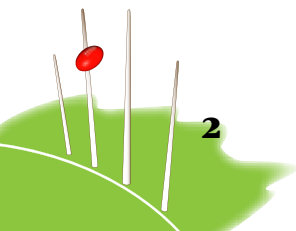


**Roy  
Russell  
Ramblings**



**November 29, 2010**



# Roy Russell Ramblings

Dear Dad

This is a collection of stories written by your wife, children, daughters-in-law, grandchildren, god daughter, nephew, nieces and friends.

It contains our memories of you - of holidays at Mt Martha, sporting events (including some from as far back as 1936), shared celebrations, funny incidents, memorable moments and a few 'Roy rambles'.

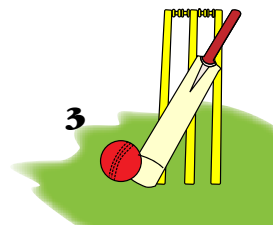
These stories have been written for your 90th birthday.

With love,

*Sarah Russell*

Sarah x x

29th November, 2010



## The Devoted Husband

Roy proposed to me on Frankston pier, and we were married on 3rd March 1948. Roy has been my devoted husband for over 62 years. It has been wonderful sharing my life with him.

During the early years of our marriage, Roy was a pilot with ANA. Perhaps the worst thing I have done during our married life occurred during one of my rare 'spring cleans' at Finch Street. I threw out Roy's log books that recorded his flying hours.

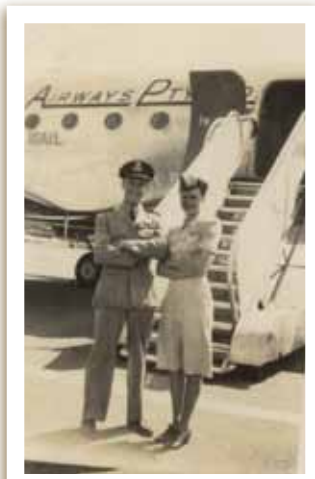
I knew that Roy treasured his time as a pilot, but I didn't think he would miss these old log books. How wrong I was!

The best thing I did during our married life was to give birth to our five children – John, David, Rowan, Richard and Sarah.

***Love Joan Russell***



*Roy and Joan, 1948 3rd March 1948*



*Roy's friends in high places*



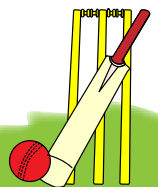
*Roy and Joan's wedding with George as best man and Peg as bridesmaid*



*Is that a cigar?*



*Roy and Joan 2000*



# The Loving Dad

## Roy Russell: My Dad

Congratulations on your 90th Birthday - Tomorrow!

Like many of us here today I have known you ALL of my life and you and Mum have had a great influence on it, particularly in my formative years and now I am a senior citizen also like you and mum.

I have vague memories of Adney Avenue, of you taking me to the watch Kew play football across the road. We soon moved to 73 Finch Street East Malvern, our only true and long lasting family home. I remember George coming to pick you up in the Bradford van and take you to work initially in Oakleigh then to North road. Like most families, we only had one car at that time.



*Graystones in the good old days*



*Edsell in 2010*

Your interest in sport – football, cricket and tennis was transferred to all of us. David and I are lucky to have seen Melbourne win several premierships (we missed 1958 as it was raining) along with test matches including memorable events such as Garry Sobers' double century, Joe Soloman's hat falling on his stumps and witnessed the greats Worrell, Benaud, Grout, Davidson and others.

You and Mum gave us all the best education and during that time provided us with great encouragement and support. We had wonderful holidays at Mt Martha initially with Garnie and Pappa, and then at our own house – a project home beside the tennis court. David and I were thrilled as we got to choose the colours of our rooms. Those days and holidays at Mt Martha remain a very fond memory and hopefully will become that again now that we are in Melbourne more.





*Cutting John's 60th birthday cake*

Dad: you were never a sailor but you helped be my crew on one Saturday at the Mt Martha Yacht Club races. Sorry I tipped you in the water a couple of times. You even showed a passing interest in golf after David and I had been members of Peninsula for some time. You even became a member for a period. Tennis, bowls and more recently croquet have been your participation sports during my lifetime.



You encouraged us to play tennis and table-tennis and I remember many keenly fought games.

You have always been competitive and have never been afraid to pull the wool over my eyes. Both David and I both believed the family invented Russell Sprouts and, until very recently, your childhood bedroom was in the tower in Edsell. I also believed that the Russell family treasure is buried off the coast of England where the ship went down! I am sure that there are other tales that I am unaware of where you have stretched the truth.

Although parents never stop worrying about their children, now is the time for you both to sit back, relax and enjoy your grandchildren, their partners and your great-grandchildren.

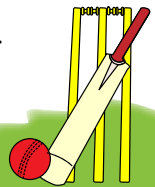
Happy birthday Dad.

*John Russell*

## **The Thoughtful Man**

My most vivid memory of Roy's generosity was when John passed his final exams here in Australia. To celebrate Joan and Roy took us to the Australian Club. Roy bought me a new dress for the occasion and I felt so special that night wearing my green dress with the gold belt! That dress hung in my wardrobe from that day until about 2 months ago (when the moths finally won). A memory of a kind, thoughtful gesture of a time long passed.

I also remember the doughy rolls for 'flexi' lunch at Mt Martha when the biggest decision to be made for





*John and Lorraine's wedding*



*Joan and Roy continue to have 'flexi' lunches at Mt Martha*

the day was whether in fact we would eat inside or outside! It always amazed me how Joan would always have a seemingly endless array of fillings no matter who dropped in. The rolls seemed to just keep reappearing until everyone had had enough and another round of tennis was about to commence.

Dinners at Finch Street were always fun with the annual photograph, billiards or discussion about some topical news item with everyone talking at once.

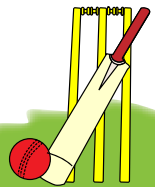
Although the road was a rocky one 35 years ago, with the occasional pothole, we have learned to love and respect each other and I consider both Joan and Roy to be an integral part of my life.

I appreciated their concern and love shown to me during 2009 and will always remember their daily phone calls and best wishes. Enjoy your 90th Roy.

***Love Lorraine Russell***

## **The Brilliant Sportsman**

One of my earliest memories of my father was of his love of sport. He loved playing and watching live sport and now at the age of 90 he will watch any sport available on TV. He was by all accounts a brilliant school boy sportsman, and was Triple Sports Captain at Geelong Grammar School (football, cricket and athletics). Many of his contemporaries still tell me the legendary story of how he won the APS 100 and 400 metres and long jump event, and how his win in the final event of the day,



the 400 metres, enabled Geelong Grammar School to win the APS Sports.

Dad always supported all his children's sporting endeavours. He was always there on a Wednesday afternoon or a Saturday supporting our efforts. He was a passionate supporter, but NEVER "an ugly parent". He always celebrated our successes, but was always very supportive at times of our failures. He always encouraged sport and fitness, and espoused the positives of TEAM sport resulting in life-long friendships. So many of Mum and Dads friends were people Dad played sport with and against. A life-long friendship with the Cordner family started as competitors on the cricket and football fields at Melbourne and Geelong Grammar Schools.

Dad loved watching live sport. I have many happy memories going to the MCG to watch test cricket or supporting "The Mighty Demons". Even trips to the Arden Street Oval and the old Glenferrie Oval are still vivid in my mind.

Dad's love of sport was never more evident when at the age of 88 years, he broke his hip while hitting tennis balls with his granddaughter on the Mt Martha court! Consequently, the orthopaedic surgeon put in a new hip that would last at least 20 years, thinking he still had a good few years left on the court.

Family holidays at Mt Martha were always centred around family sport. Tennis tournaments, cricket on the



Bowling—D. H. Barnes, R. R. Pugh, J. R. Latta, J. D. Trivett, A. L. Bridge, G. P. Smith, R. G. Shaw  
 Batting—R. McK. Russell, D. E. Orchard (Capt.), E. R. Stephens  
 Wicket-keeper (on ground)—R. R. Anderson, L. E. S. Fulkens, R. R. S. Good.

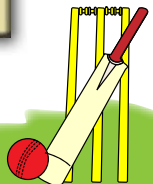
**Cricket Team, 1938**  
**Geelong Grammar School, Corio**



W. R. Downing, J. R. Nicholson, G. R. Patterson, J. D. Batagwanis, D. I. Murray, G. A. Clowdy, J. H. S. Osborn  
 G. P. Smith, D. A. Charvill, J. F. Howes, H. G. Ogilvie, (Capt.), R. McK. Russell, R. R. S. Good, E. R. Stephens  
 W. G. Simmons, R. R. Anderson, D. G. Law-Smith, D. I. Murray  
 Absent—J. R. Lester (V. Capt.)

**Football Team 1938.**  
**Geelong Grammar School, Corio**

*A brilliant school boy sportsman*





W. R. Murphy, W. A. A. Fennell, A. B. McCall, I. H. McCulloch, G. W. Dwyer, K. W. Burtack, W. M. Duggan, R. H. Butcher, J. F. Brown, S. G. C. Connor,  
 A. P. & Wood, H. W. Spry, L. W. Manning, S. C. McCulloch (Captain), S. K. Frennigh, J. G. W. Black, E. N. Thomas, G. A. Ballahan,  
 K. M. R. Russell, D. H. Ryan, R. B. Buchanan.

**Athletic Team, 1935**  
**Geelong Grammar School, Corio**



W. R. Dwyer, W. H. Cox, E. H. Agan, R. E. Lohd, E. B. Lohd, C. I. Daniels, R. W. E. Smith, R. H. Gunn, J. B. Brown,  
 W. E. T. Doolan, W. A. Fennell, E. J. Wainwright, G. D. C. Connor,  
 T. R. Shinton, W. W. MacLennan, E. L. Maxwell, G. A. Ballahan (Capt), G. W. Dwyer, J. K. Bell, T. M. Pitt, R. G. W. Pitt,  
 E. L. Wood, R. B. Buchanan, R. W. E. Theobald.

**Athletic Team 1936.**  
**Geelong Grammar School, Corio**

tennis court, or at the Balcombe Army Reserve, fishing or skiing behind “Joey” with Dad at the helm. Life-long happy memories.

My wife Heather is sure that I have inherited Dad’s “sporting gene”!

*David Russell*

## **The Navigator**

In June 2009, David and I drove Roy and Joan to Wodonga for John Russell’s 60th birthday celebrations.

I was driving the car that day and Roy was sitting in the front passenger seat next to me. David and Joan were together in the back seat. The conversation was lively as it usually is with the Russells and time seemed to pass quickly on our 3 and a half hour drive up the Hume Freeway.



*David and Heather*

Without the responsibility of driving, I find that passengers usually take little interest in much outside the car window, and there was certainly much on offer



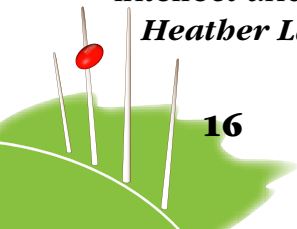
in the way of topics to discuss in our little world in the car that day.

Roy, I soon discovered, was not your “average” passenger. While still keenly interested in whatever was under discussion, Roy needed to know exactly how I intended to drive from Wattletree Road to the Hume Highway. His sense of direction and locale was incredible and once he decided he could trust my choice of route (it was not how he had usually driven to Sydney Road), he let go and enjoyed learning about the new roads of Greater Melbourne. He simply HAD to know where he was at all times.

You see, Roy had a set of “markers” he was looking out for as we drove north; the aviation navigation towers alongside the Hume Highway that as a pilot he had used on flights from Melbourne to Sydney.

Roy knew all of the landmarks that were close to these navigation towers. That journey revealed a memory simply remarkable for a man of then 88. As he looked out for the various landmarks, Roy would tell interesting stories relating to each of the places. Sometimes he would get frustrated when he thought that his memory was failing him and a place he was expecting to be somewhere along the road was not there. But by the end of that drive all of the parts of the puzzle he had set for himself to solve had come together. I so enjoyed his keen intellect and love of geography that day.

*Heather Lacey*







*Roy's grandchildren*

## **The Teacher**

As you would expect, as he is my father, Roy has taught me many things.

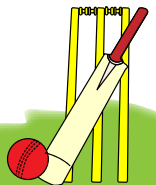
However, a few lessons really stand out.

### **Drinki ng**

When I became of an age to be allowed to drink beer (as opposed to the much earlier age when I started to drink) Roy advised me always to ask for Abbots Lager -why? I asked.



“Is it the flavour?”... “No, said Roy, no one else



drinks it so it's always the coldest. I drank Abbots as did my friends until they stopped making it -probably as we were indeed the only ones drinking it!!

He also advised me to drink Stout because, as he said quite out of character, "...it puts lead in your pencil..!"

## **Sport**

Roy had a standing bet of \$10 (or maybe Pounds 10) to be awarded to any of his children if they beat him at singles at tennis. John and David duly collected their money at about 16 years of age. I beat Dad at Mt Martha - when I was a bit older - but to this day he denies I have ever beaten him at tennis.

## **Care and Maintenance**

Roy has always been a stickler for care and maintenance - but always by reference to his routine.

We bought Joey in 1970 and for 20 years we had to wash down the outside and the trailer - not forgetting the springs EVERY time we used the boat.

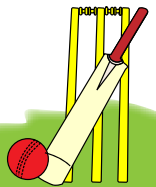
About 20 years ago, we came to understand that by far the most important thing to do to keep an engine going is to rinse the engine out with fresh water through the attachment of "Ears" to the hose. We had not done that once in 20 years - that Joey is still going (well sort of going) after now 40 years with the same engine is indeed a tribute to Dad's very careful but slightly flawed maintenance regime.



*Joey's still going with Roy's care  
and maintenance*

## **What a Job !!**

Dad has raised five children all of whom enjoyed a happy home life, a holiday house with a tennis court and boats (and Abbots lager in endless supply); we all enjoyed a private school education as well as all being supported through tertiary education. Dad and Mum have instilled in all of us, I think, a strong work ethic and dedication and strong sense of responsibility. Together with Mum, Dad has been the leader of a happy broader family and all of us have a good sense of humour and fun and greatly enjoy each others' company.





*Rowan's graduation*

We are really lucky to have been brought up by you and incredibly fortunate to have you both around after all these years.

**GREAT JOB ROY -  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY  
*Rowan Russell***

## **The Father-in-Law**

### **Getting Close**

It was easy getting to know Joan, there was something we had in common.

Before I had even parked the car in Finch Street, ice-cubes would be rattling in the glass, the indiscriminate (very) amount of gin poured on top, a slice of lemon thrown in .....and, yes, sometimes even the tonic .

With Roy it was harder.

Knowing the first ten winners of the Melbourne Cup, or how to put on a Quaddie was not going to win him over.



*Susie was a damn good choice*

Being the daughter of a Stockbroker (and therefore “gambler”) was not a plus.

Being “in food” seemed to be all the rage at the time.

Not knowing much about Cricket didn’t help. My football team was, of course, the wrong one.

Being a swimmer was slightly worse than being a rower.

And I knew nothing about chain-saws (except where it lived ... in the bedroom cupboard. Naturally)

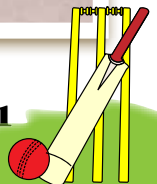
Perhaps tennis on the Mt. Martha tennis court would do it?

Centre Court Mt. Martha is scarier than the real thing.

The family lined up by the tee-tree hedge to watch. I served several double faults.



*Centre Court Mt. Martha is scarier than the real thing*



My serve was greeted with a loud, “throw the ball higher!”  
“ from Roy , and finally, “Oh, gawd!”, as he retreated to  
the safeness of chocolate cake in the kitchen.

No, tennis just wasn’t going to do it.

There was, however, one thing we did have in  
common. And when we became engaged Roy said,  
“Damn good choice!” . So maybe I did get there in the  
end ....or was he speaking to me !!/?

Happy 90th Birthday Roy, and thank you for Rowie.

***Susie Russell***



*A choice couple*



*Una festa celebrare Benritorno da Rowan ed Susie*

## **The Boss**

I was working at the Children's hospital in medical research when I decided to join Dad in the family engineering business. Dad had five children that had all pursued careers unrelated to the family business. Although I had worked at the factory as a process worker over many school holidays, I did not have great mechanical aptitude, or much knowledge about running a business. I was a bit nervous for my first official day at work. I wanted to "fit in", and not be regarded as the "bosses son". Unfortunately this all fell apart on the first day in Dad's office. Dad had decided the best





*Russell get togethers at Richard and Wendy's house has become a family tradition*

training I could have was to learn to operate the most complicated machine in the factory – a Gridley six spindle lathe. A one spindle lathe was more than I could cope with! Dad called a meeting in his office with Jim Ievenieks, Robin Barnett, and me so he



*Roy and Joan's 60th wedding anniversary at Richard and Wendy's*





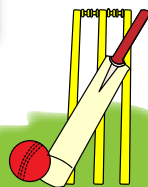
*Joan, Isaac, Annabelle, Samuel and Roy*

could explain what he wanted me to learn. During the meeting, Dad asked me “Darling, could you pass me that book”. I was pleased that Robin and Jim never called me “darling”.

***Richard Russell***



*Christmas at Richard and Wendy's*



## The Wordsmith

Could you put the jigger in the thingy-me bob?

*Wendy Russell*



*Wendy, Richard and Sarah*



*Family get together: Guess where?*

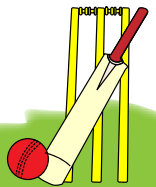
# The Entertainer

## The key to a Roy Russell Xmas pudding

Elizabeth and I have a Xmas Roy rambling. Every Xmas, at plum pudding o'clock, our eyes all turn to Dad/Pa. It is his annual choking fit. He coughs and splutters, dribbles and then has an oral explosion with coins, and then his keys – a jumble of car, house, and factory keys. As children, we were amazed by the spectacle (and enjoyed the extra pocket money). As adults, we are amazed at his persistence. Every year, every Xmas.



*Christmas morning before the key performance*





*Spit it our Roy*

Far be it for us to give my father/Pa advice, but we suspect if he has an oral explosion with the Xmas pudding at Victoria on the Park, they may call 000.

***Sarah and Elizabeth Russell***



*Roy waterskiing behind Joey*

## The Man Behind the Daisies

The first time I heard of Roy Russell was a few weeks after I met Sarah in 2006. She was very upset because her dad was angry with her about how she had de-headed the daisies at Mt Martha. Given that Sarah was a force to be reckoned with, I imagined that Roy Russell would have to be a ferocious garden-shear-brandishing giant. What kind of a man could make a woman like Sarah cry over some daisies?



*How Italians play tennis*

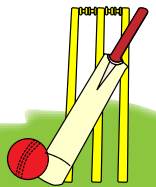
I met Roy through his things, long before I met the daisy monster himself. I met him through the tools in the toilet at Mt Martha, the empty paint tins in the bedroom cupboard, the tennis net and BBQs in the spare room, and the bolted down outdoor table.

When I met him in person, Roy wasn't scary at all. Surrounded by his family at Rowan's welcome home party, Roy was formidable, but not because of his quirky habits or booming voice. He was more like a gentle giant, proud that all of his family were still together, caring about each other, and still wanting to please him - even getting the daisies right.

**Giuliana Fuscaldo**

Roy Russell ramblings

29



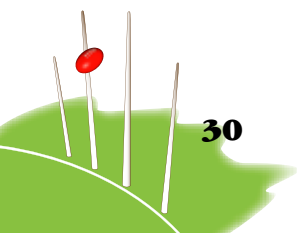
# The Savvy Investor

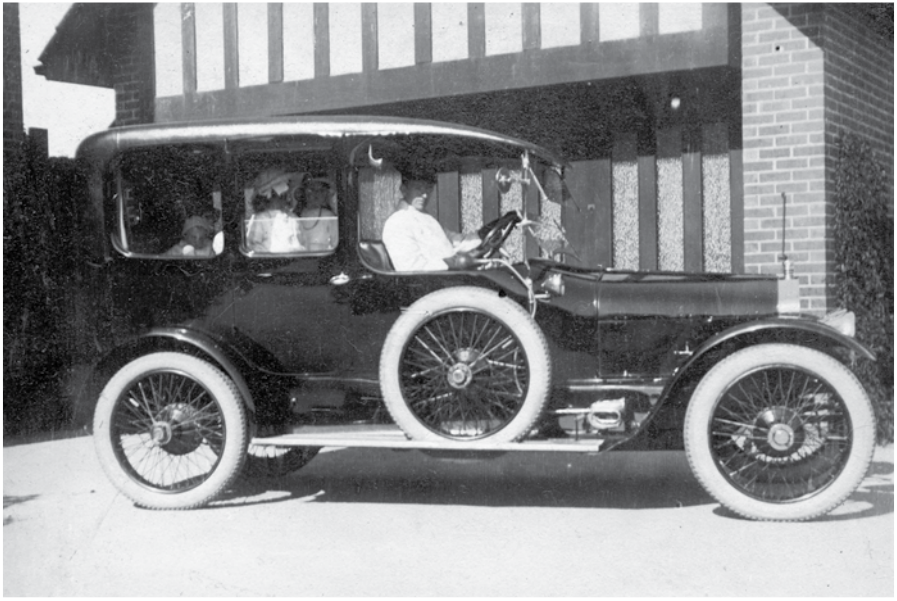
## Pa

I loved playing in Pa's study in Finch Street. Piles of papers, staplers, ruler, textas and calculators, a little girl's stationary wonderland. One day, I came across a small Nescafe jar, full of 1 and 2 cent pieces. It must have been just after the mint stopped making these coins, and Pa obviously believed that one day, his jar might be a collectors dream and worth a fortune. I, on the other hand, had just been given a pretty tin money box for my birthday, and wanted to drop my first coins through the slot. Perhaps when it was full, I could put the contents of the tin into my new Commonwealth Bank Dollarmites account, and save for a few sherbert bombs.

When Grandma saw me with the jar, she asked me if I would like to take it home. I was predictably thrilled. Not only had I scored about 3 dollars worth for my money box, I also thought the brown lidded jar would make an excellent home for some Hedgerly Dean tadpoles.

However when it came time to go home, and Pa saw me walking down the back steps, past the green concrete fish sculptures, with jar in hand, his face dropped. "She can't take that", he looked towards Grandma as if to see whether she had been the one to approve this outrageously generous gift. "There's a lot of money in there".

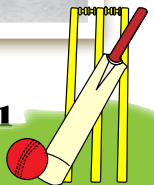




*Roy's first set of wheels: how much would these be worth today?*



*Roy with siblings and nanny: a cheap way to get around*



I was very disappointed, mainly that I no longer had a home for my tadpoles, and of course that my money box would remain empty. Dad later explained that when he was young, Pa would take him to a Drive-In cinema, park outside the entrance so that the screen was only just in view and turn the radio on – perhaps catching the movie’s audio, most often catching the cricket instead.

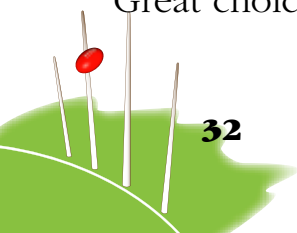
It was at that tender age of 4 or 5 that I learned of Pa’s keen interest in the coin.

Recent rumours about the ridiculous number of 2-for-1 loaves of bread that were discovered in the Wattletree Rd deep freeze are hardly surprising, nor do I find it hard to believe that Pa has, in recent years, become fond of a great little hamburger restaurant that he likes to take Grandma to from time to time. Apparently, you don’t even have to get out of the car to order and pick-up your mc’deal.

Despite Pa’s enviable ability to budget, save and hoard, his generous spirit has actually become more evident to me as I’ve grown older. His devotion to Grandma, warm welcome and hospitality at Mt Martha, Wattletree Rd and now Victoria Gardens, his genuine interest and time dedicated to his children and grandchildren have helped dull the bitter memory of the Nescafe jar.

The pink Parker pen last Christmas helped too.

Great choice Pa, it really is a beauty.





On your 90th birthday Pa, I wish you much love from Germany and I'm sorry I won't be there to celebrate with you. You're an amazing man, even more so at 90, and I hope there'll be another party for the big 100. I promise to be there then.

Now tell me, did you keep the coins and have you had them valued? If I had deposited them in my Dollarmites Account in 1988, let's say \$3, including interest, I would have been about \$8 richer today. How many sherbert bombs is that?

*Eliza Russell*

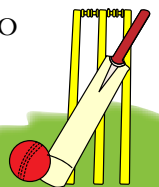
## **Raunchy Roy**

When I think of Pa, I have two images in my head.

One is the Pa who sat down at Mt Martha and watched us play tennis and cricket as children. He was always friendly and caring, but stern and you knew when you had done something wrong. If you were in trouble, it was a matter of hiding under the house, or in the dense shrub around the house, until the storm had passed.

The other Pa is the one I have come to know through my years as a young adult. We seem to have much more in common now. We talk about the Old Melburnians Football Club, our respective share-portfolios (his is far more healthy than mine!), my travels and using the internet.

When I see Pa nowadays, we always share a good laugh together. Whether it is I who has matured, or he who





*The Russell backyard*



*Home away from home*

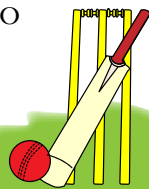
has mellowed, I am not sure; perhaps it is a combination of both. It never ceases to amuse me how often ‘ads’ for raunchy websites seem to ‘pop-up’ on Pa’s screen while searching for legitimate websites. We also shared a laugh recently when I was visiting Grandma and Pa and I offered to get Pa a drink. He requested a whiskey.



*Roy after one of Nick's whiskeys*

Having worked at the Prince Alfred Hotel for four years, my instincts took over and I prepared a very strong drink that would have put most men into a coma for weeks. When Pa saw how much whiskey I had poured he couldn’t stop laughing, which in turn made me laugh. Needless to say he got through it and didn’t enter a coma. Although we did hang around for a couple of hours after just to make sure.

I will always cherish the memory of Pa inviting me to play lawn bowls with him and his mates in 2005.



Not only did I pick-up some lawn bowling tips from one of Victoria's premier bowlers (i.e. Pa, not his mates!) but I obtained an insight into Pa's life outside the family. I was particularly warmed when I was introduced to one of Pa's friends known as 'Rowdy'. He was given this nickname because he is partially deaf and rarely spoke. What struck me was the similarities between Pa's friend and my own friendship circle; meeting up to play sport, giving each other ironic nicknames and laughing together. I realised that we are similar men at different stages of our lives. I can see a lot of Pa in me.

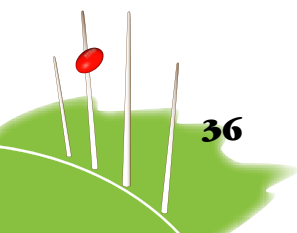
Ultimately, Pa is a family-oriented man I respect immensely and am proud to call my grandfather. I love him dearly.

***Nick Russell***

## **The Cheer Leader**

Some of my fondest memories of Pa include:

- Lamb roasts with apple sauce at the dinner room in Malvern, followed by TV in the living room in front of the heater
- Tennis games, swimming, beach time, boat time and lunch on the balcony (inside or out?) at Mt Martha
- His keen interest and enthusiasm for my running; running down the back straight at Olympic Park on my second lap of an 800m I could always see and hear Pa cheering me on as the legs started to tire

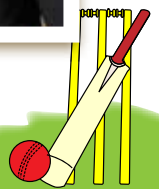




*Roy's barem*



*Roy with his little joys*



- The “disappearing” keys at Christmas time that Pa seemed to manage to cough up at pudding time
- A techno-savvy grandparent for ever searching the net and managing his share portfolio, and sometimes stumbling across naughty sites.....
- Despite Pa never quite understanding what I did as a management consultant - “but what exactly do you make?”- he has continued to show an interest and be supportive over my career.

Pa, thank you for your support, encouragement and interest in my life over the years. Both Oz and I are lucky to have you part of our lives.

*Love Georgia and Ozzie (Andrew) xo*

## **The Umpire**

I have many strong memories of grandpa. Just to name a few, the mysterious “disappearing possum”, his fastidious cleaning of “Joey”, sleeping in front of the Boxing Day Test and a plethora of computer related “incidents”, including a late night battle with the dreaded web popup window.

One of the funniest, and perhaps most descriptive of his character, is one I have from what I think must have been my 12th birthday. Well it was my turn to bat, and excited as I was, I foolishly decided to take a run after the first ball I faced. Well, on a call that would leave modern day umpires calling for the video replay, grandpa without any hesitation gave me out.



*Lunch at MCG 2010*

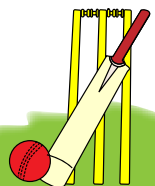
No amount of pleading for special “birthday boy dispensation” or citing past “first ball not out” adjudications previously witnessed at birthday parties was going to change his mind. In fact all it got me, on my birthday, was being sent off for not respecting the umpire’s decision.

It demonstrated quite clearly to me, that grandpa has an admirable sense of fairness, authority and respect. (Especially, when he is the authority figure to be respected) ;-)

But in all seriousness, I do think it is a trait that has proved infectious and has been clearly instilled in all of his children. I was never meant to be a batsman anyway.

Happy 90th Birthday Grandpa.

***love, Paul, Felicity and Eleanor***

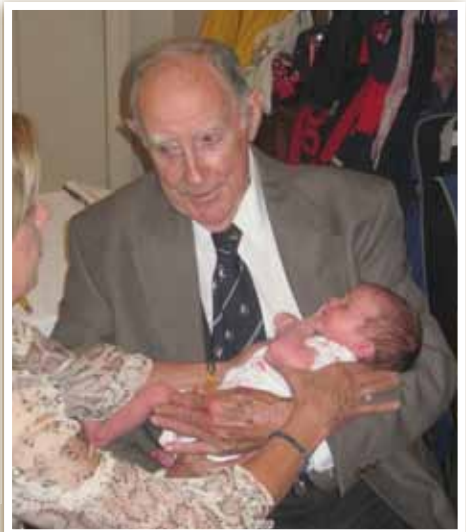




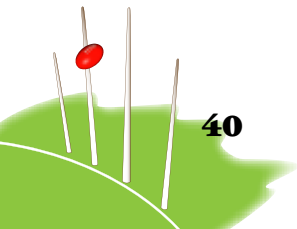
*John, Lorraine, Paul and Felicity*



*Roy and Joan at Eleanor Russell's first birthday*



*Roy with his first great grandchild, Eleanor*



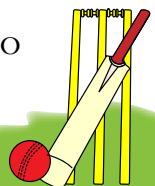


# The Techno Wiz

It is hard to know which stories to include in this piece. Do I mention more recent events like his taking up of Osteopathy and Pilates exercises? Or my first memories that come to mind when I think to grandpa? Or more general feelings? I could mention a lot about Mount Martha – the process of cleaning the boat, watching the one-day cricket matches whilst grandpa slept next to me on the chair, or being taught how to play Billiards in the pool-room. All the memories of these events I think back to regularly and so fondly.

When I think of Grandpa though, I think of knowledge. Thinking back to my childhood I think to Mt Martha and to be more specific the arrival at Mt Martha. I remember my parents every year going through with us the route we have taken on how to get there so that we could recite this back to Grandpa as he always quizzed us on the roads we took. I wish I could say that my lack of knowledge of the street directory was down to my young age, until more recently I found myself in a similar situation where grandpa driving to and from my house to theirs for Sunday Lunches, was up to his old tricks again showing me new routes and ways to get between the two houses.

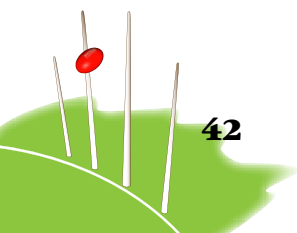
Additionally, Grandpa is probably one of the most up to date people I know when it comes to technology and business, still at almost 90. Spending Sundays speaking of investments, which are the next stocks to





*Roy and Adam quietly compare bald spots while Géraldine talks about Osteopathy and Pilates exercises*

watch out for and what is happening in the local and international economies I always come away having learnt something. Regarding technology, the best example I can think of is that whilst living in Alice Springs Grandma and Grandpa both emailed me more than anyone else (with the exception of my parents). We are sorry we can't be there for the day but wish you a Happy 90th Birthday Roy. We miss you.  
***Love Adam & Géraldine.***



# Grandpa: the Old Oak

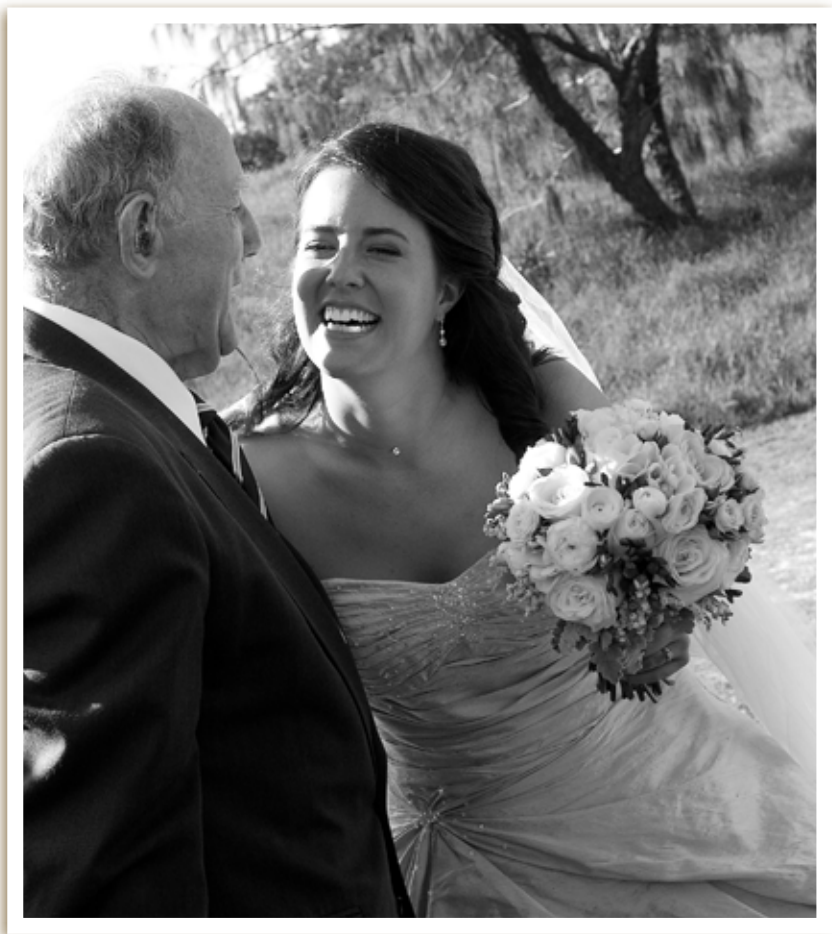
Roy Russell. Intelligence. Wit. Cheeky. Inquisitive. Sportsman. Grandpa is someone whom I adore and for whom I have a great deal of respect. Grandpa's twinkling eyes framed by unruly eyebrows, coupled with his cheeky smile and great sense of humour mean the majority of my memories of Pa are filled with laughter and fun.

I fondly remember Pa religiously, and convincingly, playing out his 'choking' on plum pudding' routine each Christmas, only to result in him coughing up a pair of car keys and/or coins (depending on what was in his pocket at the time!).

Mt Martha plays a feature role in my memories of Pa. The sound of Pa unpacking the dishwasher in the morning used to be my wake up call, and oddly used to coincide with the cooing of doves outside the window. I remember Pa's love of Joey and the sense of pride the boat afforded him. I also remember his heckling from the porch as we played tennis and his cries of 'Good Shot!' when someone happened to pull off an unexpected winning shot.

Mt Martha aside, perhaps one of my fondest memories of Pa involves the old oak tree at Finch Street. I always loved this tree and it spurned a fascination with oak trees which has remained with me. One day, when I was in primary school, Pa saw me standing outside looking at the oak tree and carefully selecting





*The oak tree and acorn*

fallen acorns and arranging them in a line for further consideration. Pa came out and enquired why I was collecting acorns and I simply replied that I was going to grow an oak tree of my own. Pa looked at me thoughtfully and then proceeded to help me collect some more. He took as much time in selecting them as I

had. The story of growing the actual oak tree from the selected acorns is far more dismal and overshadowed in failure, however the memory of Pa helping me carefully collect acorns has remained.

Happy 90th Birthday Grandpa.

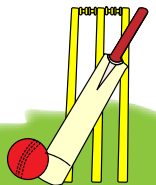
We hope you have a wonderful day

Lots of love

***Kristin and Dan Flanagan***



*Kristin and Dan's wedding*



## The Cheshire Cat

A recent memory of Pa, one that will stay with me forever, was on the day I was admitted as a lawyer.

As I sat up in the “Heathen” box (usually reserved for a Jury, but today occupied by those unwilling to swear on the bible to almighty God) I have clear vision of two RMcR’s in front of me, sitting towards the back of the Supreme Court.

The younger RMcR looks a little odd, but not unusual. He is wearing a wig and a long black cape, but sports the trade mark Russell smile as he yaps with old mates.

The older RMcR looks caught up in the moment.



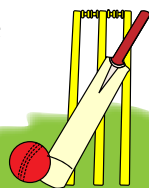
*Russell men: a law unto themselves*



*Three generations of Russells at Edsell in 2010*

Moist egg white eyes stare over the crowd. The grin across his face would have made the Cheshire Cat look upset. He looks a little lost, but at the same time totally aware. A perplexing conundrum. Surely a little confused before the ceremony began, the expression on the older RMcR's face was undeniable. The family smile ran right across his face. He was proud as punch.

After the ceremony, the three generations of Russell boys embraced in what was truly a fantastic moment. Obligatory photographs were taken outside the blue



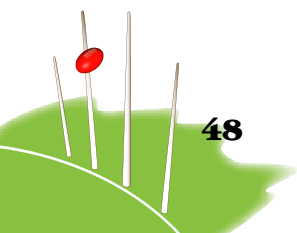
stone walls of the Court. We then momentarily lost the older RMcR. Where had he gone. I am sure he was here just a moment ago.

Sure enough, there he was 10 metres in front, anxiously waiting for us to continue on for wines and finger food. As I walk up to the older Pa, he smiled and says “What a wonderful occasion. Let’s not even mention the bible.” Pa, congratulations for all of your achievements in your 90 years. I wish you the happiest of birthdays. You have, from a very early age, instilled in all of us your love for family, only surpassed by your love for competition. I hope both of these very important Russell characteristics will stay with me for the rest of my years. Happy birthday!

*James Russell*

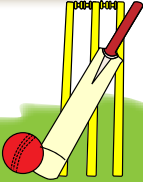
## **The Heckler**

My brother has his new racket, a navy blue Wilson Pro with silver lining. Lucky bugger. I’m stuck with a hideous unlabelled racket, silver all over. Looks like something from the cold war. The strings twang as I hit the ball back over the net but James gets on top of my weak shot, slamming it past me. I hit the strings of my racket with my freckly hand, as if hitting them hard is going to make my lousy stroke play suddenly improve. ‘Great shot!’ Ya Ya yells from the back porch toward James. I look over and Pa is smiling at me, nodding his





# Roy and Joan on holidays



head. He knows my moment will come. A triumphant shot from my tin missile, I think. Quietly, Pa watches me serve. I focus on the corner of the service box, it's gonna be an ace. It has to be an ace. I launch the ball into the air, swing down hard and connect well, for once. It glides over the net, hitting my spot, but James returns it ferociously. Both Pa and I are shocked. I wish he were defending my territory at the net. But I instinctively stick out my ten-year-old arm, whip my wrist at the approaching ball, and somehow smash it back over the net, passing James. I don't know what just happened. I look at the tin frame of my soviet destroyer and then hear Pa yelling out from the porch, 'Good one Timmy!' Well, maybe my racket's not that bad after all.

*Tim Russell*

## **The Kind Man**

I have been lucky enough to have grown up spending a lot of time with Pa that will not be forgotten. Whether it be playing tennis down at Alice street, playing hide and seek at Finch Street, grandparents day at Lauriston or Sunday roasts at home, Pa has been there to share it with me. More recently he has supported and encouraged me through my final year of school and even now on the other side of the world I look forward to the times we Skype. Pa, thank-you for your generosity and kindness. I wish you a very happy 90th birthday!! xox

*Annabelle Russell*

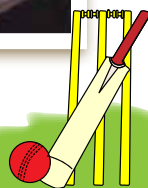




*Joan, Annabelle and Roy*



*Russells going raging*



## The Gardener

Pa has a little bit of an obsession with the garden at Mt Martha. He was getting older so he needed a bit of assistance in cutting the agapanthus' heads. He asked me to cut some, so I went out, like you do, for a bit of a garden. According to Pa I was doing it all wrong. He was like "Cut it a little lower will you!?" And he showed me what to do, and I continued, but he came out again and said the same thing. When *he* did it he was a bit high himself. We finally got it done and now it is our tradition. Along with cutting the Photineas into a perfect round shape. Despite his obsessions, he is a wonderful man and I'm very lucky to have him as a grandfather and a gardening mentor. (Well an observer anyway).

***George Russell***



*Roy 'gardening' at Mt Martha*

## Roy's Open Arms

We would like to say that we have loved being included in a few famous Mt Martha lunches over the past 5 years. Roy and Joan have opened their



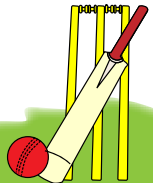
*Finally grandchildren who can kick and cook*



*Roy's newest granddaughter*

doors to all the Lacey children and treated us like grandchildren and it means the world to us. We wish you a very happy birthday!

***Morgan, Huw and Evan***



## The Old Geelong Grammarian

Roy is my godfather. He has always made me feel very special, and has taken a great interest in me over the years, and in my family now. I have always felt that we had a special relationship.

Over the last few years he has loved talking to my kids about their time at Geelong Grammar. This was wonderful for Alex and Lizzie, particularly as Dad has not been around to share this interest with them. I guess in many ways Roy has fulfilled that role for my family, as a substitute grandfather. The other thing that Roy has loved talking to us about is our trips to Canada. We have skied in areas close to where Roy was based. Alex is actually there at moment, and will send Roy a postcard of this place that is so dear to him.

A very vivid memory that I have is of the bedtime ritual at Mt Martha. We spent some time in most holidays staying at Mt Martha. Roy would come in to tuck us in to the bunk beds, and kiss us good night. He would ALWAYS play a trick and pretend that he had pinched off my nose, and would make his thumb look like the nose he had taken!!! Such a funny little memory, but I remember I never tired of this little game!!

***Deb Lockie***



## The Nosy Gentleman

I saw Bid this morning in Sydney and we laughed as we both remember how Roy had chocolate cake and icecream delivered to him every single night by Joanie. I also remember the exact story that Deb told of being tucked into bed and having my nose plucked off. The funny thing was how funny he thought it was a million times over!!!

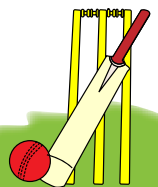
I loved going out with Uncle Roy fishing as a little girl in Joey . We would catch buckets of flat head and he would then clean them and we had them for breakfast. He was so good to me as I was always sea sick.

On the tennis court at Mt Martha he would get so cross if your family lost the balls in the hedge, but was so generous and polite to us, even if underneath he was furious.

I admired the way he won the battle to give up smoking, and I always loved how he was an incredible gentleman. Always walked you to the car and waved goodbye.

Most importantly I loved the way he loved and admired my Dad, and that remains very special to me. Dad died when I was only 25, but every time I see Roy we talk about him, and that has helped me to keep him alive.

***Penny McMabon***



## The Shoulder to Cry On

A recent memorable Roy moment for me was at mum's funeral.

When we left the church, I was crying so much I could barely see let alone talk to the masses outside. Roy saw me gave me a big hug, and also gave me his hankie embroidered with the initial R. It did the trick and I was able to compose myself a little. At the time I remember thinking Roy was stepping in for Dad to comfort me. I've kept the hankie as it's a reminder of the close ties between our parents and families.

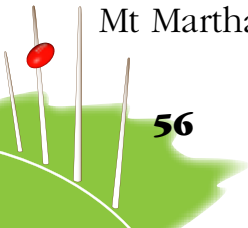
***Emma Bridge***

## The Gourmand

The Bridge Kids used to spend lots of school holidays in the company of the Russell family and both Joan and Roy were always wonderful hosts to us as were the Russell Kids. We spent endless happy hours on the beach, on the tennis court, playing cards, and going to Mt Martha Yacht Club dances.



*Alan and Peg*



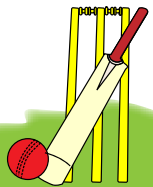




*Bridge Family*

Roy was a keen observer of, and commentator on, the competition on the tennis court. We always felt that we had an audience when we played tennis at Mt Martha. Roy was not a hard man to please in the culinary field. Joanie could be sure that, if she served him up chocolate cake and ice cream for dessert every night of his life, he would be more than happy!

Old family photos show Roy and Alan Bridge as very handsome young men. They were friends from school days. What a coincidence that they should marry sisters, Joan and Peg!



On the occasion of his 90th Birthday, we say 'Thank You' to Roy for being a wonderful Uncle to us and we wish him many more happy days and lots more chocolate cake and ice-cream!

*Biddy Naylor*

## **The Man for all Sports**

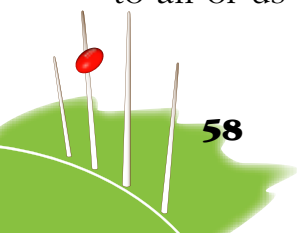
Reflecting on uncle Roy brings to mind a number of memories. Listening to Dad talk about their time together at Geelong Grammar and what an athlete he was. The many holidays spent at Mount Martha which included Roy's participation or witnessing the many games of tennis or cricket. Learning the importance of sweeping, watering and rolling the tennis court. The generous hours spent in the speedboat teaching us to ski. Roy's enthusiasm for sport in general and in the summer watching the cricket on TV. As a holiday job, working in Roy's factory drilling metal pieces badly so that the number of bits I broke ate away at the company's profits! We Bridges owe a lot to the generosity of Joan and Roy.

*Simon Bridge*

## **Holding Court**

To Dear Uncle Roy,

So many fond memories of happy times at Finch St and Mt Martha. What a wonderful Uncle and Aunt you were to all of us Bridge Kids.

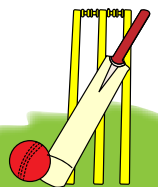


The teasing interrogation of who was the latest aspiring suitor – thank goodness Jim came along and passed all the credentials!! And vivid memories of the T.V room at Finch St on a Sunday Morning. Roy holding court in his big armchair with World of Sport blaring and all of us enjoying instant tea and boston bun!! Thank you so much Roy and Joanie for loving us, spoiling us and including us in your wonderful family. What an amazing childhood we shared with our cousins.

*My fondest love, Margie*



*Margie was the housekeeper while Roy and Joan were in New York*



## The Old Salt

Some of the happiest times Chris and I spent while living in Melbourne, were with Joan and Roy on their ski boat, Joey, fishing in the nearby waters on the bay. What fun those days were – corned beef and pickle sandwiches, with a thermos of coffee to keep us fishing until we caught enough for a meal.

Roy had told us of the beautiful flathead out there in the bay, which would actually attach themselves quite willingly, onto your fishing line hook – provided of course, you were fortunate enough to be fishing at the



*Joan catching fish on Joey*

right time, on the right day, during the right time of the year and most importantly, with the anchor dropped in the right spot – a spot which only he and Joan could show us.

He seemed to organize these days, surprisingly perhaps, at any time of the year, as long as the day was sunny.

Well, we did indeed catch many of those willing fish, which Roy then prepared for Joan and me to cook for that day's delicious lunch or an early evening meal.

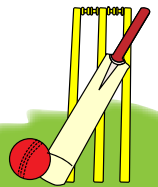
***Chris and Anna Griffith***



*British bathing beauty*

## **The Aviator**

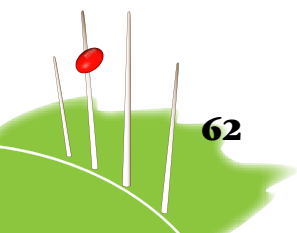
My mother and father – Dick and Ann Read – first told me about Roy when he came to visit them just after the war, for a few days, to collect a plane from England and fly it back to Australia. The plane was not ready on time and so Roy stayed in England for nearly a month. My parents at the time were living in Putney in South West London and I was only a baby



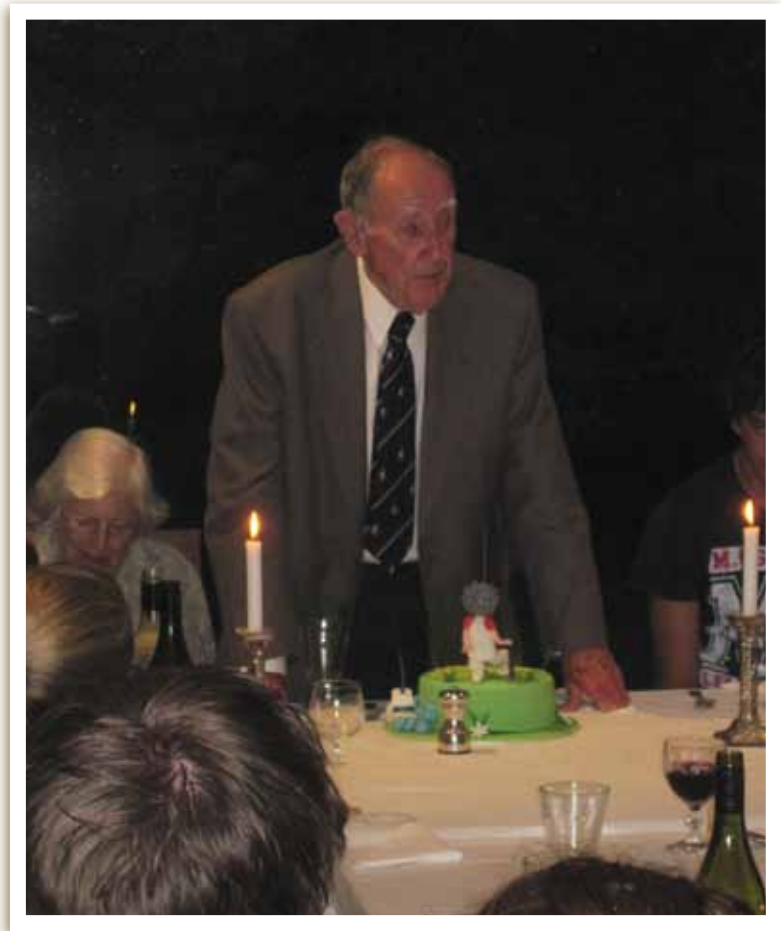
then. Roy was amazed that I was bathed in a tin bath EVERY single night that he was staying with my parents. He was under the impression that “the English” only bathed once a week, albeit though, he said, in their own dirty water!! I put my daily baths down to my father’s Australian upbringing.  
***Gaynor Gatty Saunt nee Read***



*Gaynor and Roy*







*Rambling Roy*