

# MORWELL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## NEWSLETTER

published monthly, except December

Meetings: 3rd Tuesday of the month at 7.30 pm

in St. Andrews Presbyterian Church Hall

Vol. 7 No. 5

1991

WELCOME TO THE MAY NEWSLETTER.

It is with great sadness that we record the death, on May 5th, of GWEN MEDEW, one of our staunchest and most valued members. Gwen was the granddaughter of the Koenig family, well-known pioneers of the Jumbuk district and had lived in the Morwell area all her life. We mourn her passing and we will miss her cheerful and energetic presence at our meetings and activities.

This month we present some reminiscences of Yallourn by Mrs. Valerie Reeve (nee Ellerton) and some memories of Jeeralang North School by Mrs. Gwenda Booth (nee Jones). Gwenda, who lives in Nerang, Qld., is a new member of our Society and we extend her a hearty welcome. These personal reminiscences are extremely valuable. They are first-hand accounts of times, places and events which would otherwise go unrecorded. Hopefully, some of our other members will follow suit. If you don't feel equal to putting your memories on paper, your secretary will be happy to do it for you. Please think about it!

Also in this issue is an account of a child lost in a crabhole - not a hole dug by a gigantic crab, as you might think, but a "washaway", where water had eroded a large hole under the surface of the ground.

Finally, we reprint a page from the 1956 Municipal Directory. How we have changed in 35 years!

\*\* NEXT MEETING - TUESDAY MAY 21st - Same time, same place - see you there.

# MORWELL SHIRE

COUNTIES—Buln Buln, Tanjil.

PARISHES—Budgerie, Hazelwood; *part* Gunyah Gunyah, Jeeralang Jumbuk, Maryvale, Mirboo, Narracan, Narracan South, Tangil East, Wonyip, Yinnar; *part* Binginwarri.

Parts of Traralgon and Narracan Shires severed and created Morwell Shire, 22nd May, 1892. Subdivided into Four Ridings, 31st May, 1912. Redefined by parts of Boolarra and Yinnar Ridings being severed and annexed to Mirboo Shire, 11th Dec., 1916.

Part excised from Shire 1st October, 1947. to form part of Yallourn Works Area. Resubdivided into four Ridings 26th April, 1949.

Part of West Riding severed and annexed to Shire of Narracan, 26th May, 1954.

Area—259 sq. miles. Population—14,000. Dwellings—3600. Valuation—£437,832 for 1954-5; £450,000 (estimated) for 1955-56. General rate—4s. in pound; Pan Charge—100s. per pan for 1955-56. Revenue—General, £175,335; C.R.B., £22,879; Chargeable Works, £6,231; Private Streets, £19,621 for 1954-55. Assessments—5500. Ratepayers—Voters' roll, 3723. Presidential Allowance—£300.

LOANS—General—£79,800; Redeemed—£18,136.  
Private Streets—£20,000; Redeemed—£4,065.

PRESIDENT—ALAN HALL, J.P.

## COUNCILLORS.

### WEST RIDING.

Name	Address	Retires Aug.
William James Pettigrew	Hernes Oak	1956
Louis William Bond	Princes H'way, Morwell	1957
Alfred William Ronald*	Morwell	1958

### EAST RIDING.

Vincent Hourigan, J.P.*	Morwell	1956
James Charles Bush	Ann-st., Morwell	1957
Arthur Leslie Hare, J.P.*	Hazelwood-rd., Morwell	1958

### CENTRAL RIDING.

Charles Joseph Bond	Yinnar	1956
Keith White	Hazelwood-rd., Morwell	1957
Bernard Francis Walsh, J.P.	Yinnar	1958

### SOUTH RIDING.

Martin Frederick Walker*	Yinnar South	1956
Alan Hall, J.P.*	Boolarra	1957
Frederick Victor Primrose	Boolarra	1958

\*Has been President.

Council meets at Shire Hall, Morwell, on third W. in month at 10 a.m. Secretary attends from 9.30 to 3.30. Phone: Morwell 3103.

## DELEGATES.

Morwell, Mirboo, Yallourn Regional Library Committee—Crs. A. Hall and A. L. Hare.

Yallourn Technical School Advisory Council—Cr. A. W. Ronald.

Yallourn High School Advisory Council—Cr. W. J. Pettigrew.

Central Gippsland Weights and Measures Union—Managers—Crs. A. Hall and A. L. Hare.

Local Advisory Committee, Country Fire Authority—Cr. M. F. Walker.

## OFFICERS.

Secretary, Collector and Interim Valuer—Wallace Kitchener Mathison, F.I.M.A.

Engineer, Building Surveyor and Proper Officer—John William Fleming Connan, J.P., E.D., C.E., M.I.E. (Aust.), M.A.P.I.

Deputy Secretary and Accountant—James Rennick, A.I.M.A.

Deputy Engineer—

Assistant Engineers—Peter Elliott and Milton Parr.

Clerical Officer—Ian M. Symington.

Assistant Rate Collector—Bernard Rees.

Stenographers—Beverley Rumers, Patricia McDonald.

Engineering Cadet—John Henry Allan Martin.

Infant Welfare Sisters—Mary Walsh, Una G. Camac.

Librarian—Doris Wear.

Asst. Librarian—Ivy Williamson.

Treasurer—Desmond Charles Connell.

Dog Registrar and Ranger—Warren Robert Whykes.

Poundkeepers—Joseph Allan Conway, Yinnar; Alfred Cook, Yallourn North.

Health Inspector—Vickerman Thew Hill Smith, Yallourn.

Health Officer—Alan Alfred Crook, L.R.C.P. & S. (Edin.), Morwell.

Gov. Auditor—I. N. Lamb, Melbourne.

Solicitors—Bruce, Littleton and Watt, Morwell.

Bankers—National Bank of Australasia, Morwell.

Bailiwick—Eastern.

Nature of Country—Undulating, hilly and broken.

Leading Industries—Electricity, brown coal briquettes, brown coal gas; wood pulp and paper works; dairying; clothing factory.

HALF-HOLIDAY—Saturday.

BOOLARRA—Dairying township with post and money-order office, State school, mechanics' institute, three churches, police station, saw-mills, hotel, public library, bauxite deposits in vicinity. Rail—101 miles. Population, 300.

BOOLARRA SOUTH—Dairying district with State school and hall. Rail to Boolarra, thence 5 miles.

BUDGEREE—Farming district with State school, post office. Rail to Boolarra, thence 5 miles.

DARLIMURLA—See MIRBOO SHIRE.

DERHAMS HILL—A.P.M. settlement, 3 miles north of Morwell. Population, 400.

DRIFFIELD—District 4 miles west of Morwell on Thorpdale road.

GUNYAH—Forest area on Boolarra to Foster and Toora road. Rail to Boolarra, thence 13 miles.

HERNES OAK—Township on Princes Highway, about 4 miles from Morwell, with post office, store, hall and school; electric light. Population, 600.

HAZELWOOD—Rail—92½ miles. SOUTH—Dairying district. Th. and S. at 11.30 a.m., 18 miles.

HOODS—Dairying district. Rail to Boolarra, thence 14 miles.

JEERALANG—Dairying district. Rail to Morwell, coach, Tu., Th. and S. at 8.15 a.m., 18 miles;

JUMBUK—Dairying district with State school. Rail to Yinnar, coach Tu., Th., S. at 1.15 p.m., 12 miles.

LIVINGSTON—Dairying district. Rail to Boolarra, thence 7 miles.

MORWELL—Rapidly expanding provincial town in the centre of Gippsland and the heart of the Latrobe Valley, 90 miles south-east of Melbourne on the main Gippsland railway. Distance to neighbouring towns:—Yallourn, 5 miles; Newborough, 8 miles; Moe, 10 miles; Traralgon, 8 miles. Population, 10,000; population within 15 miles radius, 45,000. Average annual rainfall, 33 inches. Main industries—Paper and pulp mill. State Electricity Commission's Morwell open cut recently commenced production of brown coal. Power station in course of erection; briquette factories (4) to follow. Gas & Fuel Corporation's Lurgi gas plant manufacturing town gas and by-products from brown coal; gas piped from works to Melbourne. Clothing (underwear) factory employing 200. Post office (Grade IV), letter deliveries twice daily. Town hall, public library, children's library, two markets, two theatres, nine churches, high school being erected, three State schools, two kindergartens, eight branches of banks, Masonic hall and R.S.L. memorial hall, two newspapers (one bi-weekly and one weekly), eight garages, two hotels, ambulance station, headquarters of Latrobe Valley Ambulance Service, 8 cars. Headquarters of Latrobe Valley Health Services Association, Morwell and district community hospital (18 beds). Tennis, croquet, bowling, football, cricket, hockey, rifle, gun, cycle, pigeon, Rotary, Apex, Legacy and dramatic clubs. Town is sewered and has weekly garbage service, ample water supply. Electric train service to Melbourne, four passenger trains daily each way. Town and Latrobe Valley bus services. Regional office Transport Regulations Board. Lands Dept. district office.

MORWELL BRIDGE—Settlement, with post office, State school, garage, tea rooms and electric light. Population, 150.

MORWELL WEST—Settlement with store, State school, electric light. Population, 240.

WONYIP—Farming district. Rail to Toora, 113½ miles. Coach Tu., Th. and S. (summer) at 2.30 p.m., 10 miles. State school. Partly in ALBERTON SHIRE.

YINNAR—Dairying township and centre of a large agricultural district on Middle creek near Morwell river, with post, telegraph and money-order office, State school, savings bank, two churches, mechanics' institute, fire station, public library, hotel, milk factory, saw-mills. Rail—96½ miles. Population, 260.

YINNAR SOUTH—Settlement 7 miles from Yinnar on Middle creek. Farming and dairying district.

WATERWORKS TRUST—Morwell—See Index.

SEWERAGE AUTHORITY—Morwell—See Index.

## FROM THE 1956 MUNICIPAL DIRECTORY.

\*Derhams Hill, Hernes Oak, Morwell Bridge, Morwell West - now gone.

\*Rail line to Hazelwood, Boolarra etc.

\* Morwell P.S in course of construction—  
Four briquette factories to follow!

\* 2 mail deliveries a day!

\*Lurgi gas plant in operation

\* Churchill not yet in existence  
etc. etc.

A LETTER TO PRUE McGOLDRICK FROM MRS. VALERIE REEVE

(Forwarded to us by Prue, with Mrs. Reeve's approval.)

Dear Mrs. McGoldrick,

I am taking the liberty of writing to you, having just discovered your very nice book, "Yallourn Was..." You see, I lived in Yallourn between 1927 and 1936 from age 3 to age 12, and my primary and two years of higher elementary schooling was done during those years.

How thrilled I was to see, firstly, the lovely photograph of the dear town on the cover, and then, to find within those covers, photographs of some of my old school chums, particularly Jean Hattam (page 72) and page 131, with Jean again and Dorothy Elliot, who lived just around the corner from us.

On page 72, it is Jean on the left and Wilma Griffiths on the right, (slight error). And the Drummond girls, Win and Myra? who led us steadily along the paths of Girl Guiding. And Dr. Andrews, of whom I was very much in awe.

Mrs. Huddy was a marvellous dancing teacher, and how my sisters and I longed to learn tap and ballet, but alas, with 6 children, 4 girls and 2 boys, there was never a spare penny for luxuries like dancing lessons.

I went to a children's fancy dress, held, I think, in St. John's Hall, and sighed with envy over Jean Hattam, who, dressed as a fluffy white powder puff, danced along in the parade on tip-toe, in white satin toe shoes. I was dressed in a crepe paper costume as a Dutch girl.

Our name was Ellerton, and we lived at 10 Meadow Lane; our father, Douglas, was a boiler maker at the Yallourn power House, and rode a bike to work, often on shift work.

When my father first came to work in Yallourn, he lived at the West Camp, while mother and three small children, myself (I am the eldest), my brother Don and baby sister Maree, lived in Prahran in a rented house.

Jobs were so scarce in those days, that until my father could afford an alarm clock, he kept himself awake through the night for fear of being late for work next morning. (I discovered this fact recently from some of his old letters to his then very young wife).

Mother had a pleasant contralto voice and became a member of the Yallourn local choir; I have her old Vincent Novello pocket editions of Handel's Messiah and Hadyn's Creation, also her old programmes with many other familiar names.

When I was 5 (1929) I contracted scarlet fever and spent three months in Sale hospital, where I came under the care of a lovely, kind nurse named Nurse Gloz, who was also a teacher at other times, a truly lovely lady.

When I finally returned home, timid and weak, I had to learn to walk again by heel and toe up and down the floor boards on our back veranda.

I still have a nice book of Greuze paintings which was awarded to me by Mrs. J.M. Bridge "for greatest improvement" in 1932, when I was in grade 2.

Another nice book was presented to me when I was Dux of Grade 6, by Mr. A.D. Hewitt, Principal of Yallourn Higher Elementary School in 1936. I still have the book, with the certificate inside. I do not mean to be boastful about these prizes; to me, they are part of my history and a memento of a vital part of my life, my early schooling; I'm sure you understand, Mrs. McGoldrick.

Do you know, on looking back, I can truthfully state that those years in Yallourn were the happiest and least stressful of my entire life, and although it's easy to eliminate the dull and see only the bright, in retrospect, I think bright is really the right word in describing my and my family's life in Yallourn. Peaceful, also.

We had no spare money and made our own fun, went to the pictures occasionally, joined in the excitement of Sunday School (Methodist) Concerts, the activities of Brownies and Guides and an occasional bathe in the Latrobe River (the swimming pool was built just before we left Yallourn in 1936).

At the primary school there was a nice teacher named Miss Rimmer, and the Head Mistress, with lovely golden hair, was Miss Carroll. Another nice teacher was Linda Scott, very blonde, who looked to us just like a film star, even though she wore no make-up.

Then at the Higher Elementary School, I had Miss Ross in grade 5 and Mr. Robertson in grade 6.

One day in 6th grade, we were given two lines of a limerick to complete, using our imagination:

## MRS. REEVE'S LETTER (cont).

"There was a young man from New York,  
Who ate peas from his knife not his fork...."

We each read out how we would complete the limerick, then it came the turn of Judith, Dr. Andrew's auburn haired daughter, whose lines read thus:

"He cut his tongue plenty  
And had stitches twenty,  
That foolish young man from New York"

How the class roared and applauded! Truly her father's daughter!

And yes, I remember "Woodsie" as we referred to him, with his pungent cigars; he always seemed to have the same stub in his mouth whenever we went into the Store. He gave us lollies and broken biscuits.

I can't imagine what jobs were available in Yallourn for all the pupils of all the schools when it was time to leave and go out into the world. What did they all do?

The flood gates of memory have been pushed open by dipping into your book and I could go on and on with reminiscences and names recalled, such as Alf and Betty Kemp, Ruth and Arthur Langford, who lived in the next street, Shirley Maxfield, whose father drove the new bus during my first year at Yallourn and gave me a lift to school each day.

I seem to have been quite carried away with enthusiasm over your book, even though I have not read it through completely yet, that pleasure is still to come.

(Mrs. Reeve continues with a request for information from Prue and concludes...)

...Thank you for some enchanted hours spent leafing through your book, and truly, "Yallourn was...all of those things mentioned.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. Valerie Reeve (nee Ellerton)

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## BATHING FASHIONS

From "The Australian Enquiry Book of Household and General Information"

by Mrs. Lance Rawson 1894.

'Bathing gowns should never be made of all cotton; flannel, flanelette, or any material composed of a proportion of wool are best. Serge I do not like, it being, when very good too heavy, and when common too cold and too hard; and the best style for a bathing dress is the one that is the most easy to get off.

For children the combination undergarment is very good, and for adults the short drawers, just reaching to the knee and buttoned round the waist with a wide band. Running strings are an abomination and most unhealthy. The breathing must on no account be interfered with in any way. The jacket should be as short as possible, just reaching a few inches below the waist, and without any sleeves. The lighter the dress is the better and having no frills or pleatings about it, no trimmings or ornaments, nothing in fact that can add to your weight or impede your course through the water...

I would warn would-be purchasers to be careful to get them large enough - the commoner kinds (those containing much cotton) shrink very much, consequently they become too small after a few times wearing. I have a very vivid recollection of having to cut one of my pupils out of her bathing dress before she could even walk to her room from the bath, it having shrunk on her to such an extent that she could not move her limbs. So be warned and do not sacrifice comfort to a good fit.

## GLADSOME RETROSPECT

Valerie Margaret Reeve

The S.E.C. town of Yallourn, in Victoria, is now only a fragment of what it was, but it was once home to me and my family during the twenties and the depression years of the thirties; it was a busy, vital and alive town, and I have many happy memories of my childhood ther.

I loved to wait in the bathroom on cold winter nights, watching the hot water spurting out of the chip-heater, splashing into the tin bath with a happy gurgle until there was enough; while the water was running, my father would pile heaps of wood chips into the heater, which made a lovely hot blaze and warmed the bathroom beautifully. If he ran out of chips, he fed the blaze with crumpled rolls of newspaper until the bath was ready.

My father worked at the Yallourn power Station, and wore navy blue overalls, which he called his "blues". Every Saturday morning, he would wash them and I can still smell the hot, soapy water, and the smoke from the wood copper in which he boiled them; he used a soap known as "Bluey Naptha" which was much cheaper than the other brands, as we had to watch every penny and half-penny in those frugal years.

My mother used the same brand of soap, which was a blue-grey colour, for the rest of the family wash; there was always a good lather and everything smelled fresh and clean. No washing machine in those lean years - what didn't go into the copper to be boiled was washed by hand in two wooden troughs, each with a cold water tap. There was no running hot water and no tap on the copper; hot water was dipped out with an aluminium dipper.

The houses in Yallourn were all good quality, mainly three bedroom weatherboard; on each corner stood a two-storey house with a gabled roof, looking for all the world like a life sized doll's house. I believe the town was a copy of a similar one somewhere in England.

Diphtheria was prevalent during those years and three children from our family were taken to hospital with it; we other three stayed at home and were exempt from school during the contagious period.

Some men came one day to fumigate the house because of the diphtheria and my mother made a great pile of Marmite sandwiches which was to be our lunch and which we later ate in our playhouse as we weren't allowed inside the main house for several hours after the fumigation; Luckily it didn't rain.

Marmite seemed to be a great standby in those days, with ever-hungry children; we had a housekeeper for a few weeks when mother had a new baby and she would make a big plateful of Marmite sandwiches for our lunch almost every day but we always ate the lot, so I guess they were alright. A bit of jam would have been a nice change all the same.

The housekeeper always starched our cotton petticoats, (there were four girls in our family) and we always complained to our father that they scratched; I can still feel them scratching my knees.

When I was five, I had scarlet fever badly and was in Sale hospital for three months; when I came home I couldn't walk and had to walk toe to heel every day, up and down the boards on the back veranda to help my feet walk straight again.

Sometimes, after this illness, I was taken to the doctor for a check-up. There were numbered discs on hooks in the waiting room and you were always sure of seeing him when it was your turn as he would call each number in the correct order.

my mother sometimes took us for a walk in the Haunted Hills, a tract of land and bush between the end of our street and a small settlement on the far side. We would walk along a white sandy track where there were recent rain puddles to be skirted and would hear the ring of axes in the bush where the wood-choppers would be at work, felling trees and splitting logs. We saw them sometimes with neat stacks of split wood, waiting for the horses and drays to collect them.

The mudlarks would be calling, there would be parrots and rosellas squawking, an occasional kookaburra laughing and magpies carolling. I hear a mudlark today and immediately am walking down that same sandy track, with long strips of bark lying along the way and felled logs to climb over, heath and sarsparilla to pick as well as gum tips. Oh, the smell of the bush in those litter-free, unhurried days.

## GLADSOME RETROSPECT (cont).

On two different occasions during the years before I turned twelve and we moved to the city, I was taken for a holiday, each time travelling up to Melbourne on a big steam train. On the first occasion, I travelled up with one of my mother's friends. She handed me over to my grandmother, who was waiting for me at Flinders Street Station. It was evening when we arrived and I was in raptures over the neon lights which flashed everywhere in the night sky.

Nan, as we called her (she was my mother's mother) took me to the flat where she lived with Grandpa; it was one of several in a two-storey building in East Melbourne, very elegant and spacious.

At that time, the big attraction to me in the city was the number of cars which sped along Wellington Parade where my grandparents' flat was situated. I would stand at the gate counting cars and whenever the number reached one hundred I would rush breathlessly in to tell my grandparents, who would smile, then off I would rush to count again. The number of cars seemed phenomenal to me at that time; living in Yallourn as I did, it was rare to see more than two or three cars in one whole day.

On the second occasion my father took me to stay with his parents, whom we called Mum and Dad. They had a big house right on the beach at Aspendale. The gate actually opened onto the sand and I have never seen, since that time, such clean sand, such sparkling blue water, or smelled such a keen smell of the sea. There were little strands of fresh green seaweed and heaps of clean, shining shells which were my delight. I must have gathered hundreds to take home to my brothers and sisters.

Dad and Mum had a few boarders from time to time; there seemed to be an amazing number of beds in the Aspendale house. One day we sat down to midday dinner, which consisted of corned beef, cabbage and a mound of mashed potato, white and creamy. I had just struggled through that plateful when I was given a fair sized bowl of rice pudding with raisins. I looked despairingly at my father, who said I needn't eat the lot, just to put the spoon down when I had had enough.

After the excitement of my holidays in the city had worn off, life went on pretty much the same back home in Yallourn.

I went to a Sunday School picnic one year; it was held in a large paddock which seemed to be full of dried cow-pats. The teachers had rigged up a swing on one of the big gum trees and, of course, I walked too close while it was in use and got hit on the head by the seat of the swing. When I came to, I found myself lying on a rug on the grass, while one of the teachers was rubbing butter on a great bump I had sustained on my forehead. When they saw I was alright they gave me barley sugar to suck and generally took care of me until I returned home.

My mother made the best bread I have ever eaten; every week it was my job to call in at the House Wives Association in the town and purchase a shilling's worth of compressed yeast, which made enough bread for us for the week.

At Christmas time my mother would bake a big cake, which we saved until New Year's Day, to eat at our picnic. We were good friends with another large family like ourselves and we would all get together on that day at the picnic grounds. We would try our hand at cricket and other games like drop-the-handky and blind-man's-bluff.

All told, even though there was a depression and no money to spare, our large family struggled along and though my childhood is far, far away, it brings me much pleasure to look back on those long ago, happy, innocent days.

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MEMBERS PLEASE NOTE: Annual subscriptions are now due.

\$7.00 single member

\$10.00 couple or family

JEERALANG NORTH SCHOOL 1934 - 35.

Gwenda Booth (nee Jones).

The hall that housed the Jeeralang North School had been burnt down at least twice that i know of, by bushfires, when my two sisters and I started there just after Easter 1934. The school had not long reopened in the new hall b uilt near the site of the last hall which had been burnt.

In 1934, my mother Louisa Maud Jones (nee Jacgung), my two sisters moira and Selma, and , were living in Preston when my mother received a letter from her uncle Allen Jacgung to say that his sister Ada had passed away and asking her to come to Jeeralang and keep house for him and her father Ernest.

So, around Easter 1934, we arrived at "Marwann Vale", Jeeralang North, and my two sisters and I started school just after Easter. There were 18 pupils attending Jeeralang State School, 9 boys and 9 girls, and i think the teacher's name was Mr. McCubbin. He boarded with our next-door neighbour Jack Robinson. Mr. Robinson owned a small truck which he loaned the teacher to drive to school so that the Robinsons' son John could get to school, which was just over 4 miles away. As well as John, the teacher took Phyllis Harris, who lived on the farm the other side of Robinsons, and my two sisters and I. Just before we arrived in Jeeralang, the Country Roads Board had started to upgrade the Jeeralang roads which were only bush tracks. They had started on our part of the road and, of course, when it rained, the roads were full of deep ruts which were full of water. Nearly every morning we kids would have to get out of the truck and help push it out of these ruts and by the time we got to school our shoes were covered in mud.

Early one morning, Mrs. Robinson took ill and, as Mr. Robinson had the cows to milk, the teacher took Mrs. Robinson in the truck to the Traralgon hospital, where she was operasted on gor gallstones. So, that morning we had to walk to school. It had been raining and John Robinson was wearing his rubber boots. He started to walk through all the water in the gutter on the side of the road, till we came to one patch of water which we girls knew was much deeper. We told John not to walk through it but he went ahead and what a shock he got when he went down to his waist in water. We had another mile to walk to school and his pants were dripping with water and his feet slushing around in his rubber boots and we girls were in fits of laughter because he looked such a sight. When the teacher arrived at school after leaving Mrs. Robinson at the hospital, luckily he had a blanket in the truck so he wrapped it round John and lit a fire to dry out his pants and boots.

The Jeeralang School was built 60 feet from the road and on the other side of the road was a fully covered in 2 ft(61cm) high bracken ferns and we children used to love to go down there to play hide and seek and cops and robbers. Our new teacher, Mr. Anderson, who came in 1935, wouldn't allow us to play there but, one dinner time, we decided we all would go down there. When we got back, we were all lined up, girls and boys, and we all got the strap across our hands. One boy started to laugh and he had to hold out his hand for an extra strap.

In 1935, Mr. McCubbin was transferred to another school and Phyllis Harris and John Robinson had to go to Jeeralang West school as the Education Department said the Robinsons' front gate was closer to Jeeralang West than to Jeeralang North school. So my sisters and I had to walk just over 3½ miles to school. If we were running late for school and we ran all the way(which was all downhill going to school), we would take half an hour to get to school; but if we left early, it would take us about 50 minutes to walk the 3½ miles. Coming home it took us from an hour to 2½ hours.

My two sisters and I were very adventurous. The only thing we were frightened of was snakes - if we saw one we would go the other way. Bill Mele told my husband a few years ago, when we visited him, that he had never seen girls who were such tomboys as tose Jones girls! (We were always referred t as "those Jones girls"). Going home from school, we chased rabbits, climbed trees and tried to be the first to see a koala. We even got a koala down out of a tree one day - we leg-roped it and tried to walk it home but we only got a few yards and the koala refused to budge so we let it go. Another day we were trying to get another koala down. My sister Moira was standing under the branch that the koala was sitting on when all of a sudden the koala "christened" Moira - she stunk for days of very strong eucalyptus!

JEERALANG NORTH SCHOOL (cont).

One day we got very adventurous and we decided to explore the old Jeeralang North Road, which was made before 1900, but had not been used for years. It branched off the new road just over half a mile from the school and came out at our place, "Marwann Vale". On our way along this old road we visited an old deserted farmhouse - I think the family of Judds once lived there in the early days. The road was full of fallen trees and small shrubs - we had a great time till we got to within half a mile of our place. We could hear Mum, Uncle Allen and our grandfather in the cow yard doing the milking but we couldn't go any further as there was a huge tree that had fallen right across the road. It was just on five feet high, which gives you some idea of how big it was, and we couldn't climb over it because the trunk was damp, from being in the shade, and very slippery. So, we had to go back a mile and cut across George Walker's farm to get back to the main road, then another mile before we got home. When we got home, Mum asked us why we were so late and when we told her she just looked at us in disbelief. I used to wonder why she never growled at us for being so late home because at the time I was only 11 years old, Moira 10 and Selma 9. But, when we grew up, Mum told us some of the things she did the same as us - Mum was very adventurous too, and loved to explore the bush, and at times she had to walk just as far to school. She also went to Jeeralang North and Jeeralang West schools.

We left Jeeralang towards the end of 1935 and went back to Melbourne to live and our mother remarried to Percival Watts. My mother had been a widow for 8 years. My father, David Henry Jones, died in 1927 when I was only 3 years and 10 months old. We lived in Melbourne till 1937. Towards the end of that year, Mum got a letter to say that her uncle Allen was ill and asking us to come back to Jeeralang to help him run the farm, which we did. Uncle Allen died in February 1938. I went back to finish my schooling at the Preston Girls' School as I had already done 12 months there. Moira and Selma went back to Jeeralang North school to finish their schooling.

Those first twelve months at Jeeralang North school hold some very happy memories for my sisters and me and in recent years we often have a laugh about the things we used to get up to, coming home from school.

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Note: Gwenda has lent us a number of photographs of Jeeralang North school and pupils, which we are currently copying.

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PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

From Mrs. Lance Rawson's "Australian Enquiry Book of Household & General Information" 1894.

'In many families, the girls, when they have left school, are put to learn cooking, either from the cook in the house or from some professional, and when expert they are installed in the household as head cook, with one or perhaps two assistants under them. I cannot write too highly of such a custom, and I would impress on every mother the real necessity for some such training for the girls who may marry, and some day be forced to cook for a very fanciful husband...

Bread-making is really of the utmost importance, and yet, as I said before, so few young women can make a good loaf. I would suggest to fathers who have several daughters, that they offer a prize for the best loaf; or do as a friend of my own did - give £1 to each one who made bread for the household for one week. Of course they must make the yeast as well. One would think bread-making very simple, yet I have met ladies who could not make a good batch, try as they would, and simple as it is.'



## CHILD LOST

## FOUND IN CRABHOLE

Morwell "Advertiser" 22/7/1904

People who reside in the bush have, without doubt, many difficulties to contend with, and anxieties which town folk know little about. To parents rearing families, there is, among many other risks, always a dread of the little ones getting lost, although, fortunately, such a thing with children brought up in the bush is a rare occurrence, but when it does happen it is always a very serious matter. It is only natural, therefore, that quite a stir was caused in the town on Sunday evening when it was reported that a little child, barely two years of age, a son of Mr. W. J. Erland, who resides about two miles on the Walhalla side of Thom's Bridge, close on eight miles from Morwell, had suddenly disappeared during the afternoon.

Shortly after dinner Mr. Erland went down to see a neighbour, Mr. Stephens, but did not stay long. When returning home he states he had a strange presentiment that something had happened to little Jack, and this caused him to hurry considerably. When nearly home he saw his wife rushing about in an excited manner, and wondered what was the matter. She told him that just a few minutes before little Jack had suddenly disappeared. They had gone for a walk and whilst resting, the little boy was playing a short distance from her on the top of a log on the brow of a steep hill, at the foot of which is a small creek. Her attention was drawn from the child for about two minutes and when she turned around was horrified to find that it had disappeared and was nowhere to be seen. She made a hurried search about the spot where she last saw the boy, and then rushed down the hill and searched the creek. Her husband then appeared on the scene and, together they searched high and low, but nothing could they see of the child. Some of the neighbours were informed of what had happened and they too joined in the search. Subsequently the local police were informed and the occurrence was announced in the churches, which led to a large "search" party being organised. Shortly after 9 o'clock the first contingent, comprising about twenty, among whom were Constable Gorman and Rev. F. Barclay, left, having with them a number of torches and lamps. Mr. J. Hall and others set out on horseback, whilst many more went in buggies. The last to leave was a party of nine who crowded into Mr. J. D. Morris' spring dray, with "Old Creamy" in the shafts. Not one of them knew where Mr. Erland lived further than it was somewhere the other side of Thom's Bridge. They got as far as Mr. Veitch's place where they expected to receive directions. Mr. Veitch and family had, however, joined the first search party and were consequently not at home. The dray and some other vehicles had been left in front of Mr. Veitch's house, which indicated that the occupants had got out and walked so "Creamy's lot" decided to look for tracks and endeavour to follow them.

Messrs Brown, Watson and Sheen took the lead, and with the aid of lamps proved good trackers. There were a number of crossroads but, the ground being soft in places, they were able to follow the tracks which eventually led them into Mr. Erland's paddock. Here from the ridge leading to the house a novel sight presented itself. Lights were flitting hither and thither in the darkness in all directions, as though a "bag full of Will o' the Whisps" had been let loose. On getting closer, human beings could be seen carefully peering here and there, looking beside logs, between tussocks, in scrub and bracken, and in all likely as well as many unlikely places. Every now and then an individual with a lamp or torch would be seen to suddenly go sprawling over, having got into one of the many crabholes that infested the place. The side of the hill where the general search was confined was also so steep that a person who fell stood a chance of rolling to the bottom before they could recover, whilst making the ascent was a difficult task, and once Mr. Stephen Cooper, in jumping off a mound in the darkness, landed with a great splash in a waterhole. The searchers, however, took everything in good part and they were simply filled with the one desire, namely, to find the missing child.

The search was commenced in a more systematic way, under the direction of Constable Gorman and Captain Hall, operations being first confined to the locality where the child was last seen by his mother. Every nook right down to the creek at foot of hill was carefully searched, whilst the bed of the creek itself was, with considerable difficulty, searched thoroughly. After working systematically for some time and the whole of adjacent ground covered, the searchers worked independently. Many thought if the child was only out of its mother's sight for about a minute it must be close to the spot where last seen, so they searched and researched around the place. Others, however,

## CHILD LOST (cont).

thought it quite possible that the child's mother, in her excitement, had made a mistake regarding the time the child was out of her sight, and thought that probably ten or fifteen minutes had elapsed from the time she last saw the child till she noticed it had disappeared, and this led to several searching nearly a mile from the spot.

A rather important incident happened about midnight. Messrs G.Watson and A.McDonald had been making a search together and, passing over a log Mr.Watson said "I believe I heard a moan then". They stopped and looked about the log but saw nothing, and as Messrs Colquhoun and Cooper were at the time coming towards the said log on the opposite side, Mr.Watson said "It must have been those chaps talking". Almost immediately after, Mr.Watson said he again fancied he heard something, but as the ground at the spot, which had been ploughed some time ago, was quite clear and another look taken about the place revealed nothing, they put the muffled noise that was heard down to someone talking close by. Messrs Watson and McDonald continued their investigations down the hill, but soon afterwards returned to the log referred to, where a few were standing by. "This is the log" said one of them - Mr.C.Brinsmead - "that the child was last seen on. Mrs.Erland says he was laying on top of it when she last saw him." "That is strange" said Mr.Watson, "for this is the log at which about half an hour ago I fancied I heard some moans". It was thereupon resolved by those present to make a thorough search of the spot. There appeared to be a small crabhole at the side of the log, into which Mr.Brinsmead put his foot. Mr.P.Howlett struck a match and put it into the hole. "There is nothing there" said someone but Mr.Howlett fancied he saw something. The match having gone out, Mr.Watson put his lamp into the hole which was found to be a very large one although partly hid by the log and small tussocks. Mr.W.Jefferson then got down on his stomach and a joyful shout went up when he remarked "Here he is!" The child was completely out of sight lying face downwards and by stretching his arm Mr.Jefferson could just reach its legs, by which he pulled the poor little chap out, and the joy was all the greater when it was found that he was alive and well. The shouts "He is found" and "Hurrah's" brought all the searchers - about one hundred - to the spot in a very short time, including the child's mother, who was frantic with joy. The little fellow was transferred to her arms and carried in triumph to the house where he was given a warm bath and every attention. Mr.Brown the chemist assured the parents that the child, whose eyes and face were somewhat swollen, was little the worse for his nine or ten hours confinement in the hole, and supplied some restoratives which he had thoughtfully taken out with him. The little fellow had quite evidently slipped off the log and gone straight into the hole at side of log headfirst, thereby disappearing in a twinkling. After the child had been found the search party was regaled with refreshments, and later on the local contingents set out for Morwell, which was reached about 3am. In another column Mr. and Mrs.Erland return thanks to all those who assisted in the search, which resulted in their child being restored to them alive and well and also Mr.Billingsley, who generously lent his drag on the occasion free of charge.

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## REGIONAL HISTORY CONFERENCE.

Three delegates attended the Regional Conference of Gippsland Historical Societies, held at the Port Albert Yacht Club on May 4th. After an enjoyable and informative meeting, a visit was arranged to Port Albert's fine Maritime Museum and the day was brought to a very pleasant conclusion with a dinner at the 'Ship Inn' in Yarram. Guest speaker at the dinner, which was the final activity in the 150th Anniversary celebrations for Port Albert, was Jane Lennon who spoke on "Thoughts on a Gippsland Celebration".

Our thanks go to Yarram Historical Society, our hosts for the day.