

# Glebe District Hockey Club

## Biography/Vale

### Daryl Edward Fishenden



Glebe District Hockey Club Member

28 March 1938 -- 12 August 2015

aged 77 years

Daryl started with the Club in the Under 16 team of 1954 that lost the grand-final to St George. Members of that team were Victor Westacott, Ron Warner, Edward Kenny, Ron Cullen, Garry Sullivan, Daryl Fishenden, Bill Stubbs, Kevin Langshaw, Ray Warner, Richard Tandy, Jim Lee, Keith Roache and Barry Pickett.

In 1955 Daryl progressed to the Club's fourth grade team and the Annual Report records that he showed "Flashes of good form." By 1957 Daryl had progressed to the third grade team, which won the Premiership. Players in this team were John Whittle, Jack Thompson, Reg Matthews, Gary Sullivan, George Collett, Don Graham, Ron Cullen, Harry Butler, Noel Williams, Daryl Fishenden, Jack Buckley, Vince Halls Fred Needham with Richard Payne-Scott in goals.

By the end of the 1964 season Daryl had played 100 Club games for Glebe. He was a steady, reliable full-back who was well liked by his team mates, a steadying influence on the many hot-heads with whom he played with over the years. Daryl was a team man, nothing flamboyant and

individualistic about him. Daryl played for exercise and the camaraderie of playing a team sport with friends. He played where and when he could. His playing appearances for Glebe were fitted-in around his work and family commitments.

Daryl was never a big trainer, as he lived at Greystanes and getting to training after work was a hassle. He did not strive for and had no ambition to achieve playing at an elite level of competition. Exercise, companionship, shared experiences and a beer and a smoke with his fellow team mates and fellow Club Members was what Daryl sort from his hockey involvement.

He did not hold any administrative positions in the Club; he never won any Club Trophies and he never coached any Club teams. He did contribute to the life and times of the Club as family and work circumstances permitted. He organised the painting of the Club House at Number Four Railway Arch Jubilee Oval on a couple of occasions, and attended Club social functions when he could.

The Fourth Grade Report of 1965 had this to say about Daryl: “Played centre-half. He was the pivot of the team. He both supported and defended very well. A very versatile player.” The time at which the Fourth Grade games were played suited Daryl’s other commitments. He had the ability to play a couple of grades higher but was content to play with his good mates in fourth grade.

The 1966 Fourth Grade Report commented on him: “Played centre-half and is the most consistent player in the team. He makes the opposition look silly.”

In 1968 Daryl was a member of the Glebe second grade team that won the competition. For the teams in which he played Daryl often took the penalty corner hits, as he had an excellent, accurate, flat, powerful hit. For a full-back, Daryl scored many goals for the teams in which he played.



**Fourth Grade Team 1964, photo taken at Central Park Concord.**

**Back Row:** Mick Letts, Barry Williams, Allan Westacott, Frank Whiteman, Daryl Fishenden, Billy Hubbatz.

**Front Row:** Gary Hume, Denis 'Walt Disney' Brown, Unkown, Colin Brown, Paul Cuneen, Graham Lisk

Daryl retired after the 1970 season having played 200 games for Glebe. During 1970 Daryl's second child, Mark, was born and then found it harder to fit-in his hockey playing around work and family commitments. After he retired Daryl followed the affairs of the Club with much interest.

He never lost his enthusiasm for things Glebe Hockey. Being a close friend of current Club Patron and Club Life-Member Bill Stubbs, Daryl was always well informed over the years about the life and times of the Glebe District Hockey Club.

Daryl Fishenden died on 12 August 2015 in a Central Coast Hospital. He had been sick on and off for many months. In the two weeks prior to his death Daryl had been in and out of hospital with a severe lung infection and in the end he died of sepsis.

The Glebe District Hockey Club extends its deepest sympathy to Daryl's wife of 55 years Pam (nee Hayes), his two children Kim and Mark and his three grandchildren.

Daryl's Funeral was on Monday 17 August 2015 at the Palmdale Lawn Cemetery and Memorial Park, on the Central Coast of NSW. A wake was held at the Umina Bowling Club after the funeral service.

Daryl, Pam and Family lived for 33 years at 18 Lester Road Greystanes and moved to 7 King Street Umina Beach in 1999. Daryl and Pam were married in Burwood in Sydney.

***Daryl was a lifelong friend of the current GDHC Patron and Life Member Mr Bill Stubbs, and Bill delivered Daryl's Eulogy at his funeral.***

***Here is an edited version of Bill's Eulogy:***

Daryl was a quiet reserved, determined, trustworthy and honest person, a wonderful husband, father and grandfather. Friendships strongly developed were there for life. He is and was a very special person, a strong and devoted family man. Well respected by everyone. He had a dry sense of humour – it was great. He was not judgemental, respected all, did not complain, was always ready to help and sometimes more. He was a great friend to me but even more he was my third brother.

Daryl was born 28th March 1938 to his parents Cora Amy (Robinson) and Cyril Arthur Fishenden. Daryl



grew up in Glebe Point directly opposite where the trams terminated in Glebe Point Road. His father (an ex-seaman who served in the 2nd world war) died when Daryl was a young boy and he lived with his mum and three brothers Barry, Jimmy and Brian.

Daryl and I were aged about 12 and 11 when we first met. At the Glebe Police Boy's Club we played tennis, table tennis, and snooker after school. Daryl and I joined the Glebe Police Boys Club Band which was comprised mainly flutes and drums. Daryl was a proficient drummer and I was on the flute.

Daryl also played Saturday Competitive Rugby league and had one year playing rugby union. Daryl was the hooker and he was pretty good as he often won the ball against the feed. Daryl's long legs and a good ankle turn brought success. In 1954 Daryl decided he wanted to play hockey, convinced by Victor Westcott that it was a great game and Daryl convinced me as well. We played together in the 1954 Glebe under 16 team. The team did well during the season getting to the grand final where it was narrowly defeated by Saint George. Daryl was a full back and I a forward.

In 1955 Daryl then played hockey in the senior Glebe teams as a full back (a long striding full back with a deft tackle and a subtle passing game). He was quite deceptive in his quickness and agility around the field. He played as high as second grade. He played well into his early thirties, when he decided he wanted to spend more time with his wife and children.

Our hockey mate Victor Westacott was a bit of a stirrer as he would give his mates nick names. Daryl's nick name was REFO as Daryl had the great hairdo that was similar in style to the Italians, who were referred to in those days as REFOS. Vic also gave him another nickname "DASHA" as Daryl was always well dressed and striding out looking DASHING with his hair always staying in place (just like Elvis Presley). The nick name Dasha stayed with Daryl all his life.

Daryl was always a quiet chap and often sought his own company. Sometimes we would look around for Daryl and find him adrift of the group on his own. In our early teenage years Daryl and the group of us would often go to the movies on a Saturday. Our haunt was The Astra Cinema, in Glebe Point Road, Glebe where we would go to either the matinée or evening showing. YES WE WENT TO THE FLICKS TO PICK UP CHICKS.

Daryl went to Glebe Technical High School located around the corner from Broadway, adjacent to the Glebe Public School (Primary) and after completing his intermediate certificate in 1953 he left to become an apprentice painter and decorator. A trade he was very good at, and successful in. He worked all his working life as a painter and decorator and in these later years formed a partnership with his son Mark.

The Glebe Junior Technical School, Daryl's alma mater, and the Glebe Home Science School which were established on the Glebe Primary School Site in 1913 closed in 1958.

It was quite a coincidence that both Daryl's mother and my parents decided to relocate their families from Glebe in the mid-50s. Daryl's mum and brothers moved to Greenacre, my parents, brothers and I moved to Chullora literally minutes away.

Our relationship was soon to grow so much stronger. In 1955 we both joined Wanda Surf Lifesaving Club with some other Glebe mates. It was a lot of fun taking the long bus and train trip to Cronulla and then walking along the beach to Wanda. The Club was suggested to us by my dad who was working at Kurnell with a Wanda Club member.

Prior to this we Glebe guys always went to the beaches of Bondi and Maroubra, occasionally on our push bikes. I do remember that one or maybe more times at Wanda Surf Club on a Sunday night there was keg on, which was positioned on the sand in front of the Club.

At these Sunday night Wanda Surf Club functions Daryl always alert to possibilities and quick on his feet would notice beer coupons on the ground and he would sneakily bend down and pick-up the tickets, (very naughty) but we thought it was great we had free beer. Daryl spent a few years in the surf club through 1955 and 1956 the order of the day was hockey, surfing, working and whatever.



This photo was taken at the Sydney Hockey Association Ball of 1974.

**L-R:** Daryl Fishenden, John Lane, Bill Stubbs, Len Needham, Vic Westacott, Paul Rogers, Noelle Westacott, Pat Rogers, Bev Stubbs, Pam Fishenden, Bronwyn Lane

When we were in our 30s, we started playing squash and we ended up winning a couple of competitions.

In 1956 Daryl and I met the love of my life Beverley at a Belmore Police Boys Club Dance. From then on the DUO of Daryl and I, become the three of us Daryl, myself and Beverley. One of those memories is when Beverley's Dad was the first person to have a black and white TV. Daryl and I and a few mates would go to Beverley's home and crowd around the new TV.

Another happy memory was when Daryl got his driver's license and his first car. YES it was a two seater SINGER with a dinky seat. Yes a Singer Convertible for two and you could squeeze

another two in the dinky seat that had no cover from the weather. That's where Beverley and I would be seated. Lots of laughs and fun times as the dinky seat was not designed for young ladies pretty dresses and inevitably Beverley's good dress got torn and yes when it rained so guess who got wet. Daryl's next vehicle was a Holden sedan not sure what model but about a 1954 year model. He loved his cars.

Life moved on. I had my 21st Birthday and Daryl was a 22 year old dashing man. At my 21st Dasha turned up with this tall, lean, blonde haired, blue eyed girl who was 17 years old and yes as it turned out, the love of his life, our Pam. Their romance blossomed and two and a half years later they got married at Burwood, a very special day by all, yes they got married on my birthday, coincidence again.

After getting married Daryl and Pam moved into a rented garage in the Bankstown area where they stayed for 5 years saving their money to eventually buy land and build their house in Greystanes in 1966. Again another coincidence as Bev and I who were also married did not live far away from them in Wentworthville.

In November 1968 along came their first child the gorgeous Kim. Two years later in July 1970 Mark was born and their family complete.

In 1990 Bev and I bought a property in Ettalong with a house on the front of the block and a cabin at the rear. We rented out the house and cabin became a weekend getaway for us and our special friends, Daryl and Pam. We all had such happy memories. We all piled into this little cabin with our mattresses on the floor, and at night if you wanted to go to the toilet, it was a task climbing over the sleeping bodies.

One incidence that became such a funny experience was when us boys decided we needed to update the toilet. Daryl, Dennis and I would erect the structure over the toilet slab. Daryl and Dennis were the tradesmen and I was a dumb accountant with no trade skills at all. Well would you believe we could not work out how to erect the outhouse over the concrete slab? It took us men ages to work it out, and the girls found it quite funny at the time, the blind leading the blind.

Our cabin would flood in heavy rain but Dasha to the rescue; he solved the problem for us in no time at all with a better drainage system.



In 1990 Daryl and Pam also decided they would purchase close to the Ettalong property owned by Bev and myself, something for their retirement. They purchased a property with the potential for building sometime like our set-up, a house that they could rent out the front, and a cabin at the back they could use as a getaway. So now we had two cabins, no more tripping over mattresses during the night. Nine years later in 1999 Daryl and Pam decided to move from Greystanes, where they had lived for 33 years to their Umina property. So they built their lovely house as it now stands today.

In 1998 I lost my wife Bev. My dear friends Daryl and Pam gave me tremendous emotional support and I will never forget how both Daryl and Pam consoled and supported me after the loss of my wife. Daryl and Pam were always been there as a support for me during much of my life.

We must not forget Daryl's other love. He was a loyal league supporter of the EELS. In fact in his final days the Eels won their game hoping to encourage him to fight on. But his struggle over the last 15 years with poor health finally took its toll.

My love for Daryl and Pam is enormous REST IN PEACE BY BROTHER MY BESTIE WITH THAT SPECIAL NAME DASHA, Mr Cool.

I will never forget you as I will always remember the fun and mischief we got up together way back when we were kids. LOVE YOU MATE.

Word's written by Daryl's daughter Kim and delivered by Mr Bill Stubbs at Daryl's funeral:

Dad was a hardworking man, quiet, placid and easy going. He hardly ever raised his voice but when he did you knew about it!!!! Dad was more of a listener rather than a big talker but once he got going he would be on for a yarn. Dad would be the one listening in a group, having a beer and a smoke in hand and then he would come out with these funny one liner gags. Growing up we had lots of pool parties, BBQs, birthday parties and celebrations where Dad would always be up dancing the night away!! And if he wasn't dancing he would be tapping his foot and clapping his hands to the music.

Dad was very much involved in our lives, in particular our sports. He was always there helping out and supporting us in everything that we did. I remember Dad coaching our softball team, because no one else would, and even though he didn't know the rules of the game, he got us to the Grand Final. He would also come to watch me play netball and squash.

We could just about get away with anything with Dad. He was a big softie and mum was the disciplinarian in the family!!!! Most families would be "wait until your father gets home" but with us it was "wait until your mother gets home"!!!

Even when one of us threw a boomerang into the rumpus room window and it smashed he didn't really go off (not like mum did!!!!)

Some things that come to mind that will always stay with me is dad tickling me on the knee and popping his false teeth out with a stupid grin on his face.

Dad coached and refereed soccer for many years. He enjoyed watching and supporting Mark with his motorbike riding and squash too. Mark played squash for many years obtaining a ranking of No. 1 in NSW U/13 in 1983 and then No. 2 in Under 15s in 1985. Dad was most upset one particular time when Mark was suspended for 6 months (better let Mark tell you that story!!!!) and he broke all his rackets!!!

Mark met Rachael in 1994 and married in 1998 they then had Blake in 2001 and Ryan in 2007. Kim met Andrew in 2008 and moved to Queensland in 2010 and then they had Mitchell in 2012. Dad was known as Poppy to his 3 grandsons. He also had an "adopted" daughter in Sue (Kim's best friend of 33 years) and she affectionately called him Mr Fish.

When Mum and Dad retired up to the Central Coast they joined the Umina Bowling Club and the local Probus Club. They played for a few years together and then due to dad's health he could no longer play but mum did and still does, and has formed many friendships through these clubs. We all know how Dad would love to read his papers over and over. He started to read the TAB form guide. He would do the bets in the paper but never actually placed a money bet. He would check the paper the next day to see how his bets went. He used to win quite a lot so can you imagine how rich he could be if he actually placed money on them!!!!!! We are going to miss dad when we come over as he won't be sitting in his chair with his papers anymore.

You will always be in our hearts Dad and we know that you are looking over us from heaven. We love you...