

10 FACSIMILE DRAWINGS
WITH COLOUR

Harry Hudson

This little book pays tribute to a well remembered art teacher from our days at Ringwood High School and is also a memoir of growing up in Melbourne. Harry Hudson was what you might have expected from an art teacher who was also a 'real artist' — eccentric in both appearance and behavior, knowledgeable and encouraging to those who showed an interest in art. A resident of the artistic community of Warrandyte, he lived the artist's life to the full.

The images are reproductions from a folio of drawings that Harry made as a souvenir of Melbourne at the time of the 1956 Olympic Games. They only came to our attention quite recently and it is fascinating to see them some 65 years after they were created.



The Copyright holder of these works is unknown - any person claiming copyright over the images should contact the publisher at Edmund & Alexander, PO BOX 72 Lorn, Maitland North NSW 2320

Contents

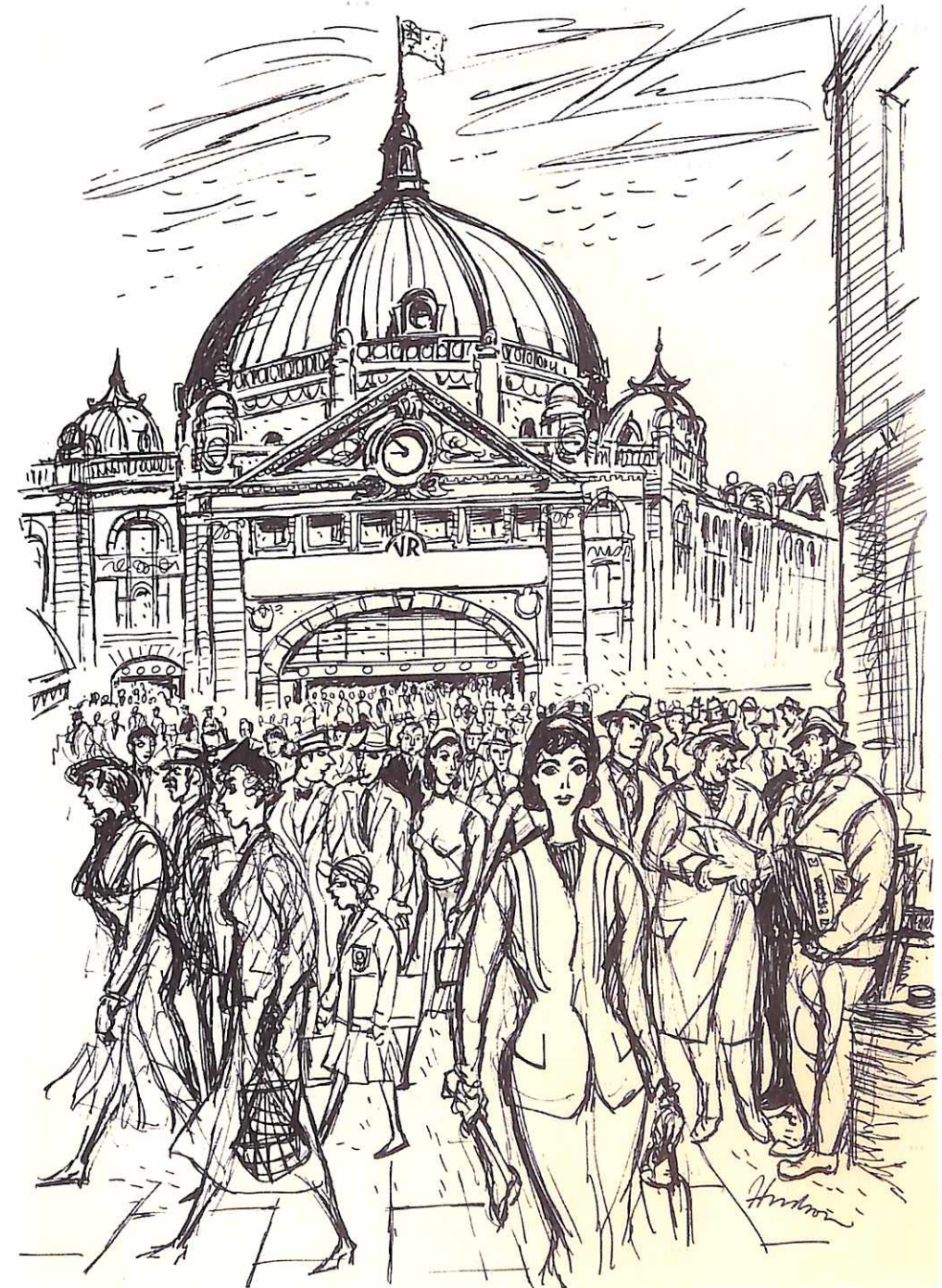
Flinders Street Station	Jeanette Fry	4
Bourke Street	Graham Edney	6
Collins Street	Michael Anderson	8
	Thomas Guest	11
	Eleanore Peeler	12
Princess Theatre	John Wood	14
	Thomas Guest	
Melbourne Town Hall	Thomas Guest	16
Princes Bridge	Jeanette Fry	18
St Paul's Cathedral	Ian McCleave	20
Public Library	Gavin Fry	22
Swanston Street	Peter Fry	24
St Patrick's Cathedral	Gavin Fry	26

Flinders Street Station

My home town of Ringwood boomed in the years following the Second World War, with rural land being sold and subdivided into blocks for housing. Light industry was booming, migrants were finding homes and work there, but most importantly it was on the direct train line from the great city of Melbourne. From Ringwood one could travel to the nearby hills as the line branched out to Ferntree Gully or on to Lilydale and the Yarra valley. At the beating heart of the Victorian rail system was the mighty French Renaissance style Flinders Street Station and my story is about how it became the place where I pivoted between adolescence and adulthood. When we were young my two brothers and I would travel with our Mum to events in the city, initially by bus from North Ringwood to Ringwood station and thence by red rattler to Melbourne. Later it was via a shortish walk down Wantirna Road (more often without Mum) to go to town. The trip seemed very long, stopping at all stations during off-peak times until we finally spilled out onto the platform at Flinders Street. Then it was up the stairs into the light and bustle of the great domed ticket hall with its array of clocks beneath the arched window featuring elegant art nouveau designs. We hurried through the turnstiles and paused at the top of the steps to draw breath before joining the throng crossing over Flinders to Swanston.

I left school after gaining my Leaving Certificate (Year 11) with really no idea what I wanted to do, so my parents wisely allowed me to take what amounted in today's terminology to a gap year. I became a Trainee Buyer at Foy and Gibson, a large department Store on the corner of Swanston and Bourke Streets (now Telstra and Target) and commenced my transition from school to work. Kitted out in a black linen suit which would've looked very smart on the Headmistress of St Catherine's School, skinny legs clad in black stockings and stilettos, I went from confident school girl to a character straight out of Madeleine St John's novel *The Women in Black*, which was all about high end shop life in the 1950s. I was lucky to have another friend from school join me, Denise, who was a perfect size 12, blonde and savvy in so many ways. Almost engaged, smoked at home in front of her parents and tall enough to be invited to be a house model doing parades in the store over the lunch hour rush. Together we negotiated the intricate network of time honoured traditions which defined the pecking order — who went to lunch first, how late could you be without incurring a penalty, who had to arrive and leave by the door around the side, which customers had to be served by the head of department and, of course, the business of making friends. Our wages were tiny but we managed the necessities, a weekly train ticket, a can of hair spray, a pair of panty hose, cigarettes and snacks in the staff canteen. Clothes were put on lay-by and a weekly sum paid to Mum as a token contribution towards board and lodging. For just on a year, six days a week I made that journey from Ringwood to Flinders Street Station, rushing to catch the 7.45 train in order to have time to dash up the two city blocks and be on the floor of the Ladies Underwear Department by 9.00 am. Coming home was a more leisurely event, sometimes stopping for coffee and raisin toast in Little Collins Street with friends from the other departments. We never stayed too long, as there was always the walk up the hill from the station in the winter dark and home to tea on the table.

Jeanette Fry



Flinders Street Railway Station - Melbourne. Artist - Henry Hudson. Printers 'Ausplication'

Bourke Street, Melbourne

I was ten at the time of the 1956 Melbourne Olympics and, until soon before them, we lived in East Malvern. In those days before suburban shopping centres, anything beyond routine daily requirements often involved a train trip "into town" which required planning, the wearing of best clothes and in fact "really going to town" as the popular expression went. Only during school holidays were my sister and I ever taken along because, of course, all shops shut at midday for the weekend. The short trip was a rare enough event for me to be interesting, travelling in the old red trains with their beautiful timber panelling, leather seating and sepia pictures advertising Victoria's scenic joys, all accessible by VR. It's probably my rose tinted bi-focals but I don't remember any graffiti in the trains. However graffiti on the theme of "Menzie's means war" did appear frequently on walls and footbridges we passed by, prophetically as it turned out, for many randomly selected boys of my generation. The hundreds of tiny and horribly run down terrace houses we passed over as we neared the city also fascinated me, but not to worry, many of them would soon be bulldozed to allow their residents a better life in the high rise concrete towers that replaced them.

For my mother (dad never once joined these expeditions), shopping meant Bourke Street and basically Myers (just as German spies and escaped PoWs could be exposed by their inability to say "th," Melburnians interstate still give themselves away by failure to use the corporate preferred "Myer"). On one memorable occasion we did venture across the road to The Leviathan when a suitable overcoat could not be found at Myers, but that was very much the exception.

The man operating the jockey scale at the entry to Coles would give you a ticket record of your weight for threepence, but that store's real treat was the cafeteria. Just line up, grab a tray and pick a lunch, usually a sandwich neatly arranged four points upward on a saucer, plus a dessert of fruit magically captured in green or red jelly with a dollop of cream. Meanwhile, mum downed her cup of tea with her Ford pill from its little yellow tube with the red cap. All this to a deafening background roar of hundreds of voices yelling over the din and rattle of crockery, cutlery and trolleys on the hard tiled floor. And if you need assistance, just do as the sign says and ask the lady in blue.

On a good day we might take in Jack Davey cheerfully voice-overing bad puns at the Newsreel theatrette showing two minute glimpses of the latest news from three weeks ago. And finally the real highlight of the day, a return to the station via Tim The Toyman in his railway arch shop, down Flinders Street from the clocks where I got to select the next Dinky toy for my collection. And unlike Selfish Sal who shopped until late, making some poor tired worker stand, we were always off the train and walking the mile home before peak hour.

Graham Edney



Bourke Street - Melbourne

Art - Jimmy Anderson

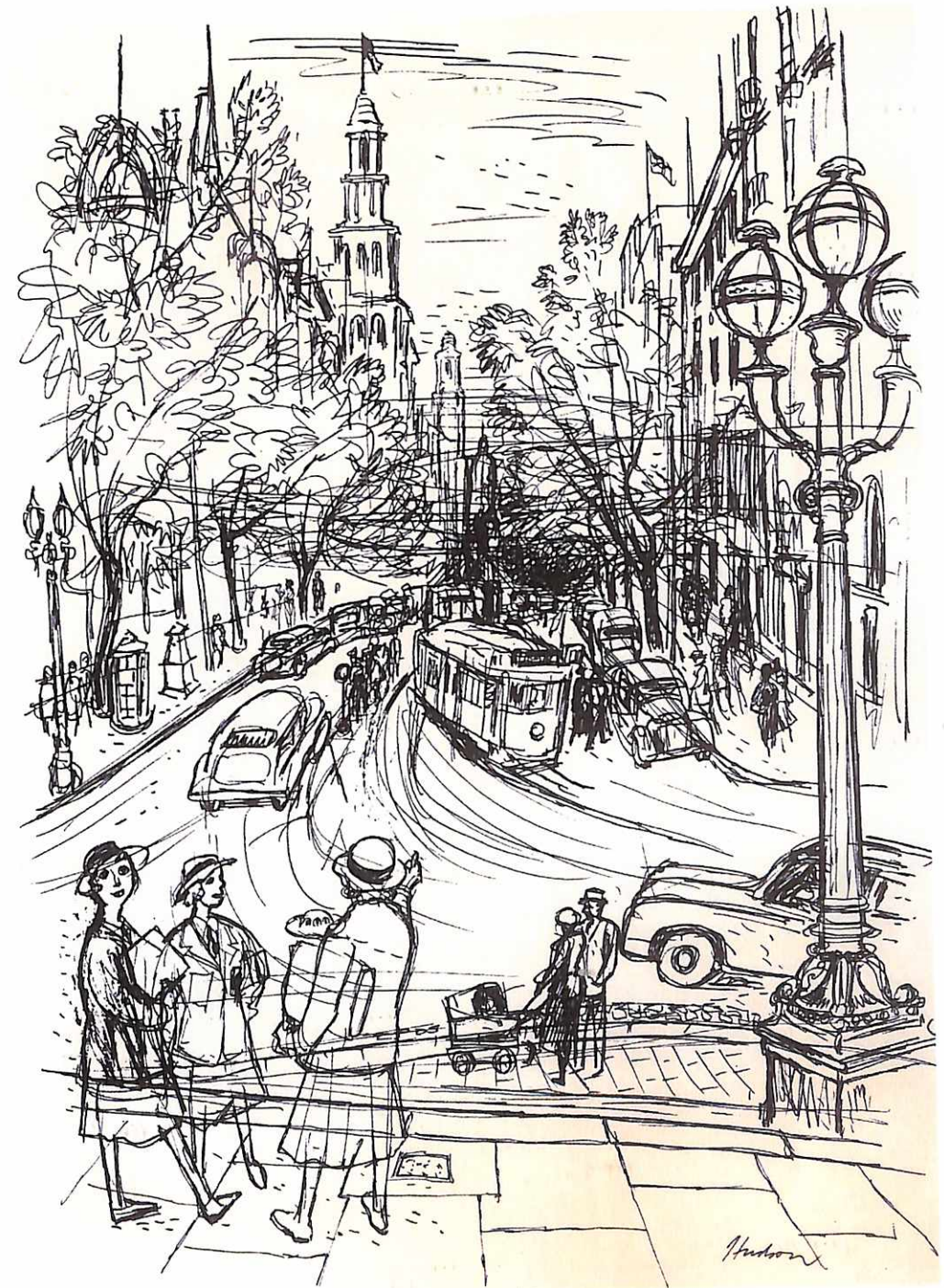
Printed 'Anaphorons'

Collins Street, Melbourne

My mother Mavis Menck worked at two iconic buildings in Collins Street from the late 30s until the late 50s. She worked at the Regent Theatre from not long after it was built in the 30s until the early 40s. She started there as an usherette, and then found herself in the ticket office, which was a more prestigious position. Mavis didn't have the chance to get to know the people whom she met because of time constraints, but while she was there, she came into contact with many notable and interesting people. Younger people nowadays have to understand that going to the theatre was a big deal in the days before television invaded our living rooms. People would dress in their finery, and they would take their friends and prospective partners there to impress. Mum met Bob Menzies and John Curtin, both very nice people. Bob was an ex-PM at the time, and John was the current PM. She also met both Frank Thring Senior, the theatrical entrepreneur and Frank Junior, the famous actor. She told us that Frank the actor was quite young at the time, and he gave off the appearance of being a large and pudgy mummy's boy. She met Eric Pearce as well. I have no idea what he was doing before he was the chief newsreader at Channel 9, but apparently, he was already well known. She even met a First Cousin of hers that she had never met before. An Army Captain in uniform approached her for his booked tickets, and she saw that his name badge identified him as Clive Menck. She said to him, "You'd have to be my first cousin". Mum had to wear her own name tag too, and cousin Clive replied "Yes I am. I've seen you here before", and then without further ado, proceeded to venture into the theatre with his wife, who was the daughter of a WWI war hero who was also a Rugby legend in three countries — Australia, Great Britain and South Africa. After her time at the Regent, she relocated one block westward to Newspaper House at 247 Collins Street in the early 1940s.

Newspaper House was built earlier in the 1930s, and it is somewhat art-deco in style, but nothing special architecturally, except for a magnificent mural on the outside of the second level. This mural was created by Mervyn Napier-Waller and his students. Napier-Waller couldn't do as much as he would have liked to, as he lost an arm in WWI. The mural made of glass tiles is one of the many virtually unknown and brilliant pieces of art that Napier-Waller created around the city of Melbourne. Alec Mitchell ran the kiosk at the entrance to Newspaper House as a one-man business. It was quite profitable for him, but he felt the call to join the Army in the early 40s to help to defend his country, but he had to find someone he could trust to run it for him while he was away fighting in the islands. He knew my grandfather, Walter Menck, who was a newspaper man, and grandpa recommended his daughter Mavis to run it for him while he was away in the war. Alec agreed, so mum ran the business single-handedly until Alec was demobbed some time in 1946. She worked for him on and off until the late 50s, which was when she started working at the Royal Exhibition Buildings in Carlton. While mum was working there for long hours during the war years, she came into contact with many interesting people, and unlike when she was at the Regent Theatre, she had the time to talk to people, and to form deeper relationships with them if that was her wish.

There were a lot of American servicemen on R & R in Melbourne at the time, mainly in the Marines and the Army. General Douglas MacArthur had his headquarters here as well, before he moved to Brisbane, and then eventually returned to The Philippines, as he promised he would.



Collins Street - Melbourne

sketch - Harry Hudson

Printer - 'Duplications'

Mum was constantly being asked out by lonely yanks, and she sometimes agreed to the nicer ones. There was a Lieutenant in the First Division of the US Marine Corps who was getting very serious with mum. His name was Johnnie Baker and he was quite a lad! They went out several times together, and mum took him home to meet her parents more than once. He also went with them to their holiday house in Belgrave, and he ate many home-cooked meals, courtesy of my grandmother. Johnnie asked for mum's hand in marriage, but mum said she needed more time to think. She didn't reject him. She just needed time.

Then, Johnnie received his orders to ship out. He and mum wrote to each other on a regular basis, but they never saw each other again. In 1945, she hadn't received any letters from Johnnie for some time, and then she received the news that he'd been killed at Iwo Jima in the last few weeks of the war. I suspect that she grieved more than she let us, her children, know. Later in 1945 she met my father when he came to the kiosk to buy a packet of cigarettes. Dad was a radio personality. He asked her out and she agreed. They married in December of that year, Alec Mitchell returned from the Islands in 1946, and mum's first child was born later that year. Dad worked for a few radio stations, and in the mid 50s he spent a couple of years at 3XY, which was located at the Princess Theatre in Spring Street. One night mum was visiting dad when he was on-air in the studio. Management had decreed that the announcers were to have no visitors when they were in the studio, but dad was the only one in the station at the time, so he invited mum there and told her not to worry. After a while, they heard the sounds of someone entering the building, and in a panic, dad told mum to go to a room next door to the studio and to turn the lights out. It turned out that the General Manager had turned up looking for something that he'd forgotten about. But unfortunately for both my parents, the Manager decided to enter the studio via the room where my mother was sitting, waiting in the darkness. As he turned on the light, he saw mum sitting there, pretending that she had been reading the newspaper in the dark, and what's more, I believe that she was holding the paper upside-down. He nodded to her, said "Good Evening", and nothing more was heard about it.

Michael Anderson



Mavis Menck at the kiosk, 1942

Collins Street and the T&G Building

As a seven year old I often had a problem hearing. I also had many ear infections. I was eventually taken to see Dr Donald in Collins Street. I remember the building between Exhibition and Spring Streets and I remember the "cage" lift with its double doors. I don't like travelling in lifts these days. There has been a slow encroachment of claustrophobia over the years. I've only been stuck in a lift once. It was not for long but of course time is relative. I loved my train journeys to Melbourne. I had learned all the names of the stations. There was no Laburnum and no Heatherdale. I knew when we were close to Flinders street — I could see The T & G building with its display of my initials. I could see the wonderful State Theatre (later to become the Forum and Rapallo). The City of Melbourne changed gradually. I walked through it for four years as a student. I can still walk up Collins Street (the Paris End) and feel that I am in familiar territory.

I know it is only facades that remain, but at street level, that is what I see. I'm old enough to remember The Eastern Market in Bourke Street. I remember the building of the Southern Cross Hotel. I remember the rebuilding and refurbishing of the Kings Theatre when it became the Barclay. I'm not a believer in cemeteries and tombstones, but there are ways to respect history and to keep the past from being buried by what seems in many cases to be the "temporary new". I'm thankful to those who fought to *Save the Regent Theatre*. Back in the early 1970s I had a "Save the City Baths" sticker on my car.

Thomas Guest

Collins Street

An avenue of grand buildings. At one end stands the Treasury Building, adjacent to the Treasury Gardens, a delightful space. Lined with old plane trees that give summer shade. Overhead is a web of electric wires that stretch to Spencer Street and the transport hub at Southern Cross. From the Treasury Building trams pass the Paris End of Collins Street, renowned for the boutique fashion shops; beautiful fashion to admire, too costly to purchase. On the right one passes the Melbourne Club where, in its secluded garden, an old plane tree stands, and almost opposite is the Athenaeum Club. My father, as a member, invited me to 'Father and Daughter Events' or to stand in as his 'lady' when my mother was unwell. Occasionally, my mother used to meet me at the Athena Room, a spacious room for Members' wives, where we lunched and looked upon the trees and the street below.

Gone now is the Oriental Hotel, replaced by Collins Place, a skyscraper that stands tall in the new street scape. Almost diagonally another tower stands, Nauru House. Once familiar sights have gone, some remain. Further along the street on the right one passes three traditional churches – St Michael's Uniting, Scots' and the Baptist. Beyond them are the Athenaeum Library and Melbourne Town Hall. Always a place one could 'spend a penny', with assistants in attendance. Opposite stands the Regent Theatre, 'one of Victoria's largest and most lavish cinemas in the inter-war period'. As a child the Regent Theatre amazed me with its Wurlitzer Organ. I watched it rise to play grand music before the film or at Interval and then receded beneath the stage. Though I liked it, I was more delighted by the State Theatre organ that played under the star-spangled sky.

Further along Collins Street on the right was Allen's Music. Inside were rows of sheet music and all sorts of musical instruments, and the Hotel Australia, it always seemed so important, though I never graced its doors.

Collins Street was special for my father. In 1929 at the age of 14 he joined the Bank of Australasia, as it was, at 394 Collins Street on the corner Queen Streets, located in the financial heart the city. Joseph Reed, the architect for the classical two storied building also designed the Town Hall, the State Library and the Exhibition Building. Three further levels were added in 1930 and a grand mezzanine floor.

My father's career began as a teller where at the end of the day he totalled the pounds, shillings and pence by hand. Occasionally he took me into the banking chambers where tellers worked behind caged mesh windows. He rose through the ranks to become a Chief Administrative Officer - Premises, in the General Manager's Office. When he took on his administrative role his first-floor corner office looked upon the plane trees on one side and the passing trams on the other.

The Bank of Australasia was renamed in 1951 after a merger with the Union Bank to become the Australian and New Zealand Bank. Following another merger in 1970 with the English, Scottish and Australian Bank it was renamed the Australian and New Zealand Banking Group Limited. The bank's headquarters shifted from my father's branch at 394 to 388 Collins Street. Set amongst Melbourne's everchanging skyscape, its Venetian Gothic style is a reminder of the street as it was.

My father's links with Collins Street were strengthened through his role in the bank's Premises Division. Though he retired in 1966 he maintained connections with recognized architects, many of whom changed the streetscape — the demolition of two historic buildings replaced by the octagonal 52 storied Nauru House at 80 Collins Street, the curtain walled CRA building at Number 95 and the 57 tower at Number 101. He was among a select group who formed the Christopher Wren Club who met at the Athenaeum Club.

When I walk along Collins Street today my mind recalls the well-dressed men who wore gabardine raincoats and hats as they rushed home at 5 o'clock. Like my father who hurried to Flinders Street Station, they are a memorial to the time portrayed in John Brack's painting, *Collins St, 5.00 p.m.*

Eleanore Peeler

John Brack
Collins St, 5.00 p.m., 1955
Oil on canvas, 114.8 x 162.8 cm
National Gallery of Victoria



Princess Theatre, Spring Street, Melbourne

I'd like to be able to say I have a long relationship with The Princess Theatre, but the truth is I only actually worked there once; but what a "once" it was. I was then working for MTC, Melbourne Theatre Company on yearly contract and Artistic Director, John Sumner decided to take over the Prinny for a season of Bertoldt Brecht's "Mother Courage and her Children", deemed to be one of the great plays of the Twentieth Century. I was to play the second of her children, Swiss Cheese, with Tony Llewellyn-Jones as my brother, Eiliff and Wendy Hughes as our younger sister, Kattryn. It was decided to enlist a director from the Berliner Ensemble, and Joachim Tenschert, was brought out to Melbourne, which was a very big deal for us because the Berliner Ensemble was the centre of the theatrical universe, with Lotte Lenya still at the height of her powers at that time, alongside the big British companies at the RSC and National with people like Olivier, Geilgud and Ralph Richardson still treading the boards to international acclaim. It was fifty odd years ago, and they are all long gone. I was in the third or fourth year of my career and exceptionally happy to be where I was. On stage in my hometown and working alongside TLJ and Wendy, but also the great Gloria Dawn in her first real acting role as "Courage" and local legends Fred Parslow and Frank Thring, two of Melbourne's all time greats. What a beautiful theatre in which to work. On stage it felt like it enveloped you in its warmth and intimacy. But I'm not sure I understand Brecht's theory of "audience alienation" even today. And I'm certain I never saw Federicci's or anyone else's ghost. But truly fond memories of the Princess before "Harry Potter" was a gleam in J.K Rowling's eye.

John Wood

A place of dreams for many of us - at times perhaps those dreams were shattered. My first visit to the Princess Theatre was in 1956. It was my first visit to "Theatre" where the production was not presented for children. I had been to see Pantomimes at the Tivoli in Bourke Street. 1956 was a year of Magic. I saw "Kismet" which introduced me to a love of musical theatre — as much for the wonders of production as for the musical content. It was also my introduction to the music of Borodin but I would not have known that at the time. I have seen wonderful theatre staged there since — and some offerings that are more memorable for the price of the souvenir programme than for the content and performances. I loved the bustle of the crowded foyers and the excitement you could sense in the pitch of voices on the street outside. It was a place to be a night where magic lived. Others may think from the major view from the theatre as being that of State Parliament. For me there was the wonder of Melbourne's first skyscraper. The I.C.I building. A glass tower of the future had arrived. Who would believe you would have a 20 storey building in Melbourne? I went to the Victoria State Opera productions at the Princess Theatre in the late 1970s. It was time to learn that I was born without the opera gene. I must admit to a disappointment in the attire of patrons to the Princess these days. I think she deserves more respect. Maybe you need a suit to enter the ICI building (Orica House). Times change.

Thomas Guest



Princess Theatre - Spring Street, Melbourne Artist, Harry Anderson Printer, 'Publications'

Town Hall, Melbourne

In 1956 I knew little about politics and less about architecture. I was not old enough to discover Melbourne for myself. What I saw was shown to me on visits to the city with my Mother or Father. I certainly knew Melbourne Town Hall. I was not to enter the building until I was taken for "A Walk Through the Orchestra", as were most first year high school children. It was 1958. I remember the music rather than the building. It would be forty years later before I went there of my own accord to listen to an author visiting from The Americas.

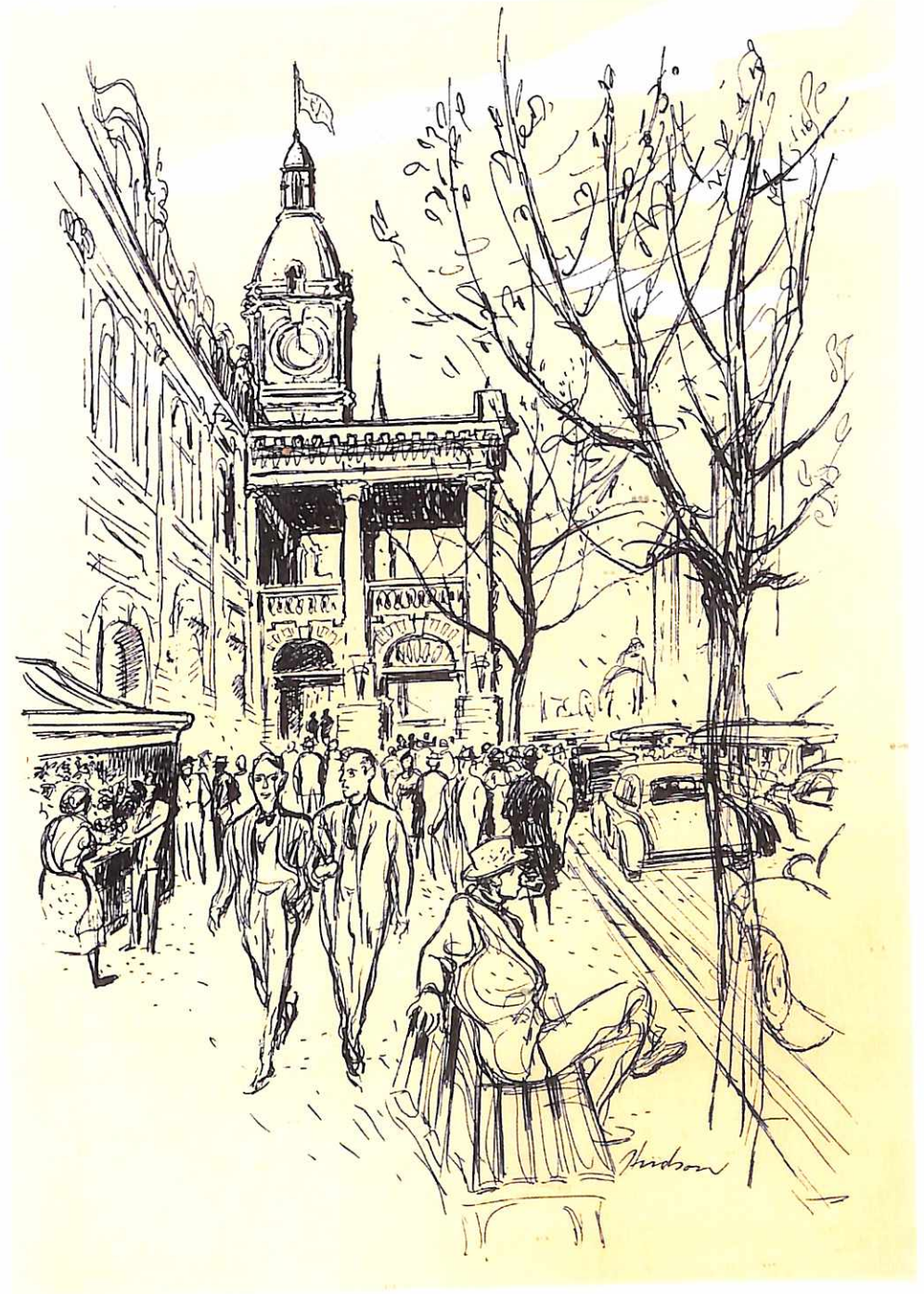
Children remember important things — and often things that existed at their own height. My memory of Melbourne's Town Hall is really more about the kiosk selling flowers to the left of the main entrance. My Dad would buy violets for my mother. I still try to find violets for my table on every July 20 and to give some to my sister. It's a link to My mum and indeed to a memory of Melbourne Town Hall. I don't remember bunting and flags — just the smell of violets.

We remember stories that were warnings too. The Town Hall also housed public toilets. I knew they were very dangerous places and that no young girl or woman should ever go there alone. It was a place for possible "white slavery". I really would not have had much knowledge as to the implications of the practice. It was part of the Melbourne Town Hall. There were usually policemen present at the Swanston Street entrance. I guess they were there to arrest the white slave traders.

Thomas Guest



Melbourne Town Hall,
16 June 1964 ... the Official
Welcome for the Beatles



Town Hall, Melbourne Artist, Harry Hudson Printer, 'Reproduction'

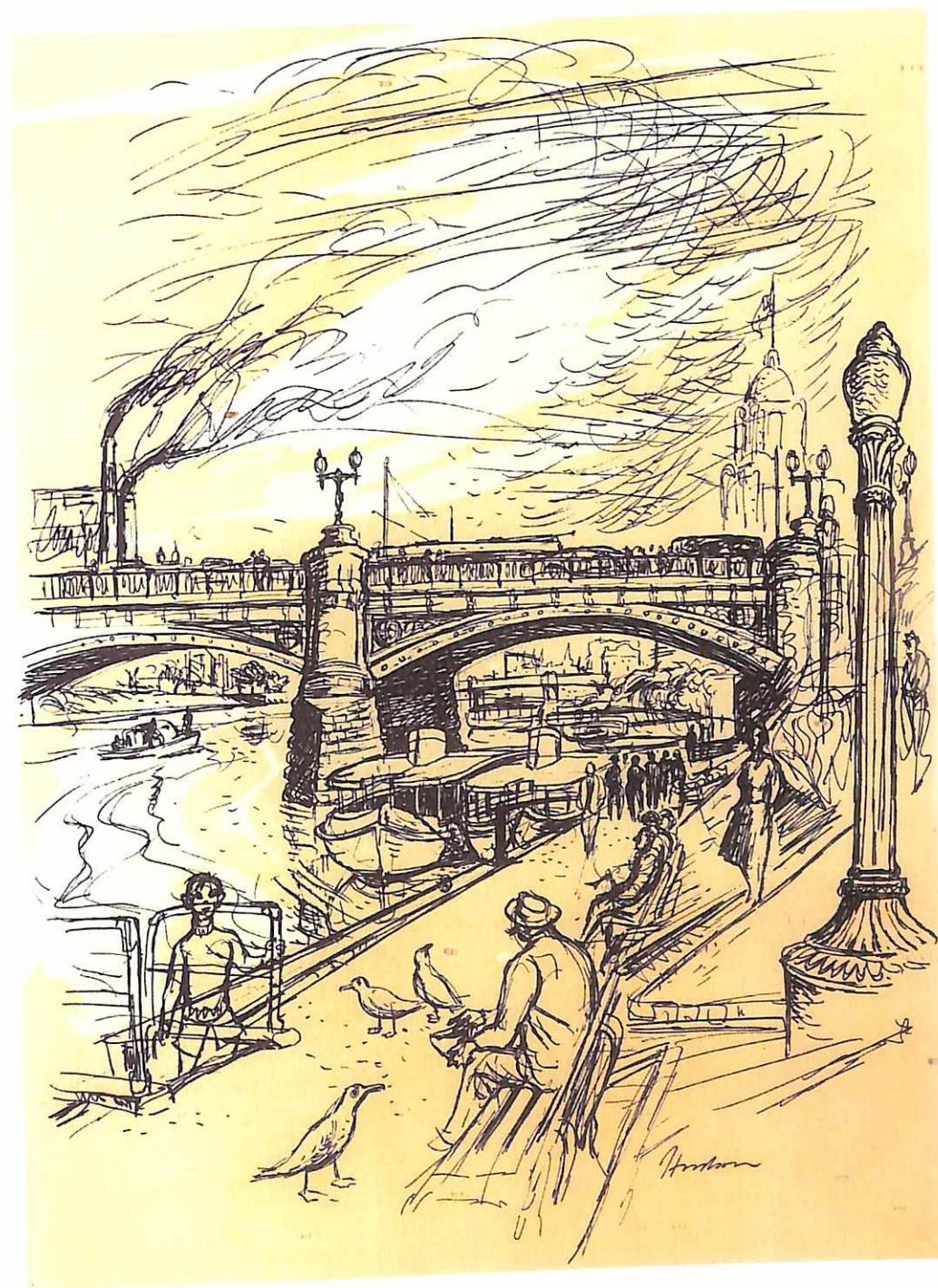
Princes Bridge

When I was at South Warrandyte State School our Headmaster, Mr Rupert Scanlon, would often pose the question, which two rivers flood Melbourne? With the answer being the Maribyrnong and the Yarra. Sadly this question was usually asked to show up the poor memory skills of a particular student who did it tough in the classroom — I hope he grew up to be a successful tradesman. We were not much interested in the Maribyrnong, but the Yarra was important to us Frys as our Grandmother, mother, uncles and aunts all spent time in a big house overlooking the Yarra and its bridge at Warrandyte. Harry Hudson was also part of that scene, living just down Castle Road from the Aron house at around the same time. But I digress, my story is of the other important bridge over the Yarra, Princes Bridge, which linked two main thoroughfares of Melbourne; Swanston Street, with its retail and business premises, to St Kilda Road with its commercial and industrial businesses clustered around the river bank, disgorging waste at will. Heavy trucks, cars and trams crossed the bridge and headed along St Kilda Road to the traffic snarl that was 'The Junction' with Dandenong Road, before it morphed into the Nepean Highway or veered right to the notorious Fitzroy Street and met the sea.

Crossing Princes Bridge was going to another land, of circuses, skating rinks and dance halls, of Botanic gardens, rowing sheds and The Shrine, of slaughter houses and those of ill repute, of Hoadley's Chocolate factory and wonderful neon signs. As a teenager I remember the excitement of going to the Glaciarium to skate, maybe meet a boy and tell a few fibs about one's background, heady days indeed! Fifty years ago when I moved to my Richmond house, the number 70 tram crossed Punt Road and then wound its way via Batman Avenue along the river, past the old Beaurepaire pool and eventually met up with the St Kilda line at Princes Bridge. On Sunday afternoons men (mostly) stood on soap boxes and delivered impassioned speeches about all manner of things — the Second Coming, The Democratic Labor Party, The virtues of Communism ... Melbourne was pretty dull in the fifties and sixties.

In 1999 the route changed, with greater access provided for visitors to the Tennis Centre, The MCG, followers of the 'round ball game' and those who flock to concerts at those venues. Yes, Melbourne is a much brighter place on a Sunday. The South Bank has caught up with its big brothers and sisters over the Bridge; the seedy face has been replaced with beautiful buildings, new palaces in which the arts will flourish, wide boulevards for street performances and even neon birds pecking the grass outside the Arts Centre. And for those who need reminding that evil still exists in the world we have a Casino, which belches fire at regular intervals.

Jeanette Fry



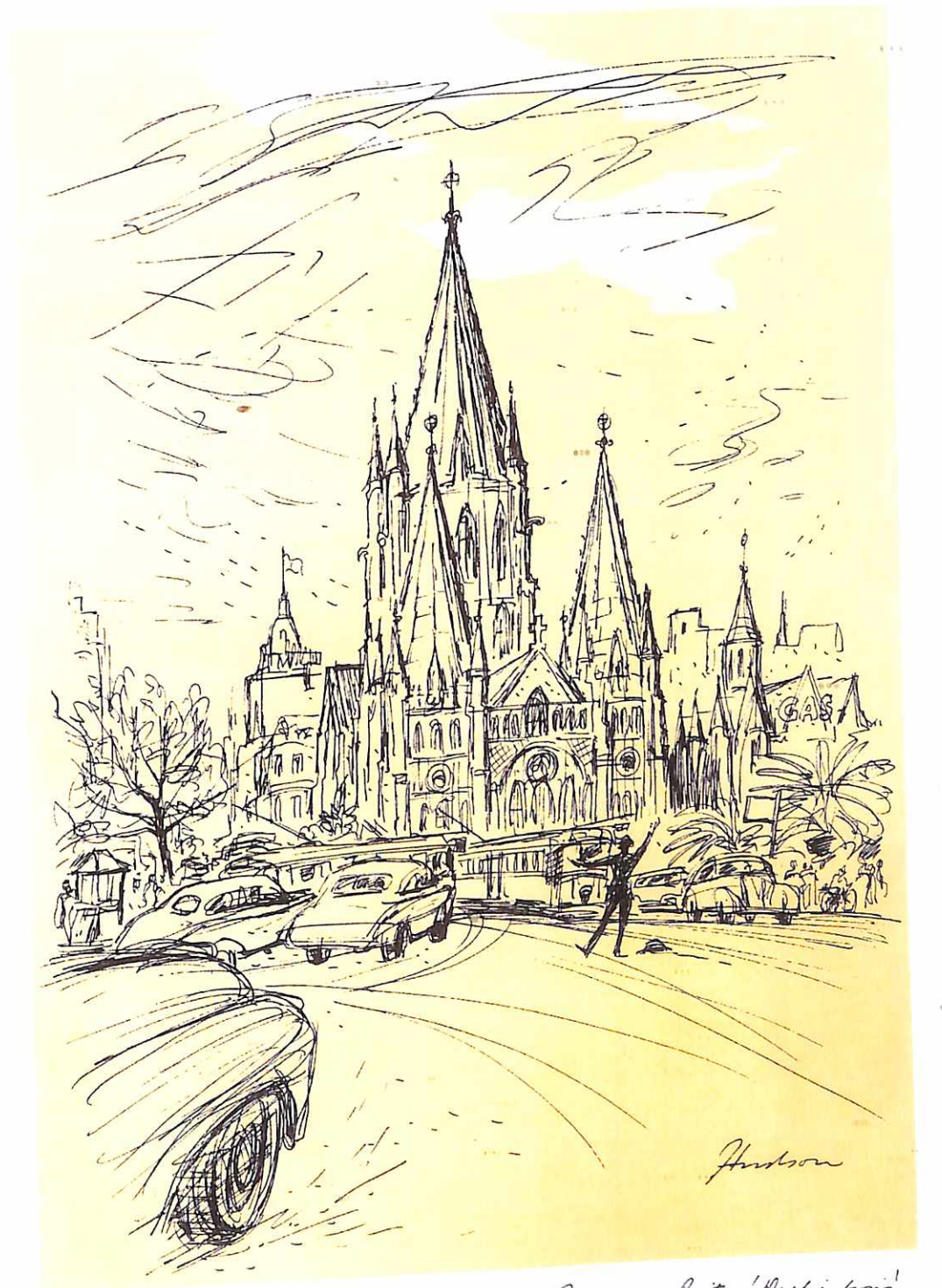
Princes Bridge - Melbourne Artist - Harry Hudson Printer - 'Duplication'

St Paul's Cathedral

In the style of the grand cathedrals of Europe, St Paul's stands proudly opposite the main entrance to Melbourne's Flinders Street station, dominating the view of railway commuters as they emerge into the daylight from beneath the famous clocks. Unlike the less fortunate Irish Catholics who had to trudge all the way up to St Patrick's Cathedral located closer to heaven on Eastern Hill, the Church of England folk were blessed with a cathedral built right on their doorstep. According to the records, this was the location of Melbourne's first public Christian services in 1836 shortly after its foundation. A more humble bluestone church graced the site from 1848 through to the mid 1880s by which time work had already commenced on a more impressive structure designed by the English revival architect William Butterfield. Butterfield never visited Melbourne to inspect the site but provided very detailed drawings, apparently reflecting his lack of confidence in the local stonemasons. The church was consecrated in 1891 just as Melbourne's mad building frenzy came to a grinding halt with fortunes lost by people from all walks in life. Perhaps as a result of this, funding dried up and Butterfield's original design for a central octagonal tower was never built. It wasn't until 1926 that the three majestic spires designed by Sydney architect John Barr were erected.

St Paul's played a part in our family's history also. Our mother was a devout Church of England parishioner at another church bearing the same name, the more modest St Paul's in Ringwood where our family had moved to in 1948. Mum would walk to church every Sunday, taking my brother and me while leaving Dad to work happily in the garden. Mum told us he needed a day off after a busy week at work and it meant he didn't need to shave that day. Something changed around 1956, coincidentally the same time Harry Hudson sketched his picture. Dad suddenly began joining us at church and soon afterwards we all made the pilgrimage to the Cathedral where he was baptised and then confirmed at a joint service. I didn't realise the significance of this until after his death many years later, when we sorted through his papers and found diaries from around that time. I learned that the Mum and Dad I always remembered as the most devoted and loving couple had been through a very rough patch. Dad clearly saw the light and the marriage was preserved!

Ian McCleave



St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne. Artist - Harry Hudson. Printer - 'Replikatronics'

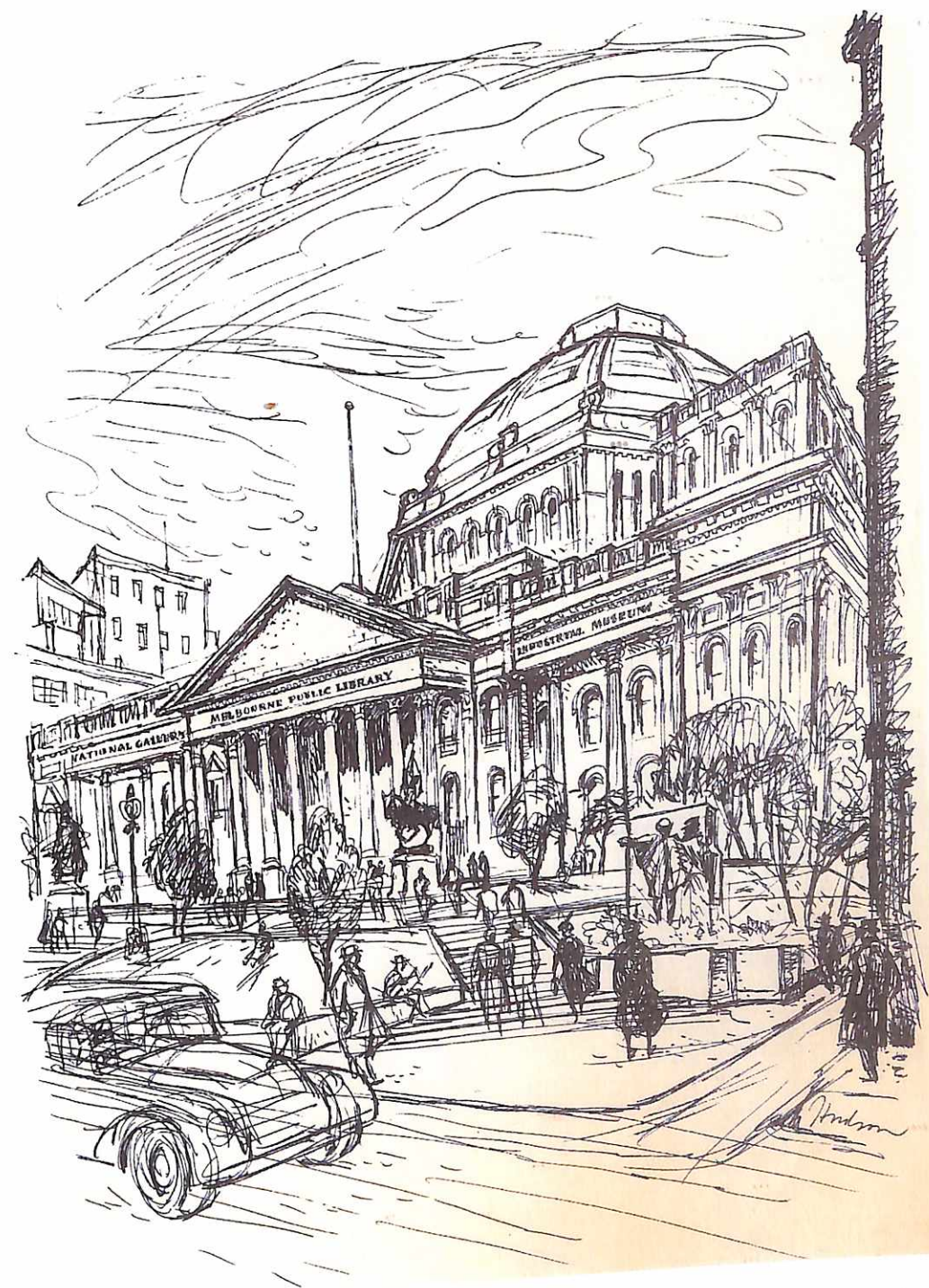
Public Library and Art Gallery

For many Australians, Sir Redmond Barry is reviled as the 'hanging judge' in the trial of folk hero Ned Kelly. The thing for which he is less well remembered is his lasting legacy, the founding of two of Melbourne's greatest institutions, the Public Library and the University of Melbourne. As a child I knew nothing of the origins of the great edifice that housed the State Library of Victoria, the Victorian Museum and the National Gallery of Victoria. Over a period of four decades I would come to know all three parts of the building well as they corresponded with different periods in my 'growing up'.

As young children we made our first visits to the museum with a sense of excitement and awe — the trip into town on the train, or perhaps, on occasions, in the car, built the anticipation that was realised as we climbed the grand black marble staircase up to the second level. The first stop always came just at the top of the stairs, the beautiful cased models of the paddlesteamers *Weeroona* and *Hygeia*. I loved the sheer elegance of these long, narrow vessels, designed to speed sightseers on a day trip down to the Bellarine Peninsula. Sadly both the real ships were long gone by the time I came along, but I'm sure their spirit sowed the seeds of a passion that would be realised in 1987 when I was fortunate to be appointed as Deputy Director of the new Australian National Maritime Museum in Sydney. The museum in those days had two main areas — technology in one wing, full of interactive models, cutaway machines and cars and, rather oddly, Sir Hubert Opperman's bicycle hanging from the ceiling. The other wing held the natural and social history collections, with the stuffed skin of *Phar Lap* always first cab off the rank.

A decade or so later I spent many hours in the building, but this time in the galleries of the NGV. As a student art and craft teacher, based up the street at Melbourne Teacher's College, we made many visits in search of inspiration, or perhaps the background for a Fine Arts essay, a subject we undertook at Melbourne University under the imperious eye of Sir Joseph Burke. The old galleries were always somewhat dour, but some paintings always stand out in the memory. Streeton's *Purple Noon's Transparent Might* and Tom Robert's *Shearing the Rams* were favourites — and I always remember Mimi pointing out that Jock Frater's *Woman in a Red Hat* was in fact his would-be girlfriend Lina Bryans, a friend of our mother's into old age. Perhaps the most memorable exhibition was in fact the last to be mounted in the old building before the whole thing was moved down to St Kilda Road. *Two Decades of American Painting* was a huge exhibition, featuring artists such as Jackson Pollock, Morris Louis, Claes Oldenburg and Joseph Albers. The establishment was shocked to their eyeballs, while the *avant garde* proclaimed the dawning of a bright new era. The latter had their views reinforced with the first exhibition celebrating the new gallery in 1968, simply entitled '*The Field*'.

The third section of the trio, the State Library of Victoria, became a second home in 1979 when I researched my MA thesis on the life and work of Adrian Lawlor, another Warrandyte acquaintance of the Aron family in the years before WW2. I was eternally thankful that Lina Bryans had saved all of Adrian's papers and deposited them in the library, a gift for future generations and, for me, the key to a post-graduate degree and an entry into the world of museums and art galleries.

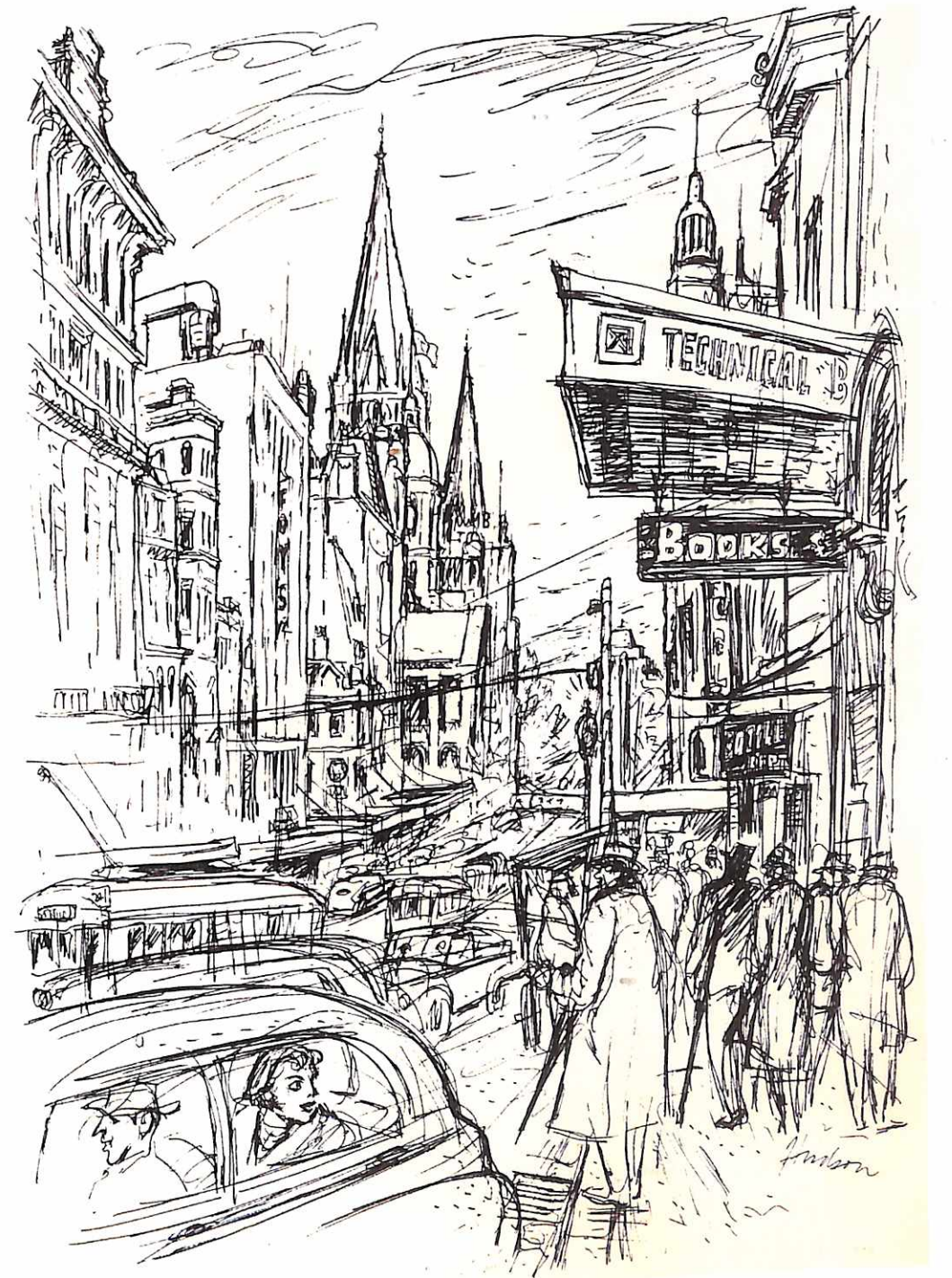


Public Library and Art Galleries - Melbourne - © Inter. Harry Anderson © Printers, Reproductions!

Swanston Street, Melbourne

Swanston Street – Melbourne’s Main Street – born like many, near the old Women’s Hospital and terminating in the North with Melbourne University and appropriately the General Cemetery – to the South ending at Saint Kilda Road, terminated visually with the distant Shrine of Remembrance. For many years the journey up the street started at Flinders Street Station – then over the road to two institutions that symbolize our city – Young and Jacksons Pub on one corner and Saint Paul’s Cathedral on the other – With Chloé overlooking the scene, we go from Vice to Virtue in a few steps! Then to Collins Street - again an enormous contrast – the Victorian splendor of the Town Hall, host to many famous events and personalities – I even have a photograph of John Birt in his pink 1959 Cadillac – appropriately registered FINS - chauffeuring Dolly Parton to receive the keys of the city! On the opposite corner is the stunning sleekness of the Manchester Unity Building. This Art Deco marvel revolutionized building methods in the early 1930s – The Great Depression encouraged the MUIOOF to proceed with the construction as an employment opportunity. Construction commenced at midnight on 1 January 1932 with the demolition of the prior buildings on the site and proceeded around the clock in eight-hour shifts. For the first time in Australia a construction progress schedule was used to track and manage the construction of the building. *“Upon [the schedule graph] is shown the progress of every section of the building as it must go forward... the exact time in which the excavation must be completed, when the escalators will be completed, and when the external painting will be finished... Progress payments to the builders are made upon the architect’s certificate that the work is going forward to schedule”*. Such was the speed of construction that in May the basement and ground floor arcade were structurally complete and ready to be fitted out, and by the end of July the roof had been laid, floors having been added at the rate of one a week on average. The shopping areas in the ground floor arcade, the basement and on the first floor were opened on 1 September, with a full page spread in *The Argus* describing the building in glowing terms, and advertising various suppliers, contractors, the shops and the Society. My earliest memories of the MU relate to a child psychologist – Dr Irma Schnierer whom I recall visiting with my mother. I can only assume it was because I was considered “gifted”, and they wanted guidance on my upbringing. In her later years Mimi said we had not visited her, and she was just a follower, but my memory is clear – right down to the lifts with an operator controlling the hydraulic mechanism to raise and lower them. Next is the retail hub of Bourke Street with an Art Deco gem on the corner, Foy’s Department Store, decorated each Christmas with a giant Father Christmas. More relevant to the Fry family was Jeanette’s first job there as a Trainee Buyer. Along with fellow RHS student Denise White, the pair soon made many friends there – Denise partnered with a budding Musician, Bruce Rowland, later to become famous for his score of the film *The Man from Snowy River*. The window dressers represented an early example of an occupation that was the preserve of “Gay” young men. There was also Lee Seaton, famous for his description of a certain sort of person as a “pencil” – who would typically ask for a “tranzitter” radio! Finally, the Technical Book Shop – opposite the Public Library and about halfway on the walk up to Melbourne University. As a student there in the early ‘60s I would often walk all the way there and stop at the shop to browse – or buy the latest copy of *Road & Track*.

Peter Fry



Swanston Street - Melbourne

Artist - Harry Anderson

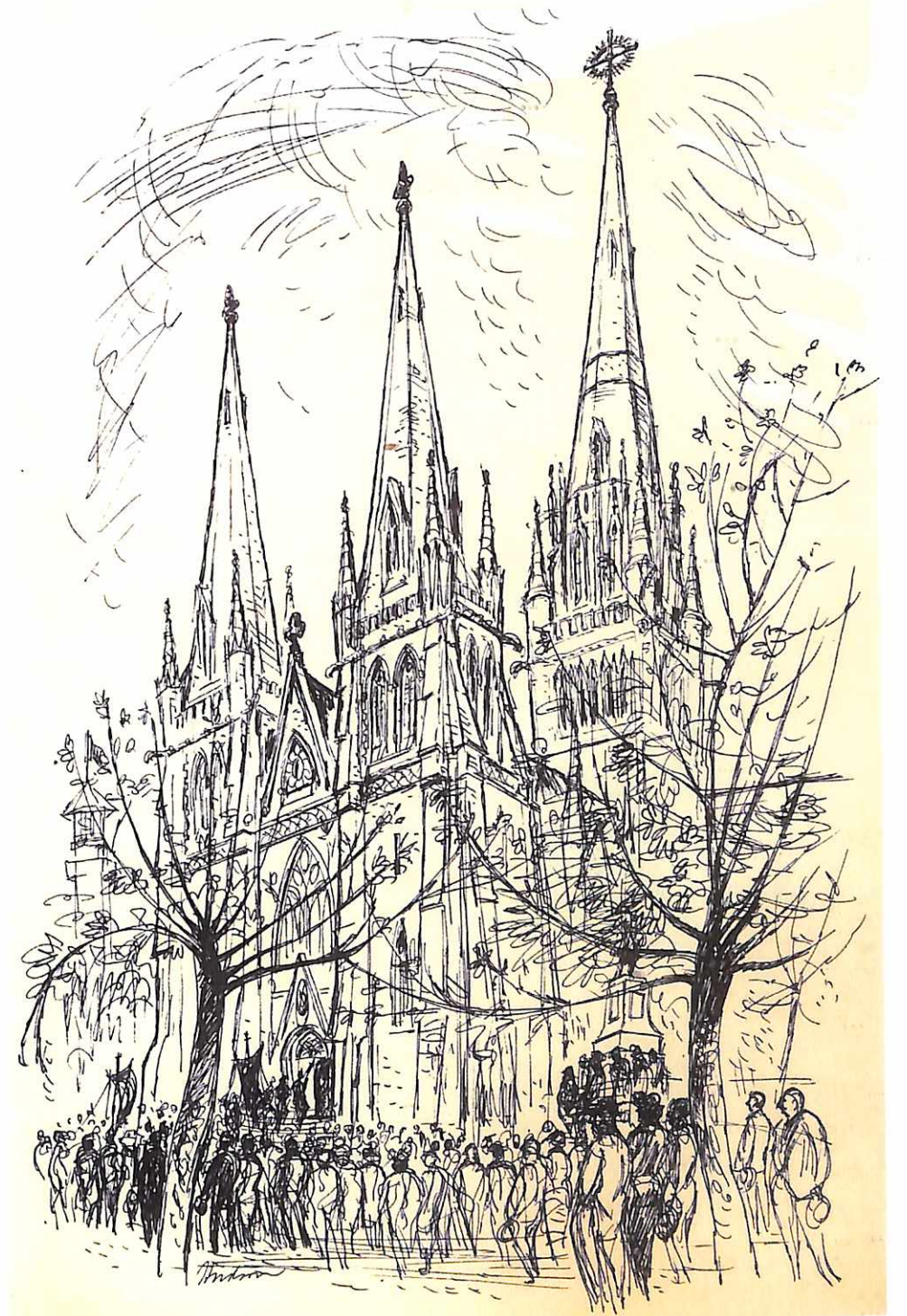
Printer - Duplication

St Patrick's Cathedral

Religion never played any major part in our lives as children and, with Dad's family background being strict Scottish Presbyterian and Mum's being Jewish, I assume some sort of truce was reached at an early stage. Certainly we were never baptised nor christened, that being left for a time if and when we chose to do so. Sunday School at the South Warrandyte hall was as far as we got and that was mainly for the social benefit — the Gospel Hall approach didn't move me in any way I'd have to say. This meant that my understanding of, and feelings about, religion were historical rather than a matter of belief. One lesson I do recall was from history class, I think around form 4 or 5. There was a discussion about churches and the teacher made an interesting aside as to why churches were built on particular sites. He explained that in Australia, when new towns were being laid out, that the Church of England always got first choice — they were, after all, the established church. That meant they got to choose the 'best' locations, usually close in to the centre of town, just as with St Paul's in Melbourne, as Ian McCleave has so neatly put it. Only then did the Catholics get to choose and, with a belief in building closer to heaven, they tended to build on a hill, by necessity away from the rivers that were then the main form of transport. Hence we have churches like St Patrick's in East Melbourne or St Ignatius in Richmond, high on a hill and a good slog up from the centre of town. Over time of course this has often played into their hands, for while St Paul's is tightly constrained, with trams and trains at the door and boisterous pubs across the road. St Patrick's sits in solitary splendour where it can be admired from a distance from every side.

I was not really aware of St Patrick's as a child, but got to know it quite well, externally at least, in 1967. In our third year of the Secondary Art & Craft Teachers course we were meant to do our major subject at RMIT, having undertaken first and second year at Caulfield or Prahran Technical College (or in my case, both). For reasons to do with overcrowding, or some other bureaucratic anomaly, my group was timetabled to use the studios of the Victorian Artists Society in Albert Street, immediately across the road from the cathedral. Whether it was wandering around trying to find a parking spot, or having lunch in the Fitzroy Gardens, the great building was a presence not to be ignored. Dark and hulking in winter or gleaming in the summer sun, it was always there. While I was never moved (or too scared) to enter, I would often stop and admire both the design and construction. Architecturally it is finer and more elegant than St Paul's, presumably having been built all of a piece, or at least following the original scheme more closely. The contrast between the bluestone walls and the sandstone spires and detailing provides interest in both surface and structure. In 1967 the Eastern aspect of the cathedral was hidden by the large Catholic college, also Patrick's, that faced Lansdowne Street. A few years later, to great public opposition, the buildings were demolished and a new, partially underground, Chancery was built. While many grieved the loss of their old school, it did open up grand new vistas of the great church. Maybe one day I will pluck up the courage to go inside?

Gavin Fry



St. Patrick's Cathedral - Melbourne sketch - James Hudson 'Pinter/Explorations'

Harry Elgin Hudson 1910 — 1974

Surprisingly little is known of the life of Harry Hudson, given that he was a prominent illustrator on the Australian publishing scene for many decades. He was born in Bombay, India, just before WW1, and his death certificate suggests he came to Australia in 1926 as a 16 year old. The certificate also lists his first marriage to Marie Evelyn Lynch as having taken place in Bombay — presumably he returned there some time later. He married again at the age of 57 Years to Anne May Wellspring, who provided the relevant information for the certificate.

When teaching at Ringwood High School Harry lived in a modest cottage in Castle Road, Warrandyte and he would take the bus into Ringwood every school day, ready to face the crowd. While he was certainly a memorable art teacher, he is perhaps best remembered for his production of our high school magazine, *Yakkity-Hi*. Harry had named the annual magazine and in so doing had also provided a key to his great passion in life, the Australian outback. He made many illustrations for the tourism magazine *Walkabout*, a publication of the Australian National Travel Association, which had set out on ... *an educational crusade which will enable Australians and the people of other lands to learn more of the romantic Australia that exists beyond the cities.* Harry illustrated a number of books, including *Flynn's Flying Doctors - An artist's journey through the Outback and the story of the Flying Doctor Service in Australia*. Significantly, Harry's portrait of the Reverend John Flynn is now in the collection of the National Portrait Gallery in Canberra. Harry died on 1 February 1974 and was cremated at Springvale Crematorium.



Our magazine title "Yakkity Hi" in the aboriginal language means chatter, and presumably derives from the dialect of the Yarra Yarra tribe. Our cover, designed by Mr Harry Hudson, one of our Art masters, shows a pen and pencil forming a Yabba-stick with the spear of war pushed into the background, denoting the civilizing effects of education.