

## Chapter IV

### The Second Age of Chic, Style and Elegance

On Thursday 1<sup>st</sup> February 2001 Dr David 'Toby' Edmund Barton aspired to front page news in the 'Northern Beaches Weekender' and 'The Scone Advocate'. Both articles were in celebration of the award of the Medal (OAM) of the Order of Australia presented to Toby on Australia Day 26 January 2001. The world agreed that Toby richly deserved such national recognition but the catchy headline was all about a self-proclaimed 'Ordinary Bloke'! Typically Toby was unselfishly distracted on the actual day the announcement was made. While most people were celebrating Australia Day and 100 years of federation the granddaughter of Australia's first Prime Minister and one of the architects of federation was spending it in a hospital bed. Pamela Barton was recovering in the Royal North Shore Hospital after being involved in a car accident near Tamworth in the week preceding. Although it was originally feared she was paralysed she continued to improve. Her brother Toby was able to capture some of the celebrations partly in recognition of his eminent grandfather in between regular visits to his sister Pamela in the hospital.

Speaking to the Northern Beaches Weekender from his Bayview home where he and Janet had lived since leaving Scone in 1986 Toby praised the celebrations. "I thought they did it pretty well", he said. "The parade at first I thought was disorganised but then I realised it was a fun parade for kids. It was loosely bound together and people were having a hell of a lot of fun just walking around. Very lovely" he added. He described Bob Carr's speech as brilliant and said that John Howard spoke well also. The only qualms he had were that amid describing the story of how each culture arrived in Australia, nobody delved into the path of the Anglo-Saxon. "I'm very proud to be Australian," he said, "I would not want to be anything else." Born David Edmund Barton in 1924, Toby was a name inherited from his father who had himself inherited it from his father, Sir Edmund Barton. While 'Toss Pot Toby' may have been pejoratively aimed at politician Sir Edmund it definitely did not fit with either his medical son or grandson. Toby was born four years after his grandfather died, and although there were fond memories of Sir Edmund in the family, Toby knew little of him. "I knew almost nothing of him during my childhood," he said. "I've learnt a hell of a lot in the last six months. He was a very friendly man and loved his family."

The son of a doctor Oswald Barton who later moved into Local Government, Toby missed the last three months of his last year at school due to a football injury, but still made it into medical school during World War II. In 1942 midway through his first year of medical school news filtered back that his brother was missing in action in Malaya. Toby immediately quit medicine and joined the army. After a stint in New Guinea he returned home with a bullet lodged in his spine and resumed his medical studies. He went on to become a medical practitioner in Scone and later Sydney. On Friday 26 January 2001 Dr Toby Barton was awarded an OAM for his services to medicine and the community of Scone. Rather humbly he described receiving the OAM as a "funny feeling" but quashed any plans to follow his family footsteps into politics. "I'm not a politician, I'm not a historian, I'm not a journalist, I'm just a doctor," he said. "I never aspired to be anything other than an ordinary doctor. I'm an ordinary bloke, and that's the way I like it."

# Australia Day honour

snapshot

Former Scone GP and consultant physician Dr David Barton, better known as "Toby", can't understand why he has been awarded the Medal (OAM) of the Order of Australia.

"I'm just an ordinary bloke," he said from his home in Sydney this week.

"It's all very nice of them but I'm thinking what the hell am I doing amongst all these very important people."

Dr Barton modestly sells himself short. His Australia Day honour is in recognition of his "service to medicine and to the community of Scone".

He was born in Scone, the son of Dr Oswald Barton, also known as "Toby", who practised in Scone before his death in 1957, just two years after his son had returned to also practise in Scone.

Dr David Barton had served in the Army in New Guinea in World War II.

He completed his medical studies in Sydney and was deciding what to do next when he was phoned by Scone's Dr Walter Pye.

"Come and join us in the Scone practice and bring two of your friends with you," Dr Pye told him.

Dr Barton returned to his home town in July 1955 and was followed later by Dr David Warden and Dr John Paradise.

Their medical partnership lasted a happy 25 years, as were Dr Barton's lifetime in Scone until he left in July 1986 and continued his Family Medicine Training Program in Sydney for the next few years.

Dr Barton's community involvements in Scone, apart from several medical roles, included performances in the local dramatic group SCADS.

"I really enjoyed that - it was a great breakaway from the intensity of practice and a lot of fun rehearsing and developing plays," he said.

He and his wife Janet were also involved in the development of the Scone Arts Council of which he became a trustee.

He instigated the Legacy group in Scone, was a member of the Scone Tree Planting Society and from 1977 to 1986 was on the management committee of the Scone Village Association.

In 1982 Dr Barton was honoured with the previous year's Hunter McLoughlin Memorial Award for Scone Shire Citizen of the Year.

What is lesser known is that Dr David Edmund Barton, as his middle name suggests, is the grandson of Edmund Barton who was Australia's first prime minister after Federation in 1901.

"I never met him - he died in 1920 a few years before I was born," Dr Barton said.

"But I found out later we attended the same boarding school, Sydney Grammar School, where he was captain."



DR DAVID 'TOBY' BARTON: Awarded the Medal (OAM) of the Order of Australia on Australia Day.

"I'm just an ordinary bloke  
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what the hell am I doing  
amongst all these very  
important people?"

Toby modestly described himself as 'just an ordinary bloke' when awarded the OAM

The Scone Advocate 'Community Focus' feature column on Thursday, February 1, 2001 had a similar characteristically modest reaction to relate. "I'm just an ordinary bloke - it's all very nice but what the hell am I doing amongst all these very important people?" According to the 'Advocate' story Dr Toby Barton had completed his medical studies in Sydney and was deciding what to do when he received a telephone call from Dr Walter Pye in Scone. "Come and join us in Scone and bring two of your friends with you," Dr Pye told him. Dr Barton returned to his home town in July 1955 and was



followed later by Dr David Warden and Dr John Paradice. Their medical partnership lasted a happy 25 years, as were Dr Barton's lifetime in Scone until he left in July 1986 and continued his Family Medicine Training Program in Sydney for the next few years.



Dr Toby Barton, Dr David Warden, Nurse Manning & Dr John Paradice

Dr Barton's community involvements in Scone, apart from his several medical roles, included performances in the local dramatic group SCADS. "I really enjoyed that – it was a great breakaway from the intensity of practice and a lot of fun rehearsing and developing plays," he said. He and his wife Janet were also involved in the development of the Scone Arts Council of which he became a trustee. Toby instigated the Legacy group in Scone, was a member of the Tree Planting Society and from 1977 to 1986 was on the management committee of the Upper Hunter (Scone) Village Association now known as 'Strathearn'. In 1982 Dr Barton was honoured with the previous year's Hunter McLoughlin Memorial Award for Scone Shire Citizen of the Year. What was not generally known (at that time) was that Dr David Edmund Barton, as the middle name suggests, was the grandson of Sir Edmund Barton who was Australia's first Prime Minister after Federation in 1901. "I never met him – he died in 1920 a few years before I was born," Dr Barton said. "But I found out later we attended the same boarding school, Sydney Grammar School, where he was captain."

The Hunter Valley News of Wednesday 16 August 1978 promoted a feature article on 'Geraldton' with the headline '*A Happy Marriage of Old and New at Geraldton*'. It was a most fortunate and appropriate choice of words. The opening stanza by a sympathetic journalist began with the line: "One's first impression of Geraldton – the home of Dr and Mrs D. E. Barton is that it is a happy fun-filled home." How apt! It goes on to describe how it is none of the austerity of many an historic home, for it is brought to life by its present owners. They have very successfully adapted a 19<sup>th</sup>

century building to 20<sup>th</sup> century living with a clever combination of the old and new. Much of the content is devoted to the history of the house and its owners beginning with Mathew Miller. Acknowledging that Miller was indubitably one of the pioneer construction experts in the then nascent village of Scone the author describes how Miller ‘must have been a master of his craft’ having honed his skills in traditional family trades in County Tyrone (see Chapter I). The Miller buildings, which include Scone’s first Court House and the ‘Belvue’ near Gundy, ‘show more than mere mechanical skill in their designs and construction. Their lines reflect the love of an artisan for his work’. That is a most handsome tribute to the home so richly embellished by Toby and especially Janet Barton. In fact ‘Geraldton’ has benefitted by several generations of successive custodians all of whom have contributed to its status and ‘character’. The maintenance of old ‘historic’ homes is an internecine and constant struggle. The wives of the incumbents are deserving of most of the accolades but are rarely mentioned in the historic documents!



Dr Walter Pye, Janet Barton & Dr Toby Barton in the garden at ‘Geraldton’

Dr Toby Barton was actually born at Geraldton in 1924 soon after his parents had occupied their recently purchased home. It was at Geraldton that Toby and Janet were to raise their own three children, Sarah, Hilary and David “in the beautiful old house and its surrounding gardens”. This is the very first reference to ‘gardens’ which are so much an integral part and feature of the overall ambience. What is certain is that Janet Barton was the architect and designer of much of the garden which exists today. She was able to imprint her own enriched brand of chic elegance and style to the maturing premises.



Janet Barton & Dr Toby Barton in the main sitting room at 'Geraldton'



Dr Toby Barton and Dr Walter Pye at 'Geraldton'





Janet and Toby in the courtyard at 'Geraldton'

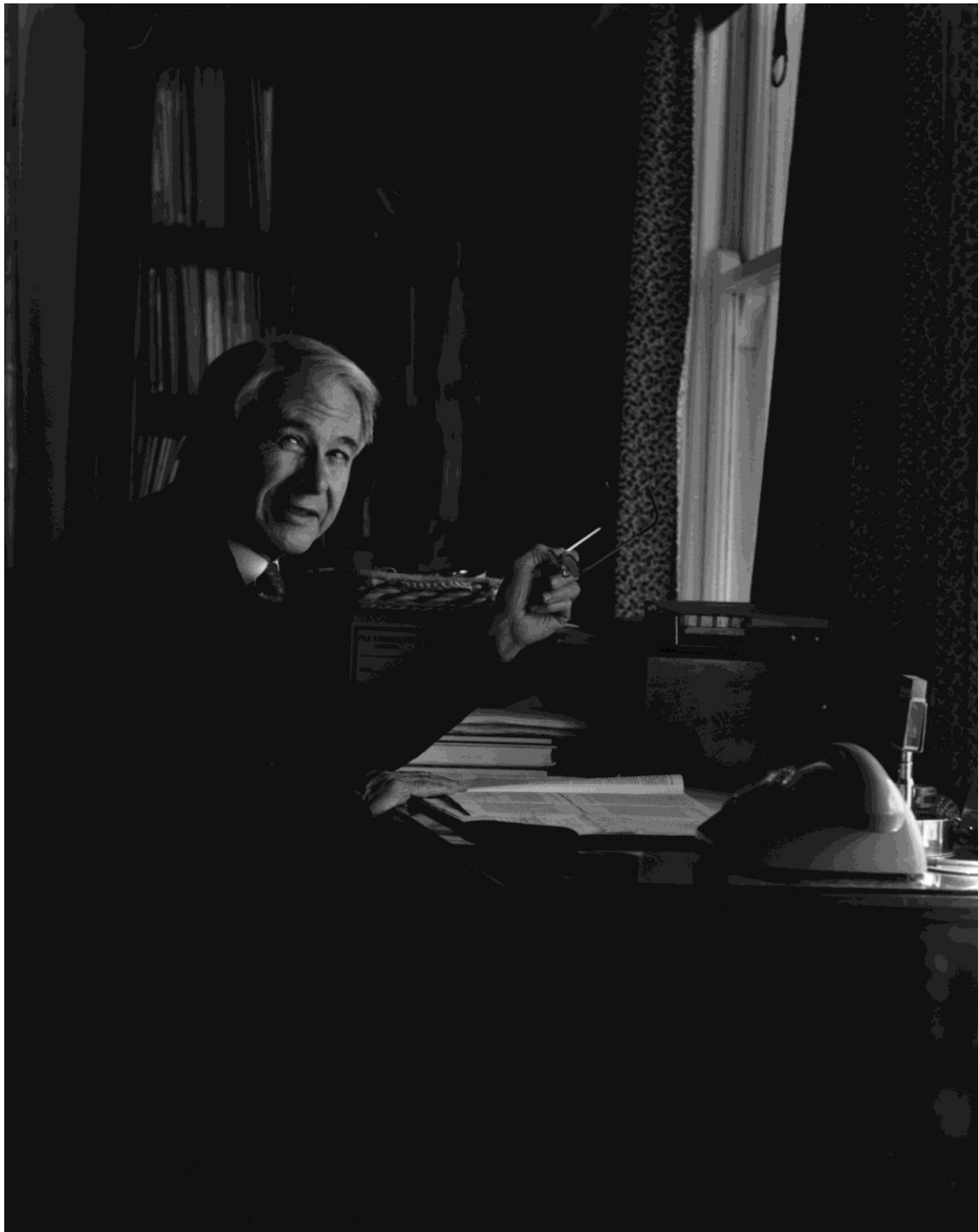


'Geraldton' 1978

This shows the pathway and garden beds on approach to the front door



Janet and Toby in the garden at 'Geraldton'



Dr Toby Barton in his study at 'Geraldton'

It was at about this time (1978) that Toby engaged close friend, neighbour and Master Builder Bruce Shepherd to fix a 'damp course' for the whole of the old original construction. Bruce confessed to me this was arguably the most arduous task he had ever undertaken! In 1968 Dr D. E. Barton received communication from the National Trust of Australia as follows:

The National Trust of Australia (*New South Wales*)





THE NATIONAL TRUST OF AUSTRALIA (*New South Wales*)

*Incorporated by Act of Parliament*

115 PITT STREET SYDNEY Telephone: 25 5344

8th October, 1968

Dr. D.E. Barton,  
Geraldton,  
SCONE 2337.

Dear Dr. Barton,

I am sure you will be interested to know that Geraldton has been included in the Trust's Register of Historic Buildings. Geraldton is classified by the Trust as a building of considerable interest and its preservation is recommended.

Whilst classification by the Trust does not have legal force, it is recognised as an authoritative statement of the importance of the building.

Because of the importance attached by the Trust to the preservation of Geraldton it would be pleased to be consulted at any time when work of a structural nature is contemplated. In this connection I can arrange for you to receive a list of architects familiar with the technique of restoration and preservation of old buildings, should this be of assistance.

Yours sincerely,

R.N. WALKER  
Director.

113 Pitt Street  
Sydney      Telephone: 25 5344

8<sup>th</sup> October, 1968

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Geraldton  
SCONE 2337

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Yours sincerely,

*Signed*

R. N. WALKER  
Director.

Almost 20 years later in 1987 after Toby and Janet Barton had moved to Bayview Toby received a letter from A. A. McLellan (Solicitor) a Scone based partner of Fitzgerald White Talbot & Co and a long standing friend of Dr Barton. The letter was evidently in reply to an inquiry from Dr Barton about Geraldton.

Fitzgerald White Talbot & Co  
Solicitors  
186 Kelly Street  
Scone NSW 2337  
Box 5, PO

10<sup>th</sup> November, 1987

Dr D. E. Barton  
13 Alexandra Crescent  
BAYVIEW NSW 2104

Dear Sir,

Further information which may assist in regard to "Geraldton":

Electricity – originally supplied by Electric Light & Power Company (Scone) Limited which was introduced in 1922 and began supplying electricity in about 1923 – 1924. I am not aware when "Geraldton" was connected.

Water supply – Scone town water was turned on in 1929 and again I do not know the date when "Geraldton" was connected but may well have been that year or the next.

Sewerage – I think you will remember this was your father's project on which he worked for years. Sewerage became available in Scone in 1938.

In regard to Tommy W.....n I have discussed his case with his widow who tells me that he had a long history of stomach trouble in fact she said that Dr Rutherford told him to give up smoking which he thought might bring the trouble to an end. In view of this do you think there is any possibility of the colonic cancer being triggered off by a long standing stomach or intestine condition which may have been attributable to his diet in the Army. I raise this question as in my unit several were marched out because of stomach trouble arising from our diet.

Yours faithfully

*A. A. McLellan*

FITGERALD WHITE TALBOT & CO

Further correspondence from A. A. McLellan to Dr D. E. Barton was dated 26<sup>th</sup> November 1987:

Dr D. E. Barton  
13 Alexandra Crescent  
BAYVIEW NSW 2104

Dear Sir

Thank you for your letter and advice as to Tommy W.....n.

Regret to read the news of Ken W....e's condition. Most unfortunate.

I am inclined to think that John's memory might be right. Undoubtedly, "Geraldton" would have been lit by the petrol gas (acetylene I think) prior to electricity being installed and while electricity was available in Scone from 1923 possibly it was a year or two after 1923 before it was installed as I



note that it was not until 1927 that electricity was installed at St Luke's which had been lit by a similar device to that of "Geraldton" though the Rectory erected in 1925 was lit by electricity from its completion.

I suggest that John's memory of such a machine would be quite accurate as I can clearly remember events which occurred when I was that age and well before. The earliest must have been when I was about two and a half years though why I remember one item I cannot understand.

Yours faithfully

A. A. McLellan

FITGERALD WHITE TALBOT & CO

Attached to this later correspondence (26 November 1987) was a hand written 'codicil' with some details of the original transactions regarding "Geraldton" and dating back to the initial purchase by Mathew Miller. (See - Chapter I). These must have been the result of a Solicitor's title search and largely confirm facts already related.

It is clear Toby was a regular correspondent writing – and receiving – many letters. He bequeathed two such letters to the Scone & Upper Hunter Historical Society which is/are both prescient and poignant. The first one was from a resident of Dry Creek, Moonan Flat seeking moving medical advice *'directed in writing unexpected and I think the same was written with a thumb-nail dipped in tar'*:

Dry Creek  
Moonan Flat

Dear Doctor Barton

Please Doctor will you kindly send me some heart tablets by Friday's mail as I don't feel well enough to do anything and I can't walk a half a mile to ring you and ask you for them as I am that tired I can't sleep at night, I am not getting any rest, I have sore hands I broke machine needle in my finger last week and nearly cut another one up with a Knife so please Doctor won't you help me I only wish you would do something about this Rupture its getting bigger and harder every day and I am in agony with it I can't wear my corsets as my tummy is too dam sore

'so I hope you will do something for me,

I remain  
Yours sincerely  
(Millie) B.....n

I'm sure there's no better person then Dr Toby Barton to deal with such a pantropic medical exigency!

A second letter was received by Dr Toby Barton in 1975 clearly in response to a recommendation sent earlier by him:

The Scone Shire Council  
Shire Chambers  
130 Liverpool Street  
Scone 2337

28<sup>th</sup> October, 1975

Dr D. E. Barton  
The Surgery  
SCONE

Dear Dr Barton,

Re: New England Highway

Thank you for your comments regarding the reconstruction and/or relocation of the New England Highway through Scone.

Your letter was considered at the last meeting of Council, in conjunction with discussion with Mr D. J. Rae, Divisional Engineer, Department of Main Roads. No doubt you have noted the press publicity given the matter.

At this stage, the most practical and economic proposal would seem to be the complete reconstruction of Kelly Street. In this event the Department has stated that the trees in the median would not survive the reconstruction, and would need to be removed. The Department has since submitted two alternative proposals for the construction and both proposals will be considered by Council in the near future. The correspondence and plans received from the Department will be available for public perusal after they have been presented to Council.

As far as the possible diversion of the Highway is concerned, Mr Rae pointed out that such a scheme would involve an enormous amount of finance and perhaps a decade in planning. On the other hand, the present state of Kelly Street requires immediate attention.

Council appreciated the interest shown by yourself and others in regard to this matter. Council also appreciates the local importance of this issue and will do everything possible to keep the public fully informed on all aspects of the proposal.

Yours faithfully,

*Signed*

G. R. Proudfoot  
SHIRE CLERK.

Barton Archives Box

THE SCONE SHIRE COUNCIL

PHONE 45 1466 SCONE  
P O Box 208 SCONE  
PLEASE ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE  
TO THE SHIRE CLERK AND QUOTE  
REFERENCE R5



SHIRE CHAMBERS  
130 LIVERPOOL STREET  
SCONE 2337

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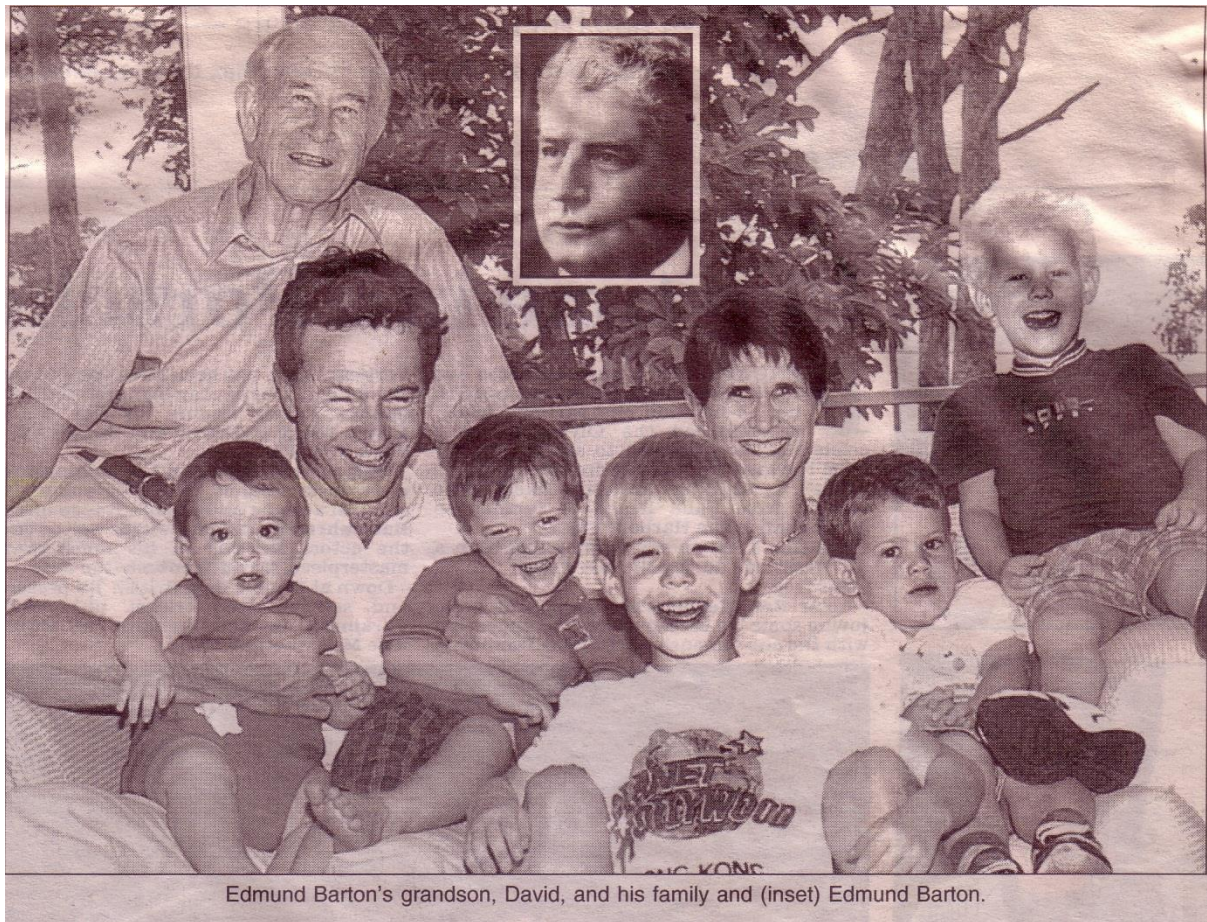
*G. R. Proudfoot*

G. R. Proudfoot,  
SHIRE CLERK.

"First Family"

It must have been a very proud moment for Toby and family when they were featured in the Sydney 'Daily Telegraph' on 27 December 2000 under the imposing headline "Family of first PM looks back in pride".





Toby, David, Hilary and garndchildren

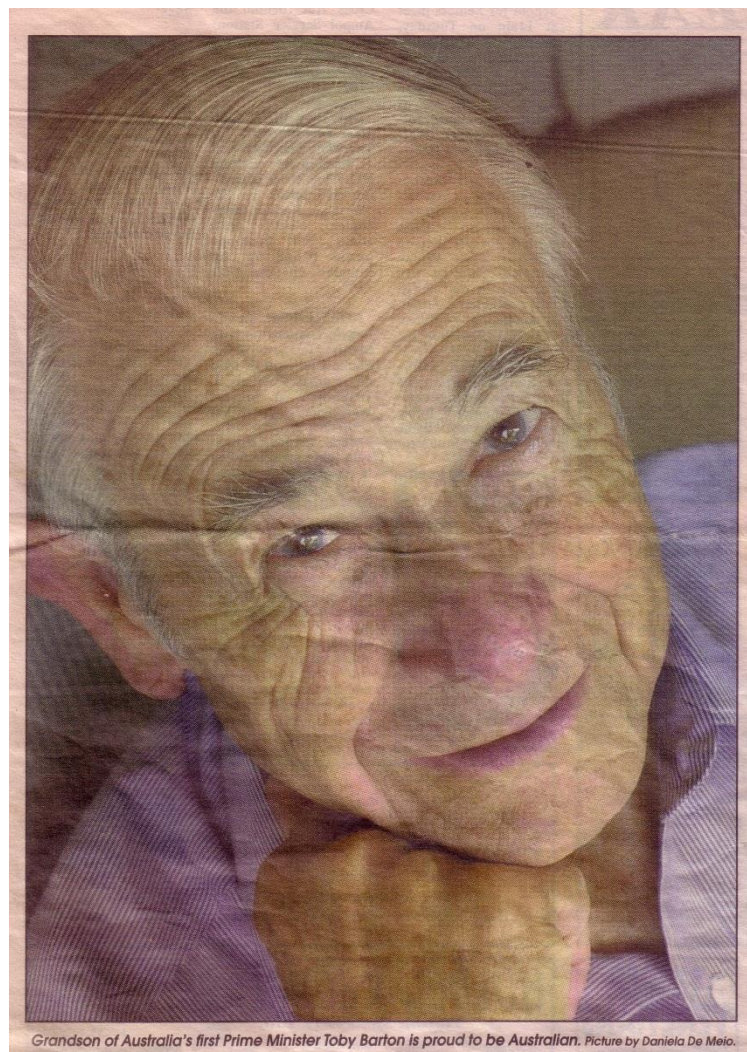
Journalist Stavro Sofios writes:

They are Australia's first 'first family' – but don't expect any pomp or ceremony from the country's "noblest" clan. Indeed, descendants of Australia's first Prime Minister Edmund Barton relish the anonymity they have acquired over the past half century or so. But it's not too hard to avoid recognition in the streets – after all 64% of Australians don't know the name of the first Prime Minister recent surveys reveal. "We don't feel special because of who he was," Barton's grandson David, 76, told the Daily Telegraph yesterday. "He was a special man, one of the central figures of Federation, but I don't think that makes the family special or of national significance. We are quite proud, but I have never considered it to be a big deal. We are not going overboard in celebrating – lunch with the family before going down to the [Journey of a national] parade. Dr Barton, retired on Sydney's northern beaches with wife Janet, has been named as an envoy for Federation Day celebrations in Sydney on January 1, 2001. He said the event was one of the few he could remember in his lifetime where he – let alone the whole country – had celebrated the Federation achievements of Barton, who became known as Australia's "noblest son".

"Most people don't know about him, and I think that's just because he was Barton," Dr Barton said. "It's only been in the past few decades that we are starting to connect again with our country's



history. We have just gotten on with living and growing as a nation. That's typically Australian – and so was Barton." Dr Barton, his father Oswald and Prime Minister Barton were all students of Sydney Grammar School although the family's political ambitions ended with Oswald, who was on Scone Council in the Hunter Valley. "I am not a lawyer, I am not a historian, I am not a politician – I just ended up being a doctor," Dr Barton said. He grew up in Scone and worked as a GP in the Upper Hunter town before retiring to Sydney in the 1980s and working as a director of GP training at Hornsby Hospital. Edmund Barton was Prime Minister for the first two years and eight months. The lawyer-politician was known for his grounded easy going larrikin character, which has carried through the generations. Great-grandson David junior, a vet, and occupational therapist great granddaughter Sarah Thompson live in the Hunter Valley while another great-granddaughter Hilary Laidlaw, a former director of Royal North Shore Hospital, has recently returned to Sydney from Hong Kong with her family. The family was together for the first time in a decade when they spoke to *The Daily Telegraph*. David junior said the Centenary of Federation had highlighted the "safe and happy" country Australia had become over the past 100 years. "As a family we are proud of the job Barton and the other fathers of Federation did setting the foundations for that, but we don't walk around saying 'we are the Bartons'," he said. "It's the way we feel – we just want to get on with it."



Grandson of Australia's first Prime Minister Toby Barton is proud to be Australian. Picture by Daniela De Meio.

'Proud Australian' Dr Toby Barton

### 'Australia truly a lucky country'

Just a few days later on January 1, 2001 *The Daily Telegraph* ran another feature citing Dr Toby Barton. Under the headline 'Australia truly a lucky country' and 'As we celebrate Federation, David Barton, grandson of Australia's first Prime Minister, Edmund Barton, reflects on a century of achievement'. This is Toby's most patriotic response.

What a celebration is in store for the Centenary of Federation after that great party last night. What do I think about it all?

Well to start, it is a celebration of the fact that we are a lucky country! We are a big country and we live in relative harmony and peace. We go shopping without the thought of being bombed, draw up at traffic lights with little fear of being hijacked and ride the open roads prepared to give a hand to a fellow traveller in difficulty.

Overall, we are wealthy and healthy, tolerant, productive and seek to include others when we seek to improve our lot. We have a system of health care which still includes caring people, willing to sacrifice their time and effort to look after the sick, the frail and the elderly. Our volunteers are now famous in civic areas as well as sporting and military endeavours.

We have a system of government where all our citizens can and must cast their vote to democratically elect our makers, a system inherited from Great Britain but modified to make it fair and inclusive. In my opinion, it is the best in the world. We thank those forebears who appreciated the needs of diverse colonies and diverse people.

We have shed the burden of class warfare. We have progressed from being a xenophobic, white colony, to become a multi-cultural, tolerant, expanding people who recognise the damage done to our indigenous people and are trying to find ways to address the inequities that have resulted. The nation at last recognises the equality of people, and aims to maintain an egalitarian approach to original and immigrant groups alike.

We celebrate, too, the opportunities we have to move forward by recognising our capacity to grow by intelligent application of abilities and by dint of hard work. We accept the need to share that growth with all our people.

We celebrate our capacity to encompass all religious groups, being intolerant of violence and hatred. We inherit responsibilities as well as rewards of responsible government, but we eliminate poverty, ill health and intolerance in all race groups within the nation.

The parade today – on January 1, 2001 – recognises the debt we owe to a wide variety of hard-working, dedicated men and women, not only in the 20<sup>th</sup> century but the 19<sup>th</sup> as well. Arches, floats, banners and bands, the marchers, organisers and volunteers are outward expressions of our pride in our nation. The ceremony in Centennial Park will acknowledge our beginning, the acceptance of our constitution in the Union of the British colonies.



But what constitutes a colony? Each of those which joined to form the Commonwealth of Australia had different beginnings and different pressures in their growth to become independent crown colonies.

Queensland, troubled by the slave labour of indentured black birded South Sea Island people, was threatened with secession by militant labour groups. Fortunately it spawned people like Samuel Griffith, part architect of the constitution, who rightly became the first Chief Justice of the High Court.

NSW was the largest most powerful colony and supplied men of great character, panache and wisdom in the lead up to Federation. Parkes, though he died before seeing his success, was the spark that lit the flame of independence. Reid, the consummate politician, saw to the interest of his State in the acceptance of the constitution. Barton, the conciliator and mediator, steered the conflicting interests of the States to acceptable compromise, and in so doing proved an outstanding leader of the movement in its later stages. Hard work, hard travel and innumerable speeches took a toll on his health and finances, but he triumphed to become the first leader of the nation.

Victoria grew in affluence with the opening up of its pastoral resources and then was boosted by those great gold discoveries, producing multicultural diversity. Victoria became a Crown colony in 1851 and five years alter had its own tow house of parliament. In the federal movement, John Quick set the Corowa conference alight and forced the inclusion of the people in the decision making process, resulting in those referenda which set the national stamp of approval on the union. Deakin's brilliance and perseverance brought Victoria in and he eventually served three terms as Prime Minster.

South Australia had no convict problem but initial bountiful seasons were replaced by arid times and the realisation that much of the State was marginal land. It proved fertile ground for the growth of the wine industry and became a centre of manufacturing, though still fostering that famous group of cattle men from north to south of the continent. Kingston provided leadership at the time of Federation with a bright mind and pugnacious temperament that protected South Australian interests.

Western Australia, of course, had the Kalgoorlie miners to contend with and their threat to secede from Western Australia was the issue which finally forced that great explorer Forrest to lead the State into Federation.

Tasmania grew from a penal settlement to a pastoral colony, diminishing tis Aboriginal population in the process. It supplied many bright minds to the question of amalgamation. Inglis Clarke was a great contributor, for he wrote a version of the constitution based on that of the United States, which he considered the best in the world. His version required amendments, but to the benefit of Australia, and much of his draft was finally included in our constitution.

Strangely, it was not a colonial, but an Englishman who in the 1850s first suggested limited union of the colonies. Earl Grey foresaw problems with defence and communication. The telegraph was just

then being invented and the telephone a thing of the future. Railways were a pressing need, but it took another half century for Western Australia to be connected to the eastern States.

And so now we move into the era of television and the world-wide-web, from our Olympic successes to the celebration of our national triumph. Give the floats and the marchers that same joyous applause that we gave our athletes, wave your flags and sing our national anthem with pride.

Although Toby and Janet left Scone in 1986 they were frequent visitors most notably at the 'Open Gardens' hosted at 'Geraldton'.

The following obituary was printed in the Scone Advocate on Thursday, June 2, 2011 and was collated and submitted by Dr John Paradise.

David Edmund Barton OAM "Toby"      05/04/1924 – 18/05/2011

On Monday, May 23 2011 I experienced one of the most emotional times of my life, saying farewell to Toby Barton, one of my greatest friends, and more than that, a general medical practitioner without parallel. Toby served the people of Scone and the Upper Hunter with untiring vigour and enthusiasm. He may have called himself a general practitioner, but in reality he was a specialist in everything, from medicine to the whole of life. It was especially moving to see some of Toby's old fellow soldiers of the 2<sup>nd</sup>/3<sup>rd</sup> machine gun regiment; when he was wounded in New Guinea and who stood for the Last Post and who had come to honour the day. In 1957, Dr Walter Pye, a most experienced general surgeon, Toby Barton, David Warden and myself, John Paradise. Came into partnership and except for Walter Pye, we carried on this partnership for 30 years. It was my great good fortune to have worked with Toby for so long and learning from him on most days in so many ways. The accompanying copy of the eulogy delivered by his son, David Barton, paints an excellent picture of a man of such exceptional ability and social conscience very seldom seen and whose achievements make me for one have a sense of inadequacy.

Dad, Papa, Toby, Dr Barton, Dr Toby

Wondering how on earth I could do justice to Dad's memory and hold it all together, Sarah reminded me of one of Dad's mantras and Hilly of another: "I feel fine, I feel fine, I feel very fine. It's a fine day today and it's a fine day tomorrow, I feel fine, I feel fine, I feel very fine." And "If a job's worth doing it's worth doing well."

Dad was born in Scone in his parent's bed in the house Geraldton that was later to become our family home. He described his father (who was also a doctor) as one of nature's gentlemen.....strong gene that one. His mother was a concert violinist. His happy childhood was spent with his sister Pam and his brother John and engendered in him a love of family, animals and outdoors. Boarding school at Sydney Grammar was not initially a happy experience but one which he eventually loved. It was here that he developed a love of rugby spending several years as a prop in the 1<sup>st</sup> XV with the 1941 version of 'The Sydnein' saying 'Barton: front row forward, excelled in all phases of forward work, always on the ball, tackled well, revelled in close work'. It was here that he also, as was characteristic of Dad, developed lifelong friendships...Mervyn Finlay and Jimmy Lawler spring to mind. Clearly an

academic with a mind like a steel trap, Dad also revelled being a scholar. Many a time he would finish the crossword for Mum by deferring to his knowledge of Latin. Who else do you know who could still conjugate Latin verbs into their eighty's.

As was typical of Dad, his leaving school was due to a strong sense of duty and a need to serve others. At the tender age of 17, he walked out of Sydney Grammar to Hyde Park and enlisted in the army telling them he was 19 and was born in Yeppoon in Queensland, figuring that they wouldn't have any records to discredit the lie. Much to his amusement, it is still documented in the war records museum. That evening he returned to school in army uniform. One can only imagine his mother's distress as her eldest son John was at the time missing in action. Dad served with the 2<sup>nd</sup>/3<sup>rd</sup> Machine Gunners in New Guinea. As was true of his generation, horrors were endured and lifelong friendships forged. Towards the end of the war dad was shot; an act for which he bore no malice but was deeply saddened as unbeknown to him at the time, it ended his rugby career. I was privileged to march with Dad on several Anzac Days in later years, witnessing their enduring mateship and humour.

Eager to get on with life, Dad followed in his father's footsteps, enrolling in medicine and residing in St Paul's College. It was during this time that he met the love of his life Janet Chapman. For me and I am sure for most of you, it is nearly impossible to think of Dad and not of Mum, such was their relationship. Courtship can't have been easy with Mum confined for two years with tuberculosis and Dad studying. But love conquers all and did. Happily married, they moved to Melbourne, where Mum once again succumbed to tuberculosis. This meant that Mum was again hospitalised and their newly born daughter Sarah was sent to live with Neeny, Mum's mother. A tough for an overworked underpaid medical registrar. And so to Scone, where Dad committed himself to family, medicine and community and not always in that order. In your early years, if you were sick, Mum used to ring and make an appointment and child minding would often mean sitting in the car while Dad did his rounds. Like his wedding vows, the Hippocratic Oath was a moral compass from which he set his course. His partnership with David Warden and John Paradice was truly that, a partnership, swapping roles and helping each other: one day a GP, the next an obstetrician or an anaesthetist. His quest for knowledge was so great that he went back to live at University for a year, to get his specialty degree. This led to me one day asking "Mummy who is that man in my Dad's bed". He was later in life awarded an Order of Australia for service to medicine.

Weekends were often spent planting trees along the streets of Scone (many of which still stand today), visiting the frail and infirm, regardless of whether he was on duty or not. I am reminded of the lines from Kipling's poem "IF": "If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew to serve your turn long after they are gone, And so hold on when there is nothing in you except the will which says to them: Hold on". He loved amateur dramatics and we delighted in helping him learn his lines. Dad was a man who set the bar high, sometimes too high but never criticising those who fell short. He had a great but quirky sense of humour delivered with a marvellous twinkle of the eye. This was balanced by an innate sense of pessimism: "I will be dead by 58 and then every year after that". This inability to forecast his own demise must have led to trepidation as he placed his weekly bets on the TAB.

His love of literature and poetry meant that treasured times were curled up beside him while he gave life to books such as Mowgli's Jungle Book Stories and Uncle Remus with Brer Rabbit. We will never forget his reading from Mark Twain regarding Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox. Or at meal times another favourite the Magic Pudding; "Eat away, chew away, bolt and munch and guzzle, never leave the table till you're full up to the muzzle." Dad loved taking us on Easter camping trips, picnics and annual pilgrimages for three weeks to Port Macquarie. One of Dad's greatest qualities was his acceptance of our friends and his ability to see good in all. Throughout our lives when needed he was always there, otherwise happy to let us forge our own paths leaving us to fall and pick ourselves up trusting his intuition that we would be okay. He delighted in our achievements, our partners and our children.

Retirement in 1987 saw Dad and Mum move to Bayview in Sydney. Here as before they created a wonderful refuge for friends and family. Dad's love of hiking continued with trips with friends to Tasmania. Regular trips overseas were made easier by Hilary moving to Indonesia and then Hong Kong. Initially he continued to dabble in medicine but never as happily as a country GP. His love of water saw him purchase a little tinny in which he enjoyed showing us Pittwater and teaching his grandchildren to fish. He also became a member of the Dawn Busters Swimming Club who pride themselves on swimming 365 days of the year, come rain hail or shine, very Dad. Competitive ocean swims were also on the agenda; Dad almost always came last. He also continued with his service to Legacy and the elderly, providing solace, expertise and support where required. Dad's devotion to Mum in her later years saw him truly shine. Selfless, kind, gentle, determined and adoring, he soldiered on to the detriment of his own health. There was a love story that few could match and most would envy. None of us are surprised that Dad decided to take the next journey so soon after Mum did. So in the words with which Dad often put us to bed; "Dad, sweet dreams and sweet repose and may the fairies tickle your toes".

Altogether two generations of the Barton family provided medical services to Scone for almost 67 continuous years between 1920 and 1987. In the 'History of Strathearn Village' the following notation is recorded: "With consideration for the projected needs of the district, it was decided that a further wing containing another 28 beds was needed. It was to be named 'Drs O and DE Barton Wing' after Dr Oswald Barton and Dr DE (Toby) Barton, with whom Dr Pye shared practice with in his early years in Scone. This component of the Association saw construction continuing throughout 1978-9. The official opening of the Nursing Home and Day Care Centre took place on 6 October 1979 again by the Honourable Ralph Hunt, Minister for Health". 'Barton Street' bordering the eastern extremity of Scone adjacent to the Scott Memorial Hospital is similarly named by the Upper Hunter Shire Council as a memento and mark of respect.

#### Di and John Connors

'Geraldton' was purchased from the Bartons by John and Di Connors in 1987. John was a partner in the Muswellbrook law firm Fitzgerald White Talbot & Co maintaining yet another close professional link with many of the earlier owners. They sold to Sarah and Bill Howey in 1993 when John's career took him further afield culminating in a judicial appointment to the High Court in Fiji.