



Lorna Anderson delivering her family story.  
(Second Part)

Lorna Anderson writes: There are so many stories of the lives they had shared. Times were tough... but they all survived in their own way none the worse for having lived through those years. Each had their own story to share. They are not mine to tell but I can share a little of my mother Lyn Palethorpe's simple hand written notes dated 1995 when she was 86 years old.

Lyn Palethorpe (nee Dawson 1909-2005), mother of Lorna Anderson wrote:

I lived with my Mother and Father in Chermside. My Father was foreman at Alonzo Sparkes' killing meatworks in Hamilton Road Chermside. Alonzo owned four hundred and one acres of land. He had four houses, killing yards and a piggery. We lived in one of the houses.

I had a little foxie dog, Tom Pitt. One day my dog and I went on a walkabout. I got lost. Everybody was out looking for me. They found me in Hamilton Road crying my eyes out. I was only three years old so they say.

Our house was a big house - three bedrooms, a dining room with a fire place which was also in one of the bedrooms. A hall ran down the middle of the bedrooms and dining room to a skillion which led to the kitchen and maid's room. There was a veranda around the house. To get to the bathroom on the veranda, you had to go through one of the bedrooms from the hall. The bathroom had a big washing tub.

There were kerosene lights and one gas light. My job was to keep the kerosene lights full and trim the wicks and put carbide and water in the gas light.

Dad trained race horses. Lil used to exercise the racehorse in the afternoon. She and I were well known for our horse riding. I might say I have had some good busters off horses. If we got a buster, Dad would make us get back on the horse again. He would say 'never let a horse beat you.'

I started school when I was five and went to Chermside School. I can remember cutting across Early's paddock - a bit of a short cut to school that's if 'Cookie' their cow wasn't around. She used to chase us. Before I went to school in the morning I had to take milk to three houses near us.

I can remember when I was about seven; Mrs. Volkman was coming out her gate in her horse and dolly cart. She was taking her son to school.

She gave me a ride. On the way the horse bolted throwing us all out. Mrs. Volkman and I ended up in hospital. She had head stitches and half her ear was cut off. I had my arm broken in two places and some stitches in my rump. I was in for a week.

Lorna comments: When my 101 year old Aunt Ollie and I were talking over old-times in recent weeks she told how she would not stop crying when her sister, Lyn, went to hospital. She had heard her sister had broken her arm in 2 places and imagined she had broken two pieces off her arm.

Continuing Lyn writes...

I left school when I was fourteen. When I was about sixteen I went to work in a cafe as a waitress at Petrie Bight. Customs House Cafe it was called. I had to give it up. The tram only went to Kedron Bridge. Mum had to pick me up at eleven or later at night. She had other young children to look after. I took on day washing and ironing. It was hard work for ten shillings a day. Those days this was good money. We had granny pots irons and a wood copper to boil the clothes.

I always had to get the wood chips into light the fire in the morning and see that the wood box was full.

We had two magpies. One slept on the door to Dad's room. "Maggie" was its name. The other one, "Kaiser" slept on the door to the dining room. They knew their doors and would stand at the door squawking until you lifted them up and then they'd bite you. It was my job to clean behind the doors after they jumped down early in the morning.

There was no water laid on to the house only three tanks which soon emptied with the houseful and two horses. Lil and I had to pull a cart with four kerosene tins (Four Gallons Each) in it and go up to the shop near us to get water twice a day. We would come home drenching wet. There were two lads, older than us, who worked at the shop. They would try to get the hose from us or put us in the horses' trough. It would end up we would all get wet.

Then Dad got a good idea (we thought). He got the lorry man to bring water in three tallow casks on the horse-drawn lorry. This meant that one of us girls had to go on top of the tank. I was the lighter one of Lil and I so I got the job. The man passed buckets of water to me to pour into the tank. The first thing he would do was to let me have a half bucket of water in the face. Then, when we had finished emptying the vats, he would drive away and pretend to leave me on top of the tank. I was scared stiff the tin on top of the tank would break. I think we had to buy the water.

I can remember taking a two quart billy of black tea and toast over to Dad at 6am in the morning on horseback. If you spilled a bit on the horse, it would go for its life. Then at 9 o'clock Dad's breakfast had to go over and two bullocks' livers had to be brought back for Mum's geese, ducks and fowls. It would be a hot breakfast in a basin with a plate on top with bread and butter and another two-quart billy of black tea. Mum would tie the basin in a tea-towel so it could slide on your arm and still hold the billy of tea. It was hard to do and handle a horse with a corn bag on the saddle for the livers.

When the men would be putting livers in the bag their hands would be covered in blood. They would think it was a big joke to wipe their hands on the seat of your riding pants.

I can remember getting up at 4am to go to Strathpine railway station to help my brother untruck cattle from Manumbar Station. We had to have the cattle off the road by 6am.

From Newmarket Saleyards and Strathpine Railyards the sheep and cattle were driven along the main connecting roads by the Dawson family members. Not the easiest of tasks even in those years

Another time Ollie and I had to go over to Newmarket saleyards to pick up two sheep that were down and could not walk. We had the horse and sulky. The sheep were so heavy. Ollie would start giggling and would keep dropping them.

One Sunday Lil or Ollie and I were penning up the sheep. Sunday was the day they got penned up. The men had done the bullocks and kidded us into doing the sheep. One would not go in. I got off my horse and said I would ride him in. He came straight at me... and got me fair in the mouth breaking my four front teeth. I made sure he was in the first pen to be killed the next morning!

Many times the bullocks would break through the fences. Lil or Ollie and I had to drop everything and get on our horse. We had to take them to the back paddock (as it was called) and fix the fences if there were no men around. I could name a lot of things Lil or Ollie and I had to do that was men's work.

I can just remember the First World War soldiers up on the hill in Sparkes Paddock... all the gas lights around the camps. In those days street lights were gas too. A man would come to light them at 6pm then turn them off at 6am.

We had a little calf called Bugger Lugs. He was alright when he was having a bottle of milk, but later on when he had pollard mixed with water, you had to put your two fingers in the bucket of pollard to make him drink. He would think your fingers were the cow's tit. !f you weren't careful, he would bunt the bucket and knock you flying.

Mum used to make homemade butter. We hated it. We never had a churn so we had to beat it with a big fork. When Mum got tired, Lil or I would take it on. Mum would always say her butter was fit for a king to eat. Let him, we thought.....

We had a black cow Mum could sit anywhere to milk. 'Nigger' was her name. One day Mum was in bed. She had just had a baby. Lil got the job to milk the cow and I was to help her.

When we got 'Nigger' quiet, I was told to hold her tail. Lil squirted milk in my face. That was it! I tied a stone in the hair at the bottom of the cow's tail and left. Lil got a smack with it. Oh yes.... I got into a row over that.

A sort of cousin, Sam Jones, would come home to our place. He always drank lots of our milk so Lil and I decided to lace it with Epsom salts. His mother, Auntie Tizzie, a big woman who drove a horse and sulky, got very angry that her Sam became very very sick after visiting us and had to stop several times before he got home; I don't think she ever found out why!

I went to work at Butts Jam Factory when the pineapple rush came. I could get three months work and the money was good.

I remember I got six weeks work at Bernard's Jam Factory at Bowen Bridge when the pineapples were in. While I was there the chap who was feeding the pineapples to the blades of the machine had two of his fingers cut off at the second joint. It made us all sick and we were sent home.

I can also remember coming home one Saturday afternoon and getting my bath ready, humping the water up the stairs - all ready just to get in. I went to get my clean clothes to put on. When I came back Lil was sitting in my bath laughing so I got the bottle of phenyl and poured the lot in on her. She soon got out.

We always looked forward to the Saturday night dances at Aspley walking there with the Vellnagels and others but when Alfie Vellnagel got a motor bike three of us would come home in style on the bike.

Mum's geese were better than any watchdog... We always knew when anybody was around by the noise they would make. They wouldn't let anyone come near the house.

I was nineteen when I left home and went to work for Mr. and Mrs, Barron at Kedron. I was there for a couple of years when her mother and father came to live with them. It meant I had 6 people counting the children to work and cook for. My wage was one pound two shillings and six pence a week. The pay was not increased so I left and went to work at Uddingstone Boarding House, Gregory Terrace as housemaid /waitress. When Mrs. Antella sold out I went with her to Strathaird on Wickham Terrace doing the same work. I was there until just before I got married.

Lorna takes up the story:

Mum's story goes on but it is away from her life at Banfield St., and the Chermside area. She, who loved dancing, had met and married the policeman on the door! They had a good marriage of 50 years together.

**Editor:** This is the type of story which is so valuable for the History Society because it has so many details about the things people did in their daily lives. We can begin to see the enormous changes that have taken place in the local area in a few lifetimes. We need more like this story!

We would like to hear from readers as to what they think were the greatest changes. Send us an email with your thoughts. Or post them on our Facebook.

The editor's suggestions are automobiles and the indoor flush toilet, especially at night and in wet weather.



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An aerial photo from the 1946 survey of Brisbane. The homestead in the top right corner is the Dawson home on Banfield St., then only a track off Gympie Rd. The house stood on the site of the present Commonwealth Building. Nearby is Early's shop, and a couple of houses. The area above Banfield St., was Sparkes' Paddock while the area below was Early's Paddock which went down to Hamilton Rd. The latter is now the site of Westfield which has increased the area by building four floors above ground and one below.  
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Recently we have been receiving the newsletter of the CBers the Central Bureau Intelligence Corps Association which is in Sydney. It is quite a long newsletter but very interesting reading. The members are all in their 90s and dwindling steadily. They were the hidden, silent listeners intercepting coded enemy messages 24 hours, 7 days a week for years.

The combined allied Intelligence Services have been credited with shortening World War II by about two years. How many lives were saved?



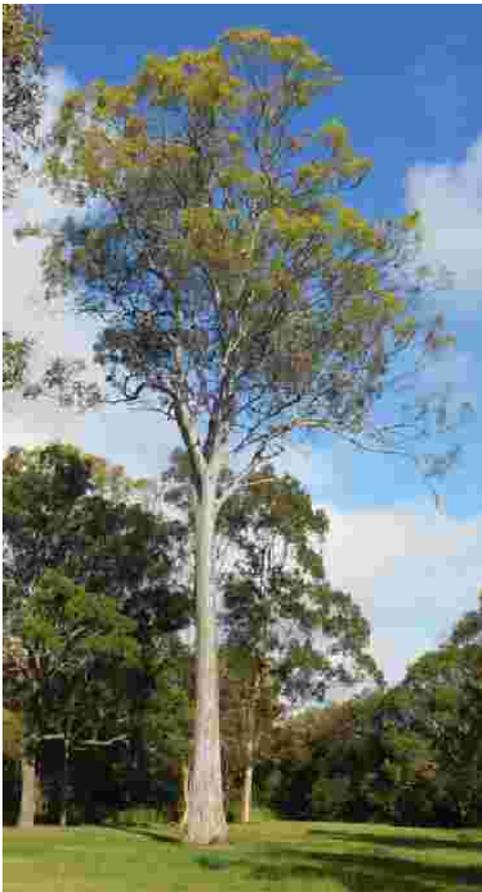
Click on to read the Newsletter.

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### Recording The Present

An important task of a Historical Society is to try to record important events of the present so that we leave a record for future generations of what life was like today. And hope that they learn to avoid the mistakes we made.

When a child is born its memory begins to record so that it has no memory of anything earlier. As far as the child is concerned there always were, computers, the internet, terrorism, refrigerators, automobiles, high rise apartments, Facebook was old fashioned, and on and on. SS



So, a new page is being developed on our website to tell everybody about the trees of our parks. What some people don't realise is that once there was no parks only the everlasting bush with many huge trees (old growth) which the settlers were busy chopping down. Our parks are where the remnants of the great bush survive today and, hopefully will remain for many generations.

There are lots of photos like this one which is a Blue Gum – E. tereticornis which is 43 m high and towers over the surrounding trees.

It may be the tallest in the park which stretches from Webster Rd., to Virginia Station.

The bark and leaves are photographed; the location is cited.

Once there were thousands like this, now but a handful remain.

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**The Continuing Building Boom in Chermside** is replacing the houses built in the first boom which was after World War II when traditional houses, with backyards, were being built in hundreds. Now Chermside is reaching for the sky, as the land has all been used.

Playfield St., on the east side of Westfield, opening on to Hamilton Rd., saw 54 houses built in the 1950s leaving an opening for Way St., as another entry point off the later named Kittyhawk Drive. Interestingly there was no Number 13 in the street?

At some time an opening seems to have been made to connect Playfield St., with the Shopping centre by removing one of the houses.



**The first house in Playfield St.,** was No. 12 built in 1955 for May & Jerald Condryn. It was probably a War Service home as Jerald served in WWII. The house was, and is, 'tin and timber' with casement windows, a lock up garage, typical fence of the time; the kerbing and guttering may have been added later. According to the

BCC Town Plan 1952 there was no Playfield St., and Ear dock to the west was blank as well as Sparks' Paddock to the East; the slaughter yards had been closed in 1932. This means Playfield St., was probably built about 1953-4.

When the Council decided to make Chermshire into a growth centre in the late 1980s they tried to attract business to locate their head offices to the area around the Shopping centre. The only businesses to respond were the Australian Tax Office and the Commonwealth Centre in Banfield St. Consequently, in the late 1990s the plan was changed to attract high rise residential buildings instead and it succeeded in spite of a shortage of land.

The current story began in 2005 at 46 Playfield St., where three houses were demolished and Chermshire Central, the first high rise residential in Chermshire was built. It has a lock up basement for 60 vehicles, 41 units on 7 levels to house approximately 82 persons. The original three houses would have had some 15 persons and three cars. (Gestimate!)



**Chermshire Central** was the first High Rise Residential building in Chermshire. The units were offered for sale while the building was still in progress. For a while the Central towered over the houses but by 2007 two more High Rise were being built and one of them was larger than Central.

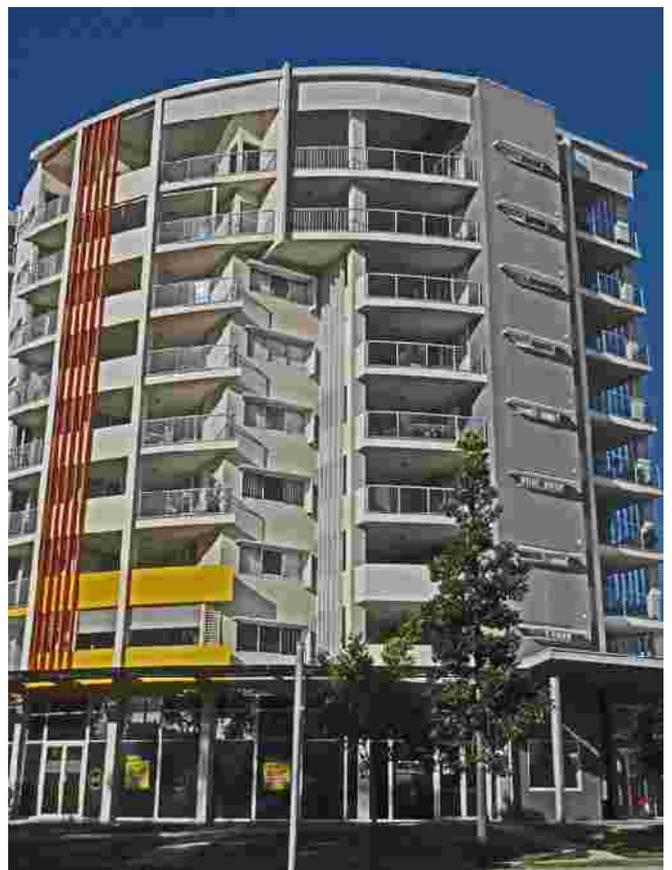
The pace of building was temporarily halted during the Global Financial Crisis but resumed shortly after till today the north side of Playfield St., has no houses left and will soon be High Rise from end to end.

**The Edge** was built in 2011 and is located on the other side of Playfield St., from Chermshire Central. It has nine floors above ground with 72 apartments and two below ground for parking. The Ground floor caters for small businesses.

In spite of the allowance made by each building for underground parking both sides of the street are perpetually lined with cars and utilities day and night.

The population of the street has increased dramatically since the house and backyard style of the 1950s. At that time there were 55 houses with an average five people in each giving a total of about 275. Cars at one in two families would have been about 25 in total.

Just how many there are today? The last count I did was in 2012 – Allowing 2 persons per unit plus houses 790 persons - cars 372 units at 1.5 per unit 558 plus 30 for houses 588. I will update this when I get the time. NB: the streets are still the same size as in the 1950s!



**Stop Press: The CDHS Inc. is going to conduct two Cemetery Walks in Lutwyche Cemetery on Saturday 25<sup>th</sup> March and Saturday 22<sup>nd</sup> April 2017 between 9am and 11am. More details on website.**