



Helen with her nine grandchildren in 1989



Helen cutting her 70th Birthday Cake with her grandchildren, at Waitomo Camping Ground

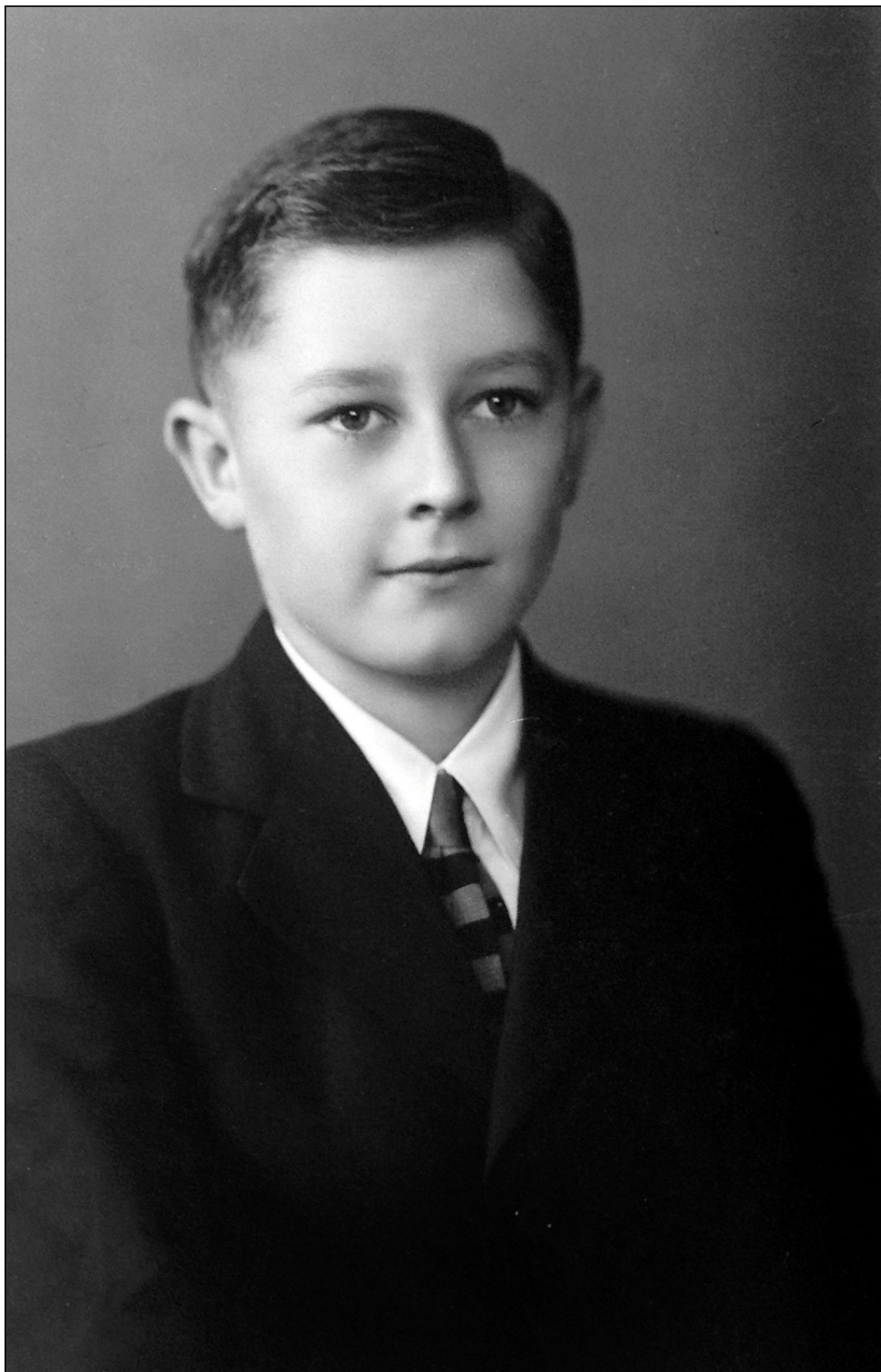
After leaving Regency Park in Rotorua, Helen Collins lived at Fergusson Rest Home in Rotorua before moving to Liston Heights in Taupo, where she passed away at the age of 92, in 2013.



Helen is lovingly remembered by her three children,
nine grandchildren
and seven great grandchildren.

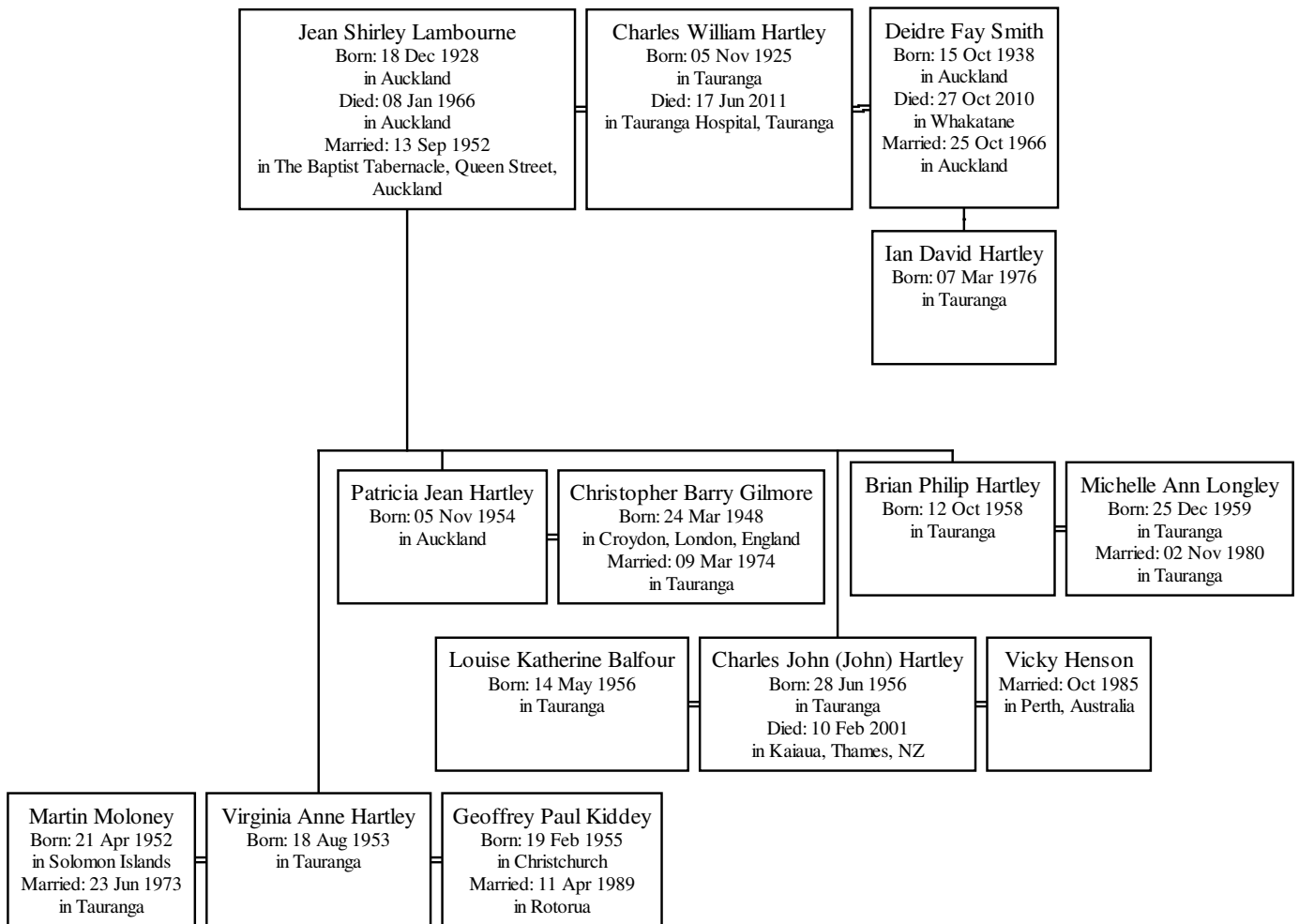
Charles William
Hartley





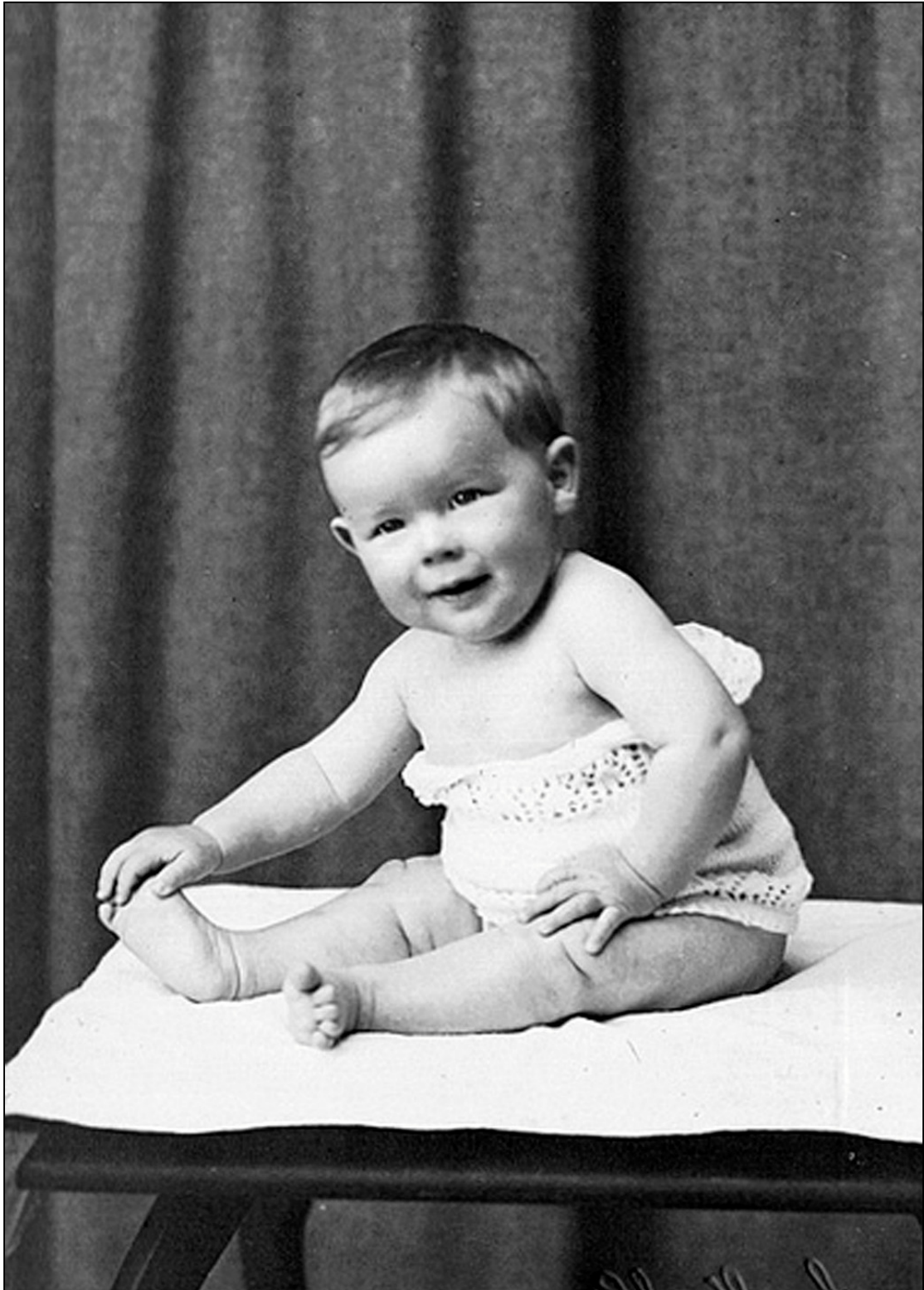
Charles William Hartley

Children of Charles William Hartley



Charles William Hartley

Charles William Hartley, only son and fourth child of Charles Hartley and Mabel Emma Sharon, was born on 5th Nov 1925 in Tauranga and died on 17th Jun 2011 in Tauranga.



Charles William Hartley

Charles William Hartley

By his daughter Trish Gilmore nee Hartley

Charles William Hartley, our father, was born 5th November 1925, Guy Fawkes Day. He always said he arrived with a big bang. The only Son born to Mabel and Charles Hartley (senior) with 3 older sisters, Phyllis, Dawn and Helen.

In his younger years he was called Billy and being the only boy was spoilt. Aunty Helen told me that when he was young he didn't have to tie his own shoe laces, everything was done for him. But this did not spoil this handsome young man.

Dad was two and a half years old when his father, Charles Hartley Senior, passed away at age 42. Charles Hartley Senior was Commodore of the Tauranga Yacht Club, spending as much time on the water as he could. There are many photos of trophy Swordfish to his credit. Our brother Brian has our Grand-Father's spear.

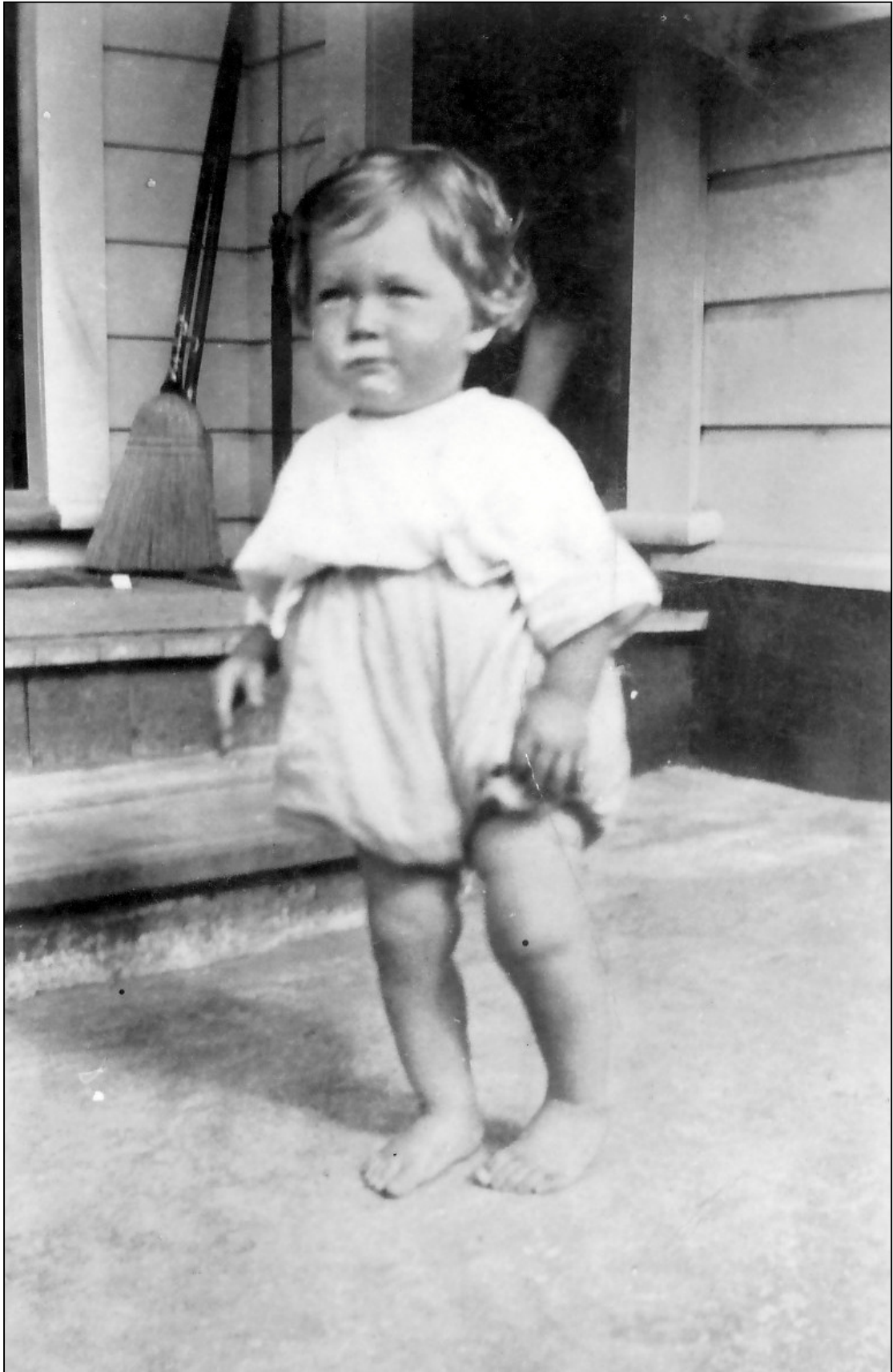


Charles William Hartley – 2nd Birthday 5th Nov 1927



Charles William Hartley





Charles William Hartley – Monmouth Street



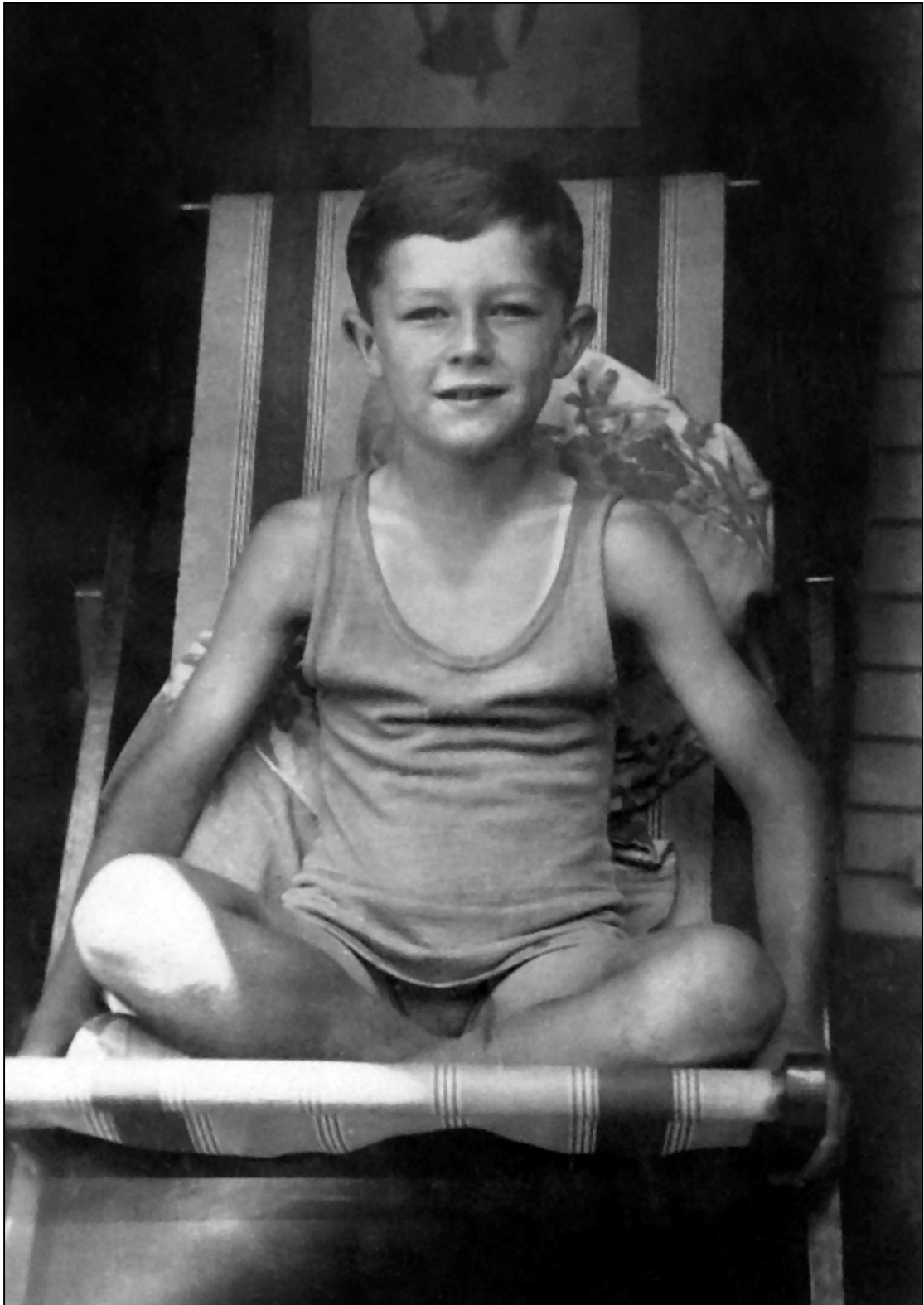
Charles Snr with his son, Charles Jnr



Charles with his mother, Mabel



Charles William Hartley



Charles William Hartley

Learning the history about Mabel and Charles Hartley Senior, explains not only our father's love of the water, but ours. It's in our blood.

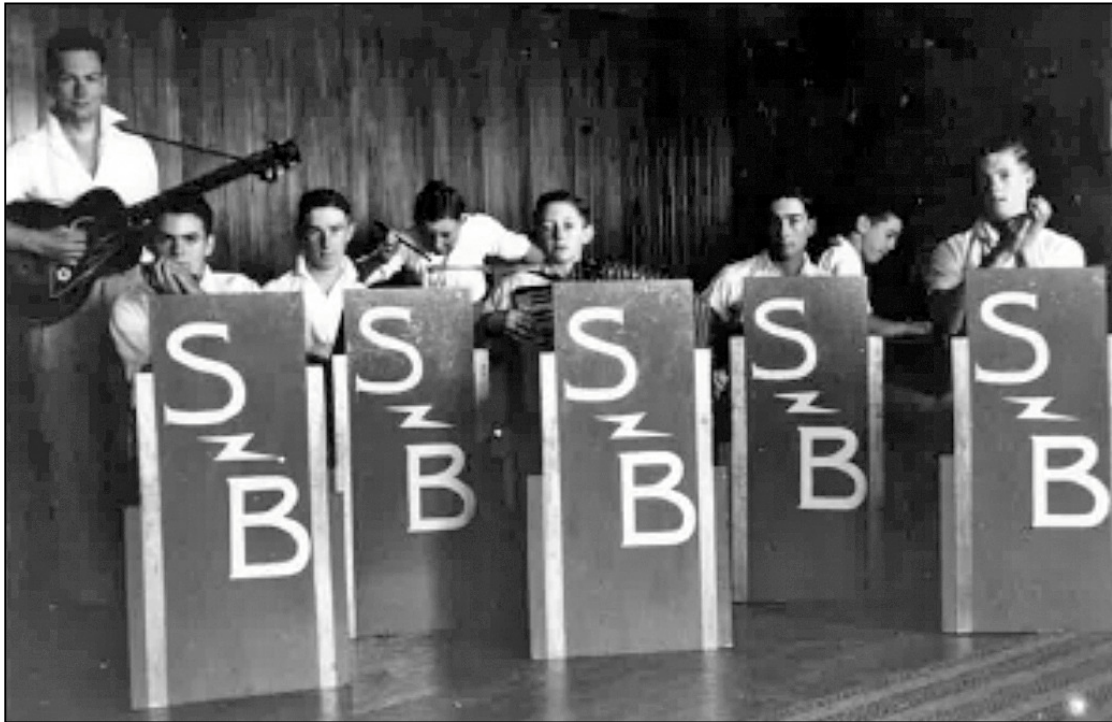
Dad's education started at the Tauranga School (now Tauranga Primary School) and later he was sent to boarding school at Mount Albert Grammar in Auckland where he soon settled in. When his schooling was completed he joined the family business of Charles Hartley Ltd as a draper, progressing to Managing Director. You couldn't have got a better salesman, he could have sold a fridge to an Eskimo. He was held in high regard by the staff, still evident many years later at a Staff reunion. Shop hours were Monday to Friday, with a 9pm finish on Friday nights. No weekend trading

Fishing, shooting and hunting was his passion, and at age 5 he was already shooting targets with the encouragement of his mother Mabel, who was also a shooter. There was never a time in our lives when we did not have a boat. Boat's of all types: Cruising boats, speed boats, launches. The only time Dad changed a boat name was with his boat called "Vinney". He had the "V" changed to a "G" making it "Ginny" (his eldest daughter). Dad would have lived on the water if he could have, he loved his fishing. When he was behind the helm, you felt very safe with or without our lifejackets on. He was always in charge.

Dad was musical from a very young age playing the piano accordion in a band. He also played the piano and organ, all by ear, as he couldn't read music. There wasn't a tune he couldn't play and he was always tinkering. Both Dad and Grandma's pianos remain in our family.



"Dad was musical from a very young age playing the piano accordion in a band"



Middle: Lead Accordionist 1939; not yet 14 years old

Having a thirst for adventure, he drove his Jeep up the front steps of the Tauranga Town Hall. Next came a pilot licence for him to fly a Tiger Moth.



Dad, John & Brian at Marine Parade

He shot his prize red deer, carrying it out of the bush on his shoulders and had it mounted where it hung with pride on the wall up our staircase at 4th Avenue.



“He shot his prize red deer”

A natural shooter who could shoot a target from the hip he quickly became a NZ Trap Shooting Champion and a member of the Tauranga Gun Club from 1946 to 2009. He was invited to his first National Championship in 1947 where he borrowed a side by side shotgun. He came second and was hooked on the sport.

Throughout my life I was aware that Dad was popular and highly respected in the shooting fraternity. You heard: “Hi Charlie” everywhere you went. I felt like Royalty.

In 1955, 1956, 1957 and 1962 he won the Mackintosh High Gun, shooting 14 times in the New Zealand Mackintosh Team, against 8 other Countries. He still holds the record for winning the Silver Pigeon four times. Three in a row from 1955 to 1957.



Brian with Dad holding the Silver Pigeon



The greatest Achievements:

- 1962 - NZ Single Rise Champion
- 1963 - NZ Double Rise Champion
- 1966 - Australian High Gun Champion
- 1967 - NZ Double Rise Champion
- 1969 - NZ Single Barrel Champion
- 1969 - NZ High Gun Champion
- 1975 - NZ Double Rise Champion
- 2005 - He won 4 of Super Veteran Titles at the Nationals aged 79
- 2009 - Competed Nationally at the National DTL aged 83



But the proudest moment for not only Dad, but for every member of our family, was seeing him inducted into the Hall of Fame in 2009, for recognition of his outstanding shooting achievements. A sport he loved.



Hall of Fame Family celebration



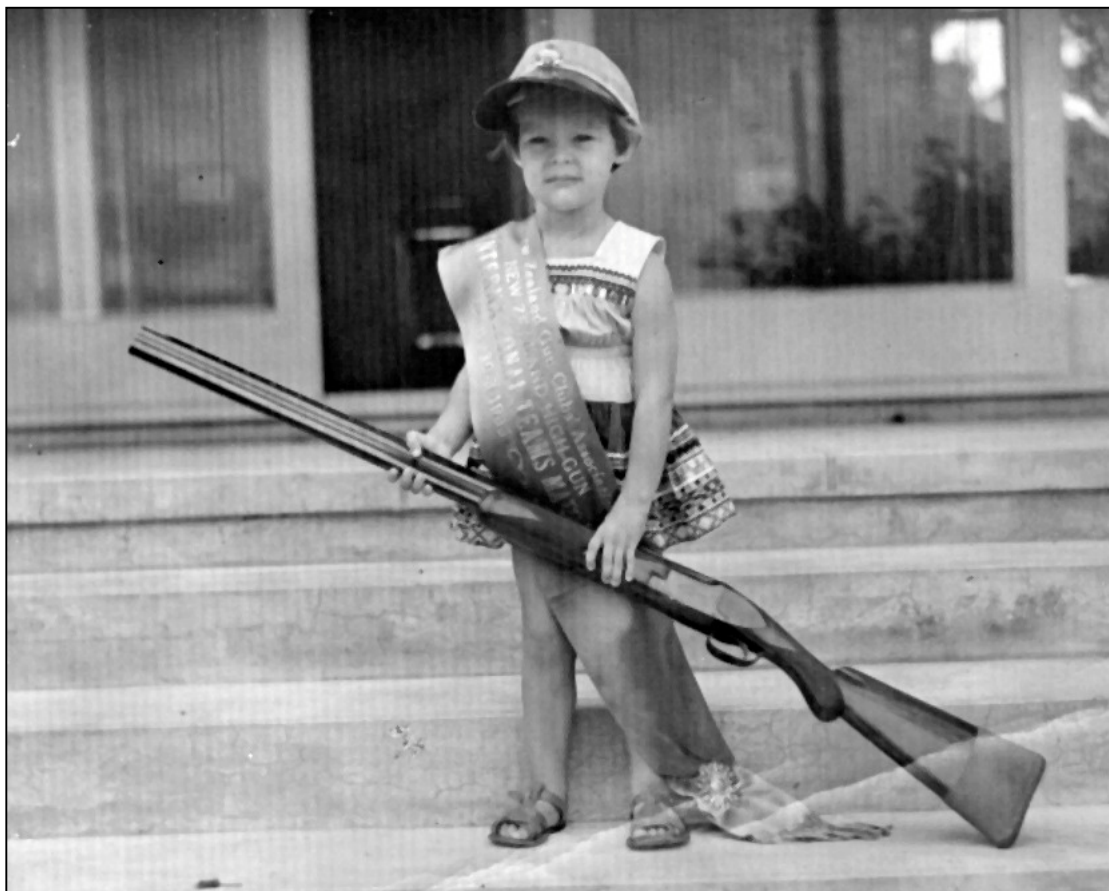
Dad & Brian: soon to be the only Father & Son together in the Hall of Fame for their shooting achievements

Dad had a gun room down in the basement, with a distinctive smell of gun oil. He was very particular about the cleaning and upkeep of his guns. As the firearms grew in numbers so did the security, with a steel door being purchased from a bank in later years. Until the steel door there was a sign "House guarded by shot gun 3 days a week. You choose which days." He kept busy reloading ammunition in his spare time.

Dad, Don Stewart (Dad's lifelong friend) and four others bought a duck shooting possie at Edgumbe, where they went duck shooting for years with their boys. Dad found a two-roomed old Post Office hut which they had moved onto the property. Very basic, but suited their needs. In April before the duck shooting season, both families (girls included) would go and get the maimais ready. Not many ducks got away in the shooting season. When they returned home, it was our job to sit on boxes and pluck all the ducks. Dad gutted them and it stunk, but they tasted nice roasted, even if you found shot in the breast meat.

Dad's shooting ability inspired his three sons. John won the Junior High Gun, and Brian has numerous NZ shooting titles to his name. Dad was very proud of them both. He generously gave a shot gun to three of his grandson's which enabled them to enjoy the sport he so loved. When our Family shoot at local clubs, they usually clean up all the prizes. His legacy continues.

One of Dad's shooting trophies was a television. We were the first family in our street to have a television - often on a Saturday night Don Stewart and his family, would come over to watch the TV with us. He loved westerns with John Wayne.



Ginny with Dad's High Gun and Sash

Dad was popular, enjoyed company, loved a good joke and was full of wit. A man who taught us about a gentleman's handshake, a man of his word. Table manners were paramount, and we were taught strong principals. His love was not only his family, but whiskey and potatoes.

I was Dad's 29th birthday present on the 5th of November 1954. Guy Fawkes was a big family event, and every year our birthday tree (a bright cerise Rhododendron) bloomed for our joint birthdays. There were now two Scorpio's in our family.



Charles and Trish on their birthday - 5th November 1973

Grandma purchased four properties on a block on Marine Parade, Mt Maunganui, one of which was turned into a tennis court, due to her love of tennis. First there was a tent, then a bach was transported from Judea, Tauranga, onto our piece of land. As our family grew, so did the bach. The last addition was on the back of the bach, a bedroom for Ginny & me, and a tiny room with a short built-in bed for Brian, while he fitted it. We girls were allowed to choose the colour of our new bedroom so we chose pink.

Marine Parade was a dirt track, so crossing to the beach took particular care in case cars were coming! Dad buried his caravan in the front lawn of the property - why I don't know, dumps were free in those days.

We would spend many outings up the Tauranga Harbour, even staying overnight on the boat. The four of us in our sleeping bags in a row up the front of the boat, (with very little room to move) and mum & dad down the back. No toilet, just a bucket. I was pleased when morning arrived. If we ever had extra fish, Dad would drop it off to Grandma to enjoy.

Dad was a trickster. He convinced us into taking shovels and spades with our cousins (the Collins) over to the sand dunes in front of the bach where we dug for hours, trying to level the sand dune so we could see more of the water. A good way to get peace and quiet for the day, send the kids on an impossible mission.



Charles & Jean at Marine Parade

When a fence was put around the bach, Dad gave us a small pottle of silver paint and a thin paint brush, and we spent hours painting the top rail right around the property. Is that why we have such good work ethics? We were taught to finish the job.

There was a green mug in Dad's cupboard above the fridge that had a small frog in the bottom. Dad had great delight giving a drink to our smaller cousins in this mug, to hear them scream when they saw the frog. We also had a fold up bed, and he told our small cousin Marco that, if he moved in the bed, the bed would fold up. Marco hardly slept that night.

Around 1963, Dad, Puppa Alec and Uncle Doug (Collins) went to Japan for a "buying trip." We stayed up in Auckland so Mum could have company with Kate for the 6 weeks they were away. We three older children went to school in Parnell Auckland, which was straight over the fence from Puppa's home. Brian stayed with Mum and Kate as he was not yet five. It felt odd being away from our school friends in Tauranga.

Dad returned with a suitcase full of toys & gifts for us. Ginny and I both got a Japanese Komono with matching shoes and a backpack. I still have mine, and the toys.

One day we collected Grandma and Puppa Alf and took them on the boat up to Motuhua Island in the Tauranga harbour, for a picnic. To fit on the boat required the four of us children to sit up the front of the bow which would be illegal in today's water safety standards. We loved being up the front, it was exciting.

Returning home from boating we all had our jobs to do. The boys washed the boat, we girls emptied it. Likewise, when launching the boat into the water at the jetty, we all had our positions to help. One day, Dad called to John to throw him the rope - what he meant was for John to attach the rope to the jetty, then throw it. John of course did what he was asked, and threw the rope unattached. It became a joke in later years, but not so on the day. John was severely reprimanded.

In 1965, Dad, Mum, Brian and I were going up to the Coromandel for a weekend, when we had a nasty car accident. The driver of the car coming towards us was busy looking on the wrong side of the road and hit us. Brian was sitting on Mum's knee in the front at the time, and broke her nose from the impact. The Cortina was written off.

Dad suffered a nasty knee injury, losing his knee cap, and I also had a knee injury. We were all taken to Thames Hospital for the night, but Dad remained there for some time before being transferred back to Tauranga. Don and Audrey Stewart came and collected us the following day. Dad had a full plaster cast on his leg from his groin to his ankle, for months. Getting him upstairs to his bedroom wasn't easy. Mum was his full time nurse.



Mum visiting Dad in Hospital post the car accident

He was not a man to be on his own. It was his fishing and shooting that kept him going.

Ginny was looking after us one weekend at the Mount bach overseen by Mum's cousin Aunty Mave who lived in a house at the back. Dad had been invited up to Auckland (which is when he met Deidre) Brian and John dug a deep tunnel in the sand - the tunnel collapsed! We shouted and shouted for help, and a young couple came running to our aid. John was dug out, but Brian was still missing.



A goodbye kiss

It was sometime before they managed to find Brian and get him out to safety. This couple saved his life.

An Ambulance was called, and we were all very upset and distressed while they checked Brian out. Ginny took her position of being in charge seriously, and was taken down to a family friends home just down the road where she was given a small brandy to settle her nerves. She still feels responsible for what happened. You had to have eyes in the back of your head for these boys. We were very close to losing our young Brother. It frightened us all.

When Dad was away winning the Australian High Gun in 1966, he employed a housekeeper. We had a caravan that sat outside the lounge, and she persuaded me to sleep in Dad's room, and she went and slept in the caravan. I thought it was great, as I had a phone beside the bed.

She then proceeded to tell us that when God comes, all the graves open up and the dead rise up. We had not long buried Mum when she was telling us this. The thought of having Mum returned to us was soothing, and I remember thinking what would she be wearing. But the picture of every dead person in the graveyard rising up was spooky. It was another horror story we did not need to hear.

We played jokes on her, mixing up concoctions from the kitchen cupboards, that looked like one of us had been sick.



Charles and Deidre

Dad returned to hear what she had said, and she was dismissed instantly. Dad was invited by Leo a Rep who visited Hartleys, to go up to Auckland one weekend where he introduced Dad to Barb, an Air Hostess that lived next door.

Dad returned the following weekend, but Barb was away overseas, and he met Deidre. One day when Dad and Ginny were in the laundry together, Dad asked Ginny “what would you think if I got married again?” Ginny replied: “can we meet her first?”

So Dad took both Ginny and me up to Auckland, and we met Deidre Smith. Deidre cooked spaghetti bolognaise for lunch, which makes me chuckle today as Dad hated pasta. But you would never have known it that day. Ginny and I waited in the car for a couple of hours, while Dad said “goodbye” to Deidre. We were too naïve to realise why the curtains were pulled in her flat. On the way home Dad asked us to tell Grandma how much we liked Deidre.

Deidre bought the four of us a hat back from Disneyland on one of her work trips, with our names embroidered on the front. I still have mine. After a six week whirlwind courtship, Dad married Deidre on the 25th of October 1966. At almost 41, he knew what he wanted. Deidre was 28 and previously trained as a Nurse; then went on to work as a Check Air Hostess for NAC, training the new Air Hostess's.

The wedding day was tinged with sadness as our cousin Billy's funeral was on the same day in Tauranga, with family members having to choose to attend a wedding or a funeral.

The four of us were all part of the wedding party, and because there was no confetti, Ginny and I sprinkled parmesan cheese (given to us by Grandma Smith) all through their car before they left for their Honeymoon.

Dad and Deidre were shouted a trip to Honolulu for their honeymoon, by the Airline. The car then sat in a hot car park at the airport for nearly 3 weeks. Dad sold the car (because of the smell) soon after they returned from their honeymoon. He never said a word. Puppa and Kate looked after us while they were away taking us on many outings.



Charles and Deidre's Wedding - 25th of October 1966



Brian, Trish, Ginny & John

I had my 12th birthday sleeping out in the caravan with my friend Susan. With Dad away, I thought it would be good for Susan and me to try smoking one of Dad's "Camel" cigarettes out in the privacy of the caravan. We opened the window and had a puff, but it was disgusting! I put the packet in the top cupboard and forgot all about them. Dad went to sell the caravan and found the packet of cigarettes and blamed John and Brian. He would not let up, he kept asking the boys for the truth, till one day I could not have them blamed anymore and owned up. I remember the look of shock on Dad's face. Dad was very strict, and owning up was terrifying, but thankfully he let it slide. That was the only puff of a cigarette I have ever had. We were trained to be very independent children. Piano practice had to be done every morning before school. Ginny organised our breakfast, I did the school lunches.



Alf, Deidre, Charles & Mabel

We had to be out of the kitchen by 7:30 am sharp, or we were in trouble. Deidre was not a morning person. She said if you can read, you can cook. But apart from organising the breakfasts, we were not allowed to cook in the kitchen.

Our beds had to be made and our rooms tidy before leaving for school on our bikes, rain, hail or snow. Ginny became our Mother at the age of 12; we became the awesome foursome, sticking tightly together. Deidre gave both Ginny and me a recipe book when we got engaged. We could read so we could now cook.



John and I went with Dad and Deidre to Australia on one of Dad's shooting trips. We stayed with Aunty Judi (Piat) and her family under the Glass House Mountains in Brisbane, on a pineapple plantation. Needless to say we ate plenty of Pineapples.

From there we flew to Sydney where we stayed in a Hotel in King's Cross for a few days. Dad would take us out to dinner, and one night we played Ten Pin Bowling which was fun. We caught a ferry across the harbour spending a full day at the Taronga Zoo. Dad laughed at us when we left the Hotel, as we had made our beds. Ginny and Brian followed on another shooting trip to Australia, as Ginny's exams had finished, also staying with Aunty Judi. They did more shopping than we did.

As we became teenagers, Dad decided to remove us from the Mount scene and sold the bach abruptly which we were all very unhappy about. He bought a two-roomed bach that ran down to the lake edge at Lake Rotoiti, and the smallest caravan we had ever seen for John and Brian to sleep in. They couldn't even lie flat in that cramped caravan. It could have stunted their growth. Fortunately it didn't.



Rotoiti bach (middle)

We had a lake boat which we called Ploddington, because it only plodded across the Lake. John would wind up an old gramophone and we would play old music, which could be heard for miles across the Lake. We were allowed to take Ploddington out all day on the Lake. Dad & Deidre would often stay at the bach.

Then came a ski boat with a petrol can that was always full. Dad taught us to ski which we did to our hearts' content. The boys and I progressed to one ski, and Brian later skied barefoot. We circumnavigated the whole of Lake Rotoiti, ending up at the natural hot pools that could only be assessed by water. Dad's zest for life ran through our veins.

We took shampoo in the boat and washed our hair in the Lake. There was no bathroom at the bach, just a smelly "long drop loo" outside, which sat under the most magnificent huge red weeping maple tree. The view from the loo was breath takingly beautiful if you were game enough to sit there and enjoy it.

When Dad realised that there were false teeth down the long drop, he persuaded Chris into letting him suspend Chris by both his feet, and lowered him down the long drop to get the false teeth. Dad always joked that if anybody needed false teeth, he had a spare set! Yuck.



John, Trish & Chris with Ploddington 1

Brian & John took the boat and headed off across the Lake where they spent a couple of nights with no food. Desperate measures were needed, and they ate rats, which ended up giving them Trench Mouth which is contagious. They were very sick, and were told to remain in the tiny cramped caravan and meals were taken out to them. We were particular with hygiene of their plates, knives and forks. I always wondered why they weren't taken home as they were so sick.

Our family spent 10 days at Mayor Island in a cabin for New Year in 1969. And what a New Year's party it was. The cabin had two rooms with six bunks, a kitchenette with a bathroom out the back. Deidre made us covers for our sleeping bags, and we were only allowed to take what we could fit on the inside of the sleeping bag, bag. That equated to very little, but we became clever at wearing all our heavy clothes, then peeling them off when we were on our way out to Mayor, putting them carefully out of sight up the front of the boat. We learn't to be resourceful. Ginny managed to get shampoo, conditioner and curlers in her bag, and bikini's didn't take up much space. She got employed to work in the kitchen, getting up around 5.30am to serve the breakfasts and organise lunches for the boaties.

Brian and Ginny both got seasick so stayed at Mayor Island during the day, while John and I spent every day crewing and driving the boat for Dad. We loved it, laughing most of the day, it was no hardship for us. When returning back to the bay at Mayor Island, the attraction was to go down and see the big fish being weighed. We were fascinated to see a huge Hammerhead shark that was FULL of babies. We were always looking for sharks and one day out Papamoa way, we found a beauty. It came right up to the back of the boat and tried to bite the engines. It was huge!



Dad with Deidre and her shark Mayor Island

We all knew to remain silent and it was anchors up and we were out of there so fast. Engines were full blast all the way home.

Arriving back at home, Dad kept the boat on the trailer, and we all went to Don Stewart's bach at Lake Rotoiti where there were no sharks. It shook us all.

Another big memory is when we had a Tiger Shark on out at Mayor Island. The Tiger Shark was dragging us backwards. Dad told me to go up on the top of the boat and take photos and I kept saying, "Dad....." He answered with "not now Trish" but I said again "Dad..... the shark is bigger than the boat" He said "I know" Other launch's came for support, and after many hours the line broke. Probably just as well as Deidre was exhausted playing it.



Big Manly Beach – Kate Lambourne, John, Trish, Charles, Ginny, Marco & Judi Piat and Brian

On Saturday 9th March 1974 Chris Gilmore and I were married. There was a knock on my bedroom door at 7:30 am and Dad entered carrying a breakfast tray. The most surprising thing was not that Dad had put a breakfast together for me, but that he had gone outside into the garden and picked a single flower and put it in a vase.

Dad hated flowers and gardens, and always joked that he would pull them all out, concrete and paint the concrete green. So seeing a beautiful single flower on my breakfast tray was as much a surprise as having my father bring me breakfast. I sobbed down the aisle on my father's arm, missing my mother on our wedding day, and reached for the beautiful lace handkerchief that he had gone especially to get from the shop, to find the price tag still attached. It lifted the sadness and made me laugh.

Prior to our wedding I was to fly to Auckland with Dad to choose the fabrics for our wedding, but was unwell in bed with a migraine. Dad had to go alone and asked what colours I would like for my bridesmaids, and how many bridesmaids was I having. I asked for a strong midnight blue colour for three bridesmaids, and he returned with yellow floral fabric for two. It never occurred to me for years that Mum's bridesmaids were in a soft yellow and perhaps that was why he pulled towards the colour.

Chris and I went to the Rotoiti bach during our honeymoon, during which time the boat shed blew over. Dad arrived with a couple of builders and had the remains of the boatshed secured.



Charles & Trish



*Christopher Barry Gilmore & Patricia Jean Hartley
Wedding 9 March 1974*



Brian, Ginny, Trish and John



*Martin Moloney & Virginia Anne Hartley
Wedding 23 June 1973*



Deborah Costello, Ginny, Deidre, Charles & Trish



*Charles with his sister, Phyllis
at Martin & Ginny's wedding 23 June 1973*

On the 7th March 1976, our brother Ian Hartley was born. An unplanned but happy surprise. Ian was brought up with our own children, and was the apple of his parents' eyes. He benefited from two doting parents and was encouraged into becoming a Radiographer, who owns and manages a successful mobile Radiology business in Auckland. Ian and Holly have a daughter Charlotte.



Young Ian wearing Dad's shooting jacket

Dad didn't like trout fishing nor eating trout. Both John and Brian were heading to Australia together in 1977, which meant that he had to mow the lawns at the Lake. So he sold the bach and purchased the first of many launches back in Tauranga. Chris and I crewed for Dad and Deidre, spending many happy weekends out at Mayor Island. We took our daughter Fleur and Ian on the launch for a weekend when Fleur was only a few months old. Having a toilet and bathroom was a bonus.



The whole family with Dad



Charles

When we lost our brother John in 2001, we noticed that Deidre had memory problems. Deidre was diagnosed with Alzheimers at 62. Dad continued to care for her at home even selling his boat because he realised Deidre could not stay at home alone when he was fishing. There was nothing our father would not do for Deidre, but when she went missing overnight and was found on rocks under a bridge in the Tauranga Harbour, his hand was pushed into putting her into care. He struggled with this, but visited her every fine day to feed her lunch, and often played on an organ or piano at the rest home for the residents. Dad was a totally devoted husband to Deidre. He saw the person, not the illness and loved her all the way through.

After 6 months of planning, we moved Deidre out of care and Dad joined her to live at Ginny and Geoff Kiddeys' farm in Thornton near Whakatane, where they were together again for the last 3 months of her life.



Charles



Dad's 60th birthday Brian at back, with John, Ginny & Trish front row - 5th Nov 1985



Charles with his sister, Helen



Charles and Deidre

Ginny altered her property to make it suitable for their care. A ramp had to be added and a lovely wooden cabin with bathroom, and small gun room was attached to the house for Dad, close to Deidre's room - compliments of Ginny and Geoff. The day Deidre arrived at the farm in the ambulance, we put the sirens on as we were backing up to the ramp. Dad ran out so excited to greet her and the look on her face showed that she knew where she was, she smiled. It was very moving. Dad's piano, organ, deer head and full gun collection also followed.

Ginny gave up work and was their full time lead carer, and with Geoff's help got up to turn Deidre through the night to alleviate bed sores. Deidre was incapable of doing anything for herself and required full time care. Dad was grateful for everything you did for them and never stopped saying "thank you", while everyday holding Deidre's hand and talking to her.

It was a very proud moment when Dad shot alongside his son-in-law Geoff Kiddey, Grandson Dan Moloney, and great-grandson Jack Moloney, forming a family squad of four generations at the Whakatane Clay Target Club, for a pre-duck shooters shoot in May 2011. He could still shoot accurately even after sustaining an eye injury from a rusty nail hitting his eye years earlier.

Nine months after Deidre passed away in October 2010, we knew we were in trouble when Dad pushed his whiskey aside, and didn't want his potatoes. Three days after he was admitted to the Tauranga Hospital, Dad let go of life on Friday 17th June 2011 at 3pm. He had buried two wives and a son, he was tired.

With much tears and sadness, his casket was led out of the service by his great-grandsons, Jack Moloney with Dad's shooting jacket, and Logan Bell, carrying his treasured Hall of Fame medal, to where we gave him a 24 gun salute, marking the high respect and love we have for him; our shooting hero.

Our lives could be compared to the Kennedy's..... but we are not gun shy.

The best thing a father can do for his children, is to love their mother. - And ours did.



Charles

Jean Shirley Hartley

By her daughter, Trish Gilmore nee Hartley

Our mother, Jean Shirley Hartley (nee Lambourne), was born 18th December 1928 at her family home in Mount Albert, Auckland. The eldest of four daughters born to Winifred (Erica) and Alec Lambourne. Puppa Alec being the youngest of four sons, got his wish of four daughters.



Jean Shirley Hartley (nee Lambourne)





Mum attended St Cuthbert's private School in Auckland, and completed a highly successful career in Nursing, winning the honour of New Zealand's Silver medal for Nursing. The highest award a Nurse can earn. She also won the award for coming top of the Auckland Hospital Examinations. Working as a Theatre Nurse she had many friends in the Medical profession, one of which was a surgeon who later performed her surgery in 1965.





DAME KATHERINE WATT, D.B.E., R.R.C., chief nursing adviser to the Ministry of Health, England, presents a State nursing medal to Nurse J. S. Lambourne. Nurse Lambourne also won the Auckland Hospital Board's silver medal for coming top of the hospital examination.

From The NZ Herald



*The Lambourne Family
Front row: Jean, Robyn & Erica Back row: Judi, Noreen & Alec Lambourne*



The Lambourne Family Home in Canterbury Place, Parnell Auckland



Beginning the journey to London

In April of 1950 the Lambourne Family (Erica, Alec, Jean, Noreen, Judi and Robyn) caught a train from Auckland to Wellington to board the Rangitane's maiden voyage to London. They had 33 pieces of luggage, and often required a few taxi's to get to their destination.



Jean, Charles, Robyn ,Noreen ,Erica & Judi Lambourne in London

The Voyage took one month each way and soon after arrival Puppa Alec purchased a brand new Humber Super Snipe for the family to tour 4 months around the Continent, while busy with business commitments along the way. The car was later brought back to NZ and remained their family vehicle. Dad (Charles Hartley Junior) was also on the ship with his sister Phyllis Winstone, (nee Hartley).



Jean and Charles

A romance blossomed between Jean and Charles while on board the ship. Aunty Nornie followed Charles and Jean around the ship, reporting their movements back to her parents. She caught them hugging. On arrival in London, The Cumberland Hotel opposite Hyde Park was their base - a 4 star hotel for 6 people no less.

While in London, the Lambournes' looked through Selfridge's "a wonderfully large store". Quite appropriate as both the Hartley's and Lambourne's had substantial department stores that were very successful in Tauranga and Auckland NZ. And just like the mini series "Selfridge's" both the Hartley and Lambourne staff highly respected their Management. They were more than employees that were required to wear black, they were part of the family.

On the 13th of September 1950, the Lambourne Family entered Buckingham Palace through the Tradesmen's entrance. A privilege very few people were given. They were taken into the Silver and Gold room's, by the cleaner of the silver and gold wear, and saw trays of personal belongings of the King, Queen and Princess Margaret, taken from their personal dressing tables. The kitchen is a quarter of a mile away from the dining room at the Palace. They had hoped to see some of the Royal Family, but Elizabeth and the two Children were leaving for Balmoral Castle. (Two years later this was Jean and Charles wedding day)

Charles took Jean and her sister's to Ireland, and in Belfast one night accommodation was very hard to find. They found a room with 4 beds in it, but Charles's room was given away to other weary travellers. He was given a bed in the bathroom, sleeping beside the bath. This accommodation changed their guests every night, but not the linen!

Later the Lambourne Family travelled to the Continent in their new Humber Super Snipe, with the 3 older girl's knitting at every opportunity on the back seat. They got lost on many of their outings, fortunately their humour got them through.

Charles and Phyl also travelled to the Continent, and later Charles spent 3 hours waiting to meet the Lambourne Family when they arrived in Canada. He was keen on Jean!

On the Voyage back to NZ on the Aorangi, the first class passengers dressed up for a fancy dress ball. Jean, Charles and Jean Reid dressed up as the Andrew Sisters. Jean won the tennis game again.

On returning back to New Zealand, Jean would often come to Tauranga to see Charles and they would go duck shooting together. Jean followed behind Charles, but her gumboots were too big for her, and she fell into the mud. When he finally noticed that she was missing and floundering in the mud he thought it was a huge joke. She did not! Dad taught us as children, to “never” walk in front of a shooter, you stand beside or behind them. She would also arrive with all her bed linen, towels and a cake.



RMS Rangitane



RMS Aorangi



Charles and Jean Duck shooting together



Charles and Jean were married by her Uncle; Rev Howard Knight at the Baptist Tabernacle in Queen St Auckland, on September 13th 1952 at 11.00. Her three sisters, Noreen, Judi and Robyn were in the bridal party. They had a dry wedding (no alcohol), honeymooning at the Chateau.



Charles and Jean on their wedding day September 13th 1952



Jean, Noreen, Robyn and Judi



*Charles & Jean
Noel Stephens, Judi, Robyn, Noreen and Trevor Doherty*



Charles & Jean



Judi, Erica Lambourne, Jean, Alec Lambourne, Noreen & Robyn



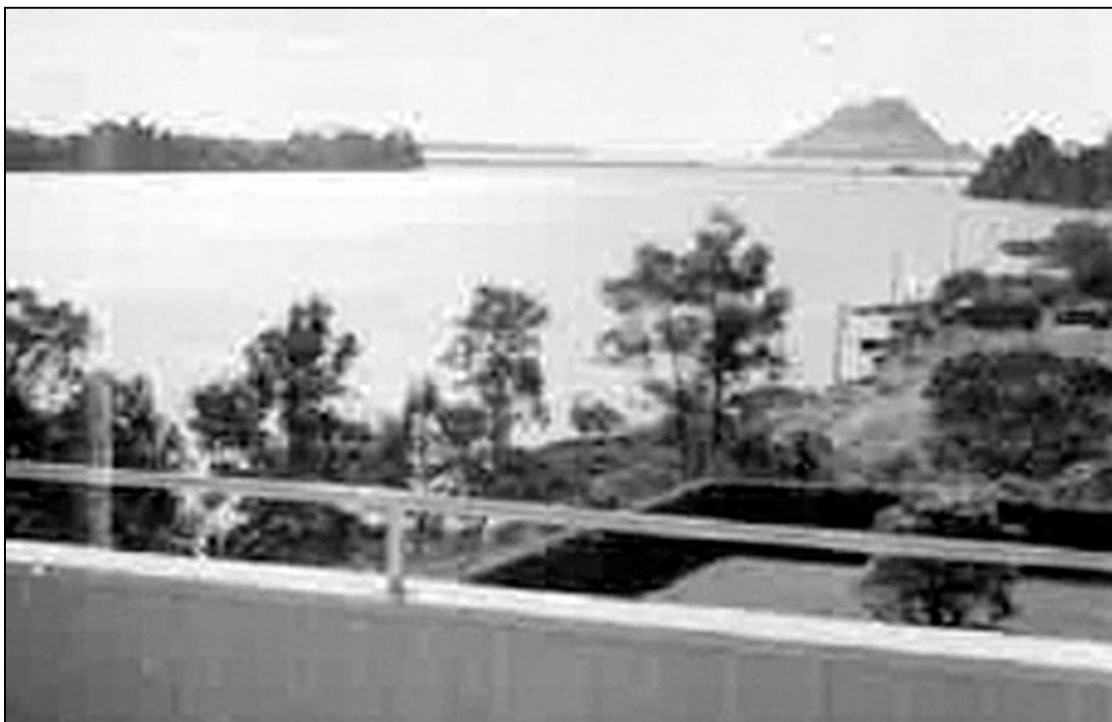
Jean & Charles' Wedding Cake – Mabel on left and Charles on right

Erica passed away in January 1953, aged 47 from secondaries of breast cancer, knowing Mum was expecting her first baby. Mum nursed her Mother through her illness with Puppa Alec being very grateful for Dad's support during a very dark time.

Charles & Jean built their home at 107 Fourth Avenue Tauranga which was designed by Alec Lambourne, and moved into it in 1954. A three levelled double brick home, with 33,000 bricks. Mum chose happy colours to decorate the inside of our home, reflecting her personality. Everything was toned and beautifully matched. She fell in love with a dining table in Puppa Alec's furniture store, so Puppa got his furniture maker to copy it for her. It sits proudly in our dining room today.



107 Fourth Avenue Tauranga



Estuary & Harbour view prior to Takitimu Drive



Building 4th Avenue



Jean & Charles with Ginny & Trish

Four children were born in 5 years: Virginia (Ginny), Patricia (Trish), Charles (John) and Brian. Mum had a very difficult birth with Ginny which resulted in a Caesarian delivery, and was advised not to have any more children. But she had her heart set on four children.



Virginia (Ginny), Patricia (Trish), Charles (John) and Brian



Our lives were full; On Sunday each month, we spent the whole day at the Papamoa Gun Club where Mum helped in the kitchen. Dad was busy winning most of the prizes with his shooting. John and Brian would work reloading the clay bird trap, and after we had collected all the unbroken clay birds at the end of the day ,we would get a fizzy drink from the club house bar. Mum had a strong Christian belief and all other Sunday mornings she would be at the Baptist Church, where we all went to Sunday school. Even though our Parents had different beliefs, it never altered their strong successful marriage. Each respected the other.

Other weekends were filled with trips out in the boat on the Tauranga Harbour. Mum loved her knitting, sewing and tapestries, her hands were never idle.



Jean

For our birthdays, she made us a delicious “rainbow cake” and the treat was not only having a birthday party, but buying your lunch at school that day. We would often arrive home from school at the Tauranga Primary, to find Mum downstairs sewing a dress for Ginny or me. She taught me to knit, and I knitted my first jumper at age 7, Mum helped stitch it together.

Being a nurse, Mum was strict if we were home sick. We stayed in bed, only venturing sneakily around the house if she had gone out to buy groceries and she would bring us home a comic. By the next day we were keen to go back to school. One day when I was home sick, Mum came and sat on the end of my bed and told me about the birds and the bees. I just laughed and laughed and laughed some more. I was embarrassed. She completely ignored the fact I was laughing and continued with the lesson

In the early years, we got into bed and listened to the Goons on the radio. They were hilarious! Our home life was full of happiness and laughter.

One winter’s night when we were very young, we were to have a bath. Mum told us not to wet our hair, but we got a bit carried away. To try and cover our mistake, Ginny and I put hats on with our dressing gowns, thinking Mum wouldn’t notice. There was nothing wrong with her eyesight, she noticed and wasn’t happy with us. We didn’t do it again. Whenever Mum showered, she finished with cold water, and sung loudly. She believed in “closing your pores”

Our Family was lucky, we had a family bach on Marine Parade, Mount Maunganui, right next door to our cousins the Collins’ Bach. There was a gate between the bachs’ and we often played “cow boy’s and Indians” (John and Brian always had toy revolvers).

In the heat of summer we would go down onto the beach, but we were not allowed in the water to swim until Mum arrived around 10am. She always had the washing on the line, and the bach tidy. We would all play on the beach for hours ... looking for lovers in the sand dunes (which we always found).

When it was either lunch time or dinner time, Aunty Helen would ring a bell, and Jenny, Bruce and Diane would run back for their meal. Aunty Helen was always singing and happy, just like Mum. Dad had the loudest whistle and when we heard it, it was time for the 4 of us to go back to the bach. Mum loved the beach. One day she was chased by a shark in the water. We all stayed on the beach that day, away from the water.

Often in the evenings Aunty Helen and Uncle Doug would come over for drinks, giving us Cousins even more time to play together. We have all remained close. Uncle Doug and Aunty Helen would take Jenny, Bruce and Diane to Pilot Bay for a swim sometimes, as there were no waves for younger Diane! (Favourite cousin) On very special occasions we were taken to Pilot Bay, where we hired dinghies to row around the Bay.



*Family gathering at the Bach, Mt Maunganui – Feb 1964
Alf standing in light grey shirt behind Mabel, his brother
sitting in red chair on left and Charles Jnr standing at back
with Alf.*

Our family cat Mitten would often hide under the bach when we were leaving to go home to Tauranga and Dad would have to make another trip back to the Mount to bring her home.

At about 10 years old Ginny saved all her pocket money and bought a white mouse from a friend at school. She brought her mouse back to the Mount bach in a shoe box and proudly showed Mum her prized pet. Mum said “that’s nice dear, why don’t you take it over to the sand hills and play with it” When Ginny returned to the Bach upset that her mouse had run away, Mum told her to go back to the same place every day and see if it was waiting for her. Ginny having complete trust in Mum, never suspected that Mum would have known what the outcome of letting a small mouse loose in the lupins was. She realised the truth when she was in her 40’s. (a slow learner?) Mum was a diplomat and wonderful negotiator.



Charles and Jean



Mum & Dad leaving for a much needed holiday in Noumea

If we didn't holiday at the Mount, we went up to our Auckland Grand-parents' bach (The Lambournes) right on the water's edge of Big Manley, Auckland. It was a full acre section with a long drive up to the 4 bedroomed wooden house. There was also a converted boat shed, that had two single beds, and 4 bunk beds that we often stayed out in. Our Grand-mother Kate would often let us sit on her knee, and steer the car up the long drive. Ginny and I dressed up in Kate's nighties, we had so much fun. And like Mum, Puppa Alec was very kind and gentle. One day on the Manley Beach, Brian accidentally dropped an anchor on Puppa's foot!



Ginny, John, Brian and Trish

As we got older Ginny & I would stay in an attached caravan, but it was often musty and damp when we first opened the door. We had lovely long walks around the bay in the evenings. Our whole family also slept in the boat in Mansion House Bay in Auckland, where John stepped off the boat looking at a fish in the water. Dad quickly grabbed him, and much to his disgust he was made to wear my spare shorts while his dried.

For Christmas 1965, we went to the Lambourne Bach at Manley, with all our Uncle's, Aunty's and Cousins on our Mother's side, gathering together for that Christmas. Unfortunately Mum was in a private Hospital in Auckland having a hysterectomy, so wasn't able to enjoy this time together with her sister's, their husbands and children. It was a huge family affair, with presents around the Christmas tree for everybody. But there was one person missing: Mum.

On Saturday January 8th 1966, we went to visit Mum who had been discharged to Puppa Alec's home in Carter Road, Oratia Auckland, to recuperate post her surgery. We were all very excited to be seeing her, but as we arrived, our Grand-Father jumped into the car and drove extremely fast down to the nearest township, where he met an Ambulance that followed us back to their home. Our two younger cousins were hurriedly put into the car with us.

We saw the Ambulance staff rush into the house. They then came back outside and stood beside the Ambulance. John was sitting in the back of the Station wagon, and said "Mum's died" We all shouted at him. Our Cousins were taken back inside the house. Sometime later Dad came out to tell us that Mum had passed away in his arms at 12 noon. (from a blood clot to her lungs) She was only 37 years old.



Jean & Charles

We had to absorb unbelievable pain and sorrow in a car sitting in the driveway, struggling with God taking our Mother away from us. I was screaming. We did not understand faith until it was tested, or Love until it was lost. We had lost the most caring, kind, Angelic Mother.

Dad asked us if we would like Mum buried in Auckland with her Mother, or Tauranga. We wanted her with us. The following day we returned to Tauranga in silence. Misty our gorgeous white Maltese Terrier dog, would not get out of the car. He wanted Mum, so did we. We never returned to the Manley bach again.

We pleaded with Dad to allow us to attend Mum's service, attended by half of Tauranga. She was loved not only by us, but hundreds of others. It was a shock to see Mum's casket in the Church. I thought we were going to a church service.

A few years earlier late one night sitting on the sand dunes in front of our bach, we were admiring a clear moon, discussing the Man on the moon. Mum explained that everybody will die one day and our souls will go to heaven. But nothing prepared us for seeing Mum's casket lowered into a six foot grave. Our lives were never the same.

The Beatles had just released the song "Yesterday" (when all my troubles seemed so far away).

"Success is not final, Failure is not fatal, It is the courage to continue that counts."
– Winston Churchill

I wish to acknowledge the loving support we had from Puppa Alec and Kate Lambourne. They helped us to laugh again.

Three of our family members have passed away on a Saturday at noon: Charles Hartley Senior (42 yrs) Jean Hartley (37 yrs) and Charles John Hartley (44 yrs)



Charles, Jean and family

Stories about Dad

by Ian Hartley, youngest son of Charles, and only child of Deirdre

Duck shooting opening weekend at Matamata. Our golden Cocker spaniel (Emma) was a great gun dog if she saw where the ducks fell – if not Mum was the saviour. A fast flowing creek and one day Emma got caught up in blackberry whilst swimming to retrieve a duck. What felt like hours of trying to rescue a now tiring dog, Dad decided to shoot the blackberry that had Emma trapped. One test shot into a nearby tree to see how the gun patterned then ... “BOOM” ... the blackberry bush was perfectly trimmed just inches from Emma’s head and body, she then swam to us immediately, with tail wagging. Dad always joked she was a bit deaf after that. All I remember as a little boy was he would be the only one I’d let shoot at my dog to help it, and the only one today as I write this – that I still think was the only one with the skill to do it.

Xmas Lunch and the Buried Dinghy - Every Christmas school holidays were spent cruising on the boat either at Great Barrier Islands or the Mercury islands, which was absolute heaven for me growing up. My Nephew, Ryan, had joined us this year and on Xmas morning whilst taking Emma for a walk on the beach we stumbled across the nose of a alloy dingy poking out of the sand. Back to the boat to tell Dad and grab some spades. Most years in the 6 weeks of cruising, Dad mainly only touched land once and this was one of these times. Mum’s advice: “Be back in a few hours for Xmas lunch” – superbly cooked on a tiny gas over. Well, 8 hours later we got the dinghy free and much to Dad’s disgust found it was full of holes. Back to the boat for now for Xmas dinner!!! Not a harsh word was spoken by Mum. Our Boating holidays were great.

I thought I was quite confident on the water and this one afternoon on returning to a safe harbour (the cove at Mercury Island), Dad suggested I take the 8 foot dinghy and follow him. 10 minutes later the 3 metre swells got the best of me and Dad returned to pick me up. I have never since taken the sea for granted. Dad had a unique way of teaching / showing me life skills.

“Dad, you didn’t tell me how to live , you lived and let me watch you do it!!!” This sums it up completely.

I think the only thing I ever disagreed with Dad was the speed limit. It’s not 85 kph. Although in my early days of learning to drive, we would set out for Gisborne for the second weekend of duck shooting (a yearly event at Peter Brownlee’s) farm. A sandwich would be placed on the dashboard and it wasn’t allowed to move sideways for the trip. I never did manage the task.

Dad retired when I was 4. I couldn’t have asked for a better childhood or upbringing. Everything Dad picked up, he could use, and use it well – be it a gun, tool or musical instrument. I’d spend hours and hours practising a song on the piano, Dad would walk in listen once to it and play it back perfectly. Although it was hard to have secret parties at home, 17 years in the same house and only 2 nights alone.

Dad could also sell ice to an Eskimo. He had the gift of the gab and an exceptional swagger as well. A true gentleman that showed me love does exist by the way he cared for Mum until the very end.



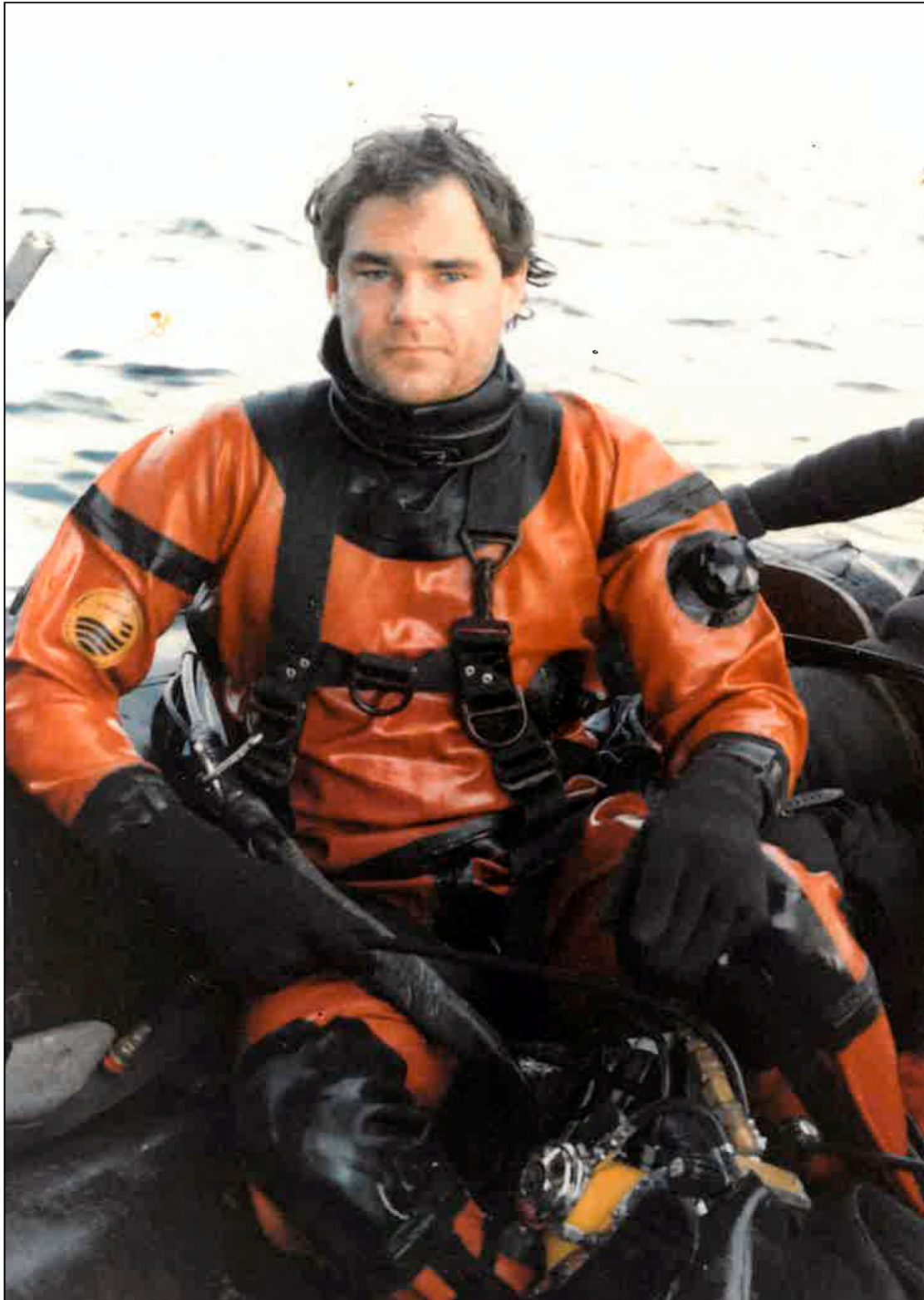
Charles & Ian with Emma - duck shooting



Charles John Hartley

By his sister, Trish Gilmore nee Hartley

Charles John (John) Hartley, eldest son of Charles and Jean Hartley, was born 28 June 1956 in Tauranga, and died 10 Feb 2001 in Kaiaua, Thames, NZ. He married Vicki Henson, in Perth Australia and later, with his partner, Louise Balfour, had a daughter, Julia Jean Hartley. Julia was born in Tauranga.



Charles John (John) Hartley

Our Brother John was the first born Son to Charles and Jean Hartley. Born with fair hair, he soon became a tall dark handsome young man who turned female's heads and had quite a romantic streak.



Jean with John, Charles with Ginny and Trish



Ginny & Trish with Brian and John

John was mischievous.

Whether it was putting Brian in the oven, poking things into power points, dropping Brian head first down the laundry shoot from the first floor to the ground floor, or shunting Brian when they were running down the staircase at 4th Avenue where he almost went out the glass window, John was always looking for adventure. Perhaps that is why Brian didn't speak till he was almost five. He wondered what was coming next. But John would never have given Brian a tomato to hold.



Always room to take the younger Brother

We had a wooden highchair, and we would separate the legs from the highchair, put Brian in the top of the highchair, and push him down the stairs. Mum soon stopped that game. John had no limitations when it came to his imagination; and he was seldom silent. The boys also loved to build huts.

The game playing continued: Brian would stand on the couch on the inside of the lounge; John would be on the outside of the house with a hose of running water. The game was that you had to close the window as quickly as you could, so the water didn't come in. Didn't happen. Lots of water came into the lounge. That game also stopped.

Our Mother taught us about religion. "You had better pray this will come out of the carpet".



John

Because he was the first son, I think Dad was the hardest on John. He often seemed to be in trouble. I would kick him under the table if he was getting another telling off, (for not eating his peas?) to say "it's okay" He knew not to hide his broccoli in a glass of milk. We had the ability to talk to each other without saying a word. He was always ducking Dad's bullets.

John's passion for people continued right through his life. Not only was he popular, but loyal. The life and soul of a party; with an infectious personality and full of humour. When a man knocked on his door asking for a donation towards the local swimming pool, John gave him a glass of water. I loved wearing his shirts, although I could never find his camouflage one. We would get up early on the weekends, go downstairs and after John got a gun for each of us from the gun room, we would lie flat on the carpet and shoot minors on the front lawn. The net he put up with sprinkles of bread, attracted the minors. He was organised.



Stretch (Laurence Stewart) and John... John's other Brother



Stretch & John

John loved shooting and later won the Junior High Gun for NZ with little effort. One of his many passions was duck shooting. He loved going down to the Sutherland Road Posey, with our Family friends Don, Stretch (Laurence) and Neville Stewart every May.

Some weekends we also went down 4th Avenue nice and early and caught tadpoles. We would bring the tadpole's home and it wasn't long before we had lots of frogs jumping around our property. We would often ask Ginny to change beds and John would come into our twin room, and we would laugh and laugh most of the night. There is nobody close that can make me laugh like he would. Six people lived in our home, and that is where we all learnt to dance. Waiting for the bathroom.



John



Never leave a duck even in freezing water

Being from the star sign Cancer who belong to water: John loved water skiing, fishing and boating and had a fascination with sharks.

He also loved motorbikes and used to take my 125 Rabbit scooter around the corner from home, remove the front windshield so it would go faster, and hoon up the streets. NSU quickly was his bike that I got my bike licence on, and when it lost power up a hill, you could peddle quickly to give it extra speed. It was like a push bike with a small motor.

When he bought his first proper motorbike, Dad was not happy.



John & Brian at Marine Parade



Mayor Island



“...When he bought his first proper motorbike, Dad was not happy...”

John was riding his Motorbike down 4th Avenue, and crossed onto Cameron Rd. He hit an oncoming traffic cop, and they both came off their bikes. The cop was on the ground radioing the station for help. The traffic department tried very hard to pin the accident on John. John maintained that he had not seen the bike. As it turned out, the traffic officer was on a chase and had turned his lights off. The case was dropped!

He found it ironic that the colours red, white and blue stand for freedom, until they're flashing behind you. The reason John named his favourite Indian "Wounded Knee" was because it kicked back at him one day when he was kicking it over. It wounded his knee!



Preparing Wounded Knee for a side car



John on Wounded Knee

On one of our many visits to our bach at Lake Rotoiti, John forgot to bring the bach key home. Dad was angry, so John got on his motorbike and drove there and back in 45 minutes. (it would normally take 45 minutes each way) I truly believe that Mum was his guardian angel that day and kept him safe. Failure is an event, not a person.

We had a nearly fatal car accident on the way to Lake Rotoiti one Easter in 1970. With Ginny driving John and I, we headed to Te Puke where we stopped to get a pie. From there I took over the driving, with Dad, Deidre and Brian following not far behind in the Land rover. We had a head on accident with the driver of an oncoming car asleep at the wheel. Our right hand wheel was off the left hand side of the road, and we still didn't miss him.

John had omitted to put his seatbelt back on when we had stopped to buy a pie each and was catapulted through the windscreen, ending up on the bonnet of the car. The seatbelt had sliced through the skin under my chin, and I had both a knee injury and the imprint of the steering wheel on my chest. Ginny being in the back, twisted her leg under the seat and dozens of eggs were smashed. The pie was plastered all over the front of the car and it took John years to eat another pie.

Dad, Deidre and Brian were first on the scene. By this stage, we were all lying on the side of the road in the grass. John was screaming "I've got glass in my eyes... I've got glass in my eyes" The horn was jammed on, the windscreen wipers were flicking broken glass everywhere. While an ambulance was being called, Brian came past me and said, "You should have turned the key off, you could flatten the battery" It only mattered that we survived, and our Guardian Angel saw to that.

The ambulance drove back to Tauranga with its lights flashing to where John had his first eye surgery to remove the glass and suture his face lacerations. He suffered with ongoing issues of small pieces of glass coming out of his forehead for years, and his eye injury that required further operations. John and I were alone in different wards in the Hospital, which was very hard.



Grandma & Puppa Alf visiting us when we stayed with the Collin's

John had a few stoats in a cage....and for some reason one broke free and cornered Deidre up in the house one day. John was made to get rid of them, so drove them up near the bush to let them free, and had to watch them running after him when he drove off. Horrible animals, I am not sure what the attraction was to have them as a pet.

One of the nicest things Dad and Deidre did for John was to buy him a dog, which he called Maggie. The reasoning was to keep John off his motorbike. Instead John built a box which he put on the back of his Motorbike, for Maggie to ride with him. They were best friends, although he never trusted Maggie to watch his food.

At college he grew his hair long, and wore long white swimming shorts for swimming competitions, both of which went against the school regulations. He was lovable rouge.

John trained as a builder in Tauranga, which complimented his love of wood. He found it amusing that amateurs built the ark. Professionals built the Titanic.

In 1977, both he and Brian left for Australia to spread their wings. John travelled on to Darwin where he worked as a builder. He and an Irish friend went shooting in the bush one day, but his friend did not identify his target and shot John in the leg. The Irishman thought he was shooting a pig, so fortunately aimed low, or it would have been a fatality. The pellets remained embedded in his right leg. John spent many weeks in the Darwin Hospital. He was a like a cat with nine lives.



John & Maggie



John wild pig hunting

From Darwin he went on to the UK, again working as a builder. John turned 21 while overseas, Dad hardly recognised his birthday, and it was a long time before he came home. Time has a wonderful way of healing.

To succeed in getting a position as a deep sea diver in the North Sea, he told the interviewers that he had dived for the Tauranga Police. He had hardly had any more diving experience, than putting around the bay at Mayor Island with a face mask and snorkel. He believed in being smarter than the people that hire you. He later succeeded in getting a position as a decompression diver in the North Sea, mostly on the SS Phillips out of Aberdeen, but also worked on other rigs in India and Maui in New Zealand. India's safety standards on their rigs left a lot to be desired.



Tug boat arriving at SS Phillips



John undertaking an underwater inspection

On his first dive, he was close to being drowned. Each time the rig pulled on the lifeline for his ascent, it dragged him back down. His lifeline was trapped under the supports of the rig. Diving in the North Sea was the most dangerous, with many divers dying in the late 1970's and 1980's.

John was diving when the scaffolding on the SS Phillips platform fell down and trapped him. He had to untangle the air supply and hot water hoses to be able to return to the dive bell. On another occasion he was working in freezing waters with no hot water being pumped through his suit. 28 days were spent in saturation waiting ready to dive, but the work had to be aborted due to the rough seas.

John attended Fort William in Scotland where divers were trained underwater to weld and inspect the underwater welds. Decompression diving meant that you had to spend sometimes weeks on end in the "bell" a decompression chamber that was very tight, that became your home. It was there that he did a lot of his letter writing to back home.

Everything was done from the rig above, even the flushing of the toilet. Your life hung in the hands of your buddy above, and he told us that one of the divers used the toilet, but it was flushed before he left the seat. That diver suffered great bowel injuries.



SS Phillips on a flat sea

Piper Alpha was an offshore oil and gas platform that suffered an explosion in July 1988; still regarded the worst offshore oil disaster in the History of the UK. John being on the SS Phillips in the North Sea was involved in the gruesome recovery. 167 died in the disaster. Decompression diving was long hours and dangerous work that he didn't speak about unless you pushed.

He admitted he had had the bends on a few occasions which ultimately shortened his life. But he had a plan to save hard, and return to Tauranga and buy property.



Piper Alpha was an oil production platform in the North Sea approximately 120 miles (190 km) north-east of Aberdeen, Scotland, that was operated by Occidental Petroleum (Caledonia) Limited. It began production in 1976, initially as an oil-only platform but later converted to add gas production.

An explosion and resulting oil and gas fires destroyed Piper Alpha on 6 July 1988, killing 167 people, including two crewmen of a rescue vessel; 61 workers escaped and survived. Thirty bodies were never recovered. The total insured loss was about £1.7 billion (\$3.4 billion), making it one of the costliest manmade catastrophes ever. At the time of the disaster, the platform accounted for approximately ten per cent of North Sea oil and gas production, and the accident is the worst offshore oil disaster in terms of lives lost and industry impact.

In Aberdeen, the Kirk of St Nicholas in Union Street has dedicated a chapel in memory of those who died containing a Book of Remembrance listing all who died. There is a memorial sculpture in the Rose Garden of Hazlehead Park.

Meanwhile he travelled around the world when he had time off, caught up with many friends overseas, and made many more along the way.

To maintain your diving licence, meant a trip to Harley Street in London for an intensive and very expensive yearly medical. John would request two copies of his leg x-rays, and sent them two x-rays of the same leg. For years they never noticed that the x-rays were of the same leg, not the right and left leg. John did the same with his eye test, he changed hands, but had the same eye tested. He suspected that if the medical examiners saw the pellets in his right leg from when he was shot in Darwin, and the eye injury he sustained in New Zealand, they wouldn't pass him as fit to dive.

John was a people magnet. He was positive and funny, fun to be around. He was also a gentleman and a deep thinker. Deeply intuitive and sentimental. He didn't approve of Dad melting down our Grand-Father's smaller silver trophies to make sinkers. (Neither did we)



Forever the clown

John was best man at Brian and Michelle's wedding in November 1980 but forgot the most important thing: The ring. Brian thought John was joking, when he asked him to hand the ring over, but John replied, "I've left it at home". We all realised that he wasn't joking, when he politely left the Church with Kate to go back to 4th Avenue to get it. When he walked back down the aisle, everybody clapped! I have never attended a wedding where the Best Man forgot the ring, and while the "situation" was quite formal, it was really funny. Fortunately Reverend Trindall took it well. I'm not sure Dad did.

In 1984, John returned to Tauranga, with many Motorbikes. An Indian Chief motorbike with sidecar he purchased in Argentina, twin Vincent's and a Norton Motorbike, to list but a few. His prized possessions.

John was renting a house in Otumoetai, but when the Landlord saw he was working on one of his motorbikes in the house, he was evicted. Soon after, Vicki Henson his girl-friend moved over from Perth.

He and Vicki moved into our Grand-parents' home in Monmouth Street that was sitting empty, next to the Police Station before the Police took the property over for their long term expansion. While there he bought his dream property at 67 Warner Rd, Oropi Tauranga. A perfect property with beautiful views out to the Tauranga Harbour, with the Mount in the distance; and an old house for him to do up on 30 acres.



John going to get the forgotten ring at Brian and Michelle's Wedding



"Bumfree"

John had a parakeet that squawked loudly. One day we were all sitting in the Monmouth House kitchen. He used to let the bird fly freely when he could, and this day it landed on the top of an open kitchen cupboard. John slammed the kitchen cupboard closed, thinking the bird would fly off, but its tail was caught in the cupboard. The bird lost most of its tail so John called him "Bumfree".

Vicki returned to Perth. John flew over and proposed to Vicki, and their wedding was set for six weeks. Dad and Deidre in all their wisdom chose not to go to the wedding so Kate and I were his only Family members able to go to his wedding. The night we arrived in Perth was the night he could no longer keep his emotion to himself; he cried with happiness that we were with him. He sat us with great pride at the bridal table, something I will never forget.



Kate & Trish with John on his wedding day in Perth

It was a short marriage and Vicki returned to Perth less than 13 months later. John shipped her furniture back to Perth for the third time.

John kept busy on his property, and returned to dive in the North Sea. He met Karina, who moved in with him, helping with the stock at the property when John was overseas. A few years later Karina went to Australia, and John met up with a school girl-friend; Louise Balfour and I still remember his excitement when he rang me up and said he had met Louise again. It wasn't long before Louise arrived back from Australia and moved in with John.

Louise and John had a daughter together: Julia Jean Hartley was born 21st August 1995. He was so proud to become a Father; he adored Julia, whom he nicknamed JJ. Julia inherited John's beautiful eyes, she was his whole life. He fathered softly and was very protective of his daughter.



John and Louise with Julia



One day John was working on his bike under the house in the garage with a friend, when Louise told him she was going out. Later John took his bike for a test ride up the road and was away some time. Unbeknown to John, Julia was asleep in her cot and hadn't gone out with her mother. Both thought Julia was with the other.

Behind every great man is a woman rolling her eyes. If you can smile when things go wrong, you have someone in mind to blame. He knew that there were two excellent theories for arguing with women. Neither one worked.



Ian, John, Dad, Ryan and Dan Moloney at John's home.

John was nicknamed “Jack” by many of his friends, because they felt he looked like Jack Nicholson the actor. Our Grandmother Kate, was in London with John one occasion, where some young women asked for his autograph (thinking he was Jack Nicholson) which he happily gave!



But our kids knew him as “Uncle Facedown” which he named himself, after having one too many drinks up at his farm one day.

At 39 John suffered a stroke, leaving him with only peripheral sight (like living with a helmet on - only seeing out the front, not sides) and severe problems with swallowing. Not many of his friends understood how unwell he was, nor did Dad and Deidre, until the day of his funeral service.

We did, we saw. We were Brothers and Sisters together as friends, ready to face whatever life sends. He still managed to be President of the IRONZ and organised a memorable Tauranga Rally from his property at Warner Road, Oropi; chairing a meeting on “the rocking bike”.

He struggled along, and went on an Indian Motorbike rally, that was going up North through Kaiaua. The rally had stopped at a local pub where a photo was taken of John. 10 minutes later he blacked out and slumped across the front of Wounded Knee (his favourite 741 B Indian motorbike) rode off the road and died instantly from a head injury.

75 grown men cried beside the road. It was Saturday 10th Feb 2001 noon. Our Kauri tree had fallen.



text



Ginny, Trish, John, Brian & Ian

More than 600 people came to his property for his service. We are still to this day getting contact from people overseas, who did not know. No words could ever express the extent of our loss. Part of us died that day.

*We cried when he passed away.
We still cry today.
How do people make it through life without Brothers?*



Before we knew the news that John had left us, John was being robbed. A brand new Indian Motor (still in its box), was being stolen from under his home. And that thief called himself "John's Brother" - to Police. Someday, somehow, I hope John gets him.

There was only one place to bury John - with our Beloved Mother.

Memories of my Dad

By John's daughter, Julia Hartley

My dad John was a great father. He instilled so much love and light into the first five years of my life, and continues to do so through stories and photographs. He always encouraged my free spirit, and through his caring and adventurous personality, I was able to explore life as a loved young girl. We shared a special bond, he was my best friend.

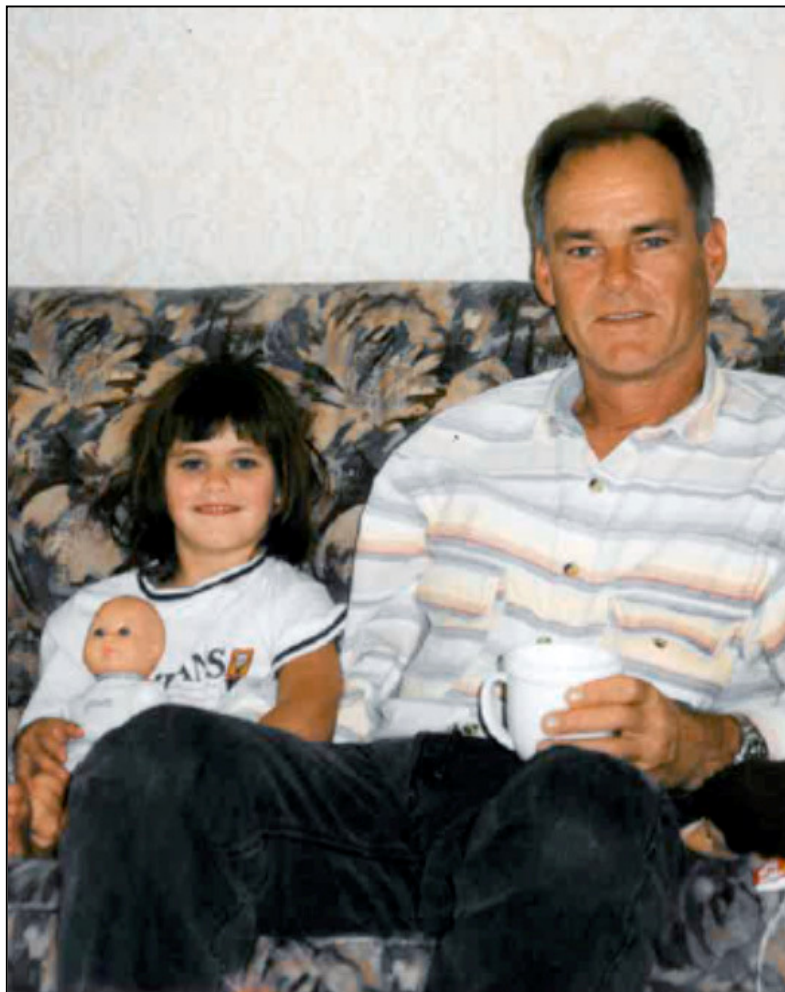
Although it was such a long time ago now, I have many fond memories, such as dad and I getting Frujus (ice blocks) on the way home from John's produce, a small fruit and vegetable shop in Oropi. He would always choose the pineapple, and I the orange, and we would share our flavours, and a few times he would let me sit on his knee and steer the car while he drove up his long gravel drive way. Another, is dad reading me 'the old woman who lived in a shoe' and patting my hair as I fell asleep. For a manly man, he knew how to raise a daughter.

Dad would give me a choice between watching 'The Simpsons', or listening to radio Hauraki in the kitchen (which must be where I get my taste in music). He was always keen to have fun, and used to pitch a tent in the back yard and we would spend our weekends camping out, enjoying the simply great things in life. I also remember sitting on the tractor with him, and sitting on the front of his bikes while he moved them from the front lawn down to his shed (his motorbike sanctuary).

In 1996, dad began to build me a rocking Indian... which is exactly what it sounds like. The body of an Indian motorcycle mounted on wood, which rocks like a rocking horse. I was lucky to have such a talented builder as a father, and he also built me a desk out of an old singer sewing machine. Both of which I still have today and cherish dearly.

When dad passed away in 2001, I lost my first love, my best friend. I think I also lost a lot of my confidence and spark, both of which he brought out in me. We all had to learn how to live without John.

My dad inspires me still. He was fun, creative, laid back and loving. He was a world traveller, and spent many years working hard and meeting lifelong friends overseas. Thanks to my Aunties Ginny and Trish I have photos from his various adventures, which I look at frequently. I only wish to have heard the many stories he had to tell. He was handsome, caring, classic and cool, and I miss him every day. I am thankful for my memories, and my favourite of all, his bright green eyes.



Julia with her Dad, John

John Hartley
by his friend, Ross Auld

To the Hartley Clan and friends.

I met John in London via our two flatmates who were out at a pub in Chiswick enjoying a peaceful drink back in 1978, I think. John wondered up and said it's my birthday, do you want to celebrate with me. Well, being a Jack Nicholson 'look alike' and his buckets of charm, how could the girls resist. Our lives were never quite the same again. Within a couple of weeks John had moved into our flat in Shepherds Bush. His landlord wanted him out as he had removed a wall and altered the kitchen to let more light in.

He was building wardrobes at the time. I was diving in the North Sea. So, at one of our daily pub visits (called it the office) we discussed diving. He started the saying 'I could do that'. I coached him daily at 'the office' on what a diver does, how he talks, walks, swims. The more pints we had the better the actions got. Now mentally convinced he was a 'diver' and I put his name to my offshore boss. I knew John could easily 'wing it' and do the job as he was brilliant with his hands and excellent swimmer. Just slightly slower in pace, one would say. But I got to love his pace after a few frustrating years.

We created a cover story about him being a diver for the fire dept in Tauranga. Then worked for the harbour board. He had a 'slower' approach to life (even walked slower, chewed slower, drove slower, rather listen than talk especially after a 'relaxant' and nothing was ever a problem even if it had been an earthquake. Offshore he came standing tall and looking very convincing in his rig boots and yellow Oceaneering coveralls.

I was in saturation (in the chamber) when he arrived onboard but had other kiwi's onboard to 'look after him'. That same day he was walking around the dive system and bumped into the dive boss and was asked 'are you a diver'. Well in the pub it was easy to say but now the reality had hit home. He coughed up he was, the boss said 'get in there'. Meaning into the chamber, which he did.

The boss closed the big steel door and had the control room pressure up for a seal. You could just imagine what was going through John's mind. As the depth increased he started getting pain in his ears. Now remember we covered 'every' aspect of diving in the 'office', well I thought I had but forgot the most important technique to show him - clearing your ears (equalising the pressure).



John in decompression chamber

As he started going deeper the pain came on quickly so he just started saying 'faaarrrrrrckkkk' with wide jaw movements. This relieved the pain by his jaw action so all the way to 70 metres he continued with the verbal expression. I knew he could do it. He was 'blown down' to accompany an English diver out (decompress) who had an injured finger.

The 'frosty environment' onboard the vessel between the English and Kiwis was quite thick to say the least which John was well aware of even only being onboard a day. One Englishman had asked him 'do you dive' - John thought immediately 'diving from a board' or riverbank. "Yep", he said "I do 3m and 10m swan dives". The Pom went away scowling at yet another smart kiwi onboard. There was about 12 of us to 40 of them and the boss preferred us in the water whenever he could. So this was the general atmosphere in the chamber as well.

John thought as he reached the depth to really concentrate and makes friends with this Pom as it was 3 days decompression - his second chance. They settled in and introduced themselves, sealed off from the main chamber and starting decom. John asked simple polite questions, so Phil (the Pom) said 'would you like to see some photos'. John was wrapped how this was going.

Phil started explaining the various photos, this is my car, this is my house, the new extension, the dog, the kids, usually in that order. The last photo he did not explain as it was 'probably' obvious to the average observer. John studied this pic in depth waiting for an explanation. So he said 'is this your mother'? Silence for another minute.

Now you have to realise their bunks are half meter apart. No curtains. They have to eat together. John thinks, 'mmm, he didn't hear me'. So with an increase in volume he asks again 'is this your mother'? Although John really didn't give a shit he is trying so hard to be friendly with an Alien that really dislikes our kiwi race.

Then in a flash - Phil snatches the photo that John is pretending to study in detail - 'NO! it's my wife'.! John's comment later on to the kiwi boys was 'At that split second, I just knew I had blown it' Phil did not say a word to John throughout the whole 3-day decompression.

I use to take John down in the bell on a bounce dive on air. He took to it like a fish. With his earnings he would fly off to find an Indian (bike) that he was after. Found one in the outback a of Brazil 1000kms inland. Took the train with a mate, had \$12,500 US dollars on him in cash (a lot even today) as he knew what he it might take to buy. It was an old boy who had the Indian Chief with Stieb sidecar in mint condition. The ol' man knew the once a week train back to the coast was leaving soon and stuck to his price. John got to the railhead just in time to separate the sidecar and bike and jump on. He left a Matchless in a warehouse on that same trip unable to afford the shipping to NZ. I wonder what happened to it.

John and I became like brothers and every leave together we travelled somewhere. New York, Crete in Greece, Spain, France to name a few. He played the piano on a train down to Florida Keys. He was he a bouncer at a 'ladies' boarding house. We had amazing fun as you could imagine. Most stories best left in 'the office'.

He had a couple of pay cheques into his bank but had no card or means of accessing it. So I said join my bank in Piccadilly Rd. We pulled up on the pavement in a side street in our trusted Morris 1000 traveller. He needed a 'smoke' before undertaking this operation. We both went into the bank trying not to 'giggle'.

He said he wanted to withdraw all his money in £5 notes and could she put it in one of those canvas bags please! (He wanted to see his money) - all £5000 of it - 1000 notes! I couldn't keep a straight face so had to go out.

I was sitting in the Morris parked half up the pavement when there was a tap on the roof of the car. I looked out my open window to see a large hairy leg. It was a horse with a policeman on it. He said 'move on'. I went into panic mode being more than half stoned. I could just see John come strolling out the bank any minute with his canvas bag full of notes.



John working on the rig

Into gear and I was off. I went around the block and back to find no horse but John looking up and down the street for me. At my bank I introduced him to my bank manager then started telling the manager what John needed as he was looking like a stunned mullet. ie cheque acct with book, card etc then John finally said something - the manager said 'Oh, I'm sorry I didn't know you could speak English'.

Offshore John just loved the lamb bone from the roast. He would wrap it up in foil and tuck it behind his pillow in his bunk for a midnight snack. I sneaked it out one day and plastered it in tobacco sauce and slipped it back. All I heard in the dark hours later was load of gasping noises.

I called in to see John the Sunday before he left us. I stayed until the Wed and we had a great time. He told me he was going to the rally that weekend. When I heard the news I just packed up and went back to Perth. It was the saddest day of my life. I wanted the memory of our 3 days together to live on forever. I couldn't see him at rest. I am just so glad we had those fun filled years together.

John was the most amazing guy I ever met. He had an amazing nature. His talents were endless - Shooting, building, carpentry, diving, riding, mechanics, musician, drinking, laughing, horticulture and smoking.

I use one of his lines of wisdom regularly: 'No action is a reaction'. I still have video of him riding. I know we all miss him in our lives so dearly. I hope I find him on the other side.

Rose Ada
Sharon





Rose Ada Sharon

Rose Ada Sharon

by her grand-niece, Robyn Winstone

Rose Ada Sharon, the fifth child of Edward and Eliza was born on 2nd December 1893 in Houhora, New Zealand. Dawn Reid, niece of Rose, remembers that her first memory of Rose was at the family home in Monmouth Street, Tauranga. Dawn was sitting beneath the outside food safe which was placed beside the kitchen door, when she looked up and there was Rose. Dawn said she would have been two to three years old at the time. From this it may be taken that Rose joined Mabel and Charles's family in Tauranga when she was approximately 28 years old. Dawn thinks she came from Wellington, although Rose did stay some time with the Harpers who were friends of Auntie Kate's (Currvan – Rose's half sister) and lived in Waikino. Dawn remembers Rose telling her of walking from Waikino to the township of Waihi, a distance of approximately eight to ten miles, to go shopping or to the movie theatre.



Kate & Rose



Rose & Kate

Rose settled in with Mabel and Charles and their growing family. She helped in the running of the home and became a second mother to the children. She was a wonderful cook and a superb knitter. I remember her knitting the most beautiful sets of clothes for my dolls – bonnets, bootees, knickers, singlets, dresses, coats, leggings – all so beautifully done and in accordance with the most intricate patterns. I also remember when my mother Phyl and I would visit during school holidays. Rose would patiently teach me how to knit – first a scarf with lots of dropped stitches and later graduating to bed socks, tea cosies and hot water bottle covers.

In speaking with different family members it would seem that Mabel and Rose were treated very badly by their stepmother, Edith. It would seem she kept them short of food and other necessities. In later years Mabel said they were starving. Edith was Edward Sharon's second wife and was originally the housekeeper. Eliza, his first wife – Rose and Mabel's mother – died in September 1905 leaving six children, the youngest only four and a half years old. Sixteen months later Edward and Edith were married on 21st January 1907. At the time of this marriage Mabel was sixteen and Rose fourteen.



Aunt Rose with Robyn

Edith made life very tough for the girls and Mabel left home. She was very friendly with Olive Hartley (Charles Hartley's sister) and this led to a romance. Mabel married Charles Hartley on the 19th October, 1910. Rose stayed on at home. I am not sure when she left or where she went – she may have stayed in Wellington as she was very close to her half-sister, Kate (Katherine Currivan). By the time she was approximately 28 years of age she was living with Charles and Mabel in Tauranga and happily involved with the domestic side of family life.

When Mabel was widowed in 1928 at the age of 37 – her youngest child, Charles Jnr. was only two and a half years old. Rose took over the household enabling Mabel to run the Drapery business and provide the financial support the family needed. As Charles said – they had two mothers. In 1933 Mabel married Alfred Lamport. Family life held the same pattern. Rose ran the household and Mabel and Alfred the drapery business – this partnership was very successful. As they grew up the children worked at the shop, my mother Phyl, on leaving school, became cashier. All children eventually married, built their own homes and raised families. This left Rose, Mabel and Alfred living at Monmouth Street.



Bouganvillia growing over the garage at Monmouth Street

BADMINTON TAURANGA CLUB'S OFFICERS

[BY TELEGRAPH—OWN CORRESPONDENT]

TAURANGA, Monday

At the annual meeting of the Tauranga Badminton Club the following officers were elected:—President, Mr. R. Hay; club captain, Mr. L. Gamman; secretary and treasurer, Mr. L. Gamman; committee, Mrs. Walker, Miss Sharon, Messrs. N. Foster, A. Chater, S. Anderson, R. Hay and L. Gamman. It was decided that Tuesday and Thursday be club nights.

New Zealand Herald, 12 May 1936

These later days are the ones that I remember best...the home with its large garden, chooks, orange and lemon trees, old plum tree and the huge golden queen peach tree. Rose would bottle the plums and peaches. We would pick oranges and lemons from the trees and pack them into cartons to take back to Auckland where my family lived. The peace and tranquility is something I look back on with nostalgia.

I never knew my Grandpa Charles Hartley, who died at the age of 42, but I just loved Grandpa Lampert. He had these great big bushy eyebrows and a bushy moustache, and always had time for the grandchildren. He would pile us into his car and drive us the $\frac{3}{4}$ hour journey over to Mt. Maunganui where we would swim at Pilot Bay. Then he would buy us ice creams and let us run up and slide down the huge sand hills before taking us back to Tauranga. He was devoted to Mabel, theirs was a truly loving partnership.

The Rose I knew had grey hair, lovely soft grey blue eyes, a wide smile, a rounded figure and big bosom. She was always composed and I never heard her shout or yell, although no one liked to get on the wrong side of Aunt Rose. Grandma would always tell me not to annoy or get in the way when Rose was in her bedroom relaxing. I was never allowed to knock on her door or disturb her. I can remember only a couple of times I was invited in – it was her sanctuary and the whole family respected it as such. She was a very private person. I sometimes wonder if she was quite shy. She ran the house with a definite routine; she was a person who liked a structured and well-organised life. Perhaps she needed the security after the difficult home life she experienced in her younger years. I remember breakfast was always at a certain time and we all sat down together.



Rose Ada Sharon

During the week lunch was at 12 noon, as the family members working at the shop would only have a one-hour break. They would arrive home with loaves of fresh bread from the bakery to eat with ham, lettuce, tomatoes etc. that Rose had prepared. At the end of the meal it was my job to get out the small curved brush and pan set and sweep up the breadcrumbs from the beautiful white damask tablecloth. There was a small pantry off the dining room where the linen, cutlery and eggs were kept. The eggs were from the chooks in the fowl yard. Every morning I would watch Rose or Charles Jnr make up the mash and grit for the chooks. We would then put on our gumboots and go down to the chook run and feed them. This was repeated in the afternoon and Aunt Rose and I, while they were eating, would go into the shed and collect the eggs. I remember the china eggs, which we had to be sure to leave in the nests so the chooks would keep laying. Rose would inspect the newly collected eggs, put them into a fresh basin, and then place them in the pantry in chronological order. Rose would make sure the older eggs were used for baking and the newer ones for breakfasts etc. She was very methodical. Everything had to be just so!!

Phyllis had a pet magpie. She trained him to whistle and talk, and he would follow her everywhere. However, he was not popular with Aunt Rose as he would persist in flying at the hens and herding them into a huddle, they would then take fright and stop laying eggs.

I used to help her wash the breakfast dishes – Grandma, Grandpa and Charles having left to go to the shop – ‘Hartley’s the Leading Draper’. I also seem to recall Helen dressed in her black dresses - it was Mabel’s rule that staff always wore black - Mabel always wore a beautifully tailored black dress and always had a beautiful white lace handkerchief tucked under her watchstrap or, in winter, peeping from her long sleeve. It was whilst I was helping Rose with the dishes that she taught me to sing songs such as: “Ten Green Bottles Hanging on the Wall,” “Knick Knack Paddy Wack Give a Dog a Bone,” “ One Man Went to Mow, Went to Mow a Meadow” etc. She made doing the chores a lot of fun.

Thursday was baking day and she always made sure she baked a chocolate cake for Charles. I remember the beautiful cream filled butterfly cakes, Louise Squares, shortbread, afghans etc. The fruit cakes she made for Christmas and Birthdays were superb and she would spend hours icing and decorating them.

When I was little, I remember bath time and Rose making wonderful, huge bubbles for me to pop. They were the size of a saucer or larger. She would get the soap and scoop up some water and blow the bubble through a hole made with her thumb and fingers. Rose also told me there was a little old man who lived down the plughole. When the water emptied from the bath it swirled around and made a great noise and this she said was made by the old man down the plughole. Well, when the plug was pulled I would leap out of the bath so quickly; terrified I would end up down there with him. I guess the reason for the story was to get me out of that nice warm bath!! I remember the hugs and cuddles and her nice big squishy bosom. But, misbehave and she could be very strict, so when Aunt Rose was around I was very good.

Romance. Although Rose was engaged she never married. I was brought up to believe her fiancé had been killed in World War One – but on talking with Charles and Deidre recently, it seems while Rose was engaged she found her fiancé had gone out with someone else. When she asked him if it was true he said yes and she broke off the engagement. Charles cannot remember her fiancé’s name but said Rose, who was quite prim and proper, used to ride on the back of his motor bike – I can’t imagine the Rose I knew riding on a motor bike – but she did.

Every so often she would spend a month’s holiday with Kate in Petone – she looked forward to these visits and they were one of the highlights of her life. She and Kate had a wonderful friendship. Rose was also a very good tennis and badminton player. She enjoyed playing bowls and cards. Rose attended the Holy Trinity Anglican Church in Tauranga – I can remember going to Evensong with her on Sunday evenings.

Rose died of stomach cancer in July 1957 at the age of 63.



