

**Oral History Interview Gary Barker and Geoff Scott  
Netherby Home Currie 26 Feb 2019**

My name is Geoffrey Scott and I reckon, I was born in Currie on 26 July 1923, probably at the Cottage Hospital. My parents were Percy Edward Scott and Doris Bertha Hughes and she was an English lady. I had a twin brother and sister; Owen and Kathleen (Kitty), I was next and Daniel (Danny) was the youngest.

When I was growing up, I think my parents were farming most of the time, originally out near Marshalls Road and then a bit later along Aerodrome Road. My early years were spent on our dairy farm, but we didn't have too many chores to do.

I went to Currie School and to get there we could ride a horse, go on our bikes or often walk. It was so long ago I can't remember the names of the children or the teachers. Not that I would want to, as I definitely did not like going to school as I didn't like anybody standing over me. This was the same as being in the Army, although I put with it. I would never be guilty of telling anyone else to go into it. That is for sure. I wiped off school like I wiped off the Army as I didn't believe in imposed discipline. I believe in self-discipline.

With my schooling I think I went through to Grade Seven and went straight to work in Curtain's Grocery Shop in Currie. This was run by Mr and Mrs Curtain and was alongside the old hotel in Main Street, but was destroyed by fire in 1964 along with the pub. The work I did was the lot, including stacking shelves, serving customers and loading the delivery truck. The shop had a real high counter, and everything was kept in bulk. Mr Curtain was fantastic to work for, was a wonderful man and we were all like family anyhow.

I think I was working there until I was called up; I didn't join up as I had waited to be called up. At that time the war was not having much effect on the daily life of King Island. We would read the paper and that is how we found out what was going on.

When I was called up, I joined the Militia and although I probably had to do a Medical, I can't remember fronting the doctor on King Island. God knows, because that is going back a year or two and I haven't got a memory that long. The reason I joined the AIF was that I'd been called up so I thought I may as well transfer over noting that I wasn't forced to do the transfer. As for mates enlisting when I did, I wouldn't have a clue as my memory is not the best.

My first training was done at *Benhilton* on the island where the Army used the Homestead as a barracks but again, I can't remember the names of the blokes who were there as I haven't given the poor souls another thought.

I'm pretty sure I served all my time in the 2/32 Infantry Battalion and the blokes were a real good bunch, of course they were. We were a mixed Battalion made up of blokes from all over the place. We had Queenslanders, New South Welshmen, Victorians and we had some Tasmanians and King Islanders, so it was a mix of real good blokes. I can't remember other King Islanders in the 2/32<sup>nd</sup>.

As I never liked the Army, I just went along with it because you had to, but you do meet some wonderful people. I was just a private infantryman in Four section that was part of Eight Platoon in A Company. I was under a corporal, as were the other sections, and the platoon had a sergeant and a 'loot' [lieutenant] for a while. There was about 30 of us in the platoon and I was a rifleman. There was a machine gunner in each section, but I never got to carry it; they were too cumbersome!

We were mopping the Japanese up and many were taken prisoner, but I did not have contact with them; no contact with them at all which is the way I wanted it. I'll say.

After the war I returned home and am not sure of whether I went back to work at Curtains. I then met and married a lovely lady named Muriel; yes, my word. But when it was, I now wouldn't know. Muriel and I had a couple of children – Dianne and Wayne - now both with their mother.

I spent many years on our dairy farm and supplied milk to the factory at Loorana. We had 40 to 50 cows and they were machine milked, of course. We started with two units then doubled them up and this made a big difference. Muriel helped me with the milking, my word she did, and she was a great worker. We also had a few pigs and they were fed the skim milk as the cream was used to make butter. Our farm was known as *Scotts* and we were near *Seaview* on the North Road.

Notes:

P.E. Scott: born 21 Jun 1886, died 8 Jan 1973, KI Cemetery

Doris: died 20 Dec 1975

Daniel George Scott: died 2 Jan 1940 (accident)

Kathleen: died 21 Jan 2008

Owen Scott: Service Number - TX8045 : Date of birth - 26 May 1922 : Place of birth -  
CURRIE : Place of enlistment - HOBART TAS : Next of Kin - SCOTT PERCY

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