

# **CONNECTION**



**"They swam together, they were in the same teams together and right through their lives they stayed connected."**



Cover Photo: Barry Daley (far left) and Daryle Payne (far right) winning the 1955 National R&R title with Brian Davies, Bill Granville, Roy Evans and Les Laurence.

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# Welcome

*to the first edition of **The Mooloolaba Connection**, which we hope will stimulate, energise and let us all celebrate the shared experience of being past members of the **Mooloolaba Surf Lifesaving Club**.*

For many, our years in the club were among the most influential and enjoyable experiences of our lives.

They left a legacy of life-long friendships and a reservoir of wonderful memories. But, as the years go by, it becomes harder to maintain those connections and to make new ones across different generations of past members.

That's why, as we head towards the club's 100th anniversary, a group of us have been looking at ways to strengthen our network and to make sure we remember and celebrate the heritage of a club that boasts such a rich lifesaving history.

In the past year we lost two members who helped shape that history – Daryle Payne and Barry Daley whose history with the club spanned almost 70 years. We could think of no better example of the camaraderie and bonds that have been forged through this surf club over the years than theirs and that is why they feature as the cover story for our first edition.

We also feature another club stalwart, Judy Western, as the first subject in our Profile section. Her story highlights the often unsung contributions women made in the era they were allowed to join Surf Lifesaving clubs. Judy's service stands out for the very tough circumstances facing the club when she put up her hand to serve as club secretary, a role she held for five terms.

This first edition has been produced with a limited print issue to coincide with the annual Old Boys and Past Members lunch, but all subsequent issues will be distributed via email.

We hope to put out an issue at least every couple of months and welcome all contributions or story suggestions.

We have also set up a WhatsApp group as a closed community where we can all talk and interact more frequently.

We really hope you will get behind these initiatives and help us create an active and vibrant community of past members.

Please enjoy the read.

*If you'd like to receive future emailed issues of **The Mooloolaba Connection** please let us know: [jimhoban@biscomms.com](mailto:jimhoban@biscomms.com)*

*If you'd like to be part of the regular conversation download WhatsApp from iTunes or Google Playstore then let Jim know 0410517240 to add you to the group*

# *Mateship Personified*

*The surf club has fostered many friendships over the years but it's hard to imagine one as close and enduring as that of Daryle Payne and Barry Daley.*

It was an extraordinary friendship by any measure. It lasted for 70 years and barely a week went by without the two old mates getting together.

Barry Daley and Daryle Payne didn't meet at Mooloolaba. They went there together as youngsters with Barry's father, Bill, after becoming close friends through the Ithaca Swimming Club. But their later shared surf club experiences ensured they went through the rest of their lives as best mates.

During those decades they went from competitively successful young tyros of the club, (the pinnacle, was their national R & R title in 1955), to respected mentors and eventually elder statesmen of the club. They died just three months apart from the same illness in March and June last year. "It was like they were joined at the hip," said Daryle's wife, Fay. "They swam together, they were in the same teams together, they went away together and right through their lives they stayed connected. It didn't matter what they did, what other interests they had, they would always come together. Daryle always said Barry was like a brother to him." Although they lived a few suburbs apart, after meeting at the swimming club, they went to the same primary school and then on to the same technical college.

In more recent years they lived close to each other on Currimundi Lake and, until his death, Fay said Daryle used to zip

down to Barry's place in one of her old golf carts every week for their "Thirsty Thursday" catch-ups. It continued a ritual that had begun decades before when Barry had his auto electrical workshop right behind the Regatta Hotel in Brisbane. "They had a lot in common. They both loved a beer, they loved to swim, they both loved the surf club and everyone in it," she said.

Life member Harry Hughes said he had known the pair "since the year dot" after meeting them at the Ithaca baths and saw them win the National R&R title together on Manly Beach in 1955. "Barry made Bill Daley's life because he beat the Australian Belt Champion in the (R&R) belt leg," he said. "The number one thing I remember about them was their ability. They were both wonderful competitors and Daryle, particularly, was good at everything. He was a great clubman."

Fay Payne said the love Daryle and Barry had for the surf club was reflected in the fact that both elected to have their ashes spread off the same reef in front of the clubhouse.

"(Barry's wife) Glennis and I said, 'They'll probably be out there racing each other to catch the next wave in to get to the bar'," she said.

***The shark bell that tolled as Daryle's ashes were spread was the one he restored when he worked at the Ipswich Railway workshops as a coppersmith. It is still in service today.***



*"They'll probably be out there racing each other to catch the next wave in to get to the bar"*



*(L-R) Harry Hughes, Barry Daley and Daryle Payne meeting actress Diane Cilento in 1960.*

# My introduction to the surf club

**Cathy Harding** (Mooloolaba and Australia's first female surf club captain)

"I worked with Don Collins who was a member of the club back in 1983; around the time of the World Titles. I believe because the club had booked 20 tickets for the team to go to the titles, they were given a free ticket which they decided to raffle off to raise money. It was \$5 a ticket which was huge on my lowly wage, so I bought just one ticket – and it won. (I heard much later from someone who was at the draw that the first ticket they drew that night was an unsold ticket so they had to redraw it) That's how I got involved because while we were away they kept saying, 'Why don't you try it; we don't have many girls.' I've always loved the surf so I went up there for a holiday in November that year and caught up with them all and that's when I joined."



**Brad Bousted (Bonk)**

"Joining a surf lifesaving club was never on my horizon. I was a member of The Gap State School swimming club. At the end of each season the club would have a break-up party, usually at the beach. In 1971 a parent by the name of Les Laurence suggested that we go to Mooloolaba, where he would be able to get us access to the surf clubhouse facilities. As it turns out, Les was a member of Mooloolaba's R and R team which won both state and national titles in 1955. At the same time, club officials were recruiting for boys to be members of the first nipper camp at the surf club in the May school holidays. I was one of the four boys from The Gap who went to the camp and the only one of the four to continue long term as a member. Notable adults there included Arthur Parkyn, Pat Parsons, Trevor Webb and Lester Cicero."

**Steve Meredith (Mega)**

"In early 1987 we moved into a unit in Mooloolaba while my mum and dad were building a new house. At the same time, I met my new neighbour – Nathan Day – who suggested that I join the nippers, which I did in the summer of 87/88. I joined the under-10s with Jimmy and Richard Cleaver and Glenn Smith. I think there were about 60 of us in total across all the age groups. We were no world beaters but we had a great time and we were happy to qualify for state titles each year."



# PROFILE

*"We had to walk all the way from Maroochydore to Mooloolaba to swim. My mum couldn't swim and she deemed it to be a safer beach, which it was most of the time."*

## JUDY WESTERN

These days you're more likely to find Judy Western on the bowling green than at the surf club but it was a very different story four decades ago when she put her hand up to become club secretary. They were tough times – the old clubhouse had burned down the year before, membership had plummeted to fewer than 50 in the wake of the fire and the club was in serious financial distress. She was under no illusions about how tough it would be when she agreed to take on the job alongside her husband Joe, who was then club treasurer, and president Dave Jewry.

"It was horrendous," she said. "I think the interest rate on the loan (for the rebuilding program) was around 20 per cent at the time so all we could do was pay off the interest; we couldn't touch the principal."

And with no function facility available until the new club went up, most of those repayments had to come from hard fundraising graft, with constant rounds of pub raffles.

Judy is still clear about what motivated her: "I mainly wanted to make sure Joe had support because the treasurer's job was so hard in those days with those interest rates. He was working full time and he needed somebody to keep things going."

With her two young children, Ainsley and Brendan, then at School, she would spend up to six days a week



at the club, often perched out on the deck with her trusty old Olivetti typewriter (though she did occasionally take advantage of the high tides to clock off and go fishing).

It wasn't exactly pre-computer times but there was no question of the club being able to invest in technology to make the job easier.

"I remember I was cutting up stencils and roneoing them off," she said. "Because it was only the hard core who had stayed, and we'd lost so many members, I was sending out newsletters trying to get things going and to rally everybody, I suppose."

"Judy's association with the MSLSC dates back to the early '60s when her mother insisted

she and her identical twin sister, Sue, walk there from their home at Maroochydore.

"My mum couldn't swim and she deemed it to be a safer beach, which it was most of the time," she said. "Then we got into boardriding so we met all the boys from Maroochydore, all the boys from Alex and all the boys from Mooloolaba."

Judy spent five years as club secretary and another four as branch delegate, only stepping down when she returned to work full time.

But a less visible contribution over an even longer period was the constant imperative of fundraising, which became much more arduous after the fire, for her and that hard core of remaining members.

Ironically during most of Judy's early association with MSLSC, women were still barred from joining surf clubs as members.

"I was just doing what women were allowed to do in those days, which was cooking cleaning and fundraising," she said. "Whatever they needed, you were around to do. That's the way it was then and you just accepted it."

"Someone asked me once when women were allowed back in, if I was going to get my bronze. I said, 'When I could do it easily, I wasn't allowed to. Now it's all getting too hard with work and kids. I don't need to go down that road anymore.'"

# A Pivotal Moment in The Club's History

**After the old clubhouse burnt down in 1979, a concerted fundraising effort allowed the club to start the rebuilding program. But an unforeseen hurdle soon emerged, as then President Dave Jewry describes in this extract from Our Club Our Story 1922 - 1997 written by Robert Longhurst.**

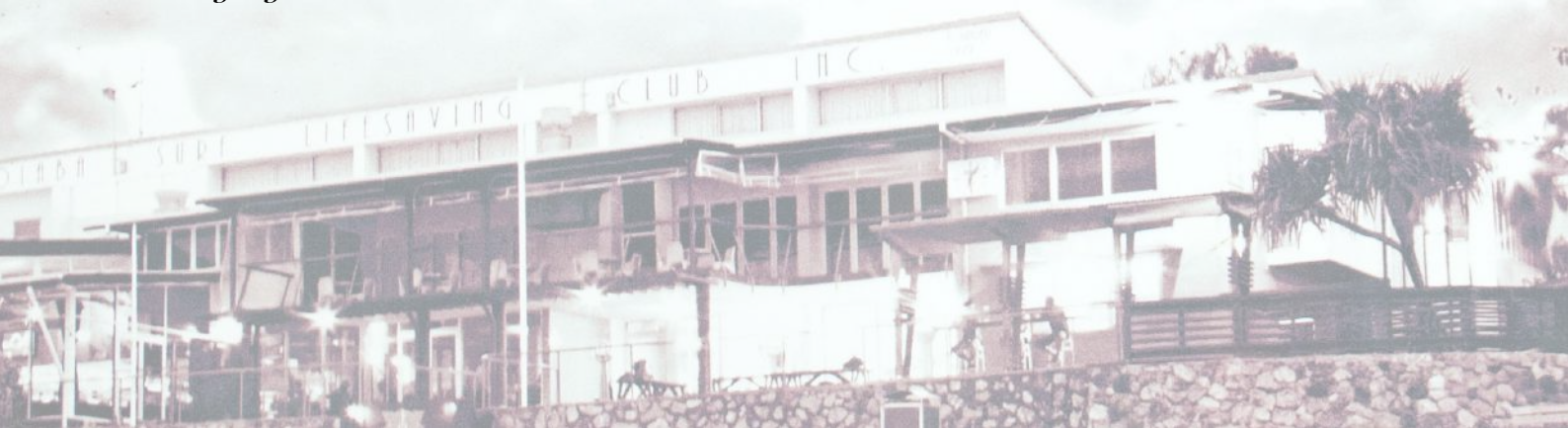
*'After the bank had approved the loan to build the new clubhouse we were in a position to have the contractor commence work as we had \$150,000 in liquid funds available and not wait for the bank to complete paperwork. This was a result of the incredible fund raising during the period following the fire.*

*We had not foreseen the need for changing our lease arrangements with the government and this stopped the bank processing the mortgage. As a result we quickly ran out of funds and I received a call from Treasurer Joe advising that the builder was owed a progress payment of \$70,000 and we had \$2,000, and the bank was still 2-3 weeks away from advancing our loan. We contacted Roy Thompson who was then the Publican at the Mooloolaba Hotel and of some influence in the town which was also in the depths of despair (due to the economic crash at that time). Roy requested Joe and I call to see him prior to opening time the following Sunday morning to hear our tale of woe. Des Scanlan, who at that time owned the Big Cow at Yandina and was heavily involved with the helicopter service, also attended the meeting. We were hoping these guys could influence the bank to process our loan quicker or at least advance us the funds to meet the progress payment. To our amazement, A small cheque book was pulled out and a cheque for the required amount written on the spot. Only two conditions were laid down:*

- 1. "Don't tell any bastard otherwise they'll wear our carpets out asking for similar help/"*
- 2. "That we get it back".*

*With that Joe and I found ourselves on the footpath with a cash cheque for \$68,000 and no signatures or paperwork written.*

*This support saved the day and both of these gentlemen have been tremendous supporters of both our Club and the movement as a whole ever since. Roy Thompson later took over the building of our first bar which enabled us to actually open the building as a going concern.*





# Far & Wide

*While many former club members have stayed close to their Mooloolaba roots others are spread around the world. But, as Ian Curr-Parkes tells it, those roots are sown deep.*

The man affectionately known as "Spares" has definitely staked a claim for the most widely travelled among his old cohort of surf club mates.

He might have seemed a world away during his nine years at Karratha in the Kimberley, but he was just getting started. His work in the Oil and Gas industry has since taken him around the world, after he left Western Australia to work as head of operations for Russia's first LNG (Liquified Natural Gas) plant. He has now been leading the expat lifestyle for most of the past 14 years, working with a range of multinationals in Burma, China, Canada, Singapore and now Houston, Texas where he has been based for the past three years.

"Most of my roles have been in managing LNG facilities during the engineering and construction phases and then setting up for operation and production," he said.

Ian has a narrow favourite when deciding on the best place he has lived. "I would say Burma for it's beauty and uniqueness, and for the people, who are genuine and charming across all spectrums of society," he said.

"Then perhaps China for its sheer volumes of people who live and work with such vastly differing ambition, all the way



from the dirt poor to the extremely wealthy, China has it all." While enjoying those countries for their contrasts to Australia, he says he is enjoying the lifestyle in Houston because of the similarities.

"Baseball replaces cricket for summer and their crazy form of football for winter, but I'm close to being a part-time Texan. There are long summers with heaps of options for the great outdoors, including beaches and a lot of other tourist spots close such as NASA. However, everything here is about cars and freeways; monsters with

mind-blowing amounts of traffic, which is a little scary at first until you get used to it."

Despite the distance Ian said he still cherishes his time in the surf club. "I'd say without hesitation that people from my early days in Mooloolaba Surf Club directly impacted my life to form the person I am today, so I'm very thankful for those who taught me the values of friendship, tolerance and the strength of a team. They sit dear to my heart."

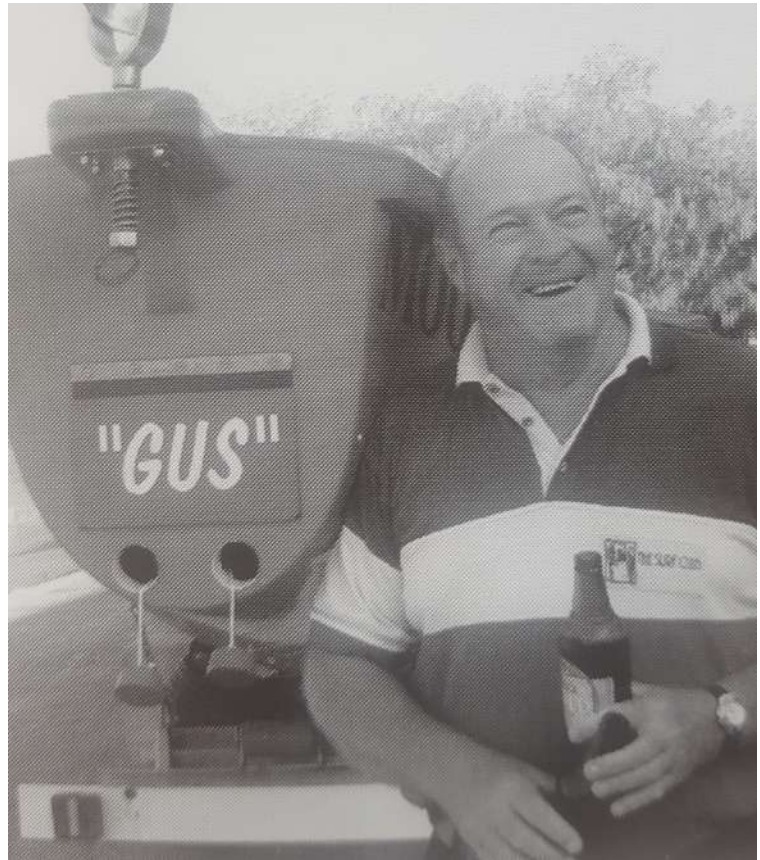
*Postscript: According to Ian's great mate Gary Tanner, the nickname Spares was bestowed by Bob Yarbrough when he first met Ian and was told his hyphenated name.*

# Past Yarns

*We revisit some of the more amusing stories from the past, including one that might have seemed far fetched until told here by the man responsible.*

## Gus Gordon

"I was 18 but still competing as a junior and we had a carnival the next day so there was a curfew. Everyone had to be in bed and lights out by nine o'clock. I was obviously going to be late because I was out having a beer with Barry Cox, my sweep. Anyway the next morning we both got called up to a special executive meeting for missing the curfew. Coxy went in first and he got a three-month suspension so I thought, 'Well there's no point me hanging around - if Coxy's suspended I can't row anyway' so I thought I'd come up with this story. The president at the time was Jack McCarthy who we used to call The Senator because he was always so precise with the proceedings at meetings. So I went in and he asked me why I missed the curfew and I said, 'Well, I didn't intend to because, knowing it was a nine o'clock curfew, I thought I'd stay fresh for the carnival so I got on my bike and went out to the bridge at Bli Bli across the Maroochy river to go fishing. Come 8,30 I thought I'd better get going to get back to the clubhouse for the curfew, but when I went to hop on my bike,



**Gus after one of his much later "fishing trips"**

the front wheel got caught in the cane train track and the only way to get it out was to push it all the way to the terminus at Nambour. Everyone else at the meeting got a bit of a giggle up, but the senator just looked at me and said, 'Don't you ever do that again son.' So as it turned out, I didn't get suspended. It was a long weekend so I got to compete the

next day (I think Harry Hughes came back to sweep us) but on the Monday I had to spend all day carrying buckets of sand up from the beach and spreading them over the seepage from the old septic tank in the back yard, - all under the watchful eye of Frank Cahill who was the vice-captain at the time so that was my punishment.

## CONTRIBUTIONS

**If you have a great story, or a story idea for future issues, please email them to [jimhoban@biscomms.com](mailto:jimhoban@biscomms.com). We would also love to feature some of your old photos. Please send them through as jpegs to the same address.**

**We hope you enjoyed reading The Mooloolaba Connection. This first issue has been produced within a tight timeframe, hence the reliance on readily available images which is responsible for the reduced print resolution.**



