

Wright Street and First and Second Avenues. It was almost surrounded by treeless plains.

It must be remembered that this was the time of the great depression when many suffered terribly through hunger and lack of shelter. There were examples of this in our neighbourhood. While we were not in that position, it must have been an anxious time for our parents because for some time Dad had work for only three days a fortnight. Like many others at that time Mother and Dad had a fierce independence and pride in making do through their own efforts. They often went without things so that we would not want for necessities.

It must have taken all the dignity they could muster. I recall Mother [who was an O'Sullivan,] saying to us when we were teased over something at school "You must always remember that you are descended from Irish kings!". And looking at her proud bearing we believed her.

Our quarter acre block gave us ample space for fruit trees, fowls [we sold some eggs], vegetable and flower beds. Dad supplemented our diet with rabbits, hares, ducks, quail, snipe and fish. Meat was bought cheaply from Borthwicks in Brooklyn and the fat it brought was rendered down for soap making. Mother made bread and jam.

Milk for premature babies came via large tins of Lactogen and a banana shaped feeding bottle. For a while we kept two cows in a leased paddock away from the house. Mother made butter but we also used dripping on toast; I remember how good it tasted with salt and pepper added. Later we bought milk from Loft's dairy in Wright Street and from Mrs Simpkin who lived in a stone house near Kororoit Creek in the vicinity of today's Fifth Avenue. Later still, Richard's Dairy delivered milk, ladled into a billycan, to our front gate overnight.

It was customary to have food and groceries delivered. Doherty's man brought bread in a covered basket to the back door. As he drove off in his horsedrawn van across the paddock he often carried a small child clinging to the single step behind the van but the rough track soon dislodged the passenger.

Alby Thomas came by bike for the grocery order and returned next day in a horsedrawn cart with a wooden butterbox of groceries. The honeyman called occasionally, the loganberry man and the colorful ice cream cart, with bell a-tinkling, came in the summertime but Mr Short, the green grocer came all year round.

I especially enjoyed Mr Short's visits because he had a stutter that intrigued me. He would arrive with his basket of fruit and vegetables and as the price of items was discussed I would press closer to get a whiff of the mixture of cigars, apples and cabbages that was Mr Short. But more importantly I wanted to hear the final

reckoning. At last out it came! Mr Short began with confidence: "That'll be four shillings and frup, frup" This was what I was waiting for. Then with three fingers jiggling in front of us, he would try again. "That'll be four shillings and frup, frup....." I would agonise with him. Finally, his face red with exertion, ".....frup, FRUPPENCE!" would explode from him. We would all sigh with relief and Mr Short would smile in triumph. I have often wondered why he did not simply say "Four shillings and twopence" or "Four shillings and fourpence" But if he had I would have been disappointed.

In those days, before ice chests and refrigerators, perishables were kept cool by evaporative means in a Coolgardie safe at the back door. Ferns grew in the moist atmosphere beneath it. A perforated zinc safe, which hung out of doors, kept meat away from ants and flies.

Despite the use of sticky fly-paper coils and Lifebuoy toilet soap, which was strongly carbolic, there was a high incidence of disease. Contributing factors were flies, poor hygiene, unsanitary toilet facilities and open drains. Summer diarrhoea, scarlet fever, TB, diphtheria, polio and pneumonia all took their toll.

Many who could not afford to visit a doctor would call on the chemist, Mr R K McDonald to diagnose and prescribe for them. [It was said Mr McDonald had a career as a doctor cut short by a hand injury.] Doctors Adamson, Tonkin, Byrne and Dorman and others were kept busy with the large number of children in the community. The "Populate or perish" theory was encouraged by those who feared invasion by "yellow hordes". Visits to Mr Brown, the dentist were to be avoided so we need little persuasion to clean our teeth. Mostly we used salt, a mild abrasive, for this task but occasionally there was Gibbs Dentrifrice powder in a small round tin or Pepsodent toothpaste in a metal tube.

Although times were hard, there seemed no lack of simple pastimes and pleasures. Dad made a swing, a see-saw and miniature golf course for us. We enjoyed family picnics in the Sunshine Gardens, listening to the Sunshine Brass Band, and on Scotsmen's Hill, Footscray on Melbourne Cup Day.

For the annual picnic of the Poultrymen and Farmers, we headed off in one of Les Libbis' motorised furniture vans. We often walked near the railway line in search of wildflowers or black coal from trains. We cooked potatoes in their jackets on an open fire at Kororoit Creek and scanned the area for coins dropped during the two-up schools which flourished there on Saturday afternoons.

There were the usual games of cricket, rounders, football and tennis but in addition we played tip-cat, skippy, hopscotch [hoppy], cherry-bobs, marbles, knuckle bones and cards, using cigarette cards featuring prominent sportsmen; these cards were flicked so as to stand against a wall. I can still remember the taste of peppercorns gathered

from the trees near the railway station. We used them in pea-shooters and a mouthful allowed for rapid fire.

In the summer holidays we played in Mr Robert's concrete swimming pool which had been part of a quarry, in the vicinity of the present shopping plaza. Our parents forbade us to swim in Kororoit Creek because one of our young cousins had drowned there. There was a tract of land just a step from our front gate which was always referred to as THE GREEN GRASS, although it would be brown and parched in summer. It was covered with onion grass and bounded by a boggy patch, a rocky area and a small forest of tall thistles which we called "Scotch Thistles". The Green Grass was the meeting place and playing field for the children of the neighbourhood and our schoolfriends.

I remember one occasion on a seemingly endless summer evening when we had all spilled out-of-doors after tea. [We always said "tea" not "dinner", which it really was]. From across the plains the setting sun cast long shadows as we leapt from stone to stone shouting "No off stones". Finally, laughing and breathless we collapsed onto a large platform shaped rock.

That was when it happened! Jim looked at me strangely and said "Gee, You orta be a filum star". I couldn't believe my ears. Here I was, frecklefaced, with two long plaits of red hair and wearing my old playing clothes, being put on a par with the lovely Merna Loy! I didn't even use Lux Toilet soap, which we naively thought would give us a starlike appearance.

However, reflected in Jim's earnest blue eyes I saw that I was indeed beautiful and the new experience made me glow with pleasure. Jim gave me a tin of toffees that Christmas and our romance blossomed briefly until schooling and other activities separated us. But memory fondly recalls "that first fine careless rapture"

We had become familiar with the lovely ladies of the film world through occasional Saturday afternoons spent at the Sunshine Theatre. For threepence we were treated to a main film, newsreels and a serial, which inevitably left the hero dangling in an apparently inextricable predicament - until next week.

Proprietress of the theatre was Mrs Kirby. We were rather in awe of her as she kept a watchful eye on us queueing for entry. Pity help anyone foolish enough to be caught chewing gum in her theatre. Wrigley's chewing gum, Juicy Fruit and bubble gum were the craze, but lollies such as White Knights and Silver Sticks were a wiser choice for eating on the premises.

Live entertainment came in the form of concerts in the Town Hall or Our Lady's Hall. Local artists such as Mrs Hand [contralto], Lloyd Swan [tenor] and Kath Feeny, music

and drama teacher, would support outside artists such as James Foran and the Bradleys. I clearly remember a play called "Diplomacy", presented by visiting actors.

There were travelling sideshows and circuses which sometimes came by train. Circus hands would set up the big top between the Town Hall, in Hampshire Road, and the railway station where the overpass is now. It was there too that I had a ride on a camel for threepence. I also remember a performing dog and the pre-visit posters about George Tippet and his many bicycles.

We became exposed to a form of mass entertainment in the 1930s when radio came into its own. We called it "the wireless". At first we had a crystal set with headphones and only one person could "listen in", these were followed by large cabinet models which enabled everyone in the room to hear simultaneously. Marvellous! A children's radio session run by Nancy Lee and Nicky Tupper was popular as were the serials "Dad and Dave" and "Dr Fu Man Choo". Adults discussed the "Heckle Hour" debates, "C and G Minstrel Show", Charlie Vaude's community singing, "Lux Radio Theatre" and Crosbie Morrison's nature talks.

We learnt the latest tunes from the radio Hit Parade, but old songs were absorbed around the piano at home. Do you remember the singing commercials? "Brylcream, a little dab will do ya. Brylcream, you'll look so debonair". Coles and Garrard, spectacle makers, had one which started "With C and Gs you'll see with ease". It was the time of jingles and slogans designed to entice reticent buyers. A Footscray store advertised: "Happy soles and happy feet, Wittner's shoes are hard to beat."

Sometimes we went by train to Footscray to buy shoes from Wittner's, clothes from Forges or browsed through Coles store which sold nothing over two shillings and sixpence. But mostly the shopping was done in Sunshine. We could buy shoes from Mr Read, clothes from Seymour's, Oliver Gilpin's and Trahair's and haberdashery from Mrs Andy Fox, Miss Luke or Miss Penrose. Mr Mann sold Hardware, which had nothing to do with computers but everything to do with the home handyman.

Mr Robinson ran a newsagency and private library. Mr Grant caretaker at the Town Hall was also in charge of the public library there. There were no children's libraries as we know them today. We relied for reading material on school readers, the monthly penny "Schoolpaper", a few classics on the bookshelves at home, newspapers and, when we could get them, comics. The "Girl's Crystal" and comics were swapped until they were dog-eared and worn.

There were at least three butchers in the town. Grocers were: Moran and Cato's, McGrath's, McWhirter's and Robinson's. Mr Spence managed a second store for Robinson's. It was an old wooden building on the corner of Benjamin Street and

Hampshire Road. Each night Mr Spence put up wooden shutters over the outside of the windows.

Milk bars and mixed businesses were run by Hellyers, Boorers, Paddy Fox and my uncle Joe Hyett and Shortens in Albion. There were estate agents, a printer who produced The Sunshine Advocate weekly, there were tobacconists, a Chinese laundry, chemists, dentists, an undertaker, motor garages and a blacksmith.

For many years we in Tiny Town had to collect our mail from the Post Office. When eventually it was delivered, it arrived at our front gate twice daily from Monday to Fridays and on Saturday morning. The postie blew his whistle to let us know he had left mail, then rode off on his pushbike along the street.

We went to Our Lady's school where Miss McMahon taught. She was followed by the Sisters of St Joseph who remain to this day. Their mode of dressing is quite unspectacular today but 50 years ago they wore brown habits which covered all but their faces and hands. We were quite sure they had neither legs or hair. They were dedicated teachers who drilled us in the four Rs - reading, 'riting, 'rithmetic and religion. We used slates at first then graduated to using a pencil and paper. Finally we had to master pen and ink, avoiding crossed nibs, ink spatters and blots dropped between inkwell and copybook.

Children walked to this school from as far as Albion, Tottenham, Braybrook and our end of Sunshine. We took short cuts to school by crossing the railway at the Black Arch or in front of Our Lady's Hall where some classes were held. The latter alternative took us across a paddock where grain silos now stand and along a cinder track beside the Sunshine- Newport railway. Occasionally railway officials would clamp down on crossing the lines and we would have to take the long way round past the railway goods sheds, where swaggies congregated, and over the footbridge or level crossing at the railway station.

Sometimes we returned home via Hampshire Road, Benjamin Street and Sunshine Park [now Parson's Reserve]. My twin and I were a little nervous about this route because on more than one occasion "Torchy" Fraser had leapt out at us from the park trees. "Torchy" was a lanky boy with tousled red hair and as he yelled "Yah-ah-ah" and waved his inkstained hands menacingly at us, we were suitably terrified. We must have overcome our fear of him because I remember that some years later he walked us home after an Angler's Club dance in the Masonic Hall.

Between the 1920s and 40s, McKay's Harvester Works dominated the scene. Its siren woke us at 6.30 and continued throughout the day to mark the start and finish of work periods at the factory. Other industries had their own means of alerting their workers. Drayton's Pottery had a steam whistle which was distinguishable from those of the

many steam trains which passed through the town. Knock-off time at the many stone quarries in the area was accompanied by the sound of blasting which would buffet nearby houses. There was a great movement of workers through the town before and after work.

Roads around McKay's factory were cluttered with bicycles and a few cars. The footpath between the huge factory and the railway station was a moving mass of hatted men carrying their crib bags and newspapers. The crib bag was a leather Gladstone bag which held a home-cut lunch and a Thermos or the makings for billy tea. Some men, including several from Altona and my father, rode their bikes to work along the narrow cinder track beside the Newport line. In winter they needed their carbide lamps to light the way. These lamps, which provided excellent lighting, were later replaced by small electric light bulbs powered by a dynamo attached to the bicycle. Men who cycled unsteadily home on a Sunday evening from the Guiding Star hotel on Geelong Road and others using Market Road did not welcome Bonfire Night on November 5. Boxthorns, which we dragged across the roads for our bonfires, often caused punctures in bicycle tyres.

Outside events managed to penetrate our small world. The centenary of Victoria in 1934 is memorable because of the visit by the Duke of Gloucester. Mother made costumes for the school children's display at the Melbourne Cricket ground. Flimsy aeroplanes competing in the annual aerial derby between Point Cook and Essendon and those competing in the Centenary air race flew low over our home. When the American fleet came into port a searchlight display was staged at Williamstown. We would rug up for a grandstand view from the man-made hill at the nearby Commonwealth quarry, where a hotel now stands.

The outside event which caused the most impact on our lives was the second world war. On the credit side it turned the tide of unemployment. It improved the economic status of Sunshine townspeople as local industry became involved in the war effort. It gave women an awareness of their value and capabilities outside the home. Finally it opened the door to a large influx of migrants who helped turn the town from a circumscribed Anglo Saxon enclave into the cosmopolitan city we know today.

On the debit side the war brought about shortages of manpower and goods. Food, clothing and petrol were rationed. But worst of all it took away our menfolk - in some cases forever. The war brought troops by the thousand through Sunshine railway station where local women set up refreshment stalls to cater for them. Sunshine Park was taken over by a searchlight battery and there was an anti-aircraft unit at Braybrook. A brownout in streets and transport reduced visibility to walking pace.

My twin and I spent the first three years of the war at Catholic Ladies College, East Melbourne [At concession rates]. From there we went to Forest Products Laboratory

CSIR (Now CSIRO) where we tested timber for aircraft. We received 28 shillings a fortnight when we started and on that we budgeted for train fares, board, clothing and so on down to threepence for the collection plate at Mass on Sundays.

By today's standards we were deprived materially in our childhood, we had no washing machine, no TV and no car, but as few others had these things we did not miss them. On the other hand we had the necessities of life in a secure homelife, plain wholesome food and plenty of exercise through walking and for those who could see it there was beauty in our environment.

On a grand scale, there were magnificent sunsets, the sweep of brilliant yellow as the morning sun touched the paddocks of capeweed and the wild onrush of red rain in a summer storm. For the ear, there was beauty in the sound of a lark singing high up in the sky and the morning carolling of magpies. There was a thrill and a stirring of Celtic blood in the skirl of bagpipes borne on the evening breeze and played by Jock Davidson as he marched up and down across the plain. There was beauty in the myriad wonders which lay at our feet - the wildflowers, glow worms, mushrooms, ferns and the lichen covered rocks scattered in a bygone age.

I must admit there were things we could have done without. Obnoxious smells from the boiling down works in the north and the chemical factory in the south were trials inflicted from afar. Closer to home were smelly drains and phenyle-washed, pan-serviced toilets. To balance those however, there was the smell of Mother's freshly-baked bread, burning gumleaves when the stove fire was freshly lit and Grandfather's plug tobacco. Our English style gardens yielded the delicate perfume of mignonette, violets and wallflowers. Then there was the smell peculiar to church on Sunday mornings, it was a concoction of emanations from mothballs, incense, lavender and Californian Poppy hair oil.

Recollections of childhood are inevitably very personal and selective. There is so much more that could be said but, enough for now! I hope I have stirred your memories and perhaps prompted you to record them. It is important for our space age children that we do so.

Funds dry, so service must go

Gippsland's "bush maid"

PERHAPS Gippsland's most famous identity is Mary Grant Bruce (1878-1958), the popular novelist who, in her own time, was characterised as "the Australian author with the largest public."

By 1927 her 23 books had sold 255,000 copies - and there were still 15 more books to be written.

Her most popular books were the 15 about "Billabong", a squatting station in Victoria, and the Linton family who lived there. Readers, both young and old, were so fascinated and "hooked" by each book in turn that they could hardly wait for the next in the series to come from the printing press.

The life story of Mary Grant Bruce has just been published under the title of "Billabong's Author" and written by Alison Alexander of Hobart, Tasmania. This, too, makes excellent reading, and should interest everybody, even those who have never succumbed to the Mary Grant Bruce charm. If Mary hasn't "got" you, then Alison will.



MARY Grant Bruce making one of her many ABC radio broadcasts during World War Two. From Alison Alexander's new book.



MARY Grant Bruce was born on May 24, 1878 at Sale, the daughter of Eyre Lewis Bruce, a surveyor, and later a member of a legal firm in Traralgon, and Mrs Minnie (Whittakers) Bruce, the daughter of a squatter.

She was educated at home until old enough to attend Madame Beausire's private Ladies' High School, where she became the star pupil and dux of the school in 1892 at the age of 14. While there she won the Shakespeare prize for three years in succession in a statewide essay competition.

She won the admiration and respect of Dr J Nield, president of the Victorian Shakespeare Society, who encouraged her to write stories and to go to Melbourne where there was more opportunity for the development of her talent.

At the age of 20, and with five pounds in her purse, she left Traralgon, where her parents were now living, to try her luck in Melbourne.

It appeared in book form in 1910 under the title of "A Little Bush Maid". In the next 32 years, 1910-1942, she wrote another 37 books, 14 of which were about Billabong.

HER parents had moved in 1896 to Traralgon, living at a place called "Coldstream" in Mabel Street, to which the block next door was eventually added, all because of its wonderful "Naboth" garden which the Bruce family coveted.

From 1913 to her death in 1958, Mary Grant Bruce alternated between Australia and the United Kingdom and Ireland. In the South of Ireland (Cork), where the Bruce family originally came from, she met her cousin, Major George Bruce. They were married in Australia in 1914. Soon after, in August 1914, the First World War broke out, and Major Bruce was recalled to England for military service.

Major Bruce died in Dandenong Hospital in 1949. Mary Grant Bruce returned to England, living out her last years at Bexhill on the coast of Sussex. She died in July 1958, aged 80. She was cremated and the ashes were flown to Australia to be buried beside her beloved husband.

THE Life Line - sponsored Citizens Advice Bureau in Morwell is having trouble finding accommodation in the central business area.

The CAB, presently located at 63 Church St, has to vacate the premises by next Monday.

The CAB was established in February last year and, since then, the use of it has increased at a constant rate.

A \$2000 establishment grant diminished quickly through the purchase of basic equipment and supplies, rental, rates and electricity. Since the funds ran out, the CAB has been supported by Life Line.

In a letter to the Morwell Shire Council, Lifeline said: "Life Line organises yearly basic training courses for volunteer telephone counsellors, and has included CAB volunteer trainees for the past two courses."

"Until now, Life Line has relied upon the generosity of churches and the Social Welfare Department for training

rooms, and are most grateful for their co-operation, yet it would be a real advantage to have our own training accommodation, where training aids could be left permanently. As well as the basic training course, on-going training takes place throughout the year for both counsellors and volunteers.

"We consider that, as we operate in Morwell, we should inform the Shire Council of our present position. We are endeavoring to solve our problem, and hope we will have only to ask the Shire for support to hold a public appeal for money to repay our loan when that time comes."

"At present we are having great difficulty in locating a house in a central area so that the general public has access to the CAB."

Council accepted the letter as information.

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Painting & Compresso

Readers will note a letter from Prue McGoldrick and the complimentary remarks re the Society's newsletter. Prue's article, A Childhood in Sunshine is interesting and an encouragement to any of our members to write a contribution for the newsletter. Thanks very much Prue.

Next meeting 15th March 1988. (Ordinary meeting)

N.B. Our Annual meeting usually held in March has been post-poned to 19th April this year owing to at least two of our present office bearers being unable to attend our March meeting.

Answer to Trivia - Who's Who

MatChless ARTistic TaLEnt DeSCribes ThHAt
 ComPLete EntertaINer
 CHARLES CHAPLIN

Correction P.3. February Newsletter

Indian Hawkers Paragraph 3. MRS Olver not MISS Olver.

EXCURSION REPORT

On February 21st a small but enthusiastic group set out to try to find the site of Billy Hillier's grave on the banks of Billy's Creek.

Mr. Doug Law, owner of the property on which the grave is said to be located, accompanied the group. We were unable to pinpoint the exact location of the grave, which is reputed to be marked by a briar rose bush. There is certainly a rose bush, but it is on low ground, prone to flooding. After looking carefully at that area, most of us agreed that the grave was probably on a nearby rise.

A tall popular tree standing alone in a paddock probable indicates the site of Billy Hillier's hut, and Mr. Law has found numerous horse-shoes in the vicinity, so it seems likely that the stables were here also.

From Billy's Creek, the group moved on to Thorpdale to look at the site of what was, reputedly, the world's tallest tree, and the excursion ended on a pleasant note with afternoon tea at the Narracan Falls.

Our thanks go to Eric and June Lubcke for arranging the visit to Billy's Creek, and to Mr. Law for allowing us access to his property.

1988 - AUSTRALIA'S BI-CENTENARY YEAR

Morwell and District (Continued)

Following on from last month a few short notes about Morwell's next decade -

1918 - 1928: The early years after the 1st World War were good years of prosperity, hope and optimism.

In 1919, S.E.C. operations began at Yallourn with a camp of workmen. There was no township at first. Morwell was the shopping centre for these workmen and families.

Mrs Olver (nee Gladys Pryke) remembers that Morwell was then lit by kerosene lights in most streets and in the centre of the town petrol lights. She also remembers workmen coming from the Yallourn camp to shop. She started working at the Newsagency in 1922.

Electric power from Yallourn temporary power station was supplied in 1923.

In 1921 onwards the Soldier Settlement was established. Hazlewood Estate was sub divided into about 50 small farms and sold to returned soldiers.

This decade was a memorable one for Mrs Olver. She met Lindsay Roy William Olver (Roy) in 1926. They became engaged 24-4-1927 and were married in the Methodist Church on the corner of Station Street (now Princes Highway) opposite the present P.O. on 4/4/1928.

We may be able to add more notes for this decade next month, as well as following decades. All contributions from members welcome.

In 1934 the state of Victoria celebrated its centenary. One of the publications brought out for the occasion was titled, "Centenary Gift Book" and was published for the Women's Centenary Council. The first contribution in this book was written by Mary Grant Bruce and had the above title. In this she writes about women pioneers, describing them thus :- "undistinguished women. Their names mean little or nothing now, save to the few. They are dead long ago. Only their spirit lives in the land they helped to make; and since this is our Year of Remembrance the drifting faces may well have their place in the pageant of our Century."

In Mr. Maddern's article (Express 27/9/79) reproduced on page 13, he pays tribute to Mary Grant Bruce. In this our bi-centenary year it seems fitting to honour not only Gippsland's "bush maid" but all such "undistinguished women". Her article is too long to print here but a few extracts may bring back memories of stories you have heard of your own ancestors, their courage, adaptability and endurance.

From Page 15 of the "Women Who Made Us"

"This child of eighteen was alone with her injured husband in their wattle-and-daub hut for weeks. She had set his broken leg and he lived to show how well it had been set; but they were gaunt with starvation when at last help came. Here is one who was thrown out of the Gippsland coach when it overturned in the Glue Pot. When she picked up her baby she saw that its head was out of shape and incredibly, she moulded the little head with her hands until it looked normal! The baby showed no sign afterwards of having been damaged -- perhaps babies, as well as women, were made of sterner stuff then."

From Page 16

"It is difficult for the girl of today to picture how the Little Lady and her kind dressed for their work. The long, sweeping gowns, containing an incredible quality of dress-stuff-it was 'stuff' then, and it was made to last. Skirts seven yards around the hem: bodies whale-boned until they resembled armour etc."

From Page 17- about their invincible courage.

"To appreciate it, one must realise what they came from; the sheltered, order^ed conditions of the old land where women lived in the grooves worn by their predecessors through the centuries. There they thought and acted according to rule, their lives made for them. Very many of our settlers came from luxurious homes."

W. J. & P. Mc Goldrick

Phone: (051) 56 6326

14 February 1988

Pearl Elvie

My copy of Newell Historical Society Newsletter has just arrived. As usual I read it from cover and I always enjoy it. My thanks to those involved. I review it in a lot of words.

The enclosed is long and about my childhood away from Eritland, but when I used it to speak to 90+ elderly people in Paynesville it rang many bells for them. If you find anything you could use in the ^{Society} notes, feel free to do so. I shall not be upset if you decide to use none of it.

Regarding "the good idea for 1988" I kept a diary and with a few spare periods over my baby-rearing days have done so since I was 17 years old. Indeed, the manuscript section of the

State Library of Victoria is currently copying my diaries from 1943 to 1960 inclusive. I reconnected them last year and found they contained many things that I had forgotten about that time in history. One hundred years hence someone might be interested in how an ordinary girl and woman lived in Melbourne and Wollurn.

My good wishes to you and Newell Historical Society for a successful bi-centennial year.

Yours sincerely,

Pearl Mc Goldrick.

P.S. A gentle suggestion:

that each issue of notes carry the name and address of the secretary. You will get the proceeds with mail from your readers then.

A Childhood in Sunshine

by

Prue McGoldrick

**Based on a Talk given to
Sunshine and District Historical Society
in mid 1985**

A CHILDHOOD IN SUNSHINE

A few years ago when a book of mine was launched, my grandchildren were puzzled as to why Granny's book should be launched into space. Today's children connect the word launch with sending a spacecraft to the moon and beyond, whereas my generation launched a ship, event or a book.

This incident brought home to me the great difference between the lifestyle of space-age children and that of my own childhood in Sunshine. So I have written these recollections to stir memories of those who also lived through that period and for my grandchildren that they may gain some idea of how things were before TV, fast foods, motor cars and space labs.

My twin sister and I were launched into life in July, 1925 into quite a small orbit - the private hospital in King Edward Avenue, Sunshine, run by the Carruthers' sisters.

My parents were Jacob Samuel and Agnes Elvira Hyett. My father, Sam, as he was known, was an Australian who had worked in New Zealand mines, joined the NZ forces in World War I and fought on Gallipoli and in France. He returned to NZ where he married Agnes Elvira O'Sullivan, a school teacher from Havelock in the South Island.

Mother and Dad and their first child, Kathleen, came to Sunshine in the early twenties and lived for a time in Sunshine with my father's parents who were also Jacob and Agnes E. (The E stood for Eliza, not Elvira). Mr and Mrs Hyett senior had followed McKay's Harvester Works from Ballarat to Sunshine and their four sons, Jacob Samuel [Sam], William John [Jack], Walter [Joe] and Edward [Ted] had come with them.

Dad spent most of his working life as a welder at McKays. He was a keen sportsman, fishing and shooting being his particular interests. Mother was well-educated and talented. She used these attributes for the betterment of her family and the community. Sunshine's Home Help service came into being through her efforts.

Our family could have done with some home help in those early years for there were seven of us children. Kathleen was followed by three sets of twins - a rare occurrence! Frank's twin, Anne, died aged seven months, my twin is Mary Cullen and our twin brothers are Bill and Peter.

We lived in what was unofficially known as Tiny Town, a sub-division of quarter acre blocks at the southern end of Sunshine. It consisted of about 20 houses, mainly in