

Traralgon & District Historical Society

Incorporated

# BULLETIN

VOLUME 39, NO. 4

DECEMBER 2008



**Our treasured 1906 Oldsmobile, donated to the Traralgon and District Historical Society by the late Roland Hill, is shown participating in the annual Plaza Christmas Parade through the streets of Traralgon, to welcome Santa to the city.**

**Our President reports that in the recent parade, the Oldsmobile ran the best that it has ever run. The TDHS Oldsmobile is the oldest petrol driven car in Gippsland and has been kept in Gippsland all its life.**

**The car is housed in its permanent home at the back of the TDHS rooms.**

**ISSN 1441 – 8037**

## Office Bearers 2008-2009

- President: Jim F. Hood JP,  
Phone 5174 3797 Mob. 0428 743 797
- Vice-President: David Garrett  
Phone 51748715 Mob. 0417 322 148
- Secretary: Thelma Mayze  
Phone 5174 3696 Mob. 0429 901 948
- Assistant Secretary:
- Treasurer and Public Officer: Jim F. Hood JP  
Phone 5174 3797 Mob. 0428 743 797  
Email: jfhoodjp@bigpond.com
- Cataloguer: Thelma Mayze
- Committee Members: Jeanne Drane, Ron Hore  
Melissa Pavey, Helen Piera, Dorothy Steer
- Webmaster & Bulletin Editor Wally Pickering  
Email: traralgonhistory@yahoo.com.au
- Historical Society Club Rooms: Kath Teychenne Centre  
Address: 11 Breed Street Traralgon 3844  
Phone: 5174 8399  
Postal Address: P.O. Box 697 Traralgon 3844
- URL: www.traralgonhistory.asn.au  
Email: traralgonhistory@yahoo.com.au
- Membership Fees: Ordinary Member \$20.00 Concession \$15.00  
Committee Meetings: 1st Thursday of each month commencing 1.00 pm.  
Meetings: 2nd Tuesday of each month at clubrooms at 7.00 pm.  
Bulletin published: March, June, September and December  
Extra copies available \$3.00 per copy.
- Research Fees: Use of material \$5 per session. We will research  
requests for \$10 per hour plus postage and copying.
- Printed by: Image Direct Tel: 5174 0554

Articles and contributions to the Traralgon and District Historical Society Bulletin are welcome from any source without liability, and accepted subject to editorial approval. The editors reserve the right to amend/edit all contributions. The editors of the Bulletin cannot be held responsible for the quality and accuracy of all information supplied to us. Readers should always check with originators of material published, with any queries relating to accuracy of information. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form, or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise without the prior consent of the publisher.

ISSN 1441-8073

# Contents

<i>Office Bearers 2008/9</i>	.....2
<i>From the Chair - President's Report</i>	.....4
<i>Sunday Openings Schedule</i>	.....4
<i>Working Bee Schedule 2008</i>	.....4
<i>Donations</i>	.....4
<i>Coming Events, including bus excursion</i>	..... 5
<i>Obituaries: Jessie Clarke</i>	.....6
<i>Margaret Carlyon</i>	.....6

## **Monthly Meeting Reports**

*October 14th - Mr. Rob Youl*

*"Business and civic personalities during the 1950's and 1960's".....7 to 14*

*December 9th - Mr. Robert Czigledy and Mrs. Ann Dyer*

*"Resettling in Australia: ..... 15 to 20*

*(Ann's address to this meeting will be printed in the March 2009 Bulletin).*

*November 11th - Members of the Brady family from Glengarry West*

*""Recollections of Farming Life at Glengarry West" .....21*

*September 9th - Mr Ted Addison - Addison Real Estate Pty. Ltd*

*"Real Estate - Then and Now since the 1970's" .....22,23*

**The Traralgon and District Historical Society 2009 calendar  
is now available for purchase -  
be sure to get your copy soon as the number is limited  
Only \$7.00 each**

***Phone Secretary Thelma on 0429 901 948 to purchase your calendars. There will  
be an added fee for postage and handling for the calendars.***

***The Society has reprinted the book***

***"Tyers and District, Its People".***

**It is now on sale at \$12.00 per copy, plus postage and handling.**

**Also the following two booklets have been reprinted:**

***"Traralgon's First Public Building - THE SHIRE HALL (1881)"***

***"George Bolton Eagle - Edward and Dr. Edmund Hobson -  
a story from Traralgon in the 1840's."***

**These are on sale at \$5.00 per copy. Phone Thelma as above to purchase.**

## **From the Chair.**

Christmas has been with us again for another year, as one ages, the years seem to come and go quicker .

I have been absent for the last two meetings due to having a break, in Queensland. Spent time at Fraser Island and across parts of western Queensland ,Long Reach ,Birdsville and Innamincka.

Thank you to Ron for filling in the chairman's duties.

Thelma has been busy with research for various people and companies.

The interpretive signage for Latrobe city has been put on hold due to personnel leaving and waiting for officers to take up this project. Members had enjoyable evenings with talks given by the Rob Youl and the Brady Families , sorry I missed them. We have some publications reprinted which are selling well at the monthly market due to the efforts of Thelma.

I wish all a merry Christmas and enjoyable time with your families.

**Take Care, Jim**

---

### **Traralgon and District Historical Society -**

***During 2009 Sunday openings from 2pm - 4pm, excluding public holidays, on the last Sunday of each month, schedule as follows:***

February 22nd

March 29th

June 28th

September 27th

April 26th

July 26th

October 25th

May 31st

August 30th

November 29th

---

### ***Working Bees -***

Working bees will be held on the second and fourth Monday afternoons in each month, excluding public holidays, in 2009:February 9th, and 23rd.

March 9th, 23rd

June 8th, 22nd

September 14th, 28th

April 13th, 27th

July 13th, 27th

October 12th, 26th

May 11th, 25th

August 10th, 24th

November 9th, 23rd

**Come when you can, between 1pm and 4pm - Everyone welcome !!!**

---

### **Donations:**

1. Mrs. Thompson has donated 12 local books and the Australian Red Cross Society Knitting Book, and "Empire Youth Sunday – a Dedication Service program, May 21<sup>st</sup>, 1950."

2. A framed black and white photograph of Agnes Brereton has been donated by Barbara Greenough.

3. Liddiard Road School Co-Operative Limited 1958 shares, donated by Ray Waack.

4. One year's internet access subscription at the TDHS rooms, one year's housing and direction of the domain [www.traralgonhistory.asn.au](http://www.traralgonhistory.asn.au), and a 1 Tb (1,000 gigabyte) external hard disk storage for safe backup and storage of all the Society's archives held on the computers in the TDHS rooms – donated by Wally Pickering.

## **Coming Events:**

### **February 10th 2009 - Guest Speaker - Mr. Max Williams.**

*Max will talk on his early years at the Maryvale Paper Mill, and how his memories and experiences have influenced his life and the life of his family. He will also play a video explaining the production of paper at Maryvale Mill and will try to answer any questions on the production process.*

### **March 10th 2009 - Subject to confirmation, Guest Speaker Mr. Peter Hall**

*The subject of Peter's talk will be FOOTBALL !! In the event that Peter is unable to attend the meeting the Guest Speaker will be Mr. Ron Hore.*

**March 14th 2009 - Coach trip to Macedon, Woodend, Hanging Rock, and Romsey - see details below.**

### **April 14th 2009 - Guest Speaker - Roylene Davies**

*Roylene will talk on Dugald Campbell's old homestead, including the restoration.*

### **May 12th 2009 - Guest Speaker - Ann Pawley**

*Ann will speak on the Latrobe Theatre Company, which was the "Latrobe Light Opera Society". During 2008 they celebrated their 45th birthday.*

### **June 9th 2009 - Guest Speakers - Rob Youl and Jim Grubb**

*Rob and Jim will talk on "Traralgon".*

---

## Traralgon and District Historical Society Inc

**Coach trip to**

**Macedon, Woodend, Hanging Rock, and Romsey**

**on**

**Saturday March 14th. 2009**

**Leaving the Kath Teychenne Centre at 7.00 am**

**Cost will be \$55 per person**

**This includes coach travel, Morning tea, Lunch,  
and entry to Hanging Rock**

**Woodend is a prosperous rural centre of some 3000 people with a number of interesting old buildings. The highlight of any visit is to climb Hanging Rock.**

**There are large murals with historical themes outside the 19th Hole Shopping Centre, old photographs and written material, showing how Woodend has changed over the years.**

**Hanging Rock is a long-extinct volcano, formed when lava blew through a vent in the earth about 65 million years ago, and now rises 105 metres on the surrounding plain. The unexplained disappearance of a group of schoolgirls at Hanging Rock in 1901 is just one of the legends of this mysterious area.**

**If time permits we may visit a winery.**

**All interested Members and Friends contact**

**The Secretary, Thelma**

**Phone: 0429 901 948**

**Or P.O. Box 697, Traralgon. Vic 3844**

## **Obituaries**



**Jessie Clarke** well known Traralgon identity, and resident of Ballarat for the last seven years, died on 28th August 2008 after a brief illness, aged 92 years.

Mrs. Clarke moved to Ballarat in 2001 to be near to her daughter, Betty, after she was no longer able to stay in her own home.

Mrs. Clarke is the widow of Thomas Clarke Jnr. of Hazelwood North, where she farmed with him until his death in 1977. She then moved to Traralgon caring for her aged father until his death at age 95.

She is famous for the hundreds of bottles of marmalade, jams and relishes which were sold to aid a range of charities in Traralgon.

Mrs. Clarke's many interests included the Latrobe Valley Eisteddfod, Latrobe Theatre Company (awarded one of two life memberships), Lifeline Latrobe Valley, CWA, Gippsland Historical Auto Club (holding life membership with her husband) Traralgon City Band, Traralgon and District Historical Society, and she was a regular worshipper at the Uniting Church in Traralgon, and in recent years at the Wendouree Uniting Church.

Mrs. Clarke leaves two daughters, Nan (Mrs. Ray Ikin) of Traralgon, Betty (Mrs. Alec Wood) of Ballarat, and a brother, Robert Mildenhall of Hazelwood North.

---

**Margaret Carlyon** - April 19th 1923 - September 13th 2008 (aged 85 years)

Margaret and her husband, Norm (who passed away 18 months ago) had lived in Samford, Queensland, for the last 34 years, and many years ago lived in Traralgon, where they were both involved with the local Television station.

In her lifetime, Margaret belonged to several historical societies, business and professional womens' organizations, Red Cross, and Rotary, and was a life member of the Samford Progress and Protection Association. Margaret was also a long time member of the Samford branch of the CWA, serving as secretary, several times president, vice president, and international officer.

During the early 60's she scripted and produced "Gippsland Path of Time" . It was the first televised documentary series on Australian history. The research (photographs, interviews, scripts, and notebooks), now held by the Monash University, is known as the Carlyon Collection.

Margaret was doing oral history collection long before the term was coined! During the 60's she also wrote historical articles for many provincial papers in Gippsland and regularly gave talks in schools and retirement homes.

Margaret achieved a great deal in her life, yet she would be the first to say that her real achievements involve her rich family life, friends gathered over a long period, service to the community, fierce independence, and a constant love of learning.

Thank you to all of you who made her life, and especially her last few weeks, full of such beautiful memories for her family.

## Monthly Meeting - 14th October 2008

Guest Speaker - Mr. Rob Youl

### **Introduction:**

*Rob, a former Traralgon resident, spoke to the Society in March 2007,. His topic then was "A Boy's Memory of Post War Traralgon" and that proved so popular we invited Rob to return extending his recollections of a Traralgon boyhood, featuring business and civic personalities who contributed to the success and expansion of the town during the 1950's and 1960's.*

*Rob and his wife Alison currently reside in Melbourne where Rob continues his work as a land care officer in a semi retired capacity. Rob's mother Grace Youl was welcomed. Her book "A Charmed Life" was presented to the Society at our March 2007 meeting.*

*(Unfortunately, due to illness, Mr. Jim Carey was unable to attend this meeting. Jim was to speak about his experiences as a cattle buyer and agent in Traralgon and district. Jim celebrated his 96th birthday in October 2008, and the Society extends greetings and best wishes to Jim for a speedy recovery, and birthday greetings.)*

---

I acknowledge that I'm in the ancestral lands of the Gunnai people, who lived, hunted, gathered and told stories, not totally unlike these ones, in the valley of the Latrobe for millennia.

I've edited my talk made at the meeting on October 14th, and included most of the comments and corrections people made that evening. *(Editors note - where possible these shown, in italics.)*

First, some geography. Going by housing age and style, the pre-war town boundaries west of Traralgon Creek running anti-clockwise must have roughly been Anderson Street, Breed Street, Gordon Street, Burns Street, Grey Street, Churchill Street, Lafayette Street, Hyde Park Road and Marie Street, swinging northeast to the creek from somewhere along Janette Street.

There were a few houses along Kay Street west of Lafayette Street, and an island of APM houses along Cumberland Street built just before the war. *(People in my audience dated these houses post-war, but Bill Cuthill describes their construction in the late 1930s, which accords with their style. I'd forgotten, but we called the neighbourhood 'Cumberland Park.' I'd never read Cuthill's Chapter 7 in River of Little Fish (1970) (on the THS website) until I was amending my talk notes for publication. It is superb, giving much interesting detail on local business, organisations, government and infrastructure.)*

East of the creek, Shakespeare Street from between the Shallow and Deep Wits, Liddiard Road and Davidson Street marked the limits. Many roads in this rectangle were gravelled. For perhaps a kilometre beyond the town's edges were farmlets, like Lindsays on Gordon Street, a slaughteryard or two and occasional house allotments, perhaps a market garden on the creek. Then it was farmland: big properties like Dugald Campbell's Traralgon Park, the Morrisons, Stockdales and Little farms at Traralgon West, Blacks' and Alec Walsh's places at Hilltop, and a swathe of country owned by Dunbars, Whittakers, Hourigans, Beatons, Farmers, Dranes and so on. A favourite of ours: Rogers' paddock on the Yarram Road, with its handsome horses.

Compared with today, there were very few double-storeyed houses. Our broad thoroughfares, Kay, Davidson and Liddiard, were obviously laid out in the nineteenth century for drovers to readily bring stock into town from all directions. *(The 1935 aerial photo in the 2009 TDHS calendar (January) given me after my talk, generally confirms this description, allowing for another ten years development.)*

I'm flying a little blind here, mentally constructing how it all so quickly changed post-war from a village surrounded by paddocks of sheep and cattle to today's suburbia, industrial zones and hobby farms.

In the mid to late forties and early fifties, the Housing Commission, APM, the Victorian Railways and others must have bought extensive tracts of farmland for infrastructure and especially housing (Pax Hill, northern Breed Street and either side of western Kay Street). The mid fifties saw other Housing Commission estates emerge around the new high school on Liddiard Road. Moreover post-war the Soldier Settlement Commission purchased Latrobe River flats and other good land to subdivide into dairy farms. (Norm Howlett owned one of these.) So Traralgon expanded rapidly from 1946-60.

The main street was fully bituminised about 1952, I reckon. Business boomed in the old pastoral town, and sadly the traditional facades in Franklin Street were much modernised, usually to their detriment—but there are still a few interesting buildings. Most of the inner town residences have gone, as have the churches and lodge, but many pleasant older houses remain in the Henry Street precinct and on lower Gordon Street.

In Pax Hill and the APM belt, industrial workers and their families, like the Youls, filled the simple weatherboard, fibro-cement, rough-cast concrete or pre-fabricated timber houses (the latter reputedly from Sweden and mostly erected in the railways estate) as soon as they were completed.

We came in from Minniedale, owned by Grace's uncle and aunt, Horrie and Ivy Jones to 17 Gilwell Avenue, Pax Hill. The unpaved streets had open drains; there was a sawmill and sawdust heap over the back fence, and, as few residents had cars, people walked everywhere. Once you got a car, you offered pedestrians lifts no matter what. Indeed there was a terrific community spirit! Two years later we moved next door to 15 Gilwell Avenue, where Grace still lives.

Every front and back yard lawn started with a potato crop, to prepare the unbroken grassland for conversion to European-style gardens—flowers in the front and vegies and fruit trees at the back, manicured inefficiently and arduously by Qualcast hand-mower. Victas emerged in the mid 1950s.

This is the Traralgon I'm talking about! Melbourne and Bairnsdale, so close today, were a world apart. The major reason to travel abroad was to go to war. We were, as you'd expect, pretty parochial—that meant proud, public-spirited and perhaps a little petty, but generally very considerate of each other's needs. Even Morwell seemed distant! Of course many people had relations there, or mixed with Morwell people on the factory floor at Maryvale, and in 1956 or 1957 some 50 Morwell students attended Traralgon High School.

It was still Traralgon Shire until the Borough broke away in 1961. Socio-economically the influential residents lived on the bigger farms or in town between Bridges Avenue and Greenwood Grove, the latter a post-war street I'd say. Maybe the elite zone extended to Kay Street hill, where the Jeffery family lived. Or they dwelt in the APM management quarter between Grey Street, Clarke Street and Kay Street.

### ***Local government***

The West family had led the way, and Walter's daughter Miss Eva West MBE followed him as Traralgon's shire secretary. Retired by now, we often saw her ceremonially or in her colourful garden opposite Grey Street school. In my time I recall shire engineers Hugh Osborne and Don Cooper, and Crs Horrie Jones (my uncle), Clem Little (an APM employee, the shire president who welcomed Queen Elizabeth in 1954), Jack Maskrey (an SEC employee)<sup>1</sup>, Gwen Farrington, Eric Farmer, Cr Rae, Duncan Cameron and dairyfarmer, Cr Johnson. Rex Jakobi came later. They met at and worked from the shire offices in Hotham Street, alongside the Town Hall, moving around 1960 to the present site, formerly McLean and Hill's saleyards.

### ***Other government figures***

In the early-mid fifties, the Latrobe Valley Water and Sewerage Board, emerged under former army engineer John Mulvaney. New offices at the eastern end of Seymour Street replaced the town water and sewerage trust, housed in a small Victorian building diagonally opposite the post office. This was necessary because of the scale of growth in the Latrobe Valley and the regional volume of industrial waste. It was somehow allied with the Latrobe River Improvement Trust, which had set out to streamline the Latrobe and various tributaries so that floodwater got to Sale and the lakes as fast as possible, no worries about the environment! I presume that the board also supervised the construction of Moondarra Reservoir by Theiss Brothers in the mid 1950s.

Other government officials included police Sgt Ralph Brown, father of mischievous Ralph; postmaster (John Heaps?), responsible then for telephones and telegraphs as well as mail; the stationmaster (Mr Gaywood around 1960); divisional foresters like Stan Butler and Jack Nugent;

game enforcement officer Phil Rhodes; dairy inspectors like Bill Lumsden; VNWDB staff such as Stu Carter, Alan Eddy, Jack Peaty and Ken Gillard; and senior CRB engineers like Frank Docking and Graeme Marshallsea. Harry Blanche, sire of a swimming family, ran the local Gas and Fuel Corporation office, established after Morwell's Lurgi plant rendered redundant the carboniferous black-coal-based gasworks in Breed Street (now part of the pool grounds) stoked by Bill Hawley.

Don't forget SM Bill Cuthill at the courthouse, and surely a founding member of this society?

Late in the decade, with Dr Eric Cunningham Dax still at the helm, work started on Hobson Park mental hospital, bringing a new suite of government employees.

### ***Farming***

Traralgon was then a centre for dairying to the south and west, and sheep and cattle raising to the east and north. The only cropping nearby was on drier country east of Toongabbie. (Sale once had a flourmill.) Farmers came into town on Fridays and for sales, the show, court cases related to weed and rabbit management and for council meetings. You could easily pick them: ruddy, well built, big hands, broad-brimmed hats, driving Ford Customlines. Well known names: old Wally Christensen, Farmer, Campbell, Jones, Walkers, Mac Drane, the Stuckeys, Littles, Pentlands, Dunbars, Friends, Gilmours, Langs, Archbolds, pig farmer Max Kerr, the Powter family of poultrymen, Bill Sanders, the Grahams, Crawfords, Kings and Paulets.

And, as I described in detail last year: Dingo Sutton, the legendary battling woolgrower from Callignee, owner of hundreds of hectares of rapidly regenerating hill country, still rode into town with his dogs.

Farmers need stock and station agents: we had Thomas Standing, McLean and Hill, Phil Grayden, Jack Morgan, Jim Carey, George Stockdale, Gippsland and Northern and Amlanf—well that was its telegraphic address. (Farmers didn't have emails in those day6s, and trunk calls were expensive and slow to organise, so they sent telegrams, the more cryptic and brief the cheaper they were.)

### ***Secondary industry***

Perhaps Traralgon's most important man was APM's RDM—the resident district manager, responsible for a huge plant and maybe 1500 workers. Around 1960 it was Rex Johnson who had been an electrical engineer in Shanghai in the thirties. APM Forests was also a major enterprise, run by Bill Knight, with 10-20 000 hectares of radiata pine and eucalypt plantations, joint log procurement operations with the Forests Commission and a high-level research team, supported by the Commonwealth Forestry and Timber Bureau, and later CSIRO.

I covered this arena last year, mentioning some of the many local sawmillers: Bill Duff (the floorboards of whose Dunbar Road house reputedly had no joins, such was the quality and length of the timber), the Morrisons at Glengarry North (Bruce, a friend of mine. is a veteran of the WW II forestry companies), George Morgan from Erica, the Norton family on Liddiard Road, high-lead climber Les Wall, and logging and mill maintenance specialists like the Caldwells, Healys, Radfords, Pattinsons, Ginger Blair, Ivan Crawford and Harry Duncan. This sector included many truck drivers, men like Ian McPherson and Don Lee who rose at 3.00am and brought daily loads of sawmill waste each day from Dargo to Maryvale for conversion to pulp, and Gordon Fraser, who hauled at least ten loads of woollybutt logs weekly down from Tamboritha to some of the nine Licola and Heyfield sawmills.

The next major employer was the SEC, which had a big depot at Traralgon. Jack Harrison was manager; Col Presnell, Jack Mole and Fred Lancaster were employees. (*Fred Lancaster was present. He said showrooms and local offices occupied the ground floor, with the Gippsland administration on the first floor.*) In those days men lived close to work; I recall no-one residing in Traralgon who worked at Morwell or Yallourn—but it must have started to happen about then as people bought cars. Today everybody does it. Indeed, around 1958 Mirboo's shire president told a works picnic group "I can see the day when you'll be living at Mirboo North and driving to your jobs down there in the valley!" He was prophetic, obviously.

The Gippsland cement works came next in terms of investment and workforce. Its earliest managers were German, and I think mostly Jewish: Dr Gottlieb, Dr Beitlich and Rudi Schmeirer. After losing his job at 'The Mill' in the 1960 credit squeeze, my dad worked on the weighbridge there, enjoying continuous contact with public and truck drivers (in went Merrimans Creek limestone and coal; out came cement and char.

Englishman Walter Whittle ran the Great Eastern Brick Company alongside the cement works, producing cement bricks—unlike Wigg's brickworks off Banks Street, on its last legs, which burned clay bricks. Originally a butter factory, the milk depot had operated at the northern end of Franklin Street for decades. Ted Pentland and Clyde Couch worked there. When shifted to Glengarry Road in the late 1950s, it again produced butter for a time.

Other factories included Kiwi, which made boot polish – Bill? Harrop was manager; La Mode, producing lingerie under Ernie James; Kimcare chemicals run by Dr and Mrs Beitlich; the Rocla and Hume pipeworks; and many small engineering businesses. Names coming to mind: blacksmith Jim Mayze, welder Don Wooding, toolmaker Alf Schlipalius. King and Giblett fabricated farm sheds, starting off Supawelds. Cattanachs were in the same game, developing from a Breed Street backyard. Len Simister's nut and bolt factory operated in Short Street. Levistons constructed windmills and tanks. There were at least two joinery works, and Glenlee started to build caravans at the showgrounds. Alpine and Aygee concocted aerated drinks—from memory Arch Graham left Alpine's Kay Street plant to start his own company in Tanjil Street. (No worries about intellectual property then! Entrepreneurs could readily start a business in the fifties!)

### ***Retail and maintenance***

In the fifties, the children of factory workers respected shop-owning families, people who were self-employed. As I said last year, then there were no franchises and few transcontinental business chains, except for banks, insurance firms and Coles, the manager of which had considerable status. The elite businesses were the car and truck dealers. Maryvale Motors (managed by Doug Silvester and Garth Hackford senior?) sold Fords; Roland Hill distributed Holdens and Bedfords; Cobbledicks sold Nuffield vehicles (Morris, Austin, Wolseley, Riley, Commer, Karrier, Land Rover, Rover), presumably evacuating the funny angled corner block opposite Maryvale Motors and the Grand Junction Hotel when British Leyland collapsed in the 1970s. Stammers flogged Chryslers and Dodges in Seymour Street. A Rootes Group dealer (something like Willmore and Lawrence—Hillman, Humber, Sunbeam, Ferguson tractors) traded in Argyle Street (Princes Highway), now Post Office Place. Opposite was Albert Trahair's tyre service in a pleasingly industrial building. Who sold Japanese vehicles? They would have had to overcome post-war prejudice to build their operations. Jim Grubb recalls Frank Wight and family vending Datsuns, and Peter Thackeray getting into Mazdas. I seem to remember that Schroeters at Rosedale sold that obscure French brand, Peugeot. And VWs. (*Discussion revealed that the story of Traralgon vehicle trading became more complex in the 1960s – something for THS members to pursue.*)

For me many retailers stand out: the friendly Marsh family of butchers (the Stoddarts were much the same); dry-cleaner Gwen Farrington, clearly a modern woman (and one-time mayor); Jim's dad, Joe Grubb for his courtesy and interest in young people; Kevin Lythgo for his philanthropy (he broke down religious barriers with his 1961 Canberra flight); Scottie Webber's toyshop; Coates and Skinners, the two newsagents and booksellers; barbers like Jim McDonald, Don Wells and Bob Dore; Mick Ovenden and Don Morley at F&G Machinery, who serviced lawn-mowing and logging; dairyman Les Austin who let us cut firewood on his farm at Traralgon South.

Modes de Paris was arousingly feminine. There were the department stores of Aub Errington, with his Plymouth Belvedere, and pleasant son, Max; the Jeffery family, with ladies and mens stores; and the Purvis dynasty. The latter's 1950s docket listed 15-20 stores all around Moe (Coalville, Icy Creek, Fumina, Thorpdale—what happened to this entrepreneurial family? And who can forget the spring-loaded cashier system? Or was that at Erringtons next door? Perhaps they both had them? Wally Skeels was Purvis's manager, wasn't he? (Morwell also had a department store, run by the gifted Jewish businessman, Michael Guss.) (*Bruce McMaster pointed out that Morwell's other department store belonged to the Sharpe family – Sharpe's Emporium. It had a branch in Traralgon for some time.*)

Another Wally was Wal 'Kirby' Phillips, whose hamburgers with the lot sold for I reckon 1/9d. The other cafes included Ratcliffes near the SEC (Cec moved into insurance), kindly old Greek Tony Tonopoulous' London Café, between Lythgos and Riggalls – very popular with farmers, and that of Con Zindilis—more to come. (*Elaine Thomas recalled the Papatheohari family's fish shop between Marsh's butchery and the ANZ bank – the nine daughters all helped.*)

Hinkleys acquired Cuddigans traditional grocery store. When it burnt down, they replaced it with a self-service format. (*Jim Grubb told of his father, narrowly evading incineration when trying to rescue Hinkleys' takings during the fire.*). Around the same time Kevin Lythgo was also converting his grocery.

### **Communications**

Undoubtedly a bulwark of the town was its lively bi-weekly, the Journal, edited by diminutive Bert Thompson, a South Australian, a keen trout fisherman and pragmatist. His chief-of-staff and general newshound was personable Pat Hegarty, who later founded the Express, Jean Newbound, formidable but kindly, ran the office with Judy Norton, top basketballer. The printery behind was crammed with blokes like Geoff Simpson, Laurie Kennedy and John Edmiston in overalls and dustcoats, heavy machines, reels of paper and piles of work, the floors oozing decades of spilt ink. There were many laughs in each informative issue, which I delivered to Pax Hill for six years.

No TV! Well, until 1956, which ushered in three Melbourne channels, 2, 7 and 9. Just 3TR, 3UL and the ABC's 3GI. Our favourite was 3TR with Gary Ord, Mervyn Schlater, Bill Collins, Hop Harrigan, Captain Silver, Party Time and the Koala Club—and Kiwi Gordon Lewis calling CGFL footy, and later the LVFL. But 3UL had Dad and Dave!

### **Community services**

Tom Furlonger ran Latrobe Valley Bus Lines, a vital service when cars were few. Doctors McLean, Considine, McTeigue and Swan, and Matron Cole stand out in the medical world. (ultra-modern Traralgon and District Hospital had replaced Cumnock in Moore Street, now a boarding house run by the Olds family.) Messrs JB Robinson, Riddiford and Ward were our pharmacists, and genial Bob Fairley. Alan Parr, Alwyn Berwick and a Mr Rimington provided dental care. A legendary masseur named Jackson lived in Yallourn; Dad visited him once. A Chinese herbalist rented a local hotel room one day each month. A delightful woman chiropodist practised behind Robinson's pharmacy. I knew nothing of lawyers, but recall Fords, and Bruce, Littleton and Watt. And of course, bank managers like Bert Christie, Bob Howden and Mr Ward were pivotal town figures. Community organisations loved having a bank officer on their executive and the bank got the business!

### **Hospitality**

Besides Amby Ryan, the hoteliers were Herb Bowles, Dinny Phelan and John McGauran. Around 1950 there'd been an upstairs café in Cobbledick's building, entered from Service Street. The Red Robin operated, as did the London. Several years later Eileen Phelan started Phelans Restaurant opposite the old pool; it did very well hosting clubs and meetings.

There were a few licensed clubs: the Gentlemen's Club, the bowls club over the road; the RSL and the golf club.

### **Education**

The education sector was of course large, with three primary schools (Grey, Stockdale and Kosciusko, and later Liddiard) and a big Catholic component (St Michaels, St Pauls [Brothers Gerard and Placidus], Kildare). Major figures: HEL Jones, Gwen Alexander, Jean McNaughton, John Dwyer, Dick Whelan, Tom Cairns, Ray Terrill, Marian Eldridge, Hilary Gill, Robert Montgomery, Margaret Stohr; Babs Derham, John Mitchell, David Paul, Lorna Hogan (now Hannan, the educationalist), John Pike, Tony Van Rossum, Doug McKay and wife, David Laver, John Fendley, Keith Brownbill, Bill Williams, Alex Ruxton, Alex Walmsley, Bill Charlton, Kath Bazeley and Jack Wilson. Lou Barberis (mid 1950s) was ultimately principal of Melbourne High. Around 1960, when George Edwards died in harness, Frank Magnusson replaced him.

## **Religion**

The religious world was simple: Catholics and Protestants (C of E, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Salvation Army). A household of Jehovah's Witnesses led by Larry O'Leary lived at Four Elems (sic) in lower Grey Street, a Brethren community farmed at Gormandale and by 1960 Mormon missionaries were circulating, cycling in pairs. The mid-fifties ministers fraternal might have comprised Monsignor O'Meara, Father Daly, Canon Lovegrove, Rev Doug Risstrom, Rev Gwyn Miller, Deaconess Sheila Payne and the Baptist pastor. One period of RI the latter read us a chapter of Pilgrims Progress and I had a shocking nightmare! Old diggers in pubs always bought from the Sally lassies copies of *The War Cry*, in which Mr Amos, Traralgon bandsman, wrote columns as Arthur Edwards. (*Ian Murphett said a practice developed in hotels of placing SP doubles bets based on the numbers of the scriptural references that peppered the pages of the War Cry. It caught on widely because it was amazingly successful!*). (And Doug Risstrom contributed to the Journal as Sentinel!)

## **Culture**

Randomly, HT Cooper was Traralgon's fern-gully photographer; Jean Galbraith became nationally loved for her books on wildflowers. The TMDA (*TMDA: Traralgon Music, Drama and Arts Society. stalwarts included Dugald Campbell, Nan and Geoff Kendrick and many teachers*) dominated our cultural life, but Kath Teychenne was getting the eisteddfod under way. Fred Parker formed a vaudeville group, Arcadian Follies. Marian Eldridge's observations of local life later appeared in *Walking the Dog*. (Brian Will and Bronwyn Owen are in there somewhere.) The Couches, Clyde and Leon, were keen bandsmen. Mrs Lauder's Morwell-based Caledonian Pipe Band played often at Traralgon events; her son Stuart was a keen dancer. Piano teachers included Madame Stapleton, Kath Teychenne, Ivan Larsen (Prof Ken Griffiths' first tutor), Olivia Lockhart, Mrs Christie and Mrs Schmierer. I wish I could remember the names of the several local dance bands—Bunny Hunter of course comes to mind! Didn't Drew and Terry play too? And rocker Geoff Tyers took on the stage name 'Chuck Conway. (*Names that emerged: Bob Jillard; the Rileys – another opportunity for THS members to put down their recollections, as I have.*)

I loved Mary Grant Bruce's children's tales of squatting life. Born in Sale, she has a Traralgon connection through Dalkeith, which I hadn't been able to fathom. (*Mary's brother, William Maxwell, a Traralgon solicitor, lived at Dalkeith, which he and his wife, born Grace McMillan, handed over in 1951 to a local trust (see THS bulletin March 2007).* The Show brought culture too: the Diamond Horseshoe Show and its ropey strippers, and Laurel Lee from Tennessee, who went on to Bandstand and modest fame.

Before television, concert troupes and individual entertainers travelled the state: Joan and Betty Rayner, the Blind Concert, Smokey Dawson and Tex Gordon in a funny boxy-looking van with hand-painted signage. The State Service Orchestra sometimes played in Kay Street gardens; its manager had once edited the Journal, so he favoured our town. Finally the Lawrence family, who ran The Valley cinema, was perhaps our greatest cultural influence, in those days of Movietone and Cinesound News, British comedies and war films, royalist propaganda, US biblical epics and cartoons, occasional Australian films like *The Sundowners*, and regular Saturday matinees

## **Sport**

Sport overshadowed culture, naturally! Golf was Bill Kellow; cricket the Antons, Alan and Jim, Country Week stars; footy—our beloved Maroons—had Stu Hinds, beetle-browed Georgie Stockdale, Peter Bevilacqua (the only known Italian-born VFL player—see his web biography), and a huge junior competition—I played for Rovers); cycling had the Cattanachs, Ray Lindner and the Rowleys from Maffra; racing had Alan McLean and Louie Battista; shooting names included Chenhall and Maggs; Bob Billows oversaw young boxers such as Don Hackett (later RAN champ), John and Toddler O'Keefe, Bobby Breen, the Grubbs and others; tennis names included Col Presnell; there was even a greyhound racing track at Park Lane. Table tennis was strong in the town, played in a recycled shed at the showgrounds (Susie Javor? was well known). Badminton was very popular in rural halls.

Before the TAB, bookmakers were very important, especially the SP men under the Bunya pine opposite Ryans — I only remember Tom Sutton and Kevin Reeves.

## **Military**

With the War over not that long, the RSL played a major part in Traralgon life. It had social and welfare functions and organised the huge Anzac parades. Office-bearers included Bill Roberts, Ron Fricker (who sang well), ex-RSM Les Davidson, Claude Lewis the jeweller and Alf Rimington—I think Alf later managed the RSL Club. I'll never forget around 1954 our Sunday-school teacher, civil engineer Bill McKay, showing us his leather flying helmet and photos of RAF life and bombing missions over Europe.

## **Community affairs**

Scouts and Guides were very important; dedicated leaders included the Tilbury family, Mary Nixon, Ron and Bruce Adams, Jim Little, Lucy Minster and her sister Mrs Beasley. Another major influence was the Police Boys Club under people like Harold Crowe, Darkie Bryden, Col Munro and Alex Horsburgh.

Alan Burnet, brother of Sir Macfarlane, was prominent in Rotary, as was lawyer Geoff Littleton; and Apex was very active—for example in 1951 it constructed Apex Park behind Stockdale Road school.

## **Koories**

Sadly, apart from Aboriginal people hitch-hiking to Lake Tyers, who seemed a world apart from us *whities*, I only recall Joe Wandin and family in the early 1960s, and before that, a girl adopted into the Brethren community at Gormandale.

## **Migrants**

By 1951-52, hundreds of British and Irish migrant families had settled in Traralgon. Then came the Dutch, numerous Italians, some Germans and a few Hungarians (*Mr Czigledy, a council grader driver, fixed clocks. He lived in a hut on Elizabeth Street with a vegetable garden. His son Robert is a future THS speaker (December 2008)*) and Slavs (remember V Krstic, cartage contractor, and Kop and Bal, builders) followed by Greeks, Cypriots and Maltese (the Filips family had a big pulpwood business). Prominent Café-owner Con Zindilis was not without flamboyance; one of his staff appeared semi-naked in *Man* magazine. My good friend Harri Muller typified the German element, although his family had actually lived in Besarabia (now Moldova) for generations. Americans were very rare. One scout night Pip Smith and I tripped over a Yank sleeping rough on the banks of Traralgon Creek; he was walking from Lakes Entrance to Yallourn to pick up work.

## **Characters**

Who were Traralgon's characters? The Powers, Barneses and Hoppners dominated waste management. Wee Jim Pettigrew celebrated First Foot with a goat, kilt and whisky bottle, as Scots are wont to do. Decorum Williams tried hard to run orderly pie nights for us young idiots in the junior footy. Glad Sexton was a dag on stage; May and Joe Grubb, parents of Jim and Bob, epitomised generosity. The Caldwells, those wonderful axemen, were almost world-famous. We went to school with Gaythorne Caldwell. Harry Drysdale-Bett drove a Rolls and closed off the east branch of Traralgon Creek, to Bert Thompson's disgust. Jack Hoggard introduced me to cashews and prawns—thanks, Jack! His son Bob, a passionate hunter and witty yarner, soon had all the Australian deer species on his walls.

Our Boer war veteran was NZ-born Ted Conchie. An old bloke from Kay Street killed snakes as a hobby. Harry Medew was the town explosives expert. Harold 'Blue' Hanning (Tony's father) started Latrobe Valley Health Services. Harry Dodd wrote myriad letters to the journal about dust pollution from the cement works to the *Journal*. Norm Freeman, stock agent and grazier, occasionally got his mounted mates together in colonial dress to form the Kelly Gang; I'm sure he rode into the Grand Junction bar one time. Eddy Krutop, with his Hapsburg moustache, was town by-laws inspector.

## **Kids**

In a town of 5-6000 you knew most people. (In early 1957, to get to sleep, Gavin and I would count the television aerials in the town!) I could wax forever about the kids, but here's a start :

Bev Dewar, runners Ray Sutton and Tom Speedie, Neil Fairley and Paul Harrison (VFL footballers), Lorna Stuckey, Brian Morrell, Reg Hitchman, Noel Blanck, Ros Graham, Mate Reeves, Graham Beasley, Brian Smith, Jack Heyfron, Ian Ashcroft, Gary and Neil Presnell, Rena Magnusson, Jennifer Cooper, Harri Muller, Rayma Vuarchoz, Chris Laing, Barbara Dunbar, Peggy Templeton, John Waldron, Bernie Strachan, Alan Hewitt, Tilly Vervoert, Glenda Gardiner, Peter Ward, Ray Pattle, Jackie Gaywood, Max and Graham Cranwell, David Miller, Gillian Green, Bruce Bremner, Pip Smith, Kenn Williams, Malcolm Kirkland, Maria Zaal, Alan McKechnie, Ron Henderson, Peter Stitt, Bernie Macreadie, Sheena Hastie, Gerrit Booth, Isabel Blair, Bob Morley, Sue Mole, Paul Bruce, Dezzie Stratton, Ted Jones, the Camerons, John Hull, Garth Hackford, Ian Watkins, Noel Norton, Fairy Althuizen, Ken Griffiths, Robert Sjolund, Oker Gritsma, Mickie Marasco, Ron Bonighton, Ron Peters, Ron King, Brian Nicholson, Lucky Apostoleris, Lyn Thomas (and environmentalists, Max and Ray), Wally Pickering, towering Peter Patterson, Margaret Williams, Elaine Thomas, Tatsi and Alex Dudko, Cobi Van Der Wees, a heap of Crawfords and Friends and scores more.

Any famous names? Well, Ken Griffiths, professor of music at Cincinnati! And Archie Butterley died in a 1993 police siege at Knockwood after a life of crime.

### **Politicians**

The then Country Party, now National, has dominated Gippsland politics. Our Canberra man from 1943-61 was GJ Bowden; the more memorable Peter Nixon and Peter McGauran followed him; now it's Darren Chester. The electorate boundaries have changed, but in the 1950s our long-serving Sir Herbert (heartiest congratulations!) Hyland, a Leongatha grocer, led the party, so he had a chauffeured black car with a very short number-plate. Bert May, our upper house man, was a pleasant Won Wron farmer. Mount Taylor grazer, Sir Albert Lind, a very canny pollie, represented East Gippsland. Bruce Evans followed him. When new electorates reflected the Latrobe Valley's urbanization and industrialization, ALP members emerged like Derek Amos, whom I knew at high school, Barry Cunningham and Christian Zahra, but that was well after my days.

Two vignettes ... ALP diehards like Dad resented bitterly the 1955 split that created the DLP. Ardent Catholic, Alan Jenner, perpetually selling its paper, *News Weekly*, in Franklin Street, must have copped heaps—a tough bloke, for sure! Builder, Barry Thompson, occupied the other political pole. This ardent communist offered copies of *Red China Pictorial* to the high school library. They were removed when the librarian eventually recognised their seditious nature.

Finally, I left almost 48 years ago, but I've never met anyone who moved to Traralgon that didn't like it here. I presume those strong community bonds I've described from half a century ago survive today.



Above photo, 1965, from the Society's archives, of some of the personalities Rob mentions:  
L. to R. : Dugald Campbell, Miss Eva West, Cr. Gwen Farrington, R. Court, S. Burton, Unknown..

## Monthly Meeting - 9th December 2008

*Guest Speakers : First Speaker - Mr. Robert Czigledy*

*Second Speaker - Mrs. Ann Dyer (nee Laing)*

### **General Topic: Resettling in Australia**

---

#### **Introduction - Mr. Robert Czigledy**

#### **Topic – From Budapest to Traralgon**

*Following WW2 (63 years ago) people from many countries sought sanctuary and a fresh start in Australia. Their efforts and successes have contributed greatly to Australia's progress and expansion.*

*Former Traralgon resident Hungarian born Robert Czigledy and parents resettled in Traralgon, where Robert attended St. Michael's Primary School, and Traralgon High School. His career as a research scientist and technician at the Department of Defence laboratories Maribyrnong, involved advising on technical and scientific matters.*

*Robert and his wife, Lorraine traveled from Melbourne especially for this TDHS meeting, and to present a silver tray or dish to the Society*

---

I met Lois in March of this year when I accompanied Max Errington on one of his visits to Traralgon. During some reminiscing Lois asked me if I would like to be the guest speaker at the December meeting of the Traralgon and District Historical Society and talk about my experiences as a newcomer to this country. It was after the title of the talk was chosen that I realized the obvious i.e. that migrants coming to Australia fall into two distinct groups.

- (a) those who **chose** to leave their country of origin and
- (b) those who were **forced** by circumstances to leave.

I feel that in order to comprehensively describe our situation, I must provide a short family history background. Dad was born in 1907

Just prior to WW I my grandfather on my father's side was a country school teacher in what was then northern Hungary. Grandfather was a shrewd person and based on his technical skills, had built up a cooperative type business using "newfangled" agricultural equipment.

The WW1 battles were far from the area; however, the immediate post war period with the Russian and eastern European communist revolutionary activities were not. The Hungarian "Reds" and "Whites" had a pitched battle in the area and my grandmother died in tragic circumstances. Then following the "Treaty of Versailles" that part of Hungary was ceded to what became the Czechoslovak Republic.

In the eyes of the new MASTERS of the area he had three strikes against him.

1. A patriotic Hungarian
2. A teacher respected by the community
3. Established a local co-operate type semi commercial operation

As a result, in a "non lethal ethnic cleansing"-type operation, he and his sons, with a number of other "Undesirables" was extradited to Hungary with belongings that they could personally carry. The rest became the property of the state; being reparation for "anti national" activity.

My grandfather on my mother's side also was a country teacher. The family (parents, my mother and younger brother) lived in an area that remained in Hungary. At the start of WW1 my grandfather volunteered to join the army to look after the young ones from the small town. He disappeared on the eastern front. My mother's brother was at boarding school and tragically drowned after the war while trying to save another student. Grandmother died of a chest infection and mum was cared for by two maiden aunts.

### **1926 to 1945**

Grandfather with his two sons resettled in eastern Hungary in a township where other expelled Hungarians were settled in a newly developed section of the small town. He became the co-founder of a newly established primary school. He remarried and utilizing his scholastic and technical expertise became a mentor of the fledgling community. He remained with the school till the early 1960s.

The depression years hit universally and prospective jobs were at a premium. My father managed (with help by his father's contacts) to join the army and was in administration.

Dad married and was transferred to HQ in Budapest. I came along in 38 and we lived in Buda about a 15 minute walk from the castle hill and dad's office.

To cut a long story short, WW2 came along, bombing etc. (used up life 1), time in the country with grandparents, Evacuation to Sopron (Austrian border) in late 44. more bombing with unlikely escapes (lives 2, 3 and 4,), fleeing westward through Austria (life 5) into Bavaria - American occupation.

### **1945 to early 1950**

The chaos in western Germany was not assisted by the childish capers of the US occupying forces (e.g hunting hares with a jeep mounted 50 calibre machine gun in a farmlet area). Communication was established with relatives in Hungary and "repatriation" commenced. Information was smuggled out and it became clear that trains were met at the border by party officials. "Black Lists" were checked, certain people were taken off, never to be seen again while others went straight through to Siberia. A number of dad's colleagues suffered this fate and it became obvious that return was out of the question. There followed years of hand to mouth existence, but that is another story.

To ease the economic pressure due to the large number of displaced persons (DPs) The International Refugee Organisation (IRO) facilitated the emigration of DPs to countries prepared to take them.

Subsequently we arrived at Station Pier in Melbourne on the afternoon of the 1<sup>st</sup> of March 1950 on board the Norwegian cockleshell "Goya"..Next morning the train journey to Bonegilla was broken by a lunch stop at Benalla. The next stop of the train was on the open track near Bandiana and a fleet of buses took us the last few miles to the camp.

The next few weeks were taken up by orientation lectures. One presenter was close to being lynched when he told us through an interpreter that "your easy life is over and you will have to work for a living". I NEED NOT MAKE ANY FURTHER COMMENT. Basic English classes were held daily and I was fairly quick in picking up the fundamentals. Being March, dad, with some others, was sent to Buller's at Rutherglen to pick grapes and mum and I were relocated to the Uranquinty camp near Wagga Wagga.

An interesting aside here was the fact that Mr Buller was an ex navy man (RN or RAN not known). Some migrants could bring their parents with them as long as they were still in the working age group. One of these was a Hungarian man who was working with dad's group. Buller made a habit of spending some evenings with the migrants and via sign language and a little German knowledge discussed matters with them. It turned out that he and the Hungarian were in opposing ships in one of the Mediterranean battles. To celebrate the mutual misses he opened one of his treasured vintage bottles. At the end of the picking season dad was transferred to Traralgon to work for the shire.

## 1950 to 1960 (Traralgon)

Dad started at the shire depot at the end of Franklin St. and lived in the accommodation hut at the depot. If I remember correctly, the shire engineer was Mr Osborne and the foreman was Alf Hammond. Arrangements were made for mum and I to move to Traralgon and we finally arrived there around June. A home made caravan was located on the vacant block next to the Hammond home (just down from the butter factory and the trailer housing the rabbit cool room).

Dad continued to live at the depot. I started school at St Michael's and my English improved. Soon dad, Mr Osborne and Mr Hammond came to some arrangement which enabled dad to build a temporary demountable shack on council property next to the waste paper collection shed on Franklin St. The timber yard gave dad credit which was paid back weekly. This "Monkey nest" consisted of one room and a fairly large veranda built on stilts under the large pine trees. After a few weeks we were contacted and welcomed by Mr and Mrs Carruthers, Miss Chaundy and Mrs Pavich?.

It was at this time that I had an inadvertent meeting with a timber jinker at the corner of Grey and Franklin Streets. The truck was heading east and I south. The then current mechanical hand was out to indicate a turn into Franklin so I continued. Truck changed direction to go straight ahead - cabin missed me but not the jinker cross bar. Two days later woke up in Sale Base Hospital after arrangements were considered for my burial (life 5). Nobody could believe that I had no broken bones despite the fact that the dual rear wheel of the jinker went over my left leg and the bike was a mangled ball of metal tubing.

**Point of interest here:** The collision occurred on the 26<sup>th</sup> November 1950 and was reported in "The Journal" the next day. The report was written by a Mr Winchester who visited me in hospital and kept contact, urging action for compensation however, with lack of witnesses this was not possible. He moved to Bunbury WA and I lost contact with him in 1962. It was also interesting that after the statute of limitations expired the details I mentioned above were verified by witnesses who sought me out.

The main damage was to the flesh of the leg which was resembling a cooked chicken leg with the flesh peeling off the bone and to the right side of my head where the cross bar hit it (cause of the two day gap in my life and comments by some to the effect that it was lucky that it did not collect an important part of my anatomy). Fortunately at that time there was a Dr Childs at the hospital who had cared for pilots shot down over the UK. He repaired the damage and immobilized the leg in plaster apparently contrary to other opinion in favour of amputation. I never had the chance to thank him as he apparently moved on.

The town rallied to our support and mum and dad had a regular roster of people taking them to visit me. I can not recall many names but ones that come to mind are Overy, Hourigan, Grubb, McDonald the barber who had two children Judith and Jim, one couple who lived on the top of Grey St hill and had a new black Hillman. I understand that a lot of the organization was done by Alf Hammond and the West sisters. The month-long enforced English speaking surrounding of the children's ward (including copious supply of comics) was a boost to my linguistic capability which helped a lot when I returned to school.

About this time we got to know Deaconess Payne. What brought us together was her little motor assisted pushbike. This type of bike was a curiosity and none of the mechanics would touch it. Dad always liked a technical challenge and had it purring or should I say put-putting merrily much to the owner's delight. We re-established contact with her when she returned to Traralgon but this unfortunately did not last long.

It became obvious to dad that his list of skills did not include languages and I became the interpreter. This in effect did help me a great deal as I became familiar with rules, regulations, financial and legal processes in my early teens. Whereas this helped me; it did not help dad at all. Because of his lack of good English he was effectively condemned to work in areas where he could not utilize his full potential.

Details are hazy around this time but we paid a deposit on two adjacent blocks in Elizabeth street, which at that time was purely a set of surveyor's pegs in the ground. I think we bought the land from a Mr Cox in Grubb ave. We started to build a fence and planned a small interim house of 3 rooms and a kitchen.

About this time dad bought an old 1928 Buick which, in a way that was common in those days, was cut down and transformed into a utility. Dad repaired the car and it was fully utilized in transporting material for the building of our small house.

Two relatively important events took place at the end of 1952. This was the completion to a "livable" stage (not by today's regulations) of our "house" in Elizabeth st., and my transfer to the High School From St Michael's. The transfer was hilarious in hind sight but deadly serious then. I wanted to study engineering and the Catholic school was principally teaching shorthand and typing. I expressed the need to change to the High as they had more relevant subjects. This proposal had the aerodynamics of a lead balloon and I was told that Catholic schools in Melbourne taught those subjects and I should go there. When the matter of cost was raised by us, we were told that we have land and partly build home which can be sold to provide the money and the parents could live, like others, in a tent in the caravan park across the creek. After all they could sacrifice something for their child. This of course showed full comprehension of the situation, by a cloistered person, of what we went through during and after the war. Needless to say, the following year I started at the High.

My English improved rapidly, in no small part due to the help by teachers; particularly the English teacher, Mr Waterson. Also a relative of Mrs Carruthers, who was a teacher in Melbourne and on visits to Traralgon spent substantial time with me. Both the above mentioned supplied me with a number of books.

The royal visit of 1954 resulted in a well known burst of clearing and preparation. Everyone was caught up in the buzz of excitement. Flags and decorations were strung over the town. Dad, an avid shutter bug, took a series of pictures of the preparation and on the day of the visit, and I managed to top it off. The schools were lined up along the rout of the royal tour and being in the front row and having a mirror-reflex camera I managed to push it out partly in front of the car and framed the royal couple. After the visit I made some pocket money by processing and selling some of the pictures. Of all the negatives the main one was misplaced and I even lost the copy. At the THS reunion this year Coralie James (nee McFarlane) brought her copy along. Scanning this enabled me to restore the set.



*(Editors Note: I have two of Robert's photos of the Royal visit in my own collection. One is reproduced above.)*

**The mandatory four year period had elapsed and naturalization appeared to be the obvious course of action.**

In 1955 I transferred to Yallourn Technical School to start a Diploma Course In the seventies when there was a passing phase of retro self examination I was often asked “How did you fit into the community”. This could turn into a long dissertation but I will save you the pain and try to dot format the answer.

1. We arrived with virtually zero funds, zero property and zero English
2. At that time there was a two year contract obligation for assisted migrants. i.e. you had to go to work where the system sent you.
3. We landed in Traralgon and Dad's lack of linguistic capability did not help.
4. My accident was a blessing in disguise as it brought our presence to the notice of the residents and an understanding of our situation.
5. At that time the fact that we were in effect refugees from communist rule did not go down well with a lot of people as Russia (communism) was still considered an ally and any mention otherwise, especially to certain union affiliates, was (pardon the pun) red rag to a bull.
6. Mutual misunderstandings were common
  - a. “People from your country” did not refer to Hungarians but to anyone from eastern European states.
  - b. Itinerant council workers found it hard to understand that getting your own house did not mean that you were “Up the proverbial creek for the rest of your life”
  - c. A fortnight did not mean four nights but two weeks
  - d. “Bring a plate” meant that something should be on it.
  - e. Two fingers extended upward did not mean two.
7. Made some lasting friendships; the interesting point in this was that initially it was the older residents and returned soldiers who appeared to have a better understanding and the patience to persevere with communication and friendship.

Major events

1954 Royal Visit

1956 Revolution in Hungary and the Olympic Games in Melbourne - These two events were the watershed of people's understanding of our situation.

1956 Naturalization  
1957 Dad could not come to grips with the fact that you do not work faster than the recommended union rate and suffered the consequence. Had to work in places where there was no shop steward.

1958 Among other excursions from YTS visited Materials Research Laboratories in Maribyrnong (DSTO establishment). Stuffed up some exams so did not complete Diploma. Sought and got employment at MRL.

1959 We moved to Melbourne (Ascot Vale) and I started work at MRL. Started studies at RMIT. Syllabus changes meant that I had to study a further large batch of subjects (part time).

Dad had further problems until visits to Trades Hall put pressure on certain people who were “persuaded” to ease off.

Kept in touch with a few people in Traralgon. Lost contact with Mr Winchester (Bunbury WA) in the mid sixties.

1968 Married Lorraine (was paymaster at MRL) and bought house in North Balwyn. We built a holiday place in Rosebud.

Daughter Sharron was born in 1974

As my expertise increased I worked my way up the strict PS ladder of the day. Lost contact with Traralgon after the passing of Mrs Carruthers.

Sharron finished year 12 at Fintona and started an interior design course.

In the mid nineties lost mum and dad within 18 months Political expediency dictated that plans be made for the transfer of “dangerous to the public” operations to Salisbury. To the cynical this was a euphemism for legally shedding people who can not be blatantly sacked. We were given the option of going to Adelaide or voluntary retrenchment. To people within 10 years of retirement this was an obvious choice.

A point of interest here for old Traralgonites. Over the last 10 or so years of my employment, the SPRS (Senior Principal Research Scientist) of our Division was Dr. Barry Thorpe whose father was the manager of the APM paper mill in the '50s.

After retrenchment I undertook some consulting work which took me to some northern hemisphere countries. And a self funded trip to Hungary. I suppose I am taking a long time to get around to answering the basic question that this whole talk begs with its title. Resettlement and did it succeed?

It became very clear after I came back from the trip to Hungary. IT WAS NICE OVER THERE BUT IT WAS NICER TO GET HOME

---

***Introduction to the second speaker at the December 9th 2008 meeting - (Ann's address will be printed in the March 2009 TDHS Bulletin)***

***Mrs. Ann Dyer.***

***Topic of Ann's talk : Resettling in Australia***

Ann's family travelled from Scotland to establish a new life in Australia. The family eventually settled in Traralgon, where she attended the Traralgon High School then further education at Larnook Domestic Arts Teachers College. This led to a career as a secondary school teacher, graduating to the position of senior mistress at the Traralgon High School.

Ann's interests include

Former President of the Latrobe Ladies Probus Club,  
Committee member of the Latrobe Regional Gallery (30 years)  
Mentoring students at Traralgon Secondary College.

Also a splendid cook, Ann agreed to share with those at the December meeting, her famous Christmas Cake recipe. (Photo below - Ann Dyer and Rob Czigledy cut the Christmas Cake.)



## Monthly Meeting - 11th November 2008

### **Subject of Presentation : Recollections of the Brady Family (Glengarry West)**

*Introduction: Betty Vivian (nee Brady)*

*Presentation and Story : Mrs. Margaret Hoggard (nee Brady, assisted by Mrs. Mary Little (nee Brady).*

Members of the Brady family combined their recollections of farming life at Glengarry West. Their stories included the family's active association and participation in sporting and civic activities.

Brady Recollections:

Betty Vivian spoke about the Gerald Brady family.

Elaine Swan (nee Brady) spoke about the Frank Brady family.

Joan Benson (nee Brady) spoke about the Harold Brady family.

Also attending the evening: Bev Aucote (nee Brady), John, Jim and Mick.

The Brady ladies brought along a selection of favourite cakes as enjoyed by the family over the years.

---

### **“The Brady Family”**

*This is a 38 page booklet detailing the history of the Brady family, also presented at the meeting.*

*The booklet gives detailed accounts of the family, from the arrival of Phillip Brady, at Melbourne, from Ireland, in 1857, and his wife, Bridget, who migrated to Australia from Ireland in 1865, to the present day, supported by relevant news clippings and documents.*

*The booklet is prefaced “These are our memories of, and stories from, our childhood of growing up around our grandparents at Glengarry West. We, the grandchildren of Elizabeth (Liz) and Edward (Ted) Brady, have been very fortunate to share a close and loving relationship with them. Our memories are many and varied, but they are all good.*

*In these troubled times, many children of today will not have the strong sense of family or belonging as we have had as members of “The Brady Bunch”*

Copies of the booklet are available through the TDHS, on request.

---

The booklet concludes:

*“Interestingly, the five brothers never moved more than 2 miles (as the crow flies) from the Glengarry West family farm on Brady’s Lane.....*

*..... Some of the cousins here tonight have not moved far either, and all share a wonderful relationship and in times of need are always there to support each other.*

*We thank you for inviting us to share our memories with you and hope our presentation has been entertaining and has given you an insight into the early life of “The Brady Bunch”*

**Guest Speaker , Mr. Ted Addison.**

**Subject: Then and Now from the 1970's**

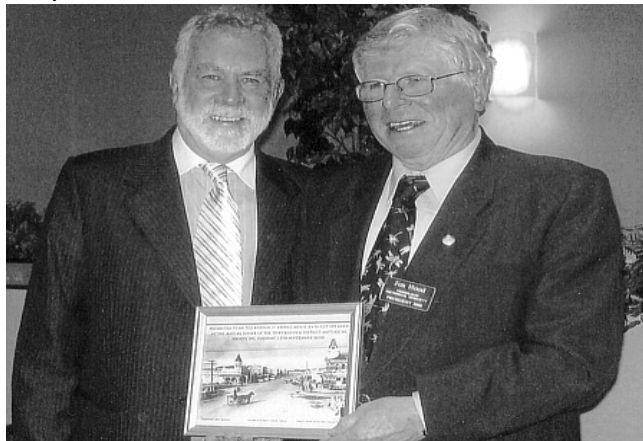
*Mr. Addison is the licensed Estate Agent and Auctioneer and Officer in effective control of Addison Real Estate, the only Latrobe Valley Estate Agent who is a Registered Owners Corporation Manager, and a member of the REIV's Owners Corporation Chapter.*

*Ted Addison has been a resident of Traralgon since 1977 and for 6 years prior, worked in Traralgon one day per week.*

*He is a Past President of :*

*Traralgon Jaycees                      Gippsland Jaycees                      Central Gippsland Hospital  
Latrobe Regional Hospital      Grey Street Primary School      Traralgon Community Health Centre  
and      Gippsland Branch of the REIV*

*He was also a Director (9 years) of the Traralgon Football Club, and for the past 14 years has facilitated the course for Real Estate Representatives at our local TAFE Coll*



*Photo, right. Ted Addison (left) and President Jim Hood, at the meeting.*

I began in 1977 with Harry Barrow in Hotham St Arcade - then 8 years in Church St - 16 years in Franklin St and now 5 ½ years in Hotham St.

Then: Billingsley, Cam & Davies, Keith Williams, John McMahon, Rex Jakobi (the Biggest), Standing & Co and Gipps & North - total 8.

Do you remember:- L.J. Hooker, McKenzie's, Bruce Warr, Traralgon Real Estate (all in Hotham St), Cameron Standing (Seymour St), Ross English, King & Heath, LVRE (Franklin St) - all come and gone since.

**MY FIRST SALE**

Vacant Land in Douglas Pde Traralgon, Purchase price \$8,250.00 plus Roads. In those days Council made the road, and the Purchaser paid the Council the cost over a 10 year period. Road cost on this occasion was just over \$4,000.00 and this grew to \$8,500.00 in Rangeview Estate. Then the developer became responsible and the road cost was included in the purchase price.

**TODAY**

Ray White (Bill McMahon), Rob Wilson Real Estate, Stockdale & Leggo, Keith Williams, First National, Landmark (although getting out of Real Estate) and Addison - total 7.

We employ directly 16 staff at our Traralgon office - so Real Estate is an integral part of "small" business across the land. "The Experts" say for our population, there should be 4 offices 2-3 large and 1 boutique.

**NEWSPAPERS**

Still a very important facet of our advertising, our full page advert in the Express costs \$1,700.00, I personally will not see the day when we don't advertise in the Newspaper.

**SUCCESSION**

A Family business' major difficulty other than cash flows is a succession plan. Our Son, Matthew who has been fully licensed since he was 21, is a Partner and Director of our business and plays a major **role in Sales, Rentals and Administration.** Sometimes it is difficult, if one wanted to sell a family business: they are usually too big for a competitor to now buy out and usually too small for the "big fish" to purchase. So succession planning is of the utmost importance.

## **MEDIAN PRICE**

This will continue to grow as Traralgon has now been accepted as truly "one of Victoria's Great Provincial centres.". Median price is **not the average price**: it is the middle price. E.g., if you logged the last 51 House Sales from most expensive to the cheapest, the price that is number 26 on the list is the Median Price.

## **PRICES**

Prices are currently holding firm, but historically as interest rates reduce, provided population trends also indicate an increase, house prices will continue their upward surge. We currently have 2 Residences available for purchase above \$900K and another 2 above \$600K. In 1977 a house worth 100K was a very expensive property.

## **LICENSING OF ESTATE AGENTS**

- Harry Barrow, a qualified Accountant paid 1 Guinea to become an Estate Agent.
- Ted Addison, travelled to Melbourne for 3 ½ years to school to become Estate Agent.
- Today, some people go to N.S.W. or even New Zealand for less than 30 days and become Estate Agents under the Mutual Recognition Legislation.

## **THE FUTURE**

I am the "eternal optimist" and I make no excuse for this. Latrobe Valley and Traralgon in particular are on the "crest of the wave" and this will I believe continue for in my belief another ½ decade at least. The untapped use of our coal reserves particularly for oil or diesel will I believe ensure a solid, economically bright future for the area and this city. Latrobe Council has issued a paper showing \$9.2 Billion of expected capital expenditure in this area.

## **TOURISM**

Is an absolute "untapped market". You would be staggered as to the number of people we talk to in a month who know little or nothing about our region. Where else in Australia can I drive 45 mins and be:

- At the seaside - with pristine and uncluttered surf beach.
- Fishing on the largest lakes system in Australia.
- Cross country skiing on the Baw Baw's in winter
- Meandering through the many walks at Tarra Valley/Bulga Park.
- Having a weekend picnic stay at Walhalla.
- Less than 2 hrs on divided road all the way to watch the cricket or footy at the "G" or the Dome or shopping at Myers or David Jones.

Yet - the media still promote us as an industrial city and show a power station as who we are. You know in my opinion these power stations could and should become one of our greatest tourist attractions and also an educational asset to promote our area.

## **INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY**

The Internet has opened us up to the whole world, we have sold properties off the 'net' to buyers in Dubai, Scotland, Brunei and all corners of Australia. It has unlimited potential.

## **TAXES AND DUTIES**

The **GST** has I believe been well accepted, but can still pose for Real Estate some inconsistencies. However, I still believe to this day that we were hoodwinked with its introduction - if my memory serves me correctly, we were informed that, if introduced, all State taxes were to be removed? Stamp Duty is a huge money creator for governments, and I doubt if it will ever be removed - perhaps if the GST becomes 15% they may remove it.

## **POPULATION**

The hardest thing for us to now ascertain with the amalgamated Council is Traralgon's population. I believe it to be around 27,000 the highest ever. Once it gets to 30,000 I believe we will again see a huge expansion in a rapid period. Our fore fathers created and designed a successful business trading district incorporating our plaza. The concern is now to carefully plan the future expansions.

## **LAND**

I personally do not envisage major problems in the next decade for residential land. You know a 50 acre (20 hectare) Lot can create a 240 Lot well planned residential estate which will accommodate an additional 1200 residents.

## **PERHAPS**

For the betterment of our society and Gippsland in general, one of our community needs to become a Mega Regional City - I hope it is Traralgon. Perhaps it may be beneficial in the future to join Traralgon and Morwell together- even if we have to change the names.

**Traralgon & District Historical Society Inc.**

Print Post No: 45965/0004

If undeliverable, return to  
**PO Box 697, Traralgon 3844**

