



Vale

Dudley Rowland Hudson

30th October 1932 - 5th February 2020

Dudley Rowland Hudson, also known as Big Dud, Cuddly Dudley and Doodles was born in Canterbury, Sydney to Dudley and Patricia Hudson.

Dud only had one sibling, his younger sister Greer who unfortunately can't be here with us today. Greer had sent a short message that you will find following Dudley's eulogy which was read at his funeral.

"After completing his schooling in 1947 he pursued a trade as a glazier with Bremner's glass in Campsie.

"Ef any yorley ya bin see him putty de window, you'd know his craftsmanship was second to none."

Dudley went on to buy several tip trucks, starting his own business hauling sand and sulphur. Bit before myse time but Pud has fond memories of sitting up in dem truck with Dad.

Around this period, he was to meet his future wife, and our mum Cora Alice, affectionately known as Rangi.

They were to marry in Sydney in 1958 and have two boys, Gary Deane and myself, Bradley Shane.

Rangi soon wanted to move back to Norfolk, her island home with her children. She gave Dudley the ultimatum. Dud had no choice but to sell his much-loved trucks and move to Norfolk with his family in December 64.

When we first arrived on Norfolk, we lived down Cascade road with our Nan Celia, then out Campbells corner and then finally up cutters corn.

During his working life on Norfolk he worked at the Kingfisher hotel as a diesel mechanic and handy man, logging for Eddie Yeaman, working with Piggy and Muttie. He then operated machinery with Frankie Christian. He worked the ship driving trucks with Colin Knight and Island industries operating machinery for Jerry.

Some of the major projects he was involved with were the Anson bay beach track, Kingston football field, prince Philip drive, cemetery excavation and the new ball bay road.

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Dudley Rowland Hudson - continued

“When we es young’un, me en myse miets bin spend many hours orn de back of daa machine, hanging orn fe dear life.” It has been said by some “he bin el miek aa dozer dance.”

Dudley worked at the airport for the last 25 years, carting fuel from Ball Bay and refuelling aircraft. During this whole period, he was to put to use his first learned trade, repairing broken windows and replacing glass in convict buildings.

Dudley was passionate about anything military, especially dem Willy’s Jeep and a gun. And in fact, anything made in the U.S of A.

He was an avid coin collector, as many of yorley would know, en you find he still wunta know side somebody ya find aa gold sovereign.

He was a member of the gun club, representing Norfolk in competition. He thought he was daa guude, I bin see him try shoot dem clay targets one handed from the hip.

Some of his favourite places on Norfolk were Paradise, Hotel Norfolk, Castaway, South Pac and the RSL, or anywhere else that beer was served!

Dudley loved his animals, chooks, his cats Ginger and Georgie Girl, Freckles the dog and his duck which he once tried to relocate to the dam. But ‘Duckums’ was waiting for him when he got back home...

Dudley was a proud grandfather to Deane, Tahnee, Kyle and Bronte.

Great Grandfather to Hudson, Arlo and Austin.

Dudley has been described as a larger than life character and a legend who made many people laugh with his impersonations, story-telling and sense of humour.

Dudley suffered complications during an operation in Brisbane some 5 years ago and then spent his final years up orn aa randa. We were told he will be missed as the life of the party, flirting and teasing the nurses.

In 2013, sadly the love of his life, Rangi, left him behind but now dem gwen be back together again.

He will be deeply missed by all his family and friends.

Love you. Rest in peace.”

The following words were delivered at Dudley’s funeral on behalf of his sister Greer.

“Unfortunately I can’t be here today, but I do feel fortunate to have seen Dud as recently as December, when I visited him in Norfolk Island hospital as I have done on a number of occasions since he became unwell.

My fondest memories of my brother are of our childhood, we were very close. Despite the significant gap in our ages he welcomed his little sister and was very accommodating when he built a contraption which we affectionately called the boobarrow – a cross between a billy cart and a wheelbarrow – which he attached to his push bike to transport me around in. My first wheels so to speak. I think I liked it but I was probably too young to know danger.

When he progressed to motor bikes, and there were many, at least one of them had a side car which I got to ride in. I think I knew immediately that wouldn’t be

my preferred mode of transport.

By the time he bought his first car he had also discovered girls and unfortunately his interest in me waned. I can still remember my disappointment, but when Rangi became his favourite girl, they presented me with 2 delightful nephews and all was forgiven.

Dud and his family moved to Norfolk Island 55 years ago and due to the distance, contact became less frequent however we kept in touch by correspondence and the occasional phone call.

So now that all we have is memories – mine are of a tall, lanky boy with curly brown hair who had a passion for vehicles, of all kinds, and the mechanics thereof – a passion I am pleased to say lives on in his family.”

A few fond memories from each of Dudley’s grandkids...

From Tahnee

- ~ getting in trouble for picking unripe fruit
- ~ Building go carts from old mowers with blades removed
- ~ Collecting buckets of guavas to take home for Nan to make her famous porpieh jelly
- ~ Secretly slipping me a \$50 every time we left after holidays
- ~ Shooting the slug gun at beer cans with Pop off the back veranda
- ~ Getting fed leftover cheese and crackers that Pop would bring home from the plane.
- ~ Taking the blow up dingy to Emily so he could sit in it with his beers while we swam. Then one day brad tipped him out along with his beers... he wasn’t happy.

...Bronte

- ~ stealing his money from his secret hiding spots to spend at Sweeties
- ~ Cracking macadamia nuts in the shed after school
- ~ His continuous appetite for Nans cooking
- ~ Helping him feed the chooks and collect the eggs for nan

...Deane

- ~ collecting empty beers cans and bottles from the RSL and having sneaky beers afterwards.
- ~ Working the plane with my custom-made air New Zealand overalls
- ~ Pop taking me for rides on the bulldozer and crying because of the engine noise. But then not wanting to get off because I was having too much fun.
- ~ Being asked to put a little lemonade in each beer we shared together

...Kyle:

- ~ Watching MASH and Deal or no Deal with Pop of an afternoon after school
- ~ Helping Pop make his home brew up at the old house
- ~ Pop taking my little blue motorbike and me out Kingfisher on the back of the Mazda and Pop sitting and watching me for hours.

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Dudley Rowland Hudson - continued

- ~ After looking at your impressive coin collection and starting a small collection of my own.
- ~ Cruising down Kingston to check the surf with Pop in the old Mazda ute or the bluebird in the mornings, walking up and down Emily, having a swim and then going home with sandy feet.

We all shared similar memories with Poppy Dud over the years. We loved him to bits.



Thank You

Thank you to the wonderful nurses at the hospital who helped Dud and kept him company during his long stay up orn' randa. Thankyou for your time, the laughter and love.

Thank you to Shane and the grave diggers. David Buffet and Jodie, Milt and Simm, Darlene, Jo and Jonno, Trent, Tardi and the Paul Bearers; Sam, George, David, Jake, Kyle and Deane.

Thank you to the lovely ladies at the usual place for helping us make the beautiful wreaths. Thank you to everyone that helped us cover the mound and thank you for the tools that decorated the front gate of the cemetery. Dud would definitely be impressed with that Donna!

Thank you Holly, Hannah and Amber, The RSL and South Pac for your kindness.

Thank you to you all for seeing Dud off and for coming to have a beer for him, something we will never forget.

But most of all, thank you Julia from all your family, for the time you spent loving and caring for Dudley over all these years. He loved you and we love you Julia.

With love, the Hudson Family.

In Memoriam

In memory of
Shannon (Mitta) Davies

9 Feb 1978 – 18 Feb 2009

*I thought of you with love today
but that is nothing new,
I thought about you yesterday
And the days before that too.*

*Your memory's my keepsake,
With which I'll never part
God has you in his keeping,
I have you in my heart.*

Miss you Mitta. Love all your family.



Thank You

I would really like to thank ALL of the team of doctors, nurses and the hospital for the incredible attention and commitment delivered to Mark on the day of his passing. The Careflight doctor and his team who flew here to collect us. Social Worker Maria for making that call to me, keeping me informed and making sure I was OK.

I feel I have this special need to personally thank Bronwyn... your expertise, compassion, organisation and direction was nothing but the best. You inspired me so much and are a true asset to the hospital. Thank You!

My Love and Thanks must also go to...

My Uncle Bebs for being by my side

Jay & Zach, I love you both

Uncle Coop for his direction and phone calls (I love It)

Bill Burton

Mark's family and mates who flew here to say their farewells

All who called, sent cards, flowers, messages, food, love & strength.

Everyone who makes a funeral that little more easier for family - Shane, Tardy, Gravediggers, The Pallbearers, The Ladies at 'The Usual Place' and The Works Depot.

And all MY friends and family who called down to see us. I appreciate it all so very much.

But most of all I'd like to thank the man that is always, always by my side during my life challenges. Myse Bestfriend, Myse Partner and Myse Rock, Pete. Uou sure have been through some tough times with me and I want to say 'Thank you'. I appreciate you from the bottom of my heart and I love you so much.

Thanks fe me yorlye.

Love Carissa, Taj & Mim

X X X

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