

MARYSVILLE MEMORIES

BY JANET ALLEN

I started school in Marysville and remember being escorted there by Nancy West, the daughter of Mr West who also worked at Cooks Mill and Mrs Bobbie West, who was a lifelong friend of my mother. We lost touch with her around 1990 when she was living at the Marysville Retirement Village.

I also remember visits to the mobile school dentist, where I had my teeth examined outside the shop and would be rewarded with an ice cream afterwards.

One day my brother, Robin and Valma Tromstead went missing. My father, who I think was the mill manager at the time, stopped work, sounded the alarm and everyone went to search for them. Sometime later they were found safe and well in an old shed eating jelly crystals.

One day my father showed me a fire dugout, which had been cut into the hillside at the back of the houses. It was fitted with a stretcher, cans of food etc in case of an emergency. The entrance was covered by hessian bags, which would be wetted down in case of a fire.

I also recall a baker's van arriving each Saturday. The children were allowed to climb onboard and were then taken on part of his round to the cemetery, where bread was delivered to the caretaker. It was a popular event for all of the kids as they were given delicious fresh bread to eat along the way. Quite a treat back then.

(Source: Letter dated 15 October 2009)