

2013  
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My home was small  
And to my <sup>great</sup> delight  
An open fireplace  
And gentle blue gaslight ...  
A skylight, too  
Through which I longed to see  
The stars so bright  
And even God ..... Maybe!

~~Maybe~~ Maybe 20

I was born at Leichhardt. My father was a Londoner, while visiting this land he met my mother whose father had come here from Ireland. They married here in Sydney. My father owned a fruit shop but during the Depression lost everything & then became a tram conductor. When I was 3? we moved to Bondi Junction. 44 St James Rd. (there is a park there now). The house was one of 3? in a terrace. It was weatherboard & from the footpath, 3 steps led up to a little verandah. While living there, I commenced at Woollahra (Pratt's) School. My mother chose wisely. We then moved to 4 Hough St. We were then living opposite Dairy Farmers. 'Horse + Cart' was used as a means of transporting milk. One became used to the noise. There were shifts. Halfway up Mill Hill Rd. was a shop at which we would buy our milk - we would bring a jug & billy can. We brought a deal or bowl if we ~~were~~ buying icecream. At No. 4, which I considered to be so big, we even had hens in a pen. Morning Glory climbed over the back fence. In those days we were delivered for the ice chest, milk, bread, two were delivered. After school, I would 'do the messages'.

The Butchers' Shop fascinated me as the floor was sawdust. The kind butcher would give to us wooden skewers & on these, we could learn to knit... wool was in skeins & had to be wound.

My mother had a tupper - the water had to be heated... the clothes line had a wooden prop to hold it up.

We would sometimes go to the 'picture show' and before it commenced God Save The King was played. We all stood - people loved King George VI - on the front of our exercise books was his picture in a cameo.

At Wollalaba School were special days... Bird Day, Wattle Day, Empire Day & later Tupper Day - all proceeds to go to the Lord Mayor's Patriotic Fund.

I loved my childhood... going to Centennial Park... picking shivery grass, climbing the hills and finding clay which we used as chalk.

There is so much more to tell... Dressing in our Sunday best to go to town (the city)... memorable occasions.

Our chant was "Wollalaba Wollalaba brave & bold... ought to be, ought to be dipped in gold!"

I must reclaim the Wash Shed - just one shared piece of bright yellow soap!

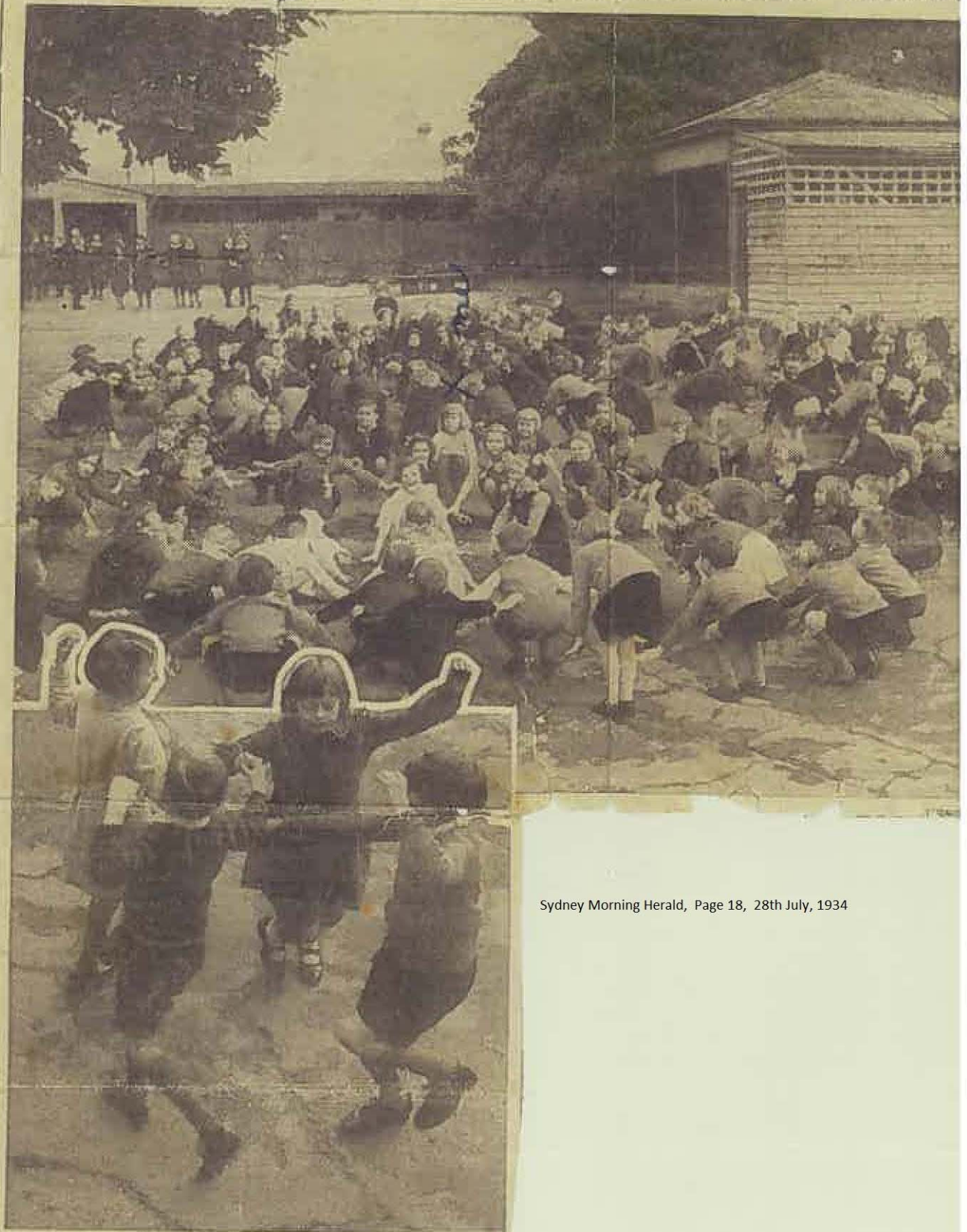
We would cry... Pass the soap down or we'll flood you!

The container was like a long trough. There is so much more... it would fill a book!

Marjorie Ella Curtis (Mrs. Stargreaves)

There were 7 children - Bobby went to be with the Lord at 6 weeks.  
We all went to High School. West folk rented... Very few owned a car! Visiting Eastern Suburbs Hospital one placed a silver coin in the box if one could afford it. We could ride Scooters on the road - even Billvoants!

FOLK DANCES BY CHILDREN OF WOOLLAHRA INFANTS



Trained by Mrs. E. Fraser, the younger children of the Woollahra public school perform these dances as part of their early education.

Sydney Morning Herald, Page 18, 28th July, 1934