

NEWSLETTER



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President 3350 2874

P.O. Box 416, Chermshire Qld 4032

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Secretary 3359 3022

Message from the Vice President **Pat O'Shea**

Today, Saturday 22nd March, I attended a meeting of the Qld Assn of Local and Family History Societies Inc at the Australian Archives, Cannon Hill. There were representatives of about a dozen societies ranging from History Societies like us to Family History societies.

One family society was the Morgan family which is a world wide organisation tracing the ramifications of the house of Morgan's family trees - they probably have a few forests by now.

It was a very interesting few hours seeing the activities that are being undertaken. Cataloguing the local cemetery, publishing booklets on local organisations, publishing reports on local history tours, publishing the names etc on local honour rolls, giving talks to local organisations and schools, extensive use of computers and the internet, electronic storage of data and documents, etc.

Good news about the restoration of the WWI memorial gates - I have read the computer print out of the names to be carved on the marble and the cutting of the letters is underway. They cut the letters using a sand blasting process which beats chiseling them out. The lead is still beaten into the letters by hand.

We hope to have an official opening, dedication, rededication in the not too distant future. Probably when the two pedestrian bridges are built over Downfall Creek to connect the Historic Precinct with Kid Space in 7th Brigade Park.

A thought - would anybody like to undertake to write a history or short paper on the 7th Brigade? After seeing the results of the Back of Envelopes last meeting, and with more to come, you can do anything. So get busy and see me for details. No excuses about not being able to write.

Reminiscences of Les McGrath

In the late thirties as a young lad I often went to Hutton's factory on errands for my mother. I would buy 6 pence (5 cents) worth of brains which were put in the 7 pound treacle tin I took with me. I also carried a sugar bag which was filled with pork bones for 2/6d (25 cents). I forgot what I paid for the pork fillets.

Huttons played warehouse cricket and after the players had afternoon tea, all of us lads used to eat the leftovers. I remember Johnny Robinson as one of their star batsmen.

We used to go to the saveloy window at Huttons looking for a handout. The men would poke a saveloy through the grill and if you were not awake to them, they would throw a bucket of water over you.

Later on I was employed as "lad" porter at Zillmere Railway Station and got to know many of the workers. Ben Irons, son of Frank (Senior) and his offsider would go through the gates every day with horse and cart. I remember Augie Zinitat on his push bike. Chris Grenning would bring the "small goods" to rail by horse and dray. He was later succeeded by Kev Spicer. George Volz was the night watchman and looked after the fires.

Bob Scott was a Huttons manager and owned a car, the only one in Zillmere I think. He had a big place on Zillmere Road with a tennis court.

Every second freight train would detach wagon loads of pigs. They came from the Darling Downs, Kingaroy branch, Gayndah and other places. A passenger train 334 up 12.37 am - 12.43 pm would attach a wagon of "small goods" every day to be sent to Roma Street Railway Yards. C9102 and C5626 were the wagon numbers. Small goods were also despatched every morning and

afternoon to the near north coast. I left Zillmere in the early 40's and am not sure when Huttons moved to Wacol.

Further Research by CDHS:

Huttons was demolished in 1967. Les McGrath was the son of Jack & Emily McGrath of 57 Pioneer Street, Zillmere. Mrs McGrath had owned three houses in Laidley, Queensland, which had been dismantled. The timber was transported to Pioneer Street and rebuilt as the McGrath family home. It still stands in 2001 with new owners in May of that year.

Les McGrath's siblings Robert, Beryl, Betty and John. Robert and his wife Gwen built a post war home next door at 59 Pioneer Street where they raised a family of six. Gwen McGrath was still in residence in 2001.

Research by Marion Eaton 2002

Memories of Chermside

By **Elva Goward** (nee Smith)

Towards the end of August, 1928, my family – parents Herb and Jessie Smith, sister Dorothy, brother Ronald and myself – came to live at 18 Victor Drive (now named Kidston Terrace) Chermside. Our youngest sister Mavis (now Rye) was born in 1930.

There was just a track leading off from Gympie Road to our house. At the time Gympie road was a two-lane road prior to the construction of footpaths or gutters. The Dawn Theatre was almost completed and on the side of the road was a horse-drinking trough.

At this time the trams only came as far as Lutwyche Cemetery, with few bus connections. Chermside State School consisted of two classrooms only – a far cry from the large school it became in later years with attendances of over 1000 children. The Police Station was a house on the corner of Gympie Road and Kuran Street and Mr Hardaker, the shoe repairer, had a small shop on the corner of Wallace Street.

The early families in Victor Drive were – Fulwood, Stewart, Britton, Woodward, Hill, Black, Nelson, Sommers, Stephens, Casford and Eyles. Almost all the children of these families attended Chermside State School.

There was bush all around the area as far as the Prince Charles Hospital plus the creek running through near the Casford home in Victor Drive. All this area was just made

for building cubby houses and fishing in the creek for yabbies. Much fun and enjoyment was had.

All our household requirements were found in Gympie Road. Joe Fisher, W Hacker & Sons and G Early & Son were grocers, produce and hardware merchants whilst G Lemke was the butcher. The baker and the milkman called to our homes. No one could possibly imagine we had all the facilities of the Chermside Westfield Centre of today way back in 1928.

Another memory is of Hamilton's Coach Builders and Bodyworks and their Painting Department. Housed in huge sheds this was an outstanding busy part of Chermside for many years.

As the years passed and more houses were built, especially after World War II, Gympie Road widened and, with much excitement, the trams came down as far as Hamilton Road corner of Gympie Road. At that time the Methodist Church was still the small building brought down "to the village" from near the Caravilla Motel. The new Church was built on the corner of Hamilton and Gympie Roads in 1950.

Staib's paddock, where the Winston Noble Hospital was built, was a great place and many cricket games were played there in those earlier years.

Elva Goward
January 2003
(sister of Mavis Rye, CDHS)

A Joyful Meeting of Father & Son

Uncle George never married *but he enjoyed his post war years!* and was often seen enjoying a pot of beer in the Valley.

During the first World War he was wounded three times and each time was taken across the English Channel to be treated. On recovery and on his way back to the front for the third time, who should come walking along the wharf in uniform – *his elderly father, my grandfather.*

Towards the end of the war, grandfather had left his boot repair business at Lutwyche to enlist in the army as a Bootmaker.

After three years in the war we can just imagine how eager Uncle George would be for news of his mother, sisters and brothers back at Lutwyche.

In later years Uncle George would tell this story with a smile on his face every time.

Lindsay Staib
January 2003

Free Community Heritage Forum Spirit of Place

Tuesday 8th April, 2003, 6 .00 pm to 8.30 pm
Brisbane Room, Brisbane City Hall
Light supper provided

R.S.V.P. by 1st April 2003 – 3403 8888

The Clothes We Wore in the Fifties (Envelope talk at March meeting 2003) by Carol Cunningham

Women were expected to dress for their age. Each segment of 10 years had a style that was appropriate to their status amongst other women. Those women who dressed in younger styles were criticized by other women as “mutton dressed up as lamb”. Women dressed for other women’s approval and it would be better not to attend a function than wear inappropriate clothes. This may have applied to men, but if a man dressed inappropriately it was always the wife who received the blame.

In the fifties trousers were quite uncommon attire for women. It was seen occasionally but this was regarded as not quite right. Trousers were for men.

There was Occasion outfits:

Mother of the Bride & Hat – this was an entire industry and could only be purchased with a great deal of discussion and care. She could not outdo the bride but had to shine nonetheless. Both mothers had to be careful not to clash with the Bridesmaids or other mother. The Bridesmaids colour was always supposed to be a secret so it was with great tact that the mother of the Groom decided what colour to wear.

Wedding Dress – white, full and flattering, but never revealing.

Going Away Outfit – a tasteful outfit usually a suit, shoes, bag to leave the reception to officially begin married life and a very important part of the ceremony.

Men wore a black suit & white shirt & tie. They were expected to be smartly dressed but not outshine the women on the day.

Evening Wear – wonderful fabrics of silk, chiffon or satin – often beaded with matching evening shoes and small evening bags of beading or shiny material. Dresses were always floor length.

Day Wear – floral waisted dress with a full gathered skirt and matching belt. Young women wore light pastel colours or bright happy colours with lower necklines, while over 30’s wore more subtle colours and the older woman wore darker and darker colour patterns.

Teenagers slowly came out towards the end of the fifties with Rock & Roll influencing fashions with full flared skirts and bobby socks and wanting change.

The new breed of woman quietly entering the workforce, although few in number, tended to wear tailored dark suits, high heels and gloves. Leather bag and shoes to match completed the outfit. A good number of women began entering a wide range of employment where uniforms were worn, a strategy to keep them in their place. Office employees, factory employees, nurses, and many more trades had uniforms distinguishing clearly the status of women workers. There is a lot more flexibility today.

Sports Wear – every sport had a uniform to wear, i.e., whites for tennis even if it was a social game, basket ball outfits, soft ball outfits, whites for cricket. Uniforms are still a major part of the sporting life, but far more flexible with individual pursuits.

Good Clothes for going to town, church & out to lunch plus hat, gloves, matching bag and shoes, and always stockings. Girls wore sweet dresses - puff sleeves, waisted, full skirts, flared skirts and frills. Boys were not expected to remain tidy and got away with just beginning the day in a clean tidy state. Girls were expected to return home in the same clean tidy state they left. It was quite unfair.

Dinner Wear or After Five Wear - finer fabrics, worn to the middle of the knee plus accessories. This was always stated on an invitation as either “After Five Wear” or “Black Tie”.

The House Dress – loose fitting suitable for hanging heavy wet sheets on the line and scrubbing floors etc. Usually made in cotton for coolness and sturdy wear. No stockings were required for this.

Children had Play Clothes, School Clothes or Uniforms, Sports Uniforms, Club Uniforms, Going to Town / Sunday School clothes and hat. Every child had at least one Good

Outfit at all times. Often this one outfit visited Sunday School every Sunday.

Men had strong work clothes for manual labour, would often change into a suit to travel on public transport and change at work. Men going to work carried a small bag with their lunch and work clothes. Canteens at work were uncommon and these bags would have to carry their entire food and drinking requirements for the day. Many trades had uniforms, i.e., tram drivers, but the bulk of men wore the work suit.

Men wore a lot of suits – often suits had 2 pairs of trousers. Always white shirts with tie. Black suits were worn for most outings of importance. Shoes had to shine and be polished at all times. Unpolished shoes distinguished a man who lacked something. I remember that men were colourless, but well ironed and polished. Vests under the jacket appeared for evening wear or the tuxedo outfit.

The short sleeved white shirt did not appear in Queensland until the Sixties and it must have been incredibly hot at times for them.

Shorts were worn with long socks for open air outings.

At the Beach

The beach was the only place where everybody could vege out and wear the minimum of clothes. Full piece swim suits for women and to the waist swim shorts for men.

Shopping at Stafford Early 50's

(envelope talk at March Meeting 2003)

by Gay Sparkes

Moved to Stafford in 1947 aged almost four. Our address was 11 Turrana Street, not far from the Stafford and Webster Roads intersection.

Corner shop at Stafford & Webster intersection – Owners when we moved to Stafford were Mr & Mrs Fulcher. I do not remember these people. Owners I remember were Mr & Mrs Hagen. They owned the shop until the property was sold. It then became an Ampol Service Station for many years. It is now used as a car lot.

The shop had large display windows on each side with the entrance in between. The entrance faced Stafford Road. In the days before the tuck shop at Stafford State School it was the school shop.

On entering the shop you faced a counter with shelves behind for groceries. The opposite side had fruit and vegetables and ice cream holders. In between there was a cold cabinet. Cold meat was sliced and cheese cut off a block as required. Flour and sugar was weighed out as required. Bread, milk, fruit and vegetables were also sold.

Butchers Shop – about 5 minutes past the grocery shop on the corner of Crawford Avenue and Stafford Road was owned by Mr Lillycrap. The counter was at the front, cold room at the back, saw dust on the floors, and a round chopping clock in the centre of the shop. I remember going to the butchers on Saturday mornings with my sister. Our family had increased to five children by then, (mid 50's) so the amount of meat my sister and I carried back each Saturday was heavy. As the story has been related in recent years the amount of meat has become heavier and heavier!

Terminus Area. In the area known as the terminus (tram) was a mixed business run by Mr & Mrs Boreman. The Post Office was run by Mr Yule. There was also a Newsagency and a Fish & Chip shop. The Chemist was owned by Mr Ken Hoddinott. At the far end of this block was a service station. I remember the old pumps in which the petrol required would come up in to the glass area at the top of the pump before being pumped into the vehicle. There were a number of brands sold.

All things considered, we had a very convenient shopping area at Stafford right from the time we moved there. If you needed something special in those days, Lutwyche had a good shopping centre or you could go into the Valley. On special occasions we went to the City on the tram.

Mud Map by John Hopkins

