

BULLETIN**DECEMBER 2004 442**Meetings: 2nd Wednesday of the month,
February to DecemberAlbury Regional Museum: (02) 6051 3450
Turks Head, Wodonga Place, Albury
Open every day, 10.30a.m. to 4.30p.m.
Website: www.alburycity.nsw.gov.au/museum**Patrons:**Mr Harold Mair, O.A.M.
Mr Ian Glachan**President:**Mr Douglas Hunter
(02) 6021 2835**Secretary:**Mr Ron Braddy
(02) 6021 2038**Subscriptions:**Individual Member \$20
Family Members \$25
Corporate Members \$50Registered by Australia Post,
PP.225170/00019**Xmas Dinner + "Bring & Tell"**
is on 8/12/04 – bookings
essential (see *BULLETIN* 441 p5).**NEXT MEETING****8pm Wed. February 9**
Commercial Club, Dean St, Albury**FUTURE EVENTS****1 4 December (Saturday 2pm).** Book
"Corryong and Beyond" to be
launched by *Jean Whittle* at Legends on
Hanson Cafe at Corryong.**NOVEMBER MEETING:****Dr Norman Douglas** presented
the History of the**HUME WEIR
TROUT FARM****Introduction by Max Barry:**

Norman is a retired Dental Surgeon. He had a practice in Albury between 1951 & 1976. Norm is a life member of the A&DHS, having joined in 1966. He was a guest speaker in 1970. Norman was a member of the Albury City Council in the 1950's & 1960's. He took part in the development of civic projects such as Albury Airport, the weekly garbage service, & "save the Turks Head Hotel → museum". The start of the Albury Business Council with £4,000 seed money from Albury City Council, (JD Phillips was 1st President, Tom Pearsall later), saw industries attracted to Albury-Wodonga including "Borg Warner" & "Uncle Ben's".

Norman developed his interest in a trout farm when measuring water temper-

ature, & successfully negotiated with various bodies to establish the *Hume Weir Trout Farm* as owner.

At the meeting Norm, with the help of Peter Harper, performed a magical trick with a black top hat, producing some gold fish (or carp) instead of a rabbit out of the hat (apologising for not having a black cloth to assist the performance).

When Norman Douglas came to Albury in 1951 his friends wanted him to go to the river

for a swim; he dived into the Murray River & he thought he had hit a brick wall – this being just damn cold water! It was early January 1952, the water at the time was about 14 degrees. So he got back out again, not liking swimming in the cold water.

However it settled in his mind that the cold water obviously came from the bottom of the Hume Dam which is about 100ft (30m) deep. The cold water was coming from the higher mountain peaks where the snow is in the winter months. It then proceeds to travel downstream, the colder water staying at the bottom of the dam & the warm water staying on top (it doesn't mix because there are no great currents to mix it up). Cold water of course is loaded with oxygen. It's not until later in the summer that Blue-Green algae appears on the top of the dam (it is created from the nutrients in the water & the failing light & the warmth). The algae dies & it settles down to the bottom. At the bottom it putrefies & takes all the oxygen out of the water so that the water in the bottom of the Hume Dam is practically dead & devoid of oxygen. Dead

**Page 4 - Roma Freeman.
"ON THE FARM"**

water doesn't help fish to stay alive, so they go where the oxygen is, midway or near the top.

GOLD FISH: Norm's parents had a gold fish pond & when he was ten years old he decided to clean it out; it was like pea soup, as they used to over-feed the gold fish. There was some rocks for them to hide under away from the cats that raided the pond all the time. It was about a foot deep & about 6 feet across, against the wall of the house.

"I was just about to unscrew the bung & let all the water go down when a little brown fish went up to the surface & gulped a bit of air. Was it a tadpole? Another one came up & did the same thing, so I thought "heck what is that anyway". I didn't pull the bung out then. I got the hose & I ran the water into the pond. I put a bit of gauze around the top where the overflow was & came out next morning & found 12 brown baby gold fish. Baby gold fish are brown, - the ones

I have here tonight are not gold, - they haven't yet turned gold as they are just in the process of turning (they are sort of a fawn colour). (All carp are brown & they change colour)."

As a boy scout I went camping up in the Peel River. We looked over the bridge into the river. That was at drought time & there were thousands & thousands of ordinary carp - not European carp. Ordinary carp were everywhere throughout the streams of NSW & Victoria & naturally here. Amongst all the brown carp, some up to about 3" (7.5cm) long, you would see an odd gold carp. They don't all turn gold because they had not been genetically selected (as the Chinese did over thousands of years).

They had only >>>>

REG GRANT

been in Australia for "x" years, & gold fish of course were bred in China for food & ornaments for thousands of years. So that is where we get our gold fish that you see at the aquariums. They are ordinary carp (they don't sell you the brown ones because they are too small). So from that time raising goldfish, I was interested in fish. When we built our house up in Peel Street I created a few ponds on the steep block & tried to grow a few gold fish, but it wasn't very successful. That was before I was interested in trout.

TROUT: I got talked into going trout fishing by my great friend Les Langford, & I caught a trout the first morning that we were there. I didn't know much about trout before that weekend. A year or two later I got news of a trout farm at Buxton (on the Midland Highway on the way to Melbourne, near Marysville). If you are ever travelling that way then go & see the waterfall at Marysville, it is absolutely beautiful. It goes right down the hill.

That waterfall gave me a few ideas; if there was cold water below the Hume Dam then why not start a trout farm there! I got the idea out of an American book - I did not think of it myself. In America they get the cold water out of the bottom of the their dams, & pipe it to trout farms. Trout do not survive if they don't have cold water as they don't have enough oxygen in warm water.

THE TROUT FARM: At that time I was an Alderman on the Albury Council. We got the aerodrome successfully off the ground so to speak. I didn't re-apply for a third time in council, knowing I would have to have a bit of time for the trout farm. At that time, (the 1960's) Albury was a very small country town. It depended upon the transshipment of railway goods. It had no industry or tourism really such that we know of today; Motels were coming into existence, but we had no tourist attraction. I thought "well surely we can create a tourist attraction", but I had to collect a few facts before we went to the Commonwealth Development Bank. We got the loan & purchased land from the Heywood's & the Webb family who owned Hawksview. I have got to know the family well. We purchased sloping land which was suitable. You could not buy a level easily as we didn't have "Bunnings" or "Grants" hardware on hand; so I made my own level. I got the sight out of an old gun, & there is another piece called a predictor & it has a su-

per sensitive level. I was able to take the levels down the hill & work out that there was sufficient fall in the hill to make satisfactory water-falls between the ponds. You can sufficiently aerate with a fall of about three feet (0.9m). If you had been to the trout farm you would have seen that there were three feet falls between all of the ponds, sufficient for aeration of the water for the trout, & it also releases the ammonia that gets into the water from the fishes respiration.

It took four years to get the Trout Farm working. I literally wrote hundreds of letters to politicians. Willis was the Chief Secretary of NSW at the time. He



was on our side, but he had to persuade the trout fisherman who thought that trout farmers would go out & net the rivers - so there would be no fish left for their favourite sport. Nothing could be further from the truth; you just wouldn't get enough fish if you did that, so that was quite impossible & Willis realised that.

But then some spark sitting behind a bureaucratic desk come up with the idea that if we let this man take water out of the Hume Dam then we won't have as much water to put through the power station that generates electricity, so hence it will rob us from an income. Now it was a theoretical argument, but it is not a practical one as it doesn't stand up to test of water.

We had a bit of an impasse there, so Gordon Mackie became most helpful. He got me an appointment with Davis Hughes who was a wonderful man, a wonderful politician - straight as a dye; he was a solicitor & a bonza man. So I went to Sydney to see Davis Hughes armed with all my facts. He said to me "before you start talking too much I will get you an appointment with the head of the Electricity Commission & you can sort it out with him". So I was whisked down stairs, put in Davis Hughes' car & driven two blocks, went up 17 floors to meet up with an uncompromising secretary. She asked me "how did you get an appointment"? I said "Mr Davis Hughes organised it". She said "you have only have got 2 minutes", - I said "thank you very much".

I went in to meet Mr. Fraser, - he was a very nice man, but he really fired a broadside at me. After five minutes, I realised I was on the back foot. I didn't quite know what to do, so I thought "well, if he hasn't read Dale Carnegie". I thought I would try his tactic, & I said "Mr Fraser, what you have said is perfectly right. Tell me how on earth have you developed such a good memory to remember all those facts"? I knew he had read them five minutes before, but that didn't matter. He took it hook, line & sinker. He was a very nice man, & an hour & a quarter later I managed to get away. I suppose what I had learnt about Public Relations from Dale Carnegie held me in good stead. He said "well, I am in a bit of a bind here". I knew he had to follow orders. He said to me, "what can I do"? "Well Mr Fraser, it is very simple. All you have to do is write a simple little letter saying that you have no further objections". He said, "well that will be easy". So 3 days later the letter came. I had pointed out to them of course that if the Hume trout farm took only the water & there was no other discharge from the dam & no inflow from the dam that we would take 700 years to drain the dam - so that is how little water we would use. I said that the generating station lets out 7000 cubic feet (198m³) of water a second when it's on full generating power. I would say we would have 10 cubic feet (0.28m³) used for the trout farm - they can't measure that small difference. So it's all very well. For them to say they are not going to get enough electricity is rubbish. They can't turn back the generator by that small percentage - it's impossible.

The River Murray Commission is run by the three states; South Australia, Victoria & New South Wales. The over-riding power was the Minister for National Development, David Fairbairn. He was a wonderful politician, a nice man & a gentleman. I hadn't badgered or screwed Fairbairn's arm about this, and he went along to that meeting although I hadn't said a word to him. He saw the facts on the paper & he said to the Commissioners for the other three states: "gentlemen, I think this is a good idea for my electorate, don't you?" "Yes, yes, yes". The gentleman in Sydney who was in charge of the water rights said, "you will never ever get permission for this". I said, "well the Minister might have an opinion", because at that stage, I found out there was an anomaly; it had never been written into the Act about who controls the Hume Dam, & who was to get what water.

& how & what & why & where. The Energies Commission, actually got their water by gentleman's agreement, & the gentleman's agreement between the other government bodies had never been written into legislation. That is how I see & what I can remember of it.

It's a funny thing that David Fairbairn was able to say "I think it is a good idea". The other chaps didn't have a legal leg to stand on, so we got permission. It still took another year to get plans drawn up by the Public Works Department - they were still running the dam & the Electricity Commission was running the power station.

I had to call tenders. The hardest thing that I ever had to do was sign a contract for \$2000 of fencing on one side of the farm. All the rest of it was open to dogs, cats, hares & everything. We got the fencing up. I then got the services of a very good man by the name of Reg Grant who had done a bit of work up at Dederang.

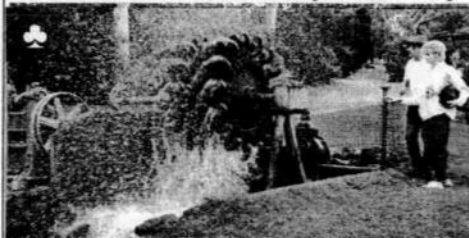
Before we started the trout farm I had an experimental or prototype trout farm at Dederang (it was very handy, because we would go up to the snow & call in at Dederang & look at the fish which were on a dairy farm down in the creek bed). Mick Reid who used to be in council did some of the brick-work there. Our dam across the Little Swamp Creek was washed out twice, & Mick said "we will make a good job of it this time". Up there we got some fish. We grew them successfully as we were able to trap most of the water rats.

That experience was marvellous because I found out a lot about trout, how to manage & look after them. **Trout responded to the water quality.** Of the 100 fish that were table size at Dederang, I took a couple home before Xmas. They were not very nice at all. I thought they tasted muddy (you often hear people say that trout are muddy). I took home two the next weekend, & they were so muddy the cat wouldn't eat them. The funny thing was when you opened them up & took the gut out, inside the rib cage there were tiny little black marks in the flesh. Anyway, I brought some more back & put them in a cage in the river Murray below the Hume Dam. At that time of the year (about February to late March) the water coming out of the Hume Dam is not the dead water. It is the water that supplied the power station & is like champagne. I left them for a week then took them home. They were just edible. A fortnight later I took home two more & they

were absolutely superb. **I realised then that the water has to have a lovely flavour to get good fish.**

If you ever had someone say that "I don't like trout as they taste muddy", it is probably because they were out of a stream that has algae. There was an algae problem at Dederang & we have the algae problem here in the water supply of Albury; the filtration doesn't remove it. You might remember reading that they had to put in a lot of activated carbon to filter the algae taste out of the water.

The actual mechanics of starting a trout farm were pretty simple. My mother said I was a frustrated Engineer; Dentists are engineers on a small scale. They have to be. They have got to have an interest in doing a perfect job & I trust they generally do. At High School I gained my interest in mechanics. I learnt how to work with metals, to chisel iron & things like that. I went through a very early form of TAFE which coincided with Intermediate year when I was at High School in Tamworth. So I was interested in iron as a hobby. I made my



own electric welder & various things like that - easy to do if you have just a little bit of knowledge.

At Dederang we had a flood that blocked and broke a pipe. I had to get a replacement pipe up there in a hurry. Jack Gibbs (who unfortunately lost a son a while back) was a very nice man. He used to wreck houses. I got two hundred feet of down-pipe from him & joined it with inner tubes & rubber bands & piped the water from 200 metres (660ft) up Swamp Creek to bypass our broken pipe.

We did a lot of things by improvisation. I knew having purchased the property from the Webb Family, that I had to purchase a half of mile of piping. It was pretty expensive to get good piping. On my way over to Tathra I happened to call into the tunnel at Lake Jindabyne which was driven through the mountains to take the water from Jindabyne, by a pumping station back up to Island Bend: there to be put through by various ways either down to Tooma Dam or through Geehi Dam into the Murray catchment. That tunnel had been finished & there

was an acre or two of 12 ½" (31.8cm) piping remaining. It was only ⅛" (3.2 mm) thick; it was their draught tube for taking out all of the fumes from the tunnel. They used to blow compressed air into the thin pipe & it used to come down this 12 ½" piping. I found out who was most likely to put in a tender for those pipes & I went to Sydney & had a discussion with them. I got my half-mile of piping at a price that I could afford, & that became the first pipeline that we put through.

Reg Grant who looked after the Dederang farm become my manager at the Hume Weir Trout Farm. He was good with the hammer & he put the first pipe line through. The actual tapping into the Hume Dam wall was designed by the Public Works Department Engineers.

I arranged for Mick Reid to build some cement block walls & make a nursery race about four feet wide & 30 feet long (see photo). We filled them with water & my eldest son (who is now in earth moving) decided to do a belly flop to show his mates. The shock wave just blew the walls over. So all the block walls that were subsequently put in the trout farm had steel rods cemented into the base which passed up through the hollow cement blocks, with a thread on the top & a steel plate. We poured a collar around them & then post-tensioned all the block walls. We never had any more problems.

We started to need more water so we decided to get a loan for more engineering works. Westpac didn't like me, I don't know why. So I approached the Development Bank. They had a very good outlook & approach towards people. The young fellow said "we have had some crazy ideas put to us, yours is unusual". I said to him "what is your most craziest?" He said "farming Crocodiles". You know it has become a major industry. The Development Bank backed & financed the first Crocodile farm in the Northern Territory. They financed the Trout farm also.

We were very fortunate with the tourist flow in the first year, with 40,000+ people coming through, so we were able to pay back the Development Bank. We then wanted to upgrade; we had to put in a 2ft (610cm) fibre-glass light pipe, right through parallel with the other one. We had to make joins & we were completely independent. We put in a Pumping station at the bottom; the pumps came from the Albury City Council (ex sewerage pumps that they had taken

out of service). We got \$10,000 worth of pumps that had been used occasionally, for I think about \$500. That saved us in the drought. We have had floods through. We lost quite a few fish with one of the floods; it went through all Webb's low-lying paddocks. We subsequently built up the level of the road so it wouldn't go through the ponds, because as soon as trout are in an enclosed pond & they have fresh water come through they try to get out to it. It is a trout's natural instinct; they like to follow the water upstream, so we lost a few tons of fish but we didn't lose them all.

At the **pumping station**, we had to brick in the walls to stop the water from getting into the electric motors (& that was an all night vigil). The water was warm of course, so it didn't matter; it was just one of life's experiences. It is a long time since we have had the water flooding like that & we may or may not have it again.

We got the **water wheel** from the gold fields at Jamieson. It weighed 1 1/2 tons (1,525kg). It had to be sand-blasted & cleaned & the mechanic did that. Water was pumped up to the water tanks at the house (which was sold two years ago).

The **road** had to be sealed & the council wouldn't do it although it was a public road. The ruts in the road were terrible: it was so bad that a milk tanker driver put on his brakes & he slid sideways off the road. Perhaps that would persuade the powers that be, that perhaps it did need sealing. Nothing happened, so then we paid \$4,000 for the first 200m to be sealed (which in those times was a lot of money). It then persuaded tourists that it was probably worth going down. Once they started it had to continue on (bit of a mean trick). The council was eventually shamed into sealing the rest of the road.

My wife has been more patient than any wife I know: I had her help & that of my three boys. It has been a heck of a lot of fun at times, and also it has been a bit worrying, but life is all about tackling these problems. It has been good fun & we managed to make a living out of it, & then we decided to sell it. It has had a few owners since then; I am sorry it is not still open. There maybe some other reasons. In the long run it will probably change hands again & probably re-open, because it was a marvellous tourist at-

traction.

It was voted the best tourist attraction in the district year after year. We tried to make it attractive; we got ideas from New Zealand; & the water-fall idea from Marysville which the tourists really liked. You had to put a dollar in the slot & the motor would start up & a cascade of water would come down into the aquarium area. I am sorry that is not open now, you will have to take my word for it.

- **Norman Douglas** 10/11/2004
(♣ Photographs by Norman Douglas)



ANSWER to the QUESTION of the MONTH (Nov.) (Rainbow trout are native to which continent? When & how were they introduced to Australia?)

■ Australia's first trout hatchery - the "Plenty Hatchery", was established near Hobart in 1841, in preparation for a shipment of trout eggs from Britain. The eggs however did not survive the journey. Further unsuccessful attempts were made in 1845-1860-1862.

In 1864 a shipment of 100,000 Atlantic salmon & several thousand brown trout eggs reached Melbourne. Most of these eggs were then sent off to Hobart.

The Plenty Hatchery produced the southern hemisphere's first Brown trout on May 4th 1864.

The introduction of Brown trout - to Tas, then Vic, then NSW - was followed by the introduction of such varieties as Rainbow, Jack leven, & Sebago trout.

Rainbow trout were introduced into NSW from New Zealand in 1894 & into Tasmania in 1898.

from "The Macquarie Book of Events".

- **Geoff Hamilton**

■ A North American food fish having a reddish longitudinal band & black spots. from "R D Illustrated Dictionary".

- **Anne Davies**

"ON THE FARM"

by **Roma Freeman**

My father was Hube Odewahn. He & mum used to enjoy A&DHS meetings until old age took its toll & they dropped out. Dad died last year & mum is a resident at Marianella.

My parents' farming backgrounds were similar & they were the same age.



Dad's heritage was German & mum's Cornish. My first recollections are of living at "Braefield" on the Burrumbuttock Walla road which had been purchased from an early subdivision of "Brae Springs" & that is where I spent my first six years. The family diaries have helped my recollection of events. I was born at "Boort koi" in Wyse Street Albury. My older brother was born at "Meramie".

I remember mum milking the cow at "Braefield". She would put Keith in the pusher & I would toddle along beside her to the cow bails... We had a roan cow "Sally" & she showed that she didn't like me by snorting & carrying on whenever she spotted me & she seemed to have super sight because I could be on the other side of a paddock. I stayed on my side of the fence. Sally was always milked in the bails but mostly the cow was milked where she stood. In Walla beside the house was an empty block on which we had a milking cow & some chooks, when we didn't have a cow I was sent down to Mrs. Heppner with a billy to buy milk fresh from the cow. However we mostly had a milking cow until 1969 when we moved to Albury.

I only ever milked a cow once. Mum once said to me when I was quite young "if you ever learn to milk a cow, don't tell anyone because if you do, you'll be doing it forever". I took her advice, however it was usually my lot to do the separating & wash the separator. I think I learned to milk by observation when I was 4.

Dad worked very hard all his life but it wasn't until I started typing up his diaries that I realized completely how tough he was. He would attend clearing sales & markets & dig rabbits... in one place he states "a person will look like a rabbit soon". In another he had a visit from the P.P. board who told him he "definitely had far too many rabbits on the place", & this after he had employed rabbits for many years & they had dug out or shot almost 2,000 rabbits in 12 weeks, this without knowing how many they fumigated. The sheep had to be bought, sold, & looked after. But so did the cattle, it was a truly mixed property. It was nothing for him to work around the clock at cropping & harvest time. His ethic was that women worked inside the house yard gate & men worked outside. Mum was not allowed to work outside & neither were we girls, but occasionally when things were really under pres-

sure we were asked to do some mustering.



In 1944 feed was so scarce the sheep were fed on potatoes & molasses. There was a big orchard at "Braefield" & mum use to preserve fruit in the "Fowler" & make jam. There was also an orchard at "Stony Park West". Most farms had an orchard in those days.

One day a fox was under the woolshed & in trying to catch it, it escaped & dad gave me a note to take to mum to bring the gun, he chased it to a big gum tree in the paddock behind the sheds & mum took the gun up & the fox was shot.

My brother & I were playing on the wool table in the shearing shed & there was a great axe on the wall which fell down & cut his little toe right down the middle. Dad put my brother on his shoulder & carried him to the house with blood dripping from his foot, me toddling along behind. Jenny was a tiny baby & so mum & dad took him into Albury to have his toe stitched... I think someone came over from "Hill & Dale" to mind we girls... after several days mum remove the stitches with dad holding him down on the kitchen table.

They were exciting days for a little girl the day we got the kerosene Electrolux refrigerator. It came in a lovely box which made a wonderful cubby house for us. Before the fridge we had a Coolgardie safe on the back veranda to keep the perishables useable. Mum used to separate the cream from the milk by scalding it in a bowl on the stove & when it became cold would skim the cream off the top & from the cream she made butter.

My older sister was born in the middle of harvest 1943. It was in a very hot summer & I went to stay with nan & my brother to grandma's. Dad didn't see us for two weeks.

I cannot remember my younger brother's arrival into this world... he weighed 10lbs 10 oz (4.8 kg) & mum said that she paid for it for the rest of her life. He was also born at "Boort koi" & was three months old when we moved from "Braefield" to Walla.

I stayed with nan Odewahn & went to school for a term at Albury Public School & I don't have very happy memories that school. My teacher put me in the corner a lot! During these holidays my tonsils were removed.

When we moved to Walla we lived in a rented house in Herman Street. I walked to school, it seemed a long way because the house was at one end of the town &

the school at the other, & I commenced in first class. I think I liked that school. We all attended the Walla Walla public school.

Next door lived a naughty boy; he dunked my Sister's bear in a drum of sump oil & burnt down the back shed. The shed was made from railway sleepers & we used to play in it. Mum went out the back door one day to see our neighbour in her petticoat calling out & waving her dress towards the shed from which was pouring a lot of smoke. Mum ran to the shed, got the cat out of the garage & pulled out the rocking horse & then she remembered the drum for petrol & another of dripping. All she could do was to watch it burn, & the petrol exploded. The policeman talked to the culprit... for years the drum with the big bulge in its side sat on the side of the hill at Dallaroo.

Life on the farm was not always hard work. I would go to Sunday school & church & visit friends & relatives on Sundays, & go to the footy on Saturday. Because they worked by the seasons rather than the clock mum & dad were always available for school functions & other recreational activities. They both were very active in town affairs & dad was a member of the Farmers & Settlers & the Country Party, the Sportsground & Hall Committees & on the Albury P.P. board & later Rotary at North Albury. Mum was involved in Red Cross, CWA, Methodist Church Aid, Hall Committee & other community activities. They both belonged actively to P&C for nineteen years.

"Dallaroo" is an aboriginal word meaning "leading down to water", but was part of the last subdivision of "Brae Springs" which dad bought in 1945. There are several springs on the land, hence the referral to water in both names.

Dad would travel out to the farm most days while the house was being built... the running of the farm continued. He had a red Bedford truck. It was used for everything, even taking children to school; & once for about 40 or so children to Walbundrie school sports. We went camping in it (with a canopy over the tray) to Bright & Rosebud. As for the house, dad felled red gum trees for the stumps, & he had to travel to Condobolin for floorboards. Because it was so soon after the war, bricks were hard to get, so they got them when they could. The house took almost two years to build. There was petrol rationing & quite often the tradesmen would camp

out at the property. The first tanks we had were second grade, so after a few years they had to be replaced. At that time materials for houses were restricted, even to the types of glass which was put in the windows. We didn't have a telephone for a while after we went to "Dallaroo". At "Braefield" we were on a party line with "Hill & Dale" & "Bona Vista". We were on the Walla exchange & many services were not continuous & quite often they were out of order. We did have a phone (a luxury) while we lived in Walla.

Until we moved to Albury, we only had tank water which we caught on the roof of the house & sheds; so we grew up saving water. We only ever had a bath with a little bit of water in the tub. At Walla bath night was Saturday & water was heated in the copper & bucketed to the bathroom.

We moved in to "Dallaroo" on August 5th 1948 & we three eldest children were taken down to Walla for school. Until the neighbours finished the house on their property it was a twice a day journey down & back. Once the neighbours moved in, the trips were shared. One family had the morning & the other the afternoon run, alternating weekly.

My youngest sister was born on Albury Show Day in 1952 at "Blackie House". During shearing mum had been in hospital since Thursday afternoon so she was very exhausted. I was allowed to see my new baby sister through the glass because I was going back to boarding school the day after her birth.

In those days there weren't seatbelts & we all travelled to school in any vehicle available; we loved driving on the back of the truck. Our neighbour employed a married couple with 2 children who lived in a little cottage between the two homesteads. It was great fun when Mr H would collect us in "Bertha", a funny little truck/utility which was the family's mode of transport.

At "Dallaroo" we had a hot water system through the stove. The baths were the same & showers were strictly very short, & there was a copper for washing. We did three loads of washing in one lot of water. Before we had electricity we used kerosene for lamps & refrigerator, & a fuel stove in the kitchen... very hot in summer but great in winter. All the heating required wood that had to be chopped.

On 12th May, 1953 electricity was switched on at "Dallaroo". The next day dad bought a Mixmaster, & about two weeks later an electric wash-



ing machine; also a 20 ft³ (566 l) Frigidaire refrigerator was purchased, & it is still working.

When I left school my older brother was boarding at Albury Grammar School, & my sister was boarding at the Albury High School Hostel, Adams-hurst; & my younger brother was in at Walla Public School. Because I was the eldest daughter, it was expected by dad particularly, that I would stay at home. I was fifteen, so to prepare ourselves for life ahead my friend & I enrolled at Tech & we learnt to make our own clothes; I also sewed for my sisters. We learned to make soft furnishing too, which probably saved us a lot of money over time, & we became quite good at making curtains & things. As mum & the neighbouring ladies were members of the Country Women's Association & sewing was needed by various projects undertaken by the CWA, we were joined up as junior members. I became involved in the town, did at a ticket writing course by correspondence, & became a guider with the girl guides & enjoyed it. I played basketball (now netball) half-heartedly & my brothers played football when they left school. My older brother was a pretty good footballer & played 199 games for Walla.

1960 was a memorable year when grandpa Jelbart died. I was twenty, the big tank at the back of the house burst, the roof blew off the wool-shed in a typhoon, I parted with my appendix, "Brae Springs" house burnt down & it was to be the last Christmas I could be sure of being at home... two women in the house was not working. So in 1961 I went nursing.

The years between school & nursing seemed very ordinary. I didn't learn to drive until I was nineteen & mum & dad wondered if I ever could. Mum was a much better instructor than dad who was impatient. We would go to lots of balls in many towns. I would go with my friend & then she got a boyfriend, so I had to learn to drive quickly... there were only "L" plates & you went to the local policeman for your test.

The days were much the same. The cow was milked, we always had a full breakfast after cereal, chops, sausages or steak & eggs, all followed by toast; I then cut my youngest sister's school lunch, & took her to school (though when older she did ride the bike). Then I had to wash up & prepare the midday meal... [dinner] meat & 3 vegetables & pudding. Tea was usually a lighter meal

of soup, spaghetti; or cold meat & salad followed by bread & jam. We drank tea at every meal. Regardless of how many were in the house we always sat down to meals together, the hired hand included, as he was regarded as one of the family.

Here are a few 1947 farm diary excerpts:

Saturday, 11 January 1947. ... inspected cattle. Sally has a roan heifer calf about a month old & horny Hereford heifer has one two days old. Audrey & the old Hereford cow should calve soon. Brought in a Furphy of water for the house - almost out of water here. Fairly hot day.

Wednesday 15th January. Went to Albury. Saw Les Chick & he is to prepare house plan & submit it to council meeting. Very hot humid day, storm at night, not much rain, but cooled the atmosphere down. Brought Roma & Keith home from Karmala.

Friday 17th January. Got 24lbs grasshopper poison & put it out on Yamma. Grasshoppers are in small patches all over the place & very hard to find. Got Mr. Jelbart to inspect a drag saw at 446 Macauley street. He rang back rather impressed with it & I went in with B. A. Smith & bought it for £80. Cool fine day. Geoff made a mould of concrete posts. Ollie Roma Alan, Jenifer all off color.

Saturday, 15th February 1947. Floods up north where the drought has been so severe but no rain here although overcast for the past few days. Finished plastering north wing of gate. Referendum on hotel hours to-day, 6-9 or 10 o'clock closing.

Wednesday 5th March. Geoff disk, I felled a big red gum tree for blocks for the house. It was 17ft. in circumference where I sawed it down with the drag saw. Had a bit of rain last night, measured 42 points, but some of that fell on Saturday, possibly had about 30 points.

Friday 21st March. Went to Yench's [Yensch] saleGaston scarifier £85. Gaston disc £86. Sundercut No.9 (wanted new discs) £77. T20 McCormick tractor £525 (wanted new tracks, sprockets etc). 10ft. McKay header £105. Young Bert Habermann bought the farm, 1,000 odd acres @ £10. I believe 260 ewes lambing 53/6 all ages to full mouth 50% full mouth.

Thursday 10th April. All went to Albury Celebrating ceremony declaring Albury a city. Had a procession down Dean St to Sportsground with decorated floats which were very nice. They then paraded

around the ground to be judged. Children gave maypole dancing & folk dancing & formed at tableau "Albury City 1947". Had afternoon tea in the gardens & then home.

From 50 years of diaries I have only touched briefly on my first 22 years.

- Roma Freeman 10/11/04

GENERAL NOTICES

1 A&DHS Additional Financial Memberships, 2004-2005: Jean Whitla, Janice Lynch, Helena Prosser, Albury Regional Museum.

2 Thanks to Stephen Lippie Of WA for an archival photocopy of The Albury Annual 1925-26 Summer Numbers of the Albury Pioneer & Riverina Advocate.

3 ALBURY CITY COUNCIL FUTURE SEARCH CONFERENCE - ALBURY TO 2030

Representing the A&DHS, Jan Marsden & June Shanahan were fortunate to attend the Conference at the Hume Weir Resort, 14th to 16th Nov, '04. Unfortunately we didn't represent the Heritage group, but were involved with mixed groups including the Community Group. 80 people attended, being a broad cross section of the Community & a wealth of knowledge. The conference process has been designed to enable the community to plan the future direction for Albury together with the Council. It is a genuine collaborative effort to provide a community owned plan for the development of our city.

Day 1 theme "The past and where we have been." **Day 2** "About the present" & where we are now." **Day 3** "Action & how to get there" & "The future and where we want to be." By day 3 it was obvious that "transport infrastructure" was a top priority, "Health, Well-being & Ageing" held great interest. "Water & the Murray River" was a big issue. "Education, Heritage, Culture, Arts, Sport & Communications" were of concern. Small sub-committees from each group will be formed to monitor on-going progress.

The bastions of power have to take a good look at what has come out of this conference & make sure that knowledge & planning is implemented in the future. Thanks to everyone concerned.

- June Shanahan.

Treasurer ✱

MERRY CHRISTMAS

COMMITTEE Meeting: 5.15pm Tuesday January 25, 2005, at Albury City Library