

Recollections by Winifred Bovell (nee Edmondson) on her sister Marjorie Jolin Paice (nee Edmondson) who died in 1988

Jo was devastated by her father's accidental death in 1934 when she was aged 16. As a teenager she was a tomboy of considerable physical beauty and a natural comic who was able to reduce her audience to tears of laughter by her antics in amateur plays at the Darlington Hall. On week days she was always late for the train because she was the only one in the family who could (and was willing to!) milk the cow. Clutching her toast she would race out of the gate and down the hill as the train drew out of the station and it would never fail to stop at the crossing for her. Everyone would lean out of the carriages and cheer this gorgeous girl as she climbed up to a seat, often still munching her toast. She would then flash a brilliant smile to strangers and friends alike and settle down for the journey as though this was a normal way to catch trains. I think it became a bit of an act in the end but no one cared, Jo was so original; they all loved her and she gave them a joyful start to their day. In conversation she wasn't always diplomatic, but she was so honest that this small flaw was somehow part of her charm. We never knew what she was going to say next and she had a talent for infecting people with the gift of her laughter.

The train crossing was called "Jo's crossing" in the time she lived at Darlington. Jo married the Rev. James Paice in 1939.



Jo and Rev. James Paice with daughter Philippa 1941 at Darlington photo courtesy P. Wiggins

Mrs Dorothy Edmondson's granddaughter Philippa Wiggins (nee Paice) records her recollections as a child visiting her at Rosendale.

St Cuthbert's Church fete was held a number of times at "Rosendale" on the front verandah and to the south of the house where there was an old tennis court, which eventually was grassed over.

As a child visiting my Grandmother and Aunt was always fun, as there was always something to eat in the gardens such as grapes, mulberries, strawberries, peaches plums, apricots and passion fruit. My grandmother would preserve the fruit in glass jars. Chooks and ducks were kept in the back garden, which was quite common in those days. In the 1930s my Mother used to milk the cow before going to work at Parker and Parker, a legal company, in Perth.

At one stage the back of "Rosendale" was terraced where a flourishing vegetable garden existed.

When my Grandmother bought the property it was part of the original Darlington Vineyard. She did sell off some of the land at the bottom, to pay for a refrigerator. The Rev. Quinlin use to board with my Grandmother and eventually bought the cottage in the garden to the south. He kept bees in the garden and as a child I can remember being stung and a blue bag being applied. He also used the bees wax to shine his shoes.



Cousins Anne Charleston and Philippa Wiggins 2018