

Life in Poowong 1930's

Forward by Richard Davoren.

The Davorens (my family) settled in South East Gippsland after migrating from Ireland. Eventually most of the sons and daughter of James Davoren left the land and drifted to the city and married. Joan Trimnell was the daughter of my aunt Bridget Lillian, only surviving daughter of James and Mary Davoren (nee Jordan).

This is a transcript of the late Joan Nielsen's (nee Trimnell) memoirs written about her childhood in the South West Gippsland area around 1930. It is copied as written.....

"Many a story starts "When I was a small girl" this is no different except the memories of this period in all our lives has stayed with me throughout my lifetime so vividly and has given me a great love of the Australian bush and country way of life.

Poowong School Days

The year 1930, depression swept the world and Phar Lap won the cup. My father had lost his money in a cream venture, delivering to the cake shops and cafes, and we went to live in Gippsland. My mother packed us up, leaving 2 of her small children in Fairfield Infectious Diseases Hospital and with our possessions on a truck; we arrived in the small settlement of Topiram. Dad had gone on before us to start work at his brother's, Soldier settlement farm at Mountain View, some 2 ½ miles from where we had landed ourselves.

We took up our residence in a small-unpainted farmhouse behind another quaint farmlet. The farm we went to was known as Walsh's farm, set in the valley with green hills sweeping down to it, a small stream flowed by, full of blackfish, one had only to throw a line in and a catch was a certainty. Mint and maidenhair fern grew in the creek beds, the cows grazed all around us, although at this time, I think we only had one milker. I had just come out of Fairfield after 4 ½ months and Marie, my sister was a baby of 12 months. We loved the farm immediately, and only lived for the day we would be joined by brother Maurice and sister Betty. Tim our father worked 7 days a week, the only time we saw him was at night for the evening meal and he would talk to us, one at a time, on our own, quietly, mostly about the Mountain View property, his work there and the local news, if there was any. He rode a horse everywhere and wore a large cowboy hat.

He had arrived from Wiltshire England, with his family to farm here in Victoria, years before. He was an educated man and spoke French fluently. My mother was born and bred in Jeetho, the only daughter of the James Davoren (Davern) family and she had five brothers, all adored her, she had the tip tilted Irish nose and was lovely. They met whilst my father was working in the Jeetho & Loch area; she was studying to be a schoolteacher and later taught at Glen Iris State School. Melbourne, having moved to Wattletree Rd Malvern when she was about 18. The French name of my brother came about through the courtship they pursued in the French language, as in those days couples were not permitted very much privacy. They did not wed until my mother was 24 years of age and my father around 31 years because they did not have any prospects of getting a home together. Times were hard!!!

However this is a story of Maurice, Joan, Betty and Marie who spent 4 ½ years in Gippsland area 13 miles from Drouin, amongst the wonderful, warm people of Topiram.

The great day arrived; we were all together at last, laughter, laughter and more laughter. I do not remember anyone crying, my mother did in front of the family. We had all the favourite goodies, she could cook up. My best cake was a small cup cake with white icing and a strawberry on top- The best!

We settled down and waited for the school year to begin, we roamed the hills, I don't know if our mother knew where we were at any time, the only dangers were the odd bull, usually well fenced, and a snake or two, but we had been well informed on that peril, we checked the

streams for water rat, platypus, fish. Rabbits were everywhere and became quite a part of our diet, along with fish and bantam chickens, we always had bantams, they were in Maurice's care and so when one had to go in the pot, I would have to do the deed, as no one else would or could. The highlight of the day was walking down to the front gate which was on the main road into east Poowong (now looks like a ribbon) to wait for the bakers cart to deliver the bread. We would sit there in the sun with our new hats our gran has sent us up. I was freckled and so was Marie, but Betty and Maurice had the English peaches and cream complexion. We would pull at all the lovely dough of the fresh bread and the loaf would look much smaller when we got home!! Gippsland is noted for its rainy weather, this first year was no exception. We had spotted a little blonde head on the farm in front of our old place so we decided to pay a visit. The shortest route possible seems always to attract children and today was no exception, so through the bottom of the cow paddock fence or over the top we three went, up to our knees in mud and cow manure in our city shoes. The dreaded boots had not been purchased at this time!!

The cows moored, we became frightened but Jerry Millar was milking and heard nothing! When we became the colour of cow dung and were now beginning to make a lot of noise about it all, Mrs Millar arrived to help her husband with the little blond girl in tow. Beryl. Much later we were seated around the kitchen table, freshly bathed and clothed and tucking in to cream sponge with our pretty little mother (who was sent for) at the afternoon tea party. Could we all laugh, Beryl was delighted, she had no brothers or sisters and she had been desperately lonely so all her wishes had come true. A long time friendship began and continued the 4 ½ years we stayed in the area. Many a day I picked all Mrs Millar's primroses, rode on Jerry's sled as we dragged logs, rode and was thrown from Beryl's Shetland pony. When pony throws one over a fence, one really, truly does see stars. Many a time our special little blonde friend was popped in between Betty and I in bed as our parents would be attending some dance or card party. On one occasion she woke with chicken pox next morning but none of us caught it! At last school commenced and we set off on our 2 ½ mile walk to east Poowong school. I was 5 and skinny, Maurice, 2 years and nine months older, just on 8 sturdy and a real little man! We had been enrolled and had a look at the 2 room wooden classroom set in a lovely garden which the children cared for. Betty was only 3 ½ Marie still a baby. Next to the school was a nice little weatherboard residence belonging to the Education Dept and the headmaster and his wife and 2 daughters lived there. Mr & Mrs Freckleton, Beryl and Shirley. It was open house to all. If a child became ill through the day, a rarity, Mrs Freckleton put them on a bed in her own home. She was a fabulous cook, as are most countrywomen in that area any way. The first day seems to have passed well enough as I don't have any strong memories of it, just that by the time we walked home we were tired and thought it a long walk for the next 4 ½ years, we had tried all short cuts and came to the conclusion there were none!!

Maurice and I had attended Lloyd St State School East Malvern, before we went to Topiram. There we had all contracted Scarlet Fever!! It certainly was not 2 ½ miles from No 5 Darling Road to Lloyd St state school. In those days a child would be accepted at school at 4 ½ years if the mother had other children at home. I was a real pain and would not let my brother out of my sight, he could not even go to the toilet, I waited outside, how he didn't box my ears, I would never know.

We soon became a part of the school life, our mother was always doing something or other for the mothers club, and she also captained the basketball team, umpired the tennis and was well in the social life of the rural area. She also played cards, so I suppose she was a new face and quite an asset. Then the blow fell, we had to leave Walsh's farmhouse because a family by the name of Stewart were coming to run the farm. We had only been renting and not utilising the land in any way, so where to go. There were no houses and we couldn't and didn't want to go to E Malvern any way. My gran, a widow, always had a house full of people, only Jack the eldest was married and lived away. We sadly packed up and went over to Mountain View for a few days as dad was still working his 7 days a week for one pound and all found, daylight til dark.

It certainly was nearer to school, we could walk there with little trouble, but our mother was not smiling, there were already two women in the kitchen, grandma who looked like Queen

Victoria and dressed the same and Ella, dare I say it, an "old maid". She ran the local switchboard and cooked for the Mountain View family and workers. I disgraced myself while we were there by eating too many jam tarts. I was never to hear the end of "Greedy Joan".

At last we had a place of our own and we went along to see it, very old, had been a store with a dwelling, but it had a sink, no bath, but clothes troughs, marvellous for bathing children, two at a time. A little further from school, but right near the Topiram railway station- Perfect.

PADDY

Mother's brother (youngest) was in the building trade as a plasterer, and he worked for a big builder in Melbourne who only built large expensive houses. Ornate ceilings and cornices were the thing, so a lull in jobs often saw "Uncle Paddy" come to us children and stay with us at Topiram. He was only 16 when Maurice was born and we think he felt we were his young brother and sisters. Whatever, he was idolised by us. Tall dark and with a strong good looks and brown eyes. He was promised to a girl in Melbourne, but he broke a few hearts in the Sth Gippsland area. He attended all the dances and often won a prize, one of which (actually the box the prize came in) got him into trouble. He gave it to me and I blabbed to Auntie Pat (his fiancé) when she came to stay with us. However she forgave him, and at last they married and had a fine family."

(Editors note: Paddy and Pat, their actual names were Fenton Patrick and Stella Irene, were my father and mother. For some reason my family called each other by entirely different names. Perhaps it was the fact that the same names kept appearing in each generation so it was essential to differentiate.)

"He was in his early twenties and had loved the country round Jeetho, not wanting to go to Malvern when the Daverns left for there, so any chance he got, he came up to Topiram. He slept in a tent in our back yard and he gave us every dog we owned. Bingo, always called Bingo every dog we ever had was always called Bingo and every cat Tibbles. One night there was a terrific storm, Bingo got excited and upset, then bit a hole right through the tent and rain came in and wet Paddy. He of course came in and slept in the house already overcrowded, as mother never turned anyone away, even our best sofa often had someone sleeping on it. We had 2 bedrooms only. Our parents shared their room with Marie, still in a cot. In the children's room, more like a dormitory, we had 2 double beds and one single on this night. We were fully booked, Maurice was away on some school excursion, so Betty was relegated to his sleeping bag. We all retired early, as we had no electricity, only lamps and candles. Of course Maurice returned home unexpectedly, he got a nice warm sleeping bag & Betty found herself rolled in the last blanket or rug in the house across our feet at the bottom of the bed. Nobody turned a hair or complained least of all our unflappable mother.

Paddy would take us rabbiting, fishing all over the countryside. We would be gone most of the day, no cut lunch, no guns and no giggling, we were smartly told off if we dared to even snigger.

One day he took Maurice, his nets and his ferret in a proper ferret box with a stout latch on it and away they went. The rabbit holes were found, the nets always in perfect order, were placed over the holes, down went the ferret and they waited and waited. At last (a some of the burrows do go a long way underground) a rustling was heard. Maurice called to Paddy, over he came and there was the rabbit. He quickly broke the rabbits neck, got the ferret back in its box, and looked around. There was Maurice on the ground out to it: he had fainted. Paddy gathered up all his gear and had something extra to carry besides the rabbit and the ferret and the nets, Maurice He presented him to my mother and said," Here is your son". Next time I went and he took me many times after that. He did everything so humanely as he never could let an animal suffer. He taught me to fish, kill and clean, and somehow what we caught and killed we ate. It never occurred to us that the food our mother fed us that night was what we caught that day!

He also taught me to ride a horse, and a love of horses with me has continued all my life. Pity help you if you did not care for the animal properly. He would often walk along the road to meet us as we trudged home from school. It seemed like a special treat to us and we were

so proud of him. His intended knitted him some very smart jumpers and he always looked gorgeous. One time I remember it was pouring with rain. We were 2/3rds of the way home, he appeared with our coats but we were already wet through so on went the wood copper and into the troughs we went. He rubbed us down in front of the one fire stove and fed us bread and apricot jam with cream sandwiches. To this day one of my favourites. We hadn't noticed that our mother was missing, as he had an apron on, I supposed we associated him with mother so closely however she had gone to Melbourne to see Gran and visit the Alfred hospital as she was starting to suffer with rheumatoid arthritis. She could never bear to say good-bye to us and hadn't said a word of her impending visit. Her name was not mentioned, except at night when he heard our prayers all the days she was away. No wonder we all loved him. He got us off to school and cut our lunches, was waiting for us on our return and quite possibly had caught dinner.

When PharLap died in America, we were very upset because he told us all about "Big red" and his wonderful wins. Although he loved to bet, he couldn't afford it and there was no TAB in far off 1930. He later gave me a stirrup, which he said had been used by a jockey on PharLap. True or false, I had that stirrup for years. He died at 60 from pneumonia from a chill he caught fishing on Mordialloc Pier at least that is what I prefer to think.

Gran

Molly Davern was her name- she was a widow, a daughter of a shearer (who lies somewhere in an unknown grave, as he never returned from one of his shearing jobs) and left my grandmother, her mother and two sisters without means. Molly was a wonderful seamstress; my father said she could make a dress out of a handkerchief. She had wonderful personality and loved us all, and was loved by us, she always had a little dog it went everywhere with her- she had tried breeding Pomeranians and "Claire" was her loved pet, yappy little things!! One time our mother sent us out to play, we used to swing on the gate at the Topiram Railway Station, Monday, Wednesday & Friday the train came through, on its way to east Poowong, so of course that was a thrill, in quiet Topiram. Everyone would look up. This day we were swinging back and forth when we heard the whistle (must have been during school holidays) so down to the station we went, off the train came Gran with Clare under her arm, no leash, no carrier box just under her arm, we nearly knocked her flying so delighted were we, who would hold her hand, who would carry Clare? Such love. Mother of course knew, she was coming, but hadn't said a word. She could keep a secret, that one. What delight when she opened the case, cotton dimity for a dress each for the girls, mauve pink & blue floral, all different but similar. Next day the "Singer" was whirring and soon a pair of tennis shoes for Maurice who was delighted, as he had started to play tennis at school. When my father came home he said "I Knew your mother was here"- Napoleon (his horse) played up at the Topiram turn off about 1/2 mile away from the house as Clare used to yap around his feet and he hated her!

One time when new shoes were required for us for one of the many concerts put on by the E Poowong school, gran only on the widows pension, sold her chickens to buy them for us. Betty and I were in a concert once when I came down with pneumonia, for dancing around in the rain when I was told to play in the barn. I had to lose my part as the Head dwarf in Snow White, I was heartbroken, but I recovered in time to see the play, but of course I couldn't rehearse and our stage manager "Mr Freckleton" was a perfectionist and wasn't taking any chances. Gran came to the party with identical dresses for Betty and I, black georgette over black taffeta with bunches of red grapes in points forming the skirt hemline, made from material left over from Edie's (mums sister in law) dance dress (roaring 20s style) We mingled on stage in the finale and no one queried our presence. Happy again.

All her life she had made us wonderful clothes. We went to stay with her, by this time she had moved to a big house in Murrumbeena, she liked gardening and if she found a house she liked better than one she was in she would move. The boys, she still had 3 of them at home with her, would say to her "Mum if you decide today please leave a note on the door so as we know where we will be sleeping tonight". She must have loved Murrumbeena, as it was her last home. On school holidays we would go down to town. She always had one of the boys pluck us off the train at Caulfield and we would walk from Murrumbeena station to 54 Moonya

Rd. There were plane trees in the street and in the autumn, the conkers and the fallen leaves would be up to our shins. We thought it wonderful and welcoming. The brass electric light switches, "one switch-light"-how wonderful! Midnight suppers and in the morning and fight over who would get gran a cup of tea or who would get into bed with her or who would feed and walk Clare. She had a bed of marigolds by the small front gate and they were all in bloom so out I went with her dressmaking scissors & cut off every flower and made her a daisy chain. She was so proud of it. "I wonder".

The Royal Melbourne Show was the highlight of our trips and then relating it all when we returned to school in Poowong. Whenever she visited us at Topiram my mother would take her everywhere-to all her friends, even to the Freckletons, and to the school. We were so proud of her. She was tall slim and smart, and wore her hair in a bun and was fun to be with. She had once run the Coffee Palace at Jeethoat the same time bringing into the world 7 children, 6 survived, losing a daughter at 11 weeks of whooping cough "Louisa". I suppose the 4 of us were special to her. She seemed to be always coming to see "Lily" and us, her daughter our mother. We spent wonderful Christmases with her and Christmas Day was magic with all the boys and their wives and children. The garage door came off every year to be the dining table as no other in the house was big enough, Uncle Ned was always Santa dressed up and no one ever suspected. He was also a great storyteller of Australian tales and always ate "goanna" sandwiches. (A goanna between 2 pieces of bread or so he said!) Of all the wonderful Christmases in town, the one I remember best was the year we had a Real Australian Christmas Picnic with immediate neighbours & friends under the peppercorn trees at Topiram.

The School

Maurice and I loved the E Poowong school, it was small, 27 pupils only 2 teachers Mr Freckleton and Miss Mayberry (a daughter of a local farmer from Mountain View) We honoured the flag on a Monday morning and on cold days we formed a circle & ran around & did exercises, then into the classrooms,. Maurice in one and me in the other

I never remember not looking forward to the next days school work and I did have a few girl friends, Dulcie, Marge and Gwen. Around this time there was a fancy dress afternoon and Maurice became a Chinaman, complete with pigtail, he spoke Chinese slang (his version) for weeks afterwards, he always got well into the part. We walked along the road to school the two of us & picked up 3 boys along the way, 3 sons from the Day family, often we would dawdle & when we got to the Mountain View turn off we would hear the first bell, so we would have to scarper. I don't remember getting into any trouble though, it used to take us an hour to walk to and from school, so it made a long day for a small child.

We had been trudging off in this manner for sometime, when we were joined at Topiram by Mr & Mrs Josh pollard & 3 children, Phillip, Joan and Reggie. Phil was a fun person, plump & jolly, Joan an English rosebud (as her mother was an English war bride) Reggie spoilt and a whinger. We were delighted, as the more the merrier with children, now we had a little gang going off of a day. Mondays we would walk up the railway line and quite often the ganger would give us a ride that was great. They checked the line once a week for stray animals and check the tracks, The weekends were wonderful we had enough children now to play paper chase and we would wander for miles all over the hills. We could put on concerts and dress up, exchange books, and my brother would put on magic lantern slides that he would make. I don't remember one fight with any of them. When the holidays came around we would take the train from Topiram to E Poowong where Rupert Pollard had a store and for 3 pence we could buy a bag of boiled sweets. The ride on the train was pure joy. My brother loved trains and the driver would sometimes let him ride with him in the engine – A special treat.

We had all sorts of nature study walks at school; it was quite common to see koala bears, wombats even as close as the schoolyard. We had one Easter an Easter egg hunt& while we were looking for the eggs, an echidna walked out of one of the pony sheds where the children who rode to school tethered their ponies. We had seen them many times along the roadside but not in the schoolyard. One night or afternoon as we were walking home, I saw what looked like a strap or belt and bent to pick it up but one of the boys yelled and me that it was a

snake and it took fright and slithered away. Thank goodness, I couldn't get to sleep that night. Another time one draped itself over mother's wood box and we wouldn't go into the house until dad checked every nook and cranny but it had gone. At the weekend in the summer our mother would take us to the river for a paddle, this we loved as it used to be very hot at Topiram in the summer months and the dam was considered too dangerous. Uncle Paddy had made us a boat out of corrugated iron and we were only allowed on that when he was there. Even so we nearly drowned Marie. The school dentist paid us a visit one year and we came home with sad stories to tell. I suppose our mothers knew they would be calling but it came as a complete surprise to us and we had no time to take fright.

We had an old horse we called Jimmie, after another uncle. We all rode him around the paddocks with as many kids as he could carry. When he was fully loaded the last one would slide down his tail. He never once hurt us or kicked us, so quiet was he. We had cows by this time and they were called by all the aunts names except Topsy, and of course we had a bull calf called Paddy. Dad was rearing him and he was going to bring us in a lot of money but he died and had to be given a proper burial with us all bawling our eyes out. It was great excitement whenever a cow got in a creek and everyone turned out to rescue her.

Of course our school had wonderful sports were often held away. Betty could run, after she started school but I was hopeless, still everyone went along. I once came second last and I thought that wasn't too bad. The school picnic, held every year, was great with everyone making their best cakes and sandwiches. The fruit we saw was mainly plums and blackberries and apples. Bananas and grapes were luxuries. I stuffed myself with these, and was inevitably ill on the way home. Once a truck load of grapes turned over on the E Poowong road and about a mile from home, don't know how we got to hear of it but we did, what a bonus, we spent all day going back and forth to the scene to gather the grapes.

At last Betty and Beryl were to join us at school and the first day they came was like a gala, everyone enjoyed the occasion. Once more. Mrs Freckleton handled the catering arrangements and she made the best gem scones & jelly coated snowballs I have ever tasted. Jerry Millar drove Beryl to school for a while and he had a roster to give a couple of the smaller children a lift but he had only a baby Austin so couldn't carry too many. We used to get lifts sometimes with sand truck drivers & farmers. I tore my knickers once on a sand truck & got teased.

Visitors from Strezlecki

Life in Topiram was full of surprises and we never knew who was going to arrive or when. This afternoon who should arrive but mother's elder brother and his son who would have been about 8. They had ridden on their bikes from a property uncle Jack was renting while on leave from the Taxation office. We children were always pleased to see another child, we had many a laugh at Uncle Jack's city approach to cows. He would shave & put on a collar & tie to go to the cow shed. Another morning after searching for the cows, Auntie Myrtle suggested he look in the milking shed and sure enough, they were still in the bails. The cows were always getting in the clover & would swell up & roll down the hill..

Joan's memoirs continued:

We visited them all once before they returned to the city and it was a really nice little farm, what we would call today a "hobby farm". It would be quite a few miles from Topiram, so even in those days would have been a fair ride on the bicycle also the roads had very rough edges, but of course not a lot of traffic.

Permission granted to use Uncle Jack's strezlecki gems.

The Mountain View relatives invited us to a day at the beach at Inverloch. Dad came home on the Friday night with the exciting news. The beach. We could only just remember from when we lived in Melbourne. The problem was we had all grown out of our swimming togs that we had. So what to do? So out came one of the drapes we had in the passage way, pale blue Warsilk with braid (embroidered) and very smart we all looked. Next day the beach and what a wonderful day we had. The sand was heaven to play in after the heavy soil of Topiram and

the water and waves after the creeks and rivers were just great. We had one other trip another time, to Frankston, but Inverloch was the best. Children in the country do miss out on not being able to go to the beach as often as city children. Twice in 4 ½ years was not enough for all of us.

We were all enjoying our school year when Maurice became ill, our parents were desperately worried as he had Brights disease. He had to go to hospital and was very ill indeed; we had to rely on our neighbours the Pollards and the Millars to take us to visit him. We all missed him terribly as he was always, bright, happy singing and whistling and so protective of us girls. After quite sometime, he returned home, but was an invalid for a while. When he returned to school the doctor suggested it would be too far for him to walk to E Poowong, so we considered sending him to Murrumbena to our Gran and he would go to school in town. However that would have meant splitting the family and we decided against it. We purchased another horse "Dolly" as Jimmy was getting too old, a jinker appeared from somewhere and every morning our mother would put Dolly between the shafts and Maurice & Marie (the little one) would climb up into the jinker. A roster was set up and we took it in turns to ride to school, as the horse couldn't carry all of us, the Pollards, Trimnells and Millars. So that system was adopted, of course it suited mother as now she had her own little runabout- Dad never stopped teasing her about it, saying he never knew where she was. She would drive over to Korumburra to the library. I don't know about Drouin but I wouldn't be surprised, goodness knows how Dolly the horse kept going!!

In this year dad had left his brothers farm as Uncle Dan was to marry a nurse from Drouin and there had been a family disagreement so grandma had moved to Mordialloc to her daughter's home. Ella had run away with a farm worker and gone to the city. Dad went looking for work in the area and tried everything including growing peas, clearing land, and working as an inspector at the cattle sales. He had picked out some land and was planning to build a house in the future but mother wanted to go to Melbourne as Maurice was reaching an age where he needed to further his education. About this time a Mr Bill Kennaugh had come to Topiram to offer my father a job as manager of the Sunbeam dairy farm at Oakleigh. This was not immediately decided upon and we children knew nothing of the possibility of leaving the E Poowong School.

1934 fancy dress ball, rehearsals were under way and the costumes decided upon. Gran had arrived at our home on the night we were all so excited. I can't remember one other costume other than ours. Maurice was a pirate and once again acted the part, sword fighting with another boy who was probably a sailor, in the course of this horse play he was losing his trousers, they kept slipping down over his hips, and mother was worried he would be shamed and embarrassed. However he adjusted his belt and gave his trousers a mighty hitch, all was well!!!

I was miss 1934. My dress was ice-green tulle with a pointed hemline picked out in crystal bugle beads and a green & beaded bandana on my head. I loved it all and really thought I looked beautiful, skinny and freckled as I was. Betty looked beautiful and won a prize; she was a buttercup, and gran had made the petals on her dress all in yellow & also a little green cap with a stalk for her head. Sadly we don't have any photos of this event, because it stands out in my memory as if it were yesterday!! What a wonderful night it was and this function was held in the E Poowong hall as all our concerts and dances were!! We were certainly lucky children having had these years at E Poowong school as the tuition stood is in very good stead when we went on to other schools.

Selling up and moving on!

We all came home from school at the end of our week, and mother and dad talked to us about going to Melbourne and would we like to go. We of course said no, we didn't want to leave Topiram, our school and all our friends, however the move was on and we were all crying and very sad.

Of course there were lots of things that had to be attended to, the animals had to be sold, the jinker, the plough and other equipment we had accumulated also to be sold. Eventually this was all sorted out. Topsy was too old and dad had to put her down. More tears, no one could

bear to say goodbye to Jimmy our old horse but Dolly who had worked so hard pulling the jinker, we weren't too worried about. We had all our farewells around the area and from the school our transfers all written out, and the teacher had told our mother she was taking 3 of his best pupils from him. She was pleased about that.

The final day came and of course it rained. We children were sad enough with out that, but it was July so I suppose we should have expected it. All our furniture and belongings were loaded on to Josh Pollards truck and at last away we went. Children don't stay sad for long and we began to look forward to our new home, new school and new friends in leafy Murrumbreena."

Joan Trimnell

After word.

Flt Sgt M E Trimnell was shot down on the island of Larat, while flying with the N E I Air force in August 1944 and is buried on Ambon in the war cemetery.

At the memorial at E Poowong School, he shares a place of honour with a tree & plaque with 2 of his former school friends A S Stan Porter & Pte K Homer.

Douglas Macdonald was a check captain for TAA & was killed in the first viscount accident in the early 1950's at Mangalore Vic.

Phillip Pollard was killed when he rode his motorcycle into a horse on Dandenong Rd Oakleigh in 1940.



Nan, Mary (Molly) Davoren (Davern)



Uncle Pat, Fenton Patrick Davoren



Father "Laurie" Trimnell



Uncle Pat's Fiancé Stella Davoren
And Mother Bridget (Lillian) on right.