

ALFRED (ALF) LELSIE GOLDBURG (OAM)
23.07.1926 – 10.03.2022

Alex will introduce Dallas as the son of Alfred Goldberg.

Good Morning, I am Dallas Goldberg and together with my brother Joe and Mum, Audrey, we want to thank you for joining our family in celebration of Dad's life.

Dad was born in Carlton, Victoria in 1926. He was only 7 years old when his parents separated.

He was the eldest of 5 children and was raised between Aunty Eva in Richmond Victoria and his father Leslie in Sydney.

The remaining 4 siblings **Blanch**, **Joyce**, **Phil** and **Betty** were raised in an Orphanage and Dad re-joined them at Aunty Eva's place sometime later.

As we have heard, Dad's sister Betty is here with us today.

Dad learnt his meticulous grooming and dress sense from Aunty Eva who was a cleanliness and tidiness tyrant.

By the time he became an adult, Dad had a strong grasp on decency and a wide knowledge of the geography of Melbourne and Sydney.

Dad's father, **Leslie Goldberg**, a World War One veteran, was injured in The Battle of Somme, in France.

Dad followed in his father's footsteps, joining the Royal Australian Navy during World Word Two, as soon as he turned 18.

We will hear more about Dad's Military Service a little later in the R.S.L. Service performed by Brian Dunn from the Noble Park R.S.L.

We see many of Dad's fellow Club members here today and we thank them all for supporting us.

.
.

Living in Sydney at World War Two's end, Dad worked as a shoe sales specialist in the upmarket men's store named **Peapes**, attending to the elite of Sydney and well-to-do Overseas visitors. Dad remembered his encounters with several members of royalty including assisting Haile Selassie (The Emperor of Ethiopia).

.
.

In 1954, Dad married our Mother, Audrey, in Sydney and the pair soon moved here to Melbourne in 1955, head-hunted by the **Holeproof Shoe Company** with a generous pay packet

Together, they bought a very important anchor; their new house in **Heatherton Rd, Dandenong North**. That was 66 years ago and the house is still with the family today.

In this family home, **Joe** came along in 1966, followed by **Me (Dallas)** 4 years later in 1970.

And the Grand kids joined the family some years later with **Oscar** in 2019, **Hayley** in 2015 and **Jessica** in 2017.

.

One of our earliest memories of Dad is backyard cricket, where he taught Joe how to bowl 'googlies' and 'wrong'ns'. However, his long work hours meant that our games of cricket were limited to daylight savings and on the weekends.

Dad taught himself life skills that sustained him to the good innings of 95.

We also have fond memories of spending many Christmas holidays at a rental house in Sorrento with the family.

One might call it early **AirBNB** *but without the stairs*.

.

Dad would take us fishing on the nearby piers, but as kids, we didn't have the patience to keep the line in the water long enough to catch any fish.

.

.

Dad was also a keen Golfer and was an early Life Member of the **Churchill Park Golf Club**, situated in the then bushland just off Stud Road, well before Endeavour Hills was becoming a built-up area. I was taken there many times and enjoyed wasting the weekend walking around trying to 'not hit' the many kangaroos still in the area. Joe, not so much, as although he was a right-hander, he held the clubs in his left and that made everything a little more difficult.

.

.

Dad's work allowed him to travel around Australia seeking orders from high-end shoe stores for the latest styles. I remember our house being full of shoe-boxes and the sticky smell of shoe-repair glue in the garage.

.

In the mid 1970's, travelling home from work one evening, Dad's car was hit by a tram, causing him serious spinal injury.

After long stays and several operations in the Epworth Hospital, as well as sleepless nights at home, Dad moved onto early retirement.

Dad's travelling sales job had taken him away every day to the city, but from this time on, he spent all his time in Dandenong.

This allowed him to take the opportunity to find out what made the Local Area tick.

But on a few occasions Dad would travel to Sydney, to stay with Audrey's mother **Eleanor**, who made a big impression on him.

Eleanor was a life member of the Labor Party and she educated Dad on how political parties worked and the benefits that the Labor Party had won for the workers over the years.

Dad would regularly go to meetings with his Mother in Law to find she was on first name basis, with many Politicians, including the Prime Minister at the time, **Bob Hawke**.

There are Local Council, State and Federal Labor Members here today and we are sure Dad, upstairs, would be very appreciative of your attendance, just as Joe, Myself and the rest of the extended family are.

.
.

Later in his life, Dad volunteered to man pre-polling venues for many Elections as an active local.

We remember him putting up huge voting placards affixed to the trees in the front yard, on the busy Heatherton road, to remind passers-by who to vote for.

Dad was often seen wearing one of his favourite caps with various A.L.P. badges on it, even outside non-electoral periods.

.
.

Retirement gave Dad the freedom to travel and in the late 70's he travelled to Argentina, South America. He got to know how other Governments operated and the disadvantages that existed for **their** working class.

Back home, Dad, became an active member in his local area, joining,

- **The Australian Labor Party,**
- **The Springvale Benevolent Society,**
- **The Dandenong and District Historical Society,**
- **The Noble Park R.S.L.,**
- **just to name a few**

Along with these, Dad became a part of the local Scout group when Joe and I joined the **10th Dandenong Scouts**.

Many weekends we would go down to the hall and mop & sweep the old wooden floors whilst he tidied the place up after those messy Scouts.

I have continued this Scouting tradition and I am currently a Cub Leader at **9th Oakleigh (Hellenic) Scout** group.

And my son, Dad's grandson, Oscar, has also followed the tradition in being a Scout.

Oscar has awards such as the **Joey's Promise** and **Cub's Grey Wolf**, under his belt.

From a very young age Oscar was always proud to walk with his Pa in his Scout uniform, on ANZAC Day and at many other Parades.

You might have seen photos of them together a few times on the front page of Dad's favourite paper, the Dandy Journal.

Over the years, Dad has been recognised for his community service and spirit, including being awarded an **Order of Australia** in 2019.

We were very proud to accompany him to collect this award. There were a many other awards but the OAM was the highlight for Dad.

Raised during the Great Depression, I recall Dad telling me - He and his father, Leslie, would get ripe fruit from the market and take it down the street to sell to passers-by.

Many years later, Dad repeated this undertaking when he worked at the Dandenong Market, spruiking the names of fruit and veggies out loud and in many different languages.

Dad enjoyed the interaction with people as they passed by the stall. Market days, Tuesdays and Fridays were big events for him. He got to know most of the traders and their problems.

Oh, and his payment was a box of leftover fruit and veggies from the stall.

Through Dad's shoe-bizz contacts, I got my first part-time job, before and after school, unpacking and packing shoes on a stall at Dandy Market. From this start, I was able to obtain other jobs at the Queen Victoria Market for several years.

.
.

Some of you know Dad (Alf) as a local paper boy aged in his 60s, and then 70s, and then 80s and then 90s, Dad tried to get the local paper, the Dandy Journal into as many locations as possible. You will see the results of his efforts where ever people meet in this area, as there will be stacks of Star/Journal newspapers at these locations.

Dad used to drop off the local paper to the **Dandenong and District Historical Society** and helped out **the Springvale Benevolent Society** wherever he could.

Back home, **Dad loved everything: LOCAL, local Chemist, local Post Office, local Market, local Paper, local Council.**

He knew information about lots of the people who ran our own Governments, Businesses and Institutions.

The **Noble Park R.S.L.** was one of Dad's favourite places, and he served on the Committee for many years.

During meal times, we remember Dad collecting dishes and doing other duties to assist the busy staff. He was eager to welcome patrons, members and visitors alike.

At the R.S.L. I remember Dad dressing-up in his own Santa suit 'to help Santa' during Christmas celebrations, giving out treats to the young, and the young at heart.

He also loved to dance on the R.S.L. dance floor, when any opportunity arose.

.

Now, I am sure Dad had times, where he drove a lot of you up the wall, but did you know he continued to **drive until he was 93?**

He was often seen giving a lift to those in need to R.S.L functions or Polling Booths on Election days.

I'm sure dad didn't tell his passengers who to vote for. *Unless they asked.*

.

.

One of Dad's nicknames was "*Mr Have a Chat*", as many here would know, he loved to be in the know, fortunately or unfortunately for some, **Joe** seems to have inherited this trait.

.

.

We know Dad was proud of his growing family.

His eyes always lit up when the grand kids were around.

Sadly, many of them can not be here today but seeing this turn out for him today we know that he was a very loved member of his local community.

We will love him and miss him forever.