
THE HOLLOW LOG

Issue 10

June 2001

St Buryan Hollows

John HOLLOW of Sancreed, Cornwall married Grace RODDA in the St Buryan Church on the 15th December 1789. John and Grace had a son Mark born in 1795 and a daughter Grace born 1794.

Recently, Brian and Winifred Smith and Peter and Jane Clements have found strong evidence that there were two other children, John born 1792, Jane b 1798 or 1799. Thus two lines of Hollow are brought together.

Percy Hollow, whose story concludes this issue (see page 6, is descended from Mark Hollow(1795). Winifred Smith (nee Hollow) and Jane Clements (nee Hollow) are descended John Hollow (1792) who is very likely Mark's older brother. Brian, Winifred, Jane and Peter have put an account of their family together in "Our Hollow Story"(see this page).

Hollow Spotting

More diggers identified

From the list of HOLLOWs from the Commonwealth War Graves Commission (newsletter 4) **Arthur Hollow**, Private 1745, 16th Bn., Australian Infantry, WWI has been identified by Wally Hollow as the second son of John Hollow and Elizabeth Laurence from South Australia. Arthur was born in SA 12/08/1892 and his father John was born in Redruth, Cornwall

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St Buryan Church

Photo Peter Clements

Our Hollow Story

(So far – 21 March, 2001)

JOHN HOLLOW 1792 – 18??

John Hollow¹ was born on the 26 October 1792 at Madron, in Cornwall. On the 10 Feb 1816 at the Parish Church of St Buryan Cornwall he married¹ **Jane Richards**. The service was conducted by Uriah Tomkin, Curate and in the presence of Peter Rowe and William Jacka. They had a daughter **Grace Hollow** born 8 December 1816 and a son **John Hollow** born 18 April 1819. At this time they were living at Trelodavers Farm, St Buryan and both children were baptised by Uriah Tomkin, Curate at St. Buryan Parish Church.

JOHN HOLLOW 1819 – 1859

John Hollow was a Stonemason and at the age of 30 he married **Eliza Trenouth** on the 17 Mar 1850 in the Parish Church of Paul, Cornwall. Eliza was the eldest daughter of John and Margaret Trenouth. In the 1851 Census, they were living in St Just, Cornwall.

They had one son **Mark Hollow** born 8th May 1856 and from Mark's birth certificate they were now living in Middle Hill, St Ive, in the District of Callington, Cornwall. The trade of **John** was now recorded as a Tin Miner. **John Hollow**³ died 10 July 1859 and is buried at Middle Hill St Ive. **Eliza Hollow** (nee Trenouth) died in 1880.

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Hollow Spotting

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in 1861 and arrived in South Australia in 1877 on the ship "Oaklands".

Wally reports, "We visited our wonderful Mortock Library last week, and Ruth accidentally came across the following Death Notice:- Observer, Saturday October 19th, 1917.

"In Memory of the Brave.

HOLLOW In affectionate and loving memory of our dear Son Pte Arthur Hollow, 16th Battalion, who was killed in action in France on 15/10/1917. Somewhere in France - no matter where He was just as near to Heaven As tho he had lain on his bed at home When the signal to "cease" was given He has borne his cross, He has gained his crown Tho he lies in a far off grave And we think of his life, a duty done, Manly, unselfish and brave. Inserted by his Dad and Mater".

Wally also reports that another digger mentioned in newsletter 5, Corporal O.C. Hollow RAE, is his uncle, Oliver Clyde Hollow. "His particulars are as follows:- b. Broken Hill 10/5/1922, s.o. John Henry Berriman Hollow, and Caroline Pearl Hollow (nee Vale). Uncle Clyde served in Darwin during the air raids by the Japanese before going to New Guinea, where he served until the end of the War. He was a member of the occupation forces to Japan, where he married Mitsuko Aoyama, in Japan in 1951. He served in the Korean conflict before returning to Adelaide with his wife and son, Clyde William Henry Hollow, who was born in Japan, 29/5/1952. Uncle Clyde passed away on the 27/11/1992, aged 70 years, and is buried in the Returned Serviceman's Section of the Centennial Park Cemetery, Adelaide. Oliver Clyde Hollow was 1 of 4 sons of my Grandparents, who served in the Armed Forces, WW11. The other sons were, Horace Hurtle (Rusty) Hollow Francis John (Shorty) Hollow Robert Gordon (Bob) Hollow I remember that my Grandmother Hollow was very proud to wear a badge, which was a bar with 4 stars attached, denoting a star for each son".

Wally also notes that there is another Hollow on the Australian War Memorial website database. He is Gunner N. Hollow (V255113) of Burwood, Vic.

Mineral Point, Wisconsin, USA

On the Cornish List on Jan 22 2001 there was a Quote from the History of Iowa County, Wisconsin, USA about Francis VIVIAN that took my eye. "...March 10, 1860 he married again, Miss Jane HOLLOW, who was born in 1831 near Penzance, Cornwall; they had five children-- Ida, John H, Abraham Lincoln, Francis J. and George Grant, the two oldest were born in Mineral Point, and the others in Dodgeville."

I e-mailed Julia Hanneman-Schoenbach who published the message and received some more quotes from the book.

p, 589, chapter on Mineral Point as a village: talking about the early schools: " One school, of considerable importance, not mentioned, was taught by a Mr. Hollow, a preacher, in a small church erected about 1845, as described in the church history." See also "Odd Spot" on page 3.

Hollows to NZ from Melbourne.

Found on a microfiche of Passengers Outward Bound from Melbourne to New Zealand 1862 -1970.

1862 on the Aldinga, J Hollow aged 26 and Jos. Hollow 29.

1867 on the Otago, E.D. Hollow aged 24, a miner

1869 on the Rangitoto, W. Hollow aged 26, a miner

1870 on the Rangitoto, Wm. Hollow aged 25, a miner.

The Ellis Island Website

There are 40 HOLLOWs and 5 HOLLOWs listed on the website. <http://www.ellislandrecords.org/> A database of passenger records of people arriving in America via Ellis Island between 1892 and 1924. The HOLLOWs listed are: Harry L Hollow, Edith Hollow, John Hollow (2 trips), Annie Hollow, Sophie Hollow, Walter Hollow* (4), John F Hollow, Nicholas W Hollow*, George Hollow* (2), Elizabeth Hollow*, Mabel Hollow*, Leonard Hollow*, Percy Hollow*, James Wallis Hollow*, Frederick Juke Hollow*, Robert C Hollow, Janie Hollow, William George Hollow*, Thomas Hollow (2), James Tremayne Hollow (3), Robert Hollow, Stephen Hollow, Kitty Lana Hollow, R.R.C. Hollow, George Curnow Hollow, James Thomas Hollow, George Hollow (2)(a different George to the one listed previously), John T Hollow, Samuel Hollow*, Mary Ellen Hollow* The HOLLOWs listed are: Charles Thomas Hollows, Ann Hollows, Anna Christie Hollows, William Hollows, Annie c. Taylor Hollows,

Hollows in the The World biographical Index

The World biography index is found on

http://www.biblio.tu-bs.de/acwww25u/wbi_en/

This database is based on the 7th CD-ROM edition of the World Biographical Index containing 2.8 million short biographical entries for eminent individuals who lived in North and South America, Western and Central Europe, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Oceania. This edition is also a compiled index to many biographical archives.

The following are listed, Ernest Hollow b 1866, (NZ), Ernest Joseph Hollow* b 1874 (AUS), Joseph Hollow* (AUS), Joseph Thomas Hollow* (AUS), Patrick Hollow b 1941 (South Africa), Walter Stanley Hollow* b 1885 (AUS), William Hollow b 1852 (NZ) and John Hollows (USA).

*I have identified these Hollows in the Hollow database.

HELLO THERE

Special thanks to Perc Hollow for his contribution to the last three issues. His is a great story and I think his positive and cheerful disposition has come through loud and clear in his life's story. He can be contacted at:

hollowperc@hotmail.com

I am running low on photos for the newsletter so any offers will be most welcome, just contact me and we can work out the best way to get them to me here in Oz.

THE HOLLOW WEBSITE

<http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.com/~chollow/>

ODD SPOT

"The Hollowites - In 1842, a man by the name of John Hollow came to Mineral Point (USA) from England. He was what would be termed a dissenter from the established church, and something of an enthusiast as well. After his arrival, he began holding services here and there among those who sympathized with his views, and finally, about 1845, succeeded, by dint of hard work, in enlisting a good many in his favor, and in getting together sufficient means to build a church. The organization that worshiped here for the next few years were known as Hollowites. Eventually the interest died out, and with it the society; the building was used for a school also during a great part of the time. About 1849, it was taken by the Primitive Methodist of seceders from the Methodist Episcopal Church here with whom were identified the Hollowites. ":

from "The History of Iowa County"(Wisconsin)", published 1881

CONTACT

Colin Hollow edits the Hollow Log, comments and contributions are always welcome.

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Hollow and variants Holla, Hollah, Hollaw and Hollowe are registered with The Guild of One-Name Studies. Guild members who are Hollow researchers are Colin Hollow (Mem.No. 3056) and Keith Hollow (Mem. No. 3257)
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Our Hollow Story

continued from page 1

MARK HOLLOW 1856 – 1925

At the age of 23 **Mark Hollow** married **Rachel Thomas Shugg** (see photo) at the Parish Church in Phillack Cornwall on the 12th April 1879. Their marriage certificate gave Mill Row, Millbrook, Cornwall as Mark's address.

Rachel Thomas Hollow³ (nee Shugg) was born on the 15th August 1855 and christened on 2nd Sept 1855 at Luggans, Phillack, Cornwall, the daughter of John Shugg and Margaret Ann Thomas of Zennor, Cornwall.

Rachel was kept at school till she was 14yrs 11 months old and had spent the last 4yrs 3mths at The Hayle Foundry Wesleyan School⁹. The school motto being 'Well Begun Is Half Done' there she had learnt the dressmaking trade and left school on 21st June 1870. Her final school report shows Rachel as being able to read well, write a neat hand, work out sums as far as Practice and her conduct had been excellent.

Mark³ was a Sawyer by trade and they set up home in New Street, Millbrook, near Plymouth by the River Tamar. This was about 70 miles from Rachel's home in Zennor.



They had three boys **John Francis** born 11th May 1880 (John was 10 months old when the 1881 census was taken, with the family in the Maker district.) **Frederick Ernest** b. 21 Jan 1882 and **Wesley Trenouth** b. 13 Apr 1884. All the boys were born whilst they were living in Millbrook.

In 1890 **Mark Hollow**³ was now working in the Mashford Boat Yard at Cremyll Cornwall and the family moved to a house that was within the actual boat yard. It was not far from Millbrook and in and about this time John Shugg², Rachel's brother and wife Eliza with their six children had moved into 24 New Street, Millbrook.. So Rachel had some family living near by.

On the 15th Sept 1890 Mark and Rachel tragically lost their son **Wesley Trenouth**^{3,4} in a drowning accident.

WESLEY TRENOUTH HOLLOW 1884 – 1890

Wesley Trenouth Hollow was born 13 April 1884 in Millbrook, Cornwall and died on the 15 Sept 1890. He had accidentally fallen in the river and drowned. His mother **Rachel Thomas** thought he had been blackberry picking up in the woods but after searching for about three hours they found him in the river still clutching his cap in one hand and his handkerchief in the other. It is thought that he had tried to jump into a boat near by but had fallen into the water. He was buried at Maker Church.

Life must have been quite hard as living in Cremyll there were no shops or schools. It meant that they had to go on the Cremyll Ferry to cross over the River Tamar to Admirals Hard, Stonehouse near Plymouth for all their needs.

Mark Hollow - Publican

From 1907-1909, Mark had changed his trade as he was the licensee of the Mount Edgecombe Inn at Mutton Cove, in the district of Mount Wise, Plymouth, Devon. Mutton Cove is situated directly opposite Cremyll on the other side of the River Tamar in Devon. The Mount Edgecombe Inn was demolished in 1920 and now all that is left to show where the Inn had stood are cobblestones.



Mark Hollow outside Hollow's Mt Edgecombe Inn with some Royal Marines. Circa 1908.

Photo: Brian Smith

Some time after 1909 **Mark** became the proprietor of the Yealmpton Hotel (now called the Rose and Crown), Yealmpton, Plymouth, Devon. His eldest son John Francis later joined him in the running of the hotel. Rachel had a family contact near, her nephew James Collicot wife's parents lived on the opposite side of the road in the "Mother Hubbards Cottage".

On 1 Dec. 1913 **Mark**¹⁰ left the Yealmpton Hotel after a family dispute with his son **John Francis** on the upbringing of **Mark Ernest** his grandson, whose father **Frederick Ernest** had died the previous year. So on 3 Dec 1913 he took over the White Horse (now called The Old Smithy) in Ivybridge, Devon about 10 miles from Plymouth. (See photos page 6)

Rachel Thomas Hollow (nee Shugg) died 24 May 1925 and was buried at St Bartholomew, Yealmpton. Later that year on

29 Nov **Mark**¹⁰ handed over the licensee of the White Horse to his grandson **Mark Ernest** on his 21 birthday.

Mark Hollow died on 15 Nov 1926 and was buried with Rachel at St Bartholomew's Yealmpton.

JOHN FRANCIS HOLLOW 1880 – 1960

John Francis Hollow³ was born on 11 May 1880 in Millbrook, Cornwall. The eldest child of **Mark Hollow (1856 – 1925)** He moved with the family to Cremyll and had to go by Steamer across the River Tamar each day to attend school. Possibly attended the British Infants School at Mutton Cove, Devon. At the age of 15yr on 17 June 1895 he started a six year Indentured Apprenticeship at Her Majesty's Dock Yard Devonport⁷, to be taught the art of Patternmaker. For the first three years he was in the Apprentice School before he worked in the Dock Yard. From his final report on 15 June

1901 it is interesting to note that in his six years he had a total of 62 days leave and 5 days lost due to sickness. He worked on in the Dockyard⁶ as a hired pattern maker and remained in this capacity until 28 February 1905, when he was discharged due to 'reduction'.

He spent some time in Detroit USA before returning to Yealmpton. It is known that he was in Yealmpton by April 1912 and It is now thought that he joined his father **Mark Hollow** at the Yealmpton

Hotel (now the Rose & Crown)

John Francis married **Charlotte Jane Lavers** in 1913 at St Bartholomew, Yealmpton, Devon. There was a family dispute and it is possible that **John Francis** took over as proprietor of the Yealmpton Hotel on 1 December 1913.

He was a Sergeant in the Royal Engineers from 1914 – 1923 and during this time, Charlotte Jane must have been managing the Yealmpton Hotel.

In about 1925 **John Francis** entered local government and was a very well known figure in County of Devon and Local Administration. He had an obvious interest for motor cars as he had set up a 'Hollows Garage' in Yealmpton. Amongst the usual car overhauls etc., it advertised that it would charge 'Accumulators'. He also set up a Petrol Station just outside Yealmpton at Dunstone Cross and it was an 'Electric Petrol

Station⁸. This was obviously new in those days to the hand pumps.

As to when he started up his motor business, it is not exactly known. However, it must have been after he had left the army. There is a mount with two pictures, 'Yealmpton Village' and 'John Francis with his dog outside his lock-up garages'.

The inscription between them reads:- From Hotel Keeper --- To Garage Proprietor Circa 1930

John Francis Hollow died on 8 March 1960 and was buried at St Bartholomew, Yealmpton, Devon. His wife **Charlotte Jane Hollow** (nee Lavers) died on 10 November 1962, and was buried with her husband. There were no children.

OBITUARY OF JOHN FRANCIS HOLLOW

(South Devon Times. Friday March 11, 1960.)

Mr. J. F. Hollow, one of the most active and genuinely esteemed men in Devon public life, died while driving to a committee meeting at Exeter, on Tuesday morning.

Mr. Hollow, who lived at "Kantara", Torre, Yealmpton, was soon to have celebrated his eightieth birthday. He had attended a meeting of Yealmpton Parish Council the previous evening.

For many years he served Devon – at the Plympton district particularly – in a whole variety of capacities; and at the time of his death he was still doing so.

The car in which he was driving ran into the side of the road when he collapsed. His wife was with him.

Mr. Hollow was first elected to Plympton St Mary Rural District Council in 1925 and had been a member ever since. At first he represented Newton Ferrers, for at the time Torre was included in that parish. In 1935, Torre was transferred to the parish of Yealmpton.

He was chairman of the Rural District Council from 1942 to 1945. During the past 35 years he had been chairman of a number of the Council's committees.

Rural District Council Tributes

Both Mr. G.S. Thompson, Chairman, and Mr. L. R. Sandover, clerk, paid tribute to him on Tuesday.

"The death of Councillor Hollow was a shock to me although a general decline in his health had been noticeable for the past few weeks, said Mr. Thompson.



John Francis and wife Charlotte circa 1914

Photo: Brian Smith

At the time of his death he was chairman of Plympton redevelopment Committee. "His knowledge of education was far reaching", continued Mr. Thompson. "It was always a pleasure to listen to him at meetings of the South West Devon Divisional Education Executive.

Valued Adviser

Mr. Hollow had been a valued adviser and a tenacious councillor. Expressing his sympathy with Mr. Hollow's relatives, Mr. Thompson added: "It will be very difficult to find someone so gifted to take his place" Mr. Sandover said that Mr. Hollow was a man who had devoted the last 35 years of his life to public service."

He was first elected to Devon County Council in 1945, and served as chairman of the Welfare Committee.

His many other appointments included membership of Yealmpton Parish Council, The Plymouth General Hospital Management Committee and of the old Plympton St Mary Board of Guardians (an appointment which he took up in 1926).

Mr. Hollow, who was born at Cremyll, spent some years in America before going into partnership with his father, who was the proprietor of the Yealmpton Hotel – now the Rose and Crown.

War Service

Entering the motor business in 1911, he built up an organisation which included a filling station at Dunstone Cross. He retired seven years ago. He leaves a widow – but has no children.

In the 1914-18 War, Mr. Hollow was a sergeant in the Royal Engineers.



John Francis Hollow circa 1950s

Photo: Brian Smith

FREDERICK ERNEST HOLLOW 1882 – 1912

Frederick Ernest Hollow³ was born on 21 Jan 1882 and was the second son of Mark **Hollow (1856 – 1925)** living in Millbrook, Cornwall. In 1890 the family moved to Cremyll, Cornwall. He must have then joined his brother John Francis at school, the nearest being in Devon, which meant they had to cross the River Tamer. They possibly attended the British Infants School at Mutton Cove, Devon.

Frederick Ernest ?-1897 did an Indentured Apprenticeship at Her Majesty's Dock Yard at Devonport, where he became a Shipwright and started working in the Dock Yard⁶ on 6 July 1903 as a hired shipwright. On 11 Jan 1904 he went onto 'drawing office duties' which was a highly respected position in those days, and he remained in this capacity until 9 May 1910, when he left at his own request.

In 1904, **Frederick Ernest** married **Mary Jane Sawkins** who lived with her mother Granny Sawkins and Uncles Bob and Peter Martin at Cawsand, a small village on the south east corner of Cornwall, not very far from Cremyll and Millbrook.

They had three children **Mark Ernest** 1904, **John Henry** 1906 and **Winifred** 1908. At the time of the birth of their first child **Mark Ernest** their address was I Northbrook Street, Devonport. Devon.

In 1912 at the age of 29 **Frederick Ernest** died from Diabetes, this could have been the reason for him leaving his work in the dockyard. During his illness he had gone to stay with his father in Yealmpton and is buried at St Bartholomew Church, Yealmpton. From the church records there is no marked grave.

The death of **Frederick Ernest** put a great strain on Mary Jane, his wife, as also about this time her daughter **Winifred**

died and is buried at Rame Church near Cawsand, Cornwall.

Mark Ernest went to live with his **grandfather Mark** whilst

John Henry went to live with his mother Mary Jane and her family in Cawsand.

Mary Jane Hollow (nee Sawkins) died in Freedom Fields Hospital, Plymouth on 22 Nov 1959 and is buried at Efford Crematorium, Plymouth, Devon.

SOURCES

- 1 Cornwall Family History Society
- 2 Family Center of the Church of Jesus Christ of Later-Day Saints
- 3 Rachel's letters to cousin Margaret Ann Thomas in Australia 1887-1894
- 4 Nancy Thomas letters to family 1886-1901, Zennor, Cornwall. (Rachel's aunt)
- 5 Plymouth Reference Library, Devon
- 6 HM Navel Base Devonport. Devon
- 7 Indentured Apprenticeship Document
- 8 Hollow's Garage headed letter paper
- 9 Rachel's School Report
- 10 Family Files – Letters and Wills

By **Brian Smith** in collaboration with his wife **Winifred** and **Peter and Jane Clements**.



Mark Hollow with "locals" outside the White Horse Inn, Ivybridge. Circa 1920

Photo: Brian Smith



The White Horse, now called "The Old Smithy" circa 2000

Photo: Brian Smith

New HOLLOW Researchers

The full list is available on the Hollow Internet site.

HOLLOW Researchers	Research interests
Vicki Black VcBlck@aol.com	William HOLLOW (abt 1825) and Jane OLDS (abt 1825) m Madron (1850), Sarah Jane HOLLOW (abt 1863) and Jeremiah BLACK (1856) m Oamaru, NZ (1883)
Vaughan Glasson glassonv@hotmail.com	John HOLLOW (abt 1840?) and Mary/Nancy GLASSON(abt 1844) m Penzance (1872),
HOLLOWS Researchers	
Sally Hollows sallyhollows15@aol.com	Sally Lives in Canada, her father was born at Heywood, England.

Percy Hollow's story (cont. From issues 8&9)

Home and back to the Tramways

I was discharged through the Royal Park discharge area and a week after arrived back home with my wife and young son who was then ten years of age. He was attending the Nott St. State School in Port Melbourne where my wife had been living with her mother. After the first



week of just lolling around doing nothing I then went down to the South Melbourne electric Tram Depot in Dorcas St, South Melbourne and was interviewed by Mr Linford and said, "I am ready to come back to work." He said, "Right, when do you want to start"? I said whenever you want me to start. He said, "do you want to go back to Camberwell"? I said "not necessary" because my family then lived in Port Melbourne. He said, "right, in a fortnight's time you can start here at the South Melbourne Tram Depot". Which I did.

After a while I showed him some certificates I had received from the International Correspondence School, which I had studied electrical engineering through. He said, "you can throw them away they are not worth the paper they are printed on." I said, "I have spent three and a half years studying this Sir." He said, "it's not recognised by the Victorian Education Department, they are useless". I said, "Sir the certificates might be useless but the knowledge I've got in my brain I can put to good purpose". He agreed with that and I was upgraded over a period of months from pitman to an emergency mechanic.

The emergency mechanics had to repair trams that had broken down out on the road. After a while, a month or two, I was put in charge of the emergency wagon with a crew of five men. In the depot we would receive a phone call saying that such and such a tram needed attention. We would get aboard the wagon and we would go wherever required. The emergency wagon in those days was like the police or ambulance or fire brigade had a warning bell. And I, being the co-driver, would press the button, which would make this bell ring. If we got into a situation where we needed to alarm other motorists, I would give it a few gongs. We arrived at the broken down tram I went aboard, inspected it, examined it. I

would have these five men, experienced tradesmen in different areas, electrical, air fitters, etc. and we would get this tram either back on the road or into depot. In most instances it was back into depot.

That went on until I was transferred out to Footscray Electrical Tram Depot, where they, Footscray, had little one-man trams. Whilst I was there I did all the work, air fitter, electrical, the whole lot. I used to go into the sub-station and talk to the electrician looking after the rotary converters there. At Footscray they received their electric supply at 50 cycles and then we broke it down to 25 cycles for our trams to operate. One night one of the shift electricians on duty said, "I don't feel well Perc, would you look after the place he said I want to go home". I said, "this would have to be done under the lap"! "That's all right," he said, "shut the place down and ring through to tramway control and tell them its shut down and then go home". So I did this for a couple of nights and then I said no, its not on, but I had learnt how to operate the sub-station in the Footscray depot.

A new Job for Perc.

Now this person eventually died and they advertised for a new shift electrician I had a read the notice and I applied for it. I was called into a new division of the tramway industry, because prior to this I had been in the rolling stock division. Now I am being interviewed for a job in the Electrical Sub-station division. They said, "what do you know about operating a sub station"? I said, "well ask me a question or two." Which, they did. The man that was interviewing me, a chap by the name of Lindsay Wilcox, said, "How did you get all that knowledge"? I told him I used to go in and talk to the shift electrician. He said, "alright come on out to Footscray and show me what you know". So I got into the car and went with him to Footscray and he said, "can you shut this plant down? And I said "yes". He phoned through to Carlton control and said "we are going to shut down for a few minutes and then we are going to start up again". So, OK he was the boss so he could do what he liked. So he said to me "all right, what are you going to do"? I told him and he said "do it". So I shut the equipment down. "Right", he says, "I want you to start us going, what are you going to do"? I told him and he says right start up again. So I got the substation back on line and he said "you'll hear from us in a week's time". He was a bit wrong, a fortnight later I was told I had the job. I then became a shift electrician in the electrical substation section.

I worked through that until I finished up in the tramway control room on the corner of Queensberry and Bouverie St. Carlton. I was then known as a sub-station engineer. Where we had to go out and isolate the sub-station so we could do maintenance on it. That happened once in every fortnight. We

went right around the electrical system and shut the plant down, did the maintenance, started it up again. That went on and I eventually became a substation engineer and I was moved into the Carlton control room where we would just sit and wait for the phone to ring. We had a two-way connection to motor vehicles operated by inspectors. We were also connected to the overhead wagons or the tower wagons as we called them. And we had a direct line to the police, the fire brigade and the Board of Works. If the police were needed all we had to do was press a button and a voice would come over "police here tramways what's your problem". If it was the SEC, something similar, and the same for the Board of Works. You just pressed a button and you had direct lines.

The tower wagon, as often happened with big cattle trucks with three or four decks of sheep aboard on their way to the New Market saleyards, would come down Newmarket Road. They'd reach a bridge with a sign that told them they couldn't go under the bridge, they would immediately turn and do a "U" turn and pull the tramway overhead wires down. We would get a flashing light on our panel. We would know what had happened and where it happened. Call up the Essendon tram depot, tell them what had gone wrong. Call up the central bus garage and tell them to cut in as many buses as they had available, up to four. to ferry the people from as far as the trams would go with the overheads down to the other side.

Retirement?

I was sixty-one years of age when I retired from the tramways industry. Being a returned serviceman I could take discharge at sixty, I stayed on until I was sixty-one. I went home one night and I handed the wife my resignation, a copy of my resignation from the tramways and I said, "here's your Christmas box, read this." She was thrilled. Because I had been a shift worker all my life excepting for the five and half years I was away on leave of absence from the tramway industry. When they accepted my resignation and let me leave I was then sixty one years of age and I had had forty six years of service with the Tramways Board. In all branches, Cable trams, electrical trams, emergencies on electric trams, and in the substations.

Prior to taking my discharge I joined the Corps of Commissionaires. The Corps of Commissionaires is an

employment service for returned servicemen. If you've served with the army navy or air force and you are of good character. I say of good character because you sign an authority allowing the Corps of Commissionaires to check with the police, whether you have been a naughty boy or not. I joined the Corps of Commissionaires. I was Number 1329. I had joined it before I retired and having sat around on my tail for a week or two I then went to the Corps of Commissionaires and said



Perc and Nancy Hollow circa mid 1950s

"have you got any work for me"? I was doing security work around Melbourne and the metropolitan area. The Corps uniform was very much similar to an ambulance uniform and a police uniform, except that the cap of a policeman had black and white checks, the Corps of Commissionaires' hat did not have that. But they were identical in appearance, the Corps of Commissionaires had "Corps of Commissionaires" on their shoulder.

I had many and varied jobs, a lot of them were working out at the Flemington Racecourse on race days. Many places where someone wanted to replace a

man for a week or a fortnight. and they put a Corps man in. One of the jobs I had whilst with the Corps was at the Waltons store in Bourke Street. I was security there for many months. The manager in charge of security, he said "did I know anyone that would be able to be Father Christmas". I said, "you are talking to the right bloke, I have been Father Christmas for the last eighteen years". "Good," he said, "we will rig you out with a uniform". I said, "you needn't bother, I got one of my own". For a month before Christmas I was Father Christmas at the Walton's store besides being the security man in Walton's store.

I was living in Alma Road St Kilda and the manager said to me, "how would I like a job at the Walton's store in Chapel St?". "But that place is closing down isn't it sir." "Yes" he said, "but that's why we want you there, to watch the place and at the sales to see that nothing is stolen." So I was there when the Walton's store in Chapel Street closed.

Making use of old Qualifications

I was also, having been a second class engine driver in the tramways many many years earlier, I was asked if I could do a job as a boiler attendant at the dye works, the Walton's dye works in St Kilda. I said "why not"? So I rang up the inspector

of boilers, they were at 500 Bourke Street, Melbourne and said, "I have a second class steam engine driver's ticket I got when I was about eighteen years of age I am now 52 or 53". I said, "is it any good"? (Perc was actually 62 or 63) He said, "it is your certificate for life". So I then went to the dye works and became their boiler attendant looking after the boiler in the dye works.

The smell of the clothing being dyed offended the local residents, they took up petitions, which they presented to the St Kilda council asking for the dye works to be closed down.

The St Kilda council came to the dye works and said "can you close down"? He said "No I would lose too much money. Do you want to buy me out"? They said, "no we don't want to buy you out, but you have got to clean up the air, the residents are complaining". So he said "well I will do the best I can". A few months later a firebomb was thrown through the back window of the dye works and all the materials stored at the back was destroyed. So we continued to operate with great difficulty. Using the front part of the building while they set to to clean up the back part. A few weeks later the fire bomb came through the front window, so that put the dye works out of commission, we were unable to continue, and the place closed down.

Whilst I was working at the dye works there was a TV studio and the manager of the TV studio was talking to me one day because I had given him scrap rags. The trimmings off the end of the material which we were allowed to give away. He said "would you know anyone who could do any security work here at the TV studio"? It was known then as VTC. I said, "yes I am a security man myself". He said, "would you like a job"? "Certainly", so I worked as the boiler attendant and did the security work. When the dyeworks closed down I went to him and said "I've lost me job" He said "righto, I'll give you a fulltime job here". So I then worked security in the television studio. Later on they moved out of St Kilda Road where they had the studio there to 18 Kavanagh Street South Melbourne. It was just under the shadow of the spire there and right next to ballet school. Further down the road was the Red Cross blood bank in Kavanagh Street. But the place that I was working was no 18 Kavanagh Street South Melbourne. The

TV studio then received another name, it was known as 'Pro-Image', they dumped the VTC and it became Pro-Image.

Retirement- if I must

After working there for many many years the named changed to 'Post'. Still the same studio, different directors and I stayed there until I was 78 years of age. The boss there was Robert Osmotherly, who is now the general manager of channel 10, living in Sydney. Robert Osmotherley, when I was 78 years of age, called me into the office. He said "Perc, the directors tell me that you are too old in age, not in movement or anything

like that; you can still do the job but age wise he said they can no longer cover you with insurance". .So he said, "I've got to ask you , very reluctantly, he said to finish up". The girl from his office comes to me and she said Perc, "I've got to take up a collection around the different fellow workers to give you a presentation. What would you like"? I said, "I don't know at my age whether if I would like anything, but I said I haven't got a VCR (Video recorder) so you tell me how much you've got and I'll make up the difference and you can buy for me the VCR". When she went and told the boss he



Perc receives an award from the Governor of Victoria, Rear Admiral Brian Murray. circa 1990.

said, "we'll give him a VCR" The night I retired they had a gathering for me, they gave me a VCR and a dozen tapes to go with it, brand new tapes. Because that was a part of their studio, they printed tapes.

Well that was it, no longer was I a worker, I just lived on the fat of the land. I applied for the pension, being a war veteran I got the war veterans pension a fortnight after I applied for it and we were then living in Alma Road St Kilda.

Problems of the heart

I went for a walk one day down Alma road toward St Kilda road and all of a sudden a whacking pain hit me in the chest. I stopped, the pain subsided, I moved on again about another hundred yards and bang!! The pain hit me again. I went on walking, went down to Balaclava road, done some shopping, come back home, and I said to the wife. "I've just had two nasty pains in my chest I am going down to see my doctor". I got on the tram, travelled down to Acland Street St Kilda to see Dr Jack Goldberg who was my doctor and has been for twenty years. Told him about the pain, he wrote me a note and he said "take that to the emergency at the Alfred hospital". I

walked into the Alfred hospital presented them with the doctor's note and she said "lay on that stretcher" I said "I don't want a stretcher." "Do as ya told, lay on the stretcher". The next thing they had me in the emergency ward and they're fussing over me. I was taken up to Ward 3C and I was eventually told that I'd had a severe heart attack, twice!! in Alma Road.

My son and others did not understand or rather they did wonder why my doctor had not called an ambulance and had me taken to the Alfred hospital. I explained to them that as I had walked down there he considered I could walk to the hospital. At the Alfred hospital I was examined by many doctors, I was coupled up to a monitor, and I was told I had a 'primary nurse' looking after me. If I moved at all and the buzzer went and this 'primary nurse' would come in. "All right do you want anything"? "No". Eventually I was examined by Mr Ensmore. Mr Ensmore was the chief heart specialist at the Alfred and he was the offsider to Dr Chang, the Chinese heart specialist in Sydney who was killed by two of his fellow country-men because he wouldn't give them the money they demanded from him. So Mr Ensmore came to see me and he said, "Your quality of life seems to be alright, he said I 'm going to operate on you". Which he did and after I came out of the operation, they tell me it was a four hour job, I was sent down to Florence Nightingale Nursing Home down in Brighton. I was there for twenty four days, the VET affairs would only pay for twenty -five hence at the end of twenty four days I was discharged, and it was right on Christmas. I came home and just sat around home until I was really able to get on my feet. The heart operation was a triple bypass. I am also a diabetic, an asthmatic, other than that I'm very fit,

Just Prior to Christmas I had been to see my doctor as my health did not seem the best and my wife was worried about my weight, me being a big chap. She said, "what am I going to do if you collapse on me, I could never lift you"? I said, "all you have got to do Dear is put a pillow under my head throw a blanket over me and ring for an ambulance". She said, "that's alright for you but I don't feel happy about the situation". So I told my doctor this and he said. "Would you be interested in selling up and going into a nursing home"? I said, "not very well but what about a hostel". Yes he

said, a "hostel would be just the thing". So I went home and I told the wife this. "Right", she said, "I'll go and see my doctor and I'll tell her the same thing".

So the result was that both doctors, mine and hers, Put in a letter to the aged care people who eventually came down and visited us at Alma Road. They asked us a few questions. The lady who came down to interview us came from the Caulfield Aged Care Unit. She said, "have you got any particular place in mind"? "Well, being a Freemason, I'm interested in the one down the road at 313 Punt Road". She said, "it's a very good one too, in fact I'd go as far as to say it's the best in Victoria". I said, "well that sounds good". She said, "you go down and see them and see if they will let you go through the place". So Nancy, my wife, and myself came down to 313 Punt Road to the Royal Freemason's Homes, and we had a look around the place. We were very satisfied. In the mean time this lady from the Caulfield Aged Care Unit had put in a letter to the government saying that we were both candidates to be moved into a hostel and we did receive the stamp of approval from the government and we arrived here after six months.

All this was going on while I was going through my operation at the Alfred Hospital and spending 24 days at the Florence Nightingale Rehabilitation Centre. It eventually came to pass that in the March of 1995 we received a letter to say that there was a vacancy at the home, would we like to come and have a look at the room? We came down, had a look at the room and we moved in March 1995. We have been very happy here. Why we wanted to get into the Royal Freemason's homes, living in Alma Road, the homes were a distance of about a quarter of a mile or so. We had done all our shopping for years in the St Kilda and Prahran area. Living in the homes we could continue to shop in those areas.

This is the last of the three instalments of Perc's life story as told to me during last year. Perc is an avid user of e-mail and would welcome any comments or response to his story. His e-mail address is hollowperc@hotmail.com



Perc training on a Lewis gun, Puckapunyal July 1940.