

SUTHERLAND SHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY INC QUARTERLY BULLETIN



Design by (the late) Fred Midgley

No. 78

November 1991

Price: 50 cents



Gogerly's Cottage on Port Hacking is a single storey, early colonial sandstone building erected by Charles Gogerly in the 1850s. The house would appear to be one of the earliest buildings in the Sutherland Shire — and Gogerly lived there with his wife and their children.

As a visitor to the area in 1914, Captain William Collins, described the site as "an old house which had been built by convicts ... (with) a garden, with patches of potatoes and maize and a number of fruit trees".

There is not a great deal of information about the family or the history of the cottage — which today stands abandoned, in need of much restoration work — but a few more details are covered in WHO WAS Gogerly? in this edition of the Bulletin.

— Helen McDonald

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LOOKING AT THINGS IN PUDDLES

Looking at things in puddles after rain
I see four ants, or cells of an ant brain,
Caught on a floating island with a bit
Of caterpillar, fighting over it.

Rocking their refuge into near capsized;
Likely to drown themselves and lose their prize.
You'd think that being part of a mass mind
Insects like ants would scarcely need to find

Ways of avoiding such mammalian muddle
As being stranded fighting in a puddle.
You'd think they'd follow some strict blueprint plan
Drawn up for them before the age of man.

Having got into it, each has no doubt
His is the only way of getting out.
Each has the nerve to think he knows the best
Way to convey this tribute to the nest.

No! When the flood goes down I think each one
Intends to take the lion's share, and run.
They're clearly semaphoring to each other
Epithets not synonymous with "brother".

Has a set term elapsed, to let them stray
Each on some old synaptic right-of-way?
Have they remembered how the rhythm went
Of alternating clamour and content?

Dreaming and doing and getting done? before,
Ten million generations back or more,
They opted for potential to transmit
At the expense of realising it?

It seems to me a prospect of some worth
That in those crowded arteries of earth
The pulse might falter, and the blood might start
To question the authority of heart.

- Densy Clyne



LOOKING AT THINGS IN PUDDLES, by Densy Clyne, was published in the October 1967 edition of POETRY and is reproduced here by courtesy of the poet herself. Readers will be aware that the Densy Clyne segment is one of the features that make 'Burke's Backyard' the wonderful program that it is. A prolific writer, the distinguished Naturalist has had a number of poems published in literary magazines. One day, hopefully, we'll see an anthology of Densy Clyne's poetry.

COVER ILLUSTRATION by courtesy of Sutherland Shire Council

GOGERLY'S COTTAGE — one of a set of ten drawings by George Youssef, which was produced by the Town Planning Department (Design Section) in 1988 as a Bicentennial Project.

Quarterly Bulletin of the Sutherland Shire Historical Society Inc

Edition No. 78

November 1991

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THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND



SYNOPSIS

Being Excerpted from the British Lion version

The story of a young girl who is orphaned and taken to a boarding school. She is very lonely and misses her mother. One day she meets a young man who is also at the school. They become friends and he helps her to feel better. The story is very touching and shows the power of friendship.



Adapted and Produced by
Mr.
RAYMOND LONGFORD
for
The Fraser Film Co.
E. Lewis Scott, Eng.
Australian Production
4 Melbourne Street

The original of this greatly reduced copy of the 1914 silent movie poster is in the possession of our new member, Rebecca Sanders (nee Gray).

Rebecca, aged six years, can be seen in the top photo being comforted by her movie brother. See also article THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND in this edition of the Bulletin.

A copy of the poster has been donated to the Society, by Rebecca, for our Museum collection.

* NOTE: NEW FEES

SUTHERLAND SHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Renewal of Subscription for 1992

As from 1 January 1992

If you have not already paid in advance, please fill in this form and hand it to the Hon Treasurer, Mr A Hamilton, at the monthly general meeting of the Society; or post it to the Hon Treasurer, Sutherland Shire Historical Society, PO Box 389, Sutherland 2232

SUBSCRIPTION RENEWAL - 1992

NAME: (Please print in CAPITALS) _____ Mr/ Mrs/ Miss/ Ms/

ADDRESS: _____

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Please find my Subscription for 1992 enclosed herewith.

Annual Adult Subscription — \$8.00

Junior Member/Full-time Student — \$4.00

Signed _____ Date _____

SOCIETY'S OBJECTIVES —

1. The study of Australian History in general and of Sutherland Shire History in particular.
2. The collection, acquisition and preservation of all material relevant to the history of the Shire.
3. To encourage and foster an interest in the development of the Shire with particular regard to the natural beauty, character and the preservation of its historic associations, buildings, Aboriginal relics and the like.
4. The dissemination of historical information to members and others by way of lectures, exhibitions, discussions, publications and excursions.

ENQUIRIES: President: 523 5801 Honorary Secretary: 521 1343 Honorary Treasurer: 525 4208

RECEIPTS: Please collect your receipt at a meeting. If you wish the receipt to be posted, please include also a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS take effect from 1st OCTOBER through till the end of the succeeding year



PRESIDENT'S REMARKS

Following the recent Local Government Elections, we are pleased to advise the new Shire President, Clr. Ian Swords has accepted the Society's invitation to be the Patron (in accordance with our Constitution).

And you will have noted from our Bulletin, Clr. Swords will be Guest Speaker at February Meeting, which he has re-affirmed since re-election.

The Consultant/s are about to be appointed by the Heritage Register Committee and hopefully this will enable progress to be made with the study of significant buildings and sites within the Shire.

Members of Pioneer families are to be approached offering them the opportunity to sponsor a tree being included in the proposed park area of Sutherland Business Centre; each tree will be suitably protected and details given of the pioneer commemorated. Full details will be available shortly.

Mr. George Heavens has very kindly prepared an Index of Bulletins commencing from that done on our behalf by the late Ray Sowden. Thank you, George, for completing this major job; an Index is essential when requests for information are received.

An enquiry has been made for information about the famous "Shark Arm" Murder of 1935, and its association with Cronulla; research is being carried out for a possible film. It is a long time ago, and whilst records are available, it is the personal memories of people and happenings at that time that are being especially sought: If you can help, no matter how small that help may appear, it could be information no one else has given; will you please contact me so that this can be added to what I have so far been able to ascertain.

We are still following up the request from Inspector Neil Gould for photographs and memorabilia of Cronulla Police Stations. If any member is able to help Inspector Gould, it would be greatly appreciated.

As no photograph has been found of the "first" station and the last family to live in that house was that of Sergeant "Tiny" Titcume, his son Mr. Fred Titcume has been able to draw a plan of his former home and our very talented Bulletin Editor, Will Newton is preparing an Architectural Drawing of the house, for presentation to Inspector Gould.

As this will be the last Bulletin of 1991, may I wish all members the Compliments of the Season and trust 1992 will bring you good health.

Aileen Griffiths

- Opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of the Sutherland Shire Historical Society Inc.

EDITOR'S DESK...

The improvements to our presentation in this edition — the typesetting, etc on the front cover and inside the front cover — are thanks to Tim Fong, Community Arts Manager and Editor of CAN (Community Arts News). Tim has kindly made available his computerised facilities and we hope to gradually phase in more and more improvements.



THE WATER BOARD'S Head Office, in Bathurst Street, has an excellent collection of historical material on display in the HISTORICAL RESEARCH UNIT on the first floor level. Ron Peck, Historical Research Officer, has kindly donated a copy of the Board's centenary publication THE SWEAT OF THEIR BROWS (a most impressive volume) plus Project Packs re the Tank Stream, Busby's Bore and the Botany Swamps water systems for our library collection.

Ron Peck, I might mention, has just been awarded the NSW SERVICE MEDALLION, for meritorious service, from the Premier's Dept. The presentation ceremony took place at the State Office Block. Please accept our congratulations, Ron (Er ... can you get me a discount on my Water Rates?).

BLAXLAND'S GRANT

Former Editor of the BULLETIN, the late Marjorie Hutton-Neve, clarifies the situation regarding Gregory Blaxland's land at Miranda (see FROM SWAMP TO MARINE SUBURB) in her "Sutherland Shire Studies - No.1" under the heading of GRANT BY PROMISE.

Mrs Hutton-Neve writes: "It has been recorded incorrectly that Blaxland received a Grant of 1000 acres in the Miranda area ..." "Blaxland was promised land in the Wollongong area, but sold his promise to John Connell Jnr who selected land at Miranda. That land remained in Blaxland's name until the area was surveyed and title granted to Connell in 1834."

GLADYS MONCRIEFF. A .new DIGITAL recording of the famous musical comedy star is to be released next March at David Jones' Elizabeth Street store. Our local songbird HELEN ZEREFOS is to do the honours at the release.

• The Society continues to arrange for top-flight GUEST SPEAKERS --

NOVEMBER

Mr Frank Gartrell President,
Commonwealth Society

DECEMBER

The Hon. Robert Tickner, MP Federal Member
for Hughes Minister for Aboriginal Affairs

JANUARY

Several members of our Society, each to give a
short talk

FEBRUARY

Cr Ian Swords (Patron of our Society)
President of Shire of Sutherland

MARCH NO SPEAKER -

Annual election of Society's Officers

APRIL

Miss Helen Zerefos — nationally acclaimed
Singer/Entertainer

BREWING IN NEW SOUTH WALES

1788 — 1935

(Stewart Roberts Collection)

This account of the history of brewing in New South Wales was compiled for Tooth & Co to commemorate their centenary year in 1935 — but was never published. It provides an interesting view of our social development right from 'First Fleet' days. A copy of the original manuscript is in the Stewart Roberts Collection.

THE EARLY history of brewing in New South Wales is so bound up with what was the major trouble of the colony's early governors, the traffic in spirits, that to understand fully the conditions under which the first breweries were established and conducted, it is necessary to go as far back in history as July 1786 when, before the First Fleet sailed, the King-in-Council decided to eliminate grog from the "usual rations of the settlement".

It appears that the British Government, even at that early date, was against the use of intoxicating liquors within the projected colony, since not only the rank and file of the garrison, but even the officers were to be disallowed any kind of alcoholic supplies. This decision is significant in the light of later developments and, more particularly, the instructions given to Govern-ors who succeeded Phillip.

Captain Phillip himself, although later he was to take active measures to control the circulation of spirits among his small community, was strongly against the measure. He wrote to Under-Secretary Nepean:

"I fear much discontent from the garrison if there is no allowance of wine or spirits to which they may have ever accustomed until spruce beer can be procured for them ... I beg that you will please lay this circumstance before the Lords of the Treasury."

No attention was paid to this warning until just before the Fleet was to sail. On 5th May, 1787, Lord Sydney wrote to Phillip giving him permission to have the Commissary purchase at Rio de Janiero spirits or wine to the value of £200 (\$400) for the use of the Marines who were to form the first garrison of the Colony. The letter, however, reiterated the Government's decision that "It had not been thought advisable that the detachment of marines intended to be landed on the coast of New South Wales shall be constantly supplied with wine or spirits".



The notification of official policy aroused a storm of indignation among both officers and men of the detachment concerned, a Memorial, signed by the whole of the detachment being presented against the decision — while Major Ross, the officer commanding the troops (and Lieutenant-Governor) made personal application to the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Howe, who promised that the troops would be victualled in the usual manner after landing.

The promise did not carry much weight with Phillip, who doubted whether the Admiralty could set aside a decision of the Privy Council. Accordingly, he once more communicated with the Ministry, setting out the danger of not giving the garrison the same allowance of spirits as the marines and seamen on board the Sirius, more particularly as, on Lord Howe's authority, they had been

informed "that they should be victualled in the same manner".

In view of the feeling that had been aroused, and fearing that the expedition may be delayed, Lord Sydney made a temporary concession by authorising three years' supplies of wine, beer and spirits for the use of the garrison, from the date of their landing in New South Wales. At the same time, he intimated that at the expiration of this period, further supplies would be discontinued.

Rio proved a disappointing port so far as liquor supplies were concerned. There were no bulk supplies; the retailers seized the opportunity to carry out some unashamed profiteering; even at advanced prices, Phillip could not purchase as much as he wanted, and worse than all else, the quality of the Rio rum was not up to the standard to which British seamen and marines were accustomed.

"... in taste and smell extremely offensive," wrote Major Ross. "Indeed, I may say that nothing short of absolute necessity would induce men to use it ...". It must have been very bad!

Fortunately, Phillip had been sufficiently far-sighted not to allow his private stock to depend on the vagaries and dubious taste of foreign tradesmen. Before sailing, he had laid in for personal emergencies or official: two pipes (105 gallons each) of port wine, 104 dozen bottles of wine, two puncheons (70-120 gallons each) of rum, 12 barrels (36 gallons each) of London porter, 20 cwt of loaf sugar, 40 decanters and 34 dozen glasses.

All efforts of the Commissariat officers in Rio de Janiero had succeeded in buying only 115 pipes of rum for the use of the garrison after landing and 15 pipes of wine for hospital purposes. This, with the Governor's private stores and four or five cases of sauerkraut and 300 gallons of Cape Brandy, made up all the liquor that was available in the settlement during the first two years of its existence.

Two days after the arrival of the First Fleet at Botany Bay, the first festive gathering in the history of the colony, took place at Kogarah Bay. A cask of porter was broached, and in this the company "drank the healths of their friends in England". On 26 January another ceremony (with toasts) took place when, at the head of Sydney Cove on the site of the old Colonnade Hotel, the Union Jack was unfurled from a newly erected flagstaff and the territory was taken possession of for the throne of England. More porter was opened, the gathering drank the health of the King, Queen and Prince of Wales. Glasses were then charged to drink "Success to the Settlement of New South Wales" after which, encouraged no doubt by a feu de joie fired by the marines, the company expressed its feelings by giving three lusty cheers, a declaration of optimism and loyalty hearteningly returned by those on board the 'Supply'.

The use of porter at these two gatherings can be taken as indicative of Phillip's general attitude towards the question of liquor. He preferred beer-drinking to indulgence in spirits on all these occasions when State Celebrations, such as honouring the birthdays of the Royal Family, took place.

In his adoption of this attitude, he was strongly influenced no doubt, by the nature of the community he had to govern. He could not have failed to have been aware of the dangers attendant on the unchecked indulgence in potent liquors among the early inhabitants of the Colony. Except for medicinal purposes, or on state occasions, he would not allow the



use of wine, beer or spirits to the convicts, who were consequently forced to manufacture herbal drinks and sarsaparilla tea.

But the convicts were not the sole source of trouble.

cont 'd



Systematic plundering of large quantities of wine, spirits and beer was carried out by some of the soldiery between August, 1788 and March, 1789 and even the hanging of six offenders failed to stop the trouble. On Christmas Day, 1791, while the people were at church, some enterprising persons succeeding in looting no less than twenty-two gallons of spirits. From the first, it was Phillip's policy to retain in the Governor's hands the control of liquor and to prevent all access to it by convicts. Finding that, through the medium of strangers, officers and seamen from the transports, liquor was being distributed among the convict population, Phillip made his first official move towards restricting its importation and consumption. On August 30, 1791, he issued a proclamation that no liquor of any kind should be landed without a permit signed by Judge-Advocate Collins. Power was given to Provost Collins. Power was given to Provost-Marshall Brewer and the two principal officers of the police force to seize all liquor landed without an official permit. As an encouragement to anti-smuggling activity all unlawfully landed liquor seized was distributed among the police and the guard: a perquisite that was, no doubt, suitably appreciated since under Phillip's proclamation many houses were searched and no negligible quantity of contraband liquor confiscated.

Not content with this measure for the control of a traffic which, he foresaw, would lead to trouble in the mixed society that made up the Colony, the Governor applied to the Home Government for power to levy a duty on liquor landed, in order to more effectually prevent its distribution to the convicts. Home Secretary Dundas failed to see eye to eye with him in the matter, maintaining that for the present Port Orders would be sufficient to meet the situation.

The correspondence on this question reveals very clearly that Phillip had very strongly developed views in regard to liquor, not only so far as the convicts were concerned, but in other directions also. Secretary Dundas, in addition to refusing to grant permission for the imposition of a duty advised Phillip in letters dated May 15 and July 14, 1792, that he was sending to Sydney — either in ignorance of, or ignoring Lord Sydney's three year liquor limitation — a large consignment of port wine, spirits and tobacco for the officers to buy at prime cost, and rum for the troops. The Governor's reply to this can leave no doubt as to his attitude --

"Spirits among the military officers may be necessary, but it will certainly be a great evil."

Just how great an evil, the following years were to demonstrate. When eventually the Home Secretary's consignment arrived and was being disposed of to the military according to instructions, Phillip was approached by the settlers and asked if he would not make it possible for them to have some porter, as they were not able to share in the consignment of wine and spirits sent out for the benefit of the garrison officers.

TO BE CONTINUED



FROM SWAMP TO MARINE SUBURB'

THE TRANSFORMATION OF GWAWLEY BAY

When I lived at Sylvania in the 50s (the 1950s, of course) there were some indications that 'big things' were likely to happen at Gwawley Bay. Estate Agents had been knocking on doors along the south-eastern side of Evelyn St where the blocks ran down to the high-water line. Those Agents had a fair idea that this — the fourth proposal, I think — looked like a goer... and they all wanted a piece of the action.

I was friendly with several families whose properties backed on to Gwawley Creek. Sometimes, during the summer months, lots of us would go swimming in the creek — if the tide was high, that is — otherwise it would have been a mud-bath. Further along towards Sandy Point an old oyster farmer would sell us a bucketful of oysters for 'five bob' (500) — which, even in those pre-inflation days was very good value (and illegal, I'm told).

Life Member and former Convener of the Publications Committee GEORGE HEAVENS knew the whole area extremely well, right from his childhood days, and writes a fascinating account of the historical background --

"Box Road was surveyed and pegged in 1880; large pegs, about 12-inch X 12-inch, and about three feet long were in the ground and each had a broad arrow cut into the top. They were about a mile apart and had had characters painted on them, but I can't recall what they were. They were in the bush all over the place — and I even found a couple of them in the Menai area. They were, I think, from the original survey.



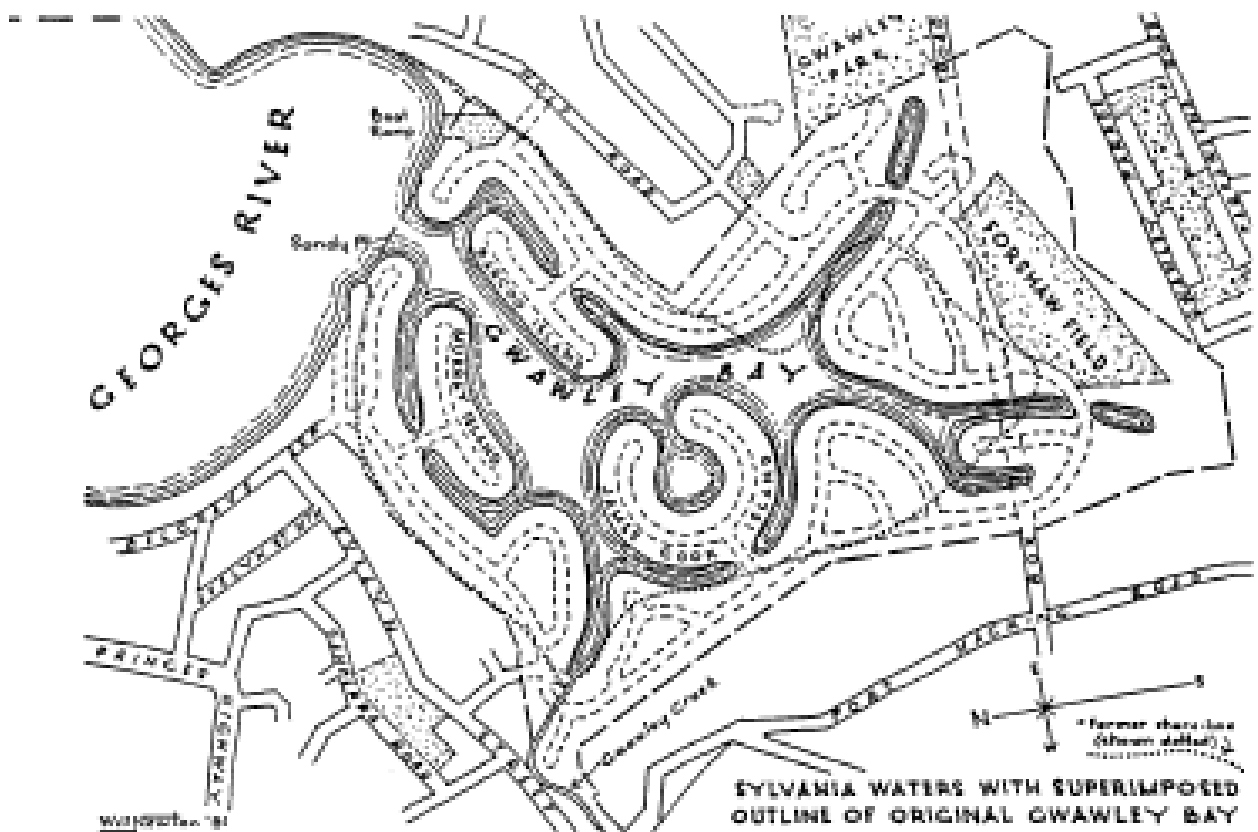
Gregory Blaxland was granted 1000 acres at the southern end of Gwawley Bay in-gratitude for his achievement in crossing the Blue Mountains in 1813 along with William Lawson and William Charles Wentworth. Blaxland's grant became known as the 'Old Farm' — its northern boundary being at Box Road (see maps).

Part of the swampy patch at the end of the bay ran onto Blaxland's land --and this is where Holt's canals (oyster claires) began, just north of what is now Box Road. There were several miles of these canals — not 32 as one book about Sutherland suggests. The area had long been abandoned when I explored it as a small boy.

Laycock owned land to high-water level on the south-western side. Connell's land was the north-western edge, to high water, as well as the land to the north and to the part opposite Commons or Taren Point where the Captain Cook Bridge now starts. (The bridge replaced the old punt.) About a mile from this point towards Sutherland was where Holt's fence across Gwawley Bay started. That fence was constructed of timber piles the size of telegraph poles with boarding fixed to the sides, rather like a bridge, and with the bottom board just above high water level. A lot of these were gone by my time and the water under them was quite deep in places.

The canals would, I think, have been set out by survey as they were in neat rows — some north and south, others east and west. They ran right up to the boundary of Blaxland's property which was just virgin bush, a lot of bog and plenty of snakes. As far as I can judge, Blaxland didn't farm the land at all.

Gwawley Creek didn't run into the bay through Holt's land originally, as Laycock owned the land between the creek and the bay — and Holt's land then was to the west of the creek. Holt had a sort of creek too — a low-tide stream that ran down the centre of what I considered to be the swamp. It was a busy little runnel of salty water at low tide and, as it was well below Holt's canals, served as a drain to empty such of the stagnant water from the higher land at each low tide.



Those canals had taken years to dig, as it all had to be done between tides. I have it on good authority that a lot of dead men would have been under the mounds between the canals. Holt was a lousy old bastard and the men he used to employ included many escaped convicts and runaway sailors who were also

getting away from the law. And the law didn't bother to cross the Georges River in 1870-80. If you died on the job you were buried on the job — and no questions asked. You would not be missed. If a hundred men were employed to dig those canals, quite a few of them would be there still. I wonder if any ghosts walk at full moon on high tide.



Holt's canals were in the region where the present Roper Crescent runs off from Belgrave Esplanade. Originally Box Road ran through in a straight line across the end of Blaxland's swamp. Between the canals were these long, grassy mounds like graves in a cemetery. I shot a small amount of movie footage of this area in 1950 — long before the Sylvania Waters scheme was mooted. The whole area once had lots of mangroves and she-oak trees as well as paperbarks and swamp-oaks.

As a boy I used to collect bird's eggs here — it was close to the Cronulla road — and we used to come off the steam punt from Sans Souci. It was a good day's outing on a push-bike from Rockdale where I lived in those days. As well, my

parents owned property at Woronora River and, for variation, we would take the easier Taren Point Road to Kingsway and then to Sutherland.

That route was only about a mile longer but a lot more fun, for there was the swamp on both sides of Taren Point Road nearly all the way.

There was lots of wildlife in the area — goannas, snakes, lizards and the occasional wallaby as well as lots of foxes. You could see the swamp water from the road on both sides, especially the western side. I have photos of the canals, but I don't know who took them — I certainly didn't and I'm sure it wasn't my mother as she wasn't at all fond of snakes and such like. As a boy I would run along the banks and jump off the end into the soft mud. In those days there were no sign-boards about dumping rubbish in the area — it was just a big natural swamp, with thousands of little crabs working at low tide. There were no soldier-crabs, although these could be found at Port Hacking.

Holt himself lived, for a time, further west towards Tom Ugly's Bridge in the castle-like Sutherland House (gutted by fire in 1918). I supplied Dave Kirkby with a photo for his book FROM SAILS TO ATOMS — and since then dozens of them have appeared in various publications over the last twenty years.

We didn't know the history of this area as kids — and we thought the canals (Holt's oyster claires) were trenches as a defence against the Germans if they came here to fight. In those days World War I was still fresh in our minds. You couldn't raise a laugh on any point about Gwawley Bay — it was deadly serious right from its beginnings. And it will remain serious as that land gradually sinks — as it must — into the soft mud. I wouldn't own a house on the Sylvania Waters estate at any price.

NOTE. Holt's oyster-farming proved to be a costly failure — but it opened the way for others to make a go of a local industry that has endured down to the present day. For some further details, including early land-ownership in the area, see map inside the back cover.

THOMAS HOLT PROFILE

George Heavens

THOMAS HOLT was born in Yorkshire in 1811 and arrived in Australia in 1882 with his wife and a servant. He acquired pastoral interests in Queensland, represented northern constituencies in the New South Wales Parliament before the separation of Queensland as a self-governing State. It is, however, his NSW interests that are relevant here.

Holt's country house at Liverpool was a mansion called SOPHIENBURG — named for his German wife whose Christian names were Sophie, Johanna, Charlotte, Marie. Holt was instrumental in founding the Australian Mutual Provident Society because, as he said, "The idea of doing something which would enable all classes and both sexes to make some provision for their old age, had been working in my mind."

One of Holt's collaborators in that enterprise, Thomas S Mort, lives on in name in the suburb of Mortdale. Mort paid tribute to his friend for this achievement with the words:

"I claim for my friend, Mr Holt, a place in the heart of
every widow and orphan."

Thomas Holt was vitally interested in the future of this young country and, it would seem, that his penetrating insight enabled him to foresee some of that future. Holt was elected to Parliament representing the Borough of Newtown — and, during his residence there, came to know something of the land in the Botany Bay area. Possibly he dreamed of building a great city on the birthplace of Australia — but, whatever the reason, he purchased property on the spit of land known as Rocky Point. To him it may have represented the ultimate in peace and quietude; it was a haven of rest, washed by the Pacific tides and so apparently remote from civilization as to be a complete escape from care. Holt gave it the name 'Sans Souci' (without care).

However, according to old chroniclers, Mrs Holt was not seized with an overwhelming desire for quietude; on the contrary, she positively refused to live at Sans Souci. The result: Holt built a home, a mansion on what became the Marrickville side of Cooks River — and named it THE WARREN. Here he intended to raise a commodity that Australia needed — RABBITS. A newspaper of the day made the comment:

"Those who recollect an English Rabbit Warren and know how large a part it contributes to the provision markets, will be glad to hear that an attempt is now being made on a sufficient scale to introduce the wild rabbit on the estate of Mr Holt at Cooks River. These are enterprises that enrich a country and enhance its attractions."

In 1861 Holt came into possession of Kurnell and about 1200 acres of land later to be known as the Holt-Sutherland Estate. Holt erected a monument at Kurnell to commemorate its historical significance — and even built yet another fine home within sight of his beloved bay at Sylvania, directly across from Sans Souci.

So great was Holt's admiration for historic Botany Bay that he began to popularise 'Sans Souci' among his wide circle of friends, many of whom were hitherto unaware of its existence.

WHO WAS GOKERLY?

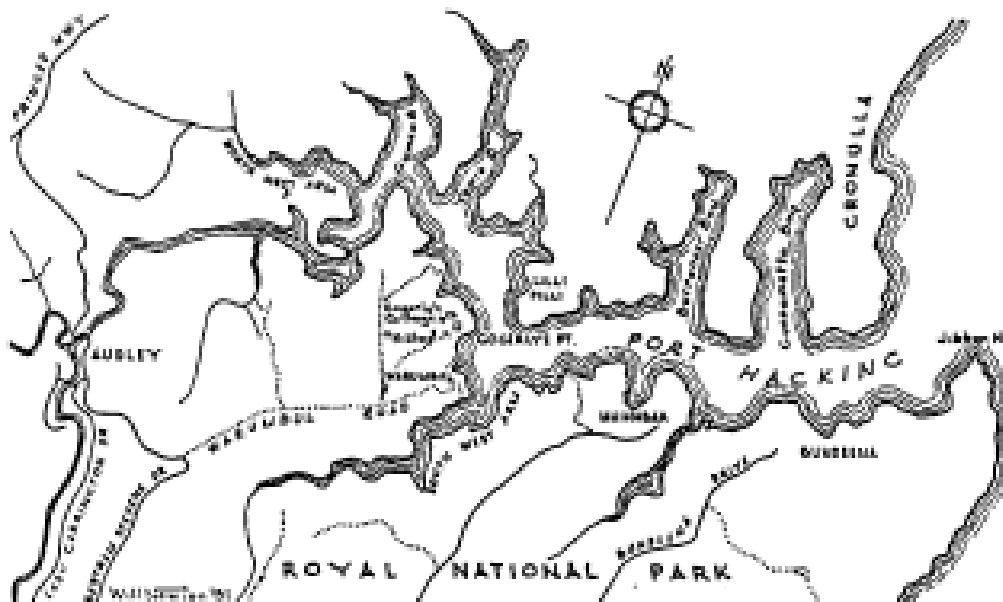
A mass of legend has grown around Charles James Gokerly who arrived in 1819 as a convict under life sentence. He had been an 'attorney's clerk' in London and on arrival in Sydney was assigned, as a labourer, to John Warby at Airs near Campbelltown. He received a Ticket-of-Leave in 1831 and was granted a Conditional Pardon in 1838.

In 1841 Gogerly was living at Mullet Creek in the Illawarra district with his wife, one son and two daughters — and seems to have been employed as a farm labourer on one of the local properties. Late in 1842 he was living in Sydney at Brinkley's Alley, off Kent Street.

A Sydney newspaper, THE OMNIBUS & SYDNEY SPECTATOR, which had been published for a few months only in 1841, recommenced publication in 1843 with Charles James Gogerly being noted as the printer and publisher. It was a scurrilous little rag that 'dug the dirt' on colonial society and published all sorts of scandalous gossip about people's sexual peccadilloes — real or supposed.

But retribution came swiftly — the editors and publishers were soon brought to trial for obscene libel. It was revealed that Gogerly was only a dummy for the real publishers. Judge Burton took a dim view of the whole affair and, for his part in the matter, Gogerly copped 12 months in the slammer. After his release from Newcastle prison Gogerly lived in Sydney for several years and in 1851 was trading as a 'general dealer' (grocer) at 331 Pitt Street.

Gogerly acquired his land at Port Hacking, in two separate lots, in the early 1850s and seems to have taken up residence there early in 1854. Why he would have chosen that particular area is open to speculation. There were no other white people there at the time, but ten years on there were others living on the shores of Port Hacking who made a living by gathering shells for the Sydney lime-kilns. Gogerly may have tried his hand at that — and he may also have been attracted by the excellent fishing grounds off what is now known as Gogerlys Point. (It does not appear on all street directories.)



The earliest positive reference to Gogerly's occupation of the site comes from about 1856 and is quoted in Helen McDonald's caption on the front cover. The Gogerly family seem to have alternated between their Port Hacking home and various places of residence in Sydney.

cont'd

Almost on the eve of Christmas in 1864 tragedy struck, in the form of a boating disaster, in which seven people lost their lives including six members of the Molloy family — and all thanks to Gogerly and his equally drunken mate, Peter Molloy.

Gogerly, Thomas Potter and the Molloys were returning in two flat-bottomed dinghies with provisions for Christmas. Gogerly, Peter Molloy with his wife and four daughters were in one boat, while Potter and 11-year-old John Molloy were in the other. They had been rowing for about a half-hour when Gogerly, who had earlier been imbibing along with Molloy, said he wanted another drink. Potter then paddled his boat up closer to pass Gogerly a bottle of rum. In his eagerness to grab the bottle Gogerly managed to capsize his boat, tipping all into the water. In trying to save himself he then managed to capsize the other boat thereby tipping Potter and young Molloy into the water.

Gogerly's son, who had witnessed the incident from the shore, swam to the scene to render help. The only survivors were young John Molloy and old Gogerly — and seven bodies were later recovered from the water.

The Gogerly family — which included wife Charlotte, two sons and four daughters — settled progressively back to various parts of Sydney. By 1879 Gogerly had moved in with his daughters at Newtown where they had a drapery business. He purchased two more blocks at Port Hacking, adjoining his original property, and seems to have used all four blocks as security for raising loans to do with the drapery business.

After a series of ups and downs to do with business problems, mortgages, etc the land was ultimately sold to a Sydney solicitor ... and with that, the Gogerleys disappear from the Port Hacking scene entirely. And now you know as much about Charles James Gogerly as I do — and I have come to the conclusion that- he was an obnoxious little creep.

— Will Newton



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This delightful example of old-style advertising appeared in the February, 1923, edition of VISION — a literary quarterly edited by Frank C Johnson, Jack Lindsay and Kenneth Slessor, with illustrations by Norman Lindsay. It is reproduced here by courtesy of W C Penfold & Co Ltd.

Sutherland Shire Council
1992
Heritage Week



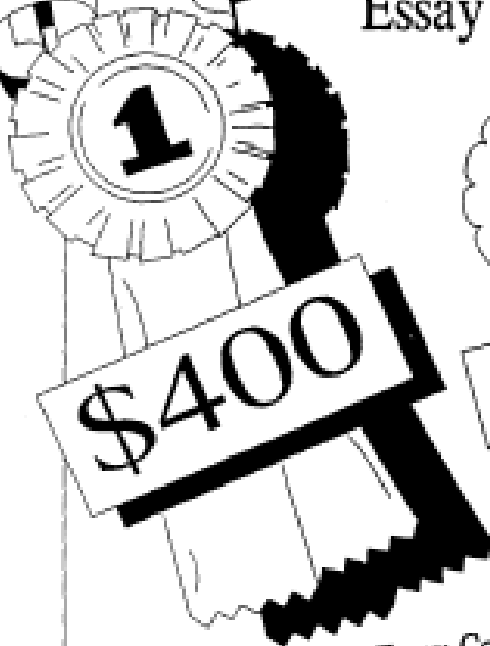
**FRANK CRIDLAND
CENTENARY**

Celebrating 100 years of trading.
Frank Cridland, an early resident of the Shire,
Founder of Frank Cridland Ray Kette Customs Agencies.

1892

1992

Essay Competition



and
4
Encouragement
Prizes



\$50 each

*The Heritage Week Essay Competition is open to all adults interested
in written historical research relating to the Sutherland Shire.*

*All entries should demonstrate sound research technique, literary style
and must be based ONLY on a topic relating to the history of the Shire.*

CLOSING DATE : Friday, 20th March 1992.

Sutherland Shire Council gratefully acknowledges the assistance of
Frank Cridland Ray Kette Customs Agencies.





THE FRANK CRIDLAND CENTENARY

ESSAY COMPETITION

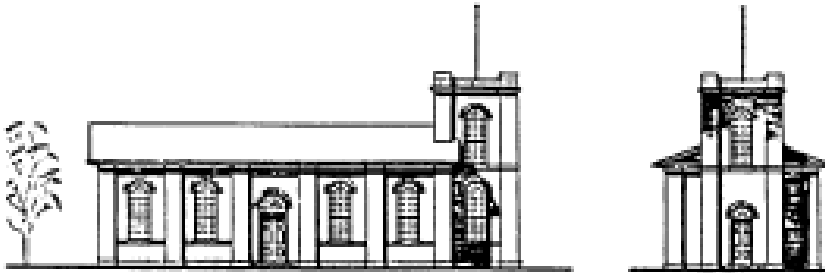


Frank Cridland, an early resident of the Sutherland Shire established a carrying company on the 29th February, 1892. By the turn of the century the company was operating 10 horses and carts had 2 acres at Waterloo used for storage.

Trucks replaced the horses in the 1920's and the company moved to an office in Barrack Street. When the family sold the business in 1985, Ray Katte, a former long time employee of the Cridland company purchased the custom's section and incorporated 'Frank Cridland' into his Ray Katte Customs Agency.

The company celebrates their 100th anniversary in 1992 and are sponsoring the Heritage Week Essay Competition in honour of Cridland's long association with the Shire.

- ENTRY FORMS, Conditions of Entry, etc are available from all branches of the Sutherland Shire Public Library.



LOWER STANDARDS

THIS TREATISE on etiquette, written by Lennie Lower many years ago, was first published in SMITH'S WEEKLY.

- "Many people are often confused by the multiplicity of knives, forks and spoons set before them, and are inclined to make a haphazard selection, thus making goats of themselves. Remain calm and do things systematically.

First of all, use up the spoons; secondly, go through the forks; then wind up on the knives. In the case of wine glasses and so forth, select the biggest and stick with it. If you are asked to pass the butter, always remember to pass the plate as well.

When eating fruit, such as watermelon, the seeds should be removed from the mouth with the hand and placed in the pocket or handbag. When at important functions it is best to swallow them, as it saves mucking about.

LIVING WITH AN UNSEEN THREAT

By Merle Kavanagh

In local newspapers towards the end of last century, amongst the reports of occasional fires started by trains and trams, celebrations of weddings, court sittings, auction sales and visits by dignitaries, there would appear a short piece on Typhoid. It was part of the community, an assailant to be aware of, to guard against, for it could strike at any time, unseen, where sanitation standards were allowed to slip - and how easy this was to do, where sewerage and general sanitation measures were not freely available.

A report on a milk-borne epidemic of typhoid in Leichhardt in 1886 was believed to be the first such investigation in Australia and a typhoid outbreak in Balmain was traced to seepage from the local cemetery into a nearby dairy's well. Typhoid fever, formerly supposed to be a variety of typhus, is transmitted by water, milk or other food contaminated by people who are carriers. The disease produces chilly sensations, malaise, headache, appetite loss, nosebleeds, backache and diarrhoea or constipation. Sore throat and respiratory symptoms may occur and temperature rises daily, remaining there for a week or more, then falling. Delirium and stupor are common, sometimes nausea, vomiting, rigidity, bronchitis and pneumonia, and death occurred in as many as 30 per cent of patients-before antibiotics.

So timely reminders were essential. One correspondent to the St. George's Advocate in the issue of 4th March 1899 suggested that not only typhoid but other infectious diseases can be transmitted by newspapers used to wrap edibles -

"Say, for instance, there may be a house in which typhoid, or some other infectious disease is prevalent, where the family may sell a bundle of papers to a shop keeper (which is not an unusual habit) not meaning any harm. The shop keeper uses them for wrapping, then perhaps a customer may come in for some article or other, which he gets wrapped in a piece of this paper. It is then taken home and in a few days a member of that family is stricken with an infectious disease, the mother wondering how her child came to get the disease."

He urged that shopkeepers buy newspapers only from persons with whom they may be acquainted.

The March 25th issue that year noted that there are a number of cases of typhoid fever in the district, including a fresh outbreak at Kogarah. "Scarcely a portion of the district has escaped a visitation. Filthy drains and insanitary conditions acted upon by a continued dry season, have created plaque-beds which are a constant menace to the public." There were calls for the law to be rigorously carried out.

Only two weeks later, on 8th April, 1899, the condition of oysters was being discussed under the heading "Oysters Anti-Typhoid" and the newspaper reported that two Professors, after three years' study, had decided that oysters could not have typhoid fever "But the oysters themselves will hardly join the dance with cheerful hearts, for to them a certificate of health means doom." The article finished with "But 'where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise' will still be a prevailing motto and whelks, winkles and cheap oysters will still be eaten in fearless faith". Perhaps its flippant tone allayed the apprehensions of some.

The St. George's Advocate in its issue of 29th April 1899, brought to its readers' notice the report by Dr. Kendall, medical adviser, to the Water and Sewerage Board. 306 cases of Typhoid were treated in the first quarter of that year in Sydney and 41 fatal cases occurred. More than half the cases came from districts where sewers did not exist and the greater part of the remaining cases came from dwellings in which sanitation was "regarded with supreme indifference".

Almost five years later the new St. George Call in its first issue on 9th January 1904 drew attention to the "Typhoid Season" and referred to a recent outbreak in the country and the potential for a similar occurrence within the district. While sewerage was sadly lacking, the risk of disease was still high and the paper urged those responsible to make a united effort to procure a "modern system of sewerage in our midst".

Well, as we are all aware, the wheels of progress can grind very slowly and by 1929 books such as "Vitalogy", an encyclopaedia of Health and Home, were still giving 8 pages or so to Typhoid, its causes, symptoms and remedies. As a preventive they suggested fruit acids, such as lemon juice and orange juice to keep the acidity level high to kill off the bacteria. The rules to prevent the spread of Typhoid called for the removal of all ornaments, carpets, draperies and articles not absolutely needed in the room and the exclusion of flies and household pets. Diet was dealt with over several pages - "For the diarrhoea, which is apt to supervene in typhoid fever. the juice of ripe blackberries, given in doses of three or four tablespoonfuls, every three or four hours, is very effective ... For the pain and swelling of the abdomen, fomentations of hops, lobelia or tansy should be applied over the abdomen". By then there was probably no lack of blackberries in the shire.

Progress would slowly reduce the incidence of typhoid in the St. George and Sutherland Shire areas - each new technical marvel changing the way of life. The St. George Call also reported in its first issue that arrangements for the extension telephone to Port Hacking from Kogarah Exchange were nearing completion; the cable had been laid across Georges River and it was expected that communication would be complete within a fortnight.

All things come to those who wait. At the beginning of the 20th century it was the telephone, to be followed eventually by sewerage. For some, especially typhoid victims, it would be too late.

Ref. Macquarie Book of Events, St. George Call, St. George's Advocate, Vitalogy, Readers Digest Great Encyclopaedic Dictionary.

From St. George's Advocate, Saturday, April 8, 1899.

"Mrs. Gambetta did a smart thing last week. Two young men drove up in a spring-cart along the Lady Carrington drive, and ran up a score of five shillings for refreshments, driving away to Waterfall without paying. Mrs. Gambetta took a near cut through the bush, caught the train for Sutherland, got the constable and Mr. Lobb who drove back to meet the defaulters. They were quite taken aback when they met Mrs. Gambetta, backed up by an Australia officer and a Cornish whip. After a short parley Mrs. Gambetta got her crown, and the young men got a caution from Mr. Lewis."

Never underestimate a woman !

LETTER TO THE EDITOR ...

The Gables
 15 Goode Street
 Dubbo ... 2830
 24 Sept 1991

Dear Sir,

Whilst listening to Brian McDonald, Guest Speaker at the Sutherland Shire Historical Society meeting this month, I felt sorry for Captain Arthur Phillip looking for a watering hole around the La Perouse area — in January 1788. Had he landed at Yarra Bay he could have walked across the park, up past Botany Cemetery, to the Frenchman's Arms Hotel — the beer is always so beautifully cool there. I can understand that he needed a drink after being six months at sea — but why historians have made such a fuss about it, I fail to understand.

After all, it is a man's own business if he needs a beer and seeks out a watering place. I'm glad he didn't look on the Kurnell side of the bay — the closest would have been Captain Springall's SUR-MER HOTEL at Cronulla.

— George Heavens

THE WARATAH RECRUITING MARCH

In comparison to the 'Cooee March' which was re-enacted a couple of years ago, the 'Waratah March' which recruited soldiers from the NSW South Coast for World War I has a rather low profile.

Marchers gathered at Nowra in late November of 1915, and some 50 were given a rousing farewell as they left for Sydney on the 30th. On the way, they paused at Bomaderry, Berry, Gerringong, Kiama, Jamberoo, Albion Park, Dapto, Unanderra, Port Kembla and Wollongong before wending their way through the suburbs.

Along the way, more men joined the march so that there were 116 when they were welcomed in Sydney on December 18 by State Premier Holman.

The march and the subsequent active service of the men is the subject of research being undertaken by Alan Clark (a member of the Shoalhaven Historical Society and Shoalhaven Genealogical Society).

The names of those who marched from Nowra were published in a local news-paper, and it is hoped to add the remaining names, with occupations prior to the war, and other information about the men so that their story can be understood and recorded.

Alan Clark expects that his research will lead to the publication of the story of the 'Waratahs'. He would be pleased to hear from anyone with information on any of the marchers, or from an interested researcher willing to research the march as it passed through one of the many South Coast towns along the way. He can be contacted % P.O. Box 301, Nowra 2541.

THE BUMPY ROAD TO GOGERLY'S POINT

On my way to inspect the derelict 'Gogerly's Cottage' I missed the turn-off and arrived at Warrambul Picnic Ground and a bushfire towards South West Arm. By the time I had realised my error (and helped a bloke get his stalled car going again) time had run out — so I gave up and went home.

A week later I found the cottage by following the map that I prepared for this edition of the Bulletin. The staff at the NATIONAL PARKS & WILDLIFE SERVICE District Office were courteous and most helpful in my quest.

— Will Newton

EVER BEE'EN HAD

I WAS WALKING home with my mate, Bill Vance (we both lived on the Woronora River) and we were just starting to walk down the track, about opposite the Prices Cave, when we heard a loud buzzing noise and were amazed to see a great lump of bees — about as big as a soccer ball — hanging on to a bush shrub. There were bees flying around everywhere — the air was thick with them.

Bill said, "It's a swarm — bees won't sting you while they swarm."

I was very doubtful and Bill didn't appear to be brave either. He suggested I break the stick off below the swarm. I moved in and bees flew around and landed on me, walking over my shirt and face. From previous experience I knew that bees didn't normally sting me. Bees are funny things — they go by the smell of you (I must use the right brand of soap).

I broke the stick off and found that the lump just hung on; one bee went down the front of Bill's shirt — so he walloped it and it stung him on the neck as it escaped. I carried the swarm down the track and along the road, down Alf Collings' path, (everyone we saw took off in a hurry). I felt that I was pretty much of a hero — no one wanted to take my prize away.

Bill said, "We can sell these to old Metcalf — he keeps bees; he has several hives in his back yard." So, with the prospect of a reward, I marched proudly on. I yelled across the river for my wife to bring the boat (we lived on the Menai side of the river), but when she came and saw my unusual parcel she wouldn't land and rowed a distance down the river. Bill had to row her back and then bring the boat back for me — and, while this was being done, I was able to converse with my bees.

Having been duly conveyed over the river, I proudly marched along towards Metcalf's (Bill having run ahead to tell him to get a box) which, by the time I arrived, was ready — so I gently lowered the great lump in and he put the lid on. I said, "We carried them from just below the Cemetery --what a feat! — what are they worth?" He replied, "They are mine — I'm not paying you anything for them — they flew off this morning and I've been looking for them all day." And, protest as we may, he didn't give us a damn thing for the trouble we had taken.

I was telling the Loftus milkman about it, next day, and he said: "Metcalf is a b--- liar — my bees swarmed yesterday and flew in the direction of the Cemetery. Any anyway, no one has any legal right to a bee-swarm, as it is the old bees that leave when the new ones take over the hive. Bees in flight are the property of the bloke wot catches 'em."

I reckon we had been had — what do you think?

— George Heavens



• Spare a thought for COUNT DRACULA — rumour has it that the poor old vampire hasn't eaten since the AIDS scare.



Correspondent: Edgar Allan Chamber-Pott

MIRANDA - 10 NOVEMBER 1924

Monday 10 November dawned an overcast morning with southerly winds as travellers gathered at the Cronulla junction to catch the 6.40 am tram which connected with the 8.30 city train leaving from Sutherland station, carrying businessmen, even holiday makers who had spent the weekend at what was then regarded as a beach resort rather than a Sydney suburb. This morning the steam tram was drawing two wooden carriages - frequently goods wagons were also attached - and carrying about fifty persons, including driver Samuel Wyche and conductor Samuel Thompson.

On the slope descending towards Miranda - approximately where Malvern Road now passes, although contemporary photographs show open paddocks - driver Samuel Wyche lost control. Whilst attempting to stop - his hand was later found crushed beneath the brake lever - the engine left the rails, crashed down a fifteen foot embankment and somersaulted onto its roof. The following car travelled a further twenty feet before it, too, left the rails and slid down the embankment, but fortunately remained upright. The second carriage remained on the line.

Local residents bought hoses to douse clouds of steam billowing from beneath the overturned engine. When they cleared, the badly crushed body of the driver was seen trapped beneath. Fourteen persons in the first carriage were injured, none seriously, mainly cut by flying shards of glass as the light timber body mounted on a steel chassis twisted. Most were Cronulla residents, their names well known locally: James Clements of Ozone Street; George Rogers, A. Turton and J. Puther of Croydon Street; G. Coleshaw of Ewos Parade; Frank Lagerlow of Lewis Street; and Mr Monro of Excelsior Street. Conductor Thompson, also slightly injured, came from Hurstville. Newspapers reported that Doctors Miller Sandbrooke, Straule and Broome attended; and St George District Ambulance conveyed the injured to St George Hospital. Dr Sandbrooke, whose residence stood on the site of the library, was the only Sutherland doctor at the time; "Straule" is probably a mistranscription of Dr Sproule of Cronulla.

A seven ton crane was procured that afternoon to clear the tracks, but became derailed itself, and a larger crane was sent.

Samuel Wyche, aged 54, of Auburn Street Sutherland was survived by widow Martha and son Jack. He had over thirty years experience as driver and conductor, and had been transferred to Sutherland a month before. He was interred in the Church of England section of Rookwood on Tuesday 11 November; his cortege leaving Wood Coffill' chapel at 810 George Street via Regent Street Mortuary Station.

During the long afternoon, waiting for the second crane, numerous photographs were taken. In addition to those reproduced in newspapers, they are displayed in a Sutherland restaurant, and until recently in a bus shelter on the corner of Kiora Street and the Kingsway, Miranda.

Rhys Pidgeon

EXCURSION REPORT.

713

The tour to the Nepean District on Saturday, September 21 was most enjoyable and our hosts made us very welcome. But, OH! the wind!!

On Saturday November 16 we will be making our way to the "Historic Village of Stroud". As this report is being prepared for the November Bulletin, it may be too late to advise details, but in case you receive it early enough and have not previously considered the outing we tell you the cost of the day will be \$35.00 members and \$40.00 visitors — including Coach, Entrance fees, donations, and Luncheon. Please take your morning tea as is usual.

We will probably make our first comfort stop at Hornsby Park, with another one prior to arriving in Stroud, for your convenience.

The Coach leaves Cronulla at 6. a.m., and Sutherland 6.30 a.m. And to assist members not in the Sutherland Shire we will pick up on King George Road at South Hurstville, and again at Beverly Hills: there is ample parking at these places and we trust it will be of assistance to those making the trip.

As it is day light saving time, we hope to make this very long trip whilst it is still daylight when we arrive home much later than is usual for our outings. But the early start and later homecoming eliminates the cost of weekend accommodation, which is becoming a very big item now.

This being the last of our 1991 excursions, may I express the appreciation of the Excursion Committee to those who support this activity of our Society. And also our thanks to the Executive and Members of the Society areas we visit, for their kindness to us.

Aileen Griffiths

EXCURSION CONVENER



NATIONAL PARK LINE, LOFTUS, CLOSES

The end of an era

We 're sorry to see the last of those big trains, With level-crossing bells ringing as they went into the park we knew what time of day it was -- time to be ready and make it to the station for the train. We will miss the extra train service that they meant for us here in Loftus.

The line has been there for a hundred years; I have known it for forty years. There's a lovely historic Signal Box that I just like to look at. It could be in a painting, it's so picturesque. I don't know what will happen to it.

The line carried hundreds of picnickers in bygone days before motor-cars were so readily available to take people further afield. Its loss will be the same as happened to Como station; it was very popular too.

— Betty McGrath

THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND

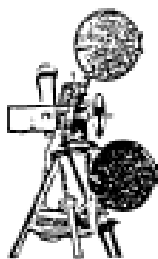
The 'flicker' and the 'talkie'

The original screen version of **THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND**, a silent movie, premiered at Sydney's Palace Theatre in June 1914 and ran for the next three years in early cinemas around Australia. Made by Fraser Films and directed by Raymond Longford, it starred Harry Thomas as the Dean, Arthur Shirley as the doctor who went to gaol for his friend and Lottie Lyell, Oz's first film **STAR**, as the seductress Alma. Also in that cast was our new member, Rebecca Sanders (nee Gray) who went on to play in several more 'flickers' for the Longford-Lyell partnership over the next four years.

In 1911 (I remember it well) Longford had directed **SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY** which starred the great Nellie Stewart in the role she had created on the Australian stage — and continued to play on stage for quite a few years to come. It seems to have been by sheer coincidence that six-year-old Rebecca Gray won a fancy dress competition as 'Sweet Nell' at the White City. A photo of Rebecca appeared in 'Gaiety' magazine and from that she scored the part of Lottie Lyell's daughter in **THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND**.

Rebecca's motion picture career came to an end when her family moved away to Katoomba - but she met up with the film company again when they were shooting the sophisticated who-dunnit **THE BLUE MOUNTAINS MYSTERY** on location in 1921. Longford had also directed the C J Dennis classic **SENTIMENTAL BLOKE** in 1919 which ranks among the most outstanding of the Australian silent films -- and was also a runaway success at the box-office. It starred Arthur Tauchert, Lottie Lyell and Gilbert Emery.

In 1926 Raymond Longford directed **THE HILLS OF HATE** which starred my old friend Dorothy Gordon -- perhaps better remembered these days by old radio fans as **ANDREA** ("Hullo, mums and dads"). Andrea made a lasting impression on me in more ways than one -- she departed this world on 24 March (1985) and that just happened to be on my birthday. Incidentally, of all her radio friends and associates, the only one I saw at the funeral service was John Laws. People do forget. (That's today's bit of trivia.)



For **THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND** Longford searched for months for a suitable location with English style buildings — and eventually settled for the Gladesville Asylum where many of the scenes were shot. Movie history was made by Longford when he developed the technique of the close-up. During the Dean's public confession from the pulpit, the camera was focussed on the face of Harry Thomas — and that had a startling and dramatic effect on the screen.

The Raymond Longford-Lottie Lyell partnership lasted through more than 20 films over some 18 years. They wanted to marry but Longford was unable to obtain a divorce from his estranged wife, Emilie, until 1925 — but by then the beautiful Lottie had contracted tuberculosis. She died later that year at the age of 34. Raymond Longford died in 1959 and, at his own request, was buried alongside his beloved Lottie in the Northern Suburbs Cemetery.

THE 'TALKIE' VERSION

In 1933 Cinesound boss, Stuart Doyle, decided they should make a 'talkie' of **THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND** and, without having read it, tossed the script to Ken G Hall. The original story has a hoary old plot and Hall was rather nonplussed at the prospect of filming it. Certainly there was plenty of dramatic opportunity but the dialogue was so corny that it could easily send

cont'd

an audience into gales of laughter. The script would need to be completely rewritten — but that was the least of the problems. This is the way the original storyline runs:

A young parson, tempted by the village belle, seduces her and she becomes pregnant. When her father finds the two together he attacks Maitland and is accidentally killed in the ensuing struggle. By a chain of events, and a cover-up by the girl for the father of her coming child, Maitland's best friend, a doctor, is charged with the murder ... and Maitland lets him take the blame.

That was still quite a daring storyline in the 1930s. Religious feeling was running strong in the community and such a movie was likely to be branded as anti-religious by some — and could easily attract an avalanche of public condemnation. As well, the production could well be banned completely under the existing censorship laws.

Ken Hall was more than a little apprehensive at the prospect of such dire consequences. Doyle quipped, "Make him a Catholic priest and we'll only have twenty-five per cent of the audience against us." Joe Lipman, who owned the 'rights' to the play, said: "Make it **THE SILENCE OF RABBI MAITLAND** then you'll have far less to worry about." This talk was all tongue-in-cheek, according to Ken Hall — and there wasn't any real thought of any such change.

Just by chance an amateur dramatic group were presenting the play — in its original form — at the Rockdale Town Hall. Doyle and Hall decided to go and see it for themselves and, as Hall recalls it, "Damn near got ourselves thrown out of the place." That amateur production, with its long, declamatory and corny speeches, had the professional film makers nearly bursting themselves trying to suppress their mirth. But the audience was taking it all dead seriously. As the Dean knelt in the churchyard beside the grave of his young son and let out a moan of anguish, Doyle exploded. The Dean, startled, turned quickly towards the audience and knocked over the stage-prop cross with an awful clatter. And that brought Ken Hall unstuck — he couldn't contain him-self any longer.

With half-strangled humiliation — as a wall of faces, mostly women, and many of them tear-stained, turned accusingly at these interlopers — Doyle and Hall backed sheepishly out of the theatre, while the Dean on the stage re-set the cross and went back to his moaning. "Gawd," said Hall as they drove away, "How in hell are we going to make a picture out of that?" "I told you," said Doyle, still giggling, "Re-write the bloody thing."

And re-written it was. ABC scriptwriter Edmund Barclay came up with an excellent screenplay. English actors John Longden and Charlotte Francis, who had just finished in a stage production at the Criterion, were signed for the leading roles. Longden played the Dean and Charlotte, who had loads of sex-appeal (though it wasn't mentioned openly in those days) played the seductress, Alma Lee. John Warwick played the doctor and Jocelyn Howarth, who had scored a big hit in Ken Hall's **THE SQUATTER'S DAUGHTER**, played the young woman Alma's illegitimate child grew into. The outdoor scenes were shot around Camden and everyone sensed that the movie was going to be a winner.

A print of the finished product was sent to the Censor's office — and the outcome of this delighted Cinesound and the whole crew. The Censor, Creswell O'Reilly, had a crack at the seduction scene and ordered that the length of the kiss be reduced. The **SUN** carried the headline: "**THE DEAN'S KISS CENSORED**" — and controversy raged for days in the Press, with the Censor being roasted unmercifully and Cinesound getting loads of free publicity. The 'talkie' version of **THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND** was a tremendous box-office hit.

PORTRAIT OF A FILM MAKER

KEN G HALL, AO, OBE — known as the 'Father of the Australian film industry' — put Cinesound on the map right from its inception with his ON OUR SELECTION (1931) the first of Ken's 'Dad and Dave' movies. This was followed by two more winners, THE SQUATTER'S DAUGHTER (1932) and THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND (1934).

As a schoolboy in the 30s I came to know the name KEN C. HALL — as it always seemed to be associated with beaut movies like IT ISN'T DONE and MR CHEDWORTH STEPS OUT (both with Cecil Kellaway); THOROUGHbred, ORPHAN OF THE WILDERNESS (about Chut, the kangaroo); DAD AND DAVE COME TO TOWN and DAD RUDD, MP (both with Bert Bailey and Fred McDonald, of course); TALL TIMBERS (with Frank Leigh-ton and Shirley Ann Richards); LET GEORGE DO IT and GONE TO THE DOGS (both with George Wallace); THE BROKEN MELODY (with Lloyd Hughes and Shirley Ann Richards); COME UP SMILING (with Will Mahoney and Sid Wheeler); STRIKE ME LUCKY (with Roy Rene, 'Mo'); LOVERS AND LUGGERS (with Lloyd Hughes and Shirley Ann Richards); SMITHY (with Ron Randell and Muriel Steinbeck) ... they just seemed to go on for ever and ever.

Of Ken Hall's 17 feature movies for Cinesound and the one for Columbia, the only one that was not financially successful was STRIKE ME LUCKY — although it did eventually cover. It had some very funny scenes but, as Ken Hall put it: "We just did not get the best out of Mo". On the other hand ON OUR SELECTION, made in 1931, drew good audiences for the next twenty-five years.

Raymond Longford made the original (silent) version of ON OUR SELECTION with Percy Walshe (wearing a false beard) as Dad and Tal Ordell as Dave. It's worth mentioning that Bert Bailey wore a false beard for his many stage portrayals of Dad Rudd — but Ken Hall persuaded him to grow a real beard for the filmed versions and that facial adornment became Bailey's distinguishing feature for the rest of his long life.

KEN G HALL started out as a journo and in 1925 visited Hollywood and other major cities in the USA on a study tour provided by the company for whom he was working at the time, First National Pictures of America which was to later become Warner Brothers.

In 1930 Ken, then working for Stuart Doyle as the Publicity Director for Union Theatres & Australasian Films, became interested in the 'sound-on-film' system developed by a young Tasmanian radio engineer. The other executives were sceptical (to say the very least) but Hall stuck to his guns and, as a result, Cinesound was born — and the success of that institution is legend. The Cinesound Review Newsreel, another branch of the company, was highly successful for the next forty years — until the immediacy of television news brought about the demise of the newsreel theatre.



Bert Bailey ('Dad')

During World War II a Cinesound Review full-length special — written and produced by Ken Hall and photographed by Damien Parer — won an Oscar .., the only newsreel ever to do so. Apart from that Oscar, Ken's awards include his OBE (1972); the AFI Raymond Longford Award (1976); the Chips Rafferty Award (1978); the Order of Australia (1981) and the Golden Logie Ball of Fame Award for services to film and television in 1985.

Moviegoers will no doubt recall the wonderful realism that was always one of the characteristics of Ken Hall's productions. The inventiveness and skill

cont'd

of our early film makers, with their very basic equipment, produced some magnificent effects on the screen — often years ahead of Hollywood — and usually at a fraction of Hollywood production costs. TALL TIMBERS with its 'falling forest' scenes, for example, cost £14 000 (\$28 000) whereas the Hollywood production INFERNO with its 'blazing skyscraper' cost \$US14 million.

In the words of Margaret Throsby, following a radio interview --

"The contribution Ken G Hall has made to the Australian film industry is immeasurably. At a time when Australian films are enjoying deserved popularity on markets in other countries it is fascinating to hear the philosophies and ideals of this distinguished film maker."

FOOTNOTES

- (1) Ken G Hall's THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND — restored in all its original glory by the National Film and Sound Archives people — was screened, for a one-off showing, at the AFI Cinema at Paddington on August 24 last ... AND I DAMN WELL MISSED IT!
- (2) By far the most informative (and entertaining) book about the local film industry I have ever read — and I have read a hell of a lot — is Ken Hall's AUSTRALIAN FILM - THE INSIDE STORY. It was first published under the title of DIRECTED BY KEN G HALL, in 1977 and the revised edition published in 1980.

— Will Newton

NED KELLY, FILM STAR



In 1906 the four Tait brothers, who were to become the power behind J C Williamson Ltd, made a film about, predictably, Ned Kelly and called it THE STORY OF THE KELLY GANG.



Australian film producers have been making this subject on and off ever since. Even the British got into the act and a bunch of them, armed with a deep production purse, a big-name director and a big-name pop singer (surely they had to be kidding) flew down and, between them all, came up with a RESOUNDING DISASTER.

Ned, wherever he is, certainly will not have recovered from the shock of Mick Jagger.

— Ken G Hall



SUTHERLAND SCHOOL OF ARTS

THE SCHOOL OF ARTS was designed by Architect Esmonde Wilshire (Wilshire & Weyland, now of Artarmon) and built in 1922 by Ralph Brinsley (Brinsley's Joinery) at a cost of two thousand and fifty pounds (\$4100). Ralph Brinsley was offered life membership but did not take up the offer. The social life, in those days, centred around BILLIARDS, with games played every week in its heyday 1922 - 1936. When usage declined in the 50s — due to the extension of radio and the coming of television — the building fell into disrepair.

In 1986 the Council resolved to bring the building back into full use. The Sutherland Shire Historical Society now has an Exhibition Room — and the theatre area is used by groups such as local drama societies.

— Ralph Clark

REMEMBERING

I was busy in my workshop last Saturday when I heard a voice calling over the fence, "George". I looked up and walked over to the side fence; a lady was standing there and she said, "Don't you remember me, George?" I looked for quite a while but could not place her. She then said, "My name was then Anne Delaney — and I used to work for you."

After the usual: Well, well, etc and getting a kiss on my bewiskered cheek, we got into conversation at a great rate. Anne had worked for me in 1939 --and asked after the health of half the old residents of Sutherland, many of whom have now passed over the railway line and now sleep permanently in what was popularly known as TOM SMITH'S ORCHARD (Woronora Cemetery).

Anne came to work for me, as a girl of 15 years, in my retail store for 15 shillings (\$1.50) a week during the early years of the war, eventually leaving my employ to join the Army. Anne was the youngest military servicewoman to leave Australian shores on active service — and was also the youngest woman in the forces to go to Japan when activities ended.

Anne asked me to extend her best wishes and kind regards to all who remember her (and there would be many). I hadn't heard of Anne for about 40 years, and it was only that she had read the book SWAGMEN that she became aware that I now live in Dubbo — and last Saturday was passing through on her way to visit friends living in Trangie. Anne, since the war, has married and is now a resident of Ballina in northern New South Wales.

— George Heavens

THE RAILWAY TO SUTHERLAND

The coming of the railway to Sutherland in 1885 ushered in an era of feeder coach services. The people of Sydney in three days sought relaxation at the waterside resorts and in the vast domain of rugged bushland the Sutherland area offered — ranging from huts and shacks to the graceful cottages of the well-to-do sprang up.

Modes of transport available to the few hundred who elected to dwell in the area permanently, or on a week-end basis, took in sulkies, spring-carts, gigs, drays, buggies and bicycles. The age of the motor-car was not yet. The big name in coaching was GIDDINGS. Cronulla based, the Gidding family plied chiefly to Sutherland in conjunction with the train service.

At the zenith of operations the Gidding family worked five coaches as well as fifty-six horses. A newspaper Columnist of the day reported that the Easter, 1904, passengers loading overtaxed the coaches and Giddings had to put on an extra coach to cope.

There were eight deaths from drowning when the Memphis was wrecked at Cronulla in July of that year. Gidding's coaches were used to convey the bodies to an hotel in Sutherland. In 1906 Gidding contracted to carry mail between Sutherland and Cronulla.

— Ralph Clark

SYDNEY TO HURSTVILLE by rail, back in 1884, was a bit different then as to now. When this part of the rail system was opened on 15 October 1884, the stations were as follows: Sydney, St Peters, Marrickville, Tempe, Arncliffe, Rockdale, Kogarah and Hurstville. Marrickville was later changed to Sydenham.

— George Heavens Collection

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF SYLVANIA — Part III

Norma Branch



Often when my brother and I were walking through the bush we would come upon a snake sunning itself on the track (there were lots of black snakes around in those days). One of us would work our way around to the other side, through the bush, and at a given signal throw our bowie-knives in the hope of impaling the unsuspecting snake. We were never once successful and, as soon as the snake moved, two kids took off in different directions. The next half-hour would be spent in finding each other and our knives.

At the end of World War II lots of people were moving into the area and building 'temporary dwellings' — usually in the form of the outer shell of the home — which could be lived in while the rest of the building was being completed. Up at 'the Heights' Bill McMahan (not the former Prime Minister) and his family lived in such a house and one night, when Bill was lying in bed with his wife, he looked up and saw a red-bellied black snake in the roof timbers above. So he hopped out of bed, loaded his shotgun, got back into bed — then let fly with both barrels. Bill's sleeping wife was awakened violently by the shotgun blast and found herself wearing bits of the six-foot snake. We are not told what her comments were but believe they would be unprintable. Bill spent the next day replacing umpteen roof tiles — and was in the dog-house for weeks after.

Samways dairy was always fascinating to us kids and we often tormented the cows on the way to and from school. One cow must have got fed up with this as one morning, cutting through the paddock, I had poked her in the ribs and she chased me to what I thought was the limit of her tethering rope. I had then slowed down to a walk when suddenly I felt as though I had been hit by maybe a Jupiter rocket — and landed face down in a mud-puddle. If cows could laugh this one would have gone into hysterics. I was in disgrace for being so muddy when I got to school — and well and truly in the poo with mum when I arrived home still looking like a mud-gudgeon.

One of my school friends lived in a waterfront property with the most fantastic mint-patch. That mint grew to six feet high and extended right across the yard from fence to fence. We had cubby-holes and tunnels all through it --and the smell was heavenly as we played there in the summertime.

I was once 'treed' by a brumby for five hours down at Baldy Point. We used to go south for holidays and on one occasion, when the family had gone fishing, I went bush and came upon the brumby herd. I started chasing them, only to have the lead stallion turn and come after me. Being an agile ten-year old I shinnied up the nearest gum-tree. That snorting horse stomped around the base of the tree for a while and then seemed to lose interest ... but every time I tried to come down it would come galloping up again — and back up the tree I'd go.

This went on for five hours until mum and the family eventually came looking for me — and at the sound of their roars of laughter the stallion trotted off to rejoin the team. And I'll swear that bloody horse was laughing too. A much-chastened girl never chased brumbies again.



BOOK REVIEWS

Joseph Lo Bianco & Alain Monteil *French in Australia: New Prospects*, Centre d'Etudes et d'Echanges Francophones en Australie/Australian Federation of Modern Language Teachers' Associations, Canberra, 1990, pp 111. (Available free by sending a stamped \$1.30 A4 envelope to CR FA 6 Perth Avenue, Yarralumla, 2600)

-- Reviewed by Edward Duyker

French in Australia is a very welcome publication. At a time when it has been argued by some that the importance of French should diminish, Joseph Lo Bianco & Alain Monteil have presented a wealth of statistical data to show the present strength of French language study in Australia and the value of expanding it. The authors' arguments are cogent. They have neither ignored the reality of English as the "Latin of the Modern Age" nor denied the economic value of Japanese to Australians. But they have presented a case for French as a very "learnable" language which, together with Italian and Spanish, has the least linguistic distance from English and already has a strong available infrastructure in this country. They suggest that the affinity with other Romance languages means that French should not be overlooked as a passport to its major siblings. They reaffirm the familiar arguments for French as an international/diplomatic language with official, co-official or semi-official status in very many countries.

In my opinion, the authors make a good case for the need to reassess traditional notions of the economic value of French in Australia. Central to their argument is the importance of French in Europe which after 1992 will have a single economy three times the size of Japan. But they add, "The trade, tourism and scientific value of French...extends well beyond Europe." Finally they argue that French will remain attractive to Australian students because of the cultural prestige associated with it. Lo Bianco and Monteil proceed cautiously on this point. They write: "In setting forth such a dimension of French it is important to assert that no elitist and hierarchical notions of 'cultural superiority' are intended. It is rather, a point about a variable that has been examined extensively in the research literature of

applied linguistics. Unless learners admire the culture and lifestyle of the speakers of the language they are studying, then it will be difficult to expect them to be motivated enough to stick with the study of the language sufficiently to gain proficiency."

French in Australia does not plead a special sentimental case. Rather, it presents a convincing description of French as a vital part of Australian education with an important role in the future intellectual, economic and strategic considerations of our nation. It deserves to be widely read.

Pauline Curby *Cronulla Public School: The Early Years*, Published by P.E. Curby (31 Trickett, Rd, Cronulla, ph. 523 8814), 1991, pp 40, 12 Illustrations.

-- Reviewed by Edward Duyker

Pauline Curby's publication on Cronulla Public School is a welcome addition to our knowledge of the history of public education in Sutherland Shire. As the present government of New South Wales seeks to shift the burden of responsibility for education increasingly onto parents, the publication of this short book is particularly timely. It is in large part a story of struggle: firstly to make the State acknowledge the need for a school and secondly to match the acceptance of that responsibility with the provision of adequate resources. It is to those who have supported public education in the past and who continue to support it, that Pauline Curby has dedicated the fruits of her historical endeavours.

Cronulla Public School was opened in January 1910 and Curby largely surveys the first two decades of more than eighty years of history. She provides her readers with an endearing portrait of Henry Tonkin the school's first principal. For his times, Tonkin was a man with relatively progressive teaching ideas. He valued practical demonstration and exposition over rote-learning. And he was, as the author shows, a man who pushed himself to the physical limit in the service of his students and the residents of Cronulla. Readers will also enjoy the picture of Cronulla as a rural seaside village amid the Flannel flowers and the Christmas bells where children lived close to nature and where a sense of community flourished. I particularly loved the image of Bill Phipott rowing to Bundeena in twenty minutes in order to escape the vigilant local truant officer who patrolled the area in a horse-drawn sulky! At a time when so little local history is being produced in Sutherland Shire, Pauline Curby deserves to be congratulated for a good piece of original research which is well-written and thoroughly referenced.

THE INFLUENCE OF ENTERTAINERS

(HISTORY OF THEATRE)

DURING a debate about influence being exerted upon the community, it came home to me that ENTERTAINERS not only wield enormous influence but sometimes actually dictate our behaviour.

Rock star Peter Garrett ('Midnight Oil') and actress Liz Kirkby ('No 96') used their popularity to get themselves elected to Parliament. Actresses Rowena Wallace and Liz Burch have raised huge sums of money for WORLD VISION CHILD SPONSORSHIP. Broadcaster John Laws induces countless thousands of his listeners to buy his sponsors' products or services. A Hollywood actor and dancer became Senator George Murphy — and a B-grade movie actor became the Governor of Georgia and went on to become President Ronald Reagan.

If Penny Cook and Bryan Brawn and Kylie Minogue and Mel Gibson and the cast of A COUNTRY PRACTICE were to campaign for a particular political party, I imagine the Election results would be a foregone conclusion.

A classical example of a country being stood on its ear by an ENTERTAINER occurred in the late 1920s when a semi-literate nigger from the St Louis (US) slums arrived in Vienna and caused student demonstrations, church bells to ring out in warning, clergymen to preach fire-and-brimstone sermons, a City Council to revoke a Permit on a piddling technicality and the Parliament to spend an entire afternoon engaging in a ding-dong bun-fight. These incidents revolved around dancer/singer/ comic JOSEPHINE BAKER who had become the darling of 'le music-hall' and Parisian society in general — and who was to succeed the legendary Mistinguett as the reigning queen of the Folies Bergare.



Josephine Baker

In 1928 Josephine, who had won the hearts of both Paris and Berlin, was to embark on a European tour — and literally dictate the behaviour of multitudes in half a dozen different countries.

In Vienna, right-wing students — who had previously targeted only Jews and socialists — demonstrated against "coloured artists playing in our city". This was partially fuelled because 'Jonny' — a black musician character in a popular opera — boasted about his sexual power over white women. The students were supported by the Catholic Church — on the grounds of morality (they were under the impression that Josephine performed virtually naked and that her dances were obscene). The Vienna City Council, under pressure, revoked permission for Josephine to perform at the Ronacher Theatre (but she was able to book the Johann Strauss Theatre — so the show went ahead, regardless).



Upon Josephine's arrival in Vienna, the bells of Saint Paul's church were rung to warn people off the streets lest they be contaminated by the sight of her. Then the Austrian Parliament spent a whole afternoon arguing about Josephine Baker and what would almost certainly be a pornographic exhibition. The leader of the Clerical Party made a point of stating that it was the nudity and not her colour that he objected to. He was incensed by posters that depicted her wearing only feathers and pearls — "like a Congo savage".

In her defence, Count Adalbert Sternberg spoke in favour

of freedom, jazz dancing, Africa — and the female nude as the embodiment of human ideals. He concluded his speech by saying: "Who fights nudity blasphemes God who created people nude."



St Paul's church (which was next door to the Johann Strauss Theatre) held a three-day service "in atonement for outrages on morality committed by Baker and other performers". On opening night the bells rang out a further warning — and Father Frey, a Jesuit priest, was to deliver a sermon against Josephine Baker and the Charleston — being symbols of a sinning age. He also preached against "black whites" — Europeans who danced the Charleston or who went to see it at the Johann Strauss Theatre. But the show still went on, regardless — there was no stopping Josephine Baker.

There is little doubt that all of this was being noted grimly by Adolph Hitler — not yet in power, but working at it — who was to later pass a law banning blacks (and Jews) from performing on stage.

Josephine must have really riled the Nazis who attributed most of the world's woes to Jews and blacks — and who apparently believed that these despised people 'got to us' per the medium of JAZZ MUSIC. In 1935 Hitler banned jazz from German radio. The Nazis would have really blown their stacks had they known that Josephine Baker was not only a member of the French Resistance movement but was also working for French Military Intelligence following the German invasion of France.

SUB-LIEUTENANT Josephine Baker — Women's Auxiliary of the French Air Force — was highly decorated for heroism and service to her adopted country. In 1943 General de Gaulle presented her with the Croix de Lorraine. She was later to receive the Croix de Guerre and, in 1946 was decorated with the treasured Medal Of The Resistance. In 1961 Josephine was to receive what she regarded as the highest accolade of all — the Legion d'Honneur.

I set out, initially, to quote lots more examples of how ENTERTAINERS do influence our behaviour — but JOSEPHINE BAKER seems to have taken over the reins completely. But what the hell!

Josephine's career in Military Intelligence ended in North Africa when on three occasions she nearly died following a series of illnesses. Barely alive after a bout of paratyphoid in 1943, she sang (for the first time in two years) for black American soldiers in Casablanca. As her strength returned she began performing regularly for British, French and American soldiers. Even the rather cynical Noel Coward, also in North Africa, was most impressed with Baker's terms for performing — NO CIVILIANS AND NO ADMISSION CHARGE.

At one particular performance in Casablanca, Josephine sang her pre-war music-hall favourite J'AI DEUX AMOURS to an audience consisting mostly of Free French soldiers. To the homesick troops this WAS Paris -- and there wasn't a dry eye in the theatre.

When Josephine Baker died in 1975, at the age of 69, she was starring in a revue at the Bobino Theatre that was booked solidly for three months ahead. And she never lost her genuine love of her audience.

Her nationally televised State Funeral was almost unprecedented for an ENTERTAINER. Twenty thousand mourners crowded the streets outside the Church of the Madeleine, spilling back almost to the Place de la Concorde. Her flag-draped coffin was carried through an honour guard of flags in the tradition of French Army veterans.

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President: Mrs A Griffiths
34 Richmount St Cronulla 2230
Phone: 523 5801

Deputy President: Mr D Archer Hon
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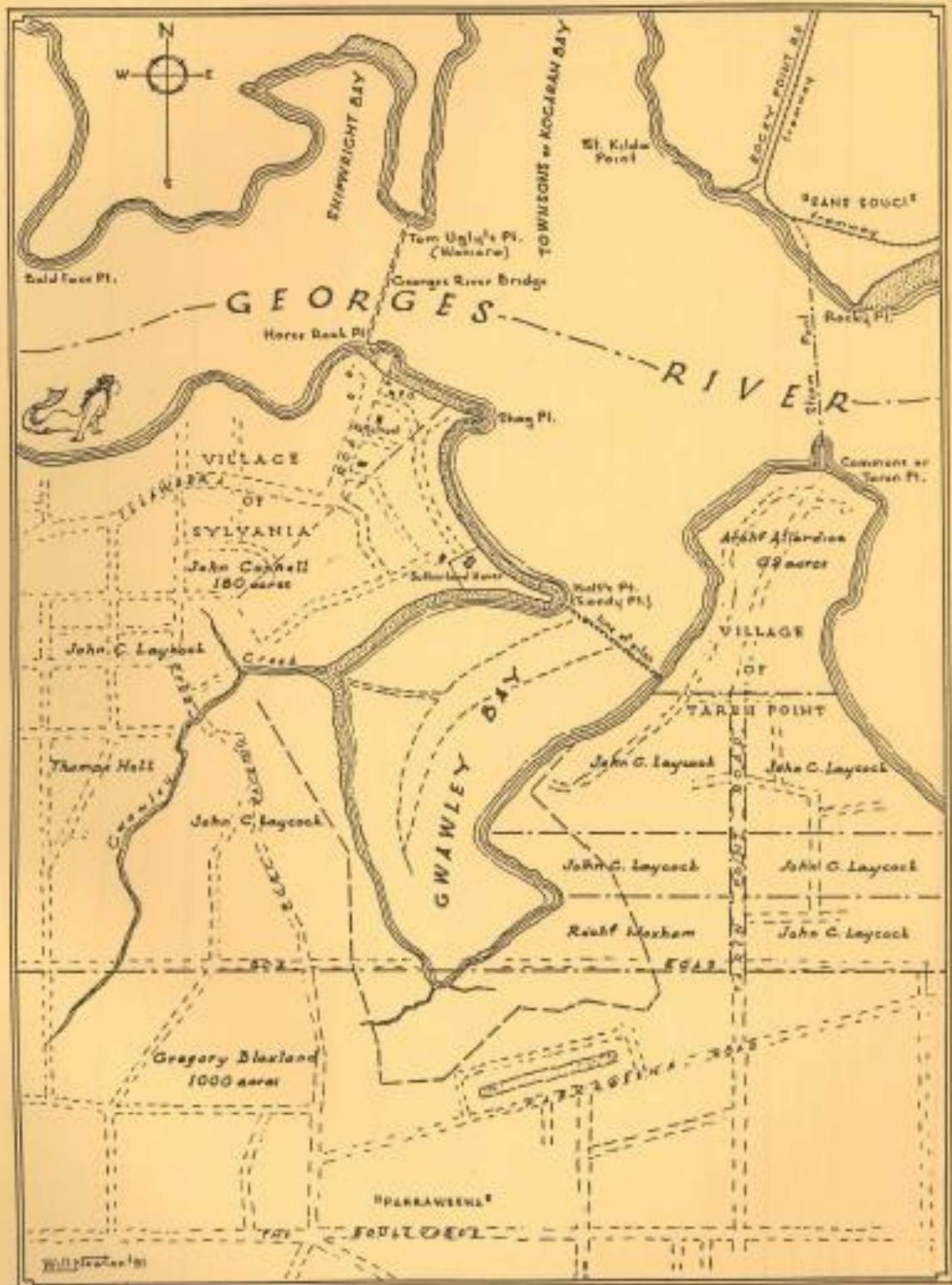
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All correspondence should be addressed to: The Honorary Secretary, Sutherland Shire Historical Society, PO Box 389, Sutherland 2232



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