

**INQUIRY INTO UNSOLVED MURDERS AND LONG-TERM
MISSING PERSONS CASES IN NEW SOUTH WALES
BETWEEN 1965 AND 2010**

Name: Name suppressed
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Partially
Confidential

In 1979 my school friend and I were playing after school in the Waratah Golf Course located in Argenton, a northern suburb of Lake Macquarie. We were both female and 7 years old and were in Year 2 known then as 2nd class at Argenton Public School. We were playing in an area next to the 1st hole and on and around the tee. We often played here as my house was nearby in Jersey Avenue which was subsequently renamed as Lake Road at a later date. There were no fences around this section of golf course back then and there was an access road into the front of the tee area and green from Margaret Street and this remains today, although there are fences and gates now. The kids of the neighbourhood always road their bikes into the golf course and we knew to watch out for golfers coming along the fairway and to stand aside behind the tee quietly if we were playing there. We loved the soft grass and rolling down the edge of the tee. This day myself and my friend were the only kids playing there and we did not have our bikes. A car pulled in and stopped in front of the tee. A man lent over from the driver's side and through the open passenger window asked us did we want a lift and gestured to us to get into the car. My memory recalls him opening the door. The car was light coloured either white or very pale blue. My friend and I screamed and ran the few meters out of the golf course and back into Margaret Street and turned left into my street. My house was the 2nd house along. Police were called by my parents and I guess they were from Boolaroo Police Station. The man had dark hair and had ethnicity although I would not have used those words at that age. There were also Stranger Danger talks done at our School following this incident. I was encouraged to believe that I was possibly mistaken, that maybe this person was just being nice to us and I can only guess my parents were trying to lessen the trauma to me by normalising it and encouraging me to not think anything untoward about it. This has not been the case though and I still recall the event. Years later I saw a picture of a younger Ivan Milat in a book my mother was reading and I instantly knew the face was the person in that car that day in the golf course. Then in the late 1990s or early 2000's when the girls who went missing in Newcastle/Lake Macquarie in the late 1970's was making a lot of media coverage and a strike force was created I did phone Crimestoppers or the contact for the Strikeforce to report this incident all those years previously because it became apparent to me that it was in the timeframe other girls did disappear from our area.