CHAPTER 11

Photographs from *The Shoebox*

Janet Elizabeth Marles

Audio-visual producer and filmmaker Janet Elizabeth Marles created a history of her mother's (and her own) search for family roots by constructing a website that can be explored in multiple directions and that reflects "the fragmentary nature of Heather's memory story." Heather was born in Australia and was 72 years old when she received a shoebox full of mementos from her childhood. This led her on a search through archives, cemeteries, and memorials around the world. Marles's essay and her website take us on Heather's "journey of discovery," demonstrating, along the way, the fragile and fragmentary nature of memory and the power of narrative to assemble such fragments into a whole. Like Wilton in an earlier essay, Marles considers the therapeutic potential of life story work. Photographs were at the center of this exploration, used both to document the past and to help remembering. Marles brings the perspective of the documentarian. Her website is an example of Bersch and Grant's proposal, in an earlier essay, to look for alternative ways of presenting documentary that undercut authenticity by refusing, in Marles' case, linearity. Like Bersch and Grant, Marles does not wish to reject the veracity of her narrator's lived experience. The website presents elements of a life story, but the website visitor is also given the opportunity to put them together in different ways. While print publications have been a dominant medium for oral historians to publish their research, Marles' interactive website, like Bersch and Grant's exhibition of photographs and oral narratives (also accessible online), showcases the multimedia documentary opportunities for oral history and photography used in tandem to produce histories that are not conclusive but instead are open to multiple readings.

In November 2005 my mother Heather and I traveled to her birthplace, a small rural town named Nhill in the wheat-belt of the Wimmera, a region near the border of the Australian states of Victoria and South Australia. It was a trip of discovery that had begun in 2002 when Heather, at the age of 72, was given a shoebox of documents. This shoebox had been stored in a shed in the Wimmera for over half a century. Its contents answered many questions for Heather about her childhood. She had little knowledge of her parents or her extended family, because she had been orphaned in 1941 at just ten years of age.

With the discovery of the shoebox, Heather began a quest to uncover more of her family history and to meet relatives long lost to her. Our trip to the Wimmera was the beginning of these journeys that have taken Heather to the Victorian State archives, historical societies, cemeteries, the Australian War Memorial archives, the World War I battlefields of France and Belgium, and key localities from her childhood. Historian Anna Haebich describes this type of travel as genealogical tourism with "off the beaten track" destinations "where travelers seek emotional, personal and even spiritual contact with the past, as well as museums and archives where they search for genealogical and historical facts to embellish their memories."[1]

I have accompanied Heather on many of these journeys and have recorded our conversations and her reactions as she uncovered fragments of her history. We have also discovered an unexpectedly rich collection of family photographs, many of which Heather had not previously seen. These photographs stimulated Heather's memories about significant events of her childhood; memories she articulates with surprising accuracy.

With the combined rich resources of Heather's recorded memories, the information gleaned from the documents in the 60-year-old shoebox, research from historical archives, and our visits to key locations, I produced a web-based biographical history documentary of Heather's unique story titled *The Shoebox*[2] and created an interactive online architecture to mirror its content.

The narrative structure of *The Shoebox* is designed to accentuate the fragmentary nature of Heather's memory story. As users explore each 360-degree panoramic scene they are prompted to access embedded clips within each scene. Once viewed these embedded fragments build on a timeline that can be played, after a specific cue, as a "traditional" linear documentary narrative with scripted beginning, middle, and end.

Naming this story-telling structure *memoradic narrative*, I designed it to mimic the process of autobiographical memory recall whereby a recollection is accessed as numerous small memory packages stored throughout the brain that are combined into a comprehensive narrative by the person remembering, and then presented to another as a continuous (personal) story. Engel explains autobiographical memory as a reconstructive process where "one creates the memory at the moment one needs it, rather than merely pulling out an intact

item, image or story. This suggests that each time we say or imagine something from our past we are putting it together from bits and pieces that may have, until now, been stored separately."[3]

There are over 60 still photographs in *The Shoebox*. Some were taken by myself as Heather and I uncovered her story, others are scans of old documents found in the shoebox; the majority, however, came from Heather's family's own photographic collections ca. 1915 to 1955. Selecting just six of these photographs, this chapter explores the relationship between image and memory in Heather's narrative, and the use of images and oral testimony in digital history making.

Return to Abdullah Park

On our genealogical journey of discovery in November 2005 Heather and I visited the homestead where Heather had lived as a child. Named Abdullah Park,[4] after a famous Arabian racehorse, the property is a 50-acre horse stud located at Moolap four miles (approximately 7 kilometers) southeast of the Victorian coastal city of Geelong in southern Australia.

Heather's family—her father Donald, mother Clara, and two older sisters Gwendoline and Marjory—moved to Abdullah Park from the Wimmera in July 1937, when Heather was six years of age. Eleven weeks later Heather's father Donald was killed when his car hit an electric tram. Tragedy struck the family again just three-and-one-half-years afterwards when the girls' mother died from an unknown illness.

Heather said:

> We were up in the Wimmera,
> up on the South Australian border and my father,
> there weren't any boys in our family,
> I was the third girl,
> and when Gwen got to be 14 he wanted her to go to high school and there was no local high school,
> so he made the decision to move to Geelong,
> and that was how he bought Abdullah Park.
> It was only fifty acres but it was a horse stud,
> a Mrs. Gibb owned it,
> and her husband had been killed in a jumping accident.

Heather thinks this picture of their home (Figure 11.1) was taken around the time of her father's funeral in early September 1937. The photograph shows one portion of the Abdullah Park homestead from the entrance driveway. To the

Figure 11.1 *Abdullah Park,* Moolap, Victoria, *ca.*1937 (private collection).

left and right of the driveway two Ford cars are just visible. Donald was driving a similar vehicle when he was killed.

In preparation for our visit to Abdullah Park Heather communicated with the current owner, who agreed we could visit. The family who bought the property after Heather's mother Clara's tragic death in 1941 had lived at Abdullah Park for over 60 years and had made few changes. The current owner had completely opened up the back of the house and renovated the kitchen; however, the front of the house was untouched. The lounge, bathroom, and bedrooms were all as they had been when Heather was a child.

Although in need of some repairs, Abdullah Park is still grand and beautiful. There are lovely stained glass windows throughout the house, ornate plaster ceilings, and fireplaces in the bedrooms as well as the lounge. When Heather lived here from 1937 to 1941, the long gravel drive from the road to the house was lined on both sides with stately pine trees. These are now gone. However, the stables and the men's quarters at the back of the house remain.

Our visit lasted two hours. The current owner was interested in the history of the property and Heather's handful of family photographs. It was invaluable for me to be present as documentary witness and emotional supporter as Heather relived events and recalled small details of the life she had lived here, as the memories of the young girl flooded back.

At Abdullah Park Heather remembered the crossed peacock feathers above the fireplace in the lounge. Superstition said they brought bad luck. Losing both parents in less than four years, Heather is inclined to agree. She remembered lying in bed and being able to just reach, with her foot, the light switch,

which hung as a long string from the center of the room. For a country girl this was luxury. She remembered the towel fight she and her sister Marjory had in the bathroom and her father's World War I uniform that hung in the cupboard behind the bathroom door. She remembered one rare occasion when she and her mother were home alone, they made toffee on the wood stove; it boiled over and spilt all over the stove. She remembered her mother on the hall telephone the night her father was killed. She remembered her mother went to hospital and never came home.

Heather said:

> But I must tell you about my father buying the property from Mrs. Gibb,
> she said there was 50 acres there and he sent the surveyors out and they said there was only 48,
> they argued about the price and finally my father said,
> being a betting man and so was she 'cause they were horsey people,
> he said I'll toss you for it.
> Marjory tells me they went out onto the footpath and they tossed.
> Now having been a child of seven when he died they always told me he won the toss,
> but the truth might be somewhat quite different.[5]

This story of Donald tossing a coin to settle a dispute is the type of characterization history documentary-makers relish when portraying people long deceased. Within this small vignette a larrikin[6] recklessness suited to the persona of a returned Australian soldier is accentuated. Heather has told this anecdote a number of times, and I used her voice-over interview relating this tale with a video reenactment of a tossed coin superimposed over Figure 11.1 as an embedded media clip in *The Shoebox*. I have also written an audio documentary dramatizing one part of Heather's story, titled *Everything Changes*, which uses this coin-tossing anecdote as the opening scene because of the insight it provides into the character of Heather's father.[7]

My Father

Heather's father's involvement in World War I and the injuries he sustained on the front line are a constant thread in Heather's recollections of him. Her family photographic album includes six photographs of Donald Neil McDonald as a private with the First Australian Imperial Force (AIF). Some of these photographs were taken in a studio near the Seymour military training camp, north of Melbourne, Australia, in 1915 before Donald was shipped out to the battlefields of France and Belgium.

Figure 11.2 is of particular interest because both Donald and his brother James are present in the back row of this photograph. The brothers signed up for active service together in Melbourne on July 20, 1915. James, aged 26, is on the left, and Donald, aged 21, is on the right. Although assigned to different battalions the brothers sailed together on the troopship *Afric* on January 5, 1916, for training in Egypt before they were transferred to the trenches in France.[8]

Both James and Donald fought in the battle of Pozieres, and both brothers were wounded in action; Donald on July 26, 1916 with a gunshot wound to his left leg and James the following day with a wound to his back. Two months later James received a severe gunshot wound to his leg, which left him in hospital in England for 11 months, before he was shipped home in July 1917.

Donald remained on the frontline and was wounded a second time with a gunshot wound to his face in the battle for the Hindenburg Line. He was hospitalized with this injury and suffering from shock on May 8, 1917. His third injury, received in the battle of Anzac Ridge in Belgium on October 4, 1917, was a severe gunshot wound to his face and right eye. On this occasion Donald was left wounded on the battlefield for two days before he was retrieved and sent to hospital.

Both James and Donald made it home to Australia, yet both were severely disabled by the war. Donald lost the sight of his right eye. Coincidently, James died from complications of sugar diabetes just eight weeks before Donald was killed in the car accident on September 9, 1937. Donald's war service disability, particularly his blind right eye, were major contributors to his fatal accident.[9]

Heather said:

> My father had five brothers,
> two of them,
> Dad and his brother Jim went to the War and
> they both died young…
> My father,
> he'd been very badly knocked around in the War,
> he was blind in one eye,
> he'd had two head injuries and a bad leg injury
> and he was shipped home in January of 1918 because he had just gone through so many injuries and [even after Heather was born in 1930, 12 years later] he was still going back to the military hospital from time to time for treatment.[10]

My Mother

Less than four years after Donald's death, Heather's mother Clara was taken to hospital suffering from an unknown illness. Even today Heather does not know the real cause of her mother's death.

Figure 11.2 World War I studio photograph of First Australian Imperial Force soldiers, (standing back row left to right) Privates James and Donald McDonald, (seated front row) unknown Officer and Private, Seymour military training camp, Victoria, Australia, *ca.*1915 (private collection).

Figure 11.3 Clara McDonald (seated) with sisters Addie and Mabel (standing), *Abdullah Park, ca.*1941 (private collection).

Figure 11.3 shows Clara seated in the garden of Abdullah Park in about 1941. Standing behind are her two eldest sisters. Addie is on the left, and Mabel is on the right. Both sisters are more than five years older than Clara, yet in Figure 11.3 she looks to be considerably older than her sisters. This photograph is a clear indication of how ill Clara had become before she died.

Heather said:

> My mother was the youngest of six girls in a row,
> she was a lovely person…
> she had those soft brown eyes
> they're not heavy brown eyes,
> they're a lighter brown eye,
> but they're kind,
> very kind looking eyes…
> she was only a young woman [when she died],
> she was only 42 and she hadn't had a history of ill health.
> She'd been perfectly well,
> and the only thing I know is,
> I don't remember but people have said,
> that she got very thin and,
> I think now on reflection that she had undiagnosed diabetes which if neglected causes kidney failure and,

I think that that's very clear because she had never had ill health,
until,
a few months before she died.
Yeah.
Yeah.
But why someone didn't pick it up,
I don't know,
I mean she went to doctors,
they,
it just seemed to be,
medical mismanagement as far as I'm concerned,
and why her friends and family didn't say,
you know, "Are you sure you're well?"
or whether when she got to the hospital,
she was four weeks in the hospital,
but perhaps the care wasn't adequate there.
She might not have gone in as desperately ill,
Ahh,
but we'll never know.[11]

When their mother died in May 1941, Heather and her sisters were placed under the guardianship of their father's older brother, Uncle Jock, a stock and station agent, who lived with the rest of the extended family 250 miles (400 kilometers) away in the Wimmera. Uncle Jock did not want the girls to be separated and made the decision to board them in Geelong. It was wartime and accommodation was very scarce so the girls moved from place to place. For Heather, the youngest, it was to be a dozen boarding houses in ten years.

"The Day We Left"

One of the key photographs from Heather's childhood depicts three girls in overcoats and hats lined up for the photographer, eldest to youngest, left to right. In front of them is a small terrier dog also looking directly at the photographer. On the left side of the photograph is a trimmed hedge; on the right is a portion of the house showing a veranda. Behind the girls the viewer can just make out a utility truck, which is packed with belongings.

Heather said:

That's us,
down the side of the house,
the day we left.[12]

Figure 11.4 (left to right) Gwendoline, Marjory, Heather, and Pongo the dog (in foreground), *Abdullah Park,* August 10, 1941 (private collection).

Figure 11.4 was taken on August 10, 1941. Heather is the youngest of the girls. To her right is her sister Marjory aged 14, next to Marjory is her eldest sister Gwendoline aged 17. The girls are leaving their home Abdullah Park. It was 12 weeks after their mother died in hospital and the girls became orphans.

Heather said:

> That was the age I was when we left Abdullah Park.
> We went into Geelong.
> That's the age and size I was,
> so,
> it wasn't long,
> we were only in that house for four years,
> and,
> and,
> only for two months,
> my father was there with us.[13]

As the girls' legal guardian Uncle Jock managed their parents' leased wheat-farm in the Wimmera, which provided the girls with the funds for their lodgings.

It was Uncle Jock who stored the documents in the shoebox that would eventually be given to Heather in 2002.

Heather said:

> Well the Shoebox was 50 years old,
> it was longer than that it was 60 years old,
> and it had been in a cupboard in a garage in Kaniva belonging to my Guardian who had died in 1961.
> And he had been the executor of my mother's estate and so when his business closed down all the documents and records that you're required to keep by law were put in a cupboard in a shed behind his son's house,
> who has subsequently died as well.
> So there was a long time where this stuff had just been kept and stored until it became evident that there were white ants in the shed.
> And surprisingly I was in the country town,
> which I'd hardly ever been in,
> only on very rare occasions the very day that they found the shoebox.
> And so they rang me and they said.
> "Oh we've got this box and it's got all about your family in it."
> And so I said "well Oh that'll be good I'll, I'll come and get it this afternoon because I'm going to be over that way,"
> and they couldn't wait,
> they came round,
> jumped in the car and came straight round and presented me with the shoebox.
> And in it I found copies of all of the documents that had related to my parents and their properties and the costs,
> all of the costs involved over the period of time,
> from when I was 11 until I was 21.
> Which was very valuable information . . .
> We paid 30 bob[14] a week each,
> and for that we got all our meals and all our washing and ironing done.

Inside the shoebox Heather also discovered account books, check butts, letters, legal documents, the wills of both her parents, probate documents filed at the time of their deaths, purchase documents for the Moolap property Abdullah Park and documents concerning land taxes and Donald's horse breeding activities.

These documents are all dry fiscal records ca.1922 to 1950, yet to Heather these records are a tangible link to her long deceased parents. As Margaret Gibson[15] explains in her book on memory and mourning, "for the bereaved, objects can transpose into quasi-subjects, moving into that now vacant bereft place." Heather's access to the contents of the shoebox enabled her to touch and

scrutinize items used and written by her parents over 60 years before and gives her valuable insight into the way they lived. One check butt made out for 20 pounds to Gwendoline is dated July 31, 1941. It has Uncle Jock's poignant notation, "advance to carry on." This check was written ten weeks after Clara's death.

Figure 11.5 was also taken "the day we left" Abdullah Park. It is three days after Heather's eleventh birthday. She is holding one of her pet cats. Another cat stands in the foreground.

Heather said:

> We couldn't take our cats with us to Mrs. Pearse's [in Geelong].
> They stayed with the place [Abdullah Park].
> Pongo, our little dog, went to a farm.
> We were very upset.
> We loved our animals.

After the girls moved Heather continued to attend the local school along with the children whose family bought Abdullah Park, yet she recalls with some surprise never talking to these children about Abdullah Park and never even inquiring about the cats they had left behind when they moved in with Mrs. Pearse in Geelong.

A Dozen Homes in Ten Years

The societal and family opinion of the era was that the girls should not dwell on their regrettable situation, neither should they view themselves as unfortunate victims, rather, they should "fit in and not break the rules of the house[16]."

Heather said:

> When we left Mrs. Pearse and went to live with Mrs. Cameron she,
> oh well we went to a Mrs. Young.
> She was in Garden Street,
> she was a young woman,
> and she was a widow with a seven-year-old child,
> and I would have been 12,
> I think and,
> she was a very unhappy woman and,
> she'd actually been,
> her father had been a relative by marriage to one of my mother's sisters,
> Anyway we had a pretty tempestuous time with her,
> she was one of these nothing out of place,
> and the first time,

Figure 11.5 Heather with cats, *Abdullah Park,* August 10, 1941 (private collection).

got up Monday morning went to school,
Marjory and I used to share a double bed in one of the rooms,
and we came home everything was thrown out the window.
Regardless of the weather.
Out the window.
Anything that's left around that's where it goes.
She was only in her thirties this woman but by golly she was tough.
Anyway came Christmas time and we went up to our family in the Wimmera and we still paid,
my Uncle always paid our board through our family estate,
and he always paid to keep the rooms vacant,
so that we had somewhere to come back to,
and she apparently had all her relatives come down from Shepparton for the Christmas holidays.
Anyway Ahh,
some period of time later she sent a writ to Uncle Jock and said he hadn't paid our board while we were away on holidays.
And he found some sort of a letter that she had written saying that she'd had relatives staying,
so they went to court.
She sued him,
and he got on the train and came down to Geelong and fought the case,
didn't tell us a thing about it
until after it was all over.

Autobiographical Memory

Old photographs have the ability to transport people to eras long past. An example of this is one very small, grainy photograph from Heather's family's collection, which shows a family group dressed in overcoats and hats on a boardwalk next to a windy beach *circa* 1934. It is labeled "McDs Victor Harbour."

No one is posing for the photographer, who appears to have hurriedly snapped a candid family holiday picture. The photograph is overexposed and badly composed, the horizon line rises wildly to the right, and the family group is crowded into the bottom left-hand corner of the frame with their legs cut off. Yet for Heather, who is the smallest child in the picture, this unremarkable photograph opens up a torrent of stories and emotions.

Heather says:

My mother must have been a bit of a photographer.
She seems to have taken most of the pictures.

Figure 11.6 "McD's Victor Harbour," believed to be taken September 10, 1933, Gwendoline's tenth birthday. Heather, the youngest, is three years old (private collection).

> I'd never seen these until Andrew [Gwendoline's son] sent them [in 2008]
> See this one.
> That's my father…
> and look…
> he's holding my hand.

Heather's autobiographical memory recall triggered by the documents in the shoebox and the family photographs is a mixture of semantic memory (facts about one's self such as one's date of birth) and episodic memory (experiences of one's life such as recollections of one's eighth birthday party),[17] as well as clarification, analysis, and reflection. Although her recollections reveal some slight errors, the essence of Heather's memory is remarkably accurate. She remembers quite clearly explanations she was given at the time of events as well as situations she experienced first hand.

The accuracy of Heather's memory recall is surprising given her youth when these events occurred and her advanced years when interviewed. Heather's memories of her father were encoded before she was seven years of age, an age according to Eacott and Crawley when children's memories rarely survive into adulthood.[18] Further, her memories of her mother were encoded when she was still just ten years old. In addition, over 60 years lapsed between Heather being orphaned and her receiving the shoebox.

Memory researchers Engel and McNally have found that while it is true that early childhood memories are easily forgotten, and memories do fade, as people grow older; it is also true that extreme situations or circumstances of heightened emotions can crystallize memories enabling them to remain vivid and clear from early childhood until old age.[19] According to McNally, there are six elements at work enabling stressful memories to be encoded strongly: emotional arousal while encoding; distinctiveness of the event; degree of surprise experienced; perceived personal relevance; directly experiencing the event; and rehearsal of the reception context. The perceived importance of an event combined with the degree of surprise determines the emotional intensity of the response. The more emotion experienced the more likely the person will revisit the memory, the process of rehearsal, which in turn, strengthens the memory for the event. In addition, personally experiencing an event, and the distinctiveness of the event, both ensure the memory is tagged as a unique experience warranting special processing in the long-term memory.

Heather's autobiographical memories, which were laid down in extreme situations of heightened personal emotions, fulfill all six of McNally's categories, ensuring her recollections from childhood are strong, vivid memories that are "surprisingly accurate."[20] Heather's family photographs also provide a vehicle for Heather to relive and retell experiences represented in the photographs, thus aiding the process of repetition and rehearsal, which in turn cements her childhood memories.

Memoradic Narrative: *The Shoebox*

With the rich collection of Heather's family's photographs and Heather's excellent memory recall, I set about making an interactive online history documentary of her story. It is a story that would commonly be made as a documentary film, but I wanted to explore the potential for the online platform to reveal this narrative in a way that would reflect its content. Accentuating the fragmented way Heather discovered her history, *The Shoebox* reveals tiny pieces of Heather's memory/story as the user/viewer interactively accesses them. When viewed, these fragments fall into their unique positions on the timeline. Once three fragments have entered the timeline the timeline itself becomes active and can be played as a traditional linear narrative.

The Shoebox combines two narrative structures: an interactive nonlinear structure, and a linear structure. The nonlinear sections require the user/viewer to interactively engage with the media by navigating to small pieces of story content. This interaction in turn creates another story space, a linear story that translates the fragments of this biographical tale into a narrative the user/viewer can sit back and absorb as one would with a traditional documentary film.

The interactive architecture of *The Shoebox* compels the user to access small fragments of memory/story (video clips, animated stills, audio) whilst navigating within 360-degree panoramic scenes. As the user accesses each memory fragment embedded in the panoramic scenes, an icon representing the visited clip falls into a designated position on a timeline at the base of the viewing screen. Once three embedded media clips have been accessed, the timeline is cued to fill up with the remaining icons, and the user may choose either to continue exploring the 360-degree panoramic scenes for additional embedded media clips, or they can play a complete linear documentary video of animated still photographs and video clip reenactments accompanied by themed music, voice-over narration, and extracts from Heather's oral interviews. This traditional linear narrative tells Heather's story with a scripted beginning, middle, and end that the user/viewer passively observes. In comparison, the interactive component requires the user to interactively participate in the discovery of the story fragments.

This story-telling architecture combining nonlinear and linear narrative structures also mimics the process of autobiographical memory recall whereby fragments of memory stored in different parts of the brain are accessed and joined together into a comprehensive narrative. I define this story-telling architecture as *memoradic narrative*. In *The Shoebox,* the memory fragments stored in

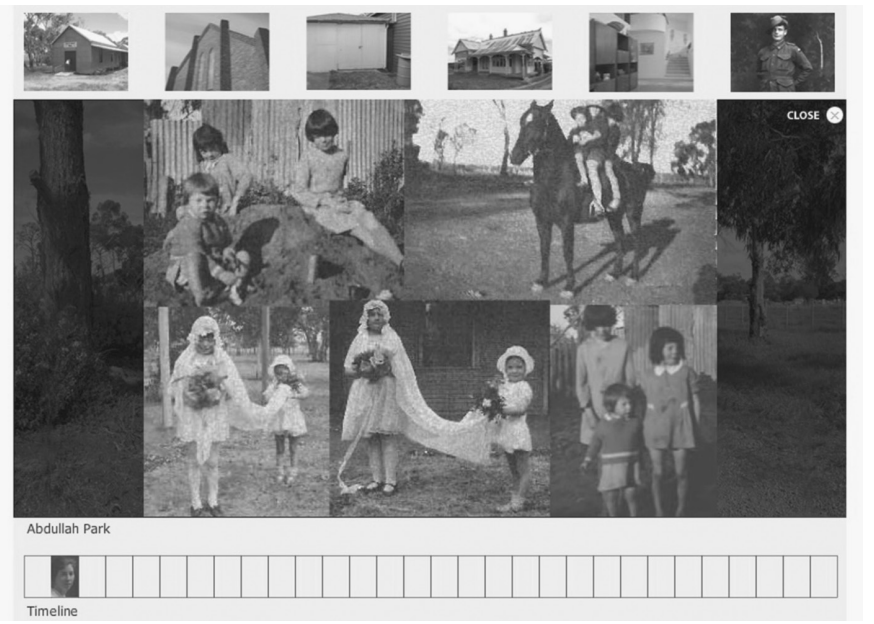

Figure 11.7 Screen shot in black and white of *The Shoebox* showing six interactive panoramic icons on top of the central viewing frame, which displays an embedded media clip from the "Lounge Room" 360-degree panoramic scene. The timeline (center bottom) shows one embedded media clip has already been accessed. The timeline linear movie is not yet active and cannot be played.

Figure 11.8 Screen shot in black and white of *The Shoebox* showing six interactive panoramic icons on top of the central viewing frame, which displays a frame from the timeline linear movie "The Shoebox Movie." The timeline (center bottom) is filled with all embedded media clip icons and is active.

the database are accessed and joined together into a comprehensive narrative on the timeline.

Researchers such as Engel and Freed have found that memory is an amalgamation of activities that utilize a number of sites and cognitive processes in the brain, and these processes are much more complicated, more fragmented and more subjective than we are inclined to presume[21]. Whilst we tend to think of the process of memory as being similar to recording and playing back a scene in the same way a video camera operates, it is in fact more akin to the processes of capture, storage, and retrieval that a hypermedia platform such as *The Shoebox* employs.[22]

Autobiographical memory pieces together these "bits and pieces" to construct a type of narrative by which the rememberer communicates experiences. With this in mind McNally claims the following:

> Even when we garble the details about the past, we often get the essence right. Memory for the gist of many experiences is retained with essential fidelity, and this is especially true for events having personal, emotional significance. The paradox of memory lies in its "fragile power."[23] Although subject to distortion, memory usually serves us well. It provides the core of personal identity and the foundation of cognition.[24]

Or, to put it another way, our autobiographical memory, whilst a reconstructive process, open to change and variation, is often "surprisingly accurate."[25]

Heather's ability to remember in remarkable detail key events of her childhood is both surprising and fascinating. The personal and shocking nature of Heather's childhood aided her to create memories that remain remarkably vivid and enduring. Some of these memories have been stimulated as Heather and I sorted through her family's collection of photographs. The photographs serve a valuable role in enabling Heather to relive and retell the events of her childhood and in the process enrich and strengthen her memories of childhood. In addition, the quality and nature of these family photographs give *The Shoebox* a depth and texture that complement Heather's oral interviews.

Notes

1. Anna Haebich, "A Long Way Back: Reflections of a Genealogical Tourist," in *Griffith Review* 6, "Our Global Face" (2004), 181–239.
2. Janet Marles, *The Shoebox*, www.memoradicnarrative.com (2009).
3. Susan Engel, *Context is Everything: The Nature of Memory* (New York: W.H. Freeman and Company, 1999), 6.
4. The sign on the front gate of the property reads "Abdallah Park"; however. the sale documents from 1937 refer to the property as "Abdullah Park." Heather believes "Abdullah" is the correct spelling.
5. Interview with Heather, September 2004.
6. Larrikin in the Australian vernacular describes someone who is antiauthoritarian, a risk taker, and free-spirited.
7. Marles, *Everything Changes*, www.memoradicnarrative.com/story.html.
8. Australian War Memorial, War Service Records of AIF Private 3561 Donald Neil McDonald and AIF Private 3591 James McDonald, cross-referenced with 8th and 24th Battalion Field Diaries; National Archives of Australia Online Resources, "A.I.F. Service Personnel War Records," http://naa12.naa.gov.au/scripts/ResearcherScreen.asp, accessed 2006–2008; and Australia War Memorial Online Archives, "A.I.F. First World War Field Diaries," http://www.awm.gov.au/diaries/ww1/diary.asp?diary=82, accessed 2006-2008.
9. Public Records Office of Victoria, "Coroner's Inquest #1288, Donald Neil McDonald, Geelong, 6th October 1937."
10. Interview with Heather, September 2004.
11. Interview with Heather, May 2005.
12. Interview with Heather, September 2004.
13. Interview with Heather, June 2008.
14. Prior to 1971 Australia used British currency—pound, shilling and pence. A "bob" was vernacular for one shilling. A shilling was equivalent to 12 pence and 20 shillings made a pound.
15. Margaret Gibson, *Object of the Dead: Mourning and Memory in Everyday Life*, (Melbourne: Melbourne University Press, 2008), 47–79.

16. Interview with Heather, May 2005.
17. Richard, J. McNally, *Remembering Trauma* (Cambridge Massachusetts: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 2003), 35.
18. M.J. Eacott and R.A. Crawley cited in McNally, *Remembering Trauma*, 44.
19. Engel, *Context is Everything: The Nature of Memory* 5–51, and McNally, *Remembering Trauma*, 39–77.
20. The description "surprisingly accurate" is an expression used by researchers of memory: Engel, *Context is Everything: The Nature of Memory,* 3, and McNally, *Remembering Trauma*, 39.
21. Engel, *Context is Everything,* 4, and Michael Freed, "Is human memory similar to the RAM in a PC?," http://madsci.wustl.edu/posts/archives/mar97/852177186.Ns.r.html, (1997), 1, accessed August 30, 2005.
22. McNally, *Remembering Trauma*, 28.
23. Daniel Schacter, cited in McNally, *Remembering Trauma*, 39.
24. McNally, *Remembering Trauma*, 39.
25. See note 20.