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21st July, 2005

RINGWOOD HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

PRESIDENT: RICHARD CARTER

RUSS HAINES

Dear Russ,

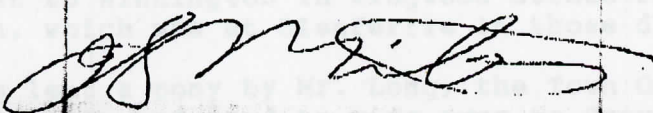
Thank you for your kind letter of 14/6/05. Really, I should thank you, and all members of the Ringwood Historical Society for giving me the opportunity to re-unite with several family members, and to meet some nice people at the R.H.S., at Glamorgan, at St.Pauls, and other places.


I also must apologise to the R.H.S. for rambling far and wide - and at too great a length - in my address. I was trying to be different to the straight "history lesson", and tell a few yarns! Also, the events of the previous few weeks in and about Ringwood and the R.H.S., had perhaps made me a little emotional, particularly talking by phone to Anne Howe in London, and Peter Howe in Canada, and remembering events and people associated with "the old man". Anyway, apologies - but please note my cousin Margaret's (84 years old!) wonderful memory and contribution. She also thanks you very much for your letter, and for the invitation to meet you all on the night of your last meeting.

Russ, and Richard, let's keep in touch, and please let me know if I can be of any further use to you in any way or ways, as we have discussed.

Once again, thank you for the privilege you have accorded me: it means a lot to me, and to my sister Natalie.

See you soon.


Yours sincerely,


JOHN MILES

J.G.Miles M.A., B.Ed.

Member of the Australian Institute of Company Directors. Member of Parliament, Victoria, 1985-1992

EARLY MEMORIES OF RINGWOOD

I was born in the Adelaide Street Hospital in 1920, daughter of Jack Barrett and Hilda, who was the 3rd daughter of Capt. Miles. I had two brothers, John born in 1915 and Ken born in 1916. Dad was an accountant, and had an office in the city.

We lived at the far end of Adelaide Street, with the Grants living on one side and a paddock leading down to Mullum Creek, near the site of the subsequent swimming pool on Ringwood Street, on the other.

Later we moved to Warrandyte Road, on the lower side of Glamorgan, home of Capt. Miles, to the house built by Grandpa for Mr. Young, Manager of the E.S.&A. Bank. It had a lot of land; the house was set well back from the road, then behind it were the chook house and a large run, then behind that the garage, in what had been stables, a feed room and coach house. Beside all this was the paddock stretching down to Mullum Creek.

There was a smaller creek on the south side of the property, which went under Warrandyte Road, then across a paddock to join Mullum Creek near the Adelaide Street bridge. When the bowling green in Warrandyte Road was constructed on this paddock, this creek was diverted through a barrel drain in the paddock behind our property.

I spent much time at Glamorgan, which I approached by walking across our paddock, crossing the creek by a bridge built over a large fallen log and up a winding path to the house. My grandfather, a retired sea captain, had a strong feeling for flags, and used to fly the flag every Sunday from the flagstaff in the front of the property. I well recall going with him to take the flag down in the late afternoon. When one of his grandchildren had a birthday he used to fly several flags in celebration. Glamorgan in those days was a large property, going down hill to Mullum Creek, with an orchard on the slope and a tennis court and lily pond at the bottom. The front gate was opposite Reynolds Avenue, which ran through to Ringwood Street. All this is now under the freeway.

I also spent many hours pottering along Mullum Creek, looking for wildflowers, particularly orchids, my favourites. We used to wander over Loughnan's Hill, also a good place for wildflowers, which I regret to say we picked, as we did gum tips, which were all the rage with Iceland poppies in those days.

I went to Winnington in Ringwood Street from 1927 - '32, then to Tintern, which was at Glenferrie in those days.

I was lent a pony by Mr. Long, the Town Clerk, as his daughter had outgrown it, and used to ride over to Croydon to join my friends. In those days the roads had wide stretches of gravel beside the bitumen, which were more horse-friendly.

We attended St. Paul's Anglican Church in Ringwood Street, where Dad was a Lay Reader, and brother John played the harmonium from an early age. One of my earliest memories is of the weather-board church being transported from its original site in East Ringwood. I gather they had difficulty getting it over Mullum Creek.

We left Ringwood in 1935 and moved to Mont Albert, but still kept in touch until Grandpa died in 1944. Our last visit would have been in the early '60's, when we attended the new St. Paul's Church for the dedication of a communion pyx in memory of my father.

There aren't many buildings left that I knew in my childhood; the railway station, the clock tower, though on the site that used to house the coal stores, a necessity in those days, as Ringwood's main industry was orcharding. I was pleased to see that the house and surgery occupied by Dr. Langley and later by Dr. Hewitt is still in Warrandyte Road. In fact, I feel like Rip Van Winkle whenever I return to Ringwood.

Margaret A. Barrett
June, 2005