

THREE BOYS LIVING IN

LAKE STREET

1941---1967

CON CHRIST

This is the story of three boys who grew up in Lake Street, Perth in the 1940s, 1950s and 1960s. But first, a little of our background: Our Grandfather, Argyrios Antione Bozinopoulous, known to everyone as “Pop” left the family home in North Western Greece to travel to Western Australia. His plan was to make a fortune then return to his homeland with enough money to buy lots of property. He left behind his wife, Anna, known to all as ‘Buba’, Kalliope his seven year old daughter, and Vangel his baby son. He would not see them for another fourteen years.

Pop joined many other migrants from various parts of southern Europe travelling ‘cattle class’ in the *Re d’Italia* (‘King of Italy’). There was room for 120 first class passengers and 1200 third class (‘cattle class’) passengers. Pop finally landed in his newly adopted land on a hot summer Sunday, December 20, 1924. He was admitted to Australia under the name of Argyrios Antione Bousianoppolos and was taken to Woodman Point, Western Australia’s migrant reception centre at the time for a compulsory two week stay.

In early January a truck came for the new migrants who were then taken to various places in mainly South Western Australia to assist in the government sponsored soldier/serviceman land allocation scheme known as the ‘Soldier Settlement Scheme’ which basically was to clear bush land ready for farming. Two years later he was involved in the running of the Macedonian House, situated at 242 William Street Perth which served as a café, hotel, social service unit, meeting place and a clearing house for new arrivals from the old country.

One of his partners was the legendary Kosta Malkov, the Macedonian ‘Mr Fix-it’. All new arrivals soon learnt that if they had a problem with immigration, Customs, looking for work, doctors, the law, legal matters, sending money back home and a myriad of other everyday problems they should seek out Kosta, and he would sort out the problem to everyone’s satisfaction. Kosta celebrated his 100th birthday on March 25, 1987 and died in Perth a couple of years later with many of those he had helped assimilate attending his large funeral.

Pop worked in the mid-west of WA, for four years at Three Springs, then moved to Moora for eleven months, finally moving to Ballaranga station (about midway between the two communities) for eight months before returning to the city. As far as we know, Pop with lots of energy but only a smattering of English, worked as a general labourer trying his hand at the many aspects of farm life in a strange country. In the short time Pop had been in WA, he had worked hard and sent money back to Buba in Greece to sustain the family. However things were not going well back in Greece so Pop and Buba decided the family reunification was to be in Australia not Greece.

In 1938, after fourteen years being apart from his family, Pop called for them to come to Australia. Buba, with two children in tow, after obtaining a Landing Permit on March 25, 1938 from the British Consulate, left her home, friends, neighbours and members of her extended family in Poria and travelled to Salonika ready to ship her way to the new unknown land. Our Mum was not very happy about leaving her home of 21 years, and many years later told us of the sadness and anger she felt about leaving most of her clothes, and her “Glory box”, a collection of sheets, towels, and other household items she was collecting and had put away so she would be ready in the expectation some man would ask her to marry. She had worked on filling the box over the years and thought it was quite unfair it had to be left behind.

With a little help from Buba’s brother Vangelli they left their homeland on Tuesday August 9, 1938. They travelled third class on the *Esquilino*, an Italian registered ship, owned by the famous Lloyd

Triestino Line. The journey so far was not a good one for Buba and Mum. They were seasick, and after being told by a well-meaning crew member it was not wise to have an attractive 21 year old single woman roaming around a foreign ship on her own the family spent most of the journey in their cabin, finally reaching Fremantle on a fine spring Monday, October 10, 1938. The travellers were met on the Fremantle wharf by Pop and our soon-to-be-Dad. Official formalities completed, in which Buba was registered as Joanna Buzanopulu, our Mum as Calliopi and uncle as Evangelo, Dad drove the newly arrived trio and Pop to the small town of Lake Grace which was to be their new home in a strange land for the foreseeable future.

Pop had not been idle in his “new” country. He purchased a share of the Strand Café in the main street shortly after he arrived in Lake Grace. The original plan was for Venn (“uncle”) to work in the Cafe with Mother and daughter to stay at home. The authorities directed that Uncle, aged 13 years should attend the local school. So our Mum was summonsed to help Pop in the café. As Mums knowledge of English was absolutely nil, she had a very difficult time in understanding the customers’ orders. However, help was at hand in the form of George Christ the man who delivered our mum to Lake Grace.

Our Dad, named as George Grigoriou Christou on his Marriage Certificate was born in Florina, Greece a town not far from Poria on Friday, August 8, 1902. Soon after he was born his mother died and his father remarried. We were told as little kids Dads biological parents were named Lazarus and Noosha. Dad’s father died not long after and his stepmother remarried, so he was raised by non-biological parents. Dad joined the Greek army in 1921 and his duty completed left army life on Wednesday September 24, 1924. He travelled to Port Said to join the Palermo, an Italian registered ship. After an uneventful voyage the Palermo docked in Fremantle on Sunday, November 23 1924.

Dad’s early working life in his adopted land was spent in Wanneroo, approximately 15 kms from the Perth GPO and at that time a far northern outpost of Perth. Dad was in Wanneroo for about fourteen years living in a self-constructed ‘house’ made of hessian bags sewn together and fixed onto a wooden frame of large branches from the bountiful supply of trees in the vicinity. The structure was then painted all over with white kalsomine paint. Dad returned to Perth in 1939 and in his first venture into the business world he bought the lease on a ‘mixed business’ (now generally known as a deli) at 201 William Street, Perth a few metres away from the Horseshoe Bridge. Our Dad, the Good Samaritan who delivered Mum to her hellhole (Mum’s description) which was Lake Grace kept in touch so successfully he married our Mum in the Church of England, Lake Grace, on Monday May 20, 1940 in front of a very small wedding group. The hierarchy of the Greek Orthodox Church in Perth recognised the marriage of our parents only because there was no Greek Orthodox Church in the Lake Grace area. Not long after, the happy couple moved to Perth, and lived at Dads residence a small flat on the first floor of the two storied Devon Flats on the corner of Lake and Aberdeen Street. Pop sold his share in the Lake Grace business in 1946, and moved to Perth to join Buba who had moved from Lake Grace to number 1 Park Grove West Perth. in 1944

WHAT’S IN A NAME

Christou is a common name in Cyprus and western Greece. Our Mum, Dad and Peter were registered as Christou by the local authorities, strangely Con and Lou as Christ. However we three brothers grew up with “Christ” as our surname. Peter did not know until he needed a birth certificate for his marriage in 1965 that he was registered as Peter Christou, not Peter George Christ which he used all his life. Lou was registered as Louie Christ. Con had the same problem when it was his turn to marry. He was registered as Kosta Christ. After recovering from the shock, Con consulted the

Officiating reverend who agreed to use the name “Con” during the service. The name was changed legally to Con George Christ a few weeks after the wedding. Our parents had put more importance on the name given at our christening in the Greek Orthodox Church in Parker Street Northbridge than the information on the official birth registration. In 1975 Peter and Sue changed their name from Christ to Crist.

‘OUR PATCH’ AND LOCAL AREA

The area we lived, played and schooled in is now known as Northbridge. We “locals” knew it as Perth or Little Italy. Originally subdivided in the 1840s, the land was considered unsuitable for residential or commercial development because of the system of fresh water lakes (hence Lake Street) in the area. The larger of the lakes was Kingsford which stretched from East Perth to what is now Leederville. In 1864, the Perth Road Board, the forerunner of The City of Perth, drained Lake Kingsford and finished the job in 1873 by diverting what was left of Lake Kingsford into Claisebrook, East Perth. Development had commenced in the 1850s and land was sold or leased only to those prepared to fill the property with sand up to 40cm above the previous winter water level.

In the 1860s when the area began to develop because of the rich fertile soil, waves of Chinese immigrants coming from a rural background in their own country, brought their extensive skills, settled in the area especially James Street, and starting market gardens to supply the metro area with all kinds of vegetables. In the early 1900s, many of the market gardens had moved into the outer suburbs to be replaced by small light industry. In the late 1960s and early 1970s the flavour and was generally known as Chinatown with its high concentration of Chinese restaurants, shops and business traders. The Chung Wah Association was formed in 1912 to look after the interests of the local Chinese residents. A century later it is still doing a splendid job looking after the local Chinese population especially their older residents.

In 1911, an estimated 75 brothels (known as laundries or tobacconists by those “in the know”) were operating in the area bounded by Roe, William, Aberdeen and Fitzgerald Streets. Our familiar territory was: to the north, Hyde Park, originally known as Lake Number three (Boodjamooling by the Noongars who frequented the area), and renamed on July 31, 1899 by the council after an upgrade to the facilities, Charles Street to the west, Beaufort Street to the east and Roe Street which adjoined the central city block, as the southern boundary. We were very familiar with all the roads, street, avenues and laneways in between. We also frequented Robertson Park in Fitzgerald Street and Birdwood Square in Bulwer Street opposite Highgate Primary School which we three attended. Robertson Park, originally the site of many Chinese market gardens, was constructed primarily as a children’s playground (1926) and later extended by the inclusion of tennis courts (also 1926), hockey fields and a football oval. A rotunda, built in early 1929, near the Fitzgerald street entrance was used by the City of Perth brass band to practise their skills. In later years Sir Charles Court a former Premier of WA was a member of the band. They also had public concerts on various occasions on site. “Robbo Park” also had a public Library attached to the back of the rotunda. We used the football oval on many occasions and in much later years some of us frequented the tennis courts. “Robbo Park” was a short walk from our house being just past the old Union Malting building on the Stuart and Palmerston Street corner. That building is now a swish apartment block. We would walk past the Swan Brewery owned WA Bottle Collection Depot storing millions of their empty beer bottles until they were ready to be refilled with the famous Swan or Emu branded beer at the Brewery in Mounts Bay Road city. After the Swan Brewery vacated their city premises and moved to Canning Vale in the early 1970s, the bottle depot was vacated and remained vacant for many years. Various plans were disallowed by the relevant authorities until in early 2017 building commenced on a multi storied apartments complex.

Stuart Street was a busy “small business” street. The bee-keeper owned WA Honey Pool office which traded under the name Wescobee and in the early 1960s moved to Bayswater, the Pascomi milk depot built in the mid-1920s by the Dairy Farmers co-op and moved to suburban Bentley in the early 1960s after merging and changing their name to Masters Milk. After Wescobee and Pascomi moved out the buildings went into decline until an advertising agency moved into the area in the 1970s, brightened up the area with lots of gaudy paint on the building’s façade. The ad-agency stayed for many years until moving out and apartments were constructed on the site.

Birdwood Square, facing on to Highgate Primary School was used by various football and hockey teams to play official fixtures usually on the weekend, and so pushed us out if we happen to be there playing ‘kick to kick’ football as we called it. On one occasion while we were playing football there was a commotion on the corner of Bulwer Street and Grant Street on the north side of the park. A woman was bashing a bus driver who was sitting on the kerb near his bus which had just run over a little boy who was about seven years old. The boy had run after a ball which had gone onto Bulwer Street from where he had been playing in Grant Street. A few minutes later the police arrived to sort out the tragic event.

But Lake Street was ‘ours’! We knew everybody who lived there, even the parents, all the shopkeepers and traders and the regular callers such as the baker, milko, rubbish collector, postie etc. Our street was a grand mix of housing and small businesses. We even had a kindergarten with a small park in front of it. It was just another place to play football. To us boys the two most famous businesses in the world was our Dad’s box factory at number 18 Lake Street followed closely by the Kun Min Café (sometimes named as the Kun Ming Café) at 181 William Street which he purchased shortly after moving from the Lake Street box factory.

At the box factory which was only a few doors from Roe Street, Dad and his team made wooden boxes in various sizes and styles suitable for transporting fruit and vegetables from grower to market then to shopkeepers and other retail establishments. During the Second World War, he also made ammunition (and various others as required) boxes for the Commonwealth of Australia Defence department as demanded by the wartime regulations. Dad owned the factory from 1941 until 1946, and operated from Monday to Friday all day and also on Saturday mornings. There was a staff of about six men, including Dad.

Con remembers going to the factory as a very small boy, probably five years old, and seeing an enormous band saw on the left hand side of the factory as he entered and on the right hand side several large logs which were ready to be cut and processed behind a truck with a tray top suitable for moving heavy timber and other large items. The building itself was very basic. The saw and other machinery were under a corrugated tin or metal roof, leading to the office and toilet. The remainder of the property was open to the elements. Con remembers a tray top truck being parked on the premises which belonged to either Dad or the business.

After Dad sold the business the property was used as a picture theatre and then (2012 AD) converted into a multi-storey car park owned by the City of Perth. The top floor is used as a cinema known as the ‘Rooftop Cinema’ during the warmer months, November until March. The operators of the cinema boast the cinema is “nestled in a pink flamingo-festooned artificial oasis and present a programme of cinematic icons and cult classics and some B grade schmaltz.” It also has a licensed bar.

In 1947 and 1948 our Dad was involved with the Kun Min Cafe either by buying or leasing the business which was situated on the other side of the land between the two businesses.

Perhaps a bit of ‘over the fence’ haggling had taken place and Dad had simply ‘swapped premises’ by buying into the Kun Min. The restaurant was fairly large with two lines of tables, each generally set for four or six people, with provision for altering the configuration. There was room for about forty patrons at the one sitting. Despite the Chinese name, the available menu was extensive, borrowing from several cultures.

Dad was a “hands on” boss, being adept at cooking as well as the myriad of jobs associated with running a café. Dad employed Pop and Uncle as general assistants with Pop later (1948) buying a share in the business. Not everything ran smoothly for the partnership. In a report in the *Daily News* (Perth’s afternoon newspaper 1882-1990) on Tuesday August 12, 1947 a Perth Police Court magistrate fined our Dad and Pop five pounds with costs of three pounds eight shillings for “unhealthy conditions” in the café after a Council health inspector found cockroaches and ants in the kitchen on a couple of occasions after the partners had taken over the café lease in April 1947. The partnership was dissolved at the end of 1948 when the café was sold. We still have a couple of souvenirs from the café: Three soup dishes, made in Italy, with a bright yacht motif on the inside of the dish and six sweets dishes made of glass, also in excellent condition and much smaller than the soup dishes. All are now in Christine and Cons safekeeping.

After Dad left the Kun Min, he was unemployed for some time but eventually got a job at the East Perth Gasworks as a general labourer until he had the first of several strokes. The Gasworks were situated in East Perth not far from the Guildford Road Railway Bridge. The Perth City Council had bought the company in 1912 but eventually surrendering it to the State Government. Built on the site of the old Perth Gas Company plant in 1886 on the north bank of Claise Brook, it was decommissioned in 1971 and finally dismantled in 1985. The site was contaminated and a clean-up was ordered by the Environmental authority after coal tar was discovered leaching into the soil and river.

The Kun Min was in good company being only a few shops from the corner of Roe and William Street, next to the unique Horseshoe Bridge completed in 1903 to connect the city block with the northern part of Perth. The shape of the bridge was decided by engineers as the best way to solve the problem of spanning the Perth-Fremantle-Guildford railway line. Construction of the rail line had started in the late 1870s, carrying the first passengers in 1881. Unfortunately it had ‘split the town in two’. The original plan was to build the Perth railway station at Weld Square, bordered by Newcastle, Beaufort, Parry and Stirling streets. Following protests from the traders in the area, the decision was made to construct the Railhead in its present location in Wellington Street. After the Bridge was commissioned, railway crossings at Stirling Street and Melbourne Street (later renamed Milligan Street) were closed.

One of the enduring features of the bridge was an 114,000 litre water tower built in 1896 for the Railway authority at the intersection of Wellington and William Streets to feed the thirsty trains. It was incorporated into the final bridge design. When steam trains ceased in 1971 the tower had another lease of life as an advertising hoarding. The tower was finally demolished in April 2014 as part of the City Link project. In 2012, site works commenced to lower the rail line between Beaufort Street and Milligan Street, thus re-joining the two parts of the city after about 130 years. The ‘reclaimed’ land has several high rise towers, public open space and access from the city to Northbridge. The project took several years to complete, with the official opening being on March 3, 2018. It was funded by various Government departments and private interests. The whole project is known as City Link while the public open space has been named Yagan Square.

Before European settlement the site of the Perth rail yard was Lake Kingsford one of a chain of

wetland lakes throughout Perth. It was drained and filled in 1881 to create the basis for the rail line from Perth to Fremantle and much later to other suburbs of the metro area. Some of the reclaimed land was then used as market gardens, heavy industry, and rail freight and shunting yards.

Some of the important roads in “our patch” are described below as they were in 1948/49/50.

WILLIAM STREET: Runs from the Swan River parallel to Lake Street up to Walcott Street in Mount Lawley. Originally the section of road between Wellington Street City and Walcott Street was known as Hutt Street but renamed William Street in 1897.

On the Roe Street corner at number 167 was Roy Menzel tyre retailer, then Kalaf’s Kitchen at 169, Mrs Menzel the Florist at 171, who later moved to Plaza arcade in the City and conducted a very profitable and long standing business at that site, then George Hayat Herbalist, at 173, a harness maker at 175 (name unknown), Clifton’s Hardware at 177, then Robert Meek tobacconist at 179 which was only a small kiosk, at 181 the Kun Min Café. At number 183, the Papadopoulos family operated a cafe, at 185 was the soon to be famous Kakulas brothers Greengrocery established in 1929. (On March 9, 2017 the site was put up for auction and purchased by cousins Evan and George Kakulas for \$5.2 million). Number 187 a small restaurant, 189 a newsagent. After refurbishment in 2012 it is now a florist. Also at 189 is the Busy Bee Arcade built in 1894; Perth’s very first shopping arcade with a series of small traders. It now (2018AD) contains a few ‘trendy’ shops and a small bar, 191 was a watchmaker, 193 Fruit and vegetable retailer, 195 Franchina Furniture Manufacturers, at number 197 a Chinese restaurant, another fruit and vegetable shop at 199, with a hairdresser next door. On the corner of James Street at 207 William was Abdul Dean, herbalist who later moved further along William Street into the city block next to the magnificent Metro theatre, restyled the business as Taufik Raad Herbalist, and traded there very successfully for many years. Hanifa Dean, the daughter of the owner, attended Highgate Primary School in the 1950s alongside Con. In later years she relocated to the Eastern States and became a successful author and academic.

On the other side of the James Street/William Street corner was the Great Western Hotel built for a Mrs Davis in 1896 during the gold rush. The architect, a Mr Cavanagh, designed the 3 storey Italianate style building to take advantage of the site: a few hundred meters from the newly constructed railway station which brought many clients to the “luxury hotel for travellers” with its views over the Swan River and Kings Park. A feature of the hotel was its telephonite, an internal telephone system which connected all rooms to the main office- a novelty for those days. An official opening ceremony was held on November 21, 1896 with “great fanfare” according to a report in *The West Australian* the following day. Mrs Davis died in 1899. The family continued to operate the hotel until 1972 when it was sold to a local bookmaker for a reported \$200,000. After a refurbishment in the 1980s which restored the hotel to its original glory at a cost of about \$1.15million, the bookmaker/businessman sold the hotel to a brewery conglomerate. It was renamed the Brass Monkey after a beer which was owned by the company and reopened on November 16 1989, almost one hundred and three years after its original opening.

Another famous landmark was next to the hotel at number 213: Luisini’s Wine bar, at 215-219 was Luisini’s clothing and drapery store both started by Enzo Luisini in the late 1920s. Mr Luisini was a very prominent Italian migrant, having arrived in Perth in 1909, worked in the Collie coal mines, as a timber miller at Worsley near Manjimup, a gardener in Claremont before purchasing the wine salon in 1922 and a large tract of land in Wanneroo. He developed the land into W.A.s largest privately owned vineyard, and then opened his clothing and drapery store and later another in Fremantle. Mr Luisini was held in high esteem by his fellow Italians, and acted as ‘Mr Fix it’ for his community including running an unofficial bank. During the Second World War despite being interned he organised aid parcels to relatives in Italy for his community. He married in 1926, and sadly widowed

in 1931. Their only child, a daughter, was still-born. Mr Luisini died on May 7, 1964. Our Dad was a good customer and friend to Mr Luisini. He bought all his wine and spirits from Luisinis. The William street stores are now (2012AD) a Chinese Restaurant.

At 221 was Kemps wine salon, 223 was Georges Tailoring, and 227 Len Pethic the butcher who moved from the corner of William and Brisbane in the mid-1950s, at 231 Roy Galvin plumber and at the rear of the premises an engraving and brass founder. After the death of Mr Galvin Senior the two sons decided to split the business and move to the suburbs. One son moved to Malaga with the engineering side and the other to Osborne Park with the plumbing and hardware. At 239 was Clarrie and Elsie Donovan's newsagency which remained in business until the early 1970s when they retired to their family home in Mt Lawley. At 241 was the New York Drycleaners who later moved a few doors up the road.

On the corner of Francis Street at 243 was Rocco's Fruit and Vegie shop and later a boot maker. On the other corner at number 245 was Enright's Wine Salon, later renamed the Britannia Wine Saloon. At 247 was Modern Boot Makers, at 249 Chas Beattie conducted a "Ham and Beef" emporium. At 253-257 was the Britannia coffee palace, 259 men's Hairdresser owned by Victor Petkovic. There was a small bookshop at 263; at 265 was Glossop's Frock shop, 267/9 was shared by the Western Dairy, a "Milk Bar" as they were known and Giannasis' Fruit and Vege shop while the upstairs was occupied by the Manchester Unity Hall where meetings, concerts and dances were a regular feature. After refurbishing in 2011 the street level of number 267 was converted into the trendy "Little Willys Café". At 269 (street level), was tailor Joe Dorrigo and upstairs the grandly named Swan Physical Culture Gymnasium. At 271 was Giovanni "Joe" De Cegli, men's hairdresser and 275 Alex Patman, Deli owner. He later moved further down the road to 319 and teamed up with his brother Eric to operate a tea rooms in larger premises. On the corner of Aberdeen Street at number 281 was the New York Dental Company.

On the other side of Aberdeen street was George Watt, Draper, at 287 was the Jubilee Café, at 289 the Black and White Fruit Shop, (2012AD Fi's vintage clothing and jewellery) then at 291 W. Pope the butcher, who then moved to Murray Street City and traded there for many successful years. Numbers 293 and 295 were private dwellings for many years until they were demolished to make way for a car sales yard, next to number 305 which was the Perth Gospel Assembly. Mr H Griffin and family lived at 307 next to Jim Stamas's Fruit and Vege shop. At 311 was Harrys Electrical shop, later remodelled and joined with number 313 St Kilda Cafe to form the Bohemia Restaurant which attracted Yugoslav people from far and wide with its music coming from a gramophone player filled with long playing records, usually the smouldering gypsy version of Jealousy, the Blue Danube Waltz, Frenessy or a piece of music from their old country which would attract the diners to get up and dance on the small dance floor. At 317, for a few years in the 1950's and 1960's, was the second of the legendary Kakulas Brothers Grocery stores. On the corner of Newcastle Street at 321 was a chemist, operated by a Mr Davies, and then by Ken Medd for many before he moved to 203 William Street where he stayed for many years operating a retail and wholesale chemist before retiring in the early 1970s. His prominent "*Si parla Italiano*" sign in the front window of the pharmacy won him many friends and new customers especially those of Italian Heritage.

On the opposite side of Newcastle Street at number 335 on a huge piece of prime city land was the Midland Railway Bus Company on the ground floor and the Blue Room a dancehall on the top floor. The Midland Railway Bus Company office had huge yard and workshop for maintaining their buses. The UK owned Midland Railway Company which had its WA headquarters and a huge workshop in Midland Junction (now known as Midland) commenced construction of the rail line in 1886. It stretched from Midland Junction to Walkaway near Geraldton a distance of 277 miles (446

kilometres). The agreement with the State Government was that the company would receive 12,000 acres for every mile of railway completed. The total land given to the Midland railway was just over 3.3 million acres. Between 1905 and 1918 when the scheme was wound up much of the land was sold and was instrumental in the establishment of the townships of Coorow, Carnamah and Winchester. The State Government built a new rail line about 50 km east of the Midland railway line just after the First World War ended which decimated the Midland Railways revenue base. The West Australian Government Railways finally bought the Midland Railway operation in January 1964 except for the buses which continued to operate between Perth and Geraldton. A couple of years later the buses were also sold and all operations of the Midland Railway company ceased in WA. The building was then occupied by the Salvation Army and various commercial enterprises. The building is still standing (AD 2018) in its original form. At number 349, on the other half of the block and stretching to Forbes Street were Kelly and Lewis (WA) Pty Ltd who sold and serviced tractors, farm machinery and trucks.

On the other side of Forbes Street and stretching northwards was mainly housing with a couple of delis to service the resident's needs. On the Robinson Street intersection is the Perth Mosque built in 1905 by Afghan cameleers who first arrived in Australia in the late 1850s and helped open up Australia's interior. The mosque is Australia's second oldest. On the corner of Brisbane Street was Len Pethic the butcher who later moved further down William Street near James Street. Next door to Pethic at 469 was Millman's Garage, one of the last service stations in the metropolitan area to remain independently owned and operated which enabled them to sell several brands of petrol on the one site.

In the early years of the 21st century, the State government through the Perth City Council and the East Perth Redevelopment Authority (later renamed the Metropolitan Redevelopment Authority) decided to revitalise the properties on the Eastern side of William street from Roe to Francis street which over the years had become vacant, run down, neglected and a target for vandals. Squatters and clandestine brothels frequented the area. The job was completed in September 2012 and has attracted about 40 new traders to that section of William Street. Later that year the redevelopment was awarded an honourable mention at the 2012 UNESCO (United Nations Educational Scientific and Cultural Organisation) Asia-Pacific Award for Cultural Heritage Conservation.

On the opposite side of William Street, at number 168, on the corner of Roe street was the Governor Broome Hotel, a two storey building erected in the late 1880s during the states gold rush days. In the 1960s, the hotel was closed and remained a graffiti-splatted eyesore until about 2000AD when the state government demolished the hotel and several years later erected the new State Theatre to replace The Playhouse Theatre, in Pier street city, which was demolished in 2011 for redevelopment of the area. Next door at 176 (upstairs) was Ottwells, a firm of litigation brokers and Penilis mixed fruit and veg business on the ground floor, at 178 the famous Macedonian Club which was formed in the late 1920s, at 182 Robin Jaxes, hairdresser and tobacconist, 184 Potifilis cafe, at 186 the Athenian Tailor, 188 was the Washington All Nite Cafe, at 192 Mr Berart the watchmaker, 194 was a second hand dealer operated by a Mr Sementi, 196-8 was Levin and Wright, fine upholsterers and now (2012) as part of the renovations a clothing and accessories boutique, at 200-2 was Symons Seeds who later moved further along William street next to the magnificent Metro theatre, 204 was residential next to the Bank of New South Wales (now Westpac) at number 206 on the corner of James Street.

On the other side of James Street at number 208 was Mistrorgias Farmacia, a chemist shop established in the 1920s and the first Italian pharmacy in the area. It was then bought by a Mr Lancaster who continued to trade as a chemist; It is now (2013 AD) a Japanese foods retailer; at 212

was Allan McDonald, men's tailor and later Ken Medd, a chemist who moved from further down William street with his famous "We Speak Italian" sign. Number 212 is now a bookshop (2012AD) next to the National Bank at 214. Sam Forte, boot repairer, was next door at 218. His son, Peter attended St Bridget's school at the same time as Con, and many years later became a chemist operating from a shop on the corner of William and Aberdeen streets. (It is now, 2012AD, a tea retailer) Next to the boot makers was Mr Beckman, a second hand goods dealer at 220, and in 2012 it's still in the same trade under new owners, number 222 was used by Luisini as a store room downstairs and now it's a burger joint, while Bruce Small, bicycle manufacturers, makers of the famous Malvern Star bike occupied the upstairs floor. In 2012 the Mechanics Institute Bar commenced business after the property was vacant for several years; at 224 is the Rechabite Hall, built in the 1920's for the Independent Order of Rechabites, a UK based Temperance movement. In the 1950's on the ground floor was the British Imperial League and upstairs Mr McMillan, manufactures agent. At 226 the Braille Society of WA had its head office next door to the office and distribution centre of the worldwide Paramount Films organisation at 230. From there to the corner of Francis Street was a tailor (232), mixed business "deli" (234) the NZ Dining Rooms at 236 and on the corner of William and Francis Street, at number 238, Mr Marchesi the tailor and menswear retailer who started his business in 1938 and is still trading under the same family management today. In the mid-1950s many of the shops in that section of William Street were combined into one giant property and used as a furniture maker business run by Sam Rappeport and family on the ground floor. The first floor was used as their storeroom and in later years as various enterprises including a nite club.

On the other side of Francis Street at number 246 was a small electrical retailer and repairer known as "City Electrical". Next door at 248 was a second hand goods dealer, numbers 252/4/6/8 were residential, number 260 was a tent maker later replaced by Gilbert Happeport furniture maker, and an art gallery in 2013. Next door at 262 /4/6/was the grandly titled "Baldwin Flats", Number 270 was a laundry and in 2012 a French patisserie, at 272 Peter Christo master tailor who in 1957 made Cons first suit, a double breasted very fashionable dark green. Mrs Isaia, a dressmaker was at number 276, and mother of Rocky who attended St Bridget's School with Con. In later years the Isaia family started a winery after purchasing a tract of land in the Swan Valley and opened a retail store in Albany Highway East Victoria Park selling wines and religious artefacts and books. The businesses closed about 2000AD after the deaths of the parents and Rocky (the eldest son) in quick succession. In the mid-1950s, after Mrs Isaia moved out Mr Nidorf, a watchmaker maintained a good business there for about ten years until moving further down William Street near the Metro theatre and finally retiring in the early 2000s. Con remembers selling a copy of the *Daily News* to Mr Nidorf each weekday evening and striking up a friendship. When Con walked past the watchmakers shop on his way to High School (1954) the year after he had finished selling newspapers he would still call in and say hullo to Mr Nidorf. One day Mr Nidorf asked Con to "do me a favour" and go into the city and collect a package. And so started a "part time job" worth two shillings (20 cents) per trip with Con collecting watch parts from J.P.Keayes, manufacturers' agent, Murray Street City twice a week, Tuesday and Friday, for the next couple of years and delivering them back to Mr Nidorf's premises, currently a butcher shop. At 278, next door was Mrs Mulligan a dressmaker, at 280 the Frost Dental Instrument makers. At 282 the Broadway drycleaners, at 284-6 Sparta's Green grocery, then a few residential houses until number 310 which was a double storey brick and tile building with the residential upstairs and an upholstery manufacturer on the street level. At 312 was an ornamental lamp maker, at 314 a second hand dealer, then the Metro Employment Agency on the corner of Newcastle Street. On the other side of the Newcastle street corner up to the Brisbane street corner was mainly residential with a couple of grocery stores and at 324 Robert Maggs a saddler, who in the 1930s played for Perth Football Club in the WA Football League competition. In the mid-1950s when Con, as a paper boy sold copies of the afternoon newspaper the *Daily News*, Mr Maggs was

one of his customers. For a couple of years afterwards Con would call into Mr Maggs shop after school and they would banter about football until one day the shop was closed and a sign on the front door announced that Mr Maggs had died and the business would not re-open.

ABERDEEN STREET: Parallel to James and Newcastle Street and originally stretched from Beaufort Street in the east to Cleaver Street in West Perth. It was known as Lamb Street until 1897 when it was renamed. In the early 1960s it was lengthened in the east to Lord street a distance of about 500 meters to aid traffic flow. After the freeway system was established in the late 1950s, Aberdeen street was terminated at Fitzgerald street to cater for the Charles street exit and freeway interchange. Aberdeen Street was mainly residential with just a few commercial buildings. At one stage the famous Macedonian House was at number 76 before it moved to William Street. Next was number 80, a showroom and factory for Siegler Furnishings which later became S & L Furnishings owned by the Siegler and London families. They later moved to 229 Newcastle Street and in the early 1970s moved to the emerging northern suburb of Joondalup. The business ceased in September 2015 after trading for nearly eighty years. Next door at number 84 was the Red Lion Inn (previously known as the Union Hotel and then the Commercial Hotel) an imposing double storey solid brick building. At present (2018) it is known as 'The Deen', and attracts huge crowds to its various entertainment precincts especially on the weekends; then a few houses (including the de Campo residence) to the corner of Lake street. (In September 2016 a massive site consisting of three blocks, numbers 93-101 Aberdeen street, 75-85 and 80-88 Francis street were offered for sale. The total area is 6270 sq. metres at an advertised cost of \$35 million). On the other side of Lake Street, the double storey brick and tile Devon Flats which was the first home of the fledgling Christ family. On the top storey was residential "flats" which was Cons home for ten months before moving to 131 Lake Street. On the ground floor was the start of the Erichetti food Retail Empire selling all sorts of continental foods and delights and occupying several shop spaces combined into one large store. At 120, a few doors from the corner was the residence of Peter Kakulas and at 124 Angela Kakulas of the soon to be famous clan. The much loved and respected Reverend Manassis lived at number 122. He was born in Kallimasia, Chios, Greece on August 1, 1898 and after serving in the Greek army as a NCO (army chaplain) in the First World War he travelled to Melbourne Australia in 1924 on the Ville de Metz and moved to Port Pirie (South Australia) shortly afterwards to work in the vast lead smelter works. On November 18 1925 he married a former Kastelorizian girl Evangelia Spartalis. He was deeply religious man and in late 1925 was ordained as a Greek Orthodox priest. He was transferred to Perth in late 1926 and moved with his wife and baby daughter Mary and performed his religious duties in the Hellenic Hall prior to the completion and consecration of the Church of St Constantine and Helene in Parker Street, facing Russell Square on April 18 1937. The new church was built in the Byzantine style similar to one on the island of Kastellorizo. He was a humble man and played a very important part in the life of the Greek community. He assisted with fund raising, advised his parishioners on all sorts of matters, and assisted in teaching at the Greek School. He travelled the state tending his flock, in the Second World War he was a chaplain, and worked closely with the Anglican and Catholic clergymen. In 1955 he moved to Melbourne after a dispute with the church hierarchy and returned to Perth in 1958 to be foundation priest at the newly built Our Lady Evangelismos church in Carr street West Perth. He christened Con, Peter and Lou at St Constantine's Church. He retired in 1975 and died on June 7, 1980. At 138 on the corner of Palmerston Street was the huge Arcus building stretching along Palmerston Street almost up to Newcastle Street. At 174 was the Medici family who later moved to a house on the corner of Lake and Stuart Street. More Greek names on the other side of Palmerston Street: Mistillis, Nanos, Palassis (Anton at 238 and Mick at 240) In the middle of these residentials was the Cement Productions Company at 226.

On the corner of Aberdeen Street and Lake Street at 105 was the Re family store, opened in 1936 from the proceeds of the sale of Maria Re's engagement ring. John, born in Fremantle in 1908, was the second of ten sons. He showed entrepreneurial flair at aged fourteen by looking after his father's shop on many occasions and opened his own fruit shop at age twenty four in partnership with Maria. In 1960 the family founded European Food Wholesalers specialising in continental goods. They are still at 75 Aberdeen Street with two additional food stores: one in Oxford Street Leederville which includes a liquor store and the other just around the corner in Lake Street. Next door at 109 was a Greengrocer operated by Messrs Shouldas and Birches. Mr John Shouldas for a time in the late 1950s lived as a lodger in the front room at 131 Lake Street with us. Nick Raft, a family friend, was a boot maker at 111, who later moved a few doors down toward Fitzgerald street, next door at 113 to another family friend Spiro Nanos the butcher who died at an early age (in his early 50s) and whose widow then moved to Inglewood with their disabled child. A good friend of our Uncle, Chris Zelestis lived in a brick and tin home at 119. In the early 1950s several buildings next to the Re store were demolished which had by then expanded into the properties previously occupied by the greengrocer, boot maker and butcher. It was then made into a car park for the patrons of the Anglican Church Hall which was at the back of those properties and also backed onto the Church in Lake Street. On the corner of Aberdeen and Parker streets was the Post Office a fine brick and tile building which was decommissioned in the mid-1960s and re-opened as a night club called appropriately The Post Office. It still currently trades under that name (2013) On the opposite side of Parker street is Russell Square a green oasis in a sea of buildings with a 1900s style rotunda in the centre and unfortunately had a very unsavoury reputation, then a few residentials next to tennis courts and a vacant block on the corner of Fitzgerald Street which were used by St Bridget's Convent pupils as a playground. On the opposite corner was the St Bridget's Church and the adjoining "St Bridget's Convent" the school in which Con started his education. Between Fitzgerald and Hamilton Park were several large industrial companies. At 235-251 was the H.B Brady Company who manufactured plasterboard building products especially ceilings and is still trading in the eastern suburb of Hazelmere near Midland. At 275 was Bunnings Timber yard, and opposite to them at 274 was Sandovers the hardware suppliers, whose family has supplied the West Australian Football League with the "Fairest and Best" medal for the best player in the premier football league of our state. Coincidentally the first winner in 1938 was Tom Outridge from the Subiaco Football club who was employed by Sandovers. Hamilton Square together with the property owned by Brady, Sandovers, Bunnings and a few smaller traders were commandeered by the State Government in the late 1950s and demolished to make way for the new freeway system.

JAMES STREET: Starts at Pier street city and originally finished at Hamilton Square, West Perth. It now finishes a few metres north of Fitzgerald Street following construction of the new Freeway system in the early 1960s. In the very early part of the twentieth century James Street did not have a good reputation having been described as "not a nice locality...having Chinamen and larrikins". By the late 1930s James Street was abuzz with a mix of small business and a few residentials.

Starting on the right hand of the street number one was a small house occupied by a Mrs Riebe next to two vacant blocks At number 7 was the "Guardian" newspaper office and Shipping Newspapers WA office. The weekly newspaper ceased publication in the mid-1950s; next door at 13/15 was Art Photo Engravers a printing production house, at 17-19 a two storey building occupied by Country Newspapers Ltd and radio station 6KY, on the ground floor and on the first floor the Australian Workers Union office who at the time owned the radio station. On the corner at 21 was the Muirson residence. All these buildings were resumed and then demolished in the late 1990s for *The Sunday Times* newspaper which was situated on the corner of Stirling Street and James Street so they could expand their building. On the opposite corner was the Tivoli theatre which presented "old time Music Hall" drama and plays for many years until it was demolished to make way for a dance hall and still later (the 1960s) a car park. Next to the "Tiv" at number 31 was Consolidated Theatres Ltd a

film distribution company formed by the big USA film companies and the local film theatres to organise distribution of movies to the individual movie theatres. On the corner of Beaufort Street at 35 was the General Amusement Co. On the opposite corner was the Police Barracks a fine limestone, brick and tile two storey building erected in the late 1890s and in the 1950 occupied solely by the CIB (Criminal Investigation Bureau) and then transferred by the State Government to the Art Gallery as an administration office in the early 1960s. Next door was the Girdlestone High School for girls, then the Perth Boys High School a three storey building designed in the 1890s by George Temple Poole a well-known architect in WA at the time. It featured a campanile (clock tower) which was reminiscent of the Renaissance European style. Originally a primary school for boys it became a high school in 1947, one hundred years after its foundation in St Georges Terrace. In 1958 it became a part of the Perth Technical College. From there to the corner of William Street were two residentials, a bank, two tax agents and the office of the Market Gardeners Association of WA.

On the other side of William Street at number 67 lived Giuseppe (John) Re since 1923 and described as “an importer”. In the Mid-1960s the Pan Hellenic Emporium owned by Mr Arthur Athans moved from 310 William Street, remodelled Mr Re’s house and started a very successful business selling “from the old country” newspapers, magazines, records, cassettes, videos to the Croatian, Serb, Italian, Spanish, Turkish, Greek, Macedonian and a few other ethnic groups living in the area. During 1956/57/58 Mr Athans was involved with radio 6PR in presenting the “The Voice of Athena” on a Sunday afternoon and later on radio 6PM “Campana Parade” a thirty minute programme which was extended to ninety minutes due to its popularity. The programme ended in February 1969. The Bensky’s furniture store was at 71-73 and later moved into the city block, 75 was Cennanias sawmill, then several residentials which were demolished in the late fifties and replaced by eateries including “Connections” nightclub (at number 81) who celebrated their golden anniversary in 2015, at 87 the New York Dry Cleaners who moved to William street near the Britannia Hotel in the early 1950s, replaced in 2012 by the Guzman Y Gomez Mexican Restaurant. It became an instant success. At 89 and 89a a two storey building with a coach/motor trimmer in tandem with a motor vehicle painter. On the top floor was the Australian Defence department designated numbers 89a to 93. From there to Lake Street were two furniture stores, The Star at 91 (downstairs and the International Club upstairs) and McMillan’s furnishings at 95) at 99 and 101 were Chiew’s Produce and Ah Sam’s which supplied most of Perth’s major hotels with vegetables, an engineering and machinery merchant at 103-107. Number 109 was a two storey building with residential on both levels. Numbers 125-137 were single story timber and iron homes with Chinese residents. In earlier times most of the properties in this part of James Street were Market gardens run by Chinese immigrants. At 143 was the Coll family restaurant, next to Lorenzis wine saloon at 147 on the corner of Lake and James Street. On the opposite corner at 149 was an Oriental Grocery Store, at 151-153 the famous La Tosca Cafe, at 155-157 Roma club which was a meeting place for the Italian community especially men. Michelides Tobacco factory had a bulk store at 167 next to The Light Blue Livery Stable at 169 a double story building, then a residential at 171 occupied by the Tudori family who would become well known in Perth; Bert served on the Perth City Council (now City of Perth) for many years. At 173-179 Mr K Ibbotson conducted a motor vehicle engineering business, W J Filear and his sons ran a coach and motor body builders business at 181 next to Peters Ice Cream and Western Ice Works store and workshop at 183-201. On the corner of Milligan Street was the iconic Victoria Hotel run by a Mr B Broderick. It is still a hotel but now (2018) known as Rosie O’Grady’s Irish Pub and still run by the same family. On the opposite corner starting at 209 was a series of residences until the next corner at Fitzgerald street with the exception of number 219 which was Western Case Manufacturers maker of wooden boxes and in direct competition with our Dad a few hundred metres away in Lake street, and number 261 which was a two storey building with a grocer on the ground floor and a residential on the first floor. James street then continued to Charles street from numbers 263 until 307 all residential except at numbers 263-

265 City Milling Co. Ltd, 275-281 Nixon's motor body builders, and at 295 Torquay Marble and Stone Works.

On the opposite side of James street from Pier street were: numbers 10 and 12 both residential, number 14 was Ayres and Turner motor vehicle trimmers, 16 Gawthorne and Hill motor body builders, on the corner of Stirling street at number 18 was The Australasian Automatic Weighing Machine Co Ltd makers and retailers of scales and weighing machines. On the opposite corner at 24-28 were the Wembley House Apartments. Numbers 30 to 36 were residential, then a small parking reserve to the corner of Beaufort Street. On the opposite side are the State Public Library, the Museum and Art Gallery up to the corner of Museum Street. There have been several attempts over the years to remodel or replace those buildings, instead a new Museum is being built and due to be completed by 2020 AD. On the William Street corner number 74 was a second hand dealer and later a branch of the Bank of New South Wales (now Westpac), at 76 the Westphal irrigation Engineers, at 78-80 a Plumber and sheet metal worker, and in the late 1960s a Gino Pasquini opened a hamburger joint (his words) with the aim of turning it into an Italian style coffee lounge. It was called the Calypso Coffee Lounge because "it was a jazzy name". In 1972 he renamed it La Lanterna and introduced Perth's first sit down pizza restaurant. Next door at 82 was a double storey building with a produce merchant on the ground floor and the Unity Club upstairs, at 84-88 the International Garage which later moved across the road and still later just around the corner into Lake Street. After the garage moved out the building was refurbished and Jack Lekias, of the well-known family, opened the "Oyster Bar" which was to become an institution in James Street. In the 1970s Jack was known as "The King of James Street". He retired in 1995. At numbers 92-100 was the Wesfarmers and Gascoyne Traders transport depot which was abuzz with trucks and people most of the day and half the night. They moved to huge new premises in Bassendean in the mid-1960s. Rhodes Motors, established in 1895, and at the time claimed to be Perth's oldest motor vehicle dealers were next door at 102-4. They moved to Murray Street City in the late 1960s and moved to Osborne Park many years later where they are still trading. Thomas Stock Foods were at 106/8, residential at 110, 112, 114, Adams Confectionery at 116. Coulson Tyres occupied 118-122, Hop Hing, Chinese, merchants were at 124, and Frank Bond importer was at 126. At 128 was The Chinese Association (which included the Chung Wah Association) formed to look after the welfare of the Chinese community. Their building was constructed in 1910, Lieutenant Governor Stone laying the Foundation Stone in a regal ceremony. An engineer was their neighbour at 130. A small Italian Restaurant was at 132-6, with a carrier at 138-142 and Wilsons the produce merchants at 144-6. On the corner of Lake Street was Anthony Bellos the butcher at 148. In the late 1950s after the son, also named Tony, inherited the business he moved to the corner of Lake and Aberdeen Street. Tony (junior) played football for East Perth in the WAFL in the mid-1960s. On the other side of Lake Street on the corner at numbers 152-154 was A. Morris and son sack and bag merchants who later moved to Brisbane Street and expanded the business to include making Chaff bags; then a succession of eateries appeared. At present (2018AD) the Sorrento Restaurant is on the site. Next to Morris at 156 was the first of the Torre family butcher shops. Still later they moved to 41-43 Lake Street, their current location. Numbers 160 to 230 were a series of one storey dwellings with a mix of brick and tin or timber and tin. The Doropoulis family lived at 230; next to the Perth Lime company (230A to 234) Spiro Fermanis who later became a leading figure in the Greek community lived at number 236 on the corner of Parker Street and James Street. Between Parker and Shenton streets was Russell Square and from that corner to the end of James Street were residential dwellings with a couple of grocery shops to service the locals.

NEWCASTLE STREET: Originally known as Ellen Street, it stretches from Lord Street in the East to Oxford Street in Leederville a distance of approximately 5kms. The name was changed to Newcastle Street in the 1840s.

It has always been an important arterial roadway with a mix of small businesses and residential properties. After “Northbridge” was named and established Newcastle Street became the unofficial northern boundary except for the “Chinese” Quarter in William Street which started at Newcastle Street and went north to Brisbane Street.

The most important buildings in Newcastle Street to us kids were Boucher’s and Duffys, two plumbing organisations a few doors away from each other, S and L Furnishings, Sandovers on the corner of Forbes lane before they moved further down the street in Leederville and then closed the yard in the early 1960s, Telecom the forerunner of Telstra then moved in and used the block as a storage yard for a few years. The property is now a new and used car yard. Mr and Mrs Buck owned a newsagency in Aberdeen Street and moved into Newcastle Street one door away from Lake Street. Piconeris then occupied the corner adding to their property on the opposite corner. On the retirement of the Bucks, Piconeris purchased and extended the building to two storeys. The Newcastle Club Hotel, on the Lake street corner converted into a backpacker’s hostel in the early 1970s. C H Smith the funeral Directors who were nearly opposite the hotel, moved next to Boucher’s and then closed the business in the late 1960s. Campbell Ryan, manufacturers agents, at 372 opened for business in the early 1950s and are still operating there (2018AD). On the corner of Palmerston Street was Stan Gervas Wallpaper and Paint shop started in the 1950s and closing on the death of the owner in about 2000AD. At the Leederville end of the street (number 643) was the Golden West Aerated Water Company manufacturers of a large range of cool drinks and cordials. They also had a depot at 197 Carr Street about two kms away. There was an interesting corporate battle in the 1960s involving a competitor, Mackay’s Aerated Waters established in 1928 by Francis Mackay and James Thomson at 22 Money Street off Newcastle Street. Thomson was already the owner of a cordial manufacturing business a few doors away at number 38. In the sixties a Mr C.R. Palmer bought into the business. He was previously the manager of his own plumbing supplies company at 60 Wittenoom Street East Perth and our Peter’s first employer. The flourishing business was expanded and now also fronted Lindsay Street. Shortly afterwards Mackays obtained the licence to bottle Pepsi Cola. The multi-national Coca-Cola in the meantime had purchased the Golden West Company and rebadged it as “Gest Aerated Waters” producing Coca Cola as well as the traditional lines. In 1966 The Coca Cola Company made a successful takeover bid for Mackays and then closed down the Mackay business. The Metropolitan Development Authority, the successor of the Northbridge Development Authority, decided in 2010AD to alter the face of Newcastle Street by demolishing the property’s it owned, and encouraging property developers to turn the street into a series of units. By 2015 Newcastle Street was transformed in accordance to the Authority’s wishes. The wide open spaces we knew as kids has gone forever replaced by two and three storied houses and units that seem to be jostling for breathing space.

LAKE STREET: Had its beginnings in the late 1800s, being the area which Lake Thompson (or “lake three” as it was known earlier) occupied. The lake stretched from eastern Perth near the current Causeway Bridge to present day Leederville. In 1892 an estate was opened between Brisbane and Newcastle streets and four years later “Brooking Park Estate” was open for business. The estate was bounded by Palmerston, Brisbane, Lake and Newcastle Street. In 1897 William Brookman, Mayor of Perth in 1900 /1901 and mine developer through his Colonial Finance Corporation developed another new housing estate between Lake Street, Moir Street, the left hand side of Wellman Street and Robinson Avenue to Forbes Street. The syndicate members modestly had the streets named after themselves. In total fifty eight houses were constructed all in Federation Queen Anne style. Included in the estate was the fifteen two storey terrace houses in Lake Street numbered 156 to 184 and proudly displaying the motif “Bakers Terrace 1897” above house number 170. Bakers Terrace is now heritage listed. Twenty nine single storey duplex houses were also constructed in Brookman and Moir streets as part of the “Grand Estate”.

The shop on the corner of Forbes and Moir streets was built in 1940 for a Mr F. Glauder. In the early years of the twenty-first century various government departments together with heritage consultants, architects and the homeowners have collaborated to restore the 'heritage enclave' at a cost of over one million dollars. Lake Street has always been residential with a few shops. This changed in the 1960s when the 'Northbridge' idea was born. Entertainment venues replaced residentials from Roe Street up to Newcastle Street.

In recent times the house prices in Lake Street have reflected the demand for inner city living. Number 242 Lake Street was sold in April 2011 for \$855,000. Others sold for: number 234 in August 2011 for \$699,000, number 244 for \$865,000 and number 152 for \$679,000 both in February 2012, number 120 for \$479,000 in March 2012, unit 21 at number 120 for \$469,000 in January 2013, number 131 for \$649,000 number 146 for \$649,000 number 197 for \$2million and number 218 for \$690,000 all in April 2013. Number 165 was on the market for \$2.2 million dollars (May 2013) and number 156 for \$1.575 million in August 2013. Both properties were sold some time later a little under the asking price.

To us boys the most outstanding building in Lake Street apart from number 131 and Dad's box factory was the Michelides Tobacco Factory situated on the corner of Roe street and owned by two prominent Greek brothers, Peter and Michael Michelides who started their business in a room near the West Perth railway station in 1904, and in 1924 moved to the Lake street site. After several expansions, a two storey building was completed in 1936, the brothers employing about 100 workers on the site rising to 156 employees by 1952. The brothers had extensive land holding in and around Manjimup and Pemberton on which they grew the tobacco leaf ready to transport to Perth for processing. Their most famous and popular cigarettes were known as Luxor, no doubt inspired by Peters time in Egypt as an apprentice cigarette manufacturer. Other names in their range were Western Fine Cut, Gold Leaf, President and Rizla cigarette papers for "roll your own" cigarettes in conjunction with a large French paper maker. The business closed in 1959 after several loss making years. The equipment and factory was sold the following year to an eastern states company who on-sold the equipment to an Indian organisation.

Peters Ice Cream Company who were in Roe street a few doors down from the Michelides factory bought the premises in the early 1960s and stayed there until the mid-1990s, when they moved to larger premises in Balcatta. Peters sold the building to a prominent Perth Menswear retailer. In 2015 the building was demolished and is now a park.

One other building of note in our streets early history was the "House of Mercy" established on August 18, 1891, and described as "a house of gentry's women's charity" for reclaiming young unmarried mothers. Run by a private management committee and funded by donations they bought a property for \$375 in Lake Street in 1892 by which time 70 young women had been "reclaimed." They moved to 100 Aberdeen Street two years later and then to Lincoln Street Highgate in 1901. The girls worked in the laundry to fund and maintain the various services provided for and by the inmates. Dr Roberta Stewart, WA's first female doctor, was closely associated with the House of Mercy for many years in its early days of operation. Dr Stewart was also the mother of Henrietta Drake Brockman who later became a well-known Author and identity in the West Australian community.

Number 46 Lake Street was for many years the headquarters of the Federal Bus Company with its fleet of brown coloured buses spilling onto Lake Street. The buses plied their trade in the western Suburbs until the 1960s when the property was purchased by the Commonwealth Oil Refineries which was later bought by BP Oil the British energy giant. They also had a garage attached to the

premises which serviced and repaired vehicles. Up to the 1950s all petrol retailers now known as service stations were privately owned and operated until the arrival of Esso Oil the giant US oil company who revolutionised the industry by installing their own pumps at the company owned but generally leased sites. The era of having a “bowser jockey” fill the car with petrol, check oil and tyres and clean your windscreen and then take the money from you while you sat in your car had ended. The business closed down in the 1970s and was replaced by a “nite club” appropriately named The Garage. After several name changes the building is still in operation as a “nite club.”

Next door number 48 was a fine two story timber and tin roofed residence occupied in the late 1940s and into the 1950s by Arthur Gibbs and family. The Federation style house is still there, in its restored original condition being occupied (2018) by an accountancy firm. The Torre family lived at number 39 and operated a very successful butcher shop at numbers 41 and 43. Started in 1927 by the family patriarch Franco, known to all as Frank, the grandfather of the present manager David a fifth generation butcher. Frank introduced many different continental butchering styles, European cuts and various Italian regional meats. The original shop is now more of a deli (AD 2018) but still retains its butcher heritage. The family have branched out and operate a wholesale division supplying many of Perth’s popular eateries. Prior to the butcher shops occupying the site, several of the extended family were tailors and mercers operating there but moved to James Street to allow the butchers access.

Next door at number 49 (and later 51 when larger premises were required) was Peter Rifici, Master Hairdresser and father of Sam who later inherited the business and showed flair by opening branches all over the city, establishing a brand name known to all the women of Perth during the late 1950s through to the 1990s. After Sam retired the business changed hands to another family member who restructured the business and closed many of the stores. At present (2018AD) there are stores still trading at Floreat, Whitfords and Karrinyup.

On the corner of Francis Street at number 51 was a fruit and vegetable shop operated by Rose Erichetti a pioneer member of the shortly-to-be-famous retail family. On the opposite corner at 53 was a wood yard, then a fuel distribution business both owned and operated by Spiro (“Ginger”) Mallis a local identity. In the 1960s he converted the premises to a “hamburger joint” with the customers being served by young ladies with beautiful smiles and short skirts who then delivered the food orders on roller skates to the customers waiting in their cars.

In the late 1980s Maurice Brockman a businessman who already owned Rosie O’Gradys hotel in James street and the Moon and Sixpence Hotel in Murray street city, purchased the property and erected the ‘Elephant and Wheelbarrow’ Pub. All three venues still operate (2018AD) although the “Elephant” is being sold for redevelopment.

At 69 Lake is The Church nite club, previously known as the Havana nite club, Hannibal’s Night Spot, the West End nightclub, the Rikki Tiki and Beau Brummel’s. Originally it was a consecrated Church of England place of worship with a meeting hall attached.

From the corner of Aberdeen Street to Newcastle Street on both sides of the street there were residential properties only, mainly Greek names such as Passaris, Fermanis, Anasiasakis, Michael, and Verevis. In the 1960s when “Northbridge” emerged as an entertainment area some of the prominent names were Uncle Vince’s Pizza Bar and then Capriccio Italian Pizzeria /Restorante and still later the Romany Restaurant at number 73 on the corner of Lake and Aberdeen. The site was previously occupied by the Re store, who had moved across the road to larger premises at number 72 in the early 1960s.

The Re store, founded in 1936 by husband and wife John and Maria quickly establishing itself as the place to shop, read Italian newspapers, talk to your Italian friends and buy a great coffee. At present (2018AD) their four daughters and families still run the business plus their newer venture European Food Wholesalers which is in Oxford Street Leederville with the claim it is the state's biggest coffee roaster.

On the other side of Lake Street, from Francis Street going north lived Chrissie Papaloros at number 54, the Katsavatis family (including Jack who was Peter's school and playmate) lived at number 60; at number 66 the family of Nick Manifis, prominent in the Greek community. The Zimbulis family, who in the late 60s moved out to establish a prosperous fruit and vegetable distribution business at the Perth Metropolitan Markets in Wellington street City (In the 1980s the markets moved to a huge new purpose built complex in Canning Vale in Perth's southern suburbs) They also provided a couple of soon to be well known members of the legal fraternity, lived at numbers 96 and 98

Coincidentally, one branch of the famous Michael family had earlier lived at number 98. The Michael family had originally emigrated from Kastellorizo, Greece in 1895 when Jack (age 12) arrived at Fremantle with his two uncles. As a member of the Australian Army, Jack was gassed during World War One in France. When he returned to Perth, he operated a fruit barrow outside Boans department store in Wellington Street and then a fruit shop/milk bar in Murray Street next to the Grand Theatre. Jack married Ourania Zempilas. They had five children, including Michael Agapitos who was born on September 22, 1922 at 98 Lake Street. Unfortunately mum died in 1932. Jack then remarried (to Panayota Zafiri) in 1935. They had a daughter and two sons together. As a youngster, Michael Agapitos attended Highgate Primary School and then Perth Boys High School. He worked in his father's shop and cleaned the Grand cinema (next door) to augment the family income At 18 he enlisted in the RAAF, (77 squadron) and was posted to Darwin for five years. He trained as an electrical fitter and after the war married Shirley Smith in 1946. They had one son, Jack, and divorced in 1951. Michael then married Adel Wallace in 1958. Meanwhile the electrical business flourished. Michael was a Perth City Councillor from 1967, Perth Lord Mayor in 1982 and later awarded the Order of Australia He died in May 2016. Another of the Michael clan, Ken, had a distinguished career culminating in his appointment as Governor of WA in 2006 until 2011.

On the corner of Newcastle and Lake at number 112 was McKenna Hampton Insurance, previously a florist. Con remembers a sad event which occurred outside the florist when two vehicles collided and one of the cars was pushed from the point of impact and hit a young man on a Vespa motor scooter waiting to cross Newcastle Street from the northern side of Lake Street. The young man on the scooter was killed instantly.

In 1949 the Pisconeri family arrived to '112' and established a continental delicatessen. A couple of years later they expanded the operation by buying the house next door (in Lake Street) incorporating it into the expanded shop by establishing a "Gelato" shop. It was a new experience to the residents of Perth, selling the new style ice creams, Gelato cold drinks which were a concoction of crushed ice and various yummy favours such as mango, strawberry and cherry. Also sold were delicacies from "back home". The locals, especially the Italians loved the shop especially because they would sit in the shop for hours chatting, eating and drinking. The business prospered and they built a double storey shop and warehouse across the road and moved there in the mid-1960s. Still later when the next generation of Pisconeri took over the running of the business they moved into wholesaling in 1976 and moved to Hobart Street Mt Hawthorn. They still (AD 2018) operate from that address. The Yanchep Lime Company started their business at number 80, moved to 116, still later to 197, and finally out of Lake Street into the still to be developed northern suburbs in the late 1960s.

On the opposite side of the street to our house numbers 114 to 120 were all residential. Number 122 was owned by a Mr James Kenney. In all the years we lived in Lake Street we never saw or heard anybody there. To us the place was deserted. The front yard was enormous with a long path from the street level gate to the front door a distance of about twenty-five metres with lawn on both sides but no flowers and shrubs. A very sad building!

There was no number 124, 126 or 128 because the Kenney property was so large it occupied several lots. Mr Tom Robinson lived next door at number 130. He was the local taxi driver and traded under the name of Robinsons Taxis. For a time he employed Jack Ryan until they had a falling-out, and to the horror of the near neighbours, had a fist fight in the middle of the street just outside the Robinson house. At one stage a knife was produced and Tom Robinson was stabbed. It wasn't serious but the police attended the incident. Jack Ryan was charged and appeared in the Perth local court. He also left the taxi rank. Not long afterwards he took over the deli on the corner of Lake and Church Street and started a rival taxi company with a couple of cars. The older kids would ring the buzzer which was outside the shop and designed to tell Mr Ryan a customer wanted a taxi, and then run as fast as they could with an angry deli owner/taxi driver cursing as he tried to find the culprits. Of course the boys involved would make sure Mr Ryan was serving a customer before they transgressed, giving them time to get home and escape the wrath of Mr Ryan. If a taxi was required Mr Ryan would take the job leaving his wife Thea to run the shop.

A laneway led to number 132 (behind Robinsons) which was occupied by an amateur dramatic group and provided us with many hours of entertainment and laughter especially one day when their temporary seating gave way and spilled the patrons onto the grass.

Number 134 was a Mr Len Halifax, to us an old man who later was revealed as the grandfather of Dennis Lillee who played cricket for WA and Australia in the 1970s and 1980s and who proved to be one of Australia's greatest ever fast bowlers. Mr Halifax spent a lot of time watching us youngsters play cricket and football to make sure his property especially the large front window was not damaged. As a tribute to our skill with the bat or ball the Halifax windows were never damaged or broken. Behind the Halifax house, down a laneway was number 134 the site of Cowans Plaster works. They had trucks, large and small, coming and going constantly during the working day. About 2014AD the houses numbered 132 and 134 (Halifax/Robinson) were demolished probably for redevelopment. A high fence now surrounds the property. To date (2018) no development has occurred.

From there to the corner of Forbes Street it was all residential including Mrs Buckle at 138 and later the Tsapazi Family (who then moved into Brockman Street just around the corner from Lake Street.) .Mr T was ill with Huntington's, a terrible disease which made him shake and stagger as he walked along the street to his home. The first time we saw Mr T staggering down the road we thought he was drunk. Tragically, three of his sons Steve, George and Lucas all died of the disease as young men. A fourth son, Con, has survived. George's eldest son Michael has also died of the disease. Mrs T, a very quiet lady, must have been very strong.

On the corner of Lake and Forbes lived the Bosich family: Dad (Milan Snr,) with wife Thelma and sons Milan and Stephan. The Bosich family ran a very successful truck and trailer construction business at the back of their residence. Mr Bosich apparently built the first sheep-mover trailer in WA in the late 1950s on the premises and later progressed to manufacturing mine site equipment, low-loaders and trailer-towing vehicles. One tragic story we were told: Milan Bosich Snr and his older brother Steve were involved in a road accident while Milan Snr was driving. Steve was killed in the accident. Years later in an awful parallel, Milan Snr two sons were involved in a traffic

accident with Milan Jnr driving. Stephan was badly injured and died shortly after. The Bosich family moved to Subiaco in the late 1950s. Their business is still operating, having moved to the Forrestdale Business Park in Perth's South Eastern corridor in December 2013. In 2015 the company teamed up with Boton Engineering to form Bosich-Boton to service the chemical, oil and gas industries.

On the opposite corner, numbers 156 to 184 is the famous 'Bakers Terrace' two storey Federation style brick and iron roofed semi-detached houses stretching up to the next corner at Robinson Avenue. The corner of Lake Street and Forbes Street was the end of the hill from Brisbane Street which gave our hill trolleys a great start, speed and momentum. It was also the first of our lookout posts where someone was stationed to watch for any cars coming out of Robinson Avenue. The most famous person to live in Robinson Avenue was Shirley Wheeler who captained the Australian Hockey team for several years in during her playing career of 1963-1973. She also attended Highgate Primary School alongside Con. Of course it was always a gamble racing down the Lake Street hill as the lookout would sometimes 'forget' to signal the approach of a vehicle ensuring lots of shouting from startled motorists and hill trolley riders. In July 2013, number 156 on the Lake/Forbes Street corner was put up for auction but failed to sell. A couple of weeks later it went on the market for \$1.57 million, but reduced in August to \$1.49 million and has since been sold at an undisclosed price.

At 186 was the Gelavis family who were related to the Pampacos and Haldoupis families. On the corner of Lake and Newcastle Street was the magnificent two storey Newcastle Club Hotel operated by George Hudson in the 1950's and in the early 1960s by Jack Smith a champion footballer who originally played in the ruck for East Perth (based at Perth Oval) in the WA Football League competition in the mid and late 1950s. Originally built in 1897 for the Stanley Co-operative Brewing Company the hotel was named the Arcadia with John Quigley as the inaugural publican. It must have been an arduous task as new Publicans were appointed in 1903, 1905 and 1910. Already owners of the Norwood Hotel East Perth, the owners changed the company name to Westralian Hotels Limited in 1926 and added the Beaufort, George and Clarendon Hotels to their portfolio. Outside the Newcastle Club hotel, a few metres down Lake Street was a concrete horse trough which was regularly filled with water by the hotel yardman.

Next to the hotel at 117-9 was the West Australian Boot Manufacturers imposing two level building erected in 1925, then several residences: number 121 Christina Anastatas, at 123 the Papajohns, (and previously the Manolas family who then moved to number 141), 125 Pampacos family consisting of dad George, mother Katina and children Nancy, Mick (always known as Bambo) Irene and Denese. Dad died in June 1995; Mrs P on May 21, 2018 aged 98.

At 127 was the reclusive Anne Delides whom we hardly saw, at 129 the Kelimerivich family, with three small boys, who then moved to Bridgetown, followed by the Karasavas family with two younger than us daughters. They moved to Sydney in the 1950s. They were replaced by the Franz family consisting of Maria (mum), Valerio (dad) and children Frank, Dante and "cute little Marta". Frank was the wild one of the family and with a quick temper often found himself in trouble with the law. He left Perth and travelled to Geraldton to join a cray fishing crew. On the odd occasion he returned to the family home his demeanour had altered for the better. Dante was a gentle giant and joined his father as a bricklayer. Mrs Franz made huge brilliant layered cakes which were devoured eagerly by Dante, Peter and Con almost instantly much to the delight of a very indulgent Mrs Franz. The family moved to 54 Vincent St, North Perth in the early 1960s. Mr Franz died in the late 1970s, followed by Dante in the late 1980s. The Franz family were then replaced by a Slav family who were

madly scrimping and saving to buy their own piece of land and their very own home even to the extent to not buying their two young boys any Christmas presents.

Number 131 was our place.

At 133, lived the Haldoupis family: Dad George, Mum Kalliopi, (known as Poppy, and sister to Mrs Pampacos) and sons Nikita, Leffie, Michael, and Nicholas but known to all including their parents as Nugget, Flapper, Mick and Mouse. The family had lived in Kalgoorlie, moving to Perth (Lindsay Street) in 1952 and shortly after next door to us. The three younger boys were our playmates, Nugget not so much as he was probably five years older than Con. Their mum lived to be almost 101 years old, dying in August 2011. The family moved to Morley in the late 1950s. The four sons were interested in greyhounds, racing, trotting and football, with all four playing for Hellenics in the Sunday League and Mick playing a few games for North Melbourne reserves. All four were also taxi drivers for a while. Nugget died in 2002, Mick in March 2015, and Flapper in November 2016. After the family left "133" they were replaced by a Mrs Cerass/Cerus. Peter remembers being at her bedside when she died.

An old Macedonian couple, Stoyan and his wife moved in shortly afterwards. Their niece, Slobova, a very attractive young lady, known to us as "the sex next door" moved in and immediately caused havoc. Men would hear she had come from the old country and turn up on the doorstep, with a bunch of flowers, then asking her to marry them. After she moved, probably because one of the callers had successfully wooed her, the Stoyan's had a succession of boarders living there.

At 135, on the corner of Church Street, was the local shop which these days would be called a deli. The first recorded owner/occupier was a Mrs Lilleyman in 1903. She was described as a grocer and was succeeded by a Mr Camin in 1912. After a succession of owner/occupiers Mrs Canaris operated the shop in 1944/1946 when Nick Gelavis took over for three years 1947/49. The Gelavis family then moved further up Lake Street (number 186) for several years before moving to the expanding suburbs. Jack Ryan (Mr Robinsons fellow taxi driver) replaced the Gelavis family in 1950. After his marriage failed he sold the business to Christina Anastas, who owned the shop with her husband. She had a fiery temper and many times would chase him out of the shop hurling various pieces of fruit or vegetable at her fleeing spouse. Christina must have liked to throw things at people as sometimes the older children would attempt to steal goods (or pretend too just to illicit a reaction knowing her likely response) and she would chase them out of the shop again throwing things at them while threatening to tell their mum.

The La Rosa brothers were the last owners of the shop while we lived at 131. They were entrepreneurs and extended the shop by knocking down the wall between the shop and the bedroom immediately behind the shop thus doubling the size of the shop. In the 1950s and 60s a peculiar law which forbade shopkeepers selling certain items after 6pm meant the shopkeepers had to lock those goods behind a barrier and then remove the barrier for trade the following morning. During the early part of the 21st century "our deli" was a School for budding Baristas. At present (2018AD) it is vacant.

On the opposite corner of Church street was number 137, occupied by the Nicholas family, then the Tickle family who left in the early 1950s to travel to Rocky Gully South to help pioneer a new farming settlement about 400 miles south of Perth. They were replaced by two young men who kept to themselves.

At 141 lived the Manolas family consisting of Lou, a grocery wholesaler, who died at an early age on February 5, 1980 and his wife Nesta who died on June 3, 2005. The children were: Manuel, but always known as Skandy, who died on May 25, 2005 a few days before his mother. The two youngest of the family were Florence and Evelyn (but usually known as Lynette). Skandy and Florence were great marbles players and regularly won marbles from everyone in our part of Lake Street. Most games were conducted outside their place on the sandy verge between the footpath and the roadway. The family moved to Wembley in the late 1950s.

On the corner of Lake Street and the unnamed laneway (In the 1990s it was appropriately named Pond Street) at number 143 was Mrs Rose Coufos. She was a small tubby woman probably no taller than 140cms (approx. 5ft) with whom we had not much contact. The only memory we had of her was as a screaming woman running from her house towards the shop (when Christina Anastas was running it) yelling in Greek her husband had just died. Con seems to remember it was somewhere about 6 or 7pm on a balmy autumn/summer evening with the ruckus completely destroyed the evening calm. A doctor then ambulance was called. We kids were sent inside until the unexpected event was sorted out and relative calm was restored to the stunned neighbourhood. In June 2016 house numbers 137 to 143 were advertised as a block buy for either investors, or redevelopers with no heritage concerns. The property was purchased by a developer/renovator in early 2017. They remodelled each of the houses in the same style giving the appearance it was one large property.

Next to Mrs Coufos the originally unnamed laneway (which backed onto several Church Street houses) was a vacant block in front of the Kindergarten which stretched to Stuart Street. The Kindergarten was demolished in the late 1960s creating a large open park.

On the other corner at 163 was a large brick and tin roofed house occupied by a contractor Mr Rob Baker and later by the Medici family who were related to the Bosich family on the opposite corner of Lake Street. On the fence outside the Medici house was a large poster board used by the Premier Picture Theatre to advertise their current programmes. No doubt the Medicis received free tickets to the theatre for the use of their fence. The Medicis had two daughters, the older Helen a tall slim blonde girl who quite often during the day would walk between the two houses in a petticoat “setting the older boys on fire”. On one occasion Helen announced she was going on holidays for a couple of weeks during the school holidays. She didn’t go far. With her packed bags in tow she moved across the road to the Bosich household for the two weeks.

Numbers 165 to 191 were all residential, mainly brick and tin roofed, on much larger blocks than those in our section of Lake Street. Most of the houses were occupied by what we would call much older people, with no children or interesting pets so they were of not very much interest to us pretty active children.

Numbers 165 and 167 were built in 1902 by a Spanish businessman and designed by a Benedictine Monk with the aim of enticing Queen Isabella (wife of King Alfonso the XIII of Spain who ruled from 1886 until 1931) to visit Perth. Unfortunately she did not visit. Number 165 has a brass plate at the front door “Ensenada” (Spanish for “to teach”) and next door has “Coronada” (Spanish for crowned) on its front door. In the early 1960s Ensenada was the city retreat for the Rajneeshee religious community. The present owner who had lived in the house for several years is selling. He had the house on the market (AD 2013) for “from \$ 2.2 million to \$2.5 million” which includes a lifetime collection of artworks and some furniture.

At number 193 lived the Fode family including Len who was a few years older than us, so he played with the older Haldoupis kids. In later years Len became a licensed plumber, played league football

for East Fremantle and finally involved with training trotting horses. His neighbour at 195 was Rob Gertzel, his wife and their daughter Pam who was about the same age as Con. Mr G was also prominently involved with trotters for many years and was probably instrumental in getting Len Fode interested in the horses. The Gertzel clan moved out of our area in the late 1950s.

At number 197 a George Korsunski operated a scrap metal merchant yard and at the back of his property the Balcatta Lime company. Both organisations moved from there in the early 1960s. Number 203 a large fine brick and tin roofed house was on the corner of Lake and Brisbane Street and was used first by Drs Carl and Nick Georgeff, then Dr John Lekias, Dr Paskos and finally by Dr Griggoroff as a doctor's surgery. Dr Georgeff moved out in the late 1950s, to become one of the top specialist doctors in the state. Over the years our family attended the surgery on many occasions, and a couple of times had one or other of the doctors called to our house for special attention.

From Brisbane Street to Bulwer Street was a row of large houses, mainly brick and tin roofed, including the Vdelli family at number 215. Basil Vdelli who was the same age as Lou became a lifelong friend. He was always interested in Music and played at various venues around the city, including hotels and the emerging "nite club" scene. Basil was still playing music around town into his late 50's. His son followed in dad's footsteps, formed a band, based themselves in Germany for several years and found great success, touring the world in the 1980s. On the corner of Bulwer Street at 235 was the residence of Jack Kailis. In the early 1950s the house was demolished and a retail hardware shop and salvage yard was constructed for a Jack Krasnostein. Many years later "Kraso's" moved into the suburbs.

CHURCH STREET: The Church of England owned a few blocks of land on Palmerston Street which were sold to the Perth City Council with the aim of creating a "short cut" road between Palmerston and Lake Streets. The Church retained ownership of several blocks after the "short cut" was completed and the new road was appropriately named Church Street. In 1899 the Church sold street numbers 14 to 22 to a Mary Wells for eighteen pounds (\$36) each, a total of ninety pounds. Number 24 was sold to a Joseph Lee. However, only three years later all properties were sold to Joseph Moore who rented the properties to an accountant, iron monger, civil servant, clerk and a grocer.

On the opposite side of the street, Goode, Durrant and Murray bought the land for their boot maker subsidiary, Lion Boots in 1924 from Harris Scarf Stables. Church Street was completely residential except for the Lion Boot Factory and the vacant block opposite it. We had several friends in Church Street. The longest friendship is with Eric de Campo who lived on the corner of Church and Palmerston Streets for a little time in the 1950s. They moved to Aberdeen Street and Eric remains a friend to this day.

The Parlongo family consisted of Mum and Dad, daughters Maria, Viola and son Domenico. Another daughter who was about three years old at the time, (1950) name unknown, died when she was playing on the back of a bus parked outside the Parlongo household. The driver, unaware of his illegal passenger, took off with the toddler hanging onto the back of the bus. She fell under the back wheels and was badly injured. An ambulance was called but it was too late for the toddler. She died with her siblings and a few other children playing nearby. The bus driver was treated for shock.

In May 1948 the Macedonian Community, through its 'Ladies Section' decided they wanted a hall for social and other events. A committee was formed and called a meeting for July 25, 1948. At the meeting it was decided to purchase a hall in Leederville, however after putting a deposit on the hall, various factions with conflicting ideas arose and the hall was sold. A new site was selected in Church

Street and fundraising began in earnest, including a ten pound (\$20) levy to be paid annually by all Macedonian citizens in WA who were over the age of 16 years. By late 1957 there were sufficient funds to commence building. The City of Perth in the meantime had amended the building laws for the area. Again the-yet-to-be built-hall venue was altered, this time to Bourke Street North Perth. Subsequently a magnificent Macedonian Centre including the hall and a new church was built and is still in operation.

The Reno brothers were friends of ours. After they left school they formed a rock group and had great success touring the country. In later years they became entrepreneurs sponsoring other groups, solo entertainers, organising concerts and tours.

Nanna McPhail lived next to the Cowles and was visited regularly by her three grandchildren who lived in Kojonup. They were Jeanette, Dawn and Donald. They were good friends to us for many years until Nanna either died or moved from our area and we lost contact with them.

Mrs Tolj and her de-facto husband lived directly behind us. Mum and Mrs T were good friends often talking over the fence with the latest gossip. Mrs T was a brash, noisy lady and had scant regard for the law, organising illegal card games at her house many times. On one occasion, when the police were conducting a raid on illegal betting at, and outside, the Newcastle Club Hotel, Mrs T approached a young policeman and sweetly asked “where can I lay a bet?” Fortunately the policeman saw the humour in the situation and advised her to go home.

WELD AVENUE: There were only a few houses in this very small street off Newcastle Street and parallel to Lake Street. John Bell lived in a small semi-detached house with his quiet, sad eyed mother who never seemed to smile. John’s father had been killed in the Second World War. Mrs Bell was very protective of John and was not keen on him leaving the house to play with the other children in the area. Con remembers going into a very sparsely furnished house and was never offered anything more than a glass of water.

ORANGE AVENUE: Max Jackson lived with his mum in Orange Avenue his father having deserted the family home when Max was very young. When he did return occasionally, Max would cop a belting and sport bruises for several days afterwards. Max was of big build but gentle demeanour and did not shine as a student. Many years later Con saw Max digging holes for a local council. Two others who lived in Orange Avenue were Archie and his twin Charles. As they were older than us three they generally played with the older Haldoupis boys.

BRISBANE STREET: Runs parallel to Newcastle Street stretching from Beaufort Street in the east to Palmerston Street in the west. It was a mixture of houses and a few small businesses which included the magnificent two storey brick and iron roofed Royal Standard Hotel on the corner of Lake Street. Built in 1897, the ‘Standard’ enjoyed a special place in the hearts of the surrounding population. During the Second World War when lots of American militia were in WA, one resident a Michael Papadopoulos at 187 Lake Street remembers his childhood mates and himself eagerly awaiting the fights which broke out almost nightly at about 8pm outside the hotel between the Aussies, Kiwis and Americans. At the time the locals renamed the pub “the Bloodhouse”. Over the years the building was subjected to many coats of paint and a few additions and alterations. The biggest change happened in the late 1970s when the new owners decided to cater for the gay market. Today (2018) that clientele is still welcomed at the ‘Standard’ in its new paint job and name: the Northbridge Hotel.

The Pappas family operated a green grocery next to the chemist on the corner of Brisbane and Lake

Streets. They had three children Maria, Marcus and Darcy. Our mum was keen for Con to see Maria more often. Maria and Con went to Scarborough beach a few times but nothing more came of the friendship.

Max McDonald's dad (Charles Stuart McDonald) operated a newsagency a few doors down from the Pappas shop. In the mid-1950s a Len Bladen took over the newsagency.

On the corner of Brisbane Street and Brisbane Terrace was the Ten Gems Footwear Factory with its distinctive air cooler system: a series of connected sprinklers on the aluminium roof. On a hot day it sprayed water over the roof, no doubt helping the employees in the building to keep cool.

A Jewish church was situated next to the post office on the eastern side of William Street until both were demolished in the early 1970s for redevelopment.

BROOKMAN STREET: The Tzapazis moved from Lake Street to Brookman Street in the early 1960s. Christopher Psomas and his brother Con lived in Brookman Street. They became famous in the late 1960s as the founders and operators of the Fast Eddy's fast food chain. Their first shop was at 454 Murray Street City on the corner of Milligan Street. It quickly became a landmark and the place to be seen. The stores became known for their quirky decor and amusing menu presentation. The public embraced the concept and Fast Eddy's expanded quickly to Fremantle, Morley and Cannington. Fast Eddy's are still trading under that name in a couple of locations around the Perth metro area including the original city store; the Psomas brothers having sold the business many years ago. The Toomey twins (Lance and name forgotten) were about the same age as Con. We didn't have too much to do with them but met up on several occasions. Lance retired as Vice Chancellor of a Perth university in 2010.

There was a laneway behind the houses of Brookman Street which had been used by the 'night cart' men many years previous and then later used as a thoroughfare by the residents. One house had orange and apple trees partly hanging over the back fence. The neighbourhood kids loved it.

We raided the trees on a regular basis, sometimes incurring the wrath of the owner, a man about 50 years old, who would shout abuse at us and threaten to tell our parents. We would disappear very quickly sometimes with fruit but generally without!

ROE STREET: Probably the most infamous street in Perth by reputation.

It runs from Beaufort Street alongside the railway line to the intersection of the West Perth subway and the Sutherland Street. It then continues alongside the rail track into Subiaco renamed as Railway Parade. It is the road which divides the city block with the rest of the metro area. The division ceased in March 2018 after about 130 years with the completion of the sinking of the railway tracks and the construction of new buildings on the newly created land now known as City Link.

Roe Street was famous for several buildings: Peters Ice cream Factory from the early 1940s until the mid-1960s, Western Ice Company where we purchased blocks of ice, and had them home delivered regularly, rabbits and various other delicacies. The Local Police Court, including Petty Sessions and Coroners Court, on the corner of Beaufort and Roe Streets in a fine two storey building erected in the late 1890s. Included in the building were rooms for solicitors, witnesses, jurors and the press. It was converted to offices for the Art Galley of WA in the 1960s.

However the most talked about buildings in Roe Street between William and Lake Streets were the brothels. Roe Street had been the centre of the prostitution industry in Perth since the end of the First World War when the Police instituted a 'containment' policy in order to prevent the spread of disease amongst the troops. Brothels all over the metropolitan area were closed down and transferred

to Roe Street. In the 1920s *The Mirror* newspaper used journalistic licence to describe the situation: “One sees motor vehicles drive up, well dressed gents get out ,dim figures lurk about, faces muffled, skulking in shadows, bright lights gleam through windows, these are places of no sleep.... there is music and song. Here, in the atmosphere of garish and artificial atmosphere the long night hours are passed in music and debauchery and revelry. Not till dawn is there rest and quiet which should belong to the night”.

There was obviously big money in the trade. The most famous madam, known as Josie, gradually bought most of her competitors businesses and by the late 1930s owned most the real estate on that section of Roe Street. One other owner, a German woman returned to her homeland in 1939 “to help” and while she was absent the Commonwealth Government seized the property under the Aliens Act in operation at that time. The owner did not return to recover her property after the war had ended so the Commonwealth Government retained ownership of the property. The Mothers Union strenuously objected to the trade, and the brothels were forced to erect high fences on the street facade. As pupils at Perth Boys High school, which was less than a kilometre away from the brothels, both Con and Peter remember the warning from the headmaster to keep a good distance away from the brothels otherwise the consequences would be dire. The brothels were closed down by the WA Government in 1958.

NORTHBRIDGE

In the late 1950s, early 1960s the area we knew as ‘Little Italy’ or ‘North of the Line’ gradually lost its Italian, Greek and Slavic migrant-residents as they moved out of the area into the suburbs having established themselves in their new land. Many famous names had their beginnings in the yet to be named Northbridge area including (not necessarily in order of importance or influence in the community): Torre Butchers, Bensky's furniture, Chiew's produce merchants, La Tosca cafe, Michelides Tobacco, Hop Hing Merchants, Kalaf ,Duffy, Kakulas, Arcus, Re, Buck, Kenny, Raft, Mistillis, Haldoupis, Bosich, Manassis, Buktenica, Michael, Rifici, Bellos, Tudori, Metaxas, Palassis, Georgeff, Zimbulis, Gelavis, Ah Sam merchants, Luisini, Ken Medd the chemist , D’Orsogna, Erichetti, Farinosi, Oyster Bar, Lekias and a host of others.

A few Italian and Chinese restaurants opened in the area and in the mid-1970s the Tourist Advisory Council decided to designate the area as Perth’s restaurant and entertainment hub. A north of the line business association was formed in 1978. Northbridge was selected in a public competition conducted by radio station 6PR and *The Sunday Times* newspaper. It attracted 1500 entries. In collaboration with the City of Perth many improvements were made to the streetscape and area generally. The name was officially adopted in July 1981.

After the Northbridge Tunnel was constructed at the turn of the century, the East Perth Redevelopment Authority (later re-named the Metropolitan Redevelopment Authority) took charge of altering the face of Northbridge by creating new streets and redefining the building code to the area. The Tunnel was upgraded in 2013 by adding a third traffic lane in each direction.

LIFE AT ‘131’

Our house was the centre of the Universe as far as we three boys were concerned.

We had everything: loving family, great neighbours, a football, a cricket bat, marbles, a few toys, great weather most of the time, lots of room to play football and cricket and access to all sorts of wonderful places and things.

Mum, Dad and Con moved into our house at 131 Lake Street in November, 1941. The house was owned by Dads old friends the Kakulas brothers whom Dad had helped in earlier times when they required assistance but never forgot the help they received. They returned the favour by charging our parents a very modest rent for many years.

Number 131, built in 1897, totalled 204 square metres according to a real estate agent who was selling the house in the early 2000's. The outside and interior walls were constructed of brick. It had an iron roof painted red. The brick wall between our house and next door (number 129) was common to both so our houses were known as semi-detached houses. Our house number was not the original number. The City council revised the street numbers for most of the Perth town site in 1908 when our number was altered from 195 to the familiar 131.

Con was born on Friday January 10, 1941. We were told he was a very chubby baby, weight about 7lbs at birth and immediately thrived. Peter was born on Wednesday February 10, 1943 and Lou on Tuesday December 17, 1946. We three were born at King Edward Memorial Hospital in Subiaco. Dad took Con and Peter to see the new baby (Lou) but being children we were not allowed to enter the hospital. To show Mum the Christmas present we had received we stood outside on the lawn and with Dads help held up our present. It was a pedal powered car.

Food at 131 was very important to us three boys. Breakfast was usually tea or Milo, a couple of slices of toast smeared with jam and then a plate full of Mums home-made porridge. Before the sink was installed in our kitchen the dishes and cutlery were washed in the laundry trough. The improvement must have pleased Mum. We had a fixed regime for the evening meal: Dinner, or tea as we sometimes called it, was always at 6pm. Woe betide anyone who wasn't at the table ready to eat at that time. It meant a scolding from mum and eating cold food. Our roster of food was generally: Sunday: Spaghetti Bolognese, Monday: Fassoulatha a haricot-beans based soup, Tuesday: green beans and vegetables, Wednesday: split peas as a thick soup, Thursday: Lentils, Friday: Fish Soup, and Saturday: a meat dish of Chops, Mince, or Kefthetes (meatballs). Sweets were served most nights with jelly and custard, sago and rice pudding being our favourites.

We had regular places at the dining room table. Mum sat nearest to the kitchenette, on her right was Dad with Peter sitting next to him, on her left was Lou and any guest that may have arrived unexpectedly, generally Vincent Ryan who was about Lou's age and whose parents were neglecting him. Sometimes it was Eric de Campo who had been playing with us and was invited to stay for a light dinner before returning home. Con sat opposite Mum on the other end of the table.

If we were celebrating something special such as a birthday we had roast chicken, a rare treat.

There was always tins of jam in the house mainly IXL strawberry or fig jam. It was always smeared on thick crusty bread made by Tombides Bakery. Mum always bought her fish from Sylvia at Kailis Fish Market in Barrack Street Perth and rabbits on a Saturday morning from the Western Ice Works factory in Roe Street near Milligan Street. When we were older us boys would trek to Western Ice and buy the rabbits so Mum could do other things. Mum made sandwiches for us to have a lunch time at school. Usually polony and sometimes with a smattering of tomato sauce added.

Our front fence was white painted brick (and painted by us many times) with a wire mesh gate attached to the brickwork with an inclusive letterbox. Behind that on "our side" of the fence was a

small strip of lawn about 3 meters long and 1.5 meters width with a few shrubs against the porch brick wall. As small kids we regularly sat in the front porch and observed the world go by. The porch had a bright red cement floor again many times painted by us boys 'helped by our parents'. The front room overlooking the veranda had a large window to the outside world and fireplace which we hardly ever used. An old wardrobe was placed against the wall nearest the hallway. Over the years this room had several uses. It was used as spare room to accommodate various friends who were passing through and needed a few days or weeks and sometimes months accommodation including the Shonis family of two (John and Andromachi) who lived in the room for some months until they found a house, and moved to Beaufort street Inglewood where John had bought a fruit and vegetable shop. We visited them many times at that address. The front room became Cons bedroom and later the Lounge room when Con left the house on July 9, 1966 to marry his dream girl.

The middle room was Peter and Lou's bedroom and also had a fireplace which adjoined the front room fire place. Mum and Dads bedroom was next. It contained two wardrobes and a double bed. The hallway stretched from the front door alongside the three bed rooms to the dining room. It had a dark green strip of linoleum the whole length of the hallway, a simple light fitting surrounded by fancy plaster filigree, light coloured walls which we painted on several occasions. Many football and cricket matches were played in the hallway and only once was the light globe smashed- a testament to our kicking skills. At the end of the hallway was the dining room with its large wooden table able to seat eight people comfortably.

Against the wall which we shared with number 129 was our kitchenette, a large wooden and mural glass construction in which we stored all the house crockery and cutlery and a few items of staple food including the breadbox and mums black/brown purse which she always kept in the top left drawer. We had a cream coloured Electrolux fridge after we had got rid of the ice chest with its large block of ice on the top shelf and the items to be kept cold on the lower shelf.

On the wall nearest the front of the house was an enormous black and white print of Lord Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar framed in light coloured wood. When Mum left '131' the print was left behind. On the back wall, near to the fridge was a dark brown cabinet on which our prized mantel radio sat. At the back of the house was the kitchen with a Metters Number one wood stove on the wall nearest to our neighbour number 129. There was a wooden box usually covered with an old blanket at right angles to the stove and opposite an Early Kooka gas stove which gradually took over the cooking duties from the Metters. A kitchen sink was installed about 1963 by Peter and Lou. Prior to that Mum used the trough in the laundry. There was a large window between the dining room and kitchen which quite often was used as a lazy way of transferring food from the kitchen.

A bathroom was added to the house early in our tenancy. The area was taken from the kitchen and reduced the kitchen space by about one quarter by constructing a wooden wall between the two rooms and installing a bathtub and later a shower. The chip heater was not installed in the bathroom until the early 1960s. Previous to that we heated water in the laundry copper and then transferred the hot water by bucket to either the bathroom or the kettle in the kitchen. Mother was absolutely delighted with her new heater and the saving of effort it caused. One day while in the shower Peter was singing the 'Scottish Soldier' which was on the radio hit parade at the time. Unknown to Peter, some friends had arrived and quietly listened to his singing until the finish and then we all loudly applauded then all laughed including Peter.

The laundry was outside of the main house building with a cement washing tub consisting of two adjoining tubs. It was next to the wood fired copper. The laundry was fairly large so we were able to

store quite a lot of stuff in there. We nearly had a tragedy with the copper. When he was quite small, we think about three years old, Peter fell into the (thankfully) partly filled copper and was quickly rescued by a panic stricken Mum.

Our backyard was a busy little area. We had a vegetable patch with tomatoes, capsicums and a couple of other plants between the laundry and the back of the property which backed onto the Tolj household. There was a wood pile in which we all shared (including Mum) the wood chopping duties, some lawn, a pathway which we had constructed with wooden slats placed together placed end to end from the back door to the toilet at the back fence. On the right hand side of the lawn (the Haldoupis residence side) was a garden with different kinds of shrubs and flowers. Mum was very proud of her garden and tended to it daily. We boys got to use the water hose which usually meant everybody got soaked and mum shouting at us.

At the back of the property was the stand alone brick toilet a carryover from the “night cart days”, with its high level concrete cistern. In the days before toilet paper rolls, we used sheets of tissue paper (originally wrapped around “Granny Smith” apples) and later newspaper, cut into useable sizes and hanging from a nail on the back of the door. When we were quite young, Con about four years old, the toilet pan failed and needed to be replaced. Dad broke up the damaged pan with a hammer and installed a brand new toilet pan. He finished the job and went back into the house leaving Con in the toilet with the hammer. Con proceeded to emulate Dad’s action and destroyed the new pan. A second pan was purchased and then installed without Cons help.

On the back fence was an old but still flowering Rose bush. It was at the house when we arrived and was still producing beautiful red roses when Mum left ‘131’. At the back of our house adjoining the Tolj household fence was a laneway which also went behind the Haldoupis residence and the corner shop to Church Street. It was used many years previously by the night cart staff to remove the contents of the toilet pan prior to despatching the contents somewhere in the Midland area.

We had a laneway between our house and the Haldoupis family, with a gate at both ends, made of iron/steel with fence wire on the street front and a wooden one constructed by us leading into our backyard. The rubbish bin made of conventional metal with a lid on top was situated near the gate to our backyard and awaited for the weekly clearance by the very friendly city council ‘garbos.’

The Postman, resplendent in his dark coloured uniform, would call twice daily Monday to Friday and mid-morning on Saturday. If we received a letter or small parcel he would blow his whistle to attract the householder’s attention. At first he would be on foot with a huge satchel over his shoulder containing all the letters and a few small parcels. In the early 1950s the “postie” was given a bicycle, painted a bright red, apparently the official Post Master Generals colours. Originally the Post office service was run by the state, but upon Federation on January 1, 1901 the Commonwealth took over the responsibility. The magnificent GPO building in Forrest Place city was officially opened in 1923. The mail was sorted and prepared for delivery around the city suburbs and country areas from that new office building.

Mum was always concerned we three would either be stabbed or otherwise assaulted. The Black Hand, A shadowy Italian based “gang” but reportedly operating in Perth and especially in our “Little Italy” patch was a real problem for Mum. She worried herself especially when Lou would walk home after visiting Shaaron, his first love and destined many years later to become his wife. One evening Lou was late home after attending a dance at the Hellenic Club next to the Greek Church in Parker Street West Perth. Mum chased him up Lake Street brandishing a slipper and hurling abuse. It was just as well Con hadn’t mentioned his drama coming home from Dante’s house in Vincent

Street. Going through Hyde Park about 9pm after a visit to the Franz household, Con was suddenly aware there was a group of people not far behind him making a fair amount of noise. Looking back, there was a group of about eight youths rapidly catching up to Con. The lad in front of the group who was obviously the leader hit Con on the back of the head and said "come on and fight". Watched by his mates the lout lightly punched and prodded Con who suggested he should not continue but instead have a running race. The prize being the Phantom comic in Cons back pocket. That wasn't good enough for the lout who obviously wanted to show off in front of his mates. Con held his ground and gently deflected the punches lout was throwing. His mates suggested it was time to go as the intended victim did not want to fight. Given the comic they left with lout still hurling abuse at Con.

Dad loved going to the International Club in James Street. He would meet up with his friends and they played various card games. At the time, gambling was regulated and the money on the tables would mysteriously disappear when the police arrived to check that everything was in order. Peter and Con loved going to the club as it meant ice cream aplenty supplied by Dad, Pop and various others at the table.

Mum and Dad attended the WA Trotting Association race meetings at Gloucester Park on many occasions. Dad loved betting on trotting and flat racing. He spent many daylight (and late into the night) hours at the dining room table working out a system to win the 8 jackpot lottery or the next big horse race.

Mum and Dad played cards regularly at the dining room table. Quite often their friends would join them (Bozin, Metropolis, Nedkoff, Shonis or neighbours) and card nights would last for hours. Dad threw tomatoes from our back yard onto neighbour's roofs when he considered they were too noisy and the hour was late!

One day dad took Peter into the city to buy a bicycle and ride it home. Imagine Peter's disappointment when they reached home. The bike was for Lou!

At the dinner table and sometimes on other occasions we would throw olive pips at Dads bald head while he was eating or trying to read the racing pages of the newspaper. It usually finished as an all in brawl, mum included, olive pips flying all round the room. And then a mess to clean up afterwards.

Dad wanted Mum to leave Lake Street and live in the rough hessian 'house' Dad had built on the property in Wanneroo. Mum refused.

Mum was handy with her hands and made a lot of our clothes when we were little as money was scarce. One day she had just finished making a pair of pyjamas for Peter and threw the left over scraps into the wood fired stove in the kitchen. While she had left the room for a couple of minutes helpful Peter threw the newly made pyjamas into the stove. Mum laughed about it when she retold the story but at the time she was not amused.

One day, sometime in 1950, we boys were playing football in the park one of our group tired of football and wandered off in the direction of Palmerston Street. He came running back shouting "there's a dead man in the park". Naturally we all followed him to the dead body. After gawking for some time one of our group raced home to find an adult. Mr Manolas was the lucky dad who was summoned and had the task of sorting out the problem. He immediately took charge, kept us away from the body, and checked the pulse and heartbeat. He then proceeded to prod the body. A grumpy

voice told him to “clear out you dill” or words to that effect. Mr Manolas engaged the man in a short conversation to make sure the “body” was OK. So our body was merely a drunk who was “sleeping it off”. We boys returned to our football game.

In Palmerston Street just past the Stuart Street corner there was a giant Mulberry Tree with the branches hanging over onto a vacant block. There were always people there (with containers) taking the free mulberries.

An important notice saying: “On April 1, 1962 Lou, together with Con Tsapazi and James Ventouras signed an agreement marked “must be kept top secret” which read: “We have placed a bet aiming to be the first person to obtain a date with a girl. The bet is 2/- (20 cents) each. The person concerned with a date must be witnessed by the remaining two”. The original valuable notice is still in our possession. There is no information as to a likely winner of the bet and money.

Mum was extremely good at managing money. She had to be as there wasn't much of it available especially after Dad was forced to retire early due to ill health. Mum instilled into us the importance of saving. We had money boxes which we put any available spare cash into. We also had a Commonwealth Bank savings account putting either six pence (5 cents) or one shilling (10 cents) every week at school via a very patient schoolteacher. Of course we had “different” money then. We grew up with pounds, shillings and pence. The denominations were: a farthing (a quarter of a cent in today's money), a halfpenny (a half cent), and a penny (a cent) which were made of mainly copper, threepence (two cents), sixpence (five cents), one shilling (ten cents), two shillings (twenty cents) and five shillings (fifty cents) all made out of silver alloy. The paper notes were: ten shillings (one dollar), one pound (two dollars), five pounds (ten dollars), twenty pounds (forty dollars) and the rarely seen fifty pounds (one hundred dollars) and the one hundred pound notes worth two hundred dollars.

On February 14, 1966 our monetary system changed forever after the public decried the suggestion the new money would be known as royals. The idea did not get much public support so the idea was quickly forgotten. Dollars and cents won the day. True to the Australian way, most of the coins had nic-names: farthings, half penny and pennies were known as coppers, three pence were tray-bits, six pence was a zac, one shilling was a bob or a deener, two shillings was known as a two bob bit or a florin. The paper notes did not have nic-names, a testament to their frequency of use by the general public. Money generally was known as dough, dosh or filthy lucre. And strangely the “new” coinage does not have nic-names.

When Lou was about ten years old, he dressed up in Mum's clothing including one of her hats. He knocked on the front door of our neighbours at 129 (the Haldoupis family) while Mum was visiting and asked for Mrs Christ. The neighbour nor Mum recognised him, Lou had tricked both ladies. Perhaps it was the heavy use of make-up. We in the background fell apart laughing. Mum did not see the funny side of the prank and chastised Lou. We still thought it was funny.

Peter was a quiet child but keenly observed people, events and movements around him. He would regularly sit with Mum in our front veranda while Mum was chatting with neighbours or friends. Peter would listen intently and if Mum said something which was not completely correct or missing a point he would correct her.

One of the events of the year was Guy Fawkes Night also known as cracker night. It has been celebrated in the UK on November 5 for hundreds of years and embraced by Australia since early colonial times. There was a vacant block behind the Pampacos and Tolj houses in which we kids

(helped by a few dads) constructed a bonfire and let off fireworks for a few hours after sunset on that day. We used to have a 'guy' which was a pair of old trousers and a shirt filled with straw topped with one of Dad's hats which we borrowed. We stood outside the Newcastle Club Hotel for a few days before the big day with a container and yelled "penny for the guy", awaiting donations from the drinkers in the pub. Sometimes one of the big kids would think of the same idea and push us away to a less favourable place outside the pub; however we usually made enough money to pay for our fireworks before a pub employee would come out of the pub and tell us to clear out.

There was a variety of crackers we bought. We had many penny bungers, which cost a penny (one cent) each. They were as big as a human middle finger, red with a white wick at one end. After it was lit you threw it away from yourself and it would explode with a very loud bang. If we tied several bungers together and lit it at one end it would fly about in the paddock in an uncertain manner until the last of the bungers exploded. This was known as a jumping jack. Catherine Wheels were always a favourite. One of the older kids or a dad nailed the wheel to a post and after it was lit would spin around emitting spectacular coloured flames. Sky rockets, virtually a small rocket/cracker on a wooden stick about 40 centimetres long were another favourite. Usually launched from a bottle (beer, milk or cool drink) they would be lit and usually fly into the air and travel about twenty or thirty metres away from the launch site. Sometimes they did not fly into the air but travelled a few metres and have everybody ducking and weaving to avoid being hit by the wayward cracker.

One year the WA Fire Brigade stopped us lighting the bonfire because it was too big, the breeze too strong and so was considered a danger. We quickly reduced the bonfire to half by creating another bonfire site a few metres away. We were warned by the brigade not to light the second bonfire until the first one was reduced to ashes. They promised to return to check on us so we complied. On another occasion one of our playmates, John Bell, while enjoying the evening celebrations was a victim of a stupid prank. John had stored his firecrackers in his back pocket and somebody put a lit match in John's pocket. The crackers caught fire and exploded. John was badly burnt from his lower back to his knees. An ambulance was called and John was taken to hospital where he spent a few days. The police attended but no one admitted to causing the problem. On the following morning we had lovely coals left as a reminder of the previous evening festivities, and a perfect opportunity to roast a few spuds.

Mum loved watching wrestling on the television. She would get very excited shouting and yelling instructions at the combatants. Occasionally a troupe of wrestlers would be performing at the since demolished Stadium in Wellington Street city. If Mum was present at the show, accompanied by either Peter or Lou, the same procedure would apply: Mum yelling and screaming instructions while an embarrassed son was trying to hide under the seat and vowing never to take Mum to the wrestling again.

Peter and Lou loved creating puppets and staging puppet shows. Lou describes how the shows were performed: "The performances took place in the dining room. The small cupboard on the right hand side of the radio was moved, leaving the recess where the bedsheet was supported. We had small kerosene lamps that were lit to give a shadow effect and then the puppet show commenced. Cannot remember what was used as puppets other than the one I made at school".

We were given a wind up gramophone (in 1951) by the Bozins which played shellac records at 78 rpm (revolutions per minute). Con and Peter wanted to know how it worked and demolished it in their quest for knowledge. After all the rumour was there were little people in there creating the music and sound.

On one occasion Dad filled his cigarette lighter with cough mixture instead of the lighter fluid he had bought home from his workplace in East Perth. Fortunately there was no adverse reaction except a surprised Dad.

We had two dogs over the years at 131. Rusty was the first. He was with us for a couple of years before he was skittled by a passing car out the front of our place. We buried him in the back yard. Blackie was next. He was a tiny cocker spaniel. Apart from a white patch on his chest he was black all over so it was easy to select a name for our newest family member. He was just a few weeks old when he arrived at 131. Con's friend, former schoolmate (Highgate Primary and Perth Boys High) and then workmate Bill Woodward, who lived in Thelma road Como, offered the puppy to Con, who after consulting Mum agreed to take it. Con rode his bike to the Woodward household one Saturday afternoon to collect the puppy. On the way home, the puppy was put inside the T-shirt Con was wearing. No doubt Cons heartbeat would have calmed the frightened puppy. Blackie was with us for many years and was an integral part of the family. One of his "party tricks" was to yowl pitifully when he heard the song 'Timing' coming from our mantel radio sung by a Jimmy Jones. Of course we would increase the radio volume to encourage Blackie to yowl even louder amid laughter all round. Strangely Blackie only yowled at the version sung by Jimmy Jones. Blackie saw the three of us off the premises to go marry our dream girls. When Dad retired from work Blackie was his constant companion, sitting at the dining room table at Dads feet. Blackie got arthritis in his old age so to help him walk Dad made him some shoes. Blackie died when he was about fifteen years old and joined Rusty in the backyard of 131.

We had plenty of cats over the years. As small children we remember our parents wanting to get rid of a cat, so we all took a trip to the Esplanade in the city in Dads runabout (utility). The cat was thrown out of the vehicle window. When we returned back home not long afterwards, who jumped down from the back of the Ute, one clever cat! We all laughed and accepted the fact we still had a moggy to look after.

One Saturday afternoon in the early 1960s there was a riot outside the Newcastle Club Hotel. It was a dispute between rival factions of Yugoslav migrants and needed attendance by the police to calm everybody and disperse the crowd.

REGULAR CALLERS : Every couple of days the iceman from Western Ice Company situated in Roe Street would call at most of the houses in our street in his specially built truck and with a cheery yell of "ice" deliver a block of ice, approximately 40 cm long by 25 cm wide by 25 cm high. He would place a block in almost all the neighbourhood ice chests including ours. The ice would gradually melt but in the meantime it kept all the food we needed to be either frozen or cold and safe to eat. It was the forerunner of the electric powered refrigerator we bought in the late-1950s.

The "milko" would call into our neighbourhood very early each morning, Monday to Friday, originally with a horse and cart, but later in a purpose built van. The milk was doled out to the residents into small containers left on the doorstep or very near to the front door. About the mid-1950s the system was revolutionised by being delivered in one pint bottles. The Milko obtained the milk from the Pascomi Milk Company, situated at 41 Stuart Street just around the corner from our place. Originally known as the Dairy Farmers Co-operative, it was Perth's first commercial dairy occupying those premises since 1925, and later absorbed by the Masters Dairy Company who moved the whole business to new much larger premises in Bentley in the early 1960s. The building was then leased and occupied by an advertising agency who repainted the premises in gaudy bold colours. Occasionally a bird would smell the milk and peck the tin foil top in quest of the milk. Another story about milk delivery was provided by Buba. On one occasion she put out the chamber pot instead of

the milk container. One can only speculate as to the milko's reaction at that early hour. We never heard what transpired.

The 'rubbish man' called a couple of times a week and collected the rubbish from our bin situated in front of the gate in the laneway between our house and the Haldoupis family next door. They would always greet mum with a cheery "Hullo Mrs Christ". At Christmas time Mum always left a couple of bottles on our near the bins as thank you gifts.

Our bread was delivered daily, except Sunday, by a man ('the bake-o') with a horse drawn cart, the horse slowly clip-clopping along our road while the driver delivered the bread to the houses. Horses were later replaced by a motorised Van delivery and still later the delivery system was stopped probably because the bakery considered the delivery costs were prohibitive.

The postman, known to all as 'the postie' and resplendent in his dark blue uniform would call twice daily, Monday to Friday at about 10 am and 3 pm. And at about 11am on Saturdays. If we received a letter or a small package he would blow his whistle to attract the householder's attention. Originally he was on foot with a huge leather satchel over his shoulder containing all the letters and a few small parcels. In the early 1950s the postie was given a bicycle, painted bright red, the official Post Master Generals colours. The magnificent GPO building in Forrest Place served as the Post Office headquarters after it was officially opened in 1923. The mail was sorted and prepared for delivery to the city, suburbs and country areas from that new office.

Telegrams were delivered by youths on red bicycles on a Monday to Friday roster. In the city telegrams would originate at the GPO and be delivered either by bicycle or on foot depending on the distance needed to deliver. The suburban telegrams originated at the local post office and delivered on bikes by the boys. Birthdays and anniversaries were remembered for the beautifully decorated telegrams delivered. Telegrams were discontinued in 1988.

Before the sewerage system was installed in our area in the late 1930s the night cart would call on all residences twice a week and the night cart worker would empty the contents into a larger steel pan which was then carried on their shoulders to the waiting truck. At the end of their round the truck travelled to a depot in West Midland in Perth's eastern suburbs to dump their smelly load. Stories abound of people making a night time visit to the toilet and being interrupted by the night cart man lifting the door at the rear of the toilet to change the steel bin and both being embarrassed when a voice would call out "please wait a moment".

A man who lived in somewhere in Orange Avenue passed by our place every Friday night after spending quite some time at the Newcastle Club Hotel. He would be carrying several bottles of beer in brown paper bags and juggle them while trying to walk with some semblance of order. He held conversations with trees, cats, dogs, strangers, residents and the bottles. Occasionally he would accidentally drop one of the bottles and spend some time castigating it. If the bottle was broken we would gently steer him away from the potential danger spot, then Mum would clean up the mess after he had continued on this way home. We never missed our Friday night treat but never knew who he was.

An Italian gent who walked by our place on a regular basis one day said to Mum after not having seen Dad for a few days "Me no look your man"

Other regular visitors were ducks from Hyde Park who would fly from Hyde Park to the Swan River in the city and return each evening flying over Lake Street making an incredible amount of noise.

MEDICAL PROBLEMS:

Dad had several strokes, the first one in 1957 at the East Perth Gasworks when he was fifty five years old, and one at home one Saturday morning (or maybe it was a Sunday afternoon) when Con was home, getting ready to go to work. When it happened, Mum panicked and ran to the Haldoupi's family next door screaming "George is going to die", so Con grabbed Dad in a fireman's grip and dragged him from the dining room table onto Dad's bed in our parents' bedroom, and phoned our family doctor (either Dr Georgeff or Griggoroff). After the doctor had examined Dad an ambulance was called and Dad was delivered to Royal Perth Hospital where he stayed for a few days under medical observation. Dad had several other mild attacks and went to Royal Perth Hospital on each occasion.

Dad also had bronchial problems most likely as a result of being a heavy smoker. He used a steam inhaling machine which we kids referred to as a 'hubba-bubba' pipe. He also had a kidney stone problem. Mum had the task of looking after Dad more or less as a full time career. Dad fell a few times and Mum could not lift or move him. One of us boys (usually Peter) would be called to pick him up from the floor or wherever he had fallen. One night, Peter remembers, Dad fell in the back doorway and as Dad could not help himself it was very awkward and time consuming for Peter to manoeuvre him from the doorway back to bed. Eventually Dad was accepted by Sunset Home, in Dalkeith overlooking the Swan River, a great position with lovely views, but very old and with many long dormitory type wards. It wasn't pleasant on the nose.

When Con was about 17, he had sunstroke after spending the afternoon in the backyard in his bathers and could not respond to Mum's calls. She completely "lost it" as she thought Con was dying. Peter ran up to the Doctors residence/surgery on the corner of Lake and Brisbane Streets and after much trouble convinced a doctor to attend to Con who then spent the night at Royal Perth Hospital. The nursing staff initial diagnosis was "drunk when admitted" as a well-meaning neighbour had forced some sort of hard liquor down Con's throat.

At about 6 years old, Lou was running in our back yard with a stick in his hands, slipped, and fell onto the stick, it penetrated the roof of his mouth, causing a huge hole which needed the attendance of a doctor to repair the damage. At the age of about three Con had the top of his left hand middle finger cut off by a reel lawnmower being pushed past our house by Angelo the teenage grandson of a neighbour. Angelo got a belting from his granny for his trouble. Con had his hand and arm bandaged for many weeks and was taken up to Doctor Georgeff surgery at the top of the hill on the Lake street /Brisbane street corner on a regular basis by either Mum, Dad or Uncle so that the bandages could be changed and the progress of the wound assessed.

WHAT WE SAID:

When we were little (before we went to school) we spoke Macedonian around the house. Our parents used Macedonian or Greek between themselves and their compatriots. Going to Kindy and school brought English into the house. Dad had the advantage of using English during his working life however Mum picked it up fairly quickly.

On one occasion Dad moved our mantel radio from the dining room to the kitchen, switched on the power and to great amusement of the family a voice on the radio immediately said, "thanks George". We all laughed long and hard on the sheer coincidence and the perfect timing.

Children were known by many names depending on the circumstance at the time. Being called a rascal, ragamuffin, rascalion, scamp, brat, ungrateful pup, pinhead, snotty nosed, a sprog or

guttersnipe meant you were naughty or in trouble but being called tykes, nippers, youngsters, littlies, a squirt, tacker, or buggerlugs generally meant you were in favour.

A lot of words and phrases we used have been consigned to history. A few that come to mind are: "It's snowing down south". That meant your petticoat was showing. We could swear but only in code: "pardon my French", I fell and went A over T, S--t a brick, your brains are in your bum, damn and blast, Jesus wept, hells bells, get rooted, pith off, pigs bum, that's bulldust. We used bloody, bugger, stinking, flaming, frigging, bleeding, blooming and blasted instead of the "F" word which would have caused absolute havoc in the house. If you weren't looking too good you were a "bit of a rough diamond", a roughie or "you look like the wreck of the Hesperus".

If you did a good deed then: your blood's worth bottling, she's apples, that's the shot, now you're cooking, she's Jake, she'll be right, ripper, bewdy, grouse, she's sweet, over the moon. If you wanted to show off you were a skite, but if nobody appreciated your efforts you then you were a dope or a clot, galah, galoot, silly billy, drip, duffer, dunderhead, ninny, nong, dingbat, sook, dill, nitwit, a right Charlie, no hoper, dead loss, oaf, blockhead, not the sharpest pencil in the box, a plate short of a picnic, a few bricks short, a shingle short, something missing in the upper storey (or the top paddock), a bit dodgy, not ridgy-didge, a dingo, cheapskate, a sponger, a squib.

If you needed to tell the whole story, not abridged versions then you were "spilling your guts." If you told a story (or a yarn) which others thought was "a bit rich" or not believable then it was "strike me pink", luv a duck, struth, by George, strike me lucky, holy cow, hells bells, blow me down, cripes, that takes the cake, holy moly, rot your socks, what the blazes, shiver me timbers, I'll be a monkey's uncle, dearie me, I'll go he!, clear as mud, suit yourself, it's your funeral, search me, same difference, more fool you. Bad news? Things are crook!

Around the house, neighbourhood or school we used lots of long gone words and phrases: I'm all at sixes and sevens (I'm confused), tart the place up (clean it up or paint it) a blow-in (uninvited) a dogsbody (I do everything around here) a heap of drink-related words: wet my whistle, what's your poison, on the turps again, cut (or half cut) blind, legless, blotto, well-oiled, pie-eyed, sozzled, my mouth is like a cockies cage; if you liked a person that was "taking a shine" if someone was in trouble it was: He's/she's a gonna, the old heave-ho, lumbered. Horses were gee gees, neddies, and roughies or at the racetrack, dead cert, a flutter, stone motherless last. If you didn't like a person they gave you the willies, the jimjams, the creeps, or the Trey-bits. If you could not remember a person's name they were called Mr or Mrs Kerfoops or watcha-ma-callem, thing-me-jig or whosits. If something was broken it was: bung, on the blink, gone to pot, dead loss or all bets are off. If you were ill you were: not real flash, fair to middling, only so-so, not crash hot, a bit (or pretty) crook, got dogs disease or nearly a basket case.

If there was a dispute in the playground or where ever it was a stouch, dukes up, pug, palooka, drop ya, deck ya, knock ya rotten, stonkered, do you like a dinner, me old sparring partner, knock the spots off, give him/her a gob full, pull ya head in, shut ya neck (or gob), jump in the lake, you're for the high jump, low down dingo, you're cactus, or gotcha licked. On the other hand if all was well it was: ripper, corker, bewdy, cracker, bottler, ripsnorter, or super-duper. Or if nothing happened except shouting at each other then it was: time to hightail it outa here, scoot, skedaddle outa here, scam, better POQ, shoot through, Buckley's chance, or I was nearly a goner.

Time was measured by: once in a blue moon, from way back, donkeys age, since Adam was a boy, out of the ark, since the year dot, for a good while, for old times' sake.

Some children spoke pidgin English, a made up language which originated overseas and somehow found its way to Australia. It was generally a combination of two or more native tongues and quite incomprehensible to those who didn't know it.

If mum was annoyed with us she could have blown her stack, /top/lid, went crook, scream blue murder, lost her block, hit the roof, spitting chips, off her rocker, go ballistic, or even burst her boiler. Fortunately her three little angels didn't give her cause very often to say they had been pinged, ticked off, in strife, caught red handed, copped us, had us on toast, or come down like a ton of bricks,

There are thousands more words and phrases we used which are no longer in vogue or general use

SCHOOL DAYS

Con attended the Lake Street Kindergarten on the corner of Stuart Street not many doors away from our house. It was the second kindergarten to be established in Perth, the first being in Pier street city. Both kindergartens were closed down many years ago, the Lake Street Kindergarten building being demolished in the late 1960s. The area is now used as a park. Con appeared on the front page of a four page brochure advertising the benefits of sending children to Kindy and appealing for more teachers. He was a cute little blonde haired boy and was leading a bevy of beautiful little girls: Beryl Sam, the daughter of the legendry Ah Sam who was a prominent James Street businessman, Yvonne Mailis who lived in Brisbane Street and Rosalie Papal whose family lived in Lake Street near James Street. Unfortunately the Kindy teachers name is unknown. Peter and Lou did not attend Kindergarten.

Peter (1950) and Con's (1948 and 1949) first school was St Bridget's School in Fitzgerald Street near the corner of Aberdeen Street and next door to the St Bridget's Catholic Church. Peter and Con both walked to St Bridget's and on the way back home would often call into Buba's place in Shenton Lane which usually meant treats doled out by an indulgent Buba. Every morning the school day commenced with prayers either in the classroom or at St Bridget's Church next door. The playground for the boys was across the road in Fitzgerald Street and in later years had a fence built around it as a security measure.

The three of us went to Highgate Primary School which was in Bulwer Street stretching through to Lincoln Street on the north side, Bulwer Avenue to the west and Grant Street to the East. Established in 1895, it was in two sections, the upper (standards 4, 5 and 6) and the lower school which had the 'bubs' class and standards 1, 2 and 3. (Standards are now known as Grades) It was a long way for little boys to walk from our house to School but we each did it daily for our time at Highgate. Usually we walked along Lake Street to Brisbane Street, across William Street, to Knebworth Avenue and along Bulwer Street to the School entry gate.

Part of the daily school routine was for all pupils to receive a small bottle of milk from the milk monitors, itself a highly prized job in the classroom, and then after consuming the milk return the bottle to the milk monitors. This was apparently a state government initiative to help improve the general health of the school children of the state.

There was three tuck shops (as they were known then) in the very close proximity of the school. Mr Beetson owned the tuck shop in Bulwer Avenue directly opposite the main gate to the school and was the most popular with the pupils. Mr Beetson was a portly jolly man who sold all sorts of

sandwiches, buns, lollies, ice creams and cool drinks. When you purchased the buns which contained a sausage, tomato sauce and some onion, you had to specify how many sausages you required in the bun. So you ordered “bun and one” or “bun and two” or even “bun and three”. Of course the more sausages you required the more expensive it was. The shop on Bulwer Street was owned by the Petrelis family and was a “Deli” which also supplied sandwiches and, in season, slices of watermelon. But you had to be quick. The watermelon supply ran out rather quickly. The Lincoln Street tuckshop was similar to Mr Beetson’s but not as popular.

For a time there was a demountable classroom in the schoolyard in the lower school probably due to the excessive number of pupils. The original playground was sand with a small amount of grassed area. One day in 1951, much to the excitement and curiosity of the children in the upper school several trucks, tractors, bulldozers and other strange pieces of machinery belonging to F. List and Co, contractors, arrived at the school. Part of the playground was roped off in turn and a crew of workers started on the great project. After only a couple of days the whole playground was bituminised. The workers then moved to the lower school and the process was repeated.

Another great memory was the annual visit of the Coca Cola Truck. Loaded with lots of cool drink, the driver would park in the playground, the teachers would supervise us very excited children into a more or less straight line snaking toward the truck and the driver or his assistant would hand a small bottle of Coca Cola to each of the children.

The annual visit of the Peters Ice Cream truck also caused the same excitement at the school. These two visits were promotional stunts by the manufactures. We didn’t care we got a free cool drink and an ice-cream! We also had an occasional visit from a magician who played to an enthralled young audience in the assembly hall. During the recess and lunchtime breaks we would play various games such as marbles, cricket, football, chasey and ‘brandy’ where one player had the ball and the rest of the players were lined up against a wall or fence and ‘brandy’ would throw the ball and attempt to hit someone in the line-up from about four or five meters away. If you hit someone you continued as ‘brandy’ but if you missed you joined the line and a new brandy was selected, according to the rules set before the game.

In a separate part of the playground the girls usually played variations of skipping-rope games or running races. The skipping would be accompanied by the girls chanting “salt” while jumping in and out of the spinning rope usually while the two girls holding the rope turned it slowly. Speeding up the spinning rope meant changing the chant to “pepper”. The winner was the girl who remained jumping while the others stumbled and retired from the game. One chant which was popular was the two dickybird song: “Two little dickybirds sitting on a wall, one named Peter one named Paul, fly away Peter, fly away Paul, come back Peter, come back Paul”. Quite often the teacher who was the playground monitor for the day organised and joined in with some of the games. School-organised sporting events were conducted at Birdwood Square across the road from the school. This was usually athletics, football, cricket, hockey or other keep fit pursuits. We also had ditties inherited from the older kids such as “Copycat, dirty rat sitting on a butchers mat” and “It’s raining, its pouring, the old man is snoring, he went to bed and bumped his head and couldn’t get up in the morning!” and “Sticks and stones may break my bones but names will never hurt me”. At school we were never allowed to swear so everybody used their own version of swearwords: Holy moly, jumping jewfish, holy mackerel, holy smoke, holy cow, darn it, struth, blow me down, dam it, darn it, sssssugar, shivers, cripes, jeepers, up your arrrrmpit! You rotten b-b-b-barmaid to name a few.

Con left Highgate at the end of 1953 after having being taught in fourth standard by Basil Rigg who had played cricket for Western Australia, in fifth standard by Mrs Bartle and for a time by a Mr Mitchell, a huge man of about 6ft 4inches tall and probably 15 stone in weight. Cons teacher in sixth

grade was a Mr Neville Reynolds who would have been about mid-30s at the time. He was an amateur singer, and so we did lots of singing as part of our school day. The 'Ash Grove' comes to mind as one of the songs we sang many times.

Mr Mangini was the headmaster in 1953. He was a kind, quiet man who must have loved his job, being involved "hands on" in most school matters and being in the playground on most lunch breaks talking to the children and the duty teacher. He would sometimes join in the games. In his final year at Highgate (1953) Con was so taken by Mr Mangini he sent him a Christmas card, via the receptionist/secretary, and a couple of days later was stunned to be called to the Headmasters office and thanked personally by Mr Mangini. A Christmas card addressed to Con arrived at '131' from Mr Mangini a few days later.

Another memory from 1952 was the announcement from Mr Mangini at one of the school assemblies that the Highgate Parents and Citizens Association was in the process of starting a library at the school and would commence fund raising efforts immediately. Six of the pupils in Mrs Bartels class decided to help: Max McDonald, Mervyn Partington, Eddie Gray, Billy Smith, Keith Stephens and Con. We conducted a stall outside Mr MacDonald's newsagency in Brisbane Street and raised two pounds one shilling and three pence (four dollars and fifteen cents in today's coinage) A thank you letter, dated December 7, 1952 was sent to all six boys by Philippa Ross-Hall the Honorary Secretary of the Highgate School Parents and Citizens Association. The letter read "The Highgate School Parents and Citizens Association wishes to thank very much the following boys of VA (first of two Fifth standard classes):Max Macdonald, Mervyn Partington, Eddie Gray, Billy Smith, Keith Stephens and Con Christ for their donation of two pounds, one shilling and three pence to the Library Fund. We think it was very enterprising to have held fairs at home to raise this money, which will buy several really good books. Thank you all very much." Her signature was then attached.

Peter started at Highgate in 1951 and remembers a Miss Brown was the headmistress of the lower school. She was 'old' according to Peter and used a walking stick as an aid. Basil Rigg was Peter's teacher in grade 4. Mr Alec Robinson, who also played cricket in the WA state side, taught Peter for some time that year. Peter remembers walking to the WA Museum in Beaufort Street, city, and being fascinated by tales told by the lecturer, Mr Harry Butler, a famous West Australian Naturalist for many years. (Mr Butler died in early 2016). Peter's last year at Highgate was in 1955 (Mr O'Connor as his teacher) and in the sporting arena Peter excelled. He was in the interschool 100 metre relay and spent quite a long time training at Birdwood Square opposite the school. In the primary school football competition he was in the team which won the grand final against North Perth Primary School who were for many years our traditional rivals in many sports and games. Peter remembers eating his lunch in the school pavilion/shed during the inclement weather instead of sitting in the playground.

Lou started at Highgate Primary in 1953 in Mrs Smith class while Mr Predaux was head master and Mr Cockell his deputy. In the following years his teachers were Mrs Gollin, then Mr Huxenberg, Basil Rigg and then Mr Connelly. So Basil Rigg had the dubious honour of teaching all three of us. Lou and his mate Bill Hunter were the best marble players in their class. One year Lou created class history by sitting next to a girl! Previous to that the class was divided on gender lines. No co-ed in those days. Helen Ardagh was the co-history maker. Lou then claimed her as his first girlfriend. Apart from Helen, Basil Vdelli, Darcy Pappas, Angelo Petrelis, and Ronnie Wintle were Lou's best friends at Highgate Primary.

Because of financial constraints, none of us were allowed to go to swimming lessons with the rest of

the class. However, Lou, in his final year at Highgate went to one lesson and in that session he obtained his Junior and Intermediate swimming certificates

Con's teacher in his first year at "PB", as it was known, was Mr Bill Alderman who played both football and cricket for WA. The following year, Con's form teacher was Mr Neale Rudeforth, a kind, quiet man who obviously loved his job. Con's final year at PB (1956) was spent in Mr Robert Darcy Ives class. Mr Ives was about thirty years old at the time, a part time air pilot with the City of Perth Squadron.

The three of us attended High School for three years each and on completion left to find employment.

When he was about twelve on Mum's insistence Con took Greek lessons in the Hall next to the Greek Church in Parker Street for some time, probably several months, but didn't like it, so just refused to go to classes. Mum was not impressed.

AFTER SCHOOL JOBS

The three of us sold newspapers after school. We gave all the money earned to Mum to help with the family budget. Con and Peter sold copies of *The Daily News*, Perth's afternoon newspaper at the time, on behalf of McDonalds Newsagency Brisbane Street. The newsagency was owned by Max McDonalds Dad. Our selling area, known as 'our round', was the western side only of William Street from Newcastle Street to Francis Street west to Lake Street and back to Newcastle Street. The McDonalds had several other boys in adjoining areas. We had our regular customers but the best places to sell the papers were the Britannia Wine Saloon, (which later became a backpacker hostel), on the corner of Francis Street and William Street, the Red Lion Inn in Aberdeen street and the Gascoyne Traders Transport depot in Francis Street. At each place we would open the door and yell "Dailynewspaperrrrr..." and the customers would flock to us. (Being minors we were not allowed to enter the hotel premises). When the paper cost 4 pence (3 cents) it was wonderful. Most of the customers would give us sixpence (5 cents) and say "keep the change, kid" When the price rose to sixpence that was the end of the extra "tips" as they were known. We generally sold the Daily between 3.30pm and 5.30pm or earlier if we sold out. We returned the money and any unsold papers to Mr McDonald who was waiting at the newsagency. We would then be paid and go home for tea or kick a football around awaiting tea.

One funny incident Peter remembers was a man exiting the Britannia Wine Saloon in William Street after obviously being inside for some time clutching his beer to his chest and somehow losing his trousers as he walked along the footpath. Not a stitch on underneath the fallen garment.

Con remembers his allocation was 84 copies of the "Daily" each afternoon, and rarely did Con return to the newsagency with unsold copies.

Con sold the "Daily" in 1954 and 1955 then handing the 'round' to Peter who said using 'Uncles Bike' was an easy way to deliver the newspapers, as he was getting very proficient at riding and throwing accurately most of the time. Con delivered copies of "The West Australian" (Monday to Saturday up to January 31 1956) in the same area as he had sold the "Daily". Con did not sell any "West's" all copies being previously ordered. Con used a bicycle with a carry-bin on the front. The job took about an hour and a half so Con was home by 7am for breakfast.

Lou sold his “Daily’s” for Mr and Mrs Bucks Newsagency when he was only ten years old for about a year. His round was Newcastle Street, Palmerston Street to Fitzgerald Street. His biggest customers were: Wescobee Honey, Wesfarmers Print, the large Good Durant and Murray factory, George Wills Co. He also had a couple of panel beaters and several small traders on his round.

Lou also worked for Houllis Bros., a very successful fruit and vegetable shop in Albany Highway not far from Shepparton road in Victoria Park while in his last year of High School.

EMPLOYMENT

After finishing High School Con was told by Mum and Dad to get a job by doorknocking the many banks in St Georges Terrace. So, putting on his suit and a trendy tie, he did as instructed, but with no luck until he happened to meet up with a fellow job seeker, and ex-classmate from Perth Boys High who suggested we go to WA Newspapers Ltd, just a few hundred metres from where we were standing in St. Georges Terrace. He said ‘The West’ look for apprentices at the end of the school year to employ in mid-January. At the staff employment office we filled out various forms, and were immediately interviewed by the assistant Staff Manager, a kind gentle man who told us “we are not employing anybody at present, but come back in three days and we will see what happens”. Con returned as instructed and was accepted and so on Thursday, December 27, 1956 Con reported to the staff office at 8.30am and joined the library department. Con remembers his first wage packet was six pounds five shillings. (\$12.50) Mum got five pounds, (\$10.00) the taxation department three shillings and sixpence (35 cents) and Con one pound one shilling and sixpence (\$2.15).

Peter wanted to join the navy or the police force but Mum wouldn’t let him so Peter joined C.R. Palmer plumbing supplies of Brown Street East Perth as a storeman. Mr Palmer later sold his company to a large Australia wide plumbing supplies company, but remained as Manager. After school days had finished, Lou, aged 15, joined Wigmores Machinery, Wellington Street, City. He was employed as a junior storeman.

SPORT

We three were all interested in all sorts of sports and outdoor activities. In football, we were West Perth Supporters. According to one family member Con “is still a bit of a fanatic.” Mum loved listening to the football on the radio and screamed abuse or praise. We three all played junior football. We started with the WA Temperance League the forerunner of junior football in the Perth metro area and in some country towns.

In the years after the First World War there were fifty football teams playing in regular competition divided into several suburban divisions. In the late 1950s and early 1960s the WA Football League clubs started their own underage competitions by taking the players and teams from the Temperance League which was also known as the Cobbers Club. The “Cobbers” was formed primarily for youngsters and encouraged them to play other sports as well: cricket, billiards and table tennis and gave temperance talks and conducted beach events around the state.

Con was the secretary of the Cobbers Club for several years in the late 1950s and early 1960s. We all played for Perth Cobbers. The matches were played at Wellington Square in East Perth) on Saturday mornings starting at 9am. Occasionally we played our matches at Hamilton Square, West Perth. Peter was a very good footballer. He played as a ruckman and on one occasion (1957) won the FC Swain medal for the best and fairest player in the competition for that season. We didn’t have proper football boots and Peter was told by his footy coach to get “some proper footy boots.” Dad had simply nailed sprigs on an old pair of boots. We were not the only ones in that position. Many of

the boys who played for the team (and others in some of the other teams) did not have the money to buy football boots. One of the players in our team appeared every Saturday morning wearing his pyjama top, changed into his Guernsey and after the match replaced his pyjama top and went home. Peter did not get a new pair of boots until he started work and could afford to buy his own.

Peter played for Perth Boys High School in the inter high school competition as centre, a crucial position on the field. Sometimes he played three games a week: Normal sports day, Interschool and then Cobbers on Saturday morning. In third year high, in 1954, Perth Boys High School with Peter playing in his customary position won the Australian Schoolboys Football Championship. The talent scouts were obviously watching the championships and Peter was invited to play with the East Perth Football Clubs under 16 years old competition. He played as fullback and then as a half back in the under 18 competition. Peter's league career came to an end when he injured his back during a match.

Lou was also a pretty good football player. He was selected and played for East Perth in the under 16s inter-district knockout competition against Swan Districts at Subiaco oval played on Saturday, September 16, 1961 as a "curtain raiser" to the WAFL first semi Final later that day. He also ran in the relay foot race during the half time interval. Lou also went on to play for West Perth in the "thirds" underage competition. After missing a complete season due to a back injury Lou played the opening two matches for the thirds, and was promoted to the 'seconds' competition playing two games as rover. Part way through the second match his back injury re-occurred and he was carried off the ground. Lou then decided to suspend his football career in the interests of his health. A few years later both Peter and Lou played for a few years with Hellenics' in the now defunct Sunday National Football League.

Football was also played in the passage at '131' much to mums consternation and one day annoyance when a miss directed kick hit the light globe suspended from the ceiling in the centre of the passage and shattered it into many pieces. Mum was not impressed. Luckily light globe smashing did not happen very often. Sometimes we kicked a balloon up and down the passage in our version of a soccer match.

Cricket was also on our sporting calendar. We three played in the Cobbers competition for the Perth club. All matches were played at Wellington Square. Peter played only one season and remembers at one match a batsman hit the ball which dislodged a magpie's nest invoking an angry response from the mother magpie. The match was stopped and all players retired to the dressing rooms while the furious magpie swooped around no doubt looking for the culprit. The game resumed quite some time later by the bemused players and spectators after the magpie had calmed down and left the scene of the 'crime.'

BIKE RIDING: was a favourite pastime. We all three loved riding our pushbike. Peter would ride his bike to the beach and almost everywhere in between. One day he rode to Wanneroo with Eric de Campo to watch a football match! Peter says, "We rode all over Perth, to Wanneroo, Midland and Fremantle usually carrying a football tucked under the handlebars. I do not remember the traffic being very heavy and had no problems. No bike lanes then. I loved flying down Mount Street and riding up and down Reabold Hill on the way to City Beach. Also around the river, near the old Swan Brewery (no Narrows Bridge then) and riding up and down the paths and steps in Lovers Lane at the base of Mount Eliza."

Con and Max McDonald also loved bike riding, and would often disappear for hours riding their bike in our area and many times well beyond. One of their favourite tricks was to leave outside the

Royal Standard Hotel on the Brisbane street and Lake street corner and travel to the next intersection turn left at the next corner and right at the following corner and continue in that manner for hours. It was amazing where they finished several hours later before returning home exhausted. The following time we would turn right at the first corner thereby finishing at a completely different part of the metro area.

SWIMMING: As a family we travelled to Como beach many times either by catching the tram in the city which travelled along Canning Highway to Preston Street Como and then a short walk for us to the beach .Sometimes we travelled there by dads ute or “runabout” as they were known then. Peter and Con were not allowed to go to swimming lessons with the rest of the class in Primary school. Mum thought we might drown. As we grew older we spent a lot of time at Crawley Baths, situated off Mounts Bay road, and then later at City Beach. We were never brilliant swimmers but loved the water, especially the sea and spent a lot of time body surfing. Lou remembers being ‘ducked’ on many occasions by Eric de Campo because Lou was the youngest and smallest of the group.

DARTS

Peter and Eric played darts on the back veranda of the de Campos house. They spent a lot of time practicing and became quite skilful.

GYM

Peter enjoyed sessions at the Apollo Gym which he attended in the early 1960s with Steve Tzapazis. They bulked up and became quite fit.

DANCING

Steve Tsapazi, Peter and sometimes Lou, learned how to dance at Wrightsons, the leading “learn to Dance” studio in central Perth. They were quite accomplished and won many medals in ballroom and Latin dancing at various levels. They became teachers and so did not have to pay a fee on entering the dance studio. Con was coerced by Mum “to go and learn dancing like your brothers.” So, with Lu Belci the intrepid double went on the first night to a dance studio, probably Wrightsons stayed for a few minutes and decided it wasn’t for them. They walked a couple of hundred metres down to Fred’s Billiard Saloon downstairs in Hay street city opposite Foy & Gibson’s department store. We returned to Fred’s on a regular basis on our supposed dance lesson nights.

TENNIS/SQUASH

After Sue and Peter were married they teamed up with Lou and Dianne and Eric and Joyce and played regular games of tennis at Robertson Park. Peter, Lou and Eric also took up squash after marriage, the little ones in their prams while their parents battled it out on court.

MARBLES

Marbles was a popular pastime and usually played in the specially compacted sand outside the Manolas household. We played with both the small (aggies, doogs) and large (taws, tombolas) marbles. Much to our chagrin the best player was quite often Florence Manolas. She even beat some of the older kids on a few occasions. The rules we used meant the winner collected and kept all the marbles left on the ground when the game was won. Con remembers playing marbles at playtime at Saint Brigid’s College against his friend Rocky Isaia and losing a bag full of marbles in a very short time. Eric and Peter used marbles in their gings to attempt to shoot the birds in the mulberry tree at the back of the de Campo house.

RUNNING RACES

We had running races in Lake Street on an almost daily basis. We started on the footpath outside our place at 131, up to the wooden Electricity Pole always known to us as Katina's Pole situated outside the Pampacos house, across the road to the tree outside number 122 (James Kenny's large house) along the footpath down to the Bosich house on the Forbes street and Lake Street corner, across the road to the park in front of the Lake street Kindergarten, along the footpath to Church street and across the road to the finish in front of our place. We had a rule that we all had to stop where we were if a car came, wait until it has passed, and resume the race to the finish. One very hot day Con Tsapazi and Leon Cowle were racing and the sole of Leon's shoe peeled back causing great amusement to all except Leon and his mum.

HILL TROLLEYS

We had great fun with our hill trolleys. They were made mainly by the older kids such as Nugget and Flapper Haldoupis, Skandy Manolas, and a few of the Orange Avenue kids: Archie and his twin Charles and Big Max Jackson. No doubt some of the fathers would assist in the manufacture of the trolleys. They were of a simple construction, a wooden frame with a cut down box as the seat, ball-bearing wheels scavenged from one of the local garages in the front on an axle which the driver controlled with a length of rope instead of a steering wheel. The back wheels were usually old pram wheels or similar. We usually started our ride down the hill from Brisbane Street and would finish outside our house or thereabouts a few hair raising minutes later. Usually we had 'lookouts' at Brisbane place, Robinson Avenue and at the Stuart Street/Forbes street intersection. We would then fly past those corners at a great speed. It was the lookouts task to signal a car was approaching and to stop soon as possible. Sometimes the lookouts would "forget" to signal until the last minute causing a little panic for the rider and the trolley pusher. Some of our more experienced riders learned to manoeuvre the cart into Forbes Street which had a gradient so the cart continued on its speedy way.

BADMINTON

When Con was about eleven years old he was coerced into playing badminton by his best friend at Highgate Primary, Max Macdonald. Play was conducted in the Church hall behind the Church of England building on Lake Street. It was great fun and we played regularly for a couple of years with a group of about fifteen others. Max and Con and a couple of others were the juniors while the rest of the group including Max's sister were the oldies-- from fifteen to eighteen years old. When we commenced playing a strange thing happened which puzzled both Max and Con. All the older children would go into the kitchen and not stay and watch the progress of the Max versus Con contest whereas when the older kids played we youngsters watched every moment of the game. On one occasion Max went into the kitchen and discovered why the older kids went into the kitchen so often. The older boys and the girls were kissing and cuddling!!

TRANSPORT

Uncle gave us his bicycle in 1955. It was a two wheel Malvern Star, red in colour with a black seat/saddle. It was our pride and joy and provided hours of great fun. It was the "right size" for Con but too big for Peter and Lou. Peter learned to ride it through the side of the bar standing on the pedals. On one occasion Con was giving Peter a ride (known to us as a "dinky") on the bar between the handle bar and the saddle in Newcastle Street near Forbes Lane when a Policeman on his regular beat spotted the illegal action. He yelled at us to stop. Con peddled even faster and we escaped the clutches of the law by zooming into Forbes Lane on our way home. Years later Peter bought his own bike when he started work with McIlwraith's.

Dad had two vehicles we remember. The first was a truck which was used in the box factory to collect and then deliver goods. It was an old (probably 1930s) Chevrolet or Ford with a wooden tray and sides. It was also used on the weekend to transport our family. After the box factory was sold (the truck included) Dad bought a smaller version of the truck known as a utility. It was a Chevrolet and sold when Dad became too ill to drive it. One day Con, aged about four, released the handbrake and took the utility across the road narrowly missing the tree out the front of the Robinson house. Luckily there were no other vehicles in our immediate area at the time.

Our first cars were: Lou could not wait and at seventeen and a half bought a dark Green Austin A40, known to us as 'the Ferrari' purchased from Motorways, on the corner of Brisbane and Stirling Streets at the 'heavy' cost of ninety pounds (\$180). Its registration number was UNH543. Servicing was done by Dads mate Vic who lived in Violet Street opposite Hyde Park. Dad was happy he was able to "help out". Lou installed a "sexy" red light on each corner of the ledge of the back seat. The control switch was placed on the right hand side of the steering wheel. When they were operated "they had their effects and results" according to Lou.

One of the most important journey's the 'Ferrari' undertook was to deliver Lou, Dad and Mum to the south western town of Bunbury. Another important journey for the 'Ferrari' was to deliver Mum and Dad to the Nedkoff's house at 522 Charles Street North Perth on a regular (usually fortnightly) basis.

Lou next purchased a HR Holden (rego USM 811) from Sydney Atkinson Motors of Adelaide Terrace in the city using the "Ferrari" as a trade in. Lou says it was to be noted it was 1966; the year decimal currency was introduced to Australia. The car cost \$2350 "all up". Lou had the car for "about nine to twelve months". He sold it for \$1600 not a bad price Lou says. After receiving a company car from his new employer (McIlwraith's) the funds were banked and later used to buy a block of land in Morley for \$5,100.

Peter's first car was a Ford Prefect, bought from Roe Motors when he was eighteen (1961). It was made in the U.K. model 100E, a 1172 cc side valve engine with a thermos circulation radiator (no pump!) a baked enamel black with a dark red leather interior. It was a manual 4 cylinder and very economical to drive. It also had a speed limiter, a button in front of the accelerator to stop exceeding the speed limit. Peter was very proud of it, keeping it clean and spotless, washing it every weekend on the verge just outside number 131. Peter hated parting with his Prefect when his employer McIlwraith's supplied him with a company car with the sales rep job, and sadly the Prefect was sold to John Hughes Motors when they were operating from premises on the corner of Stirling Street and Parry Street East Perth before moving to Victoria Park and fame and fortune.

Con bought a 1960 Volkswagen 'beetle' in February 1962. It was blue with a white stripe, number plate ULB594 and was known as 'ulby' It had white wall tyres which were removed not long after purchase because they got dirty quickly and often.

For us public transport was frequent and convenient. We had two different size trams on our route: the larger W class which was licenced to carry about 80 passengers and the smaller, half as long tram with provision to carry 40 passengers. Both trams had wooden seats which resemble today's garden seats. There were two operators on the tram, the driver who was at the front in his own cab and the conductor, who collected the fares, rang the bell or called out to indicate to the driver all passengers who alighted or entered the tram had done so and it was safe to move on.

The conductor also helped any Mum who had a pram with her; he kept an eye on the goings on in the tram and very importantly had the task of restoring power when the tram lost the connection of the wooden pole on the tram roof with the electricity wires. This usually happened if the tram turned the corner too fast. When the tram reached the end of the route, known as the terminus, there being a duplicate set of controls at either end of the tram, the driver would go to the opposite end of the tram, the conductor would reset the wooden pole and they would be ready to commence the return journey.

On both ends of the tram was a metal bumper wide enough to carry (illegally) several passengers when the tram was full especially after the football match on a Saturday afternoon had ended at Leederville Oval, home of the West Perth Football Club who were known as the 'cardinals' or 'garlic munchers.' There was a couple of sturdy metal hooks on the back of the "W" trams on which prams were placed after the baby was removed from the pram. On one occasion we witnessed a lady being a little tardy in taking the baby out of the pram which she had placed on the hook and about to remove the baby when the tram started moving. Pandemonium ensued! The lady was hysterically screaming "stop" and many passengers joined in. The tram stopped having travelled only a few metres, there were lots of tears and apologies but it was all sorted quickly and the journey continued with no further problems.

On another occasion we were going into town, Peter and Con had got onto the tram leaving Mum, Dad and Lou waiting to alight at the Newcastle Hotel corner tram stop. The tram started to move before the rest of our family had alighted. Peter jumped off the tram leaving Con stranded on the tram. The conductor had quickly sized up the situation, the tram was stopped and the shaken-up waiting passengers got onto the tram.

Our local tram service, route number 15, commenced in 1911 on what was known as the Leederville line. It started in William Street city, opposite the Capitol Theatre, turned left into Newcastle Street on its journey to Oxford Street Leederville, turned right into Oxford Street to the terminus a couple of hundred metres further along. In the early 1950s the route number was altered to number 16 and the route extended by a left hand turn into Scarborough Beach Road and the terminus a few hundred metres from the Oxford Street corner.

The last tram travelled on route number 16 in early 1957. The whole tram network closed down on July 19 1958 amid great fanfare: bands, flags and milling crowds in Beaufort Street city up to the terminus in Inglewood. Trolley buses, the first of which was a Leyland model imported from the UK to compliment the 121 trams already in use around the metro area arrived aboard the steamship Limerick at the Fremantle wharf on June 10, 1933. They replaced the tram routes until they too were closed down on August 29, 1969 and replaced by buses which still operate in the metro area.

CULTURE AND ENTERTAINMENT

We enjoyed the singing at the Newcastle Club Hotel on the corner of Newcastle and Lake Street. We would jump up outside the windows on the Lake street side of the hotel and watch the happy patrons singing. The favourite song was without any doubt 'Diana' by Paul Anka, sung with great gusto, and as the night wore on with increasing loudness. Those who did not know the words would just shout 'Diyyannaa' at the appropriate time.

At the time hotels were compelled to close at 6pm and that caused the 'six o'clock swill' which usually meant a drinker bought several drinks a few minutes before 6pm, lined them up in front of himself and drank on for quite some time before the hotel closed. All legal as the drinks had been

purchased before 6pm. In the mid-1950s the law changed and closing time was extended to 9pm and still later to 10pm. The six o'clock swill was averted as the law was altered so that drinking was banned after the official closing time.

The Salvation Army band would play on a regular basis usually Friday, Saturday or Sunday evenings from the back of a truck around the city and sometimes our area. People would come out from their house and listen to the music which contained a fair amount of religion and hymns. We as a family would sometimes go into the city centre especially Murray Street and Forrest Place and enjoy the marching and the music. Mum loved music and would walk around the house singing. Her favourite was 'Bimbo' a song about a cute little boy. It probably reminded her of her three sweet little angels.

Going to the cinema was a popular pastime for our family. Our local theatre was the Premier Theatre on the corner of Stirling and Bulwer Streets in Highgate not far from. Highgate Primary School It was built in 1930 but partly destroyed by fire in 1932. The Norton Family owned the Premier together with the adjoining Picture Gardens (generally used only during the summer months) but converted the indoor theatre into an ice skating rink in the early 1960s and eventually sold the whole property (in 1982) to developers.

In the city block there was several cinemas: The Grand in Murray Street, the Mayfair, Royal, Ambassadors, Savoy, Plaza and Piccadilly in Hay Street, the Metro and Capitol in William Street and the Liberty in Barrack Street. Doreen Tolj, daughter of our neighbour in Church street, was the ticket box usherette in the foyer of the Royal theatre and she would quite often let us boys in for no charge by yelling, "let these boys in" to the usherette standing near the door entrance of the theatre. No doubt to the chagrin to the long queues of (mainly) children waiting to enter and watch the delights unfold.

The Saturday matinee usually started at 11am and finished just before 2pm. The session generally had a newsreel, a couple of short films, a serial, and a couple of cartoons before the intermission and then the main movie played after the intermission. We would take our lunch, usually sandwiches, to eat at intermission.

Over the years we saw many films, with a few still fondly remembered: The Red Shoes (Grand) An American in Paris, (Metro)), Quo Vadis (Metro) The Greatest Show On Earth (Royal) Singing In The Rain (Metro) High Noon (Ambassadors) South Pacific (Piccadilly) My Fair Lady (Royal) Gigi (Metro) Bridge on the River Kwai, The Robe, East Of Eden, Rebel Without A Cause, The King And I, Around The World In 80 Days, the Ma and Pa Kettle series, Some Like It Hot, Ben Hur, The Ten Commandments, Spartacus, Psycho, Breakfast at Tiffany's, El Cid, West Side Story, Lawrence of Arabia.

Lou at only eleven years old worked at the Ambassadors as an 'ice cream tray boy' for about eighteen months in 1956/57. Occasionally he would work at the Plaza Theatre when they were busy. The most outstanding feature of 'the Ambass to us kids was the magnificent blood red curtain depicting a peacock with a huge very colourful tail. The film show would start when the curtain was raised to loud cheers from the children at the Saturday morning matinee.

We had a radio in the dining room. It was a Mantel model made of Bakelite (a type of plastic) about 30 cm long, 25cms high and 25cms wide. It sat on a small side dresser near the fireplace or the mantelpiece and sometimes on the floor. We had the radio on from early morning all day and until bedtime and it told us of world events, gave us the latest hit tunes sometimes too noisily for our parents, and all the grand serials: Portia Faces Life, Blue Hills, and its successor The Lawson's,

Biggles, Dad and Dave, Jungle Doctor, John Turners Family, When a Girl Marries, and Yes What, a hilarious tale of Dr Pym's School and definitely our favourite. His three wayward pupils were Bottomley, Greenbottle and de Pledge. Three of Mum's favourites were Dad and Dave, a tale of life in the bush, John Turners Family and Jungle Doctor. Other shows we listened to were: Amateur Hour presented for many years by Terry Dear, the Jack Davey Show which was a quiz show of sorts but mainly of laughs, the Lux Radio Theatre presented plays every Sunday at 8pm, the Charlie Carters Banknote Quiz broadcast Monday to Friday at 6.22pm exactly in which a serial number on a current ten shilling note (now \$1) was read out by the station announcer. If you had the note in question all you had to do was contact the radio station (6KY) and you were the winner of the jackpot which increased daily until it was won. When Rock n Roll arrived in the 1950s the volume was increased "quite a bit" by the now teenaged Con, and Peter not far behind, much to the annoyance of Dad who would yell "turn down that Yah Yah Yah". The "Top 40" hit parade started in 1958 was heard on 6KY. It was a real bugbear for Dad.

Some of the music we listened to in 1946: Rum and Coca Cola by the Andrews Sisters, Sioux City Sue by Bing Crosby, in 1947 Bing Crosby again, this time with Al Jolson singing The Anniversary Song; Prisoner of Love by the Inkspots, in 1949 Dinah Shore and Gene Autry singing Buttons and Bows, Perry Como singing Rambling Rose, Bing Crosby and Vaughn Monroe singing Riders In The Sky and Burl Ives teaming up with Dinah Shore for Lavender Blue; 1950 Perry Como with two hits: A, you're adorable and I've got a Lovely Bunch of Coconuts, Donald Peers with Music, Music, Music!, Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters with Quick Silver, The Weavers with Goodnight Irene, (one of Mums favourites), and Nat King Cole with Mona Lisa. He continued in 1951 with Too Young, Guy Mitchel had two hits: My Heart Cries for You and My Truly, Truly Fair, Dinah Shore had Sweet Violets, Doris Day was Bewitched and Debbie Reynolds teamed up with Colin Carpenter for Aba Daba Honeymoon, again one of Mums favourites. In 1952 Tony Bennett had two hits: Cold, Cold, Heart and Because of You. Eddie Fisher also had two hits: Tell Me Why and Anytime, John Ray was on top of the hit parade for five weeks with Cry, but only two weeks with walking My Baby Back Home. Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong sang A Kiss to Build a Dream On, England's Vera Lynne sang Auf Wiedersehen, Sweetheart! In 1953 Eddie Fisher teamed up with Winifred Attwell for Lady of Spain and Frank Sinatra for I'm Walking Behind You; Patti Page wondered How Much is that Doggy in the Window, and I Went To Your Wedding, Percy Faith gave us an instrumental Moulin Rouge, Dinah Shore sang Hi-Lilli Hi-Lo, and Jimmy Boyd who was about 15 at the time saw Mummy Kissing Santa Claus Last Night. He teamed up with Frankie Lane to sing Tell Me a Story, Teresa Brewer sang Till I Waltz Again With You and Mario Lanza teamed up with Nat King Cole for Because You're Mine. In 1954 Dean Martin sang That's Amore and Sway, Nat King Cole Pretend, Tony Bennett Rags to Riches, Eddie Fisher Oh My Poppa, Frank Weir's orchestra presented The Happy Wanderer, Kitty Kallen sang Little Things Mean a Lot, and Petula Clark The Little Shoemaker. In 1955 Bill Haley and the Comets presented the biggest song of the year and now a legend in music: Rock Around The Clock. The Four Lads sang Skokiann, the Four Aces followed with Melody of Love, Mario Lanza sang Serenade from "The Student Prince", Nat King Cole sang Hold My Hand, Eddie Fisher I Need You Now, Teresa Brewer Let Me Go Lover! And Al Hibbler crooned Unchained Melody, Frank Sinatra Learning the Blues, Tony Bennett Stranger in Paradise and Tennessee Ernie Ford sang Davey Crockett. In 1956 Ford teamed up with Frankie Lane to present Sixteen Tons, Mitch Miller sang Yellow Rose of Texas, Dean Martin crooned Memories are Made of This, Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong sang Mack the Knife, Kaye Starr the Rock'n'Roll Waltz, The Platters sang The Great Pretender, Doris Day had Que Sera, Sera on top of the hit parade for eight weeks, and Johnny Ray was Just Walking In the Rain for nine weeks. In 1957 there were five tunes at the top of the hit parade for eight weeks each: Paul Anka and Diana (The Friday and Saturday night favourite at the Newcastle Club Hotel), Bing Crosby and Nat King Cole's Around the World, the Kingston Trio Tom Dooley, Perry Como Round and Round and also Catch a Falling Star,

Pat Boone had two big hits: Love Letters in the Sand and a few weeks later April Love. The 14 year old Laurie London had the world in thrall with He's got the whole world in his arms, Sheb Wooley (The purple people Eater) and Aussie Slim Dusty made people laugh with "the Pub With no beer". A year later Elvis starred with A fool such as I, Frankie Avalon gave us Venus, Johnny Horton The battle of New Orleans, Bill Halley Joeys song, Johnny Ray sang I'll never fall in love again, then slowing the tempo a little The Browns presented The Three Bells and Conway Twitty Mona Lisa. In 1960 rock and roll dominated: Crash Craddock Boom, Boom Baby, JOK noisily gave us She's my Baby, and Come on and Take my hand, Elvis was Stuck on You, and It's now or Never; countering that was Lonnie Donegans amusing My Old Mans A Dustman, Connie Francis "Everybody is Somebody's Fool, Rolf Harris "Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport" and Jimmie Rodgers sang Just a closer Walk with Thee. In 1961 Rock-n-Roll continued its domination, Elvis leading with "Are you lonesome tonight", "Wooden Heart" and "Surrender". JOK warned: I'm Counting on You", Del Shannon was a "Runaway", The Big "O" was "Crying", Del Shannon sang "Runaway" a determined Eddie Hodges "I'm gonna knock on your door" , The Drifters crooned "Save the last Dance for Me", Crash Craddock wanted "One Last Kiss", and the UK's Andy Stewart sang "Scottish Soldier" and comedian Charlie Drake "My Boomerang Won't Come Back!" no doubt inspired during a tour of Australia. And In 1962 Elvis continued his domination at the top of the hit parade with "Can't Help Falling In Love" and "Good Luck Charm": Bobby Darrin sang "Multiplication", Aussie Lucky Starr "I've Been Everywhere" which later spawned UK and USA Versions, and Mr Acker Bilk led his group in "Stranger On the Shore," The Big O sang "working For The Man", Bobby Vinton "Roses Are Red", Frank Ifield "I Remember You", Nat King Cole sang "Rambling Rose" Toni Fisher was "West of The Wall", Cliff Richard asked "Do You Wanna Dance" and Chubby Checker was doing the "Limbo Rock." In 1963 the Beach Boys had two hits: "Surfing USA" and "Surfer Girl", Elvis accused "You're The Devil in Disguise", Johnny Cash sang "Ring Of Fire", "Blue Velvet" came from Bobby Vinton, Paul and Paula teamed up to sing "Hey Paula", the Village Stompers sang "Washington Square", Andy Williams lamented "Can't Get Used to Losing You", Peter Paul and Mary combined to sing "Puff the Magic Dragon" a great hit with children, and then "Blowing In the Wind", Bobby Darin confessed "You're the Reason I'm Living", Trini Lopez sang "If I Had A Hammer", Ruby and the Romantics hoped "Our Day Will Come", and The Big O sang "In Dreams". In 1964 English Group The Beatles hit the world by storm with no less than nine songs on the worlds hit parades: "Can't buy me Love", "Hard day's Night", "Please , Please me", "Love Me Do", "I Wanna Hold Your Hand", "She Loves You", "Twist and Shout", and "I Saw Her standing There". Dean Martin crooned "Everybody Loves Somebody", Satchmo growled "Hello Dolly", The big O sang "Pretty Woman", Mary Well sang "My Guy" and Dusty Springfield was : "Wishing and Hoping." In 1965 the Beatles continued on their winning way with "Help", "Yesterday", and "Eight Days a Week", Elvis was "Crying In the Chapel", the Rolling Stones first hit was "I can't Get No Satisfaction", Roger Miller was "King Of the Road", Sonny and Cher combined for "I Got You Babe", Herman's Hermits joined the hit parade with "Mrs Brown You've Got a Lovely Daughter" and "Silhouettes", The Supremes demanded: "Stop in the Name of Love", Tom Jones wiggled his way through " What's New Pussycat" and "It's Not Unusual" fellow Welsh resident Shirley Bassey sang "Goldfinger", Gerry and the Pacemakers sang " Ferry Across the Mersey" and Aussie group The Seekers debuted with "I'll Never Find Another You.'. The radio we had as children is now in Lou's safekeeping and still operates.

CIRCUS

We didn't have a very good relationship with the circus world. When we were quite little (Con about ten) our family went to the circus which had arrived in Perth a few weeks previous and set up at the Esplanade in the city. On the night we attended, a week night, there were very few people in attendance. The ringmaster came out and announced they would not be performing due to the small number of paying customers. We trooped off to the ticket office, retrieved our entrance fee money

and then sent home.

.....**AND BEYOND...**

In the 1960's we three boys left home. Peter was first, marrying Sue Jeannette Brown (born September 14, 1946) at the Four Square Gospel Church, Victoria Park on September 11, 1965. Con was next to leave "131". He married Christine Hilda Micklefield, (born on January 3, 1942 in Chelmsford, England) at the New Church, Adelaide Terrace, Perth on Saturday July 9, 1966. Lou married Diane Lambert at St Augustine's Church in Manning on October 5, 1967.

In 1970 Mum and Dad moved to number 10 Brisbane Place, just around the corner from '131' after the Kakulas brothers advised they will be selling number 131. The new house was owned by our Auntie and Uncle. We three boys and families bought a washing machine for Mum, the first one she had owned, despite her protest that she did not need one. After a few weeks in her possession she grudgingly agreed it was a good idea. Dad at this time was in poor health, moved into Brisbane Place for a short time until his doctor advised us Dad should be sent to Sunset House, a place for old and ailing men in Dalkeith overlooking the Swan River. Dad died there just after midnight on April 26, 1974.

Mum moved into her very first owner-occupied house at 8 Traylen Road Bayswater, just a few steps from Guildford Road and the Maylands Shopping Centre, on July 8, 1980 after we three boys and families clubbed together with Mum to purchase the property. Mum was very proud of her little house and loved showing her neighbours and anybody passing by who had made a favourable comment, her front garden in which she spent a lot of time and effort. Mum grew vegetables in the back yard and loved sharing any surplus with us. Mum became ill with cancer and we had the Silver Chain ladies call into the house daily to help Mum through the day. Not long before Mum died we three boys and wives organised to stay overnight on a roster system to help Mum through the night. About 9pm on Saturday March 6, 1991, Christine and Con were "on roster" when Mum who was asleep shuddered from a heart attack and died. Phone calls to the Silver Chain and the other two families and Uncle with the tragic news were followed by the rapid arrival of the Silver Chain nurse who confirmed Mum had died. Shortly afterwards the funeral directors arrived. Mum was buried next to Dad at Karrakatta Cemetery after a service at the Greek Church in Parker Street Northbridge. Mums 'pride and joy' house was sold on October 4, 1991.