

Real to Reel

Newsletter of Oral History Tasmania Inc.



ISSN Digital edition 2208-4479
Print edition 1039-0707

No.87 December 2019

CONTENTS

News from the Executive – Jill Cassidy	1
President's Report 2018–2019 – Jill Cassidy	3
Financial statement 2018–2019	4
The people you meet each day – Elizabeth Nickols	5
2019 Oral History Australia conference – report by Yvette Barry	15
– report by Elisha Goss	16

NEWS FROM THE EXECUTIVE – Jill Cassidy

Oral history workshop

This year's workshop will be held in Launceston on Saturday May 30. Details will be sent soon, but in the meantime you may like to tell friends or family who could be interested.

Seminar and AGM

There was a good roll-up for the September seminar and we heard three interesting presentations. Elizabeth Nickols' fascinating account of the lives of 'five ordinary people', mostly migrants, can be found on page 5.

As always, the Annual General Meeting was held in conjunction with the seminar. All except long-standing committee member Terry Fritsche were re-elected to their positions, and I congratulate and thank them for their continued commitment.

Terry had announced previously that she would stand down. She had been on the committee since 2008, and had spent much of those eleven years as the minutes secretary. We will miss her contributions and wish her all the best for the future. Karin Lê has kindly agreed to become the third signatory for cheques in place of Terry.

We are delighted that Cindy Thomas has agreed to join us on the committee. She has been working at Aboriginal Heritage Tasmania as an Aboriginal Heritage Advisor and recently as Program Coordinator. Previously she worked at the Queen Victoria Museum & Art Gallery and has participated in archaeological excavations and Aboriginal heritage surveys.

Ethics – new guidelines for students released

Guidelines aimed at explaining the unique nature of oral history research techniques are now available for postgraduate students to help in negotiations with university ethics committees. They can be found on the Oral History Australia website:

[Oral history and ethics - OHA guidance sheet 29 September 2019.doc](#)

National conference

Many thanks to the committee who part-funded my trip to Brisbane for the Oral History Australia conference. I was able to network with other delegates and get many tips for when we host the conference in 2021. Each delegate received a postcard about Launceston (provided by Business Events Tasmania), and an invitation to come to Launceston was on display. As well, I gave a short speech before the final plenary presentation to spruik the conference.

Our two scholarship winners, Yvette Barry and Elisha Goss, actively participated and have written comprehensive accounts which can be found on pages 15 and 16.

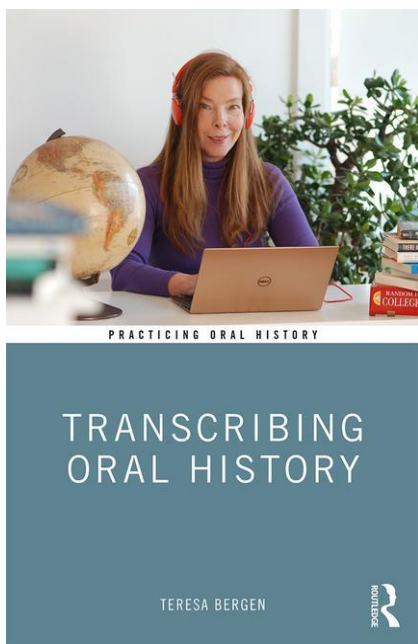


Yvette Barry, Elisha Goss and Jill Cassidy

Expressions of interest in reviewing websites, etc.

The Editors and Reviews Editor of the *Oral History Australia Journal* are calling for expressions of interest from OHA members for reviews of relevant websites, exhibitions and performances for inclusion in the 2020 edition of the OHAJ. Please contact Reviews Editor Gemmia Burden: g.burden@uq.edu.au

* * *



Teresa Bergen

Transcribing Oral History offers a comprehensive guide to the transcription of qualitative interviews, an often richly debated practice within the oral history field.

Beginning with an introduction to the field and an overview of the many disciplines that conduct and transcribe interviews, the book goes on to offer practical advice to those looking to use transcription within their own projects. A helpful how-to section covers technology, style guides, ways to format transcripts and how to troubleshoot the many problems that can arise. In addition to the practicalities of transcription itself, the book encourages the reader to consider legal and ethical issues, and the effects of troubling audio on the transcriptionist. It explains how scholars can turn recorded interviews and transcripts into books, films and museum exhibits, enabling the reader to understand the wider concerns surrounding transcription as well as the practical uses to which it can be put.

Based upon the author's personal experience as a freelance transcriptionist and interviews with more than 30 professionals working around the world in the oral history and qualitative research fields, it is an indispensable guide for those involved in interviews and transcription at any level of an oral history project, including historians, transcriptionists, interviewers, project administrators, archivists, researchers and students.

Published by Routledge

PRESIDENT'S REPORT 2018–2019

Jill Cassidy

It gives me great pleasure to present the President's Report for 2018–2019.

In August 2018 we held another interesting seminar. In 'Glimpses: stories from the Tasmanian Archives', Anthony Black spoke about this project combining oral histories with photographs, letters and films, helpfully mentioning the various resources that the State Library and Archives Service can provide. Dr Tony McCormack's 'Stories of farmers in the Evandale municipality' was based on interviews conducted for several books. Finally, Rena Henderson rounded off the day by giving a fascinating account of the various attempts to control the spread of rabbits in Tasmania through the eyes of her interviewee, pest controller Doug Brooks. The seminar attendance was lower than previous years which may have been due to clashes with other events. September seminars seem to attract more people.

Another successful workshop was held at the Glenorchy library in May, with spirited discussion from the usual variety of attenders. We have used the library for some years now for our Hobart workshop and it has proved an excellent venue.

As mentioned in last year's report, I was asked to write a history of Oral History Tasmania to be included in the book, *The Kaleidoscope of Launceston: Shedding More Light on the Fabric* (a follow-up to 2016's *The Fabric of Launceston*). The committee felt that members would be interested to read the story and it appeared in a recent issue of our newsletter, *Real to Reel*. An abbreviated version appeared in the *Examiner*.

A new inclusion in some of our newsletters is information from our institutional members. So far we have had contributions from Jaydeyn Thomas of Devonport's Bass Strait Maritime Centre and Kym Matthews from the St Helens History Room. They have been well received.

Because of my own ongoing relationship with the Queen Victoria Museum and Art Gallery, Oral History Tasmania archives have always been kept at the museum's Inveresk campus. Due to a reorganisation of space, there was some concern about where they might continue to be held safely. I am therefore very pleased to report that they have now been officially accepted into the museum's archives, with annual additions to be accepted into the future. This is a very pleasing outcome.

The reorganisation also led to the rationalisation of the association's equipment. Several small tape recorders plus a transcribing machine using tapes were found to have no monetary value and were given away. The 20-year-old Marantz tape recorder was sold for \$100.

As usual in a national conference year we offered a scholarship for a student to attend. Two applicants, Yvette Barry and Elisha Goss, were deemed equally worthy. Eventually the committee decided to award a scholarship to both, as some years back a scholarship had not been awarded at all. We look forward to reading their conference accounts in the December issue of *Real to Reel*.

The committee is still running smoothly, with Alison Johnston continuing to take the minutes and Lana Wall keeping track of the finances. However, there have been several changes of personnel as Andrew Parsons and Jen Thompson stood aside, and later the long-serving Pauline Schindler moved away. Fortunately, they have been replaced by Jon Addison, Jai Paterson and Karin Lê who have fitted in very well. I would like to thank them all for their contributions, along with Terry Fritsche and Leonie Prevost who have continued on the committee. And as always I would like to thank the Queen Victoria Museum and Art Gallery for its continued support.

* * *

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS

Oral History Tasmania Inc	2019	2018
<i>For the year ended 30 June 2019</i>	<i>\$</i>	<i>\$</i>
	<i>Notes</i>	
Receipts		
Equipment hire and sales	140	150
Interest received	24	24
Membership	1,405	1,373
Sale of handbooks	32	250
Seminar/AGM	365	635
Term deposit interest	201	205
Workshop	370	260
Total Receipts	2,537	2,897
Payments		
Audit fee	100	100
Executive expenses	135	214
Filing fees	63	62
Insurance - equipment	586	559
OHAA capitation fees	495	510
Seminar/AGM costs	396	595
Website	300	350
Workshop	354	315
Total Payments	2,429	2,705
Net surplus for the year	108	192
Accumulated funds at the beginning of the financial year	12,428	12,236
Accumulated funds at the end of the financial year	12,536	12,428
Represented by:		
Commonwealth Bank - cheque account	6,611	4,704
Mystate Financial - term deposit	5,925	7,724
	12,536	12,428

I have examined the financial records and supporting documents of Oral History Tasmania Inc for the year ended June 2019.

I report as follows:


I have obtained the information required.

The attached accounts are properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the financial position, according to the information at my disposal and the explanations given to me.

The rules relating to the administration of the funds have been observed.

Date: 1 September 2019

Name: Phillip James Brown

Signed: 

THE PEOPLE YOU MEET EACH DAY: a life experience of five ordinary people

Elizabeth Nickols

A talk given at the Oral History Tasmania seminar on 21 September 2019.

I'd like to share with you a brief glimpse of the life stories of five 'ordinary' people – not one of them is famous, but each of them has had remarkable experiences coloured by World War 2, migration and the determination to make every opportunity valuable. Marcia's story was one of my first efforts. I hadn't yet learnt of 'oral history' so most of the details were written on pieces of paper and collated while the details were still fresh in my mind.

MARCIA'S STORY

Her father called her 'unconscious'. Her grand- & great-grandchildren call her 'Missie' and a mutual Scottish friend calls her the 'Duchess of Auchtermuchty' - with great reverence.

On 18 June 1925 when Grace Hocking gave birth to her second daughter, Marcia, her husband Arthur was deployed overseas with the Australian Navy. The little girl was a timid child, always very tall for her age. Her older sister June was an extrovert, her younger brother Don 'the golden haired son', and she often felt lost between the two. There were lots of things that made her nervous: her father, a big man with a big voice who appeared from time to time; the 'dunny' down the back path with its huge spiders; and the constant anxiety in case the 'night-man' should come while she was there; not to mention the dentist - the big drama of her childhood. After a filling when she was six, she developed a swelling in her jaw. The doctor recommended 'hot foment' to be applied hourly, but this only aggravated the problem and two days later Marcia was rushed delirious to the nearest private hospital. Only an urgent operation saved her life. The upswing of all this was a shaven head and great ridicule when she went back to school. She laughs now when she imagines her tall, skinny, pale, bald-headed self, wearing a beanie and with shoes on the wrong feet! That was her Dad's 'naval' remedy to straighten her feet which had been twisted at birth (and it worked!)

But it wasn't all bad. Each time her father came home he was laden down with the most exotic gifts for each of them. Marcia remembers a black doll, a grey kimono embroidered with lotus flowers and packed in a silk case, and a beautifully inlaid sandalwood jewellery box, satin-lined with her initials on the lid. All from far-away places with strange sounding names.

Each day she and June trudged the half hour walk to and from Chatswood Public School. Normally she never felt confident enough to put up her hand in class for fear of answering a question incorrectly. But one time she absolutely knew the name of the range of mountains in southern Scotland being pointed out on a map – the Campsie Hills. Marce was so pleased with herself for getting something right that she never forgot the incident. Little did she know then that ten years later she was to be married at the foot of those hills.

In December 1936 the family relocated to Darwin. They were there for three years before returning to Sydney for three months' leave, but because war was declared during that time they didn't return until March 1941, when Marcia began work at the Darwin telephone exchange. It was to be of short duration. As a result of the Japanese invasion of the Malay Peninsula early in December and sightings of enemy reconnaissance planes, an attack on northern Australia appeared imminent. Twelve hundred women and children, including Grace, Marcia and Don, were given 24 hours' notice to pack one bag each, ready for evacuation on the troop ship *Zealandia* on December 18. Marcia did not want to leave, but being under age she had no choice. It was no comfort to learn that all her friends at the Post Office were killed in a direct hit by enemy planes and her father seriously injured while working on the boom gates in the harbour during the Japanese attack.

Meanwhile as the *Zealandia* was heading down the Queensland coast, the sighting of a Japanese submarine close behind caused the ship to seek safe waters in Bowen until the danger passed. Once the ship arrived in Sydney, the family caught the train to Melbourne. Marcia, not yet 17, started work at a small switchboard in an Army Supply department, but after the busy exchange and war drama in Darwin, she was bored to tears; she desperately wanted to join the Women's Royal Australian Naval Service (WRANS). She enlisted on her 18th birthday and joined the Fleet Radio Unit, Melbourne (FRUMEL), an allied signals intelligence unit, where

she was part of a team examining intercepted messages. When decoded, these provided intelligence information on Japanese military and naval movements to the commanders of the Allied forces in the Pacific area.

One weekend Marcia was one of four WRANS invited to a luncheon on board the merchant ship *City of Derby*. Here she met Dave, a Scottish radio officer, who invited her to a movie the next night. Due to a waterside workers' strike, the ship was held up for six weeks before it left for New York and so their romance developed. For some time afterwards, she received mail from various ports, but after a disagreement, did not expect to hear from Dave again. However, Cupid was on a mission; instead of sailing back to the United Kingdom from New York, the ship received orders to return to Australia with cargo for Melbourne. So Dave came back – with a proposal of marriage and six pairs of the longest silk stockings she had ever seen.

At the end of the war, Dave resigned from seafaring and took a job in the pay office of the Scottish Railways in Glasgow. He then arranged a passage to the UK for Marcia aboard the *City of Carlisle* on her five-week maiden voyage. There was luxurious accommodation for 12 people, including a very large cabin and two stewards who saw to everything. Obviously Dave had worked a miracle. He met her in Liverpool when the ship berthed and together they caught the overnight train to Glasgow.

On arrival, Dave had to go straight to work so Marcia was bundled into a taxi with his sister Ella and taken to his home where Dave's parents welcomed her. She was head and shoulders over them all and they were all speaking in a strong Scottish tongue that she found impossible to understand. They were very kind but it was the longest day of her life waiting for Dave to come home from work. Three weeks later on 22 July 1947, they were married in Lennoxton at the foot of those Campsie Hills. Living with Dave's family for the next 14 months was not an ideal situation as the semi-detached house was barely large enough to accommodate seven adults and later a new baby, so they made the decision that whichever came first – rental housing or assisted passage back to Australia – they would take. And so it was that they left the UK on the *Empire Brent* in October 1948 with their baby daughter, bound for Melbourne.

Their second child was six months old when Dave successfully applied for a two-year position of signalman at the Macquarie Heads pilot station on the west coast of Tasmania, which would give them a chance to save a little money. Although living conditions were primitive, Marcia grew to love the remote wilderness. The only means of transport to the nearest settlement was a small motor-boat kept moored at the jetty for a 1½ hour trip to Strahan in favourable conditions.

Normally she appreciated the serenity of the place but there were times when living so far from civilisation had its drawbacks. On one occasion it was the quiet that suddenly broke into her consciousness - the children! Only seconds ago they had been making daisy chains on the lawn. She called out to them again and again, but no answer. She quickly took the track up the hill to the radio station where Dave was working, hoping they might be there, but he hadn't seen them. Together they began to search. They hadn't gone far, when they were frozen with shock and fear at the sight of the two little girls, way, way down at the very bottom of the cliff, on a ledge of rock worn smooth by centuries of crashing waves, happily throwing stones into the ugly gulch, where waves were known to thunder in the ebb tide drawing everything in their wake. And the tide was turning.



Marcia and children at Macquarie Heads

Dave muttered, eyes wide with fear, but he knew not to frighten them in case they overbalanced. He began the descent, carefully trying not to dislodge any stones. 'Lunch is ready, children.' They looked up laughing, quite oblivious to the danger, and began picking their way towards him, dislodging small stones, which bounced their way down into the water. 'Stand still', he called as he clambered down. It was a huge relief when he eventually reached them and guided them back to safety.

Another dramatic incident occurred one Friday. As Dave prepared the boat for the weekly stores trip to Strahan he noticed the signs of rough weather to come. So he set off alone, enjoying the spray on his weather-beaten face. At least there was a party-line telephone and he always rang before the return journey. On this particular night, he decided to make a run for it despite the worsening weather. The going was rough right from the time he left the wharf and within minutes he was battling against heavy seas in the pitch blackness.

On shore the wind was gale force. The windows were rattling and Marcia could hear the crashing of the waves against the rocks below as she put the children to bed. She had to be ready to take a line and secure it when the boat arrived, so she kept watch from the bedroom window. Suddenly she spotted the boat tossing high on the waves, with Dave battling in an effort to reach the landing. She flew down to the jetty, but was knocked over by the force of the wind. Practically crawling to the ramp she grabbed an upright and held on while Dave made a number of approaches. Once she managed to catch the rope and secure it but it snapped as if cut with a knife. The little boat came in again with engine roaring, only to be swept past in a huge avalanche of ebbing water. He turned again, nosing the little boat back into the fury and battled further into the harbour, so as to come in at a different angle behind the jetty. It was a good move. Marcia was able to grab the line and make it fast while he thumped the boat against the side of the jetty and, jumping ashore, he secured the boat with expertise. When they reached the house her two little girls stood, arms around each other, eyes wide with fear. 'Mummy! We were frightened!' they whimpered. Gathering them into her arms she offered a prayer of thanks for their survival for she realised with horror that both parents could easily have been swept away in the fury and nobody would have known!

In 1952, the family moved to Queenstown, then to Penguin in 1955. Because Marcia always had regrets about her own lack of educational opportunities, she and Dave worked hard to ensure that their girls received the best education – five graduated with university degrees and one with a secretarial diploma. She is still living in her home today, aged 94, a very regal and wise lady.

JAAP HENDRIKS

Five Hendriks brothers migrated to Tasmania in the early 1950s. On my first visit to Jan, the only surviving member, I found a very shy man who couldn't understand why anyone would be interested in his story. It was shaping up to be a very short chapter in my book! On that occasion I just concentrated on basics - getting some relevant Dutch names and places spelt correctly and listening to a few family stories, while giving him the opportunity to get to know me. Next visit, I invited a Dutch friend who knew him well and was better able to ask the relevant questions about events, people and places that would stir Jan's memories.

Although I've concentrated on only one of the brothers, it is impossible to exclude the others as they were a very close knit family. Jaap, the eldest, was born in 1917. He had five brothers – Berend, Johan, Jan, Co and Rijk – and one sister, (H)on. They grew up in Baarn, in the province of Utrecht, where their father Jacob ran a joinery business. After leaving school, Jaap and Jan became carpenters and joiners, Berend a fitter and turner, Co a pastry chef and Rijk a lawyer's clerk. Johan joined the merchant navy and (H)on became the head recreationist at a psychiatric hospital.

When German invasion seemed imminent, all the homes in the street on which the Hendriks lived were demolished, in the belief that the houses would obstruct a clear view of the approaching enemy. For the duration of the war and until they were compensated by the Government, the family had to live in a makeshift hut. Jaap enlisted as an official member of the wartime police force, but also served with the underground resistance in Zeist. This led to his parents providing a safe house for Jews. Many a young boy with a shaven head could be seen appearing through a secret door behind the wood stack of their home.

Berend was a telegraphist responsible for establishing communication by Morse code from Army headquarters to the Queen's palace. Jan was required to construct bunkers for the Germans at his workplace, until he obtained false documents stating he was employed by the fire brigade. Because this was a vital service, the papers prevented him being sent to a German labour camp. After three years, his deception was discovered and he was forced into hiding in a hospital, working as a maintenance contractor until he was arrested with four other men and put into jail. His fellow prisoners were shot; Jan was the only survivor. Co was only sixteen and spent the years hiding out on a nearby farm. He was later described as an 'active, honest and trustworthy' member of the Dutch Underground Forces in Utrecht.

Jaap met Corrie Nyborg who worked in the same hospital as his sister and they were married in 1942. Years later when Corrie was asked to recall the daredevil activities of her husband during the war, she said that while she knew of many of his underground activities, there were many more she did not know about. One of his exploits which involved her was a break-in at the city hall. Jaap was a member of a raiding party which stole ration cards for other members of the resistance, who had no legal entitlement to them because of their underground activities. Corrie distributed the cards by putting them in the bottom of the pram under her baby as she went visiting. Jaap also used to teach men and boys how to use weapons in his attic, a feat made very dangerous by the fact that his next door neighbour, separated by only a thin wall, was a member of the infamous SS, Hitler's secret police.

Perhaps his most brazen act happened when the Germans went to the police station to pick him up one night. They were told he was upstairs so they stormed up to arrest him. Luckily they didn't know what he looked like, so he simply walked straight down past them, escaped on his bike and went into hiding. In retaliation, Corrie was taken away to a German prison where she was interrogated for six weeks before being released.

When Jan was freed from prison, he returned to his job but, like many Dutch men, found it hard to settle back into his old life. Working for Jaap, he rebuilt the family home and joinery workshop and other houses in their street, as well as crates for people who were migrating to Canada, Australia or America. He decided that would be an adventure that would interest him. When he spotted an advertisement in the Dutch newspapers placed by John de Vries, who had migrated to Penguin in 1949, Jan was one of the first to respond. The official arrangements were made and by December of that year he was ready to sail. Although Jaap was the only member of his family in whom he confided his plans, four of his five brothers would follow within the next twelve months.



Jaap Hendriks, Military Police WW2

In January 1951 Jaap and Corrie with their two daughters boarded an English ship, the *Malaya*, bound for Australia. They considered themselves lucky that they didn't have to stay in a migrant camp, but even so the accommodation was very basic. Apart from that, their start in the new country was good and offered lots of opportunities. They found the Australian lifestyle easy-going and relaxed, enjoyed the sunshine and beaches and loved netting to catch fresh fish.

At the time they left Holland, emigrants were not permitted to take money out of the country but were allowed any amount of luggage. Being a builder, Jaap packed two pre-fabricated houses, all his machinery and their personal belongings. Unfortunately the crates were delayed on the Melbourne wharf for several months, which gave him time to assess how things were done in this new country.

When at last the luggage arrived, the family did not have any land on which to build the houses. A real estate agent with whom Jaap had become acquainted offered him two blocks of land in Devonport, deferring payment until the houses sold. It was a good opportunity to get started, but it was goodbye to the house that was meant for the family. With the money left from the sales, Jaap saw an opportunity to invest in land, and for £50 he bought a large tract of bush land at Turner's Beach. He started by building a workshop on the old Bass Highway and equipped it with the machinery he brought from Holland. Over the following months he built three houses, but times were still difficult. With very little capital to buy timber, Jaap found that credit was hard to come by for a foreigner whom financiers hardly knew.

By the time the chance of a big project came his way in 1953, the family had increased with the birth of twin boys. An advertisement calling for tenders for a Hydro village at Wayatinah appeared in the *Advocate* for permanent residences required at Wayatinah, Tarraleah and Butler's Gorge to accommodate the workers employed to build dams for the Hydro-Electric Commission. Jaap's tender, made under the company name Jac Hendriks Pty Ltd, was successful.

The first problem he faced was carrying materials into the mountainous terrain on the Central Plateau in his old second-hand truck. When that was sorted, there was enough work to employ the five Hendriks brothers for many months: Jaap as project director, Jan as carpenter/joiner, Berend as a plumber, Co as a drain and brick layer and Rijk in charge of the office. Working in two gangs, Jaap's employees assembled temporary prefabricated houses at Wayatinah and later replaced them with permanent homes. The families lived in the highlands for two and a half years, the duration of the project.

Following completion of work in the Central Highlands, Jaap won the contract for the construction of permanent houses at the Marawaylee village built to serve the Trevallyn Power Station. In 1958 he made an offer to swap properties with Wilko Brandsema, whose family jumped at the chance. The rare opportunity saw the Hendriks move to Launceston and the Brandsemas to Turners Beach, where they established their tomato business.

Jaap's final projects were the Weeroona Girls' Home at Latrobe, the Argosy Hotel at East Devonport, Riverside High School and the Mersey Maternity Hospital. Tragedy struck on November 28, 1961, when he hit his head on some scaffolding at the hospital. Although he was wearing a safety helmet at the time, the knock caused a cerebral haemorrhage and he collapsed and died at home that night. He was only 44.

In the years after the allied forces liberated Holland, pressure had been brought to bear on successive governments to give some recognition to the members of the Dutch resistance movement. In 1982, 21 years after Jaap's death, Corrie proudly accepted his Resistance Commemorative Cross, a posthumous honour in recognition of his wartime bravery.

JERNEJ BAJZELJ

Jernej was born in a log cabin in Stražišče, Slovenia, on 8 August 1930, the third of eight children. Over the next few years, a larger home was built around the log cabin while the family lived there. When the shell of the new home was complete, the older building was removed. The farm surrounding the house was designed to make the family self-sufficient in a sustainable and eco-friendly way that would be enviable by today's standards. After their produce had been smoked, dried, preserved or ground for winter storage all the family needed to buy were sugar, salt and spices.

Jernej's parents Anton and Antonija were among several manufacturers in their town producing flour sieves from a mesh cloth of woven horse hair. The hair was imported from Russia and Holland and the sieves exported to many parts of the world. At the start, their workshop was in the attic of the house, but later a factory was built two kilometers away. In early 1939 Anton succumbed to double pneumonia, leaving Antonija with the sole responsibility of eight young children, a business to manage and a farm to run. Although a small, gentle woman, she was tough and determined, and believed that no matter how hard things were in life, it was God's will and had to be accepted. Jernej's 14 year-old sister took charge of the household.

When the Germans occupied Slovenia in 1941, the factory was confiscated for military accommodation, meaning that Antonija had to work from home again. The Germans imprisoned all Slovenian teachers, replacing them with their own whose policy was to 'Germanise' all of Eastern Europe. During the next four years Stražišče became Wart, and Jernej's name was changed several times to different German translations such as Bartholomäus Weissel. At school he was not allowed to speak his own language. He didn't learn much and after three months at secondary school he was expelled for 'not being a good German,' and ordered to work in an aircraft factory. Instead his mother organised voluntary work at a farm in the hills.

Jernej spoke a lot about the horrors of war. Slovenians became German citizens overnight. A curfew was established between 6 pm and 8 am and if you were caught outside, even on a visit to the outside toilet, you would be instantly shot. There was so much killing. For every German soldier killed by partisans, the names of ten Slovenians were placed on the notice board in the town and those people were murdered in retaliation. The horror became very real when one of their factory workers was killed. Antonija was very grateful that her sons were too young to be forced to join the German army.

After the war Jernej returned to work for his mother for a year until the factory was acquired by Tito's Communist government for a co-operative. He remained there for a further two years, during which time he and a friend, John, first discussed the idea of migration.

Nineteen forty-nine was possibly the most eventful year of my life. For some silly unknown reason, I decided to leave home. I left home on the 16th January on a Sunday morning. I pretended to go to church with my older brothers. Half way down the road I told them I had forgotten something and I went back home, picked up my rucksack and took off to the station where I caught the train to the capital. We then made our way towards Italy, some 80 kilometres west. It took us five days and eventually we crossed the border, knowing full well that if we were caught within five miles of the border without a permit, it would be a five-year gaol sentence—and we didn't have a permit!



Jernej Bajzelj

As Jernej and John walked towards the lights of Gorizia across the border, they were arrested by two policemen on bikes. After being interviewed and undergoing a complete body search, they were given a good meal and placed in a cell. That was the beginning of almost twelve months in nine different gaols between the north and south of Italy, at each of which they were fingerprinted and strip searched, then chained and put in a cell. Often the prisoners had body lice and were poorly fed. On arrival at Lipari, north of Sicily, Jernej was stripped and treated with DDT to kill the lice. He sold his bread ration to buy a stamp so he could post a letter to his mother, finally letting her know where he was. If she had known of his plan before he left and not informed the authorities, she would have been gaoled. Therefore he had told no-one.

It was August before a visiting Slovenian priest arranged a 20-day document and free transport for him to travel to Rome in order to seek a Red Cross permit. After receiving refugee status, he was then interviewed by an Australian recruiting team seeking prospective workers and sent to a Displaced Persons camp for further processing. A week later he was granted admission to Australia, issued with travel documents and transferred to a holding camp near Naples to wait for a ship. When the *Skaugum* arrived from other ports in Europe to get to full capacity, Jernej was among the last to be called on board, bringing the total number of passengers to 2000. He enjoyed every moment of the 29-day voyage; he loved standing at the bow, watching the ship rising and dropping in the waves.

The ship docked in Newcastle and, after clearing customs, he was taken by train to the Greta Migrant Camp where he stayed until the end of January 1950. Because of the Christmas holidays, there was little chance of finding employment, so he took the opportunity to have the English lessons that were offered and take walks in the country.

After the break, Jernej and three mates left by train, bound for the Aricaria Forestry Camp in the Queensland bush. It was like being dropped in the middle of the Sahara Desert, 15 miles from the nearest settlement with no transport, no money, no friends or family and very little English. They worked like Trojans; hoeing, planting and pruning for a pittance of a wage. It was here that he learnt about the cooler climate in Tasmania where snow fell in the winter. He wrote to an old school mate, Victor, who was living in Ulverstone and as soon as he received confirmation of available work and accommodation from him, he successfully sought permission to break his three-year contract and make the journey.

Despite having no trade and only a few English lessons, he soon found a job at Rose's Butter Factory and while he was working there, he and Victor bought a 16-acre property on South Road. It was a great shock when his friend died very suddenly a few months later and Jernej became the sole owner of the property. In 1952 he met a young lady. It wasn't love at first sight, it was company. Willy was Dutch, he was Slovenian; they would communicate in broken English and because Jernej had nowhere else to go, she invited him home for meals and her parents and sister became his 'family'.

The following year Jernej and two others formed a partnership with Cvetko Mejac who had designed the Ulverstone War Memorial and was contracted to supervise its construction. In five months the 73-metre memorial was completed and was officially unveiled by the Premier on 1 February 1954. However, before the workers had been paid and the loan settled, Mejac left the state suddenly, leaving the other partners to handle the debt. Jernej was forced into bankruptcy. All his assets were taken, leaving him penniless. He worked on King Island for a time until Willy asked him to return to Ulverstone, where he placed a £50 deposit on a 37-acre property in Hearps Road and built a shack to live in.

In his spare time Jernej started making concrete bricks, about 100 per day. As the collection grew, he received an order for 5000 bricks. By 1956 he was self-employed, not only making bricks but water tanks, dairies and houses, and having bought an electric brick-making machine he had increased the daily output to 4000.

Jernej and Willy were married in July 1955 and lived in the shack where they raised their four children. Eight years later a house was built on the hill behind but their stay in the new home was short-lived because they received an offer to sell that was too good to refuse. After the sale, the family moved into and managed the holiday units that Jernej had built at East Beach. When they were settled, Willy encouraged him to travel to Slovenia to see his mother. It was a very timely trip as she died just a few months later.

Jernej belonged to many community organisations. When he was awarded the Paul Harris Fellowship, the Rotary Club's citation read:

Jernej has demonstrated in a practical way his great pride and interest in the community, which has accepted him and respects the great contribution he has made to the advancement of the Municipality. His professional skill has changed much of the face of Ulverstone. His leadership, drive and imagination have made a major contribution to the continuing success of the Rotary Club, while his boundless and irrepressible humour endears him to all who have had the good fortune to know him.

In 2011, Jernej was a worthy recipient of the Order of Australia. As he approaches his 90th birthday and, with Willy, their 65th wedding anniversary, he has become a legend in his adopted home.

TEUNIS VAN ROOYEN

Teunis Willem van Rooyen, born 1917 near Leiden in the Netherlands, was one of 13 children. He left school after the seventh grade and drove trucks for his father until he was called up for National Service in 1937. During the German invasion in 1940 he served in the Volunteer Transport Corps in the Dutch Army. Part of his job in the aftermath of the fierce fighting was to pick up the bodies of those who were killed. That trauma was to live with him throughout his life. In the next five years of occupation, Teunis was picked up three times to work in labour camps in Germany, but twice he jumped from the train and found his way back to Holland. The third time he spent a short period locked up, but for some unknown reason was released and found his way home where he remained in hiding.

Teunis married Alida Bos in 1944, the year known in Holland as the 'hunger winter'. Due to a strike staged by the Dutch as a protest against German occupation, there was no coal, electricity or gas, which meant there was no heating or light during one of the coldest winters on record. Shops were empty and boarded up; in reprisal, the Germans blocked the delivery of fuel and food, causing a famine in many areas which resulted in the deaths of at least 20,000 people. As a Red Cross truck driver servicing hospitals with supplies, Teunis was able to purchase enough food to survive. He was also fortunate to find rental accommodation in the acute housing shortage. The first of their six children was born four days before the Allied forces liberated Holland in 1945.

After the war Teunis was restless, feeling that opportunities were still very limited. Having worked with his six brothers in their father's trucking business for ten years, he approached his father to buy a truck licence but was turned down. It was then that he first thought of migration, and when the Australian Immigration Department held a film show in Leiden featuring the laid-back lifestyle and golden opportunities available for families, Teunis was impressed. He made the decision to migrate to Australia there and then and went home to tell Alida. The family left Holland on 15 December 1950, having sold most of their meagre possessions to pay for the voyage as a subsidy had not yet become available. It was a sad goodbye to their relatives and friends, not knowing if they would ever see them again.

A friend who had migrated earlier had promised to meet Teunis when the ship docked in Sydney, with the assurance he would have a house and job ready. He didn't show up and Teunis never found out what happened to him. The Immigration Department gave them £10 landing money and put the family on a train to the Bathurst migrant camp. Six weeks later when Teunis ventured into the town for a haircut, he found a Dutch barber who recommended Tasmania as a good place to settle. Not having a clue where Tasmania was, Teunis found it on a map and talked to some of the other migrants who decided amongst themselves to finance him to travel down and look at the place. Although he knew only two words of English – yes and no – he travelled to Burnie where he met another Dutchman he'd known in Holland. That man advised him to go to Penguin or Ulverstone, so

he hitch-hiked to Penguin and spent his last pound on accommodation at the hotel. The next morning he walked to Ulverstone. Spotting a large sawmill near the river, he knocked on the office door and made himself understood that he needed a job. Being a big man, he made a good impression and was told to start the following morning. In the meantime he had nowhere to sleep and no money, so he called in to the West Ulverstone Post Office seeking food and accommodation. Eric Close the postmaster found him a caravan in Braddon Street and gave him food and blankets, with no expectation of any payment until Teunis received his first salary. At the sawmill he became friendly with Harvey Ling, who often took him home after work, gave him a feed and taught him a bit of English. Both he and Eric Close were Teunis' good friends for many years.

After paying back the money he owed, Teunis saved the air fares to bring Alida and the children to Tasmania. In the meantime he had found a shack to rent at the Weronga Holiday Camp in Braddon Street, and for the next six months it was home. Six other families from the Bathurst camp followed the van Rooyens; these were to form the nucleus of the Dutch community with the five Hendriks brothers and the Bakkers who had arrived before them. The children picked the language up easily at school and often acted as translator for their parents.

Son Tony describes their first home:

Dad loved it here. He liked the Australian rural way of life and he finished up by buying 50 acres of rough country at Lobster Creek. The house is still there. The house was very old: no electricity, no phone, no running water and a dunny out the back. Somehow that sort of life appealed to Dad. It was something for himself – he never had that opportunity in Holland. Lobster Creek for Dad was a hideaway, in so far as he very much enjoyed his own company and he used to read a lot and it was a hideaway from, I guess, the trauma that he had experienced in Holland. They lived at Lobster Creek for 20 years. In the finish we used to milk about seven or eight cows by hand, and we'd have a few pigs and we'd rear a few calves.

The Australian neighbours soon became their good friends. Auris Ling from next door made an effort to teach Alida English and she learnt it quickly, although both she and Teunis always maintained a very strong accent. However, the family always spoke Dutch at home and sixty years later all the children can still speak Dutch fluently.

Carting water from the river was an endless chore, particularly at bath time or on wash days, so Teunis rigged up a supply system with pipes, pump and a bath. Each day before he went to work he would hand pump water from the river until the bath was filled. On a cast iron stand outside he erected a copper which Alida filled with buckets of water from the bath. She would then light a fire underneath it, ready to do the washing. She faced every challenge in her new life with a wonderful sense of humour. Her motto in life was, 'Just accept what you can't change'. Many Dutch visitors came after church on Sundays to enjoy the hospitality and sample Alida's lovely cakes and biscuits that she baked each Saturday in the old wood stove.

Soon after moving in, Snow's 4th birthday party was celebrated in style. Sitting on banana cases for chairs, at a tea chest laid with a cloth, Alida produced a lovely cake and they all sang Happy Birthday – in English – for the very first time. The rugs on the floor were made from potato bags.



Teunis van Rooyen at Lobster Creek

Despite the challenges, the family integrated into the Australian community very quickly. What they lacked in modern conveniences was more than compensated for by the idyllic lifestyle they enjoyed. The children swam and fished in the river, played on an abandoned engine and rode a billy cart down the hill behind the house. The boys opened all the gates between the top and the bottom of their trail to give themselves a good run, before jumping on and hurtling down in five seconds or so. Teunis was happy working outdoors, firstly as a labourer and later as a cartage contractor. Because he worked away from home, the children had the responsibility to milk the cows and do the chores around the farm.

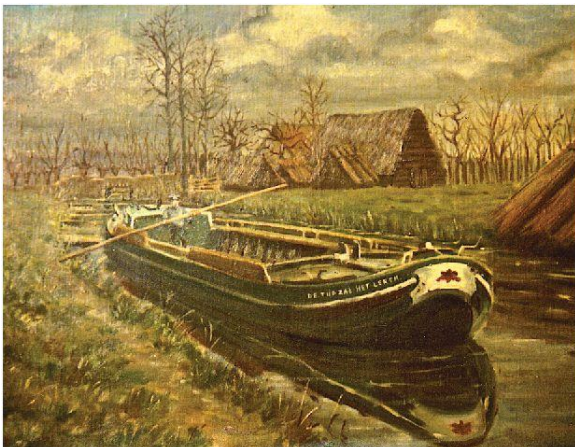
Like many of the Dutch women Alida was homesick; she missed her family a lot but did a good job to hide it. Over the years thousands of airmail letters were exchanged and it was an exciting time for the children when a big parcel of Dutch goodies was delivered at Christmas time. Alida went back to Holland in 1967 and again on eight other occasions, including one 12-month stay with Teunis.

A lucky break came for them in the mid-seventies when they were able to lease a market garden in George Town where Teunis grew a variety of vegetables that Alida sold from a shop at her back door. They did very well for the next 12 years until the lease expired. Returning to the north-west, the couple bought a property at Gawler. Being very clever with his hands, Teunis started restoring farm drays and horse traps which were in plentiful supply at the time. There was one dray he bought in such poor condition that it had to be taken home on a trailer to prevent it falling to pieces. After he restored it, he put it on show in his garden. A man spotted it and offered \$2,500 to buy it – a good price at that time.

Teunis became a proud Australian citizen on 27 October 1961 and never had any regrets about the decision he made to migrate. He died in 1998 at the age of 80. Alida passed away in 2012 at the age of 93.

BERT DE BRUYN

Bert de Bruyn grew up in a family of eight children in a small town about 25k south-west of Utrecht in the Netherlands. When he was 13 he left school to attend technical college because his father thought it would be a good way to learn about the transport industry. However, it didn't work out well as Bert proved to be disruptive to the other students and was asked to leave. So it was back to primary school for another eight months before he started working in the family trucking business in 1952.



Ebenezer 1910 Holland

The business had started over 100 years before when Bert's grandfather Cornelis purchased a 12-ton capacity boat – which he named the *Ebenezer* – to transport sand, gravel and heating fuel to customers along the inland waterways of Holland. Cornelis built up a successful business which was passed down to his sons when he died at the age of 37. Bert's father Jan was only 13 when he had to take charge and support the family.

From the local farmers near Amsterdam Jan collected produce and large quantities of turf which had been cut and dried for use in heaters. This was achieved by walking along the towpath beside the channel, pulling the boat along by a rope attached to the front while a second person kept the boat on course. He and his brother Willem made deliveries on an 80k return journey twice a week for a

meagre wage. No wonder that by the age of 26 Jan was completely worn out suffering from constant colds and arthritis. In 1936 the company diversified to road transport, with the purchase of six trucks in all.

In 1940, Jan was called to clear the rubble from the roads after Rotterdam was bombed. When the job was complete the Germans requested him to work for them. He declined less than gracefully and his trucks were confiscated. This left him with only two trucks. One was hidden under a haystack for the duration of the war. It seemed like a good idea at the time, but when it was retrieved several years later it was rusted through. The other was fitted with a gas generator fuelled by wood, but as it was always breaking down Jan reverted to using the boat again.

Everything was strictly regulated during the war years so Jan and Willem worked mainly for food and just managed to keep their head above water. Bert recalls one occasion during the occupation when a German soldier came to the house on a random search. He had just opened a cupboard and found a radio right in front of him which normally incurred a severe penalty, even death. He looked, but was distracted by the cot in the room behind where Bert's little sister was lying. He started muttering 'beautiful' and with tears streaming down his face, walked straight out of the house.

Another night in 1944 two boys called at their house to get directions to a nearby farmhouse. The farmer's wife had promised to give them food if they ever needed it, but when they arrived she'd had a change of heart and sent them away. Bert's mother offered them a bed for the night because there was a curfew in place, and invited them to share their meal of pork. They ate well, but the result was that they were sick all night because their bodies were unable to tolerate food after being close to starvation for so long.

At the end of the war the family had just 100 guilders, one boat and two trucks that were worth nothing. They were basically back to rock bottom, but felt blessed that no-one had been killed and they had had enough food to provide for their basic needs. Gradually business picked up again. Bert always enjoyed helping his Dad as a child, but on the day following his 17th birthday, his 44 year-old father died, leaving his mother with eight children ranging from two to 17. Bert was now the head of the family, a huge responsibility for a young man not long out of school. For 12 months, he worked with his uncle in a partnership, but when that was dissolved Bert became the head of the company. Working up to 100 hours a week with the help of his mother and three brothers, he kept the business afloat.

A typical working day for the young men was spent in the local area carting bricks from the brick factory, hay for the farmers, timber for the building industry and fruit for the market. After a full day, there was additional work to be done. Produce had to be unloaded ready for the next day's auction at the market and usually took from late afternoon until midnight or one o'clock. Then after a few hours' sleep, they were up at 4 am and ready to start again. Within two years the business had grown and soon the work covered areas all around the country. A road company contracted Bert to supply trucks. In order to achieve this he hired up to 20 trucks, supplied the company and received 5% of earnings of each truck per week as payment. But the job that really established the business was working for a large firm which supplied sand and gravel for the filter stations that supplied drinking water. The filters held 5000-6000 tonnes, through which the water was passed. At the start Bert had one truck working and he finished with 18.

The company was thriving when there was a change of Government in 1977. A law was passed requiring companies to pay 5% to their drivers and another 5% of their profits above 200,000 guilders each year to the union. The brothers didn't mind the first tax, because they knew how hard the drivers worked, but they were not prepared to pay money to the union. Bert was now 38 and he estimated that by the time he turned 65 the union would own the company.

Like many other company owners, Bert and his brother John made plans to migrate with their families to Tasmania where their uncle had established C. de Bruyn and West Coast Transport. When all was finalised it was a shock to realise they would have to pay 73% tax on their savings when they left the country. They were left with just enough to buy a house and a second-hand car to make yet another new start.

Soon after arrival in Launceston the brothers purchased the Burnie section of West Coast Transport from their uncle, to be paid for as the business was established. It was very difficult at first as they spoke very little English, but with help in the office the company grew from strength to strength. In 2013 de Bruyn's Transport was a privately-owned family company operated by Bert's sons John and Dirk, together with their cousin John. It is heavily involved in general transport, freight, storage and distribution, waste management and bulk cartage and has depots in Launceston, Hobart and Devonport. The same year the company introduced their first ship from Norway to service Tasmania's aquaculture industry. It was named *Ebenezer* in honour of Cornelis de Bruyn. The wheel had turned full circle.



Bert (right) de Bruyn with John

Elizabeth Nickols can be contacted at liz.nickols@gmail.com

2019 ORAL HISTORY AUSTRALIA CONFERENCE

Report by Yvette Barry

As a first-year PhD candidate at the University of Tasmania – and a newcomer to oral history – I cannot overstate the valuable experience I gained at the 2019 Oral History conference in Brisbane. This report reviews the sessions I attended that were most relevant to my own project. My study uses oral history and archival research to explore the history of Derby, Tasmania, during the interwar years. My doctorate will culminate in a collection of archived family memories of Derby in the 1920s; and a novel focused around the floods and dam disaster that devastated the town in 1929. The conference was particularly useful to me as a novice on the cusp of planning my own oral history interviews.

Pre-conference workshop

The 'Interpreting Memories' workshop became a conference highlight for me. Monash University Professor Alistair Thomson reviewed the need to evaluate oral history sources including the interviewee's bias, selective memories, and motivations to share their story. These factors will become relevant to my own research as I record stories passed down families and likely shaped by collective memories and town legends. Other factors to consider when analysing a source include the interviewee's age, gender and race; how long ago the historical event occurred; and the relationship between interviewee and interviewer. The workshop also covered methods to interpret oral narratives. Thomson played a number of oral history interviews, demonstrating ways to analyse *what* the interviewee says (e.g. word choice, metaphors, pronouns, tense, genre); and *how* they speak (e.g. emotions like laughter or crying, accent, repetitions, silences, tone, speed). Methodologies like mind mapping, word clouds and computer programs can reveal broad themes or patterns across oral histories of the same historical event.

Day 1

The opening plenary by Katrina Srigley, Professor of History at Nipissing University in Canada, detailed her journey exploring the oral histories of First Nation women. Professor Srigley spent years listening to the stories of women on Nibisiing Nishnaabeg territory on the north shore of Lake Nipissing, about 320 kilometres north of Toronto. Her work focused on the Nipissing Warriors, a successful hockey team in the 1960s and 70s (although the heart of the story really lies in the region's families and community). Collecting indigenous oral stories proved more challenging than the feminist historian first envisioned. Professor Srigley soon realised she couldn't just waltz into the community with microphone in hand. The researcher had to spend years in the community, listening to female elders and participating in events, to gain their trust and to understand how First Nation women share stories. Professor Srigley's presentation was somewhat of a wake-up call. As a journalist, I assumed it acceptable to storm into town, digital recorder blazing, to collect Derby's oral histories. But as Professor Srigley pointed out, 'oral history involves degrees of intimacy'; an intimacy, I suspect, that surpasses the typical media interview. It's clear I must first take the time to cultivate respectful relationships with Derby's community and its key members before pressing any record button.

Another standout presentation was provided by Monash University historian Annabelle Baldwin on body language. Using archival film and video footage of Holocaust testimony, Baldwin demonstrated how interviewees say as much with their bodies as they do with their voices. This was a good reminder that body language should also be noted during audio interviews. Christeen Schoepf presented a valuable talk on the ethics and methods of recording elderly people with dementia – pertinent in projects like mine that tend to record the older generation. Schoepf proposed only recording such life stories with the support of family, and a good dose of patience and humour. She also recommended making interviews very brief, and using props like photographs as memory aids.

Professor Anne Heimo's presentation, 'Confronting Family Myths', struck a particular chord for me. Professor Heimo from the University of Turku shared the stories her father told throughout her childhood in Finland, mainly his great adventures as a sailor in Australia during the 1950s. Yet according to diaries he kept during this time, he was not a sailor and doesn't mention many adventures around Australia. He briefly writes about working on the Snowy Mountains Scheme. Professor Heimo is perplexed by her father's opposing life stories: the dull stories jotted in his diary versus the wonderful adventures he told his family for more than 50 years. What is more truthful – the written or the oral history? My own study explores a similar question. Professor

Heimo suspected her father may have had a disappointing time as a young labourer in Australia, and spun the fantastic tales to hide the truth when returning to Finland. Professor Heimo suggested memories, the ‘truth’ and perceptions may change over time, and that family storytellers can make unreliable narrators.

Day 2

The highlight of my Day 2 was Judith Pabian’s fascinating study into Monticchiellesi, a small town in Tuscany that narrowly avoided a German-led massacre in April of 1944. As part of her PhD research, Pabian asserts the town’s rich storytelling tradition has helped to carefully weave a historical narrative over time – and construct silences – that hide an uncomfortable truth. Pabian argues the town’s close links to Fascism and Nazi Germany likely saved it from the massacres that befell many other towns in the area. But no one will talk about this version of events. Pabian’s recorded oral histories do not match the information she gathered from archival research. What is historical truth, and what are constructed narratives or town legends? These questions also drive my research.

Masters student Naomi Frost’s talk on intergenerational memory was also relevant to my studies. Frost’s oral history project explored how memories of living in Cambodia under the Khmer Rouge have been transmitted to the second generation living in Melbourne. Frost’s study illuminated how memory and family narratives are produced, transmitted, remembered, silenced, misinterpreted or distorted through the generations. Other sessions of note included Scott McKinnon’s oral histories exploring how communities recovered after the ACT bushfires in 2003; and Margaret Cook’s oral history study of volunteers, called the ‘mud army’, that flocked in their thousands to clean up after the 2011 Brisbane floods.

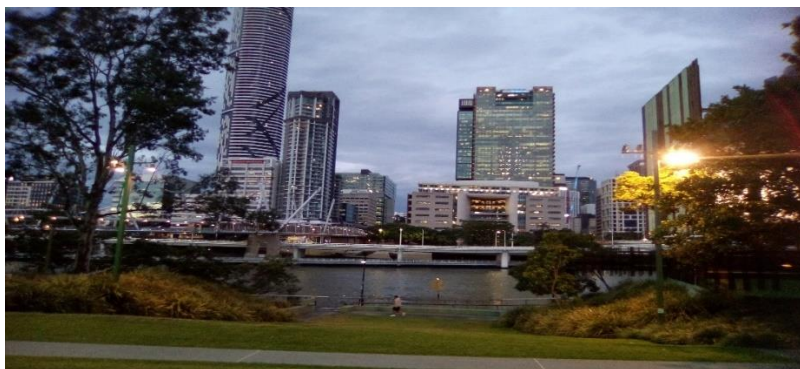
In summary

The value of the Oral History conference was not merely a sum of its presentations. I also learnt much talking to professionals, from librarians to archivists to historians, who shared their stories over a sandwich or coffee during the breaks. This less formal face of the conference allowed me to ask about practical issues likely to confront my project. For instance, many delegates discussed the copyright difficulties they have faced publishing oral histories across media. Another common challenge? Convincing over-enthusiastic managers that oral history interviews take a substantial amount of time to organise, record and transcribe. Others worried how their oral history projects were archived in a way difficult for other researchers to find. These practical issues, apart from fuelling great conversations, will need to be considered before I record my own interviews in the first half of 2020.

I am grateful to Oral History Tasmania for providing the scholarship that allowed me to attend the conference in Brisbane, and to Oral History Australia for organising such an informative, memorable and well-planned event.

Report by Elisha Goss

Let me first say a sincere thank you to Oral History Tasmania for the wonderful opportunity to attend the 2019 Biennial Conference in Brisbane. I found the event both insightful and inspiring and there were many opportunities for engagement and socialisation during the coffee breaks. Many of the speakers were also present for other presenters and the conference provided a wonderful opportunity for networking.



Site of conference - State Library of Queensland, South Bank

Day 1

The conference began with a powerful and warm Welcome to Country by Gaja Kerry Charlton. The interplay of the first nation and ancestral land language was a wonderful moment of engagement, further enhanced by clarifying borders and providing a deeper understanding and representation of land.

Dr Katrina Srigley’s plenary presentation highlighted the disparity between the western way, including

university training, and an alternate way of another culture. She needed years to get to know language and greetings; to know what should or should not be asked while establishing a code of ethics, identifying bias and misconceptions and an understanding of what was sacred or confidential. I have been a member of my local community for ten years, but many of us are often heard saying 'we are not considered a real local yet'; it is hard to imagine trying to enter cultures hundreds or thousands of years old.

Peter Read gave a fascinating account of a 20-year project with Aboriginal Dennis Foley, compiling over 200 interviews to recover the continuous history of Indigenous Sydney before the arrival of Aboriginal people from other areas. The struggle to keep the rituals and traditions, a living culture which could have been lost, is now gaining in strength.

It was inspiring to hear from Maree Evans of the work being undertaken in the Norfolk Island Community History Museum in capturing language and the island's unique heritage. Highlighted was the amount of work that goes into an exhibition and then the brief space of time that it actually occupies; I am sure there are many who would be nodding in understanding. Two developments to have emerged from this project are the potential for workshops: to engage history and community, and to immerse people in the local language. As highlighted during the course of the conference, 2019 was the Year of Indigenous Languages and as we move into a less colourful linguistic world maintaining language could not be better achieved than by active use.

Associate Professor Paul Sandul presented on the Bible Belt of Texas. Many text books have explained the supremacy afforded to white males, but for some places that does not hold true as is the case of East Texas where the only true decider of inclusion is participation in religion and church. The suppression of those who do not conform is experienced in all aspects of social daily life including employment opportunities. The research identified how social media can reach out to marginalised groups to uncover stories that are often held within confined groups. By engaging we can further explore responses to and solutions for those groups marginalised.

Helen Klæbe and Imogen Smith presented their work on a Digital Story Bank, developed for South Bank Corporation and using colour coding, headings, word linkages and design elements for ease of locating a variety of information types such as photos and voice recordings. The user-friendly model immediately gained coveted attention as the hardcopy was shared with the room full of interested attendees, myself included. I could see a colourful way of bringing together our local museum collection and capturing those stories and narratives of locals before they are lost.

Brought together by a need to facilitate a response to the housing issues of higher degree students' interviews, Karen McDonough, Sue Anderson and David Sweet from the University of South Australia developed the idea of an oral history hub: 'ohh...'. A team of volunteers from the university helped bring the idea to fruition, with software developed to create an archive for students, academics and the broader South Australian community. Ongoing issues exist as the team considers who decides what is important for adding to the collection and what ethical procedures and policies need to be developed, as the website was designed in a similar vein to Wikipedia where anyone can edit or add materials giving a shared ownership of the resource.

Day 2

Stephanie Arnold explained how performance art can help audiences engage with oral history narratives in new and revealing ways. Interpretation is left open to the audience when engaging with phrase and music in performance art in a space that encourages the listener to imagine meaning from tone and melody, creating a sensory connection. The accompanying video clips helped the attendees to also develop an understanding of this work.

Sue Berman from the Auckland Library explained how they have developed a program to engage with community for creating new oral histories, and then using podcasts for sharing and celebrating old and new histories. The platform can be accessed at:

<https://kura.aucklandlibraries.govt.nz/digital/?p=r&collection=p20062coll9&search=glen%20eden%20stories&field=titlea&mode=exact&conn=&id=818&rec=36>

Lauren Istvandy recommended the production of high quality recordings of musical performances in her presentation on Queensland jazz's Oral History/Aural History.

In a session on women's and family history, Nicolette Snowden challenged the stereotype of young women always wanting to move to the bright lights of the city. Using two participant examples from her research Snowden was able to highlight the complexity of intersecting factors that impact on choice. Her participants were drawn from the 1960s–1970s and were working class women of eastern Victoria. I wondered at the variations across decades, and how different would the results be?



Lauren Istvandity presenting on jazz oral histories

Alexandra Hawkins focused on the development of regional and rural women's refuges in New South Wales following the establishment of Australia's first feminist women's refuge in Glebe, Sydney, in 1974. Volunteers and workers identified structural barriers, both physical and social-cultural, support services and alternative methods employed to assist women escaping domestic violence in the country.

Alistair Thomson used interviews from the Australian Generations oral history project to explore whether new fathers in the 1970s to 1990s were in fact 'New Wave Dads' who took on a lot more of the household chores. He concluded that although they were proud of spending much more time with the children than their own fathers had, it was still the women who did the bulk of the work.

A session of lightning presentations followed. Eve Wicks showed how the publication of interviews, in her case those with Lithuanian immigrants, are enriched by not only poetry and historical photos but also by creating photographs of the participants with historical memorabilia in home environments. The result was a beautiful work, *In Sunshine and Shadow: Reflections on Lithuanian Immigrant Life*.

Suzanne Mulligan explored how oral historians can derive immense satisfaction from interviewing even if not paid. She has been interviewing since 2002, and some of her interviewees include a World War I veteran, an Antarctic adventurer in the 1930s, a priest and a Paralympian. They can be found at: <http://www.ohq.org.au/wp-content/uploads/2018/12/Life-Member-Suzanne-Mulligan-2009.pdf>

Anni Turnbull and Jo Kijas presented on the way Galleries Libraries Archives and Museums (GLAM) are using oral history collections which provide different insights into environmental activism and protest histories and how this brings awareness of change. Fourteen interviews and 20 people shared their stories in interviews discussing coal seam gas and unconventional gas mining in parts of Australia where the community challenged the development, leading up to 2017. The oral histories were conducted by the State Library of NSW. The research hypothesised divisive impacts but this proved to be unfounded as worldview shifts.

One of the most powerful presentations of the conference was from Bronwyn Gray and Alan Young. Using digital storytelling a collaborative project was developed to give a voice to women who had contracted HIV in light of the traumatic processes and experiences that they have been subjected to. In an attempt to shift stigma the project used creative resources to produce a very professional DVD with short animations and narrative (scripted with participants, with the option to perform the narrative). The DVD now is being used in different settings to initiate conversation, with the potential to bring healing to the participants and awareness and education to those who form the audience.

‘Complicated is an understatement! Telling the stories of operational women from Melbourne’s Metropolitan Fire Brigade’ was presented by Sarah Rood, Corinne Manning and Belinda Ensor. The project was commissioned to celebrate women in operational roles within the fire brigade on the 35th anniversary of the first woman being employed, but the project was hindered by complex barriers which crossed issues of gender and equality and the political nuances of industry. The capacity to adapt and reframe strategies of engagement was paramount to achieving the outcome, an exhibition which had the potential capacity to aid in deeper issues within the organisation.

Before the final plenary session, Mark Wong from the International Oral History Association introduced the 21st International Oral History Conference to be held in 2020 in Singapore with the title ‘Harmony & Disharmony’. His fun approach and slides of the wonderful time to be expected suspiciously included a lot to do with place and cuisine.



Mark Wong's presentation

Introducing the 2021 biennial conference to the audience with great enthusiasm and humour was Oral History Tasmania’s president Jill Cassidy; an event to look forward to.

The closing plenary on ‘Indigenous Oral History: Challenges and Opportunities’ saw Lorina Barker, Gaja Kerry Charlton, Sadie Heckenberg and Katrina Srigley discuss lost histories; finding validation and purpose and contributing to community; the journey of the interviewer in worldview shifts; opening new directions in concepts of cultural competence; and developing cultural awareness in addressing ethics and legality. The practices and expectations in intellectual property ownership and worth need to be considered as minorities gain more mainstream interest.

* * *

Do you have a project to tell us about?

We are always looking for items for the newsletter, anything from a few sentences to a lengthy article. All members are interested in knowing what is going on in the state, and you may make some good contacts through responses to the article.

WEBSITES

Oral History Tasmania: www.oralhistorytas.org.au

Oral History Australia: www.oralhistoryaustralia.org.au

IOHA (International Oral History Association): www.ioha.fgv.br

EQUIPMENT HIRE

A **Fostex digital recorder** is available for hire to members. It comes with its own lapel microphones and *User Guidelines*.

Cost of hire: \$20 a week, plus transport costs if necessary. You will also be required to sign a form agreeing to pay to replace any part that is damaged or lost while you have the recorder, up to a maximum of \$250 for individuals or \$500 for groups or institutions.

To make a booking, contact Jill Cassidy on 0418 178 098 or email president@oralhistorytas.org.au

THE OBJECTIVES OF ORAL HISTORY TASMANIA

promote the practice and methods of oral history
educate in the use of oral history methods
encourage discussion of all problems in oral history
foster the preservation of oral history records
pursue common objectives and maintain links with other Australian oral history
associations through membership of Oral History Australia Inc.

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS

Individuals	\$40.00	Households	\$55.00
Student/unemployed/pensioner	\$30.00	Institution	\$65.00

ORAL HISTORY TASMANIA EXECUTIVE

President, and delegate to Oral History Australia:

Jill Cassidy 0418 178 098 Email: president@oralhistorytas.org.au

Secretary: Alison Johnston

Treasurer: Lana Wall

Committee members: Jon Addison, Karin Lê, Jai Paterson, Leonie Prevost, Cindy Thomas.

All correspondence should be emailed to president@oralhistorytas.org.au or directed to Jill Cassidy, Oral History Tasmania, Queen Victoria Museum, PO Box 403, Launceston Tas 7250.

Real to Reel is edited by Jill Cassidy. The next edition is due in April 2020 and contributions should reach the editor no later than 31 March. They can be emailed to president@oralhistorytas.org.au