

AHR 33/49.

ARTHUR H. ROSENTERER

AHR 33/49.

ARTHUR H. ROSENTERER

For
My wife Audrey,
My children Peter, Vicki, Kerry and Sandra
and
My grandchildren.

CONTENTS.

Introduction

My Father

My Mother

My Brother and Sister

Me (Pre School)

Our Farm

Our House and Garden

Sandy Gully State School

Church Togoolawah

Food and Clothing

Christmas, Easter, Birthdays

World War II

Doctors and Dentists

Play

Lifestyles – Then and Now

Snakes

Riverleigh

The Shift to Ipswich

60 Simmonds Road

Ipswich Boys' Grammar School

Cadets

Church Ipswich

Work at Last

Poised for the Future

INTRODUCTION.

A few days ago I heard a Radio Announcer interviewing a man who had written a book about the first sixteen years of his life. I thought that was a good idea and ran it by Audrey and our children. They were all enthusiastic about the idea so I decided I would write a book for the segment of my life from birth until I started work - a period of 15 ½ years.

This is a good project to carry out while I still have all my faculties. I have reached seventy years of age and still have very clear recollections of my entire life.

I will not deal chronologically with these 15 ½ years of my life but rather subject by subject. More than anything else this book is intended to give my children and grand- children some understanding of the way life was lived in my childhood days. Jackson rang me recently and, for a school assignment, asked what life at school was like when “Grand-dad went to school”. This book has material for many assignments as and when they are required.

I give you all of the contained recollections with the hope that they will increase your knowledge of the days gone by; that they will give you a deeper understanding of those who have gone before us; and that they are passed on from generation to generation so that each generation is enriched by what came from previous generations.

I hope that you, my family members, obtain as much joy from reading this book as I did by writing it.

MY FATHER.

Heinrich Alexander Rosentreter was born at Biarra Via Toogoolawah on August 26th. 1894. His parents were Wilhelm Rosentreter (born in Seengenfeld, West Prussia, Germany) and Hulda Schieffelbein (born in Dounfelde, Pommern, Germany.) They were both born in 1855.

Dad's mother died while he was a very young boy. He therefore was brought up in very difficult circumstances. He had Rheumatic Fever on more than one occasion; he had very little education; and he had to work very hard on his father's farm.

At the age of 28, on June 20th.1923, he married Maria Anna Auguste Klein in Murgon. They had a daughter Vera but one day things went horribly wrong. Dad's wife was cleaning windows with petrol which ignited, with the result that both his wife and toddler daughter perished. I don't know in which year this happened.

At the age of 35, on February 20th. 1930, Dad remarried, this time to my mother Else Emma Hulda Probst. They lived in Biarra Road (near the house I remember being reared in); then on Peel's Hill in Toogoolawah; and then in a house built for them by Hugo Grete in Biarra Road three miles south west of Toogoolawah.

Dad was a hard worker for all of his life but never advanced far because of poverty, bad farm land, dry seasons, ill health and too kind of a nature. Dad was always helpful and friendly to all. He was a Priest and the Rector of the Toogoolawah congregation and was very conscientious in carrying out his ministerial responsibilities. He was the first NAC minister in Australia to conduct Services in the English language. Because he had a car everyone thought he was well off - but not so. Apostle Dietz used to have Dad take him on circuits of the congregations (no expenses reimbursed in those days). Often when the call came from the Apostle Dietz, Dad had to go to the bank, cap in hand, for a loan to pay for the petrol he would use in these circuits.

Eventually, farming on their own account got too much for my parents and so, I think in the beginning of 1945, they sold the farm to the next door neighbors, McKees. Part of the sale was that Dad would work for them for thirty shillings a week (\$3.00) and we could still live in our old house till we left the area. Daylight till dark for \$3.00 was not very much to live on and after about a year of this, Dad obtained a job in the Ipswich Railway Workshops. Here he worked six days a week, boarding with his brother Carl in Brassall. Dad came home late on Saturday night, we went to church on Sunday morning and then Dad walked back to the station in Toogoolawah to get the Sunday afternoon train back to Ipswich for work on Monday morning. For this period we virtually had no Father. Mum and her three children lived in the old farm house all week without her husband and our father. These were very trying days as Mum was often ill. I remember taking the bread board to her in bed so that she could cut bread for our school lunches.

Because of the war, houses were almost impossible to buy - and when one became available the price was pegged by the Government. Eventually we were successful in buying the home

at 60 Simmonds Road, North Ipswich for \$1200.00 (this included “key money” - extra money paid to the vendor over and above the pegged price). The shift took place in January 1947 and home was set up in Ipswich. At least we again had a father all through the week; however, as Dad was still Rector of the Toogoolawah congregation he travelled to and from there on the weekends to conduct services for the few souls who had not yet shifted away.

Dad worked in the Blacksmiths Shop in the Railway Workshops. He told how when he started there he had to wheel trolleys of metal from one place to another and he did this at the pace he had worked on the farm. His workmates (who called him Harry) told him to slow down or they would be shown up in a bad light.

Dad enjoyed the life with his family in Ipswich and we all enjoyed it too. He kept the yard in tip top condition and when he no longer had to work 6 days a week, enjoyed going to town on Saturday mornings.

This life went on till Dad became ill the beginning of 1958. He became bed ridden in the RBH in Brisbane, at home for a period, and then in the Ipswich Hospital where he died on April 7th 1959.

We learned much from our father. He was a patient and placid man and from him we learned the fear of God, obedience and application and dedication to the task in hand. He taught by example and not with much noise and punishment. He died too soon at 64, only getting to know one grandchild, Peter, and before his long anticipated retirement.

I have an autograph book from my childhood. In it Dad wrote on 10/10/43:-

What shall I write?
What shall it be?
Two little words
“Remember me”.

MY MOTHER.

Else Emma Hulda Probst was born on May 22nd.1905 in Unna Germany. Her parents were Heinrich Friedrich Probst born on January 24th 1869 in Eidinghausen Germany and Emma Wilhelmina Sophia Magdalena Rugenstein born on February 17th1878 in Rostock Mecklanburg Schwerin Germany. The family migrated to Australia in 1910 and went to a staging camp at Pumpkin Hut south of Mundubbera and later was allocated a farm at Riverleigh.

They also had a very hard life trying to commence farming, building a home and just surviving in the hard unforgiving country of inland Queensland. Else took part in this life helping all she could so that the family survived. She obtained an education at the Malmoe State School where she later in life taught sewing to the children. Later Else obtained a job in Mundubbera, eight miles away, where she stayed all week. She came home at weekends and always had to hand over all of her earnings to her parents to be used for the whole family.

At the age of 24 she married my father and shifted to Toogoolawah. Mum worked hard on their dairy farm helping Dad earn enough to survive. She had been very close to her family, particularly her mother, and found it very hard to fit into the new community. However, she persevered and was successful in making a good life for herself, her husband and her family, when we three children, one by one, came along.

Mum ailed with her health and often had to remain in bed for various periods. She also could not do much house work, however; we all battled along and survived. It was particularly hard when Dad worked in Ipswich and was only home for a few hours a week. We went to school but Mum found the loneliness very hard to cope with. It was a godsend when we shifted to Ipswich.

This time in Ipswich was the happiest days in Mum's life. Dad gave her control of the funds and Mum kept house well, fed us well, dressed us cleanly and neatly, and paid to send me to Grammar School. She even saved funds to have the verandahs on the house closed in to generally make the house more comfortable and roomy.

Mum was a very gifted person. She played the organ, sang and did pen painting. She was very good at painting. When lino lost its pattern she painted it and even artistically decorated it with different colored swirls etc.. Dad's Essex tourer was given a couple of coats of Torpedo Gray paint from Mum's capable hands.

I married and shifted out; Dad passed away; Cyril married and relocated to Brisbane; Lila married and, after her and John living with Mum for a period, also moved out. Mum was now on her own. She lived in the Simmonds Road house as long as she could but eventually she couldn't cope with the steps and yard so she relocated to Waterworks Road where she lived till she passed away on August 10th. 1990.

Mum taught us obedience, discipline, manners and how to live a good moral life. From her, we all learned many social skills and how to live life in the family and the community.

She wrote in my Autograph Book, in my seventh year, on 4.11.40:-

“Of wishes here, I wish you joy,
A perfect number seven,
Health, wealth and happiness be thine,
True friendship, love and peace divine
And then a home in heaven.”

MY BROTHER AND MY SISTER.

Cyril Frank Rosentreter was born in Toogoolawah on January 7th. 1937. In his days of babyhood he contracted a bone disease, which necessitated his being hospitalized in the Esk Hospital for months. Mum stayed with him for all of this time, Dad batched on the farm and I, not yet three, was fetched by Oma Probst and taken to her home in Riverleigh for all of these months.

When we all were together again on the farm, Mum was very protective of Cyril. For years, if Cyril wanted to get me into trouble, all he had to say was “Mum, Arthur hit me on my ‘shoor shoulgah’”. We were always in trouble for fighting but really it was only sibling rivalry. I remember an occasion at school. At this time we had a boxing ring set up under the school in which the teacher put boxing gloves on the boys and gave each a chance to learn a little boxing. Cyril told the teacher that I hit him so, to teach me not to fight, the teacher put me in the ring with the best boxer. Cyril attended North Ipswich State School when we shifted to Ipswich and we had lots of good times together playing cricket on the road or in the backyard, and riding our communal bike.

(Cyril passed away in Townsville on June 23rd. 2001 after a few months fight with cancer.)

Lila Emma Rosentreter was born in the Esk Hospital on October 4th 1939. With the arrival of our sister our family was now complete.

I feel sorry for Lila having to grow up with two older boys. We used to tease her unmercifully particularly about her bloomers which, because of poverty and shortage of material, were made from the cloth bags Rolled Oats and Flour came in. You could still see the three bears which adorned the Rolled Oats bags, when she wore them. On one occasion Mum had painted her Sewing Machine stand with black paint. Somehow or another Lila touched the wet paint and got some on her nose. She couldn't get it off and was crying “It's got to come off.” So Cyril and I provided her with a cake of sand soap with which she promptly got the paint, and a lot of her skin, off her nose. Another time we were playing. Cyril and I each had an arm of Lila and were running as fast as we could with her. Well, Lila came in contact with a clothes prop, her kidneys were bruised and we were in big trouble.

Lila also went to North Ipswich State School when we shifted to Ipswich.

(Today Lila and her husband John Robinson still live in North Ipswich.)

ME (PRE SCHOOL).

Arthur Henry Rosentreter. I was born in a small hospital in Toogoolawah on Sunday August 6th.1933. I was born as my Father was conducting the Thanksgiving service in the Toogoolawah congregation. (Thanksgiving back then was celebrated on the first Sunday in August) I was born prematurely and weighed five pounds "in bunny rugs". I was baptized on August 27th. 1933 and the Apostle Dietz sealed me on November 6th. 1933 - both in the Toogoolawah Church.

Obviously, I can remember almost nothing from my life between birth and when I started school in January 1940. However, a few anecdotes have been passed down by word of mouth. I will relate a few of them.

Apostle Schlaphoff visited Australia and my parent's home in 1935. We saw him off on a boat when he returned home. Apparently, afterwards we were eating a salad when I held up some shredded lettuce from the salad and said "Uncle Schlaphoff's boat." To me the strands of lettuce resembled the smoke from the boat's funnels.

For a while we lived in a low house on Peel's Hill Toogoolawah. One day, as a toddler, I crawled under this house and no amount of threatening or coaxing would bring me out. Uncle Hugo had the answer. He got some chocolate and told me if I came out I could have it. I liked chocolate just as much then as I do now and I came out. Thanks Uncle Hugo.

One day Opa took me for a walk. I must have displeased him so he spanked me and told me not to say anything. When we got home I tearfully told my parents that Opa had hit me in the 'shawdust'. We had been in a place where the sawmill dumped its sawdust Serves you right Opa, you didn't do that again.

During his visit, Apostle Schlaphoff conducted a service in the Windsor School of Arts. During the service he stopped preaching and asked the woman with the crying baby to take it outside. I must have had a good voice, because little did he know that Mum did have me outside - in the back yard of the hall 150 meters away and at a lower level than the School of Arts. Good singing, Arthur.

As a baby and toddler I spent much time at the cow yard. Mum had to help Dad do the milking every morning early and every evening. I lay or sat in the pram. At church Mum played the organ and Aunty Lizzie minded me at the back of the church.

The remainder of my life, till I started work, can be gleaned from the various paragraphs of this book which deal with various separate subjects.(I am now retired and live with Audrey, my wife of 46 years, in Broadbeach on the Gold Coast. Only son Peter and his wife Julie and their children Kris and Alyce live in Greenbank; daughter Vicki and her husband Geoff and their son Jackson live in Brassall Ipswich; daughter Kerry and her husband Ray and their daughters Meagan, Alanah and Taylor live at Park Ridge; and daughter Sandra and her husband Ryan and their son Jacob live at The Gap Brisbane.)

OUR FARM.

Our farm, the place where I lived for the first 20% of my life, was situated between Biarra Road on the West and Cressbrook Creek on the East. It was 80 acres of mostly flat land through which, when it rained, the water ran from the mountains to Cressbrook Creek. The more fertile, loamy land on the banks of Cressbrook Creek was fenced off as farm land. The rest of the land was used as grazing land for the cattle. There was a lane fenced off on the northern side of the cultivation so that the cows could go to the creek for water and shade.

The purpose of farming is to have primary produced goods for sale. It didn't always finish up this way. Cows were kept and milked so that the cream, when separated from the milk, was sold to the Butter Factory in Esk. The cream carrier came three times a week and took the can containing the cream to the Butter Factory where the cream was weighed and graded. The cream carrier left the empty can next time he came. Bread and the like if pre-ordered was sent from Toogoolawah in the empty can.

After the cream was separated from the milk (in an Alpha Lavel separator which was a hand turned machine) the separated milk (or skim milk) was carried in four gallon tins to the pig sties or to where the calves were tied. They were fed this way and fattened with the hope that they would bring some money when sold at the Pig and Calf Sales, which were held each Tuesday in Toogoolawah. I remember going there and for the first time hearing the auctioneer doing his auctioneering surrounded by all the farmers from the area. One day he gave me a penny.

In the cultivated farm, lucerne was grown to feed the cows. Sometimes they were allowed to graze on the lucerne for a short time. If they ate too much they became bloated and this was dangerous. Sometimes one or the other cow would break into the cultivation and so a stick was wired around the cow's neck to discourage this. Whenever possible the lucerne was mowed with a mower drawn by a horse, raked with a horse drawn rake, piled into cocks (mini stacks) by Dad with a hay fork, and then carted to a central place by a horse drawn cart. It was then piled into a haystack so that it could be fed to the cows when there was no grass or lucerne for them on which to graze.

Maize was also grown and when the season was good (no irrigation - totally reliant on the weather) the cobs were pulled from the stalks and taken to the barn where a corn shelling contractor came with his motor and corn sheller and shelled the corn into bags for sale. Pumpkins and potatoes were also grown for sale if there were enough of them. Pumpkins and potatoes were our staple diet. A little unseparated milk was retained for us children to drink but for puddings and other uses, skim milk was used. Also in the cultivation section were quite a number of fruit trees. Because of lack of water and care I can't remember eating many plums, peaches etc. without grubs. No worry, they came to the top when the fruit was cooked and could be skimmed off.

We had three horses which were used for drawing the farm machines. There was no tractor or such like to make work easier. The horses' names were Copper, Tan and Daylight. As well as pulling the mower and rake already mentioned, they also pulled the cart, the plough,

the scuffler and the harrows. The plough was a one furrow implement to break up the hard earth. It was pulled by a horse and pushed by Dad. This was really hard yakka. The harrows was a heavy metal frame with spikes which was pulled over the ploughed cultivation to break up the clods. The scuffler had a number of tines and was pulled by a horse through the rows after the crops had grown a little, to weed the ground. This was all back breaking work - and when drought came - for nothing. It always seemed that when we had anything to sell, so did everyone else and the prices were low..... and when the prices were high we had nothing to sell. Truly heartbreaking with no assistance from the Governments.

Our “dairy herd” consisted of about thirty cows and one bull. At daybreak the cows had to be milked. Then the milk was separated and the pigs and calves were fed. Then breakfast could be eaten. All day Dad worked on the farm, except a break for lunch, and then again the cows had to be brought in for the evening milking and milk separation etc. with Dad returning home well after dark.

On the farm there was also a galvanized iron shed. It housed our Essex Tourer, corn cobs covered by a tarpaulin, and other sundry bits and pieces. At the rear of this shed was a lean-to “chook shed” made of wire netting. We kept hens there which gave us eggs and sometimes also poultry to eat. Corn peeled from the cob fed these hens. They had to be rounded up at night and locked in or they would have been eaten by foxes.

We also had a cattle dog Spot. He rounded up the cows, was fed scraps and most times could be found on the top back step. Once he was missing for days and eventually he was found in amongst the corn stalks with a leg almost severed and already poisoned. He must have been injured coming in contact with the mower, and then crawled into the corn field and couldn't move any further. Mum put a splint on Spot's leg and nursed him back to health - but after that he always limped. He came to Ipswich with us when we shifted and grew old there. The last view we had of poor old Spot was his being led away by the pound keeper riding on a horse. Spot was going to the place in the sky to where good dogs go.

OUR HOUSE AND GARDEN.

Our house had weather boards on the outside and painted pine boards on the inside and had a galvanized iron roof. It was contained in a fenced yard and was about four feet above the ground. It was not enclosed underneath where all manner of timber and boards were stored. We often played in the dirt under the house making "roads" etc..

The front of the house was an open verandah except for an 8 X 8 room on the left hand side which was originally Dad's office but later became a junk storage room. The right end of the verandah had a wall but the front of the verandah had railings and old slat blinds. Later Mum unpicked corn bags and sewed them together to make a bag wall which was fastened in the centre with large safety pins.

Leaving the verandah and going through the front door you were in the "Front Room". On the wall facing the door was a sideboard for the good crockery etc.. In the corner to the right of the sideboard was the gramophone. It was wound with a handle and played 78's. Dad had a number of Hillbilly records including Tex Morton and Wilf Carter. Occasionally Dad played records. Above the gramophone was an open book shelf. In the next corner was Mum's pedal organ. She played this on occasion and sometimes Dad and Mum sang such songs as "Whispering Hope" and "Shall I meet you at the Fountain". Mum also taught me some music on the organ when I was older. In the middle of the Front Room was a rectangular table and chairs. This was only used for visitors. In between these items of furniture, were three sea grass chairs which were presented to Mum and Dad on their wedding by the Toogoolawah congregation.

Immediately to the right when you came in the front door, was a cabinet wireless. It ran on three shoe-box size dry batteries. Because the batteries ran dry quickly, the radio was not on all of the time but only for particular programs. We listened to such programs as; "Dad and Dave", "The Search for the Golden Boomerang", "Martin's Corner", obviously three times daily for "The News", "Blue Hills", and weekly "Australia's Amateur Hour", and Bob Dyer's "Pick a Box." We listened to 4SB Kingaroy (which was a relay station of 4BC), 4GR Toowoomba and the ABC.

The only other item of furniture in this room was Mum's cane music stand which held music, newspapers (every Sunday we got "The Sunday Mail"); and magazines: "The Home Journal" and "The Women's Weekly. Underneath it, when we were toddlers, was "the potty" that we had to sit on (and in the process of which we tore bits and pieces from Mum's music and were suitably reprimanded.)

In the middle of the Front Room you turned left and were in Mum and Dad's bedroom. It contained an iron double bedstead and a dark varnish wardrobe and duchess. In earlier days it contained a cot (later banished to the verandah) and a single bed.

Continuing from the Front Room you come into the kitchen. Immediately on the left was a kitchen dresser which contained crockery and cutlery etc.. Opposite it was a cool safe. Perishables such as milk, meat, butter, dripping were stored here. In summer, this cool safe

had curtains all around, the ends of which were immersed in a tray containing water. This water was drawn upwards by the curtains and any breeze evaporated the water and had a cooling effect. Next to the dresser was the stool. This was behind the kitchen table, around which were four chairs. In the far left corner was a corner cupboard built-in and where kerosene for lighting and other bulkier items were stored. Continuing along that outside wall, you found a long legged safe in which food was stored. Part of the back wall of the kitchen gave way to a stove recess. In it was a wood stove. On the top of it, heating of water, cooking and heating of pot irons for ironing was carried out. In the oven, baking of meat, vegetables, puddings and cakes was done. The tap from the outside tank came into the stove recess which also contained a wood box for the wood and chips which it was our task to bring inside from the woodheap. The kitchen also doubled as a bathroom of which there was none. Each night we sat on a chair and Dad washed our feet in a basin. On Saturday afternoons a wash tub was brought into the kitchen, some water was heated on the stove and one after the other we three children had the whole week's dirt washed from us. Only one lot of water for the three of us, and the oldest (me) was last. It's a wonder I am not a color disadvantaged person today.

Next to the kitchen was the only other bedroom where Cyril and I had our beds. The only other item of furniture was a duchess. The wall between our bedroom and the kitchen did not go right to the ceiling and I recall Cyril and me standing on the back end of my bed and looking over the top of the wall when there were visitors being entertained and we had been sent to bed.

When you went down the back steps, on the left was the wash house - dirt floor, a few sheets of galvanized iron as a roof, and a bench with three galvanized wash tubs. Inside the garden fence was a "copper" (a boiler, fuelled with wood, where the clothes were boiled). After their boiling, the clothes were washed in one tub, rinsed in the second tub and blued in the third. Water had to be carried in buckets from the tank for the copper and the three tubs. The clothes were wrung by hand. Afterwards they were hung on the clothes line to dry.

Inside the garden at the front of the house were some roses and in season Chrysanthemums, Cosmos and Zinnias. On the east side, as well as two water tanks, were an orange tree and a lemon tree. On the west side I remember Sunflowers. At the back of the house, as well as the wash house and copper, was a small fenced enclosure for the growing of vegetables.

Around the house, outside the garden fence, were four or five Pepperina trees and the wood heap, where Dad with a blunt axe and great difficulty reduced tough logs to stove size bits of wood. The wood heap was also the place where poultry, destined for the cooking pot, were decapitated with one hit of the axe. It always intrigued me how they still hopped around for a time, without heads. Further up the back was a "thunder box". When the can was full, Dad carried it well away from the house and dug a hole to dispose of the contents.

SANDY GULLY STATE SCHOOL.

Sandy Gully State School was the school I attended for the whole of my Primary School Education (except for the few months at Riverleigh). It was situated about nine kilometers from Toogoolawah. We lived in between Sandy Gully and Toogoolawah, slightly closer to Sandy Gully. It was a one teacher school catering for all classes from Preps to Grade Seven. I don't know how one teacher could teach eight classes each of three or four children, however, Allen H. Andersen, who taught me for almost all of my Primary School days, succeeded in doing this not only for me, but for hundreds of other children during his teaching career.

Our school was a wooden building built high off the ground and concreted underneath. Upstairs was one classroom with a verandah on two sides. Underneath was enclosed on two sides with galvanized iron. There was also a Store Room underneath. The school was built on a very large acreage allotment that had a gully running along the southern boundary. The northern and eastern boundaries were intersecting roads. The allotment was well grassed and had many native trees. On the two sides with roads, many other trees had been planted on Arbour Days throughout the years. The school itself had gardens all around it. The eastern side had a trimmed hedge surrounding a mowed lawn bisected by a path. The steps went up to the school from the northern side. On this side were garden beds and a flag pole. The western side also had garden beds and these contained Poinsettias. These continued around the western side where the water tank was situated. Also in the paddock were separate toilets for boys and girls. Some children rode horses to school which grazed in the grounds while the children were having lessons. A few children also rode bicycles but most of us, including me, used "Shank's Pony."

In the classroom upstairs were six desks – three a side. Each wooden desk and corresponding no back wooden bench, had place for five children. The tops of the desks sloped downward and had holes for inkwells and slates. Underneath each desk was a storage shelf. Facing the desks was the teacher's table and chair. Behind this were two wall blackboards. A storage press completed the furnishing of our classroom.

Classes lasted from 9.30 a.m. till 3.30 p.m.. Lunch Hour was from 12.30 to 1.30 p.m., "Eleveno" was taken at 11.00 a.m. for about ten minutes. School Holidays were six weeks in December/January and two weeks in August.

The day began with morning assembly. We stood in line downstairs with the teacher standing upstairs on the verandah. We used to turn right to salute the flag. We recited "I love my country, I honour my King, I salute my flag." We were then quick marched up the steps, passing the teacher and saying "Excuse me Sir." We continued around the verandah, put our hats on the hat racks, marked time on the verandah till all had there hats away and were again in line. We then quick marched past the teacher, again "Excuse me Sir", and into our places in the classroom. When all pupils and the teacher were in place we could sit down and the day's classes began.

Through the years we were taught the usual lessons:- Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English, Australian History (No British History was taught at One Teacher Schools which was hard, because at Secondary School I had to start from scratch in British History), Geography, Civics etc.. For reading and tables recitation we had to go out on the verandah so that others weren't disturbed. In retrospect, I must say it was very difficult to learn because of the distraction of other classes being taught a subject at certain levels, and our class being taught another subject at a different level. There were four in my class and, in spite of distractions; I was top of my class for most of the time.

For quite a few years during the war years, Mr. Andersen was in the RAAF as a navigator. Miss Winifred Colvin took his place. She was a feisty redhead and often lost her cool. Behind her back we used to call her "Winnie the War Winner".

When Mr. Andersen returned, he decided that I was not far enough advanced (probably because I had only started school at 6 ½ years of age) and set me the task of doing grades 6 and 7 in one year. I was one of two in my class who were to sit for Scholarship at the end of Grade 7. Mr. Andersen therefore kept the two of us back after school for an hour of lessons every day, to bring us up to the level for Scholarship, as well as doing two grades in one year. I am very grateful for this because without it I would not have passed Scholarship and could not have gone to Grammar School when we shifted to Ipswich. I remember that there were many dozens of previous Scholarship examination papers in the press. We had to take a certain number of these and do them at home as well as our other homework. In our after school classes, Mr. Andersen corrected my efforts with him sitting at his desk and me standing next to him. Every time he found an error he put his pen down and tweaked my ear - hard. The descriptive language I have used all through my life has been thanks to Mr. Andersen who taught me how to write visually descriptive compositions. At the end of my Primary Education, I passed the Scholarship with 71.2%. This was a percentage good enough to obtain Government Assisted Secondary Education at a private school. At that time there were no State High Schools, only Technical Colleges which taught manual, trade and technical subjects.

I must mention Rural School here. Rural School was a school created to teach country children some manual subjects to assist them on their farms. One existed in Toogoolawah underneath one of the Toogoolawah State School buildings. I don't know how it transpired, but for the last few years of my State School years, one day a week I walked to Toogoolawah and attended Rural School. To enable me to do this Miss. Colvin withdrew me from Geography. When Mr. Andersen returned this was a *fait accompli*. He was very unhappy about this as the Rural School results were included in the Scholarship instead of Geography and he had no control over my progress in these manual subjects. At Rural School I learned Woodwork, Sheet Metal Work and Leather Work. I enjoyed learning these and they have sure helped me in my Handyman projects over the years. Mr. Cox taught Woodwork, Mr. Blunck Leather Work and Mr. Macmillan Sheet Metal Work. The only difficulty I remember having, was in keeping the solder on the soldering iron that was heated in a fire of wood on the ground outside and was always cool by the time I got it inside. I must have done well enough in these subjects because I passed Scholarship.

On one afternoon a week, in the warmer months, we trudged about a mile to a waterhole in the Cressbrook Creek, to have swimming lessons. Mr. Andersen rode his bicycle. Mr. Andersen stood on the bank in his trousers, long sleeved shirt and tie and, from that vantage point, instructed us how to swim.. When he judged that we were good enough to swim across this deep pool and back, he told us and we did it.....except one boy, I think it was Roy Little, who got into difficulties. Mr. Andersen jumped in, good clothes, shoes and all, and rescued him. When I got closer to Scholarship, I wasn't permitted to go swimming but had to stay back at the school and do lessons. No wonder I was never a very good swimmer.

As part of the education for the country people, over the years the pupils had clubs. During my years I remember a Cotton Club. One of the fathers plowed a paddock for us in the school grounds, and rows were allocated to each child. Each of us planted cotton seeds in our row and were responsible for weeding, watering and eradicating pests in our row. When the cotton was ripe, we picked it and it was sent to the Cotton Ginnery and sold. During the war we had a Charcoal Project. A pit was dug, logs were placed in it and lit, the pit was covered over, and when the charcoal was formed, it was sold as fuel. (Because of fuel shortages during the war, many vehicles had a gas producer, which was fuelled by charcoal, fitted to the rear of their vehicles). Another club was our Garden Club. A part of the gardens around the school was allocated to each child. We each planted some vegetables that we watered and cared for till maturity. We then had to sell them and the proceeds went to the school, as did the proceeds from the Cotton Club and the Charcoal Project.

Quite often, in drought, the water tank ran out of water. We then had to bring our own to water to school so that we had something to drink. Sometimes we took a billy with cold tea. During one particularly long drought, Dad took a cream can of water for our family. It was stored in the Storeroom

We liked playing before school and during the lunch hour. I think Cricket was our favorite. We used a tennis ball, a piece of wood for a bat, a tree as a wicket, and we would play till the last minute emulating Don Bradman or Wally Hammond. We also played Rounders. (Mr. Andersen often joined us in these matches.) Some lunch hours we had a square sieve with a stick and a rope with some of our lunch as bait, and trapped as many Mickey Birds as we could. When the bell rang to recommence lessons, we freed the birds. Another interesting pursuit during lunch hour was goanna chasing. The goannas were four or five feet long, were very fat and were a yellowy colour - and were they fast. When we found one, we (all the boys) gave chase brandishing a pick and spade. If the goanna crawled up a tree, we threw clods or stones at it till it fell or crawled down and ran away. We ran after it again and if it went into a hole the pick and spade came into play and we dug, following the hole till we came to the goanna and off it went again. This is a sport not played in the schools of today - the kids of today miss out on a lot. On the reserve, just outside of the school grounds, were some trees that had fallen over some time previously. Some of the larger springy branches still remained and we used these as swings.

Of course, boys being boys, we were often in trouble with the teacher. The school maps had black rods around which the maps were rolled. One of these black rods was used by Mr. Andersen as a means of punishment. Bend over - and "Whack!" on the backside how ever

many times was deemed appropriate punishment. We often got up to pranks too. There was a boy - Mervyn Vogler - who was not gifted with much intelligence. He used to chase us around the school grounds and when he couldn't catch us would become very angry and would sit in a dirty, dusty place and rub dirt in his sweaty face. We would tie long grass in a knot and when he chased us we would all jump over this knotted grass but he, not knowing it was there, would trip on it. Bang! On to the ground and then up after us again becoming angrier by the minute. Shame on us. On the way home from school one day, Lloyd Bell was looking over the edge of the bridge going over Sandy Gully, and Cyril gave him a push and down he went about fifteen feet to the dry bed of the gully. Once we swam in the dam on an uninhabited farm we passed on the way home from school. On another occasion, I had a bare back ride on a horse of one of the kids. The horse bolted and I hung on until the owner of the horse whistled. The horse stopped, but I didn't and finished up sliding for a long way on the road. My angel was busy looking after me.

There were other different days that I remember that perhaps aren't experienced by children today. We liked cleaning day at the end of the year. We carried all of the desks and benches downstairs into the grounds and there we scrubbed them with soap and scrubbing brushes (even using razor blades for the persistent spots) until they glistened. In the warmer months there were often bushfires in the paddocks near the school. Sometimes the teacher and the bigger boys took bags and green branches from trees, and helped put these fires out. Also, on occasion, there were severe storms on the way home. If we had a bag with us we made a poncho of it to keep a little dry. If not, we got soaked to the skin. It was very hot at Sandy Gully because of where it lay in a valley. I remember sometimes, on the very hottest days, carrying desks and benches under the school and having lessons there, after having doused the concrete with water to make it cooler. We even filled the tins and buckets used for watering the gardens, and placed them under the desks and put our feet in them. Better than air-conditioning.

The climax of the year was Break-up Day. The parents came to this and it was the festive day of the year as far as we were concerned. We had races - various distance races, relay races, bag races, egg and spoon races, handicap races, tug of war and others. There was a schedule of prizes from a halfpenny to a few pennies. A total was kept of each child's winnings and at the end of the competitions we each received what we had won. Afterwards there were goodies to eat and drink including the cakes and biscuits made by the parents.

All in all, hard, but happy days.

CHURCH TOOGOLAWAH.

The New Apostolic Church in Toogoolawah was dedicated in July 1929. It was an unlined, oiled weatherboard structure with a galvanized iron roof. It had a tower, an open front porch and at the rear a vestry opening on to an open verandah.

There was only one service a week, on a Sunday morning at 10.30 a.m. My father was a Priest and the Rector. The only other brothers were Uncle Joe who was Doorkeeper, and later Ted Wells a Deacon. Uncle Joe used to assist in the services. When he was no longer active, Deacon Ted Wells assisted, conducted Sunday School, and, if Dad was out of town, conducted the service and served pre-blessed Holy Communion.

Many families attended over the years. Names such as Dad's brothers Joe, Ernest, Carl and August; Kaddatz, Pern, Wells, Pakleppa and their families and families' families, come to mind. Over the years however some died, some stayed away and the majority shifted away, till before we left Toogoolawah we were basically the only ones who attended regularly.

Our Essex was parked near the vestry; Uncle Joe's horse was unharnessed from their sulky and grazed in the shade, as did the horse Gordon Rosentreter rode to church. Gordon used to call at our farm, on his horse, on the way to church to pick up a slip of paper with the numbers of the hymns, so that the hymn board could be put up. Once, in a flood, the gullies came up during service and we stayed at Ted Wells' home till next morning. I recall once getting carried away with myself in church, and swinging my legs faster and faster and faster. Suddenly I heard Dad's voice from the altar as he was preaching, getting louder and louder, until I looked up and found him, with a very red face, looking at me. I didn't do that again.

Deacon Ted Wells taught us Sunday School (after church) for a period. We liked him because he often brought lollies for the children. Tch! Tch! Under him, I learned to recite the first five books in the Old and New Testaments. I never forgot them. Once he took us to his house and we had goodies - jelly, cake and who knows what else. Later, when there where no other children attending, Mum taught us Sunday School around our Front Room table on a Sunday afternoon.

We had almost no social life where we lived. I remember on rare occasions we visited Dad's brothers and some of the members. Sometimes one or the other visited us too. We were so unused to visitors and became quite excited when someone came. However, "children should be seen and not heard", and so we were sent outside. I don't know what we did, but I remember us getting into trouble for "showing off"

During the time in Toogoolawah I remember three picnics involving the members. One was a Sunday School picnic at the Cressbrook Creek just south of Toogoolawah. Another was an outing (I think even overnight) at Somerset Dam; and yet another at the place in Cressbrook Creek where we went swimming from school.

The highlight of the church life in Toogoolawah was when Evangelist, and then later District Elder, Gerke visited the congregation. He arrived in the Kingaroy Bus (really an extended sedan) on Saturday and came home where he stayed on Saturday night. He used to go to the yard and help with the milking and other tasks. I remember him walking on his hands at the cow yard. When Dad was sick on one occasion, Otto Gerke helped Mum digging out the pest, Johnson Grass, in the farm. When Otto Gerke was there, he and Mum and Dad dined in the Front Room. We dined at the kitchen table. He was even given the precious cream on his cereal, which was unheard of on normal occasions. I was very impressed by Otto Gerke and this resulted in me taking him as my example and mentor in later life. I even remember his serving. There was no time to go home for lunch after church so, in the car in the main street of Toogoolawah, we ate some sandwiches Mum had made. Then the Kingaroy Bus came and Otto Gerke was whisked away till the next occasion.

On Ascension Days Thursday Services were scheduled. On these days we didn't go to school in the morning but to church. Dad then took us to school by car at lunchtime.

FOOD AND CLOTHING.

Food wasn't as plentiful as it is today, nor were the funds to buy it. Milk came from our cows, eggs from our hens, and some produce from our farm and gardens, depending on the season. Other necessities were purchased in Toogoolawah. When Dad worked the farm, Tuesday was the day to go to town and purchase necessities. Later, after the farm was sold, Saturday became the day to go to town. We ran accounts at the Grocer, the Butcher, the Garage and the Chemist. When we got a cheque from the Butter Factory, or for other produce, all these suppliers had a payment made to them - but we were always behind with everyone including the Bank (ANZ). I particularly remember the Grocer's shop and how I was impressed by the putting of things such as sugar and flour into brown paper bags, and the weighing and sealing of these bags. The Grocer often gave us a few Iced Vovos in a tiny brown paper bag. I don't know if they came from him or they went on our account but they tasted good anyway.

For breakfast we had Weetbix or porridge (Rolled Oats, Granuma or Breakfast Delight). We also had toast toasted on a long fork in front of the open stove door. Sometimes we had boiled or scrambled eggs - but not too often. For lunches, Mum made sandwiches with various fillings such as jam, Marmite, tomatoes or even very thinly sliced cake. We had a slice of cake for Eleveno. During the apple season, we sometimes bought a case of apples. These came from Stanthorpe by rail.

The evening meal, which we called "Tea", varied dependent upon what was available, and Mum's health to prepare it. Our meat purchase for the entire week, for the whole family, was "a piece of topside, not too fatty, about three pounds". This was boiled in a saucepan and soup was made from the water which we all ate. The meat, however, was reserved for Dad who had to do the heavy work. We had a taste sometimes. Our basic meal was mashed pumpkins and potatoes with beans or carrots or cabbage or peas or chockoes if any were available. Often our main evening meal as children was a plate of thin chocolate pudding with whipped egg white, or apple soup with dumplings. We also had baked skim milk puddings made with rice, tapioca or sago. Mum was very good at making pancakes which we had on occasions. Grated potatoes made into Potato Fritters were also very filling and delicious. We also had Angels on Horseback (bread dipped in egg and then milk and fried). When the bread ran out Mum made Puftaloons (water and flour mixed into dough and cut into irregular shapes and then fried). These were great with syrup. The sorts of cake Mum made were current or raisin cake.

Before I leave the "Food" section, I must tell you about butter. We kept some cream from our dairy to make into butter. This was done by churning the cream in a Butter Churn. This was a large square bottle with a contraption screwed on the top of it which contained a handle. This handle, when turned, rotated paddles inside the jar that eventually made butter. I used to sit on the floor and turn and turn this handle but the butter never seemed to come. When eventually it did come it was salted and patted into shape. We drank the buttermilk that remained after the butter was taken from the churn.

Much of our clothing was home made or second hand clothes passed from one or the other. Mum had a friend in Mount Morgan, named Lila Wetherall, who often sent clothes for Mum or us children. We never wore shoes, other than to church. When I had to walk through the frosty paddocks to McKees to get the milk of a morning before school, I ran from one dry place where a cow had slept to another to try and keep some feelings in my frozen feet. Standing in a warm fresh cow pad was also helpful. We were always told to wear hats for "sunstroke". The dangers of Skin Cancer were unknown then. We wore singlets (no underpants), a shirt and shorts and a jumper in winter. For church I had a nice silk shirt (which I hated putting on in winter because it was cold), shorts, shoes and socks, and even a bow tie.

When we shifted to Ipswich, things improved considerably. Mum managed the funds and all she had to pay was the loan on the house (through Walker and Walker) and the account we ran with Mr. Boody the kindly grocer who came to the house every week, took the order, and that same afternoon, brought the goods. Mum thought she was in heaven. As well as the grocer calling so did the butcher and the fruiterer and the soft drinks man and the postman (twice a day) and the paper man.

CHRISTMAS, EASTER, BIRTHDAYS.

Christmas is the occasion that brings back good memories. On Christmas Eve we were all bathed and clean, like on a Saturday. After Tea, Dad used to stay in the kitchen with us while Mum went into the Front Room and, behind the closed door, she would wait for and greet Santa Claus. In the kitchen we sat on the floor and munched dates (a delicacy for us) and listened for Santa Claus. Then we would hear him with his deep voice talking to Mum. It was very exciting. When he had gone the door opened and we were allowed to go into the Front Room. The Christmas Tree had been prepared days before (a She Oak branch from the creek in a metal plough part which is still around today). Under the tree were our presents. On the Front Room table were old German cardboard plates printed with Christmas scenes, one for each of us, and these contained nuts to be cracked and eaten.

Before we could open our Christmas presents, we sang "Silent Night" together, and then had to recite the poems we had learned for the Sunday School Break-up. Then to the presents. Because of the war and our financial situation, there was neither the number nor quality of presents as there is today. One Christmas I received a wooden pull-along trolley; on another wooden alphabet blocks and on yet another cardboard push-out soldiers. I had a tricycle, Cyril a dinky and Lila a doll's pram that we must have received on some Christmas. Christmas morning we went to church. I remember nothing about Christmas Dinner, but surmise a hen met its end for our benefit.

I remember in one Christmas week night we went to Toogoolawah. To see the lights in the town and shops, was a new experience for us. There were green branches tied to the posts in front of the shops. The Auctioneer, Mr. Gorrie, had his shop front open and all the people who had come to town gathered in front of his shop. He handed out small gifts to all of the children. I received a dark grey rubber rat.

On Easter Sunday, after we came home from church, I remember searching the house and garden for Easter eggs that had been hidden by Mum and Dad before they went to church. They were sugar eggs. Often it rained on Easter, and I remember Dad telling us that the sun always shone on Easter Sunday even if only for a few minutes. From my observations since then, that is true.

I can't recall much about birthdays. Oma used to send a card and a parcel (mostly clothes as grandmothers are wont to give). We would have received presents from our parents and would have had a birthday cake but there were no parties with other than the family present.

WORLD WAR II.

World War II lasted from August 1939 till August 1945 and my State School education was from January 1940 till December 1946, therefore it can be seen that my whole State School days were overshadowed by “the War”.

At Sandy Gully State School, we were affected in a few ways. Firstly, our wonderful caring and capable teacher Allan Andersen had to go to the war for a period and this had a great effect on our education. Our school never had a phone, but during the war a special line was connected to the school with an outside bell that would have rung if an air raid was imminent. We would then have had to go into the trench we had dug in the school grounds. This trench took quite a while for us to dig notwithstanding the sandy nature of the soil. It was approximately twenty foot long, four foot wide and four foot deep. Just as well we never had to use it, because if we had had to, it may have collapsed on us. During school, we had periods in which we knitted for the soldiers. The older girls knitted socks for the soldiers; and the boys and younger ones knitted squares, which were eventually sewn together, to make a quilt for some soldier’s hospital bed.

During the war, there was a great scarcity of all commodities and so that a fair distribution occurred, rationing was put in place. Each family received from the Government, coupon books for clothing, meat, sugar, butter and tea. As well as paying for the goods when you bought them, you also had to provide coupons to the vendor. Petrol was also rationed and I remember Dad signing his name on the reverse of each coupon before he went to buy petrol. He also wrote the registered number of his Essex on the reverse. It was Q119-440. Petrol was very severely rationed and that is why many vehicle owners resorted to gas producers.

There was quite a hatred for anything German or Japanese, our enemies during World War II. It was a sin to buy anything with a “Made in Japan” label. Because we had a German name the children teased us and made it hard for us. We were called names such as “Hitler”, “Huns”, “Nazi” etc.. When I went to Grammar School, I would have liked to have learned German, but because the War was just over German was not taught and for a foreign language, I had to learn French. This hatred also extended to the Church. Because our head (Chief Apostle) happened to reside in Germany, we were called a “German Church”. One Catholic lady once told Mum that we were a “Hitler Church”. This riled Mum who told her that if we were a “Hitler Church” her church was a “Mussolini Church”. (Hitler was the leader of the German people and Mussolini was the leader of the Italian people who had allied themselves with the German people.)

On our way to or from school we often saw convoys of military vehicles which were on manoeuvres. We liked talking to the soldiers who were friendly and kind to us. In the newspapers and on the radio news, there was nothing but war news. In town you always saw soldiers in uniform who were home on leave.

Uncle Arthur (Probst) also joined the army and spent many years in it. He was stationed on Horn Island in Torres Strait for quite a time. He was an army cook. He used to write to us but often his letters were heavily censored by Army censors. We used to like it when Uncle

Arthur, in his uniform, was on leave and came to visit us. He used to play with us in the paddock and used to bring goodies such as Chewing Gum.

There was rejoicing when the war in Europe was over. That day was called V.E.Day (Victory in Europe Day). There was greater rejoicing however, when the war against Japan was over. It was on my twelfth birthday that the atom bomb was dropped on Nagasaki in Japan and this heralded the war's end. The victory against Japan was called V.J.Day. There was a celebration in a park in Toogoolawah where everyone celebrated. An effigy of Togo was burned in a great bonfire.

Uncle Arthur on leave from Army in WW11.
(Cyril and I with him)

DOCTORS AND DENTISTS.

It took quite a while in my adult years, to not mind going to a doctor. Because of the big thing that was made of it in my childhood, I was terrified of going to doctors. To go to a Doctor, Dad had to drive his old Essex 14 miles each way, to and from Esk, where we went to the Outpatients at the Esk Hospital. You sat and waited on the verandah of the hospital seeing and hearing and smelling everything that went with hospitals, until you went in to the Doctor. Most times the diagnosis was Tonsillitis and the treatment was to go home and paint the throat with a camel hair brush and some potion supplied. This was before the days of anti-biotics. The advice given on many occasions was to have the tonsils and adenoids out. This was enough to terrify any kid - but we never ever had our tonsils and adenoids out.

I suffered severe nose bleeds for many years. When my nose bled and wouldn't stop bleeding for hours no matter what was done, it was into the car and off to the Esk Hospital. I remember tablets the size of ten cent pieces I had to swallow. On another occasion I had boils on quite a number of my body parts. I was bandaged on legs and arms and who knows where else. It was very hard to walk. One day Mr. Andersen gave me a doubler on his bike and called me his "wounded soldier".

Then another worrying trauma - immunisation against Diphtheria was to be given to all children. The day came when we had to go to the Surgery of a Doctor in Toogoolawah and have this "needle". Nothing is good or bad but thinking makes it so. In my childhood there was too much talking about these things and therefore so much time to think about them. Eventually a needle prick was nothing compared to the traumatic waiting for it to be carried out.

When I was about eleven years of age, it was discovered that I needed spectacles. My eyes were tested by Optometrist Trevor Henderson who had "days" at the Esk Hospital. When we were advised that my spectacles were ready, I went to the Esk Hospital to pick them up. This was a big expedition for a young country boy. I went with the Cream Carrier to Esk, walked to the hospital and picked up the glasses, then walked to the Esk Railway Station and bought a ticket and caught the Rail Motor to Toogoolawah. From Toogoolawah I walked home.

In Toogoolawah, the Dentist's Surgery was a small 15X15 building in a large allotment in the main street. I remember the fear and trepidation when on an occasion Dad took me to the Dentist. It was at the end of the lunch hour, the surgery was closed and so Dad and I waited outside on the footpath. I remember hearing approaching footsteps and seeing brown shoes approaching with the laces flip flopping. The Dentist, Mr. Wainwright, had arrived and we went inside so that he could carry out his torturous work on me. The drill used was a foot pedalled one, and it took yonks to laboriously drill a hole in a tooth so that it could be filled. It was this Dentist who left moisture in a tooth he filled that resulted in the loss of a front tooth in our early weeks in Ipswich. This is the last extraction I have ever had.

At one stage earlier, there could not have been a dentist at Toogoolawah, I went with Dad on a Sunday night when he returned to Ipswich. I stayed at Uncle Charlie and Aunty Edie's

home for the week. During the week Aunty Edie took me to the dentist, Mr. Campbell, for a few extractions. I returned with Dad on the following Saturday.

At our home, of course, there were various patent medicines on hand. Bonnington's Irish Moss, Heenzo (a cough mixture you mixed yourself from concentrated ingredients supplied), Herne's Bronchitis Cure, Rexona Ointment, Rawleigh's Ointment, Sticking Plaster (no Band-aids), Aspros, Olive Oil, Paraffin Oil and the greatest cure-all of all time, in a blue bottle, Castor Oil. This was given for almost any ailment including disobedience and not wanting to go to school. It was very "yuk". Cyril had the solution. He told Mum that if she gave it to him he would vomit. Nevertheless, she gave it to him and he threw up all over the kitchen table.

When we shifted to Ipswich the horror story on going to the Doctor only got worse. I ailed with something so Mum took me to the Outpatients Department of the Ipswich Hospital. The surroundings were bad enough, in a downstairs old building with dozens of sick people waiting, and waiting, and waiting (I suppose that is why it is called a waiting room). However, what capped it all was an old lady who dirtied herself and left "it" on the seat and the floor. If I wasn't sick when I went there, I was sick when I left.

PLAY.

Considering we were always told to go outside and play, we really didn't have much with which to play. On the verandah we rolled marbles from one to the other. We also played in the dirt under the house making roads and imagining blocks of wood were cars and graders and whatever we wanted them to be.

We climbed the Pepperina trees surrounding the house and there, amongst the leaves, we were pilots flying the planes against the enemy to help win the war. On an occasion, Cyril and I were with Dad while he was working in the farm. We went down into the creek bed and climbed trees there. I pulled myself up higher with a dry branch and "Crack!" down it came and so did I. I landed on my head and was knocked out. Cyril left me for dead and ran up to Dad in the farm. The first thing I remember was Dad standing over me and pouring water on me out of his water bag

Once I was allowed to go with Harold Bell to climb the hills to the west of our property. I took some lunch and water, walked to Harold Bell's place and we spent a few hours climbing up the hills and back down again.

I saw a kite for sale in a catalogue of one of the Brisbane Department Stores, so I sent away for it enclosing a Postal Note. It duly came and, with paper and paste, I assembled it. It flew. I even remember Uncle Arthur flying it with us.

One game that Cyril and I often played was "Church". In the dairy we set up an "altar". I was the Officiant and Cyril was the Assistant. When he was called up to say a few words, Cyril even had a pretend squeak in his shoes just like Uncle Joe had when he was called to assist in church. Our Communion was either Arrowroot biscuits or dried apples broken in pieces – which ever was available. It was nice in later life when we both served in church instead of it being just play.

Not long before we shifted to Ipswich Mum bought us a bike. One bike for both of us boys. Most of the time it was stored on the front verandah. When we were allowed to have it for a while we had to ride it in a particular place so that the pointy grass did not puncture the tyres. On a few occasions I was permitted to ride it to Toogoolawah to do some messages. However, I was not allowed to ride it down the steep part of Peel's hill but had to wheel it down.

Then, as now, I liked reading. I read every book in the Sandy Gully School Library. This library consisted of two shelves in the cupboard. Later, however, the Education Department sent a wooden box of books from school to school, and this gave some variety in reading. I also read whatever I could find at home.

When we shifted to Ipswich, play was much better. We played Cricket on Simmonds Road (removing the box used as a wicket when cars came). We also played Cricket with the whole neighbourhood on the reserve flat further down Simmonds Road and also in the back paddock of our allotment. We also rode our bike a lot - round and round underneath the

house and round and round the block, up Simmonds Road and via Waterworks Road, Holmes Street, Holdsworth Road and Patens Road, back home again. Once I doubled Cyril around this block but couldn't take the corner from Patens Road back into Simmonds Road and we both finished up in the bushes. On another occasion I tried to see how fast I could ride the bike from the back to the front of our allotment. I was really up to a good speed but missed the pedal when I tried to reverse it to brake, and hit the front picket fence. I shot over the fence and while I was lying on the ground, the bike that had rebounded came over the fence and landed on top of me. The only damage was three palings knocked off the fence.

LIFESTYLES - THEN AND NOW.

From the previous chapters can be gleaned some of the great difference between the lifestyle in the days of my childhood and today. These changes have come about because of the improved economic climate, the increased standard of living, as well as unprecedented advances in science, medicine, technology and communication. In this chapter I will contrast some of the changes.

When I was a child, when we heard the drone of the Kingaroy Mail Plane going overhead, we all ran outside to see it in the sky. Today tens of thousands of passenger and defence aircraft are in the air at the same time around the world, and the sound of an aircraft overhead evokes no interest.

Something that was prevalent in my young years and which doesn't happen today is the knocking on the door by a swaggie or swagman. In the 1930's, after the Depression, there was much unemployment. There was no Dole or unemployment benefit as there is today, so unemployed men rolled up their swags and trudged from area to area seeking jobs. They used to knock on the door and we used to give them something - a little tea or sugar or any other food we could spare.

The delivery of milk was different than it is today. Often I used to help McKees on their milk run. A horse pulled a sulky modified to hold two cans of milk with taps at the rear. You had measured containers and filled these, dependant on the amount of milk each customer required, and poured the milk into the customers' containers. This went on for the half of Toogoolawah for which we were responsible. The horse became so accustomed to the run, that while we were taking the milk into one house, the horse moved on to the next house that he knew we served.

Dad's unmarried brother, Uncle Dickie (Richard), had a small farm and a humpy in which to live, between our place and Sandy Gully. One year he had a crop of cotton. When it was ready to harvest, he asked Cyril and me and some other boys from school, if we would pick the cotton for him. We did this one Saturday, up and down the rows for hours for a few pence per pound, and then Uncle Dickie deducted a percentage because the cotton was damp from dew and he wasn't going to pay us for harvesting dew. I wondered from where we Rosentreterers got our business acumen. The final result from our day of picking cotton, was a very bad case of sunburn because we had decided we were big time and could go all day without shirts.

The obtaining mail was another different thing. After the Rail motor arrived, the mailbags were taken to the Post Office. In the Post Office dozens of people gathered inside and as the Postal Officials sorted the mail they called out names and those there received their mail. We received our mail either by going into the Post Office and asking or it was placed in our cream can.

Probably the thing that made life the most difficult was no electricity. For light we used kerosene lamps - either one that hung on the wall or one that stood on the table. Mostly, the

wall lamp was lit at dark, and this was carried from room to room as required. I remember doing my homework at the kitchen table with the dim kerosene lamp light. No wonder I needed spectacles. In contrast, I counted the bulbs that would be lit in our unit if I switched on every light, including reading and standard lamps - forty seven. There was no refrigerator, so a cool safe was used. Instead of an electric stove or microwave, we had a wood stove. There was no hot water system and water had to be heated on the stove. (As a matter of fact the first hot water system ever in a house in which I lived was when we got married and had one in our first house). The radio used batteries, the gramophone was wind-up and there were only hand operated kitchen appliances.

The closest telephone was at the neighbours. We only ever used this in an emergency. The telephone went to a manual exchange in Toogoolawah. You rang and asked the telephonist to connect calls. Contact with the world was maintained through radio news bulletins and the reading of newspapers. Contact with family and friends was maintained through letters. Mass means of obtaining information were not available. More information is now absorbed in one day than was obtained then, in months.

The means of travel available to us were: - Dad's 1929 Essex Tourer, the train or Rail motor, the Cream Carrier, a horse or bike if you had one, or walking. One didn't move around as often nor as far as one does today.

The very important services of reticulated water and sewerage or septic were not available on our farm. We had to rely on water stored in two tanks. You always had to watch every drop of water for you never knew when the next rain would come, and in times of drought running out of water was a disaster. The necessary services of sewerage or septic were unknown even in Toogoolawah in my childhood. At church we had two outhouses in the churchyard - one for men and the other for women. When we came to Ipswich, we had an outhouse in the yard with once a week night-soil collections. It was quite a few years after our marriage before we had sewerage connected.

Food was always scarce, particularly meat. Dad had a shotgun and when he saw a hare he would take his shotgun and try to shoot it. He often got one - and on one occasion two with the one shot. He used to skin the hare - something like taking off a jumper - gut it, and then Mum would bake it whole in a large baking dish. It was very delicious with gravy and mashed potatoes.

I remember we had a rare treat on a few occasions while we were in town on town day. We had ham sandwiches and tea at the Greek Flaskas' Café. A more regular treat was on a Sunday. After church we drove up to the main street to pick up The Sunday Mail from a little corner store and we had a small penny ice-cream in a cone. It's different today with the many and varied Fast Food Takeaway Stores and restaurants to which parents can afford to take their children. On occasion when we were in town, Dad would go into one of the three hotels and have a beer or shandy. When we went with him, we had a raspberry drink which was a great highlight in our life.

Once we went to the Toogoolawah Show. You drove in and parked right at the oval. I remember seeing buck-jumping and bullock-riding. In Side Show Alley I remember boxers on the stage in front of their tent and a man spruiking. I also remember outside some other side show a man blowing a whistle at a basket and a snake coming out of it.

One other interesting thing from Toogoolawah was the calling at homes of the Rawleigh's Man and also the Watkins' Man. These came with their suitcases packed with items they wanted to sell, such as patent medicines or flavouring essences.

Both then and now have their good and bad points. I'm thankful for all I did have in my younger days and still more thankful for what I have today.

SNAKES.

Ophidiophobia (fear of snakes) is something with which I still suffer today. In a Zoo, if I see a sign "Reptiles", I quickly go off in the opposite direction. I shut my eyes when I see snakes on TV and don't even like seeing pictures of snakes in a book or newspaper. When you read the following "snake stories" you will realize why.

As we walked to and from school we always came across snakes sunning themselves in the sandy soil that was the road. We didn't want to pass too close to them on the narrow road, so we took to the bush to go around them. I wonder how many snakes we went closer to, that we couldn't see in the bush. Often we came across snakes on the road a number of times in the one day. We could even tell by the marks left on the road by the snakes that had crossed before we came along, the direction in which they had slithered.

On the way home from school, in our paddock after I left the road, I used to run along a fence and slide my hands along the top plain wire. On one occasion I was doing this and suddenly there was a snake at my feet. I couldn't stop. but I bettered the high jump record as I jumped and bettered the one minute mile the rest of the way home.

One day Mum heard a frog croaking very frantically. On going into our kitchen she found a snake hanging from the top of the stove recess with a frog in its mouth. On another occasion Mum wanted a jar of something from our corner kitchen cupboard and, just as she was putting her hand around a glass jar she wanted, found a snake curled around it..

Once I was in the yard at home. Mum yelled out and told me there was a snake in the house and I was to run and get Dad to come from the farm. He did, and found that Mum had used a hoe to try and kill the snake in our kitchen, but it had got away and gone into the cavity between the walls. They tried to coax it out with a saucer of milk. I never knew what happened to that snake, but I didn't sleep easy for quite a while.

This is probably the worst experience I had. One of my tasks was to go to the shed and get a few cobs of corn and peel them for the hens. One day I went to the shed, threw back the tarpaulin that covered the corn cobs, and there on top of them was the grand-daddy of all snakes. I stood transfixed for a while and then hightailed it to my parents. The last scene I remember was this large snake between the palings of the chook sty with Dad on one side of it and Mum on the other, both belting the living daylights out of this snake. As I always say: - there's only one good snake and that's a dead one.

When we visited Riverleigh the snake saga only continued. At Oma's house, in her bathroom, there was often a snake. Also in the outhouse toilet, you never knew whether or when or how many snakes were in the thunder box. You didn't loiter long in the toilet, I can tell you. Uncle Alf used to bring his whole family to church in a German Waggon drawn by two horses. One Sunday he ran over a snake that became lodged in the wheel. Every time the wheel came round, so did the snake with Uncle Alf dodging it. It eventually was dislodged and the family continued on to church.

RIVERLEIGH.

Riverleigh is a country area about 13 kilometers outside of Mundubbera. Mundubbera is a country town that you can reach today by driving for less than five hours from Brisbane and for three hours from Toogoolawah. That was not the case in the 1930's and 1940's when my parents often undertook this journey. They did this at least once a year. The roads were gravel and dirt and when it flooded you often had to wait beside streams for long periods, even days sometimes, for the water to recede. Sometimes you were bogged in deep mud and had to go into the bush to get logs to put under the wheels to gain some traction. The reliability and suitability of a 1929 Essex loaded with family and luggage and water and petrol tins and who knows what else, to traverse these inadequate roads left much to be desired. It was a small miracle to even reach the destination. I remember stopping at the top of the steep, winding and slippery Blackbutt Range and peering over the edge and seeing the canvas hoods of vehicles that had accidentally gone over the edge and fallen the hundreds of meters below. On one journey some part in the steering mechanism broke just as we were driving into Moore (just before Blackbutt Range) and the car left the road and finished up in a creek bed. It took quite a few hours for the garage in Moore to fix the problem.

What then was the attraction of Riverleigh that so many difficulties did not deter visits over and over again? Firstly, it was the home of Mum's parents - our Opa and Oma. And secondly it was the home of Apostle Dietz and the then headquarters of The New Apostolic Church in Australia. We wanted to visit Mum's family as we did not see them very often. Oma came to visit in between times but Opa didn't always accompany her as he had a farm that needed his presence.

Dad also came, in his ministry, to visit the Apostle Dietz. The Apostle Dietz' birthday was an occasion on which most brothers and many members made the pilgrimage to Riverleigh to wish him a happy birthday and to have the fellowship with the members from other areas. It was quite a gala occasion, by our standards, at that time. There seemed to be people milling around his home, inside and outside. The men were gathered around Apostle Dietz on the verandah. He held court from a Squatters' chair. The women seemed to be all in the kitchen helping Sister Dietz prepare food for the multitude. The children were outside playing and exploring and eating mulberries from the trees that surrounded the house. Once I was taught to say a German poem for the Apostle Dietz. I remember being scared stiff but I was pushed to from where I had to say this poem. I recited and when I was finished, the Apostle Dietz told me to go to his wife in the kitchen to get one of the special cakes she made. I went and waited around the kitchen door for some time but being too shy to ask, eventually slipped away. I'm still waiting for my "kuechle".

The highlight was the service in the Riverleigh church. The church was full and the stage was filled with all of the then priestly ministries. The service was conducted in German and translated into English. For us, and all of those gathered, it was a great experience. When it was all over, everyone repeated the hazardous journey in reverse and returned to their farms and small congregations.

When we visited we stayed in the home of Oma and Opa. The house was on two levels with a gap in between. On the lower level was a large kitchen/living room with verandahs on the east and west sides, and a galvanized iron bathroom on the south side. From each of these verandahs you could go up about ten steps to the higher level. The centre of this section contained the Front Room (Lounge) and the main bedroom next to it. On the west there were two more bedrooms. On the north there was a closed in room off the main bedroom, and in the east a verandah with blinds at its north east corner to give some shelter.

The house itself was situated about 200 meters from the road on the farm that was Opas but later Uncle Henry's. In front of the house was a garden in which the garden beds and paths were separated by bottles, neck first in the ground. Two trellises in front of the upper level verandah held up large vivid flowering bougainvillea bushes. Behind the house were tanks for water, the chook pen and a smoke house (a small galvanized iron outhouse used for smoking meat and sausages). Next to the internal road that went past the north of the house, were sheds holding all manner of farm equipment, tools, a wash house and a garage. The outhouse used as a toilet was way up there too. The other buildings consisted of a galvanized iron house in which Uncle Henry, Aunty Grace, Thelma, Joy, May, Gordon and Berney lived; a Dairy; milking sheds and pig sties. The property was used for cattle grazing and for crop farming. There were dams on the property for water storage.

When we visited, we spent most of our time at the home of Opa and Oma. Oma had a lot of wooden jig saw puzzles which she had made. We enjoyed putting these together as well as playing the various games she had - Draughts, Chinese Checkers, Lotto, Monopoly, Fiddle Sticks, Ludo and others. We also enjoyed playing with the children of Uncle Henry and Aunty Grace. Uncle Alf, Aunty Annie and their children Agnes, Alf, Elsie and Olga (Mervyn came much later) lived on a farm quite a distance away. We visited - but not often. Dad contracted Rheumatic Fever during one visit and was hospitalized in the Mundubbera Hospital.

Mum was sick a lot and for a period of a few months one year, Mum and us three children lived at Riverleigh so that Mum could be under Dr. Lofkovics at Cracow. Uncle Henry drove her there. At that time Uncle Henry and his family weren't living behind Oma and Opa's house but in a house on another Chappel's farm they leased near the Riverleigh School. Their house was therefore empty and we lived in it for those few months. Because Dad was in Toogoolawah batching, the time seemed long and lonely to me. Cyril and I were enrolled at the Riverleigh State School, to which we walked. Miss Reece was the school's only teacher even though it was larger and had more children than Sandy Gully. Riverleigh church was only two doors away and we could walk to church. This had a down side in that the church had its own cemetery and when someone died the brothers had to dig the grave. It was unnerving for me to hear the sound of digging tools well into the night, while trying to go to sleep. I was happy when we returned to Toogoolawah, our father, our school and familiar surroundings.

As I grew older, on a couple of occasions, I travelled to Riverleigh, on my own, in the train for a holiday. I took the Rail motor from Toogoolawah to Roma Street Brisbane, then the northern train. You had to travel in the last carriage (the Gayndah Carriage). At Mungar

Junction near Maryborough, this carriage was shunted off the passenger train going north, and put on the end of a goods train going inland through Mundubbera and Riverleigh.

When Opa no longer worked the farm, he spent time in Brisbane where he rented a room in Boundary Street and sold newspapers at Centenary Park. He played his violin with the organ before service in Windsor and enjoyed the time he spent in Brisbane. Opa had to have a Prostate operation but even though he got through it well, while recuperating he died from a blood clot on May 9th. 1946. We stayed with McKees while Mum and Dad went to the funeral. We did not visit Riverleigh much after we shifted to Ipswich, but Oma visited more often. (Oma eventually finished up in Rhossilli, an aged home in Ipswich, and died on January 29th. 1966.)

THE SHIFT TO IPSWICH.

While the shift from Toogoolawah to Ipswich was taking place, I was in Riverleigh. My return rail ticket, however, was to Ipswich.

The shift took place in the early part of January 1947. An open truck was used by Bottcher Carriers, to transport all of our worldly possessions (that weren't in Dad's Essex) to Ipswich. These included some chooks and Spot the dog. Everything that had been transported was duly arranged at Ipswich.

I got first glimpse of our new home a little later when I returned from Riverleigh. The first thing I had to do was to send a telegram to Oma to let her know I had arrived safely. Cyril already knew some things about the area so took me to Brassall Post Office to send this telegram. He completely disorientated me by going the "short cut" through the bush behind the Presbyterian Church.

Soon everything became very familiar to us. We thought we were just made when we had a number of little corner stores just a short walk away.

60 SIMMONDS ROAD.

60 Simmonds Road was our new address. I was to call this home for just over ten years till I married.

It was quite a large house with about seventeen steps in the front and six at the rear. The house stood in a large allotment that extended three or four hundred meters from the back of the house. The enclosed garden extended about one hundred meters. This garden was well grassed and had concrete paths, garden beds, fruit trees, a chook sty, and a shed that doubled for a garage and a wash house. Underneath the house was closed in with battens, and the house itself was a wooden structure.

There was an open verandah on the south side and the east side. The verandah on the east half of the north side had been enclosed to give a bathroom and an area where we had a table on which I did my homework. Coming in the front door, on the right was Mum and Dad's bedroom and on the left Lila's room. On proceeding down the hallway you came into the lounge. From the lounge on the left was Cyril's and my bedroom. Keeping going from the lounge, you came to the enclosed area of the back verandah and immediately on your left went into quite a large kitchen. It had a stove recess on the north side which contained the wood stove. This stove had a fountain on the side from where hot water could be obtained. The bathroom had a bathtub but no wash basin. It also contained a chip heater for heating small quantities of water.

After some time I shifted out of our joint bedroom on to the east verandah. It had a slat blind on one side but was basically open. My few possessions I kept in apple boxes which I had placed on top of each other to give open shelves. Open, with no ceiling, it was very cold in winter but I enjoyed snuggling under a feather bed and anything else I could find to throw over the bed to make it warmer. Later, when Mum had saved enough money, she had Uncle Charlie close in the east verandah with louvers and wooden roller blinds. I then shifted my bed etc. to the south east corner. It was enclosed, but still very cold, because there was no ceiling and the walls were only the thickness of louver glass or fibro. Later on the front verandah was also enclosed with blinds, fibro and louvers.

Living at 60 Simmonds Road was quite a happy time. We soon fell into a routine of Dad going to work, we children going to school and Mum tending the house and doing the washing and ironing and cooking the meals. Closer neighbours were at hand with whom Mum could communicate, the trades people called at the door and the bus was just a "walk up the hill" away.

In our spare time we found much with which to fill our time – cricket, bike riding, exploring up the back, going messages etc..

Later, when Schultes shifted to Ipswich, we often had get togethers and sing-songs around the piano at either their or our place of a Sunday afternoon. I had so much homework and often renege on these get-togethers and so, in the eyes of some of our visitors, I became a "snob with my nose always in a book".

IPSWICH BOYS' GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

My State School teacher, Allan Andersen, told my parents that if I passed Scholarship and if they could afford it, they should consider sending me to Grammar School because I had the potential to become something. Mum made an appointment and she and I went for an interview with the Headmaster, Mr. Henderson, and I was accepted.

To get to Grammar School, I had to go by bus from Simmonds Road and walk from town, up Darling Street, to the Grammar School on Grammar Hill. The first day of Secondary School came and we the "newies", as the new boys were nicknamed, were introduced to and indoctrinated into the life at secondary school. It was a very difficult time for me. Not only had the change from a one teacher country primary school to a bustling city secondary school made the transition hard, but also the not knowing anyone. The boys, who came from all of the Ipswich and District State Schools, had fellow students whom they knew from being together at State School. The pupils from country areas and other places became borders and so they cohered together in the environment of living together. I was not an outgoing person and so moved around the edges of all of these groups but was never accepted into any. I sometimes spent some of my lunch hour in the toilets because I was completely at a lost end. In cricket season it was good, because we all played cricket for the whole lunch hour - whoever got the batsman out was the next batsman.

Each morning we had Assembly in the Great Hall. We were spoken to by the Headmaster who was accompanied by all teachers. The prefects lined up on the side of the hall. Then we went to our classrooms. It sure was different from Sandy Gully - we had a classroom that our class had allotted to it, except for Geography (when we went to the Geography Room) and the Science subjects (when we went to the Chemistry Room or the Physics Room). The teachers came to the room where the class was. I enjoyed classes and the atmosphere during class. I really loved examinations and got an adrenalin rush in each examination. I really had to work hard, particularly in Geography (which subject I didn't learn for Scholarship because I took up the manual subjects) and History (because British History which was necessary here was not taught in one teacher State Schools). We each had to take Latin for one year at least. After the one year was up I took Bookkeeping in the second year. This served me much better in my future career. I didn't like Chemistry, found it hard to understand and always left the Chemistry homework and studies till last, and got my only "fails", in the Chemistry term examinations. I therefore asked, sometime during the second year, if I could drop Chemistry to leave more time for the other nine subjects. I had to front to the Headmaster's office to explain. He didn't like what I wanted to do because he had written the Chemistry textbook we used, but eventually agreed.

Most of the teachers were really excellent. Mr. Hadgraft taught us English. He was the author of our English textbook. Each day we had a period of English. One day, theory; another, our set play - Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar"; another, poetry from our set book "the Second Bond of Poetry"; another, our set novel "Lorna Doone"; and yet another, from the set book of Essays, the other set books and Shakespeare's "A Midsummer-Night's Dream". From each of these periods we had an essay set for the next week and so, of a weekend, I had five essays alone from English subject. Mr. "Wallaby" Ware (we called him this

because he had played Rugby for the Australian Wallabies in 1942) taught us Geography for one year and some of the Math's subjects – Arithmetic, Geometry and Algebra. Mr. McMurtrie taught us Geography for one year as well as some Math's subjects and Physics. Mr. Peacock taught us French. In French lesson we all were addressed with the French translation of our name. Because there was another Arthur in our class, I became "Paul" in French class. Mr. (Goom) Pringle was fresh out of University and had not yet mastered teaching and control of a class of boys. He taught Chemistry. (Maybe that is why I didn't like or understand Chemistry). Latin was taught by a very old, monotonous teacher. He droned through the whole lesson. One day Keith Molloy (who wore glasses) called him Mr. "Foghorn" and Mr. Foggon hit him across the head with such force that Keith's glasses flew right across the room. In the year that I took Bookkeeping, Miss Steinhardt, who was the Headmaster's Secretary, taught us that subject.

The school was divided into four houses. They were designated by a colour and a previous Headmaster's name. I was in Green Kerr House. In the Grammar School, when I attended, there were only six classes - two Sub-junior classes, two Junior classes, one Sub-senior class and one Senior class. The school was very sports orientated and we played cricket, tennis, rugby and swimming against all the other Greater Public Schools. Ipswich Grammar is the oldest GPS in Queensland. I was never good enough to be considered for any of the inter-school teams. I did, however, play cricket once for our house against other houses.

There were quite a few things that were compulsory in which I took part. I came nowhere in the swimming and somewhere in the middle of the field in the cross-country run that went west over the Saddler's Crossing railway bridge and wound its way back through the west Ipswich suburbs, returning over the One Mile road bridge.

There was a certain amount of bullying by the Juniors towards the Sub-Juniors. There was one large junior who always sought me out and insisted I carry his port from school to the station. I did it once or twice and then was jack of it. One day, the school paddock through which we had to walk after school, was really muddy and sticky with clay. This boy again pressed his nice shiny wooden port on me but instead of carrying it I tossed it as far as I could into the worst mud patch and then ran for my life. Strangely enough, he neither did nor said anything to me next day; neither did he ask me to again carry his port. The Prefects also were quite hard on the new boys. They conscripted us for many tasks such as pulling the large roller up and down the cricket pitch till it had been rolled enough. They also took great delight in teaching us the school's War Cry. I was on the mat with the Prefects on one occasion because I went to church instead of marching in an Anzac Day march. However, I missed out on "pats" with a cricket bat, which was the usual punishment.

I did quite well in all of my lessons during the two years and at the end of each year, at Speech Day, I received a book prize. The end of the second year arrived and the Junior Public Examinations. I still remember the atmosphere and buzz in the Assembly Hall during the examinations. When the results came out I was happy with my results:- "A" passes in English, History, Geography and Physics; "B" passes in French, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic and Geometry; and a "C" pass in Algebra.

CADETS.

An Army Cadet Group had been formed at the Ipswich Boys' Grammar School. We were encouraged to join this group and so, with my parents' permission, I did.

We were issued with hats, boots, socks, khaki shorts and shirts and pugarees. We were also each issued with a rifle which, after each use, was stored in a shed on the school grounds with the bolt removed and stored separately. The rifle was a .303 with a .22 bore.

We had parades and training every Monday afternoon after school. We drilled on the school oval, and were taught marching and other parade ground skills. On quite a number of occasions we had rifle shooting practice. We used our rifles and, because of the smaller bore, used .22 ammunition. We fired our rifles on an improvised rifle range in a school paddock where we could fire into an earth bank. I was quite proficient in shooting.

After we had learnt our basic skills our cadet group became a Vickers machine gun group. It was quite hard work for boys lugging Vickers machine guns about on the run, and setting them up for firing. Vickers machine guns require a three man team to operate them and we each learnt each of the three tasks.

The highlight of the Cadet year was the annual camp. It was for one week and took place during the holidays. The camp in the first year was at the Southport Showground. We travelled to Southport by train and marched from the station to the Showground. There we lived under canvass. The training was more intensive and we became very fit and proficient. Once we marched from the Showground to Main Beach and I had my first ever surf in the sea.

The camp in the second year was at Wacol. We were housed in a large building in the old part of the Army Camp (later, when I did National Service, this was G Company).

I really enjoyed my training in the Army Cadets and it stood me in good stead when I did National Service Training and was in the CMF.

CHURCH IPSWICH.

When we first came to Ipswich at the beginning of 1947, church services were held in an upstairs hall above the UFS Dispensary at 150 Brisbane Street. We went in our car and Uncle Charlie, Aunty Edie and Lil and Myla came in Uncle Charlie's horse drawn buggy. Lil and Myla (wearing their hats) were quite embarrassed about this mode of transport. As well as us there were Sr.Young and various Taege families. Towards the end of 1947, the Ernie Schulte family shifted to Ipswich and a little later Ann and Bernie Schulte.

Soon after, the venue of the services was changed to the U.P.A. Hall in Nicholas Street. The Civic Centre stands on this site today. After shifting to this hall, services, which up till then had only been on a Sunday morning, were increased to two Sunday services. We had Sunday School after Sunday morning service and, when all the Taege children were there, we had quite a large Sunday School.

When the choir was first formed, we had Choir Practice in the lounge room of the Schulte family home on Raymond's Hill. It was great to be in the choir. I sang tenor and, with Anne Schulte as the choir conductor, we became quite proficient. When night services commenced, Choir Practices were conducted in the U.P.A.Hall before Sunday night service.

Dad was Rector till Ernie Schulte came to Ipswich and then he became Rector. We often had visits from District Elder Gerke and on a few occasions from Apostle Abicht. Lil and I were confirmed in a Sunday night service that Apostle Abicht conducted on January 11th.1948 in the U.P.A.Hall. For it, Mum had purchased for me a second hand suit that Albert Fleisher had worn. It was my first long trousers. Brothers' Meetings were conducted in Schulte's lounge room. We had no Youth meetings until after the dedication of the North Ipswich church.

Ipswich needed a church. After the war, building materials were in very short supply. As all the active members had left Toogoolawah, the Toogoolawah church was dismantled and brought to Ipswich. An allotment was purchased at 60 Pine Mountain Road and with the materials from the Toogoolawah church and other building materials obtained; the North Ipswich church was erected. Uncle Alf, Brother Scholl and his son Fred built the church with very much voluntary labour from congregation members. I remember working there on a Saturday. This church was dedicated by Apostle Abicht on July 3rd. 1949.

WORK AT LAST.

During the last weeks at Grammar School, the obtaining of work after leaving school was paramount in my mind. The Commonwealth Bank held a Commonwealth Bank Exam for which I sat. Forms were also available for the Public Service and to become a teacher. I completed all of these forms and submitted them. Then all that could be done was to wait.

December was over and January already more than half over, but still there was no reply in the letter box. Dad, against his nature, was becoming impatient. Eventually a letter came from the Commonwealth Bank asking me to come in for an interview and to present myself to Dr. Hill for a medical examination. Mum accompanied me to the interview with the Accountant in the Ipswich branch of the Commonwealth Bank. I also had my medical examination. Then things started to go wrong. The medical examination found "albumen in my urine" and the Commonwealth Bank wasn't happy and didn't want to give me a position. We had discussions with the Accountant and had further medical examinations. These showed no "albumen". Eventually the Commonwealth Bank agreed to employ me.

WORK AT LAST.

With a happy and trembling heart I presented myself for work at the Commonwealth bank in Ipswich on February 8th. 1949. And so started my career and my working life which was to last for fifty two years. (Later on the Public Service and the Teachers' Training College offered positions but the Commonwealth Bank was "first in".)

(As a matter of interest I detail here particulars of the fifty two years of my working life. I worked in the Commonwealth Bank from February 8th. 1949 till August 13th. 1953. I left the Commonwealth Bank because they transferred me to Mount Isa and as a fill in job, till I could obtain a position in Ipswich, I worked for Poultry Farmers Co-operative in Roma Street Brisbane and had a taste of commuting by train from September 8th. 1953 till January 30th.1954. I then obtained a position as Accountant with the Morris Dealers, C.E.Thorne and Co. [later Alpha Motors], where I worked from February 8th. 1954 till October 7th. 1955. When the position as Office Manager for the Ford Dealers, Modern Motor Service Pty. Ltd. came up, I took it and worked there from October 19th. 1955 till March 29th. 1968 - 9 ½ years as Office Manager and 3 years as General Manager. District Apostle Gerke suggested that it would be better for God's work if I was self employed, so I started my own Public Accountancy business on April 1st.1968. We enclosed the front porch of 1 Whittaker Street, and my office was there till we built a new office downstairs. On November 25th. 1974 we shifted to 99 Workshops Street and I operated my business from there. After I became District Apostle on June 8th. 1985 I sold 90% of my practice on June 30th.1985. The next year was a very difficult year in that I now worked for The New Apostolic Church and was establishing the Church Office, still working 10% in my practice [this 10% was disposed of on June 30th. 1986], and building the house at 90 Workshops Street. I worked for the church till I retired on January 1st. 2001.)

POISED FOR THE FUTURE.

Blennerhassets - an organisation that specialized in correspondence courses - contacted the Grammar School offering an Accountancy Course to the student who was leaving school that year and who had obtained the highest marks for English and Arithmetic in a particular term's examination. This was offered after the term examination was already over. I was the student who won this course and this set me on the road to Accountancy.

This was only one way God worked to set my life on the way He wanted it. Firstly, our shift to Ipswich just as I was finishing State School; then my parents sacrificing to send me to Grammar School; then the offer of employment of an Accounting nature in the Commonwealth Bank; and as mentioned above, the winning of an Accountancy Course - all these channelled my natural life into where God wanted me to go.

Also, if we hadn't shifted to Ipswich, I would not have met and married my wife Audrey.

My association with O.W.Gerke, also an accountant, as well as his leading position in the church, channeled my thoughts and energy into working for the church in my spare time. If we had stayed in the back water of Toogoolawah, this would never have happened. It was also opportune that a congregation was being established and a church was being built in Ipswich. Also the fact that my parents and grand-parents were faithful stalwarts for the church no doubt helped in the direction my life took.