's family for inviting me to contribute to his birthday celebrations. My heartiest congratulations and best wishes to you, John, on the occasion of your 80th birthday. Hip, hip, hooray; you are for certain a jolly good fellow!

With love from Jo.



## JOHN HEATH - ORTHODONTIST AND TEACHER

John Heath came from an orthodontic family. By all accounts, his father had not only been competent for his time but also very inventive as well. I understand that, in those early days of orthodontics in Melbourne, there were rather unfortunate disputes over treatment styles and educational backgrounds. The fact that John's father was so clever would seem to have upset an opposing group - these were disputes of strong personality.

John was perhaps influenced very much in his chosen orthodontic career by observing and reacting to the difficulties in which his father became involved. As an outsider looking in at John's career towards its end, it was obvious that John had gone out of his way to listen to all points of view and to be very fair in all aspects of clinical practice - making no attempt to claim superiority of his thoughts and techniques over those of his colleagues, no matter how open they were in making their own claims. It is this openness and fairness which was apparent to me and my student colleagues when John first came in to examine and teach within the graduate programme at the University of Melbourne. He was responsible for developing basic thought-processes regarding the role of muscular function in the development of the dentofacial region and the application of those functional aspects in attempts to deal with aberrant facial growth, using a whole range of so-called functional appliances.

To be honest, John's mind was often very far ahead of us at the beginning of our careers - at times, I had no idea what he was talking about! We were often left baffled by someone really encouraging us to think as widely as possible. However, as we gained confidence and some clinical ability and experience, we all started to understand why John wanted us to open our minds as much as

possible, rather than simply gathering facts. Although we did not fully appreciate it at the time, he was actually providing us with the tools that would allow us to evolve throughout our careers, rather than simply being limited by certain dogma. Over time, much of what he proposed and suggested has proved to be correct.

With all this, John has directly influenced the careers of approximately seventy five young orthodontists. Of course, the main beneficiaries of his efforts have been, and will continue to be, the orthodontic patients being treated by those orthodontists. If Victor West had not strongly suggested to John that he come into the School back in 1984, it is likely that others would have somehow supported the introduction of teaching and practice with functional appliances - but there is no one else who would have given such service with so much passion.

When I, myself, later took over the orthodontic unit and its graduate programme, John was still coming in as a visiting teacher. He has subsequently retired from that role - that was his choice - I was in no hurry to move him on. A long time ago, I shared a dental class with one of his daughters and have now shared the stage with the other. I have known for many years of John's love of his family, the outdoors and the arts. John and Noeline will continue to be very welcome guests at any of the orthodontic unit's special events. While John and I are from succeeding generations (like my own father, he was born in 1928), I am happy to regard him as a close friend and colleague. I congratulate him on reaching his 80th birthday and on the remarkable influence that he has had on his chosen profession.

MICHAEL WOODS  
DDSc, FRACDS, FRACDS(Orth),  
DOrthRCS(Eng), CertOrth(Oklahoma),  
Diplomate, American Board of Orthodontics, FICD  
Professor and Chair of Orthodontics, The University of Melbourne.





Dr John Heath was the name listed on the timetable for our first so called Functional Session. We had just started first year of the orthodontic Master's program, and none of us had met him. For the youngsters, back in those days there were no mobiles, email or websites so the teaching staff

tended to remain a bit of a mystery until you actually met them. You could never be sure about your instructors and how they would receive you (i.e. how understanding they would be of the obvious shortcomings). As John entered the clinic we first noticed he was even older than Hilton in our

year, who at 40, seemed quite old to the rest of us (those were the days). However, he was incredibly enthusiastic and as bonus, had a very kind and gentle nature. We all enjoyed John's sessions, and not because we all necessarily had the same enthusiasm for functional appliances (sorry John),

but because he made the sessions genuinely enjoyable. Here we could debate, argue, challenge and be educated. John seemed to enjoy it as well and was always bringing in the next case from his practice that had some unusual feature. John's enthusiasm, I like to think, rubbed off on us. A simple radiograph he would show us would have us arguing long after he left to go home, and often for the next few weeks.

Happy Birthday John - and thank you.

Tony Collett



I met John Heath when I joined Freemasonry and was accepted into the Melbourne University Lodge in 1988. John for me was a pillar in the Lodge of a group of wonderful men. I look back on those years with much nostalgia, but also fondness and gratitude for the opportunities the Lodge gave for personal development and friendship.

My image of John over those years is of a very upright person, both in physical stature and in his approach to Freemasonry and, I believe, in his professional and personal life. There were no 'short-cuts' when John was Directory of Ceremonies: everything was done properly but without the grandiosity and obsessiveness that some people who are perfectionists often display. Over those years I knew John as calm, respectful of others, yet also with the capacity to be very present with everyone. There was mostly a smile, but sometimes? Did I suspect a sterner side too?

In the year 1998 I was Master of the Lodge. John gave unfailing and encouraging support to me over this time and showed a ready willingness to go along with a somewhat different approach to Lodge activities. Noeline too was very supportive, coming to the various functions the Lodge organised.

I can only say that at that time in my life when I had many personal difficulties, John gave me an example of what I would like to be like as person. He was a person one could rely on - a somewhat rare quality nowadays (or is that just the voice of age!).

Overall, I feel honoured to know John and I hold him in mind with fondness and respect.

James Hurley







## JOHN HEATH

Since the day the Heath's moved into No 6 a valued and treasured friendship has been established.

John has an ability to freely impart his knowledge on many subjects but in particular I have been most impressed with his knowledge of wines, he having introduced me to a number of wine makers and some new varieties.

John's ability to use his skills in his workshop whether it is furniture renovating or some creative item never ceases to amaze me.

I have particularly appreciated the way the Heath's have assisted me in coping with the death of my wife, Denise.

I wish John all the best in achieving the OBE status.

Geoff Hare

I first met John at a special dinner party at the Heath's home in Murdoch Street. There I met John's parents as well as John and Pat Brown, lifelong friends of John and Noeline. They had invited Bonnie, then a young widow who had grown up in Milawa near the Brown's vineyard. Bonnie asked if she could bring a friend and John, in his ever hospitable manner said yes - delighted. And so it was that I met the first of Bonnie's friends and began a long and fruitful relationship with John!

John and I soon found we were both heavily involved in Freemasonry. At that stage we were Senior Wardens (equivalent of Senior Vice Presidents) of our respective Lodge. Another shared interest was many years of skiing.

It was not long before I was John's accounting and tax adviser, and John was straightening our children's teeth. We attended each other's Installation ceremonies as we progressed to Master of our respective Lodges. Noeline and Bonnie joined us for our Lodge "Ladies Nights".

We started to go to the Ballet together, sometimes dressed in our Dinner Suits and on one memorable night we dressed up in Tails. Noeline and Bonnie were appropriately dressed beside us.

You must remember that in, and before, the sixties everyone was much more formal in appearance and social behavior than now. If you 'drink don't drive' had not been invented. In those days there were no restrictions on the amount of alcohol you could consume and still drive, so it was not unusual for both John and me to arrive with a bottle each of Red and White in our hands, to be drunk during the night - together with whatever the host Lodge provided!

We enjoyed some weekend skiing together, staying at either small or middling ski lodges. I well remember a weekend when we drove up to Buller with John's elder daughter Penny who was studying dentistry and his younger orthodontist partner. The two orthodontists were discussing widening the gaps between John's teeth and John deciding vehemently to deny access to his mouth. On one other weekend in a small Lodge we had great trouble to ignite the gas hot water unit which eventually blew back as it started - no eyebrows for several weeks until they grew back.

Our journeys to and more particularly home from the many Ladies Nights would not now happen -

But those were the days when one of my Partners, an ex-prisoner of war, on his way home from a Unit reunion, and obviously the worse for his celebrations was stopped by a police car in the middle of the road and the conversation went something like this - Police to my inebriated Partner "Been to a reunion Dig?". "Yes." "Have you got far to go Dig?" "No, up to the main cross-roads ahead, turn right, then on two streets and home." Police to my Partner, before speeding off, "Alright, keep driving carefully and get home safely". How attitudes and expectations have changed!

And so I can now drink to the newly elevated OBE "over bloody eighty"

Keep going John; enjoy our bountiful world, your wonderful wife Noeline and the four apples of your eyes, Penny, Philippa, Clifford, Shelley and all the grandchildren.

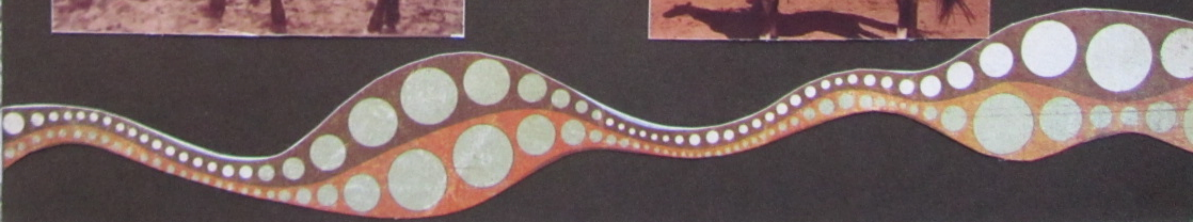
My thoughts are with you



Peter Joy





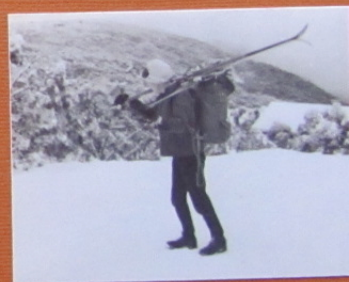
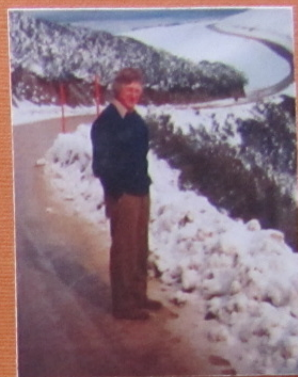


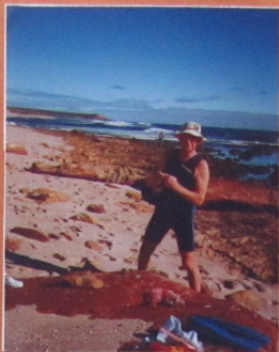




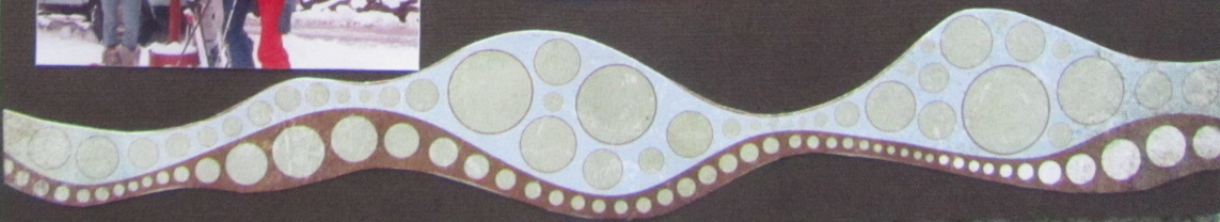


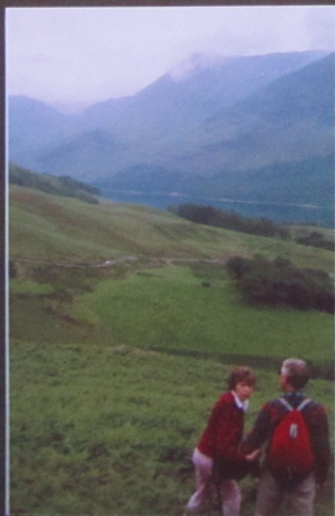
















## MY STORY.

*This was compiled over a few years, and is included for the historical value.*

My father, John Samuel Robert Heath, was born in Geelong, I believe, of Zoe Elliot and Robert Willson Heath, on 18-10-1893. His father had an haberdashery shop in Geelong, but later was an employee of Bright and Hitchcock [Geelong equivalent of Myers]. The family were Plymouth Brethren. My father said that he had his father share a glass of beer once, in Werribee, against the rules of the Brethren. My father, John S.R., enlisted in the Great War as a non-combatant, this choice of role being a concession to the Brethren, because to enlist was against their beliefs. He served on Gallipoli, saw service in North Africa, trained on Salisbury Plain, and finished wartime service in France, near Le Havre. We have a copy of his service record. He was at various times agnostic and atheist in his beliefs, throughout his life. He was a brilliant scholar, dux of the Geelong Secondary School he attended in about 1910. His name is on a plaque on the wall at the school, which I saw on one of the music camps our children once attended - when Penny played Cello, in Sibelius' symphony No.2. When he attended a scholarship exam, it is reported that other students observed "Sammy Heath", and promptly went home!

In the first year in the Dental course at the University of Melbourne, he failed in Chemistry. He did not know the word "halide", or its meaning, (at least, that was his story), so from there, he became a school teacher in the Ottways, cutting sleepers to supplement his income. He was an Olympic Class swimmer, at the same time as Frank Beaurepaire about 1908, but due to financial restrictions, he was not able to pursue that talent. He did earn a London University Blue in 1921 - the badge is on my ski jumper!



Two brothers, {Lemuel} Roy, and Noel {Eustace Elliot}, were born at seven year intervals. They also achieved distinction in swimming, one in backstroke, the other in breaststroke, one being a state champion. Together, they were the first to surf on the back beach at Torquay. A fourteen foot surfboard made from solid timber, used to be taken to Torquay, with the family, on a horse drawn vehicle during the early 1900s.

His last years were spent in Point Lonsdale, where he died, on May 5th, 1970.



Brother Roy was taking my mother out, when Dad returned from W.W.1 in 1922, and apparently Dad took over Eileen Kirk (of whom more anon). Roy was in Radio and advertising, twice married, initially to Truda, a little and lovely lady of unstable personality; and latterly to Lillian, with whom he moved from Sydney back down to Melbourne, to live in Eltham. We knew Lillian well, with her collection of dresses and shoes. She worked for Rhinecastle wines, and later with the Valmorbidia family as promotions officer.

Brother Noel, a dentist, and wife Peg {Margaret}, one of four Duncan sisters, we all knew well, along with their children David{Ag.Science}, Ian {Law}, Felicity {Art and teaching}, and Noel{Jnr.} The life, and the achievements of Peg and Noel, matched in many ways the diverse and eccentric life of my parents. Dad's life at the War was matched to a degree, by Noel's achievement in attaining D.D.Sc., by studying for his Doctorate, and at the same time fathering four children. [Well, what did I do? Poor wives!] The Doctorate on the "Sequelae of General Anaesthetics in Dentistry" was of monumental proportion and significance - largely done under the guidance and aegis of Arthur Amies and McFarlane Burnett, at the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute. Noel took over dad's practice in Geelong, in 1929, as my parents moved up to Collins St. to live. I was born 16-6-'28 in Prahran, and I believe we lived in 34 Collins St. from then through to 1932. Apparently I was very much loved by all my mother's younger sisters.



But, to get back to Dad: He enlisted in 1915, was a stretcher bearer on Gallipoli, from North Africa. On Salisbury Plain, he served as a Dental Mechanic {Staff Sergeant rank}, to Le Havre, Paris, and back to the U.K. in 1919, where he was demobilised. He was accepted to the Dental Course at the Royal Dental Hospital, in Leicester Square, with such great teachers as Sir Frank Collier (whom I met in 1952.) He must have been a brilliant student, from all records. In one examination, he was presented with a cross section of a human penis to identify! They must have been pretty sure he was going to pass. I guess he must have been considered a bit of a character!

He returned to Geelong to set up practice, bringing the first X-Ray unit that the town had seen. He must have made quite a few enemies in the profession, by discovering pathology that was missed by other dentists lacking this equipment. My mother was his dental nurse and technician during this period, and when the Dental Act was opened, in 1928 or '29, she by virtue of her experience, actually "registered" as a dentist.

I believe that my parents moved up to Collins St. in '28-'29, and Noel took over the Geelong practice. My parents owned a Bughatti car, when they lived in Collins St. Living close to the Eastern Hill Fire Station, and being able to hear in advance the City fire warning bell, they would rush down to their car, throw me in the boot, and race off after the fire engine to give the Bughatti a run. Being born in Collins St., it is said that my first sentence was "arbors gone down bousey's 'oe" - the marble's gone down the mouse's hole. I believe I was indulged by my mother's sisters Gwen, Bonny, Mona, Jean, and Belle. (Brothers were George & Jack) I can remember once sleeping in a large room, at 2 Alexander Avenue, Geelong, where there were 3 double beds, 2 sisters in each - I think I slept between 2 of them.

Sometime, when I was 18 months of age, I believe that "Dad" rolled the Bughatti, on a rough road near Pakenham. Anticipating the smash, my mother deliberately threw me out of the car window. My mother sustained a broken pelvis and base of skull, and was unconscious for a month.

During the early '30s, my father was elected to the Dental Board of Victoria. Joe Polack and he formed a

renegade combination, using their position to advertise and to manipulate affairs in the profession, much to the annoyance of the "Establishment". It was at this stage that my father became "persona non grata" with the establishment, but this is a complex story. Fellow Board members included Bob Gillies, Arthur Amies, Fred Aird, Bert Beischer, Ernest Joske, & John Dale (city health officer). I had a photograph of the 1934 Board Members in the Victorian Centennial Year, and this was presented to the Board in 1992, the year that the history of the Board was published.

Dad was always interested in orthodontics, having trained under Collyer, and he was co-consultant to the Dental Hospital during the '30s, with Ken Adamson. He published many articles and booklets on the subject of "Orthodontics for the Masses", and "Planned Minimal Orthodontics", and his interests led him to several overseas lecture trips, and to leading two Government backed anthropological expeditions to Central Australia.

During the '40s, he was one of four International Orthodontists developing the concept of "Serial Extractions" for the reduction and management of crowding. Rudi Hotz, Barney Dewel, and Birger Kjellgren were the other three. We came to know and love the Hotz family, at their home in Zurich, and at their mountain house at Fidaz. The youngest daughter, also an orthodontist, visited us in 2010.



But, to return to the thirties:



### The Early Years in Camberwell and Oakleigh.

We moved to Camberwell, 34 Fairmont Ave., in 1932, and lived there until we moved to the Church, in Oakleigh, on 7-7-'37. I attended Camberwell Grammar School in '33 & '34, topping the class, or coming second in each year - a very small class! My cousin, John Heath, was one of the senior school students, and his achievements were listed before his name was called at speech night. I was closer to the front of the hall, and there was great laughter as I, on hearing my name, paraded up to collect his trophies! The school sports saw me winning an egg-and-spoon race, and when it came to going home from Camberwell Cricket Ground, I did not want to go, and was left to find my own way. On arriving home, I vaguely remember smashing the glass fascias on the dashboard of the Bughatti. After all, it was that accursed car that took them home and left me behind!

Whilst living in Camberwell, I remember one Christmas at age 8 or 9, having some 2/6d to spend on presents for family and relations, going down to Camberwell junction where Coles advertised "nothing over 2/6d", and among other things, buying a surgery towel for my father, a couple of handkerchiefs for Mum, and a eye bath for Auntie Ellie!

After the Bughatti, I remember we had four Rolls Royces one after the other, the last one a 7.2 litre Silver Ghost, which Dad bought from patients named Spry for 25 pounds plus some orthodontic treatment! Sprys were breakfast food people. The car weighed 2.5 tons, and a charcoal burning gas producer was fitted to it during the war - three tons all up. I can remember quite vividly removing this after the war, in our ample backyard. We sawed it off with a hacksaw, and it narrowly missed landing on brother Peter's face.

During the Camberwell period, Dad began learning painting with Max Meldrum. Max had a profound influence on our lives, being at once a great artist and a profound philosopher. His artistic beliefs were based on absolute realism, through tonal control. His philosophies led my father into reading Nietzsche, Santayana, and many other texts. He used to spend Friday evenings with Meldrum, John Smith, Fred. Blight etc., in the offices of Fred Blight's wholesale grocery business, Rutherglen wine by the quart bottle, arguing, sipping wine, philosophising. He used to call a minister

of religion "a holy parasite", even to their face if they were friends! (Rev Creegan of Pt Lonsdale)" When ever I see the cross, I look for the double cross" was another. He used also to dine on Wednesdays at a Chinese place in Smith St., Collingwood, with another group of friends, one of whom was a builder, Les Buddle, who helped him in the building, and conversion, of the Presbyterian Church at Oakleigh, which became our residence. The builder's name was Les Buddle, the staircase and marble fireplace from Whelan the Wrecker cost a couple of pounds each.

But then, I forgot to mention that both my mother's brothers, George and Jack, were dental technicians, Eileen too, in effect. Jack was the "best bloody wire bender in the Air Force". Dad also introduced and marketed "Viogen" toothpaste, and other dental products, which Jack used to peddle around Victorian country districts on a motorbike. Jack was at some stage Dad's dental technician. He had a wealth of stories to tell about Dad, and wanted to commit these to tape. A short time before Jack's death, he sat down with a tape recorder, and unfortunately a bottle of whisky too, and Jack related to me that the reminiscences and the nostalgia, combined with the effects of the whisky, resulted in the memories being not successfully recorded - more is the pity. At least, this is my attempt, but I do stress that a lot of what I write is anecdotal.

During the 30s we used to take a house at Seaford for a month over Xmas. It was in January '36 that, returning from this holiday, my parents discovered the Presbyterian Church, in (802) Warrigal Rd., Oakleigh. Dad wanted a painting studio, and conceived the idea of using half of the church as a studio, the other half as a residence. The asking price was 1300 pounds, but Dad argued that it would cost half this to remove the church, to which the church authorities agreed. So, we had a solid bluestone church, and 1½ acres of land: church walls 21" thick; Welch slate on the roof - slate had been brought out as ship's ballast before 1850. The Church was built in 1850. We tried to dig under the foundations, unsuccessfully. The windows and doors were Gothic in style, the 30ft high roof was arched and vaulted with heavy wooden beams, as befitted a church roof.



Peter was born 16-12-32, we moved to Oakleigh on 7-7-37. Michael was born 28.10.'37. I had attended Camberwell South State School in '35, '36 & through to July '37, transferring to Grade 4 at Oakleigh State, No 1601. My parents didn't like me being top of the grade at Camberwell Grammar! Neither did they approve the Public School system. The influence of Max Meldrum's educational philosophies was strong. He believed that children should learn by experience rather than through formal (didactic) dictatorial educational methods. We certainly had the experiences, and the opportunities, laid on, by moving to what was a "house", on the fringe of suburbia, and of ready access to orchards, rabbits, "the lake", "the creek", the brickworks, feeling mushrooms under the couch grass with our softly clad feet; as well, we used to holiday on the ocean at Torquay and beyond, and learned early, to surf at Torquay, Wye River, Anglesea, and Barwon Heads.

Christmas was special. The Studio accommodated quite a sizeable tree. I remember waking up at ~ 4 am on Xmas morning, and feeling around through the pillow case we used to put out, as a Xmas stocking, and wondering what the big soft oval object was. I had to wait till daylight to realise it was a "strawberry" mango.

That's what we called them in those days. I can also remember going to bed on Xmas Eve, and listening to protracted noises down in the studio, just through my bedroom wall. I had no idea what was going on! It was Dad, laying out an electric train track for a meccano electric locomotive that he had made up. He had bought a meccano electric motor in a case that had all the meccano holes so that one could build up a crane, say, or any other mechanised device like a locomotive. He could have bought a model locomotive, but that would have defeated the Heath innovative instinct. It had to be something that one built, with attached bogeys, lights, and power pickup facility from the central rail. It pulled a few carriages, and encouraged innovative modifications. This would have been about 1938, before I turned 10. How typically "Heath"! Look where it took me, and Clifford! How the concept was classically repeated when Clifford made his own model car from bits he found in the "tip" And we didn't buy him a radio. Instead we gave him a multimeter for him to learn about electricity.

My mother, Eileen Wynne Kirk, born 1-1-1902, I believe, in Geelong, of Archibald George Kirk; and of Alice Maude Harriet Wilmot. "Little Nanna" came of the Wilmot family of Colac. They used, among other things, to make Lemonade, the bottles having a glass marble in the neck to act as a gas seal. I can remember these, and also Greatgrandmother Wilmot. We have a photo of Great Grandma, Nanna, Mum, and me. I think Greatgrandma Wilmot must have died before Peter was born. Archie, Grandfather Kirk and brother of the aforementioned "Aunte Ellie", was a hairdresser [barber], used to operate horse driven coaches in Colac, I believe, [we have photos], and at the end displayed me some ability, whilst living with us in Fairmont Avenue, Camberwell, at fine carpentry. He left us all some rocking chairs. As a kid, I remember visiting his carpentry workshop in someone's garage that he rented down the street on the north side of Fairmont Ave. I don't know when the Kirk family came up to Geelong, nor anything of Archie's lineage. He was a Freemason, and Mum relates the time when she was playing with the ballot 'marbles', and a stray goat appeared in the doorway of the Temple. She was sure the Masonic 'goat' had come to get her! They lived in 2, Alexander Ave., Geelong, where I remember still, the intense hallucinations I experienced whilst febrile with mumps in that house in the front bedroom. I revisited and photographed the old house, still standing, in 2008.

Nanna must have been forever pregnant. Six girls, two boys, and one lost I believe. Scruples went by the board, with so many mouths to fill, and if ever a flock of sheep went past on the way to market, their number would often be reduced by the odd one, they say! My Mother seemed to have inherited this duplicity of values, torn between honesty and survival. What's yours is yours, what's mine is mine. She spent quite a few years as a Special Magistrate on the Oakleigh Children's Court bench. Dad had spent 17 years in the same role, at Collingwood, and claimed to have introduced the expression "lapsing, or liable to lapse into a career of vice or crime" His charges were often organised to follow an apprenticeship training, as part of their probationary requirements, and Dad arranged many of these.

Dad related how he once went trout fishing with father-in-law Archie, at Darrawet Guim [near Lancefield]. Archie is reputed to have caught three trout on the one oyster. I can remember using an oyster as bait on Ian Gillies property at Tubbut-the-trout did not swallow. Suspicious, I guess! There was a split between Nanna and Archie, in the early '30s, the details of which one of Mum's sisters told me, but which I forget. He



apparently came to live with us at about that time. We were at 34, Fairmont Ave. He had a barber's shop on Canterbury Rd. not far from East Camberwell station, and near a pool shop that we used to patronise. I have a photo of his barber's pole somewhere. One Easter, Dad and Archie were down to Wye River. I must have been about 9, and I was put on the train at Spencer St. station, and given to someone to be transferred to the Ottways bus at Geelong, and thence to go down the Ocean road to Wye River to join them. I remember a hut that they built out of washed up logs, and there is a photo of this somewhere. That was a long way to send a small human parcel! We believe that Nanna had hydatids, as she used to be operated periodically. She was a small and very agile little lady. Noeline's parents were most impressed when, on visiting her, little Nanna crossed the garden, and as good as jumped the low fence of her "Miller's home" in Geelong. They did not expect this!

Because of Nanna's being continually pregnant, my mother virtually brought up the family. I wonder whether she ever wanted to be a mother herself. Maybe this explains in part the fact that there was a gap of 5 years between each of her children. She certainly did not go out of her way to help Noeline, with our 4 children in 5 years. Noeline's parents were a long way off in N.Z., so Noeline had virtually to raise our children without much help, bless her. I was doing a Masters Degree between '57 and '61, so she was kept occupied with being pregnant, and heavily sedated with plenty of products from Milawa and Rutherglen. We had fun. Noeline's return to Australia as a bride coincided with my parents departure for a protracted overseas tour in '55- the price we paid for a roof over our heads! She housekept for her new husband, his two brothers Michael and Peter, and Joe the Finn [resident gardener with Meunières disease.]

But I digress, in my wife's defence! A dairy farmer's daughter with an insatiable work ethic, we have earned what luxury we enjoy now in retirement.

My Mother's loves were gardening and cooking, and in each she excelled. Together, they transformed the Church into a home. On one occasion during the early years Mum was 10 feet up the studio wall on a ladder, painting. The ladder slid from under her, resulting in her fracturing both arms. [My brother Peter did a similar thing years later, in South Melbourne]

She played a mean game of golf, as a member at Kingston Heath. Lil and Fred Hanson were among her golfing friends. Fred made Domino shirts, and kept Mum well supplied with offcut material during the war years of

clothes rationing. She used to make most of our clothes at a time when clothing, meat, sugar, tea, and petrol were rationed. We also had access to supplies of butter. At one time Mum had an "ulcer" for which she was prescribed a half pint of cream every second day. [This too was rationed, of course.] Our friends enjoyed what we couldn't use! [compare the honesty of Noeline's parents!] Mum went to Heron Island for two weeks of R & R. at this time. There she met Beth Thwaites who used to write the socialite "Jottings" for the Melbourne "Truth". Whilst Mum was away, Dad ploughed up our back paddock, put in lots of tubs and half barrels for espaliered trees, and lots of other plants, which he hoped might form the basis of a nursery business. We had a glass house and he grew imported cactus seeds, treating these with colchicine to try to induce mutations. God knows how he would have recognised the mutants! This horticultural period of Dad was inspired by Mum's horticultural interests. It fizzled out-probably being too labor intensive. I was persuaded at third form level to sit for a scholarship to Burnley Horticultural College-a career in horticulture? Another character from my school, and I, were the final two. He was a year my senior and was awarded the scholarship, and during the following twelve months, I decided to "do" dentistry. I'm happy!

Mum created many gardens. John Stevens is still a firm family friend-from the forces. He began first year Ag. Science in '46, when I began Dentistry. Actually, I did Science 1, transferring to Dentistry 2 in '47. I caught up by completing the requirements of first year in 4 weeks, as previously arranged with the Dean. But to revert to Stevens - He is a landscape architect, I believe the first we had in Australia,

and a dear friend. He laid out Melbourne University firstly, then Monash, then he moved to do the A.N.U. at Canberra. We sent John a card on which was written Wordsworth's "A host of golden daffodils", when we were in Buttermere in the Lake District. One of his oft quoted poems. We had come from Castle Howard [Brideshead Revisited], with gardens laid out by Capability Brown, the famous English landscape architect. We addressed the card to "Capability Stevens", and it gave him a big lift in the middle of a cold Melbourne winter. With my mother, we had read and studied Modern Verse together in 1945 - a favorite was "Grantchester": by Rupert Brookes.

On the same trip to England in 1990, Noeline and I met up with Margaret. Two nights in Stratford on Avon, then on to Cambridge, 3 visits to Ely Cathedral to hear the choir of St. John's College, and then lunch at the Rupert Brookes pub at Grantchester. Thence, I left for a



Congress in Denmark. The climactic Grantchester visit tied together all that my mother, John Stevens, and many years of our lives together had contributed.

Freddie Lipscombe was another guy whom we 'adopted'. And Allan Martin my mother found in the "Hill of Content" Bookshop. He went on to study under Meldrum, and became famous in his own right - also part of the family tradition. And how did we find "Griff"?

Gardens were my Mother's love, but culinary art the peak of her spontaneous personal achievement. My parents did mix and dine with folk of many nationalities. From these contacts, they were early into Continental style cooking, with the appropriate wines, and their appreciation was enhanced by their exposure to a diverse selection of ageing Australian wines, which in the early days were not terribly sophisticated, often made "big" to help them carry. Later, when they each progressed to being food master, and later President, of men's and ladies Wine and Food Societies respectively, our exposure to more sophisticated tastes was increased. We used to eat offal, unusual for many Australians. Offal was off ration during the war. I can remember queuing to get a couple of dozen sets of calves' brains from our butcher. We grew ducks. We trapped starlings. These were nice when braised, so we promised the committee of the Wine and Food Society braised starlings, for a dinner to be held at our home. Unfortunately when it came to catching the birds they had all gone to the local tip, so down we went with our traps, to oblige the W & F pundits. We also trapped rabbits, and gathered bullrushes which we sold. We stole fruit from the Moroney's Hill Orchard, and gathered the two varieties of mushroom that grew through the couch grass at Oakleigh tip. The big flat ones we felt as mounds with our feet, and which we subsequently cut out. The black pointed ones came through, and Mum used to pickle these and supply the Florentino Cafe. She also, by request, made Xmas puddings for the Florentino, which she tried to mix, in bulk, in our old "beat, beat" Hoover washing machine. It made a mess. One time we had a Stilton in a pot, which had matured perhaps a bit long. Michael's watchmaker eyepiece let us realise that the gleaming opalescent reflective spots were actually well developed crawling cheese mites. The continuous-running Agar coke stove was used to advantage, during and after the war. We moved to Oakleigh in '37. I went to the U.K. in '51, returned to join Dad in practice in '54, and Noeline and I were married on Dec.29, in '54. The church sold in '61.

During our time in 'the studio', Mum was on a committee of the A.B.C. Dad painted Rudi Himmer,

chairman of the A.B.C., for the 'Archibald' prize. We knew him well, and his successor George Feldmann, and through these contacts entertained such international identities as Todd Duncan, William Warfield, Warwick Braithwaite; and Claudio Arrau, of whose hand Dad took a plaster impression and made a plaster model. It still had some of the original whiskers in the final product!

We were surrounded by music. Dad had speakers installed in the ceiling of the Studio, and we had recordings of Schubert 8th & 9th symphonies, the Beethoven 5th, and his violin concerto, and if we didn't wake up to one of these, it was to John Stevens playing Brahms Intermezzi, or to Phyllis Batchelor playing her spontaneous compositions.

Our mother died of a ruptured aneurism on the ascending aorta, on July 29, 1976, having, the previous evening, entertained Bill Vorrath and his wife, at dinner.

Freddie Lipscombe was also often about. All of these people and others used to come often on our Sunday picnics. Freddie used to say that Brahms was 'all chords and arpeggios'. He used to go to sleep during cadenzas, saying they interrupted the flow of the music! He suffered a most unfortunate death in the Highlands of New Guinea. And 'Griff'?

Poor Noel Fletcher, my school friend, tried and tried to improve the amplifier and recording system. If only we could have had access to the reliable 'solid state' equipment that is so commonplace today, the L.P. records, and the C.D. recordings, the huge room could have been a dream for music. As it was, a Bluthner half Grand was purchased. Phyllis used to sit for hours and improvise. We had musical evenings, with Grace Angelo [Metropolitan Opera fame] "None of my children is to be a musician", and Royle Blackburn ["So lightly, so lightly, they bear her along"], 'Dig deep Miss Jepp and get plenty of sponge!' I enjoyed the Bluthner - it had a dulcet tone, a soft action. The brothers say that it was sold latterly, to raise funds to live on, which in retrospect was a great shame. Phyllis later taught Noeline for A.Mus.A., but as Noeline was over 8 months pregnant, and as the lessons were more a social occasion than an education to pass A.Mus.A., Noeline did not gain enough marks to pass. However, before the results were out, she had produced Philippa. What more can one say?

Noeline and I moved from Oakleigh in '55, to a flat in Balwyn, where we lost a first pregnancy. After a few months there, we purchased a house at 18 Maple St., Blackburn, with the help of a gift of 500 pounds from Gwen and Ern, and loans from them and my parents. I had also bought a block at Torquay for 40 pounds, money I'd



earned working at the pub over Xmas, and sale of this raised 400 pounds. This was to put down a deposit before we negotiated a mortgage to buy the house, which cost in all 4500 pounds, I believe. Camberwell only cost 9600 pounds in '61 - it sold for \$345000 in '93! Maple St. was on an unsealed road, and was unsewered when we moved in. The original diamond from our engagement ring, bought from Kozminsky's for 160 pounds, is probably still sitting on the bottom of the septic tank there, where it fell out of its mounting.

I joined my father in practice in 129 Collins St., on returning from studying in England, early in 1954. At that time he had Clarrie Guinea and George Fraillon, registered as permittees, Gerrie Gilfedder and me, to assist. Later Victor Rabl came in as an old dentist, to take impressions and to give oral hygiene instruction. We used to provide a year or two of clinical training and experience to young dentists who wanted to learn about orthodontic practice. Bill McDonald, Eustace Jeffries, Graeme Mills, and John Messer returned to private practice. John Poole, and Dick West, continued in orthodontics. David Poswillo brought a new bride Elizabeth, to work with us for some months. He later became Hunterian Professor at the Royal College of Surgeons in England. Dick West was the last we trained, and when he left to go to Hobart, taking with him our technician David Salmon, we had to hunt around quickly for a replacement. Viv Hill had returned to London from Baghdad, where he had held the first Chair in Orthodontics, and with Joan, he agreed to return and to take over. This was in 1965. Peter Joy took over the accounting from Jack Westfold-Scott, Viv Hill brought into the practice, Dad sold out his share: John Armitage came in and left us, taking Shepparton! Was I relieved at this!!

Michael Shearer subsequently came in, and eventually bought out Viv's share of the practice. I found Michael easy to work with, honest, and not ambitious to the degree that coexistence was difficult. He decided to move from 20 Collins St. in '86, over to 15 Collins St. By this time I had built up a fair sized practice one day a week in Ken Walton and David Wardlaw's rooms in Camberwell, and I decided to leave the City and set up full time in a house that Noeline bought in '85, just before the capital gains tax came in; and bought in part from the proceeds of the sale of shares. Shares certainly slumped in value in October '87, whilst we were in Greece. The "all Ordinaries" dropped from 2300 to 1300. We were in Europe at that time. We were certainly most fortunate with the timing of our negotiations.

### My Education.

Living in Fairmont Avenue Camberwell I began school in '33 at Camberwell Grammar, which at that time was in Bourke Rd. just South of Canterbury Rd. During '33 & '34 I was second or top of the class, receiving annotated novels as prizes at speech night. My parents, at that time being students and friends of Max Meldrum, did not like me in the Public School system, so it was off to Peate Street state school, South Camberwell in '35. I remember accepting the teacher's challenge to learn "The Wreck of the Hesperus" in fourth grade - "another student had once done it!" I can still remember a poem learnt in Matric French, "Le Lac" par Daudet. Anyway, at the end of '36, Dad bought the church in Oakleigh. During construction alterations, I lived with Auntie Ellie (of eyebath fame!) in Hawthorn, travelling by tram to South Camberwell. - Peate Street.

We moved to Oakleigh on July 7, 1937. I attended Oakleigh state school, No 1601 for the balance of fourth grade in '37, & fifth and sixth grades. War broke out in '39. I did pretty well at Oakleigh. During the war schools were limited in availability. Started Dandenong High School 1940. There were very few suburban high schools, and Dad chose Dandenong because it was the gateway to Gippsland, with its agricultural bias. My horticultural background was mentioned earlier. There certainly was a mixture of characters at D.H.S., farmers from KooWeeRup, Berwick, Pakenham, and bus and train loads from Oakleigh, Hughesdale, Murrumbeena, and Carnegie. For me, it was two white buses, belonging to Mr. Shea, more recently purchased by Grenda's. The Carnegie-Oakleigh station bus I used to catch at 8.12, to join the Oakleigh-Dandenong bus that used to arrive at school at 8.55. I was early in the swimming team, swimming for my House, Wattle, and also for the school. I hardly excelled at any other sport, though at form 4 level, I can remember turning in good times for the 220 & 440 yards. The testosterone levels would have helped! However, I did well at physical culture, and there were few better than me on the vaulting horse, tumbling on the mats, and in other gymnastics. I learned Latin at form 1. The more academic students were encouraged to continue Latin in later years, whilst the others took Geography. I was excused from religious instruction classes, which was a mistake at form 4 level, because that was when they had someone teaching the "facts of life". I'm glad I continued Latin, because it provides a systematic introduction to the study of grammar, as well as providing the roots of many of our words. German was not taught as we were at war with the 'Hun'. We did a little grammar in English lessons, but the training in logical sequential thinking was not good. French started in form 2, and I was probably the best student at French. This continued through to sixth form. Latin



finished for me at form 4 level. I was a rather mediocre student during the first three years, but as the subjects became more specialised and scientific, I became more confident. I gained five 'honors' at form 4, including physical culture. When fifth form came, we had a splendid 'Maths' teacher, who was able to teach and to challenge us. My five honors that year reflected the benefits of his teaching. He had a large class, and an assistant teacher for the 'also rans'. High marks related to two maths subjects, physics, chemistry and French. The War began in Sept. '39, and Smith disappeared from our school. After '44: We had a very poor maths teacher in 6th year, Mr Clancy. Several of us understood some of the concepts better than he did. Noel Courtney "annexed" Mr Sanderson's weekly ration of cigarettes, and we all found out! Noel and I also blew down the gas taps, putting out all the bunsen burners-a very dangerous procedure that resulted in us each having to write many times, by way of discipline "I must never blow down the gas taps" The fear was explosion, of course. "Yo' great big moogs", exclaimed the red-headed hypertensive Welshman John Sanderson. He loved us though! Miss Carpenter, teaching English, tried to knock me into shape. We would have to do another essay, if the first one fetched less than 6½ out of 10. I used to be in horror, and often I only fetched 6. I did not like essay writing.. This could well have been rectified with a bit of private inspirational instruction. My grammar and literacy were O.K. but my concepts did not come easily. There was a singular lack of inspiration, perhaps of confidence, or an insecurity. Maybe this resulted from a lack of discussion of social issues at home, though this is hard to imagine. It is important that responsibility be taught. I believe that Penny is doing a particularly good job with her four in this area. Michael and Peter had even less confidence than I, in writing. Mum was a great reader, and Dad was always reading philosopher's texts. He used to sit in the car and read, keeping out of the sun whilst we played at the beach. I can remember heating up a previously roasted duck, in the top of the "gas producer" on one of our trips to Seaford. We used to have to carry a spare bag of charcoal, to get to Sorrento and back during the war. They used to run an articulated bus service down the Peninsula-the engine of our Rolls Royce, being 7.2 litres, was larger than that of the huge bus!

1945 saw the end of the war, and also the end of my secondary school education. I managed one first, one second class honor, and passed "Matric.", though the whole class failed in Physics. The teaching at this stage was quite weak, most of the younger teachers having been "called up". School years were happy years. Physically I was a pretty fit character, this peaking during '43-maybe the most active period of adolescent growth.

From school, I was admitted into Dental Science, but Dad, probably hoping that I might still become interested in plants, had me "do" first year Science, including Botany. With my Dental Degree I could have gone on and done Science in one more year, with credits, to have a science degree. Glad I did this because it gave me Botany 1, as well as Physics, Chem and Zoology. I knew that there were limited sharks heads available and that these were for honors students! I therefore perfected the dissection of snails, and reckon to this day that I could lay out a snail in ten minutes! Plenty of snails to practise on! I completed final year in '50, more than two thirds of our year being Rehab guys. Only 17 direct from school. The teaching was very didactic and stultifying, in retrospect. I never failed anything at Uni., and I did excel in the practical areas of conservative and prosthetic dentistry. Clifford has a comparable degree of dexterity, which I feel is more an inherited than an acquired quality. My father had it, too. It is based perhaps on an ability to conceptualise the objective in mind, and to keep it firmly in focus. I suppose all dentists eventually achieve this, though for some it takes longer than for others. Dad bought me a 98cc. FRANCES BARNETT "autobike" in '47, to facilitate transport between the University and the Dental School in Spring St.. During the autobike years, my nasal passages did become more clear, and maybe this was due to improved ventilation. Going up the Punt Rd. hill, on the way home to Oakleigh, I used to have to pedal like mad, to augment the pull of the 98 c.c. ungeared motor. I was offered a bike with a gearbox, but declined! Lucky Dick Hardham had 125 c.c. and gears. He was much more mobile. I learned a lot about 2 stroke engines during those years. In winter I used to rug up in an airforce flying jacket, fully lined, and thick gloves, to keep warm en route Oakleigh to the Uni. '46, '47, '48, '49, and then in '50 our final exams were held in August. Hayward Lewis and I went skiing for a week at Mt. Buffalo after the exams and prior to the results. One was not failed without an oral. I was given an oral in orthodontics, and on going in was told that it was an honors oral. I was through!! I did a few months on the Hospital staff, and a bit at Dad's practice, "managing" whilst he headed an anthropological expedition to Central Australia; and then George Finlay asked me to look after his practice for 7 months whilst he was away overseas. He had been Chairman of the Dental Board, was in practice with John Wark, and needed someone with a degree of diplomacy and a reasonable dexterity, to care for his "oldies". It was an experience! On my first day, as I picked up the drill, the nurse began mixing the amalgam! "Hold on", I had to say. To handle orthodontic problems, one took an impression, sent this to Wirths, and prescribed "Reg. plate". They were expected to diagnose the problem and execute the design!



### THE OAKLEIGH LAKE and TIP.

(Thoughts on meeting a representative of Quinces Tours. In 2007.)

Prue, from Quince's Tours came to our Probus meeting last week, and we spoke of a painting that my father did of the area where her company now operates. In the painting, we look down Dalgety Street, in the distance are the brickworks chimney stacks, in the middle, the brickworks. Trees lined each side of the street, the shadows being cast across the road to the right, the smoke wafting from the chimneys, to the left, on a southerly breeze. The gypsy caravans used to camp just in front of the works, under the macrocarpus trees, where Quinces are now. Who would ever remember the gypsy caravans?

Growing up in Oakleigh from July 7<sup>th</sup> 1937 onwards was most exciting. We lived in a converted church on Warragul Rd, on 1½ acres of land. I was just 9 y.o. when we moved from Camberwell, Peter 5, and Michael was born in October. We were right on the edge of the bush. Two streets to the East was Camira St, and here the bush started. Here was Scotchman's Creek, the yabbie pond, and across the park was the Oakleigh tip, the brickworks, Oakleigh Lake, Moroney's hill and the orchards. We were close to two major roads which enabled us to set up at the roadside and sell the mushrooms, rabbits, and bull rushes that we collected. Sometimes we wrapped up a brown paper parcel and put it on the side of the road, with a string attached. When a car stopped to pick it up, we quickly pulled the string, and laughed at the car occupants. We all rode bikes, and the sandy winding tracks that came down Moroney's hill through the blackberries were fun to navigate, trying to avoid falling into the blackberries. I had about 12 rabbit traps, and would set these on a Saturday afternoon, returning early Sunday morning for the harvest. Rabbits were easy to skin, and I stretched the skins and sold them to Kennon and Sons. The money used to come, with a report that the skins were "damaged and badly stretched"! The rabbits sold to neighbors for a shilling. The blackberries and the trapping area was just above the lake. Further up, and to the North, the land was more open, and here, at Easter and on Cup Day, they held motor bike scrambles, the bikes being required to twice cross the steep sided creek. East of this extended Moroney's orchard, where we went to pinch apples, and for more rabbits. We also went snake hunting. A leg pulling school acquaintance who lived over the hill said that they would use their pocket knife, with the two blades turned at right angles, to put over the neck of a snake, while they went home to get a stick to kill the snake! Once, a mate brought his air rifle, which required cocking, by pulling back the trigger cover, to load it. This was a bit too hard for me, so I put the butt between my legs, held the barrel tip with my thumb and pulled the trigger cover towards me, despite being told not to do that. Of course, the barrel slipped out of my thumb, and flicked back onto my face, giving me a beaut black

eye! Early, I had a phobia about snakes, and the snake hunting was my way of erasing the fear.

At its West end, the lake had a spillway, and in the middle was an island, about 75 metres East. When I was at Oakleigh State school, two characters tried to swim to the island, but got into difficulty, so two others swam out to help them. All four drowned, and I remember standing by Warragul road with the schoolkids' heads bowed, while the funeral procession drove past.

Once when the yabbies were really biting, I caught ¾ of a kerosene tin full, in a half hour. Another time we were down there with mates and noticed a group standing around. On investigating, we discovered they had found the body of a dead baby wrapped in a sheet, by the bank. We also fished for carp, by the banks. Peter had a special touch, with fishing. Bull rushes grew to the East of the island, and these were the ones we harvested, to sell on Dandenong Road. The lake was there before the war (WW2), and during the war, the Yanks used the lake for training in the use of pontoon craft for bridging and landing. Once, they drained the lake. The base was muddy. One morning, Peter and I, age 5 and 10, decided to walk out to fetch some things on the muddy lake floor. We were shod in "wellingtons", Pete was a bit ahead of me, and he got bogged in the mud. I don't know how I managed, but I got out to him, pulled him out of his wellies, carried him ashore then went back and fetched his boots out of the mud. It was a scarey experience.

There was an aqueduct below the spillway, which went some 200 m past the tip until it continued as "Scotchies Creek". Bruce Sturgess and I bought a packet of 10 cigarettes, as my introduction to smoking! I happened to drop 3 of them into the water, but still they were smokable. No wonder I didn't take it up! I remember Bruce, son of a local bank manager, another older bloke, and I, walking down the hill once, and they talked about "the finger of a glove", wink wink, alluding to a condom. I had no clue what they were talking about!

My red headed girl friend Phyllis used to come rabbit trapping with me. I had a very sharp narrow tomahawk for hammering in the pegs on the traps, and on one occasion she was carrying the axe, swinging it, and it went straight into the front of her leg, making a clean entry almost down to the bone. I still shudder at the thought of this. On the way home after trapping, we used occasionally to kiss and cuddle in the brick works kilns, where it was quite dark and deserted on a Sunday morning! Oh to be young again. The brickworks was elevated above the creek, and the broken and defective bricks used to be stacked in a slope on the intervening space, so that we, as kids, sometimes got a sheet of corrugated iron and used it as a sled, to slide down the slope. Falling off or crashing was quite uncomfortable, or damaging, as the broken bricks were large and sharp. I think we only tried it once!



The yabbie pond was closer to home, just to the East of Drummond Street, and next to an SEC transforming station, between it and the creek. About 30 metres long, 10 m wide, it was yellow muddy, so you could not see the bottom, or what was in it. The meat used for bait was tied to the end of a string, about a metre long, and tossed out from the edge, the other end attached to a stick. The line would tighten up and we would then slowly pull the string upwards until the yabbie feelers were seen at the water surface. Then a small flat landing net was carefully put in the water under the bait, and then lifted vertically. Behold! Some times 1 or 2, even up to 8 or 9 at one lift. Some only 2 cm long, some up to 12 cm. In the pond the yabbies caught were a water matching cream-yellow color, whilst yabbies from the creek and lake were often a blue, green, deep red color to match the surrounds. We sometimes ate the catch, but more often put them back. I can remember once putting one under Peter's pillow! One hot day I went for a swim in the muddy pond, and vividly remember, whilst swimming, pulling my hand backwards and catching on a sharp corner of a submerged kerosene tin. I scraped a strip of flesh the full length of my hand. The transverse scar is still there 65 years later.

At the Oakleigh tip, we gathered the two varieties of mushroom that grew through the couch grass. The big flat ones we felt as mounds with our feet, and which we subsequently cut out. Other people did not know the fungi were there, buried as they were under the grass, so we virtually had the field to ourselves. If the mushies did get through, they were usually overripe, or broken. The black pointed ones came through in big clumps, and quickly turned black. Other people called them toadstools, and contemptuously kicked them over. Mum used to pickle these and supply the Florentino Cafe. The tip contained the usual tipplings, as well as the wood shavings dumped from the saw mills of Clive King, which were nearby. The tip used to warm up and ferment when wetted by rain. This created special warm conditions for mushroom growth. In hot weather the shavings would occasionally catch fire, difficult to extinguish.

The tip was also a useful source of raw materials for all the things boys like to make, and build. Timber, galvanized iron, and car bodies, wheels, boxes, and what else. I can remember taking home three chip bath heaters and linking them up in series with bits of hose. A tap hose was attached at one end, water fed in, and fires lit in all three, so that superheated steam came "screaming" out of the third. The solder joints tended to melt, or were already leaking when we gathered them! So much for the tip and the lake area.

As a family, we used to eat offal, unusual for many Australians. Offal was off ration during the war. I can remember queueing to get a couple of dozen sets of calves' brains from our butcher. We grew ducks. We trapped starlings. These were nice when braised, so we promised the committee of the Wine and Food Society braised starlings, for a dinner to be held at our home. Unfortunately when it

came to catching the birds they had all gone to the local tip, so down we went with our traps, to oblige the W & F pundits.

As mentioned, we also trapped rabbits, and gathered bullrushes which we sold. We stole fruit from the Moroney's Hill Orchard.

As I said, we lived on Warragul Rd, opposite Dalgety Street, in an old Presbyterian Church which my parents bought in '37, and transformed into a residence and painting studio. I have many press cuttings of this. One springtime we had some 10 ducks, and they hatched out about 110 ducklings. Only three of these survived, the rest falling to dogs, cats and probably foxes. The ducks would go crazy at dusk, as the Christmas beetles flew round and around the gum trees. The ducks would waddle vigorously around with their heads in the air, leaping up to catch the low flying beetles.

We had shanghies which I had learned to use in Camberwell, and slings that were capable of hurling quite large rocks a long distance, and high into the air. Michael was particularly skilled with the sling. They were more safely used near the lake. However, the projectiles we used at home were sky rockets. We became relatively adept at making fireworks, though it was a potentially dangerous operation, considering the explosive components we used. We made a "constriction stick" for the rockets. Without this, the fireworks exploded as "crackers", but with it, there was left a narrow hole through which the explosion would blow out, to launch the rocket up. We would place the explosion mixture on the newspaper which we then rolled up, bending over the top end, and inserting the fuse in the bottom end. The rolled, contained cracker was then taped or tied closed. For skyrockets, the constriction stick was inserted during the rolling, at the fuse end. Bull rush stems were used as tailing sticks for the rockets. Sometimes the rocket would go up well, but not always! Some went up, cut out, rolled over, and then came down again under power! Others would be fizzers, or go only a few metres and perhaps explode. Some went off at an angle, and bounced off neighbors' corrugated iron roofs. Some exploded on their stick. We contracted to do a fireworks display for Beth Thwaites, Mum's friend, at her home on the Yarra at the end of Bonds Road, Eltham, where we now cycle. It was a wow on the night, but Beth's husband Mac reported that he spent all the next morning cleaning up the shredded paper! Heath confetti, and we weren't very popular. The water rockets that Clifford makes are much more safe, but then we didn't have plastic bottles in those days. The concept reminds me a little of the occasion when Dad decided we would have a fish pond in the garden at Oakleigh. To help excavate, he drilled a hole for the dynamite he had acquired, put it in with a fuse, lit the fuse, and BOOM. Chunks of clay flew up in the air, and onto the neighbor's roof! But we had a fish pond.



## OVERSEAS, END OF 1951.

I planned to go to England in '51, and the Finlay job almost saw me through to this, as well as providing the necessary finance. Rather than leave from Melbourne on Christmas Eve, I flew to Adelaide after having Xmas dinner at home with the family, joining the Moloja, on H deck, in a 2 berth cabin, for 81 pounds. I'd met Professor Imm. Ottesen from Oslo during '51, and he'd invited me to stay at his home so as to attend the Winter Olympics in Oslo. After 2 weeks in freezing cold London, I headed to Newcastle by train, and then across the North Sea by ship. I'd learned to say "Bringen for mien ein drosje til Sorbyhaugen 21", and so the "drosje" took me to the Ottesen home, whence I attended quite a few of the Olympic events, including the Holmenkollen Olympic jump. After two great weeks there, it was arranged that I go by train to Hamar, thence to Skeikampen to stay at the cabin of Olaf Grythe, past President of the Norwegian Dental Association, and sometime later president of the F.D.I. I also met Rolf Grude then. He had been assistant to Andresen- "The" Andresen appliance.

Skis used to have cable bindings in those days, and I remember skiing 25 miles in a day, on a couple of occasions. They were happy days. I never really thanked my hosts enough-it was too difficult.

Back to cold wet England, where Frank Wilkinson insisted I do the F.D.S. course, and where I wanted to study Orthodontics under Clifford Ballard. I had to get the primary F.D.S. behind me to be accepted into the Ortho. course, which started in July. I did 2 months under Dick Stevens, Paedodontics [later to be Professor in Brisbane in Paedodontics] - paid 4 pounds a week. Then part 1 F.D.S. Then began the year under Ballard.

Viv Hill and I lived together in a dirty old flat at Holland Park during that time. Viv had always been interested in Orthodontics. He had good "hands". He had spent a year with my father in '91, but had been required to return to Queensland, from practicing in Hobart, to pass his B.D.S., to be admitted to practice in Victoria. He was only L.D.Q. prior to that. He and Vic Webb did this together. Ballard, or was it Wilkinson, had asked my father if he could recommend someone to come to England to help teaching "fixed" appliances at the Eastman. Viv had been invited, had accepted, and had left a month ahead of me. He taught at the Eastman, became a close friend of Clifford Ballard, and we all became part of the Eastman Orthodontic scenario, which included Phillip Adams, "Mac", Geoffrey Fletcher, Rosamund Casey, M-m-m- Miss Jefferson, --John Reading, and Noeline, inter alia -- she later became a "bloody Aussie" - much later than she thought! (Marriage did not make her an Aussie - she had to go through the ceremony.)

Viv and I flatted together, and among other things, we had a

firkin of Guinness (7 gallons = 30 litres) at our flat on two occasions. On these occasions, these people and quite a few others, were considered, ticked off, and invited in order of popularity, their potential consumption having been recorded, and the list closed when we reached the nine gallon limit! Reading and I had 2 weeks skiing in Hochsolder, and I went on to spend a week in Vienna with Prof. Martin Schwartz the following March. With J.S.R Heath as a father, I had introductions to all the classical heads of departments and leading orthodontic teachers of the era. Part 2 F.D.S. course was held in the two months following July '53, and I was to do this, and sit the exam in December. King George 6 had died in '52, and Elizabeth was to be crowned in June '53. Noeline had arrived in England in early February '53. I had planned a two month tour around Europe in June - July. I went to Spain, Southern France, Italy, and then had written to Noeline, suggesting that, after the Coronation, for which I was returning, if she had enough money, we might hitch hike around the north of Europe and Scandinavia together. I gave my Coronation ticket to Reading, and Noeline and I saw the procession from Hyde Park Corner, waiting up all night to get a view.

The papers came out at 4 a.m., headed in gold -

### **"THE CROWNING GLORY-EVEREST CONQUERED"**

Edmund Hillary had done it. "Bugger you, yak!" So, Noeline and I headed off to Belgium. I had been asked to lecture in Copenhagen. Noeline had resigned and said goodbye to Prof. Ballard - he must have written immediately to Bjork or Ingrid Daugaard-Jensen, for when we arrived, they had itineraries planned for each of us! Ingrid had us move into her flat, where we slept on the floor. I drove her almost new Standard Vanguard around the scenes of Denmark, on the right hand side of the road! I hadn't driven for 18 months!

We sailed by ferry overnight to Oslo. I had a swim at Holmenkollen, in a lake that I had skied over the year before; and we were taken out to dinner by Karre Reitan and his wife, on an island on a lake. He did not drink. He indicated that he did not have much respect for Ballard - I suspect that they may have been competitors in the "love boat", or that they may have known too much about one another! Participants used to enjoy the E.O.S. meetings, imbibing well, as we can fully endorse from our experiences even as recently as '92 in Copenhagen.

My first one was in Monte Carlo, in '53. Ask me about it! Oslo, by train, to Bergen, but stopping off at Myrdal, down to Sognefjord, and around on a ferry to Voss, where we stayed the night in a youth hostel that was previously a Nazi Army camp during the recent war. Then down to Bergen, where we found a Youth Hostel up on the top of a hill, overlooking the whole fjord, and on Midsummer night, we drank Ol (ale) while the sun slowly set at 10.30 P.M. There was still enough light to have read all night. Bonfires were lit as a celebration, all around the bay. The whole



atmosphere was fantastic. The day later we had expected the ship to leave in the morning, but we found that it did not depart till evening, so we went by train to Edvard Grieg's house, where I saw the original manuscripts of the Elegaic melodies, of which I had recordings at home, which Max Burleigh had given to me for my 21st. birthday. We left Bergen that evening, and were surprised to find ourselves berthed at Stavanger the following morning. Noeline had gone ashore, and I found her in a church, where an organist was practicing Bach's toccata and fugue. Then we went to Newcastle, and hitchhiked down to London. I think that Noeline booked to go home soon after that, having declined my proposal of marriage, made on the banks of the Thames opposite Windsor Great Castle, as I remember it.

That must have been about the end of July, as the course for Part 2 F.D.S. was to be conducted during the months of August and October, the examinations in late November. I think Noeline left in August, having been allocated a berth much sooner than she had expected when she applied for a return passage. We corresponded, and by all the records she would have had difficulty shaking me off!

I was not successful at the examinations, for various reasons. A few silly errors of judgement due to a relatively immature exam technique, not acceptable at that sophisticated level of education, resulted in this failure. The decision was not difficult, as I was planning to return to practice with my father, and the F.D.S. was not a proper qualification for specialist registration in Orthodontics in Melbourne - and Noeline had come on the scene, of course!

I had done the orthodontic course under Clifford Ballard, and this had provided a sound background training in the theoretical side of the specialty. At that stage, practical training was not well taught in England, though the influence of the "Heath trained" Viv Hill was improving the teaching there, with Ballard's encouragement in his department. Ballard did not support treatment with functional appliances, as his training had convinced him that facial and jaw growth were relatively unalterable. Such was the prevailing belief in America too, so that this aspect of orthodontics was relatively neglected in the New World. At least my father had seen fit to encourage me to study Continental methods, and with Viv Hill coming back to join us in '66, we were well ahead of the rest of Australia, and of course America too, in this field.

Viv and I moved out of the flat at Holland Park late January '54, and I sailed 'steerage' to Auckland via Panama; whilst he joined Endicott in the West End of London, I think. I believe it was later that he, Owen Makinson, and George Christiansen went to Baghdad to set up their respective new departments in their respective specialties.

## HOME, via New Zealand, and the years to follow.

I remember well the train trip down to Te Awamutu late in February '54, Noeline waiting on the platform with her parents. At that stage, it was hard to accept her seriously, as the trip onboard ship had been distracting. It all came together however, although the next ten months were not going to be easy.

We hired a car, and we drove around the North Island with me being "shown off" to Noel's friends, visiting all the family farms, consuming masses of cups of tea and cream cakes. What a contrast after the conditions in England for the last two years, where wartime rationing had continued for most of my stay there! And the sunshine! Viv and I used to give our chocolate coupons to the Pommies!

It was a great way to return home, and Noeline agreed to come across to Australia a few months later to meet my parents and see my home. It hardly needs to be conjectured that marriage was our objective, but formalities needed to be observed.

The inevitable proposal was made near the Oakleigh lake, in a borrowed car! In retrospect it should have been a much more romantic occasion for Noeline - but then, it has stood the test of time. The diamond ring cost 140 pounds, I think, at Kozminsky's. We later lost the diamond in the Blackburn septic! But there has been an attempt at a replacement, made by John Schneller, son of our then baby-sitter, Mrs Schneller.

Seven months of correspondence led up to our wedding on December 29, 1954, in the Methodist Church in Te Awamutu. I guess that money was scarce at the time, and only my mother came across to "give me away". "Who gives this man to be wed", asked the minister, by mistake - it was his first wedding service. Appropriately up spoke Ern, Noeline's father. He gave me away, and promptly sat down! Noeline says that he was rather relieved to give her away! We headed North to Parua Bay for a week, and then it was back to Oakleigh, the downstairs room at "The Church" - and to work at the rather grubby disarray of rooms at 129 Collins St.. During those years we produced our four children from our humble residence at 18 Maple St., Blackburn. That was from '57 to '62, and during that time, I managed to achieve a Master's Degree. We moved from 129 Collins St. in '61, to Coates Building at 18 Collins St., and the practice began to take on a more orderly form. I think that most of the interesting practice details have been covered, up to that stage, so shall concentrate on family and personal details for a while now.

We should have some record of "the Blackburn years", as the kids may not remember them, and after all, what other reason for this epistle?

After spending some six months or so in a flat in Yarrbat Ave. Balwyn, we moved to 18 Maple St., Blackburn. The house was of cement bricks, with a coarsely corrugated fibro (asbestos) roof. The street was not made, and the sewerage was a septic. During the first year the street was sealed, but we can remember the milkman being bogged, and swearing at his horse, in the early hours after a wet spell. I used to catch the train into Collins Street all those years, often being driven to the station and collected, though it became more and more difficult as we accumulated more children. At some stage the sewerage was put in - the diamond from

our original engagement ring is at the bottom of the septic there! The kids had a "merry-go-round" I made from a cartwheel - on its concrete base, we moved this to Camberwell later. There were swings, slides, trikes, neighbors, parties, hard clay soil, a hand corker for the wine, trips to Milawa, the local kindergarten and state school. Clifford had an asthma attack once. The Roberts had six kids next door, and then their Dad left home and Mavis had to cope. Three of their kids had the same birthday. Len Osborne on the other side drove his car into a post on Xmas eve, and was killed. They had two girls. Over the road, another family had five kids. We had a successful passion fruit vine, grew artichokes and strawberries, I remember. I guess that Noeline must have been pregnant most of the time, as the kids were born in '57, '58', '60, and '62. During that time I completed parts 1 and 2 of the Master's Degree, having to sit twice for the second part. You can imagine the depression that prevailed when the news came through that I had not passed, the first time. Once a month I used to drive to Shepparton to practice all day Saturday, and the trip and the driving took a lot out of our lives. They were not easy years.

We had a workshop in the garage, and the wine was stored there, unsatisfactorily, as the temperature was quite hot during some of the summers. We remember bottling with Noel and Biddy Fletcher - happy days. The kids were still very wee. We used to take a break over Xmas, and remember trips to Rye and Point Leo, where the beach was gently sloping. Our first car was a black V.W., and after that a V.W. bus, in which we tried camping with the kids - only once or twice, I think! Later we had a disastrous trip to the Grampians, where it rained from the moment of our arrival! The kids were bigger by then - it was the Camberwell era. We learned the hard way.

The Blackburn hot water service was a little briquette one, in the laundry; quite efficient, but messy. It heated the laundry, so we had a hanging line in the laundry for drying the nappies. The orange dust from briquettes used to blow around!

We moved to Blackburn early '56, I think. Penny was born Jan '57 and Shelley was only 9 months old when we moved to Camberwell in Dec. '62. They were busy years, and more time can be spent on details in due course.

Having produced four kids in five years, and the neighbors being more than competitively prolific, we moved in Jan '62 to Murdoch St., Camberwell, a house halfway between Scotch College and P.L.C., schools that our kids later attended. Shelley was 8 months old, and all four, I believe, had just recovered from measles, and were either just starting, or recovering from chickenpox. December 29 was our wedding anniversary. Sore eyes, and mouths. "Just sit with them", said the doctor, "and give them sips of water".

That was a great day of unpacking tea chests! What a Wedding Anniversary!



Our builder friend Len Tyssen conceptualised that an addition might be made to the house by using Shelley's bedroom as a stair area, and adding on 7½ squares of "upstairs". This was done about 1970, giving each girl a bedroom as well as providing a bathroom for them. This addition cost \$5000, and increased our area from 19 sq. to 26 sq. Later in '72, a fibreglass pool was put in, in the backyard, a great view for Penny who had the northern end room overlooking the bowling greens. This pool leaked at a later stage and had to be replaced with another. Thereby hangs a tale, which the kids can relate. The leaking almost floated the Anderson's house away! The new "pool" had to be lifted over the Anderson's house with a crane, and this was done while Bill was in bed with the "flu". Would he have allowed it if he'd been O.K.?

The rear lawn was on a slope. Sometime before the pool went in, an Italian friend introduced by my dentist Leighton West, was prepared, with his brother, to excavate the soil from under our bedroom, on the 5th East corner, and to move this to contour up the back lawn. This they did, thereby making a fair sized storage area under the bedroom that we sealed, concreted, and used as a wine storage-cellar. This flooded occasionally when the drains overflowed. Bottling with the old German Doppelmayr corker was done in the garage, and many were the happy days spent bottling, during the '60s. They were big heavy reds then, and a few bottles still remain to this day, in '99. '61 was a great year, though '58 had been bigger. '63 was softer; and then Viv Hill joined us in '66, I think. With him we put down many dozens of bottles. '64, '65 '66 were all good years, and Viv was drinking these for many years. He was lucky to come on the scene when he did. The '70s saw a deterioration in the quality of corks from Portugal, and the wines did not keep as well. The corker cost 13 pounds 10 shillings, and I charged friends a penny a cork, so it paid itself off over the years. We had quite a neat clean production line, as was required, and not very much of the stuff was consumed whilst being bottled. We carefully washed bottles, corks, siphons etc. Though people will say that these days were a bit riotous, they were well controlled!

We used to go to the beach for holidays each summer, early on to Rye, Bournemouth, later to Sorrento, staying in rented houses, and in later years patronising the stretch of beach to the East of Sorrento Sailing Club. Here we were with the Woods, Cowchers, Binns and others. We bought a mirror dinghy for a start, while the Woods had a Gwen, the Cowchers a 125. We joined the S.S.C., and the kids and I raced our yachts, which increased in number and involvement over the years. The last day of our holiday in '71 saw several of us racing, and Noeline said "what about I go look for a house to buy?" By the time we came in, she'd found 23 Ronald Avenue. It was one of three in our possible price range at the time, and it was an enthusiastic Noeline that came back to the beach to invite us to come & have a look. Asking price was \$12000 all up. 10500 the house, 1500 the furnishings etc. We signed there and then, paid \$4000 deposit, and borrowed \$8000 flat, repayable in 3 years. (It is valued at \$250000 now, in 2001.) Gough Whitlam was elected that year, inflation went at 25% for three years, so our \$8000 was not too hard to repay in '75. It really had become a chore, sorting all our gear down each year. Clifford said later

"we really needed another house to store the extra things we have!" In subsequent years we acquired more yachts, new styles, and became quite heavily involved with sailing. Shelley had a natural ability which we pursued and encouraged for a few years. I can remember one winter having six dinghies to sand and paint, including a Minnow, a Moth, a Mirror, a Sabre, an Arafura - I forget the other. That was the year I bought an orbital sander! We've surely seen changes down there over the years.

Today, ((5.9'00)) I've had a memo from the Peninsula Shire secretary to the effect that the Sorrento property has been revalued, and that the improved capital value has increased from \$89000 to \$249000. Over the years the tithees have grown more stout, and longer (or taller) Lots of them have fallen over, and we use the trunks for firewood here in Balwyn. Having retired at 65, in January '94, we have had more time to attend to maintaining Sorrento. To think that we paid \$10500 for the property in '72!

Following is a copy of an essay that Penny happened to find done by Sam - it's worth including:

"My Favourite Place" - by Samuel Green July '00.

"Down in Sorrento near the beach is one of my favourite places. I like the beach, but that's not the place. It's the sand dunes above the beach that I like the most.

At the top of my street is a small bushy track. It isn't a properly made track - it has been bushbashed. I slowly plod up this track, dodging red angry bull ants with my unprotected bare feet. Although I am very tired by the time I am near the top, I start to run. The track slowly changes from dirt to sand, and finally I pop out in a canyon of sand. It protects me from the wind for now, but only till I reach the very top. I walk through the valley of sand and all is silent. The walls are littered with dead branches from the trees that grow in the sand. Small trees, usually about the size of bushes, but they don't look like bushes, but like mini trees. The ground has lots of coral-like rocks all over it. I scramble up another dune, and the smell of the sea hits my face. The sights of the ocean below, roaring into shore like a lion roaring in the face of its attacker. Children playing make the only other sound. I take a deep breath and enjoy the sights around. I can see for miles-boats on the water, a child being dunked under a wave, and laughing with joy. Below I see the biggest sand dune of all, falling about 15 metres down into a huge valley, scattered with rocks which look like bones. My two brothers and my cousins arrive, and we play an exciting game of releaso - a game where you capture people, and put them in jail. But whenever someone is captured they can be released by another player. After a while it is time to go. The blazing sun shines down on us and we drip with sweat. I leave, but will be back tonight.

After dinner we all go up again, and now there is a strong cool breeze. The sun is just setting, and is a beautiful sight; the ocean gently rolling onto the shore. There's no one on the beach now. I stare as though hypnotised at the waves rolling majestically. As the sun sets, the moonlight shines on the water. I sigh sadly to have to leave, but the scene will be with me forever."

### Professional Years Back Home.

I returned to Melbourne where I qualified M.D.Sc in '60. After this, I was invited to teach Oral Pathology, which I did for 15 years. Then Vic West and Storey asked me to teach undergrad Orthodontics, this for another 15 years. Now I have been teaching Postgrad Orthodontic students about Functional Appliances since about '87, continuing after retirement in '94 until February 2004 at age 75.

At the dinner celebrating the 50<sup>th</sup> reunion of our graduating year, I had encouraged most of the survivors of our year to write a summary of what the last 50 years had done for them in and out of the profession. We hold one bound copy of the compilation, and other copies have been presented to the A.D.A. and to the Dental Faculty. I shall include my presentation as an example.

### "50 Years in Dentistry"

(My contribution to the book I edited, detailing each graduate's history)

"Before the results were out, Haywood Lewis and I spent a week skiing at Mt Buffalo. There began my love of skiing, resulting in the downward slide leaving us where we are today, blessed with good health, fulfilled, and extremely lucky to have lived when we did. Of our graduating year, about 15 travelled to the U.K. within 18 months of graduating. Most worked in the N.H.S., but I was guided to study at the Eastman in London, where many Aussies went during those post-war years. Trips to the '52 Winter Olympics in Oslo, and two weeks in Austria in '53 meant that the later to arrive Heath family were all snow bunnies! Ian Gillies and I have played much squash and skied together over these years, too. Two years of post-grad study in London resulted in my joining my father in specialist orthodontic practice early '54; and marrying Noeline, a New Zealand School Dental Nurse whom I'd met in London. We produced 4 children during the years '57 to '62, whilst I studied for the local Masters Degree. They were hard years! At least, education fees were tax deductible in those days.

We've always been an outward bound sort of family, more recently all becoming involved in X.C. skiing and bush walking, after years of downhill skiing, and sailing dinghies during summer.

My parents introduced innovative food, wines, and music at an early age, and it is now these things along with our tennis, cycling and travel that allow us to have an intense interest in life and living. We have three daughters, one a dentist, one an O.T., one a violinist, and a son a computer program designer. All married in '81, and in turn begat 12

grandchildren ranging from 9-18 years of age as at 2000. Noeline and I travelled to European Congresses during the working years, and since retirement in '94, we have been mainly seeing Australia, though a recent trip to Peru was an eye opener.

Professionally my career has been a continuing educational process both practically and theoretically. From pulled up alloy or gold bands, to welded stainless steel, to preformed bands then to direct bonded brackets. Bending high tensile archwires was time consuming. Now we have preformed arches in a variety of tensile properties and sizes. All these changes meant much in fee containment and patient comfort.

Cephalometric studies, in their infancy when we graduated, have provided sophisticated systems for analysis and interpretation of growth and treatment changes, and an understanding of our limitations. Surgical techniques are available to help us where previously aesthetic compromise was the rule. In the '50s, the only surgery was mandibular repositioning. Now, surgeons can reposition or reshape the maxilla, and even down fracture maxilla to gain access to the anterior cranial fossa.

I had 30 odd years in charge of the cleft palate clinic at St. Vincents Hospital. Those wee cleft children have a lot to bear over a long period. I spent 15 years teaching oral pathology, then 15 years undergraduate orthodontics, and now in retirement, a continuing commitment to teaching functional appliance therapy in the ortho post-grad program keeps me ticking and involved academically.

### Highlights.

- the control of caries, and its impact on orthodontics
- the change from sitting to recumbent posture for the patient, and the sitting work posture for the dentist.
- the proliferation of orthodontists, their decentralisation, and the increasing practice of orthodontics by G.P.s.
- friends."



